

Left: Anna (Angell) Arnold. Right: Job Arnold in 1863.

THE JOURNAL OF ANNA MARIA (ANGELL) ARNOLD, 1867–1869

Meredith Dyer Sweet

I grew up surrounded by family. My father's sister, my Aunt Gladys Dyer, and her mother (my grandmother) Mary Angell (Arnold) Dyer, lived in an apartment above our home in the Fruit Hill section of North Providence when I was born. From the time I was able to climb the stairs on my own, I was given a daily lesson in family history. My grandmother died at age 81, when I was four and a half years old, but my Aunt Gladys, who had never married, continued the family history lessons all my life. When she died in 1987, she left all the family letters, carefully labeled photographs, journals, and artifacts to me. The inheritance of such a wide range of material enabled me over the years to come to understand the relationship between those family treasures and the ancestors' lives they document.

The following journal is one of the most moving family documents. Anna (Angell) Arnold kept it over three Christmases to record the beginning of the life of her child, Mary or Mamie, who was to be my grandmother, as well as the last years of the life of her dearly loved husband Job Arnold. The family was boarding at 283 Pine St., Providence, and Job, after long service as a Rhode Island officer in the Civil War, was a partner in Mooney, Arnold, and Shaw, manufacturers of argand gas burners. Anna gave piano lessons. Music—her playing and her singing—was an important part of their lives. Job Arnold returned from the Civil War suffering from tuberculosis caused by chronic dysentery. After his death, Anna continued to teach music, and by 1875 she and Mary shared a home with her elderly parents and her sister Emily F. Angell.¹ Anna's abiding love for her daughter Mary was amply repaid. She lived many years with Mary and her family, part of the time in North Kingstown, where she once served cookies and milk to Harriet Smith, better known to readers of this journal as "Aunt Hat." Anna made only three more brief notes in the diary decades later. The young mother of the journal shines through her joyous description of her first grandson. She remained a widow to her death on 30 December 1925 and is buried next to her husband and baby son in North Burial Ground, Providence Historic Cemetery 1.²

Anna and Job will not be complete strangers to readers of *Rhode Island Roots*: Robert Grandchamp wrote about them in his article "Lieutenant Job Arnold "An Officer of Rare Judgement" in the June 2017 issue. With the exception of the image of the Mansion House, all of the photographs are from my family collection. Anna's spelling has been preserved.

1. *The Providence Directory for the Year 1868* (Providence: Sampson, Davenport, & Co., 1868), 20. 1875 R.I. State Census, Providence, Ward 7, Providence Co., E.D. 58, R.I. State Archives, 16: 153.
2. R.I. Historic Cemeteries Commission Database, <http://rihistoriccemeteries.org>.

Journal 1867–1869
 First years in the life of Mary Angell Arnold (Dyer)
 and last days in the life of Lt. Col. Job Arnold
 by Anna Maria Angell Arnold (Mrs. Job Arnold)
 Providence, RI

Sunday December 29th, 1867

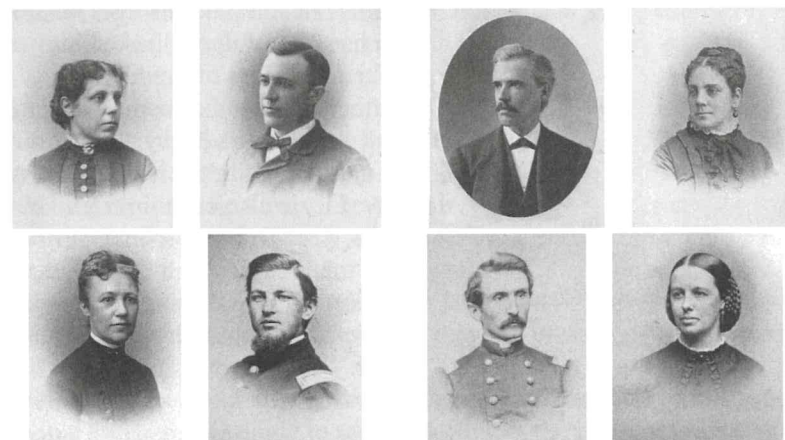
While my husband is visiting his sister, who has just moved into the new house, I shall begin my journal. The baby is sitting before me looking with admiration at her fat hands. She is well and happy and looks as pretty as such a bundle of flesh can look, sitting there in the great rocking chair. Her present weight is about twenty-four pounds. She is only six months and nine days old.

My object in writing this is to keep some account of each Christmas day as it passes. There is something pleasant to me in the Holidays as they pass. This year our little Mary was with us to make our happiness complete. She witnessed the Christmas tree in Mrs. Rawson's and the beauty of it delighted her. The Christ-child did not forget her though she was the smallest one there. She had previously (on Christmas eve) received a silver cup, with golden lining and had reached both her hands to take it with evident pleasure. A ring was also made by Thomas which I shall have marked with her name.

The deportment at Mrs. Rawson's was highly commendable, she was passed from one to another without a sound of disapproval and children kissed and petted her making her laugh and play almost like themselves. Mrs. Corliss and Charles went in with us. The former showed her usual timidity, yet as usual she was perfectly womanly and refined. Lulu was delighted. Charles was feeling very miserable.

After the baby had been brought home and put to bed, her Uncle Fred came in with Abby. They had been spending the day very quietly at home. He brought a package from mother and Emily full of presents for Job, baby and self. Father, mother and Emily were all (if the former had not been detained on the place) with Albert and Carrie enjoying a real family party on Carrie's side of the house.

Lizzie was attending a Christmas tree at Mrs. Mauran's. Gen. Shaw was here when Fred and Abby came. Mr. Chester Wood came in town and we thought it possible he might call. I had accidentally met him that morning on my way to see Grandmother. I shall always remember the animated group that greeted me in the office. Mr. Wood seated upon a high office stool was stating something in regard to the business, and Gen. Shaw and Job standing opposite with Mr. Mooney a little on side leaning upon his right elbow, gazing fixidly and brightly at the speaker while Jimmie Shaw was in the background stretched upon the counter. I was in a



Top row, left to right: Anna's sister-in-law Carrie (Jackson) Angell and brother Albert Cook Angell; Anna's brother Frederick Allen Angell and his wife Abby (Jackson) Angell.

Bottom row, left to right, Anna's unmarried sister Emily Angell; Chester Wood; Job's business partner General James Shaw, Jr., and his wife Elizabeth "Lizzie" W. Fisher.

very happy mood and being interested in all the group the scene made an impression upon my mind as if it was painted there. Job is better now than he has ever been since we were married. A year ago I spent the day with Grandmother and he passed it at the office. I shall always remember meeting Lizzie in the street and another friend that day, she having come in to bring Christmas gifts to send away. My own health was miserable. Two years ago I also spent the early part of the day with Mother and Father at Mr. Almy's and in the afternoon came over to Mrs. Talbots's to go with the boys to the Christmas tree at Mr. Woodbury's.

The Doctor came to see Charles on Christmas day. He thanked me for some book which was left at the office for the children, but I am sorry to say that I was not the donor. Though we thought of the little ones and spoke of their sad return of the day to them. Doctor looks very sad and care worn, says he cannot live without his other children.

January 8th, Wednesday

Again my book is opened, this time my darling is sleeping soundly in her crib. I look at her with a heart overflowing with gratitude, love and earnest resolves. Six days ago I thought she would be taken home to little Freddy. God grant that I may never again see her in such distress. She had a very severe attack of lung fever. Every one has been so kind. The good Doctor untiring in his attendance.



Anna's mother Sarah (Cleveland) Angell and her father Job Angell.

The tears came into his eyes when I told him how gratefully I thanked him, and he spoke of our loss of Freddy.

Father and Mother came in from New York through the heavy snow storm and did not rest until they had heard from the baby. Lizzie also came in from Phenix to see us. Aunt Deborah spent one whole day with me, she loves the baby dearly. It seems as if my darling has been given back to us and from this time I trust I may never complain at any slight

disappointment or trouble. My life is overflowing with happiness.

Jan'y 21st

Yesterday the baby was seven months old. Last evening Walter came over to take his lesson and Smith Sweet also came in to see us – he took the baby who looked at him in one of her serious moods but did not fear him in the least. Why should she? If her life is spared she will learn to know him as one of her truest friends.

There was a new light around him last evening – a cheerfulness and serenity which can only be realized by a true Christian spirit. He has a brave noble heart. On the 12th of this month Mr. Hepworth preached in the Academy of Music to a crowded audience. Job went with me and thoroughly appreciated the discourse as I felt he would. Last Sunday Dr. Osgood spoke.

Sunday Feb'y 5th 1868

This day has opened gloriously the ground is covered with snow which makes fine sleighing. The sun is shining brightly and warming our hearts by its beautiful light. There is some sunlight even for the Doctor. He came in with a happy face to tell us that his four children had come back this morning and that his divorce was granted yesterday. He was so hopeful and glad that he said he must come and tell us that we might rejoice too. He thinks he can work now with a brave heart. We have so much respect for him that we do rejoice heartily. His life has been very unhappy.

Baby is crawling and kicking in her crib the little fat feet are almost free of the long stockings her auntie knit. I can see them sticking high up in the air. Our baby is quite like a child of two years with her short woolen dresses and long sleeve, high necked aprons. She is as happy and good as a playful kitten.

One day last week Job and I dined with the Shaws and met Mr. and Mrs. Greene with their daughter Corni(?) and Col. Armington. Lizzie gave us a nice

dinner all of her own cooking. She manages finely and is very calm and serene at the head of her little household. The evening was a very happy one.

Feb. 15th 1868

Having lulled the baby off to sleep with her favorite "Sleep baby sleep" I take up the Journal to record a few items worth remembering by our visit up town yesterday which is the first one since the baby's illness. Mother came over just as I was starting so she went back and we all spent the day with Grandmother. Father brought the baby home at four and it was a great relief to have some assistance for she weighs over twenty-four pounds – her (picture) visits were taken last week, she was about seven months and half old, they are not by any means perfect but we shall try again.

Uncle Fred has sent a very tender loving note to our little one – I hope soon to welcome him here. He ought to see our darling in the evening, she is far prettier then and more playful – she has real frolics with her father everyone (at least nearly everyone) says she looks very much like Job. I hope she may grow up with his happy cheerful nature. I have never yet known him to come home or leave home with a clouded face or moody tone. He is always hopeful, always kind, and in every argument still the real gentleman, though I think no one can be more decided or firm. His ideas are original and his mind clear. Through his long sickness he never lost his clearness of intellect. I have always wished that the baby might be like him with simply my love and appreciation of music. With my love it and his qualities she would fully carry out all that I have failed to do.

Mamie came this morning to take her lesson. I am very fond of her and of Annie Boynton also.

Feb'y 18th Tuesday morn-

Shurely our dear little girl loves music she never fails to smile when we whistle "Yankee Doodle" and always listens to my voice in singing. This morning after placing her on the bed she began to be restless until I opened the piano and began to practice Gottschalk's Cradle Song "Slumber on Baby, dear" and "Winds of the Western Sea" both of them charming lullabys, before the end of the second one my baby was soundly sleeping with her hands folded on her breast – a position which always reminds me of little Freddy.

Mrs. Corliss was here yesterday she asked if I had noticed any difference in the shape of baby's head; she thinks it is beautifully formed but having noticed an increased development of the intellectual organs fears it is not well. I spoke to mother last week about the increased breadth of the brows it used to seem narrow to me but now it is unmistakeably broad. Little Freddy had a beautiful head and a lovely face. I often think how much comfort both the children would have been, but God forgive me if I look back with complaining for my life is so very very full of happiness.

I heard something yesterday in favor of my husband which gratified me, it was an expression of admiration from an officer who was with the Fifth Regiment while he held command at Newberne. He said in speaking to a friend "who is this Job Arnold that you know? Is it Col. Job?" Yes was the reply. Then said he "I have seen a great many officers in the Army but Col. Job Arnold was the bravest and coolest of all I ever knew."

This is but a single compliment to him. But I have heard them time and time again, some for kindness and faithful care of his men, some for integrity and firmness. Here after I shall record some that little Mary may learn to know better the merit of her father. She will never hear of these things from his lips for his modesty is even greater than his bravery and integrity and he does nothing for mere show.

Long ago when he was lying sick a rough, ignorant soldier came to visit him. I was listening to their conversation and heard him say: "Col. You know when you were in the Fifth, someone carried a paper round to have you go away. They tried to get my name down but I told them I'd never sign any paper to have you go, but if they would make out one for you to stay I would put my name down first of all." The man did not understand that the paper was one which was signed

by all but him because of their gratitude and love to their Col. who was about to leave on account of promotion by Gen. Sprague and transposition to another regiment.

I think he never ought to have left the RI Fifth for he raised it to what it was and I fear the one to whom he gave up the command and of whom he sacrificed his own desires and gave up a promotion never felt gratefully the manliness and delicacy which prompted the act.

A soldier came to the door one day and inquired for Col. Arnold, a broken down middle aged man – when told he was out he seemed very sorry and asked where he could be found. "Are you his wife" "Yes" said I. Then he went on to talk of him and among other remarks he said "Well he never was afraid of anything. I always like a brave man and the Col. is one. He was always brave and I would have gone anywhere with him."



Job Arnold as a captain in the 5th R.I. Volunteers.

Feb'y 27th - Sunday March 1st

This first day of Spring is full of beauty – the sun shines joyfully in upon us as we sit by the window, bright patches of sunshine brighten the carpet and rest upon the books which cover the table. Job is lounging back in his rocking chair

reading with interest Mulback's "Joseph II and His Court." He has been at home nearly all the week too much out of health to attend to his business. Baby is sitting in her crib playing with the pen wiper which she so much admires every few minutes she tosses it upon the floor and leans over the side of her crib to talk about it and I have to keep constant watch fearing she will pitch over. She is just learning to say "Papa" and to prolong her usual short sounds into unintelligible words which she utters with a sweet soft intonation of voice.

Her father is very fond of her and she will evidently return his affection for she already takes great pleasure with him. We think she is growing pretty, she has two lower teeth. (just now with her strong little hands pulling at my sleeve it is impossible to write with regularity.) I roll her hair on papers every morning to make it curl for it is so long I can do nothing else to keep it in order. Mary Angell says I am already beginning to make her vain.

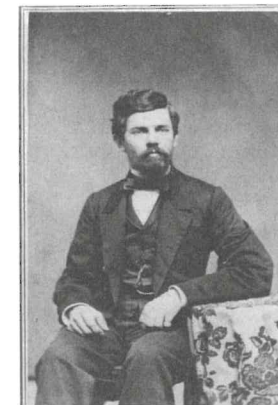
Just here I am interrupted by the entrance of Mary and, later, now mother has come in. Emily is now in the city boarding with father and mother at the Mansion House.

March 4th 1868 – Wed.

Last evening while Job and I were sitting quietly by ourselves, the baby sleeping soundly, Smith came. As usual we were delighted to see him. None received from us a more sincere welcome, he is one whom we shall always receive with true friendliness. I regretted that the baby was not awake, I want him to see how much she has improved. Two evenings ago she was quite wild with delight with Charlie. She had a regular frolic tossing her head back and fairly jumping with excitement.

After supper as she was sitting in her high chair her father told me to put her before the piano. It was laughable to see her throw up her head and pound upon the keys. She is very strong in the arms and her little hands seem prone against harm; she shows no mercy for us. Two weeks ago I went (through mother's kindness) to hear Charles Dickens read and the enjoyment was real to me. I was not disappointed in him as reader, but was so in his personal appearance. Mrs. Rawson was with me.

I have also listened of late to Mr. Hale of Boston, the Unitarian clergyman, and he charmed me. The text was "Ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." The City Hall was full. I take real interest in the meetings, and fairly enjoy the congregational singing. The Quartette singing is ever worth hearing, tho none of the choir seem at all inspired, at which I wonder, after they listen to a stirring discourse by such men as Mr. Hale and Mr. Hepworth.



Smith Sweet.

There are exciting days in Washington – President Johnson has been impeached for violation of the laws; he is to be tried by the Senate. I have been talking with Job who sits opposite in his arm chair. I hope he will soon be able to go to his business.

Friday morning March 6th

Charlie is practicing while the baby with her rattle sits on her high chair beside him. Job has gone down to his office for the first time.

Emily came over yesterday and took charge of the baby while I went out to call upon the friends up town. Mrs. Alfred Metcalf was feeling very sad over the sudden loss of her little babe. Mrs. Talbot was as usual weary with the household cares and undecided about the best thing to do for her swollen face. I am very anxious about her. She is a noble, self-sacrificing woman and I wish it were possible to take all care off her mind.

Mrs. Henry J. Angell was looking cheerful and well. Mrs. Petty and her sister were in usual good spirits and cordially welcomed us. They say Smith keeps the baby's visits in his looking glass. We shall soon have a better one. Anna Calder was not at home but her mother was in her old place by the window – I left Aunt Abby at State St. We both agreed that it seemed like old times to be making calls together; it hardly seemed possible that four years had passed and yet when we looked back and reviewed the past the many sorrows proved the lapse of time. Lucy is now in rapid decline. Mr. Humphery is coming to make her his wife and give her all the comfort he can while she is spared to him. She will make a lovely wife and it seems very, very sad to think she must go from us so soon.

Sunday March 8th

Friday evening Mary and I spent at Aunt Abby's with two or three others. Smith came in for half an hour on his way to a reception.



Waity Hawkins, sister of Thomas Hawkins.

Emily was over yesterday to stay with the baby again and give me a chance to go out. Waity is suffering somewhat more from rheumatism. She has been very kind to our little one and I hope when the child grows she may never forget the debt of her babyhood, and not fail to do all in her power for "Aunt Waity." For ourselves, we feel very grateful and regret that we cannot now do more for her; perhaps the time may come when we can prove our gratitude.

April 3rd 1868 Thursday

The beauty of this April day is sufficient in itself to make one happy but I have added to its influence that of my bright, healthy, laughing baby. She is the very picture

of health and good nature today – (a week since she was nine months old) she weighs twenty six pounds. I am looking down upon her as I sit here and my heart is overflowing with love and gratitude. I find her ever ready to return my smile when I ask "Where is papa?" she drops her playthings into the basket and looks steadily towards the door, saying after me "papa" it is the only word she speaks intelligently. She does not yet fear any one. Since March opened she has begun to show a preference for me by sometimes crying for me – proving that she does at least know her mama from others – when I laughingly mention this her father exaltingly refers to the only word she utters "papa."

On the first day of this month my pupils were with me for a pleasant evening. This morning Minnie and I gave the baby a ride. Minnie is a lovely child.

April 12th 1868

Twice since writing the above I have taken the baby up town. on Saturday (a week ago) we bade mother "good-bye" as she left for New York. I stood the baby in the door way and knocked. Supporting her so that only her little fat figure could be seen; when "Auntie" Emily came to the door followed by "Grandma" she lifted her great blue eyes and gazed at them very seriously. Then they made great exclamations and took her through the house. She did look very cunning with her little cap tied with blue ribbons and blue bows in the border. We spent that afternoon in Court St. and as usual enjoyed ourselves. Grandmother Cleveland seems to attract the baby's notice very much and Aunt Deborah and Joanna make her frolic and laugh nearly all the time.

Last Thursday we went to Mrs. Talbot's. I carried the baby down Park St. and up the hill again. Aunt Susan sent Patrick home with me. Job is now at his sister's. She is yet undecided about the operation which is to be performed upon her jaw. I hope our little one may have the brave spirit of her father and Auntie. They fear nothing in the way of pain and they are very very patient.

Alice and Irving are about to begin keeping house they are very happy. Lucy Potter is to be married this week – one cannot think of her without feeling great sadness; her life is just ebbing away.



Rebecca (Arnold) Talbot was Job's sister and the wife of George Henry Talbot.



Anna and her first child, Frederick Angell Arnold. He died 3 September 1865 at the age of four months and nine days.

April 26th

Three years ago (this morning) I awoke to find our first darling beside me. I can never express the gratitude and the heart-felt happiness of those first hours and days of motherhood. Such perfect content, such thorough depth of love and peace. It was just so again when our little Mary came . . . She has just learned to creep. She rides in her little carriage every fine day. Annie, Clara, and Carrie have gay times with mamie and my baby the children delight to draw her. They are all so gentle and good that I do not fear to trust her with them while they are content to remain in the yard. Clara is a lovely beautiful child in character and appearance.

I found some weeks ago a society which is called the "Union for Christian Work." I find but little time to devote to it but my interest is strong. Alice Brown is one of those who

started the work. She is in every way a beautiful woman. I cannot help loving her. I found her deeply interested in teaching a young boy some games at the society rooms, Thursday evening, and her manner and appearance charmed me.

Dr. Gottschalk gives us but little comfort in regard to our dear sister, he fears she may not be quite relieved of her trouble even though an operation be performed and yet to have her in this condition is almost certain starvation unless she should be called "home" very soon.

Sunday June 7th

Job and I were both with Mrs. Talbot this noon – she is as usual cheerful and calm and so hopeful that I fear she will be greatly disappointed. Job says he looks upon her manner under this trial as something sublime and so it is. To the very day of the operation she is self forgetful. Tuesday at ten the Drs. are to be at the house. It is a terrible thing for me to anticipate.

Our darling is growing wonderfully, she has six teeth now and the swelling of the gums caused her to be irritable more than usual. She is beginning too to be shy in presence of strange gentlemen. At ten months of age she first crept now she begins to step off quite well with our support and she can raise herself upright. I have to keep constant watch over her. Her present weight is 27 very solid pounds.

This is the first anniversary of my darling's birthday. Thank God she is still well and growing brighter and more lovely every day. She can say several words and creep so fast. The Dr. came in to call this morning. I must not forget to mention

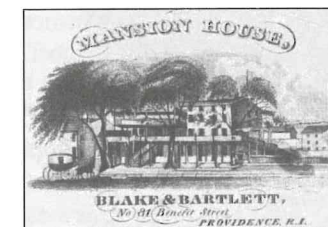
the baby's gift from her two grandmas a white dress – both grandmas are very fond of her, and both are noble consistent women. As for Grandfather, where can one find one other so very good.

June 26th Friday

I must not fail to note two of the happiest visits I have ever taken with our little Mary. On Tuesday we took the four o'clock car up town to show great-grandma the new shoes on the little fat feet – before the toes are tarnished. We found her knitting as usual and looking cheerful as ever. Mary reached out her hands to pat her face and say "poor poor" a way she has of doing to us. Aunt Deborah and Hattie were at home and welcomed us with the customary kindness. Aunt Deborah is so very very kind to me and so delighted with baby that I love dearly to go there. I mean to teach the baby to return her affection.

Everyone was charmed with the improvement in baby's looks, which consisted in merely putting on a long apron with short sleeves. Job says of course friends tell me she is lovely. But I know now that she does look as bright and handsome as most children. (Let me say here that her papa has always thought she was a handsome baby which I have not.) Her blue boots with blue dress to match and white apron tied at the shoulders with blue ribbons made her complexion look still more fair and clear and her great dark blue eyes were very wide open with mischief. Johanna is kind to her. Grandma folded away her work before we had been long in the house saying "well I cannot work while that baby is here she is such a busy body." We finally went up to the Mansion House to see mother and Emily, who took her about to visit the people. Mrs. Pitman says she is the perfection of babies. Grandpa and Georgie soon came along – the latter hardly looks at the baby. At tea time Eleanor and Lizzie came in to Aunt Deborah's and Aunt Lizzie insists upon a long visit from us both. At seven we came home in the cars to meet Job at the end of our journey who took little Mary in his arms and brought her home – as we came along we heard a lady say "Oh what a splendid baby."

Last night at six I took the carriage and drew baby over to see cousin Sally Brown who told me she never saw such a beautiful baby before – afterwards we went to the Jacksons where everyone was equally pleased. Aunt Carrie wouldn't have the baby out of her sight she says Albert would be perfectly delighted with her.



Page 42, Benefit Street," VM011_04_01_042, John Hutchins Cady Research Scrapbooks Collection, Providence Public Library, Providence, R.I.

Job came over for us after tea. The baby looked pretty enough sitting in the carriage with her cloak on with the hood drawn over her head – Aunt Carrie was drawing her while we played croquet. She was perfectly good all day long. In the morning we had been to have her pictures taken but were not successful I fear. She is laughing now in her crib. I must go and dress her. My heart is full of gratitude, my life is brightened by love. God grant that our baby may grow up lovely in mind and brave in heart.

Sept. 20th 1868

Our darling is just fifteen months of age. She is healthy and happy still growing more and more intelligent every day. We think she has a remarkable power of imagination, though it may be only our inexperience in babies which makes us think her so wonderfully apt in imitating. With a stick which she plays with, she will bend over and walk like dear old Grandmother Cleveland and with the same imitate her Uncle Thomas who plays the flute. She has walked since she was fourteen months old. It is comical sight to see her walk up to one and courtesy as her Aunt Deborah has taught her. I spent a week down to Phenix in July, baby was very good natured but as usual very mischievous.



Mary Arnold. This colored vignette has faded badly, but it is the only image of this beloved baby in the author's collection.

Aunt Lizzie was delighted with her. She talks considerably without connecting words very well. "Go away" (to kitty) and "Who is it" (to Aunt Waity) are the only sentences she makes very intelligible. The vignettes which were taken at Mr. Manchester's are lovely and truthful. They were taken a few days after her birthday. Smith Sweet says he never saw a prettier picture than the colored vignettes we showed him.

Job is again in miserable pain he suffers very, very much. My sweet sister Alice has a baby boy, dear little Howard, whom I love already – he has been very, very ill.

Christmas evening 1868 continued

Another Christmas day has passed. Loving thoughts have been expressed for us most generously. Friends have been kind in remembering our darling that I feel very grateful – were it not for the suffering of my brave soldier I should be perfectly content this night. He does not gain and I feel very much anxiety on his account. He is still brave and uncomplaining yet I can see him grow more and more emaciated. God spare his life to me many years more. I can not bear his loss. He is so true and bright and brave. He is sleeping now in the easy chair beside me.

I must devote my life to him and atone if possible for some of these years of suffering. He told me this week that if such pain were to continue much longer he should be glad to give up and go to that home where the weary are at rest.

Our darling is sleeping. She is very bright and well – begins to put words together quite nicely – says "dear Papa, poor Aunt Waity, excuse me." She delights to get a pin and put it in her sleeve as Grandmother Cleveland does. Mother came in today bright and hopeful. She counted the baby's gifts making 28. Our neighbor Mr. Taft brought us something from dear little Nelly's tree and "Uncle Smith" also remembered baby. Fred wrote a loving baby letter to "little Sunbeam" then he came today with Abby to call. Freddy also came with dishes for baby.

31st Jan'y 1869

Again my brave soldier is very low with sickness; he rises only to take his meals for nearly eight weeks he has been in our rooms and sometimes speaks doubtfully of his recovery. Abbie and Fred sent him some lovely flowers after the wedding (on 27) and as the leaves dropped gradually from a beautiful japonica he pointed to it and said smiling "that is the way I shall go." Again he said "If this pain does not leave me, I shall be glad to go where the weary are at rest." But I feel that he will recover. Today he does seem stronger and we look anxiously forward to tomorrow. I had not the heart to leave him for the wedding. The tears would come and overpower me, so our darling brother was married and I did not witness his looks of brightest happiness and faith and hope.

Our baby is happy and well and over-flowing with mirth. She says many words and loves "dear Grandpa" devotedly, she drops her dolls to run to him when ever he comes. Her longest sentence is "Poor Grandma Teeveland worts tane" (walks with cane.) She often shows us how grandma knits and how Aunt D. courtesies. Tonight she frolicked in her crib like a kitten saying at times "Poor papa sick – bed." Smith Sweet came Friday to see us. She does not fear him as she does some. I believe she has an instinctive knowledge that he is in truth her friend – how could she feel one who is so true.

Sunday Evening April 25/69

Our little Freddy would have been four years old yesterday. I can not feel that he is far from us even now. Mamie is twenty-three months, she is very sociable and active. Last month she was not well an unusual anxiety to us all, but she is



Elizabeth (Olney) Cleveland, Anna's maternal grandmother.

brighter now and is beginning to look quite rosy. Job is some what stronger, he has been down in the garden every day (but one) since the 16th of this month and is evidently better for the fresh air and sunshine. Mother was over today. Mamie and I walked to the car with her, she tells us that Frank's wife is no better.

This is a glorious night – the moon is full and the sky unclouded. My heart is full of love and gratitude for life's blessings – if Job is only spared to regain health and enjoy some years of real hopefulness I think we ought to be contented with our darling to comfort us. We often talk of the future as it may be as we hope it will be, and often lay plans for the two who may be longest here in this life. When Mamie has been safely laid in her crib with her baby prayers said and good night kiss given we two sit and talk by the light from without. Tonight one has scarcely a desire to shut out the beautiful moon light. I have run down into Mrs. Hawkins' room to write a few lines here. I am trying to grow stronger and better each week, to be more perfect wife to my true, patient husband and a more exemplary mother to my darling. I believe I am fully conscious of my own short comings.

Mamie is a real little chatterbox – she imitates every one near and repeats nearly every word we say immediately after us. She has gay times at Aunt Deborah's.

Sunday 9th May

Today Mamie and I had a charming ride through the country (north end). Emily Clark and her lovely little Emily lie next our dear Freddy. Job was not able to ride so we left him sitting in the garden. On our return we found Irving here with Alice and Howard, a babe as bright and hearty as can be with eyes like Irving and mouth like Alice.

Sunday 16th

Mother came over this morning as bright as cheerful as ever. Father is still in New York.

Fred Fuller came to Prov. last week on Wed. and called the next day on me. I am delighted to have seen him and rejoice to find a resemblance to his dear mother. I love the boy as if he were a young brother – he is quiet, gently, manly and evidently pure hearted and affectionate, he met his friends here with a frankness and cordiality which proves his readiness to return our love. I cannot help think how fondly his mother would have cared for him and how proudly she would have brought him here could she have lived. He told me with a sincerity which could not be doubted how glad he felt that he could look back and remember his mother. I know he would have loved her truly – he went to New York last night. Mary is still at school.

June 21st

This day has been bright and warm, a happy day to me because my soldier is getting well – he spent the morning down street then dined with the family for the first time since last Nov. After dinner he assisted me in making a bouquet for Aunt Abby to whom I carried it on my way up town. I gave a few flowers to little Harry Anthony who sat beside me with his mother. I heard him say "Now Grandpa will know some one has been there." She turned to me saying in her pleasant way that her little boy took all his flowers to his Grandpa's grave. We are only car acquaintances but very friendly. It is the same with Mrs. Noyes whom I also met today with her little girl. We meet in the cars and feel like old acquaintances.

I found Geo and Sarah Clapp here on my return and my baby walking down the front stairs with my hat in her hand. She was coming down to see her papa who was standing at the foot of the front stairs. Last night she was bright and happy playing the part of lady dressed in mama's hat and sack. Yesterday she was two years old.

Sunday the thirteenth



Clara Rawson

Job went to his sister's for the first time since this last sickness. Wednesday last was our fifth wedding anniversary. I left some flowers at Mr. Woodbury's on Friday. Job called on Smith at the office and carried some flowers.

Dear little Clara Rawson is here playing with Mamie. She is a lovely child with gentle manners.

July 22nd 1869 Thursday P.M.

My brave soldier is very miserable again. Today he even gave up his ride, although we have had the horse about a week and he intended to ride twice a day. He seems to be gradually failing his fever ranges from 100 degrees to 120 (*sic*) degrees and downward. He said today "If I am taken from you do not draw the money from the firm on which they are paying interest – let it run on just the same, it will be right to do so for to take it out of the firm would cripple them – of course the first thing will be to pay our good friend. I tell you this while I think of it fearing that this is to be a severe trial of my strength, it all depends on the weather." Then he leaned his head against the chair back and with his hands covering his face tried to conceal from me the convulsive twitchings of his features, but he could not control himself, it was too much. God bless and comfort and keep him with me, how can I spare him.

July 24 Sunday evening

Job was very very weak yesterday, he only once left his chair from morning until night. Today he has not left it once yet – he surely seems a little brighter but the burning fever continues.

Last night after tea he asked me to throw a shawl over him, give him his cap and open the window – he sat there an hour perhaps. Mamie was in her crib so I opened the piano and at his request sang “The night is fine.” “What a beautiful song” he said in a low feeling tone – then he said “play a march, slow music will be best for me to listen to my mind tries to follow the notes, keep the piano open longer.” I never knew him to speak of the music as tiring him before.

Gen. Shaw sent me a letter last night written to him by Gen. S.G. Griffin of the Ninth Army Corps accepting an invitation to his house at the time of the Ninth Corps Reunion. I know he sent it to me because of the compliments Gen. Griffin paid to my husband. He wrote thus: “Please remember me to Col. Arnold I regard him as one of the finest soldiers, one of the noblest of men it was ever my good fortune to meet, and I am delighted with the prospect of meeting you both again.” We have since the reception of this letter met Gen. Griffin at Gen. Shaw’s. We took tea there and spent the evening with him.

Sunday July 25

Last evening after putting Mamie into her crib I again opened the piano and asked Job if I should play – he replied “Sing that hymn you used to ‘Nearer My God to Thee’ then after listening said ‘Now sing the ‘Holy Father Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee alone’.” After that I closed the piano, for as on the previous night it was too much for Job to listen. Yet he seems better today. Smith came over this afternoon. His friendship is indeed trustworthy and noble – my husband looks upon him as more than generous – I trust he may some time be richly repaid for his goodness to us all.

Aug 28th 1869 Saturday afternoon

(This has been a beautiful day.)

Sept 7th 1869 Tuesday afternoon

From this date I must try to write each day.

Job is not gaining. He still sits all day in his chair by the window – except when he rides. He is now beginning to talk of selling old Charlie. Mamie has just gone down stairs looking fair and happy with her blue dress and low white apron tied up with blue ribbons. As she left us she ran to her papa and climbed up on his chair for a kiss. He threw his arms about her as he bent down and she ran back to me with a bright face saying “Papa take me up” – Once before she has done the same as it is so unusual for her to be taken into his lap or to be lifted by him.



*Thomas M. Hawkins,
husband of Job's sister
Mary Arnold.*

Sometimes she will say when papa is well then Mamie will sit in lap. He has never been able to lift or carry his dear little girl.

Evening Sept 7th

Mr. Hawkins is now reading of the terrible gale of yesterday afternoon. Houses were blown down, trees uprooted, wagons overturned etc. Job sat in his arm chair listening to the rain and wind, during the storm predicting great damage. Today we rode up to Dr. Miller’s office that Job might be examined for his pension – he was very weary after his return. He coughs now nearly all the time but does not complain of pain in his lungs. For two weeks he has gained ¼ pound each week. Last evening he talked with me quite like his old self. Mother came over

today and sewed for me.

Since the 5 of July Mamie has cut her last double tooth – she has a very severe time – waking one morning in a fit and having two following it, each more severe than the previous one. Doct. was faithful to his little patient. Since that day I have been careful with her diet – she is now getting strong again. On the 4th of this month our dear Freddy was laid to rest.

Friday evening Sept 10th

This evening the brass band is playing in Broad Street. The music sounds brilliant and cheering. Job can listen to it as he sits beside the unopened window. Last night he rested better than usual. This morning on awakening he seemed quite inclined to converse more freely than of late. When the baby ran to the bedside and raised up on her toes to “kiss papa” I said “she is going to be like her mama in this respect.” “I hope not” he replied, “for she will be happier to be less sympathetic than you. Your intense sympathy for others is the cause of great unhappiness to you.” “I do not mean to speak unkindly nor do I object to your demonstrations.” For my own part it will give me great comfort to have Mamie grow up with her father’s disposition – I respect and admire his character more each year we live together – he is so brave and bright and thoroughly self-possessed. He is never disconcerted. His mind is clean and his judgement cool and to everyone he is courteous. He is never forgetful of others.

Lizzie came in today. Mamie went with us to have her ambrotype taken – she was very uneasy.

Sept 14th Tuesday evening

Job has been a little more less feverish today. We rode this morning as far as the race course. Mamie rode with us. Coming home she put her hand gently on her papa's and let it be there for a quarter of mile, looking up to me she said "What I doing mama?" Then again she looked up into his face saying "Papa better now." "I love papa." The day has been a beautiful one but my head has been aching too badly for me to enjoy it. Yesterday afternoon mother came over and served for me. Father is yet in New York.

Sunday Gen. Shaw returned from a western trip. Smith called us in the afternoon. He looked very weary and thin, more so than I have ever known him to before. He thought he should go into the country for entire rest. I hope he will.

Friday afternoon Sept. 17th



*Dr. William von
Gottschalk.*

Doct came in this morning and examined Job again about the lungs, he told him three weeks would decide his case. He (Doct.) told me at his office this morning before coming up here that he did not feel that his life could last through the winter.

Yesterday afternoon Job said to me (I know he has been thinking of my feelings) my conviction is that you will be happier never to marry again. You are not now, nor will not for a long time be strong enough to have any additional cares. With my pension and the rest you will have enough to live comfortably with out taxing your strength – and the care of Mamie is all you ought to have. As she grows older you can teach her and devote yourself entirely to her. We talked of schools. He feels that a more thorough education is given in the public schools, but

warned me against keeping her too closely confined during the summer months – attention must be given to her health. He thinks children are confined too closely many hours in public schools and crowded too rapidly with studies. He warns me against dressing her extravagantly, desires that she may grow up with a taste for simplicity of attire and not give the best of her time to thoughts of dress. I told him I knew Mamie would mature into a woman of beautiful character if he could live to control her. She loves him and is sure to obey him. I think she takes advantage of my want of firmness.

As my thoughts wander to the future I can see no permanent plan, every day ahead looks doubtful and dull. Not that I fear trouble, friends are plenty and I can with health always do myself if necessary – but I cannot now conceive of any plan, and although I know it would be a happy release for my brave soldier to go to the home where our baby is waiting him, the future looks dark to me without his actual presence. I try to think of a sentence that once impressed itself upon my mind in

reading "Gates Ajar" "You will be happy because Ray is happy." Job has not rode for two days. He does not walk now any.

On the 16th of Sept. 1854 Henry died of consumption passing away as to a happy sleep. Once in Corry's trance state she spoke to us for him; moving her hands until they rested upon both my husband and my own she clasped them together saying "Anna I am satisfied. I am happy. He whom you have chosen is in every way worthy – I have known him long and watched over him through his sickness. Last winter he almost came to us." I sometimes wonder now if that beautiful spirit of Henry Pierce is watching my brave patient husband and wanting to welcome him home.

Sunday evening Sept 19

This morning Job was apparently better; after he had taken his bath and eaten breakfast the Doct. came in and announced him better; he even said to me "perhaps he may get well, I can not tell." The bell rung about ten and at the door I found Chester Wood. I was delighted to see him, and as Job greeted him his face lighted beautifully with love and surprised delight. As usual the two friends spoke of the old days in the army. Chester Wood threw his arms across my husband's lap and clasped one hand in his while talking. I think he does really love him.

Mamie knew Uncle Chester and she also knew Uncle Smith who came this afternoon. Father came over and took Mamie to walk. She told me she "ran away from Grandpa." He said she ran into the different yards and sat upon door steps here and there. Mother was over yesterday and sewed for me all day.

Tuesday afternoon Job talked with me very seriously about many things of Mamie finally. He begs of me to teach her to do all kinds of house work well and never to encourage any false pride about labor.

Thursday evening Sept. 23rd

I am sitting in the front entry with the gas light. My poor weary soldier is dozing in his chair in the corner of the sitting room. As I look in on him every little while or sit by the half hour and hour together watching him in the partly darkened room, it makes my heart ache to note the look he wears of utter exhaustion. He has been more uncomfortable for three days. His diet now is chiefly milk, raw meat and apples cooked. I have been trying to find more time to read to him. I love dearly to do so. Two nights ago he called me to him, thinking I had forgotten my good night – but that I never forget. This evening Chester Wood sat a while with us in our darkened room. Mamie is sleeping in her crib. She has a cold which troubles her considerably.

Thurs. Sept 30th (11 o'clock night)

Saturday evening Chester Wood came again and sat in our totally darkened room talking gently to Job, holding his hand all the while. Sunday afternoon he

came to bid us good bye – he took my hand in both of his and bending down kissed him on the forehead and left him, hoping to find him better next month – yet doubting much in his heart I fear.

Sunday evening Job Sweet called at the door but did not come in. I did not see him. I sat beside my brave soldier, he took my hand and rested his own within it. I thought I could sit by him so for hours and feel more happy than in any other way. He tells me I must never feel that I have not done well for him; that I have no blame to lay upon myself in any way. And now I see him day by day wasting away. God help me to bear the parting when he takes my loved one. He only knows how I do love him. Smith brought him some grapes yesterday which pleased him much. He offers him a chair to make him more comfortable. Tonight we have the gas light – as he slept heavily in his chair – I watched him a long time and noted the change in his looks – such marks of suffering, such utter prostration, such marked proofs of rapid decay make my heart ache.

I wonder that it is possible to smile and be cheered. I try to throw off depression. Mamie too is sick now with irrisipelas (*sic*). I feel some times impressed with the idea that I am to have heavier sorrow than I anticipated. Could I be calm if my two were to go and leave me? Tonight I am watching my darling while she sleeps listlessly. Job still sleeps quite well, he walks with unsteady step from the chair to his bed.

Sunday evening Oct. 3rd

Baby is still weak and unwell though the humor seems to be going off. Job is suffering from extreme exhaustion, he is so very much emaciated that he cannot sit with any comfort. I fear he will now not be able to get up – for a few nights he has allowed me to assist in undressing him. He said yesterday he never doubted my willingness to help him – that he knew there was not an unwilling thought in my mind.

Oct 10th 1869

Yesterday was my thirty-third birthday. Job told me in the morning he had only a kiss to offer for his gift. “That,” I said, “is more precious than anything else could be.”

Mary was very uneasy and lame too. While she sat with Waity, looking from the window. I tried to amuse her by singing. It was the first time in weeks that the piano had been used. I sang for Mamie and once for my soldier “Shells of Ocean.” Sometimes when the day is fine and “my hero” is brighter I love dearly to sing. I wanted to have a happy birthday – but often my darling showed signs of those terrible fits and soon did have a slight one, but by sending immediately for Dr. Gottschalk and giving the Stramonium as he directed we drove off all that trouble – one drop tincture of Stramonium in glass two thirds full rain water, two

spoonsful every fifteen minutes until the child was free from fever or any sign of twitching.

Emily came over yesterday afternoon bringing some grapes to Job and a set of studs to me. She finally succeeded in getting Mamie to set by the piano and see her play. It was then Job said to me as I drew up the curtains for him, “You have not come to me yet for the gift I promised.” “No” I said, “but I have not forgotten.” At nine o’clock as I gave him the drops and kissed him saying (and with tears in my heart) “God bless my soldier.” He kissed me several times saying “God bless you for all you have done for me – for taking care of a sick old man.” God only knows how truly I love him and how I pray for Mary to grow like him.

Today Smith came, he promised to be more careful of his health. Uncle George and Mrs. Talbot came with Henry.

Job has been saying to me tonight that he is more uncomfortable so that he suffers constantly. But the Dr. tells me that he is as comfortable as any sick one can be.

Monday 18th Oct.

This is a charming morning. Job is about the same as usual. Mamie is some better. She is writing a letter in her crib beside me while her papa sleeps in his arm chair by the window. Uncle Charles came over early to bring Job some grapes. Addie Andrews is to be married today. Father came over yesterday. John Sweet called in the evening. He like the other members of the family speak of Smith with much love and respect – he said to us last night that Smith has been like a father to them all and to little Ella he was devotedly kind.

Job sleeps in his chair much of the time. Friday evening as I was busy about the room after Mamie was asleep, he opened his eyes and looked up saying to me “Rest now” so I sat down beside him and rested my head upon his chair – in three minutes he was soundly sleeping again. I watched him a long time thinking of the days gone by when he was so buoyant and so happy in hoping for a bright life here with Mamie and me. He always left me with a cheerful “Good morning” and always came home with a kind word at noon and night.

Wed. 20th Oct.

Job has talked with me today more than he has been in the habit of doing lately. He has also taken more notice of Mamie both of which symptoms seem encouraging to me. He was wishing this morning that he could get well enough to even ride in the horse cars. It seems rather too bad, he said to be cut off in the prime of life after so much hoping. He seemed less inclined to rise at the usual hour than is his habit – said the bed seemed comfortable.

Mamie puts dollys to bed every night. She is very bright just before bedtime – after taking tea with her papa she wants me to light the argand and then she has a frolic with Aunt Waity and the dolls. She tries to wait upon me when my head

aches and says "When I am a dreat dirl, den I can do all I want to for mama, but now I am too itle." She always listens when her father is talking to me and if she cannot understand says "What did papa say?" "I don't know what he means." She is still weak and troubled with the humor.

Tues. evening Nov. 2nd

Mamie is now apparently in quite good health, though she is easily wearied. I have been singing her to sleep. I felt very happy and grateful as I sung to see her bright eyes full upon me as she lay looking out from her bed. She loves to have me play to her. Job is still as comfortable as for the last fortnight though the Doct. says he is weaker. Last week he first spoke to me of his stockings being too small and of some trouble with his feet. Today he spoke of soreness in his mouth. I told the Doct. of these symptoms – he shook his head sadly – when I said Job will be glad to see you, he replied "It pains me to come here (Doct. anxiously watches all the symptoms of this disease. Says he hopes for no appearance of diarrhea which would be dreadful for Job and for all of us.) - now I feel that your husband is one of my true friends and I have but few, and those I cannot bear to give up. He is too good a man to be lost to the world."

I know what he meant. He felt that he must come to see my husband failing with no way of benefiting him. On Friday William Angell called to say goodbye to us on his way back to Chicago. He saw Mamie for the first time. She was very social. Job esteems William very highly – he always speaks in highest terms of him as an honorable man.

For long evenings I have sung while Job has been partly sleeping in his chair by the window. One night when I said to him "My greatest happiness is in waiting on you." He replied, "Well I love to have you." I feel that I want to remember every kind look, every kind word of his for as I once told him – the time may come when my greatest comfort will be in the memory of the past with him when nothing will be so dear to me as the memory of his love. How I wish I could feel that he respects me as sincerely as I do him. I know he loves me fondly but he can not look up to me as I do to him. Corry Manchester and Lizzie Shaw were both in Sunday – I like them both. A week ago Sunday Albert and Carrie came to see us.

Nov. 15th Monday

Job seemed quite comfortable and sometimes quite social. The greatest pain is from his feet. I rub them every evening. Saturday morning we talked, while I was dusting the room, of happy marriages. He reminding me, in his old way laughing, of having made a great mistake. Mrs. Talbot was over in the afternoon. When she left and spoke of our Thanksgiving he told her she should be alone and I should dine off cold roast beef. But she never forgets us. This morning father made us a long visit. Job enjoyed it, so did Mamie. I was busy. Aunt Lizzie has given Mamie a pretty warm cloak.

Evening

After Mamie had (as usual) taken tea with her papa, I undressed her, the while talking with him. I am always happy now when Job is bright enough to talk much. He spoke with much interest and with greatest respect and affection of our friends whose faithful friendship has touched us both deeply . . . Today we sent a note for John Mooney to come up.

Thanksgiving evening Nov. 18th 1869

This day opened beautifully and now closes with bright moonlight. Emily has just gone home alone after playing with Mamie, sewing for her and singing with me. While we sang, Mamie lay in her bed singing too in her way looking lovely and happy. My old soldier sat dosing in his chair. Will he be with us next year at this time? I have been thinking of this all day – and trying to make every hour happy for him and all of us.

John Mooney came in to see us. Gen Shaw and wife also came and Henry came with a basket full of good things. Mamie said "Oh mama dear the Henry has come."

Sunday 29th

We have still pleasant warm winter days. No snow to speak of. Job continues very comfortable and interested in what I am doing – making Mamie a cloak and leggings. My own cloak also.

Thursday morning while Job and Mamie were eating breakfast, Uncle Chester gave us a hurried call bringing sunshine as he always does. He was here in the city for a few hours only. I have received my Christmas gift from Job. A standard and fixtures for our argand burner. I am happy to note the interest my husband takes in it – it proves that he is more comfortable.

Saturday evening Dec. 5th

Job is still comfortable. He is now sleeping in his armchair while Mamie is amusing herself with slate and pencil in her own room. In answer to my question "What are you doing?" she said, "I matin some pictures." (I making some pictures) Job is very much interested to see my cloak completed. He is very thoughtful of me. We are so happy together. Why must we be parted! I am never so happy as when doing for him. I told him one night never to ask me to "do for him if I could spare the time," as he sometimes does in his patient way, for my only comfort and happiness now will be doing for him above every other. I told him my greatest happiness was in the thought of being indispensable to him. He replied "you are indispensable indeed."

Mamie has now come to sit at the table with me and sits in the great rocking chair making a house upon the table with her blocks. She is the picture of health

and content, so overflowing with sport that I sometimes lose patience with her, which I always regret afterwards. She thinks now that I am writing to Charlie and says, "Tell Charley to come and see me."

Dec. 13th 1869 – Monday evening

Mamie fell asleep while I was undressing her. She made a lovely picture in my arm with her curls fastened with blue ribbons and her blue dress on. She "must needs go and see Aunt Waity again," saying "I turgot (forgot) to tess (kiss) Aunt Waity and Unty Thomas" – then after kissing all she said "I loved to tiss mama." This morning she said, "tell me oo darlin baby." God grant her life to me for years! If this other dear dear life is taken I could hardly live without his little one.

My poor patient soldier is sleeping the evening away in his arm chair. He sleeps nearly all the time now – he is so weak. I often have to lift him up from his seat and I fear to have him walk to bed he totters so. This has been a busy day with me, but I have not left him more than fifteen minutes at a time. I never do now unless someone is with him. I said to him as I knelt beside him tonight, "You will tell me now what I want so much to hear? You have not been disappointed in me all these years." "No my little wife," he said, "you have been everything to me." And his voice trembled and was so weak with his lingering illness that it almost broke my heart to hear him speak the very words I loved so well to hear.

Since Sunday (the 5th Dec) of last week, he has had symptoms of diarrhea which have weakened him very, very much. I am very anxious for him now.

Wed. 15 Dec.

Job has just retired. He is evidently failing. I must acknowledge to my self the bitter truth. I said to Abby today, "he may linger until Spring" but I did not say I feel that he is more liable to leave me now any day.

Friday evening 17

Job has just gone to bed. He allowed me to leave him for the first time. This morning he called me at three o'clock and again at six after which he slept until nine and took his first late breakfast. I have sent for Mrs. Talbot to come over early tomorrow and be with us all day. It seems now that any day my own darling may be left to my care alone. I have been trying for months to learn heroism from my husband. God help me to endure patiently that greatest sorrow which is coming; let me feel how perfect will be his happiness in that thought subdue all selfishness. I am too weary and troubled to write. My head aches.

Wed. evening 9 o'clock

Last Saturday morning at 2 o'clock Job called me up again. I led him out to dress at his usual time. He would say, "how weak I am growing." That noon he told Gen. Shaw how anxious he was to live until the New Year time. Rebecca came over and spent Saturday afternoon at my request. She noticed the failure in

Job as did also father the next morning. Sunday evening Smith and John Sweet called, but I could not bring them up. Mamie entertained them downstairs. She looked, as Smith said, like a doll herself. He said it as he was bending over her as she sat in the great rocking chair. She did look lovely with her curls tied with blue and a blue dress on. Emily came Sunday evening to stay all night. Job allowed me to draw him out – sitting in his rocking chair Sunday morning and I have done so ever since. He fails very very rapidly. Tuesday night his sister staid with me. Last night Emily again. Gen. Shaw went to New York last night. I dreaded to have him go. Job lies very drowsy in his chair all day and mutters to himself. Now he breathes uncomfortably and though his eyes are open, seems not to see me. Abby has been and gone – Carrie is now here and Albert will come.

I told Job yesterday what Mr. Hawkins said to me at the table. He said, "After such expressions from him you would hardly want to go just now."

I have lately sat by the half hour looking intently into the face of my brave one, and he would not seem to realize it. I am trying to think how it will seem to be alone (at least without him.) God help me! I want to be very brave and earnest in life hereafter. Mostly of the name of which I am so proud and of the life which has been so good and so full of hope and bravery.

Job told me Monday that he was coming out into the sitting room as long as he could. This morning as he allowed me to button his collar for the first time, he said, "I have to give up to you more and more."

Just now he is calling Mamie (who is asleep). "Take care. Don't touch the table. What does papa say?"

As I knelt beside him this noon holding his hand and trying to sit there calmly, he told me I must not sew much now my eyes were looking weak – but he supposed being broken of rest had something to do with it. As I leaned over him standing by the bed this morning he kissed my cheek as he always does at night. And today when I did some little thing for him he thanked me in his kind way – but with a will almost gone – he is terribly weak after any exertion, so much so as to alarm me. I thought today he might not last twenty-four hours more – but I feel now he may be here until Christmas.

Father has gone to see Aunt Mary who is very ill. Maria Cleveland is also very very close to dying. Charles Rhodes died Sunday and leaves a sad patient wife with nothing to take care of her two children.

Thursday morning 10 o'clock

Last night Job slept heavily talking the whole night long, but he seemed clear in mind this morning, and very comfortable. He had been listening while I read from the Tribune. He held my hand closely while I read and smiled when I told him the "old story." This morning is bright and beautiful. Emily has just taken Mamie to walk as far as Aunt Hope's. She made a pretty little picture with her coat and leggings and red hood and red mittens.

Thursday noon, afternoon

Father came in this morning. He came from Boston last evening. Aunt Mary partook of the sacrament during his visit with them all. He said they had a very interesting time. Ellen meant to come to Providence tomorrow. Father thought Job still more changed. He can only rise from his chair now by putting his arm around my shoulders.

Gen. Shaw and Mr. Mooney sent me a beautiful tribute today to the memory of my husband. The military coat of arms. It is finely gotten up and handsomely framed. It was a very happy surprise to me and as I told Gen. Shaw, "I had not words to thank them," my heart was so full. Job in his feeble way smiled and said he supposed I would not know what to do with myself now! (Brave soldier; even when passing from me (as he was so surely and rapidly) he would try to make some pleasantry. He told me I could keep it in the "other room" when I told Waity it was worth untold gold. "Yes," he said, "to such people as you." He always used to laugh at my appreciation of his worth. He also said to Mrs. Hawkins, "I do not suppose any gift could have been more delightful to Anna."

Friday Dec. 24th 1869

Tonight, as Job sat looking at the Coat of Arms I said, "To have colored the vignette would have been a great improvement." "Yes, he replied, "I wonder it was not thought of." I told him it could easily be done yet, to which he assented thinking it would be as well to color the dress and shoulder pieces to make it complete. He is so very modest in regard to his own life and life work that he says he should not have hung one of these of his own free will, but as tribute to friends he thinks they are beautiful and appreciated. He requested me to place the card of presentation with the picture so I have followed his request. It is delightful to know that he is so pleased. I can see his eyes resting upon this gift many times. He says there is a mistake in placing him in Company C. It should have been E. At noon as he told Gen. Shaw not to be surprised to see him in bed tomorrow – it wearies him so to try to move from chair to chair. I have to do everything now for him. He rises by throwing and putting both arms over my shoulders as I bend to assist him. Then as I rise again, he rises with me; and tonight in so doing he smiling said, "You cannot say that I do not embrace you." Yesterday when I asked him to give me one kiss he said, "Your ones come very often." Father came over and spent the afternoon quietly reading to Job. Mamie tried on the pretty dress from Aunt Deborah and of course found the pocket first thing and the "pretty handkerchiefs all trimmed up" that cousin Emily sent. Tomorrow is the only Christmas my little one will have with her dear "papa". My last Christmas with him. – God help me, (my little one and me) to bear all life's changes bravely for the honor and love of our dear one. As I kissed him good night and said "God bless you my dear one" my heart was very very heavy.

On Christmas morning the sun rose gloriously. My dear soldier kept his bed for the first time. I could not wish him a Merry Christmas knowing how he was but as we kissed each other I told him I prayed that it might be a peaceful one and I think it was so. Father and Mother came over bringing evergreen wreaths for him and a great doll for Mamie which she in her great delight ran up to show "papa". Gen. Shaw stood by the bed and took it from her after she had made it "tiss papa" on both cheeks. Mamie looked happy and bright with her new outfit on and Job seemed pleased with her and praised dolly smiling feebly, and kissing "his little girl" as he called her. Mamie went with grandpa and grandma to the Mansion House to stay all day. Albert called on the morning to see and say us "good-bye." He desired me to tell Job how gladly he would do, for Mamie and me. In the evening Mrs. Talbot came and staid through the night. Sunday morning found Job,



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as his Doct. had given warning, he was weaker than ever. Gen Shaw helped me to get him in bed to take his dinner. He did not rest his feet on the floor as on the previous day. Saturday night Mrs. Hawkins staid with me. Job talked less than on the previous night. He has never been aware of my having watchers, except when my sister has been here – I simply need some one to sleep with Mamie to take care of her if she wakes. On Monday Mr. Woodbury called – he stood beside the bed and spoke to Job of the noble life he had spent here which would never be forgotten. "You will not go from us," he said, "we shall always keep you with us in thought. Such men can never leave us." Then he said, "Shall I offer a prayer?" my brave soldier moved his head in assent and folded his hands on his breast. I clasping my own over them and together we three offered the prayer so sacred. I told Mr. Woodbury after the prayer, I had always wanted to be alone with my husband and him when that prayer was sent up. I cannot

forget the great tear that stood from his cheek as he left us. My husband asked him in his courteous way, "Come again" yet knowing he would scarcely be present in life. I could only sorrow for the loss of the love and compassion, that I had no sins of his to suffer for. His life had been good and brave, and I knew how he needed rest from pain.

At four o'clock Tuesday morning I went in to my husband's room and sat by his bed. When I leaned over and kissed him he took my hand and kissed me in return. I said, "Job you do love me don't you?" He replied "Yes indeed I do." Then I said, "Kiss me once more" and he did so saying, "Now the Doct. is coming. I must go with him." You had better go. I do not like this nurse." (for the first time we had a man come in at 12 in the evening, it being necessary to lift my husband

at times) “he stares at me so – send him away – I am going home with the Doctor.” I saw how weak his mind and body were and ran quickly into the neighboring house to call Gen. Shaw. Very early our good Doctor came and before eight of the evening of the following day, there was rest for the dear brave soldier whose work was done. There were dear friends present before he passed away to whom he spoke rationally. One bent over and said some kind words in so low a tone I could not hear them.

They were alone –

Last of all he said once, “Where is Mamie?” and when she was brought in by Gen. Shaw, he said “This is my little girl” and she said, “Mamie loves papa” and they kissed each other.

After he had remained some time quiet, I said “Are you in pain?” “Pain in the right lung.” Then when I said again, “Do you know me?” he said “Yes, now don’t wake me any more.” And so the soldier passed away with all my love for him I could thank God for giving him rest at last.

☞ *Meredith Dyer Sweet, a member of RIGS, left Rhode Island to live in Maine fifty years ago. For the past twenty-four years she has lived with her husband on Long Island in Casco Bay, off of Portland Maine. She may be contacted at meredithsweet@aol.com*

JOHN CRANDALL (Part Two): STEPPING FORWARD

Judith Crandall Harbold and Cherry Fletcher Bamberg FASG

In the first article in this series we mentioned that John Crandall first appears in Rhode Island records serving on a jury on Aquidneck Island in 1643. What was not said was how unusual it was for a man to become an established resident, later prominent in colony affairs, without leaving more records. Sources for men on Aquidneck Island abound for this period. Four are particularly useful.¹

- “A Catalogue of such who by the Generall Consent of the Company admitted to be Inhabitants of the Is. now Called Aqueedneck, having submitted themselves to the Governement that is or shall be Established, according to the word of God.” It is a list of inhabitants of Portsmouth from the third month (May) 1638 to the 10th month (December) 1638. It has the names of 59 men with occasional notes that seem to give the date of admission.
- The second is “The Inhabitants Admitted att the Towne of Nieu-Port since the 1 of the 3rd, 1638” (an error for 1639). This list has 42 different names.
- The third is “The Court Roll off Freemen wth the officers as they were Elected on the 16th of March, 1641.” While it does not show inhabitants or servants, it contains the names of seven officers and 49 other freemen.
- A fourth, very valuable source is a court-ordered list of land ownership collected from the owners or their representatives on 6 March 1639/40. The description of property included acreage, abutters, and special circumstances. Servants who were out of their indentures, for example, were allotted ten acres and the names of their former masters were included. A map—sadly now lost—was submitted the same day. The records are a snapshot of landholdings at a certain date, unlike typical land evidence that allows researchers to trace a title.

John Crandall’s absence from these lists suggests that he came to the island sometime after they were created, perhaps in late 1641 or in 1642. He evidently owned at least two pieces of land but left no evidence in the town’s records. There are no records of purchase or grant. Often the only clues are clauses in later deeds that name an abutter or note that the land was “in the right of” one of the early

1. A full transcript of the first three lists is printed in Howard M. Chapin, *Documentary History of Rhode Island*, two vols. (Providence: Preston and Rounds, 1919), 2: 117–120. The land records appear in “Records of the Island of Rhode Island, 1638–1644,” a book at the Rhode Island State Archives.