

Catherine Phillips Cook's Diary

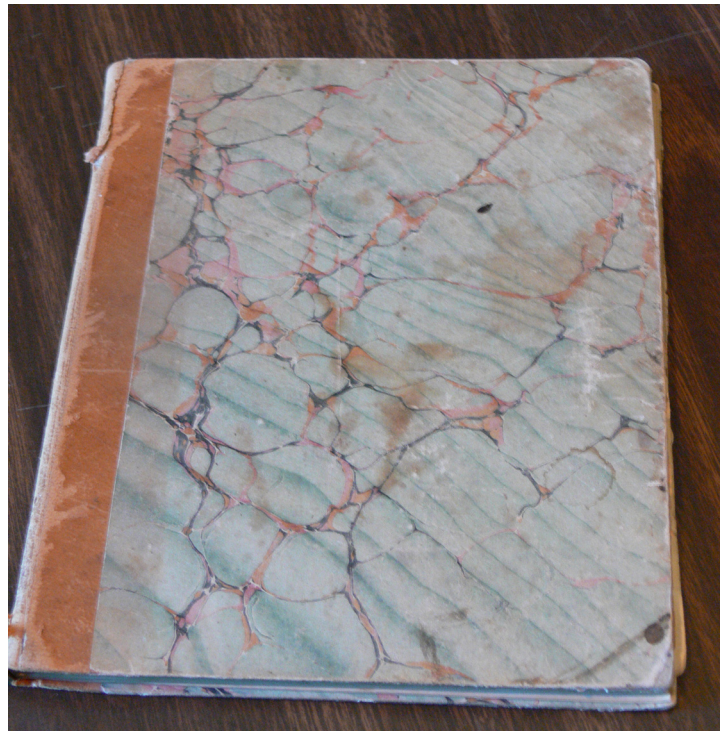
In the spring of 1852 fourteen-year old Catherine Phillips Cook graduated from Girls Academy in Albany. The following fall she was back at the school in a combination role of teacher/student. Although it was her second year living away from home, "Kate" or "Katie", as she was affectionately known to her classmates, was extremely homesick. It appears that as an antidote someone suggested that she keep a diary. The diary contains entries for every day for five weeks. After that it appears she outgrew the need to maintain the diary. Her evolution is evidenced by several things including her allowing two of her friends to make entries on October 30th, and by skipping November 6th.

The diary later becomes a journal or autograph book with her friends from Girls Academy writing their remembrance of her in the closing pages.

The diary is more than the story of this one young woman or the story of an age that has long since passed. It is evidence that the issues that young women face remain the same regardless of the time they live.

That diary survived numerous moves, storage and the wrath of time and is now housed in the Saratoga Springs History Museum. The diary was considered worth transcribing and making available to others. To be true to the author's intent, her spellings was used, along with every word being transcribed, including her initial comment on the first page a "Diary of Commonplace events."

May the reader enjoy her adventure.



Background

The Cook family was from Ballston Spa where Catherine's father, James M. Cook, and his brother owned two successful mills. In the 1830s James Cook invested in a bank along with railroads. The bank, which he virtually owned, was the Ballston Spa National Bank. In the fall of 1852 Mr. Cook was also the New York State Treasurer with duties and an office in Albany. Although Mr. Cook maintained a residence in Albany, Catherine resided with the students in Molinard Mansion.

At the time of the diary Catherine's older brother, James C. Cook, was 18; and her sister, Anna, was 8.

Eight years after this diary, Catherine would marry George Sherman Batcheller and begin a life of international travel, hosting those in the highest echelons of society including Presidents, Kings, Queens and those who were merely millionaires.

Some things worthy of note or explanation

In this diary she spelled her own name Catherine rather than the Catharine spelling she would use later in her life.

She diligently maintained the diary every day for a month. Then the last entry includes two days. It is the transcriber's belief that keeping the diary was the suggestion of one of her parents to help her get over her homesickness. Her need to see her family digresses as the diary progresses.

The term "down street" was used for shopping.

Her father's election as State Treasurer was contested in the courts. During the period in the diary, he loses the position. Catherine's reflection on the judge's decision on October 29th demonstrates that she was an independent thinker.

It appears she wanted to remember her fellow students at the academy. Their names were listed on the last page of the diary – therefore the last page here. The reader may want to begin by examining the names to understand the relationships. (The comments after the names were Catherine's)

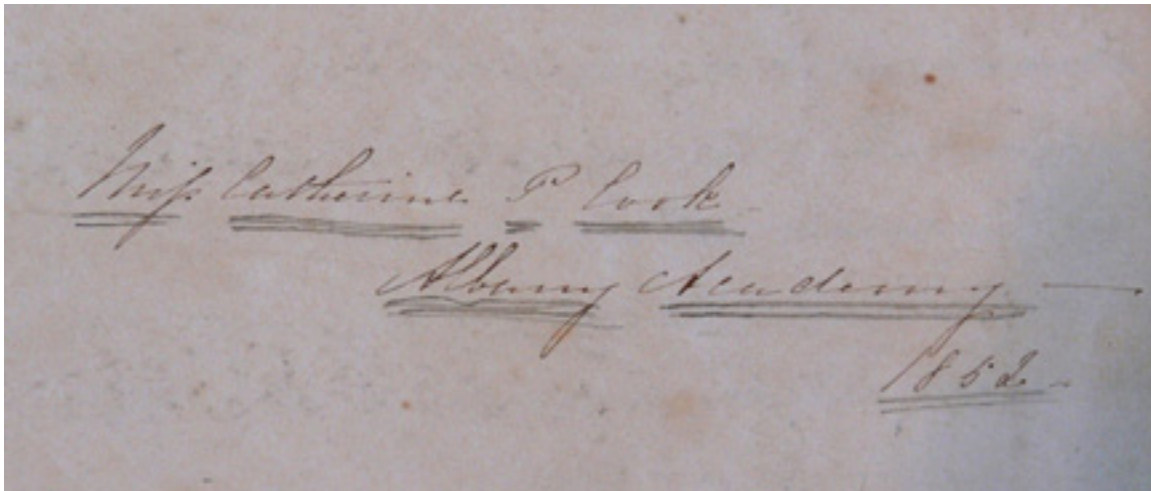
Kate's true friend, Amanda Harris, was the daughter of Judge Ira Harris. Ira would go on to become a United States Senator in 1861. Amanda's sister Clara and step brother, Henry Rathbone, were in the booth with President Lincoln the night he was shot in Ford's Theater.

Kate refers to the cars; this is the railroad cars.

Kate refers to two books **Queechy**, an 1852 novel by Susan Warner and **Charms and Counter Charms**, a novel by Marie J. McIntosh printed in 1851.

Madame was the female headmistress of the school.

John Townsend, Larry Kip, and Larry Hammond were all contemporaries of the girls.



Miss Catherine P Cook
Albany Academy
1852

Diary of Commonplace events

October 1st Friday

Mother came yesterday and of course I was delighted to see her. I did not know she was in the city until 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon and I went immediately to see her but stayed only a short time as my lessons were not prepared. To-day I have been to take tea with her and enjoyed myself very much. Father was taken sick but became better during the course of the evening. I have bid mother good bye although I intend to go down to the cars tomorrow morning to see her off.

October 2nd Saturday

Mother has gone and with her all my pleasure. Truly, I am going out to tea this afternoon and will have a pleasant time, yet all that is nothing when compared with being with my own dear mother. I have been to Anna's and have passed a very pleasant evening, but I heard Anna remark that she should like to go from home to boarding school. Oh how I longed to tell her I hoped that she might never regard boarding school in the same light that I do. I would that I could wish myself home this Saturday night to pass the Sabbath in my own dear home.

October 3rd Sunday

I do not feel very bright this morning having cried myself to sleep last night. I suppose I am very foolish to allow myself to be so homesick, but I cannot help my feelings. It seems as if I were meant only for home. I can truly sympathize with the author of those beautiful verses "Home sweet home". We had an excellent sermon this morning and there was no church this afternoon. I would that I thought more about religious things and less about worldly ones. God grant that it may be not always so but as some future time, not far distant, I may become a different person in every way.

October 4th Monday

To day I commenced my duties as teacher and may I be enabled to fulfill them to the best of my ability. I will try and not be discouraged in the first attempt but I have been happily

disappointed. They were very quiet and knew their lesson very well indeed. I saw father this afternoon and he brought me some nice grapes. He looks very sick yet but I hope he will soon be better. Did not stay home but went shopping and for a walk. Received a few lines from mother but hope to receive a long letter soon.

October 5th Tuesday

Have not been down-street to day but wrote my lesson most of the afternoon. Had very interesting lesson in chemistry. Saved part of the afternoon upstairs all alone in my room. To-night we have made so much noise that Madame has been in the study-room and given the two Thompsons chapters of the Bible to write though there were others making as much noise as they were.

October 6th Wednesday

Went over to see father this afternoon but he was on the canal board and I did not see him. He is not going home to-day and I am very glad as I want to write to mother by him. Heard my class again to-day but they did not do quite as well and I begin to be a little discouraged though I will try and throw it off. Have not much to do this evening as I have the same lessons for to-morrow as for to-day. I wish I was home to-night that it seems as if I could never stay here a whole year. I am going to sit up to-night to read and hope Madame will come early to-night.

October 7th Thursday

Went over to Father's office but did not see him. Went out again with Miss Hunter and met Madame in State Street. I wish very much I was at home this evening with mother and Anna. I do not feel as contented this year as I did last. I expect mother down soon. Must write to mother and James soon. Must commence my composition soon but have not yet a subject. Have just been to see a torch light procession. It was the Locofoco clubs of the city. I am going to sit up to-night after Madame comes if I am not too sleepy. Have very easy lessons for to-morrow of which I am very glad.

October 8th Friday

Went over to Father's office and spent more than an hour with him. Had charades this evening. Connie, Alice, Belle and I acted in them. The girls who looked on seemed very well pleased though it was so much trouble to dress that I did not enjoy it so much as I otherwise would. The words were beautiful, intemperance and mosquito. The second was decidedly the best.

October 9th Saturday

Went over to see Father & spent an hour with him, came back and soon after Louise Wright came and invited me to go to the circus with them. I went but was obliged to study very hard before I went in order to have my lessons and copy my composition. The circus was about the same as all circuses but I enjoyed myself and after the circus I went to take tea with Mrs. Quackenbush and spent the evening very pleasantly. They want me to come again next Saturday to spend the day but I am afraid they will be tired of me if I go too often.

October 10th Sunday

It rained all day and I have not been to church all day. Miss Dunham and Miss A. Thompson were the only one who went out to church in the morning and Miss Baldwin with them in the afternoon. We read two chapters in the Bible aloud this morning. This evening I have written to James and expect an answer soon. Father was here this evening and brought

me a basket of grapes which Mother went out in the rain to pick. I therefore prize them very highly for my dear Mother's sake.

October 11th Monday

I received a bundle and a letter from Mother this morning. Went over to see Father this afternoon and stayed a long time. This evening I felt very miserable after writing Mother that I could not restrain myself after I went upstairs. Never does home seem so dear to me as this year and never did the time seem to pass so slowly. I am not half so well contented here this year as I was last. I was agreeably surprised this morning by seeing my dear friend Amanda at school. She only arrived on Saturday night. She is coming back week after next and I am so rejoiced that I can scarcely contain myself. Is it possible that it is only four weeks since I came here it seems as if it were four months.

October 12th Tuesday

Was sick all morning so that I could hardly remain in school until it was out but felt much better this afternoon so that I went over to see Father this afternoon. It has rained all evening and bids fair to continue all night. I wonder if it is raining at home and what Mother and Anna are doing this evening.

October 13th Wednesday

Just one month to-day since I came down here and a long month has it been. Heard my class again to-day and they did very well. Went over to see Father this afternoon but had gone to his room tired. I went there but found his door locked and so concluded he was lying down. I am reading Queechy but am disappointed in it as I had expected so much from what I had heard. I do not feel at all like studying this evening as I have finished copying my lesson. Miss Dunham has an excellent likeness of Miss N. Thompson.

October 14th Thursday

Went over to Amanda's this afternoon to give her my books to copy and then went to Father's but did not see him to speak to him as there were some gentlemen there. I am hoping he will not go home to-morrow as I feel bad when he is not in town. Madame is going to New York this evening and the girls are going to have a feast upstairs but I have no part in it. Oh! How I wish I could see Mother this evening I feel very very homesick that it seems as if I would die. I have been upstairs lying on my bed crying. It is sometimes a relief to cry. I feel very much better sometimes after I have been crying but I do not find it so this evening.

October 15th Friday

I have been fixing my under-sleeves all the evening as I had nothing in particular to do. This old house was the scene of a great excitement last evening. Three young ladies were sick and one must I say it was absolutely intoxicated from the effect of drinking so much brandy. We received a lecture from Mr. Molinard this morning and I think it was deserved. The idea of the Molinard girls being intoxicated what a source of pleasure would this be to the Mr. Parson if he knew it. But it will not be known I hope as it will be a disgrace to the school. Went over to give my book to Amanda and say her brother who took it but I hope he will not look at the writing. Going to spend the day to-morrow.

October 16th Saturday

Went to see Emma this morning but she was not home so I saw Miss Chatfield and Miss Wood. I then went to Mrs. Quackenbush's and spent the day. I had a delightful day and Mrs. Learned came to tea and spent the evening. General Scott arrived this evening and I saw the procession. Father went home this morning.

October 17th Sunday

Went with Ida to St. Peter's Church this morning in hopes of seeing General Scott but he was not there. He went to Dr. Kip's with Governor Hunt and this afternoon he went to church but it rained so that I did not attend church this afternoon though Blanche went in the rain.

October 18th Monday

Went over to see Father and got a letter from Mother and a bundle. No, I did not go over to see Father because he brought my bundle over here. We are all anticipation of the concert. I think I shall go if I have time enough.

October 19th Tuesday

We expected Madame home to-day but she has postponed her return until to-morrow. Went over to see Father and he went home to night. I wrote a short note to Mother by him. I hope he will surely come home to-morrow night as I want him to go to the concert next Thursday. I have become very much attached to Lizzie Shores.

October 20th Wednesday

The cars were very late and we had almost given up all hopes of her return and of going to the concert to-morrow but she finally arrived and with her Albert and Miss Eaton. They had a very nice supper down stairs and it fairly made me hungry to hear them.

October 21st Thursday

The day of the concert has at length arrived. I was taken sick at school and was very faint coming home but went with father to his room and got my sack that my dear kind Mother had sent me. Father will go to the concert if he have time and hope he will. I have been down-street to get something for the concert but say now on of any consequence.

October 22nd Friday

The concert is over and I am very much disappointed as it did not near reach my expectations. I had anticipated too much I fear. I was very much pleased with Mrs. Bostwick but I do not admire Mr. Sequine's singing very much. We had very bad seats at least I had. My composition is not yet written and I cannot feel satisfied until it is.

October 23rd Saturday

Father went home this morning. My brother was here this afternoon and stayed a long time. Miss Baldwin would not come down to see him although it had been understood that she would. I went down to Little's with him and he bought "Charms & counter charms" for me as I have been wanting it very long. Had a bow from Carrie Kip coming up the hill. Madame has talked of having a dance to-night but has put it off until Monday as so many of the young ladies are going out to tea. Have been very lonesome all day to-day and I would have been very if I had not known James was coming.

October 24th Sunday

Went to my own church this morning and went this afternoon with Amanda to Dr. Sprague's. This even Miss Burgh magnetized Fannie and when she recovered she fainted and Madame was very angry but we succeeded in averting the storm. What a manner to spend the Sabbath.

October 25th Monday

Father and Mother went down to New York this morning and Emma came back from home. Grandpa was here this afternoon and I went down street with him. He has just come

home from New York and has been there a week staying at Uncle William's. How glad I was to see him and I hope I that I will go there to spend Thanksgiving for I know I will have such a nice time and I do not want to stay here any way.

October 24th Tuesday

This morning early Albert went away and Miss Eaton with him. We shall feel quite lonely for some time as it always seems gayer when he is here than at other times. We had our dance last night and I enjoyed myself much more than I expected. Mrs. King, Henry and Rufus were here. Miss Baldwin had quite a flirtation with Henry and Miss Hunter with Rufus. We stayed down until nearly 10 o'clock and had ice-cream, lemonade, and cake. Mary Thompson in my opinion looked the prettiest of all the girls although they all appeared well. I danced a great deal and Mary and I had a very good dance together. We made so much noise that Madame came up and nearly caught Mary out of bed. The presence of the gentlemen seemed to enliven the evening as I think it would have been rather dull without them.

October 25th Wednesday

Mr. Tanfernot came this evening very late. Mr. Street read a beautiful poem on "Woman" this morning in the chapel and there were a number of strangers there to hear it. It was excellent but his delivery was not good and that effected the poem considerably.

October 28th Thursday

Mr. Molinard did not go to the Academy yesterday and so we had no lesson of which we were all very glad. I received my composition and received only 5. I must try and write better next time. I did not go out at all this afternoon but fixed my pattern upon my work.

October 29th Friday

I read in the chapel this afternoon the composition of Soanio Nortin. The subject was the mosquito. We had a recess until 1 o'clock to day on account of the tolling of the bells for Webster's funeral. Father came while we were at dinner. They got home from New York last night and Father came down this morning and brought be a shawl. It is very pretty indeed. The stores have been dressed in mourning to-day on account of Webster. We have had two torchlight processions to-night, one Democratic and one Whig. The Whigs had a meeting in the park to-night. Father was beaten in Judge Watson decision of which I am very glad.

October 30th Saturday

It has rained all day to-day and I have not been out at all day. Laura, Fannie Alice and I sat for a long time this morning in the little room and Fannie read "Charms and Counter Charms". We then adjourned to our room with the addition of Mary and Fannie. We then discussed the merits of John Townsend, Larry Kip and Larry Hammond. We have also had quite a feast this evening so much so that I fear I shall fell so bad effects this evening.

It has rained all the day, therefore, it has been impossible for any of us to walk out pleasure. I have spend the day very pleasantly and am quite sure that all the girls have, we were up stairs all the morning some of us sewing and others reading. Two of us were busy at fancy work. O! dear Kate I have eat so much I can scarcely write, but no matter for that, just think of the fun we have had. M..L

All day long from the dark gray clouds above the rain has been coming down and every thing appears in such funeral array. We might well imagine the angles sweeping over our great savior and the gloom without reminds one of the cheerfulness that makes such days less sad at home, but if the earthly home we believe no more, "there is in my Father's house many

mansions.” Endearing thoughts, the star of hope that sheds radiance in the darkness of the sorrow’s night? Mary

October 31st Sunday

Went to church at my own church this morning. This afternoon Lillie and I went to Dr. Kips and Josie played the organ beautifully. When we came home it rained and was very wet. I had forgotten my over-shoes and consequently my feet were completely soaked. Burt Pearson came with Fannie and Rufus King with Hunter and Laura. I sat with Miss Low in church and could see over all the church.

November 1st Monday

At dinner to-day while eating my pudding I dropped some upon my chin and burned is so severely that I have been obliged to wear some cotton with sweet oil upon it all the afternoon. I have changed seats with Fannie this afternoon as she wished it and as Laura preferred her company. I would not intrude mine under any consideration. We have all been laughing while Madame was giving the phrase and she threatened to send me out of the room, but her threat was not fulfilled.

November 2nd Tuesday

To day is election but I have heard but little if any noise. I suppose we will know the results in a few days. It has rained nearly all day and I became very wet in going and returning from school. We received a lecture from Madame this morning about making a noise in the evening. She accompanied her lecture with the threat of keeping the first one in for two Saturdays, who took the slats out of a bed. All morning long she was very good to me not suspecting I was the one who took the slats out. I hope to finish my letter to James to-night, which I commenced already last Sunday.

November 3rd Wednesday

Election is over and the Whigs are defeated, even Governor Hunt whom every person supposed would be elected. Father came back today and brought me a letter from Mother, my plaid dress and silk skirt. It has taken me all evening to write my lessons, for this afternoon I worked upon my under-sleeves in Ada’s room on her bed. I had a miserable lesson in my class so bad, that I begin to be discouraged. Miss Mather sent Mary Thompson home this morning for copying a composition.

November 4th Thursday

Went over to see Father this afternoon and he does not know yet whether he will go to New York or not, but if he does not go Mother will come down on Monday. Fannie and Addie were sick this afternoon and I have been up the setting with them all afternoon. Madame has been out to tea at Madame Hun’s and we have not had a phrase.

November 5th Friday

I read in chapel this afternoon the composition of Helen Smith. It was a diary. Fanny Gould read the composition of Lola Norton, Esther Carpenter that of Margaret Morgan and Emma that of Condit. This evening I finished my composition. Mary Thompson went home this afternoon.

November 6th is not recorded

November 7th Sunday

Mary Brough spent the day and staid all night with Mrs. McIntosh and last night a telegraph came for her. Monsieur took it down to her this morning and this afternoon as there was no church Ada and I went down to Mrs. McIntosh's to see if Mary was had had any bad news, It was a beautiful house and is furnished beautifully –

Here the diary ends. What follows is a collection of poems and entries in her journal that resemble what students write in their yearbooks.

A page has fallen from the book but was inserted at this point.

That thou were here beloved! This yearning thought
Mingles with every prayer my lips are breathing,
Till a blissful certainty hath caught,
And passion-flowers of love and joy are wreathing
Around my wandering brain, that will not rest
But fashions in all things a glory like thee,
The sweet delusion lives within my breast
Till the cold Real comes like death to strike me.

And I awake from out this trance of bliss,
Flinging a spell of rarest joy about me,
Wake to the sad reality of this
Chilled, vacant life, bereft of all without thee.
Come back! Come back! By those dear moments flown,
That parting hour, when joy my side forsaking
Went out with thee, come back, my own, my own!
And shield with thy dear love this heart from breaking.

Calm sleeps the era, when storms are o'er,
With bosom silent and serene,
Reveals that wrecks have been –
To come frail leaf like this, may be
Left floating o'er time's silent tide;
The sole remaining trace of me,
To tell – I lived and died.

This June white page may oft impart,
Some dream of feeling else untold,
The silent record of a heart.
Even when that heart is cold,
Its lone memorials here may bloom,
Perchance to gentle bosoms dear,
And memory breathe a passing sigh,
For her, who traced them here.

(Malcolm)

On yet another page.

A new and revised edition of
“Who killed Cock Robin?”
will be issued shortly under the title of
“who was the death of the Molinard Girls?”
a few words will be given as a
specimen of the general merit of the work

Who can approach Amot?
I, answered young Burr
Though “subtle” and “pert”
I can approach Amot.

Who has besieged Durnham
I, Lieutenant Molinard,
When I come from the wars
I shall take Durham.

Whom, loves miss Hunter
Me cries “Divine” Larrie
With my “legs” I carry
And we’re loved by Hunter

Who conquered Baldwin?
I, says young Houston
Its something to boast on
I conquered Laura

Who took Mary Morgan?
I Monsieur Redfield
The victory I sealed
I took Mary Morgan

Who admires steady Alice?
I, says Major Babcock
To increase the young stocks
I want steady Alice.

Who can will Thompson?
I heart smashing young Arthur
I’ve learned the art and
I can’t win Thompson.

Who can quiet Colvin?
I, Smith have tried it
But can’t abide by it
I resign Madame Smith.

Who is took in by Horton?
I, says Traveller Corning
Without any warning
I got took in.

Who can take Brough?
I, answers Bennie Baker
With "curls" and "collar", I take
I take Brough

Who captured Harris?
Which of the
He with "lily" and "rose"
He captured Harris.

Is Kate in safe keeping?
Yes replies Ed.
I love cheeks so red
And the heart that I have in my keeping

Several blank pages later

*Kate, I give you fair warning
That painful indeed are all corns
And your approving the perfect of Corning
But roses are all blessed with thorns
The pang of true love is a parting
The rose's of life are its loves
And though pangs through its bliss
are now darting.
Emulate in they constancy – she loves*

*There! Unequaled in sublimity, beauty and style. I consider the above
Mary B_____*

Three blank pages later

Our bet expires on the first day of April and I shall win.
Unsigned.

Thursday Nov. 18th

My dear Kate,

I dear am entirely gone common sense I have none. I am sleepy and consequently
woosee dull this my prose you will be obliged to make all allowances for it and now
considering what considering how great a fool I am too. Kate I fear did I not write in your
journal to-night you would after you have left school entirely forget me or that there ever
was a new [sik] a person like me. I should hope you would forget my faults but remember
what is good

Your friend

Mollie E. Morgan
Mohsasel Mansion

10 blank pages

“For Kate”

Edwin is his mother's joy
Darling little baby boy
With a mind of wondrous make
In a form of beauteous shape,
Nose he has a Grecian line.

Cap of velvet soft and fine
Orange lips of powerful charms
Rosy cheeks and rounded arms
Ne'er was lad of finer make
In the heart of darling “Kate”
Ne'er in Europe will there be
Greater charms for Edwin C.
From Amanda

For “Kate” by Mary Brough

Know ye ladies as I do,
A charming girl with eyes of blue
To all hearts good and kind and true
E'en to the worst she gives her due.

Corning must think the same as I
Or why so hard to say “Good bye”
Oh! Thinks you not that love so sure
Know not a change from an “Adieu”

Lower on the page there is an incorrect entry by Amanda which she realized and only left the letters

“For Belle” By Amanda

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“Acrostic” by Amanda

Winning smiles and virtues rare,
In a form surprising fair,
Loved by all, admired, praised
Let thy thoughts from earth be raised.
In a stormy troubled sea
As thy way through life must be,
May Gods blessing rest on thee.
“ “ “ “

Purest love for thee s mine,
As the way branches twine
Clustering around some ancient tree
Keeping it from danger free,
Even so my heart has flown.
Round thee hovering, though unknown
“ “ “ “

Pleasure no more can fill my heart
Racked by the thoughts that we must part
Each hour my love shall stronger be
Never to be revealed to thee
Though brighter eyes, and forms of grace
In thine affections find a place
Constant, till death, my prayer shall be
Ever, God’s blessing, rest on thee

For “Carnie” by Amanda (The lines were not filled in)

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"For Mollie" By Amanda
"Arthur" how beautiful thou art!
Round thee, ever dwells my heart!
Thine eyes are as soft as a turtle dove
How pure and how fair is the fore-head above,
Unloved, I shall die, be beloved by *thee*
Rich or poor I would happy be.
" " " "

Joy enough it is (for me at least)
On thy charms my soul to feast
How charming, thy circular Is thy moustaches
No youth in Albany cuts such a dash!
Sweet as a rose or an eglantine
Oh! For beauty as matchless as thine
Now send me thou fair one, a valentine.

O! come again

O come again, O come again,
And happiness restore;
I sigh in grief, I pine in pain,
I see thy face once more.
“ “ “ “

Upon the couch – upon the way –
Amid the throng of men,
I weep and sigh – I hope and pray –
To look on thee again
“ “ “ “

O come again – there is no cheer
In this bereaved place;
I miss thy smile – I miss thy tear,
I my thy loving face.
“ “ “ “

Amid the gay who dance and sing;
Amid the few who weep:
Mid autumn's fruit or flowers of spring
Thy memory still I keep.
“ “ “ “

O come again: I am alone
The weary day and night;
I keep the things that thou hast known
Forever in my sight
“ “ “ “

Thy chair – thy bed – thy letters all –
What'er was dear to thee,
I love to look on, and recall
Thy priceless memory.
“ “ “ “

When come again, and let me know
thou lovest as before;
Give me what most I ask below
To see thy face once more.
“ “ “ “

I feel that in the sight of thee
I am surprisingly blest
And by thy side, if I could be,
My weary soul would rest.

Can I forget thee? This was written by two different individuals

Can I forget thee? When the beating heart
Forgets the ruby tide within the swelling
When eyes forget the tears that in them start
Like a rich fountain from the bosom swelling
When Heaven forgets the blessed light to impart
To wearied beings here in darkness dwelling
When, haply may my memory from me flee
And I forget what thou hast been to me.
Can I forget thee? There is round me twined
The arms of thy affections close embracing;
As easy would the gnarled rook unbind
The loving wil his branches interlacing
Or mother turn away with hand unkind
Her first born babe, her bosom sweetly gracing
Hearts may forget to beat, or eyes to see,
But I can ne'er forget my love for thee.
Can I forget thee when thy thought is part
Of every life thrill mid my pulses stealing?
You com'st in every beating of my heart.
To be the soul and bliss of all my feeling.
I wake - and full before me then dust start
I sleep - and dreams are still thy form revealing
And if I muse in waking dreams, I see
But radiant angels in the form of thee.
I never can forget thee, for the whole
Of my earth-life is by thee warmed and lighted
And thou art wed to my eternal soul -
Heart unto heart forever sworn and plighted.
And while the circling spheres around us roll
Will our twin spirits ever be united.
Thus I cannot forget thee - and above thee
Thy spirit watches ever, for I love thee.
(In a different hand but following immediately)
Forget thee! If to dream by night
And think of thee by day
If all the worship deep + mild
A willing heart shall pay
If prayers in absence breathed for thee
To heaven's protecting power
If winged thoughts that fly to thee
A thousand in an hour
If busy fancy blending thee
With all my future lot
If this thou call it forgetting thee;
Then thou shall be forgot.

Forget thee! Bit the forest birds
Forget their sweetest tune'

Forget thee! Bid the sea forget
To swell beneath the moon
Bid thirsty flowers forget to drink
The eve's refreshing dew
Thyself forget thine own sweet land
With its mountains high & blue
Forget each long remembered place
Each long remembered spot
When these things are forgot by thee
Then though shall be forgot.

To _____ with a gift

This will remind you of me; though the token
Is neither of silver or gold.
I will remind you of works we have spoken –
How found, must now never be told:
Of the days when I thought your affections,
Like mine everlasting would be;
Yet, though you may fly from reflections,
This still must remind you of me.

I will remind you of me; - though you shun it,
And throw aside with disdain,
You will one day look sadly upon it
And sigh for your first love again:
That gift will be seen among many
And mine the least worthy may be;
And yet perchance, dearer than any,
Because I will remind you of me.

I will remind you of me – when I sleeping
Far off where my forefathers sleep;
When past is my season of weeping,
It grieves me to think you will weep:
And oh! Press to your heart the fond token
Of one whose hopes now beam for thee:
I will remind you of vows we have spoken, -
Ah, yes! I will remind you of me.
December 3rd, 1853

To _____

Thou art afar – the weary moments linger!
Oh how unlike the hours with thee I passed.
When time with mocking but relentless finger
Carried the glittering sands unto the last.
The shadows gather on the darkened dial
Once in the splendor of thy presence bright,
And my heart, heavy at the sad ____
Longs for thy loving smile, thine eye of light

For tones whose echoes in my brain are singing,
For the soft pressure of thy hand in mine,
For the sweet angel words divinely bringing
Joy to my soul, from out the heaven of thine
And as these thronging memories round one thicken
Mine eyes are filled with resistless tears;
My blood grows warm, my throbbing pulses quickens,
My life turns back upon its buried years.

And thou – upon the midnight of thy sadness
Breaks the pure light of Love's serenest star?
Come to thy couch the angel presented gladness,
Thought sped by her who loves thee from afar,
Oh when the watching stars are pale in heaven,
And the unquiet winds are hushed in sleep,
Dost thou, too, number with the "sister twin"

Oh wake and weep no more! When last I met thee,
There seemed a warmer flush upon thy cheek;
Yet though a thousand haunting fears beset me,
I felt in silence what I could not speak;
And when I pressed thee, at our last fond parting,
Mournful and sad, unto my heart of pain.
Alike with thine, my tears unconscious starting
Fell at the thought – "we may not meet again!"

To one Beloved

I weep, I weep for thou beloved art gone.
No more with open arms thou spring'st to meet me,
With joy outspeaking in thy cordial tone,
And lips whose brightest smiles are sworn to greet me,
I hear a bounding footstep on the stairs,
A ringing song – and thy dear voice it seemeth,
I rise with eager steps to hasten there –
Alas! Alas! My spirit idly dreameth.

Oft at the dear accustomed hour I stray
Down to the gate. In fancy greet thy coming,
And chiding with fond words thy long delay;
I wonder with thee 'neath the dusky gloaming,
Till one by one the meek stars mildly shine
“O, love” I whisper “thou 'rt my life's star only”
No answer greeteth this conceit of mine,
I start – and find that I'm a wandering lonely
As o'er the wild sepulchral stone,
Some name arrests the passer by,
So when thou viewest this page alone
Let mine attract thy pensive eye.

And when by thee my name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me, as on the dead,
And thing my heart is buried here”

(Byron)

“Look to Heaven: if love is deep on earth
Tis tenfold deeper there.”

Thy Smiles

I know I share thy smiles with many
Yet still the smiles are dear to me,
I know that I far less than any,
Call out thy spirits witchery;
But yet, I cannot help, when nigh thee
To seize upon each glance and tone,
To hoard them in my heart when by thee,
And count them o'er whene'er alone.

But why, O, why all thus squander
The treasures one alone can prize,
Why let the looks at random wander
Which beam from those deluding eyes!
Those syren tones so lightly spoken,
Cause many a heart, I know to thrill,
But mine and only mine, till broken,
In every pulse must answer still.

The Flight of Time

Faintly flow thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away,
Down to the ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy can unruffled way:
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along, on wings of air,
To eternity dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom and then they wither,
Chicks are bright they fade and die,
Shapes of light are wafted hither –
When like visions, hurry by:
Quick as clouds at even driven
O'er the many colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

The Family Meeting

We are all here!
Father, Mother
Sister, Brother
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled – we are all at home;
To night let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found:
Bless then the meeting, and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;
We're all here.

Woman

Woman! blessed partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnish'd yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill
Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest still.
Angle of comfort to the failing soul;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll
O'er all that blooms with sad shallow howl!

When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O, who so welcome and so prompt as thou!
The battles hurried scene, and angry glow,
The death – encircled pillow of distress,
The lonely moments of secluded wo,
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand, & fearless friendship bless.

This entry is followed by 11 blank pages. The diary then becomes a journal/ autograph book in which Catherine's friends enter comments.

My dear Kate,

I word in your journal, and what shall it be? Many a pleasant moment have we spent together in this delightful study-room. Those little troubles and trails will soon be forgotten, when we are in our pleasant homes and surrounded by kind friends. These old walls will echo, with the laughter, of those merry Molinard girls, but one week longer what a happy thought! Kate, now if we do not meet every day, will you forget me very soon? You know Connie will spend many a pleasant moment in thinking of those evening we drank the strong coffee and had so much fun. Amanda's comical speeches come to my memory, and even now I feel as if I could enjoy a hearty laugh were it not for this extreme warm – hot weather. One week from to-day and we will be ready to go down to the church. We will be tired and excited, but soon all will be over.

Kate, I really believe something troubles you. Is it not in relation to your friend "Eddie." Remember "absence strengthens love," and those long looked for letters will soon be here to gladden and brighten your heart. No news is sure news and remember dear Kate this is always so.-

Will you not write to me this summer Kate? Please direct to the care of Gen. S. Y. Durham, Watervliet. Do not forget will you? --- Give my love to your brother, when will he answer my letter.' You will wish I had not written as much nonsense here, not under all circumstance. I know you will excuse me – Kate, Connie il fait hand! ma for !!!!!!!!! I thank you for writing in my journal but you will wish many a time "Connie had not written here." I have been thinking of that rainy Sunday we went to church together. 2nd year!!

Your friend Larry Kip left town this morning. "Such is life"!!! That is a favorite expression of his!!!! You are waiting for your book, by the way, where is your friend Bleeker? It is along time since I have seen him. I fear he has "extinguished" in this warm weather!!!

Kate you have the most sincere wishes for your health and happiness from

Your loving friend

Connie

June 16th 1853

Dear Kate,

How happy I do get this evening! Thou do not. I know for I am sure that the contents of that little bit of paper which Bough gave you at tea are quite sufficient to render you miserable! For thee troubles are back! Your memory is better than mine: tell me which it is - "absence conquers love" or "absence strengthens love." The first I hope for the sake of our bet; the last I fear will be true; that is judging from appearances. Before long, however, you will be able to tell me whether love is conquered and molasses candy now by absence or whether it is strengthened and increased so that all happiness is back to the poor victims; so that "pleasure no more can fill the heart! & even molasses candy loses all its relish. This is good advice though it has been laughed at by a certain "Kitty C." of my acquaintance; but not when she is thinking of a certain "Edwin C." I will write it here; I have reference to the following lovely & most certainly lovesick quotation from Miss Landow I believe.

"Oh! If thou loved and art a woman, hide thy love from him whom thou adorest" (That name that you must give no more evidence of your affections after your "beloved his family started for Europe") "Never let min know how dear he is," Never tell him which gentleman in the room is your particular favorite no matter how many incrimination he may give that you are his!

"Flirt like a bird before him." (Be sure that when you meet him in State Street, there is a tree to separate you from him)

"Fly from branch to branch, from twig to twig, but be not caught and caged lest like that bird thou mays't be left to pine & die neglected!!

Good advice this certainly is! But I am afraid your case is quite too desperate for it. I am afraid that you are already not only caught, but caged; I am very much afraid that a certain little black velvet skull cap has too "great charms for Kitty C." In short I tremble when I think of my porte monnaie and the candy store!!!

February 7th 1853

Who would think that "Le Beau" could or would ever extract "two shillings" from me!!

I expect couldn't no matter how many demands he might send to me at the "Female Academy."

Unsigned

Molinard Mansion
April 1, 1853

My dear Kate

As you wanted me to write in your journal, I will with pleasure. Will you please tell me when Willie is coming home I hope soon don't you for my sake Katy. Willie Temple is coming home tomorrow. It seems so quiet here don't you think so. I wish they would have charades I just love to see them so much I wish I could gone to Libbie Nettle but I suppose it is better for Lillie and I to stay home. Our exhibition is going to be from lesson from today and I have taken a new fancy dance, it is the flower of edenbury, it is very handsome is quite pretty I think. Dear Kate I must close this interesting subject – please excuse all bad writing and spelling. Good bye from

Your friend
Belle

Kate might have forgiven her writing I didn't!!!

Molinard Mansion
January 5th 1853

My dear Kate

As you want me to write in your journal I will do so with pleasure but I cannot write anything that will please you, but I will try and write something. I suppose you feel very bad to think how long your friend Eddie Corning is to be gone. I guess you will not like this Kate. What a beautiful piece Amanda wrote in my journal. Is it not too bad Monsieur is sick. He must off suffered so much from his finger. I should think you would be delighted to think you would not have to go to school or write compositions - Oh Kate you must please excuse this little note for I know it is not good, but I am a little girl and you must excuse it. What a rainy day it has been to day. I should like to be home to spend Sunday would not you. I will be delighted when the twenty-fourth of June comes and you I suppose also.

Good bye dear Kate, You must please excuse this – don't show it to any one please,
a great deal of love remains your

True friend

“Lillie”

Dear Kate

I am so sad tonight you know I expected to see my father today and was disappointed I dare say a ___ of my trouble will be very agreeable to you dear Kate. I have been very much hurt today you have noticed of course the little attention by which the sisters have treated Belle, not the least little delicacy have they sent her, and no one has been to see her during her illness. This morning I went to see Anna and happiest to say that Larmmie was very sick _____. This said they would come and see her. They ___ as good as her word, now won't you think it strange that she would be so very particular in an acquaintances only and so very different to relations. For my part I think it very irregular and can never forget I am so cross tonight. Colvin's discussing something she learned with Judson. Oh it's been so dull and quiet here Monsieur being sick makes it still worse.

Dearest Kate excuse this. You know your friend Fannie Remember me though I hate this of you. Your friend Fannie

February 5th/53 Study room.

February 10th, 1853

“Dearest Kate”

You have kindly asked me to write in your journal, would that I was inspired by the muse, but as they have never bestowed upon me expressions of genius I must rest content and only make my affections known by plain sentiments another year is progressing on the old has been buried with oblivious matter of the past, and many plans are being and have been formed by Kate, which are to fill up the blank of 1853, may they not be like battles in the air, soon to fall to the ground, but may you realize all of youths young dream. If one was to look in upon the young snipes in Molinard Mansion, they might see a happy group of girls, as they may be called so as none of them are out of their teens non Madame Smith est parti, some are preparing their lessons, others are employed researching in black and white the marvelous events of the day. Some light head who calls him-self Gent, has dropped some little word which expresses love and for fear that this memorable event will be erased from their remembrance it must needs be spilled, others are engaged talking with their “chums”, among these is Kate, Amanda is the possessor of the greatest share of her affection and may the friends of our youth be those of old age, soon we are to separate, I shall be one of the first to leave, me thinks I hear those who have pretended to be my friends say, eh bien, I liked her very well, she had some good qualities, but do not miss her very much, so it is in this world, it may be when parted we shall never meet again, if so, my wish is that your pathway may be strewn with flowers, and that when our mission here is finished, that we may recognize each other clad in a robe of purity, in a land where sorrow has never been know to enter.

Ada M. Horton

April Fools Day, 1853

Dear Kate

“What we can’t cure
we must endure.”

None the less for being strange

None the less strange for being true.

“Thou had a dream the other night
When everything was still
You thought you saw your lovely “Beau”
Then your heart with joy did fill!
The smartest words fell from his lips
Love’s glances from his eyes
Said you I’m glad you’ve come from Europe.
Said he, with joy you’ll die.”

Enough for one good dose: too much might produce a heart-ache which even, Dr.
Thompson, so famous for healing all diseases originating in “corns” could not cure!

Good night may you sleep peacefully in spite of you corn which doubtless, “troubles
you nights.”

Yours with thanks and compliments of not W. P. P.

Yours affectionately
Amanda

Dear

Kitty how long will you remember Laura after you leave Molinard Mansion, sometimes I hope, and the night that we sat up in the closet to study before examination, after having the preparations sent to me on Sunday while at dinner. We have had some little quarrels while together here but those you must never think of remember only the happy moments and believe now as ever your sincerely attached friend,

Laura

The Hop covered Mound

Out in the meadow
With its murmuring sound
The book runneth gently
By a moss covered mound.

And as even it passeth
On its musical way
The ___ o'er the daisies
Its dewy drop spary.

He that sleepeth below
Has like a friend of my youth
One who bore on his brow
The deep impress of truth!

But he has hath graped away
With his dreamy gray eye;
And o'er him the book sings
Its soft lullaby!

And ever and ever
Do I twine a pale wreath
Of lilies for him
Who sleepth beneath

Doth he heed the hot tears
That fall thick on the mound?
Doth he know I watch o'er him
On the violet ground

Doth he hear when I call
Ever call him ah ever
When the stars brightly shine
In the deep azure heaven?

O! come back but once more
O thy face at me look!
Sit besides me once more
By the murmuring brook

Let me hear thy low voice
With its musical tone
Come back for I'm weary
Ever weary and Alone!

I hear but the echo
That resounds through the vale;
And he brook floweth on
In the shadowy dale.

Oh! I watch his grave ever
And like stars from their throne
Look down when they see
So lonely, all alone!

The nightingale cometh
With exquisite song
And it sings o'er his grave
All the weary night long!

He has gone! He has gone
With his eyes of dark gray;
Sing on, Queen of song
Sing thy musical day

Weep o'er him ye florels
___ ___ tears of the den
have willow grow o'er him,
have cypress & Yen!

Oh eve for ever
Her vigil she'll keep;
Yo never oh never
To her eyes cometh sleep

And ever she sits
On the violet ground
And she thinketh of him
Who sleeps under the mound.

Maria R. G.
New York April 15th 1856

To Kate

“Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend
There is no union of hearts
That hath not here one end,”

Your true friend
Ella

Chegaray Hall
N.Y.
April 21st/56

Fannie E. Arnot	Stylish
Laura G. Baldwin	Bright
Mary J Brough	Very smart
Genevia Colvin	
Kate P. Cook	
Matilda Doun	
Connie C. Dunham	
Helen Doun	
Amanda Harris	Talented & intelligent
Ada Horton	
Connie Hunter	
Belle Hunter	
Lillie Middleton	
Mollie Morgan	Handsome, coquettish and Amiable
Celia Judson	
Alice Thompson	Smart
Mary Thompson	Rather pretty