

**Samuel Rose Parkinson Notebook  
1874-1892**

[Transcribed by Ben and Jared Parkinson and proofed against original. Transcript completed 2010.]

[\[front of notebook\]](#)

June 26<sup>th</sup> 1874

S.R. Parkinson

Franklin Oneida

C<sup>a</sup>

his Book

[\[Appointment pages with ruled lines, preprinted "Sunday, January 1, 1871" through "Tuesday 3." The first preprinted line of the first page crossed out, and all other preprinted lines are ignored\]](#)

Nov 15<sup>th</sup>

Received of W. Woodward

\$2.20 00/100

on Bearlake Account

103.94

on Nots and Book

Account

11606

---

\$220.00

Book a/c 32.88

for Services 1900

---

Bal due Store 1388

& Settled

[\[blank page\]](#)

[\[page preprinted "Saturday, January 7, 1871"\]](#)

S 16 Oct - 1892

I left home and Came to S L C

M 17 I was geting ready for a assignee sale for Geo A Alder Store

T had Night had all Papers made out

W I went to u.p. Dopot and ask for all freght for Geo A Alder & Son and sint Clare refuged to let it go untill he see there there lawer

[\[Remainder of dated pages blank.\]](#)

[\[The following four items appear consecutively in Richard G. Parker and J. Madison Watson, \*The National Fouth Reader\* \(A.S. Barnes and Burr, 1859\), part of the publisher's \*National Series of Standard School-Books\*.\]](#)

[\[From "We Have Been Friends Together," by Caroline Sheridan Norton \(1808-1877\), \*The Undying One and Other Poems\* \(1830\), 215-16; reprinted in \*The National Fouth Reader\* p. 307.\]](#)

March 22<sup>th</sup> 1876

Friendship,

1

1 we have been friends together. in sunshine and in shade.  
since first beneath the Chestnut-trees in infancy we played. but  
Coldness dwells within thy hart. A Cloud is on thy brow: we  
have been friends together: Shall A light word part us now.

2

2

we have been gay together; we have laughed at little Jests; for  
the fount of hope was gushing warm and Joyous in our breasts.  
but laughter now hath fled thy lip. and Sullen glooms thy brow.  
we have been gay together; Shall A light word part us now?

3

we have been Sad together; we have wept with bitter tears. oer  
 the grass-grown graves. where Slumlered the hopes of early  
 years. the voices witch where silent there would bid the Clear  
 thy brow; we have been Sad together; Shall A light word part  
 us now?

Samuel Rose Parkinson

[From "Forgive and Forget," by Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810–  
 1880), *Ballads for the Times* (1851); reprinted in *The National Fouth  
 Reader* p. 308.]

2

Forgive and Forget

1

when Streams of unkindness as bitter as gall.  
 Bubble up from the heart to the tongue.  
 And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall.  
 By the hands of Ingratitude wrung—  
 In the heat of injustice unwept and unfair,  
 While the anguish is festering yet,  
 None none but an angel of God Can declare  
 I now Can forgive and forget.

[page break]

2

But, if the bad Spirit is Chased from the heart,  
 and the lips are in penitence Steeped,  
 With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart  
 Though scorn on injustice were heaped;  
 For the best Compensation is paid for all ill,  
 When the Cheek with Contrition is wet,  
 And every one feels it is possible Still  
 At once to forgive and forget

3

To forget it is hard for A man with A mind

However his heart may forgive,  
 To blot out all insults and evils behind,  
 And but for the future to live;  
 Then how shall it be for at every turn  
 Recollection the Spirit Shall fret,  
 And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,  
 Though we strive to forgive and forget,

4

Oh hearken my tongue shall the riddle unseal,  
 And mind shall be partner with heart  
 While thee to thyself I bid Conscience reveal,  
 And Show the how evil thou art;  
 Remember thy follies thy sins and thy Crimes  
 How vast is that infinite debt;  
 Yet mercy hath seven by seventy times  
 Been swift to forgive and forget;

5

Brood not on insults or injuries old,  
 For thou art injuries too—  
 Count not their sum till the total is told  
 For thou art unkind and untrue;  
 And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,  
 Now mercy with Justice is met;  
 Oh, who would gladly take lessons of heaven,  
 Nor learn to forgive and forget?

[page break]

6

Yes, yes; let A man when his enemy weeps  
 Be quick to receive him A friend  
 For thus on his head in kindness he heaps  
 Hot Coals—to refine and amend;  
 And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn  
 As A nurse on her innocent pet;  
 Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn

And whisper, forgive and forget,  
S.R.P.

---

[From John Wilson, "The Head-stone," *The Saturday Magazine*, vol. 6, no. 191 (June 27, 1835), p. 245; reprinted in *The National Fourth Reader* p. 309.]

### The Headstone

#### Part First

The Coffin was let down to the bottom of

the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling Clods had struck their knell, the quick shoveling was over, and the long, broad skillfully cut pieces of turf were aptly Joined together, and trimly laid by the beating Spade, So that the newest mound in the Church yard was Scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of A luxuriant Spring,  
2 The burial was soon over; and the party, with one Consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to Separate, and about to leave the Church-yard, Here Some acquaintances from distant parts of the parish, who had not had opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the Course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to the grave,  
[page break]

were shaking hands quietly but Cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's Families.

3 there A Small knot of neighbors were Speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable Character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, Some of them So remote as to be known only to the grayheaded persons of the group; While A few yards further

removed from the spot were standing together parties who discussed ordinary Concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season or Change of tenants; but Still with A sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple Ceremony now Closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God,

4 Two men yet Stood together at the head of the grave, with Countenances of Cincere but unimpassioned grief there were Brothers, the sons of him who had been buried, and there was something in there situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for A long time, and more intently then would have been the Case had there been nothing more observable about them then the Common Symptoms of A Common Sorrow.

[page break]

5 But these two Brothers, who were now standing at the head of their fathers grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other; and the only words that had passed beteen them, during all that time, had been uttered within A few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old mans funeral. no deep and deadly quarrel was between these Brothers, and neither of them Could distinctly tell the Cause of this unnatural estrangement

6 Perhaps dim Jealousies of their fathers favor—Selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor mens hearts respecting temporal exspectations—unaccommodating maners on both sides taunting words that mean little when uttered, but witch rankle and festers in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the Same—these, and many others Causes, Slight when Single, but Strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually but fatally infected their

hearts till at last they, who in youth had been seldom separate and truly attached, now met at market, and miserable to say, at Church, with dark and averted faces, like different Clansmen during A feud,

[page break]

7 Surely, if any thing Could have Softened their hearts toward each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stone, and Clods were falling down upon their fathers coffin, and doubtless their hearts were so softened.

8 But pride, though it can not prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two Brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their Causeless quarrel

### The Headstone Part Second

1 A headstone had been prepared, and A person Came forward to plant it, the elder brother directed him how to place it—A plain stone with A Sandglass, Skull, and Crossbones, Chiseled not rudely, and A few words inscribed

2 The younger Brother regarded the operation with A troubled eye, and Said, loudly enough to be heard by Several of the bystanders, “William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this, I love my Father

[page break]

as well as you Could love him, you were the elder, and, it may be the favorite son; but I had A right in nature to have Joined you in ordering this headstone, had I not,

3 During these words the Stone was Sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned,

for awhile the elder brother said nothing, for he had A Consciousness in his heart that he aught to have consulted his fathers son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory; So that the Stone was planted in Silence, and now stood erect, decently and Simply, Among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead,  
4 The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected by his affectionate Sons, the sight of these words Seemed to soften the displeasur of the angry man, and he Said, Somewhat more mildly, yes, we were his affectionate sons: and since my name is on the stone I am Satisfied. Brother.

5 We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may: but I acknowledge and respect your worth: and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our Father, with my foot above

[page break]

his head, I exspress my willingness to be on other and better terms with you; and if we Can not Command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness,”

6 The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the Churchyard, now Came forward, and asked the elder brother why he Spake not regarding this matter, he was that there was Something of A cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the Chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once Cherished there, with A Solemn, and almost Severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, Changing his Countenance into Serenity, said gently—

Behold, how good A thing it is  
And how becoming well,  
Toghther such as brethren are  
In unity to dwell,”

7 The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of A natural Sentiment, quite overcame A heart in witch many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept, “give me your hand, brother, and it was given while A murmur of Satisfaction arose from all  
[page break]

present, and all hearts felt kindler and more humanely towards each other

8 As the brothers stood fervently, but Composedly grasping each others hand in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother long since dead, and of their father, whose Shroud was haply not yet Still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister Stood beside them with A pleasant Countenance, and Said—I must fulfill the promise I made to your father on his death-bed I must read to you A few words witch his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office

9 I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not often beceech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen, who died that you might be born; when the palsy struck him for the last time, you were not beside the old man when he died.

10 As long as Sense Continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone, tears was in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his Cheek too, when no breath Came from his lips, but of this no more, he died with this paper in his  
[page break]

hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave I now obey him My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do, dear boys, receive my blessing;

11 Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from A long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in A single word or two, expressed their Joy at this perfect reconciliation, the brothers themselves walk away from the Churchyard, arm in arm, with the minister to the manes, on the following Sabbath, they Seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book,  
12 The same psalm was Sung given out at their own request, of witch one verse had been repeated at their fathers grave; A larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the [page break] plate for the poor, for love and Charity are sisters, and everafter, both during the pease and the troubles of this fife, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided

[From “The Brothers,” by Charles Sprague, in Evert Augustus Duyckinck and others, *Cyclopaedia of American Literature* (Scribner, 1855), vol. 2, p. 134; reprinted in *The National Fourth Reader* p. 313.]

#### The Brothers

- 1 We are but two—the others Sleep  
Through deaths untroubled night.  
We but two—Oh, let us keep  
The link that binds us bright.
- 2 Heart leaps to heart—the Sacred flood  
That warms us is the Same;  
That good old man—his honest blood  
Alike we fondly Claim,
- 3 We in one mothers arms were locked—  
Long be her love repaid;  
In the same Cradle we were rocked,

	Round the same hearth we played.		257.00	=====
4	Our boyish sports were all the same Each little Joy and woe;— Let manhood keep alive the flame, Lit up so long ago,		144.00	
		April 3	paid F.C.P.	18.00
		9	lent to Coop in S.L. City	81.00
5	We are but two—be that the band To hold us till we die; Shoulder to shoulder let us stand, Till side by side we lie,	14	By Cash from Coop store	81.00

[page break]

**CASH ACCOUNT** ~~MARCH~~ Feb. 11<sup>th</sup> 1879

<b>Date.</b>	<b>Received.</b>	<b>Paid.</b>		
11	To Cash	203.00		
March 1	paid to F.C. Parkinson		60.00	
4	by S.R.P.	38.00		
6	by F.C.P.	220.00	_____	
		461.00	60.00	
		60.00		
		401.00		
march 26	lost		<u>257.00</u>	
		401.00	257.00	
				99.00
				285.00
				_____
				60.00
				By cash S.R.P.
				14
				By Cash from Coop store
				81.00
				9
				lent to Coop in S.L. City
				81.00
				April 3
				paid F.C.P.
				18.00
				_____
				207.00
				63.00
				27
				By Cash from F.C.P.
				18.00
				_____
				43.00
				Short in coop cash
				29
				found in store money
				47.00
				_____
				144.00
				207.00
				63.00
				_____
				10.00
				May 11
				S R P by cash
				10.00
				_____
				337.00
				10.00
				”16
				” ”

" 20	lent to store	126.00		850.12	525.00
		126.00		<u>525.00</u>	
24	Store paid cash	211.00		225.12	<del>525.00</del>

[page break]

	July 18 <sup>th</sup>		By Cash to W.C.P	<u>209.50</u>	<u>209.50</u>
				225.12	0

**CASH ACCOUNT MARCH.**

May Date.		Received.	Paid.		
1 24	By Cash S.R.P	266.30		<u>209.00</u>	
June 5	by cash " "	437.82		15.62	
"	" to " "		<u>2.50</u>		
		704.12			
		<u>2.50</u>			
"	" on hand	\$701.62			
12	By cash S.R.P.	<u>\$23.00</u>			
13	cash on hand	724.62		45.62	23.82
14	To Cash S.R.P		110.00	<u>23.82</u>	
			0	21.80	
"	" Cash S.R.P.		200.00		
			0		
28	By Cash Paid to W.C.P.		115.00		
			0		
"	To " from W.C.P.	25.50			
"	By Cash paid F. Mendenhall		<u>100.00</u>	124.15	24.15
			0	24.15	

	" 29	To Cash received of J.P. Yound on his note	30.00		
	Aug 16	By Cash to S.C.P.			22.35
	" "	" eror in book			<u>1.47</u>
			45.62	23.82	
			<u>23.82</u>		
	" "	To Cash S.R.P.	<u>2.35</u>	24.15	
	" "	To Cash S.R.P.	100.00		
	26	" " "			<u>24.15</u>
			124.15	24.15	
			24.15		

		100.00	
30	lent to Coop By S.R.P		<u>100.0</u> <u>0</u>

[page break]

**CASH ACCOUNT. APRIL.**

Date.		Received.	Paid.
	Sept. 10		
Sept	By Cash S.R.P	28.00	
17	” ” ”	1000.00	
18	paid to Coop.		1030.00
18	” Cash S R P	2.00	<u>        </u>
		1030.00	1030.00
Nov 15	paid Cash S.R.P.	150.00	
Dec 10	By Cash	29.00	12.00
Jun 7	” ”	29.00	<u>12.00</u>
		179.00	
		12.00	

” 13	By Cash S.R.P.	167.00	<u>9.00</u>
		9.00	
” 13	Cash on hand	158.00	
31	By ” S.R.P.	90.00	

[several page breaks]

**CASH ACCOUNT. SEPTEMBER.**

Date.		Received.	Paid.
90		8	
		50	15
	cat	2.30	65
	rat	1.65	25
	sat	1.91	20
	fat	2.25	25
	mat	2.26	20
	sad	4.15	10
		1.56	30
		3.00	25
		85	50
		1.81	50
		1.45	55



35	35	2.13
1.25	30	2.13
75	20	4.20
3.16	60	4.28
75	60	42
1.00	20	84
1.35	10	84
95	20	84
1.89	15	28
2.60	30	8
<u>3.30</u>	20	8
40.04	40	21
<u>51.00</u>	40	
91.04	30	
	40	
	20	
	90	
	160	
	40	
	<u>20</u>	
	11.90	

[several page breaks]

[From "To the West." A version printed by H. De Marsan, New York [n. d.] can be found on the Library of Congress website. The title and first two verses appear on the right-hand page and the third on the left hand page.]

to the West  
to the west. to the west. to the land of the free Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the Sea Where A man is A man if hes willing to toil and the humblest may gather the. Fruits of the

[several page breaks]

**CASH ACCOUNT. NOVEMBER.**

**Date. Received. Paid.**

Soil. Where children are blessings and he who hath most. as  
aid for his fortune and Riches to boast. where the young may  
exult and the aged may rest. Away far Away to the land of the  
west  
to the West. to the West &c

to the West to the west where the rivers that flow run thousands  
of miles spreading out as they go. Where the green waving  
forests Shall echo our Call as wide as old England. and free for  
us all Where the Prairies. like seas where the billows have  
roll'd  
Are broad as the Kingdoms and empires of old. and the Lakes  
are like oceans in Storm or in rest; Away far Away to land of  
the west  
to the West to the West &C.

[page break]

to the west to the west there is Wealth to be won the forest to  
Clear is the work to be done we'll try it we'll do it and never  
despair while theres light in the sunshine or breath in the air the  
bold independance that labour shall buy  
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh Away far  
Away let us hope for the best and build up A home in the land  
of the west

to the west to the west & C

[page break]

[From "Mother Kissed Me in My Dream," words by George Cooper  
(1838-1927), music by John Rogers Thomas (1819-1896), published  
by Wm. A. Pond & Co, New York, available on the Library of  
Congress website.]

Mother kiss me in my Dream

1 lying on my dying bed through  
the dark and Silent night

praying for the Coming day  
Came A vision to my Sight  
near me stood the form I love  
in the moonlight mellow gleam  
folding me unto her breast  
Mother kissed me in my dream  
Mother Mother Mother kissed  
in my Dream

2 Comrades tell her when you right  
that I did my duty well  
Say that when the battle raged  
fighting in the van I fell  
tel her to when on my bed  
Slowly ebed my being streaned  
how I knew no peace untill  
Mother kissed me in my dream

&C &C &C

one Again I long to see  
home and kindred far away  
but I feel I shall be gone  
ere there dawns another day  
hopefully I bide the hour  
when will fade life feeble beam  
every pang has left me now  
mother kissed in my dream

&C &C &C

[page break]

[From "Jeannie Lorn" (1863), words and music by W. Virgil Wallace]

Jennie Leorn

1 the tear was in the soldier eye it was on one Summer morn  
when he bade A last and long good buye to weeping Jennie  
leorn there Strayed down by the River Side mid feilds of  
waving Corn it was there he whisperd words of love to  
weeping Jennie Leorn

Good by Jennie Leorn do not weep for me when the war is  
over love why I Come back to the

2 the Sommer Sun had Sunk to rest the Corn is gatherd now  
the red red rose is witherd now the leaves fall off the bough  
cold and keen the wintery blast across the mores is born  
why does not the Soldier writ to weeping Jennie Leorn

3 at length one day aweary Step approched the Cottage door  
A wounded Comrade brote the news her Edward was no  
more She spoke no word She made no Sigh but the robin  
on the thorn ere Spring had Come cheped Sadley ore the  
grave of Jennie Leorn.

[page break]

[From "Love at Home," text and music by John Hugh McNaughton  
(1829-1891)]

There is beauty all around when there love at home there is joy  
in every Sound When theres love at home peace and plenty  
here abide Smiling Sweet on every Side time doth softly  
Sweetly glide when theres love at home

In the cottage there is joy when theres love at home hate and  
envy neer annoy When theres love at home Roses Blossom  
neath our feet all the earths A garden Sweet makings life A  
Bliss complete When theres love at home

Kindly heaven Smiles above when theres love at home all the  
earth is filld with love when theres love at home Sweeter Sings

the brooklet by brighter beams the azure Sky o theres one that  
Smiles on high When theres love at home

[page break]

Multiplication table

Date. Des.

15/75

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

[page break]

Date. Des. 15<sup>th</sup>, 1875

[From "Mollie Darling" (1872), words and music by William  
Shakespeare Hays (1837-1907).]

Mollie Darling

Wont you tell me Mollie darling

that you love none else but me  
for I love you Mollie Darling  
you are all the world to me  
ho! tell me darling. that you love me  
Put your little hand in mine  
take my heart. sweet Mollie darling  
Say that you will give me thine

Chorus

Mollie. fairest. sweetest. dearest  
look up. darling. tell me this  
do you love me Mollie darling  
let you answer be A kiss

Stars are smiling. Mollie darling  
through the mystic veil of night  
they seem laughing Mollie darling  
While fair luna hides her light  
oh! no one listens but the flowers  
While they hang their heads in shame  
they are modest. Mollie darling  
when they hear me Call your name  
Mollie. fairest &C.

I must leave you. Mollie darling  
though the parting gives me pain  
When the Stars Shine. Mollie darling  
I will meet you here again  
oh! good night Mollie. good-bye loved one  
happy may you ever be  
When you're dreaming Mollie darling  
Dont forget to dream of me  
Mollie. fairest

[page break]

Derection to  
Ellen Washbern  
Gilard P.O.  
Louis <sup>Co</sup> Mo.

---

Mrs C. Bennington  
No. 1111 Wash Street  
Between 11 & 12 Street  
up Stairs  
Saint Louis M<sup>o</sup>

---

Edward Berry  
Mexico Audrain  
<sup>Co</sup> M<sup>o</sup>

---

Thos. Parkinson  
18<sup>th</sup> Church Street  
Preston England