

# 1894

- Willard and Ellen are married on September 5, 1894 in Putnam, Connecticut and honeymoon on Block Island between the wedding and Willard's ordination. They leave for Foochow, China where Willard begins work with the ABCFM (American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions) on November 27, 1894 and will not return to the U.S. until 9 years later in 1903.
- Willard L. Beard graduates from Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, CT and is ordained in Huntington, CT September 11, 1894.
- Sino- Japanese War and Yuan Shi Kai attempts to lead Chinese armies in Korea
- Empress Dowager Tsu Hsi in power
- Willard is 29 years old and Ellen is 26.

[This poem and sketch, with envelope postmarked **January 23, 1894**, was sent from Hartford, CT by Willard's friends, Dwight Goddard and Ozora Davis, to Ellen. The sketch is of Willard and a train. The poem is about a man missing his girl. From the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]

[Envelope addressed to: Miss Kinney, Lord Cottage, Oberlin, Ohio. Postmark dated: Jan. 23, 1894, Hartford, Conn.]

Willard's writing on back of poem and sketch:

The picture – by Dwight Goddard

The poem by Ozora S. Davis

Enormous works have little merit and deserve no recognition. Davis wrote from an experience much like my own:- he interpreted my thoughts and wishes right.

W.L.B.



I wish I was in Oberlin, the home of sweet Co-eds!  
For theological theories but muddle up our heads.  
Election, Exegesis, Greek all set me in a whirl,  
And what is life with many miles between me and my girl?

But when my graduation comes I'll lie my swift away;  
I'll throw my musty books aside and hail the happy day;  
For then my weary wait is oer, my agony is done,  
For my sweet schoolmarm then sets up her little "school of one."

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[This letter, dated **January 30, 1894**, was written from Hartford, CT by Willard to Ellen. He refers to a poem that must have been sent to Ellen by his friend, Davis. He expects that they may receive assignment overseas soon. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]

[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Oberlin, Ohio (Lord Cottage)]

Hosmer Hall  
Hartford  
Conn.

Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> '94.

My Dearest Ellen:-

Your love letter came this P.M. Where did you receive three letters from me last week? I remember but two- and I have forgotten about any poetry. I wish you would send it to me. I should like to see it. But keep mum. I "smell mice" or "see ducks" as the expression goes. Davis wrote a poem that had the word Oberlin in it and I was unable to get hold of it. A threat was made that it would be sent to Oberlin.

I spent Sunday with a Mr. and Mrs. Williams at Abington and next Sun I expect to stay with a Grosvener family. Mr. Williams decided to begin to ask a blessing at table. He was to commence Mon. noon.

I have Geikies Hour With a Bible [*Hour With the Bible, by Cunningham Geikie*]. Shall I send them to you? Or did you want them merely for reference? And so the Library would do. Let me know and I am your humble servant.

That letter of yours this P.M. was a good one. It voiced my thoughts about the work in which you and I as one are looking forward. It does seem like giving up much- but after we have said that we do not want it and have made up our minds- the other which we feel to be the higher will appear the better and the more desirable. The Board has written nothing since the note I sent you. But the more I talk with those [*who*] have dealt with it, the more sure I feel that we may begin to expect a siege of sea-sickness in the not very far distant future.

I should enjoy seeing you on skates. I should enjoy better skating by your side. How I do want to see you! But Old Time is flying and will bring us to each other 'ere long. I find so much to do that I have no occasion to mourn much or long over any thing- this week! Must write a sermon and prepare a half hour paper on a subject so this little scribble will be all the more precious I hope. Today I have five hours required in the classroom. This with an hour and a half in the gym knocks a hole in the day and makes it hard to do much studying.

The Am. College and Ed. Soc. is one of the seven benevolent Societies of the Cong. Ch. It gives \$75 a year to young men who need help who are studying for the ministry. I have had the \$75 yearly for the past six years including this year. I hope to be able not to ask for the quarterly grant next quarter.

We'll take good care of my big bundle of love, which is equivalent to yourself. Take a good hug and a smack and think of me as your

Lover

Will.

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*[This letter, dated **February 6, 1894**, was written from Hartford, CT by Willard to Ellen. He apologizes for not always being punctual in his letter writing. He has been very busy with sermons, papers and teaching. Willard went sleigh riding while in Abington, CT. The Board (ABCFM) has not yet sent word regarding future mission work. Willard's birthday was the day before. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Oberlin, Ohio (Lord Cottage)]*

Hartford, Conn.  
Feb. 6<sup>th</sup> '94.

Dearest Ellen:-

You'll begin to think that your lover is a careless fellow or that he easily puts you off for other things, if I do not make a better record for punctuality in writing the weekly letter. I know that it is a disappointment to have to wait till Wed. or Thurs. for a letter that often arrives Tues. or Wed. And I do not know but the best way out of the dilemma for me is to aim to write Tues. night and then if I have an opportunity to send the letter earlier then it will be a surprise.

I feel like a colt out to pasture after having been tied in the stable for a month. When I returned from the Holiday vacation a sermon and another paper on the Reformation doctrine of Good Works were mapped out and to be ready about Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>. These in addition to regular work, so I have "had a plough on my hands". The sermon I finished last Thurs. and preached before the class Fri. morning with some degree of success,- sufficient to hold the attention of a lazy lot of fellows who were attending a required class exercise. I disappointed my best friends in the

performance in the chapel last Nov. but I think I have partly redeemed my reputation. This morning I read the paper on Good Works and now I have only the regular work of the classroom- three hours per day. I have begun vacation in this manner. Last evening I walked down to the City

Hospital 2 miles- and taught the nurses class which some of the boys conduct. To-night I have been out to hear a lecture given before the Historical Society on the influence of the three Mathers- Richard, Increase and Cotton- in the Ecclesiastical history and development of New England. The lecture was an hour long but exceedingly interesting. On the way home I drank a glass of soda. I wish you had been there to drink it's mate. If your clock is like mine in its time indication you are ready for the soothing whispers of Morpheus. But we boys are more fortunate- no 10 o'clock rule altho it would be better for us all if such a rule were enforced.

I spent another pleasant Sunday at Abington. There were nearly 50 present in the morning- and about 12 were kept at home either ill themselves or caring for friends. I had a good choir again. Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe were there again to sing tenor and alto. I was entertained at the home of Mr. Charles Grosvenor- had four fine sleigh rides. How is that? On the way down town this evening we met three big four-horse sleighs and numerous lesser parties.

Mrs. Brewer wrote me yesterday that Mr. Philips died very suddenly- is to be buried tomorrow Wed. I received another letter from her a few days since which I will enclose for your perusal.

Next Sat. I look forward to a little visit with Emma,- if she is to be at home. I thought of stopping last Sat. but as the train moved out of the depot, I was just coming to consciousness on my dear old bunk. I think I'll have to take that to China. I'm sorry I cannot introduce it to you but you will have to get Etta to tell you how easy it is.

I may as well purchase a stamp with the words- "No news from the Board yet." I feel- and I suppose your feeling so much the same- that it will make no material difference if I do not know what the decision is for two months yet. But it is only natural for a person to want to look ahead as far as possible. And until that answer is given I feel as if I were anchored in a calm with no power to move beyond the length of my cable chains. The people at Abington are desirous to have me continue and a strong hint came last Mon. morning that they would like me to spend the Summer with them. When I think how near Abington is to Putnam, a thrill of pleasure goes thro me- but time will determine. The church at Rocky Hill which heard me over last Nov. has telephoned for me on three different occasions and I have sent another fellow each time. The lady with whom I spent the Sunday has two daughters- one 16 and one of uncertain age,- not over forty. Mr. Goddard went down one Sunday for me and he found them very much concerned as to whether I was married. He said a sigh of relief escaped at the news that I was not. I thought I would just speak of this to- well to have some nonsense I guess.

I passed another mile post in life's journey yesterday. I am a year older and I think I look it. I am sure I have changed greatly- every one says so. I shall be interested to learn if Emma thinks so. And if my looks are really so different. I must send you a likeness of myself as I am, in my changed condition, so that you may not be unable to recognize me when we meet.

Well I will seek my rest after first asking Our Father to take good care of her who is so dear to me.

I love you with all my heart.

Will

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*[This letter, dated **February 6, 1894**, was written from Boston, MA by C.H. Daniels of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to Willard. The committee has approved Willard's application unanimously, but because of the overall financial situation of the country they cannot appoint him yet. They would like Ellen to apply as an assistant missionary. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.  
Congregational House, 1 Somerset Street,  
Boston, Feb 6, 1894

Mr. Willard L. Beard,  
Hosmer Hall,  
Hartford, Conn.

My dear Brother:-

It gave me much pleasure to present your papers to the Prudential Committee at the meeting yesterday. Without a question or a doubt in any particular the papers were approved with unanimous consent. The financial stress under which the whole country suffers has placed us in an embarrassed condition, so much so that the present time we cannot fully appoint and designate. You will understand the trying situation readily, as it is not peculiar to

any one society or institution. We shall use all possible effort to secure means for our work and the case of men like yourself and Mr. Goddard special efforts will be made. We must for the present have patience and courage, the future will be bright, for our work is His.

Your clear statements of faith and experience gave us all satisfaction and you may be sure of the kind esteem of the committee and also of the secretaries. We shall be most happy for the consummation of your desires in the near future.

Will it not be well for the lady to whom you are engaged to make application for the appointment as assistant missionary, which is the usual way in such cases?

Sincerely yours  
C.H. Daniels

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*[This letter, dated **February 7, 1894**, was written from Hartford, CT by Willard to Ellen. Dr. Daniels of the ABCFM has just sent regarding their decision on Willard's application. Ellen will now need to apply. Willard wants to ask for Foochow, China and for friend, Mr. Goddard to go there with them. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Oberlin, Ohio (Lord Cottage)]*

Hartford, Conn.  
Feb. 7, '94

My Dear Ellen:-

Dr. Daniels has just sent the result of the action of the Committee of my application and I mail it direct to you. I have struck off a copy so you need not send it back.

I see now why the last clause is added and why nothing has been said regarding your application before. The Board does not want too many applications at once. You see if my testimonials were not satisfactory and they had your application in also, there would be a double rejection to attend to. So they wait till the man is considered.

I think they will not ask for a doctrinal statement from you. They will probably ask for a physical examination. Miss Hanna could doubtless satisfy them.

As to the application- a few words only are necessary. Something like- I desire to devote my life to the Foreign Miss'y work and offer myself to the Board or ask appointment of the Board as assistant Miss'y to go with W.L. Beard. Direct to Dr. C.H. Daniels.

The reply is in a literal sense indefinite, but we may be sure that the Board would not ask us to go on with the application if there were not a pretty good prospect of sending us.

I think I shall write Dr. Daniels asking for Foochow China and for the companionship of Mr. Goddard.

Meanwhile let us remember that we are the Lord's and if our hearts are right toward Him he will lead us all the way, and altho we can see but a short distance, He knows the future and we need take no undue anxiety.

Lovingly Yours

Will.

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*[This letter, dated **February 16, 1894**, was written from Hartford, CT by Willard to Ellen. Willard will be attending an S.V. M. Convention in Detroit as a delegate and would like Ellen to come also and meet him there. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Oberlin, Ohio (Lord Cottage)]*

Hosmer Hall  
Hartford  
Conn

Feb 16 - '94

Dearest Ellen:-

I have just been appointed as delegate to the S.V.M. [*probably Student Volunteer Movement*] Convention at Detroit, Mich. to be held Feb. 25- Mar. 4. I had hoped to be able to pass thro Oberlin. But I find that the route is by the Michigan Central from Buffalo therefore thro Canada instead of thro Ohio.

Now I can hardly go so near without seeing the dearest girl alive. I wish you could come to Detroit. I should gladly pay your expenses- entertainment and all. The convention will be worth anyone's time and money. And I think it would be specially interesting and profitable for you. I presume the volunteers of Oberlin have already chosen more delegates than can be accommodated. But perhaps if you should see the president of the Band you could find entertainment with some friend who may be going from Oberlin. At any rate I wish you would try to come. I think if you tell Miss Johnston that you expect to go to the Foreign Field next Fall that she will not refuse to let you go to Detroit. You see it will cost no more for you to come to Detroit than for me to come back by way of Oberlin and we would both be profited more if you could attend the Convention.

Lovingly Yours  
Will

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*[This letter, dated **February 19, 1894**, was written from Hartford, CT by Willard to Ellen. He visited with Ellen's family while on a trip to Abington to do a funeral. He hopes her next letter will tell him that she is going to the convention in Detroit. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Oberlin, Ohio (Lord Cottage)]*

Hosmer Hall  
Hartford  
Conn

2-19-'94.

Ellen Dear:-

The time for another chat has arrived. What shall I say? There is so much I hardly know where to begin or how proportionately to amplify. But remembering that I enjoy your letters most when they just tell about your own self, I'll just begin by giving you a little diary of current events in which I shall be by no means a lacking conspicuity -(if you can translate that you'll do well). Last Thurs. two telegrams came from Abington for me to attend a funeral there. I made arrangements with Emma to go to Putnam and we dropped in on your mother about half past eight. I think they all- your mother first- then your father- then Etta and last of all Elbert were completely surprised. I had to come back to Abington on the 8 o'clock train and we had arranged for a sleigh ride back from Danielsonville where the internment was to be. We thought the 11 o'clock train connected but no. I arrived just as the girls were starting with a load of warm bricks and bottles full of hot stuff, themselves on top of it all. Well we went back home and had dinner and I went down to D-ville coming back on the 4 o'clock train and took supper and went over to Pomfret with my day's work done. It was very pleasant for me to have a place in which to spend the time between trains in Putnam. I called on Mr. Sargeant and told him that I expected to steal one of his church members and that we looked to the Foreign Field and asked him to help through the church to send you.

I did not preach yesterday. It rained very hard till 10 o'clock in the forenoon and the water was so deep that the rector could not walk to the church. So I just did nothing all day.

This morning Emma favored me again with her company as far as Andover.

Your father wanted to know what part you took in the midnight tableaux.

The Sharpes are Mr. and Mrs. "Clem" Sharpe. That is all I know- except that they are fine singers.

What was the trouble with those girls? The only way that I can explain it is that one of them must have snored so loudly as to waken another and frighten her. Then there would of course be two frightened. And that number could upset the world if only they were unrestrained. Did you catch the burglar?

I trust your letter this week will tell me that I shall see you in Detroit.

Til then, then and after then I am dead in love with you.

Will.

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*[This letter, dated **February 26, 1894**, was written from Hartford, CT by Willard to Ellen. Willard is concerned about the snowy weather keeping them from traveling to Detroit. He went to his home over the weekend and saw his*

*ill grandmother. Willard preached two missionary sermons. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Oberlin, Ohio Lord Cottage]

[On the back of the envelope it appears that Ellen wrote down in pencil the train schedule to get to Detroit:]

L. Oberlin 6.58

Ar. Toledo 9.45

“ “ 10.18

“ Detroit 12.35

Hosmer Hall  
Hartford  
Conn.

Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> '94.

My Dear Ellen:-

What a snow-storm we are having! This morning it began before light and the snow must be about a foot deep now- it has stopped, but is not clear yet. Mr. Dunning and I have watched the storm with no little anxiety for the paper told us that the R.R.s were to be blocked and we were afraid that it would be impossible to go to Detroit as we had arranged. But I trust it will all be well.

I went home Saturday, and preached in the home church in the morning and in Shelton in the evening. Phebe and I took dinner at Grandfather's. Grandmother is quite ill- I am worried about her. A hard cold has settled into Bronchitis, and pneumonia. She coughs very hard and almost incessantly, altho this is better. Aunt Louise has her hands nearly full, -the man which they have now is ignorant of the mystery of chores and Aunt L. has to superintend the feeding of the horses, and see that they are tied properly each night. Of course she has to be nurse for grandmother and grandfather is childish and wants ??? and attention every time grandmother has it. But Cousin Elsie is going up there to-day to help her and to be company.

We rode to Birmingham this morning in a sleigh- James, Elizabeth and I. The sleigh was on hard bottom most of the time. But the black colt- you remember him- took us along finely.

Ben has bought the best Livery Stable plant in Birmingham to occupy the first of April. So when we go to B-ham we'll know where to find a good team.

I expect to start for N.Y on the 12:25 train to-morrow. I still have some hopes that you will be in Detroit tho those hopes are hung by frail chords. As I said last week I do not know how or when I shall see you if Ma Dan J. [*probably Miss Johnston*] is entirely unrelenting in her unreasonableness. But we used to say last year where there is a will there's a way! And I should feel as if my journey were half in vain if I did not have a kiss from the sweetest of life.

An Oberlin friend- Harry Ross- is with me this evening. His sister boards only a door or two from Lord Cottage and he says she visits it frequently- Minnie Ross. You may know her.

Flora is much exercised over the performance of a club in which she sings and which is to render Pinafore this week. She was very urgent that Phebe should come up, but Mother and Phebe both improved the sleighing conscientiously- and Mother is resting for a little- she is not ill but feeling rather tired, so Phebe thinks she must stay at home.

Well I have not been so dead sleepy for months. It is only 8 o'clock and I could go to sleep in two minutes. You doubtless have guessed it before from the perusal of this gossip.

I preached a missionary sermon yesterday in both places and told them that the Board has accepted me but could not appoint on account of lack of money. The people in Huntington are going to take a special collection next month. One lady came to me after the service and said that she should give me \$10.00 when I went. I do hope that my going will prove a blessing to the church. And I hope also your going may prove a blessing to your home church at Putnam.

Tues. Morning:- I went out and shoveled snow with our janitor for nearly an hour after writing the foregoing and it took that sleepy feeling away. The snow stopped falling about 8 P.M. yesterday and this morning is bright and clear. We shall start for Detroit this morn with a fair prospect of getting there unless the storm has been more severe in the west than here.

If this does not reach you before your start for Detroit, you'll have something to read when you get back. I do almost look forward to seeing you in spite of the unfavorable sky about the corner of W. College and South Prof Street. What a fine time I should have washing [watching?] your face this morning, if we were at home. The snow is light and dry and there is abundance of it.

Well I must close this now, so good bye.

Yours Lovingly and Anxiously, Will.

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*[This letter, dated **March 6, 1894**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Ellen to Willard. She and Mr. Brown will be giving a full report on the Convention next week. Ellen tells about the various toasts during her supper hour. She asks Willard questions about her application to the Board. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Mr. Willard L. Beard, Hosmer Hall, Hartford, Conn.]*

Lord Cottage,  
Oberlin, Ohio,  
Mar. 6", '94.

My Own Dearest Will,

If you're not too sick of that loving address which I keep cherished in a heart burning with love, I must just claim the privilege to use it once again to give vent in some small measure to my long pent up affection; for think of it! in all those precious hours in which we were together I had not one suitable opportunity to throw my arms about you and give you an out and out expression of my deep true love for you. But you'll believe it just as sincere and fervent if expressed in above [?] dampness with cold metal won't you? for the heart that dictates it is steadfast.

I hope you arrived in Hartford safely and richer (financial considerations excepted) than when you left it. I count myself, nothing excepted, vastly richer. That afternoon Mr. Brown and I being the only Volunteers who had arrived made very brief talks on the Convention as it impressed us, before the Volunteer Board here at their weekly meeting; we thought it hardly fair to attempt any thing like a report with more than half the delegates absent; so the full report is to be given next week.

Mr. Maclellan (how does he spell it) occupied a seat beside me almost to Toledo. (My Chaperon was near) He, it seems, is not a volunteer as I had supposed. He is to visit Oberlin Thursday.

We waited only seven minutes in Toledo and arrived in Oberlin at 12.02. About the first thing that greeted me was the announcement that the gentlemen of our table No. 6 were to give a spread to the ladies that evening in the basement at supper hour; and all were programmed for toasts.

What do you think I was to toast them on?- "Chaperons: and not a solid 30 minutes in all the afternoon to prepare. I escaped an utter failure by squirming through a parody on "Mary had a Little Lamb", the only opening I discovered in my limited time of search. Mr. Orth, of whom I spoke had a fine toast on "US, at No. Six". Misses Wells, Sammons and De Witt also had very enjoyable toasts on "The Male Quartet at No. 6.", "Smiles" and "Flirting", respectively. All seemed to enjoy it very much.

To-night I received a letter from The Board answering my application. I will enclose the letter that you may see it and give me any suggestions regarding a reply that you may think valuable to me. Don't be afraid of offering too many suggestions or advising too freely; you cannot do that; please be very frank and free to offer anything that is in your mind for I shall accept anything from you gratefully. I fear you will think now, that I am demanding advice or am depending too much on you for the performance of my own duties; but I knew you had been through the mill and knew just what is best to give; however, do not grant me any more assistance than is convenient for you and best for me. You see they are going to examine me as thoroughly as they did you.

Do you think it would be well to give in addition to Mr. Sargent's name and one of the deacons of our church, perhaps a S.S. teacher, one or two Normal School Teachers, one or two land-ladies where I have boarded perhaps Miss Manly for one and a Prof. here?

It occurred to me that perhaps a recommendation which I hold from a principal of the Bridgeport school in which I taught may be of interest to them; as I cannot now give the exact address of the lady would you send it with the names? I'll send you the paper, to be returned with the Board's letter when you answer. I have acknowledged the receipt of Mr. Daniel's letter stating that I will send desired information in a few days.

Ought I not to write these persons asking the privilege of referring the Board to them for testimonials, before sending their names in to Mr. Daniels?



You may think I do not depend on my own judgement at all but when one has access to such good counsel isn't a degree of dependence pardonable?

If you will kindly answer these inquiries at your early convenience I shall be very grateful to you.

I did not adequately express to you my thanks for your kindness and attention to me throughout my stay in Detroit and for the gift of money when I left you. So now I want to thank you a thousand times. And I don't know how to express my love for you unless I say of it as a father did of his wayward son "He's as bad as he can be and growing worse all the time." So my love for you is as much as it can be and growing more all the time.

I send you all of it.

Sincerely and Gratefully

Your Ellen.

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*[This letter, dated **March 9, 1894**, was written from Hartford, CT by Willard to Ellen. Willard has only fifteen minutes to quickly answer Ellen's question regarding her Board application. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Oberlin, Ohio (Lord Cottage)]*

Hosmer Hall  
Hartford  
Conn.

Mar 9 '94.

My Dear Ellen:-

Your letter is at hand and I have about 15 minutes to answer it in before the next mail. So I'll take up the questions in order. First Dr. Daniels does not ask for a statement of your doctrinal belief. Simply a short sketch of your life to bring out your Christian experience. Tell him about your home in Union-removal to Putnam-conversion- school life in Putnam-Normal- teaching- Oberlin- work in Y.P.S.C.E. in Staffordville.

Give one deacon if you are well acquainted with him- a S.S. teacher also. Miss Manly. No other boarding house ladies. One Prof. in Oberlin- the one with whom you are best acquainted. Mr. Vaille of S-ville and the Normal School Supt. or teacher if you think best.

I should not send the B-port letter. It will be entirely unnecessary to write to these persons. Simply send their names and addresses to Dr. Daniel and he will do the writing.

I have answered this much as I would write an exam, but I think it is clear and I trust I may pass.

Thank you for the kind letter this morning.

Lovingly Your  
Will

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*[This letter, dated **March 25, 1894**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Ellen to Willard. She talks about Willard's possible summer work at the church in Abington and the challenges he will face with the congregation. Ellen talks about her Easter day and the different activities that she and her dining table mates have been doing. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Mr. Willard L. Beard, Hartford, CT]*

Lord Cottage,  
Oberlin, Ohio,  
Mar. 25", '94.

My Dear Willard,

Your last letter was a pleasant reminder of the long letters I used to receive when our correspondence was young.

You are beginning to look upon the preparation for your life work as almost finished and, I suspect, with almost an anxiety to begin the great work itself. I wonder if you are secretly wishing you might sail to the field early in the summer?

You seem to be looking facts in the face honestly and resolutely and putting yourself unreservedly to the test. I fear you are not finding the conditions in Abington well suited to your anticipation of a field for the coming summer. I admit it is a discouraging outlook to think of rebuilding such a tumble-down institution; more satisfactory, by far, seems the establishing of new organizations out of the raw material. But you have had some experience of a similar nature in Staffordville and with a gratifying degree of success, it seems to me; so that you need not regard this a hopeless task for you, with the blessing of Him whose work it is. Your suggestion of a plain talk with the members seems a wise preliminary to the restoration of unity and harmony in the church, and I hope you will be successful in reaching that result.

It is needless to tell you that I should be very happy to have you so near me; but notwithstanding that I want you to have a place satisfactory to yourself and where you are sure God wants you to go.

So you found our home under the cloud of house cleaning at your last visit. I am afraid it was not then so cheery a visit as perhaps some previous ones may have been; for I do think that housecleaning time makes the home (excepting the occupants) so desolate, forsaken and homesick, so to speak, because the surroundings have such an irresistible affect on the spirits. But the satisfaction of being clean and rid of all rubbish is compensation for the fun days of disagreeable proceedings.

Yes, your letter answering my questions concerning the Board was business like as it was supposed to be. If people will impose on their friends so many questions requiring immediate reply they must be satisfied with brief answers. "Love's interpretation and filling in" did make the already very acceptable letter doubly acceptable.

I thank you for the card for missionary pledge and for your offer to receive and forward it for me; but I think it best to give it into the hands of the society here.

I have received from the Board the general manual like what you sent me, a paper to be filled out by my physician and a medical paper to be filled out by myself and a manual for a women. I will return yours if you wish it now as I do not need two.

Thank you for your wishes for Easter and vacation. It has been a very strange Easter day. It is as cold as January and snow has been falling at intervals ever since five o'clock this morning. How do I know it was snowing so early? Well, I was up at that time and a few minutes later was on my way to the Sunrise Service at the Episcopalian Church. I had never attended a communion service in the Episcopal church before. It was a very impressive and beautiful service. The perfume and beauty of the flowers, the early hour and the fact that it was the anniversary of Christ's rising from the dead made it unusually impressive. There were six of us Cottagers who attended and we returned half an hour before breakfast was ready.

One of the girls had a most magnificent box of flowers sent her yesterday. There must have been several dollars worth of roses, lilies, daffodils, tulips, hyacinths, pinks, lilies of the valley, English violets and maiden hair fern. Her table was profusely decorated for breakfast and dinner to-day.

The Easter service in the first church was profuse and grand. Dr. Brand preached a practical sermon on the lessons learned from Christ's several appearances to men after his resurrection.

It was learned to-day by telegram that Prof. Ellis, who has for two months been in California for his health, is on his way home. A new development which proves his disease fatal has just been discovered and his great desire now is to get home before death overtakes him. If all goes well he will reach Chicago Tuesday and arrive here Thursday. His disease is of the kidneys and its particular form is called Addison from the physician who discovered it.

Monday morning.

Truly I was very pleasantly surprised to find in the morning mail a letter from you. Sincerely I thank you for your congratulations and pleasant wishes for my birthday and they do please me far more than a 'boughten' Easter card because they are wholly your own. Your grandmother's recovery is pleasant news for the Easter letter to bring me and I hope she will be able to be out to enjoy the coming of spring.

A few days ago we instituted at one table a question box in which the members placed any question they wished answered at breakfast, and it was handed over to yours truly to answer them at dinner. Among them were such as these: "Why did old Mother Hubbard keep a dog?" "Do you think Thursday lectures should be abolished?" "On what theory do you justify Chaperons?" "Do you believe in the perseverance of the saints? If so, will you please explain it?" It took me nearly all the dinner hour to answer all (10) and we lingered in the dining room after the others had gone to finish out the discussions it provoked. I think it very profitable table talk for it oftener leads to some sensible thought which is not wholly the order of the average meal hour. This week we have a serial story. One of our number cast the characters and laid the plot and each of the ten write one chapter of 100 words or more developing such part of the plot as was assigned them. As we write simultaneously it will be an interesting company of variable characters with decidedly checkered histories I suspect. I think the hardest task has been imposed on me

for in the closing chapter I am to disclose of all these characters so as to make this story end satisfactorily to the entire company which is not an easy thing.

Well, the term closes this week (and I think this epistle had better, too) for a ten day's vacation. Some of the girls are going home but most of them stay. I shall find plenty to do to keep me out of mischief and probably from taking the needed rest.

Most Lovingly Yours, Ellen.

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*[This letter, dated April 8, 1894, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Ellen to Willard. She thanks him for his previous letter that made her feel better about what seems to have been a misunderstanding. She tells him about an outing that she and some friends took. Ellen's birthday was fun and shared with another girl who had a birthday the day before. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Mr. Willard L. Beard, Hosmer Hall, Hartford, CT]*

Lord Cottage,  
Oberlin, Ohio,  
Apr. 8", '94.

My Own Dearest Willard,

No letter that I have ever received from you has brought me just the joy that your last one did, because it betokened so much more charity and forgiveness than I deserved or dared hope for. Just this I must say, however, that you must not blame yourself for a moment, in thought or word, for what you wrote; I did not think of it as reproach; you only answered in justice to yourself, the injustice heaped upon you by my carelessness.

Yes, imagination with the help of that letter can and has "kissed away the tears" and soothed "all the pain of heart" away. It is all forgotten except just the part that ought to be forever remembered that is, enough to rivet the lesson so painfully learned. And all that is needed to make me entirely happy in your love is to know that you are perfectly happy in mine.

I did not send my cold East but it has gone somewhere, and without doubt it has imbibed the characteristics of its former mistress and imposed its odious self on some good person, like you. But I hope you are well rid of it by this time. Has it interfered much with your work?

You must be almost overrun with work. Will, if you are carrying three studies, and directing gymnasium, and preparing a sermon every week, and preaching before the faculty occasionally, and preparing some paper of some sort for commencement, and you only know what else, I think you are wise in not preaching oftener than once in two weeks.

I thank you very much Dear Will, for the two dollars "pin money" you so kindly sent me; and I went straightway and bought some much needed hair "pins" with it. I believe I promised to send you a statement of my expenses and means left to meet the remaining expenses; but having met no necessity for means beyond my own supply I have not thought it necessary to bother you with it. Wouldn't it be a joke if my pecuniary supply should continue to be a supply like the barrel of meal and cruise of oil? *[And the Barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah. 1 Kings 17:16]*

No, I did not in all that week of vacation get out to a sugar-bush. I am really vexed when I think of the number of times I endeavored to arrange a walk to such a place but each time something interfered; nor did I get more than three miles from Oberlin during the vacation. On that occasion, about a dozen of us Cottage girls and boys started out for a walk to Black River via R.R. but we went nearly to the quarry, then struck off into the woods after flowers. We found spring beauties, hepaticas, and pepper and salt. One Mr. Orth mounted the arched railing of the R.R. bridge over Black River out in the wilderness and delivered an oration on Pims[?] at the top of his voice. Then we scared all the creatures of the forest by each singing a different tune all together alone, every word of which was sung double forte. We returned to the Cottage when the rest were about half through dinner a red, tired, hungry, twelve; for the bracing Mar. wind had spared no pains to give us all ruddy complexions, and to stir up a solicitous spirit in the inner man.

Another event of the vacation was my Birthday Party. There is a Miss Laird here whose birthday was the day before mine and the two girls who had roomed with her and who were also friends of mine proposed to give us a spread in the basement at the tea house for the rest of the evening. We invited her table and mine and two or three other special friends. When seated at the table we were twenty in number and ever so much higher than that in beauty, intellect, wit and good humor of course. Ten of us the ten belonging to my table wrote a story each writing a

chapter developing that part of the plot assigned them by the committee. It hinged a good deal better than one would have thought it would considering that the ten chapters were written simultaneously by ten different persons. The other ten gave toasts. Games and amusements completed the evening. I haven't laughed so much in a year as I did that evening I guess.

A discussion of our individual conceptions of Heaven led to the suggestion that we read aloud the book entitled "Gates Ajar". So three of us spent several quiet hours in that way.

You have doubtless read all about Prof. Ellis' death and burial so I'll not tire you with anything further on that subject.

When I spoke of the term closing for ten days I was mistaken in the length of the vacation for it was just a week; and my added statement about the letter was only another of my unfortunate ambiguities; nevertheless it seems to fit the facts concerning this; for although I neglected to place the later date of this epistle on the proper page, it is now Apr. 11.

I met Miss Ross the first term I was here but did not know you had ever heard of her then. After you wrote, I was watching my chance to speak to her and when she came running up to me in great enthusiasm one day and asked "This is Miss Kinney isn't it?" "yes", "And you're the only Miss Kinney in the Cottage aren't you?" "Yes, I am the one." She said her last letter from her brother was written in your room.

I am afraid from what has been written between us that you have resolved to write me some long letters at all hazards. Now I shall feel sorry to have you spend one moment of time in writing to me which you ought to spend on sleep, meals, study, recreation or social intercourse and amusement. Now you must make me a promise; it is this,- that you will never again make such a sacrifice for me as you did a week ago last Monday evening in giving up the pleasure of hearing the Brown Trinity and Amherst Gl. Clubs just to write to me. I am furnished enough Dear Will, please do not deny yourself any thing more for my sake, will you?

I have very much more to write but you will agree with me that this is enough for once.

With Very True Love

I am Devotedly Yours

Ellen.

P.S.- Will you pardon the untidy appearance of this first page? I dropped some oil on it and in laying it over the lamp discolored it. Thank you if you'll over look it.

E.L.K.

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*[This letter, with envelope postmarked **April 30, 1894**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Ellen to Willard. She had her final exam in Seminary Bible class. Ellen attended a play titled "The Rivals" and had a wonderful time. She would like to take Willard to areas around Union, CT to show him the scenes of her childhood. Ellen answered Willard's question that she would be ready to leave for mission work in the middle of September if necessary. She is confused by letters from Mr. Daniel's of the ABCFM. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope dated April 30, 1894 and addressed to: Mr. Willard L. Beard, Hosmer Hall, Hartford, CT]*

No. 19", Lord Cottage,  
After Dinner, Sunday  
[April 30, 1894]

My Dear Will,

Many thanks I want to express to you for remembering me so generously with letters last week. I find special pleasure in hearing from you so often but you will be sure not to take time for that which you feel ought to be used other wise, won't you please me, even though I might never know of the sacrifice.

We are having a tropical spring day- perfectly cloudless and the earth is looking very fresh after a long hard thunder storm last night. The trees are beginning to look quite leafy and the early fruit trees are all in blossom.

It seems as though this term were speeding away so fast. I had my final examination in the Seminary Bible class yesterday and the Commencement exercises are held this week Thursday I believe. Our choir sings at the exercise in the church.

Friday evening Leland T. Powers appeared in "The Rivals". I have heard him render the same play before about seven years ago but I haven't enjoyed an entertainment I have attended in a long time as much as I did that and is also I think the only thing I have heard in an equally long time of which the realization equaled the

anticipation. It was not so much the development of the plot as the perfection of his impersonation that pleased me so much. I was so much impressed with his power and his own personality, too. I consider that 35 cents well spent; but, Will, don't you really think I am awfully extravagant to attend so many entertainments as I have written you of doing?

I hope you are having as fine a day as we have here for you are spending it at home I suppose.

When you spoke of Union in your letter it reminded me that I am going to take you on a driving trip some time this summer and show you the old homestead and the "scenes of my childhood." I doubt if you will enjoy it as much as I, however, for there is nothing particularly enjoyable there except for its associations which of course you would not connect with the scenes being a stranger to them. There is picturesque and wildly grand scenery even in Union though, which I enjoy in itself and for its own sake. By the way, I didn't make the provision, "if you cared to go" but took it for granted you would.

I laughed outright at your joke about my "hardening" myself, which proceeding, as you close to interpret it, would be hardening myself with a vengeance. Trusting that you will bring up at a sensible conclusion eventually I venture no unnecessary explanation.

You ask if I would be ready to go the middle of Sept. if the Board want us to. Yes, I can be ready by that time but not any sooner than that I think.

There is some thing mysterious to me in Mr. Daniels; proceedings which I suspect his letters to you enable you to explain if you will.

He says in his letters to me, as do you, that there is no hurry or particular haste about the matter, and yet he keeps writing you that they will be able to give you some definite answer soon; in the first question in the manual, I quote,- "In answering this question, you may use your own language, or refer to any creeds of acknowledged weight" etc; and yet he intimates to you that "reference to "the creed of '83 is not sufficient but wants my own statement; he has not yet acknowledged the receipt of my papers, and yet he writes to you concerning what it seems to me, would expedite matters to refer to the source of fault and consequently of correction. I am perfectly willing to send my own creed and that they should take all the time they want to deliberate on the matter; but I simply do not understand the manouvers do you?

Now I'll explain what you don't understand and have good reasons for not understanding, too. I did write you that I had written out my creed compared it with others and found it essentially the same with slight differences of expression which I liked better in mine because they were my own; and I may have said in your letter that I had sent it, as they both did go out in the same mail. But at the lat minute as I was looking it over before sending it, it struck me as being rather foolish to send them a long list of my beliefs which were substantially the same as the creed of '83 which I supposed "of acknowledged weight" since it was drafted by leading men in the denunciation and as it was better expressed, of course, than mine on the whole, I thought the easier way for them and the better way all around would be to use the reference so did not send mine after all. As your letter was already sealed I did not correct my statement then but intended to explain it in this letter.

I thank you, Will, for the advice about expenses; that frankness is first what I have always wished you would exercise toward me; I honestly detest an inclination to excuses and if I have unconsciously fallen into that habit I am very grateful to you for the advice which enables me to acknowledge and correct it for I despise it more in myself than in others, if that is possible.

Yes, I shall purchase first as few books here as I can well get along with, for the very difficulty of transportation. In fact, I had not intended to purchase "The land and the Book" at present. But as you have not Ross' Manual, I shall purchase that as soon as possible for I want its contents to make it my own. There are things which I should know about my own church which I do not know and the sooner I am possessed of that knowledge the better.

By the way, I don't know whether I got the title to Dr. Trumbull's book correct or not for I took it down from hearing the name rather than seeing it and spoken rather indistinctly at that; but you'll know what it should be.

I sacrificed nothing, as you feared, in going to my room to write you last Sunday P.M. for I opened my transom and wrote to music, you see; perhaps the letter wouldn't have been such a "grand treat" to you if it had not been musically inspired. Who can measure the influence of surroundings on the human mind and heart!

Say now, how have I betrayed myself to you in that good joke about the birthday? I thought I had that secret boxed up securely in my own cranium. I was as much amused at your mistake as I was disgusted at my own; it was some compensation, though, so we are even I guess. But, see here! My friend, you played that off pretty cutely, didn't you, to console me after my misfortune? And because I wouldn't say anything about it you had to let me know that you knew better, to make your joke come out right. Ah! I've caught you in your trick haven't I? and to use a little slang,- You're "sold" at a discount.

Why didn't you tell me what you got for a prize at the social. I'm interested.

I am glad I may be at home to attend your ordination and wish I might be present at your Commencement Exercises.

Prof. Andrews's (of the Conservatory) child died of Membranous Croup [*Diphtheria*] yesterday. It was not regarded seriously ill when he left home in the morning.

I must stop here but "more anon and bimeby" [*saying from Samantha Among the Brethren by Marietta Holley*].

I am sorry that haste is so evident on these pages and that it should be at all; and this is an awfully saucy letter, too, but perhaps you'll brook just a touch of impudence this time since you don't get it oftener than once a week and some times twice. But my love is not at all abbreviated, it is yours in abundance such as it is.

Very Sincerely

Ellen.

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*[This letter, dated **May 6, 1894**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio, by Ellen to Willard. She refers to Willard being shut in for awhile because of a growth of some sort being removed. She is glad that Willard has received an appointment for the mission of his choice has been announced. Ellen has talked to someone who knows missionaries near Foochow and relays to Willard how they have to deal with wolves and leopards. She is now satisfied with the explanation of Mr. Daniel's actions regarding her application to the Board. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Mr. Willard L. Beard, Hosmer Hall, Hartford, Conn.]*

*[Written in upper left corner of letter:]*

I am ashamed of this folding. Please excuse. E.L.K.

Lord Cottage,  
Oberlin, Ohio,  
May 6", '94.

My Dearest Willard,

For the first time in five weeks, I am not attending the Episcopal service this afternoon, although my inclination leads thither, but I feel that it will be more church going than I ought to do to-day.

This morning we had the communion service and twelve persons united with the church, - eight by letter and four on confession of faith. A thirteenth is an invalid and is to unite at a special service held at his home.

About five o'clock this morning there was a thunder shower and we have had sun and shower all day by spells. Yesterday was the same; but it helps vegetation and serves nature wonderfully. The apple-trees are all in bloom and the air is heavily perfumed with their fragrance. It think it the loveliest time in all the year; how I would like to take a good long ride with you through the country this week!

This is the month I should have chosen for a coming event had it been possible. It seems to me just the time to begin life in all its freshness to-gether.

I wish I could have been with you last Sunday when you were so shut out from the world, or rather, shut in. Perhaps we could have visited just as well if you could not see me; or I could have read to you. If you get along all right with it I shall be glad that the excrescence [*growth or enlargement*] was removed. Please tell me how it is, next time you write.

Phebe was very kind to write that letter to me for you and I appreciated the light Mary's letter threw upon the situation.

I hope your next letter will bring me the news that your grandfather is better. I have an aunt who is just recovering from a shock. I am glad to hear your grandmother is so steadily improving in health; she must have had a good constitution to rally from so severe an illness at her age. Your Aunt Louise must be nearly worn out with so many cares.

The announcement of your appointment to the mission of your choice has given me great joy for your own sake; for my case is yet an uncertainty. Yet I feel that it concerns me, and this crisis in our prospects has added weight to my sense of solemn responsibility involved in this great undertaking. How fast the time draws near, doesn't it, when the new duties will be taken up.

I was talking with a lady here who knows well, two families from here who are now in China not far from Foochow, I think. I do not know the names, but one of the ladies is a daughter of Mr. Pond, here in Oberlin, - sister

to Percey Pond of whom you must know I think. This lady allowed me to read a letter from one of them. She said they wore native costume to bring them in closer relation with the people; she and her husband could not ride in the same carriage because the Chinese think it not at all proper. They have wolves and leopards to contend with and a short time ago a child was killed by a wolf not far from Foochow. She said also, that a notion of the Chinese that only boiled water is fit to drink, is their salvation from many diseases that otherwise they would take from the drinking water. This lady with whom I was talking is very anxious that I should call on Mr. Pond's people since I am going so near their friends. I think I will before I leave Oberlin.

Last Sunday evening it was announced in the Y.W.C.A meeting the Mrs. Magann would speak to the ladies on "College Settlements." When she stepped up to the desk and began her address, I was very much surprised to recognize her as one of my Normal School teachers, a graduate of Wellesley College. I had not seen her before since I came to Oberlin, nor had I ever heard of her marriage.

Our Bible class had sort of a quiet little strike last week. Prof. Chamberlin had been giving us fully three hours work to a lesson ever since the term began; last Tuesday several of the boys spoke to him before class about unprepared lessons; when he opened the class, he said he was surprised and dismayed to find quite a number scared away from his class into Greek Testament and he promised to diminish the work but it does not materially change yet. Most of the work I think very profitable but is in large doses.

Yes, Dear Will, you have explained Mr. Daniel's proceedings to my entire satisfaction. It was very kind of him to seek, in that way, to guard against any further inquiries that but for that lack would be unnecessary. You did not give me the impression that he wrote to expedite matters and there is nothing in his letter to indicate it. If I seemed to entertain any such thought it was wholly a surmise. I think I will forgive Mr. Daniels for what has seemed unpleasantly mysterious since the apparent wrong was on the side of caution and kindness to me. Of course you, from your standpoint, can not see it as I do from mine; and do not think I blame you in the least for anything. 'Tis all right now but if you do not understand my view of it, when I see you I think I can make it plain.

We have formed a literary society in the Conservatory of seventeen members. Now we are in search of a name and I am one of three to hunt up one and suggest at its next meeting. It is hoped one will be found which will be suggestive of both literature and music. Have you any suggestions to offer?

I thank you very much for sending the letters of the Board and I will return them before many days.

With Love,

Sincerely Yours,

Ellen.

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*[This letter, dated **May 13, 1894**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Ellen to Willard. She likes the photo that Willard gave her of himself. Ellen thanks Willard for the ten dollars that he gave her and likes the idea that he suggests to use it for trimmings on her wedding dress. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Mr. Willard L. Beard, Derby, Conn.]*

Lord Cottage  
Oberlin, Ohio,  
May, 13", '94.

My Dear Willard,

Miss Ross has just left my room after a pleasant half hour's chat. We are getting to know each other pretty well; I find there are ever so many people whom she and I know more or less of. Of course I showed her a choice photograph which I recently received. By the by, I will tell you that the "coals of fire" heaped upon my head were prevented from singeing my hair by the application of salt and water but, paradoxical as it may seem, they burned their way down through my head to the very bottom of my soul. I think it will have a good effect.

It is a very good picture much better than the other which will pass for your uncle beside this. But, candidly, I believe it yet remains for the photographer to catch your best expression. I thank you very much for this new gift, Will, and you may be sure I prize it very highly since I must be so long absent from the dear friend of whom it is a likeness.

This is the Day of Prayer for Missions especially set apart by the Board. It is encouraging to think how many people in so many churches in this and foreign lands are thinking and praying for the spiritual and financial

success of this great enterprise. It can hardly fail to bring a blessing. I wonder if many of the most earnest prayers will not rise from lands across the water.

You have received very kind letters from the gentlemen of the Board and I appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending them to me.

I will return all the various documents I have received, with this letter so that it will be an unusually large one in appearance; but I'm afraid you'll be deceived.

You want to know what I think of you as a financier? Simply ideal! If a girl does not ask for what is freely offered to be given at her request, none but herself can be criticized and this brings me to another thank you for the check. The reason I have not let you know when I was ready for the money you offered as I promised to do is because mother made me a present of fifty dollars not long ago.

How thoughtful of you to suggest that I may use this ten dollars on trimmings for my wedding dress. Now let me suggest; when you have nothing else to tax your mind just think what you would like that dress to be and tell me when I get home. I think there will be plenty to occupy my time this summer and I hardly think it will be expedient to plan for much visitors then.

Perhaps you'll thank me to make this letter short for variety and so I'll give you a change from the wearisome missions of late.

Very Lovingly,  
Ellen.

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*[This letter, dated **May 27, 1894**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Ellen to Willard. She tells him about their Harmonia Literacy Society. Ellen does not like to have her photo taken, but suggests Willard get a camera and she could practice posing for him. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Mr. Willard L. Beard, Hosmer Hall, Hartford, Conn.]*

Lord Cottage,  
Oberlin Ohio.  
May 27", 94.

My Dear Will,

Church services duly performed,- dinner propitiously packed off on its mission of beneficence,-now for a happy little telephonic visit with the minister himself! An awfully one sided visit too, in point of reality, but imagination can easily induce over the wires of love the responses from the sympathetic heart at the other end of the line.

I wonder if you have found this day as rich in blessing as \_\_\_why of course you have; I didn't think of that Sunday School class when I began my remark! But I finish it- as I have. We had one of the finest sermons I have ever heard Dr. Tenney preach. His text was Acts, 27:23. Topic, "God, whose I am and whom I serve." You see it was right along the line of our Bible lessons, about Paul.

Dr. Brand has gone for a two week's vacation being about worn out by his work.

And while I am on religious subjects I would like to ask you what Books you would recommend to an unconverted person to read? I have occasion to recommend some such books and I am ashamed to find I cannot call up any excepting the Bible with certainty as to its fitness to the case. The young man is not an infidel I think but has no strong belief in any direction on the subject and simply waits conviction.

Our Conservation Literary society which we have christened the "Harmonia Literacy Society," has had a very auspicious beginning though not large in numbers. We now have eighteen members I think. Last week I had the Critique of the first meeting, and this week an editorial. Then I do not expect to come on again except in extempore speeches. Those will be fun for me I expect! Did you belong to a society when you were here? And which? It is very fine discipline but takes nerve at first.

Yesterday our Y.W.C.A had a picnic at ladies' grove which was on the whole not a very pretentious affair, but quietly pleasant. The forenoon was given (by consent of the faculty) exclusively to Field Day exercise. I wanted very much to go but felt that I had some studying of more importance.

Our base-ball team is on its western trip and during choir rehearsal last night we got the returns of the first game with Perdue (I guess) [*Purdue*], 15 to 0 in favor of Oberlin. Of course great delight followed.

I received a letter from Staffordville last week; dare I tell you who it was from? Yes I'll make bold to tell you that I'm corresponding with another gentleman; and if your letters should gradually thin out you'll understand



the cause for the Hon. John O. Booth will have to be answered, of course. Well, I wrote to his wife first but as she does not like to write letters and he does, decidedly, why, that's the reason.

Now, My Dear Will, lets not take each other's jokes so seriously any more; we can't afford to. Are you shocked? May not leaders in error be leaders in reform? Though I cannot name the exact letter, I am sure I must have been the first to interject a joke with unintended seriousness and about every one of my letters since have been more or less of explanation and regretful correction of thoughtless blunders and replies mainly due to misinterpretation. It is perfectly right and wholly agreeable to us both, I trust, to make or receive reparation for wrong when that occurs, and to correct each other in error and to offer friendly criticism or suggestion for improvement in whatever may we choose to put it, but let us also pluck from the letters which lie along our remaining separate ways, the pure, fragrant roses of good humor without the thorns of regret.

Now with this brief (?) preliminary address may I tell you that I think it was not mean in you to put those red marks on the back of that photo?

It was all a good joke and if it meant anything serious as it well might it was no more than my own conscience has often said. O Will, I wish I liked to have pictures taken of myself; but perhaps some day\_\_\_say why don't you get a camera and practice amateur photography this summer? I'll pose for you as much as you wish then. I shall in that way learn to like the ordeal I doubt not.

I haven't begun this letter yet but as I have already carried it over into Monday I must hastily snap the thread.

Very Affectionately  
Your Ellen.

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*[This letter, dated **June 4, 1894**, was written from Hartford, CT by Willard to Ellen. He is looking forward to the upcoming graduation of the class of 1894 Hartford Theological Seminary. He is enjoying his new bicycle and looks forward to some long rides. Willard will be boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith while working at the Abington church for the summer. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Lord Cottage, Oberlin, Ohio.]*

7 P.M.

Hosmer Hall  
Hartford  
Conn.

June 4<sup>th</sup> '94.

Dearest Ellen:-

The shades of night are falling fast. The moments are gliding swiftly by. Soon the Senior class of Hartford Theological Seminary will meet about the festive board for the last time. At precisely 8 o'clock the Pres. of '94 (WLB) H.T.S. will call the convivialists to their tasks and ask for toasts to "The Faculty", "The Pioneers and the Home Guards", "The Partners in the Parsonages" (you come in here), "Inicula perpetua", "In loco parentis" and we also listen to those who casteth the Horoscope "and to the class history by Abe"[*Probably Mr. Abe- pronounced Ah-bay. A Japanese classmate of Willard's.*] then there will be a poem and songs and best of all strawberries and cream-come over and have some.

My Bicycle has just come, and I have ridden it round the seminary tennis grounds once. I want to ride down and see Flora Wed. and ride home Fri. and Sat. and ride from home to Abington next week. Notice I wrote not,- I am going to, but I want to. The realization is to come later if at all.

We had one examination Fri. and one this afternoon. We have another to-morrow morning and the last one Wed. morning. The commencement exercises take place Thurs. evening.

I had a very pleasant day in Abington yesterday. I went out and spent three hours very quickly with Emma and Etta at Mr. and Mrs. Loomis' Sat. afternoon, and then Etta stood on the platform as the train passed this morning. All the Putnam people are well. Your father gets up and sits on the bank fishing at 1:30 A.M. He caught a remarkably large\_\_\_joke. I preached a memorial day sermon- the same which I wrote for S-ville 2 yrs ago. The church was pretty well filled. I shall receive \$50 per month and pay \$4 per week for board and washing this Summer. I board with a Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith, First Select man of the town of Pomfret.

Well this is the last visit I expect to have with you here in this room. My next visit will be at home and after that in Abington. I expect to start from home for Abington a week from next Wed. morning June 13. I cannot begin

to count the days before I shall see you for I do not know exactly when you start. But they will be long enough at the shortest. I hope every day brings lots of happiness and pleasure. Lovingly, Your Will.

I have read this letter over and condemned it as a love letter. Its only merit is that it gives my examination paper style, as to conciseness and frivolity of statement. My love is only concentrated not contracted. W.

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*[This letter, dated **June 10, 1894**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Ellen to Willard. The term is coming to an end and Commencement is soon. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[This letter included with letter dated May 13, 1894 in envelope addressed to: Willard L. Beard, Derby, Conn.]*

Oberlin, Ohio,  
June 10<sup>th</sup>, '94.

My Dear Willard,

Today finds you enjoying a visit at home I suppose but I am not sure this letter will find you there. I think you wrote that you leave Wednesday for Abington. I hope you will have as delightful weather for the wheel trip as we are having now. No doubt you are an expert cyclist now.

It seems as though the term was almost at an end. Some of the girls are already packing up and one has already gone.

The party which goes east starts Thursday morning after Commencement and I think I shall go with them if I do not stay to the Convention. I am beginning to think it best not to stay the summer will be so short at the longest.

To-day was Children's day but the exercises in the Second Church were not largely by the children but rather for the children. Prof. Peck, Dr. Tenney, and Rev. Mr. Williams, a missionary addressed them. This evening Mr. Holbrook of Chicago gave an address on "The Political Economy of Christ". It was a scholarly production, and as he had given our last Thursday lecture on the Condition of the Unemployed in Chicago, the house was well filled.

Miss Manley is going east with our party to make a visit at Montreal, Boston and other eastern cities.

Our gymnasium has closed and that gives me three hours a week more for tennis and other things.

Last Friday evening I attended the Commencement exercises of the High School, and did not get home till 10.15. The exercises were very good but not up to the last graduation exercises I attended. I enclose a programme.

I must make this letter very brief but will write again this week. This is to let you know that I am alive and well and that my love to you is as strong as ever.

Very Affectionately  
Ellen.

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*[This letter, dated **June 17, 1894**, was written from Pomfret Center, Conn. by Willard to Ellen. He describes some of his bicycle trips to her. Willard was hoping to have a horse for the summer, but it is not working out. He tells her this is probably the last letter he will address to her at Oberlin and is looking forward to talking to her in person. Letter from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend and donated to Yale in 2010.]*

*[Envelope addressed to: Miss Ellen L. Kinney, Lord Cottage, Oberlin, Ohio.]*

Pomfret Center  
Conn.

June 17<sup>th</sup> '94

My Dear Ellen:-

I hope you are not living in such a tropical climate as we have had here for the past week. The warm weather began a week ago yesterday and the heat has increased in geometrical rates ever since, in this part of the state. I left home Wed. morning- riding to the train and taking the cars to Berlin. From there I rode down to E. Berlin. In the evening I spoke to a very good audience. Thurs. morning I rode into Hartford- 15 mi. in 1 ½ hours and came out to Pomfret on the 2:20 P.M. It was warm that evening. I had to go over to the church to attend a semi-annual meeting of the Y.P.S.C.E. Fri. I worked at a sermon and took a ride with Mr. Smith with whom I am staying. Yesterday I attended a S.S. gathering at Roseland- went over on my bicycle 8 mi. 1 h. It is getting to be very handy

only I can not seem to teach it to go up hill. It balks when about half way up. It took a strange freak into its head yesterday on the way home. I thought I was getting along amazingly. But the object by the way did not seem recently familiar. They were distantly associated with a journey sometime. So I stopped to enquire and found myself within two miles of Putnam. The cycle seems to have an affinity for that place already. I hope it will learn the way 'ere long. I saw Etta at the park. She was with Mrs. Titus and her two children. I told her to write you that it would be better for you to come home before the Convention. That will bring you home next Sat. and the time will fly fast for we are practicing for an old folks concert for next Thurs. evening and I must write a sermon this week. If you knew how lazy I feel when I think of sermon writing you would almost despise me. I have been so busy this week with other works that I took an old one-Exten[?]. It was so hot that I pitied the people and made it short. The people here are very good to me and I hope I can be of some help to them, thro the Master. I have a very pleasant boarding places.- The board is the best I have struck for a long time. I hope I shall be able and willing to use all these blessings so as to make them help in the coming of Christ's Kingdom in Abington.

The ther. registers 98 degrees in the shade. I am wetting my clothes all thro as I sit here writing. I'll take a rest I think, and finish later.

Later:- Flora talks of taking a vacation after her school closes, and start for Talcottville next Fri. evening. After spending a few days there, go on to Andover and after a visit there go on to Abington and Putnam.

I have not told you yet that the horse I was to have this Summer has not materialized in Abington. I was going to take Oliver's black colt, but it has had the distemper and is not at all well beside being a little lame. Then I thought that one conveyance would cost enough and a bycycle would be better in many respects than a horse. I can sleigh without any fear of its getting cast. And I do not have to worry about getting home in time to feed it and no feed store dares send me bills for oats. I wonder what you say to all this. But never mind. I have not given up any anticipated drives. It will be much cheaper to hire than to keep a horse all Summer. Thus far I am very much pleased with my bycycle. It goes easier the more I ride. I am getting so that I can climb quite a hill without dismounting. It's an awful selfish mode of travelling tho. I cannot take any one "in"- could not ask even you to go with me,- till you have a cycle of your own.

I think of you this P.M. as listening to the Baccalaureate sermon in the First Church and to-morrow you will be singing in the Conservatory Commencement and Tues. and Wed. for the College Commencements and Wed. evening in the last grand "finale" and Thurs. morning start for home. I hope you will enjoy the whole week and not do so much as to get completely tired out. I wish more than I can tell that I could just drop down in dear old Oberlin for the next three days. But I shall enjoy listening to your account of it when you return.

I suppose this is the last letter I shall address to you at Oberlin, and I shall look for just one more from you from that place. I can not tell how much good your letters have done me this year. We shall never forget the year. Distance has been great between us. But the Lord has given us one little peep[?] at each other and our letters have given an experience and an acquaintance, which a nearer residence would not have brought out.

I shall be on the watch for the live talking letter. May God give you a pleasant and prosperous journey.

Very Lovingly  
Will.

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Mr. and Mrs. Myron Kinney

invite you to be present

at the marriage of their daughter,

Ellen Lucy,

to

Willard Livingstone Beard,

Wednesday afternoon, September fifth,

at half-past twelve o'clock.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-four.

Putnam, Connecticut.

ORDINATION SERVICES  
—OF—  
WILLARD L. BEARD.

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HUNTINGTON CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,  
HUNTINGTON, CONN.,  
SEPT. 11TH, 1894, 2:00 P. M.

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ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

DOXOLOGY.

INVOCATION, - - - REV. A. J. PARK, Huntington

TE DEUM IN D, - - - L. O. EMERSON

SCRIPTURE READING, - REV. F. W. WHITE, Trumbull

HYMN 617.

SERMON, - - - REV. A. F. PIERCE, Danbury

HYMN 805.

PRAYER, - - REV. C. R. PALMER, D. D., Bridgeport

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP, REV. L. M. KENESTON, Shelton

CHARGE, - REV. GEO. H. HUBBARD, Foochow, China

TRIO.

ADDRESS TO THE CHURCHES,

REV. C. H. DANIELS, D. D., Sec'y A. B. C. F. M.

ANTHEM—"The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

*Harry Rowe Shelly*

BENEDICTION, - - - REV. WILLARD L. BEARD



The following excerpts are from newspaper articles written in 1936 and 1944. Willard and Ellen reflect back on the beginning of their marriage and missionary careers:

**The Bridgeport Sunday Post, October 11, 1936**  
**Dr. Beard, Chinese Missionary for 42 Years Returns to Family Homestead at Shelton**

More than 50 years ago when Dr. Beard was graduated from Birmingham High school he had a chance to enter the employ of the Derby Gas and Electric Co. He refused. Already his mind was set on the ministry. A few years later when he was ordained at the Congregational church in Huntington, the Shelton church, then just being formed waited on him three times to persuade him to accept a local call but he declined. His eyes were on far off China.

**Waterbury Republican, page 8, Sunday Morning, October 29, 1944**  
**Founder of Foochow College Has High Hopes for China**

Dr. Willard Livingston[e] Beard of Shelton, and Mrs. Beard Spent Nearly Half a Century as Missionaries in Fuchien Province – Saw Rise of Sun Yat Sen and the Republic – Recalled After Japs Landed in 1941.

Guests attending the wedding of Ellen Lucy Kinney at the home of her parents in Putnam on Sept. 5, 1894, found themselves in a paradoxical mood. It was a feeling described as a sort of heavy-hearted happiness that overtook them when the first strains of the traditional nuptial music filled the gayly decorated room. Their happiness stemmed from the fact that the pretty, popular and serious-minded bride was being given in marriage to a promising young man of Connecticut stock. His name was Willard Livingston[e] Beard of Shelton. He was tall, handsome, nervous and devoted.

Paradoxically, the guests' foreboding sprung from the news that the bride-groom, ordained to the Congregationalist ministry only a few months before, had just been commissioned a missionary to the Far East. [*He was actually ordained on September 11, 1894, after they were married.*]

This meant that Ellen Kinney's honeymoon would be a distant journey far beyond the famous road Kipling wrote about in the enchanting country where the dawn comes up like thunder "outer China 'crost the bay."

Some of the more pessimistic of Miss Kinney's well-wishers speculated that she might never see her loved ones again.

The soon-to-be Mrs. Beard, however, shared none of her friends' qualms about this possibility.

Of course, the assignment which had just come to her future husband meant sacrifice, but it also contained the opportunity for which he had long awaited – that of spreading the gospel of his Creator among those who had never heard it. [*The following photos of young Willard and Ellen were not part of this article.*]



***One month after his ordination, this letter was written by Willard Livingstone Beard and begins the story of Willard and Ellen and their work as missionaries in Foochow, China.***

*[This letter, dated **October 11, 1894**, was written from Madison, Wisconsin by Willard to the folks at home. He and Ellen are beginning their trip by Railroad across the U.S. and then on to China. He tells about their stay in Springfield and Madison. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel, daughter of Willard F. Beard and granddaughter of Myron Gould Beard.]*

348 W. Main St.  
Madison, Wis.  
Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> 1894.

Dear Folks at Home, All:-

Without any preliminaries I'll try to give an acc't of the days since we left you. - We arrived all right in Springfield [*Massachusetts*] and spent Sat. night with Mrs. and Miss Woodworth, attended church with Miss Woodworth and heard Philip Brooks brother preach. In the P.M. we went over to Cousin Olivia Kinney [*Olivia M. Parker Kinney, widow of Francis E. Kinney, Ellen's first cousin once removed*] and found herself and three sons and daughter. In the evening we attended the C.E. meeting with them and the ch. service. I spoke a few words at the C.E. meeting. Afterward a young man came up and shook hands and asked to be remembered to his father in Foochow. It was a son of Rev. Mr. Woodin a veteran miss'y in Foochow.

Monday morning Walter and Ellen and I took a good bicycle ride for about two hours. It was a delightful morning and the roads were level and hard. I have not seen Ellen enjoy anything so much since we were one. Our R.R. tickets for Madison did not come and we had to buy straight tickets. But it came out all right. The baggage was checked and we got aboard with a very pleasant company from Boston and vicinity. We kept the same car thro to Chicago. They gave us a berth apiece and we both rested well that night. The next morning- Tues. we awoke in Mich.- arrived at Chicago about 2:30 P.M.- took an express for Milwaukee, stopped off, went out to Wauwatosa, and started in search of Miss Mary Wales, Ellen's cousin [*half first cousin once removed*]. A gentleman came up the street and we tackled him to find cousins residence. I chanced to recognize him as a man from Ht. [*Hartford*] Seminary. He is preaching in Wauwatosa and very kindly showed us just where we wanted to go, which was all over town before we found the right place. Wed. A.M. we drove 5 mi. into the country to another cousin. Then on returning took dinner with Mr. Holmes the Hartford man whom we met on the street the night before, ran, then took the train for Milwaukee at 1:20,- found Aunt Mary and Frank's wife and one daughter, took the 5:05 train for Madison. I was enquiring of the Conductor about Madison and told him where I wanted to go. He repeated the street and number and said "That's where I stop." We had three bags. He told me to leave them all right where they were and he could have them sent right to his house. We found them there when we reached 348.- Mr. and Mrs. Willott and daughter comprise the family- and a nice sensible one it is too. To-day we have attended the meetings and sent off our washing. We expect now to spend Sun. with Prof. Chamberlain in Chicago. Dwight [*probably Dwight Goddard*] and the Hubbard family are here. Dwight starts Sat. for Minneapolis. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and we start from Chi. Mon. night at 10:30. We expect to go thro Omaha, Denver and Salt Lake City.- meeting Dwight at Omaha.

The tickets came this afternoon. I sent an advance postal this morning. It is now time to go for the evening meeting.

Mr. Moody speaks tonight.

Lovingly Will.

Well!! Better!! Worse!! Worst!!

Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> Somewhere in Iowa, 10:40 A.M.

I wonder what you all think of us. We have written not one word since the postal from Madison. I saved this letter thinking to add a little and copy it for the Putnam friends and send it before leaving Madison. But the truth is we have had more than we could do- what have we done? Well it is hard to tell. We've just went from getting up to going to bed.

The Madison meeting was very harmonious this year. Mr. Moody spoke twice on the Holy Spirit with marked effect. Dwight and I each spoke once. Our train brought us to Chicago Sat. night and we found Prof. Chamberlain's home about 8:30. Sun. was a delightful day. We had the first good rest in a long time. He lives out at Oak Park- a quiet suburban part of the city. I spoke in the evening. Yesterday morning we bought tickets for San

Francisco and made all arrangements for starting then went to see the Chi. Theol. Sem. Got there just as chapel was nearly over- both of us E and I had to speak. Then we took lunch with Prof. Chamberlain and started for an hour in Lincoln Park. From there we went to Cousin George's – found them all at home, stayed there till 9:30. Cousin George saw us aboard the train. He wanted to be remembered to you all- took down the names of the family- but did not promise to learn and remember the list.

We have had a delightful time. Every[one] is so kind.

Lovingly

Will.

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*[This letter, dated **October 17, 1894**, was written from Denver, Colorado by Willard to the folks at home. They are waiting for their train to take them to Colorado Springs. Willard describes the terrain between Omaha and Denver. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

The Oxford

Denver's New Fire-Proof European Hotel.

Strictly First-Class.

Samuel Ecker, - Proprietor.

Denver, Oct 17, 1894

2 P.M.

Dear Folks at Home:-

We arrived here this A.M. 8:30 and lost our train out. So have taken a room in a hotel for a few hours. We start for Colorado Springs in just one hour to stay till Fri. morning. While there we shall climb Pikes Peak, probably spend Thurs. in that occupation. Then go to Salt Lake City Fri. arriving Sat. P.M. spend Sun. and go on to San Francisco Mon. arriving 6:45 Wed. morning.

Our journey thus far has been very pleasant. Both nights have [been] cool, and we have slept well. In fact do not feel as tired as we did when we left Madison. The few hours with Cousin George rested us very much. Yesterday the weather was rather warm, and the dust was not at all scanty. We rode with the car windows open all day. Towards night the atmosphere was cooler. From Omaha to Denver the country is much the same except corn is more plenty the first half of the way. Since we woke this morning we saw little corn or crops of any kind. The dryness does not allow cultivation. All crops are raised by irrigation- the water is held back on the mountains in reservoirs and drawn off in ditches and pipes. The stock looked well yesterday. Great stretches of meadow containing 100's of acres, covered with large stacks of hay- making one think of the tall meadows near New Haven. Cornfields which it took minutes to ride by- 100's of acres in them all along thro' Iowa and Eastern Neb. Almost none cut up. The wagons were driving thro' the stalks and men were husking and throwing into the wagon. As we went west in Colorado the land grew more sterile and the stock was poorer- roaming over the praries. Skeletons and carcasses told of hard times. The homes are about like our ice house or worse. Give me old New England.

Your letters did me ever so much good in Madison and be sure we shall look for more at San Francisco.

Most Lovingly,

Will

*[Added on the back by Willard's sister, Phebe:]*

Dear Flora [*sister of Willard and Phebe*],

We have been so busy, please excuse us for not sending them before for I know that you must have wanted them. I would write more at length but the Webster children Edson and Oralie have been here having a Hallowe'en party and it is late and we are to clean house tomorrow etc.

With love from

Phebe

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*[This letter, dated **October 19, 1894**, was written from Colorado Springs by Willard to his brother. He describes their trip up to Pike's Peak and their visit to the Garden of the Gods. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

The Alamo  
Colorado Springs



7 A.M.

Oct 19<sup>th</sup> '94

My Dear Brother [*probably Oliver*];-

We had a day of sight-seeing yesterday. Our hotel is just at the foot of the Rockies. That is within ten miles. Ellen cannot believe that the mountains are that distance away. The air you know is so clear in this region that ten miles is no greater distance to our untrained Eastern eye than one mile is where there is more moisture in the atmosphere. Pikes Peak looms up more [*than*] 14000 feet above sea level- about 8000 feet above us. We see the snow on the summit and extending far down its sides. At first one is very much disappointed at the height of the peaks. They are so far away that they do not look to be higher than the hills we see up north from our house- up on Great Hills. But this is the third day now that we have looked at them and their magnitude grows upon us. I awoke this morning and the first thing that met my eyes was the big wall of mountain red with the morning sun. It looked high and it looked grand.

We started at 8 A.M. yesterday to go to the summit of Pikes Peak- the highest elevation- a cog railroad goes up – it runs a little faster than a man will walk. The car is not attached to the engine. It is pushed up and follows coming down. On the rear of the engine is a horizontal roller and on the front of the car is [*a*] perpendicular roller. So as the car and engine sway up and down and sideways there is no rubbing and grating. The scenery is simply gigantic- nothing but rocks and trees- only firs and poppies- till we reach the timber line- then only bare rocks- but such rocks- all the sizes from sand to rocks as big as a house. The change in the temperature was very marked all the way up. We had not gone far till we saw ice along the edge of the little brook and about halfway up one of the water tanks was all covered with icicles. Soon after snow appeared. But there was very little of that even on the summit. It was so cold up there that we buttoned our coats and kept as warm as possible. It was a little hard to breathe- especially if we jumped around too much. Nature is wonderful, the scenery up in the Rockies is different from what you see up the Conn. Valley because of the absence of vegetation. All about there every is simply dried up except where irrigation is used. In the city here a ditch runs each side of the street and each day the water is carried all about the city and the shade trees are then kept growing and the private grounds take water in from the street ditches. The water is all of the purest- coming direct from the Mountains. The supply there is meager. After we got halfway up we saw almost none and one little stream not larger than the brook down Coram Lane was all we saw at all. At the foot of the mountains at Manitou are the most famous springs in the world because so many different mineral waters are found some good and some worse than swill. The streets here are not paved at all. The soil is a very good gravel that packs well when watered and never gets very dusty. Even now in the driest time it is not very bad, and does not cut up or worn with sand and also the roads all about are hard. No work is required on the roads to keep them in repair. A person wants to go somewhere and strikes off across the plain. Another follows- a path is made, it becomes a road- if it wears out, they simply turn out to one side and wear another path. After coming down from Pikes Peak we took a trip down to Col. Springs by way of the Garden of the Gods. There the rocks take all shapes. It is like a huge Art Gallery. First we saw what looked like a big baggage room on the R.R. trunks piled up of all sizes. Then there were mushrooms, great flat rocks standing on small pedestals- rocks in the shape of eagles, elephants, bears, turtles, washer women, camels, etc. Very good representations too- all natural. The greatest sight was the gateway. We drove between two towers of rocks over 300 ft. high and not more than 15 ft thick at the base- tapering to nothing, 400 or 600 ft long like huge grave stones standing out of the ground. We reach Salt Lake at 1:20 P.M. Sat. Perhaps you will let all the folks see this if it is worth it. Lovingly, Will

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[*This letter, dated **October 23, 1894**, was written from the Nevada desert by Willard to Flora. He describes the Nevada desert as they are traveling through it. He tells about their stay and sight seeing in Salt Lake City. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.*]

8:15 A.M.

Nevada, Oct. 23 '94

Somewhere on the Desert.

My Dear Flora:-

I am going to try to write, with what success will be evident later. - We have been riding all night over a great desert. (My pen has run dry.) [*Here he switches to pencil*] For miles and miles each side of the R.R. nothing but Alkali plains covered with sage brush greets our eyes. In the distance the hills rise and occasionally a snow-capped mountain appears. The soil must be fertile, for in a few places the water has been bro't down from the mountains and the arid desert becomes fertile. The crops look well, and great herds of cattle are seen. - We are just passing a herd now, and here is a herd of horses. - [*Here he switches back to pen.*] Dwight has lent me his pen. - of all colors. Yesterday we started from Salt Lake City and had to run around one end of Salt Lake [*Utah was not granted statehood until January 4, 1896*]. That valley in which the Lake is, is very fertile- about 250 mi. long and from 50-

100 mi. wide. Nearly all of it must be irrigated to produce anything. The company which owns it sells the land for \$30 an acre with water privileges for irrigating. All kind of fruit, vegetables and grain and grass grow very abundantly. Parts of the valley will produce wheat without irrigation but the crop is uncertain. About 3 years out of 5 a crop is raised. The other 2 yrs. the drought destroys it. Of course the attraction that drew people out here in all this mountain region was the hope of finding gold or silver and 1000000 of dollars have been mined and the business is still good in some places, but many of the mines are used up.

I wrote Oliver at Colorado Springs. I think he will send the letter to you. From there we started Fri. morning. That P.M. the scenery was stupendous. We climbed the mountains all the P.M. following the Arkansas river,- a steady up grade. The road had scarcely a rod of straight track. It wound first one way and then another. Now there was the river on one side so close that we could almost reach out and touch it, and on the other side the rock went up most to the sky. Then in one place the only way was over the river between the rocks, so a bridge was suspended in air- the ends fastened in the rocks. Castle Rock was especially beautiful. Sticking up just like an old castle. Then about 11 or 12 P.M. we began to descend, and went down all the morning till we got most to Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake you know is the home of Mormonism. We saw Brigham Youngs house and his wives' house with 19 gables- one for each wife- and the house he built for his favorite, Amelia. The principle object of interest in the city is the Mormon Temple and Tabernacle. The temple was 40 years in building and cost about \$5000000.00. The temple is not open to Gentiles, only Mormons can enter. The Tabernacle is used for services.- It seats about 9000. We attended the P.M. service Sun. About 4000 were out. Singing by a show of 300 or 400 was good- the speaking was by a young elder called out of the choir at a moment's notice. He gave us an outline of Mormonism, which you can find in any encyclopedia. In the morning we went to the different ch. and Mr. Hubbard spoke in one, Dwight in another. Mrs. H. and E. spoke at S.S. We attended a Chinese S.S. and I said a few words. Mr. H. spoke in one ch. in the evening, I in another. We were entertained by friends. Mr. H. was a classmate of Mrs. Hawks. Mr. Hawks is Utah Home Miss'y Sec. so we scattered up around among their friends. The Cong'ists have their ch's in the city and are doing a good work. The city lies on a slope on the edge of the fertile valley. Brigham laid it out in squares 20 rods on a side and each man was as he came was placed on a corner of a sq. - making 4 families on a sq. of 10 acres. These four families had to get a living off the 10 acres. The houses were small and low, called Adobys. If a man took a second wife he built an addition on his house for her separating the two to keep them from fighting. We saw some of the Adobys with six or seven additions. Now the blocks have been built up, and there are many fine residences and business blocks in the city. The Gov. you know has stopped polygamy. It built a home for the wives, but the Mormons would not allow them to be thus cared for but took them on their own hands.

We went yesterday morning into three opium dens. They are nasty holes and the roommates looked as if they had lost the last vestige of God's image.- They were dried up specimens of humanity. A few have been converted and leading noble Christian lives. But most of them simply gamble and smoke opium.

The air which we have been breathing for the past week I suppose is much like that which you would get with (?) ?? ???. If you came out west we have enjoyed it. And the water all thro here is so pure and cold! But deliver me from living as people do here in houses of 1 story- unpainted and unadorned at all. Of course there are exceptions but most of them are poor apologies for our cities of homes. This morning we saw the veritable Indian in his wigwam - his squaw with her papoose sat near the R.R. train as we stopped at one station - lazy, dirty, shifters.

Well we are all well and the stops at Chicago, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City have broken the tediousness of the journey very much. Till today the scenery has been grand and varied. We are glad however that tomorrow morning brings us to the journey's end- perhaps to begin another and a worse one on the water. I shall look for letters at San Francisco. Our China address will be simply Foo Chow, China. A.B.C.F.M.

Love to all Will

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*[This letter, dated **October 25, 1894**, was written from San Francisco, California by Willard to the folks at home. He describes crossing the Nevada desert and their stop in San Francisco. Their ship will be leaving two days later than originally scheduled. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

San Francisco Oct 25- '94

Dear folks at Home:-

We reached the Pacific Coast yesterday 6:45 A.M. Dwight and I went over to the City of Peking [*ship*] in the morning just before noon and I found a letter from Jas. Solandt and your letter. This afternoon one came from Putnam. We are glad to hear that all the friends are well. It seems a long time already since we have seen you. But

we have been on the rush all the time, and have not had time to count the hours much. The party made it very pleasant. The two children give diversion and Georgie dances on Dwights and my toes to his own amusement- till we become tired. When we go walking anywhere he likes two of us to hold his hands, then makes a jumping jack of himself and we take our exercise.

Let's see I wrote you since leaving Salt Lake I think. A few miles this side of there, till we had passed Ogden the land seemed quite fertile, but when we passed the Nevada State line we came on to the Great American Desert, and sand and sage brush greeted our eyes and noses all day long Tues. The only diversion was in looking at the mountains in the far distance and in pitying the little group of people who tried to live in the so called station places. If anyone has the Western fever one trip thro Nevada via the Southern Pacific will cure him thoroughly. As we neared the Cal. State line the land became more fertile. I never saw such heads of cattle. They almost covered the ground, and the stacks of hay must have contained 200 tons in some places. This land all required irrigation. Just bring the water to it and it gives you what you ask of it without ?? Stock is very cheap all thro here. A good four year colt is worth \$30.00.

San Francisco is a beautiful city. The stores are nice, neat and attractive. There is a little more bustle here than in our Eastern cities- more than in Chicago I think. It is as difficult to [walk?] the street here as ever in N.Y. City or Boston. There are some pretty steep hills in the city but the cable cars make nothing of them. Cable- electric, 2-horse and 1-horse and steam cars are seen. Yesterday we visited Golden Gate Park. The vegetation of the tropics is seen there. The climate is so mild. They do occasionally have a snow storm, but it never stays on the ground. We saw quantities of roses in bloom and men were planting shrubs and tropical plants. The great attraction at the park is the cliff house, built near the Seal Rocks- three large rocks that stick up out of the water so that the seals climb up on them to sun themselves. In the Summer they go off about 80 miles to an island for a vacation and in the autumn come back bringing their children. Old Ben Butter and Mrs. Butter as they are called are the patriarchs. He weighed about 14000 pounds ac'g to report. When the seal grows old he becomes gray. This could be seen quite plainly from the cliff house. \$500.00 is the cost of shooting one of these seal. Therefore they are unmolested and have no fear. There were about 300 or 400 on the rocks and in the water yesterday. About half of them are still to return to the rocks from the island.

The City of Peking arrived 3 days late this time and a little worse for wear. So her departure is Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> instead of 25<sup>th</sup>. This makes it pleasant for us- we have time to see the city and do a little shopping and get our laundry done before the sea voyage. The land journey has been exceptionally pleasant. We have not traveled more than two days at one time, and so only two consecutive nights on the cars. I have grown fat on the journey, but I am beginning to feel as if I should enjoy a settled life. For two months now it has been go, go, go, and look, look, look, all of which is very pleasant and profitable, but after all a quiet home is that without which a man cannot be complete or happy. I suppose during the next 15 or 18 days our tether will be short and we'll have time to do nothing and feel like doing too. Solandt sent me a letter which he rec'd from Geo. Wilder, written on the "China" Sept. 12<sup>th</sup>. Geo. had already learned 150 characters and had 50 more as his aim before landing. He was not troubled much with sea-sickness and did much studying. We have bought some foreign mail paper to write you on and when we reach Yokohama, Japan the P.O. there may expect business unless we are too sick on the voyage to write.

This morning (Fri) we have just been thro the Mint- the largest in the U.S. and seen the \$20.00 Gold pieces rattled out of the stamping machines at the rate of 100 per minute. Each one is weighed by hand by 40 girls- that is it takes 40 girls to do the work. If one coin weighs a fraction of a grain under it is melted over again. If it is overweight it is filed off. The room is carpeted with a frissel carpet wh. is never swept. It lasts about 5 yrs. It is then burned- quick silver is used to draw off the gold. The last carpet had over \$4000.00 worth of gold in it. We sail to-morrow at 8 P.M. Goodbye till we reach Japan

Love to all Will.

This sand came fr. the Pacific Coast, San Francisco Bay.

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According to The History and Genealogy of the Descendants of Clement Corbin of Muddy River (Brookline), Mass. and Woodstock, Conn., Willard and Ellen sailed on October 27, 1894.

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*[This letter, dated **November 9, 1894**, was written from the ship, City of Peking, in the Pacific Ocean by Willard to the folks at home. The ship has been rolling with the waves and Willard and Ellen are very sea-sick. He closes the letter as they are nearing Yokohama Harbor in Japan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Friday. November 9<sup>th</sup> 1894

Dear Folks at Home:-

We are still traveling toward sunset, with varying prospects of getting there. A diary of events would be much the same for each day. We rise and breakfast, and then tell each other how miserable we are till time for lunch, then a little diversion, and then kill time till dinner. After dinner we go to bed and are rocked about till we tumble out in the morning.

Sea-sick – Well, yes. We had not left the Golden Gate out of sight on the 27<sup>th</sup> of Oct. till the sea began tumbling about in great shape. The ship rose and fell and rolled in every conceivable direction and before 8 P.M. I was like a rain water tub in a time of drought- empty and dried up- the hoops in danger of falling off. I went to bed and slept most of the time till Mon. morning. Eat? Not much. 'Tis not a pleasant subject to write upon. I tried three times that week to go to the table, and three times I went and three times I left without asking to be excused. I got to be quite a gentleman- had my meals in bed in the morning and in my room at all times. But last Sun. morning I celebrated by going to breakfast and sticking to it till through. The food tasted good, so good that I actually went to my room and prepared in short order for another breakfast, which I had too. I was mad[?]. But since then I have not been so genteel, but have taken breakfast, lunch and dinner with the common herd. Everything is made just as pleasant for us as possible. If we wish anything while in the rooms, the touching of a button brings our Chinese boy at once and he quickly and quietly obeys. The state rooms are large and well furnished and as well ventilated as possible- which on board ship is very poorly done. The various odors with which we have to put up are the worst of our grievances. Last Fri. night was the stormiest time we have seen. The Captain was up nearly all night, and few of the passengers slept much. Ellen tho't the most miserable night of her existence. She said she just lay in her bunk and held on to the cross piece overhead and swung in mid air all night. But Sat. was quieter and Sun. was pleasant. The voyage has been a stormy one all thro. We have not been able to be on deck all day more than 4 days.- The weather is much like our New Eng. Nov. weather- raw and squally. The sun will be shining brightly and almost before we know it the rain will come down in torrents. A strong head wind has been fighting us all the way. This has made progress very slow. Last Fri. we made only 134 miles, and day before yesterday 170. Yesterday was better- we covered 271 miles today 220. Yesterday P.M. we crossed the 180 meridian, and have been "going down hill" since- but it does not make much difference with our progress. Yesterday was Wednesday, November 7<sup>th</sup> 1894. To day we write Friday, November 9<sup>th</sup>. Going West a day is lost when the line is crossed. And it is picked up again when we come back. The Captain- Wm. Ward is a very jolly man only about 35 yrs. old. Ellen and I sit at his table. Beside there are Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, a Capt. Loyd who is a Englishman and Capt. on the Canton river boats in China. He has been around the world a few times and is a very interesting talker. But a Mr. Smith reporter on the San Francisco "Chronicle" is the most interesting. He is an old newspaper man of California and has traveled much- is now on his way to Japan and China to write up the war for the chronicle. He was in Cal. all thro the gold fevers, and his experiences are thrilling. The cabin passengers are very few- every one steers clear of this old "stage coach". The "China" makes the trip by way of Honolulu in 15 days. We will require 20 or 21 going straight to Yokohama. There are only 16 of us- 6 Japanese- young fellows of blood- one a cousin of the Emperor. Mrs. Hubbard and Ellen are the only ladies. The Stewardess has a picnic. The children have been quite well and Ellen has not been very sick- has had only two or three meals brought to her room. Mrs. Hubbard has had a siege of it. Mr. H. wonders why we do not walk and sing. He is the best example of a man without care that I ever saw. Nothing ever worries him or causes him to hurry.

The last thing that happened to us, was the departure of the pilot a little way out of San Francisco. Since then about a dozen gulls have followed us. We have seen one flock of wild ducks, and in the storm Fri. a flying fish was brought on board by one of the seas that washed over us. Some of the passengers speak of seeing whales. Not a sail has been sighted, and we have pursued the uneven tenor of our way. A little reading each day- some talking and much sitting with a very little walking are our occupations. How I wish I could be in the corn field husking for a time next week, for we are looking to one week more of this before reaching Yokohama. We stop about 24 hrs. there and then go on by the same steamer to Nagasaki in the South of Japan. There we change ships- may have to wait a few days- for Shanghai, China. There we change again and may have to wait again, and take a coaster for Foochow. We hope to reach Foochow by Thanksgiving. I wish this might reach you before then, but no use. I want to cable you at Shanghai, but I am afraid \$10.00 will be too much to pay for it.

Wed. Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> 11:30 A.M.

Before I forget it I must say that the letter to be read any time after sailing was in due time opened and perused by a man who was in a condition to enjoy absolutely nothing at all. However some parts of the epistle produced a sickly smile. It did make a little diversion, and it was appreciated. Since writing last Fri. the weather has been very bad. We have been below most of the time. Everything has been shut up close and the air has been very bad to breathe. Sunday we held a service, but the ship rolled and pitched to that degree that Mr. Hubbard who

preached could not stand up and had to sit while preaching. Right in the midst of the sermon a big wave dashed over the deck and came splashing down stairs around the doors, and while the service was going on in one part of the saloon 8 or 9 Chinese and Japs were stooping and mopping up the water. Sun. and Mon. nights little sleeping was done. We were rocked about in our berths and longed for the morning light. Last night was a good one. I slept like a log. Ellen got to sleep out in the dining room and came to bed after 11 P.M. This morning the sun shines for a change and we are up on deck enjoying the fresh air. The sailors have taken advantage of the clear day to dry the sails and awnings. We hope to be in Yokohama tomorrow. The old tub has done amazingly for the last three days in spite of the bad weather making 307 miles yesterday.

I suppose you are all looking forward to Thanksgiving by this time. Doesn't it seem queer to think that I was in the U.S. before Nov. set in, but I cannot hear from you or let you hear from me till way into Dec. But this is nothing to what people endured a few years ago. Mrs. Hubbard's mother was on the water something like 150 days during her 1<sup>st</sup> passage.

I have been thinking much of home during these days,- wondering how you all were, especially what Oliver was doing. I suppose I can follow the rest pretty well- Flora in her school, Ben in the stable, Phebe at home, Bess[Elizabeth?] and James and Ruth going up town every day. I wonder if James still peddles. Mary the biggest girl in school and the dear little fellow [*probably Stanley*] working like smoke and trying to get to school to learn a bit. Well you must write everything- all the news when you write and all about Grandfather and Grandmother and uncles, aunts and cousins. While I think of it, be sure to put stamps enough on your letters- 5 cents for each ½ oz. If there is only one 5 cent stamp on and the letter weighs more than ½ oz. we have to pay 10 cents (double postage) whereas it would have cost you only 5 cents and the foreign mails are very particular about the weight of letters. I shall mail this in Yokohama and it will start back for the states Saturday if all is well.

A great deal of poetry is written about the ocean and it's beauties. Well it is a vast wilderness of water-going about- piling up-raving- roaring, seething, like an angry wild monster seeking to devour something.- The same always, only more villainous at times. Our company will have to see better weather before we travel on the Pacific (!) for the pleasure of it. But then you must not think that misery unadulterated has been our lot day and night. We have some good times and some good laughs, and can read some. I have made a good beginning at Hugo's "Les Miserables". We have not however felt like putting in much time of the Chinese language. Mr. H. has a primer and we have done a little. Dwight is holding the book now and pretending to read.

Say Phebe I would give you a half dollar for a good big piece of pumpkin pie and I could give you dear Mother another for a piece of one of your omelets. I see the end of this sheet, so good bye. Lots of Love to all. Will

[Written in pencil]

Fri. 6:30 A.M.- coasting along preparatory to entering Yokohama harbor.

You at home are just eating supper Thurs. evening. We sighted land last night about 9 o'clock,- weren't we glad to see it tho'! In the afternoon a little bird unknown to us greeted us and a few minutes later a wren came, then a sparrow hawk. You cannot imagine what an excitement these little fellows created. They were the first signs of life we had seen for 18 days, and we knew land could not be far off. Then the moon rose about 7 o'clock, and a fishing smack appeared. We began to strain our eyes for the light but had to go to bed without seeing it. We came in sight of 100's of the lights of fishing boats tho and retired happy. We must have stood still most of the night. Now we are making for the harbor. It is full of torpedoes so we must wait for a gun boat to pilot us in. How strange it will seem to live again! and hear news! We have guessed at war news for nearly three weeks now, and we are going to hear some shortly. We go ashore for the day to see the sights, but come back at night and go on tomorrow morning. God has been very good to us all and has taught us patience and forbearance and trust during these days. May his watch [*and*] care be over all the dear ones in America. Lovingly Will.

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[This letter, dated **November 17, 1894**, was written from the ship, *City of Peking* en route to Nagasaki, Japan by Willard to his brother. He describes their visits to Yokohama and Kamakura and seeing the great Buddha there. They ate at a Japanese restaurant and had to take their shoes off. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]

5 hours out of Yokohama, en route for  
Nagasaki Japan.

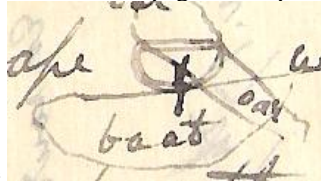
Saturday 10:30 A.M. Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> '94.

Dear Brother:-

We had a great day yesterday and while it is fresh in mind I'll try to give you a little account of it.

As the end of the last letter noted, we anchored in Yokohama harbor about 7:00 A.M. yesterday morning. It is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. If you look at a good sized map you will see that the city is situated at the upper end of a large bay. Before we reach the inlet to this bay, and all the way up it to the city the shores rise in jagged rocks, in high cliffs or in gentle slopes, making a variety for the eye and in places the view is really magnificent. The villages are built close on the shore, right down on a little flat between two high hills, with a few of the larger residences part way up the slope. The roofs of tile and of thatch add to the beauty of the scene for our unaccustomed eyes. The trees are much as you would see in our home forests,- that is part evergreen and part of the kind that shed the leaves. The tints are not as gorgeous as at home. The harbor is very well fortified. There are several forts on the bluffs on shore and one large one on an island in the harbor, and rocks have been piled up to make another in the channel and the Japs are still making a third in the same way. I tell you what they are hustlers when it comes to war. In fact war has been their study for the past quarter of a century.

When we anchored, we were only one of a host of ships and boats in the harbor. You must picture a different scene from anything you have seen to form a correct view of this harbor. None of the large ships get within a mile of land. They lie off there in the bay like a city on water, and each of the large ships is surrounded by a small fleet of native boats, called Sam Pans some waiting to take off passengers and land them, some with freight for the ship. Last night I counted about 20 of this craft of different sizes about the City of Peking. After breakfast we took one of these for the city of Yokohama. They are all skulled, I did not see an oar like ours. The skulling oars are spliced near where they touch the boat and are a little bent. A peg sticks up from the cross bar on the boat, and



attached to the oar is a piece of wood this shape with a hole in it, into which this peg fits, and as the man works the skulling oar the semi circular block turns back and forth. It takes two men for a Sam Pan to do the best work. They stand, with one foot on the bottom of the boat and one on a board, which lies with one end on the side and the other on the bottom of the boat. They work like beavers, puff like engines and sweat like horses. Some wear tight thin pants. Some have only shirts on. I believe our man presented to us both styles yesterday morning. At length we set foot on foreign soil, with our feet planted on the soles of your feet, just ready to begin the day which you were at that moment ending. But the aspect was not so very different from our American cities. Japan is so quick to take up the customs of civilization. A large brick building first greeted us, that a Conn. city need not spurn. All the officials- police- customs officer, etc. and many of the citizens wear the American dress. Americans and Englishmen are numerous. We met our sisters at every turn. Instead, however of taking the street cars, we mounted a little jinrikisha, a little man who weighs not much over 100 lbs. steps between the shafts and off we go as fast as a horse naturally trots thro our city streets. The little fellow takes you along as easily for you as if you were in a rocking chair. There is none of that jirking backward and forward that is so characteristic of the gigs drawn by horses. The jinrikisha man is clad much as the Sam Pan man. If he has to go far he sweats profusely and carries a sort of outer shirt and a kind of blanket, which you throw over your knees to put on when he sits down. Some of them wear a common tennis cap, some a native hat of canvas= mushroom hat. The card which I sent by today's mail will give you a correct view of this hat. That picture by the way is a good one of the jinrikisha. We did not see the extra men, only the one in the shafts. The other card shows Mt. Fujiyama 14,350 ft. At first we saw only the snow capped peaks yesterday morning. As we approached the timber was visable. It makes a grand sight towering up there all alone looking out over the ocean and over nearly the whole island. I selected these two cards because they represented two of the chief things that we shall remember from the day's experiences. You see also in the Fuji. picture a good sample of the shore as we approach and as we go up to the harbor at Yokohama.

We rode about the city of Yokohama for an hour. The streets are generally narrow, from 15-30 ft. wide, sometimes side walks- sometimes none, always narrow, not over 4 ft. except on the grand streets. The business houses are large well built block. The government buildings have spacious grounds, with beautiful shrubbery. The P.O. is much like our Am. P.O.'s with signs and notices in English. Men come and go here in as great a hurry as they do in Chicago or N.Y. or Shelton (!) I went into two places of business into the Pacific Mail Co.'s office and into a Mr. Loomis' office. Aside from the Jap servants I might have been in B'port or N.Y. The stores differ from anything that I ever saw. You find no doors to them. They are open shops with the goods displayed very neatly and the whole family about. No attempt is made to attract your attention to buy, and even if you stop to look at articles no attention is given you till you make your wants known. Candy stores abound, fish and fruit are plenty, meat markets rather scarce, fancy articles numerous for there are none. We took a little walk thro two or three streets and

it seemed queer enough to take the middle of the street. There are a few horses, but they are all small- not over 800 lbs. Seldom a carriage drawn by a horse altho a few. They are used chiefly for draught and are hitched either to a two wheeled drag or a four wheeled concern that made me think of Lew. Wheeler's engine truck – the wheels were so small I did not see a man ride on the cart at all after one horse. He walked ahead of the horse and sort of dragged him along. A very few double teams were seen. There the man was riding and driving.

We were on our way to Kamakura, about 10:20 A.M. The R.R.'s in Japan are owned and controlled by the government, hence there is no necessity for the building of large and expensive stations and the expense incurred for their care, as in our country. The fares are less than two cents a mile. You purchase your ticket as in the U.S., take the train the same. There are three classes as in Eng. The class is plainly marked on the outside of the car. There are no conductors and there is no means of going from one car to another except by getting off. As you go out to the train your ticket is punched. And when you go out of the station at your destination your ticket is taken up. We did not hear the stations called on the train, but the names are posted in conspicuous places. I like the R.R. service very much from the little that I saw of it, and think I am an advocate of government ownership of R.R.s.

Arriving at Kamakura our jinrikisha (this is the proper spelling) were ready for us. After drinking from the faucet as in America, we rode a short distance to a large Shinto temple. From the arch entrance to the grounds, it was about 20 rods up to the temple. A priest with shaven head smiled on us as we entered and accompanied us to the temple. There are so many pictures of the temples in books that I need not describe it. The God of war was seated at the left of the entrance of this one. He was covered from head to foot with spit balls, and looked as if the bats and owls had roosted on him for 100 years. Within the temple there is little to be seen- a few decorations and ornaments. There were no doors, that is the temple is always open, no windows, so that the interior presents rather a gloomy aspect. The grounds about the temple are beautiful. In this yard at the rear were orange trees full of fruit, and on a knoll was a small summer house, as I should call it. The thing most striking about these temples was their number. We ran on to them continuously,- not all as large as this but of all sizes. We traveled by jinrikisha about 8 miles and saw five or six large temples and I do not know how many smaller ones. The one to which I alluded was perhaps 30 or 40 ft. sq. with a yard in the rear twice or three times as large and enclosed by buildings in which I should judge the preists lived. From this place we went over to see the renowned Buddha. There is no temple here. The idol itself is enough, but the grounds are very extensive and full of shrubs and flowers. Old Buddha himself sits with crossed legs and partly folded hands, his thumbs touching at the ends. I enclose his photo. He is 50 ft. high as he sits. We went inside him. His inside is covered with the initials of visitors. Strike him and the hollow brass resounds- like a god! A few minutes took us to a native inn, where we wanted to take dinner in genuine Japanese fashion. At the door a pretty ?? met us and succeeded in making us understand that our shoes must be removed- regardless of ragged stockings [*See Ellen's letter dated December 15, 1894.*]. But oh! wasn't the house neat and clean- just like wax. The table stood in the center of the room. It was about 16 inches high,- had no cloth on it but was covered with a very hard varnish. Each of us had a little mat about two inches thick to sit on. The first course was tea- no milk, no sugar. Oranges next. No knives, forks or spoons. About half an hour and,- soup, pickled vegetables- (two little slices of two kinds) – fish and rice came on, with only chop sticks. We went for those chop sticks. When I tried to open them the ends stuck together and when I pried them apart and got one end on each side of a piece of fish and tried to close in on it, those sticks slid every way but toward one another. They seemed to have a faculty for chasing each other around that morsel of fish. But however I managed to devour a respectable quantity. It was fun to see Ellen try to eat rice. The sticks did not work for a cent. The kernels slipped thro them. But we finally adopted the native custom of holding the bowl up near our mouths and poking it in. The next course was fish,- good too. I wish you could have some. The last course was tea. Cost,- 5 yen for seven persons. 1 yen= now about 52 ½ cents. This native dinner was the event of the day. We went next over to Enoshima, an island, quite high with a huge cave in one side- seen only from the water, and numerous temples on the heights. All along up we saw stands with various shells and fancy articles for sales. This was the only place in which we were accosted by the venders. Even the keepers of the tea houses ran out to us with a little tray of cups and a steaming tea pot, but we skipped them all. The Japs, as a rule looked happy. This was the case especially among the young. The older people looked tired. The children ran out in groups all along the way and shouted O hah-O = good morning and played as contentedly as if they were Conn-ites on the Century Farm. It was amusing to see a little tot not more than 5 or 6 years old with the next younger strapped on her back- poor?-back-fashion, and playing as if she was oblivious to her burden. The babies are strapped on the backs of older brothers and sisters as soon as they can breathe and their little heads lob about from one side to the other and backwards and forwards till you wonder if they will not drop off. Their eyes turned right up into the sun and their heads bald and bare. Some manage to live thro babyhood a good many do not. Skin diseases and eye troubles are bad enemies. I saw many one eyed people. The jinrikisha men drew us over to the station- a little over 1 ½ miles in a little less than ½ hr. They say these men do not last long. The running is too hard on them. 4 or 5 years used them up. They do not spare themselves at all at first. I tried to have mine let me walk up hill but he acted as if I

were imposing on him. Perhaps this was an exceptional man. But I think that they go it without thought of reserving energy till they are tired out, then give up the job to another.

We arrived at the ship about 7 P.M. and found her surrounded with 20 or more boats full of potatoes and peanuts etc. which were being loaded. The loading and unloading is done entirely by man power- no derricks or even tackle. But the boats and the ship were alive with half naked men of all sizes yelling and singing and lifting and loading. A number of large boxes as large as organ boxes had to be loaded. They were heavy. But a crowd of men surrounded one and up it went. The bags of potatoes and peanuts were rolled and lifted and carried and thrown by men till they lay in the right place in the ships hold. These men receive about 10 cents a day.

This is Monday morning. We left Yokohama Sat. morning at 5 o'clock and expect to reach Nagasaki this afternoon about 4 o'clock. A French steamer will arrive sometime to morrow. We take her for Shanghai. So we shall have about two days in Nagasaki. The City of Peking goes on to Hong Kong. From Shanghai we do not know our arrangements. But we shall be likely to leave there in a coaster for Sharp Peak, at the mouth of the Min River on which is Foochow, about Sunday or Monday. It looks as if we might eat Thanksgiving dinner in Foochow. I think I shall have to ask you to send this letter around to the friends, send it as far as you think they will be interested, and then do not forget Mr. Kinney's people,- another request. Will you all keep the letters which I send. They will be the only journal of the trip which I shall have and maybe interesting to me in later years.

This voyage from Yokohama has been quite smooth and pleasant except Sat. P.M. the sea was very rough then and we succumbed. Ellen has not recovered. She had beat me on the long voyage but this last rolling rather discouraged her. I am glad for her sake that we are to have a day or two on land.

[Written in pencil]

Yesterday we held service in the dining saloon at which the officers and cabin passengers were present. In the afternoon four of us went down to the Chinese steerage and sang for them. Mr. Hubbard spoke a few words to them in English. They are Cantonese and that dialect differs from the Foochow.

How glad I shall be to receive letters from home.

This to be continued in my next.

Love to Everybody,  
Will

I'll not send the picture of Buddha  
here it is too long.

W

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*[This letter, dated **November 22, 1894**, was written from the mouth of the Yangtze River near Shanghai and later in Shanghai by Willard to the folks. He tells about and compares their visit to Nagasaki, Japan and Shanghai, China. They stayed at a missionary home while in Shanghai. Willard shares his first impressions of the Chinese people. He and Ellen expect to be in Foochow by Thanksgiving. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

At the Mouth of the Yantze  
to Kikang. 15 or 20 miles from Shanghai.  
Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup> 7 A.M. 1894

Dear Folks:-

The last letter was finished as we were going up the bay to Nagasaki. That harbor is very beautiful as was the one at Yokohama. It is narrower and smaller, the hills rise abruptly and the village seems to be cramped for room. We had to wait outside for a pilot boat, as the harbor was planted- or at least pretended to be so- with torpedoes. The village is only  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile wide at the widest and about 2 mi. long. We had to spend one night here,- put up at the Belle Vue. \$4.00 yen per day,- a little more than \$2.00 gold. (U.S.) How refreshing it was to get on land and eat on a steady table and actually find a bed that really stood still,- one which was there when you tried to get into it, and which did not dodge from under you and land you on the floor bottom side up, or which managed in some way to get on top of you so that you found yourself sprawling beneath it and hanging to its framework like a bat. Tues. morning we took jinrikisha for the "doing up of the town". The Steam Ship Co.'s office, the P.O. and the exchangers visited and we set out for a photo-gallery and purchased a number of views of native life in Japan and of scenery. Then we climbed a hill to the principle temple. There were perhaps 200 stone steps to the top of the hill. The temple was- you might say- all the way up. A part of it on each terrace as we ascended. We encountered here a very persistent beggar- an old woman with a baby strapped on her back. From the top of the hill we saw the whole city and had a good view of the harbor. We then went back to the Hotel, took tiffin [*lunch*], and then went to see the Girls School- Methodist. It is built on one of the hills which rise immediately from the village on all sides, and commands a good view of the city and harbor. The air up there is fresh and pure. About 100 girls are in attendance,



from 4-33 years of age. We heard one of them playing at the piano, and the execution was good. This girl has charge of all the music now in the absence of the young lady who is at the head of that department. Dwight and I let the rest of the party here and went for a stroll about the village. We struck right into the native life,- streets about 10 ft. wide from one door way to another. But the air was very much better than in the slums of one of our American cities. In the less central portions, each house is workshop, salesroom and dwelling. If the inmate is a farmer, he brings his produce into his parlor and displays it there for sale- if he is a blacksmith, his forge is in the parlor. If a tailor he sews in his parlor. But in the business thoroughfares, the stores are more like ours. The family living back in another room. I saw one stationary shop on one street and the next shop was a blacksmith shop with a lot of old iron lying on one side. We saw one fruit market that looked a little Americanish,- a sort of depot resembling a wholesale establishment in N.Y. The business houses- P.O.- Banks- Customs House etc are made of brick and stone. The dwellings are of mud, that is a light bamboo frame, with mud plaster on the outside, the roofs mostly of tile. The Belle Vue is made in the form of a square with an open court in the center. This makes two outside doors for each room. In the grounds which surround the Hotel grow various palms and other tropical plants and orange trees full of fruit. We left Nagasaki Tues. P.M. 4:30 o'clock on the French Steamer Caledonia. She beats the City of Peking, is stiffer, swifter and cleaner. The City has too much upholstery to catch all odors. This boat has almost none. We have had a very pleasant sail all the way from Nagasaki. The weather has been fine and the sea calm. Good bye till we arrive at Shanghai. Ellen is all right again.

Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> '94.

H. Seward Road  
Shanghai, China.

We had the greatest time landing yesterday! This city is some 30 or 40 miles from the mouth of the river. We lay nearly all night off in the ocean, night before last, and did not attempt to go up till day light. And we did not wonder, for the banks are very low, and the river is shallow. The old ship just crept along, and the farther up we went the slower she crept, and when we came to anchor we were yet 10 miles from the city. A tug came after us, the baggage was all handled after the European method- the Co. furnishes the men, but each fellow must look out for his own to see that it goes in the right direction. It seemed to us a very bungling arrangement. Then after getting on the tug, some of the passengers and their luggage had to be put aboard the Sydney another steamer of the French Mail, and here we had to watch our baggage or it would go off on this steamer. When we arrived at the Concession it was after 3 P.M. We had taken from about 6 in the morning to go 50 miles. It rained and the streets were nasty. The jinrikishas took us to Mr. Evans'- who keeps what is known as the Miss'y Home. All such travelers- Missionaries- as we go here and are entertained in a Christian home for less than a gold dollar a day. Mr. Hubbard agreed to stay behind and put the baggage into the Customs House, but for want of the place he brought it all up to Mr. Evans. I wish you could have seen it come. Five large trunks and numerous smaller ones with valises all carried on bamboo poles on the shoulders of Coolies- 13 in all. They made quite a procession as they marched along.

A new vehicle greeted our eyes here at Shanghai, a kind of wheelbarrow. The wheel is about three ft. in diameter- fellos[?] 2 in. wide and 4 deep with spokes very thick. A little platform on each side this wheel is made or rests on the two straight handles which are about six ft. long, and extend, back of the platform about three ft. This makes a platform about 3 ft. sq. with the wheel sticking up in the middle. This wheel is covered as we cover the cart wheels for carting hay.

The impression which I have received thus far is that Shanghai is quite a foreign city. We took a long walk this morning. All along the river for about one block the buildings are modern - of brick and modern- Eng. or Am. in style. The Eng. have a section (= Concession) then comes the French Concession, etc. A great deal of banking is done and the bankers have their fine teams. The carriages are as elegant and presumptuous as on 5<sup>th</sup> Ave.- with the footman hanging on behind, and the driver perched on the seat in front. There are more horses to be seen here than in Japan. But go farther back from the river and you find the Chinese in his glory. They live also on the river in their boats,- whole families in a little boat not larger than an old fish boat on the Housatonic. After walking for a time we took jinrikishas and rode for an hour. My man was wheezy and rather old. He ran for half an hour, but could not keep up with the others, and gave out entirely. But these men have their eyes open. One saw the old fellow lag, and followed me for ¾ of a mile or more, till the old fellow stopped and said he could go no farther. When we paid the men off they wanted 20 cents (Mexican) apiece. We gave it to the others. But I paid mine only for a half hour. He kicked. So did I. About 15 Chinese gathered about us. We started off. My man planted himself in front of me and took hold of me to stop me, but I simply pushed him out of the way and walked off. He followed us for a long way jabbering away. After we entered a store he went away. Ellen was scared somewhat but got over it. We visited the China Inland Mission this afternoon. The head quarters are in Shanghai. But good night till I have another night on a stationary bed.

Good morning. Nine hours of solid sleep on terra firma have been most refreshing. The sky is bright and clear. As to the C.I.M. There are nearly 600 missionaries working in it now. All of them come and go thro Shanghai and all their mail and other supplies pass thro this head office. So you see there is no little business done here. The time of several men is required here in the office. These with their families constitute the home and with those who are coming and going, they have 25 or more at table. The premises must cover more than half an acre. The buildings are of brick, and three stories high. Built something on the plan of the Hartford Seminary- three sides of a rectangle.

Now as to the characteristics of the Chinese as I see them in their native state. But I must caution myself before giving them and must caution you as well, even after giving them. That I have seen but one city and that for a few hours only. I am afraid that many wrong impressions are received and given by those who have only this superficial knowledge. The people seem to me here to be quite business like, slower than the Japanese- less likely to be puffed up. The Japanese- when seen in uniform- have a very important air. Perhaps the war and their success has this effect. Some of them were overheard talking about the division of China, and whether it would be best to annex her. They were in earnest about it too. Well let them try it. There may be other powers in the world that would like a word to say about it.

The shops here are a little different from those in Japan. They are not as clean. They are so arranged that they can be closed and many of them are closed all the time with doors as in America. The race is much larger in stature than the Japs. They wear more clothing and seem to be noisier. As we came down to breakfast this morning a woman stood on the street yelling and gesticulating in a very lively manner. Ellen was shocked when she found the voice was that of a woman, and could not believe it at first. During prayers after breakfast there was such a shouting on the street that we could hardly hear. The native dress is quite picturesque and Dwight declares that he will have one as soon as he arrives at Foochow. The China Inland people all wear it. But in these larger places near the coast the natives prefer that foreigners would wear their own dress.

I wonder if you have been looking in these letters for much about the degradation of heathenism. Well you see, we have not come in contact with unadulterated heathen. We have been only among those who are accustomed to see foreigners. But we have seen already enough to shock all the senses, and to make us long to be useful in bringing a better life to these poor beings. Last evening two charming Chinese ladies called on Mrs. Hubbard and we met them. They wore our dress and talked English as well as we did. Both were Christians. One was a teacher in a school here. It seemed refreshing to see a real happy Chinese face. On the street we frequently see the small feet, - not the smallest- the poor women have to hobble along laboriously. At the bottom of it all lies superstition.

I thought to finish on the other half of this sheet, but it was not so to be. We go on board the "Ta-Ku" a Coaster this afternoon or rather this evening, and our next stop will be Foochow. It has been a long journey. We shall be glad to stop. But I wonder how much we shall feel like taking hold of the language. The Chinese ladies to whom I referred a moment ago told us that the Foochow dialect was the worst in China. But after a few nights of good rest we shall be all right I hope. It has been a great blessing to us to have these three days and two nights on land, and in a Christian home. There are with us here, three English single ladies en route for Ming Po, a little south of here, and a Mr. and Mrs. Taft going to the States from Tien Tsin. The war has driven them out.

It will be Christmas before this reaches you. We left home about Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> and it takes till Christmas for you to hear of our arrival at the Station. It seems a long time. But there is nothing to cause anxiety- nothing to fear, for we are all in the care of the Living God, - the same fatherly eye looks down upon us all, each night as we go to rest and each day as we again take up the activities of life, and from the same fatherly hand come blessings to each of us whether in America or in China. This takes away the foundation from any worry, and the thought that we are merely doing our duty makes us happy and the thought that we can do no more than our duty keeps us humble. We know that we have your prayers and this knowledge makes us strong and hopeful. We know that the work is God's not ours, and that takes away the foundation of worrying over our future tasks. We know that we are accountable to Him of the way in which we dispose of our time and strength and that He will direct our judgment in these matters and then we leave all the rest to Him. Pray that our faith may be strong, and that we may be able to keep ourselves from anxiety or worry over anything, so that our whole strength may be given to the Master's work. There is a little prospect of my taking a class in the Gymnasium at once. This is all I can say concerning work now. We shall be in Foochow for Thanksgiving. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Lovingly, Will.

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*[This brief note, dated **November 24, 1894**, was written from Shanghai by Willard. He writes about news just received that Port Arthur has been taken by the Japanese. Note from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

*[The following was written on a 2" X 4 inch piece of paper]*

Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> 1894 Shanghai

A telegram which seems to be authentic says that Port Authur is taken. The Japanese moved their ships as if to attack the Fort from sea. At the same time signals were given to the land forces. The Chinese in the Fort were deceived and while their attention was directed to the water, the Japanese captured them from the land, behind. W.L.B.

[Written on the back of the above note:]

I suppose this much will reach you by cable to the Associated Press before this letter- but this must be the earliest written account. W.L.B.

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*[This letter, dated **November 28, 1894**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to the folks. They are now in Foochow and Willard describes where they will be living. They have already been very busy and spent Thanksgiving with the other missionaries. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China

Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> 1894.

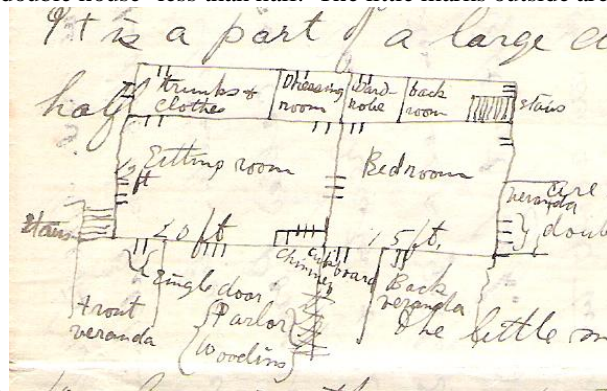
Dear Folks All:-

Here we are at home. We arrived yesterday about 1 o'clock. The trip down the coast from Shanghai was a very pleasant one. The weather was clear and the wind behind us all the way, so that we could keep close in shore. All the way the coast is bordered with islands- mostly rocks jutting up out of the sea. A few of them are cultivated but the soil is not fertile, and the inhabitants are for the most part, fishermen. But it was very interesting for us to see land all the time and in such a variety of shapes. Then too the fishermen were everywhere with their junks and nets. We could distinguish the mainland most of the way, and the eastern horizon was dotted with islands. So you see these islands are found a good many miles from the mainland. Had the weather been stormy we should have been forced to keep outside all these islands and the distance would have been much greater. As it was we anchored under the lee of Matsu Island a little before 8 P.M.

Monday.- (We started from Shanghai at 8:30 Sunday morning)- This gave us a quiet night. Yesterday morning we pulled anchor about 6:30 o'clock and went as far as the mouth of the Min river. No ships are allowed to enter the river, torpedoes are planted down to the mouth. A steam launch took us here, and landed us at Foochow. Now a little geography will help you in understanding this and other letters. If you have not a good map of China I think it will pay you to get one. I have bought the map that is in the second volume of Miss Guinness, Story of the China Inland Mission. Sharp Peak is an island at the mouth of the Min River. On this island the three missions in Foochow- Methodist- Church of Eng.- and A.B.C.F.M. have sanitariums and their missionaries use the buildings during the summer months, as shore cottages. The next place up the river is Pagoda Anchorage. (Neither of these places are located on the map to which I referred.) Pagoda is the name of the temple or rather for the temple. We say the Pagoda instead of the temple. Pagoda Anchorage is about 16 miles up the Min river. Ships cannot go above this point, for lack of water. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney live here. There are only 5 or 6 houses and the Customs house here. About 1/3 of a mile off is a small village. But in the country about, our mission has several stations and this is a convenient center for the missionary to live in. The third point is Foochow, about 12 or 14 miles above Pagoda Anchorage. We are here. An invitation came this morning for us to take dinner with- somebody, and I must stop now to prepare. To morrow evening we take Thanksgiving dinner at the American Consulate.

Sat. evening Dec. 1<sup>st</sup>= I expect your first inquiry will be on seeing this date.- "What has he been doing all these days since Wed.?" I confess it would be hard for me to tell how each hour has been spent. But we have been busy all the time. You see this is Our home.- The first one we ever had, and altho we are boarding, there are various little things which must be seen to if we would have the place seem like home to us. We are to board with Mr. and Mrs. Woodin [*probably Simeon Woodin*] as long as we like, except- they go to the mountain for the Summer and cannot board us, and they go home to America in the Spring of '96. It would be rather hard for us to keep house now, as the kitchen is arranged for Chinese cooks and Ellen would have hard work to tell her cook whether she wanted steak or rats for breakfast. We think now that we shall remain as we are till next Spring, then Dr. Baldwin is going to leave for America, and we will take his cook hoping to be able to talk enough to get along. Here is a plan of our new home as

it is now.- It is a part of a large double house- less than half. The little marks outside are intended for doors. The



little marks inside for windows.

We live in the second story. Under this story most of the space is open,- and used for ironing and keeping the sedan chairs etc. But at each end of the house (this under part) are some rooms parted off. We have a room under our sitting room which we shall use as the study where our Chinese teacher will meet us. Then back of that and under our bedroom is the room where we keep our wood. Under the room where our trunks are and the dressing room is a veranda with concrete bottom. The stairs lead down from the back room, which we use as a wood closet and for anything else we choose. We come up on the front veranda by the stairs and go into our rooms. You see a door leads from our sitting room onto this, another from our bed-room out the back veranda, and a double door out a small back veranda. From the sitting room a double door leads into Mrs. Woodin's parlor and from the bed room a single door leads to the same room. Next to the chimney is a cupboard where for the present we are keeping those articles which are generally put into bureau drawers. If we set up house keeping we shall expect to take the room now used as a parlor by Mrs. Woodin. Under our back room is the kitchen and the room which we use now to keep wood in will be our cook's bedroom. Well I believe that is about as well as I can do for a description now. You will have to ask questions if you do not receive full enough information. And then the time will be so long you never can tell whether those questions are correctly answered.



I believe this may be the house that Willard and Ellen first lived in with the Mr. and Mrs. Woodin. Upon close inspection, it appears that it is Willard and Ellen who are standing in the top left of the veranda. The other couple to the right may be Mr. and Mrs. Woodin or Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin.



Magnification of previous photo. *[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

The mail arrived from America Wed. P.M. but nothing for us. We shall look for the next mail.

Now for a little diary of events etc. We had a very pleasant dinner Wed. P.M. at Miss Hannah Woodhull's- a maiden miss'y. Most of the missionaries were present, and they all came in to the prayermeeting at 3:30 P.M.- our Thanksgiving prayer-meeting. We went thro the Boys School which adjoins the house where Miss Woodhull lives. There are two compounds in which the missionaries live here. One is within the city walls. This is where the Boys School is. Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell- Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Peet and 2 children, Misses (2) Woodhull, Dr. (Miss) Nieberg and Miss Chittenden live here. We live in the other compound- outside the city wall at a place called Ponisang. Here Mr. and Mrs. Woodin, Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and 3 children, Dwight, Miss Newton and we live. Dr. Kinnear has a hospital and dispensary here and Miss Newton has a girls school here. Each of the compounds is surrounded by a wall about eight feet high, and you enter by gates. There is a regular gate-keeper. These compounds are about two miles apart- a half hours walk. The station down at Pagoda Anchorage with Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and children (3) and Dr. and Mrs. Whitney and 2 children and the station up at Shawoo about 250 mi. up the river with Dr. and Mrs. Walker and children, with these two compounds, make the Foochow mission station of our Board. Good night. Sun. morning. This is our first Sunday in the Celestial Empire. The sun greeted us with a cheerful face, the air is fresh and every thing green. We have not started a fire this morning it is so warm. Roses and other flowers are blooming outside our window. In the yard behind out house is a bunch of bananas ripening on the tree. We are eating from it daily. I am wearing the same dress that I wore last July.

Last Wed. evening I went with Dr. Kinnear and Dwight to the last meeting of the Methodist Conference. Thirteen deacons and four elders were ordained. The service was in the Foochow dialect, but Dr. Kinnear sat next to me and thus I kept the run of what was said. Bishop Rinde from America was present to officiate. His words were translated by the missionaries into Chinese. The church was full of Chinese- both men and women. I wish you could have seen that congregation and heard them sing. As this was the Conference of the whole mission, of course it was a select audience, better than the average I presume. But as I compared those faces with the faces which I meet every day on the street I could not help realizing that there was something in those lives which the lives on the street lacked. It was a "cloud of witnesses" to the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ. There was one young man whose face I shall never forget. It was radiant and when he sang it was beautiful. The Chinese are as fond of noise as James used to be- at the time when he discovered his "cheap music". So they all like to sing, and all join whether they keep to the right tune or not, and the 400 or more voices made those walls resound. We have morning prayers in Chinese- reading of the Bible, in turn, one verse apiece (Ellen and I do not read)- then a hymn and a prayer. The three servants taking their turn. They all sing, the new man, our servant hits a note when he chances to but he goes thro the whole hymn and sings something. I am not sure but some of the Sunday School singing in America would be more spirited if the people should follow our Cing Siong's example in trying to sing. The name is pronounced Ching Ce'ong, o as in long. He is not a Christian, Mrs. Woodin's two servants are Christians. Her cook led in prayer this morning. We are to attend communion service in a native church this morning and we have the privilege of hearing Bishop Rinde this P.M.- an English speaker is welcomed by the missionaries- they can attend so few English services.

Our thoughts ran Eastward often during Thanksgiving day while you were quietly resting up to tackle the turkeys. But the day was so occupied in various ways that we had no time to feel lonely. We hope that both the gatherings in Putnam and in White Hills were pleasant and complete, that appetites were good at the beginning and absent at the close of dinner. Do you remember what the weather was a year ago to-day? Mother and I rode up to Grandfathers Sat. afternoon. It was very cold. Sunday morning it snowed, but turned to rain before church time. I was to preach in White Hills. Aunt Louise [*sister of Willard's mother, Nancy Maria Nichols*] and I rode up to the church talked a few minutes with Will Domion and drove back. I think it never rained much harder. This day on the opposite side of earth is in strange contrast- a perfect day- Quiet reigned in Conn. a year ago. Today here is just the same as yesterday in the native city- one incessant round of business from early morn till toward midnight.

Thousands earn a scanty living by making a kind of paper for sacrifice. It is made by pounding metal from blocks into very thin sheets and fastening it to paper. This pounding is the first noise that we hear in the morning and the last that we hear in the evening. It is in full force now.- They are as busy to-day as they were yesterday. After church:- the church which we attended was a little larger than the Baptist church at White Hills. It was about full. The text was from Lu. 24/12. The sermon was on the equality of the sexes. China's backwardness is due to the inferior place she gives to women. After preaching service, Communion was administered and four persons received into the church. The native pastor did all the officiating-except that Mr. Woodin helped- as a visiting pastor could do at home- in the Communion. The whole audience seemed to know and to join in repeating the Lord's Prayer, the 10 commandments and Apostles Creed. This I fear might stick some good American audiences. The whole service was impressive and the audience reverent- as foreigners, unable to understand a word we could worship. The Chinese all appear very glad to see us new ones. They are full of smiles and bows whenever we are introduced to them.

At Thanksgiving dinner 47 were present, of course all Americans. Consul General Hixson is a very genial host from Alabama, he brings the easy Southern hospitality- breaking down all formality. At 8:30 we began, at 11:30 we finished- toasts and a picture of the company made diversions.

Sunday evening after Y.P.S.C.E.:-The day has been full- I do not know whether we can keep it up or not. We really enjoyed the Endeavor meeting this evening. There were about 45 present, 23 active members. The Societies in America have no more interesting meetings than these Chinese in Foochow, China. I sat all alone so I had only my observation and common sense to guide me. But I observed that the President (the meeting was a consecration meeting) asked all to kneel and remain a few moments in silent prayer. Then he offered a short prayer, gave out a hymn, spoke a few words, and the Secretary began to call the roll. Nearly every one of the active members- all but one or two of the youngest- responded with a testimony of their own, they did not get out of the easiest and laziest way by reading a verse from the Bible, and I could see that it took courage for many of them to speak. I could see them begin to be nervous and when the name was called there was the same trembling of the knees and looking from floor to ceiling and clearing of the throat that I remember so well in my own case only a few years ago. But these Christians are evidently made of good stuff, and can overcome a little bashfulness. Then I noticed also that one or two young men had brought in friends. One in particular had a friend on each side of him, whom, it was very evident he was helping. And I noticed he was looking about rather anxiously, and suddenly as the door opened he brightened up and looked very happy. Another whom he had been looking for had come in a little late. These three and one other united tonight as associate members. The little juniors were there also and it would have done you good to have seen them testify and repeat scripture verses even if you could not understand a word. I am most afraid that you will begin to think that we are in no heathen community after all. But you must remember this is the very brightest side of the picture, and the compounds in which the Missionaries live are necessary in a large city- not so in the smaller villages and that these homes, and the picture of our Thanksgiving Dinner and the picture of the Church service this morning and this C. E. meeting this evening are oases in a desert of filth, poverty, sin, idolatry, and wretchedness which simply cannot be described. The one main street seems to lead everywhere. Ellen has not tried to walk in it yet. It is all Dwight and I can do to find our way thro among the swarms of men and women and children, and horses and dogs and hogs. The street is not over six feet wide, horses are used only to carry men, and always (so far as I have seen) have a leader. Dogs are everywhere, and are covered with fleas, hogs roam the streets, all transportation is on the shoulders of men. The better classes of men and women are carried in the Sedan chair, by the lowest class. Lumber and stone and furniture and grain and water and straw etc. etc. ad infinitum are met with on this six foot passage. There are no sewers. Under the stones on which we walk is a ditch- ungraded thro which runs or stands- I know not what- There are more indescribable smells to the cubit inch in this street than in any place I was ever in. Then one is bumping into the filthiest beggars clad in the raggediest rags etc. etc. In the evening one sees the idol paper burning all along and the incense sticks, occasionally a crowd gathered around a story teller. The purifying and enabling influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is never understood till one has seen a community in which that influence is entirely absent. We begin the language tomorrow. God keep you all safely.

Pray for us- Will and Ellen

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*[This letter, dated **December 7, 1894**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. He talks about the current war situation between China and Japan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China  
Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> 1894

Dear Folks;-

I suppose Ellen will write all about the journey and our friends here, and our home, and study, and the Thanksgiving Dinners, and the beautiful(?) streets, and the smooth, clean, dry pavements, and excellent street car(?) service and the pretty(?) little pet dogs seen every where along the thoroughfares, the ease(?) with which a foreigner can find his way about the city,- I have been out only three times without a guide, and I have been lost only three times, but by keeping on straight ahead I always came out somewhere and brought up at home at last. I dislike to show that I am unacquainted with the city by asking my way. After I have the language I expect to be less diffident, and less innocent I expect. Mr. Woodin said that he was twice impudently called "foreign child" yesterday as he passed thro the street. We do not hear these loving epithets now, only the stare and look of inquisitiveness are recognized by us,- but as I said Ellen was going to write you all about these things. I'll put in a little war news:-

Port Arthur is at last taken. The exact time varies a little with different accounts, but Nov 21<sup>st</sup> seems to be the date generally agreed upon. There was more fighting than the first meager accounts gave. The Japanese began the storming from the water, four of the Chinese generals "skedaddled" and left their men to fight alone. The whole attention of the Chinese was given to their enemies at sea. But the Japs had a large land force behind the Fort, and this force took the Chinese unawares, some of the Japanese fell into the hands of the Chinese and were very severely dealt with. As the Japanese advanced and saw their countrymen so mutilated, and their horses hocked their rage increased and the slaughter of the Chinese was more terrible than it otherwise would have been. The reports say that the Japanese lost 40 men and the number of the Chinese is not known. Many of [them] were drowned in the junks in which they tried to escape. Some arms and 12000 tons of coal were among the booty captured by the victors. The high road which leads to Peking is not far Northwest from Port Arthur and as this port remains open all winter, the Japanese have a way for the conveyance of troops and supplies from the sea into the interior. The last news was that they were marching on toward the Capital.

The impression has held in some places that Li Hung Chang was the Emperor of China. This is a mistake. He is one of eight Viceroys, and rules over the province in which Peking is situated and one other, Chihile: The sentiment against him has been growing of late, and he was deposed only a few days ago. The new Viceroy has been appointed and is on his way to Peking. Li Hung Chang is reported and commonly believed to be a very wily schemer. One of the Shanghai papers cannot paint his political character black enough. He is accused of spending only a small portion of the money entrusted to him for the fitting up of forts and the navy, for this purpose. The rest finds its way into his own coffers. There seems to be but little doubt that he is in league with the Japanese. He is known, according to reports, to have cautioned some of his ship commanders not to get into any dangerous battles, but to withdraw and keep in a safe place. Port Arthur is said by foreign experts to have been well nigh impregnable, and had the Viceroy been honest and loyal, and had he manned the Fort with the right men, no army could have taken it without a long siege. It is also reported that Li Hung Chang owns \$30,000,000.00 of R. Roads in Japan. This would naturally incline him to enlist his sympathies in that direction. In America we have been accustomed to think of China as one country. In reality it is. Practically it is many countries. There is no bond of unity in the Empire and the conditions are against unity. Each province has its own dialect and customs and no province can understand the next much better than we can. How then can men who are unable to talk with each other, and who have never been outside their own city or province; who hear very little from other parts of the empire; who more over are paid men, and poorly paid, who are from the lower classes, and as we see them on the streets here, often emaciated by the rise of opium and other dissapations- how pray can these men fight for their country in a bond of unity? They do not do it. Only a few weeks ago the men from one province disbanded and left the scene of action rather than fight side by side with the soldiers from another province. Now add to this the fact that many of the Chinese really wish the Japanese to be victorious, Chinese of the official classes too- and it does not look much as if China was to be the victor in the present struggle.

As to the effect of the war upon us, it is thus far nothing- except a little difficulty in procuring U.S. postage stamps. The harbor at Yokohama was open and we sailed in as if peace reigned. At Nagasaki we were piloted in. Shanghai harbor was decorated with a few men of war chiefly from Russia and England. Foochow harbor- or more precisely the Dawn river up to Pagoda Anchorage which is as far up as steamers can go, is lined with forts, and torpedoes are said to be placed in it. Otherwise we have encountered no signs of war. Many of the inhabitants here would be surprised, I doubt not, to learn that they had anything whatever to do with any war. For the states reports are circulated thro the medium of the press that missionaries are leaving their posts and fleeing to the treaty ports etc. But so far as I can learn none have left on account of danger. I met one family who had left Tien Tsin to go home to the States for a vacation because they said no work could be done now. Some of the wives and children of missionaries have come down to Shanghai from the North. I do not know that any of our Boards missionaries have left their posts. I was talking with our U.S. Marshall, Mr. Hixson the other day and he said, lightly "We could house you all in the Consulate with a few hours notice." The Marshall's opinion respecting the further action of the Japanese was, that they would march straight on to Mukden, then by the great highway to Peking, Next they would



take Shanghai. Then they would want Formosa. But to take that, they would want Foochow for a background. So Foochow would probably be taken after Shanghai. Well so much for one man's opinion. We are thankful that the whole matter is in the control of the King of Kings, the God of Nations. Those who know say that He is already softening the hearts of the people to yield to the influence of the Gospel. The French war ten years ago proved a great blessing to China, and we know that out of this strife will come a blessing. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." It looks as if God in His infinite wisdom was using the battle axes of the youngest nation of the globe to break thro the wall of proud conservatism which has surrounded the oldest nation for so many centuries. If this is His way of opening up China so that the message of "Peace on Earth, good will to men" may reach her millions, it is the best way and we all may be thankful that the way is His opening and that we are bid to enter and teach, with the assurance that Jesus is always with us.

With Love

Willard L. Beard

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*[This letter, dated **December 11, 1894**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. He and Ellen are still waiting to hear from the family back home. He talks about some of the Chinese and their behavior in church. Willard describes their daily schedule. He tells about the punishment of a Chinese man. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China, Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> 1894.

Dear Folks:-

It is hard work to tell where to begin with this letter. While we were travelling there was a certain sequence to events which furnished a very natural introduction and conclusion for each letter. But life has now settled down to a sort of grind again- altho I am trying to carry my laziness as far as possible in the matter of study. We began with our native teacher whose surname is Ling, his Christian name is Aming Poang, a week ago yesterday. To-day I used the language twice. The teacher asked me if he should come to-morrow at 9 o'clock and I understood him. Our servant washes to-morrow, as we keep the wood house locked, he cannot get at the wood, and I understood him when he asked me for wood.

Dec. 14<sup>th</sup>. It seems as my knowledge of the language decreased, but that is the way,- learning a language is much like getting well- you grow better for a few days and then you don't but then after a little you gain again.

The U.S. mail arrived night before last and we looked pretty wistfully for a letter from home, but it would not greet our eyes. It seems a long time since Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> and now we must be patient for at least another week and more likely two of them. The mail ordinarily arrives about once in ten days, but the war upsets the schedule time tables some. The coast steamers used to be Japanese, but they are at present under the English flag. Last week three of four came in. It may be days before another comes. But Ellen does not worry over the delay and I must add a little to say patience and faith, which is in no danger of becoming too heavy or too bulky.

After our prayer-meeting yesterday (Wed) afternoon Mr. Hartwell read a letter from Dr. Smith, in which came the intelligence that five dollars was sent to me for use in the mission, by the W.C.T.U. of Huntington. I have a few more dollars which I am holding in trust in the same way and watching for an opportunity to invest where they will do the most good in the Masters service. It is very pleasant to be remembered in this way, but it also makes one feel a load of responsibility. To be engaged by a man to invest his money as a simple business transaction to make more money is no light matter, and it requires thought and care, and a certain knowledge of business, and of values. How much more grave is the responsibility, and how much more thought and care ought to be taken when that money is to be spent for God in such a way that He can use it in bringing souls into His Kingdom. I must become better acquainted with the work here and the needs before I decide what shall be done with it. I would prefer to put it where results can [be] seen in a short time, but it may be best to do something else with it. Last Summer I attended a weaker church than the one which I wrote of before. The audience in the former church was much helped by the attendance of the girls from Miss Newton's Boarding School, and the servants in our home. The audience last Sun. was of business and laboring classes in the city- no servants or school children,- so in a sense of a better representative native audience- less in members and more primitive in behavior. During the sermon a woman carrying a baby a few months old, and followed by about ten little waifs came in at the street door and walked up to the amen [?] corner where most of the women sit and chatted awhile with one of her friends and then the whole company made their exit. I did not count the number of men, women and children who went to the door to expectorate, but it would mount into the teens somewhere. In the afternoon I attended Sunday School at this church. The school has been very small. Recently a son of the Pastor who is in the College (Meth.) and who speaks English very well, volunteered to act as Superintendent and introduced the system of giving out scripture texts on slips of



paper to the children each Sunday. If the text is committed and recited next Sunday the child receives a picture card. This rule is held to very strictly and many of the little waifs looked disappointed when Ming Wung [*spelled Ming Uong in future letters*] the Supt. refused to give them the card because they had not recited the verse. This idea so old with us as to be worn out almost, has had the effect to nearly fill the church. There were over eighty last Sunday. Three classes of little folks from heathen families entirely. You see the influence exerted by the attendance of these children and by the scripture they take home. I suppose that about ten homes will have seen a verse of scripture for the first time, this week as a result of last Sunday's S.S. at the church. And most of the people can read, and will read and hear these verses. The older ones, both men and women, are coming in also. Both of the Bible classes had to be divided Sunday. Now all of this increase is attributable to the picture cards sent from America, but most are advertisement cards from America. Anything with a colored picture on it- no matter what the reading is for they can not read it- is what they want. I believe Mrs. Woodin said that some of the cards sent to her were tobacco ads. They used them with the rest. Now if you folks have any of these adv't cards, or if the Y.P.S.C.W. at Long Hill, Shelton or Huntington or anywhere have any that they want to get rid of here is a chance to put them where they will be of help in a good cause. Do not send pictures where the sexes are too close together on the card as this is shocking to the Chinese mind.- They are becoming a little used to see us walk thro the streets by the side of the ladies but these cards go to heathen people and remain in their homes. I think you can send them all right thro the mails. Enquire at the P.O. about the size and weight of the packages that can be sent.

The sheet addressed to "Harry" is for H.S. Ross, 276 Lawrence St., Hartford, Ct. Please read it and then please send it to his address, to be returned to you if not called for in 8 days.

I have broken my Rowley fountain pen. I was thrown against the side of the steamer at one of the Japan ports and the piece that screws into the ink barrel was broken, nearly all the screw is broken off. It is the tube into which the pen and feeder fit- it broke just below the rim at the head of the thread, and I cannot devise any way of mending it. I have given the entire length of the pen when closed and ready to be put in the pocket and have drawn as well as I can the exact size of the broken piece. I cannot find any number or size marked on the pen. So I hope this drawing will be sufficient to show the size of such a thing if necessary. Will Oliver please get the piece- if it will not cost more than the whole pen, and send it in one of the packages of picture cards which I take it for granted you are going to send. Do not hurry about it, for I shall have a pen coming in my box of goods. One other item of business which will make this rather a private sheet. My Life Insurance policy comes due the latter part of Feb. Will Oliver attend to that also. See directions on paper enclosed.

Now would you like a program of our day. Rise at 6:45 A.M.- learn a scripture verse to recite at breakfast table. Breakfast at 7:30. Prayers in Chinese with the servants. Two of the three are church members and once a week each leads in the prayer. Mr. Woodin offers prayer the other mornings. After b-fast build the fire, or rather light the fire which I have prepared before b-fast, and at 9 o'clock go down to study with my teacher till about 11 o'clock when Ellen takes my place in the study, and I read, study or wrote or walk till dinner. At 2 P.M. study again till 3 or after then Ellen studies till 4 or after. 4-6 P.M. exercise etc. 6, supper, after supper, prayers. The evening is devoted to study, reading or writing. Perhaps we run into Miss Newton's or Dr. Kinnear's our only near neighbors. The people over in the city- Baldwin- Hartwell- Peet, Chittenden, Woodhull, Nieberg are inaccessible after dark. The city gates are shut and there is no passing in and out after that till next morning.

Dwight and I have chanced to buck two crowds in the streets. A week ago Monday morning we went over to what we call the South Side. We have to cross a long stone bridge, the only bridge between the two parts of the city. It is about 12 ft. wide and all sorts of venders use it to display their wares on. When on our way back home, we ran into one of the worst jams I ever saw. I went ahead and used fists and elbows vigorously. I was taken off my feet once but football practices come in handy and we made fair progress and came out all right. One day before a Sam-pan man had ferried a Chinese across the river in his boat. As the man paid him, he showed \$20.00 in silver, and the boat man wanted it, so he took it and pushed the customer in to the river to get rid of him. But the man could swim and was soon picked up by a gun boat was not very far off. The thief and would be murderer was caught, and taken before the officers. One wanted to lock him up and starve him to death as the easiest way to get rid of him but he was finally beheaded, and as an example to others who might be tempted to commit a like crime, his head was brought to this bridge- near where the crime was committed and hung in a little cage on a pole. It chanced that the officers had just arrived with the head as we were crossing the bridge and the people were acting like a drove of stampeding Texas steers,- their superstition is something too serious to laugh at. What a comfort at such a time to feel the abiding presence of Jesus. And how it changes these poor beings to have that presence in their hearts. The spectacle was left for four days and then taken down. We frequently see prisoners with the big wooden collars on- a board about 2 1/2 or 3 ft. square with a hole just large enough for the neck. The man wears it during the day and must stay in the streets- can get nothing to eat unless some one puts it into his mouth, and is an object of scorn. Civilization and Christianity know better methods of dealing with criminals. This only hardens them and takes away

what shame they may have. This is all for this time. Love to all. We hear another mail comes next week and that our goods are this side the England. Will L Beard

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*[This letter dated Dec. 15, 1894 was written by Ellen Lucy Kinney Beard to friends back home in the states only three months after she and Willard Livingstone Beard were married on September 5, 1894. Ellen goes into great detail about her visit to a Japanese restaurant. She tells of having to take her shoes off, the décor of the restaurant and the food. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Dec. 15", 1894.

Dear Friends at Home,

A little space and time is left before the mail closes to-day, so I'll continue the story of the journey.

I am writing things quite in detail now because when the newness is worn off there will not be so much to write.

We were just leaving the great idol as I finished the last chapter. It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and we felt like eating something naturally. It was suggested that we stop at a Japanese Inn and take dinner; not so much for the delicious sustenance as for the experience. All were agreed, so our guide took us to quite an ordinary looking house on the exterior but much larger and set in much more ample grounds. It was not built like the farm houses I have described but was much more western having verandas and broad windows etc. bearing a like relation to the peasant homes that our nicer village homes do to the more primitive farm houses.

We dismounted from our carriages and the host appeared at the door. Our guide explained our errand and we were asked into the spacious hall. Our host told our guide that we must remove our shoes before going into the dining room as all Japanese leave their sandals outside when they enter a house. Their floors are covered with the finest straw matting which is made in mats always the same size, about 3 X 5 ft., bound with a black webbing, and are an inch thick. Their rooms are always built of a size that will exactly contain a number of these mats laid in different ways but fitting closely. And they like to keep these matted floors perfectly free from outside dirt, - hence the request.

At first we asked our guide to request the host as a special privilege to us foreigners who were not used to such disrobing that we be allowed to enter shod, - promising to wipe our shoes scrupulously before entering. The request was made. Here our hostess appeared. They jabbered it over together and both looked distressed. But they still remonstrated stoutly saying they never allowed it and could not permit us the privilege. So the party began to unfasten their shoes much to the relief of the bystanders. I made up my mind however that I could not do that and should have to remain in the outer court while the party dined in the sacred interior. For I had on stockings which had served me for a reasonable share of the sea voyage and each had a hole in it. Will saw I was not going in and nothing I could say would induce him to go without me. He said he wouldn't miss that experience for so small a thing as that and so for his sake I swallowed my pride and kept my feet under my dress. As we entered the dining room the floor was covered as I have described. It was not a very large room but had quite [a] high ceiling sheathed with boards in natural color and somewhat polished. It was partitioned with screen partitions which could be removed making the rooms into one large room. A door and large windows on the opposite side from which we entered opened upon a veranda. In the centre of the room was a long red table, highly varnished and standing about 1 ½ ft. from the floor. All around it were cushions on which to sit. We could not sit as the Japanese do at table for they kneel then spread the toes outward, heels together and sit back upon them. This is impossible for an unaccustomed foreigner.

A carved stone toad perched on an artificial tree stump was the only ornament and only other piece of furniture in the room till we came in. We took off any wraps and seated ourselves. Then tea was brought in served in blue and white cups and saucers from an earthen tea-kettle to match, and served as is the whole meal on the base table without napkins. They make the tea rather weak, never boil it nor use any trimmings or spoons and it is very dainty and delicate. I like it the best of any tea I ever tasted. After this was over we waited so long that we got tired of sitting so got up and put on our shoes and took a walk in the yard for recreation. When the next course was ready we were called and a plate of fish was served to each with chop sticks to eat it with. None but Mr. and Mrs. H had ever used them and it was as much fun for the girl waitress to watch our awkward movements as it was for us to make them. We got so we could use them in one hand in the proper fashion very well before the meal was over but when I got desperate I went at it with both hands. 2 girls, 2 children and a dog watched the process with interest. One of them took pity on the children and cut their fish for them and brought spoons to eat with. The fish was fried in meal just as we would do it at home and was very good. After this course came the main course which was

brought to each on a lacquer tray; it contained several small dishes. One was a plate on which was another kind of fish well cooked and good; another was a small bowl of soup which we were expected to drink eating the solid part with chopsticks. These were sailing around in almost clear broth a small bit of fish, a few little strings of vermicelli and a few bits of green. I did not relish much of this but the fish. Another little dish contained some kind of raisins, seeded. Another contained orange preserve; both these last were sort of sauce or jelly to eat with meat. The relishes consisted of 2 or 3 slices of small round white turnip, raw; 2 or 3 slices of the same half pickled; salt and 2 or 3 slices of a small green vegetable that looked like green tomato raw and half pickled sweet. Another dish was served; small shellfish something like clams. In shape they looked like thick slices of apple as prepared for a pie and where the skin naturally is on apple it was part of an oyster. These were tough and fried in something sweet like molasses and not very tempting. The last was an empty bowl for rice or sauce inverted in the top of the bowl. This the waiter took on a little lacquer tray and filled from a wooden bucket like our sugar bucket, of boiled rice. Some of them ate 2 or 3 bowls of rice but I could not down one. When we were through the waiter filled our empty rice bowls with tea or as Mr. Goddard puts it, - "We wash our own rice bowl and drink the dishwater." This ended the meal. We donned our shoes, paid our bill, - for all which in silver remember, and pursued our journey in our rickshaw. E.L.K.B.

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*[This letter, dated **December 23, 1894**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. He describes the funeral of a Prefect of Foochow and tells of some of the Chinese superstitions. He and Ellen visited Kuliang with some of the other missionaries. Willard tells about their first Christmas in China, a Chinese feast and a military parade. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.  
Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> '94.

Dear Folks:-

I was about to describe a funeral which I saw a few days ago, when I had to close my last letter. Dwight and I were going over to the Missionary Compound in the city one bright morning. We noticed the street was rather thickly populated, and as we kept passing numbers of people the crowd became more dense. We passed a great number of closed sedans, and noted that in each was a woman wailing most piteously. The crowd grew so dense that we could not pass any more and had to move with it. At last it stopped, and we pushed thro, till we came to the coffin. This was on a bier, which had a canopy top over it, and supports so that it could be set down while the carriers rested. The coffins are sometimes of wood and sometimes of stone- generally of wood. A slab about 6 in. thick is taken off a trunk of a tree. It is hollowed out some. Two of these make the sides and flattened slabs form the top and bottom, so the thing resembles a big wooden watering trough made by hollowing out the trunk of a tree. There were eight men behind and the same number before this bier who carried it. These carriers were common coolies, with bare calves and ankles and straw sandals tied on the bare feet. Their clothes were dirty and ragged. As they went thro the street they took up nearly all the room. Every thing else had to give way. When the procession stopped Dwight and I picked our way slowly along thro the crowd, passed the bier and then came to a long line of 30 or 40 men dressed in white and holding a long cloth rope which was attached to the bier as if for the men to pull it by. These were the male relatives of the deceased. The wailing women in covered sedans were his wives and female relatives. After the male relatives were several Priests with shaven heads, then there seemed to be another company from a side street coming to take the lead of the whole procession. There were several articles for the decoration of a room. These showed the rank and wealth of the man. Then there were most gorgeous and large umbrellas with bright streamers- in all colors. In front of all were soldiers. Near the front was the white cock. This conducts the man's spirit to the grave- otherwise it might go on beyond or turn off into a wrong path and go wandering about never finding a rest.- What power is Superstition in the world!! And what foolish actions it leads men to perform!! To what expenditure of time, money and strength it drives them!! This people think that certain days are more lucky for burying, so they have what are called rest houses, where the coffin remains till a lucky day arrives. A cat must never be buried, for its spirit would enter any man who chanced to step on the earth near it. So you see them hung by the neck to the limbs of trees. Preceding a funeral procession goes a man carrying "cash" paper, - circular pieces of cheap brown paper 3 in. in diameter (round) with a hole in the center. This is the form of their cash- the coin which has the least value 5 [or 53?]= 5 cents silver. This "cash" paper buys the way for the spirit as the body is carried thro the streets. Spirits always go in a straight line, so paths are generally crooked. Then the spirit lose their way and have to stop. Some of them believe that their babies eyes will be affected by the look of a foreigner and I have seen the people who were holding the babies put their hand over the eyes of the little things so I

should not cast my eyes upon them. I should have added that the funeral was of a Prefect of Foochow. It is rare that we see so much display. Mr. Hartwell told us we were fortunate in going thro the street just at that time.



"Chinese coffin"

[This is probably a similar funeral procession that Willard saw. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Last Thursday, Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> Ellen and I went up to the Mountain Summer Resort of the missionaries and other foreigners. I think the name of the mountain is spelled Gu Liong. (Kou le aung) We started soon after 8 o'clock a.m. I did not want to take a chair (sedan) but the friends made me take one as far as the foot of the mountain. However I walked about half way. It was a beautiful day. The air was clear and cold enough to make an overcoat feel good when one was riding. The distance from our house to the foot of the mountain is about 3 ½ miles perhaps 4 mi. The way lies thro' a perfectly level plain, which is cut up into rice and wheat fields. At this season of the year it is mostly lying fallow. As we have not had one rainy day since we landed in Foochow, the earth is baked hard as our hard-pan

at home. The paths are about 2 or 3 ft. above the level of the fields and paved with stones about a 3 ft. long, - which is the width of the path, - and a foot wide. All over this plain are scattered villages in which the farmers live, and of course store keepers enough to supply the trade. We passed thro' 5 or 6 of these little villages. It was a few minutes after 10 o'clock when we reached Gu Liong. There we met Mr. and Mrs. Peet, Dr. (Miss) and Miss Woodhull and Dr. (Miss) Nieberg, who had arrived from the city a few minutes before us. I do not know the height of the mountain, but it took us 2 ½ hrs. to climb it. A Government road runs over the range and we take this road. Since the missionaries have gone up here for the Summer, this road has been very much improved- by contributions from the missionaries however. Now there is a very good line of stone steps all the way up, about 3 or 3 ½ ft. wide. It may seem ludicrous to you to have this called a road but it is the best thing in the form of a road that we have here. Remember, Foochow does not have wheels at all, so a path on which a man can walk is a road. Ellen made a rather heavy burden for two men to carry up stairs, but we had four coolies so they changed frequently and then she walked part of the way. Just picture her sitting in a chair, suspended on two bamboo poles the ends of which rest on the shoulders of two men!! The scenery is very beautiful all the way up the mountain. There is a steep gorge on each side of the path much of the way. A brook dashes over the rocks and turns numerous waterwheels used in grinding rice and wheat. The sides of the mountain are to a large extent cultivated in terraces. There are a great many patches of tea. We saw some potatoes and other vegetables growing but most of the land is resting during the dry season. A few cattle were grazing on the slopes and they looked sleek and fat. Goats, dogs and chickens were the other animals. A year or so ago a tiger and a panther were seen and the panther killed there. We ate dinner on a wooden table in one of the summer houses in which Dr. and Miss Woodhull had left dishes. About a dozen Chinese, men women and children stood at the door enjoying the scene. After dinner we viewed the country. There are about 6 houses in process of construction now and I should say about 15 already built. These with the houses of the natives make quite a settlement. The top of the mountain is something like a large plateau, only it is not very smooth, but full of little peaks. Several of the hill sides are in the form of amphitheaters all terraced for rice growing. On the various peaks are built the houses of the missionaries. They are built a little below the peaks on the North west slope, so as to use the peak for a typhoon break. When this plan is not followed, a high and strong wall of stone must be erected to break the force of the storm and keep it from tearing the house to pieces. The houses are constructed of stone, which is dug out of the mountain. The only instruments used in breaking them are hammers and fire. These stone are laid up in the rough with out mortar till the house is complete. Then the mortar is put in the cracks- first a coarse brown mortar, then a white mortar for painting. Windows and doors are numerous and ample. Verandas are wide and are of wood. The houses are of one story and a house with four good large rooms beside a kitchen and quarters for servants costs about \$275.00. These houses are private property of the missionaries. The ground can not be bought of the natives but is procured by what is called a "perpetual lease". A man rents a piece 150 ft. sq. for 20 years and pays \$60.00 down, or \$3.00 a year. When the 20 years expire he continues to pay the \$3.00 yearly and holds the land. So practically the land is bought and the man is in no danger of having to loose his house at the end of 20 years. The land lord generally wants from \$5.00 per year extra for watching the house- to see that thieves do not break in. This must be a delightful place to spend the summer in. But we expect to go down to the mouth of the Min and stay at Sharp Peak next Summer.

Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> - Merry Christmas- altho it will be gone long before this reaches you. We have a beautiful day here. The sun shines brightly and it is so warm that we have had no fire. The mercury stands at 70 degrees in our room. The first sound which greeted my waking ears this morning was a Xmas song by some of the girls from the boarding school. They were standing just under our sitting room window and were singing "Whang-i whang-i. Ia-su. Sang nik." To the tune of "Merry merry Xmas." It was refreshing to be waked on the first Xmas morning in China by Christian girls singing a Merry Xmas. The Christians here do enjoy the Xmas festivities. Sixty-seven girls are just passing my window at this moment on the way to the church where the exercises are to be held. There are three churches here in our mission- one about two miles north one within five minutes walk, and one a mile South. They arrange so that the festivities will not conflict. I have gone to and expect to work mostly in the Ha puo ga, I mile South. We had our celebration yesterday P.M. The church was packed full, and a more eager throw you never saw. I carried for Miss Chittenden two toys- a tin steam engine and a tin top to the pastor's little 12 year-old boy who is ill. I went in to show him how to manipulate them and the room filled with men, women, and children so as to shut out the light. I believe they were more interested in those tin toys than our grandparents were in the real locomotives when they first saw them. The church was very tastily dressed in festoons made from the green leaves of the Banyan tree, and wreaths or rather hoops would with bright colored paper, and flowers of different kinds. Cyrsanthemums, Roses, Geraniums, Camelions, Cala Lilies etc. are in bloom now. We had an organ and two fifes for instrumental music and about 225 human voices in all keys and each keeping it's own time, for accompaniment. The familiar tunes went very well. Those unfamiliar were a kind of musical hash. But they all answered the designed purpose and

the people enjoyed them. Pastor Ting spoke for nearly half an hour, while three of the brethren kept the floating audience from coming too far forward; and the children from upsetting one another. I could not help thinking of the stories I have heard about the tithing-man, I think it was, who used to sit in the rear of the church and reach the boys with a rod when they became too noisy. During such occasions many who are passing by are attracted and come in, - dressed or rather half dressed in dirty rags, with curiosity written on every line of the face. They come shuffling in and see the preacher in front and keep moving up the aisle and would gather close round the pulpit if they were not stopped, and kindly shown to a seat. After exercises by the Pastor, one of the classes of boys recited the account of Christ's birth in Luke 2, and then began the distribution of goodies etc. Each scholar had an orange and two kinds of cake and a picture card. It is amazing to see the mania these people have for a card with a bright colored picture of a person on it. When they receive them they are fairly wild with delight. I wish that a way might be devised to transport a part of the 1000's of adv's. that are thrown into waste baskets and the fire in our country, over here. The old gray haired men and women are no less fond of a card with a picture of a little girl unwinding a spool of O.N.T. [*Clark's brand thread= Our New Thread*] than are the little children. The comforting thought and fact about the festivities is that so many really enjoy Xmas for what it is and keep the day for love to the One whose birth it commemorates. It is also comforting to know that as a result of these gatherings many learn the story of Christ for the first time.

Last Sat. we took dinner with Pastor Ting- a genuine Chinese dinner. The table was about 8 ft. long and 4 ft. wide, - no cloth, seats were benches, six in. wide. 15 of us sat at this table. The first course was vermicelli- like what we put in soup- with little oysters boiled in it. Then there were spring cakes= dough rolled very thin and used as wrappers for a kind of vegetable hash. Then we had a preparation of meat pounded till it was a pulp and then mixed with a little flour, and fried. Then there were little balls of dough cooked with a little bit of fish inside, and chicken with rice, and a kind of jelly-candy, and oranges and pomelos and sweet bread, or we might call it cake cut into cubes 1 inch on a side, tea was served as we entered the house, again as we finished the feast, again as we departed. Ellen took some dinner before starting, but I thought I might as well become a Chinaman all at once, and so I depended on the feast to keep me alive till supper. It did very well. I walked several miles during the P.M. and did not feel faint from hunger. In truth I felt just the same as if I had eaten a dinner at home in Long Hill at mother's table, - minus the possibility of there being pumpkin pies on that table, in which case I should probably have felt uncomfortable unless Dwight or Fred Sumner had been ahead of me. I expected to have another real Chinese dinner to day but tripped up on it. They say that a person who eats the Chinese food can learn the language. If it will help any in the acquisition of the dialect I'll eat it right along. The Chinese food is not necessarily unwholesome or even uninviting. One of the older men, Mr. Hartwell, said to me Sunday, "It is unreasonable to suppose that the food of the greatest and oldest nation of the earth is unfit to eat." It is chiefly fruit and vegetable and has almost no seasoning. Of course to us whose stomachs are ruined with condiments and burning spices and who have been taught that flesh is necessary to sustain life, this fare is simply "rather tame". Mr. and Mrs. Woodin live very plainly- very little meat, rice twice a day for dinner and supper and vegetables and fruit in variety and abundance. I'm a pig in clover. It is much better than sole leather, if that is called beef-steak.

Yesterday Dwight and I went over to the city to see the military parade. Some of the soldiers are in the north so we saw only those who are at home for the service in Foochow. They told us that about 2000 men were marching. The men were so maneuvered as to make a big show. All the marching was on the parade ground and was in single file. It seemed as if there were most as many farmers as guns. The show was a big one for the number of men. The Generals arranged their men in different forms- straight line, hollow square, circle, etc and they fired simultaneously, and consecutively and at random. The amusing feature was to see men rush out ahead of the line and brandish long poles with flags on the end so as to scare back the cavalry and infantry. While their own line was reloading, some of the more advanced Chinese laughed at this.

The last mail which arrived a week ago last Sat. evening brought a letter from Flora and two papers from Putnam. I was glad that Flora's letter did not reach us in San Francisco because we had letters there, and one to read on the voyage- from Phebe- but if it had not been for the arrival of that one we should have been- without news from home till now. Another mail is expected any where we stand. When we get to housekeeping we are to have half of the house. We will send five of the pictures home, one for each of our homes one for grandfather and grandmother- and one for Flora and one for Emma. As soon as we are established in our home with our furniture we will have the interior taken and send some of the pictures home.

Wed. morning:- I attended a genuine Chinese feast at 4:30-6:00 yesterday. Then went to a Xmas dinner at 6:30 at Dr. Kinnear's. The latter you can picture for yourselves. The former was ordered of a regular caterer and served in style. Fourteen courses, beside about a dozen side dishes. I cannot name all the courses, but there were shark's fins, pigs stomach, fish cooked whole with head and tail on, chicken cooked with head and feet on; duck chopped up, kidney, fish balls, spitted pork, pulped pork, and to end off- pig's tail. Among the side dishes were

dates, olives, pears, watermelon seeds which were to be eaten between courses, so that one may not be idle a moment. Each course was served in one dish which was placed in the center of the table. No plates knives or forks- only chop sticks and a kind of porcelain spoon. We all pitched in to the one dish with our chop-sticks and the fellow who could get the most was the best fellow. The capacity of a Chinaman for eatables is beyond calculation, and he sits and swings his feet and smacks his lips like a boy eating maple sugar on a flour barrel in the corner grocery. Each dish is emptied before the next is placed on the table. The bones and refuse go under the table. Rice is not served in these feasts because it is too common a dish. O yes, there was a dish of eggs which were boiled seventeen months ago and which have been buried ever since. They were almost black and you would never take the material- I refrain from writing stuff- to be egg. I did not taste it. I wanted to save some room for turkey afterward.

By one of the last mails I sent a sheet to Mr. Kinney and asked him to give it to the Editor of the Putnam "Patriot" if he wished to print from it he could. Then I asked Mr. Kinney to send it to you at home. If it comes some of the papers to which you contribute may like to see it. War news is almost nil. The last telegram said- after contradicting the previous report- that the Japanese armies were marching west and converging on Min Chwang. One detachment started toward Mukden but that was only a bluff. They whirled westward before reaching Mukden to join the other army nearer the coast.

If you have any packages of merchandise to send us they must be sent to our address Foochow, China, in care of U.S. Consul General at Shanghai. They will then reach us safely as the U.S. Consul at Shanghai will be responsible for them and for duties and the like. This arrangement has not been in force long I understand.

Dec. 26<sup>th</sup>. We hope to hear from you tomorrow or next day. Trusting all to the kind and wise direction of our Heavenly Father. Yours with Much Love,

Will L. Beard.

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*[This letter, dated **December 31, 1894**, was written from Wung Puo, China by Willard to the folks. Willard is writing while Mr. Hubbard is working on a real estate deal with the Chinese. The native villagers are crowded around Willard, touching and watching him. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Wung Puo

Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> 1894.

Dear Folks:-

I am waiting here for a bargain to be consummated between Mr. Hubbard, assisted by a native Pastor, and one of the citizens of this village. The mission is going to rent a place here and start a day school and chapel services. There are no Christians here and no work has been done here. A young man who is to marry a Christian girl from our school is to start in here with his bride. She will teach in the day school and he will preach and do what Christian work he can.

I wish you could peep in here. We- they have drawn up the contract in the dining room of the house they are renting. It is a room about 9-10 feet, with a dirt floor, and a tile roof. I can count the tiles as I sit here. There are eleven people watching me as I write – just now. In two minutes there may [*be*] twice as many or only half as many. I am wearing one glove and that has attracted very much curiosity. One fellow tried to put it on his own hand after I had taken off mine for him and look at. I objected to that. The people remind me of a yard of cattle. I am the strange one just bought and turned in. They look at me from all sides- feel of my hair and my clothes and ask my age and a thousand questions I know nothing about. One old fellow has just asked me to smoke from his pipe. One would think from the number of people about that the villagers had nothing to do. The whole village- men, women and children swarm around and seem to have just as much to say as the next men who are doing business. Well, I hear a rustling in front of the table and look up to see the face of a little girl who has gone around into the kitchen and is peeping thro a hole in the wall at the foreigner. They have been over two hours arranging and call me to go.

Lovingly Will.

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The following excerpts are from an interview by the Evening Sentinel of Willard in 1942:

**The Evening Sentinel, City of Ansonia, February 12, 1942**

Rotarians Learn Much About China From Missionary

Dr. Willard Beard of Shelton Gave Highly Informative Talk at "China Day" Luncheon.



“Forty seven years ago,” he said, “I first walked down the main streets of Foochow, and it was 12 feet wide. Not a wheel turned in all Foochow, nor was there a pane of glass in the entire city.

Woman, 50 years ago, was a plaything and a slave. A Chinese told me of selling a lazy wife for \$90 and buying a new one for \$120 as casually as if he had bought a cow.”

From a Pearl River newspaper dated Wednesday, March 31, 1937  
Rotary Hears Talk on China  
Education Plays Big Part in Chinese Progress, Nyack Club is Told.

“One of the interesting things education has brought to the nation has been the change in the status of women. When I first went to China, it was considered a waste of time and money to educate a girl. ‘A girl is too stupid so why waste time educating her’ was the reaction. Today, however, girls receive the same advantage of education as do the boys. Some of China’s most progressive leaders are women.”

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Possibly Chinese colporteurs (sell religious material) or students.  
*[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*