

Father hired a private carriage and we drove about the city, Brooklyn and various places on Long Island Sound. We were in New York six weeks, and greatly admired the character of the people. While in New York we were present at the farewell of Fanny Kemble to the stage, and were fortunate to have good seats. The play was 'The Wife,' and the Opera House and all other places of amusement were closed, as every one wished to hear the talented actress for the last time. The house was full, and she acquitted herself worthy of her fame before the assembly of beauty and fashion. The excitement of feeling was of the most intense nature. Smiles, tears, wit, applause congregated there to give a dazzling effect to the whole. Many who had never entered a theatre before flocked to hear the great Kemble and his daughter as she took her farewell. At the end they came forward, and Mr. Kemble said, 'We bid you farewell,' amid the waving of handkerchiefs, fans, play bills, etc. After our return father sold his land and moved into Colborne. My sister went to school in Montreal, my brother to college. My father bought a horse for me, and I ever used the Revolutionary saddle."

Well might Mrs. Grover say:

"Those lives were noble in their missions, strong in their fortitude, sublime in their patience, and tenderly humane in unselfishness and neighborliness. Often my grandmother, after her own duties for the day were ended, would carry a pine torch and waive it to protect herself from wild animals while going through the woods to a neighbor whom sickness or death had visited. It may be these are better times, but the more we catch the spirit of those days the nearer we shall be to nature's God."