

First voice:

Good day, I'm Carrie Farquhar. I'm an old married woman now, but when I was young I enjoyed the attentions of several young men who were interested in me. To be honest, sometimes it seems a lifetime ago. But recently I happened upon my old diary from 1866, and all the fun I had as a girl in my early 20s came rushing back as if it were only yesterday.

I was born in Alexandria, Virginia, one of the youngest members of a large Quaker family. It was fun growing up in the city, but I also spent a lot of time in the country, especially Sandy Spring in Montgomery County. I went to boarding school there for a few years as a teenager, and many of my older brothers and sisters moved there after their marriages, so I often stayed with them for months at a time. Life in rural Sandy Spring was very different from my life in the city. Although my days were often spent helping my sisters with their children and households, there was always time for fun. I made a lot of new friends – and even met a few nice young men.

My friends and I did all kinds of fun things. There were day trips to Washington DC and Baltimore for shopping or sightseeing. We had get-togethers where we played croquet or held sing-alongs. And in winter months we might hold a card game or go to a lecture at the Lyceum (or theater). And of course, there were always people coming and going throughout the day – we thought it was quiet if there were only three callers for tea!

Often, those visitors were the young men from the neighborhood coming to visit me. Occasionally, I would go out alone for a walk or a carriage ride with one of my suitors... between you and me, these brief outings were quite exciting. It wasn't often a young woman like myself was allowed to be alone with a gentleman. Of course, these excursions only occurred under the pretext that the gentlemen were escorting me to a party or tea where we would meet other people. As a proper young woman I wanted to make sure I didn't favor any one boy in particular, so I always made sure that we ended up meeting a group of friends or family wherever we went.

I still like to tease my husband Roger about all his rivals in those days. After a few years of courting – and competition from other young men, including his own cousin Walter – Roger finally asked me to marry him. At first I said yes, but after thinking it over, I changed my mind. I was enjoying my single life, and my parents were worried that after growing up in the city of Alexandria, becoming a farmer's wife would be too big a change for me. I peeked at Roger's diary once some years after that and oh, how I did break his heart – he lamented for months! Happily, a year later Roger asked me again, and this time I said yes and meant it. Roger and I married on November 20th, 1867 and have had a very happy life together these past 30 years.

Second voice:

Both Caroline Miller and Roger Brooke Farquhar kept diaries throughout their life, and it is from these documents that we know about their courtship. Roger was one of Carrie's long-time suitors; when she finally accepted his proposal, he mentioned having waited for that moment for six years. Several other young men from Sandy Spring had hopes of Carrie as well. In her diary Carrie described her daily life, including her activities with her male friends and suitors. To read some of Carrie's and Roger's diary entries and to learn more about dating customs and daily life in the 19<sup>th</sup> century visit [www.montgomeryconnections.org](http://www.montgomeryconnections.org).