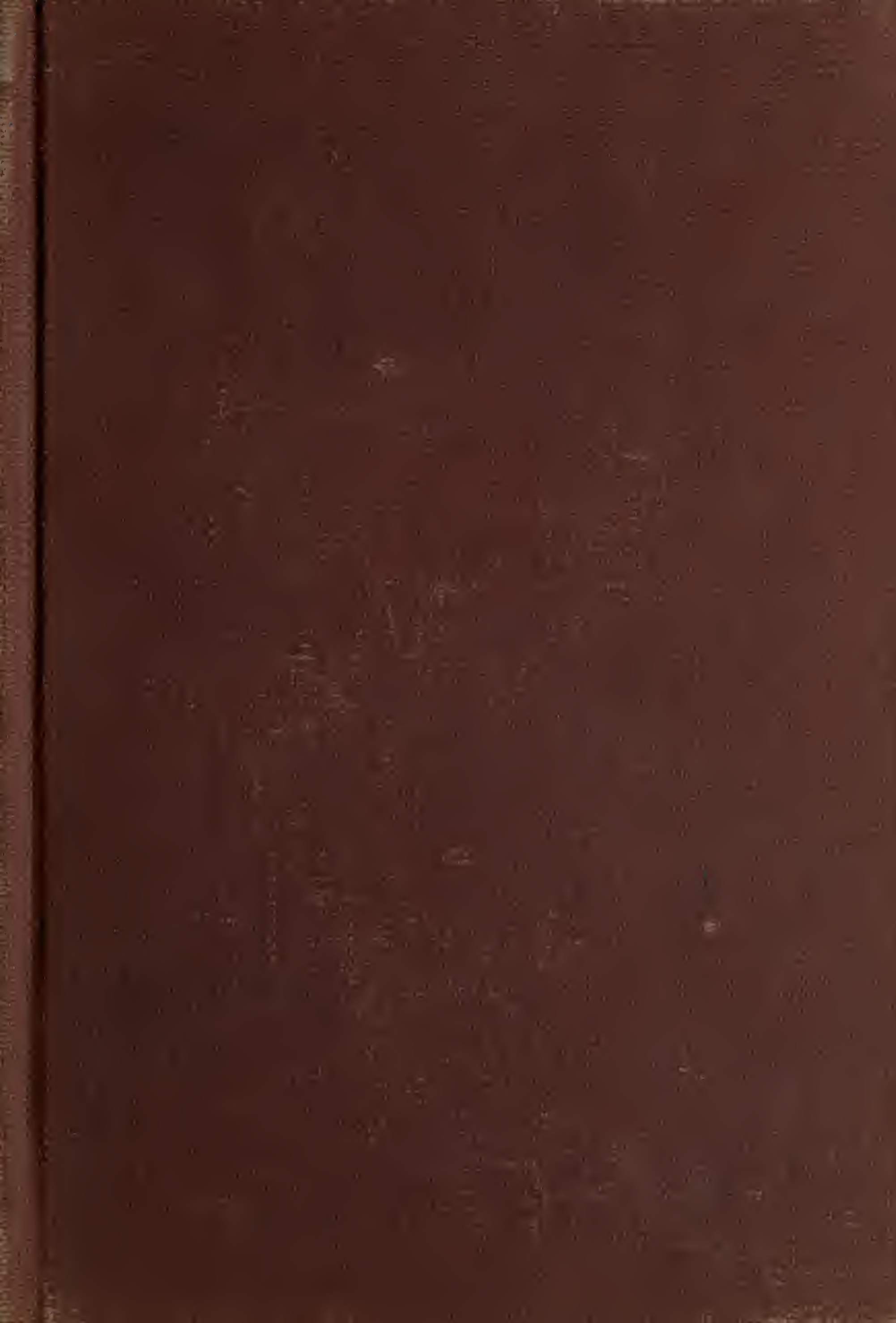

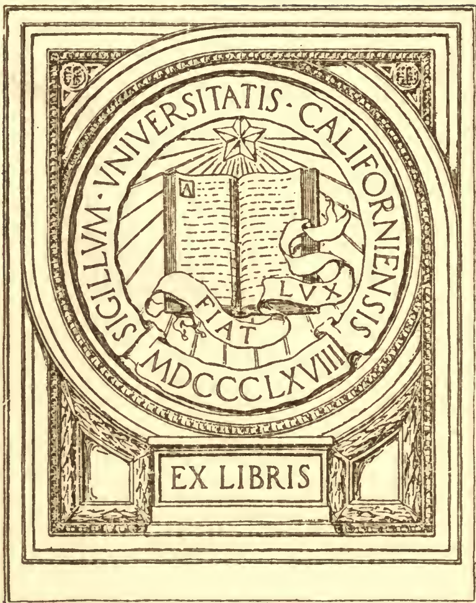
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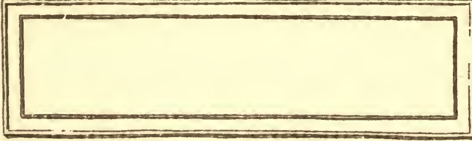

Colonial Homesteads And Their Stories

By

Marion Harland

Author of "Where Ghosts Walk," etc.

Two Volumes in One

With 167 Illustrations

G. P. Putnam's Sons
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BY
MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

To

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM WIRT HENRY

MY FAITHFUL AND HELPFUL FRIEND

THIS VOLUME

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

Publisher's Note

THESE charming stories of Colonial life were originally issued in two volumes, under the titles of *Some Colonial Homesteads* and *More Colonial Homesteads.*

The author combines the accuracy of an historian with the charm of a story-teller. She has studied patiently and lovingly the traditions and historical associations that cluster about the old family estates founded by notable Americans of the Colonial period. How rich and varied is this lore, none can comprehend who have not, like her, visited the storied homes in person and had access to the family archives in each. Every house has its romance. The loves, the feuds, the tempers, the sports, and the tragedies revealed by such research are interwoven with descriptions of the houses as we see them to-day, and faithful pen-pictures of the worthies who built and lived in them when the history of the country was in making.

PREFACE.

THE stories that make romantic the Colonial Homesteads described in this work, were collected during visits paid by myself to those historical shrines. The task was a labor of love throughout, and made yet more delightful by the generous kindness of those to whom I applied for assistance in gathering, classifying, and sifting materials for my book. Family records, rare old histories, manuscript letters, valuable pictures, and personal reminiscences, were placed at my disposal with gracious readiness that almost deluded me, the recipient, into the belief that mine was the choicer blessing of the giver. The pilgrimage to each storied home was fraught with pleasures which I may not share with the public.

I have conscientiously studied accuracy in the historical outlines that frame my sketches,

giving to Tradition, "the elder sister of History," only such credit as is rightfully hers.

Thanks are due to Harper & Brothers for permission to reprint from *Harper's Weekly* the chapter entitled "Jamestown and Williamsburg." That upon Varina was published in part and under another title in 1892 in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

MARION HARLAND.

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MORE COLONIAL HOMESTEADS

Some Colonial Homesteads and their Stories

I

BRANDON—LOWER AND UPPER

ENGLISH civilization, of which the first shoot was set in Virginia at Jamestown in 1607, followed the course of the James,—formerly the Powhatan River—to the head of navigation at Richmond with marvellous rapidity when one considers the age and the obstacles encountered by the settlers. So fondly did it cling to the banks of the goodly stream that grants of estates with this water-front, and including the fertile meadows and primeval forests rolling back for miles inland, were in eager request until there were none left in the gift of the Crown. The local attachments

of the colonists in this favored region, who called their lands after their own names, would seem to have been transmitted with homes and plantations. Generation has succeeded generation of what is known in the mother-country as "landed gentry," estates passing from father to son, or—failing male issue—to daughters and nieces, until the names and styles of the Randolphs of Tuckahoe and Presque Isle, the Byrds of Westover, the Harrisons of Berkeley and Brandon, the Carters of Shirley, came to have the significance of baronial titles, and were woven inextricably into the checquered romance we call The History of Virginia.

Lower Brandon—named in affectionate memory of Brandon, England—is situated on the left bank of the James as one sails up the river from Norfolk, and is distant about ninety miles from Richmond. The original grant was made to John Martin. "Martin's Brandon" is still the title of the old church in which are used chalice and paten presented by Major John Westhrope. The tomb of Elizabeth Westhrope, near by, bears the date of 1649. The font is lettered, "Martin's Brandon Parish, 1731."

3 LOWER BRANDON.

The Brandon plantation passed from John Martin's possession to the estate of Lady Frances Ingleby, and a deed from her conveyed it in turn to Nathaniel Harrison of Surrey Co., Virginia. His name appears in the Westover MSS. (to which we shall presently refer further) in conjunction with those of "His Excellency Alexr. Spotswood, Governor of Virga" and "Colo. William Robinson, a Member of the House of Burgs of Virga." The three were deputed to conduct negotiations with the Five Nations, September 1722. Colonel Harrison is therein styled, "a Member of His Majestie's Council of Virga."

The southeast and older wing of the manor-house was built by him about 1712; a few years later he erected the northwest wing. These, with the main dwelling, are of dark red brick, imported from England. Benjamin Harrison, his son and heir, was a room-mate of Thomas Jefferson at William and Mary College, Williamsburg. The intimacy was continued in later years, and after Mr. Jefferson's return from France he planned the square central building of his friend's residence. One suspects that the proprietor's taste may have modified his accomplished

associate's designs, when we compare the inconvenient incongruities of Monticello with the solid, sensible structure before us. The one eccentricity is the ornament on the peak of the roof—a white conical cap, set about with drooping pennate leaves. It may be a pine-apple or a pointed variety of Dutch cabbage.

HARRISON COAT-OF-ARMS.

The house was comparatively modern when Benedict Arnold entered the mouth of the James, striking right and left with the mad zeal of a newly fledged pervert. He landed at Brandon, destroyed crops, stock, poultry, and fences, allowed his men to use cows as targets, and was guilty of other fantastic atrocities, the traditions of which are preserved by those who had them from the lips of eyewitnesses. At a subsequent date of the Revolution a body of English troops under General Phillips bivouacked here *en route* for Petersburg, at which place he died. His remains lie in Blandford Cemetery.

Various modest freeholds purchased from small farmers in the neighborhood, were added by Nathaniel Harrison to the original Martin grant, until the plantation was one of the largest and most valuable on the James. Yellow jasmine, periwinkle, and the hardy bulbs known to our grandmothers as "butter-and-eggs," are still found in places where no house has stood for a century, brave leal mementoes of cottage and farmstead levelled to make way for the growth of the mighty estate.

Children were born, grew up, and died in the shadow of the spreading roofs; accomplished men of the race stood before counsellors and kings, served State and nation, and left the legacy of an unsullied name to those who came after them. Women, fair and virtuous, presided over a home the hospitality of which was noteworthy in a State renowned for good cheer and social graces. Presidents and their cabinets; eminent statesmen of this country; men and women of rank from abroad; neighbors, friends, and strangers found a royal welcome in the fine old Virginia house. The rich lands, tilled by laborers whose grandfathers had occupied the comfortable "quarters" for which Brandon was celebrated,

produced harvests that added yearly to the master's wealth. A neat hospital for the sick and infirm, the services of a regular physician, the ministry of a salaried chaplain and, most of all, the parental care of the owners, made of the family and farm-servants a contented and happy peasantry. It was a golden age of feudalism upon which the cyclone of another war swooped with deadlier effects than when Arnold directed the destructive forces.

In 1863, Mrs. Isabella Harrison, the widow of Mr. George Evelyn Harrison, late proprietor of Brandon, was warned by sagacious advisers that it would be prudent to remove her family, with such valuables as were portable, to Richmond. Reluctant to leave home and dependants, she delayed until danger of invasion was imminent before she took a house in town and filled it with furniture, pictures and other effects sent up the river from the plantation. There were left behind her brother, Dr. Ritchie,—a son of the famous "Nestor of the Virginia Press," Thomas Ritchie of *The Enquirer*,—two white managers, and 150 negroes, —field-hands and their families,—the house-servants having accompanied the ladies to Richmond.

At one o'clock, one January morning in 1864, Dr. Ritchie was awakened by a knocking at the door, and answering from a window was told that the visitors were Federal officers. Hastily arraying himself in an old pair of hunting-trousers, the first he could lay his hands upon, with dressing-gown and slippers, he admitted the unseasonable arrivals. They were respectful, but peremptory in their assertion that he must go with them immediately to the gunboat moored at the wharf. That he was a non-combatant, and simply acting here as the custodian of his widowed sister's property; that he was far from well and not in suitable garb to meet strangers, availed nothing to men acting under orders. He and the two managers were hurried down to the vessel, and from the deck saw the flames of burning "quarters," barns, hayricks, outhouses, 2500 barrels of corn and 30,000 lbs. of bacon, rolling up against the black heavens. The negroes were routed from their cabins, the women wailing, the men paralyzed with terror—all alike persuaded that the Day of Judgment had come—and forced on board the transports. In the raw cold of the winter morning they were taken down to Taylor's

Farm, near Norfolk. The younger men were enlisted in the army, the older men and women were set to work on the farm. Most of them returned to Brandon at the close of the war.

Dr. Ritchie and his companions were confined in a cell at Fort Monroe with several negroes, until the news of his arrest reached General Butler, who gave him pleasanter quarters and offered him many civilities.

"I ask only for a sheet of paper and an envelope, that I may write to my sister," was Dr. Ritchie's reply to these overtures.

A Baltimore paper printed next day a sensational account of the *Attack upon Brandon*, heading it *A Bloodless Victory*. It was the intention of the officer in charge of the expedition, the report further stated, to return and complete the work of demolition.

This article was read that morning by Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Harrison's sister, in Washington, whose husband, a distinguished physician, was Mr. Lincoln's medical adviser and friend. Newspaper in hand, Dr. Stone hastened to the President, and laid the case before him. The name and fame of Thomas Ritchie, the wheel-horse of the Old Democratic Party, were known to Mr. Lincoln, with whom

humanity always stood ready to temper justice.

"*That*, at least, they shall not do?" he said, on reading the threat of a return to Brandon, and instantly telegraphed orders to Fort Monroe to that effect.

Mrs. Harrison and her sister, Miss Ritchie, had been deterred by the unfavorable aspect of the weather from coming down the river on the very night of the attack, as they had planned to do, and thus escaped the worst terrors of the scene. Arriving two days later, they found that the troops had been withdrawn, pursuant to the President's command. They had made the most of their brief season of occupation. Not a habitable building was left standing except the manor-house, and that had been rifled of all the mistress left in it. The few pictures which were too bulky to be removed to town, had been cut from the frames and carried off. Some family portraits are still missing—the sadly significant note, *Taken by the enemy in 1864*, recording their loss in the catalogue of the Brandon Gallery. Every window pane was shattered. Those inscribed with the autographs of J. K. Paulding, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore and his

Cabinet secretaries, Edward Everett, etc., etc., were not spared. The wainscoting was ripped from the inner walls; the outer shutters were riddled and hacked and, in aiming at the quaint, nondescript ornament on the roof, the marksmen had battered bricks and cement into holes that remain until this day.

Comment is superfluous on this, the darkest page in the annals of a house that should be the pride of intelligent civilization.

"War is war," says our own brave Sherman, "and we cannot define it. War is cruel, and we cannot refine it." Upon those whose political rancor and greed brought on the fratricidal strife, let the odium rest of these and other calamities which a united people is anxious to forget.

With a sigh of grateful relief I turn to Brandon as I saw it on a mid-May day when the story of the invasion was thirty years old. Lawn and garden separated the mansion from the river. Trees, lopped and shivered by bullets and scorched by fire, were swathed with ivy; honeysuckles rioted in tropical luxuriance over bole and bough, and were pruned daily lest they should strangle rose-trees that were full of buds. The yellow jasmine, most

odorous of its tribe, leaped to the top of the tallest trees and cast abroad streamers laden with bloom; faint purple clusters of wistaria hung from wall and trellis and branch; a golden chain of cowslips bordered the walks; glowing patches of tulips nodded saucy heads in the river breeze that drank the dew from their cups. A great pecan-tree, the planting of which, almost a hundred years ago, was formally recorded in the Plantation Year-book, towered on one side of the lawn, and in its shadow bloomed a bed of royal purple iris, the roots of which were brought from Washington's birthplace.

Every square has its story; alley and plot, tree and shrub, are beaded with hallowed associations as the lush grasses were strung with dew-pearls on that sweet-scented May morning.

Standing on the river-bank facing the house, the double-leaved doors of which were open, front and back, we saw it framed in a vista of verdure, and looking through and beyond the central hall caught glimpses of sward that was a field of cloth-of-gold with buttercups; masses of spring foliage, tenderly green, mingled with wide white-tented dogwood, transplanted into a "pleasaunce," which is cleft by the same

vista running on unbroken for three miles until the lines, converging with distance, are lost in the forest. There are seven thousand acres in the estate as at present bounded, eighteen hundred of which are in admirable cultivation, under the skilful management of Major Mann Page, Mrs. Harrison's near relative, who has been a member of her household for thirty years. Except for the dents of bullets in the stanch walls, the exterior tells nothing of the fiery blast and rain that nearly wrought ruin to the whole edifice. Out-buildings and enclosures have been renewed, peace and promise of plenty rejoice on every side.

The house has a frontage of 210 feet, the wings being joined by covered corridors to the main building, projected by the architectural President. The corridors are a single story in height, the rest of the structure is two-storied. Broad porches, back and front, give entrance to the hall, which is large and lightsome, well furnished with bookshelves, tables and chairs, and hung with pictures, a favorite lounging-place, winter and summer, with inmates and guests. Like all the old mansions on the James, Brandon is double-fronted. The carriage-drive leads up to what

would be called the backdoor; the other main entrance faces the river. To the right, as we enter the hall from the "pleasaunce" and drive, is the dining-room. Buffets, filled with old family-plate, handsome and curious, stand on either side; the vases on the mantel were used at the Lafayette banquet at Richmond in 1824; on the wall are valuable portraits.

Conspicuous among these last is one of Daniel Parke, who in the campaign in Flanders, 1704, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. He is named in the Duke's despatch to Queen Anne announcing the victory of Blenheim, as "the bearer, Col. Parke, who will give her an account of what has passed." After receiving gracious audience from the Queen, he made so bold as to ask that her portrait might be given to him instead of the customary bonus of five hundred pounds. It was sent to him set in diamonds. He was appointed Governor-General of the Leeward Islands (W. I.) in 1706, and was received with marked favor by the inhabitants on his arrival at Antigua. His popularity was, however, short-lived. In 1710, a mob, excited to frenzy by irregularities in his administration, and his

cruel, arrogant temper, surrounded the Government House, and he was killed in the tumult. His daughter was the first wife of Colonel William Evelyn Byrd of Westover, and the ancestress of a long line of prominent Virginians, whose employment of the patronymic "Parke" as a Christian name, indicates their descent.

The painting, a fine one, gives us a three-quarter length likeness of a man in superb court costume, standing, hand on hip, by a table on which are heaped several rich medals and chains. He wears the Queen's miniature, surrounded with brilliants; the figure is soldierly, the face is haughty, and would be handsome but for a lurking, sinister devil in the dark eyes that partially exculpates the populace in his violent taking off.

The door of the drawing-room is opposite that of the dining-parlor, the hall lying between. Both apartments have the full depth of the house, and are peopled to the thoughtful guests with visions from a Past beside which our busy To-day seems tame and jejune enough.

General William Henry Harrison, President, for one little month, of these United States, spent his Sundays at Brandon while a school-

17 COLONEL DANIEL PARKE.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

boy in the neighborhood. Fillmore laughed with his Cabinet here over the memorial of his farmer-boyhood set up that day in the harvest-field, a wheat-sheaf bound dexterously by the hands of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and long preserved on the plantation.

Another incident connected with Mr. Fillmore's visit to Brandon pleasingly illustrates the oneness of interest that existed between employers and family servants. George, the Brandon cook, was a fine specimen of his class. A master of his craft, stately in manner and speech, he suffered no undue humility to cloud his consciousness of his abilities. A family festival in honor of a clan anniversary had filled the old house with guests for several days, and tested the abundant larder to what seemed to be its utmost possibilities. On the very day that saw the departure of the company, a communication was received by Mrs. Harrison informing her that the Presidential party might be expected on the morrow. She summoned George and imparted the startling news.

He met it like an ebony Gibraltar,

"Very well, madam, your orders shall be obeyed."

"But, George! can we be ready for them? There will be about thirty persons, including the President of the United States and his Cabinet."

Gibraltar relaxed measurably. The lady's apprehensions appealed to his chivalric heart. It was his duty to allay them.

"Very true, madam. But we must bear in mind that we are greatly blessed in our cook."

The dignity, conceit, and periphrastic modesty of the rejoinder put it upon the family records at once. It is hardly worth our while to add that he nobly sustained the sublime vaunt. Aladdin's banquet was not more deftly produced, and could not have given greater satisfaction to the partakers thereof.

The present chef at Brandon is a grandson of this Napoleon.

Hither, William Foushee Ritchie, his father's successor in the proprietorship and conduct of *The Enquirer*, brought the beautiful woman known to the public as Anna Cora Mowatt, who left the profession in which she had won laurels in two hemispheres, for the love of this honorable gentleman and a happy life in their Richmond cottage. Brandon was a loved resort with his wife. A portrait, which, although

21 "FROM TARNISHED FRAMES IMPASSIVE FACES LOOKED DOWN ON US."

a tolerable likeness, conveys to one who never saw her an inadequate idea of her pure, elevated loveliness, is here ; an exquisite statuette of Resignation, that once adorned her cottage parlor, is on the mantel.

She has passed out of sight, and her noble husband, and the gallant procession of such as the world delighted to honor that talked, and thought, and lived in this stately chamber. From tarnished frames impassive faces looked down on us as once on them, changing not for their mirth or for our sighing. The silver mirror is brought out and turned for us, that once flashed a sheet of light for this vanished company upon portrait after portrait.

Upon the sweet, pensive face of Elizabeth Claypole, registered in the catalogue as "Lady Betty Cromwell,"—only daughter of the Protector. Her sitting attitude is languidly graceful ; her head is supported by a slim hand, her arm on a table. Her gown is of a dim blue, with flowing sleeves, and modestly *decolleté.*

Upon Jeanie Deans's Duke of Argyle, whose mailed corslet, partially visible under his coat, hints of the troublous times in which he lived.

Upon the courtly form and regular features of the second Colonel Byrd of Westover, hang-

ing next to his daughter, "The Fair Evelyn," whose dramatic story has place in the chronicles of Westover.

Upon the owl-like eyes, long locks and benign expression of Benjamin Franklin, benignity so premeditate and measured that the irreverent beholder is reminded of the patriarchal Casby of Little Dorrit. The portrait was taken while he was envoy to France and presented by him to the then master of Brandon.

Upon Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, date of 1661, and Sir Robert Southwell of the same year, boon-companions of Colonel Byrd during his sojourn in England.

Upon Benjamin West's portrait of Colonel Alston of South Carolina.

Upon the dark intellectual face of Benjamin Harrison, who married Miss Evelyn Byrd of Westover, niece of the Fair Evelyn; and a half-score of other pictured notabilia, at the hearing of whose names we look suddenly and keenly at their presentments.

Mister Walthoe, Speaker of the House of Burgesses, was painted in his broad-brimmed hat.

"Set me among your dukes and earls with my hat on my head, to signify that I am a

true Republican who will uncover to none of them, and I will give you the finest diamond ring to be bought in America," he proposed to Colonel Byrd.

"Agreed!" said the witty landholder, "and I will hang it over the door to show that you are taking leave of them."

The stubborn, rubicund face, surmounted by the Republican chapeau, hangs yet above a door in the dining-room. The central diamond of the cluster that paid for the privilege of the protest, was worn until her death by Miss Harrison, only daughter of the venerated *châtelaine* who shines with chastened lustre, the very pearl of gracious womanhood, in the antique setting of Brandon.

The Westover MS. is a large folio bound in parchment, copied in a clear, clerkly hand from the notes of Colonel Byrd of Westover, the chiefest of the three who bore the name and title. The first part is entitled: *History of the Dividing Line, and Other Tracts. From the papers of William Byrd of Westover in Virginia, Esq.*

It is the report of an expedition of surveyors and gentlemen who ran the Dividing Line between Virginia and North Carolina in 1728–

29, and is full of delightful reading, not only because of the pictures it gives of men and times in the author's day, but in the racy humor of the narrative. The second part has the caption : *A Journey to the Land of Eden, and other Tracts, Anno* 1733. A third paper, *A Progress to the Mines, In the Year* 1732, is perhaps the most entertaining of all.

It begins, *Sept.* 18, 1732, after this wise :

" For the Pleasure of the good Company of Mrs. Byrd, and her little Governor my Son, I went about half-way to the Falls in the Chariot. There we halted, not far from a purling Stream, and upon the Stump of a propagate Oak, picket the Bones of a piece of Roast Beef. By the Spirit which that gave me, I was the better able to part with the dear Companions of my Travels, and to perform the rest of my Journey on Horseback by myself. I reached Shaccoa's before 2 o'clock and crost the River to the Mills. I had the Grief to find them both stand as still for the want of Water, as a dead Woman's Tongue for want of Breath."

These manuscripts were presented by the author's daughter-in-law to " *George Evelyn*

Harrison, the son of her daughter, Evelyn Byrd, who had married Mr. Benjamin Harrison of Brandon." They were in the hands of Mr. Thomas Wynne, a Richmond printer, at the time of the evacuation of that city. For some time after the fire which burned up the printing offices, Mrs. Harrison feared they had been destroyed. They were found in Mr. Wynne's safe, unharmed, when it was cool enough to be opened.

Upper Brandon, originally included in the Brandon tract, now adjoins that which is called in contradistinction, "Lower Brandon," the road thither winding through teeming fields and belts of forest-lands, and often along the river-edge. The house, a fine brick building, was erected about sixty years ago by William Byrd Harrison, and after his death was bought by Mr. George L. Byrd of New York city. It was cruelly damaged by Federal troops during the Civil War, and has never been restored to its former condition. Major Charles Shirley Harrison, who has the general management of the estate, occupies bachelors' quarters in the central building. The rest of the spacious mansion echoes mournfully to the

footsteps of the chance guest; the bits of antique furniture left here and there in the deserted rooms make the eyes of the would-be collector glisten with greed and regret. The situation is commanding; the grounds still retain traces of former beauty. A covered subterranean passage connects the kitchen in the right wing with the empty wine-cellar and the dining-room above. A secret staircase formerly wound from the vaulted passage to the upper chambers, but it was torn out by the soldiers, leaving a gaping well. The other wing was in the old times fitted up as bachelors' chambers. In the thought of the high-bred, bearded faces that once looked from the windows, the laughter and jest thrown back by the walls now broken, discolored, and dumb, the stillness and desolation of the closed rooms bring dreariness and heartache to the stranger-visitor; wring from the soul of the native-born Virginian a lament as bitter as the prophet's moan that the hurt of the daughter of his people was not healed.

Beyond the ruined gardens lie woods so picturesque in glade and greenery, that one blesses anew the beneficent ministration of Nature and the loving haste with which, in

29 UPPER BRANDON.

this climate, she repairs the waste made in these and other "pleasant places."

In the dining-room hang several good pictures,—one a portrait of Colonel Byrd, another, by Vandyke, of Pope's Martha Blount. She led the crook-backed poet a dance with her tempers and caprices, but she does not look the termagant, as she queens it in this dismantled room, a spaniel at her feet, a roll of music in her hand, a harpsichord in the background.

Less out of place here than the imperious beauty is a lacquered Chinese cabinet, black-and-gilt, that once belonged to Anne Boleyn. Syphers would barter a section of his immortal soul for it.

It was while we waited in the porch for our carriage, hearkening to the "sweet jargoning" of the bird-vespers, that the pretty anecdote was told of Mrs. William Harrison's rejoinder to an English guest who asked to see the aviary from which came the warbling that poured into his windows from dawn to sunrise. Leading him to the backdoor, she opened it, and pointed to the grove beyond.

"It is there!" she answered, merrily.

Parting at the gate with the courtly cavalier who had guided us through the lovely bit of

woodland outlying the grounds, we drove in the sunset calm, back to Lower Brandon, arriving just in season to dress for dinner.

Of the tranquil beauty of the domestic life within the ancient walls, I may not speak here. But the story of house and estate belongs to a country that should cherish jealously the record of the few families and residences which have withstood the wash of Time and Change, agencies that relegate the fair fashion of growing old gracefully to a place among the lost arts.

II

WESTOVER

THE Plantation of Westover finds place in the annals of Colonial History as early as 1622. The original grant was made to Sir John Paulet. Theodorick Bland was the next owner. An Englishman by birth, he was a Spanish merchant before he emigrated to Virginia in 1654. He was one of the King's Council in Virginia, established himself at Westover, gave ten acres of land, a court-house and a prison to Charles City County, and built a church for the parish which occupied a portion of the graveyard on his plantation. He was buried in the chancel. A sunken horizontal slab, bearing his name, marks the site of the sacred edifice.

The estate came into prominence under the régime of the Byrds. Hening, in his *Statutes*

at Large, spells the name, Bird. Family tradition claims descent for them from a Le Brid, who entered England in the train of William the Conqueror, and it transmits an ancient ballad, beginning,

BYRD COAT-OF-ARMS.

> "My father from the Norman
> shore,
> With Royal William came."

The first American Byrd—William—was born in London in 1653, and settled in Virginia as merchant and planter in 1674. He bought Westover from the Blands, and died there in 1704. He held the office of Receiver-General of the Royal Revenues at the time of his death. His son, William Evelyn Byrd, succeeded to the proprietorship when thirty years of age, having been born March 28, 1674. Two years later he married a daughter of Daniel Parke (see *Lower Brandon*). She died in England of smallpox in 1716, leaving two daughters, Evelyn, who never married, and Wilhelmina, who became the wife of Mr. William Chamberlayne, of Virginia.

35 WESTOVER.

Colonel Byrd's second wife was Maria Taylor, an English heiress, and with her he returned to his native land after a sojourn of some years abroad. His father had built a house at Westover in 1690. The son proceeded now to build a greater, choosing the finest natural location on James River. The dwelling of English brick consisted of one large central house, connected by corridors with smaller wings, and was underrun by cellars that are models of solidity and spaciousness. The sloping lawn was defended against the wash of the current by a river-wall of massive masonry. At regular intervals buttresses, capped with stone, supported statues of life size. Gardens, fences, out-houses, and conservatories were evidences of the owner's taste and means. His estate is said to have been "a Principality," and was augmented by his second wife's large fortune, which included valuable landed property in the neighborhood of London. Within his palatial abode were collected the treasures brought from England and the Continent. Among the pictures were the portraits now preserved at Lower and at Upper Brandon. They were removed to these houses when Westover passed out of the Byrd family.

A partial list, (taken from a Westover MS.) is herewith given :

"Portrait of Sir Wilfred Lawson, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. One of a progenitor of the Byrd family by Vandyke. Duke of Argyle (Jeanie Deans's friend). Lord Orrery and Sir Charles Wager, an English Admiral ; Miss Blount, celebrated by Pope. Mary, Duchess of Montague, daughter of the Earl of Marlboro' and wife of John, fourth Duke of Montague. Governor Daniel Parke. Mrs. Lucy Parke Byrd and her daughter Evelyn. Col. Byrd and his second wife, Miss Taylor. The daughters of the second Col. Byrd."

William Evelyn, second of the "Byrd of Westover" name and title, was the most eminent of the line.

One historian says of him :

"A vast fortune enabled him to live in a style of hospitable splendor before unknown in Virginia. His extensive learning was improved by a keen observation, and refined by an acquaintance and correspondence with the wits and noblemen of his day in England. His writings are amongst the most valuable that have descended from his era."

Another :

"He was one of the brightest stars in the social skies of Colonial Virginia. All desirable traits seemed to combine in him ; personal beauty, elegant manners, literary culture and the greatest gayety of disposition. Never

39 COLONEL WILLIAM EVELYN BYRD OF WESTOVER.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

was there a livelier companion, and his wit and humor seemed to flow in an unfailing stream. It is a species of jovial grand seigneur and easy master of all the graces we see in the person of this author-planter on the banks of James River."

Of the Westover MSS. described in our "Brandon" paper, the same writer says:

"We may fancy the worthy planter in ruffles and powder, leaning back in his arm-chair at Westover, and dictating, with a smile on his lips, the gay pages to his secretary. The smile may be seen to-day on the face of his portrait: a face of remarkable personal beauty, framed in the curls of a flowing peruke of the time of Queen Anne. . .

"His path through life was a path of roses. He had wealth, culture, the best private library in America, social consideration, and hosts of friends, and when he went to sleep under his monument in the garden at Westover, he left behind him not only the reputation of a good citizen, but that of the great Virginia wit and author of the century."

The testimony of the monument is prolix and exhaustive, forestalling, one might suppose, the necessity of any other post-mortem memorial.

"Here lieth the honorable William Byrd, Esq. Being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country, he was sent early to England for his education, where, under the care of Sir Robert Southwell, and ever favored with his

particular instructions, he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning. By the means of the same noble friend, he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the first persons of that age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or high station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple : studied for some time in the Low Countries ; visited the Court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver-general of his majesty's revenues here ; was thrice appointed public agent to the court and ministry of England ; and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president of the council of this colony. To all this were added a great elegance of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid economist, and prudent father of a family ; withal, the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend to the liberties of his country. Nat. Mar. 28, 1674. Mort. Aug. 26, 1744. An ætat. 70."

A catalogue of his books is in the Franklin Library, Philadelphia.

He also advertised in *The Virginia Gazette* of April 1737,

"that on the North Side of James River, near the uppermost Landing and a little below the Falls, is lately laid off by Major Mayo, a town called Richmond, with Streets sixty feet wide, in a Pleasant and Healthy Situa-

tion and well supplied with Springs of Good Water It lieth near the Public Warehouse at Shoccoe's," etc.

In his journal of 1733, he says:

"We laid the Foundation of Two large Cities, one at Shoccoe's to be called Richmond, and the Other at the Point of Appomattox, to be called Petersburg."

Truly the good this man did was not "interréd with his bones."

And yet—and yet—!

The portrait of his daughter, known in family tradition as "The Fair Evelyn" (pronounced as if spelt "*Ee*velyn"), hangs next to that of her superb parent. The painter represents Evelyn Byrd as a beautiful young woman, with exquisite complexion and hands, the latter busied in binding wild flowers about a shepherdess-hat. The fashion of her satin gown is simple, and becoming to a slender figure; a rose is set among the dark curls on the left temple; a scarlet bird is perched in the shrubbery at her right. The features are regular; the forehead broad, the hair arching prettily above it; the nose is straight; the lips are rosy, ripe, and lightly closed. The round of cheek and chin is exquisite. The great brown eyes are sweet

and serious. It is a lovely face—gentle, amiable and winning, but not strong—except in capacity for suffering.

Her father took his children abroad to be educated, accompanying them on the voyage and paying them several visits during their pupilage. In due time, Evelyn was presented at Court. One of the Brandon relics is the fan used by her on that momentous occasion. The sticks are of carved ivory, creamy with age. On kid, once white, now yellow, is painted a pastoral scene—shepherdess and swain, pet spaniel, white sheep, green bank, and nodding cowslips under a rose-pink sky. They delighted in these violent contrasts with the gilded artificiality of court-life in Queen Anne's day. We hold the fragile toy with reverent fingers; can almost discern faint, lingering thrills along the delicately wrought ivory of the joyous tumult of pulses beating high with love and ambition.

One of the many traditions that lead the imagination on easily to the reconstruction of the romantic biography of William the Great of Westover, is that, when he presented his wife, Lucy Parke, at the court of his Hanoverian Majesty George I., her charms so far

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"THE FAIR EVELYN."

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

melted the Dutch phlegm of the monarch that he asked the proud husband if "there were many other as beautiful *birds* in the forests of America?"

Another version of the anecdote puts the speech into the mouth of George II., and makes the occasion that of the Fair Evelyn's presentation. All family annalists agree in saying that the daughter's London sojourn in the year starred by her appearance at Court, was also made memorable by her meeting with Charles Mordaunt, the grandson of Lord Peterborough. The young man fell in love with her, and was loved in return as absolutely and passionately as if the fan-pastoral were a sketch from nature, and the pair Chloe and Strephon.

Lord Peterborough, the grandfather, was a shining figure in the diplomatic, military, and social world of his day, which was a long one. He outlived his son and was succeeded in his title and estates by his grandson in 1735. Those of William Evelyn Byrd's biographers who have discredited the love story on the ground of the disparity of age between the friend of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay, and the lovely American *débutante*, have been led

into the doubt by overlooking the genealogical facts I have given.

The hapless pair might have known better if lovers ever know anything better, than to follow blindly whither love leads. Whatever the cynical Earl of Peterborough thought of the pretty entanglement, the potentate of Westover had reasons weighty, if not many, for taking part in the drama. The Peterboroughs were leading Roman Catholics. The "jovial grand seigneur and easy master of all the graces" was the stanchest of Protestant Churchmen. The polished courtier, smiling at us from the drawing-room wall of Brandon wore quite another aspect when he enacted Cymbeline to the plighted twain, and,

> "Like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
> Shook all their buds from blowing."

The Fair Evelyn was brought back to Westover, with her secret buried so deep in her heart that it ate it out. Ennui may have had something to do with the low, nervous state into which she fell. Unconsciously, she may have pined for London gayeties in the uneventful routine of colonial plantation-life. The story asserts that the brown, deep eyes

grew wistful with thoughts of the lover they were never more to see; her soul sick unto death with longing to be with him.

"Refusing all offers from other gentlemen, she died of a broken heart," is the simple record.

We learn, furthermore, that the author-planter bore himself remorselessly while the cruel decline went on. If he did not—to quote again from the play that must be among his catalogued books—bid her,

> "Languish
> A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
> Die of this folly," . . .

he stuck fast by his purpose not to let her wed the Popish nobleman. He gave no other reason for his tyranny than this to the public, whatever his daughter and the young peer who, some say, followed her to America, may have known of other and yet weightier objections to the alliance. There are rumors that can neither be verified, nor denied, at this distance from the tragedy in real life, of early feuds between the Mordaunts and the haughty First Gentleman of Virginia, whose stout adherence to principle or prejudice cost his favorite child her life.

In this connection occurs another family anecdote. It was the habit of the Berkeley Harrisons and the Westover Byrds often to take tea together in the summer weather in a grove on the dividing-line of the two plantations. Butlers and footmen carried table equipage and provisions to the trysting-place, set them in order, and waited on the party. One afternoon, some weeks before Evelyn's death, as she and her dearest friend and confidante, sweet Anne Harrison, the wife of the then owner of Berkeley, were slowly climbing the slight ascent to the rendezvous, the girl promised to meet her companion sometimes on the way, when she had passed out of others' sight. Accordingly on a certain lovely evening in the next spring, as Mrs. Harrison walked lonely and sadly down the hill, she saw her lost friend, dressed in white and dazzling in ethereal loveliness, standing beside her own tombstone. She fluttered forward a few steps, kissed her hand to the beholder, smiling joyously and tenderly, and vanished.

The inscription on this same tombstone is assuredly not the composition of the author of the Westover MSS. I give it, *verbatim et literatim, et punctuatim :*

"Here, in the sleep of Peace,
Reposes the Body :
of Mrs. Evelyn Byrd :
Daughter,
of the Honorable Byrd, Esq:
The various & excellent
Endowments
of Nature : Improved and
perfected,
By an accomplished Education :
Formed her,
For the Happyness of her
Friends
For an ornament of her
Country.
Alas, Reader !
We can detain nothing
however Valued
From unrelenting Death :
Beauty, Fortune or exalted
Honour.
See here a Proof.
And be reminded by this
awful Tomb :
That every worldly Comfort
fleets away :
Excepting only what arises,
From imitating the Virtues
of our Friends ;
And the contemplation of
their Happyness.
To which
God was pleased to call this
Lady
On the 13th Day of November 1737—
In the 29th Year of Her
Age."

COLONEL BYRD'S TOMB IN THE GARDEN AT WESTOVER.

On the right of Evelyn Byrd's tomb is one of like size and shape which guards the remains of her grandmother. An oddly arranged inscription, running sometimes quite around the flat top, sometimes across it, records that she was "*Mary Byrd, Late Wife of William Byrd, Esq.*" (They never left the "Esq." off, however cramped for room.) "*Daughter of Wareham Horsemander, Esq., who dyed the 9th Day of November 1699 In the 47th Year of her Age.*"

Her husband lies beside her, a Latin epitaph registering the provincial offices held from the Crown, and his demise—"*4th Die Decembris 1704 post quam vicisset 52 Annos.*"

His more distinguished son was buried under the more ambitious monument in the middle of the garden.

The Westover Church was removed from the burying-ground to a portion of the estate called Evelynton, about two miles away as the crow flies. There is an ugly story of an incumbent, Rev. John Dunbar, who married a daughter of the third Col. Byrd. He "openly renounced the ministry, and with it the Christian faith, and became a notorious gambler." On the occasion of some misunderstanding be-

tween Benjamin Harrison of Brandon and Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley, the whilome rector offered to bear a challenge from the latter, and himself fought a duel resulting from a race-course quarrel, in sight of Old Westover Church where he had formerly officiated.

The third and last Col. William Byrd was born in 1728, succeeded to title and estate at his father's death in 1744, and served as Colonel in the French and Indian War. On August 3, 1758, the Virginia troops at Fort Cumberland were two thousand in number, under the command of Col. George Washington and Col. William Byrd of Westover, and the regiment of Col. Byrd was 859 strong.

His first wife was Elizabeth Hill Carter, of whom we shall hear more in the paper on Shirley. His second was Miss Mary Willing, of Philadelphia, who bore him eight children. Three of them married into the Harrison family; one married a Page of Pagebrook; one a Nelson; a sixth a Meade,—all noted Virginia names.

William the Third of Westover, Virginia, Esq., "involved himself in debt while under age and abroad. He kept company with the nobility and gamed."

He laments in his will that "the estate is still greatly encumbered with debts which embitter every moment of my life." But several incidents that have come down to us give us pleasing views of his character. One is his bravery in rescuing his wife's brothers from the third-story chamber during a fire that partially destroyed Westover in 1749. No one else dared rush up the blazing staircase. Had the young men perished then and there, the daily embitterment of debt would have been removed, their sister being their next of kin.

Another anecdote describes Colonel Byrd's habit of taking a walk in the Westover grounds every evening "about dark," without his hat. "Whatever company might be in the house did not prevent his doing so. His family knew this to be the time he passed in devotion."

He died in January, 1777. His wife's grief was excessive. She obstinately refused to have him buried for several days, finally yielding to the necessity at the persuasion of her neighbor, Colonel Harrison of Berkeley. She was a woman of remarkable ability, highly cultivated mind, and excellent business talents. Benjamin Franklin was her god-father and

friend. She sold her husband's library and silver to assist in the payment of his debts, and was her own plantation manager.

When Benedict Arnold landed at Westover, he is said to have made her a prisoner in an upper chamber ; grazed his horses in her harvest-fields and shot her cattle. He ravaged the place twice, Lord Cornwallis once. Nevertheless, suspicions of her loyalty were so strong that she was twice summoned to Richmond to be tried as a Tory.

Arthur Lee writes in 1780, that Arnold carried on a regular correspondence with Mrs. Byrd, until one of his vessels happening to run aground, her treason was discovered.

"I have reason," he adds, "to think she will not be tried at all, means having been taken to keep the witnesses out of the way."

She died in 1814, and Westover was sold, passing through many hands in the next half-century, remaining longest in the Selden family, who occupied it for thirty years. During the Civil War it suffered severely in common with most James River plantations. General Pope and other Federal officers used it in turn as headquarters and as a store-house for the Commissary department. At the conclusion

of the war it was bought by Major A. H. Drewry, the hero of Drewry's Bluff. He married Miss Harrison, a member of a collateral branch of the ancient race. There is genuine satisfaction in knowing that it is again "back in the family." The Major, an able financier and intelligent agriculturist, has restored mansion and farming-lands to a condition so nearly approximating that of the "genial seigneur's" times as to deserve the gratitude of all who survey the noble building and smiling acres.

Leaving the burying-ground at our back, we pass by cottage "quarters" and the extensive stables, where the score of mules are a marvel in themselves for size, strength and comeliness, through the west gate, erected by *the* Colonel Byrd, into a broad sweep of clean gravel curving up to the house. The lawn is incomparable for beauty among the river homesteads, rolling gently down to the wall rebuilt by Major Drewry on the foundation of Colonel Byrd's, which was demolished to furnish material for Federal barrack-chimneys. The sward is smooth and luxuriant, dotted with grand trees, standing singly and in clumps. The tulip-poplar on the left of the front-door is a monarch, carrying his crown

aloft with the pride of a lusty octogenarian who has outlived his generation.

The view from the squared stone steps, stained with time, was especially beautiful one showery day in April, when up-river floods had dyed the waters a dull-red. The warm color deluded the eye with the effect of a sunset reflection that seemed to light up the rain-swept lawn and the gray boundary-lines blurred by mists. And all the while, the birds were singing! Red-winged blackbirds, wrens, cat-birds, mocking-birds, robins, American sparrows, red-birds,—these last dropping like sudden flame from the wet trees,—thrushes,—every little throat and heart swelling with the gospel, "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining!"

Truly, bright days have come to Westover. Every arable foot of the large estate is under cultivation, and a marsh of 300 acres over which duck-hunters and fishermen used to sail, has been reclaimed by steam-dredge and pump.

A great hall cuts the house in two; the twisted balustrades of the stairs at the back are of solid mahogany; all the lofty rooms are wainscoted up to the ceiling. Over the drawing-room mantel Colonel Byrd had a mirror

built into the wall, and framed in white Italian marble wrought into grapes, leaves, and tendrils. The cost was five hundred pounds. The troops in occupation during the war shivered the mirror and beat the sides of the frame to pieces, leaving the plainer setting at bottom and top comparatively unharmed.

Through the open back-door (which is the carriage-front) is visible a curious iron gate, surmounted by the monogram, "W. E. B." The soldiers levelled it also, with the two leaden eagles perched on stone globes, "with a rakish, *degagée* air positively disgraceful at their age!" declares the sweet-faced, sunny-hearted mistress of the home. The visitors dislodged the stone balls and pineapples that alternate upon the posts of the fence dividing the yard from the level richness of the fields. Major Drewry sought and gathered up each fragment and restored all to their original places, expending at least $20,000 in the work of reparation of buildings and enclosures.

The left corridor and wing pulled down by the soldiers, have not been rebuilt. A tool-house stands above a dry well once covered by this wing. The cemented sides slope inward toward the bottom. At a depth of fifteen feet

are two lateral chambers eight feet square. The walls are of smooth cement, the floors paved with brick. In one of these formerly stood a

"A CURIOUS IRON GATE."

round stone table with a central shaft and spreading feet. Again, tradition comes to our

aid with tales of a hiding-place from the Indians, connected with a subterranean passage, long ago closed, that led to the river. Leaning over the mouth of the shaft, while two gallant young men descended a ladder with lamps which revealed the arched entrances of the mysterious recesses, we three practical women scouted Major Drewry's suggestions of meat and wine cellars, and when we had drawn from him the account of a tunnel, the mouth of which was unearthed by his laborers but a few weeks before, we remained in possession of the field. Nothing was clearer to our apprehension than that this tunnel—opening upon the river—five feet in height and as many wide, and paved with flagstones, formerly connected directly with our vaults, and was constructed in the near memory of the Indian Massacre of 1622, when in the list of the "killed" we read "*At Westover about a mile from Berkeley Hundred, 33.*" Had not Cooper described in his *Wept-of-Wish-ton-Wish*, just such a well, in which a whole colony took refuge while the blockhouse was burned over their heads?

Berkeley, the "Berkeley Hundred" of the chronicle, is still in excellent preservation, the English brick of which it was built promising to

last two centuries longer. The owner of the plantation at the date of the Massacre was Mr. George Thorpe, one of the principal men of the colony who had befriended Opechancanough—the uncle of Pocahontas—in every possible manner, and treated all the Indians

BERKELEY.

with marked kindness. "He had been warned of his danger by a servant, but, making no effort to escape, fell a victim to his misplaced confidence."

The place passed out of the Harrison family, a quarter-century ago, after eight generations of the name and blood had owned it and lived there. Gen. W. H. Harrison was born at Berkeley, and came to Virginia, after his election to the Presidency, expressly to write his inaugural "in his mother's room."

III

SHIRLEY

THE old homesteads of James River are linked together by ties of consanguinity and affection, interesting and sometimes amusing to the outside spectator, yet exceedingly pretty in the natural acceptation of relationships on the part of those involved in them.

The ramifications of blood and family connections exist elsewhere of course, but it is seldom that a locality—such as a village or township—in Northern and Western States, is settled entirely by cousins from generation to generation. Still rarer is the custom of recognizing the kinship to the fifth and sixth remove, which makes the Old Virginia neighborhood a standing illustration of the text—"He hath made of one blood all nations" (read "conditions") "of men."

The utterance of the names of a generation is like the whispering together of many branches of a genealogical tree. Nelson Page and Page Nelson; Carter Page and Page Carter; Mann Page; William Byrd Page; Carter Harrison and Harrison Carter; Shirley Harrison; Byrd Harrison; Shirley Carter; Carter Berkeley; Carter Braxton—and a hundred other interchanges and unions of surnames and baptismal prænomens tell the tale of intermarriage, and of affection for the line "in linked *appellation* long drawn out." One versed in State history, on hearing one of these compounded titles, can arrive, forthwith, at a fair apprehension of who were the owner's forbears, and in what county he was born.

Hill Carter of Shirley, than whom no Virginia planter of this century was better and more favorably known, thus proclaimed his lineage and birthplace with unmistakable distinctness.

In 1611, Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of the Colony of Virginia and chiefly renowned for the part he took in forwarding the marriage of Rolfe and Pocahontas, laid out and gave title to the plantation of West Shirley, named, it is said, in honor of Sir Thomas Shirley, of Whis-

ton, England. It is set down in the history of the Indian Massacre of 1622 as one of the "five or six well-fortified places" into which the survivors gathered for defence, leaving homes, cattle, and furniture to destruction. There is no record of "killed" at this place.

The estate comes into historical prominence as the seat of the Honorable—sometimes called "Sir"—Edward Hill, "a member of His Majesty's Council in Virginia, Colonel and Commander-in-Chief of the Counties of Charles City and Surry, Judge of his Majesty's High Court of Admiralty, and Treasurer of Virginia." He was Speaker of the Assembly of Burgesses convened in November, 1654, at which time "William Hatcher, being convicted of having stigmatized Colonel Edward Hill, Speaker of the House, as an atheist and blasphemer, was compelled to make acknowledgment of his offense upon his knees before Colonel Hill and the Assembly."

The scene in the Assembly-Room when the sentence was carried into execution was, says tradition, exceedingly impressive. The stifled choler and sullen submission of the offender; the dignity maintained by the most Christian Speaker, whose innocence of the "stigma-

tizing" charges was thus publicly disproved; the awed solemnity of the honorable Burgesses in Council assembled—were a sight to make the Albany of two hundred years later stare in dumb amaze, and the Houses of Congress assembled at Washington shake with "inextinguishable laughter."

CARTER COAT-OF-ARMS.

In 1698-99, the name of Robert Carter is given as Speaker of the House and Treasurer of Virginia. His father, John Carter, emigrated from England in 1649 and settled, first in upper Norfolk, now Nansemond County, afterward in Lancaster. We hear of him in 1658 as chairman of a committee in the House of Burgesses that drew up a declaration of popular sovereignty. At the next session, Col. Edward Hill was elected Speaker. "Col. Moore Fauntleroy, of Rappahannock County, not being present at the election, moved against him as if clandestinely elected, and taxed the House with unwarrantable proceedings therein. He was suspended until next day, when, acknowledging his error, he was readmitted."

67 "KING CARTER."

In the list of members of this Assembly, we note "Colonel John Carter," also "Mr. Warham Horsemander," the father of the first Colonel Byrd's wife. It is probable that an intimacy between the two leading spirits, Carter and Hill, had already begun which extended to their families.

Robert Carter became one of the largest landholders in Virginia, holding so much real estate in Lancaster County and elsewhere as to be popularly known as "King Carter." He held semi-regal sway at his homestead, Corotoman, on the Rappahannock, built a church, which is still standing, and brought up to man's and woman's estate one dozen children to keep alive his name in his native state. His tomb, sadly mutilated by the relic-fiend, is at Corotoman.

His son, John, married Col. Edward Hill's daughter, Elizabeth, and became, by virtue of her succession to her father's estate, master of Shirley.

Benjamin Harrison, of Berkeley, married one of King Carter's daughters. Mr. Harrison and two of his daughters were killed by a flash of lightning at Berkeley some years later. Another daughter married Mann Page of Tim-

berneck. Without following farther bough and twig of the genealogical tree aforesaid, enough has been told to account for the plentiful harvest of Carters in Eastern and Central Virginia. Annie Carter Lee, wife of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and mother of Robert E. Lee, was a descendant of King Carter, and was born at Shirley.

The shores of the watery highway from Norfolk to Richmond are strikingly beautiful, especially in autumn and early spring. At the latter season, the winter wheat in rich luxuriance rolls back to the hills outlying the lowlands; orchards are in full bloom; snowy dogwood and rosy red-bud and the lovely fringe-tree, seldom seen except in Virginia, alternate with the pale-green of birch and willow. Wide spaces of the steeper banks are whitened by wild lilies and reddened by columbine. Every bend of the stream is historic. Bermuda Hundred, City Point, Turkey Island, Malvern Hills, Powhatan,—one of the royal residences of the stout-hearted Indian king, — a fascinating mélange of legendary lore and exciting incidents of what every patriot prays may stand forever on the page of national history at "the last war,"—keeps sense and thought on the

JUDITH ARMISTEAD
(WIFE OF KING CARTER).

alert, and reconciles the passenger to the many "landings" and slow progress of the steamer up the river. The situation of Shirley on a bluff affords the eye an extensive sweep of land and water in every direction. We cannot but commend the judgment of Captain John Smith and his contemporaries in selecting this as one of the first forts built by the Virginia colonists. As we have seen, it was one of the strongest.

The present manor-house was erected in the 17th century—it is said about 1650. It is more compact in structure than Upper and Lower Brandon, Westover, and Berkeley. The corridor extensions and flanking wings of the first three seem to have met with no favor in the eyes of builder and owner. In form and proportions the mansion reminds us rather of a French chateau than of an English country-seat such as was the model of most colonial proprietors. It suffered less from the civil war than the others, and has been kept in perfect order, such restorations as were needful being made in keeping with the original design.

The pillared porch of the water front looks out upon an elbow of the river. The lawn is enclosed by a superb box-tree hedge; trees of

flowering box attract the earliest bees of the season by the sweet pungency of their odor; the garden squares, laid out and stocked in the dear old English style, are edged with the

SHIRLEY.

same evergreen. An ivied tree here, a wide-branching poplar there, and, nearer the water, a clump of forest oaks, allow very unsatisfactory glimpses of the grand old homestead from steamboats and other river craft.

The death of the late master of Shirley, Mr. Robert Randolph Carter, which occurred in the spring of 1888, cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood. He was a Virginia gentleman of the noblest stamp, one whose loss is irreparable, not only to his family, but to community and State. We see the traces of his wise administration everywhere in the magnificent plantation—in wheat-fields hundreds of acres in extent; luxuriant corn-lands; well-kept stock and commodious cottage "quarters," to each of which belongs a garden of fair extent, neatly tilled.

The central hall and the staircase are remarkably fine. Hatchments of great age are set over two doors. The drawing-room of noble proportions is wainscoted and elegantly furnished. In this, as in the hall and dining-room, are the likenesses of numerous Hills and Carters. A full-length, life-size picture of Washington by Peale, hangs in the dining-parlor which adjoins the drawing-room. One of the portraits in the latter apartment is of a beautiful Welsh heiress, Miss Williams, who married Colonel (or Sir) Edward Hill and came with him to America. The portrait of John Carter, the lucky winner of Miss Hill's

heart and hand, is a three-quarter-length likeness of a gallant gentleman in flowing peruke and lace cravat. His velvet coat is trimmed with silver lace and buttons; puffed cambric undersleeves enhance the slim elegance of his hands. Beautiful hands were hereditary with the race if limners told the truth.

His daughter Elizabeth, has the same, and is apparently aware of the fact. Her eyes are almond-shaped, like her father's; her face is plump and complacent, with more than a disposition to a double-chin. A coquettish hat is tied lightly on the crown of the round dark head; her pale-blue gown is emphatically decolleté; her elbow-sleeves are edged with priceless lace. She bears a strong resemblance to her squire brother, Charles Carter, who hangs near by. He was an exemplary citizen and earnest Churchman. His name is among those of the lay delegates to the Episcopal Convention held in Richmond in 1793.

Had Elizabeth Hill Carter been a dairymaid we would call her buxom, and the set agreeableness of her smile a smirk. She married at seventeen the third Colonel Byrd of Westover, and bore him five children. The young parents did not live happily together, we are

told. Both were the spoiled children of fortune, and pulled in so many different ways that their misunderstandings were neighborhood gossip. It was surmised that it was rather a shock than a woe to Colonel Byrd, when, as he sat at the whist-table in a friend's house, a messenger rode over in hot haste from Westover to tell him that Mrs. Byrd had pulled a wardrobe over on herself and been instantly killed. It may have been the infallible instinct of good blood and breeding that made him rise from the table and bow apologetically to his partner with a courteous regret that the game could not go on. This partner, gossip hints furthermore, was the pretty "Molly Willing," whom he afterward married.

Mrs. Byrd's accidental death occurred eleven years after her marriage, when she was but twenty-eight. The date was 1760. The chronicle adds dryly: "There is no record preserved of his second marriage. It is supposed to have been in 1760." To round off the gossipy tale, the story has come down of the nickname "Willing Molly" applied to the fair Philadelphian who won the "catch" of the county from Virginia belles.

Without casting discredit upon local and

traditional authorities, oral and documentary, we may surely reserve to ourselves the right, in view of what we have learned elsewhere of Mrs. Byrd's character as a woman, wife, and mother, of hinting at a possible cause for the tale and nickname. The Byrds were princes in their own right even as late as 1760, and the beautiful visitor to the hospitable neighborhood may have shared the fate of other poachers.

She loved her lord passionately, faithfully, and always, we learn in the history of Westover. She made him happier, and administered the affairs of the realm far more judiciously than his first wife ever could, had her desire been never so good.

But did this happy husband and pious gentleman ever bethink himself in the devotional promenade under his ancestral trees "about dark," mentioned in our WESTOVER paper, of the child he had first wedded, and give a sigh at her untimely and tragic death? He may have been sorely tried by her caprices and flurries, but we are heartily sorry for her when we learn that she grieved bitterly for the little boys whom their father insisted upon sending to England to be educated, as was the custom of the Byrds and that she never saw them again.

In a curious and now rare book entitled, *Travels in North America in* 1780–1781 *and* 1782, *by the Marquis de Chastelleux*, we have a glimpse of one of these motherless boys. The noble tourist passed several days at Westover and is enthusiastic in his praise of poor Betty's successor:

"She is about two-and-forty, with an agreeable countenance and great sense,"—is a sentence that, against our will, provokes comparison with the spoiled, passionate child.

"Betty" left four children; the second Mrs. Byrd had eight. The Frenchman lauds her excellent management of the encumbered estate, and sympathizes in her various misfortunes.

"Three times have the English landed at Westover under Arnold and Cornwallis, and, 'though these visits cost her dear, her husband's former attachment to England, *where his eldest son is now serving in the army*, her relationship with Arnold, whose cousin-german she is, and perhaps, too, the jealousy of her neighbors, have given birth to suspicions that war alone was not the object which induced the English always to make their descents at her habitation. She has been accused even of conniv-

ance with them, and the government have once set their seal upon her papers, but she has braved the tempest and defended herself with firmness."

We confess,—again and reluctantly—for our hearts cling irrationally to the naughty pickle whom the paragon displaced in her husband's, and probably in her children's, hearts—that Betty would never have steered a laden barque thus safely through seas that wrecked many a fair American fortune. It was well for all whose fates were linked with hers that the stormy chapter was short and the end abrupt.

In addition to disagreement with husband and separation from children, she had, as we are informed upon the authority of family MSS., the trial of a severely captious mother-in-law. The stepmother who pitied the fair Evelyn, dying slowly of a broken heart, ruled her son's girl-wife sharply. There is extant a letter in which she complains of "Betty's" frivolous taste and extravagance, and that the silly creature would think herself ruined for time and eternity "if she could not have two new lutestring gowns every year." It is a matter of traditional report that the mother-in-law hid some of Betty's belongings, or

81 ELIZABETH HILL CARTER ("BETTY").

something the wilful wife longed to possess, on the top of the tall wardrobe. Others say she suspected the existence of letters that would justify her jealous misgivings as to her lord's fidelity, and was looking for them when the big press careened and crushed her.

The wraith of the apple-cheeked, careless-eyed girl, whose fixed smile grows tiresome as we gaze, may not walk at Shirley, as Evelyn Byrd is said to glide along halls and staircases at Westover, but we remember her and her fate more vividly than any other face and history committed to sight and memory at the ancient manor-house.

IV

THE MARSHALL HOUSE

THE house built by John Marshall,—United States Envoy to France 1797–98; Member of Congress from Virginia 1799–1800; Secretary of State, 1800–1801, and Chief-Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court 1801–35,—and in which he resided until his death, except when the duties of his office called him to Washington, is still standing in Richmond, Virginia, on the corner of Marshall and Ninth Streets. The ownership has remained in the family for almost a century, although the dwelling has had other tenants, among them the late Henry A. Wise.

The whole block was covered by a famous fruit and vegetable garden when the house was erected. The exterior has never been remodelled, and there have been few changes

within. By an odd, and what seems to us an inexplicable, mischance, the architect, in Judge Marshall's prolonged absence, built the whole mansion "hind-side before." A handsome en-

MARSHALL HOUSE, RICHMOND, VA.

trance-hall and staircase, the balusters of which are of carved cherry, dark with age, are at the back, opening toward the garden and domestic offices. Directly in front of this is the dining-room, looking upon Marshall Street. What

was meant in the plan to be the back-door, in the wall opposite the fireplace, gives upon a porch on the same thoroughfare. The general entrance for visitors is by a smaller door on the side street. Turning to the right from this through another door which is a modern affair, one finds himself in what was, at first, a second hall, lighted by two windows and warmed by an open fireplace. This was the family sitting-room in olden times, although open on two sides to the view of all who might enter by front or back door.

Altogether, the architectural and domestic arrangements of the interior are refreshingly novel to one used to the jealous privacies and labor-saving conveniences of the modern home. We reflect at once that every dish of the great dinners, which were the salient feature of hospitality then, must have been brought by hand across the kitchen-yard, up the back steps through the misplaced hall, and put upon the table which, we are told, was set diagonally across the room to accommodate the guests at Judge Marshall's celebrated "lawyers' dinners."

The Marshall House is now the property of Mr. F. G. Ruffin, whose wife is a granddaughter of the Chief-Justice, his only daugh-

ter having married the late Gen. Jaquelin Burwell Harvie.

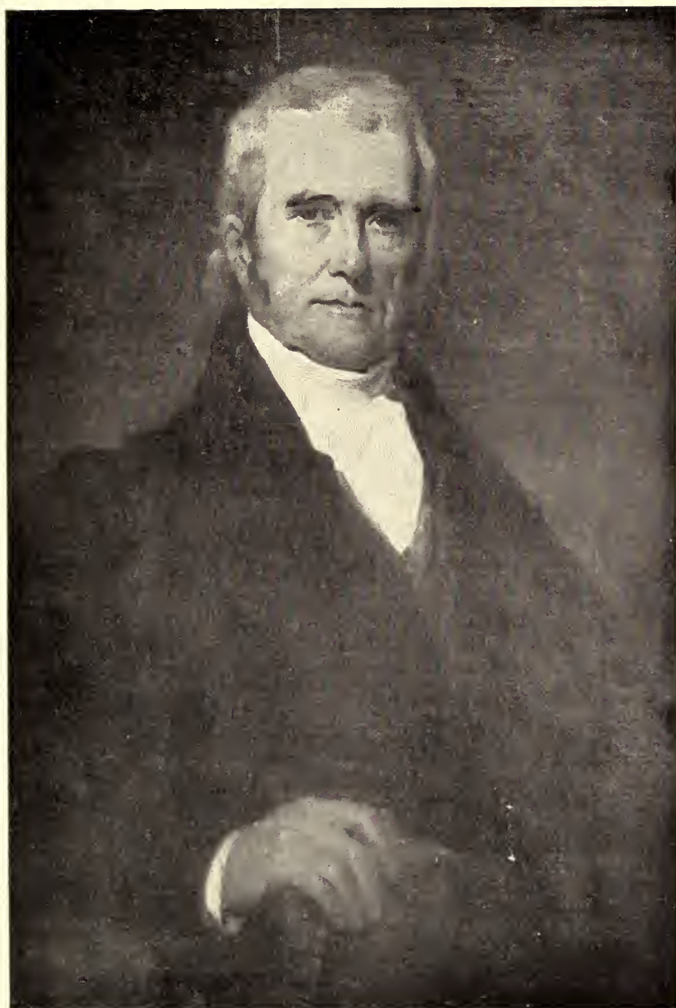
Mrs. Ruffin gives a graphic description of these feasts, as beheld by her, then a child, peeping surreptitiously through the door left ajar by the passing servants. The Chief-Justice sat at the head of the long board nearest the fireplace, his son-in-law, Mr. Harvie, at the foot. Between them were never less than thirty members of the Virginia Bar, and the sons of such as had grown, or nearly grown lads. The damask cloth was covered with good things; big barons of beef, joints of mutton; poultry of all kinds; vegetables, pickles, etc., and the second course was as profuse. The witty things said, the roars of laughter that applauded them, the succession of humorous and wise talk, having, for the centre of all, the distinguished master of the feast, have no written record, but were never forgotten by the participants in the mighty banquets.

Besides his daughter, the Chief-Justice had five sons; Thomas, for whom his father built the house opposite his own, which is still standing; Jaquelin, the namesake of his Huguenot ancestor; John, James, and Edward. The last-named died in Washington a few

years ago, at the age of eighty, a clerk in one of the government offices.

Judge Marshall lived so near our day, and bore so conspicuous a part in the history of a country which cherishes his fame, that every tolerably well-educated person is familiar with his name and public services.

Old residents of the Virginian capital like to tell stories of the well-beloved eccentric who made the modest building on Marshall Street historical. The quarter was aristocratic then. The stately residences of Amblers, Wickhams, and Leighs claimed and made exclusiveness, which in her later march Fashion laughs to scorn. Nothing could make Judge Marshall fashionable. His disregard of prevailing styles, or even neatness in apparel, was so well known that these peculiarities attracted no attention from his fellow-citizens. He was a law unto himself in dress and habits. His cravat—white by courtesy—was twisted into a creased wisp by his nervous fingers, and the knot was usually under his ear. He wore his coat threadbare without having it brushed, his shoes were untied and the lacings trailed in the dust, and his hat was pushed to the back of his head.



89 CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

In action he was no less independent of others' example and criticism. It was the custom then, in the easy-going, hospitable city, for gentlemen who were heads of families to do their own marketing. The Old Market on lower Main Street witnessed many friendly meetings each morning of "solid men," and echoed to much wise and witty talk. Behind each gentleman, stood and walked a negro footman, bearing a big basket in which the morning purchases were deposited and taken home. About the market-place also hung men and boys, eager to turn an honest shilling by assisting in this burden-bearing if need offered.

Judge Marshall shook hands and chatted cheerily with acquaintances, who were all friends and admirers, and when his purchases were made, shouldered his own basket or, if as often happened, he had forgotten to bring it, loaded himself up with the provisions as best suited his humor. His invariable practice was to carry home whatever he bought at stall or shop.

My childish recollection is vivid of a scene described in my hearing by a distinguished Richmond lawyer, now dead, of a meeting

with the great jurist on the most public part of Main Street one morning in Christmas-week. A huge turkey, with the legs tied together, hung, head downward, from one of the Judge's arms, a pair of ducks dangled from the other. A brown-paper bundle, ruddied by the beefsteak it enveloped, had been forced into a coat-tail pocket, and festoons of "chitterlings"—a homely dish of which he was as fond as George the Third of boiled mutton — overflowed another, and bobbed against his lean calves.

Another story is of a young man who had lately removed to Richmond, who accosted a rusty stranger standing at the entrance to the Markethouse as "old man," and asked if he "would not like to make a ninepence by carrying a turkey home for him?" The rusty stranger took the gobbler without a word, and walked behind the young householder to the latter's gate.

"Catch!" said the "fresh" youth, chucking ninepence at his hireling.

The coin was deftly caught, and pocketed, and as the old man turned away, a well-known citizen, in passing, raised his hat so deferentially, that the turkey-buyer was sur-

prised into asking, "Who is that shabby old fellow?"

"The Chief-Justice of the United States."

"Impossible!" stammered the horrified blunderer,—"Why did he bring my turkey home, and—take—my ninepence?"

"Probably to teach you a lesson in good breeding and independence. He will give the money away before he gets home. You can't get rid of the lesson. And he would carry ten turkeys and walk twice as far for the joke you have given him."

We can easily imagine that the incident may have been related in the host's raciest style at the next lawyers' dinner under which the diagonal table creaked in the, then, modern homestead. And we wonder who got the historic ninepence. It would be a priceless coin, were identification possible.

To admirers of the statesman-patriot, the writer and jurist, a glimpse of the man, as his family saw him, when the front and back doors of his reversed habitation were closed to the world, will be acceptable.

As at Westover and Shirley, the most interesting of the procession of visionary shapes that glide past the muser in the chambers of

the weather-beaten and gray old house, is a woman.

Mary Willis Ambler was a descendant of Edward Jaquelin, an Englishman of French-Huguenot extraction, who arrived in America in 1697, and settling at Jamestown, became eventually the owner of the island plantation. His daughter Elizabeth married Richard Ambler, and a grandson, Edward Ambler, espoused Mary Cary, George Washington's first love. Another grandson, Jaquelin Ambler, married Rebecca Burwell, of whom Thomas Jefferson was, when young, passionately enamoured, and Mary Willis was the second daughter of the union. It would appear from the account given of the circumstances attending her first meeting with Mr. (then Captain) John Marshall, that the talent for supplanting rivals in the court of hearts, which brought two embryo Presidents to grief, was hereditary, and most innocently improved by herself.

The Amblers were living in York in 1781–'82, when a ball was held in the neighborhood, to which Captain Marshall, already reputed to be a young man of genius and bravery was bidden. The fair damsels of the district were greatly excited at the prospect of meeting

him, and began, forthwith, sportive projects for captivating him.

The graceful pen of Mary Ambler's sister, Mrs. Edward Carrington, narrates what ensued:

"It is remarkable that my sister, then only fourteen, and diffident beyond all others, declared that we were giving ourselves useless trouble, for that she (for the first time) had made up her mind to go to the ball—'though she had never been to dancing-school—and was 'resolved to set her cap at him and eclipse us all.' This, in the end, was singularly verified. At the first introduction, he became devoted to her. For my part I felt not the slightest wish to contest the prize with her. . . .

"In this, as in every other instance, my sister's superior discernment and solidity of character have been impressed upon me. She at a glance discerned his character, and understood how to appreciate it, while I, expecting to see an Adonis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward figure, unpolished manners and negligent dress."

John Marshall and Mary Willis Ambler were married April 3, 1783, the bride being

under seventeen, the groom twenty-eight years of age.

No fairer idyl of wedded bliss was ever penned by poet than the every-day story lived by this husband and wife for fifty years save two. However negligent in attire and uncouth in appearance John Marshall might be as young man and old ; however stern in debate and uncompromising in judgment, as a public servant,—to the child-wife who, after the premature birth of her first infant, never had a day of perfect health, he was the tenderest, most chivalric of lovers. As her chronic invalidism became more apparent, he redoubled his assiduity of attention. There are those yet living who recall how, on each recurring 22d of February and 4th of July, the Marshall chariot was brought around to the door in the early morning, and the Judge, after lifting the fragile woman into it, would step into it himself and accompany her to the house of a country friend, there to pass the day, her nerves being too weak to endure the shock of the cannonading.

They had been married forty-one years when he wrote her the letter of which the following extract is now published for the first

time. He was at that date, February 23, 1824, on official duty in Washington, and Mrs. Marshall was in Richmond. The Chief-Justice had had a fall which injured his knee, and had kept the news from his wife. Finding from her letters that the papers had exaggerated the accident, he writes to his "dearest Polly," making light of the hurt, and assuring her that he will be out in a few days. Then he continues:

"All the ladies of Secretaries have been to see me, some more than once, and have brought me more jelly than I can eat, and offered me a great many good things. I thank them and stick to my barley broth.

"Still I have plenty of time on my hands. How do you think I beguile it? I am almost tempted to leave you to guess until I write again. . . .

"You must know I begin with the ball at York and with the dinner on the fish at your house the next day. I then return to my visit to York; our splendid assembly at the Palace in Williamsburg; my visit to Richmond, where I acted 'Pa' for a fortnight; my return to the field and the very welcome reception you gave me on my arrival from Dover; our little tiffs and makings up; my feelings when Major Dick[1] was courting you; my trip to 'The Cottage,' [the Ambler's home in Hanover, where the marriage took place] and the thousand

[1] Major Richard Anderson, father of Gen. Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter renown.

little incidents deeply affecting in turn— [here the paper is torn] coolness which contrib . . . for a time to the happiness or misery of my life."

We turn the yellow, cracked sheet over, to read again, with the emotion of one who finds hid treasure in an unpromising field, the prose-poem of the lover who was almost a septuagenarian when he wrote it. The grace, tenderness, and playful gallantry of that which was meant only for his wife's eyes are inimitable, and preach a lesson to world-worn, love-sated hearts that no commentary can deepen.

Another hitherto unpublished letter, dated March 9, 1825, tells his faithful Polly of Mr. Adams's (John Quincy) inauguration.

"I administered the oath to the President in the presence of an immense concourse of people, in my new suit of domestic manufacture. He, too, was dressed in the same manner, 'though his cloth was made at a different establishment. The cloth is very fine and smooth."

The day before she died, Mrs. Marshall tied about her husband's neck a ribbon to which was attached a locket containing some of her hair. He wore it always afterward by day and night, never allowing another hand to touch it.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

OF WHICH JOHN MARSHALL WAS A GRADUATE.

By his directions, it was the last thing taken from his body after his death, which took place in July, 1835.

An extract from a paper found folded up with his will, a written tribute to his wife, solemn, sweet, and infinitely touching, may fitly close a romance of real life that tempts us to cavil at what sounds like the faint praise of the resolutions of the Virginia Bar, offered by Benjamin Watkins Leigh, in announcing the death of the Chief-Justice.

Therein are eulogized his "unaffected simplicity of manner; the spotless purity of his morals; his social, gentle, cheerful disposition; his habitual self-denial and boundless generosity." He is declared to have been "exemplary in the relations of son, brother, husband, and father."

"Exemplary" is hardly the adjective we would employ after reading what was written in his locked study on the first anniversary of his "Polly's" departure.

"*December* 25, 1832.

"This day of joy and festivity to the whole Christian world is, to my sad heart, the anniversary of the keenest affliction which human-

ity can sustain. While all around is gladness, my mind dwells on the silent tomb, and cherishes the remembrance of the beloved object it contains.

"On the 25th of December, 1831, it was the will of Heaven to take to itself the companion who had sweetened the choicest part of my life, had rendered toil a pleasure, had partaken of all my feelings, and was enthroned in the inmost recesses of my heart. Never can I cease to feel the loss and deplore it. Grief for her is too sacred ever to be profaned on this day, which shall be, during my existence, devoted to her memory. . . .

"I saw her the week she had attained the age of fourteen, and was greatly pleased with her. Girls then came into company much earlier than at present. As my attentions, 'though without any avowed purpose, nor so open or direct as to alarm, soon became evident and assiduous, her heart received an impression which could never be effaced. Having felt no prior attachment, she became, at sixteen, a most devoted wife. All my faults, and they were too many, could never weaken this sentiment. It formed a part of her existence. Her judgment was so sound and so

deep that I have often relied upon it in situations of some perplexity. I do not recollect once to have regretted the adoption of her opinion. I have sometimes regretted its rejection."

V

CLIVEDEN

THE New World of the American Colonies was as blessed a godsend to the cadets of noble English houses two hundred and fifty years ago as are Australia, India, and Canada to-day.

Nearly every one of our "old families" that has preserved a genealogical tree, may discern the beginning of its line in a twig that grew well toward the terminal tip of the bough.

Already, careers that led to fortune and renown were becoming scarce in the mother country. The rich unclaimed spaciousness of the El Dorado across the sea attracted, in equal measure, the prudent and the ambitious.

John Chew, merchant, the younger son of a Somersetshire family of the same name, sailed from England with Sarah, his wife, in

the Seaflower in 1622, and was received with open arms by those of his own name and blood, who had, a year earlier, settled in Virginia. Hogg Island (now "Homewood") a little below Jamestown, in the widening James River, is said to have been the place of landing. His name occurs in several grants of land by, and memorials addressed to, the parent government in 1642–4, and as a member of the Honorable House of Burgesses of the Colony of Virginia, yearly, from 1623–43, a protracted period of service, which is silent testimony to personal probity and official ability. His term of office embraced the latter part of the reign of James I. whose death his loving colonists mourned in 1625, and almost the whole of that of his unhappy successor.

CHEW COAT OF ARMS.

Strafford and Laud had perished on the scaffold, and Charles I. had departed from London upon the seven years of conflict and captivity that were to end in the shadow of Whitehall, January 30, 1649, when the thriving merchant, against the will of Governor Berke-

ley, removed to Maryland. The earliest date of the exodus given is 1643. John Chew was, therefore, one of the body that listened to the comfortable words conveyed in the king's letter, "*Given at our Court of York the 5th of July*, 1642."

In this instrument, drawn up by the king's secretary, on the eve of the grand rebellion, the sovereign engages not to restore the detested Virginia Company to their rule over the colony, and expresses the royal approval of "your acknowledgments of our great bounty and favors toward you, and your so earnest desire to continue under our immediate protection."

When the head of his royal master rolled on the scaffold, John Chew, who appears, from the hints transmitted to us of his individual traits, to have been of a provident and pacific turn of mind, was living upon the extensive estate deeded to him in the province of Maryland, the original bulk of which was swollen by five hundred acres, paid for in tobacco, at the rate of ten pounds of the Virginia weed per acre.

His eldest son, Samuel Chew, made a will before his death in 1676, bequeathing most of

the "Town of Herrington," with other properties, including "Negroes, able-bodied Englishmen, and hogsheads of tobacco," to his heirs. His Quaker wife, Anne Chew, *née* Ayres, was his executrix. Her son, Dr. Samuel Chew, removed, in mature manhood, to Dover, then included in the Province of Pennsylvania.

Anne Ayres had brought the whole family over to her peaceful faith, and Dr. Samuel (also known as Judge) Chew remained a member of the Society of Friends until the celebrated battle in the Assembly of Pennsylvania over the Governor's recommendation of a Militia Law. When this was passed, the Quaker members of the legislative body appealed to the court over which Samuel Chew presided as Chief-Justice. With promptness that smacks of un-Friend-like indignation, they proceeded to expel him "from meeting" upon his decision that "self-defense was not only lawful, but obligatory upon God's citizens."

He may not have regretted the act of excision, so far as it affected himself. His published commentary upon the temper it evinced is spirited to raciness. In it he declares the "Bulls of Excommunication" of his late

brethren to be "as full-fraught with fire and brimstone and other church artillery, as even those of the Pope of Rome."

In a charge to the Grand Jury, delivered shortly after the publication of this philippic, he says of his belief that, in his public acts he was "accountable to His Majesty alone, and subject to no other control than the laws of the land,"

"I am mistaken, it seems, and am accountable for what I shall transact in the King's Courts to a paltry ecclesiastical jurisdiction that calls itself a 'Monthly Meeting.' 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon'!"

Benjamin Chew, the eldest son of the pugnacious and deposed Quaker, was born in November, 1722. His profession was the law, and he rose rapidly to eminence. Prior to his removal to Philadelphia in 1754, at the age of thirty-two, he was Speaker of the House of Delegates at Dover, Delaware. In 1755 he became Attorney-General of the State of Pennsylvania; in 1756, Recorder of the City of Philadelphia; in 1774, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

His diplomatic yet decisive reply to one who, seeking to convict him of Toryism,

109 CHIEF-JUSTICE BENJAMIN CHEW.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, PHILA.

pushed him for a definition of high treason, is historic:

"Opposition by force of arms, to the lawful authority of the King or his Ministers, is High Treason. *But*"— [turning an unblenching front to those who tried to entangle him in his talk]—"in the moment when the King or his Ministers shall exceed the Constitutional authority vested in them by the Constitution—submission to their mandate becomes Treason!"

Despite this doughty deliverance, his judicial qualms as to expediency of overt rebellion cost him his liberty in 1777. Fourteen years earlier he had bought land on what is known as the Old Germantown Road, erected upon a commanding site a fine stone mansion, and given to the estate the name of Cliveden. Up to the date of the erection of this dwelling he resided winter and summer on Third Street, below Walnut, in the City of Philadelphia. Washington and John Adams dined together with him there while Congress sat in Philadelphia, in 1774. Mr. Adams's letter relative to the "turtle, flummery, and Madeira" of the banquet is well known.

Neither congressional nor military influence availed against the sentence that sent the

stately host and his friend, John Penn, under arrest to Fredericksburg, Virginia, for recusancy, in that they refused to sign a parole not to interfere with, or impede in any manner, the course of the new Government. Subsequently, the exile was rendered more tolerable by permission to sojourn during the remaining term of banishment at the Union Iron Works, owned by Mr. Chew, in the vicinity of Burlington, N. J. In 1778 came an imperative order from Congress for the rehabilitation of the two eminent, and, it was believed, unjustly suspected, citizens.

A "biographical memoir" of Benjamin Chew published in 1811, thus defines and justifies the position he maintained throughout the contest between the Colonies and the Parent Country.

"His object was reform, rather than revolution—redress of grievances, rather than independence. Accordingly, when the question of an entire separation of the colonies from the British empire began to be first agitated in private meetings, he was opposed to the measure, and when, at length, independence was declared, he thought the step precipitate and rash. Nor could any consideration of interest, policy, or ambition induce him, after that epoch, to aid by his counsels proceedings which were contrary to the decisions of his

judgment, and, perhaps, I may add, to the affections of his heart. . . .

"As an apology for Mr. Chew's opposition to the policy of independence when first declared, we might adduce the example of some of the most distinguished orators and statesmen of the day, whose dislike of the measure was no less strong and notorious than his. The only difference which marked their conduct on the occasion was that he perseveringly retained his original impressions, while they, more pliable, and perhaps more prudent, changed with the current of public opinion."

In the absence of the master, Cliveden had seen strange things. Early on the morning of October 4, 1777, the American troops in pursuit of the retreating enemy, who had abandoned tents and baggage at Wayne's impetu ous charge, were surprised as they pressed down the Germantown Road, by a brisk fire of musketry from the windows of Cliveden. A hurried council of war, collected about the Commander-in-chief, acting upon General Knox's dictum that "it was unmilitary to leave a garrisoned castle in their rear," sent an officer with a flag of truce to demand a surrender. He was fired upon and killed. Cannon were planted in the road, and a steady fire with six-pounders opened upon the thick

walls. The balls rebounded like pebbles. The lower windows were closed and barred. The six companies of British soldiers that had occupied the building sent volley after volley from the gratings of the cellars and from the second story. The gallant Chevalier de Maudit, scarcely twenty-one years of age, and Colonel Laurens, also in the prime of early manhood, forced a window at the back and, ordering their men to pile straw and hay against the door and fire it, leaped into a room on the ground floor. They were received by a pistol-shot that wounded Laurens in the shoulder, while a second, aimed at de Maudit, killed the English officer who had rushed forward to arrest him. Finding themselves alone among foes, the command to fire and force the door not having been obeyed, the intrepid youths retreated backward to the window by which they had entered, dropped to the ground, and made their way to their comrades, under a hot hail of bullets. To the delay occasioned by the short, unsuccessful siege of Cliveden is generally attributed the loss of the battle of Germantown to the Americans. But at least one historian is disposed to regard it

"as another manifestation of the Divine interposition in behalf of these States. If General Washington had met with no obstacle, he would, under the thickness of the fog, have closed with the main body of the enemy before he could have been apprised of its proximity, and thus his centre and a part of his left wing would have been committed to a general action with the whole British army."

A descendant of the house of Chew puts a different face upon this affair :[1]

"General Washington was an intimate friend of the family, and, at the battle of Germantown, when Cliveden was occupied by a detachment of British troops, insisting that he was familiar with every part of the house, he mistook for English intrenchments an addition which had been put up since his last visit and ordered his men to fire into the house, shattering the doors and windows."

The judicial reader can select what appears to him the more probable and consistent version of the incident. The old doors are exhibited as a proof that there was an attack from without. They were so battered by bullets that new ones had to be put into the ancient frames.

Another and more precious relic of that stormy period is a small pamphlet containing an

[1] Mrs. Sophia Howard Ward in *The Century Magazine* for March, 1894.

account of the "Mischianza," a pageant "combining the modern parade with the mediæval tournament," given as a farewell entertainment on May 18, 1778, in honor of Sir William Howe, then commanding the British troops in America. The narrative was written by Major André, a favored guest at Cliveden. The four daughters of Judge Chew were celebrated for their beauty. Margaret, popularly known as "pretty Peggy," was the especial object of the young officer's admiration.

Her great-granddaughter sets the souvenir vividly before us, with the picture of the writer who was Peggy's knight in the combination "show."

"Faded and yellow with age, the little parchment vividly calls up before us the gallant young English officer, eager and full of keen interest, throwing himself with youthful ardor, with light-hearted seriousness, into this bit of superb frivolity. On the cover he has outlined a wreath of leaves around the initials 'P. C.,' and he has made a water-color sketch to show the design and colors of his costume as a knight of the 'Blended Rose,' and that of his brother, Lieutenant William Lewis André, who acted as his esquire and bore his shield with its quaint motto, 'No rival.' The device, 'Two game cocks fighting,' must have proved too difficult to draw,

for he uses in his picture that of Captain Watson—a heart and a wreath of laurel, 'Love and Glory.'"

A part in the "Mischianza" was allotted to Margaret Shippen, the betrothed, and shortly

"PEGGY" CHEW.

afterward the wife of Benedict Arnold. At the last moment her father, Chief-Justice Shippen, forbade her appearance.

Among the mementoes of André's memorable sojourn at Cliveden are several poems (by courtesy), addressed by him to his fair friend. Chancing to see her walking in the orchard, "under green apple boughs," he dashed off this impromptu:

"The Hebrews write and those who can
Believe an apple tempted man
To touch the tree exempt;
Tho' tasted at a vast expense,
'T was too delicious to the sense,
Not mortally to tempt.

But had the tree of knowledge bloomed,
Its branches by much fruit perfumed,
As here enchants my view—
What mortal Adam's taste could blame,
Who would not die to eat the same,
When gods might wish a *Chew?*"

From André's *brochure* we learn in what guise "Miss P. Chew,"—opposite whose name on the programme stand those of "Captin André 26th" and "Esq. Mr. André 7th"—captivated the eyes of the spectators on that day:

"The ladies selected from the foremost in youth, beauty and fashion, were habited in fancy dresses. They wore gauze Turbans spangled and edged with gold or

Silver, on the right side a veil of the same kind hung as low as the waist, and the left side of the Turban was enriched with pearl and tassels of gold or Silver & crested with a feather. The dress was of the polonaise Kind and of white Silk with long sleeves, the Sashes which were worn round the waist and were tied with a large bow on the left side hung very low and were trimmed spangled and fringed according to the Colours of the Knight. The Ladies of the black Champions were on the right, those of the white on the left."

He wrote to her at parting:

"If at the close of war and strife,
My destiny once more
Should in the various paths of life,
Conduct me to this shore;

Should British banners guard the land,
And faction be restrained;
And Cliveden's peaceful mansion stand
No more with blood bestained;
Say, wilt thou then receive again
And welcome to thy sight,
The youth who bids with stifled pain
His sad farewell to-night?"

Major André was a brave man, and as unfortunate as brave; but in perusing this sentimental jingle, and hearing of the drawing in the possession of the Baltimore Howards, in which his own portrait in water-colors is

sketched in the character of Miss Peggy Chew's knight, and "humbly-inscribed" to her, "by her most devoted Knight and Servant, J. A. Knt, Bd. Re., Philadelphia, June 2, 1778," we may be permitted a sighful thought of Honora Sneyd keeping the vestal fires of love and memory alight in her heart for her absent, and soon-to-be-dead lover.

The fair Peggy did not pine in virgin loveliness for the handsome youth whose "sad farewell" acquires dignity not of itself, in the recollection of the brief path of life that remained to him after this was penned. With the buoyancy of a happy temperament, and hopefulness engendered by past triumphs, our belle thus moralizes in the letter expressive of her regret for the evacuation of Philadelphia by the gay and chivalric officers:

"What is life, in short, but one continued scene of pain and pleasure, varied and checquered with black spots like the chess-board, only to set the fair ones in a purer light?

"What a mixture of people have I lately seen!" she writes further. "I like to have something to say to all."

She evidently especially liked to say a good many somethings to the pink of chivalry

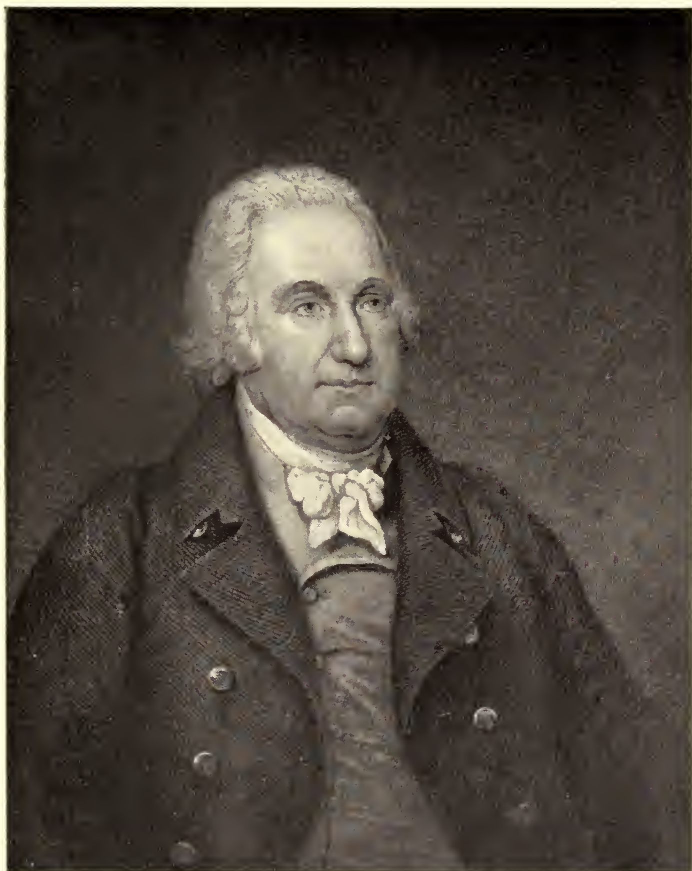
whose untimely taking-off was mourned by two continents. Combining our knowledge of the catholicity of the accomplished Major's admiration for beauty, wherever found, with Miss Peggy's willingness to be amused and adored, and her "high relish for pleasure," we may reasonably assume that in the pretty routine of ball, tournament and masque which made the winter of 1778 memorable to the "upper ten" of the city of genealogies, it was diamond cut diamond between them.

There was a brilliant wedding in the town-house on South Third Street in 1787. Mistress Margaret had queened it bravely for ten years in the foremost rank of fashionable society before she bestowed her hand upon the accomplished gentleman and warrior, Colonel John Eager Howard of Baltimore. Distinguished among the high-born company assembled to grace the nuptials was General Washington, then President of the Convention that formed the Constitution of these United States. The host, Chief-Justice Chew, was, as has been said, a warm personal friend of the Commander-in-Chief and President, mutual regard that continued as long as they both lived.

We do not wonder—the wonder would be if the reverse were true—that pretty Peggy always kept a sure place on the sunny side of her heart for the ill-starred knight who wore her colors in the "Mischianza" and beguiled so many hours of possible ennui. The document descriptive of the merry-making was sacredly cherished by her while she lived, and formally bequeathed to her daughter, Mrs. William Read of Baltimore. It was quite as natural that her husband, loyal to the backbone to the National cause, should, now and then, grow restive under her sentimental reminiscences. To borrow again from the sprightly narrative of her great-granddaughter:

"Nine years after the 'Mischianza,' when she had married Colonel John Eager Howard, the hero of Cowpens, she still loved to dwell upon Major André's charms, which frequently irritated her patriotic husband. Once, sitting at the head of her table at Belvidere, her home in Baltimore, entertaining some distinguished foreigners, she said, 'Major André was a most witty and cultivated gentleman'; whereupon Colonel Howard interrupted sternly, 'He was a——spy, sir; nothing but a——spy!'"

Cliveden, battered and scorched by the short, sharp siege of that October morning,



123 COLONEL JOHN EAGER HOWARD.

FROM A PAINTING BY CHESTER HARDING.

was sold by Mr. Chew in 1779 to Blair McClenachan. In 1797, ten years after pretty Peggy's wedding, her father bought back his country-seat. It was in little better condition than when Mr. McClenachan purchased it, yet, in his desire to regain possession, Mr. Chew nearly trebled the amount he had received for it.

Benjamin Chew died at the age of eighty-seven, Jan. 20, 1810. The last public office held by him was that of President-Judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals; a trust retained for fifteen years, and resigned when he was eighty-three.

His only son, Benjamin Chew, Jr., had but a twelfth part of the princely estate left by the father, there being eleven daughters. Coming of a race of lawyers, he studied his profession, first in Philadelphia, then in England. In 1825, during Lafayette's visit to America, he held a grand reception at the Germantown residence of the eminent jurist, who had then retired from the active duties of professional life.

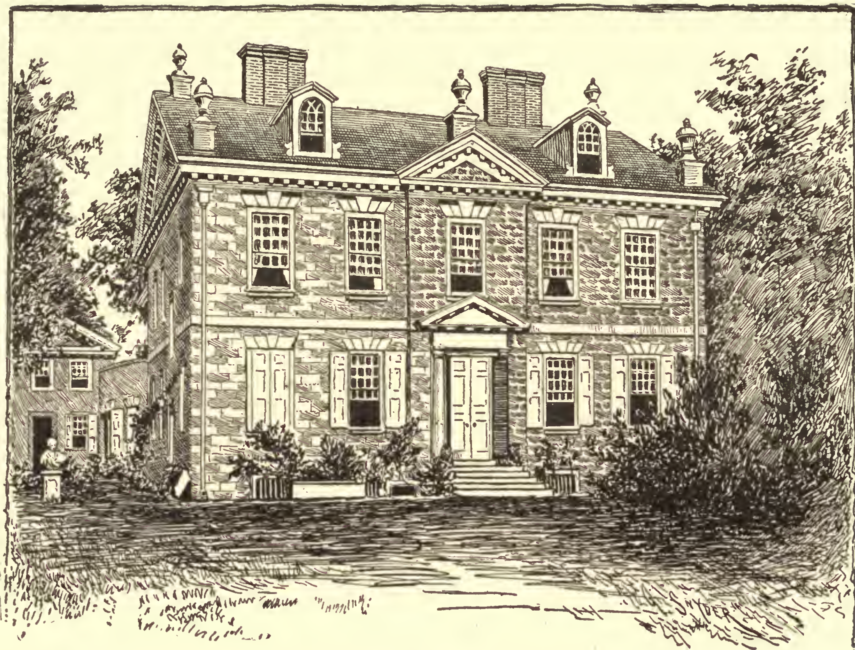
Mr. Chew died April 30, 1844, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

In a hale old age Cliveden stands, unmoved

by the fast-changing scenes about her. The walls are of rough gray stone; the entrance is guarded by marble lions, blinded and defaced by age. To the right and left of the pillars dividing the stately hall from the staircase, hang full-length family portraits, older than the house. The iron hail that scarred the façade of the mansion, left traces, like the writing of doom, upon the inner walls.

The day of our visit to the ancient homestead was bleak with wintry storm. The fine trees on the lawn bent and dripped with the heavy weight of rain. The four windows of the great drawing-room showed little without except the gray pall wavering between us and the nearest houses. In the chimney burned a fire, the welcoming glow of which prepared us for the reception accorded to the stranger within her gates by the gracious gentlewoman who arose from the sofa at our entrance. In a ripe old age that had not benumbed heart or mind, Miss Anne Penn Chew, the then owner of Cliveden, was a picturesque figure of whom I would fain say more than the restrictions of this chapter warrant.

Over the mantel is the portrait of her father, of whom it is written that "he led a blameless



127 CLIVEDEN.

life of princely hospitality and benevolence, doing good. . . . He was a firm friend, an indulgent father and an elegant gentleman of polished manners, singular symmetry of form and feature, and great strength." Antique mirrors, in carved frames, that once belonged to William Penn, hang between the windows and in a recess by the mantel.

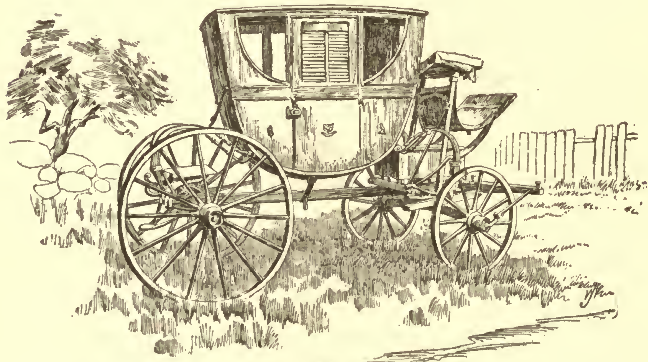
The dining-room across the hall has a cavernous fireplace which recalls the generous hospitality of former years. Miss Chew related, as we lingered to admire it, that the collation served at the Lafayette reception was laid in the drawing-room, and that the painter of the scene sacrificed historical verity to artistic effect in setting the principal actors between the pillars of the hall with the staircase as a background.

The old Chew coach occupies the farthest corner of the carriage-house. It is roomy beyond the compass of the modern imagination, and is swung so high from the ground that one is helped to a comprehension of the upsettings and overturnings that enter so frequently and naturally into the stories of that time.

In the back wall of the kitchen, built into a niche of solid masonry, is an old well. This part of the house was standing on the ground

bought by Judge Chew in 1763. Tradition has it that the well was dug in the recess, which could, at short notice, be enclosed with heavy doors, in order to secure a supply of water within the dwelling if it were attacked by Indians.

Mr. Beverly Chew, the scholarly President of the Grolier Club of New York City, and eminent as a book-lover and collector of rare prints and priceless "first editions," is descended from the ancient stock through Joseph Chew, a younger brother of the immigrant, John. Every vestige of the dwelling built by the latter upon the fertile island in the James River has disappeared, but the site is still pointed out to the curious visitor.



CHEW COACH.

VI

THE MORRIS HOUSE, GERMANTOWN, (PHILADELPHIA)

HISTORIAN, painter, and poet have made familiar to us the story of the imprisoned Huguenot, condemned to die from starvation, who was kept alive by the seeming accident that a hen laid an egg daily on the sill of his grated window.

From this French Perot descended Elliston Perot Morris, the present proprietor of the old house on the Germantown Road, which is the subject of this sketch.

It was built in 1772 by a German, David Deshler, long and honorably known as a Philadelphia merchant. A pleasant story goes that the façade of the solid stone mansion would have been broader by some feet had the sylvan tastes of the owner allowed him to fell a fine plum-tree that grew to the left of the proposed

site. The garden was the marvel of the region during his occupancy of the country-seat, and was flanked by thrifty orchards and vineyards.

At Deshler's death in 1792, the Germantown estate passed into the hands of Colonel Isaac Franks, an officer who had served in the Revolutionary War. He had owned it but a year, when the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, then the seat of the National Government. Colonel Franks with his family retreated hurriedly to the higher ground and protecting mountain-barrier of Bethlehem, although Germantown was considered a safe refuge by the citizens of Philadelphia. Shortly after the Franks's flitting, the Colonel received a visit from President Washington's man of affairs, a Germantown citizen. He was charged with an offer to rent the commodious residence on the Old Road for the use of the President and his family. The patriotic cordiality with which the retired officer granted the request did not carry him beyond the bounds of careful frugality. He made minute mention in his expense-book of the cost of sweeping and garnishing the house for the reception of the distinguished guests, also of "cash paid for cleaning my house and putting it in the same condition the

133 THE MORRIS HOUSE, GERMANTOWN (PHILADELPHIA).

President received it in." This last bill was two dollars and thirty cents.

From this account-book we learn what were the expenses of transportation of Colonel Franks and family, back and forth to Bethlehem, and what was paid for the hired furnished lodgings in the mountain village. There were lost during the summer of exile (presumably under Lady Washington's administration), "one flat-iron, value 1s., one large fork, four plates, three ducks, four fowls," and consumed or wasted by the temporary tenants, "one bushel potatoes and one cwt. of hay."

Those items swelled the sum expended for removals and hire of Bethlehem quarters and the rent received for Germantown premises to $131.56.

The President, his wife, and their adopted children, George Washington Parke Custis and Nelly Custis, lived in health and peace in suburban quarters during the summer of the pestilence. The boy went to school at the Old Academy. The grounds of the school adjoined those of what was still known as the Deshler Place. A few days after the transfer of the Executive party from town to country, a group of boys playing on the pavement in

front of the Academy parted to left and right, cap in hand, before a majestic figure that paused at the foot of the steps.

"Where is George Washington Parke Custis?" demanded the General.

Charles Wister, a Germantown boy, plucked up courage and voice, and told where the great man's ward might be found.

Another pupil in the Academy, Jesse Waln, whose home was in Frankford, accompanied Parke Custis from school one afternoon, and played with him in the garden, until General Washington came out of the back door, and bade his adopted son "come in to tea, and bring his young friend with him." Nearly three quarters of a century afterward, an old man asked permission, upon revisiting Germantown, to go into the tea- or breakfast-room, back of the parlors in the Morris house, and sitting down there recalled each incident of the never-to-be-forgotten "afternoon out." The grave kindness of the head of the household, the sweet placidity of the mistress, and the merry school-fellow whose liking had won for him this distinguished honor,—this is the picture for which we are indebted to Mr. Waln's reminiscences.

The hegira from Philadelphia must have taken place early in the spring, for Lady Washington pleased herself and interested her neighbors, by raising hyacinths under globes of cut glass. There were six of these, and upon her return to Philadelphia, she gave them to the young daughter of the deceased David Deshler, to whom she had taken an especial liking. A fragment of the glass is still treasured by a descendant of Catherine Deshler.

The occupation of the Morris House by the President and his family is the incident in the history of the homestead which abides most vividly with us as we pass from one to another of rooms which are scarcely altered from what they were in his day. The walls are wainscoted up to the ceiling ; the central hall ; the fine staircase at the right ; the hinges mortised into the massive front-door ; the wrought-iron latch, eighteen inches long, that falls into a stout hasp ; the partitions and low ceilings of the spacious chambers,—are the same as when the floors echoed to the tread of the Commander-in-Chief, and ministers of state and finance discussed the weal of the infant nation with him who will never cease to be the Nation's Hero.

We linger longest in the tea-room, which is the coziest of the suite. The wide-throated chimney is built diagonally across one corner; the fireplace is surrounded by tiles of exceeding beauty and great age. In another corner,

"THE COZIEST OF THE SUITE."

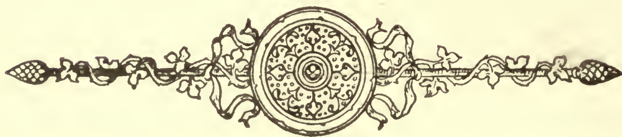
on the same side of the room, with a gardenward window between it and the chimney, is a cupboard which was also here in 1793. Behind the glass doors of this cabinet are the cup and saucer and plate of old India blue china, which

were used on the evening of Jesse Waln's visit, with other choice bits of bric-a-brac. The rear window, opening now upon a small conservatory, then gave upon a long grape-arbor, running far down the garden. Between the drawing-room door and this window—the fair, extensive pleasure-grounds, sleeping in the afternoon sunshine, visible to all at the table—the Washingtons took their "dish of tea" in security, shadowed only by thoughts of the plague-stricken city, lying so near as to suggest sadder topics than the sweet-hearted hostess would willingly introduce. It is an idyllic domestic scene, and the lovelier for the cloudy background.

The "pitcher-portrait" of Washington in the possession of Mr. Morris was presented to his great-grandfather, Governor Samuel Morris, captain, during the War of the Revolution, of the First City Troop. These pitchers were made in France, and were tokens of the distinguished esteem of the General for those honored as the recipients. The likeness was considered so far superior to any other extant at that time, that an order for duplicates was sent to Paris when the first supply was given away. Unfortunately, the model had been de-

stroyed after the original requisition was filled, and the attempt to reproduce the design was unsatisfactory as to likeness and execution, a circumstance which enhances the value of the originals.

Mr. Morris justly reckons as scarcely second in worth to this beautiful relic, an autograph letter from Washington to his great-grandfather, Governor Morris, thanking him for the gallant service rendered in the War of Independence by the First City Troop.



VII

THE SCHUYLER AND COLFAX HOUSES, POMPTON, NEW JERSEY

SIX hundred feet above the sea level; screened by two mountain ranges from sea-fogs and shore rawness; watered as the garden of the Lord by brooks, brown and brisk, racing down from the hills—Pompton is the bonniest nook in New Jersey.

Henry Ward Beecher said of the plucky little State, that the trailing arbutus, fabled to spring from the blood of heroes, grows more luxuriantly within her bounds than anywhere else. Were the fantasy aught but a fable, Pompton and its environs would be overrun with the brave daintiness of the patriot's flower.

It was situated on the King's Highway, between New York and Morristown, and the tide of war ebbed and flowed over it many

times during the fateful years of the Revolution. In a small yellow house that stood, within the last ten years, upon a corner-lot equidistant from the Pompton station of the Montclair and Greenwood Lake Railway, and that of the New York, Susquehanna and Western, Washington had his headquarters during his progresses to and from Morristown. I have talked with old people who recollected seeing him stand in the rude porch, reviewing the dusty lines of troops as they filed by. Hooks, that once supported muskets, were in the ceiling of the "stoop," and the floor of the largest room was indented by much grounding of arms.

The beetling brow of the loftiest of the lines of hills interlocking the cup-like valley, was the observatory of the Commander-in-Chief on several occasions, and bears, in memory of the majestic Presence, the name of "Federal Rock."

In Lord Stirling's forge, the foundations of which are yet stanch in the adjacent Wanaqué Valley, was welded the mighty chain stretched by Washington across the Hudson to prevent the passage of the British ships, some links of which are still to be seen on the parade-ground at West Point.

143 WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS IN POMPTON, N. J.

Upon another of the heights forming the amphitheatre in which are the villages of Pompton and Ramapo Lake, several companies of Federal soldiers mutinied in the winter of 1778–9. They had had no pay for months; the weather was severe; rations were poor in quality and scanty, and their hearts were wrung by tidings of almost starving families in their distant homes. It was resolved to desert the bleak fastness, disband, and return to their wives and children. News of the revolt was sent to Washington at Morristown. He dispatched the American General Howe, with a body of troops, to quell it. The insurgents were surprised and surrounded, and yielded without bloodshed to the superior force. A court-martial was held—"standing on the snow," says the chronicle with unconscious pathos—and two of the ring-leaders were sentenced to be shot by their comrades and fellow-offenders. The squad detailed for the purpose vainly protested, with tears, against the cruel office. The blindfolded leaders were buried where they fell. Their graves are pointed out to the visitor who climbs to the site of the forest-camp. Cellars lined with stone, shelving rocks blackened and seamed on the under

side by smoke and fire, and the outlines of huts that were built up with loose stones,—are vestiges of that bitter winter and the tragic culmination of the woes of the desperate soldiery.

Another encampment was in Pompton township, within sight of that on the mountain-side, and so much more kindly planned as to convenience and comfort that the contrast may have augmented the discontent of the mutinous band. For two winters, part of a regiment of American troops occupied a gentle slope with a southern exposure, on the bank of the Ramapo River. A virgin forest kept off north and east winds, and the camp was within less than half a mile of the main road. Soon after peace was declared, a great rock in the middle of the river was used as a foundation for a dam that widened the stream into a lake. A fall of thirty feet supplies a picturesque feature to the landscape, and valuable water-power for the Pompton Steel and Iron Works at the foot of the hill. Sunnybank, the summer cottage of Rev. Dr. Terhune, is built upon the pleasant camping-ground aforesaid. In clearing the wooded slope, remains of stockaded huts were unearthed, with bullets, flints, gunlocks,

"THE PLEASANT CAMPING-GROUND."

and, in a bed of charcoal left by a camp-fire, a sword of British workmanship, in perfect preservation. The royal arms of England are etched upon the blade; on the hilt, scratched rudely as with a nail, or knife-point, are the initials "E.L." The steel is encrusted with rust-gouts that will not out. Who, of the miserably equipped rebel soldiery, could afford to lose from his *living* hand a weapon so good and true?

The steeper hill across the lake, on the lower slopes and at the base of which nestle the villas and cottages of "summer folk" from the metropolis, took the name of "Barrack Hill" from the officers' quarters overlooking the camp.

The Marquis de Chastelleux, from whose *Travels in North America* quotation has already been made in these pages, writes of this region in 1780:

"Approaching Pompton I was astonished at the degree of perfection to which agriculture is carried." He mentions as especially well-cultivated and fertile the lands of "the Mandeville brothers,[1] whose father was a Dutchman and cleared the farms his sons now till."

[1] A daughter of one of the Mandeville brothers married Dr. William Washington Colfax.

"Being very dark, it was not without difficulty that I passed two or three rivulets, on very small bridges," establishes the trend of the road that landed him that night at Courtheath's Tavern (on the site of which a time-battered hostelry still stands). The landlord, a young fellow of four-and-twenty, complained bitterly that he was obliged to live in this out-of-the-way place. "He has two handsome sisters, well-dressed girls who wait on travellers with grace and coquetry," is a sly touch worthy of the writer's nationality. He atones for it by honest surprise at seeing upon a great table in the parlor Milton, Addison, Richardson, and other authors of note. "The cellar was not so well stocked as the library." He could "get nothing but vile cider-brandy of which he must make grog." The bill for a night's lodging and food for himself, his servants, and horses, was sixteen dollars.

From this showing, we infer that Dutch intelligence and integrity were distanced by Dutch enterprise even in the wilderness. He recounts, as we might tell of a casual encounter with a neighbor, that, two days later, he met General and Lady Washington on the Morristown road, travelling in their post-chaise, in

which roomy conveyance they insisted he should take a seat.

There were skirmishes, many and bloody, upon these beautiful hills. An encounter in the Morristown Road on Pompton Plains attained the dignity of a battle, and the slain were buried in the graveyard of the wayside church. In the garden behind Washington's headquarters, was dug up in 1889, a solid silver spur that may have clamped the august heel of the Nation's hero. The flat at the left of the Sunnybank orchard was paved with thousands of flat stones for the convenience of taking horses and wagons to the water's edge. These were removed a few years ago. Among the matted roots beneath them was found, at one spot, a bed of partially fashioned arrowheads, and, nearer the woods, a grave, with roughly hewn stones at head and foot—perhaps the last resting-place of a sachem of the once powerful tribe of Pompiton Indians,—perhaps of "E. L." Who knows?

Both the camping-grounds I have mentioned, and five thousand five hundred acres besides of mountain and plain, were deeded by royal letters of patent to Arent Schuyler in 1695. The homestead founded by him stands diago-

nally across the lake from Sunnybank, in full sight, although three quarters of a mile away. A rampart of mountains defends it from the blasts which rush down the northern gorge, through which, from the crest of Barrack Hill, the naked eye can trace on a clear day the outline of Old Cro' Nest, opposite West Point.

Philip Petersen Schuyler, the founder of the large and influential family in America bearing the name, emigrated from Amsterdam, Holland, in 1650, and settled in Albany (then Beverwyck).

SCHUYLER COAT-OF-ARMS.

This is his entry in the family Bible of an event which occurred the same year.

"In the year of our Lord 1650, the 12 december, Have I, Philip Peterse Schuyler from Amsterdam, old about 2" (illegible) "years married for my wife Margritta van Slichtenhorst, born at Nykerck old 22 years may the

good god grant us a long and peaceful life to our salvation Amen."

His life was neither long nor peaceful. His decease, jotted down in the same Bible by the hand of his wife, took place when he was less than sixty years old. The services rendered city, State, and church in his thirty years' residence in the land of his adoption, his courage, steadfastness and energy, make his a marked name in those early annals. He bore the title of "Captain" at his death, and is mentioned in contemporary documents as "Commissioner of Justice in Albany."

From the eight children who survived him sprang such noble branches as the Van Cortlandts, Van Rensselaers, Verplancks, and Livingstons. His eldest son, Peter, was the first Mayor of Albany, and in 1689, Commandant of Fort Orange in that city.

Johannes, another son, we learn from a family MS. embrowned and blotched by time,

"Was Captain at 22, and in 1690 led a Company of 29 Christians and 120 Savages, as far as La Praise, in Canada, near Montreal, where he took 19 Prisoners and destroyed for the enemies 150 head of cattle, and subsequently, after an absence of 17 days, returned in safety to Albany. He is said to have had great influence

with the Indians and was the grandfather of General Philip Schuyler, one of the noted chieftains of the Revolution."

The birth of Arent Schuyler is duly entered in the Bible thus:

"1662, the 25 June is born our fourth son named Arent van Schuyler may the Lord God let him grow up in virtues to his Salvation Amen."

The father interpolated the "van" in the names of his children until 1666. Philip, Johannes, and Margritta are written down simply, "Schuyler."

The wife of the first Philip and for twenty-eight years his loyal relict, was one of the famous women of the day. She had sole control of her husband's large estate and managed it ably.

An amusing bit of testimony to her maternal devotion is given in a letter written by the obnoxious Leisler to the three commissioners sent by him to Albany to assume control of municipal and colonial affairs there. Peter Schuyler was then Mayor. The usurper of the Lieutenant-Governorship writes to his agents of a tale "that ye Widow Schuyler beat Captain Milborne, and that you all three

were forced to fly out of ye towne and were gone to Esopus, and Peter Schuyler was in ye fort."

"It was mere rumor," comments a family record, "but it proved she was a woman of spirit and resolution, more, that her influence was a power which her enemies feared."

This was in 1690. Six years earlier, her son Arent (signifying "eagle") bought a house from his thrift-loving mother, to be paid for in peltry, in two instalments of a hundred beavers each, hung a live eagle in a cage on the outer wall in lieu of a door-plate, married, and went to housekeeping with Jenneke Teller.

In imitation of the will made by Philip and Margritta Schuyler—the provisions of which were conscientiously carried out by the widow,—Arent and his wife, soon after their marriage, united in a testament which left the survivor sole legatee of "all the estate and personal property . . . all and everything which they now possess (may he or she remarry or not) without being held to pay over to the parents or friends or anybody else, even a stiver's worth."

In 1690, Arent Schuyler joined a party sent under Captain Abraham Schuyler to watch

the French near Crown Point. While on this duty, Arent volunteered to lead into Canada a company of eight Indian scouts, himself being the only white man. The expedition returned in safety, having made thorough reconnoissances, killed two French pickets and captured one. The enterprise gained for him much credit and a captaincy. His familiarity with Indian dialects caused him to be chosen as ambassador, on divers occasions, to hostile and friendly tribes. His proven courage and his diplomacy were not more notable than the detailed exactness of his monetary accounts with the government. Not an item of horse-hire; of Holland shirts furnished to chiefs; of crackers, peas and ferriage, was omitted from the bills rendered by shrewd Widow Schuyler's fourth son.

Arent Schuyler removed to what one kinsman biographer calls "the wilds of New Jersey" between 1701 and 1706. The joint will of himself and bride was, of course, a reciprocal affair, with equal risks on both sides, but the innings remained with the always lucky husband. He fell heir to every stiver and stitch of Jenneke Teller's share of the property in 1700, and married Swantie Dyckhuyse in 1702.

In 1710, he bought a plantation on the Passaic River near Newark. Just as he was beginning to fear that the lands were unproductive, and to meditate a speedy sale, a negro slave discovered a copper mine which established his master's fortune beyond the reach of a turn of fate.

Philip, the eldest son of Arent the Lucky, was left upon the patrimonial acres at Pompton when his father transferred his residence to Belleville, New Jersey. He was a man of note among his neighbors, possessing much of the thrift and industry belonging to the blood. He represented Passaic County in the Legislature for several years.

His son, Arent (2), added to the estate the farm bought in 1739 from Hendrick Garritse Van Wagenen, on which the homestead stands. This Arent, with his son Adoniah, occupied it during the Revolution, and in a peaceful old age related many and strange tales of that troublous era.

A French soldier, ill with fever, was brought to Mr. Schuyler's hospitable door from the camp across the river, taken in and nursed by the family and servants. His disease proved to be smallpox of which he died. A low

mound in the orchard shows where he was buried. The family influence with the Indians, of whom there were many in the nearest mountains, was transmitted from generation to generation. Adoniah, when a boy, talked with them in their own language, employed, when grown, Indian men on the farm, and squaws in the house. Indian boys and girls played freely about the doors with the children of the second Arent.

While the conflicting armies were surging back and forth over the Debatable Ground of the Ramapo Valley, Arent Schuyler called in cattle and horses every night, and sent them into the friendly mountains at the rear of his house, under the care of trustworthy laborers. Provisions were secreted ingeniously, and crops put into the ground with agonizing misgivings as to who would reap and consume them,

The dwelling has been twice remodelled in this century. It is a substantial stone structure, with outlying barns larger than itself. The walls are very thick and an air of restful comfort pervades the premises. Peacocks strut, and guinea-fowls clack noisily where Indian children played with Philip Schuyler's

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grandsons. Plough and hoe still bring up arrowheads in the long-cultivated fields. The ground would seem to have been sown with them as with grain.

Mr. Cornelius Schuyler, an honored citizen of Pompton, and the last in the direct male line represented by Arent (1), Philip, Arent (2) and Adoniah, died Sept. 14, 1868, in his seventy-fifth year. Mrs. Williams, his married daughter, and her husband, Dr. Williams, dwell in the quiet spaciousness of the old house.

Of the many thousand Pompton acres owned by the race that knew so well how to fight and to traffic, only the extensive home-tract remains to those of the blood and lineage. Of the homes inherited and made for themselves by the children of the second Philip Schuyler, all but two have passed into other hands.

Major Anthony Brockholls, sometime Governor of the Province of New York, and at a later day Mayor of New York City, was the friend of Arent (1) Schuyler and a copartner in speculation in New Jersey lands.

"These gentlemen bought of the Indians nearly all the land now comprised in Wayne Township, and acquired the title from some New Jersey proprietaries on November 11th, 1695. In the same year they erected

homesteads within a few hundred yards of one another. The house built by Schuyler stands yet and is occupied by William Colfax, one of his descendants. That built by Brockholls has disappeared and on the site is one more modern, occupied by the family of the late Major W. W. Colfax, another offshoot of the Schuyler-Colfax stock."

This extract is from a paper kindly given to me by Dr. William Schuyler Colfax of Pompton, who is himself a lineal descendant of Arent (1) Schuyler. From the same source we learn that the "second settlement in what is now Passaic County was made by Arent Schuyler and Anthony Brockholls in 1694–1695."

The old house was, then, Schuyler's home between 1700 and the date of his removal to Belleville, and has been in the family quite as long as the larger building nearly a mile away and on the other side of the lake.

Philip Schuyler, the son of the first Arent, had eleven children besides the namesake son who inherited the Van Wagenen farm along with others. Of the dozen, nine grew to man's and woman's estate. Especial good fortune seems to have followed Arent's name and line, for we find from Dr. Colfax's MS. that Arent's

son Caspar—or Casparus, as another record has it—inherited a large estate at his father's death. Furthermore, that Caspar "had in some manner acquired the adjoining Brockholls lands."

He had but one child,—

> "One fair daughter and no more,
> The which he loved passing well,"—

if unstinted indulgence while he lived, and the bequest to her, in dying, of all his worldly goods, were proofs of parental affection. The beautiful Ester—or Hester—familiarly known to kindred and neighbor as "Miss Hetty," was in the fifth generation from "ye Widow Schuyler" who beat and chased the three Royal Commissioners sent to eject her son Peter from the Mayoralty. The family "spirit and resolution" dryly commended by the chronicler of the affair, had not lost strength with the passage of years. If the Widow Schuyler's spirit were a home-brew of sparkling cider, her very-great-granddaughter's was the same beverage grown "hard" with the keeping. Her beauty and her fortune attracted a swarm of beaux, and her successes probably kept her in a good humor in her

visitors' sight. While Washington was encamped at Towowa, seven miles away, he was on several occasions her most honored guest. We may be sure that the bravest of the silks and satins—that, her neighbors said, made it unnecessary for them to look around to see who was rustling up the aisle of the old colonial church (still standing)—were donned when the General and staff were expected to dinner, and that the youthful hostess made a bonny picture as she courtesied in the Dutch doorway in acknowledgment of his magnificent salutation.

In the train of the Commander-in-Chief was a handsome youth who, although but nineteen years of age, was second-lieutenant of Washington's Life-Guard. He came of a French family that had settled in Wethersfield, Conn., in 1651. It may have been the dash and vivacity which went with his blood that commended him to Miss Hetty's favor. His rivals included others of the General's staff. When the home-brew was the sharper for ten or twelve years of married life, she used to bemoan herself that "she had had her pick of nine, and had chosen the worst of the lot."

"After a brief and vigorous wooing, Lieu-

tenant Colfax became engaged to Ester, and married her at the close of the war."

He was Captain of the Life-Guard by now, and had a reputation for bravery that should have tempered with justice the tart training to which the spoiled beauty subjected him from an early period of their joint, but never united, lives. Even after he became General Colfax, and had won new laurels in the War of 1812, we hear of her driving in an open barouche over the short mile separating her homestead from the Reformed Dutch Church, the General riding alongside, and on the footboard behind two colored pages, the one to carry after her to the Schuyler pew footstool and fan in summer, or a warming-pan in winter, the other to bear her train up the aisle. Her husband was an adjunct to the state she kept up to the day of her demise, making her boast, within a few weeks of that desirable event, that she had never combed her own hair or put on her own shoes and stockings. Dutch father and French husband seem to have been on a par in the worse than folly of humoring caprices which waxed with indulgence into absurdities that are among the most amusing of village tales. She would

drink no water except such as was brought fresh from a well five hundred yards distant from the house, and burned none except hickory wood. If this were not forthcoming at her call she would toss into the fire whatever lay nearest her hand, were it gown, or shawl, or silken scarf. She would not allow a black beast or fowl to live upon the place, and one of the fiercest quarrels between the ill-mated pair was because her husband had suffered her to eat beef bought of a neighbor who had slaughtered a black cow. When he offended her beyond the possibility of forgiveness by selling a tract of land without her permission, she retired loftily to her chamber, and did not emerge from the seclusion for ten years. When the time she had set for herself and to him was up, she came forth, richly dressed, ordered her carriage, and drove to church as if nothing had happened.

With all her intolerable whims, she retained to the last her shrewd intelligence and ready wit, and, when she willed to be pleasing, her captivating manner. The six children born to her loved her in spite of the flurries and tempests of a temper they and their father understood, if nobody else entered into the

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comprehension thereof. She was one of the "characters" of the times and region, and her story gives a flavor of peppery romance to the long, low, hip-roofed house. Each of the three sons who attained manhood was a citizen of more than ordinary intelligence and prominence. Schuyler, the eldest, became the father of a Vice-President of the United States: William Washington, named for his father and his father's beloved Chief, was an able and successful physician, and one of the celebrities of the township. His *bon mots* are still retailed by his old acquaintances and neighbors. Throughout his life he was a stubborn Democrat, and a friend, one day in the summer of 1868, showed him with mischievous satisfaction the newspaper announcement of the nomination of Grant and Colfax. The doctor read the article through without the change of a muscle.

"That ticket," he said then, quietly, "is like a kangaroo. All the strength is in *the hind legs*."

George, the third son, built a homestead upon the foundation of the Brockholl's house. It is still occupied by his descendants.

The "old place" is tenanted by the only son of Dr. William Washington Colfax.

The fourth William, to whom I am indebted for much interesting information respecting the family, has in his possession a miniature of General—then Lieutenant—Colfax, which the enamored young officer caused to be painted for the fair and spicy Hetty during their engagement; also a pair of beautifully mounted pistols made by Thone of Amsterdam. They were given to his favorite lieutenant by Washington at the close of the war. A great-granddaughter treasures as an odd but precious relic, a man's nightcap made by Lady Washington and presented to Captain Colfax with her own hands. The house contains tables, chairs, and other ancient furniture antedating the stirring Revolutionary days that brought the boy-warrior to the arms—and tongue—of his imperious bride.

VIII

THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE

OLAF STEVENSE VAN CORTLANDT, a soldier in the Dutch West Indian service, accompanied William Kieft to America in 1638.

He came of a noble French family (Courland) long-resident in Holland. In 1648, he left the service of the company, and a year later his signature appeared among those of the "Nine Men" who presented to the West Indian Co. a protest against the maladministration of Kieft and Stuyvesant. In 1654, he was a Commissioner from New Amsterdam to settle

VAN CORTLANDT COAT-OF-ARMS.
MOTTO, "VIRTUS SIBI MUNUS."

difficulties with the Indians after the Esopus massacre.

He was, also, an Elder in the Reformed Dutch Church of which "Everardus Bogardus, Dominie of New Amsterdam," was the spiritual leader. The worthy pastor had wedded, in 1638, the "Widow Ians," otherwise Anneke Jansen, who brought with her to her new husband's abode the five children she had borne to her first husband. It was considered that the clergyman had made an ineligible match, the bride having no dowry save "a few acres of wild land." The undesirable estate, registered after her second marriage, as "The Dominie's Bouwerie," is now the property of Trinity Church Corporation in New York City.

Pastor and Elder maintained amicable relations toward one another throughout the Reverend Everardus's incumbency, except on one occasion when the minister was hurried, in the heat of debate, into the utterance of a remark that reflected upon his parishioner's integrity. He was compelled, in a meeting of Consistory, to retract his words, whereupon Olaf Van Cortlandt—whom a contemporary describes as "without mistake a noble man"—

frankly forgave the offender, and their friendship was fully restored.

The pastor was drowned in Bristol Channel in 1647, and the doubly widowed Anneke resumed the management of the " Bouwerie."

" Old Burgomaster Van Cortlandt " was one of the six chief townsmen who advised and conducted a peaceful capitulation to the English squadron that summoned the settlement on " the Island of Manhattoes " to surrender. In the political see-saw of the ensuing decade, the wise Hollander kept his seat on the safe end of the plank. We find him in England, lading governmental ships under commission of Charles II. ; investigating Lovelace's unsettled accounts when the latter was deposed by the reinstated Dutch masters, and he was one of Andros's council after the international episode was settled by the treaty of Westminster. In all this, he so cleverly improved cloudy as well as shining hours that he had by 1674 amassed a fortune of 45,000 guilders and much real estate. He was by now the happy husband of Annetje Loockermans, who, like himself, was born in Holland. He died in 1683.

" A worthy citizen, and most liberal in his charities," says an old chronicle.

His widow survived him but a twelvemonth. Her epitaph, penned by the pastor of the venerable couple, asserts that she

> ". . . after Cortlandt's death no rest possessed,
> And sought no other rest than soon to rest beside him.
> He died. She lived and died. Both now in Abram rest."

—tautological testimony which, if trustworthy, implies wifely devotion and a common Christian faith.

Thus runs in brief the opening chapter in the American history of a family than which none has borne a more conspicuous and honorable part in the history of New York. Compelled by the stringency of space (or the lack of it) to restrict myself to the barest outline of an eventful history, I pass on to the threshold of the picturesque Manor-House, built in 1681 upon the Croton River then "Kightewank Creek."

The Manor of Van Cortlandt was "erected" in 1697, with especial privileges pertaining thereto besides the usual rights of "Court-Baron, Court-Leet, etc." Under this title were collected lands accumulated during nearly thirty years by Stephanus Van Cortlandt, eldest son of the emigrant Olaf. At thirty-

four he was the first American Mayor of New York, and appointed First Judge in Admiralty by Sir Edmund Andros.

So trusted was he by the English governors that English-born merchants uttered a formal complaint against patronage bestowed upon "a Dutchman while the English had no chance."

Office was heaped upon office until in number and importance they surpassed those held by his doughty brother-in-law, Robert Livingston. The two Manorial Lords married sisters, the daughters of Philip Petersen Schuyler of Albany. The cares of political life, business cares and responsibilities, perhaps the chafe of the high-strung ambitious spirit within a not-robust body, made his days briefer than those of his parents. He survived the creation of his Manor less than four years, dying in 1700, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven.

Eleven, out of fourteen, children outlived him. Verplanck, Bayard, de Lancey, Van Schuyler,—are some of the notable names joined in marriage with those of his sons and daughters.

His son Philip (1) married Catherine de

Peyster, " was an eminent merchant in possession of good estate," and one of His Majesty's Council in 1731. Dying in 1747, his estate was divided among his four sons.

To Pierre (1) although the youngest, was devised the Manor-House. His wife was his second cousin, Joanna Livingston, a grandchild of Robert.

" With their eldest born, Philip Van Cortlandt, they left New York for Croton River, and here all the succeeding children were born. For a time all passed peacefully; Pierre pursuing the avocations of a country gentleman of that day, busying himself with his farm and his mills."

The Manor-House, built as a fort station by Stephanus Van Cortlandt, contained, originally, but eight rooms, and was forty feet long by thirty-three wide. It was of Nyack red freestone, and the solid masonry of the walls was pierced with loopholes for defense against savage visitors. Within a few rods was the Ferry-house, constructed of brick and wood. As the dangers from savage marauders lessened, the young members of the Van Cortlandt clan fell into the habit of using the fort for a hunting-lodge.

The five sons of Philip (1)—Stephen, Abram, Philip, John, and Pierre,—came and went at their pleasure, finding at their country home constant occupation. Fish were abundant, and deer were still to be found in the forest.

Abram, Philip, and John died unmarried, Stephen and Pierre dividing the estate between them. It was but natural that the last-named should gladly embrace the opportunity of bringing up his young family in scenes endeared by his early associations.

The brief, blessed calm was terminated by the outbreak of the Revolution.

"In 1774,"—says the careful paper prepared by the widow of the late Pierre Van Cortlandt, and to which I am indebted for the framework of this article,—"Governor Tryon came to Croton, ostensibly on a visit of courtesy, bringing with him his wife, a daughter of the Hon. John Watts [a kinsman of the Van Cortlandts]. . . . The next morning Governor Tryon proposed a walk. They all proceeded to one of the highest points on the estate, and, pausing, Tryon announced to the listening Van Cortlandt the great favors that would be granted to him if he would espouse the royal cause, and give his adherence to king and par-

liament. Large grants of land would be added to his estates, and Tryon hinted that a title might be bestowed. Van Cortlandt answered that 'he was chosen representative [to the Colonial Assembly] by unanimous approbation of a people who placed confidence in his integrity, to use all his ability for the benefit and the good of his country as a true patriot, which line of conduct he was determined to pursue.' (Pierre's nephew, Philip [Stephen's son], entered the Royal army, served throughout the war, and died in England in 1814. The present Lord Elphinstone is his great-grandson.)"

The discomfited Tryon returned to New York, and Van Cortlandt was elected to the Second Provincial Congress in 1775. He was also a delegate to the Third and Fourth, and President of the Council of Safety.

Franklin, Rochambeau, LaFayette, Steuben, de Lauzun—and a greater than they—WASHINGTON—were honored guests within the stout walls of the Manor-House during the war. "The new bridge of the Croton, about nine miles from Peekskills," mentioned by the Commander-in-Chief in his diary of July 2, 1781, superseded the ferry, and the brick-and-

timber Ferry-house served as temporary barracks for the soldiers on their passage up and down the river.

Continued residence in the turbulent heart of military operations was impossible. Mrs. Van Cortlandt and the children finally sought an asylum upon one of the Livingston farms at Rhinebeck. The Manor-House was left in charge of faithful slaves, and was visited by the family by stealth and at long intervals.

Pierre Van Cortlandt was acting-marshal of the famous Equestrian Provincial Congress, which halted in mid-march when overtaken by despatches from Washington calling upon them for appropriations, etc. Wheeling their horses into a hollow square, they would pass laws and legislate bills and provisions as required, then, at the bugle-call, form into line and proceed on their way.

The brave father writes to his son Philip—who had thrown himself with the enthusiasm of early and vigorous manhood into the Patriot cause, and was now in the camp—of his prayerful hope "that the Lord will be with you all, and that you may quit yourselves like men in your country's cause."

Pierre Van Cortlandt served as Lieutenant-

Governor from 1777 to 1795, and was President of the Convention that framed the new Constitution.

The echoes of the war had muttered themselves into silence, when he recalled his household to the Manor-House and resumed the peaceful occupations he loved. The wife of his youth was spared to him until 1808. She was eighty-seven years of age. They had lived together for over sixty years.

"A model wife," says her biographer; "A model mother and a model Christian. She made the Manor House an earthly Paradise."

Her husband outlived her six years, dying in 1814, at the ripe age of ninety-four.

"The simplicity of his life was that of an ancient Patriarch. He descended to the grave full of years, covered with honor and grateful for his country's happiness. He retained his recollection to the last, calling upon his Saviour to take him to Himself."

The hero-son Philip (2) succeeded to the estate. He had fulfilled in letter and in spirit his pious father's hope, having won renown and rank by his gallantry, and universal respect by his talents and character. In 1783 he received the rank of Brigadier-General for

his conduct at Yorktown. For sixteen years he represented his district in Congress. In 1824 he accompanied his old comrade and dear friend, LaFayette, in his tour through the country they had helped to save. He died in 1831, in his eighty-second year.

Pierre (2) Van Cortlandt (Philip's brother and successor) was born in 1762. He was a student of Rutgers College in New Brunswick at the outbreak of the war, and one of the party of lads who joined the citizens in repelling an attack made by the British upon the town. He studied law under Alexander Hamilton, a kinsman by marriage, Mrs. Hamilton being a daughter of General Philip Schuyler. In 1801 Mr. Van Cortlandt married "Caty," the eldest child of Governor George Clinton, and after her death in 1811, Anne, daughter of John Stevenson, of Albany.

His only child, Pierre (3) entered upon his inheritance in 1848. Superb in physique, and courtly in bearing, he is remembered with affectionate esteem by the community in which he spent forty-eight years and "in which he had not one enemy." He passed away peacefully July 11, 1884.

His widow, the daughter of T. Romeyn

Beck, M.D., of Albany, the eminent scholar and writer on medical jurisprudence, lived for ten years longer in the beautiful old homestead with her son and her daughter, Miss Anne Stevenson Van Cortlandt.

Endowed by nature with unusual beauty of person and intelligence, Mrs. Van Cortlandt added to these gifts scholarly attainments, vivacity and grace of manner that made her the pride and joy of those who loved her, and the chief attraction of her home to the hosts of friends who sought her there. The charm of her conversation and society was irresistible. She gave of her intellectual, as of her heart, treasures royally. Her fund of anecdote was exhaustless, her descriptions were graphic, and the sunny humor that withstood griefs under which a weaker spirit would have sunk into pessimistic despondency never deserted her. Her contributions to historical periodicals were always trustworthy and full of interest, her letters were models of easy and sparkling composition, the only substitute which absent friends were willing to accept for her radiant and gracious presence.

Out of the fulness of a loving heart I offer this humble tribute to one of the noblest of

the Order of Colonial Dames, whom the places she glorified now know no more. It is a bit of fadeless rosemary, and it is laid upon a shrine.

The son, Captain James Stevenson Van Cortlandt, followed the example of his ancestors in answering promptly to his country's call in her day of need. He entered the army at eighteen, and served with distinction throughout the civil war, first as Aid-de-Camp to General Corcoran; then with the New York 155th, and, upon promotion, in the New York 22nd Cavalry, being with that regiment during Sheridan's brilliant campaigns.

A married daughter, the wife of Rev. John Rutherford Matthews, Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, occupies the quaint old Ferry-house, now converted into a comfortable residence.

The Manor-House is long and low, and draped with historic romance, legend, and poetry, as with the vines that cling to the deep veranda.

Above the main entrance, with its Knickerbocker half-door and brass knocker, are the horns of an immense moose. In the outer wall to the left is cut the date of erection, "A.D. 1681." In the hall hang the portraits

of John and Pierre, sons of Philip (1) Van Cortlandt, taken in boyhood. Pierre is accompanied by his dog; John has his hand on the head of a fawn tamed by himself. The antlers of the favorite, grown to full deerhood, and—let us hope—dying a natural death in the fulness of years,—are over the opposite door.

One of the T-shaped loopholes, left uncovered as a curious memento of the warlike infancy of the homestead, gapes in the wall of the dining-room. Beneath it, and in striking congruity with the silent telltale, is the portrait of Joseph Brant, the college-bred Indian, who " with all his native ferocity, was a polished gentleman."

Aaron Burr's daughter, Theodosia, who should have been a competent critic in matters of deportment and etiquette, bears testimony to the high breeding of the Mohawk chieftain in a letter written to her father when she was a precocious and accomplished girl of fourteen. Burr, who was in Philadelphia, had given Brant a letter of introduction to Theodosia in New York, and the young lady proceeded to arrange a dinner-party for the distinguished stranger. Among her guests were Bishop Moore and Dr. Bard, an eminent physician who was after-

185 VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

ward President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

The hostess was, she says, sadly puzzled in making up a suitable bill of fare.

"I had a mind to lay the hospital under contribution for a human head to be served up like a boar's head in ancient hall historic. After all, he (Brant) was a most Christian and civilized guest in his manners."

In 1779, Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt led his men in a skirmish against Brant and his Indians, and while standing under a tree and marshalling his men, was observed by the "polished" savage. He promptly ordered a marksman to "pick off" the white officer. The dancing foliage about Colonel Van Cortlandt's head misled the rifleman, and the ball missed the mark by three inches.

"Had I fired, myself," said Brant in a friendly talk with General Van Cortlandt in after years, "I should not have the pleasure of meeting you to-day. And"—with a bow and a smile—"I am extremely happy that I did not."

The portrait, painted at the request of the late Mrs. Van Cortlandt's grandfather, James Caldwell, of Albany, is fine. The expression

is complacent, even benevolent, although the physiognomy is all Indian. There is not a gleam of native ferocity in the sleek visage, not a shadow of remorse for wanton carnage in the smiling eyes. A large stone corn-mortar used by the Indians, is built, for better preservation, into the wall of the lawn.

Mrs. Van Cortlandt once related to me this anecdote, apropos of Indian neighbors:

"One evening, as the Lieutenant-Governor and his wife were seated by their fireside, several Indians came in. They were made welcome, and a pitcher of cider was brought to them. After all had drunk, the Chief returned his bowl to Mrs. Van Cortlandt, who threw the few drops that remained into the fire. The Chief, with flashing eyes and clenched fists advanced to strike her. Governor Van Cortlandt sternly interposed, demanding the cause of such violence. Explanations ensued, and it appeared that even the apparent attempt to quench the fire on the hearth was an insult, according to Indian usage. Amity was restored by an apology."

Better-mannered and more welcome guests sat about the superb old dining-table, which is the richer in color and more valuable for each of the 250 years that have passed since it was made over the sea. Washington and his aids, and other world-renowned men, ate from the generous board.

189 LOOPHOLE AND BRANT'S PORTRAIT IN DINING-ROOM.

In the library is an antique chair taken from a captured Spanish privateer. The fireplace is surrounded by tiles, each bearing the arms of some branch, direct or collateral, of the Van Cortlandt family, painted by Mrs. Matthews, who is an accomplished and diligent genealogist and antiquarian. The Van Cortlandt crest is the central ornament. Twenty-four tiles are to the right and left of it.

It is almost miraculous that such wealth of silver, glass, and china survived the early colonial wars, and the frequent removals these rendered necessary, as one sees upon the buffets and in the closets of the Manor-House. To the relic-lover, historian, and romancist, every step is a surpriseful delight.

Before a profile-portrait, in a small chamber on the first floor, we pause in silent reverence. It shows a woman past the prime of life, but still beautiful. Her features are strong, yet refined, the eyes are clear and solemn. Within the locked door of this apartment, Joanna Livingston, wife of Lieutenant-Governor Pierre Van Cortlandt, knelt and prayed and fasted from morning until night, on the day of the battle of White Plains. To the devout imagination, there is a brooding hush in the atmos-

phere of the secluded room consecrated for all time by agonized supplication for husband, son, and country.

The wedding gown of Joanna Livingston is preserved here, and we regard with almost equal interest a bit of pink silk kept in Mrs. Matthews's reliquary. I give the story as nearly as possible in Mrs. Van Cortlandt's words:

"Gilbert* Van Cortlandt wrote to his father: 'Nancy has got a bright pink silk—beautiful! She will appear as well as the best of them.'

"'Nancy' was the daughter of Pierre Van Cortlandt and Joanna Livingston. She married Philip Schuyler Van Rensselaer, long Mayor of Albany, and a brother of the Patroon. 'Nancy,' on one occasion when going to dine with the Patroon, wore this dress, and just as she was setting out, a party of Methodist preachers drove to the door. As usual, they expected entertainment and lodging. While she was receiving them, one of the party turned to her and said: 'Madame! do you expect to go to Heaven in that gown?' She was shocked at his rudeness, and never wore the dress again, on account of the unpleasant association connected with it."

Another, and a sadder family story is of the untimely death of Catherine, only daughter of Philip (1) Van Cortlandt and his wife Cath-

* Son of Lieutenant-Governor Van Cortlandt.

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erine de Peyster. Having gone with her nurse to the then fashionable promenade, the Battery, on June 4, 1738, to witness the celebration of the King's birthday, the little girl was killed by the bursting of a cannon used in firing salutes. She was but twelve years of age. Her body was laid in a vault in Trinity Church, New York. Several years later the tomb was opened, and the devoted nurse who had insisted upon being present, saw the pretty child lying asleep as in life. The woman stooped to kiss her. At the touch of her lips, the body crumbled to dust. There was left, where the face had been, but a moment before, only the small cap with its crimped border, and the "minnikin" pins that had fastened it to the hair.

In the "ghost-room" of the Manor-House are the portraits of the first and second wives of General Pierre (2) Van Cortlandt. The dark, clearly cut face in profile opposite the door is that of "Caty" Clinton. Wilfulness speaks in every lineament, but the piquante face is wistful, rather than petulant. She married, clandestinely, Captain John Taylor, a British officer, on the eve of his departure for England. It may have been three months

thereafter when her father looked up from a newspaper to observe:

"I see that Captain Taylor died at Falmouth, soon after reaching port."

His daughter interrupted him by falling in a faint at his feet. While looking at her pictured presentment we can believe that she carried the traces of the early love affair and the shock of the tragedy that ended it, throughout the few years of her married life with the gallant gentleman who had this portrait of her finished after her death. His second wife, it is said, sat for the figure. He always spoke of Caty as "bright and beautiful." The family annals describe her as "energetic and vivacious." Of Anne Stevenson, the mother of his only child (poor Caty had none!) he said, "She was an angel." And yet we turn from her lovely, high-bred face for another and longer look at the child-widow, whose soldier-love never came back to give her courage to confess the ill-starred marriage to her father.

The ghost-lore of the ancient homestead is rich and authentic. This is one of the stories told me while I loitered in the chamber furnished with belongings one and two centuries old.

197 THE "GHOST-ROOM."

The narrator was the noble mistress of the Manor-House :

" A young lady visiting us in September, 1863, was asked if she minded sleeping in the Ghost-Room, as it was a long while since any mysterious sounds had been heard there. She was told that if she was nervous a servant would occupy the adjoining apartment. She laughed at the query, and ' had no belief in or fear of apparitions.' In the morning she came to the breakfast-table, pale and ill-at-ease. After breakfast, she confessed to having awakened, suddenly, feeling that some one was in the room near her bed. Presently, it took the definite shape of a woman, dressed in a brown gown, with a white handkerchief crossed over her breast. A large apron, a bunch of keys at her side, a mob cap and long ear-rings completed the figure. It remained for what seemed a long time, and twitched the bed-clothes off, disappearing as the whistle of the two o'clock train was heard.

" As soon as we heard this story, my daughter and I exclaimed, ' That is the exact description of R—! ' an old housekeeper who lived at General Van Cortlandt's house at Peekskill and had died some time before. Every detail was exact, although the guest had never seen or heard of her.

" The sound of a carriage driven up the gravelled drive to the front-door, has been heard by every member of the family. An old servant, a former slave and most excellent creature, used to declare that she had seen, in days past, the coach and pair with liveried servants and old Lady Van Cortlandt alighting at the door. I never did, but I have heard it many times ; the tramp-

ling hoofs, the roll and grating of the wheels, the sudden check at the foot of the steps, and, looking out, saw nothing."

A plate let into a pillar of the veranda records that George Whitefield stood here while he preached to an immense audience upon the lawn. Bishop Asbury also preached from the improvised pulpit.

Sorrows have multiplied and thickened above the venerable homestead in later years, but the cordial hospitality characteristic of the Van Cortlandts in every generation is still extended to stranger and to friend. Love and good-will sit with clasped hands before the ancient hearthstone; the spirit of charity, generous and graceful, abides within the walls like a visible benediction upon inmates and guests.

IX

OAK HILL, UPON THE LIVINGSTON MANOR

FAIR Alida (van) Schuyler, daughter of Philip Petersen Schuyler of Albany, married, first, Rev. Nicholas van Rensselaer, and, as his widow, espoused, in 1683, Robert Livingston, one of the most remarkable men of his century.

LIVINGSTON COAT-OF-ARMS.
MOTTO, "SI JE PUIS."

His family sprang from a Hungarian root. "Livengus" is among the names of the knights who followed William of Normandy across the Channel. A Livingston, George, of Linlithgow, lost title and estate through his devoted partisanship of the losing side in 1645.

Robert, his grandson, was the son of John Livingston, a Scottish clergyman resident in Linlithgow until his removal to Holland after the sequestration of the family estates. Callender House, in the neighborhood of this town, was one of the residences of the family. The name occurs frequently upon the gravestones in the burial-ground of the parish church.

John—otherwise "Messer John," otherwise, "Dominie" Livingston—visited America to "prospect" for the foundation of a family estate in the New World, a scheme foiled by his death soon after his return to Scotland, about the year 1672. Robert sailed for this country in 1674, and settled in the Dutch Colony of Beverwyck (Albany).

In 1675, he was Town Clerk and Secretary of Indian affairs. In 1680, he presented to "his Excellency, Sir Edmund Andross knt., Governor Gen'l. under his Royall Highness of New Yorke and Dependences in America," an "humble peticou" for the grant of a "Certain tract of Land Lying upon Rolef Jansen's kill or Creeke, upon the East side of Hudson's River near Cats kill belonging to the Indian Proprietors not purchased by anybody hitherto and your humble Petioner being Informed

that the owners are willing to dispose of the same with the runn of Water or Creeke," etc., etc.,

The "peticou" is superscribed:

"Granted to be Purchased according to Law And upon A Survey thereof Duly returned a Pattent to be granted him for a Bowery or farme there as desired. New Yorke the 12th of Novemb'r 1680,

E. Andross."

This modest demand, promptly granted, was the tip of the camel's nose thrust into the wigwam window of the Mohican Indians owning "3 Flatts with some small Flatts," together with sundry "Woodland, Kills, Creeks," and the like, extending "Northwards, Southwards and further Eastward, keeping the same breadth as on the River bank." The land was paid for in guilders, "Blankets and Child's Blankets," shirts, cloth, ten kettles, powder, guns, twenty little looking-glasses, fish-hooks, awls and nails, tobacco, knives, strong beer. "Four stroud coats, two duffel coats and four tin kettles," rum and pipes, ten pairs of large stockings and ten pairs of small, not to mention adzes, paint, bottles, and twenty little scissors.

The deed was signed July 12, 1683, in Albany, by Robert Livingston, a Dutch interpreter, two Dutch witnesses and—each by his mark—four Indians.

Tamaranachquæ, an Indian woman, stipulated, before signing, for the right to plant and sow for four years on a certain "little hook of Land."

This first grant was for 2000 acres of land on Hudson's River.

Letters patent for another tract of 600 acres were issued to Robert Livingston, Aug. 27, 1685. In 1686, the tracts were erected into a Lordship of Manor, giving a "Court-leet, Court-Baron, and other dignities and privileges."

The Attorney-General for the Crown indorsed the "pattent" to the effect that it had been "duly perused and found to contain nothing prejudiciall to His Majestye's interest." There was a good deal to be perused. Besides the usual legal verbiage and iteration, there is mention of "black Oake" and "white Oake Trees marked L," of "Timberwoods, Underwoods, Swamps, Moors, Marshes, Meadows, Rivoletts, Hawking, Hunting, fishing, fowling" (with never a comma between, in the

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original) of a "Marsh lyeing neare unto the said kills of the said Heapes of Stones upon which the Indians throw upon another as they Passe by from an Ancient Custom among them," of "Mines Mineralls (Silver and Gold Mines only excepted)" and so on through about three thousand "words, words, words!" winding up with statement of the obligation on the part of the said Robert Livingston, "his Heires and assigns for ever," to pay a yearly rent or tax of "Eight and twenty Shillings Currant mony of this Country," to the Crown.

Thus far the world and his adopted land had dealt generously by the son of the Scotch Dominie.

The first discord in the chant of praise to him who had done so well for himself comes to us in a note from the Earl of Bellomont, resident Governor of the Colony, of whom we shall hear more in other chapters—addressed to the London Board of Trade.

"*2nd Jan'y 1701.*

"Mr Livingston has on his great grant of 16 miles long and 24 broad, but 4 or 5 cottages as I am told, men that live in vassalage under him and are too poor to be farmers not

having wherewithall to buy cattle to stock a farm."

The sequitur to this note was the removal by Lord Bellomont of Robert Livingston from the office of collector of excise in Albany, and the statement, also accredited to the Earl-Governor, that the collector deserved, on account of "great frauds" practised in and out of office, to be suspended from His Majesty's Council. Lieutenant-Governor Nanfran took up the accusation upon Lord Bellomont's death in 1701. In his indictment he declares that the story of the ex-collector's connection with "Capt. Kidd the pyrate" had never been disproved; that Livingston was guilty of fraudulent and contumelious conduct, and desertion of His Majestye's service and province. For these causes, singly and combined, he was suspended "from being one of his Maj'ty's Council of this province until his Maj'ty's pleasure be further known therein."

The next blow was a demand from the Assembly that he be deprived of all his offices, five in number, and his estate be confiscate. In 1705, arrived Queen Anne's warrant reinstating him in every office. The Council, thereupon, declared his position of Secretary

209 GERTRUDE SCHUYLER (SECOND WIFE OF ROBERT LIVINGSTON).

of Indian affairs a sinecure, and refused to pay his salary. Rob't Livingston's petition to Lord Lovelace, "Governor-in-Chief of the Province in New Yorke East and West Jersays &c.," for payment of moneys due him for services rendered as Indian Agent, contains the mention of the prudent neutrality of his wife's brother when Livingston's petition for the "arrears of his said salary" was laid before the Council. He thus quotes the entry on the Council-Book, Sept, 15, 1708.

"It is ye opinion of his Excellency & all ye Council (Except Coll. Schuyler who gave no opinion therein) that ye Petition be disallowed," etc., etc.

The indefatigable Lord of the "Mannor" next offered himself as representative to the Albany Assembly and was elected in 1709,—a position he held for five years. In that time, he secured the repeal of every act injurious to himself, and triumphed completely over detractors and persecutors.

In 1710, the parent government transported a colony of three thousand Palatines (Hessians) to a tract of land lying on Hudson River. The Queen, no longer needing them as mercenary troops, lent willing ear to the

proposition that they should be settled near the Canadian frontier, as a passive safeguard against French and Indians, and to make "Turpentine, Rozin, Tarr and Pitch" for commerce and the British navy. It is an interesting and somewhat diverting story, that of this troublesome colony, many of whose names are perpetuated in the denizens of East and West Camps and Germantown, New York. Robert Livingston sold to Governor Hunter as Representative of the Crown, for four hundred pounds sterling, enough land to furnish a plot of ground and a cabin-site to each immigrant family, and obtained the contract to feed them at sixpence a head, *per diem*. Liberal rights of way were reserved in the ponderous deed recording the transfer, also, hunting and fishing privileges, and liberty of digging, taking, and carrying away stones from the river beach. Stipulation was further made that no pines should be felled within six English miles of the Livingston saw-mills.

Notwithstanding the minute provisions of the contract made with Livingston for victualling the Palatines, he so far managed to get the best of the bargain that Lord Clarendon wrote to Lord Darmouth, in 1711, his convic-

tion that "Livingston and some others will get estates. The Palatines will not be the richer."

It would be tedious, and it is needless to go into the particulars of the further connection of Robert Livingston with the Hessian settlement. If he made money out of the Crown and the Palatines, they were a fretting thorn in his side until the day of his death.

In 1721, he moved, as "Sole Proprietor of the Manor of Livingston," for the establishment and building of a church upon his estate, and for calling "some able and pious Dutch Reformed Protestant Minister from Holland" to officiate therein. The chapel now standing at Staatje (Little Village) about a mile and a half below the site of the Manor-House, is built over the vault of the ancient church. The chapel—a new structure—took the place of the "Livingston Reformed Church of Linlithgow," erected in 1780. Generations of dead Livingstons rest within the vault, which was bricked over for all time, within a few years, by Mr. Herman Livingston of Oak Hill.

The original Manor-House stood at the

mouth of what was at the time of the grant known as "Roelef Jansen's Kill," and afterwards received the name of Livingston Creek. It was low-ceiled and thick-walled, a colonial farm-house with outbuildings for negro slaves and other laborers. An odd and yet authentic tradition is that Robert Livingston kept his wealth of ready money on the floor in one corner of his bedroom. There was no lock on the door, through which, when open, children, servants, and visitors could see the piles of Spanish coins heaped up in apparent carelessness. The story goes so far as to give $30,000 as the amount of the deposits on one occasion in this primitive bank, and to add the astounding information that the proprietor, who was at once Board of Direction, President and Cashier, never lost doubloon or dollar by the dishonesty of those who could easily have made drafts upon his "pile."

Robert Livingston died in 1722. In listening to the story of his life, the wonder arises that he yielded finally to any foe, even the King of Terrors. His was a crafty, far-reaching intellect; in will-power he was sublime. He grasped audaciously, and held what he gained with a grip which councillors

and nobles could not relax. When deprived at home of offices and titles, he went abroad in one of his own vessels, to sue for justice at the foot of the throne, and brought home in his pocket the papers reinstating him in position and fortune. Upon the return voyage he was in imminent danger of shipwreck. In recognition of his signal deliverance, he set aside the family crest,—a demi-sauvage, with the motto, "*Si je puis*,"—and assumed a device of his own,—a ship in distress, with the legend "*Spero meliora*." To hardihood, enterprise, and keen intelligence, he must have joined a magnetic personality of which history, written and oral, gives no hint except by recording his magnificent successes. Buccaneers, Indian savages, phlegmatic Dutchmen, peers and princes, seem to have been powerless to resist his influence when confronted by him, however they might plot for his ruin in his absence.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON'S CREST.

Yet it is not a comely, or in any sense an attractive, visage that gazes at us from the

Oak Hill portrait of the first Lord of the Manor. In full-bottomed wig and official scarlet robes, he looks the astute sardonic rugged-featured Scotchman, born to drive and domineer when he could, and to outwit where force was futile.

At the death of this extraordinary man, his will bestowed the lower section of the Manor (Clermont) upon his son, Robert, the Manor proper descending to the oldest son, Philip.

Philip Livingston's will (dated July 15, 1748) left the Manor to his son Robert, known in the family as Robert Livingston, Jun'r. Robert's estate, by a will bearing date of May 31, 1784, was, at his death, divided among his sons, Walter, Robert C., John, and Henry.

Robert Livingston, Jr., inherited with the Manor and name his grandfather's pluck and persecutions. The immense estate, great now in value as in extent, was the subject of controversy between Massachusetts and New York. The correspondence carried on by lawyers and governors is voluminous and entertaining.

In 1795, about 260 descendants of the emigrant Palatines—"Inhabitants of the Town of Livingston, in the County of Columbia," de-

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manded from the New York Legislature an investigation into the title by which the Livingstons held their famous Manor. Much of the petition is taken up with the recapitulation of the terms and limitations of the original grants which, it alleged, were for but 2600 acres, whereas the descendants of the said Robert Livingston claim under these letters-patent, 175,000 acres.

About one third of the petitioners signed the instrument with their marks, instead of writing their names. At the foot of the document is the briefly significant note:

". . . On the 19 March, 1795, the committee of the Assembly reported adversely on the above petition, and the House concurred in the report on the 23d of the same month."

Judge Sutherland prefaces his able "Deduction of Title to the Manor of Livingston," by a note to the, then, proprietor (in 1850) Mr. Herman Livingston, in which he gives the number of acres originally contained in the estate as 160,000. "All of which," he adds, "have been sold and conveyed in fee simple, but about 35,000 acres."

This "deduction" was consequent upon a

celebrated Manorial suit contesting the validity of the Livingston title, in which Judge Sutherland was counsel for the proprietors. A MS. note upon the fly-leaf of the pamphlet before me informs the reader that " John Van Buren's fee from the Anti-Renters was $2500, and $20 per day from the state during the trial."

X

OAK HILL ON THE LIVINGSTON MANOR

(*Concluded.*)

THE original Manor-House, built by the first Robert Livingston, was demolished over one hundred years ago.

The site is now occupied by the dwelling of Mr. Alexander Crafts, a grandson of Robert Tong Livingston. Not one stone of the old house is left upon another, but now and then the plough brings up a corroded coin, as if to mark the location of the primeval Banking-house established by the canny Scot. His wealth, portioned among his descendants, was held and increased by them to an extent unusual in American families. Stately homesteads arose upon desirable points of the vast plantation, until nearly every commanding eminence for a dozen miles up and down the river was owned by one of the blood or name.

Clermont, the home of Chancellor Robert Livingston at Tivoli, was, and is one of the finest and most interesting of these. It stands upon the lower division of the estate, and is a noble edifice, built in the form of an H, and gray with honorable old age. Paintings, furniture, and other heirlooms are preserved with pious care.

Mr. Clermont Livingston, the present proprietor, is a grandson of Chancellor Livingston. The adjoining estate is owned by Mr. John Henry Livingston, a grandson of Herman Livingston (1) of Oak Hill.

The last-named mansion—Oak Hill—was built by John Livingston in 1798, as the immediate successor of the heavy-raftered farmstead dignified by Royal Charter into a Baronial Hall. The modern Manor-House is about one and a half miles from the abandoned site.

The omnipotence of affluence, conjoined with education and continued through four generations, wrought out in John Livingston a finer type of manhood than his well-born ancestor developed in the New World.

A descendant thus describes the master of Oak Hill in his old age:

JOHN LIVINGSTON.

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"His style of dress was that worn by all courtly gentlemen of the olden time,—a black dress-coat, with knee-breeches fastened over his black silk stockings with silver buckles; similar buckles of a larger size were in his shoes. He had a high forehead, beautiful blue eyes, a straight nose, and a very determined mouth. His hair was carefully dressed every morning, the long queue was rewound, the whole head plentifully besprinkled with powder, and the small curls, that had remained in papers during breakfast-time, adjusted on each side of his neck."

He was thought by many to bear a strong resemblance to General Washington; but, as a beautiful miniature on ivory shows, was a much handsomer man, his features being cast in a nobler mould, and chiselled into refinement of beauty by a life that varied widely from the severe discipline which was the first President's from his childhood.

As was to be expected, the last of his line to hold the title of "laird" in this republic was a man of mark by reason of position and personal accomplishments. Opulence and ease had not enfeebled the bound of the Linlithgow blood, and the passion for adding field to field that had made Livingston Manor, lived in old Robert's great-grand children. John Livingston and his brother bought immense tracts of land in New York, until they called forth a

legislative remonstrance. It was hardly consonant with the genius of democracy, it was represented, that one family should own the entire State. The brothers then cast covetous eyes upon Western lands, miles of which they purchased, including the territory upon which the town of New Connecticut, Ohio, was built. They had saw-mills, flour-mills, and, at Ancram, New York, valuable iron works.

The taste for iron—in the ore—was common to several branches, direct and collateral, of the race. Sarah, daughter of Philip Livingston, married Alexander, titular Earl of Stirling, whose mines in the mountains of New Jersey are mentioned in our chapter upon the Schuyler Homestead. Her portrait at Oak Hill is that of a stately dame in whose haughty face one traces a decided resemblance to her grandfather, Robert, of the ponderous peruke and scarlet robes.

The story of Oak Hill life under the last laird reads like an English holiday romance, rather than the early annals of a war-beaten young nation. John Livingston delighted, at seventy-five, to tell his grandchildren tales of the social gayeties of that epoch, of the family dinner-parties; the evening gatherings in the

summer, when, from one and another of the handsome residences dotting the rising ground back of the river, came chariot and cavalcade, with scores of kinspeople to laugh, talk and dance away the hours; of sleighing-parties to Clermont and Oak Hill, when revelry ran yet higher. On one memorable occasion, every sleigh, in turning from the Oak Hill door, upset in a particularly incommodious snowdrift at the corner of the house.

"Water picnics" occurred several times during the summer. The Livingstons, from Robert down, were ship-owners. They established a line of "fast packets" for coast and ocean voyages, and their sloops plied regularly to and from New York. Merry parties of cousins took passage in the June weather on the laden sloops and ran down to the city and back, for the fun of it.

"Our two voyages"—*i. e.*, up and down to New York—"occupied nine days and seven hours," says a participant in one of these "runs,"—"and we were received at Oak Hill with as hearty a welcome as if we had performed the journey around the world."

The Manor servants were all negro slaves, removed by so few years from African pro-

genitors, that the older among them resorted, by stealth, at night, to a cave in the hills not far away, for the practice of Voudoo worship, until the custom was discovered by their master and promptly broken up.

A newspaper letter, printed on paper now falling to pieces with age, thus recalls "times" that were "old" when it was issued :

"At Oak Hill, JOHN LIVINGSTON resided and owned a whole flock of niggers, the fattest, and the laziest, and the sauciest set of darkies that ever lay in the sunshine. They worked little and ate much, and whenever there was a horse-race or a pig-shave at 'the Stauchy' (Staatje) the negroes must have the horses, even if their master should be obliged to go about his business on foot. When they visited Catskill in tasseled boots and ruffled shirts, they were sure to create a sensation, and it was not unusual for the 'poor whites' to sigh for the sumptuous happiness of John Livingston's slaves."

From the simple, touching story of John Livingston's last days, given by his granddaughter, I make an extract :

"When the logs lay piled high on the shining brass andirons, and the blaze began to stream up the capacious chimney, emitting its cheerful crackling sound, Grandpapa would arouse himself, and, with brightened eye, and almost his own pleasant smile would listen to the stories of our day's adventures. Sometimes he would

tell us incidents of his boyhood, stirring events of our glorious Revolution, some of whose heroes he had known, and remind us, with pardonable pride, that our family name was inscribed among those of the fearless signers of our great Declaration. Then he would seem to have his own children around him, and talk to, and admonish us, as if the fathers sat in the places of their sons. But the mind was wearing away, and soon relapsed into inaction. He daily grew weaker, and I had rather leave a blank here for the few sad weeks that preceded the first day of October, 1822."

The majestic relic of a picturesque age known to us only by tradition, lay dead for three days in the homestead he had built, while the solemn concourse of kinspeople and distant friends was collecting to attend his funeral. In dining-room, upper and lower halls were set tables

"covered with fair white linen on which were displayed treasures of old family silver—large bowls, tankards and mugs, bearing the family coat-of-arms"—writes the granddaughter. "Every superfluous ornament was removed from the parlor and reception-room, and the family-portraits were draped in black. . . . About twelve o'clock the company began to arrive . . . the gentry from all the neighboring country-seats in their state carriages. These were ushered into the drawing-rooms. Then came the substantial farmers, many from a long distance with wives and daughters; last of all, the tenantry and poorer neighbors gathered. There was room for all; none were overlooked, and one and all looked sad. . .

At one o'clock the first tables were served, and the others immediately after. It was a motley assemblage. Delicacies of every kind had been provided for 'the great folk,' as the servants styled our aristocratic guests, and they sat down ceremoniously as to a large dinner-party. In the halls there was more conviviality. . . .

"One room only was quiet. The stillness of death was there. Each new-comer had visited it, and many had stood, with bowed heads and grave countenances, looking on the features of the dead.

"I shall always remember my grandfather lying, dressed as in life, with punctillious neatness, and looking as if about to rise and speak lovingly as he always did to us in life."

It was a man, and a master among men, whom "multitudes of vehicles" followed to the vault beneath the "Livingston Reformed Church of Linlithgow" that October day, when hickories and maples were burning bright with color, and the grand oaks that gave name to the Mansion-house were red, brown and dusky-purple. The American laird was no *petit maitre*, incongruous with true dignity and republican simplicity as seem the curl-papers worn during breakfast-time, and the valet-barber vho brought curling-tongs, powder and pomatum-boxes for Mr. Livingston's daily toilette when he was in the city.

OAK HILL.

ON THE LIVINGSTON MANOR.

The quotation given just now records graphically and tenderly a child's impressions of the funeral ceremonies of that date, and affords us a glimpse of the feudal state in which this grand old gentleman lived and died.

He was succeeded at Oak Hill by his son, Mr. Herman Livingston, who died in 1872. The pretty boy, who met me on the piazza, and seconded his mother's cordial welcome as I alighted at the hospitable door, is the fourth of the name, in direct line of descent, three of whom are still living.

The house stands on the summit of the hill, overlooking the river and the back-country, white and faint-pink with orchard blossoms in the spring-time. Upon the horizon roll and tower the beautiful Catskills ; century-old oaks enclose the dwelling and out-buildings ; the well kept lawn slopes into teeming fields.

The exterior of the homestead has been remodelled within a quarter-century, at the expense of picturesqueness, the mansard roof having taken the place of steeper gables. Until this alteration, the servants' quarters remained where John Livingston established them—in the basement. There they worked, lived and slept. To the modern sanitarian,

the gain in healthfulness and comfort almost compensates for the loss in artistic effect. The walls are very thick and built of brick manufactured on the Manor. The wood used in the structure was hewed from the Livingston woods. Several neighboring farm-houses were made of bricks imported from Holland, but our landed proprietor prided himself upon meeting domestic demands by home-products.

Within-doors, the arrangement of the stairs and rooms on the first and second floors has undergone no change. Deeply set windows, tall mantels with the curious putty decorations our great-grandmothers delighted in; broad staircases with leisurely landings, please the eye of the antiquarian when he can spare attention for anything besides the magnificent old "kaus" ("kaas" or "cos") which stands in the front hall.

There are whispers of a sacrilegious period; a brief reign of modern irreverence that came even to Oak Hill, during which profane youths used certain uncomely portraits as targets; when novelty-loving women bartered bureaux, deep-colored with age, for fashionable furniture, and presumptuous cooks seasoned sauces with

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wine mellowed by a half-century's keeping and a three years' voyage.

The "kaus," a huge press, or wardrobe, or *armoire*, splendid with carving, and towering to the hall ceiling, has held its place since the house was finished. It was already ancient when John Livingston brought it with other household goods to his new mansion. A noted connoisseur in antiques pronounces the material "Swiss rosewood," the workmanship of a period of at least two hundred and fifty years old. Other interesting pieces of furniture are here, such as pier-glasses and tables of ebony and gilt, a pair of folding card-tables which are undoubtedly Chippendales, massive high-post curtain bedsteads, etc.,—but none compare in venerableness and beauty with the kaus.

The Livingston treasures in china and silver are notable. Much of the plate is a direct inheritance from Robert the First, and is stamped with the family crest.

One tiny porcelain pitcher has and deserves a place of its own. It is a Chinese "sacrificial cup," 500 years old, and is said to have come over from Holland with the first Robert Livingston. There are, so assert experts in

china, but four others known to museums and art-collectors.

In the upper hall hangs the portrait of Philip Stanhope, the son of Lord Chesterfield, the one to whom the famous *Letters* were addressed. Robert Fulton was the painter. It is perhaps not generally known that Fulton was by profession an artist. The speculations and experiments upon Watt's theories respecting the use of steam which led to the construction of the first steamboat, introduced him to Stanhope and led to a lasting friendship. Robert Fulton's home was at Staatje, less than three miles below Oak Hill. In the cellar is a huge stone, believed by the superstitious neighbors to be enchanted. No one can lift it and live.

The neighborhood has greatly changed within seventy years. The junketings and feastings and brilliant progresses from homestead to homestead, irrespective of season or weather, belong to an irrevocable Past. But the routine of daily being and doing at Oak Hill has still in it striking (and the best) features of the country life of the English gentry.

XI

THE PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE

AMONG the last grants of land in the New World to which were affixed the joint signatures of William and Mary, was one made in 1693 to Frederick Philipse of their Majesties' Province of New York.

This grant, which was virtually a barony under the management and sway of the masterful proprietor, contained many thousand acres of woodland, mountain, hillsides and fertile meadows. The land now occupied by the city of Yonkers was but a tithe of the magnificent estate. The rights ceded to Philipse in perpetuity by the royal grant included the liberty, should he elect so to do, to construct a ferry or a bridge at what was known as "Spikendevil Ferry," and to collect toll from passengers. He gave the name of "King's Bridge" to this thoroughfare.

As he increased in riches, he built for his own use and that of his family two notable residences, the Philipse Manor-House at Yonkers, and Castle Philipse at Sleepy Hollow in Tarrytown. Considerations of convenience unknown to us must have dictated the choice of two sites that were not far enough apart, the one from the other, to offer a decided change of air, winter or summer. The annual, or semi-annual flittings from Manor-House to Castle were regulated by other causes than those that now close New York houses in June, and send the occupants across the ocean, or to mountain-tops hundreds of feet above the sea-level.

Both of the Philipse homesteads were large and handsome. The parks were stocked with tame deer, as in Old England. The extensive gardens were laid out and planted in accordance with formal ideas brought from his native Holland by the founder of the American family. From England and from the Continent were imported, besides bulbs, seeds, and shrubs, ornamental shade-trees that, taking kindly to the hospitable soil, transformed the wilderness into plantations which were the wonder of the simple neighbors.

None but negro servants were employed in the house and about the grounds, but the retainers and tenants of the successful planter and trader, whom men styled "the Dutch millionaire," were many and, in one way and another, brought him great gain. From the records of a prosperous life that have come down to us, we gather that he did his duty by kindred and community, not forgetting his highly-respectable self, and took a cool, gentlemanly interest in public affairs. He sat as magistrate in his barony at stated times and seasons, hearing evidence and dispensing justice as seemed right in his and in his brother-magistrates' eyes, and upholding the dominies and regular services of the Reformed Dutch Church in America.[1]

His nest of ease was rudely stirred at length, and trouble came from an unexpected quarter.

Richard Coote, Earl of Bellamont (or Bell*o*mont, as American chronicles spell it), was appointed Governor of New England and New York in 1695. He filled his brief term of office (ended by his death in 1701) with

[1] The list of church-members and their residences, kept by Rev. Henricus Selyus of the Dutch Reformed Church in Brauwers Straat (now part of Stone St.), included in 1686, "De Heer Frederick Philipse."

clamorings against the landed proprietors whose "great grants" gave them the state and wealth of feudal lords in a country which it was to the interest of London emigrant and trading companies to have settled by farmers, lumbermen, and miners. The men who lived "in vassalage" under Livingstons and Philipses, Schuylers and Van Cortlandts, might bring wealth to their landlords and employers. They did not enrich the Mother Country.

In pursuance of a policy that was, in the settlers' eyes, rank agrarianism, he shaped and sent to England for approval a bill restricting any one person from holding more than one thousand acres of land.

When his confidential friend, James Grahame, Attorney-General of the Province, suggested that, in addition to the proposed bill, one be prepared advising the partition of grants already existing, naming two "as an essay to see how the rest should be borne," honest Bellomont wrote home that he would not advise the measure unless the rule should be made general and "others share the same fate." Among the "others" were grants made to both the Philipses, father and son.

Although the personal relations of Bello-

mont and Frederick Philipse remained outwardly unchanged, the sting left in the mind of the Lord of the Manor by the attempt to disintegrate his estate, rankled and burned. The open rupture came when Bellomont intimated that Philipse had profited by the notorious William Kidd's piratical enterprises.

Frederick Philipse, Robert Livingston and others sent liquors, gunpowder and arms in their own ships through what then corresponded with the clearance house in New York, to Madagascar, and the same vessels returned in good time laden with East Indian goods. "Arabian gold and East India goods were everywhere common." Rum that cost two shillings a gallon in New York was so vastly improved in flavor by the sea-voyage that, when it reached Madagascar, it sold for three pounds a gallon. The pipe of Madeira that could be bought in New York for nineteen pounds, brought in Madagascar, presumably because of the mellowing wrought by the same

FREDERIK·PHILIPSE·ESQr

PHILIPSE COAT OF ARMS.

sea-air and much rolling, three hundred pounds. These were tempting profits even to Dutch millionaires and Reformed Dutch church-members. Since the island of Madagascar was neither the Indies nor El Dorado, people who were not ship-owners or millionaires began to make inconvenient inquiries. Talk of reform troubled the air, and nobody talked more loudly than the slow-witted, honest Governor. His final demand of those he believed to be as upright as himself, was reasonable—or seemed to be. Philipse, Van Cortlandt, Livingston, Nicholas Bayard, *et als*, were to give their personal guarantee that their ships should not trade with the pirates with whom the seas about Madagascar were a popular resort.

Disinterested travellers brought home wild tales of the island itself. It was a nest of buccaneers, they said, who had married, from generation to generation, the dark-skinned daughters of the natives, and their descendants plied no trade but that of freebooters. Their vessels hovered like sharks about the watery highway binding the West to the East, and preyed indiscriminately upon merchantmen of whatever nationality. Yet, five out of every ten ships that sailed from the harbor of

New York were bound for this sea-girt Exchange, if the reports of the Governor's agents were to be relied upon. Said the ingenuous Earl, confident that the thought had never occurred to his astute Holland friends: . . . "Such trading is not piracy, perhaps, but it is to be feared that much of the merchandise brought to New York may have been obtained from pirates."

Had not the gentle suggestion touched the pocket-nerves of those to whom it was addressed, it must have appealed to their sense of the absurd. It was notorious that, as one historian puts it, "the whole coast of America from Rhode Island to the Carolinas was honeycombed" with places of stowage for smuggled and stolen cargoes. Sometimes, and not seldom, the freebooters who made use of these, visited New York in person, without waiting to be summoned by the solid men who carried the collection-plates on Sunday up and down the aisles of churches presided over by Dominies Selyus and Everardus Bogardus.

One of the most notable of the predatory guild, Thomas Tew by name, was a particular friend of Governor Fletcher. He was received at the Governor's house, was taken on

an airing in the official coach—perhaps on the fashionable "fourteen miles around"—and was the recipient from the great man's hands of a tract upon "The Vile Habit of Swearing." Which incident would go to prove that the distinction and respectability of his companion in the drive were not sufficient to restrain the knight of the black flag from indulgence in the seamanlike habit.

Bellomont's mild intimation was hotly resented by his colleagues. He was accused of "vilely slandering eminent and respectable persons," and his reputation, thus branded, might have been transmitted to us but for the *fiasco* of the Kidd trial and sentence.

The story of Captain Kidd has a humorous side to the historian who sees it down a vista two hundred and one years in depth. It was sufficiently serious to separate the chief men of the New Colony and to drive the Governor frantic.

Robert Livingston had introduced Kidd to Bellomont as "a bold and honest man, who, he believed, was fitter than any other to be employed in such service" as the zealous Governor demanded—namely the suppression of piracy on the high seas. Livingston had

known the sea-captain for years ; in fact, Kidd had sailed the trader's vessels for him more than once or twice, and acquitted himself most satisfactorily.

Accordingly, Kidd was put in charge of an armed privateer to hunt down and punish the freebooters under a Royal Commission. Such men as Shrewsbury, Somers, Romney, Orford, and Bellomont, paid the expenses of the expedition and were to share two thirds of the spoils taken from captured pirate vessels. The remaining third was to go to the King. Kidd, in a "good sailer of about thirty guns and 150 men," sailed from London to New York in May 1696, and in due time from New York to Madagascar. The privateersman had unusual intelligence and breeding for one in his rank of life, and when the news reached England and America that, seduced by the attractions of a lawless life, he had turned pirate himself, taken unarmed merchantmen, murdered crews, and seized upon cargoes, his backers were for a while incredulous, then confounded.

His defence, when he was arrested upon his return to Boston, was that he had been forced by a mutinous crew into piracy, and

had not profited personally by his evil ways. He was executed, without confessing his guilt, or implicating any of the gentlemen who fitted out his vessel and indorsed his character. In spite of his magnanimous silence, more than one colonial magnate was openly accused of having been cognizant of Kidd's purposes and having enriched himself by his iniquity. The names of Robert Livingston, the Philipses, and, oddly enough, Bellomont himself, did not escape the smirch. Scotch Robert seems to have borne the aspersion with characteristic phlegm until Bellomont's Lieutenant pushed the conviction after his chief's death in 1701, and actually suspended Livingston from divers and remunerative offices. The story of OAK HILL tells the sequel.

There is no evidence to show that regular proceedings were ever instituted against Frederick (1) Philipse or that Bellomont's suspicions were more than hinted,—perhaps in the heat of his indignation at the preposterous connection of his own name with that of the criminal whom he had innocently aided and abetted. He made no secret of his animosity against Livingston who had got him into the ugly scrape. Even when Robert Livingston

appeared boldly before the Governor and Council and acquitted himself of all and every unlawful and treacherous design, Bellomont did not withdraw the charges. He went so far as to declare his intention of removing the false friend from the Council, a design frustrated by his own sudden death.

Bellomont's allusion to the possibility that Frederick Philipse's coffers were the fuller for the booty never accounted for by Kidd, was unpardonable in the eyes of the Lord of the Manor.

"With characteristic reticence and cold resentment Philipse retired from any further part in public affairs," writes the historian of the quarrel.

The sentence is tersely significant. He could do better without the government than the government could do without his counsels and his millions. An opulent Cincinnatus, he lived, henceforward, upon his estates, enjoyed his family and directed his foresters, millers, and husbandmen to their content and his own emolument until his death on December 23, 1702. Robert Livingston outlived him twenty years.

Philip, the son of Frederick (1) Philipse

had died in 1700, and the Manor-House became, at the demise of the late Lord, the property of his grandson namesake, Frederick Philipse the Second.

Bellomont's craze for the subversion of manorial rights and for humbling the arrogance of largely landed proprietors, died with him. The River—always spoken of as if there were no other in North America—saw brave days for the next half-century. The Livingstons at Oak Hill and Clermont, and the Van Cortlandts in their Manor-House at Croton, were suzerains, each in his own principality. Eva Philipse, the daughter of Frederick (1) had married a Van Cortlandt, thus cementing the bond of interest and friendship already existing between the households. The De Peysters lived in ducal splendor in their Queen Street Mansion, the finest in New York City. It had a frontage of eighty feet upon the street, was sixty feet deep, and three lofty stories in height. There were nine thousand dollars' worth of silverware, and a wealth of cut-glass and china that cost quite as much, in use in the hospitable abode, so we read in the family annals; and a De Peyster who was made Mayor of New

PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE, YONKERS, N. Y.

York was reckoned the handsomest man in that city.

The Philipse Manor-House kept fully abreast of its contemporaries in the march of luxury. Frederick Second had come to a ready-made fortune and assured position, with nothing to do but to enjoy both. Warned, perhaps, by his father's experience not to mix himself up in politics, or indifferent to the statecraft of what was hardly more than the adopted country of one whose mother was an Englishwoman, and who had been educated in England himself, he took no public office and devoted his abundant energies to the improvement of his property. The mansion, considered palatial in his grandfather's day, was trebled in size. Sixteen Grecian columns supported the eaves of the porticoed wings, and the roof of the central building was capped by a massive balustrade forming a spacious observatory. Workmen were brought from abroad to decorate the interior. The walls were panelled in rare woods, and the ceilings were fretted into arabesque patterns. The marble inner mantels were sculptured to order in Italy, we are told, and imported through an English firm. The main entrance-hall was

fourteen feet wide and ran the whole depth of the house. From this a broad staircase with mahogany balusters swept upward to noble chambers that were filled for the greater part of the year to their fullest capacity. In the attics there were accommodations for more than fifty servants.

The terraced lawn, studded with imported trees and clumps of ornamental shrubbery, sloped down to and beyond the post-road from New York to Albany. The family and guests of the Manor-House, seated in portico and grove, saw rolling along under the trees lining the thoroughfare, round-bodied chariots, each drawn by four horses, belonging to the neighboring gentry, and government post-chaises and coaches with uniformed guards on top and gayly-jacketed postillions upon the leaders. Conspicuous among the fine equipages was the splendid four-in-hand of my Lady Philipse, *nee* Joanna Brockholls, whose father (an Englishman) was at one time Lieutenant-Governor of New York. She drove her four jet-black stallions with her own strong, supple hands, winning and maintaining the reputation of being the most dashing whip of the Province, until she was pitched headlong from the box,

one day early in the seventies, and killed instantly.

In 1745, George Clinton, second son of the Earl of Clinton, formerly Admiral in the British Navy, then Governor of New Foundland, and from 1741–1751, Governor of the Province of New York, held a conference in Albany with sixteen sachems of the Six Nations. The whilom Admiral had a busy bee in his bonnet in the question of invading French Canada with the help of his Indian allies. The conference came to nothing, and the harassed official, on his way down the river, spent several days at Philipse Manor. A pleasanter method of getting rid of care and chagrin could hardly be devised. His host was a Knickerbocker edition of William Evelyn Byrd in wealth, social influence, courtliness of manner, and hospitality, albeit Byrd's inferior in scholarly attainments and political prestige.

His English education and family associations bore fruit in his preference for the Episcopal, above the Dutch Reformed Church of which his forefathers had been zealous supporters. His last will and testament provided for the erection of St. John's Episcopal Church upon a suitable site of his estate. He donated,

also, two hundred and fifty acres for a glebe farm, and a handsome sum of money wherewith to build a parsonage upon the same.

His son and successor Frederick (3) was a graduate of King's College, New York, now Columbia University. Like his father, he was "a distinguished ornament to polite society," with no political aspirations, and was well content to keep up in feudal state the hereditary estates and to spend the money his great-grandfather had made. In politics he would have liked to be a trimmer, and to avoid with graceful diplomacy the necessity of telling the truth as to his (perfectly natural) royalist proclivities. The way of the neutralist became harder and harder as the stir of the times waxed in tumult. The Lord of Philipse Manor, nevertheless, played his part so well that when Washington and his staff were his guests for seven or eight days just before the battle of White Plains, October 28, 1776, no suspicions of his loyalty to the popular cause marred the comfort of the visit.

The south-west chamber of the mansion was occupied by Washington during this visit. The sight-seer of to-day looks upon the unchanged shell of the room. The four deeply embra-

sured windows are filled with the small-paned sashes through which the Chief looked out upon the Hudson and the Palisades. The fire-place, sunken fully three feet into the chimney, is lined with old Dutch tiles, blue-and-white, that tell now, as they told then, the story of Zaccheus' tree and Moses' broken tables of the law, varied by Holland wind-mills. At the very back a movable panel of sheet-iron is embossed with Elijah and the ravens. It bears the date 1760. The grave eyes of the Colonial Moses must often have rested upon it while he mused upon the darkening fortunes of the Infant Republic. Did a sombre picture of possible abandonment and exile for himself, and a Cherith unvisited by miraculous winged sutlers, arise between him and the rude bas-relief in the October midnights when the river winds moaned without to the drifting leaves?

A secret passage led from this room—some think through the movable chimney-back—to an underground retreat and a tunnelled passage to the river.

Frederick (3) Philipse had three charming sisters one of whom (Susan) married Colonel Beverley Robinson, a son of the Robinson

who succeeded Gooch as Governor of Virginia. Colonel Robinson had fought under Wolfe at Quebec, and holding, as he did, a commission in the Royal Army, sympathized heartily with the parent Government. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, he so far sanctioned rebellion as to insist practically upon the encouragement of home industries by clothing his household in homespun, and repudiated taxed tea and other foreign luxuries. When pushed hard for a declaration of his principles, he could not add to this outward conformity to colonial usages the assertion that he believed in the open separation of the provinces from the crown. The time for half-way measures had passed, and "trimming" was so far out of fashion that he was, early in the war, obliged to leave his beautiful country-seat, "Beverley"—a present to his wife from her father, the second Frederick Philipse—and remove, first, to the city of New York, then to England.

His son, Frederick Robinson, was knighted for gallant service in the British army, and sent back to America as Governor of Upper Canada in 1815. There is a pretty story of a visit paid by him to his birth-place, Beverley,

FIRE-PLACE IN THE "WASHINGTON CHAMBER" OF PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE.

and how the stout heart of the soldier melted into tears at sight of the remembered beauties of his boyhood's home.

A second son of Beverley Robinson,—William Henry,—was likewise knighted. His wife was an American beauty, the daughter of Cortlandt Skinner of New Jersey.

Mary Philipse is better known in romantic history than her sisters by reason of the romance connecting her name with that of George Washington. In 1756, the young Virginia Colonel, then commanding on the frontier of the British provinces in America, made a journey from his native state to Boston on military business. While in New York City he was the guest of his compatriot, Colonel Beverley Robinson, at the town house of the latter. Mary Philipse was staying with her sister Susan at the time. Her bright eyes are said to have wrought such mischief upon the affections of the distinguished visitor as had another Mary's eight years before, when, as a raw-boned Westmoreland lad, Washington met the beautiful sister of Sally (Cary) Fairfax at the Fairfax homestead of Belvoir, in Virginia. Some say that the Maries were alike in their non-appreciation of the love-lorn

wooer. Others are of opinion that, in Miss Philipse's case, the affair never came to a head, and that in the encounter of girlish coquetry and Southern gallantry, "nobody was hurt."

She knew her own mind and acted upon it when Roger Morris—who had borne arms under Braddock and fought side by side with Washington at the fateful battle of Monongahela, on the ninth day of July, 1755—sued for her hand. It is quite within the range of probability, and the coincidence that makes up the most dramatic situations of human life, that the two young men may have fought the battle over again in Beverley Robinson's New York house.

The marriage of Mary Philipse and Roger Morris was celebrated with great splendor at Philipse Manor in 1758. Shortly afterward, the bridegroom set about building upon Harlem Heights what was afterward known as Fort Washington, and later, as the Jumel House. In 1776, the Morrises, being Royalists, were driven from their elegant home by the advance of the American forces under General Washington. The military encampment on Harlem Heights followed hard upon the flight of the owners of the mansion to

MANTEL AND SECTION OF CEILING IN DRAWING-ROOM OF PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE.

Beverley which was still occupied by the Robinsons. Washington's headquarters were in the deserted Harlem house.

Another irony of fate, at which the grim beldam herself must have smiled, came about near the same date. Mrs. Roger Morris had inherited from a bachelor uncle an extensive tract of New York lands, including Lake Mahopac. It was her custom to spend a month or six weeks of each summer there, before and after her marriage, living and working among her humble tenants. Her home was in a log-hut built as a hunting-lodge by her uncle, and she attended church in the loft of the "Red Mill" belonging to the Philipses. The spirit and conduct of these vacations foreshadowed the College Settlements and Rivington Street Homes of to-day.

This same Red Mill became a store-house for the commissary supplies of the American army, and Washington passed more than one night in the lodge that had so often sheltered the fair head of his putative Dulcinea.

In 1779, Frederick (3) Mary Morris's brother, was formally attainted of treason and his manorial estates were confiscated. The

same catastrophe befell Beverley and other of the Robinsons' possessions. I cannot refrain from relating in connection with Beverley an incident of the Revolutionary War, the importance and dramatic intensity of which have had but a passing comment from historians.

When Arnold, then in command of West Point, met Washington, Hamilton, and Lafayette in conference at King's Ferry, down the river, April 17, 1780, he had in his pocket, or so he alleged, a letter from "Colonel Beverley Robinson's agent," relative to the confiscation of his client's country-seat, and begging that he might have an interview with General Arnold on the subject, under the protection of a flag-of-truce.

Hamilton's clear legal mind had the answer ready by the time Arnold ceased speaking.

The question was one for a civil court, and not for a military commission, he said, concisely, and put an end to the discussion.

Lafayette, moved perhaps by the discomfiture which Arnold could not wholly conceal, tried to turn the matter off with a jest.

"Since you are in correspondence with the enemy, General Arnold,"—in his French accent and in his most debonaire manner—"will you

have the kindness to inquire of them what has become of the French squadron we have been looking for since many days?"

Had the petition of Colonel Robinson's "agent" as presented by Arnold, been granted, the interview with André would have been held under a flag-of-truce and by permission of the Commander-in-Chief of the American armies. Washington sent word a few hours in advance of his arrival, that he would breakfast with General and Mrs. Arnold at Beverley on the very day secretly appointed by Arnold for the passage of General Clinton's ship up the river and the surrender of West Point. Before Washington reached the house, word of André's capture was brought to the traitor and he made his escape. André was taken as a prisoner, first to Beverley—then to Tappan where he was executed.

In 1785, the confiscated Philipse Manor-House tract was cut up into lots and sold by the State of New York. The mansion and grounds were bought by Cornelius P. Low, a wealthy citizen of the fast-growing town on Manhattan Island. He never occupied it. The purchase was either a freak of fancy or a speculation. The place was sold over and

over again in the next fifty years. The longest tenancy by any one family was twenty-nine years. It was at last bought by the town of Yonkers and converted into a City Hall.

A tablet in the front hall states that the house was built in 1682; was created Manor of Philipseburg in 1693; confiscated to the U. S. Government in 1779, and sold by the same in 1785; that it was occupied as a private residence until the town of Yonkers bought it in 1868, became the City Hall in 1872, and that a Bi-centennial Celebration was held here in 1882. The inscription outlines the history of the venerable structure which is still in excellent preservation. The immense front-door —cut in two, half-way up, after the Dutch fashion revived by the architects of modern suburban villas—swings upon the same hinges as when the clumsy wrought iron latch, a foot long, was lifted by the hand of the second Frederick in his goings-out and comings-in, and the wide stairs, with the twisted mahogany balusters, echoed to the high-heeled shoes of pretty Mary Philipse as she paced slowly down to her bridal.

She married Roger Morris in the drawing-room to the left of the wide Dutch door with

MANTEL AND MIRROR OF SECOND-STORY-FRONT ROOM IN PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE.

the fan-light on top. The ceiling is elaborately decorated in the much-esteemed "putty-work" of those times, which is also a popular fad of ours. The four medallion bas-reliefs are said to be portraits, but nobody knows of what members of the family. Figures of graces playing upon musical instruments, strutting roosters, and divers sorts of flowers and fruits, make up a pleasing collection of subjects, albeit incongruous. The wooden mantel is hand-carved and supported by a fluted pillar at each end. Across the hall is the dining-room. The oak wainscoting has been removed from the sides and from one end. At the upper end it has been retained and is ornamented by a medallion portrait of Washington. However wild may have been the dreams of the original as he sat at meat in the long room with his courtly host, they certainly did not comprise the possibility that the manorial banquet-hall would ever boast of his likeness as the chief adornment.

Above the dining-room is the Common Council Chamber of the city of Yonkers. The partitions of five bedrooms were removed to give the required length to the official quarters. The oaken beams taken out in the alteration

were converted into desks and seats for the use of the councilmen.

"And many a saw and plane were broken on the seasoned wood," says the intelligent janitor who shows the building. "It was almost as hard as iron."

In a corner lies an unexploded shell, fired from an English vessel and dug up in the grounds of the Manor-House several years ago.

Above the fine mantel of the large front-room in the second story are carved the three feathers that have been the coat-of-arms of the Prince of Wales since the blind old King of Bohemia left his crest with his dead body upon the field of Crécy. On both sides of the mantel-mirror run exquisite carvings in wood of vines, grapes, pomegranates, flowers, and birds. The cornice of the room, like that of the drawing-room, is of wood and cunningly carved into a toothed border.

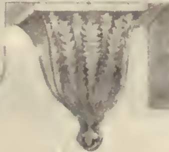
Back of this chamber is the southwestern room already described in which Washington slept while a guest here.

A curious inscription, framed and hung at the end nearest the door, is copied from a tablet in Chester Cathedral, England, where Frederick Philipse is buried.

Sacred to the Memory
of
Frederick Philipse, Efquire, Late of the
Province of New York; A Gentleman in Whom
the Various focial domeftic and Religious
Virtues were eminently United. The Uniform
Rectitude of His conduct commanded the
Efteem of others; Whilft the Benevolence of His
Heart, and Gentlenefs of His Manners fecured
their Love, firmly attached to His Sovereign
and the British Conftitution, He opposed, at
the Hazard of His Life, the late Rebellion in
North America; and for this Faithful discharge
of His Duty to His King and Country He was
Profcribed, and His Eftate one of the Largest in
New York, confifcated, by the ufurped Legiflation
of that Province. When the British Troops were
withdrawn from New York in 1783 He quitted
A Province to which He had always been an
Ornament and Benefactor, and came to
England, leaving all His Poperty behind Him;
which reverfe of Fortune He bore with
that calmnefs, Fortitude and Dignity
which had diftinguished Him through
every former stage of Life.

He was born at New York the 12th day of September
in the Year 1720; and Died in this Place the 30th
day of April, in the Year 1785 Aged 65 Years.

Fac-simile
of
Tablet in Chester Cathedral England.
To the Memory of the Grandson of the
Founder of Manor Hall Yonkers, who was Proprietor of
the Manor at the time of its Confiscation.



 MEMORIAL TABLET IN PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE.

The *finale* ("Loaned by Ethan Flagg") signifies that it was placed here by a descendant of the defrauded Lord of the Manor. Our cut gives the testimonial exactly as it stands upon the wall of an American temple of Justice. Across the pathos of lines penned in sad good faith, flickers a gleam of humor that was never in the mind of composer or scribe, as the reader contrasts tablet with environment.

XII

THE JUMEL MANSION. ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY

AS we have read in the story of the Philipse Manor-House, the most brilliant wedding of the year 1758 was celebrated in the drawing-room of that famous homestead when Mary Philipse gave her hand to Roger Morris. The bridegroom was a son of Charles Morris of Wandsworth, England, had served under Braddock, and otherwise distinguished himself in the British army. The bride was "a woman of great beauty as well as force of will," writes one historian who cannot withhold the gratui-

ROGER MORRIS COAT-OF-ARMS.

tous assumption—" If she had married Washington, some think she would have made him a royalist."

The gossip of her conquest of the Great Rebel has had more to do with keeping her name alive than her "great beauty" of person and strength of character. Mary Cary, the wife of Edward Ambler, Gentleman, was living at Jamestown, Virginia. Colonel Beverley Robinson whose father had resided for a time in Williamsburg, then the capital of the Old Dominion, might have been able to tell his beautiful sister-in-law something of that early romance that would have abated the natural vanity every woman feels in the review of the "rejected addresses" which are, after a few years, of no value except to the (former) owner.

There is no accounting for feminine taste in the matter of husbands. Mary Morris would not have cared a whit for the old affair with that other Mary, if she had ever heard it (which is unlikely). Nor did she envy the Widow Custis, although news came to her early in 1759 of another splendid wedding, this time in tide-water Virginia. When she and her Roger took possession of the fine house he had built for her on Harlem Heights,

she would not have exchanged places with any other matron or maid in the New World, or in the Old. Her well-beloved brother Frederick lived, literally like a lord, in the dear old Manor-House under the balustraded roof of which she had drawn her first breath; her sister Susan was the happy wife of a gallant officer and the mistress of fair Beverley. Neither of these homes was more beautiful for situation than the newer mansion constructed to please her fancy and to subserve her convenience. The growing city of New York was visible between the clumps of the native forest-trees which Roger Morris had the good sense to leave standing upon the spreading lawn.

New York, at that date, as a sprightly writer tells us, "was a city without a bath-room, without a furnace, with bed-rooms which, in winter, lay within the Arctic Zone, with no ice during the torrid summers, without an omnibus, without a moustache, without a match, without a latch-key."

It was no worse off in these respects than older London, we may observe in passing. Whatever of comfort and luxury pertained to the age was as much Mrs. Morris's as if her husband's domain were a dukedom on the

other side of the water. The dearth of bath-rooms and latch-keys was not felt by those who had never heard of such alleviations of ancient and honorable inconveniences. New York represented Society to the dwellers upon the wooded heights of Harlem. The circle, made up of DePeysters, DeLanceys, Bayards, Van Cortlandts, Livingstons, and the like, was a fit setting for such gems as the Philipse sisters. In the torrid summers, the hill-top crowned by Beverley, and the forest lands about Lake Mahopac wooed the owners to retreats that were as truly home as the city and suburban mansions.

For all that has reached us to the contrary, the bright, brave woman who led the fashions in New York for three quarters of the year, and played Lady Bountiful to her Putnam County tenants from July to October, had few crooks in the lot to which Roger Morris had called her, until the war-cloud burst above her very head.

When the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces sat down to supper on the evening of September 21, 1776, at the table that had been presided over for eighteen years by the handsomest of his alleged loves, the

homestead was already only the "deserted house of Colonel Roger Morris, Tory." The warrior had other things upon his mind than loverly reminiscences. The shadows which made yet more serious a visage rarely lighted by a smile during those crucial days, were called up by practical and present troubles. While his head-quarters were in the Morris House, the number of soldiers under his command was not twenty-four thousand, all told. Of these, seven thousand were sick or disabled, leaving less than eighteen thousand fit for duty.

ROGER MORRIS.

Rebel and Republican 'though he was, Washington was a patrician at heart. Not the least of the minor worries that chased laughter from his lips and sleep from his pillow, at this juncture of his fortunes, was the indifferent quality of those next to him in command. The privates were better-born and bred, as a rule, than their officers. When a Brigadier General pulled off his coat at the mess-table and carved a baron of beef in his shirt-sleeves, and a Captain of horse in a Connecticut regiment shaved a private soldier on the

parade-ground right under the windows of the drawing-room, all the gentleman and the martinet within the Master of Mt. Vernon, revolted. He was, throughout his eventful life, the devotee of order and the disciple of routine, fastidious in his personal habits, and jealous for the dignity of rank. Adjutant-General Reed is our authority for the shaving-scene, and the date was October 5, 1776.

A general *slipshoddiness* pervaded the army, from the officers down to the pickets, who scraped acquaintance with the British sentinels on the other side of the creek and bartered chews of tobacco with them by weighting the quids with pebbles and flinging them across the water. It is not pleasant to reflect how the homestead fared during the occupancy of such officers, and what ruin must have been wrought in the beautiful grounds.

Fourteen years afterward, we find Washington once more at the Morris House.

In the Presidential diary of July 10, 1790, is this entry, made in the formal, colorless style of the distinguished penman :

" Having formed a party consisting of the Vice-President, his lady, and Miss Smith, the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War, and the ladies of the two latter, with

all the gentlemen of my family, Mrs. Lear and the two children, we visited the old position of Fort Washington, and afterwards dined on a dinner prepared by Mr. Marriner at the house, lately Colonel Roger Morris', but confiscated and in occupation by a common farmer."

The plebeian agriculturist, having prepared at his house the dinner on which the august personages were to dine, would have had them eat it in doors, we gather from other sources, but the visitors, the like of which had never sat down to his board, insisted upon turning the affair into a picnic. The collation was spread upon the grass under the trees, and to the amazement and chagrin of the bovine host (?) the Chief Magistrate and his following partook of it as Mr. Marriner was used to see his laborers devour bread and cold pork in the "nooning."

The "we" of the aforesaid diary was not official, but conjugal, and "the two children" were My Lady Washington's grandson and granddaughter. Reminiscences of the messes and councils, the dreading and the planning of 1776 must have slipped into the lively luncheon talk. It is within the bounds of probability that a thought of the dethroned lady of the manor may have won a stifled sigh from Roger

HENRY GAGE MORRIS, REAR-ADMIRAL IN THE BRITISH NAVY.
(SON OF ROGER AND MARY MORRIS.)

Morris's former brother-in-arms and her quondam admirer, in the reflection of her changed estate in exile and comparative poverty.

Mary Morris died in London at the great age of ninety-five, in 1825.

The house built for her by her bridegroom, and in which she spent eighteen happy years, was sold by the United States government to John Jacob Astor. In 1810 it passed into the hands of Stephen Jumel, a New York merchant, although by birth a Frenchman. When a mere boy he had emigrated to San Domingo and there became an opulent coffee-planter. About the time that Farmer Marriner was entertaining his great folks upon the lawn at Fort Washington, the future master was a beggared fugitive, skulking in woods and be-

MARY (PHILIPSE) MORRIS (AT THE AGE OF 95).

hind sand-hills to escape the fury of the insurgent blacks. More fortunate than most of his fellow-planters, he attracted the notice of a passing vessel and was taken on board. At St. Helena, the first port touched by the vessel after leaving the island, he went ashore, and in one way and another, made money enough in the course of a year or so, to take him to New York. Upon his arrival in that city he found that a cargo of coffee, shipped from San Domingo on the eve of the insurrection, had been received by the consignees, and that the proceeds awaited his pleasure. The unexpected flotsam and jetsam was the nucleus of a fortune that ranked him in due time among the merchant princes of New York.

He married, April 7, 1804, Miss Eliza Bowen of Providence, Rhode Island, a beautiful blonde, with a superb figure and graceful carriage. At the date of the marriage her physical charms were in the glory of early maturity. She was twenty-seven years of age, having been born April 2, 1777. M. Jumel was nearing his fiftieth birthday, but alert, vigorous, and courtly, and passionately enamored of his bride.

The marriage was solemnized at St. Peter's Church, in Barclay Street, and the wedding-party drove from the church door to an elegant house on Bowling Green which M. Jumel had purchased and fitted up with express reference to the taste and comfort of his prospective wife. There were present at the wedding-breakfast a few intimate friends of the happy couple, including the French Consul and the priest who had performed the ceremony, the bridegroom being a Roman Catholic. A corps of West Indian servants waited at table and in the house. M. Jumel would have no others when he could get these.

The feast over and the guests dispersed, he invited his bride to accompany him in a drive "into the country," stating that a friend had lent him carriage, horses, and coachman for this occasion. The excursion took in the present site of the City Hall, but could hardly have led them so far as the shaded roads dividing the farms above Twenty-third Street.

As they alighted at their own door on their return, M. Jumel inquired :

" How are you pleased with the carriage and horses ? " and upon receiving the answer, replied, gallantly :

" They are yours, my dear."

The chariot cost eight hundred dollars, a frightful sum in the ears of the economist who reflects upon the value of a dollar at that time. The gift was an earnest of the lavish generosity displayed toward his wife for the almost thirty years of their wedded life. She was clever, energetic, and ambitious. He recognized her intellectual ability, and encouraged her in the course of reading and study which she began forthwith in order to fit herself for the position he had given her. She learned to speak French like a native, her musical skill was above mediocrity ; in conversation she was not surpassed in brilliant effects and sterling sense by any woman in her circle, than which there was no better in New York. In business affairs she was her husband's co-adviser, and, as the future was to prove, his equal in commercial sagacity. In 1812, M. Jumel retired from the active cares of business life and set about the full enjoyment of the immense fortune he had amassed.

His permanent residence had been for two years at Fort Washington, as it was still called. His family consisted of his wife and Madame's young niece, whom the childless couple had

adopted, and the house was continually full of company.

" Among the celebrities who have visited this mansion were Louis Philippe, Lafayette, Talleyrand, Joseph Bonaparte, Louis Napoleon, Prince de Joinville," etcetera.

The list, drawn from family papers, is too long to be copied here. From the same source we learn that Louis Napoleon was a guest here while a poverty-stricken exile, and that M. Jumel lent him money, a benefaction gratefully recollected when the *emigré* was elevated, first, to the Presidency, then to the Imperial throne.

Turning the pages, our eyes are arrested by a startling paragraph :

" M. Jumel was an ardent Bonapartist, and in 1815, on the first day of June, sailed in his own ship, *The Eliza*" (named for his wife) " to France with his wife and her niece, who was a young miss, with the idea of bringing the fallen Emperor to this country."

The sum which the French millionaire was ready to invest in the desperate enterprise, was said to represent the half of his fortune.

" On arriving, he proffered the Emperor safe conduct to America, and an asylum there.

Napoleon returned M. Jumel his heartfelt thanks, but declined to attempt the escape."

The transaction in Emperors might have been unfortunate for the Bonapartist financier but for the popularity and finesse of his clever wife. The Marquis de Cubières had been befriended by the Jumels when a penniless *emigré* in America, and he was high in favor with Charles X. Madame speedily became a favorite at Court; the most distinguished people flocked to her *salon*, and she kept on excellent terms with all political parties. With rare skill she avoided the chance of disagreeable encounters by inviting Bourbon and Bonaparte partisans upon different evenings. It was a bold game, but she proved herself adequate to cope with hazards and to conquer difficulty.

For five years she revolved and sparkled in the orbit defined by her genius, and in which her husband's wealth enabled her to move.

She is reported to have said, in after days, that she had never really lived except during that enchanting semi-decade. In beauty, wit, and the tactful address innate with the Parisian woman of the world, and seldom acquired by those who are not born with it, she developed like a splendid tropical flower brought suddenly

into the sunshine. Henceforward, and to the end of her life, she was the Frenchwoman, with few traces of the New York millionaire's wife in carriage and speech, and none of the Rhode Island shell she had cast away when she married M. Jumel. There are many tales of her Court triumphs that, however exaggerated they may be by much telling, bespeak the fulfilment of her ambitions.

Not a whisper was ever breathed against her fealty to her husband who, on his part, likewise found engrossing and congenial occupation in the French capital. The Government was willing to borrow American gold upon favorable terms, and the Bourse was abundant in opportunities to swell his wealth by personal speculations. Sometimes he made money, sometimes, and at length with alarming frequency, he lost it.

A crash that sobered both husband and wife came in 1821—not total ruin, but reverses that burned away the showy husks and showed of what sterling stuff the character of each was composed. Consultations which appear to have been as amicable as they were shrewd, resulted in a division of labors. Madame sailed for New York, bringing great spoil with her in

the shape of furniture, jewelry, bric-a-brac, laces, etc., leaving her husband in France to retrieve their shattered fortunes in his own time and way.

Fort Washington was hers in her own right. She forthwith bestowed herself and her appurtenances therein, and the New England thriftiness came valiantly to the front. One of the many souvenirs, treasured by those nearest of kin and in heart to her, is a pamphlet bearing this inscription :

"CATALOGUE
OF
ORIGINAL PAINTINGS,
FROM
ITALIAN, DUTCH, FLEMISH AND FRENCH MASTERS,
OF THE ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.
SELECTED BY THE BEST JUDGES FROM EMINENT
GALLERIES IN EUROPE
AND INTENDED FOR
PRIVATE GALLERY IN AMERICA,
TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION
ON THE 24TH APRIL—1821, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.
AT MADAM JUMEL'S MANSION HOUSE
HARLEM HEIGHTS
TOGETHER WITH THE SPLENDID FURNITURE OF THE
HOUSE,
BY
CLAUDE G. FONTAINE, AUCTIONEER."

The contents of drawing-room, hall, tea-room, dining-room, blue, red, yellow, and green rooms, are named in circumstantial detail, each under the proper head and in dignified, yet attractive terms. The auction was business, not sentiment, and part of a well-concerted plan. The mistress of the mansion meant to get money. Money, and much of it, was locked up in such furniture as adorned few other American homes.

Greatly to the satisfaction of her heirs, and the latter-day lovers of historical relics, she never cast down before undiscriminating bidders the choicest of her gleanings over seas.

"At the death of Count Henri Tasher de la Pagerie, in 1816, his widow, being in straitened circumstances, sold the furniture and jewels of Napoleon and Josephine to Monsieur and Madame Jumel for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars"—is an authentic memorandum of the interesting transfer of priceless valuables.

When the dismantled mansion was refurnished for the residence of Monsieur and Madame, eight chairs that had belonged to the First Consul in 1800; a table, the marble top of which Napoleon had brought from Egypt; a

clock used by him in the Tuileries; a chandelier that was his gift to Moreau; tapestries and paintings collected by Josephine and himself; a complete set of drawing-room furniture that had belonged to Charles X; a bedstead of exquisite workmanship on which the first Consul slept for months; his army chest; his chess-board,—on which his fugitive nephew was, in time to come, to play daily a game with Madame Jumel with the ivory pieces designed by the greater uncle, each wearing the Napoleonic cocked hat,—and scores of other precious possessions before which the privileged visitor of to-day lingers with gloating eyes—took the place of "beds, tables, and candle-sticks" that had meant money and brought it. Thus appointed, rooms and halls represented times and destinies, the uprising and the downfall of nations. As a whole, they were the expression of the deepened and enriched nature of the woman who dwelt among, and in them.

The work so bravely begun in the public auction, was carried on as bravely. She farmed the large estate diligently and with profit; her investments in lands and stocks were judicious; her economies were ingenious. Her husband's absence was a valid excuse for absenting her-

self from the gay scenes she had formerly adorned, but cool common sense and a single eye to business were better reasons to the practical side of her for avoiding the expenses which a contrary course would have entailed. She was making and saving money now, and had no leisure for costly frivolities. The policy of separation and work that had one and the same end was essentially French. Neither wavered in his or her lot until, in 1828, M. Jumel returned to America and to his admirable partner, and they began together to enjoy what had grown, by their united efforts, into "an elegant competency."

M. Jumel was a strikingly handsome man, and retained to the last the personal charms that were signal in the prime of his manhood. His step, at seventy, was light and quick, he carried his head high, and his back was as flat as a trooper's. As a waltzer, the *distingué* septuagenarian was openly preferred by his fair partners to any of the younger gallants. The promise of many years of life and pleasure was before him when he was thrown from his carriage, May 22, 1832, and fatally injured.

We have no record of Madame's deportment when news of the accident was brought to her,

or how she bore the sight of the gallant old Frenchman's sufferings for the next week, and the death that ended them. His remains lie buried in the cemetery of old St. Patrick's Church in Mott Street. Although his wife was a member of the Episcopal Church he remained, all his life, a devout Roman Catholic.

She takes the stage again in 1833, the cholera year in New York and the vicinity. To avoid the chances of infection she planned a tour up the river as far as Saratoga, already famed for its waters. Needing legal advice in the transfer of certain properties, she drove one day into town and down to Reade Street where she alighted at the office of Aaron Burr.

The duel between Hamilton and Burr was fought July 11, 1804, the very year of Madame Jumel's marriage. On May 22, 1807, Aaron Burr was tried for treason in Richmond, Virginia, with John Marshall, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the bench—"a tall, slender man in his fifty-second year, with a majestic head, and eyes the finest ever seen except Burr's, large, black and brilliant beyond expression. It was often remarked, during the trial, that two such pairs of eyes had never looked into one another before."

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Judge and prisoner thus confronted one another for six months, and Burr was acquitted, free in name, but a ruined outcast,—a man without a country. In June, 1808, he sailed for England under an assumed name. In 1812, a paragraph in a New York paper announced that Aaron Burr had returned to the city and had resumed the practice of law in Nassau Street.

This summary of dates will account for the statement confidently maintained to be the truth by one who has a better right than anybody else living to be conversant with the facts of the case—that Madame Jumel had never met, or even seen, Colonel Burr, until the day of her visit to Reade Street. She knew him, by reputation, as an able lawyer and successful financier, and she needed legal advice in the settlement of M. Jumel's estate. In talking over the interview with a confidante when time had made her an impartial critic of her own actions, she said that he fascinated her from the moment he opened the office door to welcome her, yet, that he "inspired her with something like dread." The profound respect with which he hearkened to her story, the delicate flavoring of deference he contrived to infuse

into professional counsel, and which made the talk a conference of two keen intellects, not the visit of a client to her adviser, were incense yet more agreeable to the woman of affairs. When he handed her into her chariot, and stood with uncovered head upon the pavement until she drove away, the first step that counts for more than the hundred that follow, had been taken.

She was not an impressible novice, and her projected journey was made at the appointed time without seeing Colonel Burr again. In company with her adopted daughter, she travelled by easy stages as far as Ballston, where she sentimentalized, still leisurely, over reminiscences of a former visit to the future Spa, when M. Jumel was with her, and they travelled in their chariot-and-four, with other four horses as relays. After a brief stay in Ballston they went to Saratoga. Before she alighted from her carriage she was pleased with a hotel she chanced to espy, and, within ten minutes after her arrival, bought it with the furniture as a speculation.

When the city was cleansed of pestilence by October frosts, Madame returned in fine health and spirits to the mansion on the Heights to

find that it had been entered by burglars while she was away. The place was far from civilization, she now appreciated, as for the first time, and lonely for the niece whose lively spirits craved the society of young and gay people. The drives in and out of town involved a needless waste of time and strength, when she had such a press of business on her hands as now demanded her attention. She took a house in New York for the winter.

Burr lived, at this time, in Jersey City, and his law office was at No. 23 Nassau Street. His business communications with Madame Jumel were carried on through a family connection of the lady, in whom the great lawyer became much interested. Madame's representative yielded gradually and almost against his will—for he "had heard all good and all evil of him"—to the marvellous magnetism which Burr exercised upon whomsoever he willed to win. Mutual liking developed into a friendship which subsequent events never undermined.

"Come into my office," said Burr to the ambitious law student. "I can teach you more law in a year than you can learn in ten in the ordinary way."

He kept his word, and he kept his hold upon his pupil's affectionate veneration. Burr may have foreseen the day in which he could make good use of the influence he gained. It is more likely that he befriended a promising young fellow because he was fond of him. Youth, when coupled with talent, always attracted him, and since the tragic death of the daughter whom he idolized his heart had a tender place in it for the young. His biography abounds with instances that prove this. He was now a successful lawyer, but he was a marked and, at heart, a lonely man. The genuine devotion of the student, his rapid acquisition of knowledge under his chief's tuition, his pleasing person and manners, made sunshine in the darkly shadowed life.

"The young man went home to Madame Jumel only to extol and glorify Colonel Burr."

She was fond of the eulogist, who was, by now, an inmate of her house, and graciously acceded to his suggestion that the friend to whom he owed so much should be invited to call upon and be thanked by her. She did nothing by halves, and now, as upon a hundred other occasions, the fulfilment outran the request and the promise. Burr was no longer

prominent in fashionable society. Born with all the elements of success, and with the power of marshalling these to brilliant advantage, he was a conspicuous failure, and he knew it.

To quote from the reminiscences of one who recollected him as he was at seventy-eight :

> " He had all the air of a gentleman of the old school, —was respectful, self-possessed and bland, but never familiar. He had seen a hundred men, morally as unscrupulous as himself, more lucky for some reason or other, than himself. He was down ; he was old. He awaited his fate with Spartan calmness, knowing that not a tear would fall when he should be put under the sod."

This was the guest (or so she believed) in whose honor Madame Jumel gave a dinner-party that was spoken of as " a grand banquet." He more than justified the honor she had done him. The courtier and witty man of fashion of former days awoke within him, as the warrior starts up at the *reveillé*. He was the star of the feast, and captivated even his enemies.

When the hostess informed him, at the proper moment, that he was to take her in to dinner, he bowed with inimitable grace :

" Madame ! I offer you my hand. You have long had my heart."

Florid flattery was depreciated currency

when so much was in circulation. The speech passed for nothing with those who heard it. It was Burr's way, and Madame's smiling acknowledgment of the tribute to her charms meant even less, if that were possible. The declaration did not commit him to the duty of the frequent calls in town, and at her country-house, that followed upon her removal to her old quarters in the spring.

It is probable that the offer of marriage which he made in the leafy month of June, was entirely unexpected by the charming widow, for her negative was as prompt and firm as if the nameless dread that had been the bitter tincture in the fascination of that first interview had driven out all thought of the sweetness. The wooer took the rebuff gallantly, and in a few weeks, renewed the proposal. The second "No" was uttered more gently, and he pressed the suit without the loss of a moment, or an inch of vantage-ground. She did not yield a half-inch in protestation that she could never reconsider her decision, yet as he took his leave, he said in his finest manner:

"I shall call again"—naming a date—"and bring a clergyman with me."

Punctual to the day and the hour of the afternoon he had set, Colonel Burr drove out to the Jumel House in his own gig, stepped out jauntily and assisted his companion to alight. This was David Bogart, D.D., of the Reformed Dutch Church, who just forty-nine years before, had married Aaron Burr to another rich widow, Theodosia Provost.[1] The gentlemen were admitted by a footman, and then began a negotiation so extraordinary that the whole performance has been rejected as mythical, by many who have heard the story. Certain of Burr's biographers have passed over his second marriage in silence; others have broadly hinted that the ceremony was dispensed with altogether in the union of the heiress with the bridegroom who had counted his seventy-eighth winter.

[1] Mrs. Provost was ten years older than Burr, not handsome, but singularly pleasing in manner, accomplished and highly educated. He always declared that "she was without a peer among all the women he had known." She died in 1794.

XIII

THE JUMEL MANSION (WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY)

(*Concluded*)

IN writing of what was not the least surprising of the events that made historic the mansion crowning Washington Heights, I shall consult data supplied by the nearest living relatives of Madame Jumel. If direct and authentic information were lacking, I should refrain from anything more than a passing allusion to the sudden nuptials and the rupture of the ill-advised bonds.

It was an episode, but an important one, in a life that was all dramatic, from the hour that saw beautiful Eliza Bowen the bride of her mature and opulent suitor, to that in which the twice-widowed woman of ninety, majestic and still beautiful, lay in her coffin in the Fort

Washington "tea-room," and her decease was noted as the removal of a social landmark.

In spite of Colonel Burr's parting warning, Madame was totally unprepared for the apparition of an expectant bridegroom, while the message transmitted to her through their common favorite, the law student, to the effect that Colonel Burr would wait downstairs until she was ready to be married, routed even her matchless self-possession. To complicate the embarrassments of the position, her adopted daughter threw all her influence upon the side of the resolute suitor. The scene that ensued, as described by one who had it from an eyewitness, would have been absurd had it been less distressing. Madame was now in her fifty-seventh year, but retained her fine figure and noble carriage, with many vestiges of her remarkable beauty. Her complexion was that of a girl, her blue eyes were unfaded, her features mobile, and in expression exceedingly winning. Hers was a warm, deep heart, and the dearest things on earth to her were the two young creatures who knelt, one on each side of her, and pleaded Burr's cause, as she sat, bewildered and protesting, in her chair. While the young man praised him who, un-

der her influence, would regain his lost position in society and rise to yet loftier eminence in the profession in which he excelled, the beloved niece entreated her to consider what good would come to the whole household if such a head were given to it. Fort Washington was a dear and lovely home, but the aunt could not live there alone, especially after the burglary, and they—the pleaders—could not be always with her. What a comfort it would be to them to be assured of her safety and happiness in the keeping of the gallant gentleman who was as brave as he was fascinating! The petitioners had suffered more than they had allowed her to guess in seeing her bowed almost to breaking by the burden of business anxieties. The relief they would experience were these laid from her dear shoulders upon her adviser's ought to count for something in her consideration of Colonel Burr's suit.

And so on, and so on, with coaxings, arguments, and caresses, until the balance of the cool head was overthrown by the warm heart. The passionate exclamation with which she finally drew her adopted child's head to her bosom showed this, and might have been a

THE JUMEL MANSION.

check upon the impetuous advocates, had their partisanship been less warm :

"Then—I will sacrifice my wishes for your sakes!"

Before she could qualify the partial pledge, the niece summoned Madame's maid, and herself ran to a wardrobe for the wedding-gown. It was of lavender silk, softened by the rich laces in which Madame was a famous connoisseur.

Colonel Burr and Doctor Bogart had been in the house for an hour and a half when the stately figure, attended by the young relatives, descended the staircase. The spacious landings and easy grades afforded ample opportunity for a good view of the group from below. Eight servants, who had caught the news of the impending event, were on the lookout, peering in at open doors and windows, and saw the bridegroom, with the alert grace of a man of one third of his years, come forward to receive Madame at the stair-foot. In his prime Burr was the handsomest, as he was the most brilliant, man of his generation. His black eyes never lost their flashing lights, or his voice its music. His smile was radiantly sweet; his manner the perfection of gracious courtesy. He was probably not the

least "in love" with the woman he now held by the hand, but his feigned ardor was without spot or blemish to the most critical of the group that saw the twain made one in the name of the Church and Heaven.

The two kinspeople to whose fond persuasions Madame had yielded her better judgment, "stood up" with the elderly couple. The ceremony was performed in the room at the left of the entrance-hall, known in the Jumels' time as "the tea-room." It was the favorite parlor of Monsieur and of Madame Jumel. There were no witnesses of the strange scene enacted there besides the two attendants I have mentioned and the gaping, awe-stricken servants clustered without.

Madame's flutter of nerves subsided before the benediction was pronounced. As the urbane hostess she ordered the wedding-feast to be prepared and served, and made clergyman and guests welcome to it. The burglars had not rifled the wine-vault. There were bins and bottles there thick with the dust and cobwebs of fifty years, and the late master of the mansion had been a noted authority upon wines. No choicer vintage was served in these United States than that in which the

health and happiness of the wedded pair were pledged that evening.

A family joke, led on and relishfully enjoyed by Colonel Burr, was that the officiating dominie, underrating the potency of the Jumel wines, became, as Burr put it, "very jolly," before the party of five left the table. Admitting this, we assume that Madame's coachman was detailed to occupy the driver's seat in the Burr gig on the late return to town.

The roads were rough, but not dark, for the moon was at the full. This we know from the fact that it was eclipsed during the evening. The wedding company watched the phenomenon from the portico, the newly-made husband and wife side by side.

"Madame!" said Burr, taking her hand in gallant tenderness, as they stood thus, "The Americans will fear me more than ever, now that two such brains as yours and mine are united."

When the news of the marriage flew over the city the next day, there was astonishment in many homes, and in one such lamentation as Dido may have launched after her perfidious lover. A woman, younger and more beautiful than the heiress for whom she was

forsaken, made no secret of her love and her desolation. And Æneas was on the inner verge of his eightieth year !

The wedding-tour was to Connecticut, of which State the bridegroom's nephew was then Governor. The cares of riches pursued them. A favorable opportunity for the sale of stocks and other securities belonging to Mrs. Burr was embraced by her as readily as if the honey-moon were not in its second quarter. But when the money—some tens of thousands of dollars—was counted out to her by the buyers, she bade them, with engaging confidence, give it to Colonel Burr.

"My husband will, after this, manage my affairs."

According to a rumor of the time, Burr carried the bills back to New York, sewed up securely in his several pockets—perhaps by the jewelled fingers of the over-trustful spouse.

The scene changes with bewildering rapidity. Harlem was a long way from No. 23 Nassau Street, and Colonel Burr, when once in harness, was, as an acquaintance described him, "business incarnate." He absented himself for days at a time from the suburban mansion now that he had money by the ten thousand

to invest. A project for colonizing an immense tract of land in Texas was an irresistible lure to his imagination. A quarter-century ago, he had burned his fingers to the bone (figuratively) with operations in the Southwest. Nevertheless, they itched now to handle projects looking toward the possession of the goodly country. He bought up shares that would have doubled the sums expended had the bubble of Texas emigration solidified. Since it burst after the manner of its kind, he lost every cent with which his wife had entrusted him at Hartford, and more besides.

All this while the other brain he had taken into partnership was void of any knowledge of the reckless venture. Mrs. Burr—whom people with difficulty left off addressing as "Madame"—might have been an illiterate housewife, just able to count up on her fingers the profits of butter and eggs sales, for all that she was told of the fate of her funds. Accustomed to compute interest and to negotiate loans, and conversant with the real estate market, she began to wonder what had become of the packages of bills that had padded out her manager's lean figure in their homeward journey.

Her adopted son was commissioned to sound her husband on the subject.

The smiling eyes shone like diamonds as the answer was given :

" Please say to Mrs. Burr that this is not her affair. She has now a master to manage her business, and he intends to do it."

That word, " master," left a scar that never healed. The blow was brutal, and brutality was a novel experience to the pet of fortune. She would not have been a woman of spirit had she not resented it, and she had spirit and temper in abundance.

An altercation, bitter on one side, cool and keen as ice-needles on the other—followed; then a hollow truce—another and yet another rupture, until the quiet-loving lord took to spending weeks, instead of days, in the Nassau Street office. The estrangement had lasted for several months when he had a slight stroke of paralysis that confined him to his bed. His wife, hearing of his illness, ordered her carriage, sought him out in his comfortless lodgings and begged him, with tears in her eyes, to "come home." Her servants lifted him into the chariot, and she took him to the house on the Heights.

He lay upon the red velvet sofa that had been Napoleon's (still preserved by Madame's relatives), in the great drawing-room in the rear of the mansion, for six weeks, in luxurious convalescence. Mrs. Burr was his constant attendant. As he rallied from the seizure he was his old and best self in witty chat and gentle courtesy. The month and a half during which she nursed him back to health was the last glimpse of even comparative wedded happiness. Burr's speculations continued to be ill-judged or unfortunate. His wife objected strenuously to risking any more of her money. Not long after his return to city quarters, finding expostulations unavailing, she awoke to the imminence of the peril to the estate accumulated by M. Jumel and herself, at the cost of separation, self-denial, and unceasing diligence, and brought suit for a legal separation.

While her complaint, dictated by her own lips, entreated that her husband might have no more control over her property, she played, with true French womanly art, upon his ruling weakness by naming "infidelity" as the foundation of her discontent. The accusation that the octogenarian was capable of kindling the passion of love in one woman's heart and jeal-

ousy in that of another, was a delicious tid-bit to the antique Lothario's vanity. He made a feint of opposition, but finally allowed the suit to go by default. He was once more master of his time and affections. Madame, who did not resume her former name and title until several years after Burr's death, reigned again the undisputed sovereign of her "mansion."

The divorce suit dragged tardily on. So long as each party was unmolested by the other neither took especial interest in bringing it to a close. Burr was actually upon his death-bed when Mrs. Burr's agent hastened to Chancellor Kent and obtained his signature to the decree in order that the *divorcée* might have control of her property. His relatives could have claimed a share in the wife's estate.

Aaron Burr breathed his last, September 14, 1836, aged eighty years, seven months, and eight days.

"The last audible word whispered by the dying man was the one, of all others in the language, the most familiar to his lips," observes Parton.

He had motioned to his attendant to remove his eye-glasses, and "fixing his eyes (brilliant to the last) upon the spectacles in her hand, he

faintly whispered '*Madame!*' evidently meaning that they were to be given to Madame, the friend of his last years."

It was supposed that he referred to the hostess in whose house he had passed the last two years of his life. She had superintended his removal to Port Richmond where he died, and in parting he had blessed her as his "last, best friend."

When word was brought to the wife—whom he invariably addressed as "Madame"—that he had passed away from earth, she wept sadly and long. For nearly two years they had been strangers, never meeting in all that time, but she had grieved in hearing of his sufferings, and was overcome by the memory of the brief brightness of their early married life. She always defended him when his memory was assailed in her hearing, insisting that he had a kind heart and noble impulses.

"He was not himself at the last," she would say. "What wonder that he made many mistakes and had many peculiarities? Think how old he was and how many troubles he had had!"

The chronicle of the succeeding ten or fifteen years is pleasant reading and unblotted by calamitous or disagreeable happenings.

Madame Jumel's name was the synonym of generosity, often more impulsive than judicious. The open-doored hospitality dispensed in her beautiful home was as lavish and inconsiderate as the rest of her giving.

The many anecdotes that have come to us of this calmful period of her varied career are interesting, and some diverting.

For example, that connected with a massive sofa-bed of solid mahogany, still in use, which stood in the drawing-room, and was often occupied overnight when the bed-chambers were full. One night after Mrs. Burr had gone upstairs, a gentleman asked for a night's lodging at the door. He was out hunting, and, night coming on, he had lost his way. Every bed in the house was occupied and the petition was referred to the mistress.

"Don't send him off," was her order. "Pull out the sofa, and let him sleep there, and see that he does not go to bed hungry. Leave plenty on the table for his breakfast. If he is hunting he will be astir before anybody else is up."

The wayfarer supped, slept well, arose before the sun, and ate everything that had been left on the table for his morning meal. In departing, he gave the maid who had attended

him, a louis d'or and left his card, with thanks, for the hostess. It bore the name of Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe.

Joseph Bonaparte, then resident at Bordentown, N. J., was a frequent visitor here between 1819–30. One afternoon, as he sat on the portico with Madame, he repeated dreamily a French poem, which so pleased the listeners that they begged for an encore, and the adopted daughter of the home wrote it down from his lips. The opening lines were

> "O charmante couleur d'une verte prairie !
> Tu repose les yeux et tu calmes le cœur ;
> Ton effet est celui de la tendre harmonie
> Qui plait à la nature et fait la douceur."

The entire poem was written upon a wooden panel and affixed to the trunk of a tree that had shaded the speaker while he recited it. It remained there as a souvenir of the visit until the house passed out of the family.

As has been said, Louis Napoleon was another guest whom the Jumels delighted to honor, even when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, and he had accepted more than one loan from them.

In 1852, at a ball given by him, as President of the French Republic, in the Salle des Mare-

chaux, Madame Jumel was a conspicuous figure. She entered the ball-room upon the arm of Jerome Bonaparte. Her gown, still treasured in the family, was of gold-colored brocade, lavishly trimmed with black Maltese lace. She chaperoned on this occasion her grandniece, born at the Mansion, and always the object of her fondest love and care. The young lady, as she was fond of relating merrily in after years, danced three times that night with the son of Jerome Bonaparte, afterward Prince Napoleon and nick-named "Plon-Plon."

During this foreign tour—although, as her yellow visiting-cards testify, the American matron still styled herself, "*Madame, Veuve de Aaron Burr*"—she began to be better known again as "Madame Jumel," and retained the name for the rest of her days. While in Rome, she was persuaded by her relatives and friends to sit for the portrait that hung in the main hall of the Jumel mansion as long as her heirs lived there. She was strangely unwilling to pose for a likeness, repugnance that increased with her years. I say "strangely," for she could not have been ignorant that she retained to the last, beauty of a high order. The picture was painted by Alcide Ercole in

1854. She was, therefore, seventy-seven years old. The face that looks from the canvas might belong to a well-kept woman of fifty. The expression is sweet and benignant, the blue eyes are full and wistful. As she sits between her grandniece and grandnephew, she looks the embodiment of tender motherhood, although she never had a child of her own. Her satin gown is what the French name, "*gorge de pigeon*" in color, a rich, misty blue, otherwise indescribable. Precious laces, such as she delighted to collect and to wear, form the lappets of her cap, and droop over the shapely hands. The poise of the head is queenly, the effect of the whole is pure womanly, and exceedingly winning. Prince Torlonia, who was her banker and friend, insisted that she should be painted in a chair brought from his palace, and which had once belonged to a Pope, and took eager interest in the sittings.

We have scores of tales of her beneficence to the needy, her loving-kindness to all who suffered, of her gift of one thousand dollars to famine-blighted Ireland in 1848, of larger and smaller donations, as opportunity was vouchsafed for the exercise of her too-generous disposition. Letter after letter of regret and

condolence was received when the ready ear was dull and the open hand was cold in her last sleep. Some are in French, some in English. All tell the same story. One, from the widow of Audubon, begs to be allowed to look upon the face of her dear, dead friend. She died, as she had wished, in the "Napoleon bed," and in accordance with her expressed directions, her remains rested in the tea-room, during the last night she spent in the home that had been hers for fifty-five years. She died in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

A white-haired Colonial Dame, placid in a vigorous old age, the venerable homestead looks down from her sunny seat on the hill-top over a scene where naught remains unchanged of what she beheld in Mary Morris's and Madame Jumel's day, except the broad river sweeping slowly to the sea. A mighty city has rushed up to her very feet. Of the vast estate nothing is left but the lawn, sloping away from the building on four sides to as many streets and avenues.

Those who would visit it are instructed to look for it "one block east of St. Nicholas Avenue, between 160th and 162nd Streets."

The present owner, General Ferdinand

Pinney Earle, has rechristened the mansion "Earle-Cliff," and on May 22, 1897, a lawn-party was given "under the auspices of the Washington Heights Chapter, D. A. R., of New York," for the benefit of the "National Fund to build the Memorial Continental Hall at Washington, D. C."

The hostess and her aides, in colonial costumes and with powdered hair and faces, received the throng of guests in a marquée spread in front of the house; refreshments were served from booths on the lawn, and the great, square cards of admission bore other attractive notices. To wit that,

> An Interesting Feature of the Celebration will be a loan Exhibition of Revolutionary Relics.

And that

> A grand Lawn Concert will be given during the afternoon by a Military Band, accompanied by voices from the Children of the American Revolution.

There was music indoors also. Trained vocalists were grouped about a piano set in the open square of the hall made by the turns of the staircase, and a bright-faced girl swayed the conductor's baton, leaning over a balustrade

that once knew the familiar touch of fair hands which have been dust for a century and more. Fashionable folk strolled and chattered in the dining-room where Washington sat down to supper, sad-eyed and haggard, on the night of September 21, 1776, and in the tea-room, beloved by M. Jumel, in which Aaron Burr was married, and where Madame lay in state thirty-three years afterward. And one of the hundreds who came and went under the cloudless sky of the perfect spring afternoon, strolled apart to a secluded nook of shrubbery to read and dream over this advertisement printed in the lower left-hand corner of the great, square blue card.

> THE Members of Washington Heights Chapter, D.A.R., are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Washington and things and incidents pertaining to the Revolutionary period, and the proposed fête champétre is in honor of a visit to the celebrated house on Washington Heights, made by President Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Washington, Vice-President and Mrs. John Adams, their son, John Quincy Adams; Secretary of State and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of War and Mrs. Knox, and Secretary of the Treasury, General Alexander and Mrs. Hamilton. . .

XIV

THE SMITH HOUSE AT SHARON, CONN.

"MR. HENRY SMITH and his wife and three sons, and two daughters, and three men-servants and two maid-servants . . . came from Norfolk, and settled in New Hingham, 1638." This is the record of the town clerk of Hingham, Massachusetts.

SMITH CREST.

A family register gives the date (probably the correct one) of 1636 to the immigration aforesaid, and locates Rev. Henry Smith as the first pastor of the Wethersfield (Conn.) church, in 1638. Mr. Smith was, we learn furthermore, a Puritan in England, while his father and brother were

Royalists. He resigned home, fortune, and family for "freedom to worship God," and "well-proved the terrors of the wilderness," on this side of the Atlantic.

His son Ichabod was the father of Samuel, who became one of the first settlers of Suffield, Conn. While there, he married Jerusha, daughter of the celebrated Cotton Mather, D.D. Their son, Cotton Mather Smith, born in 1731, was a graduate of Yale College in 1751, and in 1755, being twenty-four years of age, he was ordained to the work of the ministry in Sharon, Conn., being the third pastor of the (then) Established Church in that place.

His wife was Temperance Worthington, the granddaughter of Sir William Worthington, one of Cromwell's colonels. The provisions of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith's call to his first and only charge are peculiar and interesting.

"Town Meeting, Jan. 8, 1755. Voted, That a committee confer with Mr. Smith, and know which will be most acceptable to him, to have a larger settlement and a small salary, or a larger salary and a smaller settlement, and make report to this meeting."

"Town Meeting, Jan. 15, 1755. Voted,

That we will give to said Mr. Smith 420 ounces of silver or equivalent in old tenor Bills, for a settlement to be paid in three years after settlement. . . ."

"Voted, That we will give to said Mr. Smith 220 Spanish dollars, or an equivalent in old tenor Bills, for his yearly salary."

Mr. Smith's acceptance of the call contains this clause: "As it will come heavy upon some, perhaps, to pay salary and settlement together, I have thought of releasing part of the payment of the salary for a time to be paid to me again. . . ."

"The first year I shall allow you out of the salary you have voted me, 40 dollars, the 2d 30 dollars, the 3d year 15, the 4th year 20, to be repaid to me again, the 5th year 20 more, the 6th year 20 more, and the 25 dollars that remain, I am willing that the town shall keep 'em for their own use."

He discharged the duties of this pastorate for 52 years. He was distinguished for great eminence in learning, piety, and patriotism, and such gifts of heart, and mind, and person, as endeared him indissolubly to his people. The small-pox breaking out in Sharon while he was still comparatively a young man, he and

Mrs. Smith separated themselves from family and home, and labored diligently among their smitten flock until the pestilence subsided.

His wife thus recounts a scene in the Sharon Meeting-House on the Sabbath morning chosen by Parson Smith for the improvement of the text—"*Arise, O Lord, in Thine anger! lift up thyself because of mine enemies, and awake for me to the judgment Thou hast commanded.*"

"Before the close of the last line of the hymn, a messenger with jingling spurs strode down the aisle and up the high pulpit stairs, where he told the news to my husband, who proclaimed in clear, ringing tones that the die had been cast, that blood had been shed, and there was no more choice between War and Slavery."

Mr. Smith himself volunteered as chaplain to the 4th Connecticut regiment, commanded by Colonel Hinman.

While at Ticonderoga with General Schuyler, he fell dangerously ill, and "Madam" Smith, "being warned of God in a dream," undertook a journey of one hundred and fifty miles by forest and stream, to reach and nurse him. The thrilling narrative as told by herself has

been arranged and edited by the graphic pen of her descendant, Miss Helen Evertson Smith, under the caption of *Led by a Vision.* I will not mar the remarkable recital by attempting to condense it here.

At the date of this act of wifely heroism (September, 1775), the parsonage stood near the "big Ash," which—to quote Madam Smith —"had once been the Council Tree of the warlike Wegnagnock Indians, and now shaded the door-steps of a minister of God, who was perhaps as warlike as his predecessors here, though always and only for Righteousness' sake."

The foundations of the large stone house to which the family subsequently removed, were then rising above the ground within a stone's throw of the "big Ash." They were laid, and the dwelling completed by Dr. Simeon Smith, a younger and wealthy brother of the warlike pastor.

Rev. John Cotton Smith, D.D., the distinguished rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York, was a great-grandson of the Sharon divine. Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, the assistant of the late Phillips Brooks of Boston, is a great-great-grandson and the possessor of the

chair in which his honored ancestor sat to write his sermons. His desk remains in the old homestead.

In July, 1770, Whitefield preached in the Sharon meeting-house, the influence of Parson Smith having prevailed against the scruples of those who would have barred out an itinerant from the pulpit. The catholic Congregationalist also opened wide the doors of his home to his English brother, and Madam Smith nursed him tenderly through an alarming attack of asthma, sitting up with him, as did her husband, all of the night preceding his celebrated discourse in their church.

He died two months later, in Newburyport, Mass.

John Cotton Smith, the son of Cotton Mather Smith and the "beautiful daughter of Rev. William Worthington of Saybrook," was a striking figure in a day when there were giants in the land. He was a member of the Connecticut Council, twice speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives; three times elected to Congress; Judge of the Connecticut Superior Court; Lieutenant-Governor and Governor from 1812 to 1817, and the last Governor under the Charter of Charles II.

"To these heredimento—qualities transmitted by his distinguished parents—he added rare gifts," writes the historian of his native State. "A handsome person, features classically beautiful; natural gracefulness, ready wit and culture, . . . a model of the Christian gentleman.

"Without mingling much in debate he presided over it, and ruled it at a time when John Randolph, Otis, Griswold, Lee and Pinckney were participators in it, and were willing to submit to the justice of his decisions, and free to acknowledge his superiority over all his compeers in the sagacity and address that enabled him to avoid the gathering storm, and the lightness and elegant ease with which he rose upon its crested waves."

JOHN COTTON SMITH.

He resigned his seat in Congress in 1806, on account of his father's declining health. The Rev. Cotton Mather Smith died November 27 of that year, in the 76th year of his age, and 52d of his ministry.

In 1817, his son, Governor Smith, retired from political life. He was now but fifty-two, in the prime of his glorious manhood,

> "the proprietor of a princely domain of nearly one thousand acres of land, most of it lying in the bosom of his native valley, every rod of which might be converted into a garden. . . . From his retirement until his death, a period of thirty years, he remained at home. Dividing his time between scholastic studies and the pursuits of agriculture, he lived the life of the Connecticut planter of the seventeenth century. His hospitable mansion was always thronged with refined and cultured guests."

He was also the first President of the Connecticut Bible Society, President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1826, and of the American Bible Society in 1831. His Alma Mater, Yale, made him an LL. D. in 1814, and the Royal College of Northern Antiquarians in Copenhagen, Denmark, a member of their illustrious band as late as 1836.

Governor Smith died December 7, 1845, aged 80 years. His wife, Margaret Evertson, was descended from two distinguished Dutch admirals, Evertson and Van Blum.

Their only child, William Mather Smith,

married Helen Livingston, a daughter of Gilbert Robert Livingston of Tivoli. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her generation.

Mr. Smith was, like his grandfather and his father, a graduate of Yale, and like them, eminent for piety, good works, and eloquence. While he was never an ordained clergyman, and lived the life of a man of letters and a wealthy country gentleman, he fulfilled the office of an evangelist in the highest and best sense of the term. Fearless in duty, active in all pious and benevolent enterprises, he was yet the peacemaker of his neighborhood, beloved and quoted by high and low. His portrait shows us a singularly noble and benign countenance; his memory is fragrant and blessed, as is that of the fair-faced woman who graced the old homestead from youth to old age.

Their three sons were John Cotton, Robert Worthington, and Gilbert Livingston.

The first, although a Yale graduate and a lawyer by profession, preferred to lead the life of a simple country gentleman, travelling much in foreign lands, but ever loving best his own. He was a man of dignified presence and

many attractive qualities, and was a remarkably fine and persuasive orator. He was many times a member of the State Legislature, and for several years filled the post of U. S. Minister to Bolivia, S. A. He died, unmarried, at the age of nearly seventy.

The third in age, Gilbert Livingston, early evinced the talent and piety that had characterized the worthy line. He was prepared for the ministry at Princeton, and called to the pretty little church at Carmel, N, Y., but died of fever before his installation.

Robert Worthington Smith, the second son, received his academic education at Williams College ; studied medicine, and took the degree of M. D., but never practised his profession. The traditional beauty, with the moral and mental gifts of the race, found in him a superb exemplar. To literary tastes and thorough cultivation, he joined a certain courtesy of bearing, geniality of temperament, and warmth of heart that won and retained the affection of those who knew him best. Beginning with heroic Temperance Worthington, the sons of the house were especially fortunate in the selection of wives. Dr. Smith proved the rule absolute when he wedded

337 SMITH HOMESTEAD AT SHARON, CONNECTICUT.

Gertrude L' Estrange Bolden, who, in the mild glory of a lovely old age, survived him until 1894 to bless home and children.

Three children gathered about her in the spring and summer time that throw wide the doors of the spacious homestead and clothe with beauty the environing grounds; Mr. Gilbert Livingston Smith, Miss Helen Evertson Smith, well and favorably known as a writer of strong prose and exquisite verse, and Mrs. Gertrude Geer. The family reside during the winter in New York.

The house was built by a Genoese architect and workmen, brought across the seas for that purpose. They kept secret their method of mixing the cement that holds the stones together. It is as hard now as marble, and the rigors and damps of over one hundred New England winters have not disintegrated a morsel. The wing was begun some years before the Revolution, and the foundations were allowed to stand for several months "to season." So effectual was the process that not a line is "out of plumb"; each door and window hangs evenly; not a sill or casing sags.

It is a stately home for a stately race, and a history that has not a blot. Every room has

its legend. Upon the walls of the sitting-room are the portraits of the brave pastor and his faithful wife. His was painted for, and at the order of, his parishioners.

"Who insisted that he should be painted in the act of preaching," said the gentle voice of "Our Lady of Peace." "It was a pity, for he was really a handsome man, and possessed great dignity of manner."

Echoing "the pity of it!" we turn to the placid visage framed by the mob-cap, and seek in the gentle, serious eyes of Temperance Smith traces of the fire that enabled her to overbear erudite Dr. Bellamy's remonstrances when he even intimated that she was arrogant in believing "that the Lord had condescended to grant visions" to her.

"But I soon silenced him," she writes. "First, by repeating my dream, and, second, by showing him pretty plainly that I was not beholden to him for his opinions or permission, but was going to set out directly we had breakfasted."

The clear-cut face of their son, Governor John Cotton Smith, is between the portraits of the grand old couple.

Near by is a mahogany lounge, broad and

CORNER OF LIBRARY IN SMITH HOMESTEAD.

comfortable, brought from France in 1796, as a bedstead for a student in Columbia College, David Codwise, a collateral kinsman. In a spirit that proved the relationship, he condemned the couch as " altogether too luxurious," and slept during the period of his tutelage on a plank laid upon two chairs.

All the "plenishing" of the house is from ninety to two hundred years old, the more modern having been brought from her girlhood's home by Mrs. Smith over eighty years ago. The drawing-room carpet was sent from Brussels in 1807, to Margaret Evertson, wife of Governor Smith. It is whole throughout, and the colors are clear and harmonious. So extraordinary is this immunity from darn and dimness that the story of the actual age of the venerable fabric seems incredible to those accustomed to the " often infirmities " of modern floor-coverings.

The bookcase in this room was " brought over " by a Holland Evertson, in 1640. The valuable Venetian mirror belongs to a still earlier date.

A superb silver tray, bearing the changed crest of Robert Livingston, with the motto " *Spero meliora*," adopted in commemoration

of his escape from shipwreck, is one of the Smith heirlooms, an inheritance through beautiful Helen Livingston.

The kitchen chimney had, within thirty years, a throat ten feet wide by five high. Standing within it, Mrs. Smith's children used to peep up at the stars at night. The whole chimney is twelve feet square.

In Miss H. E. Smith's charming tale, *For Her King's Sake*, we read how a Royalist girl, the ward of Madam Smith, hid two Hessian prisoners in the "smoke-room," made by a cavity of this chimney in the second story.

The rear wall, where the kitchen wing joins the newer building, is fifty inches thick. The kitchen is a spacious, delightful chamber, thirty-two feet long by twenty-eight wide.

Passing the door of a quaintly beautiful bedroom, where a sampler map of the State of New York, wrought in faded silks, hangs over the mantel, and a mourning-piece of "a lady and urn" upon another wall; where the four-poster with carved uprights and head-board is hung with white dimity, as are the deep windows looking down through magnificent elms upon the extensive lawn and gardens,—we climb the stairs to the great garret. A large

round window, like an eye, is set in the gable; the roof slopes above a vast space, where the townspeople used to congregate for dance, and speech-making, and church "entertainments," before a public hall was built. Treasures of antique furniture are here that leave to the wise in such matters no hope of keeping, for the fraction of a minute longer, that clause of the tenth commandment covering "anything that is thy neighbor's"; and in the middle of the dusky spaciousness, a long, long table, over which is cast a white cloth.

"Family papers! all of them. Some day I shall begin—in some years I may complete—the examination of them," says Miss Smith, lifting a corner of what is to me, now that I know what is beneath, the sheet covering the face of the dead.

Hampers, corded boxes, and trunks full of them! The hopes, the dreads, the loves, the lives of nine generations of one blood and name.

XV

THE PIERCE HOUSE, IN DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

IN 1630, the good ship *Mary and John*, chartered by the English company that had in charge the Massachusetts Bay Colony, brought to Boston a young man by the name of Robert Pierce.

PIERCE CREST.

Professor J. M. Peirce of Harvard, says: "A high degree of uniformity exists in the spelling, as used by persons bearing the name in any one family connection."

The branch which sprang from Robert Pierce has consistently, for nine generations, given the preference to

the method of spelling the name which will be used in this paper, but as the very able "Peirce Genealogy" compiled by Frederick Clifton Peirce, of Rockford, Illinois, proves, the parent stock was the same.[1]

"The first patent granted by the Council of Plymouth of land in New England was to John Pierce, of London, and his associates, dated June 1, 1621. This was a roaming patent, granting 100 acres for each settler already transplanted and such as should be transported."

Under this "roaming patent" Robert "settled on what was called Pine Neck"—so runs the MS. genealogical record kept in the homestead—"near the water." The cellar of his house was to be seen there until 1804. In 1640 he built (in Dorchester, Mass.) another dwelling. "At that time Robert Pierce's house and the Minot house, on the adjoining

[1] Colonel Peirce is also the compiler of a curious and valuable volume, giving the history of another wing of the family, under the interesting caption of "*Pearce Genealogy*, being the Record of the Posterity of Richard Pearce, an early inhabitant of Portsmouth, in Rhode Island, who came from England, and whose Genealogy is traced back to 972; with an Introduction of the Male Descendants of Josceline De Louvaine, the Second House of Percy, Earls of Northumberland, Barons Percy and Territorial Lords of Alnwick, Warkworth and Prudhoe Castles in the County of Northumberland, England."

farm, were the only houses in this part of the country. The road from Boston to Plymouth was up Oak Avenue" (directly past Robert's door) "and near the old well, crossing Neponset River at a fording-place near the Granite Bridge.

"Robert married Ann Greenway, daughter of one of the first settlers of Dorchester, generally known as 'Goodman Greenway.'"

John Greenway, or, according to the boundless license in the matter of orthography prevalent at that date, Greanway, or Greenaway, was a fellow-passenger of Robert Pierce, and, it is supposed, was accompanied by his whole family. Robert Pierce married his daughter just before, or just after the voyage to America.

"Ann was born in England in 1591, and lived to the uncommon age of 104 years. She died December 31, 1695."

Robert's death is thus set down:

"Robert Pierce of ye greate lotts, died January 11, 1664.

"The descendants of Robert of Dorchester have been men of substance, being industrious and frugal, and have held a respectable rank in society, having intermarried with many of the best families in Dorchester and vicinity."

349 PIERCE HOMESTEAD, DORCHESTER, MASS.

(BUILT IN 1640.)

Thus a part of the quaint introduction to the family history made out by a descendant of the young Englishman who was freeman of the town of Dorchester in May, 1642. Painstaking research on both sides of the sea on the part of members of the family, and comparison of old records and heraldic devices have brought to light some curious and interesting facts antedating Robert Pierce's voyage to the New World. These show the name to have been originally Percy, or Percie, and Robert of Dorchester to have been collaterally related to the Percys of Northumberland. Master George Percie, who won distinction for himself and stability for John Smith's Virginian Colony, was a blood-relation. His name appears again and again in the genealogical table, even down to the tenth generation of Robert's descendants. The tradition connecting the ancestry of the Dorchester freeholder with that of Harry Hotspur also avers that the line can be traced back to Godfrey of Bouillon.

It is certain that among the effects brought from the old country in the *Mary and John* was the coat-of-arms, the crest of which is given on another page. A faded copy of great age

still hangs in the old homestead in Oak Avenue, Dorchester.

The American offshoots of the ancient stock were people of marked individuality from the date of their landing. To the frugality and industry claimed for them by the writer of the MS. referred to, they added stern integrity, strong wills, bravery, and, like sparks struck from iron, fire of disposition and speech that kept alive in the memory of contemporaries the tale of the Hotspur blood. They had many children as a rule, brought them up with equal vigor and rigor, and lived long in the land they believed the Lord their God had given them.

Here and there in the dry and dusty details of births, marriages, and deaths we run across an incident not without meaning to us.

"Samuel, born 1676, died December 16, 1698, ætat 22, by the fall of a tree on Thompson's Island."

"John Pierce" (in the third generation from Robert) "married Abigail Thompson, of Braintree, January 6, 1693. She was born November 10, 1667, the daughter of Deacon Samuel, and granddaughter of Rev. William Thompson, of Braintree. He joined the Dorchester

Church" (on Meeting-House Hill) "March 7, 1692, and died in consequence of a fall, January 27, 1744, ætat 76.

"He was a famous sportsman, and spent much of his time in killing wild fowl. It is said he kept an account of 30,000 brants he had killed."

A story of this pious Nimrod, handed down through all the generations, forcibly illustrates the Sabbatarian customs of his times and locality and the stubborn literalism which distinguished the Pierces above their neighbors in whatever pertained to moral and religious observances. Few men shaved oftener than once a week in that primitive region. The Sabbath began with the going down of the sun on Saturday. It was John Pierce's habit to shave in front of a mirror set near a western window, and to begin the operation half an hour before sunset. On one particular Saturday afternoon the methodical Puritan set about the hebdomadal task later than usual. Perhaps the "brants" had lured him far afield, or afen, or the work of paying off the laborers in "ye greate lotts" had hindered him. As the upper rim of the sun sank below the horizon line he had shaved just half of his

face. Without a word he wiped his razor, returned it to the case, and laid it aside with brush and strap. The next day Abigail Pierce and her children sat meekly in the family pew in the old meeting-house with the imperturbable master of the flock, one side of whose face bristled with a week's stubble, while the other was cleanly shorn, as befitted the day and place.

He left seven children when he was gathered to his fathers in 1744; and eight had died in infancy. Two of the seven married twice. His grandson, Samuel, born March 25, 1739, was over thirty years of age, and married, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. On one and the same day he received a commission as Captain from the Crown, and of a Colonelcy from the Continental Congress. He accepted the latter, and served with distinction throughout the war. His wife remained at home, overseeing the farm and four little children during his absence. His letters to her from Morristown, N. J., and other places of encampment are penned in a neat, compact hand that gives no token of the salient characteristics of the writer. The same chirography appears in the family record of an old Bible in the posses-

sion of a descendant. From this we learn that his father Samuel, with dogged "perseverance" which may, or may not have been "of the saints," named three sons after himself.

"Samuel Pierce, their *first*, born January 30, 1734, died April 5, 1736.

"*Second* Samuel Pierce, born September 5, 1737, died February 25, 1738.

"*Third* Samuel Pierce" (the scribe himself), "born March 25, 1739."

The hand of his grandson-namesake, Samuel Pierce Hawes, of Richmond, Virginia, added to this last entry, "*Died June* 4, 1815."

At the end of the Old Testament we find in the minute, distinct lettering which would seem to have been habitual with him:—"*Samuel Pierce began the Bible March the* 6*th*, 1775.

"*Samuel Pierce. I Red out the Bible from the First of Feb.*, 1772, *to the fourth of March*, 1775, *which was three years and one month and four days.*"

To "read out" was to read aloud, and, in this instance, was done at morning and evening worship. We may be sure, too, from what we know of him and the custom of the day, that he omitted not one "begat," or "slept with his fathers" of First or Second Chronicles; and

did not slur over a pomegranate, bell or knop of Exodus. He kept a sharp eye upon the sacred penmen, meanwhile, as is evinced by a marginal entry against 2 Kings, xix.

"*The 37 Chaptr of Isaiah is much like this. S. P.*, 1772."

And having "Red out" the inspired volume on March 4th, he dutifully began it again on March 5th.

Of all the patriarchs of the ten generations whose biographies are outlined in the yellowing pages before me, this Samuel Pierce stands out most prominently.

He addressed his gentle wife in the epistles preserved as mementoes of his campaigns, as "Honored Madam," yet I have talked with those who recollected the imperious sway with which he ordered his growing household.

After the manner of his forefathers, he farmed his patrimonial acres, now grown valuable by reason of proximity to Boston. His habits were simple and methodical, his rules of life and conduct few and inflexible; in domestic discipline he was the strictest of drill-sergeants. At twelve o'clock every day he came home to dinner, and, in passing the corner of the kitchen he would cough loudly and mean-

ingly. From that moment until his august shadow fell on the same spot in the path to the fields after the noonday repast, not one of the half-dozen children who sat down tri-daily to the table with their parents dared to utter a word.

Yet he loved his offspring in his way and was fond of them; neither niggardly nor churlish in his provision for them. Two of his daughters outlived infancy, and grew into tall, handsome women. Elizabeth was twenty-two, Ann but sixteen, when they went together to a commencement at Harvard, and, as the younger sister confessed to a granddaughter sixty years later, "received as much attention as any other young women present. We were Squire Pierce's daughters, you see," she modified the statement by saying. "Our father was much thought of in the neighborhood."

Then, opening a drawer, she showed the visitor the "petticoat" of the gown she wore that day. The sisters were dressed alike in slips of blue silk, trimmed with pearl-colored satin, and hats to match.

Ann made a runaway match at seventeen, and we find her a few years later a widow with an only child, keeping house for her father.

The stern fibre of her nature was an inheritance from the grim despot whose coming had quelled her childish mirth. She brought up her fatherless boy after the strait, strict methods which had not crushed her haughty spirit. They were a high-handed, high-tempered race who were born, lived, and died in the old house which rambled beyond the original foundations as means and families increased. The right end of the building, as it now stands, was erected by Colonel Samuel at the time of his marriage with Elizabeth How. Up to that date there stood in the dining-room an oaken table, so huge that the bridegroom-expectant resolved to get it out of his way. It could not be carried up the narrow stairs, so when the gable was opened to prepare for the projected addition, he had the cumbrous article swung up into the attic and built it in. It stood in the end garret for over a hundred years, and was finally removed by sawing it apart and taking it away piece-meal. In the same garret was a trap-door leading into a secret chamber, built for protection against the Indians, a hiding-place of such ingenious contrivance that, now that the flooring has been laid solidly above it, one examines

359 NINE-DOORED PARLOR IN PIERCE HOMESTEAD.

the lower story in vain for trace of the room, which is at least six feet square.

The frame of the house is of Massachusetts black oak, grown in "ye greate lotts." The beams, twelve by fourteen inches thick, are pinned together like the ribs of a ship, and cross heavily the low-browed wainscoted rooms. In the spacious parlor built by Colonel Samuel, there are nine doors.

Forty years ago, the big fireplace in the family sitting-room was altered to suit modern needs, and the beam running across the throat of the chimney taken out. It was as black as ebony and as hard as lignum vitæ. Cups, and other small articles were turned out of the wood as souvenirs, and distributed in the family. The removal of the ancient timber revealed a cavity in the masonry above, left by taking out one brick. Within it, set carefully side by side, was a pair of dainty satin slippers, the knots of ribbon on the insteps as perfect as when they were hidden away there—perhaps two hundred years before.

Did Ann Greenway bring them from England, and devise the queer receptacle to secure the cherished bit of finery from Indian "sneak thieves"? Or did Mary inherit them and con-

ceal them from envious neighbors? Did one of the Abigails, or Sarahs, or Hannahs, or Marys, or Elizabeths, whose names are repeated in successive generations, tuck the pretty foreign things into a hole in the wall for safe keeping on the eve of a journey or visit, and return to find that, while she was away, they had been unwittingly walled in and up, as irretrievably as Marmion's "injured Constance" in the monastery vault?

A funny, and a characteristic, little story has to do with the crack visible in the lower panel of the closet door at the left of the fireplace, in the middle parlor of the Pierce homestead. This was known two hundred years agone as "the gun-closet." In it, powder-horns and shot-pouches were slung upon hooks, and guns stood ready loaded for an Indian surprise-party, or the appearance of deer and wild fowl. Abigail Pierce, spouse of the mighty hunter John, one day locked the door and carried the key off in her pocket when she went on a visit to a neighbor, lest the children might get at the fire-arms in her absence. During the afternoon a great flock of wild geese flew low and straight toward the house, and the good man rushed in-doors for his fowling-piece.

363 "THE MIDDLE PARLOR."

Finding the closet locked, he promptly kicked out a panel, seized the gun and had his shot. The broken panel was duly replaced, but the scar left by the master's heroic treatment remains unto this day.

"Action first, speech afterwards," was the watchword of those earlier generations.

Robert of Dorchester preserved, as long as he lived, a ship-biscuit brought from England by him in 1630. It is still treasured in the old house and is undoubtedly the "ripest" bread in America. Beside it, in the glass case made to keep it in, lies a corn-cob, used, for a generation, in shelling corn by the first Samuel Pierce, who married Abigail Moseley in 1702. Other relics are sacredly kept under the roof-tree which, for more than two and a half centuries, has sheltered owners of the same blood and name. Among them are a stand and chest of drawers brought over in the *Mary and John*; a Malacca cane, silver-banded, with an ivory head; a tall clock, a desk, and a mirror with bevelled edges which may have formed part of the plenishing of Ann Greenway. We cannot help building a little romance in connection with the long voyage taken by Goodman Greenway and his family, in company with young Robert.

"For diverse good causes and considerations me thereunto moving, and specially for the great love and fatherly affection that I bear unto my sonne-in-law Robert Pearse and Ann Pearse, my daughter—" is the preamble of the will which bequeaths to them a goodly estate.

The will-literature of the race is unusually full and rich in suggestions of local history and character. I have before me the entire last wills and testaments of five of the Pierce name and lineage, all devising property in the direct line. The longest and most verbose of these are those of John (1743) and Colonel Samuel (1807). There are touches of piety and human tenderness in Robert's (date of 1664) which move us to interest and sympathy with the old exile. Between the stipulation that a bequest of "thirty pounds shall bee payd within three years after my wife's decease in good current pay of New England," and the appointment of his executors, occurs this passage:—"And now, my Dear Child, a ffather's Blessing I Bequeath unto you both & yours. Bee tender & Loving to your Mother, Loving and Kind one unto another. Stand up in your places for God and for His Ordinances while you live, then hee will bee for you & Bless you."

367 "THE RIPEST BREAD IN AMERICA."

In my library stands an antique chair of solid cherry, one of six imported by Colonel Samuel Pierce from England at the time of his marriage in 1765. Others of the set were distributed among other and appreciative descendants, long before the taste for old family furniture waxed into a craze which encourages forgeries in cabinet-making.

In front of the modest homestead is the well, dug in 1640, still yielding clear, cold, delicious water, believed by all of the blood to be the best in the world. In 1850 the last branch —full of leaves and acorns—fell on a windless day from the old oak that had shaded the well for two centuries.

General E. W. Pierce quotes from Babson the description of a political meeting held in Gloucester, Mass., in 1806, when "the two parties struggled for the mastery through the day and amid darkness until half past ten at night. . . . The Democrats not unreasonably expected success, as they had the influence of the Pierce family."

His Chronicle adds:—"Indomitable perseverance is a trait that marks their character in every department of life and has generally crowned their efforts with ultimate success."

President Franklin Pierce was of the same stock; also Hon. Benjamin Pierce, Librarian of Harvard University from 1826 to 1831; Hon. Oliver Pierce of Maine, obit. in 1849, at 84; Henry Pierce of Brookline, Mass.; Hon. Andrew Pierce of Dover, N. H., obit. March 5, 1875, at 90; Rev. John Pierce, D. D., of Brookline, Mass., obit. 1849, at 76; Colonel Thomas Wentworth Pierce, President of the Galveston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio Railway;—but a list of those of the name and blood who have borne well their part in church, commonwealth, and nation would weary writer and reader.

The Pierces are a rugged, indomitable race, physically, as is proved by a cursory examination of the tables of births and deaths. Within a quarter-century, two Golden Weddings have been celebrated upon what remains of "ye greate lotts." The first was that of Mr. Lewis Pierce, who married Sarah Moseley in 1808. Mr. Pierce died July 4, 1871, at 85. The second, that of Mr. Lewis Francis Pierce, married to Melissa Withington, November 30, 1834, was commemorated November 30, 1884.

By the clever management of those who lent loving hands to the task of preparing for the

371 "THE QUEEN OF THE EVENING."

second of these anniversaries, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce were kept in ignorance of the coming festivities until the guests began to arrive. The clan rallied from near and from far, bearing love-gifts and eager with loving congratulations and wishes. The night was clear and cold; the hoar-frost crisped the turf as we trod upon it to muffle our approach. In the very heart of the pulsing brightness and warmth of the interior sat the queen of the evening in the beauty of serene old age. The pleasurable excitement of the "surprise" flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes, until we had a chastened vision of the bride who had been lifted over the worn threshold fifty years before, to dwell in the home of her husband's forefathers all the days of her blameless life.

I doubt if, in any other of our Colonial Homesteads, two Golden Weddings have been celebrated in consecutive generations of one family, and that of a race which has inhabited the house without a break in the line ever since it was built, two hundred and fifty-odd years ago.

Mr. L. F. Pierce died in 1888 at the age of eighty. The *Boston Advertiser* paid him this just tribute:

"Those traits of character which gained for Mr. Pierce the confidence and esteem of his townsmen in his public capacity, made him as friend and companion beloved by all who knew him intimately. His cheerful greeting and gracious reception in themselves repaid the visitor. In conversation he was never at loss for a humorous turn or fitting anecdote. Though making no pretensions in a literary way, he was a reliable antiquarian, and his retentive memory was stored with facts of interest and value pertaining to the history of the town, which he took pleasure in relating.

"During the war he visited with others in an official capacity the several companies at the front, and was cordially received.

"This service, though of the civil routine, may fitly be mentioned as in a degree identifying him with the patriotic cause in this war, as his father, Lewis Pierce, had been in the war of 1812, and his grandfather, Col. Samuel Pierce, in that of the Revolution, both in the military service."

His son, Mr. George Francis Pierce, resides in the house built by his father within the grounds of the old homestead, which is now occupied by Mr. William Augustus Pierce.

XVI

THE "PARSON WILLIAMS" HOUSE IN DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

"ROBERT, ROXBURY, came from Norwich, in England, was admitted freeman in 1638, and is the common ancestor of the divines, civilians, and warriors of this name who have honored the country of their birth."

Thus ambles a clause of the introduction to the genealogical record of the "Family of Williams in America, more particularly of the Descendants of Robert Williams of Roxbury," prepared by Stephen W. Williams, M.D., A.M., "Corresponding Memb. of the New England Historic. Genealog. Society of the National Institute . . . Hon. Memb. of the N. Y. Hist. Soc., Memb. elect of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen, Denmark, etc., etc."

We read, furthermore, that the Williamses

"form a large part of the principality of Wales, somewhat like the O's of Ireland and the Mac's of Scotland. . . . Some of the name in Wales trace their lineage as far back as Adam" —is a bit of pleasantry left, like a sprig of lavender, between the musty leaves. An extract from the pedigree of Williams of Penrhyn is set down in grave sincerity.

"This most ancient family of the principality of Wales deduces its pedigree with singular perspicuity from Brutus, son of Sylvius Posthumius, son of Ascaneus, son of Æneas, which Brutus was the first king of this Island, and began to reign above 1100 years before the birth of Christ."

WILLIAMS CREST.

The *Encyclopædia Americana* says, "the genealogy of Oliver Cromwell is traced to Richard Williams, who assumed the name of Cromwell from his maternal uncle, Thomas Cromwell, Secretary of State to Henry VIII and, through William of Yevan, up to the barons of the eleventh century."

In confirmation of the statement we are

informed that "in almost all their deeds and wills, the progeny of William of Yevan signed themselves 'Cromwell, alias Williams,' down to the reign of James the First." A list of the descendants of Robert of Roxbury who have been graduated from American colleges, distinguished themselves in the Congress of the United States, in the learned professions, in literature and art, and in the mercantile world, would be a sort of directory of intellectual progress, financial prosperity, and political integrity in the communities favored by their residence. This is not haphazard eulogy, but fact. William Williams of Connecticut signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776 although convinced in his own mind that the cause of the Colonists would not be successful.

"'I have done much to prosecute the contest,' he said with great calmness. 'And one thing I have done which the British will never pardon,—I have signed the Declaration of Independence. *I shall be hung*.' And, to a brother legislator who congratulated himself that he had committed no overt act against the Crown—Mr. Williams replied, his eyes kindling as he spoke,—'Then sir, you deserve to be hanged for not having done your duty.'"

Colonel Ephraim Williams, scholar, traveller, and soldier, fell fighting bravely in an ambus-

cade of French and Indians, September 8, 1755, "leaving in his will a liberal provision for a free school at Williamstown. On this foundation arose the College which was called after his name."

The pages of the shabby volume before me are starred by noble names and worthy deeds, and still the story goes on.

Among the multitude of heroes who quitted themselves like men in the battle of life, and the martyrs of whom this present world is not worthy, none made a braver fight or suffered more than John Williams, a descendant in the third generation from Robert of Roxbury, the founder of the cis-atlantic branch of the remarkable family.

At the early age of nineteen he was graduated from Harvard College, and three years afterward, in the spring of 1686, was installed as "the first minister of Deerfield, Massachusetts." This was an English settlement situated about thirty miles north of Agawam (now Springfield) just where the Deerfield River joins the Connecticut. Two thousand acres of land formerly (?) owned by the Pocomptuck Indians was deeded by the General Court of Massachusetts to a party of English emigrants

in 1651. The village of Pocomptuck had no existence until twenty years later. Metacomet, the warlike son of Massassoit, better known to us as King Philip, succeeded his peaceful parent in 1662, and in 1675 began what he meant should be a war of extermination of the pale-faced usurpers. The founders of the hamlet that was presently rechristened "Deerfield" must have quoted often from the one Book they knew by heart, how, while another town was in building, "every one, with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held a weapon." They were brave of heart who planned the undertaking while Metacomet's summons, like the roar of a wounded lion, was drawing into his train the remnants of scattered tribes from their hiding-places and marshalling them against the common foe.

Our forefathers needed the Old Testament Scriptures — unrevised — and made much of them. When the chief man of the colony, his sword girded upon his thigh and his musket ready to his hand, read aloud to his workmen—

"Be ye not afraid of them. Remember the Lord which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters,

your wives, and your houses"—they listened as to an oracle given that day from heaven. If we would enter into the full and sympathetic comprehension of the narrative given in this chapter, we must bear these things continually in mind. The mainspring of individual and colonial emprise at that date was not so much patriotism as religion. Abraham did not believe more devoutly in the pledge—"I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger"—than the exile to whose inmost heart England was still "home," the earthly Paradise to which he must not look back while the dispossession of the Canaanite was bound upon his conscience, and Heaven was the reward of him that overcame.

The infant settlement upon the very frontier of the colony was not five years old when an outgoing train of wagons, laden with grain and guarded by soldiers, was attacked by Indians at a brook that skirts the western foot-hills, and seventy men—"the flower of Essex County"—were killed.

Eleven years later, the dauntless, because devout, settlers had a town, and as a town, voted to call Rev. John Williams to be their

minister (the title "pastor" was not yet in vogue), upon a salary of "sixty pounds a year for the present, and, four or five years after this agreement, to add to the salary, and make it eighty pounds."

It is deliciously refreshing in this day of itching ears in the pews and itineracy in the pulpit, to note the quiet assumption that their minister had come to the church, as his people to the land, "to stay." The four or five years of delay in the increase of salary were allowed because the parish in that time would become the better able to pay him more. The twenty pounds' addition to the original stipend was not contingent upon his "drawing" qualities.

He had ministered unto them for ten years when he set his signature—crabbed characters that misrepresent the true manliness and gentle heart of him who traced them—to the following specification :

"The town to pay their salary to me in wheat, pease, Indian corn and pork, at the prices stated, viz : wheat at 3*s.* 3*d.* per bushel, Indian corn at 2*s.* per bushel, fatted pork at 2*d.* per pound. These being the terms of the bargain made with me at first."

Other items of the original agreement of

which this is only a formal confirmation, were that "they would give him sixteen cow commons of meadow-land, with a home-lot that lyeth on the meeting-house hill—that they will build him a house forty-two feet long, twenty feet wide, and a linto on the backside of the house, to fence his home lot, and within two years after this agreement, to build him a barn, and break up his ploughing land."

By the time the twenty-foot-front cottage, with the "linto" (in which we recognize delightedly the "lean-to," beloved of the New England housekeeper a century thereafter) was completed, the young minister had a wife ready to take care of it and of him. Eunice Mather was born August 2, 1664, and was therefore four months the senior of her husband, whose birthday was December 10th of the same year. She came of godly parentage. Of her paternal grandfather, Richard Mather of Dorchester, Mass. it is written that "he was, for fifty years, never detained from the house of God, not even for a day, by sickness." Her mother's father was Rev. John Warham of Windham, Connecticut, "formerly a minister of Exeter, in England." As the saddest passages of her history will show, the pastoress was a woman

of fervent piety and great force of character. Her tomb-stone quaintly testifies that she was "a virtuous and desirable consort" to the faithful minister of the isolated parish.

Between Deerfield and St. Johns in Canada the wilderness was unbroken by a single English settlement, a circumstance that caused no especial solicitude to the inhabitants. King Philip's death at the hands of Captain Benjamin Church in 1676 had, they believed, virtually ended everything like sustained Indian warfare. Life in the prospering village rolled on,—not easily—but without serious jar or break. Token of the terrible days of which mothers spoke shudderingly to children who had never heard the war-whoop, remained in stout stockades surrounding the older parts of the town, and perhaps one third of the dwellings were built of two walls of logs or boards, the space between the inner and outer being filled with bricks.

The parsonage was within a stockade, together with several other dwellings, but not otherwise defended. In it were born, in the seventeen years of the parents' married life, nine children. Eliakim, the first-born, died in early infancy, Eleazar, Samuel, Esther, Ste-

phen, Eunice, Warham, the second Eliakim, and John, were living when the tragedy occurred that broke up the happy family-life forever, and stamped a bloody cross over against the history of the lovely New England town.

I have wavered long between the inclination to give here a weird and dramatic story that has the attestation of several respectable narrators of the Deerfield massacre, and my unwillingness to set the sanction of history upon what may be untrustworthy tradition. Be it historical or legendary, the tale of the "Crusade of the Bell" is too interesting to be omitted from Colonial Sagas.

The tale is emphatically discredited, I am informed, by Miss Alice Baker in her new and valuable *True Stories of New England Captives carried to Canada during the Old French and Indian Wars*,—and meaner authorities may well be diffident in citing that which she condemns as worse than doubtful. In the Introduction—entitled "The Historical Background"—to Mrs. Elizabeth Williams Champney's charming book—*Great Grandmother's Girls in New France*, the author says:

"The beautiful legend of the Deerfield Bell which, I found, was firmly believed among the

Canadian Indians, I have not used because our cheerful and painstaking local historian and antiquarian, the Hon. George Sheldon, to whom I am greatly indebted for material for this story, has reason to doubt its authenticity."

With this candid warning to the imaginative reader, I proceed to the recital of what may or may not be a myth, but which accounts satisfactorily for an irruption for which hapless settlers in the Pocumptuck Valley were unprepared by any recent hostile demonstrations. Mrs. Champney writes aptly of the hush that preceded the thunderbolt:

"Then came a little interval of peace, during which France and England were engaged in setting up their chessmen for another trial of skill on the great American chess-board."

Our legend goes back of this calm to tell that, several years before, certain pious and great folk in France had a bell cast as a gift to a Jesuit Mission Church in Canada. The vessel containing the bell was captured on the way across the sea, by a British privateer, and the cargo taken to Boston and sold. The precious bell was bought for the Deerfield church and duly hung in the steeple. News travelled slowly then, and the Canadian Mis-

sion did not learn until many months had passed, what had become of their property. When the truth was known a French priest began to urge upon his neophytes the sacred duty of rescuing the treasure from heretic hands, and retaliation for the sacrilege done upon a consecrated vessel of the Church. Major Hertel de Rouville (who was made a Count for his conduct of the enterprise) adroitly seized upon the religious zeal thus inflamed, as an agent in carrying out a projected attack upon the unsuspecting colonists. Two of his brothers were among the officers of the expedition, which consisted of two hundred Frenchmen and about one hundred and fifty Indians. The time chosen was February of an unusually severe winter. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and had drifted against the north side of the stockade, forming an inclined plane from the points of the pickets to the level. This was frozen so hard that it bore the weight of the Indians as they ran up the slope and leaped into the enclosure below.

The sentinels, made careless by weeks and months of security, had taken refuge from the inclement night within the "forts," as the spaces surrounded by pickets were called. Separat-

ing into parties, the invaders went from house to house, crashing in doors and windows and, in many homes, tomahawking the occupants in their sleep.

The strongest and largest house in the village belonged to Captain John Sheldon, and was the first that offered any resistance to the enemy. The door was thick set with great nails, and barred upon the inside. Failing to break it down, the Indians contrived to hack a hole in it with their hatchets and through the aperture shot Mrs. Sheldon as she was hurriedly dressing. When they, at last, effected an entrance, they used the Sheldon house and the church as temporary jails for the prisoners collected from different parts of the town. But one building held out successfully against them—one of the double-walled block-houses, defended by seven men and "a few women." From the narrow windows a sharp fire was kept up that killed several of the enemy and drove the rest back.

There slept in the Parsonage that night, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and six children. Eleazar, the eldest living child, a lad of sixteen, was absent from home on a visit to a neighboring town. Besides the family proper, Captain

Stoddard and another soldier lodged there, and a negro servant had an attic room. With Mrs. Williams, in bed, was an infant that had been born on January 15th. The attack on the town was made February 29, 1704 being Leap Year.

By the kindness of Mrs. Champney I am enabled to construct the story of what followed from Mr. Williams's own account of it. In 1706, he wrote out in full the history of his captivity under the title of *The Redeemed Captive, Returning to Zion.* The book, dedicated to "His Excellency Joseph Dudley, Esq., Captain General and Governor in Chief, in and over his Majesty's Provinces of the *Massachusett's Bay in New England, etc.*," lies open before me as I write. It is a thin volume of one hundred and fifty-four pages, bound in brown leather and stained on every page with the mysterious blotches which are the thumb-marks of Time. To him who would draw colonial history from the fountain-head, it is worth more than its weight in gold.

"They came to my house in the beginning of the onset," writes the minister, "and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows with *axes* and *hatchets* awaked me out of sleep; on which I leaped out of bed.

DOOR FROM SHELDON HOUSE HACKED BY INDIANS.

and running towards the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house; I called to awaken two soldiers, in the chamber; and returning toward my bedside for my arm, the enemy immediately broke into the room, I judge, to the number of twenty with *painted faces*, and hideous acclamations. I reached up my hands to the bed tester, for my pistol, uttering a short petition to GOD, *for everlasting mercies for me and mine, on the account of the merits of our glorified Redeemer;* expecting a present passage through the valley of the shadow of death, saying in myself—'*I said in the cutting of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave: I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living; I shall behold man no more, with the inhabitants of the world.*'

"Taking down my pistol, I cocked it and put it to the breast of the first Indian that came up; but my pistol missing fire, I was seized by three Indians who disarmed me and bound me naked, as I was in my shirt, and so I stood for the space of an hour. Binding me, they told me they would carry me to *Quebeck.* My Pistol missing fire, was an occasion of my life's being preserved; since which I have also found it profitable to be crossed in my own will."

One of the three captors was killed at sunrise by a well-aimed shot from the block-house garrisoned by the seven men "and a few women."

Mr. and Mrs. Williams and four of the larger children were allowed to dress themselves.

The baby and Eliakim, the next in age, were killed before the parents' eyes as too young to endure the journey. The negro woman shared their fate. Captain John Stoddard leaped from a window and escaped across the river to Hatfield, the nearest town, where he gave the alarm. Deerfield was fired and the survivors of the massacre, in number about one hundred and twelve, were driven over the river and collected at the foot of a mountain under guard, while preparations were made for departure.

"The journey being at least *three hundred miles* we were to travel; the snow up to the knees, and we never inured to such hardships and fatigues; the place we were to be carried to, *a Popish country*."

The last section of the above paragraph jars upon nineteenth-century sensibilities as a false note in a recital that might have been written with the mourner's heart-blood. As we read later pages of the story we cannot doubt that the reflection was an added pang.

Snowshoes were fitted upon the captives' feet, and children who could not tramp through four feet of crusty snow, were distributed among such of the Indians as were willing to carry them on their shoulders. The task was inter-

rupted by an incident that must have kindled a spark of hope in the despairing hearts of the prisoners. The rescue-party from Hatfield "beat out a company that remained in the town and pursued them to the river, killing and wounding many of them; but the body of the army"—the French and Indians—"being alarmed, they repulsed those few *English* that pursued them. . . ."

> "After this, we went up the mountain, and saw the smoke of the fires in the town and beheld the awful desolations of Deerfield: And before we marched any farther, they killed a sucking child of the *English*. There were slain by the enemy of the inhabitants of Deerfield, to the number of *thirty-eight*, besides *nine* of the neighboring towns."

These nine were of those who risked their lives in the ineffectual attempt to succor the unfortunates.

Thus began the awful march of twenty-five days to the village of Chamblée, about fifteen miles from Montreal.

On the morning of the second day Mr. Williams changed "masters" (they were that already), and was permitted by the new guard to walk beside his wife, give her his arm, and to talk freely with her. I shrink from using other

words than his in describing what passed between the sorrowing pair during the last hours they were to spend together on earth.

"On the way"—(and what a way!)—"we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to *an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*, and GOD for a father and friend, as, also, that it was our reasonable duty, quietly to submit to the will of GOD and to say, *the will of the Lord be done.* My wife told me her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her, saying she hoped GOD would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not of all our children, with us; and commended to me, under GOD, the care of them. She never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified GOD in what had happened. We soon made a halt in which time my chief master came up, upon which I was put upon marching with the foremost, and so made to take my last farewell of my dear wife, *the desire of my eyes*, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation from each other, we asked for each other, grace sufficient for what GOD should call us to."

I know of but one true narrative of human suffering and pious resignation comparable with that which I have copied from the coarse paper, discolored by the damps of almost two centuries.

When her straining eyes lost sight of her husband's form bending under the pack lashed

upon his shoulders by his "master," this woman, who had seen within forty-eight hours two of her children die under the tomahawk, and four more, including two tender daughters, driven into captivity worse than death, sat down upon the snow to await the order to march, and "spent the few remaining minutes of her stay in reading the Holy Scriptures." To what portion of them could she turn with such certainty of finding an echo of her desolation and a stay to her sublime faith, as to the chapter that ends with, "In all this Job sinned not, nor attributed folly to God?"

"With suitable expressions" she had justified Him in what had happened. It was her habit, we are told, "personally every day to delight her soul in reading, praying, meditating on, and over by herself in her closet," the Bible which she had not forgotten to bring away from the lost home in whose burning the bodies of her slain children were consumed. Her oratory on this, the second day of a wintry March, was upon the bank of Green River, about five miles from the present town of Greenfield. In summer it is shallowed to an insignificant creek. Swollen by the heavy snows, it was then nearly two feet deep and an ice-

cold torrent. The party that included her husband and eleven-year-old Stephen, had waded through the swift current and were out of sight upon the wooded heights beyond, when Mrs. Williams and her companions were ordered to follow. She was not half-way across when the water bore her off her feet and, as she fell, went over her head. Weakened by her recent illness and the hardships and distress of the past two days, she dragged herself up and to the shore, sinking there too much exhausted to walk a step further, much less to climb the mountain at the foot of which she lay. With one stroke of his tomahawk her "master" put her out of pain and forever beyond the reach of sorrow.

A little company of her former neighbors, following cautiously upon the Indians' trail some days later, found her body, brought it back to Deerfield and gave it loving burial. The inscription upon the time-battered stone in the town burying-ground may still be deciphered :

"*Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Eunice Williams, the virtuous and desirable consort of the Rev. John Williams and daughter of Rev. Eleazar and Mrs. Esther Mather of Northampton. She was born Aug. 2, 1664, and fell by the*

rage of the barbarous enemy, March 1, 1703-4. Her children rise up and call her blessed."

The terrible news was elicited by the husband from other of the prisoners who overtook him at the top of the hill where he was permitted by his master to rest for a few minutes and to lay aside his pack. Mr. Williams was begging to be also allowed to return to look after his wife as the sad train came up with him. To the horror of the shock succeeded "comfortable hopes of her being taken away, in mercy to herself from the evils we were to see, feel, and suffer under, and joined to the assembly of the *spirits of just men made perfect*, to rest in peace and *joy unspeakable and full of glory*."

To the devout believer it was not a far cry from the bleak mountain-top to the gates of the Celestial City. While he toiled onward, taunted by his master for the tears he could not restrain, his soul arose in the last prayer he was to offer for the wife of his youth:

"I begged of GOD to overrule in his providence that the corpse of one so dear to me, and whose spirit he had taken to dwell with him in glory, might meet with a Christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the earth. A mercy that GOD graciously vouchsafed to grant."

Before hurrying on to the arrival of the captives at Chamblée, I cannot refrain from transcribing a passage that is infinitely pathetic and also, in the ending, graphically significant of the militant Protestantism interwoven with the very roots of our minister's being.

"On the *Sabbath day*, (*March 5*,) we rested, and I was permitted to pray, and to preach to the captives. The place of scripture spoken from, was *Lam.* i. 18: *The Lord is righteous, for I have rebelled against his commandment: Hear I pray you, all people, and behold my sorrow: My virgins and my young men are gone into captivity.*

"The enemy who said to us, *Sing us one of Zion's songs*, were ready some of them, to upbraid us, because our singing was not so loud as theirs. When the Macquas and Indians were chief in power, we had this revival in our bondage, to join together in the worship of God, and encourage one another to a patient bearing the indignation of the Lord, till he should plead our cause. When we arrived at New France" (Canada) "*we were forbidden praying with one another, or joining together in the service of God.*"

Four closely printed pages are devoted to struggles with the Jesuits at Fort St. Francois, who invited him to dinner, and, after the meal, informed him that he, with the other captives, would be forced to attend mass. He argued with them upon the disputed points between

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GRAVES OF PARSON WILLIAMS AND EUNICE HIS WIFE.

THE TOMB ON THE RIGHT IS THAT OF MRS. WILLIAMS.

the two communions until their breath and patience gave out. When "forcibly pulled by the head and shoulders out of the wigwam into the church," he listened, smiling pityingly at the "great confusion, where there should be gospel order"; and when the holy fathers returned to the charge, met them with "what Christ said of the traditions of men." At the end of the controversy:—

"I told them that it was my comfort that Christ was to be my judge, and not they at the *great day*. As for their censuring and judging me, I was not moved with it."

Neither was he shaken when his master, with the fiery zeal of a proselyte, commanded him, tomahawk in air, to kiss a crucifix the savage had pulled from his own neck. "And seeing I was not moved, threw down his hatchet, saying he would first bite off all my nails if I refused. . . . He set his teeth in my thumb-nail, and gave a gripe, and then said, *No good minister, no love God, as bad as the Devil*; and so left off."

Again, in Montreal, he did not blench in the fire of polemics and persecution, and wrangled valiantly with the Jesuits in Quebec over the dinner with which they hoped to mollify him.

The crucial test was applied when the Superior of the Jesuits, after eight months of the captivity had dragged by, offered to restore his children to him and provide an honorable maintenance for them and for him if he would abjure his faith.

With the reply, the lofty intrepidity of which touches sublimity, I shut the priceless little book:

"I answered, '*Sir, if I thought your religion to be true, I would embrace it freely without any such offer, but so long as I believe it to be what it is, the offer of the whole world is of no more value to me than a* BLACKBERRY.'"

Italics and capitals are his own.

XVII

THE PARSON WILLIAMS HOUSE AT DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

(Concluded)

IN company with fifty-seven of his flock, out of the hundred and twelve who were carried into captivity with him, on that black February 29, 1704, Mr. Williams arrived in Boston on November 21, 1706. The colonial authorities, backed by the Home government, had not ceased to labor for their ransom during all these dreary and painful months, and the capital city received him with open arms.

Two of his children returned with him—Samuel and Esther. Stephen had been ransomed a year before; Warham was restored to his father's arms in 1707,—"having entirely lost the English language, and could speak nothing but French." Eleazar, who had es-

caped captivity by his temporary absence from Deerfield, had been cared for by friends in his father's absence, and was now at Harvard. Of the missing Eunice we shall hear more and somewhat at length presently.

The minister delayed his return to Deerfield for more than a month, naturally enough, it seems to us. Inured as he was to calamity, and complete as was his justification of the ways of God, he was but a man, and the scenes attending his departure from home were sufficiently vivid in memory without the harrowing associations that must be awakened by revisiting the spot. Within ten days after his arrival in Boston he was waited upon by a committee from the Deerfield church, armed with a unanimous call to him to renew his work among them. This committee no doubt formed a part of the great crowd that packed the "Boston Lecture" on December 5, 1706, to hear "A Sermon by John Williams, Pastor of the Church of Christ in *Deerfield* soon after his return from captivity."

The text was double-headed:

"Psal. cvii., 13, 14, 15, 32.

"'*He saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness, and the shadow of death; and brake their*

OLD WILLIAMS CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

bands in sunder. O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness; and for his wonderful works to the children of men. . . . Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elect.'

"Psal. xxxiv., 3.

"'*O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.*'"

In the sincerity of their thankfulness at having him back with them, the Deerfield church and parish built for him the house which is still standing in Old Deerfield, and upon a scale that dwarfs our recollection of the twenty-by-forty cottage with the convenient "linto."

"January 9, 1706–7. Att a Legall Town meeting in Deerfield, It was yn agreed and voted yt ye Towne would build a house for Mr. Jno. Williams in Derfield as big as Eus. Jno. Sheldon's, a back room as big as may be thought convenient. It was also voted yt Eus. Jno. Sheldon, Sar Thomas ffrench, and Edward Alln ware chosen a Comity for carying on said work." *—*History of Deerfield*, vol. i., p. 360.

The new parsonage was two stories in height, with four rooms upon each floor. The walls

* In 1729, or thereabouts, a visitor to Deerfield made a pen-and-ink sketch of the Williams church and homestead. Mrs. Eels, an elderly resident of the town, founded upon this the painting from which is taken our picture of the buildings in their original form. No other representation of these inte[illegible] relics of the age of the captivity is extant.

were handsomely panelled. A wide hall ran through the centre of the lower story, and a fine staircase wound deliberately to the upper. A marked peculiarity of the dwelling, as originally constructed, was a secret staircase that crooked itself about the chimney from the attic—where the terminus was a cubby-hole of a room, less than six feet square, nestled beneath the slope of the roof—down to the cellar-stairs, and so on to a tunnel leading to the river. So many of the better class of homesteads erected late in the seventeenth, and early in the eighteenth, century were provided with similar passages that there is little cause for the variety of conjectures as to their excuses and uses indulged in by the visitor of our pacific period. Inspectors of the Deerfield manse have been especially ingenious in suggestions respecting the stairs and subterranean gallery that formerly existed here. The most obvious and rational explanation, to wit, that the parish—in view of the fact that, as a local historian puts it, " Mr. Williams, after a serious consideration, accepted the call, although the war continued with unabated fury, and the inhabitants were kept in a constant state of alarm "—resolved to

put their beloved pastor and his household, so far as was possible, beyond the hazard of a repetition of the horrors and perils that had bereft them of him less than three years before. The inner staircase, the hiding-place under the roof, and the underground escape-way, as a last resort, should the house be fired over the colonists' heads, were already an old story. The provision of all three was a continual object-lesson to the "redeemed captive" of their desire and intention that he should live and die among them.

Others will have it, upon what authority we know not, that Mr. Williams, made timid by the past, himself went to the expense and trouble of having these constructed. A third party is ready with stories of smuggling carried on by the most righteous men of the colony, and hints as to the availability of the passage-cellar as a storehouse for valuable cargoes landed from boats at night in the thickets that bordered Deerfield River. It cannot be controverted that many fortunes were made, and now and then one was lost, in commercial enterprises of this complexion,—transactions so much more respectable in our forbears' eyes than in ours, that the possibility of

our hero's connivance in them need not bar him out from our respectful sympathy. All the same, we prefer not to believe the unflattering tale.

Almost as unlikely is the theory that the carefully constructed stairway was merely a sort of kitchen back-stairs which, by and by, was considered useless and done away with, the landings being converted into pantries which are commonplace enough as we now see them. A beautiful china-closet of red cedar, the top carved like a shell, is in the Memorial Hall of Deerfield, "dedicated with fitting observance," Sept. 8, 1880, such men as Charles Dudley Warner, Charles Eliot Norton, and George William Curtis bearing a part in the solemn ceremony. The closet was set up in the new Parsonage for the use of Mr. Williams's second wife when he married within a year after his second installation over the church. She was Miss Abigail Allen of Windsor, Connecticut, and a cousin of Eunice Mather. To them were born five children. Among them was a second John, named, probably in tenderly compassionate memory of the month-old nursling torn by murderous hands from his mother's breast. Those of us who have read

411 CEDAR CHINA-CLOSET FROM "PARSON WILLIAMS" HOUSE.

Rose Terry Cooke's capital tale of *Freedom Wheeler's Controversy*, pay fresh tribute to her rare skill in depicting New England traits and customs, in seeing that a third Eliakim stands next to John on the list. They wasted no middle names upon babies, at that date, and even at that had not enough to go around.

The second John, born November 23, 1709, was less than a year old when his father accepted the office of chaplain in the movement against Canada led by Admiral Walker and General Hill, and in the next year revisited the land of his captivity yet again, in the same capacity in a winter expedition under the conduct of Colonel, formerly Captain, Stoddard for the express purpose of redeeming prisoners. For some reason, not given by his biographer, he made a brief sojourn in the unfriendly country. He was back in Deerfield before three months were over, and remained there until his death, June 12, 1729, in the sixty-fifth year of his age and the forty-fourth of his ministry. His people mourned for him as for a prophet and leader.

One biographical notice, penned by a brother clergyman, cites his

"voluntary abandonment of the scenes of his beloved nativity, secure from the incursions of the savages, to settle in a frontier place, perpetually exposed to their depredations . . . and his return to the work of the ministry, subject to the same dangers, after the complicated afflictions of his captivity," as proofs of ardent love for the people of his care; and that "he was animated with the spirit of a martyr in the advancement of the Gospel."

This Representative Man of the New England of that hard and heroic period was the very stoutest stuff of which martyrs are made. He fought what his honest soul conceived to be deadly error as Christian fought Apollyon. A volume written by him is still preserved as a literary and ecclesiastical curiosity. His autograph is upon the flyleaf and the title-page bears the caption: *Some joco-serious reflections upon Romish fopperies.* It was penned in a lighter vein than was common with him at sight of the scarlet flag. In summing up his "afflictions and trials; my wife and two children killed, and many of my neighbors, and myself and so many of my children and friends in a *Popish captivity*," he meant the italicized words to be the climax of his sorrows.

Hearing that his son Samuel had been

"turned to Popery," he made time in the intervals of his labors under a taskmaster, to write a letter of ten pages to the lad, which brought him back to the old fold, in which he remained, a joy and comfort to his father, until his death at the early age of twenty-four.

Eleazar was ordained to the work of the ministry in 1710, and his children played about their grandfather's knees before he went to his reward. Stephen, whose narrative of *What befell Stephen Williams in his Captivity*, indited soon after his release, is an extraordinary production for a boy of twelve, also chose his father's profession, after his graduation from Harvard, and was installed in the picturesque town of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, in 1718. He served his country as chaplain in three campaigns, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale and also from Dartmouth, and died, full of years and honors, in the ninetieth year of his age. Seven grown sons stood by the coffin at his funeral, three of whom were clergymen.

The grand old hero of Deerfield saw still a third son in the pulpit,—Warham, who was but four years old at the captivity, and so wrought upon the compassion of the Indians that they

carried him in their arms and drew him on their sledges until they reached Montreal. There, as his father writes, "a French gentlewoman, pitying the child, redeemed it out of the hands of the heathen." He, like his brothers, was a Harvard graduate, and was "ordained minister of Watertown, west precinct, now Waltham, Mass.," June 11, 1723. "A burning and shining light of superior natural powers and acquired abilities," was the encomium passed upon him by one who knew him and his work well. He died, June 22, 1751.

Of the redeemed captives gathered by the father in the new home at Deerfield, Esther, the only daughter left to him, has comparatively little notice from biographers. Her father's diary (dated, Sabbath, March 12, 1704), couples her with her brother Samuel: "My son Samuel and my eldest daughter were pitied, so as to be drawn on sleighs when unable to travel. And though they suffered very much through scarcity of food and tedious journeys, they were carried through to Montreal."

We may picture her to ourselves as the grave-eyed, motherly eldest daughter of the manse, precocious in care-taking, who had

been the mother's right hand and confidante. We know nothing except that during her captivity she was under the care of Quebec people, who were kind to the motherless girl and "educated" her. She married, from the parsonage, Rev. Joseph Meacham of Coventry, Conn., and named her eldest daughter, "Eunice."

Eleazar, Stephen, and Warham in like manner perpetuated the sacred name. As long as the father lived it was uttered daily in family worship, sometimes with strong crying and tears, always with groanings of spirit that had no articulate language.

"I have yet a daughter, ten years of age, whose case bespeaks your compassion," wrote John Williams in 1706 to Governor Dudley, who had "readily lent his own son, Mr. William Dudley, to undergo the hazards and hardships of a tedious voyage that this affair"—the release of the captives—"might be transacted with success."

In this diary he unwittingly forecasts her future.

"My youngest daughter, aged seven years, was carried all the journey and looked after with a great deal of tenderness."

From the outset of her new life, she was virtually adopted by her captors. When Colonel Stoddard went to Canada in 1707, to negotiate terms for the release of English prisoners, he "was successful in redeeming many of his fellow citizens, but he could not obtain Eunice, the daughter of Mr. Williams."

In 1711, a futile attempt was made by an Indian woman of the Abenakis tribe to exchange Eunice Williams for her two children, who had been taken prisoners by the English.

"The business is very hard, because the girl belongs to Indians of another sort, and the master is now in Albany," says a letter of that date.

Colonel John Schuyler of Albany went to Montreal in person, April 15, 1713, upon a special mission to secure the return of the daughter of Rev. John Williams, "now captive amongst the Indians at the fort of Caghonowaga in Canada. He was to insist upon her return, and persuade her to go to her father and her native country, it being upon the instant and urgent desire of her father, now minister at Deerfield in New England."

The Governor of Canada granted the envoy "all the encouragement I could imagine for

her to go home; he also permitted me to go to her at the fort. Moreover, he said that, with all his heart he would give a hundred crowns out of his own pocket if that she might be persuaded to go to her native country."

The Governor was the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and had interested himself in the request of the Abenakis mother. He was, doubtless, weary of the subject and anxious to avoid possible future complications and importunities.

With a glad heart the emissary hastened to the fort of Caghonowaga (Caughnawaga) escorted by one of the king's officers and two interpreters, one who could speak French, the other an Indian.

Eunice was now seventeen and the wife of an Indian. His name is positively stated by one historian to have been De Rogers. That would bespeak him a half-breed. Others call him Amrusus, "which name is now believed to be an Indian corruption of Ambroise." Here, again, we have an intimation of French lineage. Eunice was rebaptized by a Jesuit priest as "Margaret."

Her husband accompanied and remained with her throughout the interview with John Schuyler. She wore the dress of a squaw

and bore herself with sullen reserve which defied all efforts to break it down. She did not understand English when Colonel Schuyler spoke to her in that tongue, and was obdurately dumb to all questions put to her in French and in the Indian dialect. The priest, in whose house the painful interview took place, was appealed to by the envoy, and joined his efforts to the Englishman's—"but she continued *impersuadable*."

"I promised, upon my word of honor, if she would go only to see her father I would convey her to New England, and give her assurance of liberty to return if she pleased. After this, my earnest request and fair offer upon long solicitation, two Indian words, translated '*Maybe not*,' were all we could get from her in two hours' time."

As we have read in the chapter upon THE SCHUYLER HOUSE, John—otherwise Johannes—Schuyler, had "great influence with the Indians," acquired by many years of warring, trading, and treating with them. Although a man of war from his youth up, he had a tender heart, and it was fully enlisted on the side of the sorrowing father and the expectant brothers and sister. His emotion was so ap-

parent that Eunice's husband, hitherto a quiet spectator of the scene, interposed to end it:

"Seeing that I was so much concerned about her, he replied that had her father not married again, she would have gone to see him long ere this, but gave no other reason, and the time growing late and I being very sorrowful that I could not prevail upon her, I took her by the hand, and left her in the priest's house."

There is evidence of the continued interest of Colonel Schuyler in the wayward daughter in the account written by a granddaughter of Rev. Stephen Williams of a visit made by her great-aunt Eunice to Longmeadow in 1740. "The affair," she says, "was negotiated entirely by their friends, the Schuylers." Her brothers Eleazar and Stephen, with her sister's husband, Rev. Joseph Meacham, met Eunice and her husband in Albany and had hard work to induce her to come on to Longmeadow. They spent several days with their relatives and left with the promise of another visit. The delayed fulfilment of the pledge is chronicled in Rev. Stephen Williams's diary of June and July, 1761.

"June 30. This day my sister Eunice, her husband, her daughter Katharine, and others, came hither from Canada."

"Sister Williams of Deerfield" (that would be the wife of his half-brother Elijah, who now owned the homestead) sent over an interpreter in advance of the arrival; his daughters Eunice and Martha were with their father upon "ye joyfull, sorrowfull occasion," and other relatives and friends gathered to greet the exile and to entreat her to remain with them. She passed one Sunday in Deerfield during this visit, and was coaxed into dressing in the English fashion, and attending service in her father's old church. The constraint and sense of strangeness of her new costume became intolerable by the time prayers, hymns, and sermon were over. As soon as she was back in "Sister Williams's" house, she tore off the "vile lendings," resumed her blanket and leggings and never laid them aside again. While she was with Stephen at Longmeadow, the Legislature of Massachusetts offered her a grant of land if she would live upon it. "She positively refused," says her grandniece, "on the ground that it would endanger her soul."

In Stephen's diary for July 10th, we have:

"This morning my poor sister and company left us. I think I have used ye best arguments I could to persuade her to tarry and to come and dwell with us. But

PARSON WILLIAMS HOUSE IN DEERFIELD, MASS.

at present they have been ineffectual. Yet when I took my leave of my sister and her daughter in the parlour they both shed tears and seemed affected. Oh! that God wd. touch their hearts and incline them to turn to their friends and to embrace ye religion of Jesus Christ!"

And she, with a heart wrung by early memories and yearning for companionship with those of her own blood, went back to dwell in the wilds of Canada lest she should lose her soul!

She paid two other visits to Massachusetts before her death which occurred at the age of ninety, and her children and grandchildren made repeated pilgrimages to Deerfield to keep in touch with their kinspeople there. The fate that had severed her and her fortunes so widely from the trim respectability of New England village-life infused other and yet more romantic elements into the lives of her offspring. Sarah, her eldest daughter, married the son of the Bishop of Chester, whose name, by an odd coincidence, was Williams. The young Englishman was a surgeon on board of a man-of-war which was captured by the French in the war of 1755–60, and was taken a prisoner to Canada. His skill as a

physician, his botanical lore, and his passion for adventures in field and in forest, made him popular among the Indians. In one of the excursions made in their company he visited Caughnawaga and became so enamored of the beautiful half-breed, Sarah, as to accede to the condition upon which her parents gave consent to the marriage, viz., that he should live in Canada.

Their only son, Thomas Williams, married a French woman. Among the children of this marriage was Eleazar Williams, born about 1790, whom many persist to this day in believing to have been the lost Louis XVII of France. He was educated in "the States" and took orders in the Episcopal Church, choosing as his cure of souls a settlement of Indians at Green Bay, Wisconsin. His relative and biographer, the compiler of the Williams Genealogy, adds,

> "He married Miss Mary Hobart Jourdan, a distant relative of the King of France"—(Louis Philippe) "from whom he had been honored with several splendid gifts and honors, among the rest a golden cross and star. He has a son John who is now (1846) on a visit to the king of France at his request."

Those who met and knew the faithful mis-

CHAMPNEY HOUSE AND STUDIO.

sionary,—who may have owed his French physiognomy and natural grace of manner to his mother, Thomas Williams's wife,—describe him as a serious-eyed, earnest Christian gentleman, who seldom spoke of the wild tales of his royal parentage and his right to a throne, yet who believed thoroughly and honestly in them all. This conviction and the expression of it on the part of such a man, whose parents assuredly could have rent the illusion by a word, is perhaps the most astonishing circumstance in all the marvellous tissue of tragedy, adventure, achievement, and heroism that envelops and dignifies the homely dwelling standing now a little apart from the shaded village street.

It was removed about eighty feet back on its own grounds when the Deerfield Academy was erected, a building that now occupies the site of the parsonage. The Williams house itself has suffered many changes, yet certain features are unaltered. There are broad window-seats where the only daughter left to the stricken father may have sat in the twilight with her Reverend lover, and Eunice, in her Indian dress, perhaps dreamed on moonlight evenings of the mother left dead on the bloody

snow, and tried to forgive her father in his grave for the second marriage she had resented as an insult to the memory of the true and tender " consort."

As we stroll under the elms that line the dear, dreamy old street, I am told that the leading man to-day in the Indian settlement of Caughnawaga, is Chief Joseph Williams, a direct descendant of Eunice, and a far-off kinsman of the sweet and stately woman whose summer-rest is taken among her own people. She tells me of her visit to the village with the impossible name, some years back, and how the Crusade of the Bell is held to be history, not legend, by the great-great-grandchildren of those who burned the town and recovered their rightful property, and how the blood-bought trophy still hangs in the belfry of the Canadian church.

A monument has been erected lately upon the spot where Eunice Williams was slain, over on the other side of Green River, and in the museum is the old nail-studded door with the hole hacked in it through which Mrs. Sheldon was shot.

Deerfield has been spoken of as the "sleep-

iest town in all New England." We do not grudge her a century or two of repose after the unrest of her infancy, the anguish of her youth.

XVIII

VARINA. THE HOME OF POCAHONTAS

JOHN SMITH, captain, knight, and explorer, in pushing his canoe through the tortuous creeks of the Chickahominy swamp, fell into an ambush of three hundred Indians. After a desperate defence he was taken prisoner by Opechancanough, and carried, for trial for killing two aborigines, before the Emperor Powhatan, Opechancanough's mightier brother.

JOHN SMITH'S COAT-OF-ARMS

At each stopping-place in the journey toward the imperial residence at Werowocomoco —"the chief place of council"—Smith narrates with grim humor, that he "expected to be executed at some one of the fires he saw

blazing all about them in the woods. . . .
So fat they fed mee that I much doubted they intended to have sacrificed mee to a superior power they worship."

He was still under thirty years of age, well-built, and martial in carriage. The full mustache outlined a firm mouth; his mien was frank, his eyes were fearless and pleasant. Stories of his prowess and of his arts of pleasing had preceded him.

"Here" (at Werowocomoco) "two hundred grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his traine had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun" (raccoon) "skinnes and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen yeares, and along on each side the house two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red, many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of birds; but everyone with something; and a great chaine of white beads about their necks.

"At his" (Smith's) "entrance before the King all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a Towell to dry them. Having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation

was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan, then, as many as could, layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his brains, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaile, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death, whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets and her bells, beads, and copper. For they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his own robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots ; plant, hunt, or doe anything so well as the rest."

"When no entreaty could prevaile," implies a prologue almost as dramatic as the act itself. Powhatan had divers wives, twenty sons, and ten daughters. Whether by beauty and sprightliness, or by force of the dauntless spirit that bespoke her, in every inch of her slight body, his child in temper and in will, Pocahontas had a hold upon his savage nature that no other creature ever gained. In a captivity that had many opportunities of familiar discourse with those who kept him, the knightly soldier had made her his friend. She had pleaded for him before the hour set for the trial. It was not the sudden caprice of a spoiled child that had cast her between the

club and the head embraced in her arms. Still less was it—as a legion of romanticists have insinuated or asserted—a transport of self-devotion of like strain with that which, in the heart of a Tartar princess had, five years before, ameliorated Smith's slavery in "the countrey of Tartaria." The Indian girl was but twelve years old when she thus recklessly risked her life. That she was regarded as a child by her grimly indulgent parent is patent from the union of Smith's office as armorer to his majesty with that of trinket-maker to the little princess.

For a month—perhaps six weeks—Smith lived in constant association with his despotic host, and the little brunette whom he was ordered to amuse. The influence of this period, and the subsequent intimacy to which it led, upon her character and career can hardly be exaggerated. She had inherited, with her father's imperiousness, the intellect that made him Emperor, while his brothers were but kings, and Werowocomoco the place to which the tribes came up for judgment. The supposed artificer selected to fashion tinkling ornaments to please the fancy of the "salvage" maiden, was soldier, traveller, dramatist, his-

torian, and diplomatist. From the aborigines of the Virginia, whose interests he calls "my wife, my children, my hawks, hounds, my cards, my dice, in totall, my best content," he learned their dialects, social, warlike, and religious customs. In acquiring her mother-tongue, he taught his to Pocahontas.

One of his note-books contains a glossary of Indian words and phrases, with this superscription: "Because many doe desire to know the manner of their" (the Indians) "language, I have inserted these few words." The longest sentence has, for a sensitive imagination, a story between the lines. Being translated, it means, "Bid Pocahontas bring hither two little baskets, and I will give her white beads to make her a Chaine."

The touch of affectionate playfulness is exquisite in connection with the circumstances under which it is likely the phrase was constructed. If he were in love with his benefactress, it was as a bearded man of the world, whose trade was war, might love a winsome plaything. It is far more reasonable to suppose that she drew from him the earliest aspirations that led to her conversion to Christianity. "What," he asks of his fellow-adven-

437 CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

turers in the New World, "can a man with faith in religion do more agreeable to God than to seek to convert these poor savages to Christ and humanity?"

He was the model, without fear and without reproach, upon which the child, intelligent beyond her years, meeting him at the most impressionable period of her life, fashioned her ideas of his people. They were to her as gods. Under her tutor, heart, mind, and ambition took on a new complexion.

There is no other reasonable explanation of the loyalty to the English colonists that became a passion with her, earning for her the name of "the dear and blesséd Pocahontas."

Smith's uneasiness in his honorable captivity, and his efforts to return to the settlement, should exonerate him from the suspicion of any entanglement of the affections in his present abode. Powhatan offered him a principality if he would cast in his fortunes with the tribe. Smith's reply was to entreat a safe conduct to Jamestown. In his *General History*, he recapitulates what he had written to the queen-consort in 1616, namely, that Pocahontas "not only hazarded the beating out of her owne brains to save mine, but so

prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown." As the adopted son of the mightiest chieftain upon the river that had formerly borne his name, Smith could make her his wife. If he rejoined his English comrades, the chances were all against his wedding an illiterate pagan. She was shrewd, naturally self-willed, and of strong affections. Yet, through her intercession, Smith was returned to his people.

Starvation was staring the settlers in the face when, one winter day, a train of red men emerged from the forest and approached the fort. A little in advance of the "Indian file" was a lithe figure, wrapped in a robe of doeskin, lined and edged with pigeon-down. As a king's daughter, she wore a white heron's feather in her black hair; wrists and ankles were banded with coral. A queen in miniature, she came with gifts of corn and game, in quantities that quieted the rising panic. "Every once in four or five days," the "wild train" thus laden, visited the settlement "untill the peril of famine was past." Under Smith's presidency, Jamestown became a village of nearly five hundred inhabitants, with twenty-four cannon and abundant store of

muskets. A church took the place of the log-hut in which divine service had been held; boys and girls frolicked in the street, without fear of tomahawk or war-whoop. A welcome and frequent playfellow of these was "a well-featured young girle," fleet of foot, black-eyed and brown-skinned.

"Jamestown, with her wild train, she as frequently visited as her father's habitation."

The wily old Emperor did not scruple to play upon the president's gratitude to his youthful preserver, when it suited his policy. Some depredations had been committed upon the settlers, Powhatan presuming upon the fact stated by a malcontent, that "the command from England was strait not to offend them"—the "salvages." Smith, aroused by Indian insolence, seized the evildoers, brought them to Jamestown, and threatened to shoot them. Whereupon Powhatan sent, first, ambassadors, then "his dearest daughter Pocahontas, with assurances of his love forever." In full understanding of the value of such pledges, Smith delivered the prisoners to Pocahontas, "for whose sake only, he fayned to save their lives." Strachys speaks of her in connection with this transaction as "a child of

tenne yeares." This would be in the summer or early autumn of 1608, when she was about thirteen.

Later, in the same year, Powhatan was crowned by order of James I. Out of "complemental courtesy," the emperor of "Attànougeskomouch, *als* Virginia," submitted to a coronation under the style of "Powhatan I.," and became a nominal vassal of the English crown. He would not, however, go to Jamestown to receive diadem and vestments.

The old warrior was growing surly as well as "sour." He would be put through the ceremony at his own chief place of council, or go uncrowned.

On the evening preceding the coronation the English kindled their watch-fire in an open field, near to Werowocomoco, and Smith was sitting soberly before it upon a mat, when such unearthly and "hydeous noise and shreeking" issued from the woods as drove the men to arms, and to the arrest of two or three old Indians who were loitering near, with the intention of holding them as hostages. Forthwith there glided out of the forest the familiar and beloved form of Pocahontas, offering herself as surety for the peaceable designs of her

confederates—"willing him to kill her if any hurt was intended."

The "anticke" that followed was a "Mascarado" so uncouth that we are glad the narration does not intimate her active participation therein, albeit it is spoken of as an entertainment contrived by "Pocahontas and her women." That which seemed grotesque and even "infernall" to the phlegmatic Englishman who tells the tale, was unquestionably a solemn pageant in the eyes of the princess and her aids, and arranged with infinite pains to do honor to the guests.

Whatever may have been Powhatan's sentiments as to the pompous farce in which he bore reluctant part, his daughter apparently anticipated his coronation as another link allying hers with the superior race beyond the great sea.

In reality, the ceremony that lowered an emperor to the rank of a king and a vassal was a burlesque throughout. Pocahontas, gazing from the grinning faces of the white spectators and the uncomprehending stolidity of her countrymen to her father's lowering brow, must have suffered a sharp reaction from the light-hearted hilarity of yesternight.

What the Englishmen themselves marvelled at as her "extraordinary affection" for them, was in no wise weakened by the rapid change in her father's attitude toward the invaders. Within three months he invited Smith to visit him, and when he appeared at Werowocomoco with eighteen attendants, received him so cavalierly that the astute soldier felt himself to be upon ground as treacherous as the ice through which he had broken from the boats to the shore.

"Seeing this Salvage but trifle the time to cut his throat," he sent word to the men left with the boat to land. As the Indians closed about him, "with his pistoll, sword, and target hee made such a passage among the naked Devils that at his first shoot" they fled precipitately in all directions.

The little band of white men encamped upon the frozen shore and were preparing their evening meal, when a visitor announced herself.

I cannot resist the temptation to borrow again, and liberally, from the time-stained story reprinted from the London edition of 1629.

"Pocahontas, his" (Powhatan's) "dearest jewell and

daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent us by-and-by ; but Powhatan, and all the power he coulde make, would after come to kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our owne weapons when wee were at supper. Therefore, if we would live, she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in, he would have given her ; but with the teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not be seene to have any ; for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead. And soe she ran away by herselfe as she came."

We linger over the picture dashed upon the canvas by a hand untaught in artistic effects, until our own eyes are "watered." The child —not yet fourteen years old—a baby in simplicity, but a woman in depth of devotion to her friends ; brave to recklessness, holding her life as nothing by comparison with her loyalty, but breaking into childlike weeping when she tried to speak of the change in him whose "dearest jewell" she had been ;—romantic invention pales by the side of this ever-true relation of love and fidelity.

All came to pass as she had warned Smith. His coolness and courage prevented the catastrophe planned by the cunning chieftain ; he and his men reached Jamestown in safety, and

Our Lady of the James appeared no more in the streets or houses of the village during the space of two years. We hear of no other interview between her and the hero of her childish imaginings until the meeting between them in an English drawing-room seven years later.

Not many months after Smith's visit to Powhatan, the former met with the accident that obliged him to return to England for surgical aid. A contemporary thus refutes the scandal that preceded Smith to London, to the purport that he "would fain have made himself a king by marrying Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter."

> "Very oft she came to our fort with what she could get for Captain Smith, that ever loved and used all the country well, and she so well requited it that when her father intended to have surprised him, she by stealth, in the dark night, came through the wild woods and told him of it. If he would, he might have married her."

There were reasons many and stringent for her disappearance from the theatre of colonial history.

"No sooner had the salvages understood that Smith was gone, but they all revolted and did spoil and murther all they encountered."

Ratcliffe, Smith's successor, visited Powha-

tan with "thirtie others as careless as himself," and was killed with all his party except one man, who escaped, and a boy, whose life Pocahontas saved. "This boy lived many years after by her means among the Patawomekes" (Potomacs).

Jamestown was rehabilitated by Lord De la Warr, he building upon the foundations laid by Smith's travail of soul and body. De la Warr was succeeded by Sir Thomas Dale—"a man of great knowledge in divinity, and of good conscience in all things."

The "Nonparella of Virginia" during these changes, had left her father's house, and gone to sojourn with friends of hers in the Potomac tribe. Coupling the circumstance with the adoption of the lad whose life she had saved by the same friendly people, we attach much significance to the remark that she "thought herself unknowne" in that region. She was, apparently, in refuge, and, as she supposed, incognita. The secret of her nocturnal expedition had been betrayed to her father. That he wreaked his wrath upon her until existence with him became insupportable is wellnigh certain. She had found comparative peace in an asylum in the wigwam of one

Japazaws, "an old acquaintance of Captain Smith's, and exceedingly friendly to the English."

Captain Samuel Argall, a semi-privateersman, was sent up the Potomac for corn by the Governor of Virginia, and, upon the principle of natural selection, "entered into a great acquaintance with Japazaws." Shortly before Argall left Jamestown the Indians made a raid upon the environs of the fort, carrying off, not only "swords, peeces, tooles, &c.," but several men. In the course of a friendly gossip with Japazaws, Argall learned that a daughter of the truculent emperor—Pocahontas, or Matoax by name—was the guest of the Indian's squaw.

Negotiations ensued, in which Indian prinples of loyalty to friends, protection of the helpless, and hospitality to the innocent stranger within his lodge were weighed against a burnished copper kettle, flashed by Argall before the gloating eyes of the noble Potomac.

Japazaws went home and beat his wife until she agreed to feign an intense desire to go on board this particular English vessel. Her lord consented presently to let her visit it provided Pocahontas would go with her.

The coarse plot was coarsely and cruelly carried out.

Master Hamor's relation of "the surrender of the government to Sir Thomas Dale who arrived in Virginia the tenth of May, 1611," goes coolly, and in fact, zestfully, into the details of the righteous treachery, the while he feigns to pity the victim :

> "And thus they betrayed the poor, innocent Pocahontas aboard, where they were all kindly feasted in the Cabin. Japazaws treading oft on the Captain's foot to remember he had done his part, the Captain, when he saw his time, persuaded Pocahontas to the gun-room, faining to have some conference with Japazaws, which was only that she should not perceive he was in any way guilty of her captivity. So, sending for her again, he told her before her friends she must go with him, and compound peace between her country and us, before she ever should see Powhatan, whereat the old Jew and his wife began to howl and to cry as fast as Pocahontas, that upon the Captain's fair persuasions, by degrees pacifying herself, and Japazaws and his wife, with the kettle and other toys, went merrily on shore, and she to Jamestown."

Sir Thomas Dale's message to Powhatan, that "his daughter Pocahontas he loved so dearly must be ransomed with" the white prisoners and stolen property, "troubled him

much, because he loved both his daughter and our commodities well." Nevertheless, it was three months before he vouchsafed any reply whatever, or took any notice of the humiliating intelligence.

"Then, by the persuasion of the Council, he returned seven of our men, with each of them an unservicable musket, and sent us word that when we would deliver his daughter he would make satisfaction for all injuries done us, and give us five hundred bushels of corn, and forever be friends with us. What he sent were received in part of payment and returned him this answer; That his daughter should be well used, but we could not believe the rest of our arms were either lost or stolen from him, and therefore, till he sent them, we would keep his daughter.

"This answer, it seemed, much displeased him, for we heard no more from him for a long time after."

Powhatan never regained the ground thus lost in his daughter's affections. With pride equal to his own, she brooded over the public insult offered her by his silence and seeming indifference. She was branded as an outcast from her father's heart and tribe. But for the kindness of the aliens he hated, she would be homeless and friendless. The bruised heart, still palpitating with the pain of her Potomac

host's treachery, accounted as worthless by him who had given her being, was tremblingly susceptible to the touch of sympathy. The people of Jamestown received her with affectionate hospitality. The long-repressed craving for refinement and knowledge of the great, beautiful world—the echoes from which had first thrilled her untaught soul during the golden month passed in her forest-home by the superb stranger with the kind eyes and winning smile—was now to be gratified. She descried in her present environment the realizations of the ambitions awakened by Smith's talk and teachings, and by the conversations between him and George Percy and other compeers, to which she had lent rapt attention. Her dream-world had become the actual and present.

By comparison with the village of wigwams which was her forest-home, Sir Thomas Dale's "new towne" was a noble city, with its "two rowes of houses of framed timber, some of them two stories, and a garret higher, three large Store-houses joined together in length," and the "strong impalement" that encompassed all.

"This Ile, and much ground about it, is much

inhabited," the anonymous scribe winds up the description by saying, complacently.

The colonists made a pet of the lonely-hearted hostage. She was nearly eighteen years old, with soft, wistful eyes, delicately arched brows, a mouth at once proud and tender, and slender hands and feet; not tall, but straight as a birch-sapling, and carrying herself with a sort of imperious grace that rebuked familiarity. Where she loved, she was docile; what Smith alludes to as her "so great a spirit," leaped to arms when there was need of courage.

She went willingly enough with Sir Thomas Dale, the next spring, when he sailed up the York River to treat with, or to fight Powhatan, as might seem best upon their arrival at "his chiefe habitation." After a good deal of temporizing, a little skirmishing, and some rapine on the part of the visitors, the worthy baronet proposed an interview between the emperor and his daughter. Instead of coming himself to the rendezvous, Powhatan sent two of his sons, under flag of truce. The young princes, comely, manly fellows, embraced their sister fondly, rejoiced in her health and good looks, and engaged to do their best to persuade

their father to redeem her. At the mention of his name she demeaned herself with a hauteur it is a pity the obstinate old heathen was not there to see. In bitterly decisive words she made answer to her brothers' soothing assurances:

"If my father had loved me he would not value me less than old swords, pieces, and axes; wherefore I will still dwell with the Englishmen who *do* love me."

The weaning was complete. To her brothers she spoke privately of one Englishman whose love differed in quality and degree from the rest. The rumor of this was quickly bruited at Jamestown and in Werowocomoco, giving profound satisfaction in both places. John Rolfe, "an honest gentleman and of good behaviour," was fairly educated, a stanch churchman of a most missionary spirit, a well-to-do widower, and a protegé of Sir Thomas Dale. If, after perusing the open letter to his patron, announcing his disposition and intention in the matter of this alliance, the additional epithet "a pious prig," do not escape the reader, it will be because *fin de siècle* taste prompts a stronger. After an introduction resonant with pietistic twang, he leans laboriously upon the pith of his communication:

"Let therefore this, my well-advised protestations, which here I make before God and my own conscience, be a sufficient witness at the dreadful day of judgement, when the secrets of all living hearts shall be opened, to condemn me herein, if my deepest interest and purpose be not to strive with all my powers of body and minde in the undertaking of so great a matter for the good of this plantation, for the honor of our countrie, for the glory of God, for my own salvation and for the converting to the true knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, an unbelieving creature; viz.: Pokahontas. To whom my hartie and best thoughts are, and have a long time bin so intangled and inthralled in so intricate a labyrinth that I was ever awearied to unwinde myself thereout.

"To you, therefore (most noble sir), the patron and father of us in this countrie, doe I utter the effects of this my settled and long-continued affection (which hath made a mighty warre in my meditations), and here I do truly relate to what issue this dangerous combat is come untoe, wherein I have not only examined but thoroughly tried and pared my thoughts, even to the quicke, before I could finde any fit, wholesome, and apt applications to cure so dangerous an ulcer."

He probes still further into the

"grounds and principall agitations which thus provoke me to be in love with one whose education has been rude, her manners barbarous, her generation accursed, and so discrepant in all nurtreture from myself that oftentimes, with fear and trembling, I have ended my private controversie with this: 'Surely these are

wicked instigations hatched by him who seeketh and delighteth in man's destruction. . . .'

"Besides the many passions and sufferings which I have daily, hourly—yea, in my sleepe endured, even awaking me to astonishment, taxing me with remissness and carelessness, refusing and neglecting to performe the duties of a good Christian, pulling me by the eare, and crying 'Why dost thou not indeavor to make her a Christian?'

"And if this be, as undoubtedly this is, the service Jesus Christ requireth of his best servant, wo unto him that hath these instruments of pietie put into his hands and wilfully despiseth to work with them. Likewise, adding hereunto her great appearance of love to me, her desire to be taught and instructed in the knowledge of God, her capablenesse of understanding, her aptness and willingness to receive anie good impression, and also the spirituall, besides her own incitements thereunto stirring me up.'

"What shall I doe? Shall I be of so untoward a disposition as to refuse to leade the blind into the right way? Shall I be so unnaturall as not to give breade to the hungrie?"

To this end had the brave, passionate, loyal dreamer come! We easily trace the stages of the match-making. Rolfe, commonplace, sanctimonious, and shrewd, on the lookout for a second wife and awake to the advantages of wedding a princess, even though she were a savage; the unsophisticated child of nature,

with a head full of overwrought fancies, ready to believe every English cavalier a demi-god; the conscientious governor, keen alike for Christian neophytes and for a respite from wars and rumors of wars, which a union between prominent representatives of the two races would bring about—it was a clever sum in the "rule of three" and skilfully worked out that winter of 1612–13.

So they took her back to Jamestown and baptized her at the font in the church built by Lord de la Warr, christening her "Rebecca." Under this name they wedded her to John Rolfe, one April day. The tower still stands in which hung the two bells that rang joyfully as bride and groom passed through the narrow archway.

The marriage cemented a lasting peace between the two nations. Powhatan, true to his purpose of holding no personal communication with the aliens, never visited his "jewell," either in Jamestown or at her husband's plantation of Varina, near Dutch Gap, on James River; but he sent friendly messages from time to time, to "his daughter and unknown sonne," and would know "how they lived, loved, and liked."

TOWER OF OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA, IN WHICH POCAHONTAS WAS MARRIED.

An amusing incident connected with the visit of Sir Thomas Dale's ambassador, to whom Powhatan addressed this query, shoots a side-ray upon the character of the conscientious and theological governor that throws the popular portrait of him out of drawing.

When Powhatan had for answer that

"his brother, Sir Thomas Dale, was well, and his daughter so contented she would not live again with him, he laughed, and demanded the cause of my coming. I told him my message was private and I was to deliver it only to himself and one of my guides that was acquainted with it. Instantly he commanded all out of the house, but only his two Queens that always sit by him, and bade me speak on."

The messenger offered, as a preamble to the *motif* of his communication, two pieces of copper (household utensils), five strings of white and blue beads, five wooden combs, ten fish-hooks, a pair of knives and the promise of a grindstone if Powhatan would send for it, all of which pleased the monarch hugely.

"But then I told him his brother Dale, hearing of the fame of his youngest daughter, desiring, in any case, he would send her by me unto him in testimony of his love, as well as for that he intended to marry her, as the desire her sister had to see her, because being now one

people and he desirous for ever to dwell in his country, he conceived there could not be a truer assurance of peace and friendship than in such a natural band of an united union."

Powhatan broke in upon this astounding proposition more than once, but the Englishman had his say to the end. "Presently, with much gravity,"—that does credit to his breeding and discounts his sense of humor,—the monarch proceeded to say that, while his brother's pledges of good-will "were not so ample as formerly he had received," he accepted them "with no less thanks." As for his daughter, he "had sold her within these few days, to a great Werowance, for two bushels of Rawrenoke" (whatever that might be)," three days journey from me."

The Englishman's suggestion that the amorous graybeard would give him three times the worth of the mysterious commodity in beads, copper, hatchets, etc., if he would recall the bride—" the rather because she was but twelve years old"—was a futile bait. Powhatan reminded him that Sir Thomas Dale had a pledge of his friendship in one of his daughters. So long as she lived, this must suffice. Should she die, his dear brother should have another

in her place, but he "held it not a brotherly part to bereave him of his two children at once.

"I am now old, and would gladly end my days in peace. If you offer me injury, my country is large enough to go from you. Thus much I hope will satisfy my brother. Now, because you are weary, and I sleepy, we will thus end,"—wound up the queer interview.

In parting with the envoy he made him write down in "a table-book" a list of articles he would have his brother Dale send to him, not forgetting the grindstone, and sent two "Bucks skins as well dressed as could be to his sonne and daughter." John Rolfe's name is signed to an attestation of the truth of the narrative to this letter of Master Ralph Hamor. The interest he took in the negotiation emphasizes Hamor's mention of Pocahontas's desire to see her sister, and makes us almost sorry for the failure of Sir Thomas's embassy.

Another letter-writer, under date of "*From Virginia, June 18, 1614*," subjoins to the above:

"I have read the substance of this relation in a Letter written by Sir Thomas Dale, another by Master Whita-

ker, and a third by Master John Rolfe; how carefull they were to instruct her in Christianity, and how capable and desirous shee was thereof; after she had been some time thus tutored, shee never had desire to goe to her father, nor could well endure the society of her own nation. The true affection she constantly bare her husband was much, and the strange apparitions violent passions he endured for her love, as he deeply protested, was wonderfull, and she openly renounced her countrie's idolatery, professed the faith of Christ, and was baptized."

"She lives civilly and lovingly with her husband, and, I trust, will increase in goodness, as the knowledge of God increaseth in her," writes Sir Thomas Dale in 1616. "She will go to England with me, and were it but the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time, toil, and present time well spent."

With this transatlantic voyage begins the last chapter in the mortal life of the little mistress of the fair plantation of Varina, the home to which her English bridegroom took her. Even the site of the home in which she learned how to keep house after the English manner, and where her "childe" was born, is unknown. The plantation was situated a few miles below Richmond and the tobacco cultivated thereupon had a fine reputation. Little else is known of it.

The banks of the beautiful river from

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Jamestown to Henricus are consecrate to her dear memory.

She, her husband, and her little son, "which she loved most dearely," in company with the conscientious Governor, landed in Plymouth, England, June 12, 1616. Six months later we hear of her as the object of much and admiring interest in fashionable circles. She had been presented at court, and under the unremitting tutelage of "Master John Rolfe and his friends," had learned to "speake such English as might well bee understood, and was become very formall and civill, after our English manner."

Alas, for the poor, transplanted wild flower!

The only portrait taken of her, and given in this chapter, bears the date of that year. In some such garb as we see in it (barring the tall hat), she might have been arrayed when John Smith, now Admiral of New England, and on the eve of a third voyage to America, called to see her at Branford, near London, accompanied by several friends. Smith approached her respectfully, accosting her as "Lady Rebecca." After one swift look, she turned aside, and buried her face in her hands, "without anie word," and, it would seem,

withdrew from his immediate presence. As is sadly meet, we leave her old friend to tell the story.

> "In that humour, her husband, with divers others, we all left her two or three houres, repenting myselfe to have writ she could speake English. But not long after, she began to talke, and remembered mee well what courtesies she had done, saying; 'You did promise Powhatan what was yours should bee his, and he the like to you. You called him "Father," being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason soe must I doe you.'
>
> "Which, though I would have excused, I durst not allow of that title, because she was a king's daughter."

Reading the above, we call to mind that foolish King James—forgetful or ignorant of Powhatan's twenty sons and ten daughters—had expressed a fear lest, in the event of Pocahontas's succession to her father's throne, the kingdom of Virginia would "be vested in Mr. Rolfe's posterity." It behooved Smith, in recollection of the malicious reports relative to his own pretensions in that direction, to accentuate the distance between his estate and that of the Lady Rebecca.

What a tumult of emotions must have held the young hostess dumb during the long interval so awkward to husband and guests!

Smith, withheld by prudence and the etiquette he understood better than she—despite Master Rolfe's drilling—from approaching her, longed to say to her in her native tongue what he would not have others hear. He could, he felt, have won her from her seemingly inclement "humour," if only he had not boasted of her proficiency in English. And he must again stab the faithful heart by refusing this token of his remembrance of their former intimacy. We can imagine that he listened, embarrassed with down-dropt lids, as she gained in steadfast composure.

"With a well-set countenance, she said: 'Were you not afraid to come into my father's Countrie, and caused feare in him and all his people (but me) and feare you here I should call you "father?"' (*i.e.*, here you are afraid to have me call you father.) 'I tell you, then, I will, and you shall call me childe, and so I will bee forever and ever your Countrieman. They did tell us alwaies you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plimoth; yet Powhatan did command Vitamatomakkin' (one of Powhatan's council, who accompanied her to England) 'to see you, and know the truth—because your Countriemen will lie much!'"

The sigh of disillusion is in every sentence; the last is a sharp cry of pain. Who had

deceived her? and why? Had Rolfe's "solicitude and passion" and the proselyting diplomacy of his lord and patron, conspired to get her ideal Englishman off the stage of her imagination that the widower might have a clear field? Conjecture cannot but be busy here—and, after all, confess itself conjecture still.

There is little more to tell. "Formall and civill" in outward seeming, she was at heart homesick. The winter tried her semi-tropical constitution severely; she fell ill with rapid consumption; preparations were hastily made for her return to Virginia—somewhat oddly, in Captain Argall's vessel. On the day before the good ship *George* was to sail, the Lady Rebecca died suddenly.

"It pleased God at Gravesend to take this young lady to his mercie, where shee made not more sorrow for her unexpected death than joy to the beholders to heare and see her make so religious and godly an end."

Thus the chapter, signed, "*Samuel Argall, John Rolfe.*"

Tradition has it that she died sitting in an easy-chair, by an open window, her eyes fixed wistfully upon the western ocean.

"Her little child, Thomas Rolfe, was left at Plimouth, with Sir Lewis Stukly, that desired the keeping of it."

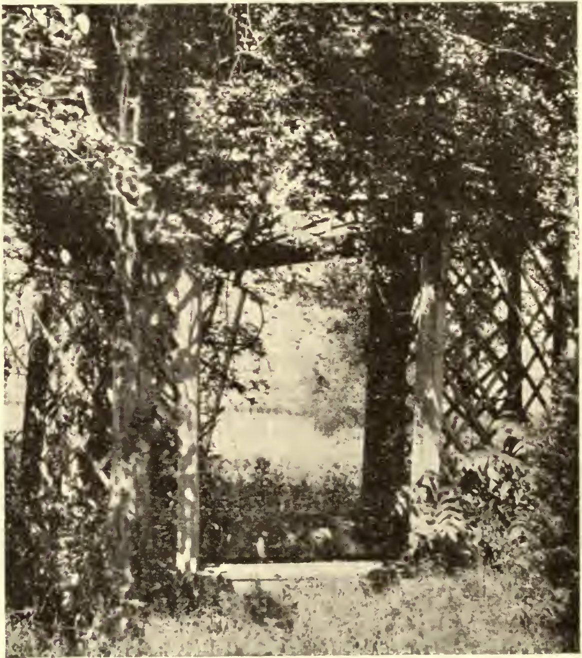
She was but twenty-two years old. Travelled and erudite Purchas writes of her last days:

"She did not only accustom herself to civilitie, but still carried herself as the daughter of a King, and was, according respected, not only by the Company which allowed provision for herself and son; but of divers particular persons of honor in their hopeful zeal for her to advance Christianity. I was present when my honorable and reverend patron, the Lord Bishop of London, Dr. King, entertained her with festival, and state and pomp, beyond what I have seen in his great hospitalitie afforded to other ladies. At her return towards Virginia, she came to Gravesend to her end and grave."

Hon. William Wirt Henry, whose *Life and Letters of Patrick Henry* rank him among the most accomplished historiographers of our country, has paid a more eloquent tribute to Our Lady of the James:

". . . Pocahontas, who, born the daughter of a savage king, was endowed with all the graces which become a Christian princess; who was the first of her people to embrace Christianity, and to unite in marriage with the English race; who, like a guardian angel,

watched over and preserved the infant colony which has developed into a great people, among whom her own descendants have ever been conspicuous for true nobility ; and whose name will be honored while this great people occupy the land upon which she so signally aided in establishing them."



GRAVE OF POWHATAN ON JAMES RIVER.

XIX

JAMESTOWN AND WILLIAMSBURG

IN the by-gone time in which the tide of Southern travel flowed up the Potomac River, the custom prevailed of tolling the bell as each steamer passed Mount Vernon. At the sound the passengers gathered upon the forward deck to gaze with bared heads upon the enclosure in which are the ashes of Washington. Sadder and not less reverent might be the toll with which river-craft should announce the approach to the ruined tower upon a low headland of the James.

Here on May 13, 1607, was set the first rootlet of English dominion in the vast Virginia plantation that was to outlive pestilence and famine and savage violence. The bounds of what an old writer calls a "mighty empire" are thus defined:

"On the east side is the ocean; on the south lieth Florida; on the north Nova Francia" (Canada); "as for the west, the limits thereof are unknown."

De la Warr found upon the marshy peninsula, in 1610, a church twenty-four feet broad by sixty long. The site was the same as that occupied by "the old rotten tent" under which the first Protestant service in America was held. During his administration the sanctuary was decorated on Sunday with flowers and evergreens, and opened for daily afternoon service during the week. There were a baptismal font, a tall pulpit, a chancel of red cedar, and in the tower two bells. These rang a joyous peal in the April of 1613, when John Rolfe and Pocahontas knelt in the aisle for a nuptial benediction.

The tower roofing the vestibule stands still. The mortar is as hard as stone, and the bricks are further bound together by ivy stems and roots. The arched doorway is that through which "the Lady Rebecca" and her pale-face bridegroom passed that day, arm in arm. Vandal hammer and pick have dug holes in the sides. The church, flanked by the tower, has crumbled to the foundations; in the

crowded graveyard behind it ruthless tourists have not left one stone upon another. Fennel brushes our shoulders, and brambles entangle our feet as we explore the waste grounds. A quarter-mile away is a government building erected by Sir William Berkeley, and afterward and for many years the homestead of the Jaquelins and Amblers.[1] The silent decrepitude of neglected old age broods over the landscape; the tawny river slowly and surely licks away the clayey banks.

The place is haunted. In the languorous calm of the spring-like weather we sit upon the broken wall in the shadow of the ivy-bound tower, the dead of six generations under our feet, and dream. Now and then we talk softly of what has been here, and of those who people our dream-world.

John Smith, the conqueror of kings, walked these shores and took counsel with brave, loyal George Percy. Hereabouts he welcomed Pocahontas and her train of forest maidens, and withstood to their teeth Wingfield and Ratcliffe and Archer. Here Sir Thomas Dale negotiated the marriage of Powhatan's daugh-

[1] Since this chapter was written the Ambler House has been destroyed by fire.

ter with worthy Master John Rolfe, after the Governor had quelled by Scripture and diplomacy the "mighty war in the meditations" of the grave lover touching the lawfulness of wedding a "strange woman" who came of a "generation accursed." In the chancel, the exact location of which we take pains to identify, the girl-convert to Christianity received the water of baptism and her new name. About this spot were dug the ditches of the rude fortifications behind which Sir William Berkeley defied Bacon, the miasmatic moats from which the fiery young rebel drew the fever germs that ended his days shortly after he had laid Jamestown in ashes. Over there, where the tangle of briar and weed is thickest, was consigned to rest the body of sweet Lady Frances Berkeley, who sickened and died at Green Spring after she had seen her husband sail for England; had seen, also, the glare of the bonfires and heard the salvoes of artillery with which the colonists rejoiced at the departure of one whom they execrated as a bloody tyrant. A fragment of her tombstone is in the drawing-room of the isolated dwelling to our right, taken in by a pitying stranger to preserve it from the sacrilegious hammer aforesaid.

Every foot of soil has been soaked in blood since Smith and his colony took possession of the goodly land in the name of God and King James. As far as the eye can reach, the level tract is enwrapped with historic and romantic associations, as it will to-night be veiled by clinging mists.

By the road along which Bacon spurred in hot haste to take, at "the Middle Plantation," the oath to oppose his Majesty's Governor and Representative, we are driven to the scene of that stormy episode in the tragedy of Nathaniel Bacon's rebellion. A long, crazy bridge crosses the creek that has converted the peninsula into an island. Marsh-lands, drearily depressing, border the highway until we enter the forest. The bed of the winding road is sometimes of red, sometimes of white clay. Overhead and far away—

> "the buzzard sails on
> And comes and is gone,
> Stately and still, like a ship at sea."

The spell of pensive silence is over the whole country. We pass few houses, and meet but one vehicle—a wagon, in which a party of hunters is going river-ward. A slain

deer is huddled in the back of the vehicle. Two tired dogs trot after it, with lolling tongues and muddy feet.

As we near the ancient capital of Virginia, no stir of city life comes out to greet us. Governor Francis Nicholson removed the seat of government from Jamestown to the flourishing Middle Plantation in the "boom" that followed the accession of William and Mary. In paroxysmal loyalty, he laid out the future metropolis monogrammatically, designing a perpetual testimony to the wedded sovereigns and his own ingenuity. One straight street, a measured mile in length, was the spinal column of the plan. It still bears the name he gave it, of the boy Duke of Gloucester, the heir-presumptive to the throne, then filled by his childless aunt and uncle-in-law. Diverging thoroughfares were to form, on one side, a capital W; upon the other, an M. The street had one terminus in William and Mary College, the second university built in the New World. Harvard is her senior. The Bishop of London was the first Chancellor. Sir Christopher Wren drew the plan of the original edifice (burned in 1705). The Reverend James Blair, the

only man in Virginia who was not intimidated by the eccentric and truculent Governor, was the first president.

We alight at the gate by which the campus debouches into Duke of Gloucester Street. To the right is the President's house. The bricks, alternately gray and dull-red, like a checker-board, were brought from England two hundred years ago. The venerable dwelling is occupied now, and the front doors of the ancient and honorable halls of learning stand hospitably open. For almost a score of years after the war there were neither professors nor students within the hoary walls. On five mornings of each week, in term-time, the President, whose home was a little way out of town, unlocked the door of the college, rang the bell and read prayers in the chapel, preserving by this form the charter of the institution. Imagination can conjure up no more dramatic and pathetic picture than that of the old man—a war-scarred veteran of the civil conflict — plodding through the daily routine from month to month, and year to year. What a company of august shades filled the seats as collect and psalm were said to seemingly empty space! Twenty members

of Congress, seventeen state Governors, two Attorney-Generals, twelve college professors, four signers of the Declaration of Independence, one Chief-Justice, four cabinet officers and three Presidents of the United States—were graduâtes of "old William and Mary," besides eminent soldiers, men of letters, and reverend divines whose names star the pages of Colonial and Commonwealth history. Within the past fifteen years new shoots have sprung up from the venerable root. By the scent of water in the guise of a legislative appropriation, the noble old trunk has revived. The faculty is no longer represented by one white-haired man, nor are his auditors bodiless.

But we have to do now with the shades, as real to our apprehension and more interesting than the flesh and blood of to-day.

Opposite the President's house is a building of like proportions and architecture, known in those elder times as the Brafferton School. Sir Robert Boyle, the bosom friend of William Evelyn Byrd, of Westover, built and endowed it as an Indian seminary—a modest antitype of Hampton. Midway between these houses is the statue of Norborne Berkeley (Lord

Botetourt), the best-beloved of the royal Governors. It is of Italian marble, and was erected in 1771. "America, behold your friend!" exhorts one panel of the pedestal. Graceless boys and marauding military, alike regardless of the admonition, have mutilated what was really a noble work of art. The discolored features express, if anything, mild surprise, piteous in the circumstances, and the head has been rejoined awry to the neck, but there are remains of dignity in figure and attitude that make this solitary ornament of the college grounds congruous with the place. The solid silver coffin-plate, with his name and coronet engraved upon it, was stolen from the crypt under the college library during the civil war, and after its conclusion was returned anonymously to Williamsburg.

The old Capitol was the other terminus of Duke of Gloucester Street. A few years ago the ruins were purchased by a corporation that pried out the very foundations, and bore them off to Newport News to be worked into commercial buildings. The straight, wide thoroughfare presented a gay pageant in the days of Botetourt, Fauquier, Dinwiddie, and Spotswoode—

"an animated spectacle of coaches and four, containing the 'nabobs' and their dames; of maidens in silk and lace, with high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings; of youths passing on spirited horses—and all these people are engaged in attending the assemblies at the palace, in dancing at the Apollo" (in the famous Raleigh tavern, part of which is still standing) "in snatching the pleasure of the moment, and enjoying life under a régime which seems made for enjoyment."

The wings of the palace remained until blown down by the blasts of the civil war. The site is occupied by a schoolhouse. From the cellar runs a subterranean gallery 150 yards in length, opening into a funnel-shaped pit of substantial masonry. On each side of this is a walled chamber, capable of containing perhaps a dozen people. In the early spring-time narcissuses, jonquils, and crocuses fringe the mouth of the chasm. A clump of thorn-trees shades it. In the age of Indian massacres, and rebellions many against powers that were to-day and might not be to-morrow, the engineering and toil that contrived the exit from the official mansion were not idly bestowed.

The octagon powder magazine built in 1716, by the ablest of Colonial Governors, Alexander Spotswoode, recalls him less vividly than it awakens associations of the last and worst of

the line of royal lieutenants. In the dim dawn of April 20, 1775, a party of marines stole

"OLD POWDER-HORN."

across the palace green and Gloucester Street to the magazine, and before the Williamsburgers were astir, removed the ammunition to a

man-of-war lying in the offing. Two months later, Dunmore having been forced to surrender the keys of the "Old Powder Horn," some men entered and were wounded by a spring-gun tied to the door. Powder barrels were found secreted under the floor, and the tempest of popular indignation at the discovery of the infernal plot, drove the Governor from Virginia and from America.

Upon the steps of the Capitol on the day of the adjournment of the House of Burgesses that same year, three men lingered for a few parting words. The war-cloud was big upon the horizon. The vice-regal chariot and six cream-colored horses would never again flash along the long straight avenue; there would be no more palace balls; Thomas Jefferson, sandy-haired and awkward, had danced for the last time, "with Belinda at the Apollo." The glitter and glamour of the court had passed forever from the lowland town. Henry's war-cry, "Liberty or Death!" had been echoed by the "shot heard 'round the world." Washington, as Commander-in-chief of Colonial forces, was in Boston. Richard Henry Lee, the most majestic of the three figures fancy poses for us upon the Capitol steps, wrote silently upon a pillar of the portico:

"When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
When the hurly-burly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won."

In 1779 the seat of government was removed to the comparatively insignificant village of Richmond, higher up the river. Williamsburg was too accessible to British cruisers, and too remote from Washington's lines. The measure stamped "Ichabod" upon the once haughty little capital. Dry-rot, stealthy and fatal, settled upon her pleasant places.

The ghosts are faithful to it. Each house has its history, or yet more interesting tradition.

In the drawing-room of Dr. J. D. Moncure (the able Superintendent of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, situated in Williamsburg) hangs the portrait of Mary Cary, renowned for beauty and belleship in a family where beauty is hereditary and pronounced. Her sister Sally became the wife of George William Fairfax, the near neighbor and intimate friend of George Washington. The oft-repeated tale that "Sally" Cary was the first love of the Father of his Country is so effectually refuted by a document courteously furnished to

me by her great-grandson, Dr. Moncure, that I naturally prefer his story to my own:

"George William Fairfax, of Belvoir (Virginia), and Poulston, Yorkshire, England—married, December 17, 1748, Sarah, second daughter of Colonel Wilson Cary, of Celeys, near Hampton, on James River. George Fairfax was the companion of Washington on his surveying tour for Lord Fairfax. Washington first met Mrs. Fairfax at Belvoir, near Mount Vernon, when she was brought home as the bride of George William Fairfax. Miss Mary Cary accompanied her sister Sarah to Belvoir, and there met George Washington. She was then but fourteen years of age. Washington was only sixteen. . . . He had never visited the low country near Williamsburg prior to this, and therefore could not have met Sarah Cary until her marriage. It is said that he fell in love at sight with Mary Cary, and went so far, on his first visit to Williamsburg, as to ask Colonel Cary for the hand of his daughter."

The big, raw-boned lad found scant favor in the eyes of the patrician planter. He was dismissed in terms so curt that we must bear in mind paternal pride and other extenuating circumstances if we would keep intact our idea of a fine old Virginia gentleman.

"If that is your business here, sir, I wish you to leave the house. *My daughter*"—the swelling emphasis rumbles down the corridor

of years—" has been accustomed to ride in her own coach."

Tradition asserts that the chagrined suitor took the choleric parent at his word, and that the next time he looked upon the face of his early love was when he passed through Williamsburg on his return from Yorktown after the surrender of Cornwallis. As we stroll down the spinal street, the window in the old Cary house is pointed out at which Mary Cary—now Mrs. Edward Ambler—stood to watch the parade. Washington looked up, recognized her, and waved a smiling salute with his sword, whereat the lady fainted. A becoming and not difficult feat at an era when to swoon opportunely and gracefully was a branch of feminine education.

The incident rounds off the romance artistically, and I am self-convicted of ungracious injury to the unities in introducing, at the demand of justice, rebutting testimony in a note from another descendant of the much-wooed Mary Cary :

" Edward Ambler was about six feet in height, with a slender and remarkably genteel figure, and a fine, manly, expressive face. As he had mingled with the best society in Europe, it is not to be wondered at that his manners

were as polished as those of any nobleman in England. He was a man of great wealth and finished education, and ardently attached to his wife, who found him the kindest and most indulgent husband in the world. Why, then, should she regret the step she had taken in choosing between him and his illustrious rival ?"

Still another family paper mentions, "as a curious fact, that the lady George Washington afterwards married resembled Miss Cary as much as one twin sister ever did another." We look at the portrait upon Dr. Moncure's wall after all the evidence is in, unable, as we confess, to trace the alleged resemblance between the first and latest loves of the Nation's Benefactor. The turban or cap—a part, we are told, of a fancy dress in which she chose to be painted—is disfiguring, hiding as it does, the contour of the cheeks and elongating the face, besides concealing most of the hair, which is chestnut and apparently abundant. The complexion is exquisite ; the eyes are dark blue. Mary Cary must have owed much to color, expression, and manner, if the limner did her justice, and if the stories of her surpassing loveliness are true. Yet, as we gaze longer upon the fresh young face, we note the smooth, low brow, the spirited curve of the

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MARY CARY.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST LOVE.

mouth, the fine oval of cheek and chin, and begin to comprehend the probability of the sway she held over the hearts of two of the finest men in the grand old Mother State.

A letter, still extant, from Washington to a friend who had bantered him upon his admiration of Mrs. Custis, contains this remarkable passage:

"You need not tease me about the beautiful widow. *You* know very well whom I love."

The great chieftain is a trifle more human to our apprehension for the rift in the granitic formation that grants us a glimpse of fire in the heart of the boulder.

In the old Bruton parish church (founded in 1632) we are shown the gray marble font from which Pocahontas was baptized. The building is smaller now than in the times of the royal Governors, by the depth of the room cut off from the rear of the altar. In this room is the royal gallery where sat the representative of the Crown, his family, and sub-officers, during divine service. A door at the back was the private entrance to what corresponded in the provinces with the royal "closet" in English chapel or cathedral. That shabby little door opened Sunday after Sunday for

one year to let pass into the gallery such fine folk as "the Right Honorable the Countess of Dunmore, with Lord Fincastle, the Honorable Alexander and John Murray, and the Ladies Catherine, Augusta, and Susan Murray."

From a visitor at the palace we hear that "Lady Dunmore is a very elegant woman. Her daughters are fine, sprightly, sweet girls. Goodness of heart flashes from them in every look." That was the eighteenth-century Jenkins manner of speaking of the occupants of the royal "closets." We volunteer surmises as to who filled this particular post of honor upon June 1, 1774, the memorable fast-day when all the worshippers wore mourning, and the text of the sermon was, "*Help, Lord! for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men.*" Lady Dunmore and her daughters may have had their dish of taxed tea that evening. No true lover of her country and liberty touched or tasted the banned thing.

In the hospitable homestead of Mrs. Cynthia Tucker Coleman, not far away from the church, is a portrait of Pocahontas's greatest descendant, John Randolph of Roanoke. It

491 INTERIOR OF BRUTON PARISH-CHURCH AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA.

represents him at the age of thirty, at which date he was in Congress. The likeness is as gentle-eyed and sweet of face as that of an amiable boy of seventeen. Pale brown hair, with auburn lights in it, falls low on the forehead. There is not a token, in the serene, contemplative visage and clear eyes, of the morbid wretchedness of which bitter cynicism was the mask. In the same dwelling is kept the silver communion service used in the Jamestown church as far back as 1661. It bears the inscription, in English and Latin, "*Mix not holy things with profane.*" There is also a service presented to "Christ Church, Bruton Parish," by Queen Anne, who, a chronicler affirms, "loved her college."

In this home, now tenanted by his great-half-niece, John Randolph passed much of his early life. One of the fairest pictures conjured up by the magic wand of tradition is that of his beautiful mother—whose portrait faces his from the opposite wall—wearing widow's weeds, and kneeling, with a pretty boy beside her, "his fresh face pressed against her black gown, in the picturesque old church in Williamsburg during a special service of fasting and prayer"; which special occasion, we

choose to believe, was the same referred to, just now, when the fearless patriot cried from the pulpit to the God of armies for help. Mother and child were seen thus by a young Bermudian, an alumnus of William and Mary, who strayed into the sanctuary, and, in the graceful phrase of his great-grandson, Mr. Charles Washington Coleman, from whom we have the story, "found that love at first sight was as possible then as in 'the still-vexed Bermoothes' of The Tempest." He made the acquaintance of his charmer, declared his passion, and, after a while, was rewarded with her heart and hand. Writing about it fifty years afterwards, he said, "I thought I had never seen so beautiful a woman or so beautiful a child."

"Thus St. George Tucker, when an old man, Professor of Law in William and Mary, and a Judge of the United States Court, recorded his first meeting with his distinguished stepson."

John Randolph found in him the kindest, most indulgent of stepfathers.

One of the notable figures of old Williamsburg society was known to the day of her death as "Lady Christina Stuart," although

495 JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE, (AT THE AGE OF 30).

FROM ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART.

married to Mr. John Griffin, and with him a pilgrim in the New World. Descended from the royal Stuart line, she possessed beauty of a high order, and tales of her stateliness are as numerous as those of her piety and charity. Another dame of high degree was "Lady" Skipworth, a daughter of the third William Byrd, of Westover, and niece of "the fair Evelyn" whose tragic love-story is a favorite theme with tide-water *raconteurs*. Lingering by the neglected burying-ground in which she lies, we hearken, not faithless, not altogether credulous, to the tale of her restless flittings in white attire from room to room of an ancient mansion in which she died.

Seated in the cosy parlor of a yet older house, face to face with the sweet-faced, sweet-toned mistress, we quite believe the recital given by the voice—whose modulations are like "the music of Carryl" to ears once familiar with the slow ripple of Virginia speech—of the click of high heels that echoes along the hall to the door of the apartment in which we are now seated, and that the door flies open as the footfalls reach it,—a phenomenon so often repeated that the occurrence excites no alarm, scarcely remark, among the visible inmates of

the dwelling. Sometimes the wearer of the high-heeled slippers walks in broad daylight, but usually at night. All attempts to fathom the mystery have been fruitless. The accustomed ears of our hostess have supplied other senses with a vivid conception of what manner of ghost is the unquiet visitant. The feet are small, she is sure; the tread is light, with the buoyancy of youth; the carriage is high-bred. The "tap! tap!" of the dainty heels begins at the back of the wide hall, and moves steadily to the door; obedient to her touch, the door is opened, as by the eager hand of an expectant lover,—then all is silent. Did the nameless "she" meet her fate upon the threshold? or does she still seek and pursue it?

An upper chamber is haunted by a young Frenchman, one of Rochambeau's officers, who died here during the Revolutionary war, the house being in use then by Washington and others in high command. The apartment across the hall from the foreigner's death-room, has periodical visitations upon the anniversary of the decease of Chancellor Wythe, who once owned and lived in the mansion. He was done to his death by poison administered by his nephew. At the hour and on the night in

which he breathed his last, a closet door uncloses, an icy wind pours forth, and a cold hand is passed over the face of whomsoever may be the occupant of the bed. More than one sceptic has begged for and obtained permission to sleep in the chamber upon the anniversary, but none has ever cared to repeat the experiment.

They are, one and all, punctilious ghosts, the smiling narrator adds, never encroaching upon each other's beats, behavior becoming Rochambeau's contemporary, the dainty dame of the clicking tread, and the courtly Chancellor. A house upon the same side of the street is as affluent in disembodied residents or guests, offering, as it does, especial facilities for their occupation and entertainment in a double roof and divers secret chambers, one of which was but recently discovered.

All this well-attested ghost-lore does not touch our hearts or quicken our fancy as does one small pane of glass in a pleasant home across the way from the double-roofed domicile. The room is not large, and somewhat secluded, looking out upon a side-garden. Lilac-bushes, mossy with age, shade the lower part of the window. It is just the nook that

would be selected for lonely musing or silent weeping by love-sick girl or stricken woman. We can see the mourner leaning her forehead against the sash as she writes with her diamond ring upon the glass:

"*1796. Nov. 23. Ah, fatal day!*"

Tradition is dumb as to the trembling record,—silence we hardly regret.

A young girl, who might be the double of what the sad writer was before the fatal shadow swallowed up the light of her world, offers to trace a fac-simile of the piteous legend upon tissue-paper for me, and I watch her intent face and slender fingers with a growing pain I cannot define, only that it goes with thoughts of other fingers—still and pulseless long ago—and of the old story that is never trite,—of love, of loss, and heart-break.

She who does me the favor does not know why I cannot smile in thanking her for her goodness to the stranger within her gates. As I might handle a sentient thing, I fold the bit of paper, and lay it gently between the leaves of the note-book that records, after all, but little that we have seen, heard and felt during our sojourn in the dear old town where ghosts walk.

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More Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories

I

JOHNSON HALL, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

SOME one of the many delvers in the strata of colonial history may beguile the tedium of statistical labours by computing what proportion of well-born pioneers were driven across the sea by unfortunate love affairs. The result would show that a Cupid-in-tears, or a spray of Love-lies-bleeding, might be incorporated with the arms of several of our proudest commonwealths.

In the year of our Lord 1738, William Johnson, eldest son of Christopher Johnson, Esq., of Warrenton, County Down, Ireland, settled in the Mohawk Valley. His was an excel-

lent and ancient family. Sir Peter Warren, well known to readers of English naval history, was his maternal uncle. Another uncle, Oliver Warren, was a captain in the Royal Navy in the reign of Queen Anne and George I. Sir Peter Warren owned an extensive tract of land on both sides of the Mohawk River and a handsome residence in New York City. In the latter he lived for a dozen years or more after his marriage with a daughter of James De Lancey, at one time Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and prominent in the annals of the troublous times immediately preceding the American Revolution.

The dwelling built and occupied by Sir Peter, known in our day as No. 1 Broadway, and used for long as the Washington Hotel, was made an object of interest to succeeding generations by the circumstance that General Sir William Howe and Sir Henry Clinton used it as headquarters during the earlier years of the war. Here were held the conferences between Sir Henry and his young aide, Major André, in which were arranged the details of André's mission to Arnold. Under the venerable roof he passed the last peaceful night he was to know on earth, setting out on

the morrow for his fatal expedition up the river.

Sir Peter Warren's nephew, William Johnson, although but twenty-three years of age upon his arrival in the New World, had been desperately in love with a fair one in his native land, suffering such grievous torments from the cruelty of his enslaver that he forswore her, his home, and his country, and fled into permanent exile. The distemper had abated somewhat, or was a thing apart from the workings of an uncommonly cool and sagacious brain, by the time he closed with his uncle's offer to become his agent in the management of his Mohawk estate. He landed in New York in the spring of 1738. In the autumn he was in the full tide of farm-work, timbering, and country-storekeeping. An advance of £200 per annum was to be made by the wealthy Baronet to his young partner for the first three years, and paid off afterward in installments. Money, and whatever was needed to keep up the stock in the "store," were sent up the Hudson and Mohawk from New York. This city was the quarter-deck from which Sir Peter issued his commands to his able first mate.

In 1742, there was much talk between the two of skins purchased and shipped down the river, and Sir Peter reiterates an admonition that the orchard be not neglected, and that "fruit-trees of the best kinds" be set out regardless of expense. His far-reaching policy included the blossoming of the wilderness and a just return to it, although not in kind, of the wealth the kinsmen were drawing from it. Young Johnson, at this date, "roughed it" as if he had been a peasant immigrant, with no rich uncle within call. He took his grain to mill on horseback, riding upon the sacks fifteen miles to Caughnawaga, on the opposite side of the river, bringing back bags of cornmeal and flour for store, camp, and farmhands. In these expeditions he had cast his eye upon an eligible site for a saw-mill, also across the river, and bought it on his own responsibility and with his own money. He had no intention of building a dwelling-house upon it,—or so he assured his chief, who, apparently, had heard a rumour to that effect. Yet we find Johnson, in 1743, clearing ground in the neighbourhood of the saw-mill for a spacious house, and hauling to the eligible site so many loads of stone, timber, and pearlash as to whet the

curiosity of his white neighbours into the liveliest wonder and admiration.

He had done well for himself in the five years which had elapsed since he turned his back upon his disdainful Dulcinea and the green shores of Erin. Sir Peter Warren's estate was in the very heart of the Iroquois and Mohawk tribes, then, and for many years thereafter, the friends in peace, and the allies in war, of the English. What Captain John Smith had hoped to do and to become in Virginia,—failing by reason of the envy of his colleagues, the distrust of the London Company, under whose orders he was, and, finally, through the accident that crippled and sent him back to England,—William Johnson did and became in the more northern province. Irish wit, the light heart, quickness, and facility of adaptation to environment and associates characteristic of his countrymen of the better sort, were equipments he brought into the wilderness with him. He joined to these an unbending will, resolute ambition, and personal bravery that would have made him a leader of men anywhere. There were more Dutch than English settlers in the valley. In a year's time he learned enough of their speech to

bandy jokes with them over mugs of strong ale and tobacco-pipes, and to outwit them in trading. Within two years he could act as interpreter for Dutch boers and English landholders with the Indians, and in these negotiations held the balance of justice with so firm a hand that the most wary sachems were imbued with belief in his integrity. Here was one pale-face who would neither cheat them himself, nor allow others to cheat them. He improved the advantage thus gained so cleverly that before the first rows of foundation-stones were laid for Johnson Hall in 1744, the owner and builder had more influence with the tribes than any other white man within an area of five hundred miles. In the winter's hunting-parties for moose and wolves; in trapping for otter and beaver; about the council fires; in the wild orgies and barbaric feasts followed by shooting-matches, races, and dances, in which picked young men of the tribes were competitors,—Johnson was not a whit behind the most notable of hunters and warriors. He was with, and of, them. He might outbargain Dutch, Germans, and English. With the Indians he was upright and generous to a proverb, liked and trusted by all. His was no

ephemeral popularity. Thirty years afterward, the eulogium spoken by a Mohawk sachem above the wampum-bound grave of the friend of his race—the adopted brother of his tribe—condensed the experience of all these years into one mournful sentence:

"Sir William Johnson *never deceived us.*"

As the immediate fruit of his policy, or principles, his was the first choice of the pelts brought into the European settlement by the Indians. Had he wished to purchase all, he could have secured a monopoly of whatever was available to the white traders. He virtually controlled the fish market of the regions skirting the river, and had his pick of such redskins as could be induced to work in the fields in summer, and at logging in winter. While he lived in a log-cabin, larger, but hardly more comfortable than a wigwam, any Iroquois or Mohawk was welcome to a bountiful share of venison, or bear-meat, hominy, and whiskey. The host ate with him and they smoked together afterward, over the coals or out-of-doors, discussing tribal politics, or the growing encroachments of the guest's hereditary enemies, the Cherokees and Choctaws, upon the Iroquois hunting-grounds to the

south of the Valley. When they were sleepy, both men rolled themselves up in their blankets on the floor, or stretched themselves upon pallets of fox- and bearskin. Disputes among the aborigines were referred to the wise and friendly white man, and no enterprise of note was undertaken without consultation with him.

When growing wealth and a growing family led him to build, besides Johnson Hall, a less ambitious dwelling, called Johnson Castle, some miles farther up the river, the savage horde was still free to come and go as will, or convenience, impelled them. Parkman says that Johnson Hall was "surrounded by cabins built for the reception of the Indians, who often came in crowds to visit the proprietor, invading his dwelling at all unseasonable hours, loitering in the doorways, spreading their blankets in the passages, and infecting the air with the fumes of stale tobacco."

What manner of housewife and woman was she who could submit with any show of patience to the lawless intrusion of uncouth savages, and the attendant nuisances of vermin, filth, and evil odours?

"Begging for a drink of raw rum, and giving

forth a strong smell, like that of a tame bear, as he toasted himself by the fire,"—thus one writer describes a specimen visitor.

To be consistent with his adoption of Indian manners and usages, and to cement his authority with his allies, the astute trader-planter should have wedded some savage maiden and filled his lodge with a dusky race. At a later day the policy commended by France's king, urged by him upon France's colonists in America, and approved by them in theory and practice, seemed right and cunning in William Johnson's sight, as we shall see.

In religion, as in morals, he was catholic and eclectic, and a law unto himself. The fascinated student of his biography cannot resist the conviction that, within the stalwart body of this educated backwoodsman, lived two natures as diverse and distinct, the one from the other, as the fabled Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. There were Dutch and German Reformed churches up and down the river—one of which, "Stone Arabia," retains name and place unto this day. Each had its attendance of devout communicants, men and women who lived godly and virtuous married lives in lonely cabins and sparse settlements in the

clearings they had made in the primeval forest. William Johnson was on neighbourly terms with them all, doing many a kind and liberal turn for them, as occasion offered ; subscribing money to build houses of worship, giving voluntarily fifty acres for a glebe farm upon condition that a parsonage should be built for the Lutheran minister, and, the next week, making a like gift to the Calvinistic congregation with a similar proviso. While calling himself an Episcopalian, he entertained British priests travelling from log-house to camp, in ministry upon the few sheep in the wilderness that owned allegiance to the Parent Church. He enjoyed conversation with the reverend fathers ; he fed them with the fat of lambs and of beeves, cheered them with his best liquors, and pressed them, with friendly violence, to tarry for days and nights in an abode that reeked with the fumes of raw rum, stale tobacco, and the exhalations of unwashed savages. While he had not had the university training most young men of his birth and class enjoyed in Great Britain, his education was far more thorough than is generally supposed by those familiar with his manner of living, and the outlines of his career. He received and read

letters written in French and Latin, and made descriptive endorsements of the contents upon them in the same languages.

When he cast an eye of favour upon a buxom German lass, Catherine Wissenberg by name, the daughter of a fellow immigrant, he made his courtship brief. Whether his comely presence, his reputed wealth, and his nimble wits and tongue won the damsel's consent, or whether, as was hinted, the negotiation was purely commercial, and her father profited by the result, we do not know. It is certain that Catherine Wissenberg became the mistress of the stately new mansion on the river-slope and sharer of the master's fortunes.

Parkman, in his delightful history of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, says that she was a Dutch girl whom, in justice to his children, Johnson married upon her death-bed. Stone's carefully prepared *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson* strips the alliance of the picturesque element by asserting that the marriage was in good and regular form and date, and thus recorded in the Johnson Bible. The introduction of this same family Bible lends verity to the latter story, and a smack of demure respectability to this important episode

of the singular life that entitles it to a place on the Dr. Jekyll side of the page.

In birth and social position Mrs. Johnson was her husband's inferior, and, it goes without saying, in education also. She was gentle of temper, had plenty of good common sense, and was sincerely attached to her handsome spouse. Three children were the fruit of the marriage: John (afterward Sir John), Mary, who, in due time, married Guy Johnson, her cousin and the son of another pioneer, and Ann, or Nancy, who became the wife of Colonel Daniel Claus—a name that declares his Dutch extraction.

Mrs. Johnson did not live long to enjoy the dignities of the first lady in the Valley. She died early in the year 1745. In his will, made almost a quarter-century after the beginning of his widowerhood, Johnson refers to her as his "beloved wife Catherine," and directs that his remains shall be laid beside hers. In view of the relations which succeeded marital respectability, we are inclined to consider this section of his testament as a Jekyllish figure of speech, although the tribute to the amiable and dutiful matron may have been sincere.

The threatening aspect of the times in which he lived would have distracted his thoughts

from honest and deep mourning. The political heavens were black with portents of storm. To quote Parkman:

"With few and slight exceptions, the numerous tribes of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, besides a host of domiciliated savages in Canada itself, stood ready, at the bidding of the French, to grind their tomahawks and turn loose their ravenous war-parties; while the British colonists had too much reason to fear that now those tribes which seemed most friendly to their cause, and which formed the sole barrier of their unprotected borders, might, at the first sound of the war-whoop, be found in arms against them."

Even the Mohawks and Iroquois living on the confines of Canada were gradually won over by the wily French, assisted by the powerful influence of the priesthood.

Johnson, up to this time, had taken little active part in the administration of public affairs. He was too busy shipping furs to London, and flour to Halifax and the West Indies, farming and clearing and lumbering, embellishing the extensive grounds of Johnson Hall with English shrubbery, setting, in the broad front of the mansion, the costly windows with "diapered panes," made in, and imported from, France expressly for him, and otherwise forwarding the interests of a fast-rising

man in a new country,—to mix himself up with matters which he thought would right themselves without his interference. He would seem to have had his first definite indication that he might have a serious and imminent interest in the popular tumults, in the autumn after Mrs. Johnson's decease. An intimate friend, a resident of Albany, wrote to him from that place, entreating that he would not think of passing the winter at Johnson Hall, or, as it was otherwise called, "Fort Johnson."

"The French have told our Indians that they will have you, dead or alive, because you are a relation of Captain Warren, their great adversary," was the reason given for the friendly warning.

The writer went on to represent that there was room in his own home for his menaced friend, and as many of his servants as he cared to bring. As no mention is made of the motherless children, the presumption is that they were already in Albany, or some other safer asylum than their father's house. Johnson declined the urgent invitation and fortified the Hall with what our historian styles the barriers of the English frontier. He knew his Indians, and they believed in him. Through-

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JOHNSON HALL
(BUILT 1762)

out the winter they lurked and loitered about, and in, the house on the hill, apparently as lazy and dull as hibernating bears—in reality alert in every sense for the protection of their patron.

In the spring his scouts corroborated the news from Albany that the French at Crown Point meditated an attack upon the nearest English settlements. He had his material ready when the request came from army headquarters that "a few Mohawks whom he knew to be trusty" might be sent to reconnoitre the Valley. Sixteen picked men were despatched upon this errand. Their report of the extent of hostile preparations aroused Johnson to the consciousness that his living "barrier" might be insufficient to protect his property from destruction, however well they might play the watch-dog for his person. He wrote to Albany, asking that a small force of regular soldiery be sent to Johnson Hall. Among other valuables that might tempt the enemy, he specified eleven thousand bushels of wheat ready for the mill. The white settlers all about him were fleeing for their lives into forts and fortified towns. A troop of thirty "regulars" was placed at his disposal, and,

reinforced by a considerable body of militia, composed the garrison of Johnson Hall, bivouacking in lawn and gardens, and feasting at the master's expense.

Partly to show his unabated confidence in the loyalty of his Indian allies, somewhat incommoded now by the influx of white warriors, partly to strengthen and establish his influence with them, he offered himself for adoption into the Mohawk tribe. A great council of sachems and braves was convened, and with formalities many, speeches innumerable, and a confusing passing back and forth of wampum belts as tangible punctuation points and italic dashes, he was made a Mohawk, inside and out, and proclaimed a chieftain, with all the rights, powers, and immunities pertaining to the rank. "In this capacity," says Stone, "he assembled them at festivals and appointed frequent war-dances, by way of exciting them to engage actively in the war." He wore blanket, moccasins, and feathered head-gear,—a garb that became him rarely,—spoke their dialect, and deported himself in all things as if born to the honours conferred upon him by his "brothers." Many of the chiefs were persuaded by him to accept the Governor's invitation to visit him at

Albany for consideration of the best means of ensuring the safety of the colony. The younger braves were wrought upon by argument and flattery to pledge themselves to support the English cause in the event of active hostilities between the English and French. All but three of the Mohawk and Iroquois sachems were, by these means, committed to the side represented to them by their newly made chief.

In 1746, Johnson was made contractor for the trading-post of Oswego, trammelled in purchase and sale only by the stipulation that "no higher charges be made in time of war than it had been usual to pay in time of peace."

He had, that same year, a welcome visitor in the person of his brother, Captain Warren Johnson, of the Royal Army. He brought from Governor Clinton a letter addressed to "*Colonel* William Johnson," enjoining him to "keep up the Indians to their promises of keeping out scouts to watch the motions of the French," and concluding with the pleasant intimation, "I have recommended you to his Majesty's favour through the Duke of Newcastle."

Neither the Governor's favour nor the promise of royal patronage put money into the new

Colonel's purse. He told the Governor plainly, in 1747, that he was "like to be ruined for want of blankets, linen, paints, guns, cutlasses, etc.," which were not to be had in Albany,—all, as will be seen, commodities for his copper-coloured allies. The date of the letter is March 18th, and a touch of Irish humour flashes out in the closing paragraph:

"We kept St. Patrick's Day yesterday, and this day, and drank your health, and that of all friends in Albany, with so many other healths that I can scarce write."

In May he renders a curious and blood-curdling report of prisoners *and scalps*, brought to Johnson Hall by a party under command of Walter Butler, a name destined to become notorious in Revolutionary annals. Butler was a mere youth at this date, and, as we can but see, taking a novitiate in methods of warfare which stamped the family with infamy when the loyal subject of King George became, with no change of principle or practice, the bloodthirsty Tory. He had been skirmishing in the vicinity of Crown Point, at the head of a mixed band of whites and Indians, and brought back his prizes to the Colonel and chief.

"I am quite pestered every day," writes Johnson to Clinton, "with parties returning with prisoners and scalps, and without a penny to buy them with, it comes very hard upon me, and displeasing to them."

One speculates, in standing in the central hall of the ancient house, in what array the scalps were hung against the walls, and if the master carried his conformity to Indian customs to the length of wearing a fringe of them at his girdle. "Pestered" is a darkly significant word in this connection and one which Mr. Hyde would have snarled out in like circumstances. The rest of the letter is in the same vein. There is a requisition for "blue camlet, red shalloon, good lace, and white metal buttons, to make up a parcel of coats for Seneca chiefs." Also "thirty good castor hats, with scallop lace for them all,—white lace, if to be had, if not, some yellow with it. This, I assure your Excellency, goes a great way with them."

As he is finishing the letter, "another party of mine, consisting of only six Mohawks," renders a tale of seven prisoners and three scalps,—"which is very good for so small a party."

The cool complacency of the comment, and

the calm and certain conviction that his news will not displease his Excellency, belong to that day and generation. Let us thank God they are not ours!

His house was "full of the Five Nations" as he penned this despatch to his superior. "Some are going out to-morrow against the French. Others go for news which, when furnished, I shall let your Excellency know."

The tenor of each communication shows that his fighting-blood was in full flow, and that his ways and means were dictated by the aroused savage within him. Clinton had given him his head in a letter written in April.

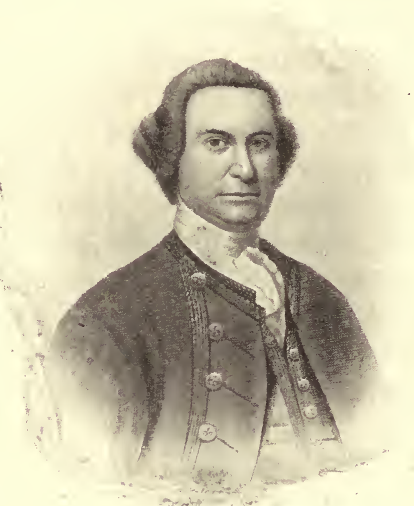
"The council did not think it proper to put rewards for scalping or taking poor women or children prisoners, in the bill I am going to pass," is a crafty phrase of the official document. "But the Assembly has assured me the money shall be paid when it so happens, if the Indians insist upon it."

In his turn, Governor Clinton assured his complaisant Assembly that,

"whereas it had formerly been difficult to obtain a dozen or twenty scouts, Col. Johnson engaged to bring a thousand warriors into the field upon any reasonable notice. Through his influence the chiefs have been

weaned from their intimacy with the French, and many distant Indian nations are now courting the friendship of the English."

In the month of February, 1748, Colonel Johnson was put in command of the Colonial forces under arms for the defence of the English frontiers.



COLONEL JOHNSON.

At one of the regimental militia musters,—called by our forefathers "training days,"—reviewed by the Colonel in command, his attention and that of the officers grouped with him wandered from the business of the day to a "side-show," as diverting as it was unexpected. Hundreds of spectators stood on the outskirts of the training-ground, a large proportion being women and children. Conspicuous among the squaws in the inner circle was

Mary, otherwise Molly, Brant, a young half-breed, the dashing belle of her dark-skinned coterie, and known by sight to most of the white officers. Her step-father, in whose family she was brought up, figures in Colonel Johnson's letters as "Nickus Brant," "Old Brant," and "Brant of Canajoharie." Johnson's home, when in Canajoharie, was "at Brant's house," and the more than amicable relations between the two men were manifested in many ways. In 1758, Johnson records, in his Diary, the presentation by himself of a string of wampum to Brant and Paulus, two important sachems of the Mohawks.

Nobody assumed that Old Nickus was the father of Molly and her brother Joseph. They took, for common use, the name of their mother's husband, Barnet, or Bernard, corrupted by common usage to Brant. The mother was a Mohawk squaw. Her girl and boy were half-breeds. When Joseph became a warrier of renown under the title of Thayendanegea ("Two-sticks-of-wood-bound-together,"—a symbol of strength), an effort was made by his tribe to prove him a full-blooded Indian, and his father to have been a sachem of the Mohawks. It is but fair to state that Joseph

Brant, while signing both Indian and English names to letters and treaties, does not seem to have attempted to support this claim. If his mother confided to him the secret of his parentage, he kept it for her, and for himself. Jared Sparks—than whom we have no better authority upon Revolutionary history—believed the younger of the half-breed children, Joseph, to have been William Johnson's son. Other annalists of less note held the same opinion. The hypothesis draws colour and plausibility from Johnson's marked partiality for the lad. Although but thirteen years old when the battle of Lake George was fought (1755), he followed Colonel Johnson to the field, and had there his "baptism of fire,"—in ruder English, his first taste of blood. He was educated at Johnson's expense in Moor Charity School, afterward Dartmouth College. A fellow student was his young nephew, William Johnson, the son of Colonel Johnson and Molly Brant. Brant's after-life belongs to a later period of our story.

Return we to the handsome Indian girl, laughing in the front rank of the spectators of the parade, brave in bright blanket and fluttering ribbons, and shooting smart sallies from a

ready tongue at such soldiers as accosted her in passing. A mounted officer presently rode up closer to the lookers-on than any private had dared to venture, and leaned from his saddle-bow to speak to her. His horse was a fine, spirited animal, and Molly praised him rapturously, finally begging permission to ride him. As gaily the officer bade her mount behind him. With one agile spring, the girl was upon the crupper, and clasped the rider's waist. The mettled horse reared, then dashed off at full speed. Round and round the parade-ground they flew, the astonished officer able to do nothing except keep the saddle and guide the frantic beast into the line of the improvised race-course. The blanket had dropped from Molly's shoulders as she leaped from the ground; her black hair streamed upon the wind; her shining eyes, white teeth, and crimson cheeks transformed the swarthy belle into a beauty. Screams of laughter, encouraging huzzas, and clapping of hands followed her flight. When the discomfited victim of the mad escapade at last regained control of his horse and Molly slipped from her perch as lightly as she had mounted, the first person to salute and congratulate her upon her grace and

dexterity was the Colonel of the regiment, the great man of the Valley, and, as he made her and the lookers-on to understand, henceforward her most obedient servant.

No time was lost in preliminaries. Molly Brant became, without benefit of clergy or regard to the prejudices of society, the "tribal wife" of the adopted Mohawk, and retained the position until Johnson's death. Mrs. Grant, in her interesting work, *An American Lady*, launders the *liaison* into conventional decency and polish :

"Becoming a widower in the prime of life, he [Johnson] connected himself with an Indian maiden, daughter of a sachem, who possessed an uncommonly agreeable person and good understanding."

Molly and her tribe undoubtedly considered the connection as valid as if law had sealed and gospel blessed it. It served to rivet the already strong bonds by which Johnson held them to his and to the English interests. While he lived, no word or deed of his tended to cast disrespect upon the woman who reigned over his mighty establishment of negro and Indian servants, German and Dutch tenants.

After he became a Baronet-General, living

in a style befitting his rank and wealth, Molly held her own without apparent effort.

"Nothing could have better shown how powerful Sir William had become," says Harold Frederic,[1] "and how much his favour was to be courted, than the fact that ladies of quality and strict propriety, who fancied themselves very fine folk indeed,—the De Lanceys and Phillipses and the like,—would come visiting the widower baronet in his Hall, and close their eyes to the presence there of Miss Molly and her half-breed children. Sir William's neighbours, indeed, overlooked this from their love of the man, and their reliance in his sense and strength. But the others—the aristocrats—held *their* tongues from fear of his wrath, and of his influence in London.

"He would suffer none of them to markedly avoid or affront the Brant squaw, whom, indeed, they had often to meet as an associate and an equal."

Staid British matrons from over the sea, copper-sheathed in the proprieties of wedded virtue, accepted the hospitalities of Johnson Hall upon like terms. Lady Susan O'Brian, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, with her husband, was entertained for several days by Sir William in 1765. The titled dame pronounced "his housekeeper, a well-bred and pleasant lady," perfectly aware, all the while, what were her relations to the courtly host,

[1] *In the Valley*, by Harold Frederic.

and whose were the children who called him "father," and had, apparently, equal rights with the acknowledged heir, John Johnson, and his sisters. Lord Adam Gordon, a Scotch peer, was domesticated at the Hall for a much longer time than the O'Brians, and when he sailed for England took John with him, "to try to wear off the rusticity of a country education," as the lad's father phrased it.

With all his outward show of affection for his black-browed mistress, and the tribute of deference he exacted for her from high and low, the other self of this dual-natured potentate set her decidedly aloof, in his thoughts and in legal documents, from the station a lawful wife would have taken and kept. The will, ordaining that he should be buried by his "beloved wife Catherine," provides for mourning and maintenance for "my housekeeper, Mary Brant," and scores a broad line of demarcation between "my dearly beloved son, Sir John Johnson," and "Peter, my natural son by Mary Brant." Also, between his daughters, Ann Claus and Mary Johnson, and the children of "said housekeeper, Mary Brant." There was never any blending or confusion of boundary lines between the two personalities

in the single body. European and Mohawk, aristocrat and savage,—each was sharply drawn and definite. Neither infringed upon the other's rights, and the unities of the queer double-action life-drama were never violated.

In the outer world the signs of the times were ominous enough. That the Iroquois remained proof against the blandishments of the wily French, backed by the threats of the Indian allies of France, throughout the disturbances of 1747–49, was due entirely to Johnson's influence. "Anyone other than he would have failed," testifies a contemporary.

"On one day he is found ordering from London lead for the roof of his house; despatching a load of goods to Oswego; bartering with the Indians for furs, and writing to Governor Clinton at length on the encroachments of the French, doing everything with neatness and despatch. At the same time he superintended the militia, attended to the affairs of the Six Nations, and, as Ranger of the woods for Albany County, kept a diligent watch upon those who were disposed to cut down and carry off by stealth the King's timber."

Envy at his success, joined to animosity against Clinton, moved the Assembly at Albany to neglect the payment of the Colony's debt to Johnson. They even accused him of making out fraudulent bills, and refused to

meet his demand for the return of £200 advanced from his private fortune for defence of frontiers and treaties with the Indians. Stung to the quick of a haughty nature, he resigned his position as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, at the same time sending word to the tribes that his interest in all that concerned *them* would remain unabated. His resolution to have nothing more to do with public business was opposed strenuously by the Indians.

"One half of Colonel Johnson belongs to your Excellency, the other half to us," was the wording of a petition sent by a council of braves to the Governor. "We all lived happily while we were under his management. We love him. He is, and has always been, our good and trusty friend."

After the victory of Lake George, Colonel Johnson was created a Baronet and received a vote of thanks from Parliament, with a gift of £5000. Johnstown was founded by him in 1760. He was the active patron of an Indian Mission School at Stockbridge, also of one established in Albany in 1753, and was the father of that at Lebanon which grew into Dartmouth College. He built an Episcopal church at Schenectady, a Masonic lodge at

Johnson Hall, and, the war being over, had leisure to superintend the erection of two stately stone houses for his daughters, his gifts to them, together with 640 acres of ground apiece.

As years gathered upon him, his desire increased to educate and Christianise the race to which "one half of him" belonged by adoption. Upon this and other benevolent schemes he wrought as one who felt that the time for labour was brief. He had cause for the premonition. An old wound, received at Lake George, troubled him sorely. By the advice of his redskin friends, he visited Saratoga, to test the curative properties of waters until then unknown to the whites. When his son John, who had been knighted (for his father's sake) in England, brought a New York bride home to the Hall, she was received by her august father-in-law with all the state and cordiality due to her position as the wife of his heir and the prospective queen of the fair domain. For some days the Baronet played again, and for the last time, the courtly lord of the manor to the throng of guests from other mansions, for fifty miles up and down the Mohawk and the Hudson, invited to welcome the bridal pair.

33

OLD TRYON COUNTY JAIL IN JOHNSTOWN
(BUILT IN 1772).

Satin-shod feet skimmed the oaken floors ; the thick walls echoed all day long and far into the night with the clamour of merry voices ; there were feasting and dancing and song, and much exchange of curtsies and bows and fine speeches, and as little apparent concern on account of the impending quarrel between the mother country and colonies as apprehension as to the cause of the ashy pallor which had supplanted bronze and glow in the master's face.

Attended by a faithful body-servant, he set off for New London at the end of a week, in the hope of invigoration from the sea-air and sea-bathing, leaving the young couple in charge of the Hall during his absence.

Gradually one active duty after another was demitted, Sir William spending much time in his library, reading books he had, at last, leisure to study, and writing at length to the Governor of Virginia of Indian manners, customs, traditions, and history.

True to his pledges to his tribe, he emerged from his semi-seclusion in July, 1774, to preside over a congress of six hundred Indians assembled to confer with him upon divers and vital affairs, big with fate in the eyes of the Six

Nations. The gathering was in the grounds of Johnson Hall; the delegates were fed from the Hall kitchen; the floors of rooms, halls, and porches were covered at night with blankets, as was the turf of lawn and grove. Sir William occupied the chief seat of honour in the conclave of Saturday, July 9. The peculiar pallor that betrayed the ravages of the mysterious and subtle disease preying upon his vitals, and the shrunken outlines of the once powerful figure were all the indices of failing physical strength his indomitable will suffered to be seen. Wrapped in the scarlet blanket trimmed with gold lace, dear to the barbaric taste of his congeners, he sat bolt upright, his features set in stern gravity becoming a sachem, and hearkened patiently to the long-drawn-out details of the wrongs the tribes had endured at the hands of their nominal friends, the English. The boundaries of their territories were invaded by squatters; their hunting-grounds were ranged over by lawless furriers and trappers; the venders of fire-water brought the deadly thing to the very doors of their wigwams.

The sun was nearing the zenith when the tale began. It was not far from the western

hills when the last orator ceased speaking. The presiding chief reminded them that the day was far spent, and that the morrow would be the Sabbath, on which their white brothers did no work. On Monday they should have their answer from his lips—the lips that had never lied to them.

Johnstown was now a village of eighty families, with shops and dwellings built with lumber from Johnson's saw-mills, and pearlash from his factories. In the centre of the town, named for his oldest son, stood the Episcopal church, a gift to the parish from the founder of the place. We wish we knew whether he sat in the Johnson pew that Sunday, or sought recuperation for his waning forces in such rest and quiet as were attainable in the solitude of his library, with six hundred savages encamped under the windows.

He began his oration to them at ten o'clock Monday morning, standing, uncovered, under the July sky. From the preamble, his tone was conciliatory; sometimes it was pleading. He assured the malcontents that the outrages they resented, and with reason, were not the act of the government, but of lawless individuals. He promised redress in the name of King and

Governor; recapitulated past benefits received from both of these; counselled charity of judgment and moderation in action. He had never been more eloquent, never more nearly sublime than in this, the final union of the finest type of Indian and of the upright white citizen of the New World. He was the warrior in every inch of his lofty stature, quivering with energy in the impassioned periods that acknowledged the red man's wrongs and maintained the red man's rights. He was no less the loyal subject of King George in the calm recital of what the parent government had done for its allies, and solemn pledges for the future.

He spoke for two hours. The day was fiercely hot. When he would have resumed his seat, he staggered and reeled backward. His servants rushed forward and carried him into the library. An express messenger leaped upon his horse and galloped off madly for Sir John Johnson, who was at his own home, nine miles away, thankful, we make no doubt, to escape the assembling of the tribes. The son rode a blooded hunter eight miles in fifteen minutes, the animal falling dead under him three-quarters of a mile from Johnson Hall.

Leaving him in the road, Sir John procured another horse and dashed on. His father still lay in the library, supported by his trusty body-servant. The son fell upon his knees at his side, and poured a flood of anguished questions into the dulled ear. There was no answer, and no token of recognition. In less than ten minutes the last breath was drawn.

"He died of a suffocation," wrote Guy Johnson to the Earl of Dartmouth. The report of the sorrowing Council at Albany said, "a fit of some kind." He had been subject for many months to "a sense of compressure and tightness across the stomach," diagnosed by his physician as "stoppage of the gall-duct." Whatever might have been the malady, he had battled with it long and valiantly; he died with his harness on, as sachem and Anglo-Saxon should.

Two thousand whites attended the funeral, and "of Indians a great multitude, who behaved with the greatest decorum and exhibited the most lively marks of a real sorrow." At their earnest instance they were allowed to perform their own ceremonies over the remains when the Christian services were concluded. A double belt of wampum was laid upon the

body; six rows of the same were bound about the grave. Each was deposited as the "Amen" of a panegyric upon the virtues and deeds of the deceased chieftain. The pregnant sentence I have already quoted summed up the body and soul of the testimony:

"*Sir William Johnson never deceived us.*"

Thus lived and thus died, in his sixtieth year, the best friend the North American Indian has ever had, William Penn not excepted.

II

JOHNSON HALL, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

(Concluded)

THE progress of Sir William Johnson's mortal malady was accelerated by his grief at the rupture between the American Colonies and the Mother Country.

Parkman says:

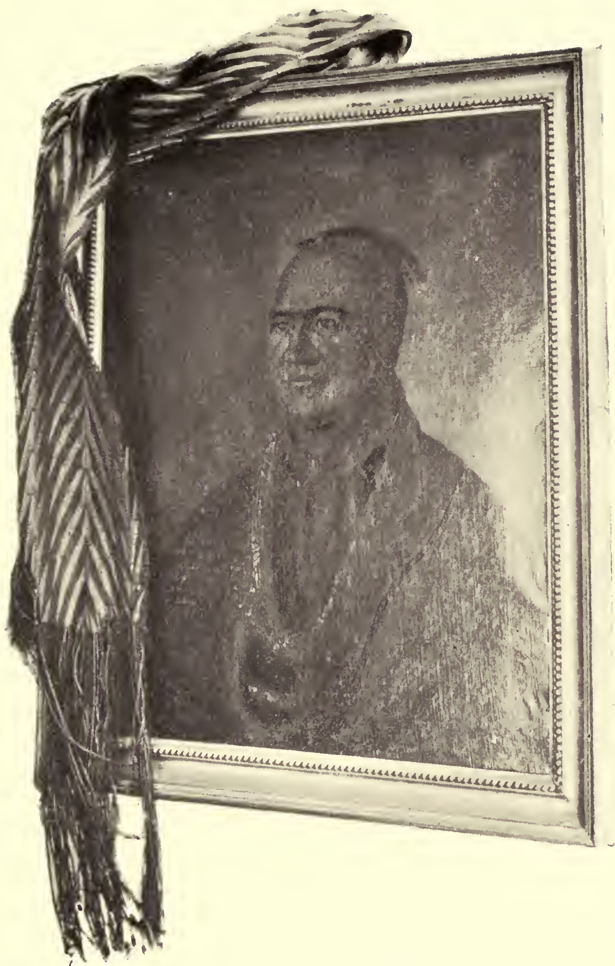
> "He stood wavering in an agony of indecision, divided between his loyalty to the sovereign who was the source of all his honours, and his reluctance to become the agent of a murderous Indian warfare against his countrymen and friends. His resolution was never taken. He was hurried to his grave by mental distress, or, as many believed, by the act of his own hand."

Dismissing the latter hypothesis with the remark that there was nothing in the incidents of the death-scene, as related in our preceding chapter, to warrant the suspicion of suicide, we cannot gainsay the evidence that the inde-

cision—a novelty to him in any circumstances —was a veritable agony. At one and the same time we find him writing letters condemnatory of the Stamp Act, and exhorting his Indian allies—"Whatever may happen, you must not be shaken out of your shoes in your allegiance to your King." Joseph Brant believed that he was following up the task his great patron had laid down at the grave's mouth, when he declared that he "joined the Royal army purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the King." The Rev. Dr. Wheelock, Brant's preceptor at the Moor Charity School, was deputed to remonstrate with him upon his espousal of the Tory cause, and received a reply as suave, yet as stringent, as Sir William himself could have framed:

"I can never forget, dear Sir, your prayers and your precepts. You taught me to *fear God and to honour the King!*"

Sir John Johnson succeeded to his father's title and the bulk of his estates; Guy Johnson, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Joseph Brant was Guy Johnson's secretary. Colonel John Butler and his son Walter were among the Johnsons' nearest neighbours and closest friends. In all the disrupted Colonies there



JOSEPH BRANT.

(FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING AT VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE. THE SCARF BELONGED TO BRANT AND WAS GIVEN BY HIM TO JAMES CALDWELL, ESQ., OF ALBANY.)

was no hotter bed of toryism than Johnson Hall became in less than a year from the founder's death. In 1775, Guy Johnson, accompanied by his secretary and spokesman, made a formal progress from tribe to tribe of friendly Indians to confirm them in their allegiance to the Crown. Brant, who had, in his earlier youth, zealously "endeavoured to teach his poor brethren the things of God"; who had assisted an English divine in the preparation of an Indian prayer-book, had help translate into the Indian tongue the Acts of the Apostles, and a History of the Bible; the humble communicant in the Johnstown Episcopal Church,—harangued his race upon the imperative duty of resisting treason to the bloody death, adjuring them by the memory of his benefactor and theirs to join the Scotch colonists and the tenantry of Johnson Hall in the holy purpose of giving the King his own again.

Sir John fortified the stone house, garrisoned it with the white reserve, and surrounded it with the living "barriers" his father had cast about him for protection against the French. Then he awaited the results of his determined attitude.

On January 19, 1776, the fort was surprised by a body of rebels—still so called—under General Schuyler; the garrison was disarmed and disbanded, and Sir John paroled. In May of the next year news reached Schuyler's headquarters that the paroled man was in correspondence with the British in Canada, sending out and receiving spies, accumulating ammunition in and near the Hall, and inciting the Mohawks to a massacre of the Valley people. An order was issued for his arrest. He heard of it in season to escape with a few retainers to Canada. Before his flight he buried an iron chest containing family plate in the garden, another, filled with money and valuable papers, in the cellar, hiding-places known to none of those left behind except Lady Johnson.

She was living in Albany with her own relatives when Lafayette visited Johnson Hall in 1778. Once more the outlying slopes about the stone house were covered with Indians, and the resources of the establishment were taxed to the utmost to provide for their entertainment. Five out of the Six Nations were represented in the Council attended and addressed by the titled Frenchman.

Joseph Brant convened a very different assembly of his countrymen in the neighbourhood early in the year 1780. He was then a "likely fellow of fierce aspect, tall and rather spare," gorgeously arrayed in a short green coat, laced round hat, leggings and breeches of blue cloth. His moccasins were embroidered with beads, his blue cloth blanket was carefully draped so as to make the most of his glittering epaulets. His name was now a word of terror throughout the land; his fellow marauders were the Butlers and William Johnson (the son of his sister, Mary Brant, and Sir William Johnson), Colonel Guy Johnson and Colonel Daniel Claus, the husband of Nancy Johnson. Molly Brant had lived, since Sir William's death, at one of the upper Mohawk Castles, with her younger children. Tradition describes her as visiting the Hall, once her home, when especially daring expeditions were under discussion, sitting, as darkly handsome and as fierce as a panther, at the council-table, and fearlessly putting into words the project of devastating the beautiful Valley with fire, bullet, and tomahawk. She had secret means of communication with her brother wherever he was, giving him much valuable information

as to the weak points in the defences of the Americans, and the movements of their forces.

It was suspected that she was one of the few dwellers in the Valley who was not surprised when on the night of May 21, 1780, a horde of three hundred whites—British and Tories—and two hundred Indians fell like a pack of hell-hounds upon the peaceful neighbourhood in which John Johnson was born and brought up. No mercy was shown to age, sex, or former friendships. Killing, scalping, and burning as they went, the invaders pushed their murderous way up to the doors of Johnson Hall, put the few inmates to flight, and occupied the house and grounds. No time was to be lost. The blazing houses and barns would tell the story of that night's work for many miles up and down the river, and Sir John had known something of the colonists in such circumstances—"the rude, unlettered, great-souled yeomen of the Mohawk Valley, who braved death at Oriskany that Congress and the free Colonies might be free." In hot haste he unearthed the treasure from cellar and garden; forty knapsacks full of booty were laid upon as many soldiers' shoulders, and the bloody crew departed as swiftly as they had come.

"He might have recovered his plate," says Stone, dryly and sorrowfully, "without lighting up his path by conflagration of neighbours' houses, or staining his skirts with innocent blood."

Sir John's raid upon his homestead and the vicinity was followed in less than a month by Brant's as sudden descent upon Canajoharie, fifteen miles away. All the inhabitants who were not killed were carried off prisoners; towns and forts were burned. From the porch of Johnson Hall and the fields about Johnstown, groups of terrified men and women watched the rise and flare of the cruel flames against the sky, and guessed truly by whose orders they were kindled.

The town, which is, to this day, a memorial of the Baronet-General's fondness for his son and heir, was better prepared to repel invasion in 1781. Taught wariness by adversity, the stout-hearted burghers and boers stood ready and undismayed to receive the mixed force of four hundred whites and half as many Indians, that hurled themselves upon Johnstown, led by the Butlers, father and son.

A bloody fight ensued. Instead of making Johnson Hall their headquarters as they had

hoped to do, the attacking party was beaten back with heavy losses. Walter Butler was shot and scalped in the retreat by an Oneida chief. His violent dealings had returned upon his own head. In connection with this expedition Brant had said, when upbraided with the cruelties committed by the invaders:

"*I* do not make war upon women and children! I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me who are more savage than the savages themselves"—and named the Butlers.

The story goes that the Oneida who killed Walter Butler had aided the settlers in the abortive attempt to save their homes and families from the Cherry Valley massacre mentioned a while ago. When the wounded white captain cried for "quarter," the Oneida yelled, "I give you Cherry Valley quarter!" and buried his tomahawk in the wretched man's brain. Such was the abhorrence felt by the Indian allies of the American forces for the slain Tory that his body was left unburied where it lay, to be devoured by wild beasts and carnivorous birds, on the bank of a stream known from that bloody day as "Butler's Ford."

The Butler homestead is still standing, a few miles from Johnson Hall.

Sir John Johnson had left behind him, in his first hurried flight to Canada, the Family Bible, containing the record of his parents' marriage. As no other documentary proof of it was extant the act was culpably careless if he valued his birthright as a legitimate son. The book found its way to the hands of an Albany citizen, and was by him restored to the rightful owner. At the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, Sir John went to England and remained there for some years, returning to Canada in 1785. There, in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered the Royal cause in the struggle with the rebellious Colonies, he was made Superintendent of Indian Affairs in America and received valuable grants of Canadian lands. He died at the age of eighty-eight, in Montreal, in the year 1830. His son and successor was Sir Adam Gordon Johnson. Their descendants are numerous, most of them living in Canada.

Other of Sir William Johnson's descendants intermarried with prominent New York families.

Johnson Hall, with the large estate surrounding it, being confiscated by the Continental

Government, was sold to James Caldwell, Esq., of Albany, for $30,000, "in public securities." Within a week from the day of purchase he sold it in his turn, and for hard cash, for $7,000, clearing a handsome sum by the operation. The place changed hands four times in the ten years lying between 1785 and 1795.

In 1807 Mr. Eleazar Wells was married to Miss Aken in the drawing-room of Johnson Hall. The mansion had been so well cared for that the paint and paper of this apartment were the same as in Sir William's time and in excellent preservation. Mr. Wells became the owner of the place in 1829. It is now the property of his widowed daughter-in-law, Mrs. John E. Wells, and retains the reputation for large-hearted hospitality established and maintained by the founder.

Lossing says of it in 1848, "It is the only baronial hall in the United States." But for the modernising touches visible in the bay-windows and the wing at the beholder's right, as he faces the ancient building, the main body of the Hall is unaltered. It is of wood, the massive clapboards laid on to resemble stone blocks. The front elevation is forty feet in width, and the depth is sixty feet. Two

53 CENTRAL HALL OF JOHNSON HALL.

stone blockhouses, with loopholes under the eaves, flanked the mansion as erected by Sir William, for nearly a century after his decease. That on the right was burned some years ago. These "forts" were connected with the mansion by tunnelled passages. A central hall, fifteen feet wide, cuts the dwelling in two, running from front to back doors. The broad staircase is fine. After the manner of their English forbears, the colonists made much of stairways, sometimes to the extent of cramping living-rooms to give sweep to the ascent, and breadth to landings. The mahogany balustrades, imported by Sir William Johnson, are in place, but the polished rail is hacked, as with a hatchet, at intervals of ten or twelve inches, all the way down. The tradition, which has never been doubted, of the mutilation is that it was done by Brant in 1777, the date of Sir John Johnson's precipitate departure from the home of his father to escape the consequences of his double dealing with General Schuyler, who had paroled him. In view of the strong probability that the deserted house might be entered, plundered, and fired by some wandering band of Indians, the half-breed leader left upon the wood hasty hieroglyphics

which they would understand and respect. The roof reared by the patron who had filled a father's place to him,—whether or not he had a natural right to the office,—must be spared for that patron's sake.

We cannot but view the rude indentations reverently. With mute eloquence they awaken thoughts of the mark left "upon the lintels and the two side-posts" of the houses to be spared by the destroying angel on the Passover night. Nothing we have seen in any other Colonial homestead appeals more strongly to heart and imagination than these tokens of love and gratitude, stronger than death, and of the authority exercised by the educated savage over his fierce followers.

The rooms are large and lofty and wainscoted with native woods, rich with the dyes of a hundred and fifty years. The library, in which Sir William drew his last breath, is now used as a bedroom.

The late General Thomas Hillhouse was wont to say that "Sir William Johnson was the greatest Proconsul the English ever had in the American Colonies, and that if he had lived, the entire course of the Revolution might—would probably have been changed."

The stamp of his potent personality lingers upon the neighbourhood he rescued from the wilderness. Tales of a life without parallel in the history of our country are circulated in Johnstown and Fonda and Caughnawaga, as of one who died but yesterday. Some are grave; some are comic; many are unquestionably myths; all are interesting. We may discredit the story, seriously retailed by Lossing, that Sir William was the father of a hundred children. Presumably, although our delightful gossip does not state it in so many words, ninety-odd were half-breeds.

We incline a listening ear to the account of the seclusion in which Mary and "Nancy" Johnson were brought up after their mother's death. According to this, the two girls were educated by the widow of an English officer, a gentlewoman who had been Mrs. Johnson's intimate friend. She lived with her charges apart from the rest of the household, training them in the few branches of learning studied by young ladies of that day, teaching them fine needlework of various kinds, one with them in their pleasures and pursuits. They are said to have dressed after a fashion dictated by their governess and never altered while they were under

her care; a sort of pelisse, or loose gown,—like the modern *peignoir*,—of fine flowered chintz, opened in front to show a green silk petticoat. Their hair, thick, long, and very beautiful, was tied at the back of the head with ribbon. We are asked, furthermore, to believe that up to the age of sixteen, the sisters had seen no women of their own station except their governess, and no white man but their father, who visited them every day, and took a lively interest in their education. When, in his judgment, they were ready to leave the conventual retreat, he married Mary to her cousin, Guy Johnson, Ann to Daniel Claus. After their marriages, they acquired the ways of the outer world with wonderful rapidity, and played their parts as society women well.

The tradition, if it be true, ranks itself upon the reputable, country-gentleman side of their father's dual nature. By no other means could he have kept Mary Brant and her brood apart from the fair-faced daughters of Catherine Wissenberg, or prevented the shadow of early equivocal associations from darkening the fame of Mesdames Guy Johnson and Daniel Claus. He was passing wise in his generation.

If the tale be not authentic, it ought to be.

Many of the incidents linked into the story of Johnson Hall rest upon the valid testimony of Mrs. Edwards, a sister of Mr. Eleazar Wells. This venerable gentlewoman lived to see her eighty-seventh birthday, and preserved her excellent memory to the latest day of her life. One of these anecdotes is curiously suggestive.

On a certain day in the year 1815, or thereabouts, a party of eight or ten horsemen appeared at the Hall, and demanded permission to go into the cellar. None of the men of the family were at home, and Mrs. Wells, dreading violence if the visitors were refused, granted the singular request, contriving, nevertheless, that their proceedings should be watched. In a dark corner of the cellar was a well, dug by Sir William Johnson to supply the garrison with water in the event of a siege, but now half filled with stones and earth. The intruders began at once to tear out the rubbish, presently unearthing several boxes, which they carried into the upper air and into a field back of the house and orchard. In the sight of the terrified women watching them from the upper windows, they emptied the coffers of

the papers that filled them and "sat on the ground a long time,"—said Mrs. Edwards,—opening and examining them. At last, they made a fire upon the hillside and threw armful after armful of the papers into it. When all were consumed, they remounted their horses, and rode off "towards Canada."

Sir John Johnson was then alive. The surmise was inevitable that search and destruction were instigated by him, and for reasons we can never know.

At some period of its history the interesting old landmark had rough usage from temporary occupants. If the hall-carpet were lifted we should see the print of stamping hoofs upon the oaken boards beneath, proving that troopers—American or Tory—stabled their horses there, tethering them to the noble staircase protected from nominal barbarians by the gashes of Brant's hatchet.

Sir William Johnson was buried in a brick vault constructed in his lifetime under the chancel of St. John's Church in Johnstown. The corner-stone of the building "was laid in 1772 with Masonic ceremonies, Sir William Johnson, Sir John Johnson, John Butler, Daniel Claus, Guy Johnson, and General Herkimer

61 ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

taking part therein. . . . This church contained the first church-organ west of Albany."

So writes Mr. James T. Younglove, an accomplished antiquarian and a zealous student of the stirring history of the Mohawk Valley.

William Elliott Griffis adds that when the church was burned in 1836, and rebuilt (with the old stones as far as possible) in 1838, "the site was so changed that the grave of Johnson was left outside the new building. . . . In 1862 the rector, Rev. Charles H. Kellogg, took measurements, sunk a shaft, and discovered the brick vault."

The sanctity of the tomb of the loyal subject of King George had been invaded long before. The leaden case enveloping the solid mahogany coffin was melted down and moulded into bullets during the Revolutionary War (to be fired at those of his own blood and name!). The ring with which he married Catherine Wissenberg was found embedded in his dust, and is still preserved by the Masonic Lodge he established at Johnson Hall. After his death the lodge was removed to the quarters it now occupies in Johnstown. The cradle in which "Mary Brant, house-

keeper," rocked his tawny children, is also kept there.

The poor mortal remains of the fearless master among men were reburied in a "hollowed granite block" in the churchyard. No other grave is near it. For sixty years schoolboys played and romped and shouted over it, and passers in the streets of the now thriving town gave as little thought to the unmarked mound. Within the past five years the earnest efforts of the President of the Johnstown Historical Society, Hon. Horace E. Smith, have been the means of enkindling new and intelligent interest in one whom Dr. Griffis calls "the Maker of America." A movement is now on foot to erect a suitable monument to the pioneer to whom Johnstown owes birth, name, and the associations that make it an historic shrine.

III

LA CHAUMIÈRE DU PRAIRIE, NEAR LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

The Travels of John Francis, Marquis de Chastelleux, in North America, is a rare old book from which several quotations were made in a former volume of this series.

In a stately style, somewhat stiffened by the English translator, the author—one of the forty members of the French Academy, and Major-General in the French army under the Count de Rochambeau—describes a "dining-day," as it was called in the region, at Maycox, opposite Westover on the James River. The travelled Marquis had met Mr. David Meade, the proprietor of Maycox, and his wife at Williamsburg, some weeks earlier than the date of the foreigner's sojourn at Westover, and then and there had a cordial invitation to visit their plantation.

After descanting, in Grandisonian periods, upon the "charming situation" of Maycox, he informs us that it was "extremely well fitted up within." Furthermore, it commanded a full view of Westover, "which, with its surrounding appendages, had the appearance of a small town." Westover, the seat of the Byrds, was still in the prime of prosperity to the casual eye, crippled 'though the family fortunes were by the "gaming" propensities of the late owner, William Byrd the third. The French nobleman saw everything through the *couleur de rose* of gallant appreciation of the many charms of the widowed châtelaine, heightened by gratitude for the distinguished hospitality he had received from her and other James River landowners.

There is, then, an accent of surprise in his mention of Mr. Meade's latent discontent with the lot cast for him in these pleasant places.

"The charming situation," he observes, "is capable of being made still more beautiful if Mr. Meade preserves his house, and gives some attention to it, for he is a philosopher of a very amiable, but singular, turn of mind, and such as is particularly uncommon in Virginia, since he rarely attends to affairs of interest, and cannot prevail upon himself to make his negroes work. He is even so disgusted with a culture wherein it is necessary

to make use of slaves that he is tempted to sell his possessions in Virginia and remove to New England."

Rev. Meade C. Williams, D.D., of St. Louis, a descendant of the nascent Abolitionist (*pro tempore!*), records that Mr. (Colonel) David Meade spent three ample inherited fortunes upon the adornment of Maycox and the homestead in Kentucky, to which territory he removed shortly after his threat to solace his conscience by seeking an abiding-place in New England.

"It will be noted," continues the document before me, "that the most conspicuous feature of the Meades has been this very lack of ambition in state affairs, and a love of domestic tranquility."

So far, so good, in the branch of an ancient and honourable family to which this particular planter belonged. The assertion is a decided misfit when we attempt to join it to other sections of the genealogical table. One of the ancestors of the disgusted slaveholder and amiable philosopher was Thomas Cromwell, a pupil of Cardinal Wolsey, who, in bidding a long farewell to all his greatness, charged his subordinate to "fling away ambition."

Cromwell rejoins feelingly:

"The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours."

Wolsey did not doubt the "honest truth" of his late follower, and tearful Thomas meant sincerely enough when he called "all that have not hearts of iron" to bear witness—

"With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord."

Yet the next act finds

"Thomas Cromwell
A man in much esteem with the king and truly
A worthy friend. . . . The king
Has made him master of the jewel-house
And one, already, of the privy council."

Oliver Cromwell was a nephew of Thomas. Whatever other failings were charged upon the Lord Protector, he was never accused by contemporaries or by posterity with a lack of vaulting ambition.

Running an inquisitive finger down the race-line of the Meades, we arrest it at the name and history of the first of the family who emigrated to America. Andrew Meade, an Irish Roman Catholic, crossed the ocean (for reasons we may be able to show presently) late in the seventeenth century.

"In the year 1745 he deceased, leaving a character without a stain, having had the glorious epithet connected with his name, long before he died, of 'The Honest.'"

It is more than conjectured that his self-expatriation followed close upon the accession of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. He belonged to a fighting family, and such men were safer in the Colonies than at home.

The element of "tranquility" may have been infused into blood hitherto somewhat hot and turbulent, by his marriage with an American Quakeress, Mary Latham by name. He left the bulk of his Virginia estate to his eldest son, David (1), who married, four or five years after his father's decease, the daughter of an English baronet. At the date of the marriage, the father-in-law, Sir Richard Everard, was proprietary governor of North Carolina.

The second David Meade was born in 1744. In accordance with the general custom of well-born and affluent English colonists, his father sent him to England, at a tender age, to get a gentleman's education. He got it at Harrow School. The Head Master at that time was Dr. Thackeray, Archdeacon of Surrey, Chap-

lain to the Prince of Wales, and grandfather to the great novelist of that name.

A story current in the Meade connexion, even down to our day, is that the persons and

DAVID MEADE AT THE AGE OF 8.
FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS HUDSON. OWNED BY E. P. WILLIAMS, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

characters of David Meade and his younger and more brilliant brother, Richard Kidder,—who joined him in England some years thereafter, going with him from Harrow to a private school in Hackney Parish,—furnished the suggestion of William Makepeace Thackeray's *Virginians.* It is certain that David, at least,

was domesticated for five years in Dr. Thackeray's family, greatly endearing himself to the Head Master and his "pious, charitable, and in every way exemplary lady." Thus David Meade described her over half a century later. He adds that "he was bound to them by ties much stronger than those of nature, insomuch that the most affecting event of his whole life was his separation from them."

What more likely than that the sayings and doings of the brace of colonists, as handsome as they were spirited, were passed down the Thackeray generations until they lodged in the imagination of the greatest of the clan? The tradition, too pleasing to be lightly discarded, is the more plausible for the circumstance that Richard Kidder Meade became one of Washington's aides in the Revolutionary War and was, in private life, his intimate friend. Thackeray could hardly have overlooked the association of the names in his quest for material for *The Virginians*.

David (2) returned to Virginia in 1761 after ten years' absence. "The forests and black population of his native land were novel, but not by any means pleasing to him, and nothing was less familiar to him than the per-

sons of the individuals of his family." His sisters were married ; he had left his brothers, Richard Kidder and Everard, at school in England, and two younger children born in his

EVERARD MEADE (AGED 9).

absence would not be companions for him for a long while to come.

In the ensuing seven years he saw all of "life"—social and political—the New World had to offer to the son of a wealthy father, the brother-in-law of Richard Randolph of Curles, and the near neighbour of the Byrds of West-

over. In company with two of the Randolphs he visited Philadelphia, was the guest of General Gage in New York, sailed up the Hudson to Albany, threaded swamps and forests to Saratoga and Lake George, was hospitably entertained at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and so on to Canada. In Montreal, Captain Daniel Claus, (an old acquaintance to the readers of our chapters upon Johnson Hall),

"son-in-law of Sir William Johnson and deputy-superintendent of Indian affairs, invited them to a congress of Indian chiefs from several nations upon the lakes, the town being then full of Indians. The Intendant introduced the travellers to each of them individually as 'Brethren of the Long Knife,' who had come from the South, almost a thousand miles, to visit Canada. . . . The Intendant [Claus], after the ceremony of introducing the Long Knives, or Virginians, opened the congress with a speech, or talk."

The tour occupied nearly three months of the year 1765.

In 1768 David (2) Meade married Sarah Waters of Williamsburg, and the same year offered himself as a candidate for the House of Burgesses. He was elected and took his seat in May, 1769, although feebly convalescent

from a recent attack of illness. The session was short and stormy.

Ten days were spent in debates upon the subjects at issue between England and the Colonies, and the passage of certain resolutions so offensive to the Governor of Virginia, Lord Botetourt, that he drove in vice-regal state to the Capitol and dissolved the Assembly in an address that had the merits of conciseness and comprehensiveness :

" Gentlemen : I have heard of your resolves, and I augur their ill effects. You have made it my duty to dissolve you, and you are accordingly dissolved."

David Meade, " completely cured of his ambition,"—and it would seem, for life,—settled down at Maycox to the congenial pursuits of landscape gardening and horticulture and the enjoyment of the domestic felicity which was his from the day of his bridal until death separated the married lovers.

The curious and interesting sketch of his life written in the third person by himself, which has been courteously put at my disposal by his great-grandson, Dr. M. C. Williams, is unsatisfactory only when it deals with his own achievements and virtues. It is amusing to read that,

of the various branches studied by him during his ten years of English schooling—

"he did not take enough away to impoverish the Academy. He had a very small smattering of everything he had attempted to learn, but less of the languages, both dead and foreign, than of the sciences and the elegant arts. Thus, but ordinarily qualified for the humble walks of private life, and without natural talents, or acquired knowledge, to move with any credit to himself in public, he left England. . . . He was content with the very little that was his due—the extreme humble merit of negative virtues. . . . He was a great builder of castles in the air; but conscious, as he was, that he had neither figure, face, nor accomplishments to qualify him for an epitome of a romance here, he prudently determined to fall in love and marry somewhat after the fashion of the people. Nevertheless, he was fastidious in the choice of his subject."

All this is entertaining when we bear in mind that David Meade was one of the handsomest and most accomplished gentlemen of his generation—"a day when, in the class to which he belonged, culture was at the highest." It is tantalising, even vexatious, that he puts himself into the background after the brief notice of his marriage and the purchase of Maycox, and devotes many pages to what he says was "a subject much more interesting to the writer," the countless virtues, personal endow-

ments and achievements of his brother, Richard Kidder. As has been noted, Richard Kidder was on Washington's staff, having raised a company in 1776–77, and been unanimously elected as its captain. He fought bravely throughout the war, meeting with many adventures, having sundry hairbreadth escapes, and receiving signal honours from the Commander-in-chief and Congress. After the arrest of André, Richard Kidder Meade was the bearer of a letter from Washington to Sir Henry Clinton " upon the subject of that accomplished officer's case." He died in 1781, "beloved by all who were acquainted with him, esteemed and respected by his neighbours, and every one that had ever heard of his worth."

The family Annals from which these excerpts are made were transcribed in characters so minute that the descendant who undertook the pious duty of copying them for the press, was obliged to hold a magnifying-glass in one hand while writing with the other. The volume is guarded by a sort of trespass-board notice upon the title-page :

" It is to be noted that these pages are not intended for, and never will be exposed to, public inspection, and are intended only for

the amusement and, peradventure, the edification of the House of Meade."

When these lines were penned, he had lived for thirty years in "Chaumière du Prairie in the now State of Kentucky," as he says, "having landed with a numerous family from boats at Limestone, now Maysville, and permanently settled at the headspring of Jessamine Creek, a lateral branch of the Kentucky River."

The formidable flitting was a removal for life. The tract of land purchased by his eldest son, David (3), whom the father had sent to Kentucky "to prospect" some months before the hegira of the numerous family, was in the very heart of the "blue-grass country," the garden-spot of the stalwart young territory, old Virginia's favourite daughter. Reports of the fertility of unclaimed fields, irrigated by clear creeks, of virgin forests and navigable rivers, of a climate at once mild and salubrious—had reached the Meade dwelling in the midst of a civilisation more than a century and a half old, and attracted them, as to a promised land of beauty and plenty.

David Meade built a lodge, afterwards enlarged into a mansion, near the centre of an extensive plain, shaded at intervals by clumps

of magnificent sugar-maples, and forthwith fell to work to make it what a Meade MS. declares it to have been,—"the first lordly home in Kentucky." Incidentally, he expended upon the enterprise one-and-a-half of the three ample fortunes of which he was possessed.

One hundred acres of arable land, seeded down with the famous blue-grass, then shorn and rolled into velvety turf, were enclosed by a low stone wall, masked by honeysuckles and climbing roses. A porter's lodge of rough-hewn stone stood at the gate set between solid stone pillars. Upon the arch above the gate was cut the name the immigrant had bestowed upon it,—*Chaumière du Prairie.*

The French title gave travelled visitors the *motif* of the living poem embodied in the grounds. Le Petit Trianon was evidently an abiding memory and suggestion in the designer's thoughts. The serpentine walk and the long straight alley, bordered by large trees, the benches set at irregular intervals along the walks, the pavilion in an embowered nook, the waterfall and lake, the artificial island and the rustic bridge thrown from it to the shore, the Grecian temple, the shaded vistas cool with deep green shadows and solemn with silence,—

were reminiscences, not of terraced Westover and Maycox, but of the half-English lad's continental travels. Here, at least, he could "materialise" one of the castles in the air he was fond of building.

Colonel Meade's granddaughter, Mrs. Susan Creighton Williams of Fort Wayne, Indiana, wrote out, in her seventy-second year, her recollections of the holiday-home of her childhood. The pen-picture reproduces house and pleasure-grounds for us as pencil and brush could not. I regret that the bounds set for this chapter will not allow me to share all the graphic details of the goodly scene with my readers. Landscape and atmosphere are Arcadian, not the crude product of a newly made "settlement."

"The House," we read, "was what might be called a villa,—covering a great deal of ground, built in an irregular style, of various materials—wood, stone, brick, —and one mud room, which, by the way, was quite a pretty, tasteful spare bedroom. The part composed of brick was a large octagon drawing-room. The dining-hall was a large, square room, wainscoated with black walnut, with very deep window-seats, where we children used sometimes to hide ourselves behind the heavy curtains. There was one large, square hall, and numerous passageways, lobbies, areas, etc. . . . The bird-cage

walk was one cut through a dense plum thicket, entirely excluding the sun. It led to a dell where was a spring of the best water, and near by was the mouth of a cave which had some little notoriety. . . . Beyond the lawn there was a large piece of ground which Mr. Meade always said ought to have been a sheet of water to make his grounds perfect. This was sown in clover that it might, as he thought, somewhat resemble water in appearance. In one of our summer sojourns in Chaumière, when my sister Julia (Mrs. Ball) was about three years of age, soon after our arrival the nurse took her out upon the lawn, where she shrank back and cried out 'Oh, river! river!' greatly to our grandfather's delight. He said it was the greatest compliment his grounds had ever had."

The ingenious conceit was characteristic of the planter-dreamer and born artist. His æsthetic sense demanded the shimmer of water at that point of the verdant level, flanked by groups of sugar-maples.. In the summer sunshine the tremulous expanse of silver-lined leaves supplied the ripple and gleam required "to make his grounds perfect."

As the "dark and bloody ground" exchanged her solitary wilds for cultured fields and fast-growing towns, Chaumière became the show-place of the State. Lexington was but nine miles distant, and no personage of political or social consequence visited the lively little place without driving out to the

MRS. SARAH WATERS MEADE.

FROM PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF E. P. WILLIAMS, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

hospitable country-seat of the Meades. There were house-parties especially invited, who were domiciliated for a week or fortnight at a time, making excursions through the beautiful surrounding country, feasting, dancing, gathering in the great "stone passage" in the purple twilight for tea-drinking and chat, and watching the shadows steal over the paradise visible through front and back doors, while Mrs. Meade sat at the pianoforte in the adjoining drawing-room. She played with exquisite taste and feeling until she was long past three-score-and-ten. The octagon drawing-room was all draped with satin brocade—the walls, the windows, and the frames of the four tall mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling.

It saw much and distinguished company during the forty years' residence and reign of the fine old Virginia and Kentucky gentleman. Four Presidents of the United States—Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, and Zachary Taylor—were entertained here. The lady of the manor,—"always dressed in black satin, to which were added handsome lace and embroideries upon occasion,"—stately and beautiful in the standing ruff and high-crowned cap of bygone years, had her favourites among

the celebrities. We are surprised to learn that she considered General Jackson the most remarkable man she had ever known, with the possible exception of Aaron Burr. She used to relate to her listening grandchildren what an imposing figure he was, as, sitting tall and straight upon his charger, he cantered up the avenue to the porch of Chaumière. Host and hostess were waiting there to greet the hero of New Orleans.

Colonel Meade, like his wife, had made no change in the fashion of his attire for half a century. Coat, short breeches, and the long waistcoat reaching to his hips, were of light drab cloth. His white or black silk stockings were held up by jewelled knee-buckles and a similar pair adorned his low shoes. The buttons of coat and waistcoat were silver, stamped with the Meade crest. The same insignia appeared upon the massive silver service used upon the table every day whether there were company in the house or not. Mrs. Meade's piano was the first brought to Kentucky. Certain handsome pieces of furniture were heirlooms from English houses—notably from the Palace of Bath and Wells, an inheritance from the Kidder who was once

Bishop of that See. Another valued relic was a souvenir of the Irish Roman Catholic Meade whose services for the Church were recognised by the gift of a crucifix of ebony and ivory presented by the then reigning Pontiff. A gold medal dependent from the crucifix bore a Latin inscription said to have been composed by Charles V., Emperor of Spain and Germany. The dining-room buffets bore marvellous treasures of cut-glass and porcelain, in such abundance as to set out tables for one hundred guests, once and again.

That number sat down on Christmas Day, 1818, to an entertainment which, writes one of the guests,

> "in management, in simplicity of style, and without the least ostentation, though all the surroundings were profusely rich—surpassed anything of the kind I have ever witnessed. . . . The magnificent rooms are furnished with taste and consummate art, and there was an exhibition of surpassing brilliancy produced without any apparent attempt."

Another guest, a college president, says of a visit paid to the Meades earlier in the same year:

> "Col. Meade is entirely a man of leisure, never having followed any business, and never using his fortune but

in adorning his place and entertaining friends and strangers. No word is ever sent to him that company is coming. To do so offends him. But a dinner at the hour of four is always ready for visitors, and servants are always in waiting. Twenty of us went one day without warning, and were entertained luxuriously on the viands of the country. Our drinks consisted of beer and wine. He does not allow cigars to be smoked on his premises."

The fact noted in the last sentence is unexpected. The most fastidious gentlemen in America were confirmed smokers, and the cultivation and exportation of tobacco contributed more largely to the wealth of Virginia and certain parts of Kentucky and Tennessee than any other industry. Of Blairs, Breckinridges, Marshalls, Floyds, Scotts, Leighs, Routledges, Clays, presidents of universities, and presidents of the United States who were made welcome in turn to the lordly homestead, four out of five must have been lovers of what William Evelyn Byrd has taught us to call "the bewitching vegetable." Colonel Meade's aversion to the practices of smoking and chewing is referable to the punctilious neatness which was first and second nature with him. Not a fallen leaf or twig was suffered to litter the velvet turf. Every day a company of small negroes was detailed for the duty of picking

up such leaves and sticks as had fallen during the night, and the master often supervised the work.

A lineal descendant gives a vivacious account of some manifestations of Colonel Meade's exceeding strictness in the matters of order and cleanliness. Among other illustrations we have this pretty picture :

"The mulberries of that day and place were of a much finer quality, much larger, and more fruity than of the present. Troops of boarding-school girls from Lexington would come out to this enchanting place, and when they sought mulberries, Colonel Meade would have servants detailed to shake them from the trees. Out of regard for the white dresses (with blue sashes, perchance —bless them !) of the maiden of that time, his instructions were that the berries were to be picked up, commencing at the outer edge of their fall. Treading them into the grass was unpardonable. How the old gentleman of the old school would flame up with an amiable oath when this order was transgressed ! Beneath the fruit-trees was as clean and neat as any part of the lawn."

Yet we read that "kindliness was a feature of his exalted nature." A common and beautiful custom of the region was that the negroes, for miles around, came to be married in the Chaumière grounds. The master was indignant with the low-bred white who stole into

the gardens or groves by some other way than the great gateway that "stood open night and day." "Courteous to all, he exacted courtesy from others. He had great respect for the courteous negro of the old time."

The negro of any time is an imitative animal. The Meade servants caught their owner's tone and bearing with almost ludicrous fidelity. Henry Clay was a frequent visitor at Chaumière, and was put upon his mettle—with all the perfection of his breeding—not to be outdone in grace and suavity by Dean, the chief butler. This high functionary, with his five subordinate footmen and the coachman, wore drab liveries with silver buttons and shoe-buckles.

Such was the parental and judicious care exercised over the coloured members of "the family," that during the long lifetime of Colonel Meade not one case of fatal illness occurred on the estate.

David Meade (3) was a school-friend of Aaron Burr, and after the latter was put under arrest and surveillance for the Blennerhassett treason Colonel Meade's influence with the state authorities obtained permission for the suspected man to spend three weeks at Chau-

mière, the Colonel's son pledging himself for his safe-keeping. He was accompanied by his confederate and dupe, Blennerhassett. The two were among the witnesses of the marriage of Elizabeth Meade to Judge Creighton of Chillicothe, Ohio ; also of the baptism of a granddaughter, Elizabeth Massie. This child became Mrs. W. L. Thompson of "Sycamore," near Louisville, one of the most beautiful of Kentucky homes.

The damask table-cloth used at the wedding feast, to which Burr and Blennerhassett sat down, is still treasured in the family.

Another of the granddaughters, Mrs. Anna Meade Letcher, has a story of a yet more valuable memento of the memorable visit paid to Chaumière by the conspirators :

> "There is in the family a very antique mirror before which Aaron Burr sat, and had his hair powdered, and his queue arranged to suit his vain and fastidious taste, before entering the drawing-room to use all his artful fascinations upon the ladies, whether handsome or homely, young or old, bright and entertaining, or dull. He never forgot his policy to charm and beguile all who came into his presence."

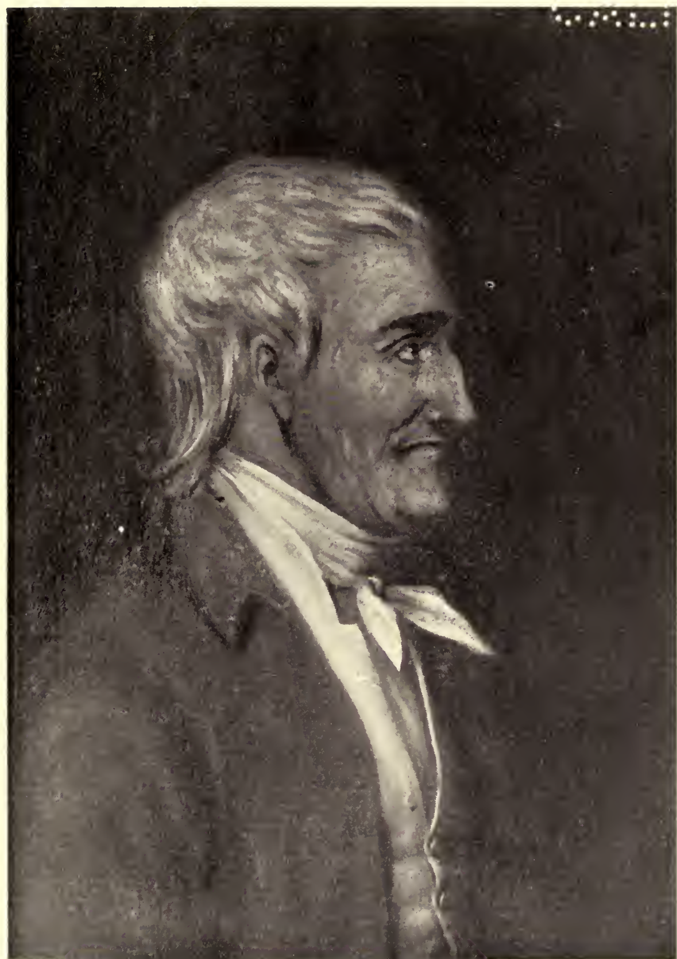
Colonel Meade had passed from the home he had made an Eden to the fairer Land

whither his devoted wife had preceded him by six months of earthly time, when Edward Everett paid a visit to Chaumière. Mrs. Letcher's mother, then a young girl, rowed him across the miniature lake in her boat, "Ellen Douglas." The high-bred gentleman paid a graceful compliment to the "Lady of the Lake," a sobriquet she retained until her marriage.

"Mr. Everett had just returned from a long stay abroad, where he had become quite a connoisseur in art," says Mrs. Letcher, "and he pronounced the art-collection of Chaumière, 'though small, equal in merit to any he had seen abroad."

This comprised family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hudson, the Sullys, and other artists of international reputation. Some are still treasured intelligently and reverently in the family connexion. Others passed, after the sale of the homestead, into less tender hands. An anecdote whispered among the descendants of the superb old patrician has to do with the atrocious desecration of one historic canvas to the ignominy of covering a meal-barrel, until it was fairly worn out with much using.

Colonel Meade was ninety-four years of age



COLONEL DAVID MEADE AT THE AGE OF 85.

FROM PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF E. P. WILLIAMS, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

when he died. His son David (3) had not lived to see his thirtieth year. His father had borne the terrible blow to love, pride, and hope with fortitude amazing to all but those who knew him best. Not even to them did he speak of what the death of his noble boy was to him. Everything was to have been David's, —"Chaumière, paintings, and other works of art—the magnificent silver plate, the trained house-servants and gardeners." When his will was opened it was found that he left it with his surviving children to divide the property as they deemed best. The sole proviso was that Chaumière should be kept as he had made it for three years. "Dean" and other favourite servants were manumitted by the master's will.

In a charming letter from Mrs. Letcher, we have the rest of the story told in simple, graceful wise, upon which I cannot improve :

"The daughters had married, and my mother's mother, Mrs. Charles Willing Byrd, had died years before, and none of the family feeling able to keep up the place, it was thought best to sell it. But it seemed to entail fatality in one way or another upon those who have owned it since.

The Colonel was a philosopher of philosophers, and as my father and mother said, submitted with both dignity and grace to the inevitable. He never was known to

make complaint, but bore every trial with Spartan courage and serenity—so the oft-told story that he pronounced a curse upon the home should it pass from the family, has no truth for foundation—'though believed by many of the superstitious from that day to this."

"There have been many ghost stories, but none that

WING OF CHAUMIÈRE LEFT STANDING IN 1850.

were horrible, only of pleasant things that the old servants and housekeeper and the superstitious around would see and hear. The housekeeper came from Virginia with Col. Meade, and was one of the most interesting members of that large household. She lived to be nearly a century old, and I remember her when I was a small child. She was devoted to my mother and stayed with her; her name was Betsy Miller, and Col. Meade

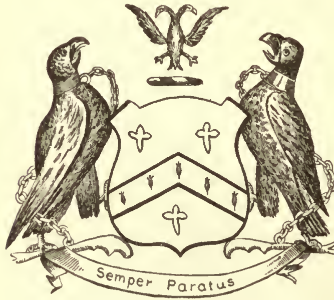
knew her to be descended from the Stuarts of Scotland who came to Virginia after the flight and exile of Charles the Second. She and the servants often saw Col. Meade and others of the family who had passed away, strolling in the grounds ; in the hedged serpentine walk, which wound around the grounds three miles, or rowing on the lake, or sitting, reading in a summer-house under bowers of honeysuckle and running roses—then, at sunset he would be seen wending his way up the winding walk to the 'octagon hall' where tea was served in summer.—These and many other stories I eagerly drank in, in my childhood, and often, too, when with Betsy and the servants who took her to the grounds when she was too feeble to go alone, I imagined *I* saw my grandfather and others, as they did.

"On the day of the sale a large crowd collected to hear lovely 'Chaumière' cried off to a coarse, vulgar man. So surprised and indignant was everyone that a murmur of disapproval was heard, and soon after was seen in large letters on the pleasure-houses all through the grounds—*Paradise Lost.* This so enraged the purchaser that he determined to make these words true. In less than a week the beautiful grounds were filled with horses, cattle, sheep, and filthy swine. He felled the finest trees in the grounds and park, cut down the hedges—in fine, committed such vandalism as has never been heard of in this country. He pulled down some of the prettiest rooms in the house, stored grain in others and made ruins of all the handsome pleasure-houses and bridges through the grounds. He only kept the place long enough to destroy it.

"The next purchaser found Chaumière but a wreck of

beauty. It seems as if Providence decreed that the glory of the beloved beautiful old 'Chaumière' should depart with the name of 'Meade.'"

All that remained to the "next purchaser" aforesaid was the octagon drawing-room given in our picture, the hall, and heaps of foundation-stones where once arose the most lordly part of the noble pile.



MEADE COAT OF ARMS.

Even these have been swept away within the last quarter-century; all the pleasant places born of the brain of the founder and matured into beauty by his taste and wealth, are laid waste. Small wonder is it that the story of the curse pronounced upon the place, should it ever pass into alien hands, should go hand-in-hand with the marvellous tales of departed splendours.

Note.—An interesting legend of the Meade family is connected with the chained falcons seen in the coat of arms given herewith.

According to this, a pair of these birds,—foreign to this region,—built a nest upon a crag overlooking the sea

in a lonely quarter of the Meade estate. Two boys of the house discovered the nest and, to make sure of the young birds when they should be hatched, ensnared the old ones with light chains. The prize was forgotten for some days, and when the thoughtless lads revisited the crag, they found the parent birds dead of starvation. The callow nestlings were alive, having been nourished by father and mother upon blood drained from their own hearts.

7

IV

MORVEN, THE STOCKTON HOMESTEAD, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

IN the parish register of Cookham, Berkshire, England, are recorded the births and deaths of several generations of Washingtons and Balls, the lineal ancestors of the man who gave independent being to this nation. From the established fact that Augustine Washington visited England in 1729, to arrange for the transfer of British property to which he had fallen heir, and the almost certainty that he then and there met and married American-born Mary Ball,—a sojourner, like himself, in the fatherland,—some writers assume that their son George first saw the light in English Berkshire.

The hypothesis is summarily disposed of by our first President's written declaration,—*George, eldest son of Augustine, by the second*

marriage, was born in Westmoreland County (Virginia) ye 11th Day of February, 173$^1/_2$.

John Washington, the great-grandfather of George, was one of the malcontent loyalists who could not breathe in the raw air of the Protectorate. In 1657, he sailed, with his brother Lawrence, for the still loyal Old Dominion, and founded a new family home in Westmoreland on the Potomac River.

One of the unexpected coincidences that leap out at us,—as from hiding between the pages of the history we believed was familiar to us long ago, and which have, henceforth, the vividness of current events, bringing us face to face with old acquaintances, ranging side by side people we have never until now linked in our thoughts,—is that which synchronises John Washington's emigration from Great Britain to America with that of Richard Stockton. A backward glance along the ancestral line of the Stocktons carries the interesting parallel into a yet more venerable past. In the Cookham Parish church (perhaps the same in which Augustine Washington was, four centuries thereafter, to espouse the blue-eyed Virginia girl) is an age-battered stone :

"**Sacred to ye memory of Sir Edward Stockton, Pilgrym of Jerusalem, and Canon, possessed of ye House of our Ladye at Cisborough.**"

Sir Edward's forbears were "anciently Lords of the Manor of Stockton, which they held under the Barony of Malpas, in the County of Cheshire. David de Stockton inherited the Manor of Stockton from his father about the year 1250, in the reign of King Henry the Third."[1]

STOCKTON COAT-OF-ARMS.

From the many mural memorials of the race still extant in England, I select an old Latin epitaph upon a brass plate in Malpas church, set above the dust of "Owen Stockton, Gentleman." A clumsy translation runs —or stumbles—after this wise:

"**I, Stocktonus, ever a most gentle promoter of peace, here laid under the hard marble, enjoy peace.**

[1] *History of the Stockton Family*, by John W. Stockton.

"**The thirtieth year of my bereavement**" (the term of his widowerhood), "**of an unblemished reputation, sees my offspring flourishing, my father dead.**

"**Departing, I have left behind me as many tears as though peace were about to leave**" (the earth).

"**I obtain the promised reward in the peaceful Heavens.**

"**The son, well-born, has erected this to the father well-born who died December 2nd, A.D. 1610.**"

Four years anterior to the demise of Owen Stockton, Gentleman, his grandson Richard, "the sonne of John Stockton of the Parish of Malpas," was baptised in the Parish church.

This Richard (I.) was thirty-seven years old when John, his father, died in 1643. This would make him a man of fifty when, like the Washington brothers, he found longer residence in Cromwell-ridden England unsafe or unpleasant,—most likely both,—and embarked with his wife and children for a freer country. He landed in New York in 1657 or 1658.

A portion of the ample fortune he contrived to bring away with him was invested in Long Island, then in New Jersey, lands. A tract over two miles in length and one in width, in

Burlington County, was divided at his death between his three sons, Richard, John, and Job.

Richard (II.) Stockton was a man grown at the date of emigration, and so much his own master, when his father removed from Long Island to Burlington, as to act upon his preference for a separate residence in another part of the State. He lived for a short time at Piscataway, settling subsequently upon a tract of six thousand acres of farming lands bought from William Penn, and nearer the northern part of the to-be State of New Jersey. He called the immense plantation "Stony Brook," and devoted himself assiduously to redeeming it from its native wildness. Collecting around him a colony of fellow exiles, he set about felling forests, clearing, draining, and cultivating level reaches of virgin meadows, and erecting comfortable houses for the occupancy of European families.

Until he and his associates broke ground for the settlement afterward renamed "Princeton," no white man had invaded the wilderness. The axe of the explorer had never disturbed the brooding stillness of the primeval forest; not a foot of the soil had had any other owner than the nomads who called the continent their free-

hold. Richard Stockton's active pioneer life came to a close in 1709.

In the partition of what was, by now, a valuable estate, he devised the house he had built late in life as a homestead to his fifth and apparently his favourite child; John. This violation of the laws of primogeniture threw his eldest and name-son Richard (III.) out of the natural order of succession. We note, furthermore, with unsatisfied curiosity, that the slighted Richard received but three hundred acres of land, while each of the juniors had five hundred. Tradition is silent as to the young man's offence, and his deportment under what, to one of English birth and prejudices, was a more grievous cross than we, with our free-and-easy Republican notions, can fully appreciate. With true feminine (and illogical) partisanship of the child of "whose nose a bridge was made,"—to borrow a folk-phrase,—I decline to pass over Richard *Desdichado* in the enumeration of the Stocktons who bore the Christian name more or less worthily. Whatever may have been his deficiencies, mental, moral, or spiritual—he stands in this humble chronicle as Richard III.

His mother, Mrs. Susannah Stockton, had

"the use of the house and improvements during her natural life, with the use of all the negro slaves except Daniel," who was bequeathed to the testator's brother-in-law, Philip Phillips. "Each of his sons, as he came of age, was to have a slave."

However warm may be our sympathies with Desdichado, we must admit that John Stockton's character and career amply justified his father's choice of a successor in the proprietorship of the homestead and all pertaining thereto. No early citizen of New Jersey exercised a more marked and wholesome influence upon her history then in making. He was, by Royal appointment, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; when the project of founding a university of learning within the precincts of the State was bruited, he wrought with pen, tongue, and fortune to secure the establishment of the same at Princeton, eventually succeeding in the effort. As an elder in the infant Presbyterian Church of the Colonies, he was a power as well as a blessing.

Each of the eight children who survived him was an honour to the father, and to the woman who was his partner in every worthy deed. In 1729, he had married Miss Abigail Phillips,

of whom we have little information "except that she was a devoted Presbyterian," says our chronicler. Four sons and as many daughters lived out her unwritten biography. Presbyterian Princeton owes more than has been set down in her annals to her ministry to him who stood confessed in his generation as the best friend and ablest counsellor of Church and College.

John Stockton's daughter, Hannah, married the Honorable Elias Boudinot, a name of distinction in state and national history: Abigail became the wife of Captain Pintard, her sister Susannah wedding his brother Louis. Rebecca married Rev. William Tennent of Monmouth County, a man eminent for piety and eloquence. His extraordinary return to life and consciousness after a trance of four days' duration, physicians and friends supposing him to be dead, is one of the noteworthy psychological phenomena of the last century.

To Richard (IV.), eldest son of John, was left the Princeton homestead with the surrounding plantation. John, the second son, entered the Royal Navy, rose rapidly to the rank of Captain, with the command of a vessel, and died at sea at a comparatively early age.

The third son, Philip, was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in 1778, and presumably engaged in the active duties of his profession in the vicinity of Princeton, as he bought "Castle Howard" in that town about 1785, and made it his permanent residence.

Next to Richard the Heir, Samuel Witham Stockton, the youngest of the four sons, has left the most brilliant record. He was graduated at Nassau Hall in 1767, and in 1774 was sent to the Courts of Russia and Austria as Secretary of the American Commission. He acted as Secretary of the New Jersey Convention called in 1787 to ratify the Constitution of the United States, and in 1794 was made Secretary of State in New Jersey, He was killed, a year afterwards, by a fall from his carriage.

When Richard, of the fourth generation of American Stocktons, came to his New Jersey principality in 1757, he was in the very prime of early and vigorous manhood. He had been admitted to the Bar three years earlier and about the same time married Anice Boudinot, sister of his brother-in-law, the Honourable Elias Boudinot, a double alliance that linked two chief families of the future Commonwealth together as with hooks of tempered steel.

Mrs. Stockton was a striking feature in the best society of her times. From her French ancestors she inherited her brunette beauty and the vivacity of speech and manner that made her companionship a continual charm. To

ANICE STOCKTON.
FROM ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF MRS. McGILL.

none of her friends and admirers was she more bewitching than to the lover-husband. The poetic ardour of a courtship conducted in the most approved style of a romantic age, was

never abated by time and intimate association. Their married life was the prettiest of pastorals, in the midst of gayeties, and in the thick of later storms. As long as they both lived, they used in their private correspondence the *noms de plume* assumed when, as lovers, they wrote poems dedicated to one another. Mrs. Stockton preferred "Emilia" to her own quaint and sweeter appellation, and her Richard was "Lucius." It was a fashion of times more artificial than ours when the language of pen and tongue was more ornate than our realistic speech. The custom, affected and fantastic in the abstract, steals a mellowed grace from age and the details of a life-long love-story.

The homestead erected by Richard the Second was a commodious and highly respectable family residence under the management of Judge John Stockton. John's son Richard, aided by the exquisite taste of his "Emilia," made mansion and grounds the most beautiful in the State. Until "Emilia" became mistress of the fair domain it was known as "the Stockton Place,"—sometimes as "Constitution Hill"; the name applied to a large tract of rolling land, including the homestead grounds. Mrs. Richard Stockton gave it the name it now bears.

Ossian's Poems were just then the rage in the English reading-world. Macpherson had set Scotch reviewers by the ears, and infuriated Dr. Johnston to a bellow of protest by publishing *Temora* in 1763, and a general collection of the *Poems of Ossian* in 1765. Both compilations are regarded by our matter-of-fact book-lovers (who yet profess to understand Browning and Carlyle!) as incoherent rubbish of dubious parentage. "Poems" and putative author would have been forgotten and clean out of the minds of readers and reviewers, fifty years ago, but for half-a-dozen phrases that flash like jewels in a dust-heap. Ossian, the son and panegyrist of Fingal, King of Morven, was not merely read, but quoted, by our great-grandmothers. They hung entranced over, and read aloud, in summer noons and winter midnights, what went before and came after such lines as,——

"The music of Carryl is like the memory of departed joys—pleasant and mournful to the soul."

Fingal,—"grand, gloomy, and peculiar"—the, to our taste, highly bombastic hero of *Temora* and other of the unrhymed translations, found signal favour in Anice Stockton's sight.

She christened the home of her bridehood "Morven," the soft music of the name commending it to her ears, as to ours. She gave personal supervision to the grading of lawns, planting of shrubbery and avenues of trees, and the laying-out of parterres and "pleasaunces." During her gracious reign Morven gained the reputation for superb hospitality it has never lost.

Sons and daughters were born to the perfectly mated pair, frolicked in the shaded pleasure-grounds all day long, said their prayers at their mother's knee, and were folded nightly under the broad rooftree. They were nurtured, according to Presbyterian traditions, in the fear of God and trained to fear naught else but failure in obedience to the law of God and the law of love to man. Twelve happy, busy years went by, and the first separation had to be faced and endured—this, too, for duty's sake. Public and private business called Mr. Stockton to England. A President, able and learnèd, was wanted for the College of New Jersey; the subject of paper currency in the Colonies was growing from gravity into perplexity; yet more serious questions were seething in the minds of embryo

statesmen and incorruptible patriots on this side of the Atlantic, and ruffling the tempers of officials in the Home Government.

In 1766, Mr. Stockton sailed for Great Britain after a vain endeavour to induce his wife to accompany him. Both parents must not leave the children, she represented mildly, but firmly. As sensibly and heroically she forwarded the preparations for his voyage and long absence.

I have had the pleasure of looking over a MS. volume of letters, written during the separation of sixteen months that tried the hopes and spirits of the faithful pair. They were copied out carefully, after Richard Stockton's death, by his widow for their daughter, Mrs. Field,—typewriting being among the then-uninvented arts. The priceless archives of wedded devotion stronger than time and death are now in the possession of Mrs. Chancellor McGill of New Jersey, a great-granddaughter of Richard and Anice Stockton.

Addressing her "in the old, sweet way" as "Emilia," the traveller writes of "a charming collection of bulbous roots" he is getting together to send her as soon as the American

spring opens. "But I really believe"—he breaks off to say proudly—"you have as fine tulips and hyacinths in your little garden as almost any in England."

In another letter:—"Suppose in the next place I inform you that I design a ride to Twickenham, the latter end of next month, principally to view Mr. Pope's garden and grotto, and that I shall take with me a gentleman who draws well, to lay down an exact plan of the whole." He has high hopes that he has prevailed upon Dr. Witherspoon of Paisley, Scotland, to accept the Presidency of the College; he has attended the Queen's birthnight ball, and describes it in lively terms; he is uneasy over probable political complications.

"Mr. Charles Townsend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, informed the House last week that he was preparing a scheme to lay before them for raising money from the Colonies; urged the necessity of sending more troops there, and the propriety and justice of their supporting them. I exceedingly fear that we shall get together by the ears, and God only knows what is to be the issue. . . . Wherever I can serve my native country, I leave no occasion untried. Dear America! thou sweet retreat from greatness and corruption! In thee I choose to live and die!"

These are sentences which forecast darkly the coming conflict, full of fate for him and his.

We recognise a familiar name in that of Lord Adam Gordon in whose care, it may be recollected, Sir William Johnson of Johnson Hall sent his son and heir to England "to get rid of the rusticity of a home education." The Scottish peer would seem to have had an especial penchant for American boys.

"He inquired very particularly after you and your dear little boy," writes the absent husband, making it evident that Lord Adam had been a guest at Morven, as well as at Johnson Hall, while in America.

The fond father bids the mother

"Kiss my dear, sweet children for me, and give rather the hardest squeeze to my only son, if you think it right. If not, divide it equally without any partiality. . . .

"I am entertained with the grandeur and vanity of these kingdoms, as you wished me to be, and, as you know I am curious, new objects are continually striking my attention and engaging my fancy ; but

'One thought of *thee* puts all the pomp to flight ;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.'

Let me tell you that all the grandeur and elegance that I have yet seen in these kingdoms, in different families,

where I have been received with great politeness, serves but to increase the pleasure I have, for some years, enjoyed in your society. I see not a sensible, obliging, tender wife, but the image of my dear Emilia is full in view. I see not a haughty, imperious dame, but I rejoice that the partner of my life is so much the opposite. But why need I talk so gallantly? You know my ideas long ago, as well as you would were I to write a volume upon the endearing topic. . . .

"Here I saw all your Duchesses of Ancaster, Hamilton, etc., so famous for their beauty. But here, I have done with this subject! for I had rather ramble with you along the rivulets of Morven or Red Hill, and see the rural sports of the chaste little frogs, than again be at a birthnight ball."

After his return to America, and Morven, he was appointed to a seat in the Royal Council of the Provinces, and to a judgeship in the Supreme Court. These and other honours made the severance of his allegiance to the Crown a terrible wrench for man and public official.

The crucial test of loyalty and of conscience was applied on the 4th of July, 1776, and sent his name down to us as "The Signer."

His eldest daughter, Julia, was, by now, married to Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, already eminent in his profession. The two affixed their names on the same day to the

"THE LINE OF HISTORIC CATALPAS."

Declaration of Independence. Indeed, the family connexion presented a united front in this crisis of national history. His brothers, Philip and Samuel, and their brother-in-law, Elias Boudinot, were zealous and consistent patriots throughout the war.

A New Jersey historian is enthusiastic over the honour reflected upon Princeton by the fact that two of her citizens are upon the immortal roll of honour :

> "Dr. Witherspoon was the acting pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Stockton a member of it. Dr. Witherspoon was president of the College, and Mr. Stockton was a trustee and a graduate of the same.
>
> "What other little town, in our whole country, was so honoured as to have had *two* of her citizens, and such distinguished ones as these were, to sign the Declaration of Independence ?"

The cloud, big with fate to two nations, was to burst with awful fury and suddenness upon Morven. When her master pledged "life, fortune, and sacred honour" for his fulfilment of the obligations entered into on our first "Independence Day," he virtually signed the forfeiture of the first two. After the adjournment of Congress in Philadelphia he returned to his Princeton home, never so fair before as now.

In almost twenty years of proprietorship, he had brought the interior and the environment of the mansion to a degree of luxury and beauty impossible in a new country unless wealth, taste, and foreign travel combine to accumulate pictures and furniture, and to stock grounds with exotic trees and plants. The line of historic catalpas set out by him along the front of the lawn were but saplings then, yet were in flower on that memorable July day when Richard Stockton alighted from his travelling carriage at his own door and told his wife what he had done and what might be the consequences.

Catalpas, and the long avenue of elms in which we stroll to-day, were leafless when news was hurriedly brought to Princeton that a body of British soldiers was marching towards the town. Silver was buried in the frozen earth; papers and other portable valuables were huddled into portmanteaux; the horses and roomy chariot were ordered for instant flight.

An incident related by Mr. J. W. Stockton must not be omitted from this part of our story. Mrs. Stockton had her husband's unbounded confidence. His private, and yet

more important public, correspondence passed through her hands for approval, for revision, and for sealing. She was privy to the fact that certain important documents relating to public affairs and involving the liberty, if not the lives, of those by whom they were written, had been deposited in "Whig Hall," Princeton. In the haste, confusion, and alarm of the flitting from Morven, the intrepid woman recollected the papers, and taking no one into her confidence, ran alone through byways to the Hall, secured the treasonable correspondence, and with her own hands secreted them in the grounds of her home. Some say they were buried; others, that they were hidden in a hollow tree. In recognition of these and other services rendered to the organisation during the Revolution, she was made a member of the American Whig Society. "This is the only instance in which a lady has been initiated into the mysteries of that literary brotherhood."

Richard, the eldest son, a lad of twelve, was, singularly enough, as it appears to us, left behind when the rest of the family quitted Morven. "In care of a trustworthy old servant," is an explanatory phrase not quite satis-

factory to those who know nothing more than the bare circumstance that father, mother, and the other children sought refuge in the house of Mr. John Covenhoven, thirty miles distant, in Monmouth County. It may have been that the boy's occupation of the home was meant to cover some technical point relative to the absolute desertion of the premises. There was no danger of personal violence to him. Cornwallis was with the advancing forces, and he was too brave a gentleman to make war upon children. One of the dramatic episodes of the arrival of the British company at the homestead must have been the apparition of the always dauntless son of the house where they had expected to see no one. Morven was Lord Cornwallis's headquarters. He occupied it for a month, sleeping in the spacious bedchamber above the drawing-room. In leaving, he gave the place over to the wanton depredations of his men. The stables were emptied of stock and provender ; the wine-cellars were gutted ; the furniture, imported and home-made, was hacked into firewood ; books and pictures fed the wanton flames. The portrait of Mr. Stockton painted by Copley, from which our illustration is taken, was left

upon the wall, but mutilated. A gash in the throat severed the head from the body, signifying the opinion of a humorous trooper as to the fate deserved by the rebellious original. The injury has been neatly repaired, yet the

RICHARD STOCKTON
"THE SIGNER"

work of the decapitating blade is still visible in certain lights.

Princeton was occupied by the British, December 7, 1776. The evicted fugitives' dream of security with the hospitable Covenhovens was rudely dispelled, a few nights

afterward, by the violent entrance of a posse of armed men into Mr. Stockton's chamber. The secret of his hiding-place had been betrayed by neighbourhood tories, and a party was sent to apprehend him. He was taken to a New York jail, thence transferred to a prison-ship, and treated like a common felon.

The Battle of Princeton was fought January 3, 1777. The British were driven out of the town and ejected from the College in which a regiment had taken shelter. On the same day Congress passed this resolution :

"*Whereas*, Congress hath received information that Richard Stockton, Esq., of New Jersey, and a member of this Congress, hath been made a prisoner, and ignominiously thrown into a common jail, and there detained. . . . *Resolved*, that General Washington be directed to make immediate inquiry into the truth of this report, and if he finds reason to believe it well-founded, that he send to General Howe, remonstrating against this departure from that humane procedure which has marked the conduct of these States to prisoners who have fallen into their hands, and to know of General Howe whether he chooses this shall be the future rule for treating all such on both sides as the fortune of war may place in the hands of either party."

The remonstrance had the effect of releasing Mr. Stockton after some needless delays. The

tedious weeks of confinement in the middle of an unusually inclement winter undermined his health. He rejoined his family at Morven, indomitable in spirit, but shattered in constitution.

The homestead was a yet more pitiable wreck. In evacuating it, the soldiery had fired both wings, counting upon the destruction of the entire building. The conflagration was arrested before the main body of the house was reached. We see the noble halls and arched doorways, the drawing-room, dining-room, and the bedchambers above these, as they were restored by the owners, grateful to find thus much of the original edifice standing.

The news of the loss of her library was carried to Mrs. Stockton in Monmouth. She heard it with the fortitude of the patriot, the composure of the thoroughbred.

"I shall not complain if only my Bible and Young's *Night Thoughts* are saved," was her remark, recalled wonderingly when, as the story runs, these two books were brought to her, upon her return to Princeton, as the forlorn relics of the treasures which had filled her shelves.

But one of the three chests of valuables

buried in the woods had escaped the marauders. The location of the others was revealed to the soldiery by one of the Morven servants,—*not*, we are glad to be assured, the faithful majordomo who was the custodian of the young master left at home.

Mrs. McGill prizes, as one of her choicest heirlooms, a silver coffee-pot, disinterred with other plate when the coast was cleared of robbers and traitors. On one side is the Stockton coat of arms, but without the lion rampant that appears in our reproduction of the insignia. Instead of the king of beasts we have upon the reverse side of the pot the figure of a dove. Whether the gentle bird were an innovation upon the conventional design, or had a right to perch upon the genealogical tree, is a mooted question with judges of heraldic emblems. Anice Stockton's eyes may have glistened tenderly in looking upon the symbol of peace restored to heart and dwelling by the husband's release and the blessedness of once more gathering her children in the home of their fathers.

Peace and joy were short-lived. It became fatally evident before the ruined wings were rebuilt and Morven was refurnished, that the

mischief wrought by freezing nights in a fireless cell, wretched fare, and the unspeakable horrors of the prison-ship could never be remedied. One ailment succeeded another, each in evidence of poison the system had not strength to expel, until a cancerous affection laid the sufferer aside from professional labours and social enjoyments. For months prior to his decease he never lost the consciousness of torturing pain except when under the influence of opiates, and had not one hour of natural sleep.

"Not one soft slumber cheats the vital pain,"

wrote the devoted wife, his constant nurse, in the vigil of "*December 3d, 1780.*" The impromptu scribbled beside the death-pillow "cannot"—says Mr. J. W. Stockton, "be given as a specimen of her poetic abilities,"—yet some stanzas bring scene and sufferers vividly to our mental vision.

"While through the silence of the gloomy night,
My aching heart reverb'rates every moan,
As, watching by the glimmering taper's light,
I make each sigh, each mortal pang my own.

But why should I implore Sleep's friendly aid?
O'er me, her poppies shed no ease impart;
But dreams of dear, departing joys invade
And rack with fears my sad, prophetic heart.

And vain is prophecy—when death's approach
Thro' years of pain hath sapped a dearer life,
And makes me, coward-like, myself reproach
That e 'er I knew the tender name of wife.

Oh ! could I take the fate to him assigned,
And leave the helpless family their head !
How pleased, how peaceful, to my lot resigned,
I 'd quit the nurse's station for the bed ! "

Richard the Signer died at Morven, February 28, 1781—is an entry in the family chronicle directly beneath the lines from which I have quoted.

His funeral sermon was based upon a text selected by the widowed Anice :

I have seen an end of all perfection, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad.

The eulogium pronounced by the preacher, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, Vice-President of the College of New Jersey, includes this summary of Mr. Stockton's deportment, character, and attainments.

" In his private life he was easy and graceful in his manners ; in his conversation affable and entertaining, and master of a smooth and elegant style, even in his ordinary discourse. As a man of letters he possessed a superior genius, highly cultivated by long and assiduous application. His researches into the principles of morals

and religion were deep and accurate, and his knowledge of the laws of his country extensive and profound. He was particularly admired for a flowing and persuasive eloquence by which he long governed in the Courts of New Jersey."

V

MORVEN, THE STOCKTON HOMESTEAD, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

(*Concluded*)

"*The History of Princeton*, by John Frelinghuysen Hageman, Counsellor-at-Law, Princeton, N. J.," diverges from the dusty road of historical and statistical details to give us a passage which is poetical in spirit and graceful in wording:

"The long row of large, though knotty and gnarled, catalpas, still in vigorous life, along the whole front of Morven on Stockton Street, having survived the less ancient pines which alternated them, were planted by him" [Richard (IV.) Stockton].—"This row of catalpas in front of Morven can only be viewed as a sacred memorial to the Signer of the Declaration. The Fourth of July is the great day in Mr. Stockton's calendar, as it is in that of our country, and these catalpas, with the undeviating certainty of the seasons, put on their pure white blooming costume, every Fourth of July. For this

reason, they have been called, very fitly in this country, the 'Independence Tree.' For one hundred years [this in 1876] have these trees pronounced their annual panegyric upon the memory of the man who planted them."

Looking down the leafless vista upon the anniversary of her husband's death-day, Anice Stockton wrote—for her own eyes and her children's :

" To me in vain shall cheerful spring return,
And tuneful birds salute the purple morn ;
Autumn in vain present me all her stores,
Or summer court me with her fragrant bowers ;
These fragrant bowers were planted by his hand
And now, neglected and unpruned, must stand.
Ye stately Elms and lofty Cedars ! Mourn !
Slow through your avenues you saw him borne,
The friend who reared you, never to return."

Although a handsome and brilliant woman under fifty years of age when left a widow, Mrs. Stockton gave her peerless husband no successor in her heart. For her children's sake, she took her place in the society she was born to adorn, when the days of nominal mourning were over. The hospitable doors of Morven had not been closed against the hosts of true friends who revered the master's memory and sympathised in the grief of the smitten

household. Congress met in Princeton in 1783, with Elias Boudinot, Mrs. Stockton's brother, as President. The Fourth of July was celebrated with much *éclat* by the Literary Societies of Nassau Hall, and the orators of the occasion, together with a number of members of Congress, dined at Morven as the guests of the President. He was an inmate of his sister's house during the session of the Chief Court of the United States at Princeton.

The fifth Richard Stockton in the direct line of natural succession, and the fourth in heirship, was now nineteen, and already a man in dignity of bearing and mental development. His environment was all the most ambitious parent could have asked for an ambitious son. Washington was a frequent visitor in the house of his late friend, and on the most cordial terms with the accomplished hostess.

What is "thought to be the most lively and sprightly letter that is known to have been written by General Washington," was addressed to Mrs. Stockton, "Sept. 2, 1783." It was in answer to an "Ode to Washington," written by her on the announcement of peace. The tribute to the hero is in the formal—we

MORVEN.

should say, "stilted"—style of a day when odes were *en règle*, and verse-making was an accomplishment much affected by "society people."

"Emilia" had previously congratulated Cornwallis's victor in the columns of the *New Jersey Gazette*, and received an autograph letter of thanks, assuring the fair author that

> "This address, from a person of your refined taste and elegance of expression, affords a pleasure beyond my powers of utterance. I have only to lament that the hero of your pastoral is not more deserving of your pen; but the circumstance shall be placed among the happiest events of my life."

In the second ode, sent direct to the subject thereof, the fair author asks:

> "Say! can a woman's voice an audience gain,
> And stop a moment thy triumphal car?"

Although sorely tempted to transcribe all four pages of the "lively and sprightly" prose effusion drawn from the martial soul of the recipient of the compliment, I must, perforce, content myself and tantalise the reader with the opening paragraph and the shorter flight into the realm of fanciful gallantry that follows:

"You apply to me, my dear madam, for absolution, as though I was your father confessor, and as though you had committed a crime, great in itself, yet of the venial class. You have reason good, for I find myself strangely disposed to be a very indulgent ghostly adviser on this occasion, and notwithstanding 'you are the most offending soul alive' (that is, if it is a crime to write elegant poetry), yet, if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go through the proper course of penitence which shall be prescribed, I will strive hard to assist you in expiating these poetical trespasses on this side of purgatory. Nay, more; if it rests with me to direct your future lucubrations, I shall certainly urge you to a repetition of the same conduct, on purpose to show what an admirable knack you have at confession and reformation; and so, without more hesitation, I shall venture to recommend the muse not to be restrained by ill-grounded timidity, but to go on and prosper.

"You see, madam, when once the woman has tempted us, and we have tasted the forbidden fruit, there is no such thing as checking our appetite, whatever the consequences may be. You will, I daresay, recognise our being the genuine descendants of those who are reputed to be our great progenitors."

The charger of our hero's imagination flounders in the unfamiliar field as in a morass. It would be unfair to him, and to her who inspired the ponderous effusion, not to insert the whole of a third letter, to which we turn with grateful relief:

"Mrs. Richard Stockton,
"'Morven,'
"Princeton, N. J.

"Mount Vernon, Feb'y 18th, 1784.

"Dear Madam:

"The intemperate weather, and very great care which the Post Riders take of themselves, prevented your letter of the 4th of last month from reaching my hands 'till the 10th of this. I was then in the very act of setting off on a visit to my aged Mother, from whence I am just returned. These reasons, I beg leave to offer, as an apology for my silence until now.

"It would be a pity indeed, my dear Madam, if the Muses should be restrained in you. It is only to be regretted that the hero of your poetical talents is not more deserving their lays. I cannot, however, from motives of false delicacy (because I happen to be the principal character in your Pastoral), withhold my encomiums on the performance, for I think the easy, simple, and beautiful strains with which the dialogue is supported, does great justice to your genius, and will not only secure Lucinda & Aminta from Wits & Critics, but draw from them, however unwillingly, their highest plaudits, if they can relish the praises that are given as highly as they must admire the manner of bestowing them.

"Mrs. Washington, equally sensible with myself of the honour you have done her, joins me in most affectionate compliments to yourself, the young Ladies & Gentlemen of your family. With sentiments of esteem, regard and respect,

"I have the honour to be, Dear Madam,
"Y'r Most Obed't Serv't,
"G. Washington."

When her son Richard (V.) married, Mrs., now "Madam," Stockton voluntarily abdicated the throne she had graced for more than thirty years. Washington's last visit to her was paid when she was boarding in a private family in Princeton. Her four beautiful daughters were married—Julia, as we have seen, to Dr. Rush; Susan to Alexander Cuthbert, Esq., a Canadian; Mary to Rev. Dr. Hunter, a Presbyterian clergyman who had served through the Revolutionary War as an army chaplain; Abigail to Robert Field, Esq., of Whitehill, Burlington County. The mother's old age was placid and honourable to the end. At the time of her death, February 6, 1801, she had resided for some years with her daughter, Mrs. Field.

I owe to the kindly courtesy of Mrs. McGill the privilege of inserting here a letter written by Mrs. Richard Stockton to Mrs. Field, as a preface to the volume of MS. letters referred to in the preceding chapter. It rounds off fitly the story of conjugal love, stronger than death:

January the 12th, 1793.

"You could not, my dear Abby, have made a request to me more mournfuly pleasing, than that of copying for you your dear, and ever lamented father's letters. Your tender years when he left us, prevented you from form-

ing any adequate idea of your loss in such a parent. Indeed, you must feel it more now, than you could then. I am sorry that the ravages of war have left so few of his writings. All of them would be a treasure to his children, and an improvement to the world. It seems as if some kind power, watchful over the happiness of poor mortals, had interposed to save a very few of the many letters he wrote to me while he was abroad. The soldiers' straw and dirt from which I carefully collected them with my own hand, has indeed so torn and effaced them, together with the running hand in which they were written, that I do not wonder that you cannot readily read them. . . .

"You will see in those letters, the portrait of your beloved Father's character in the domestick point of view, which was truly amiable,—and tho when he wrote them, they were intended for no eye but mine, yet by them you will be better able to judge of his character, as a friend, a husband, and a parent, than by a volume of encomium drawn up by the ablest hands. Had I the ability to do his talents, his virtues, and his usefulness, justice, they should not be buried in silence and forgotten,—but to you, my dear, I will give a few traits of his character,—as I know you will never sit as a critic on your Mother's attempts to revive in your memory the sweet idea of such a Father. Therefore I dedicate this little manuscript book to you.

"He was a most accomplished man, adorned with such native ease and dignity of manner as did honour to human nature. His address was elegant and fascinating; —he had all the polish of a Court, in his conversation and behaviour. He was a man of genius and learning,

and appeared to understand the theory of the whole circle of sciences and the practice of a great many of them perfectly. He had the most active and penetrating mind, with the clearest head, and the most sound judgment I ever knew meet in one man, joined to an industry and attention in everything that he undertook, that made him able to accomplish what he designed, however arduous the purpose. He was kind, benevolent, and hospitable, ever ready to do good, both in the line of his profession, and in the daily occurrences of life. His piety towards God, his gratitude for all His mercies, his resignation to His will, and his confidence in the atoning merits of his blessed Redeemer, completed the whole round of his character, and formed him to be the best of husbands, the kindest father, brother, master, friend. My earnest prayer, day and night, is that you may all tread in his footsteps, and enjoy his reward. . . .

"I have in my possession many letters which he wrote to Lord North and other ministers after he returned from England respecting this country. The cloud that afterward poured in a storm all over this extensive continent was gathering thick when he was in England, and he laboured as much as he was able then for the sake of both countries to avert it. My motive in mentioning these letters to you is to elucidate in some degree my opinion of his penetration, as you will see that it operated there almost to prediction. Therefore I wish you to read them, and I shall add to what I have written in this book copies of the anniversary eulogy which I have written to his memory almost every year since his death, the return of which I have ever kept as a day of solitude and retirement, and shall to the end of my days."

Richard (V.) Stockton, surnamed by college-mates and townsmen "the Duke," while lacking his father's unfailing courtesy of mien and affability to lofty and low, won and held the respect of his fellow citizens. "He was a gentleman of a lofty sense of honour and the sternest integrity," testifies an eminent lawyer who studied his profession in Mr. Stockton's office. "He had a great abhorrence of everything mean and unworthy."

From the same authority, (Mr. Samuel J. Bayard of Princeton,) we have a characteristic anecdote of "the Duke." When Lafayette made the tour of America in 1824–26, the master of Morven was appointed by the committee of reception to act as their mouthpiece in welcoming the distinguished visitor to Princeton. Mr. Bayard writes:

> "In the morning of the day on which Lafayette was to arrive the council assembled to hear Mr. Stockton read his address. He commenced by saying 'Monsieur le Marquis de La Fayette.' After he concluded, I suggested timidly that La Fayette had renounced his title in the National Assembly and that he would prefer in this country to be called 'General.' Mr. Stockton sternly said—'Once a Marquis, always a Marquis! I shall address him by what was his title before the infamous French Revolution.' And he did so address him."

Mr. Stockton was elected twice to Congress, once to the Senate, and once to the House, and stood for a quarter-century in the front rank of American jurists.

He died at Morven in 1828.

His eldest son Richard (VI.) who should have come after him in the proprietorship of the now ancient homestead, removed to Mississippi before his father's death, and continued there the practice of law he had begun with flattering promise of success in New Jersey. He was Attorney General of his adopted State when he was killed in a duel with a brother judge.

Morven, with two hundred and seventy acres of surrounding land, together with fifteen thousand acres in North Carolina and other tracts in New Jersey and elsewhere, composed the fortune Robert Field Stockton, "the Duke's" second son, found waiting for him when called to take the place left vacant by his father's death.

He had entered Princeton College in the thirteenth year of his age. Mr. Hageman relates that "in his boyhood he was characterised for his personal courage, a high sense of honour, a hatred of injustice, with unbounded

generosity and a devoted attachment to his friends." Added to these were ambitions that seemed audacious in a boy, and a thirst for adventure rarely developed in American youths born to "expectations." These aspirations

COMMODORE ROBERT FIELD STOCKTON.

begat such restlessness in the high-spirited boy that he left college before the time for graduation, and entered the navy, a service then mightily stimulated by the prospect of another war with Great Britain. Robert Stockton received his midshipman's commission in 1811, and was sent on board the frigate *President*,

then preparing for a patrol cruise along the coast threatened by British vessels. In the war of 1812, his dauntless courage and keen delight in the excitement and danger of battle earned for him the nickname of "Fighting Bob," a title that stayed by him all his life.

Ten years, crowded with perils and happenings, elapsed before he was again at Morven. His parents were living, and had, besides himself, seven other children. The young falcon had tried his wings and knew their strength and the joys of flight. At twenty-eight he had fought under Decatur at Algiers, cruised and explored and battled under Bainbridge, Rodgers, and Chauncey, and risen to the rank of Lieutenant. Philanthropy entered into the next project that fired his ardent soul. In 1821 he sailed for the coast of Africa, commanding officer of a new vessel, and, as actuary of the American Colonisation Society, commissioned to select a location for the colony of liberated negroes they purposed to establish near the British settlement of Sierra Leone. The history of the expedition belittles, in stirring incident, hairbreadth escapes, and daring enterprise, the most improbable of Stevenson's, Hope's, and Weyman's fictions.

After his party of three white men and an interpreter had forced their way through morass, jungle, and forest to the village of the African chief, "King Peter," they were confronted by a horde of murderous savages, infuriated by the rumour that the object of the strangers' visit was to convict the tribe of supplying slavers with prisoners taken in internecine warfare, and women and children stolen from their enemies' villages. I extract from Hageman's *History* a partial account of the scene given by Doctor Ayres, an eyewitness:

"Stockton instantly, with his clear, ringing tone of voice, commanded silence. The multitude was hushed as if a thunderbolt had fallen among them, and every eye was turned upon the speaker. Deliberately drawing a pistol from his breast and cocking it, he gave it to Dr. Ayres, saying, while he pointed to the mulatto: 'Shoot that villain if he opens his lips again!' Then, with the same deliberation, drawing another pistol and levelling it at the head of King Peter, and directing him to be silent until he heard what was to be said, he proceeded to explain the true object of this treaty, and warned the king of the consequences of his refusal to execute it, threatening the worst punishment of an angry God if he should fail to perform his agreement.

"During this harangue, delivered through an interpreter, the whole throng, horror-struck with the danger

of their king and awed by the majesty of an ascendant mind, sunk gradually, cowering prostrate to the ground. If they had believed Stockton to be an immediate messenger from heaven, they could not have quailed and shrunk and humbled themselves to more humiliating postures. Like true savages, the transition in their minds from ferocity to abject cowardice was sudden and involuntary. King Peter was quite as much overcome with fear as any of the crowd, and Stockton, as he perceived the effect of his own intrepidity, pressed the yielding mood only with more sternness and vehemence."

The territory purchased for the American Colonisation Society by Lieutenant Stockton is now the Republic of Liberia.

As the determined opponent of the slave-trade, he chased and captured a number of slave-ships sailing under false colours; ferreted out more than one nest of pirates, and dragged the offenders to justice. He had crowded the events and perils of a lifetime into his thirty-one years of mortal existence when he seemed content to settle down to the peaceful pursuits of a country gentleman in the home and town his forefathers had founded. For sixteen years he had never asked for a furlough, and now, while holding himself in readiness to respond to the recall to active service, he

engaged with characteristic energy in the duties that lay nearest his hand. He was the President of the Colonisation Society; the importer of blooded racers from England; the eloquent supporter of Andrew Jackson's claims to the Presidential chair; the largest shareholder and most active promoter of the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company, making a voyage to England to effect a loan in behalf of the scheme.

Jackson's advocate was not Van Buren's. Captain Stockton "stumped" New Jersey for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," in 1840, and, when Harrison's death made John Tyler President, was offered and declined the Secretaryship of the Navy. "Fighting Bob's" tastes did not lie in the direction of state-desks, portfolios, and audience of office-seekers.

One of the great honours and the great catastrophe of his eventful life came to him February 28, 1844. At his earnest request the Navy Department authorised him to construct the first steamship-of-war ever successfully launched. The marvel was named by her gratified inventor—*The Princeton.* The trial trip was made down the Potomac. The passengers were the President and Cabinet,

many members of Congress and distinguished residents of Washington. The two great guns were fired amid wild enthusiasm. They were still at table when some of the company were seized with a desire to have one of the big guns fired a second time. The Captain objected, smilingly; "No more guns to-night!" he said, decidedly.

The request was pressed by the Secretary of the Navy, and the Captain fired the gun with his own hand. A terrific explosion ensued. The iron monster had burst, and five of the guests, including the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Navy, were killed instantly. Although the court of inquiry absolved Captain Stockton from all blame, he carried the awful memory of the day all his life, and could never allude to it without profound emotion.

We have not room for more than a hasty summary of other achievements of this eminent scion of a noble race. He took possession of California for the United States, and formed a provisional government there in 1846, thus securing the jurisdiction for his nation before the close of the Mexican War. The first printing-press and schoolhouse in California were his work. He resigned his command in

the Navy, May 28, 1850; was United States Senator from New Jersey, 1851–53; was the nominee of the "American Party" for the Presidency in 1856, a ticket withdrawn, at his instance, before election-day.

In 1861, he wrote to Governor Olden:

"to consider the best means of preserving our own State from aggression.

"You remember it is only the River Delaware that separates New Jersey from the Slave States. If you should see fit to call upon me for any aid that I can render, it is freely rendered. This is no time to potter about past differences of opinion, or to criticise the administration of public affairs. I shall hoist the Star-Spangled Banner at Morven, the former residence of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence,—that flag, which, when a boy, I nailed to the frigate *President*."

Commodore Stockton drew his last breath where he had drawn his first—in Morven. He saw the July blossoming of the catalpas in 1866. Catalpas were in the sere, elms, chestnuts, and maples in the yellow, leaf when the keen eyes closed upon earthly change and glory. He died October 7, 1866, in his seventy-first year,

"full of vigour and energy. No infirmity of body had given a premonition of his death," writes the historian.

"His health had been preserved by his abstemious habits of life and general care of himself. . . . He was impulsive, yet self-possessed, generous and noble, with a wonderful magnetism over men when he came into personal contact with them."

In 1824, when twenty-nine years old, he married a South Carolina belle, Miss Maria Potter, daughter of Mr. John Potter, then of Charleston, South Carolina, afterwards a prominent citizen of Princeton. Commodore Stockton survived his excellent wife for several years.

Their sons were Richard (VII.), a lawyer of note, and Treasurer of the Delaware and Raritan Company; John Potter Stockton, who became Attorney General of the State and an active and popular United States Senator; General Robert Field Stockton, Comptroller of the State of New Jersey—all men of rare ability, and useful citizens of State and nation. Six daughters grew to womanhood: Mrs. F. D. Howell, Mrs. Admiral Howell, Mrs. W. R. Brown, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. W. A. Dod, and Miss Maria Stockton.

Morven lapsed out of the straight line of succession at Commodore Stockton's death. It remained in the family until it was bought

149 DRAWING-ROOM AT MORVEN.

by Rev. Dr. Shields, of Princeton. His daughter, the wife of Bayard Stockton, Esq., a grandson of Commodore Stockton, is now the graceful mistress of the venerable mansion. The venerable homestead is therefore restored to the lineal succession of the founders.

Front and back doors of the wide hall stood open to let in spring sunshine and airs when I visited Morven in the present year. A tall Japan apple-tree (*Pyrus floribunda*) on one side of the porch flamed red and clear as the bush that burned on Horeb ; other clumps of flowering shrubbery, pink, white, and yellow, lighted up the grounds laid out one hundred and thirty years ago after the pattern of Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. Horse-chestnuts still stand in line to indicate the course of ancient avenues, and the rugged catalpas, defiant of the centuries, mount guard upon the outskirts of the lawn. At the left of the entrance-hall is the dining-room, where Washington and his generals—Lafayette and Rochambeau and Viscount de Chastellux,—Cornwallis and his officers, grave and reverend seigniors from every land under the sun, and nearly every President of the United States, have broken bread and quaffed the

generous vintage for which the Morven cellars have always been famous.

BAYARD STOCKTON, Esq.

A scarf wrought by the deft fingers of the present lady of the manor is thrown over a sideboard, and bears this legend:

"*Sons of Morven spread the feast, and send the night away in song.*"

The drawing-room is across the hall, and we pass up the staircase to the chamber where

Cornwallis "lay"—in archaic phrase—during the four weeks in which Washington was making ready to dislodge him. The carved mantel in this room was in place then, and the logs blazed merrily below when the Delaware and Raritan were frozen over, and the deposed master of Morven was being done to his death in common jail and prison-ship.

"THE GIANT HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE."

The giant horse-chestnut at the rear of the house sprang from a nut planted by one of the Pintard brothers when they were courting the sisters, Abigail and Susannah Stockton, more than a hundred and fifty years ago. The patriarch tree is eleven feet in girth, and upbears his crown far above the ridge-pole of the house it has shaded for seven generations of human life. Upon the circular platform at its root

Commodore Stockton used to arrange dancing-parties on moonlight nights, when the branches were heavy with blossoms and the summer air sweet with their odour.

"And do no ghosts walk here?" I say incredulously, pausing for a long look at the portrait of "the Commodore" against the wall in the dining-room, his sword suspended under it.

The hostess, so slight of figure, so girlish in the *riante* face and clear, youthful tones that —set in the storied spaces of the old colonial homestead,—she reminds me of nothing so much as the poet's "violet by a mossy stone," makes laughing reply:

"None! That is, none that trouble *this* generation."

VI

SCOTIA, THE GLEN-SANDERS HOUSE, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

UPON the 27th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1661, a commissioner appointed by Peter Stuyvesant, "Director-General and Commissary of the Privileged West India Company at Fort Orange and the town of Beverwyck" (now Albany), countersigned a deed of sale from "certain chiefs of the Mohawk country" "unto Sieur Arent Van Curler of a parcel of land or Great Flat called in Indian, Schonowa." In payment for this tract, upon which the city of Schenectady now stands, the Mohawks received a "certain number of cargoes," character and value unknown.

The "Flats and Islands" thus conveyed were neither a wooded wilderness nor a barren waste, but cleared lands that had been

cultivated for generations by the least barbarous of the aboriginal residents. The Mohawks had five strong villages, or castles, between the mouth of the river bearing their name and Canajoharie, their upper, and great, castle in Herkimer County. "Schonowa," or Schenectady Castle, was the second sold by them to the whites.

GLEN-SANDERS COAT OF ARMS.

Among the petitioners to the Director-General for permission to negotiate for the tract was Alexander Lindsay Glen, a Scotch Highlander who, like hundreds of other pioneers, had tarried in Holland on the way to America long enough to identify himself with Dutch immigrants. To association with them he owed the name by which he was known in the early days of his residence in the Colonies, "Sander Leendertse Glen." His original intention to settle himself upon a grant of Delaware lands was frustrated by the unfriendliness of the Swedes, who were in possession there in 1643. He applied for, and received, another

grant in New Amsterdam (New York) in 1646. As a trader in Albany, then Beverwyck, he amassed a considerable fortune,

"owned lands, houses, and cattle at Gravesend, Long Island, and in 1658, built a mansion of stone, on the north bank of our beautiful river, under protection and title of the Mohawks; for which site and some adjacent uplands, with some small islands and all the flats contiguous, he obtained a patent in 1665."[1]

That the Highlander was canny in his generation these facts denote. An anecdote extracted from another early history is in evidence of other Scotch traits. An agent of the West India Company attempted to arrest a negro slave belonging to "Sander Leendertse Glen." Her master resisted the official, and, when threatened with imprisonment and confiscation if he persisted in his contumacy, boldly declared himself a subject of the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck, the determined opponent of the West India Company's authority and claims.

"I cannot serve a new master until I am discharged from the one I live under," he maintained, sturdily.

And when the infuriated officer "drew his

[1] *Early History of Schenectady*, by Hon. John Sanders.

rapier and threatened to run his adversary through, Glen fearlessly seized a club to repel his assailant, who then prudently retired."

Loyalty, thrift, and courage were united, in the staunch Presbyterian, to blameless integrity that earned the confidence of white and savage neighbours. He bought lands from the Mohawks and paid for them; Indians and negroes worked together in his broad meadows, and ate from the same board. Beyond the stone mansion, to which he gave the name of "Scotia," in loving memory of his native land, stretched away to the north hundreds of miles of woodlands and fertile valleys, unclaimed by the whites. Between him and the bounds of Canada the Indians held everything, and were prepared to resist every trespass upon their rights. While Alexander Glen lived these rights were religiously respected, and the foundations laid of an hereditary friendship between the residents of Scotia and the Mohawks which, as we shall see, bore much fruit in after years.

"Reared in the religious tenets of John Knox," the successful freeholder was also a valiant churchgoer. Four times a year an Albany dominie visited Schenectady, to adminis-

ter the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and to baptise such infants as had helped swell the population of the young colony since his last services there. There was a Reformed Dutch church in Albany, twenty-odd miles away, and perhaps a dozen times in the twelve-month "Sander Leendertse Glen" was in his pew in the sacred edifice, having left Scotia early Saturday morning to accomplish the journey by Saturday night. In 1682, he built, at his own expense, "and presented the same to the inhabitants of Schenectady as a free gift," a frame building, to be used as a church on Sundays, as a public hall during the week. The first pastor was installed and the building was consecrated in 1684.

Catherine Dongan Glen, the wife of Alexander, died at Scotia in August of the same year, and at her husband's request was buried in the chancel of the church. One year and two months thereafter a grave was opened for him at her side. There their remains were found after an interment of one hundred and sixty-three years, and reverently removed by a descendant to the Scotia family burying-ground.

Of his three sons (he had no daughters),

Jacob Alexander died one month before his father's decease, at the age of forty. He had lived in Albany many years, and left five children, three sons and two daughters.

Alexander, the second son, was an active and influential citizen of Schenectady, the captain of a company of Colonial militia, a justice of the peace, a mighty hunter, and a famous fisherman. He died at the age of thirty-eight, childless.

The homestead and the surrounding plantation were inherited by John Alexander, the third and youngest son of Alexander Lindsay Glen. As a rule, the colonists married early. At nineteen, John Alexander had espoused Anna Peek, the daughter of the settler from whom Peekskill takes its name, and was now the father of six living children.

The site of the "mansion of stone" on the north bank of the Mohawk was nearer the water's edge than the present house. Little by little, the channel encroached upon grounds and foundations for half a century, until the lower courses of stone—all that remain to mark the spot—are now under water. When John Alexander Glen became, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, master of the estate,

he was the richest man for many miles around. The family gift of winning popularity was his

TABLET IN SCOTIA, BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND.

in large measure. With the Indians and French he was "Major Coudre," a nickname bestowed for some reason that has not been transmitted to us.

Says his historian-descendant, in mock seriousness :

"The Mohawks of Scotia's early days were always devoted friends of the Dutch, but they were barbarous after all, and the white population was too sparse, weak,

and timid to interfere with the chivalric customs of those noble knights of the tomahawk, blunderbuss, bow, and arrow."

In pursuance of the politic tolerance exercised toward the chivalric customs of the soil, the Mohawks had been allowed to retain the right to torture and burn alive such prisoners as they willed to hale to a hillock within the precincts of the Scotia plantation. The spot had been set aside for that purpose through untold generations of blood-loving warriors. Where their fathers butchered, they would slay and burn. Nothing the Glens—father and sons—could say had abated the horrible practice.

When a large body of Mohawks, just returned from an expedition northward, swarmed down upon their "reserve" one summer afternoon, soon after Alexander Glen's death, the hubbub of savage rejoicing, distinctly audible at the house, was nothing novel or alarming. What was to be, would be. If John Glen and Anna, his wife, had not seen with their own eyes the frightful ceremonies set for the next day, they had heard stories of them from their babyhood, and comprehended the futility of meddling with wild beasts ravening for blood.

The complexion of the present case was changed when a party of the savages brought to their house for safe-keeping a French Jesuit priest, the destined victim of the morrow's sacrifice.

I quote from a descendant's letter:

> "The reason of their peculiar dislike to priests was this: The Mohawks were Protestants after their own fashion,—'*because the Dutch were*,'—and this priest, with others, had proselyted among them, and caused some, as a Catholic party, to remove to Canada. Now, these rejoicing, victorious Christians soon announced to Mr. Glen and his wife that they intended a special roast of their captive on the following morning. So they brought the unfortunate priest along for Glen to lock up in his cellar until they should want him for their pious sacrifice."

With the blanched face and quivering limbs of the doomed man before them, the husband and wife were coolly composed. They raised no objection to the pious roast aforesaid. As a matter of ordinary prudence, they declined to take the responsibility of becoming the captor's gaolers. They knew the tricks and manners of these priests. Wizards they were, to a man, and the Jesuits the wiliest wizards of all. If the Mohawks, at all times and every-

where their very good friends, insisted upon putting the prisoner into their cellar, he must be locked up by the Mohawks' own hands and the key be taken away by them. In Mr. Glen's opinion, they would find, in the morning, that the magician had slipped out through the key-hole. This "one thing he proposed with wise solemnity, and this just proposition Mrs. Glen seconded."

After the cellar was securely locked and the key safe in the keeping of the captors, Mr. Glen strolled down to the encampment with them, and led the conversation to a journey his mules and a trusty negro or two were to make to Albany the next day. Scotia was out of salt, and there was not enough in Schenectady to supply the plantation. Team and negroes would set out before sunrise. The roads were deep with sand, and the noonday sun hot.

The savages listened indifferently. A keg of rum had been ordered from Schenectady, and they made a night of it. Had the Glens been inclined to sleep they could not have closed their eyes for the hellish screechings and chants that could be heard all the way to the town. It was after two o'clock when the

Protestant participants in the orgies fell into a drunken slumber. By four, a wagon drove from the back door of the house, laden with what assumed to be empty hogsheads. One, in the centre of the load, was open at the bottom, and there were holes bored here and there to admit the air.

When Mr. Glen, awakened by the howls of rage and disappointment arising from the cellar, made his appearance next morning, he reminded the Indians of his caution :

"I told you so ! Priests are wizards."

And they reluctantly replied : "Coudre was right."

"Nor," concludes the narrative, "was it ever known that any Mohawk of that generation discovered the deception. Major Glen was always a great favourite with the Mohawks. His sayings and doings were *ex cathedrâ.*"

The possibility that he had a duplicate key to his cellar never occurred to their noble minds.

The good deed of that summer night was repaid with compound interest five years afterwards. On February 8, 1690, a force of French and Indians swooped down upon the town of Schenectady and massacred every white per-

son who could not escape, with the exception of a few old men, women, and children, spared through a spasm of compassion on the part of the French commandant.

> "When Coudre, who was Mayor of the place and lived on the other side of the river, would not surrender, and began to put himself on the defensive, with his servants and some Indians . . . it was resolved not to do him any harm in consequence of the good treatment the French had formerly experienced at his hands. . . . Only two houses were spared in the town—one belonging to Coudre, and another, whither M. de Montigny had been carried when wounded."

Such is the account of the massacre given by a French writer.

Brave Anna Glen died in December, 1690, —the year Schenectady was burned. Just six months and two days afterward her widower married the Widow Kemp, whose first husband, a justice of the peace, had lost his life in the massacre. She was a sister of Captain Alexander Glen's wife, and brought his brother, her second husband, a goodly portion.

The two wives brought him, between them, no less than thirteen children, seven of them belonging to Anna, six to Deborah Kemp.

In 1713, Major Glen built a new stone

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SCOTIA.
(BUILT 1713).

house upon a knoll overlooking the river, and but a few hundred yards from the old home, which was demolished to supply part of the material for the present homestead. The incursion of the current—diverted by later changes in the banks and bed of the river—had made Major Glen uneasy as to the permanence of the structure, and he needed more room for his large family. Thrift may have entered into the utilisation of every beam and door and balustrade in the erection of the second Scotia. Yet he was wealthy enough to spare the workmen the pains of the contriving and fitting manifest to the curious inspector of the dwelling. Doors were re-hinged and hung, the grooves of bolt and latch remaining on the other side, and a score of other makeshifts, or what would have been makeshifts in a poorer man, are to be seen throughout the building. It is altogether likely that affectionate association with the days of his youth and the father who had preceded him in the house which was the northern vanguard of civilisation, moved him to preserve the wood and stone he could not feel were insensate.

He lived in the new house until his death, at the age of eighty-three, in 1731.

Alexander, the third child and eldest son of Major John Alexander Glen, became a ship's surgeon, and died at sea in 1686; John, sixth child and second son, also died before his father, and unmarried; Jacob Alexander, next in order of succession, removed to Baltimore at an early age and founded there a family. "Several of the line became greatly distinguished for wealth and legal ability," notably Judge Elias Glen and his son, John Glen, who, as United States Judge for Maryland, "took his seat upon the same bench his father had previously occupied."

Thus it came to pass that Jacob Glen, the eighth child of Major John, and the first fruits of the second marriage, fell heir to Scotia and a large portion of the original estate. This fortune he nearly doubled by judicious trading and investments in the thirty-one years of his occupancy of the mansion. He was a personage of note in the town and neighbourhood, a wise agriculturist, a skilful surveyor, a member of the Provincial Legislature, and colonel of all the militia west of Albany,—a regiment at one time 3000 strong. Exercise of the proverbial hospitality of the Scotia clan proved fatal to himself and wife. Some lately

arrived emigrants, sick, hopeless, and poor, were sheltered and fed by the charitable couple until they could obtain employment elsewhere. Colonel and Mrs. Glen took ship-fever from them, and died within three days of one another in August, 1762.

Their only child, Deborah, pretty and a prospective heiress, was the idol of her parents and a brilliant figure in what Schenectady by now called society. When, at eighteen she married John Sanders of Albany, it was a forgone conclusion that, as our record phrases it, he should "immediately remove to Scotia." To "remove" the petted darling from the homestead would be to tear the pearl from a setting that would be worse than valueless without her.

From the first mention of Deborah (the family register spells it without the final *h*) Glen in the pages that are more than half-filled with italicised lists of the *born*, *married*, and *died*, she seizes upon our fancy as a living personality might. There is a full-length picture of her upstairs in "Grandma's Room," to which we shall mount by-and-by. It had never much value as a work of art. With other paintings that hang in the same room,

it was once snatched from a burning room, and is darkened by smoke and heat. But we take kindly, even lovingly, to the little lady, as we see her there. She has a sonsie, shrewd, happy Scotch face and a trig figure laced up in a coquettish boddice; she carries her head a trifle proudly, as conscious of her dignities and immunities from rules that constrained other damsels of her rank and age to obedience to parents and superiors. A pair of her slippers, flowered satin, with high heels and high insteps, are brought to us while we look at her. We run three fingers into the silken recess of the instep and, in imagination, fit them upon the tiny feet that in the painting are shod with just such another pair. At her side is the picture of a nice-looking boy, and, facing him on the opposite wall, is the portrait of an old man, his cheeks sunken and forehead seamed by the ploughshare of time and care. Both represent one and the same person—the John Sanders whom she played with as a child, and married when she had grown to womanhood and he was a man of twenty-five.

Life's ironies are oftenest and most aptly expressed by these old family portraits and relics.

Our dainty Deborah was dauntless as well. In the lower hall we stayed to hear a story that made us shudder, as she did not for herself. She was reading in the library at the left of the front door one day, when she heard loud wrangling in the hall, and went out to see what was the matter. Two Indians, probably from the encampment mentioned just now, had come to blows. One had pressed his antagonist up to the first landing of the stairs, and the latter, seeing himself worsted, raised his tomahawk. The other, unarmed, made a flying leap down the stairs and into a closet on the right of the hall. The tomahawk followed, just missing Deborah's head, and scaling a splinter from the balustrade in hissing by. The tradition is that Deborah ordered both men from the house, and was obeyed without demur from either.

Mrs. Jacob Glen Sanders, of Albany has a clock—the handsomest of its kind I ever saw —which was one of Deborah Glen's bridal gifts from her fond father.

The stately timepiece is in perfect preservation, and ticks away the seconds—" the stuff time is made of"—with unerring regularity, setting the pace for watches and other clocks

DEBORAH GLEN'S CLOCK.

with the authority of a chronometer. If the rest of Deborah's plenishing was in keeping, a princess might have been content with the outfit.

When John Sanders and Deborah, his wife, had been married twenty-six years, and for three years the proprietors of Scotia, they bought out the interests of John Glen of Albany and John Glen, Jr., of Schenectady, in the Glen estate, vesting in themselves the title to the bulk of the family wealth and honours, and "merging that branch of the Glens and the Scotia estate into the Sanders name."

Colonel Glen died in 1782, at the age of sixty-eight; his wife in 1786, in her sixty-fifth year.

Of the five children who survived them, John (II.) succeeded to the ownership of Scotia; Maria married John Jacob Beekman of Albany; Sarah, her cousin, John Sanders Glen of Scotia; Elsie, Myndart Schuyler Ten Eyck of Schenectady; Margaret, Killian Van Rensselaer of Albany. Noble names, all of them, and too familiar in the history of the Empire State to need such poor commendation as these pages could give.

John (II.) Sanders also wedded a "Debora." She was his first cousin, being the daughter of his uncle, Robert Sanders, of Albany. They were married in 1777, and she died in 1793. Their children were: Elizabeth, who married William Anderson; Barent, died in 1854; Robert, died in infancy; Sarah, married to Peter Schuyler Van Rensselaer; Catherine, married to Gerard Beekman; Robert, died in 1840; Jacob Glen, father of Jacob Glen Sanders, Esq., of Albany; Peter, who died in 1850. The last named was the grandfather of Mr. Charles P. Sanders, the present proprietor of Scotia.

In 1801, John (II.) Sanders married, as his second wife, Albertine Ten Broeck. Their eldest son, John (III.), a lawyer of note in

Schenectady, was the author of the *History of Schenectady*, from which I have drawn largely in constructing the framework of this chapter.

The old house fell to his brother Peter in the division of the estate; at the death of Peter, to his son Charles, who married Jane L. Ten Broeck. Their son, Charles P. Sanders, Jr., succeeded in his turn, and now owns the homestead. Anna Lee Sanders, his wife, is a direct descendant of Deborah Glen through Deborah's daughter Maria, the sister of John (II.) Sanders.

The troublous time through which the colony on the beautiful Mohawk fared to stability and peace, bore with peculiar severity upon Mrs. Sanders's forbears. Two of them, Abram de Graff and Captain Daniel Toll, were murdered about three miles north of Scotia by the French and Indians in 1748; a third died in captivity in Canada in 1746.

It is given to few other American homesteads, even to such as have remained in one family for two centuries, to contain such a wealth of valuable relics of the elder times our young nation is just now beginning to appreciate aright. Entering the house from the river-side, and by what used to be the front

door, we pass through a quaint, roomy, Dutch "stoop," supplied with benches, where successive generation of Glens and Sanderses were wont to sit of warm afternoons, with pipe and mug, enjoying the breeze from the water, and looking down toward Schenectady. From the stoop we view the "killing-ground," the hillock so accursèd in the memory of the white settlers that it was selected as the slaughter-place of the plantation. Every animal butchered here—from beeves to chickens—was taken to that spot to be killed, perhaps with some unexpressed notion of the atonement of bloody sacrifice for the crimes done there,—some shadowy idea of washing away human blood with the blood of beasts. The custom was kept up until the last generation.

In his old age, John (II.) Sanders would sit here in his arm-chair and tell his great-grandchildren how he had himself witnessed the burning of the last prisoner who met his death thus and there,—a Mohegan Indian, whom no entreaties on the part of their white "friends" could induce the torturers to liberate.

The stoop is lined with solid wooden shutters, working in grooves so that they can be raised or lowered, to exclude sun or rain, or to

admit the air. The massive double "Dutch" door was brought from the lower and older house; the library on the left is filled with books—some modern, more, ancient. Rare old editions of German, French, Dutch, and English classics make the collector's eyes glisten covetously; piles of leather-bound ledgers, written full—in ink that is still black—of entries of transactions between the masters of the soil and other settlers, near and far, are upon shelves and tables. There is hardly a name of repute common to Albany, Schenectady, or New York City that is not to be found there, and the sums total at the close of each week and month represent, not hundreds, but thousands of dollars, sometimes tens of thousands, reckoned, of course, in English pounds, shillings, and pence. From a great roll of yellowing newspapers of different dates—few under a hundred years old—Mr. Sanders extracted for us one headed "*Printing Office, Lansingburgh, May 6, 1789.*" The head-lines, in the same type with the rest of the paper, begin in this fashion:

"*Sensible of the pleasure that an early perusal thereof will afford our respectable readers.*" The article then states that the events

to be described occurred in New York, April 30, one week ago. The extra, hurried through the press in such haste that the reverse of the sheet is left blank, treats of the inauguration of Washington as first President of these United States. A copy of his Inaugural Address follows. On the back of it is written, in a good clerkly hand, "*King Washington's Speech.*" Lansingburgh and the enterprising editor had not yet mastered the nomenclature of a republican administration.

Among the hundreds of autograph letters stored in boxes and drawers, is a "due bill" written upon a square scrap of paper, so tender and tattered it hardly held together while I copied it :

"*The Bearer, Schoyghoowate, a Young Cayouga chief, has been upon a Scouting party in Fort Stanwix in the Beginning of July '77, where 5 prisoners and 4 Scalps were taken, and has not received any Reward for said Service, this is therefore to Certify that I shall see him contented for Said Service on my first seeing him again.*

"*Buck Island, 9th July '77.*

"DAN. CLAUS.

"*Superintendent of the Western Expedition.*"

It is not agreeable to meet Sir William Johnson's son-in-law again when he is about

such work as this. When I had transferred the inscription to my note-book, my scholarly Schenectady host, who had escorted me to Scotia, laid an impressive finger upon the time-stained memorandum:

"Yet latter-day historians deny that the British Government paid a bounty for scalps! Daniel Claus was an officer of the Crown."

What can be said or thought except that we hope the business of contenting the Cayouga of the unpronounceable name was a private venture on the part of our old acquaintance, Nancy Johnson's husband?

The drawing-room, and the square hall opening into what is now used as the front door, are stocked with a bewildering and bewitching array of antique furniture. The Chippendale sideboard in the hall is in perfect preservation and extremely handsome; another sideboard holds wondrous store of family plate,—coffee- and tea-pots, tankards, and other drinking-vessels of fantastic design, a tall cream-jug, graceful in shape and exquisite in finish, massive forks and spoons, to make which, other and yet older silver was melted down a half-century ago, a bit of barbarity akin to the sale by an economical housewife, "away back," of a ton

or so of old papers,—letters, deeds, and the like,—"that were cluttering up the garret." A waggon-load of "the rubbish" went to the paper-mill, and was ground into pulp.

There are chests upon chests of old manuscripts left in the great attic. When Sir John Johnson fled to Canada, accompanied by Walter Butler, many boxes of the Butler papers were taken possession of by the American authorities, and stored in Scotia for safe-keeping. They are here now, tucked away under the eaves, awaiting resurrection at the call of relic-hunter or antiquarian.

To either of these the Scotia attic would be an enchanted palace. One end is filled by the "smoke-room," where the annual supply of bacon, beef, venison, and fish was hung, each in its season, and cured by the smoke of hickory and oak chips smouldering in the hollowed floor. A valve in the chimney, forming one side of the curing-room, allowed the smoke to escape when it had done its work. Outside of this room is a mass of antiques of all sorts and ages. Fire-buckets, foot-stoves, warming-pans, two immense turn-spits, still whole, and in good working order if they were needed; spinning-wheels of all sizes; chairs and stools;

candle-sticks, trays, and snuffers ; hair-trunks.— My eye singled out from these last one about a foot long, and perhaps eight inches high, lettered with brass nails, " H. T. B."

OLD CHINA IN SCOTIA.

" Helen Ten Broeck," Mr. Sanders interpreted, as I read the initials aloud.

I opened it gently. It is well finished, and still whole and staunch. Did Helen Ten Broeck keep her laces in it ? or, maybe, her love-letters ?

Close by are two cradles, one within the other. In one — a child's cradle — Deborah Glen rocked her son (John II.), the hum of her flax-wheel (it stands but a few feet away now) forming a lulling undercurrent of sound to the Scotch song learned from her mother. The second cradle is over six feet long, and of proportionate width. The stout ribs and bars are of black walnut, and it was constructed according to the orders of the same John Sanders in his infirm old age. For months before the end came, he would, or could, sleep nowhere else, and was rocked to his rest nightly. By-and-by he was cradle-ridden, and lay thus, swung gently to and fro by his son John (III.) and his negro slaves, until senility passed naturally into death.

"Grandma's Room" is a veritable museum of curios. Upon a large round table are rows and groups and heaps of crockery, china, and cut glass, each piece of which would figure anywhere else as bric-à-brac; the washstand on the other side of the room belonged to Robert Fulton; each chair, secretary, stand, and picture has a story, mellow with the use of a century or two. A triangular silver nutmeg-grater, "found the other day in a corner

of a drawer," still holds a quarter-nutmeg, left after the last toddy or sangaree was mixed in tankard or tumbler, a dust of the aromatic spice on top, and quaffed by laughing lips that

OLD PIANOFORTE, ANTIQUE CHAIR, ROBERT FULTON'S WASHSTAND AND TOILET-SET.

have been dust—nobody knows how many years.

In the adjoining chamber Louis Philippe slept for a night when an exiled prince. Over against the bed hangs a mourning-piece wrought, stitch by stitch, in black silk upon white satin, to the

memory of Philip Van Rensselaer and Elizabeth Elmendorf. A rickety church is in the background; a tomb in the foreground is

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S BEDROOM IN SCOTIA.

kept perpendicular by the figure of a weeping woman who leans with all her might against it.

A map of the Colonies, made by the English Government, of six sheets of paper pasted together; a picture burnt into glass (a lost

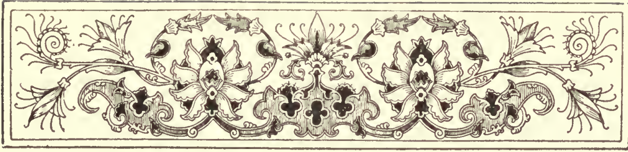
art) of the escape of Æneas from blazing Troy; astonishing shell-work pictures, bearing date of 1789, — adorn other walls. A spinet is in one corner; a pianoforte made in England by "Astor," in another. Hours might be whiled away in inspection and inventorying, and the half remain unseen and unlisted. As I left the room reluctantly, I caught sight of a pair of embroidered stays, said to have been worn by my adopted favourite, Deborah Glen. They measure just eighteen inches around.

Scotia is built of stone and brick, covered with concrete. Upon the front outer wall are wrought-iron scrolls forming the date of construction,

A. D. 1713.

Attached to the scrolls are anchor-rods fastened deep in the wall and holding it together.

If the homestead do not stand firm for two hundred years more the fault cannot be laid at the door of founder or builder.



VII

TWO SCHUYLER HOMESTEADS, ALBANY, N. Y.

The city of Albany was stretched along the banks of the Hudson ; one very wide and long street lay parallel to the river, the intermediate space between it and the shore being occupied by gardens. A small but steep hill rose above the centre of the town, on which stood a fort, intended (but very ill adapted) for the defense of the place, and of the neighbouring country.

" The English church, belonging to the episcopal persuasion, and in the diocese of the bishop of London, stood at the foot of the hill, at the upper end of the street."

I MAKE the extracts from a curious old book seldom found nowadays in private libraries. The title in full runs thus : *Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches of Manners and Scenes in America, as they Existed Previous to the Revolution*, by Mrs. Anne Grant, author of *Letters from the Mountains*, etc.

From the prefatory Memoir of the author,

we gather that she was the daughter of a Scotch officer, a resident of the Colonies of North America for ten years or thereabouts, and that the *Memoirs of an American Lady* were a reminiscence of the childish experi-

FORT AND CHURCH IN ALBANY (1755).

ences of Mrs. Anne Grant "of Laggan," so called to distinguish her from another writer of the same surname, the author of *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*

The recollections of the young girl were deepened and supplemented by the observa-

tions of her father and mother. Taken together, they present an excellent picture of the social life and customs of Central New York from 1755 to 1768.[1]

She digresses *ad libitum;* she moralises inconsequently; she is invariably sentimental, and seldom graphic; Albert de Quincey says she was an "established wit, and received incense from all quarters"; and a critic of her day praised the description given in the rare old volume of the breaking up of the ice in the upper Hudson as "quite Homeric." Still, making allowance for the out-of-date style and want of sequence in the narrative, her book is delightful and a mine of wealth to the novelist and historian interested in that particular epoch of our pre-national existence.

The setting of her discursory tale of *An American Lady* is the town of Albany, "a city which was, in short, a kind of semi-rural establishment."

One of the prettiest scenes she revives for us is the coming home of the cows at sunset from the common pasture at the end of the

[1] A later edition, revised by General James Grant Wilson and dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, of Albany, was published in 1876.

town, each with her tinkling bell, and each turning in, of her own motion, at the gate of the yard where she belonged, to be milked in the open air, while the children waited for their supper of brown bread and milk, eaten in warm weather upon the front door-step.

After sundry chapters devoted to the Albanians' gentle treatment of their negroes, *Reflections upon Servitude, Education and Early Habits of the Albanians, First Adventures of the Indian Traders, Marriages, Amusements, Rural Excursions*, etc., we are introduced formally in Chapter XII. to Miss Schuyler, who, by the way, is miscalled "Catalina." A page is given to recapitulation of her heroine's charms of mind and person before the author is led off from what we had expected to travel as a main line, by allusion to Miss Schuyler's familiarity with the Indian language and her benevolence to her Indian neighbours, into a ten-page disquisition upon *Detached Indians: Progress of Knowledge and Indian Manners*. By-and-by, when we have gained the goal of our research, we will turn back and read these and other ten pages with lively interest. Just now we push on to Chapter XIV. Eye and atten-

tion seize upon the quaintly coy announcement that

> "Miss S." (named plainly a dozen pages back) "had the happiness to captivate her cousin Philip, eldest son of her uncle, who was ten years older than herself, and was *in all respects* to be accounted a suitable and, in the worldly sense, an advantageous match for her."

The reader of this page who has done me the previous honour of perusing Chapter VII. of the first volume of *Colonial Homesteads*, may recall, as therein recorded, the story of a certain Margaritta Van Slichtenhorst who wedded another Philip Schuyler, and afterward, as the widowed mother of Peter Schuyler (nicknamed "Quidor," or "Quidder," by the Indians), routed four of Leisler's subordinates and "forced them to flee out of the towne," of which her son was the rightful mayor. "Miss Schuyler," who had the good fortune to ensnare her cousin Philip's affections, was named for her spirited grandmother. Mrs. Grant's memory confounds her Christian name with that of her younger sister, Catalina. Her husband was the eldest son of Peter (II.) Schuyler and his wife, Maria Rensselaer.

Of Mrs. Schuyler's father, Johannes, or Colonel John Schuyler, we have already heard

several times—always favourably. His influence over the Indians, while not equal to that exercised by Sir William Johnson, was strong and beneficial. Although but fifteen years old at the time of his father's death, he resembled him more nearly in character and in the career upon which he entered almost immediately, than any other of the great "Quidor's" children. He was a brave fighter, and the outspoken opponent of Government officials whose measures threatened the welfare of the Colonies or the rights of their Indian allies. It is pleasant to learn that he "detested the infamous traffic" in scalps carried on by the French and Indians, and, as we have seen, not despised by the English. His petted daughter Margaritta was fourteen years old when Colonel John Schuyler went to Montreal purposely to negotiate the exchange of Eunice Williams (see *Colonial Homesteads*, p. 418) for two Indian children. His report of the ill success of the most Christian enterprise opens our hearts still more to him:

"Being very sorry that I could not prevail upon her, I took her by the hand and left her."

One of the many genealogical lapses in Mrs.

PETER SCHUYLER ("QUIDOR").
FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE SCHUYLER FAMILY.

Grant's narrative, which was penned "unassisted by written memorials," is her statement that Margaritta Schuyler lost her father at an early age, and was brought up by an uncle.

As Johannes Schuyler survived all his brothers and his own sons, dying in 1747, and bequeathing to his daughter "Margaritta, wife of Colonel Philip Schuyler, a picture of himself and his wife in one frame," we must apply to our old friend all the good things the venerable chronicler says of the guardian to whom "Miss S. owed her cultivated taste for reading" and knowledge of the "best authors in history, divinity, and belles-lettres." This becomes apparent as we read on and compare with other and careful histories of the time such sentences as these:

> "His frontier situation made him a kind of barrier to the settlement, while the powerful influence that his knowledge of nature and of character, his sound judgment and unstained integrity had obtained over both parties, made him the bond by which the aborigines were united with the colonists."

This is, undoubtedly, the half-length portrait of our dear Colonel John, or Johannes, as the Albanians called him: valiant in warfare, tender in treaty; his heart swelling until

he could not speak, at thought of the news he must bear back to his old friend, Parson Williams, of his sullenly obstinate daughter, yet withstanding to the face tyrant governors, and detesting with the full force of his ardent nature the infernal barter of scalps for the white man's gold and fire-water.

He it was who gave his daughter in marriage to her cousin Philip in 1719. She was eighteen; her husband, according to Mrs. Grant, twenty-eight. Other authorities give his age as twenty-three, as he was born in 1696.

SCHUYLER COAT OF ARMS.

In following the lines of Philip Schuyler's character and deeds, we cannot avoid tracing, in close parallels, his history and that of Isaac, the estimable and only lawful son of the patriarch Abraham, occupying, as he does, an intermediate place between two men

of note, Peter Quidor and General Philip Schuyler.

His kinsman, George W. Schuyler, the author of *Colonial New York*, writes :

> " He held a prominent position in the province many years. He succeeded his father as commissioner of Indian affairs, but not to his influence among the Five Nations. They respected him for his high character and integrity, but did not defer implicitly to his counsel."

Mrs. Grant testifies to his " mild, benevolent character and excellent understanding, which had received more culture than was usual in the country."

" His close intimacy with the De Lanceys made him unpopular with Governor Clinton and his party." It might be said with more exact truthfulness, that he was not in favour with the governmental party, for the feeling never grew into active hostility. He was aggressive in nothing.

The home of the happily wedded pair was upon " the Flatts," a wide stretch of meadowland and forest, about three miles from Albany. It was natural that the Dutch settlers should select level ground as building-sites, and, when practicable, set their houses near the water.

It may have been as natural, for a contrary reason, that the Highland-born child, Anne MacVicar, should have treasured, all her life long, the memory of what was to her eyes a scene of unexampled beauty. "Colonel Schuyler possessed," she says, "about two miles on a stretch of that rich and level champain." She grows almost "Homeric" in her ecstasy over the mingling of "the wild magnificence of nature amidst the smiling scenes produced by varied and successful cultivation." Besides the Schuyler's mainland plantation they owned an island, a mile long and a quarter-mile wide, the haunt most delighted in by our author in her girlhood.

"Imagine a little Egypt, yearly overflowed, and of the most redundan fertility. It produced, with a slight degree of culture, the most abundant crops of wheat, hay, and flax, and was a most valuable fishing-place. The background of the landscape was a solemn and interminable forest, varied, here and there, by rising grounds, near streams where birch and hickory, maple and poplar, cheered the eye with a lighter green, through the prevailing shade of dusky pines."

As the heart of the paradise, stood the roomy brick house of two stories and an attic, that yet—the reminiscent annalist admits—

199 "THE FLATTS."

'had no pretension to grandeur, and very little to elegance." The "large portico, with a few steps leading up to it and floored like a room," known to the Dutch as a "stoop," which word she seems never to have caught, was a pleasing novelty to her. She lingers fondly upon the vine-roofed "appendage common to all houses belonging to persons in easy circumstances here." A shelf under the eaves was built for the express accommodation of the "little birds domesticated there."

The extension in the rear of the house was the refuge of the family in winter when the "spacious summer rooms would have been intolerably cold, and the smoke of prodigious wood-fires would have sullied the elegantly clean furniture." Behind the family residence were the servants' houses, immense barns, and stables.

Such was the home over which Margaritta Schuyler presided—a gracious queen in her circle, the best in Albany and in the Province—for over twenty years, before adversity came near enough to her to darken or chasten her buoyant spirit. A part of each winter was spent in New York, a month or two, in spring and autumn, in the handsome house in Albany

belonging to her husband. Occasionally, the home at "The Flatts" was closed for the whole winter. She always came back to it gladly. The only drawback to her wedded happiness was that she had no children of her own, but there were nephews and nieces in such abundance in the large family connection that the house, if not the great loving heart of the mistress, was always full and gay with young faces and merry voices. By the time she was forty she was "Aunt Schuyler" to scores of young Albanians besides those who had the claim of blood-kindred upon her. The Lady Bountiful of the few poor whites and the many dusky neighbours who looked to her for help and counsel, she shone, a star of the first magnitude, in English assemblies, by virtue of her perfect breeding and her sunny nature and conversational talents. She was, *par éminence*, the leading spirit in the homelier cliques of Albany worthies' society, as well sketched in Florence Wilford's *Dominie Frelinghausen* as early New England coteries in *Old Town Folks*.

Her Scotch eulogist pays a well-merited tribute to Madam Schuyler's grace of adaptation to her environment:

"It was one of Aunt Schuyler's many singular merits that, after acting for a time a distinguished part in this comparatively refined society,"—that of English officers and New York fashionables,—"where few were so much admired and esteemed, she could return to the homely good sense and primitive manners of her fellow citizens at Albany, free from fastidiousness and disgust."

The even tenor of a beautiful life was broken up by the French and Indian War. In 1747, while Colonel Schuyler was on duty as a member of the Provincial Assembly in New York City, Madam Schuyler was in peril of life and property from marauding bands of savages. Cattle were killed and driven away from neighbouring farms; solitary travellers on the road between Albany and Schenectady were murdered and, of course, scalped, scalps being legal tender from the Indians to the French Government. By the orders of the absent master, The Flatts was stockaded to accommodate a hundred men, and a company of British soldiers was stationed there for a few weeks. Orders were then sent for their withdrawal that they might join other troops at Greenbush. Madam Schuyler made a personal appeal to the officers in command to leave a guard in her house, and, when this was unavailing, petitioned the Council in New

York for protection until she could remove her effects to Albany. The Council laid the case before Governor Clinton, who "gave an evasive reply and left the troops at Greenbush." The deserted fort at the Flatts owed its safety to the fidelity of the Mohawks attached to the Colonel and his wife by years of kindness and mutual good will.

In 1755, while the expedition to Crown Point was organising, a force of three thousand provincials was encamped about Albany, most of them on grounds belonging to Colonel Schuyler. Within sight of the upper windows of The Flatts, Sir William Johnson, in war-paint and blanket, led his Mohawks in the war-dance about the council-fire. An ox—perhaps from the herds fattened upon the Schuyler meadows—was roasted whole in the open air, and Sir William with his sword hewed off the first slice for the feast, or gorge, that followed.

"I shall be glad if they fight as eagerly as they ate their ox and drank their wine!" was the dry comment of a New England spectator.

In 1758, the house itself was filled with soldiers. Companies were encamped upon the lawn and in the barns; their officers were the

guests of the widowed mistress of The Flatts. Colonel Philip Schuyler had gone to his final rest in February of that year. The turmoils of wars and threatening of wars granted his wife no leisure for mourning. Ticonderoga was to be attacked—"Taken," said the confident leader of the expedition. The first detachment quartered upon the premises, fortunately for but one night, was led by Colonel Charles Lee. In recalling his subsequent career as aide-de-camp to the King of Poland, Russian officer and duelist, treasonable prisoner in a British camp, insolent and insubordinate runaway at the Battle of Monmouth, we smile grimly at our gentle Mrs. Grant's epigram, "Lee, of frantic celebrity." Unlike the rest of the officers, he made no pretense of paying for food for his men and horses, but foraged, as in an enemy's country, and when Madam Schuyler mildly remonstrated with him on the spoliation of her property, swore violently to her face.

"Her countenance never altered," the narrative continues, "and she used every argument to restrain the rage of her domestics and the clamour of her neighbours, who were treated in the same manner."

The second detachment was commanded by the young Lord Howe, "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army," wrote General Wolfe to his father. "A character of ancient times," said Pitt to Grenville. "A complete model of military virtues." To his indignant comments upon Lee's behaviour, Madam Schuyler replied, temperately and gracefully, that she "could not be captious with her deliverers from the danger so imminent,"—the advance of the French—"on account of a single instance of irregularity." She "only regretted that they should have deprived her of her wonted pleasure in freely bestowing whatever could advance the service or refresh the exhausted troops."

Hostess and guest grew very fond of one another during Lord Howe's brief visit. On the morning of his departure, Madam appeared in season for the breakfast eaten in the grey of the July dawn, and served him with her own hands. "I will not object," smiled the young nobleman. "It is hard to say when I shall again breakfast with a lady."

At parting, she kissed him as she might her

son, and could not restrain her tears—"a weakness she did not often give way to."

The disastrous battle was fought July 8, 1758. Three days afterward, "Pedrom," Colonel Schuyler's brother, like the rest of the household, on the feverish alert, saw a bare-headed express rider galloping madly along the road from the north, and ran down the lane leading to the highway, to challenge him for news. The messenger shrieked out one sentence without pausing:

"*Lord Howe is killed!*"

"The death of that one man was the ruin of fifteen thousand," says a historian. And a contemporary,—"In Lord Howe the soul of General Abercrombie's army seemed to expire."

Madam Schuyler mourned for him with bitterness amazing even to those who knew her admiration for "his merit and magnanimity." She was aroused from her grief and became her majestic, efficient self when transports, that same evening, brought down the river, and to her door, a host of the wounded, some dangerously hurt, and among the killed the belovèd young leader. His body lay in a darkened room in the mansion until it was

borne away for burial. The great barn and every other outhouse were fitted up as hospitals. Madam Schuyler tore up bed- and table-linen for bandages, and scraped lint with her young nieces, which they applied under the surgeon's directions, while all her servants were kept busy cooking and otherwise attending to the wants of the sufferers. Lee was among the wounded, and Madam treated him with especial tenderness, not a word or a look reminding him of how they had parted. "He swore in his vehement manner," our chronicler says primly, "that he was sure there would be a place reserved for Madam in heaven, though no other woman should be there, and that he should wish for nothing better than to share her final destiny."

In the year following the Battle of Ticonderoga, Madam Schuyler and the city of Albany sustained a serious loss in the strange departure of Dominie Frelinghausen (otherwise Frelinghuysen) for Holland. The event was characteristic of him and of the community in which he laboured. The younger members of his flock had danced at a ball given by the English officers quartered in Albany, and, although warned and reprimanded by him, car-

ried recalcitrancy to the wicked extent of attending amateur theatricals gotten up by the same tempters to worldly dissipations. The dominie preached openly and admonished privately with such vehemence that a graceless sinner left upon his door-step one night a walking-stick, a pair of stout shoes, a loaf of bread, and four shillings done up in paper. He interpreted the gift as it was meant to be taken, as a token that his work in this cure of souls was ended, and that he must betake himself to some other field. Cut to the quick of a sensitive nature by the hint and the manner of conveying it, he took leave of no one, but sailed the next week for Holland, and was lost on the voyage.

Another calamity befell the mistress of The Flatts in 1763, in the destruction of her house by fire. An officer, riding out from Albany to pay his respects to her, found her seated in an arm-chair under one of the cherry-trees that lined the short lane, unconscious of what the horseman had espied from the highway, the heavy smoke rising from the roof of the building behind her. When he called her attention to it, she summoned all the servants and, still seated, issued her orders with such directness

and composure that nearly all the contents of the dwelling were saved, although nothing was left of the building except the outer walls.

As an evidence of the high esteem in which Madam Schuyler was held by all classes, we are told that in a few days the materials needed for the construction of the new house were sent to her by various friends, and the Commandant in Albany detailed "some of the King's workmen" to assist in the reconstruction. The new house was almost an exact reproduction of the old, having been built upon the original foundations.

"It stands a few rods from the river-bank, facing the east, and has the same aspect as when built more than a century ago."

Margaritta Schuyler was seventy-five years of age when the Declaration of Independence was signed. Mrs. Grant more than intimates that the "war, which everyone, whatever side they may have taken at the time, must look back on with disgust and horror," was "abhorrent to the feelings and principles" of her "American Lady."

"She was, by that time, too venerable as well as respectable to be insulted for her principles," her eulogist asserts, "for not to esteem

 DRAWING-ROOM AT THE FLATTS.

Aunt Schuyler was to forfeit all pretensions to estimation."

Her fellow tribesman, Mr. G. W. Schuyler, declares that "she was not a Tory in the broad sense of the word. She took middle ground, and hoped that a way might be found for reconciliation."

She died, full of years and honours, in 1782, almost eighty-two years of age.

No household word is more pleasantly familiar than "Aunt Schuyler's" name in the old home still tenanted by those of her name and blood. We link it with that of Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan as we stroll through the low-browed, spacious rooms. Upon the footstool of the stately gentlewoman, there sits for us the eager-eyed child, modulating her Scotch accent to harmonise with the softer voice of her idolised mentor, "whom she already considered as her polar star." Each of us has an anecdote of one or the other of the pair, oddly matched as to age, but friends in heart, and destined to be bound together in all of their history that is preserved for us.

The present mistress of The Flatts is the widow of Richard Schuyler, Esq. With her four young daughters she leads a peaceful,

happy life in the dear old house peopled with august shades. Family portraits are upon the walls; wealth of family silver in buffets and on tables and sideboards; fragile treasures of old china and glass that may have been used by repentant—always profane—Lee, or graced the hasty repast eaten by candle-light, where Madam poured out coffee for the gallant young soldier who was not to take breakfast again with a lady this side of eternity.

Mrs. Grant is seldom caustic. She must have been a genial, as well as a clever, old lady. But there is a bite, and a sharp one, in this entry in her bewitching *Memoirs* of manifold things and people besides her adored Aunt Schuyler.

"Sir Henry Moore, the last British Governor of New York that I remember, came up this summer" (1765) "to see Albany, and the ornament of Albany, Aunt Schuyler. He brought Lady Moore and his daughter with him. They resided for some time at General Schuyler's. I call him so by anticipation, for sure I am, had any gifted seer foretold then what was to happen, he would have been ready to answer, *Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?*"

General Philip Schuyler was the son of Johannes (II.) Schuyler and Cornelia Van Cort-

landt, and the favourite nephew of his Aunt Margaritta. His uncle-in-law, her husband, showed his fondness for him by leaving him in his will (date of 1766) a part of the Schuyler estate, consisting of land lying between Albany and West Troy. Madam Schuyler made him (1782) one of her ten legatees. Besides these and his patrimonial inheritance, he was the owner of about ten thousand acres, purchased at different times by himself, part of this from the estate of Jacob Glen. He was, then, a rich man, when he cast his fortunes and his sword into the scales on the side of American independence.

What followed is an integral part of the history of our country. The simple recital of his deeds in war and in peace would fill more than the space assigned to a whole chapter of this work.

Mrs. Grant mentions that he had, prior to 1765, "built a house near Albany in the English taste, comparatively magnificent." This, the Schuyler mansion, was erected in 1760–61. It has suffered marvellously few and slight changes during the century-and-a-third that has brought Albany up to its foundations, and so far beyond that it is now in the heart of

our beautiful capital city. Even in adapting the interior to the usages and needs of the Roman Catholic sisterhood that has converted it into a refuge for orphan children, the size and arrangement of the rooms remain as they were when Sir Henry and Lady Moore were the guests of the then Colonel Philip Schuyler, and Madam, his honoured aunt, drove in her chariot-and-four from The Flatts to dine with them.

From the great central hall, the lofty ceilings of which must have given a sense of vastness to Madam Schuyler's eyes, used to her raftered, low-pitched rooms, we turn to the left into what is now the chapel of the sisterhood. The attendant kneels, her face towards the altar, and crosses herself. She has whispered at the door, that we will "please not speak." The caution was not needed. We stand with bowed heads and hearts under the weight of thoughts that met us upon the threshold.

For here, in 1777, the martial host entertained for days together, as guests, although prisoners of war, Burgoyne and his officers, the Baroness Riedesel and her children, sent thither for safe-keeping, after the Battle of

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Saratoga. Here met and talked and planned, for the public good, such leaders of the Revolution as Washington, Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Israel Putnam, Charles Lee, and—Benedict Arnold. Hither came a-wooing the most eloquent of the ambitious youths of the embryo republic, Alexander Hamilton. He and Elizabeth Schuyler must have paced the lordly rooms times without number, and often whispered of love in the embrasured windows, before the evening when they stood together, where the altar is now, to be pronounced man and wife. That was in 1780. The next year there was a family party here to celebrate the christening of Catherine Van Rensselaer Schuyler, the baby daughter of General Schuyler and his wife, whose youngest born was her name-child. General and Lady Washington were sponsors for the wee lady, an honour never forgotten by her down to a ripe old age.

Within our memory, Ex-President Millard Fillmore was married here to Mrs. McIntosh, to whom the mansion then belonged.

None of these things move us to such grave meditation as the, to us, central fact of Alexander Hamilton's marriage with the second

daughter of the house, whom his violent taking-off left a widow, when his fame was at the brightest. Nor do we forget that this bloody death of the son-in-law who was as his own child, and of whom he was, if possible, more proud than fond, broke General Philip Schuyler's heart. Burr's bullet found a second victim in him. The duel was fought July 11, 1804. General Schuyler died in November of the same year, "never having recovered from the shock."

Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan (rest her charitable soul!) cannot withhold a poetical lament from him whom she labels as a "bright exception that, after all, only confirms the rule of a society coarse and homely, and universal dulness of the new nation, unrelieved save by the phosphoric lightnings of the deistical Franklin, the legitimate father of the American "age of calculation."

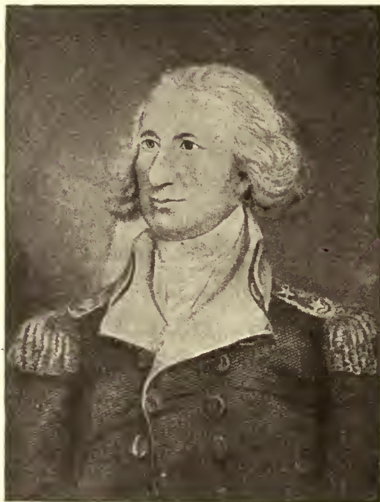
"Forgive me, shade of the accomplished Hamilton!" she cries, after the philippic against his countrymen. "While all that is lovely in virtue, all that is honourable in valour, and all that is admirable in talent, conspire to lament the early setting of that western star!"

Above-stairs, we see the chamber in which Burgoyne slept during his honourable captivity, and, gazing into the street below, mentally compare the scene with that which wearied his English eyes pending his exchange and release.

The handsome reception-room opposite the chapel is wainscoted up to the ceiling over the high mantel ; there are deep, inviting window-seats in this and in the dining-hall. What were the state bed-chambers are furnished with small white cots. The "almost magnificent" mansion is full of pleasant murmurings that make one think of a dove-cote.

At the foot of the staircase we are confronted with yet another hacked stair-rail. The attendant tradition, upheld by a responsible writer in the *Magazine of American History* for July, 1884, is of a midnight attack by Tories and Indians upon General Schuyler's house, with the purpose of securing his person. The family, awakened by the noise of their entrance, retreated to an upper chamber, from the window of which the General fired a pistol to alarm the garrison in the town. As Mrs. Schuyler reached the room she missed baby Catherine, and was, with difficulty, held back

by her husband from rushing down-stairs to find her. Margaritta, the third daughter, a young woman twenty-three years of age, slipped past her father and flew down the staircase to the cradle on the first floor. In the dim light she was not perceived by the party searching the lower part of the house, and, incidentally, stealing silver and other valuables, until she gained the stairs on her way back, the baby clasped in her arms. Then an Indian hurled a tomahawk at her with such good will that it buried itself in the railing.



MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.
FROM A PAINTING BY COL. TRUMBULL.

The brave girl cried out to the raiders as she ran, that her father had gone to arouse the town, and escaped with her prize to the upper room. The General, taking the cue,

shouted the word of command through the open window, and the miscreants fled, bearing off as much of the family plate with them as they could carry.

"Why,"—asks one of us, struggling to keep down the rising sense of the ridiculous excited by this third mutilated rail,—"*Why* should a tomahawk have an especial proclivity for balustrades?"

Yet, seriously, the reason is plain. The staircase, as I have said elsewhere, was a conspicuous feature in the colonial homestead, and a permanent. Hacked walls and doors have been renewed, and broken furniture mended, or thrown away. The mute remaining witnesses to barbarities that curdle our blood in the telling and the hearing are not to be lightly esteemed. They are illustrated history.

VIII

DOUGHOREGAN MANOR: THE CARROLL HOMESTEAD, MARYLAND

IN the *Maryland Gazette* of Thursday, February 14, 1765, appeared a paragraph, which would now figure among society items:

"Tuesday night, arrived at his father's house in Town, Charles Carroll, Jun'r Esq. (lately from London by way of Virginia) after about sixteen years' absence from his Native country at his studies and on his Travels."

The *Maryland Gazette* was published at Annapolis, then an inconsiderable town. The best house in it (still standing) was the residence of Charles Carroll, Senior, generally known in the American line as "Carroll of Annapolis." This gentleman, in letters written to his absent son, two and three years before the date set down above, gives an abstract of the family history. The traveller had insti-

tuted inquiries into the pedigree of what he knew to be a good old Irish house, and appealed to his father for assistance:

"I find by history, as well as by the genealogy," wrote the latter, "that the country of Ely O'Carroll and Dirguill which comprehended most of the Kings' and Queen's countys, were the territories, and that they were princes thereof. . . . Your grandfather left Europe and arrived in Maryland, October 1st, 1688, with the commission of Attorney-General. He, on the 19th of February, 1693, married Mary Darnall, the daughter of Colonel Henry Darnall. I was born April 2nd, 1702. Your mother was the daughter of Clement Brooke Esq., of Prince George's County; you were born, September 8th, 1737. This is as much as I can furnish towards our pedigree, with the translation I obtained in Paris."

CARROLL COAT OF ARMS.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, in her valuable biography of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, supplies us with particulars which were too well known to the young student-wanderer to need repetition. From these we gather that Charles (I.) Carroll was twenty-eight years of age at

the date of his immigration (1688); that he had been educated, for the most part, in France; after leaving the French university he was admitted as a student to the Inner Temple in London, in 1685, and, when his term there was over, was secretary to Lord Powis, one of the ministers of James II. By his patron's advice he emigrated to America, recommended to Charles Calvert, "the Lord Baron of Baltimore." The Irishman landed upon our shores at an unlucky time. One month later the proprietary government of Lord Baltimore was set aside by orders from England, and Charles Carroll found his commission as Attorney-General worthless. Loyalty to his chief and to his religion wrought with his Celtic blood to get him into much and various sorts of trouble in the ensuing decade. He wrote letters to Baltimore of indignant sympathy; he made hot-headed speeches against the leaders of "the Protestant Revolution"; he sneered at the pettiness of the party in power, managing by these and other imprudences to get into prison more than once, into disfavour with anti-Catholic officials, and so to endear himself to the deposed, but still wealthy and powerful, Balti-

more, that he secured for his partisan in 1699 a grant to the estates incorporated, finally, under the name of Doughoregan (then spelled Doororegan) Manor. Furthermore, a part of this grant was coupled with the remark that it was purposely assigned as near as possible to one of his Lordship's own manors, in order that he, Baltimore, might have "the benefit of Mr. Carroll's society."

His grandson-namesake of Carrollton adds that his ancestor was, also, made "Lord Baltimore's Agent, Receiver-General, Keeper of the Great Seal, and Register of the Land Office. He enjoyed these appointments until the year 1717, when the Government and Assembly passed Laws depriving the Roman Catholics of their remaining privileges."

Charles (I.) Carroll married twice. His first wife died in 1690, leaving no issue. His second, Mary Darnall, bore him ten children in the first twenty years of their wedded life, half of whom died in childhood. Henry, the heir-apparent, was educated abroad, and died on the homeward voyage, "within about six days' saile of the Capes of Virginia," in the twenty-third year of his age. His brother Charles (II.), then but seventeen, had been left at the

Jesuit College of St. Omer's, in French Flanders, when Henry sailed for America. His brother Daniel was with him. The father wrote to them July 7, 1719, informing them of Henry's death of April 10th. He exhorted them to pray for the repose of their brother's soul, saying that ten pounds would be remitted to them to be expended in masses for the same purpose, and alluded to their mother's design of going abroad the next spring with two of her daughters.

The purpose may have been frustrated by her husband's ill-health, for he survived his eldest son but a year, dying in July, 1720.

Charles (II.) completed his academic course before returning to America. He arrived at home in 1723, when he was barely of age. During the minority of the heir-apparent, the extensive estates accumulated by his father, and bequeathed to his children, were managed by their guardian-cousin, Mr. James Carroll, and the home plantation by Madam Mary Carroll, the widow of the first Charles. The worthy gentlewoman lived to be the dowager of the Annapolis house, her son Charles having married his cousin, Elizabeth Brooke, and installed her as mistress of his home. Their

only child, Charles (III.), was born September 19, 1737.

That they had no other offspring, instead of moving the parents to keep him in their jealous sight, made it the more solemnly obligatory upon them to deprive themselves of the joy of his society in order to give him the education demanded by his rank and wealth. He was but eleven years old when he was placed at St. Omer's. His companions on the voyage and in the college were his cousin, John Carroll, destined to become Archbishop of Baltimore, and Robert Brent, a Virginia boy, who afterwards married into the Carroll family. Six years were passed at St. Omer's, one at Rheims in another Jesuit college, an eighth year in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris. We read of a visit paid to Charles, Jr., in Paris, by his father, just before the lad attained his majority. That same year (1757), or the next, he was admitted as a student of law at the Temple, in London.

The routine was hereditary, and so much the custom with the wealthier colonists that this part of our story tells itself. Law was the profession, *par éminence*, for a gentleman's son. The necessity, or the binding expediency,

that he should have a nominal profession of some sort was already recognised in a country where every fortune was still in making, and a career was a matter of individual effort, not of patronage.

The correspondence between father and son was intimate and voluminous. With just appreciation of the position his successor would take in public affairs, Charles Carroll of Annapolis kept him posted as to the strained relations, already apparent, between the Colony and the Home government, and dwelt with yet more feeling upon the disabilities of Roman Catholics. Miss Rowland sets these before us plainly, and refrains, with the admirable taste that characterises her work throughout, from comments that would be superfluous :

> "The discriminating test-oaths, enforced to protect the Hanoverian dynasty from the Jacobites, excluded Roman Catholics from the Assembly, prevented them from holding office, denied them the privilege of the suffrage. They were not allowed the public exercise of their religion. For this reason gentlemen of means had their private chapels, and Charles Carroll had one in his town house in Annapolis, as well as at Doughoregan Manor."

Mr. Carroll's letters show how the flagrant

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HALL AT DOUGHOREGAN MANOR.

injustice of all this ground into his haughty soul. In a masterly *résumé* (dated 1760) of the causes leading to the oppressive enactments, he says:

"Maryland was granted to Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic. All persons believing in Jesus Christ were, by the charter, promised the enjoyment, not only of religious, but of civil, liberty. . . . All sects continued in a peaceful enjoyment of these privileges until the Revolution, when a mob, encouraged by the example set them in England, rebelled against the Lord Baltimore, stript him of his government, and his officers of their places. Then the crown assumed the government; the Toleration Act, as I may call it, was repealed, and several acts to hinder us from a free exercise of our religion were passed. . . .

"To these the Proprietary was not only mean enough to assent, but he deprived several Roman Catholics employed in the management of his private patrimony and revenue, of their places. . . . At last, in 1756, an Act was passed by all the branches of the Legislature here to double tax us, and to this law the present Proprietor had the meanness to assent, tho' he knew us innocent of the calumnies raised against us.

"From what I have said I leave you to judge whether Maryland be a tolerable residence for a Roman Catholic." [1]

So active was his discontent that he actually made overtures to the French king for a

[1] *Family Papers*, Rev. Thomas Sims Lee.

grant in what is now the State of Arkansas, then a wilderness claimed by France. His intention to remove thither, and there found a new home, if not a sort of refuge colony for his brethren in the faith, was not relinquished for several years. It is interesting in this connection to note that another branch of the Carroll family was subsequently established in Arkansas, and bore an important part in the upbuilding of territory and State.

Mingled with gossip of neighbourhood and family affairs, and explicit directions as to his son's homeward passage, are mention of Charles III.'s crack racer, *Nimble*, genealogical details, and talk of the library the traveller was to bring to Maryland with him. Then, in 1764, we come plump upon a matter more serious to both of the correspondents than any of the subjects just named. The heir and only son was in love, and, judging from the lasting impression made upon his imagination, if not his heart, by the "Louisa" of his letters—the "Miss Baker" of the senior's—was more deeply enamoured than at any other period in his life.

The American father hopes "Miss Baker may be endowed with all the good sense and

good nature you say she has," gives his consent to the proposed alliance, and plunges forthwith into an "exhibit" of his means which are the son's expectations. Said exhibit is to be laid before the prospective English father-in-law. With "a clear revenue of at least £1800 per annum," and upwards of 40,000 acres of lands annually increasing in value, not to mention Annapolis lots and houses, six hundred pounds of family plate, and nearly three hundred adult slaves on his various plantations, the handsome young colonist was a desirable *parti* in a day when money was fourfold more valuable than in ours. The fair one who had had the good fortune to attract him was not rich in her own right, nor would her father be able to endow her amply even when, as he promises to do, he had made "his daughter's share equal in his estate with his son's."

"Mr. Baker's letter to you speaks him to be a man of sense and honour," conceded Charles Carroll of Annapolis, and evidently considering the matter as good as settled, wrote out in due form a proposal for a "settlement and gift" to his son and "for the lady's jointure." She must have been hard to

please if these had not suited her ambitions, and singularly cold of heart had she failed to approve of her suitor. In the prime of early manhood, graceful in person and most fascinating in manner, a scholar, sweet of temper and devout of spirit withal, a favourite "in a circle of friends of not a little consequence and fashion," in what respect or particular was he adjudged deficient when weighed in the scales of maidenly caprice and paternal reason? Or, was the rupture that ended loverly dreams and fatherly negotiations to be accounted for by the convenient formula of "fault on both sides"?

Miss Rowland, more satisfactory upon most points than other of our hero's biographers, is not a whit more explicit here:

"He was to bring over thoroughbred horses and a gamekeeper, and, doubtless, the newest London fashions in dress and equipage. That he had hoped to bring home an English bride to his Maryland Manor is evident. But for some reason his suit failed, and the romance came to an untimely end.

"The estate of Carrollton in Frederick County was to be settled upon him on his return home, and he was to be known henceforward as Charles Carroll of Carrollton."[1]

[1] *Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, by Kate Mason Rowland, p. 68.

This rapid summary of the leading events in his early life brings us to the pregnant paragraph in the Annapolis newspaper published on St. Valentine's day in the year of Our Lord 1765.

Mistress Elizabeth Brooke Carroll was not among those who welcomed her son's return to home and country. She had died in 1761, after a long and painful illness. That is a common tale, too, but none the less pitiful for the frequent telling. Among the sorest of the privations inseparable from residence in a hemisphere where educational processes and polite usages were without form and void, was the rending of the tenderest ties of heart and kindred. We sigh in futile sympathy with the mother whose eyes, strained to watch the glimmer upon the horizon of the cruelly vast watery highway of the sail that bore her boy away from her arms, were to close in their last sleep without ever seeing him again. And beside him she had no other child!

It would loosen the tension of our heartstrings to be assured that she accompanied her husband in the transatlantic journey he made in 1751. She was not with him in 1757, for Mr. Carroll writes from London to his son in

Paris early in 1758, that a friend newly landed in England, "saw your mother; that she was well and in high spirits, having heard of my safe arrival." In 1753 the father had directed the seventeen-year-old boy to have his likeness taken by a "good painter."

"With your mother I shall be glad to have your picture in the compass of 15 inches by 12."

Were her hungry eyes ever gladdened by the sight of it?

A letter from Mrs. Carroll, treasured by the son, and after him by his heirs, contains this touching clause:

"You are always at heart my dear Charley, and I have never tired asking your papa questions about you. I daily pray to God to grant you His grace above all things, and to take you under His protection."

Her son's lot in life was distinctly sketched for him by circumstance, or so he supposed.

"Who is so happy as an independent man? and who is more independent than a private gentleman possessed of a clear estate, and moderate in his desires?" are queries from his pen that savour of the calm aspirations of the English country gentlemen. So honest was the utterance that he must have aston-

ished himself when he sprang into the arena of provincial politics as one of the "Assertors of British-American Privileges," discarded the latest London fashions for homespun woven upon his own plantation, and boldly predicted the time when America would be superior to the rest of the world in arts and sciences and in the use of arms.

"Matrimony is, at present, but little the subject of my thoughts," he said cynically to a confidential English correspondent, when he had for eight months sustained the battery of matronly and maidenly eyes brought to bear upon the "catch" of the Commonwealth. A month later he moralised upon the emptiness of passion "which exists nowhere but in romance." He was now in his twenty-ninth year, and of the opinion that a man of twenty should have enough common sense to marry, "*if* he marries from affection, from esteem, and from a sense of merit in his wife."

On August 26th of the next year (1766) he informs the same correspondent that he was to have been married in July to "an amiable young lady, but was taken ill with fever in June. If I continue thus recruiting, I hope to be married in November."

In September he eulogises the object of his present choice to a friend who had known Miss Baker:

"A greater commendation I cannot make of the young lady than by pronouncing her no ways inferior to Louisa."

To the aunt of this friend he expatiates more at length upon the "united power of good sense and beauty" as exemplified in his *fiancée*, Miss Rachel Cooke, who was also his blood relative. It is funny to our notions—and was apparently not without an element of the humorous to the bridegroom expectant—that he should send the "measure of the lady's stays" to his foreign correspondent, "and of her skirts and robes."

"I hope," he pleads, "you will excuse any impropriety in my expressions, for I confess an utter ignorance of these matters."

The gown for which measurements were enclosed, thus ordered, was to be of Brussels lace, and ornaments to match were to accompany it. This piece of business done with, the writer is free to indulge in pleasurable anticipations or pensive reminiscences. His matronly correspondent was, evidently, cognisant of the (to us) mysterious obstacles that had

foiled the like intentions on his part *in re* Miss Baker. There is fruitful matter for romantic surmise in such passages as these :

"I assure you I have been more sparing in my reflections, and in pronouncing judgment on that amiable part of mankind (woman) since the opinion a charitable lady of your acquaintance was pleased to form of me behind my back, from little inadvertencies. And that opinion was delivered seriously and deliberately before a sister whom, at that time, I would have given the world to entertain better of me."

This grows interesting, and surmise ripens into partial knowledge as we read on in the epistle drawn by Miss Rowland from the domestic archives of the Carroll connection :

"Well, then, since the subject has somehow, unaccountably [!] led me to the lady, I may mention her name. How is Louisa ? There was once more music in that name than in the sweetest lines of Pope ; but now I can pronounce it as indifferently as Nancy, Betsey, or any other common name. If I ask a few questions I hope you will not think I am not as indifferent as I pretend to be. But I protest it is mere curiosity, or mere good-will that prompts me to inquire after her. Is she still single ? Does she intend to alter her state, or to remain single ? If she thinks of matrimony my only wish is that she may meet with a man deserving of her."

Our skeleton romance is clothed with flesh

and instinct with life when we have finished this remarkable communication from the man who expected shortly to become the husband of another than the unforgotten Louisa. It is clear that a whisperer had separated the lovers, and almost as clear that the mischief-maker was Louisa's sister. As obvious as either of these deductions is that the gentleman "doth protest too much" as to the completeness of his cure and the reality of his indifference.

The shock of a real and present calamity awoke him from reminiscent reveries. Rachel Cooke fell ill of fever about the first of November, and died on the twenty-fifth of that month.

"All that now remains of my unhappy affection is a pleasing melancholy reflection of having loved and been loved by a most deserving woman," writes Mr. Carroll to his English confidante, three months subsequent to her decease. In a morbid vein, natural and excusable in the circumstances, he declares that he has come to the dregs of his life, and "wishes the bitter potion down." His health had suffered grievously from his recent illness and the sorrow which followed so closely

upon it. He had had "the strongest assurances of happiness in the married state from the sweetness of Miss Cooke's temper, her virtue and good sense, and from our mutual affection."

The unworn wedding-dress was laid away reverently by the women of the household; Rachel's miniature and a long tress of her hair were locked from all eyes but his own in a secret drawer of Charles Carroll's escritoire.

The heir of a great estate, and a rising man in the political world, could not be surrendered to solitary musings upon the uncertainty of human happiness. The dregs must be emptied from the cup of life and the goodly vessel refilled with generous wine. The commission for bridal gear sent to London had included a memorandum for a silk gown for Mary Darnall, "a young lady who lives with us." The lady who was to make the purchase, upon the receipt of a letter from Mr. Carroll, Sr., countermanding the order for what was meant for Miss Cooke, omitted to buy the silk frock. Charles Carroll, Jr., wrote somewhat tartly, ten months after poor Rachel died, of "my cousin Miss Mollie Darnall's" chagrin at the non-arrival of her gown. A letter

to another British friend two months prior to this, shows what right he had to sympathise with Miss Mollie's disappointment.

His third betrothal was to "a sweet-tempered, charming, neat girl. A little too young for me, I confess, but especially as I am of weak and puny constitution, in a poor state of health, but in hopes of better."

He had always a fine sense of humour, and a sad little smile must have stirred his lips in adding, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

After he had ordered Miss Darnall's trousseau through his London factor, and recovered a fair degree of the health so rudely shaken by the events of the past eighteen months, Fate, unwearied in her pursuit of him, interposed yet another impediment to his matrimonial ventures. An Act of Assembly must be passed to "impower Miss Darnall, who is under age, to consent to a settlement in bar of dower." The weight of the Carroll influence was exerted to secure this, but as the Assembly did not meet until the early spring of 1768, the marriage must be put off.

We cannot read the last of the letters bearing upon the much-vexed question of Charles

Carroll's marriage and sober settlement in life without the conviction that his character had gained strength and depth in his manifold tribulations. After the frank statement that the "young lady to whom he was to give his hand, and who already had his heart," was poor in this world's goods, he goes on in an ingenuous, manly tone to say:

"I prefer her, thus unprovided, to all the women I have ever seen, even to Louisa," and cites her want of fortune as another reason "inducing the necessity of a settlement, and strongly justifying it. I am willing and desirous that all my future actions should stand the test of those two severe judges, Reason and Justice."

From this willingness he never departed. To this standard he remained constant to the end of a long, prosperous, and beneficent life.

The *Maryland Gazette* of June 9, 1768, contained another important bit of society intelligence:

"On Sunday (June 5) was married at his Father's House in this city, Charles Carroll Jr., Esq., to Miss Mary Darnall, an agreeable young Lady, endowed with every accomplish-

ment necessary to render the connubial state happy."

The bridegroom was in his thirty-first year, the bride in her twentieth.

Pleasant murmurs of the tranquil, yet busy, life led by the pair steal to us through the corridors leading to the memorable Past which latter-day research has cleared out for us. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the business acquaintance, then, the friend and host of Washington. He was the munificent patron of Charles Wilson Peale and other artists. He and his popular wife kept open house for townsmen and visitors from other colonies and from over the sea. Annapolis was their home in winter; Doughoregan Manor, in summer.

Then the famous letters, signed "First Citizen," maintaining the to-be-immortal principle that taxation without representation is a private and a public outrage, "brought the modest, studious, and retiring planter out of the shades of private life into the full glare of political publicity."[1]

Henceforward, the lime-light that is ever turned upon the reformer beat steadily upon

[1] Miss Rowland.

247 DRAWING-ROOM AT DOUGHOREGAN MANOR.

him. When the Boston Tea Party of 1773 was outdone by the burning of the *Peggy Stewart* that had brought into the port of Annapolis a cargo of "the detestable article," Charles Carroll, Jr., was the chief counsellor of the owner who, with his own hand, applied the expiatory torch.

Mr. Carroll was a member of the Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia in September, 1774.

"A very sensible gentleman," says John Adams. "A Roman Catholic, and of the first fortune in America. His income is ten thousand pounds a year now; will be fourteen in two or three years, they say. Besides, his father has a vast fortune which will be his."

From the same hand we have this testimony to the very sensible gentleman's worth in 1776:

"Of great abilities and learning, complete master of the French language, and a professor of the Roman Catholic religion; yet a warm, a firm, a zealous supporter of the rights of America, in whose cause he has hazarded his all."

On June 11, 1776, "Mr. Chase and Mr. Carroll of Carrollton, two of the Commis-

sioners, being arrived from Canada, attended and gave account of their proceeding and the state of the Army in that country."

On August 2d, the Declaration of Independence, which had been passed on the Fourth of July, was spread upon the desk of the Secretary of Congress for the signature of members.

"Will you sign it?" asked the President of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was talking with him upon other subjects.

"Most willingly," answered the Marylander, with hearty emphasis, taking up the pen.

"There go a few millions!" remarked a bystander, and a rustle of applause ran through the group about the desk and President's chair.

It is hardly necessary to add, in this myth-destroying generation, that "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" was the ordinary signature appended to his letters and business documents, adopted and used to distinguish him from his father of Annapolis.

The numerous and important services rendered by this one of "The Signers" to his country, the offices to which he was called and his manner of filling them, are events in our early history. The student of this who would learn of these things in detail could not act

more wisely than by reading the volumes to which I have already and repeatedly directed his attention: Miss Kate Mason Rowland's *Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, 1737–1832, with His Correspondence and Public Papers.*

From the *Centennial Memorial*, published in 1876 by the Maryland Historical Society, I extract a modest summary of Mr. Carroll's public life prepared by himself in his eightieth year:

"On the breaking out of the Revolution, I took a decided part in the support of the rights of this country; was elected a member of the Committee of Safety established by the Legislature; was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of this State. The journals of Congress show how long I was a member of that body during the Revolution. With Dr. Franklin and Mr. Samuel Chase I was appointed a Commissioner to Canada. I was elected a member of the Senate at the first session of Congress under the present Confederation. . . . The mode of choosing the Senate was suggested by me. . . .

"Though well acquainted with General Washington, and I flatter myself, in his confidence, few letters passed between us. One, having reference to the opposition made to the treaty concluded by Mr. Jay, has been repeatedly published in the newspapers, and perhaps you may have seen it."

IX

DOUGHOREGAN MANOR: THE CARROLL HOMESTEAD, MARYLAND

(Concluded)

UPON the morning of May 30th, Mr. Charles Carroll of Annapolis, a hale patriarch of eighty, was standing upon the portico of his town house, watching an incoming vessel in the harbour below. Spy-glass at his eye, he followed her every movement until she dropped anchor at the pier. Then, turning to speak to his daughter-in-law, who stood beside him, he made a backward step, slipped over the edge of the portico, and fell headlong to the ground. He was killed instantly.

Mrs. Carroll's mother, Mrs. Darnall, had died a year before, since which event her daughter had been peculiarly dependent upon her father-in-law's affection and companionship. As we have seen, she was brought up

in his house. Her cousin *fiancé* spoke of her in his letters as "a young lady who lives with us." Mr. Carroll, Sr., had never had a daughter of his own, and treated his son's wife as if she were his child instead of his wife's niece. Mrs. Darnall had ministered most tenderly to the elder Mrs. Carroll in her last lingering illness of more than two years' duration, and then taken her place as manager of the Annapolis and Doughoregan Manor households. The daughter had never recovered her spirits since her mother's decease, and her health had suffered from her melancholy. The terrible accident, of which she was a witness, prostrated her utterly. She was too ill to accompany the remains to their resting-place under the floor of the Doughoregan chapel, and never left her chamber alive after that fatal day. In just eleven days from the date of her father-in-law's death she breathed her last, "after a short, but painful illness."

Her youngest child was two years old when left motherless, and outlived her but three years. Three other daughters had died in early infancy. Mary, born in 1770, Charles, born in 1775, and Catherine, born in 1778, grew up to man's and woman's estate.

Charles, the only son among the seven children given to his parents, was five years of age at the time of his mother's death. In another five years he was sent to France to be educated by the Jesuit fathers in the English college at Liège. He sailed from Annapolis in true princely state, commemorated by an old picture yet extant. His guardian and fellow-voyager was Daniel Carroll, of the Duddington estate, whose younger brother was a student at Liège.

This cousin Daniel stood high in the regards of his kinsman of Carrollton, as is manifest from their correspondence. The elder relative defrayed the other's expenses from America to Liège, and wrote kindly, yet decided, counsel respecting the young traveller's conduct abroad. He was advised to improve his time by acquiring some knowledge of the French language, but not to make that time so long as to draw heavily upon an estate which was "not very productive." He was to polish his manners by intercourse with the most polite nation upon earth, "observe the cultivation of the country, particularly of the vineyards, learn the most improved methods of making wines, inquire their prices from the

manufacturers themselves, and endeavour to fix some useful correspondences in France."

Mary Carroll, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, joined her father and her aunt, Miss Darnall, in "sincere wishes for the health and happiness" of the absentee. In ten months more her father undertook, with obvious reluctance, to communicate "intelligence" he foresaw would be unwelcome :

> "Although disagreeable, I must impart it to you. My daughter, I am sorry to inform you, is much attached to, and has engaged herself to a young English gentleman of the name of Caton. I do sincerely wish she had placed her affections elsewhere, but I do not think myself at liberty to control her choice when fixed on a person of unexceptional character, nor would you, I am sure, desire that I should. . . .
>
> "Time will wear away the impressions which an early attachment may have made on your heart," proceeds the philosophical kinsman, "Louisa's" whilom lover, "and I hope you will find out, in the course of a year or two, some agreeable, virtuous, and sweet-tempered young lady, whose reciprocal affection, tenderness, and goodness of disposition will make you happy, and forget the loss of my daughter."

This "intelligence" disposed of early in the epistle, the thrice-betrothed and once-wedded mentor passes easily on to discussion

of business, family, and political affairs, sending, *en passant*, "Molly's kindly compliments," and mentioning, jocosely, that Kitty, "who will make a fine woman," sometimes talks of "Cousin Long-legs." A comprehensive paragraph tops off the model missive:

"I have mentioned every occurrence worth communicating, and therefore conclude this letter with assurances of real regard and attachment."

We get a chance glint of light upon the figure and character of "Molly" Carroll's English spouse in a sarcastic sketch from the pen of William Maclay, a Pennsylvania Congressman. John Adams, then Vice-President, is interrogating Mr. Carroll upon the latter's personal concerns in a style that impresses us, as it struck the diarist, as flippant and impertinent:

"'Have you arranged your empire on your departure? Your revenues must suffer in your absence. What kind of administration have you established for the regulation of your finances? Is your government intrusted to a viceroy, nuncio, legate, plenipotentiary, or *chargé d'affaires?*'

"Carroll endeavored to get him down from his imperial language by telling him that he had a son-in-law who paid attention to his affairs: I left them before Adams had half settled the empire."

The satirist is gravely respectful in speaking of Mr. Carroll's pleasure on reading of the abolition of titles and distinctions of the nobility in France. "A flash of joy lightened from the countenance" of the richest man in Maryland, two of whose granddaughters were to marry into the British nobility, and two other descendants in the third generation were to espouse titled Frenchmen of high rank. He is emphatic in the expression of Republican and Federal sentiments in a letter to Alexander Hamilton, written October 22, 1792:

"I hope the real friends of liberty and their country will unite to counteract the schemes of men who have uniformly manifested hostile temper to the present government, the adoption of which has rescued these States from that debility and confusion, and those horrors, which unhappy France has experienced of late, and may still labour under."

At eleven years of age, the little Kitty who made fun of Daniel Carroll's long legs was sent to an English convent in Liège. She fulfilled her father's prediction of growing up into a fine woman, playing the *rôle* of leading belle in Annapolis, Philadelphia, and New York society for several seasons before her marriage, at twenty-three, to Robert Goodloe Harper, an

eminent lawyer, and member of Congress from South Carolina. This gentleman, a Virginian by birth, removed from South Carolina to Maryland after his marriage, and became one of Mr. Carroll's most trusted friends. While the devoted patriot retired nominally from public life in 1800, announcing his intention of devoting the rest of his life to the care of his estates and enjoyment of home and children, his letters to Mr. Harper and others show how watchful was the outlook kept up at Doughoregan Manor upon the tossing sea of politics, how wise his judgment in the momentous questions dividing the minds of statemen.

The marriage of his only son Charles (IV.) Carroll, Jr., July 17, 1800, was a source of profound gratification to the father. The bridegroom was the Admirable Crichton of the brilliant circle which was his social orbit.

The late Jonathan Meredith, a distinguished Maryland lawyer, who died a few years ago at the advanced age of ninety, used to tell of a trial of athletic skill between some fashionable young men of Baltimore which he witnessed. A fencing-match was on the floor when he entered the room devoted to the ex-

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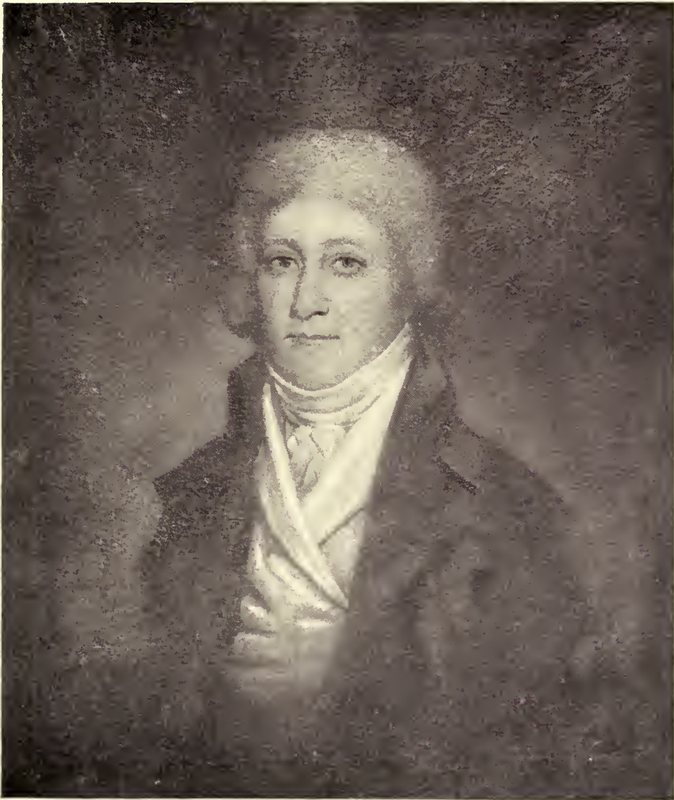


CHARLES CARROLL OF "HOMEWOOD."

FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

hibition, and his attention was at once captivated by the extreme beauty and grace of one of the contestants, who, he was told, was the son of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

"Nothing in Grecian art surpasses the perfect symmetry of his figure," he would say. "In every movement he was a study for a sculptor. His face had not a flaw. I have always carried the image of him in my mind as a faultless model of manly beauty."

The picture of the athlete in the drawing-room of Doughoregan Manor sustains the encomium. The head is fine in shape and poise; the low, smooth forehead, the clear blue eye, the perfect oval of the face, the straight nose and delicate curves of the mouth, beguile and feast the eye.[1] After wandering through the other rooms and listening to stories of other portraits, all full of interest, we are drawn back

[1] An inscription upon the back of the canvas (overlooked by the family for two generations), is to this effect:

"*Charles Carroll of Carrollton Junior Esq.*

"*This is his likeness which he gave to Mary Wallace, and which she received on Monday January 22d, 1799. Drawn by Mr. Rembrandt Peale when Mr. Carroll was 22 years of age, and Mary Wallace gives this to her Daughter, Mary Wallace Ranken, at her decease.*"

Beyond the mention of the names of mother and daughter in the faded inscription discovered just one hundred years after the gift of the portrait to "Mary Wallace," nothing is known of either.

to this by a growing fascination enhanced by the tale of his life and its untimely end.

He was just twenty-five when he married Harriet Chew, a younger sister of the "Pretty Peggy," whose acquaintance we have made and improved in our chapter upon "Cliveden." (*Some Colonial Homesteads*, pp. 117–122.) There were six of the Chew sisters, Margaret ("Peggy") being the third of the bevy of beauties. The star of Harriet, the fourth sister, was in the zenith in 1796, when Washington begged her to remain in the room during his sittings to Gilbert Stuart, that his countenance should, under the charm of her conversation, "wear its most agreeable expression."

Colonel John Eager Howard, who had married Peggy Chew in 1787, was a political ally and warm personal friend of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. It is quite possible, and altogether congruous with the rest of the story, that the younger Carroll may have been thrown into familiar association with Harriet Chew during her visits to her sister, who was reckoned the most beautiful woman of her generation and country. Whispers of a former passion, or fancy, for Nelly Custis, of Mount

Vernon, the step-granddaughter of the President, did not prevail with sensible Harriet against the wooing of the Admirable Crichton. Nor did family history repeat itself in the form of delaying illnesses, frustrating deaths, and tardy settlements.

A lawyer friend and relative, Mr. William Cooke, asked and received thirty gallons of choice old Madeira for drawing up the jointure papers; the wedding-garments were worn by the bride for whom they were ordered; the marriage took place at the appointed time, and the happy pair were installed at "Homewood," near Baltimore. The brick mansion built for them by Charles Carroll of Carrollton is still standing.

The neighbourhood was all they could have wished, and both were hospitable, fond of amusement, and accustomed to the cream of cis-atlantic society. Mrs. Caton was bringing up her three daughters, afterwards celebrated as "the American Graces," at "Brooklandwood," near enough for the daily exchange of calls. "Hampton," the Ridgely House, built in 1783, than which there were few handsomer in the State, was but a few miles farther away; "The Homestead," the country-seat of the Patter-

sons, where "Betsey" Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte spent the one and only year of their married life; "Belvedere," the residence of Colonel Howard and his "pretty Peggy," were within easy visiting distance. The elder Carroll's many letters to "Homewood" are affectionate, and expressive of the thorough sympathy existing between them upon every subject discussed by the two. The correspondence is entertaining reading apart from the insight we thus gain into the prosperous, sunny existence led in the two homes. Both of the Carrolls disliked and distrusted John Adams. "Neither Jefferson nor Burr can make so bad a president," is the opinion of the Sage of Carrollton. Yet of Jefferson he concludes:

"If he does not think as he writes, he is a hypocrite, and his pitiful cant is the step-ladder to his ambition. Burr, I suspect, is not less a hypocrite than Jefferson; but he is a firm, steady man, and possessed, it is said, of great energy and decision."

A year after the marriage a letter from the Manor-house of "Homewood" has to do with what put presidential candidates and international complications clean out of sight and thought. A fifth Charles Carroll had seen the

light of the world that had dealt so generously with his forbears.

"May this child, when grown to manhood, be a comfort to his parents in the decline of life, and support the reputation of his family!" is the prayer of the happy grandfather.

The date of the congratulatory note is July 26, 1801.

In the same spirit of unaffected piety, but in a far different tone, he writes, August 12, 1806:

> "Immediately upon the receipt of your letter I gave orders to Harry to take up some of the pavement of the Chapel to have the grave dug for the earthly remains of your poor little infant. To soften the loss of this dear and engaging child, the certainty of his now enjoying a glorious immortality will greatly contribute."

At seventy, Charles Carroll, Senior, writes to his junior of a plan to visit Carrollton, and a desire to have his son's company on the trip, adding, jocosely, "I have but two complaints, old age and the cholic."

He is hale and hopeful at seventy-four, with the Harper grandchildren playing about his knees, the two elder at school in Baltimore, so near as "to allow them to visit the Manor every Saturday, and return to town the Mondays following."

A graver despatch went from Annapolis May 8, 1813:

"I have sent my valuable papers, books of account, and plate to the Manor, and baggage of different kinds will be sent to-morrow. When I go to the Manor your sister Caton and her daughters Betsey and Emily will accompany me. I shall remove some pipes of wine to my farm near this city, and some household furniture, for I seriously apprehend the enemy will destroy the town. It is reported a strong force is going up the Potomac, and they are greatly alarmed at Washington."

August 25, 1814, the situation is yet more alarming:

"The enemy are in possession of Washington! It is reported that they have destroyed the public buildings and the Navy Yard. It is thought they will next attack Baltimore. The fire at Washington was plainly seen by several of my people about ten o'clock last night."

"If I live to see the end of the war, I shall," etc., etc., is the beginning of another epistle. He uses the same formula in effect when the war was over, and the return of peace permitted the resumption of the traditional custom of sending the children of the Carroll connection across the ocean for education. His granddaughter, Mary Harper, was sent to

France, "where she will be more piously educated than at the very best boarding-school in Philadelphia.

"I may not live to see her return. Kiss her for me. I send her my love and my blessing."

He lived to receive the news that "the dear girl" had died abroad, and to mingle his tears with her parents'. Another Mary, Mrs. Caton's eldest daughter, had married a brother of Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte. In 1817, Louisa Caton married Colonel Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, who had been on Wellington's staff at Waterloo. In 1818, Mrs. Harper writes to her father from England of personal interviews and distinguished attention she has had from the Duke and other great ones of the earth, and Mr. Carroll makes inquiry as to a French school to which he intends to send his grandson, Charles Carroll.

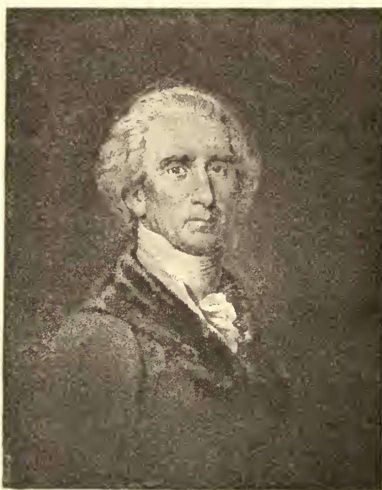
In 1820, Mrs. Caton brought to Doughoregan Manor, the widow of Commodore Decatur, two months after his fatal duel with Barron. "The exercise and change of air have greatly benefited Mrs. Decatur," the host reports to his son. "Her spirits are more composed; she dines with us, and converses more."

In that same summer a travelled English-

man describes a visit to Doughoregan Manor and the cordial hospitality of the proprietor,

"a venerable patriarch, nearly eighty-three years of age, and one of the four survivors of those who signed the Declaration of Independence.

"Although still an expert horseman, he seldom goes beyond the limits of his Manor. I had, however, seen him riding in a long procession, through the streets of Baltimore, holding in his hand the Declaration of Independence, which he delivered to the orator of the day, at the monument of General Washington."



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.
1737–1832.

Three surviving signers, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, were invited to meet Lafayette at Yorktown on October 19, 1824, to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis. An autograph letter from Mr. Carroll to the late

Robert G. Scott, of Richmond, Virginia, pleads his "advanced age" in apology for his declination of the invitation. He met Lafayette at Fort McHenry, October 7th, on his way to Yorktown, and, with Colonel John Eager Howard and "several other veterans," lunched with them in a tent that had been used by Washington in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Carroll was also a guest at the ball given at "Belvedere" to the French marquis.

One of the most tender and confidential letters penned by the patriarch to his son, bears date of April 12, 1821. It contains these solemn admonitions:

"I deem it my duty to call your attention to the shortness of this life, and the certainty of death, and the dreadful judgment we must all undergo, and on the decision of which a happy or a miserable Eternity depends. . . . My desire to induce you to reflect on futurity, and, by a virtuous life, to merit heaven, has suggested the above reflections and warnings. The approaching festival of Easter and the merits and mercies of Our Redeemer, *copiosa assudeum redemptio*, have led me into this chain of meditation and reasoning, and have inspired me with the hope of finding mercy before my Judge, and of being happy in the life to come, a happiness I wish you to participate with me by infusing into your heart a similar hope."

In a letter of later date he says, "God bless and prepare you for a better world, for the present is but a passing meteor compared to Eternity."

And still again: "At the hour of your death, ah! my son, you will feel the emptiness of all sublunary things; and that hour may be much nearer than you expect. Think well on it! I mean your eternal welfare."

Other circumstances besides his own extreme age moved him to such meditations. He stood so nearly solitary in the world once peopled with his contemporaries that each death among the remaining few was like the stroke of his own passing-bell. Colonel John Eager Howard had buried his beautiful wife in 1822. Mr. Carroll's best-beloved son-in-law, General Robert Goodloe Harper, died January 15, 1825. The heaviest stroke that could fall upon the old man and the old house descended April 3, 1825, in the death of Charles (IV.) Carroll of "Homewood." The knowledge of what his life had meant to him who was only son, chief pride, and dearest hope lends awful dignity to words written in November of that direful year:

"On the 20th of this month I entered into my eighty-ninth year. This, in any country, would be deemed a

long life. If it has not been directed to the only end for which man was created, it is a mere nothing, an empty phantom, an indivisible point, compared with Eternity. . . . On the mercy of my Redeemer I rely for salvation, and on His merits ; not on the works I have done in obedience to His precepts, for even these, I fear, a mixture of alloy will render unavailing and cause to be rejected."

Mr. Carroll took part in a public pageant on July 20, 1826, when memorial services were held in Baltimore in honour of Ex-Presidents Adams and Jefferson. The whole nation was thrilled to the heart by the coincidence of the deaths of both these men on the Fourth of July of that year, an event which left but one surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. Upon the eve of the solemn celebration, this man, in the awful solitariness of extreme old age, sitting in the shadow of the double decease, indited these manly and magnanimous words to a friend :

"'Though I disapproved of Mr. Jefferson's administration and was dissatisfied with a part of Mr. Adams's, both unquestionably greatly contributed to the Independence of this country. Their services should be remembered, and their errors forgiven and forgotten. This evening, I am going to Baltimore to attend to-morrow the procession and ceremonies to be paid to the memories of these praised and dispraised Presidents."

He acted as chief mourner in the funeral procession, and in the same carriage was the friend of more than half a century, John Eager Howard. In September of that year, Mr. Carroll had a medal struck to commemorate his ninetieth birthday, and received the congratulations of friends and neighbours at the Manor. From the pen of one who saw him then we have a picture of the eminent nonagenarian :

> " He was a rather small and thin person, of very gracious and polished manners. At the age of ninety he was still upright, and could see and hear as well as men commonly do. He had a smiling expression when he spoke, and had none of the reserve which usually attends old age."

His lively interest in what was going on in his widening family connexion and in the world of nations remained unabated to the last. His widowed granddaughter, Mrs. Robert Patterson, one of the fairest and most accomplished of American-born women, was now Marchioness of Wellesley, her second husband being a brother of the Duke of Wellington. Mrs. Hervey, also, was married again, and to a British peer, the Duke of Leeds. A favourite grandchild, Mrs. McTavish (Emily Caton),

spent much of her time at the Manor, where her children were joyously at home, and a never-ceasing delight to their great-grandfather.

Never was old age more painless and placid.

August 2, 1826, Mr. Carroll signed, with a hand that scarcely trembled, this testimonial upon a copy of the Declaration of Independence, now in the New York City Library:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessing which, through Jesus Christ Our Lord, He has conferred upon my beloved country in her emancipation, and upon myself in permitting me under circumstances of mercy to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certifying by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the fourth day of July, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, which I originally subscribed on the second day of August of the same year, and of which I am, now, the last surviving signer, I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to the remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man."

On July 11, 1830, the faithful son of his Church laid the corner-stone of the now splen-

did St. Charles College, about two miles from Doughoregan Manor. He had given the land upon which the college was to be built, and a handsome sum toward the erection of the same.

And so one, and yet another year glided in and out, like the waves of a summer brook rippling between green pastures. The golden-hearted old man retired early, and was abroad betimes on the morrow. He believed and practised his belief in cold baths, horseback exercise, regularity in meals, and temperance in everything. He was always present at morning and evening prayers in the chapel, and passed several hours of each day in the perusal of the English, Greek, and Latin classics, keeping up to the last what one chronicler has called "his perfect knowledge of the French language." In his ninety-third year he was found by a clerical guest deeply engaged in the study of Cicero's treatise on "Old Age," in the original Latin.

"After the Bible," he added, with his peculiar earnestness and vivacity of manner, "and *The Following of Christ*, give me, Sir, the philosophic works of Cicero."[1]

[1] Oration upon Charles Carroll of Carrollton, by Rev. Constantine Pise, D.D., delivered in 1832.

The beautiful close of the long, long day came on November 14, 1832. Propped in his easy-chair, his daughter and her children, with other relatives kneeling about him, he received the last offices of the Church. These over, he was laid upon the bed. His last words were a courteous acknowledgment of his physician's effort to make his position easier. Then he "fell on sleep" and awoke on the Other Side.

His grandson, Charles (V.) Carroll, succeeded "the Signer" in the proprietorship of Doughoregan Manor, and he, in turn, was followed by his son, Charles (VI.), born in 1828. His mother was Mary Digges Lee, one of the Virginia family of that name. He married Miss Caroline Thompson, also a Virginian by birth. Mr. Carroll died in 1895.

The present master of Doughoregan Manor is Hon. John Lee Carroll, Ex-Governor of the State of Maryland. He has been twice married: first, to Miss Anita Phelps of New York, second, to Miss Mary Carter Thompson, a sister of Mrs. Charles (VI.) Carroll. Mrs. John Lee Carroll died in 1899.

One of Governor Carroll's daughters, Mary Louisa, married Comte Jean de Kergolay, of

France; a second, Anita Maria, became the wife of another French nobleman, Baron Louis de la Grange; a third daughter, Mary Helen, is Mrs. Herbert D. Robbins, of New York. Of the sons, Royal Phelps married Miss Marion Langdon, of New York city; Charles (VII.) married Miss Susanne Bancroft. The only child of Governor Carroll's second marriage, Philip Acosta, lives with his father and his widowed aunt at Doughoregan Manor.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN LEE CARROLL.

The short avenue leading directly from the front of the mansion to the highway was for many years the principal approach used by family and visitors. It is bordered by large trees, and affords a fine view of central building and wings, that to the visitor's right being the chapel built in 1717 by the first Charles

Carroll. Mrs. Mary Digges Lee Carroll, the mother of Governor Carroll and Charles (VI.), a woman of much executive ability and refined taste, designed the winding avenue turning away from the main road a few rods beyond the extensive grounds of St. Charles College.

After a drive of six miles over the macadamised turnpike laid between Ellicott City and Doughoregan Manor, on the fourth of a series of torrid June days that taxed physical and moral powers to the utmost, the relief was sudden and exquisite as we entered the green arches of the wood beyond the lodge-gates.

The crude newness of the "City" I had left behind, made hideously depressing by the rough thoroughfare torn up and hollowed to receive the "trolley track," to be laid from the railway station to the College; the glare from the pale hot heavens reflected from the glittering white turnpike until I was fain to close my eyes upon the beauties of undulating hills and fertile meadows stretching away for miles on either side of the cruel road, were, for the next delicious half-hour, as if they had not been. . Such calm, such refreshment, and such generous breadth as had belonged to the life of him whose story had engaged my thoughts

all day, were about us and beyond us. The dim depths of the wood through which we wound; the velvety reaches of lawn that, by-and-by, appeared between the trees; the artistic grouping of plantations of shrubbery and larger growths; the glass houses and gardens by which we drove around to the porch and hospitable doorway,—all were English, and of a civilisation singularly un-American in design and finish.

The central hall is luxurious with couches, cushions, and lounging-chairs, and full of the viewless, pervasive spirit of Home—a sweet and subtle presence that meets the stranger upon the threshold like an audible benediction. The lines of the noble apartment are not broken by the staircase which figures prominently in the middle distance of most colonial houses, and in the narrower passages of modern dwellings.

Upon the wall of the inner and smaller hall, from which the stairs wind to the upper floors, hangs a map of the estate, as laid out in 1699 by the grandfather of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The primitive specification of "two boundary oaks" is given upon the ancient chart. The places of the departed trees are

now designated by two memorial stones. There were 14,500 acres of arable and wood lands in this original grant from the "Lord Baron of Baltimore." All but one thousand acres still pertain to the estate. A great slice, or section, in the very heart of the domain is known as "the Folly." *Not*, as it may be needful to explain, because it was willed to certain daughters of the house, Mrs. McTavish and others. Whatever may have been the origin of the term, it has become technical, and occurs often in English title-deeds.

From the inner hall we enter the bedroom in which "the Signer" died, consecrated even more by his blameless life than by his holy departure. The adjoining drawing-room is rich in historic portraits, conspicuous among them being the Crichton of "Homewood." The walls are panelled from floor to ceiling in rich, dark woods, and like all else in house and grounds, in perfect preservation.

In a niche of the dining-room across the hall stands a tall clock that has marked the hours of birth, of living, and of death for the Carroll race for over a hundred and fifty years. From the panel over the mantel the founder of the American branch of the family looks

majestically down upon the goodly company of his lineal descendants who assemble daily about the beautiful board in the middle of the room. Near by, his son, Carroll of Annapolis, repeats the family lineaments with marked fidelity. The transmission of the racial type with so few modifications from generation to generation is consequent, no doubt, upon the intermarriages which we have noted. We must look to other and more occult influences to account for the extraordinary resemblance to Charles Carroll of "Homewood" that, in one of his great-grandsons, is so exact as to be startling to those who have studied his portrait in the Manor drawing-room. The reproduction of feature, colouring, and expression in the third generation is almost eerie.

A likeness of "the Signer," taken when he had passed his eightieth year, is in the dining-room. It was given by him to the patroon, Mr. Van Rensselaer, and after the latter's death was presented by his daughter to Mr. Carroll's family. The wainscot of this room is valuable and curious: a sort of plaster or concrete, of a warm cream colour, sound and smooth, although laid on and moulded more than a century ago. Over the doors are the

281 INTERIOR OF CHAPEL OF DOUGHOREGAN MANOR.

heads of wild animals killed in hunting by the absent sons of the household; the yachting-cups upon the buffet were also won by them.

What is, I believe, the only private chapel attached to a colonial homestead, is a silent witness to the loyalty of the Carrolls to their ancestral faith. The few changes made in the interior have been careful restorations. We see the sacred place as the founders planned it, seven generations ago, an oblong room of admirable proportions, and tasteful, yet simple, in decoration. In passing up the aisle, my host stayed me to show where the "poor little infant, the dear and engaging" yearling of Charles Carroll of "Homewood" and Harriet Chew, was laid. Mrs. Darnall, the mother-in-law and aunt of Carroll of Carrollton, his father, and the wife to whose dear memory he remained true through fifty years of widowerhood, also lie here. "The Signer" was buried under the chancel. Upon a mural tablet to him, at the left of the altar, is a bas-relief of the Declaration of Independence, with a pen laid across it; above this are the thirteen stars of the original States, and, set high above all, is the Cross, the symbol of his religion.

A congregation of from three to four hun-

dred meets here every Sunday for worship, coming from all quarters of the neighbourhood. When front and back doors are open, framing pictures of park, trees, and ornamental shrubs; when the birds, nesting in the ivied curtains of the ancient walls, and running fearlessly over the sward, join their songs to organ and chant, one gets very near to Nature's heart and to the Father-heart that loveth all.

X

THE RIDGELY HOUSE, DOVER, DELAWARE

"Soon after Penn's arrival in America he conceived the idea of a county seat in the centre of 'St. Jones County.' In 1683 he issued a warrant, authorizing the surveyor to lay out a town to be called 'Dover.' It was not until 1694, however, that the land of the town was purchased. . . . The price paid the Indians was two match-coats, twelve bottles of drink, and four handfuls of powder. The old court house was built in 1697.

"Dover has sent to Washington a Secretary of State, an Attorney General, a District Judge, two Senators, and eight Representatives. To the State she has given four Governors, five Chancellors, five Chief-Justices, four Associate Judges, six Secretaries of State, and six Attorneys General." [1]

The Green is the heart of old Dover.

It is a quiet heart, this oblong of turf and trees, but four or five city blocks in length, with "The King's Road" running, like an ar-

[1] Ridgely MSS.

tery, through it. About it on all sides stand homesteads that were here when Dover was a village, and the State of which it is the capital was a dependence of the British Crown. At the eastern end is the State House, erected upon the site of the older and first edifice of the same name that was here a hundred years agone. Hard by is the dwelling built early in the eighteenth century, and subsequently tenanted by Dr. Samuel Chew before a goodly slice was pared from southeastern Pennsylvania and christened "Delaware." (See "Cliveden," *Some Colonial Homesteads*, p. 107). Here was born Chief-Justice Benjamin Chew, who, prior to his removal to Pennsylvania in 1754, was Speaker of the House of Delegates in Dover. The building is sound and comfortably habitable and is still known as "the Chew House," although it was occupied for several years by one of the most eminent sons of Delaware, John Middleton Clayton. Mr. Clayton was Chief-Justice of his native State, twice U. S. Senator, and, upon the accession of General Taylor to the Presidency, Secretary of State. The homestead of his brother-in-law, the late Hon. Joseph P. Comegys, at the other ex-

tremity of The Green, is full of interesting souvenirs of the lives of both these distinguished men, and of early periods of family and State history. Every foot of the brief parallelogram of earth hemmed about with ancestral houses is steeped in tradition and romance. In the busiest noontime the place is never noisy. After learning who lived here and *how* they lived—and died—fancy easily conjures up the figure of the Muse of History standing beside The King's Road, her uplifted finger warning aside the thoughtless and sacrilegious from holy ground.

I copy again from the Ridgely MSS. kindly placed at my disposal by Mrs. Henry Ridgely, Jr., of Dover.

"Here a regiment was raised and mustered by Col. John Haslet before the Declaration of Independence. A few days after the news of the act of Congress reached Dover they marched to the headquarters of the army and placed themselves under the immediate command of Gen. Washington. They probably remained in Dover long enough, however, to assist in the ceremony of the burning of the portrait of the King of Great Britain, which took place upon The Green on the receipt of Cæsar Rodney's copy of the Declaration of Independence. A procession marched around the fire to solemn music while the President of the State declared that,

'compelled by strong necessity, thus we destroy even the shadow of that King who refused to reign over a free people.' Upon The Green, at a later date, was the final muster of the gallant Delaware regiment before their disastrous campaign in the South. This regiment is said to have been in more engagements and to have suffered more than any other troops of the army."

The Vining house is nearer the arterial road than the Comegys mansion, and on the northern side of The Green. Of the family who made it famous I shall have more to say by-and-by. Across the road, and on the same side of the street skirting The Green, is the Ridgely House, one of the oldest dwellings in Dover, and almost in the shadow of the State House.

RIDGELY CREST.

The Honourable Henry (I.) Ridgely of Devonshire, England, settled in Maryland in 1659, upon a Royal grant of 6000 acres of land. He became a colonel of Colonial Militia, Member of the Assembly, one of the Governmental Council, Justice of the Peace, and Vestryman of the

Parish Church of Anne Arundel, dying, after a prosperous life, in 1710.

His nameson and heir, Henry (II.), lived and died at "Warbridge," the home the father had made near Annapolis. Although but thirty at his death in 1699, he left a widow and three children. With that one who bore his name, Henry (III.), this story has little to do. His biography and dwelling-place are catalogued with other Maryland worthies and homesteads.

Nicholas Ridgely, the second son, was born at Warbridge in 1694. He was, therefore, thirty-eight years old when he removed to "Eden Hill," a handsome plantation near Dover, and bought also the house on "The Green," built in 1728. Mr. Ridgely at once took his place among the leading citizens of his adopted State, filling with honour the offices of Treasurer of Kent County, Clerk of the Peace, Justice of Peace, Prothonotary and Register in Chancery, and Judge of the Supreme Court of Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex Counties, enjoying the honour until his death in 1755.

"In 1735, as foreman of the Grand Jury, he signed a petition to King George II. against granting a charter to

Lord Baltimore, in abrogation of the rights of the Penn family in the 'Three Lower Counties.'

"In 1745, he was elected by Cæsar Rodney to be his guardian; and his papers show his great interest in, and warm attachment to, a ward who proved to be the most distinguished patriot of his State.

"To his training may partly be attributed the successful career of Charles Ridgely, his son, John Vining, his wife's grandson, and Cæsar Rodney, his ward.

"His wife was Mary Middleton, widow of Captain Benj. Vining, of Salem, New Jersey.

"Her son, Judge John Vining, married Phœbe Wynkoop, and *their* son John was called the 'Patrick Henry of Delaware,' a brilliant lawyer, great wit, member of the first Continental Congress, and known as the 'Pet of Delaware.' His sister Mary was a beautiful girl and a great belle."[1]

Of whom more anon.

Dr. Charles Ridgely was born in 1738, studied medicine, and became an eminent physician, filling also many positions of public trust. His son Nicholas, born of his first marriage (to Mary Wynkoop), was known as the "Father of Chancery in Delaware." Dr. Ridgely's second wife, Anne Moore, brought him five children.

Henry Moore Ridgely, his son, succeeded him in the proprietorship of the homestead,

[1] Ridgely MSS.

at the father's death in 1785. He was admitted to the bar in 1802. An incident connected with this stage of his career is of interest, as illustrating the temper and customs of that day and the fiery spirit of the chief actor in it:

> "Dr. Barrett of Dover was grossly insulted by a Mr. Shields of Wilmington, and sought satisfaction through the code. He desired Mr. Ridgely to bear his challenge. Shields refused to meet Dr. Barrett, but challenged Mr. Ridgely himself. The duel was fought, and Mr. Ridgely severely wounded. For a time his life was despaired of, and although he recovered, Mr. Shields was obliged to leave Wilmington, public sentiment against him being so strong that he could not live it down."

In strong contrast to this stormy introduction, I give a rapid *résumé* of Henry Moore Ridgely's public life:

He was a member of the House in Congress from 1811–13; Secretary of the State of Delaware in 1817, and again in 1824, performing a most valuable and laborious work in this office, in collecting and arranging in proper form for preservation the scattered and poorly kept archives of the State.

He was repeatedly elected to the Legislat-

ure, and framed some most important laws; was elected by the Legislature to the United States Senate in 1827, where he was known, as he had been in the House, as the advocate of a protective tariff.

A true anecdote relative to the persistency with which his fellow-citizens thrust greatness upon him, their good and gallant servant, faithful in the few and lesser matters of his stewardship as in the many and weighty, was told to me by a member of the family. It is, of course, a Delaware edition of an episode of an Athenian election day more than two thousand years old; another of the million self-repetitions of history and human nature:

Mr. Ridgely was walking through "The Green" on the day of his second election to Congress when a countryman accosted him with, "Say, Mister! you can write, can't you?" Upon receiving a reply, he thrust a ticket into the gentleman's hand, asking him to "scratch out Ridgely's name," and substitute one which he named carelessly. Mr. Ridgely complied, and in handing the ticket back, inquired smilingly:

"Would you object to telling me what you have against Mr. Ridgely? Do you know him?"

"Never saw him in my life! Don't know nothing against him. But I certainly am sick and tired of having his name on my ticket every election day. That 's all."

HENRY MOORE RIDGELY.

Mr. Ridgely retired from public life in 1832. He died in the old house on "The Green" upon his eighty-second birthday, August 6, 1847. He left fifteen children. The eldest

of these, Henry (V.) Ridgely, is now, in a serene and honoured old age, a resident of Dover, although his home was, until recently, at "Eden Hill." His son Henry (VI.), a prominent lawyer, occupies the family homestead hard by the State House.

The exterior is severely plain. The walls are flush with the sidewalk, the windows of drawing-room, library, and the master's law-office on the ground-floor are so low that pedestrians could rest their elbows sociably upon the sills and chat with the occupants. The interior is unconventional, full of unexpectedness, and altogether captivating. The floral designs of the low ceilings are the work of Miss Rose Virden, a Dover artist of much promise and a graduate of the Artists' League of New York. The delicate tinting of drawing-room walls and the artistic hangings of the guest-chamber contrast harmoniously with the dark panelling of the wide hall, which is also the library. In the far corner of this last, remote from the fire-place is the quaintest, crookedest staircase conceivable by builder's brain and passable by human feet. It runs directly—or as directly as is consistent with the tortuousness aforesaid—down into the hall.

On this, the second day of my sojourn in the haunted house, I listen to a story which adds another to the wraiths mingling with the flesh-and-blood entities whose own the enchanted ground is now. The romance belongs to the school represented by *The Spectator's* list of killed and wounded in *Bill of Mortality of Lovers.* Such as—

"T. S., wounded by Zerlinda's scarlet stocking as she was stepping out of a coach," and—

"Musidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek."

A daughter of the Ridgely house had, among other marketable charms, a perfect foot and ankle. A susceptible swain, who had been unfortunate in his wooing, paid a farewell call to his inamorata almost upon the eve of her marriage with another man. While seated in the hall awaiting her appearance, he heard the tap of her high-heeled slippers on the winding stairway and saw appear at the last, steepest and sharpest turn of the flight—above the slippered foot,—slender, round, supple, swathed in snowy silk,—THE ANKLE!

"Whereupon," concludes the laughing narrator, "the poor fellow swooned away on the

spot. It sounds very absurd, but that was the sort of thing they did in those days."

Sitting by the window in the same place and, for all I know to the contrary, in the

WILLIAM PENN'S CHAIR AND CORNER OF LIBRARY IN RIDGELY HOUSE.

very chair the swooning swain may have occupied on the well-nigh fatal occasion—I hear another tale of another sort of thing they did in those days.

Mr. Nicholas Ridgely, as his genealogy has

informed us, became the guardian, in 1745, of an orphaned youth of seventeen, Cæsar Rodney by name.

"William Rodney married Alice, the daughter of Sir Thomas Cæsar, an eminent merchant of the city of London, and his son William died near Dover, Delaware, in the year 1708, leaving eight children and a considerable landed estate which was entailed, and, by the decease of elder sons, finally vested in his youngest son, Cæsar, who continued his residence as a landed proprietor in Delaware until his death in 1745.

"Cæsar Rodney, the eldest son of Cæsar, and grandson of William Rodney, was born in St. Jones' Neck near Dover in Kent County, Delaware, in the year 1728.

"Mr. Ridgely caused his ward to be instructed in the classics and general literature, and in the accomplishments of fencing and dancing, to fit his bearing and manners becomingly to the station in life in which he was born." [1]

So well was the work done that the princely young fellow came into his kingdom at the age of twenty-one, well-equipped in body and in mind for leadership in society and in State. His brother, Thomas Rodney, has left in MS. a picture of Delaware life at that period which,

[1] Oration delivered by Hon. Thomas F. Bayard in 1889, upon the occasion of unveiling the monument of Cæsar Rodney at Dover Delaware.

in many features, reminds us of New England, rather than of a Middle Slave State :

"Almost every family manufactured their own clothes ; and beef, pork, poultry, milk, butter, cheese, wheat, and Indian corn were raised by themselves, serving them, with fruits of the country and wild game, for food ; cider, small beer, and peach and apple brandy, for drink. The best families in the country but seldom used tea, coffee, chocolate, or sugar, for honey was their sweetening. . . . The largest farmers at that time did not sow over twenty acres of wheat, nor tend more than thirty acres of Indian corn."

Very un-New England, however, was the jolly comradeship that prevailed in village and country. Everybody knew everybody else. "Indeed," says the Rodney MS.,

"they seemed to live, as it were, in concord, for they constantly associated together at one house or another in considerable numbers, to play and frolic, at which times the young people would dance, and the elder ones wrestle, run, hop, or jump, or throw the disc, or play at some rustic and manly exercises.

"On Christmas Eve there was a universal firing of guns, travelling 'round from house to house, during the holiday, and all winter there was a continual frolic, shooting-matches, twelfth cakes, etc."

Cæsar Rodney was a favourite with high and low, the lowest class being represented by the

negro slaves. He was "about five feet ten inches high," writes his brother. "His person was very elegant and genteel, his manners graceful, easy and polite. He had a good fund of humour and the happiest talent in the world of making his wit agreeable."

When it was known that he had political aspirations, the popularity gained by the kind heart, the pleasing personality, and the ready wit graded and smoothed the path many found arduous. In 1758, when he was barely thirty years of age, he was High Sheriff of his native county of Kent; two years later, a Judge of the Lower Courts. In 1765, he was a member of the "Stamp Act Congress" which was convened in New York City. A New York newspaper of 1812 gives a post-mortem sketch of "the estimable and patriotic Cæsar Rodney, for many years the great prop and stay of Whiggism in the lower part of his native State."

In 1766, he was one of the Committee appointed to draft resolutions addressed to George III., thanking him for the repeal of the Stamp Act, and assuring him of the loyalty of the Delaware Legislature and the constituency it represented. As a member of this

Legislature he threw all the weight of his influence into the ineffectual effort to stop the importation of slaves into Delaware.

No man in the Province had the promise of a brighter future than the rising statesman, trusted and beloved by his fellow-citizens, the co-worker of the first men in the Colonies—when on June 7, 1768, he wrote to his brother of a visit paid to Philadelphia for the purpose of consulting physicians there upon "a matter that had given him some uneasiness." The matter proved to be a cancer in the nostrils, "a most dangerous place." His friends strongly advised him to "sail at once for England, and by no means to trust to any person here."

A few days later he wrote again that he had decided to put himself into the hands of Dr. Thomas Bond of Philadelphia. Should the treatment adopted by him "fail in making a cure," he should go to England.

> "But to conclude, my case is truly dangerous, and what will be the event, God only knows. I still live in hopes, and still retain my usual flow of spirits. My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Vining. Tell Mrs. Vining the cloud now hanging over me, tho' dark and dismal, may (God willing) one day disperse."

Mrs. Vining was the sister-in-law of the

woman he had loved, and whom he had hoped to marry in the heyday of his youth and popularity. There is nothing sadder in the archives of the Vining, or Rodney, or Ridgely family than a creased and torn "returned" letter in

TABLE OWNED BY CAPT. JONES, 1800, IN BEDROOM OF RIDGELY HOUSE.

his strong, legible hand. It was written from his guardian's house in Dover, May 27, 1761.[1]

"Yesterday evening (by Mr. Chew's Tom) I had the unwelcome and unexpected news of your determining to go to Philadelphia, with Mr. & Misses Chew—If you

[1] *American Historical Register*, July, 1895.

Remember, as we were riding to Noyontown Fair, you talked of taking this journey & mentioned my going with you ; you know how readily I [*torn*] & how willing in this, as in everything else, I was to oblige & serve you. . . . When I was last down, you seemed to have given over all thoughts of going. This determined me, & accordingly, gave Mr. Chew, for answer, that he might not expect me with him ; thereby I 'm deprived of the greatest pleasure this World could possibly afford me—the company of that lady in whom all happiness is placed. . . . Molly ! I love you from my soul ! In this, believe me, I 'm sincere, & honest : but when I think of the many amiable qualifications you are possessed of—all my hopes are at an end—nevertheless intended [*torn*] down this week, & as far as possible to have known my fate. . . . You may expect to see me at your return. Till then, God bless you.

"I 'm Yrs."

Miss Mary (Molly) Vining was the lovely aunt of a more beautiful niece who was named for her, and was endeared to Cæsar Rodney on that account. The elder Molly—to whom was written the letter, so incoherent and ill-expressed that one hears all through it the irregular heart-beats and broken breaths of the impassioned, doubting lover—married the Right Reverend Charles Ingles, who was first Bishop to the Colonies. She outlived her bridal day but a year, dying in 1764.

She had, then, been in her grave four years when the horrible shadow of doom overtook her former suitor, a cloud which was never to be dispersed until it thickened into the night of death. Fallacious hopes; discouragements; a rally of the brave soul to sustain the "usual flow of spirits"; the valiant purpose to sink selfish dreads in unremitting labours for the good of his kind and his country—these were the fluctuations of feeling and reason that were to fill the next fourteen years of the life he would not, could not, believe was irreparably blighted.

In one of the deceitful lulls in the progress of the disease, he accepted the appointment of Speaker of the Colonial Assembly (in 1769). Before the session was ended he was identified with the more resolute of the Colonists who were already banding themselves together to resist the growing aggressions of the parent government. His name stood first upon the committee of three deputies to the Continental Congress called by the voice of the people to assemble in Philadelphia in 1774. Another representative to this body was George Washington of Virginia.

Again Cæsar Rodney's name stood foremost

among those of the "Deputies to the general Congress" called to meet in Philadelphia, May 10, 1776. Mr. Bayard says of him at this crucial period in our national struggle:

"He was a man of action in an era of action; born, not out of his proper time, but in it; and, being fitted for the hour and its work, he did it well. He was recognised, and, naturally, at once became influential and impressive—distinguished for the qualities which were needed in the days in which he lived on earth. . . . Moved by patriotic impulse, he had counselled the selection of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial forces, and from the beginning to the end of the conflict, sought to hold up his hands and sustain him at all times and in all ways."

The distinguished orator goes on to quote from another eminent jurist to the effect that "to Rodney, more than to any other man in Delaware, do we owe the position which our State and people took in that most important contest,"—*i. e.*, the War for Independence.

In furtherance of the great purpose he had at heart, he came home to strengthen the hearts of timid constituents and to advise with cool heads and steadfast hearts like his own, over the final step, then imminent, to be taken by Congress.

"On one side stand a doubtful experience and a bloody war; on the other side unconditional submission to the power of Great Britain."

This was the situation as he put it before himself and his fellow-citizens. If they had much to lose, he had more: fortune, the friends of years, many of whom, even those in the Congress with him, were opposed to the formal severance of the tie binding Great Britain to her restless colonies; probably his life, for he was colonel of the "upper regiment of Kent County," and pledged to bring fifteen hundred men into the field should war be declared. He was absent from Congress upon this errand, and energetically canvassing the counties of Sussex and his native Kent, when Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, on June 7th, executed his immortal *coup d'état* by offering the resolution, "That the United States are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and that political connexion with Great Britain ought to be dissolved."

The resolution was passed in secret session by six out of seven States, on June 8th.

Cæsar Rodney, Thomas McKean, and George Read were delegates from Delaware. McKean voted for the resolution; Read, al-

though Rodney's intimate friend, against it, making a tie in the State vote. A second vote, to secure unanimity if possible, was taken on July 1st. Nine colonies were in favour of the passage of the motion into an act; South Carolina and Quaker Pennsylvania were against it. Delaware was divided, as before. A third ballot was ordered for July 4th, and Thomas McKean, aroused to frantic energy by the peril of the occasion, mounted a trusty messenger upon a swift horse and bade him ride, as for life, to find Cæsar Rodney, and bring him to Philadelphia.

Local and family traditions give an explanation of his prolonged absence and silence at this crisis which is not offered by history. According to this, McKean had not waited until the eleventh hour before summoning his colleague. More than one letter had been despatched to Kent, describing the gravity of the position at headquarters, and entreating Rodney to hasten his return. Not one line of these had reached the unconscious absentee.

Postal facilities were few and slow, and Rodney seems to have rested in the conviction that McKean would recall him if he were

needed, to have and gone on with his canvass unconcernedly, addressing public meetings, visiting from plantation to plantation, and, in the interim of pressing duties, solacing his cares by the society of intimate friends, notably the Vinings and Ridgelys, when he was in Dover.

Mr. Bayard opines that the express, sent, Mr. McKean says, at his own private expense, "must have found Mr. Rodney at one of his farms, 'Byfield,' or 'Poplar Grove.'"

I could not forgive myself if I did not give the afore-mentioned tradition (in this instance as truthful as her younger and more cautious sister, History) in the very words of the Ridgely MSS., produced for me, at my earnest petition, at this point of the story :

"A celebrity of Lewes, the old seaport of Delaware, was Sarah Rowland, who, according to tradition, almost prevented the Declaration of Independence from having the necessary number of signers.

"She was a beautiful Tory, for, in the first years of the Revolutionary War, there were many friends of England in the lower part of this peninsula. The news of a Tory uprising in Sussex County and Maryland reaching Cæsar Rodney, who was attending the Delegates' Convention in Philadelphia, he immediately mounted his horse and went thundering down the State, using threats

and persuasions all along the road. While at Lewes the beautiful Sarah so infatuated him by her charms that he lingered longer than his business required, and was only aroused to a sense of his delinquencies when he was presented by a loyal servant-girl in the Rowland household with a number of letters which had been intercepted by his enchantress. Then it was that he made his famous ride to Philadelphia. This story adds many miles to the length of his ride, as, in most accounts, he was at his home near Dover when the call to Philadelphia came."

Return we to Mr. Bayard and history :

"You may know how little time there was for dainty preparation—barely enough for tightening of saddle-girths and buckling on of spurs—before the good horse stood ready to be mounted, and our hero began his immortal ride on that hot and dusty July day, to carry into the Congress of the Colonies the vote he held in trust for the people of Delaware, and which was needed to make the Declaration of American Independence the unanimous act of thirteen united States."

From the window-seat of the old house, which was the bachelor hero's dearest earthly home, I see, bisecting "The Green," what is still known as "The King's Highway," along which the rider dashed through Dover when the noonday sun was at the hottest. The hostelry, "King George's Arms," stood at that corner, facing the open square. There,

"THE GREEN" IN DOVER.

309 (THE THIN, THREAD-LIKE LINE BEISDE WHICH THE MAN STANDS AT RIGHT OF PICTURE, DEFINES "THE KING'S ROAD.")

at Rodney's imperative shout, a fresh horse was brought to him, and he was again in the saddle and away at breakneck speed, riding, not for his own, but for a Nation's life.

> " He is up ! he is off ! and the black horse flies
> On the Northward road ere the 'God speed' dies ;
> It is gallop and spin, as the leagues they clear
> And the clustering milestones move arear." [1]

On the morning of July 4th, Thomas McKean, until then ignorant of the success of his messenger, met Cæsar Rodney "at the State House door, in his boots and spurs, as the members were assembling."

The briefest of salutations was exchanged, and not a word as to the momentous business before them. Not a moment could be lost, for they were the last to enter the hall, and the proceedings had begun. They were hardly in their seats when "the Great Question was put."

At the call for the vote of Delaware, all eyes were turned to the bronzed face and disordered attire of him who was to break the "tie." He arose composedly, and spoke with calm deliberateness :

"As I believe the voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men is in favor

[1] "Cæsar Rodney's Ride."

of independence, my own judgment concurs with them. I vote for Independence."

Neither romancist nor dramatist need add to, or take away from, the thrilling incident of Cæsar Rodney's Ride. When one considers the tremendous issue involved, the character of the man who risked health, already infirm, to fulfil his pledge to colleague and to conscience, and the quiet dignity with which he redeemed it—the scene is sublime.

The Rodney coat of arms bears the motto, *Non generant Aquilæ Columbas* ("Eagles do not beget doves").

This one of the brood, albeit knowing that he was fatally hurt, bore himself gallantly to the last. He was General Rodney in 1777, when ordered by Washington to "gather his Delaware troops in close proximity to the enemy; to hang upon his flank, observe and report his movements, harass his outposts, and protect the surrounding country from marauding parties." The honour was no sinecure. His letters to Washington are models of conciseness and comprehensiveness, yet are worded with a sort of respectful familiarity betokening an *entente cordiale* between the two men, unusual in the circumstances. Rodney's "usual

flow of spirits" had not deserted him. "God only knows," was still his staff and strength.

"Be assured all I can do shall be done," he assures the Commander-in-Chief. "But he that can deal with militia may almost venture to deal with the devil. As soon as I can set forward I shall advise you. God send you a complete victory!"

All the while he suffered unspeakably in body. Aware that the loves of home and family could never be his, he poured out his ardent soul and great heart in a passion of patriotism. His last important public declaration of this absorbing devotion is embodied in a resolution passed by the Delaware General Assembly in 1782, when the war was supposed to be virtually at an end:

"*Resolved:* That the whole power of this State shall be exerted for enabling Congress to carry on the war until a peace consistent with our Federal union and national faith can be obtained."

He lived to see that peace established. Just one year after the terms of the definite treaty were signed (in 1783) the Legislature of Delaware "met at the house of Hon. Cæsar Rodney, Esq., the Speaker, he being too much

indisposed to attend the usual place of meeting."

He died the next month (June, 1784).

For almost a third of his earthly existence he had been the tortured victim of the malady which killed him at last, an affliction peculiarly humiliating to a proud, sensitive man who, freed from it, would have been the possessor of all that makes life best worth living.

XI

OTHER "OLD DOVER" STORIES AND HOUSES

MY dear young hostess of the Ridgely homestead is still the *raconteuse.* She has a story in a lighter vein to beguile me from the reverie into which I have fallen, with Dover Green and the King's Highway before my eyes, and, in the ears of my imagination, the echoes of those flying hoofs that,—to quote for the last time from the Delaware orator: "will reverberate in American ears like the footfalls of Fate—

"'Far on in summers that we shall not see.'"

In 1840, Lucretia Mott was advertised as intending to lecture in Dover, and the conservative, slave-holding element of the town protested indignantly against the measure. When she and her companions appeared on the day set for the lecture, they were given to under

stand that the attempt would be dangerous. To the menace was added a demand that the party leave Dover at once. Judge Henry Moore Ridgely interfered boldly between the obnoxious visitors and the rising mob.

"Not"—as he explained privately to his family—"that I am fond of abolitionists. But I will not have a woman insulted in this town."

He welcomed Mrs. Mott and her aides to his own house, and invited a dozen or more prominent members of the Legislature, then in session, to meet them at supper that evening. But two of those bidden to the feast came. Both of these men were lovers of Miss Ridgely, the host's daughter, and neither dared decline, lest his rival should score a point against him by accepting.

I give the scene at the Court House in another's words :

"When supper was over Lucretia Mott announced her intention of speaking that evening in the Court House at Dover ; Judge Ridgely, feeling, no doubt, that his presence might be a protection to the Quakers, offered to accompany them thither ; Miss Ridgely, whose heart was quite won by Mrs. Mott's gentle manner and delightful fluency in conversation, begged that she might go also, to hear the address, and Mr. DuPont, one of the Members aforesaid offered to be her escort. Judge

ELIZABETH RIDGELY, DAUGHTER OF JUDGE HENRY MOORE RIDGELY.
(AGED 19.)

Ridgely took Lucretia Mott under his protection, gave her his arm, and led the way, followed by the rest of the Quakers and his daughter with Mr. DuPont. The little party reached the Court House in safety, notwithstanding that they were subjected to threatening murmurs and surly looks from the bystanders, who wished to prevent Mrs. Mott from speaking in Dover; but Judge Ridgely conducted her safely to the platform, looking around upon the crowd and saying, 'I *dare* you to touch her!'

"Mrs. Mott then made an earnest and beautiful address, but without any allusion to the exciting subject of Slavery, and all present were delighted with it."

There was more to follow before the eventful visit was over. After the lecture the company returned to Judge Ridgely's house and sat about the drawing-room fire, in full view of a gathering crowd without. For Judge Ridgely had sternly refused to have the shutters closed, and the windows, as I have said, opening directly upon the sidewalk, are so low in the wall as to allow passers-by to look into the ground-floor rooms. In emulation of her entertainers' equanimity, the stout-hearted Quakeress feigned not to observe the dark faces pressed against the panes, or to hear the hoarse murmurs from without, like the wash of the surge upon the beach before a rising

storm. She had never been more brilliant in talk, or apparently more happily at her ease, almost charming her auditors into forgetfulness of what might be impending should the tempers of the rioters finally break through the restraint of one man's influence and defy his authority.

The scene was full of dramatic elements, had any of the spectators been sufficiently cool-headed to note and appreciate these. By and-by, Lucretia Mott arose to her feet in telling a story that demanded animated action. A young daughter of the house, fancying that she was weary of sitting and wished to walk about the room, drew back Mrs. Mott's chair to give her more space. Simultaneously with this action, the lady sat down again, and had a hard fall. The rival suitors were nearer to her than Judge Ridgely. One stood stock-still and laughed. The other sprang to the assistance of the abolitionist, raised her, assisted her carefully to a seat, and begged to know if he could help her in any other way.

Miss Ridgely spoke her mind to Mr. DuPont the next day, when Lucretia Mott and her friends were safely out of Dover.

"You proved yourself a true man and a

thoroughbred," said her father's daughter. "The other is neither!"

There are other stories—dozens of them—lingering about the house, and stealing in with the odour of the honeysuckles from the garden at the back. The garden where the box-bushes have grown, in a century and more, into great trees and thick hedges, on the top of which one may walk fearlessly, as upon a wall. Where Judge Nicholas Ridgely and his family, including Cæsar Rodney, liked to take tea all summer long.

"I seem to know them so well and to have seen them there so often that I could paint the group if I were an artist," says Mrs. Ridgely.

And I, awakened by memories of it all at early morning, before the birds have stopped singing to breakfast in the cherry trees, make a picture for myself and hang it upon a nail fastened in a sure place in my mental gallery.

The next day is filled with sight-seeing and dreaming. The pretty town is rich in historic shrines. We drive by the picturesque little church, so clothed upon with ivy we can hardly see the venerable walls of the burial-ground in which the remains of Cæsar Rodney, brought

from "Poplar Grove" in 1887 by the "Rodney Club" of young Delawareans, were laid with appropriate ceremonies. In 1889, the monument overtopping the churchyard wall was erected by the same organisation, Henry Ridgely, Jr., the descendant of the hero's guardian, being the President.

"Woodburn" opens hospitable doors to us, when our eyes ache somewhat with much gazing, and the dust stirred by our wheels reawakens sympathy with the mad rider of 1776. There is an ocean-cave, coral-grove effect of whiteness and shade, in the spacious hall where Mrs. Holmes and her son welcome us. The weight of unperformed duties slips from our souls for an enchanted hour, while we look and listen. The woodwork of the lofty rooms was paid for by the Colonial proprietor by the transfer of a valuable farm to the builder. The toothed cornices were carved by hand, as were the deep panels of the doors, the window-casings and -seats and the wainscots. All are as sound and whole as if they had left the workman's hand ten, and not one hundred and forty, years ago.

The hostess speaks when we are midway in the easy ascent of the noble staircase :—

REAR VIEW OF RIDGELY HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.
(BUILT 1728.)

"Just here, Lorenzo Dow passed the 'old gentleman, the other visitor.'"

Then we have one of the authentic ghost-stories, such as my soul loveth:

"You will find it in Lorenzo Dow's published works. He was a guest in this house for several days. The morning after his arrival, on his way down to prayers and breakfast, he overtook on the stairs an old gentleman in Continental costume,—long coat and waistcoat, knee-breeches and long stockings. His white hair was tied at the back of his neck in a queue, and he moved slowly, as if infirm, holding to the rail as he walked. Mr. Dow bowed respectfully in passing him, but neither spoke. When the lady of the house requested Mr. Dow to begin family worship, he asked: 'Are we not to wait for the other visitor?'

"'Whom do you mean? There is no other visitor in the house.'

"'The old gentleman I passed upon the stairs just now,' he persisted.

"The hostess coloured painfully, and seemed very uneasy, and the matter was dropped. Mr. Dow learned, afterward, that others besides himself had seen the apparition, and that,

for some reason, the subject was a sore one to the family."

The ghostly visitant showed himself again, and in broad daylight, to a guest of a later generation than Lorenzo Dow's. A college-boy, coming to spend some time at Woodburn, was shown to his room, a pleasant chamber on the second floor, opening upon the wide, airy hall we traverse to the scene of his adventure. A long glass is at one end, and as we stand before it, we see, reflected in it, the window, and a chair set within its embrasure. The youth was brushing his hair and arranging his cravat when he beheld in the mirror the figure of an old man, dressed as I have described, sitting quietly in the chair and looking straight at him.

"Hope I don't intrude!" said the collegian jauntily, turning toward the stranger, who, on the instant, vanished. A comical touch is supplied to the tale by another Dover resident, who adds gravely that the old gentleman went to pieces *jerkily* before the poor boy's horrified eyes, his arms going in one direction, and his legs in another.

Natheless—as the books used to say when the old gentleman was solid flesh and bone—the

collegian declared that he was sane and sober when he saw the apparition, and could not be persuaded to stay in the chamber or house after the unpleasant dismemberment of his roommate.

A modern story-wright, George Alfred Townsend, says of "Woodburn":

"Built by a tyrannical, eccentric man, it passed through several families until a Quaker named Cowgill, who afterwards became a Methodist, made it his property. . . .

"The first owner, it was said, had amused himself in the great hall-room by making his own children stand on their toes, switching their feet with a whip when they dropped upon their soles from pain or fatigue. His own son finally shot at him through the great northern door with a rifle or pistol, leaving the mark to this day, to be seen by a small panel set in the original pine. . . . The room over the great door has always been considered the haunt of peculiar people who molested nobody living, but appeared there in some quiet avocation, and vanished when pressed upon."

The present occupants are the descendants of a Dover lawyer who bought the place about fifty years ago.

We get no ghostly anecdote during our call upon the Misses Bradford, who occupy a bewitching homestead built by one of the Loock-

erman family in 1746. We are introduced, instead, to a wealth of old china, much of it older than the house, each piece of it an heirloom beyond price. It is arranged in orderly rows within corner cupboards reaching to the ceiling, showing so many unbroken sets that one conceives a profound, almost an awed, respect for housewifery that must also have been a transmitted heritage from age to age. The curious tiled fireplaces have shared in the care which warded off craze and crack and nick from other fragile treasures; there are curtained bedsteads, solid mahogany, with twisted posts and carved headboards, and chairs yet older, and ancient tables of divers patterns, and a wonderful escritoire with a secret drawer we cannot refind after the location and way of working have been explained and illustrated to us twice over.

The Bradford garden is a "good second" to the house and its plenishing. An enormous box-tree is believed to be a century old, and looks half as old again. It has a round poll, green and firm, and is perhaps fifty feet in circumference. Iris beds—purple, white, white-and-purple, and yellow—line the walks; peonies, pinks, cinnamon-roses, and many other

"WOODBURN," DOVER, DEL.

dear flowers planted and tended by our great-grandmothers, grow where they were set when the portrait of King George III. was burned upon Dover Green, and,

> "From that soft midland where the breezes bear
> The North and South on the genial air;
> Through the County of Kent, on affairs of State,
> Rode Cæsar Rodney the Delegate."

Thoughts and talk recur to him as we pass the Vining house on our homeward way.

We have seen, in the preceding chapter, that Judge Nicholas Ridgely's third wife was Mrs. Mary Middleton Vining. She was the widow of a wealthy citizen of Salem, and, in accordance with a pledge made to him on his deathbed, secured her large fortune to their three children before her second marriage. Her brilliant son, Chief-Justice John Vining, was the father of the "Revolutionary belle," Mary Vining, the name-child of the aunt who was Cæsar Rodney's first love.

A charming sketch of the younger Mary Vining, written by Mrs. Henry Geddes Banning, appeared in the *American Historical Register* for July, 1895. Every child in Dover has heard her name and some particulars of

her life. Mrs. Banning, a descendant of Thomas Rodney, Cæsar Rodney's brother and executor, is in possession of several relics of the American beauty whose fame was carried back to France and England by officers who served in the Revolutionary struggle.

"Thomas Jefferson, when minister plenipotentiary to France, was proud to assure the lovely Queen of France that the extravagant admiration of the Delaware belle by the French officers, which had reached her ears, was no exaggeration, for the American lady was worthy of it all. Marie Antoinette replied she would be glad to see her at the Tuileries. . . . She was mentioned in flattering terms, also, at the English Court of George III., and likewise at the Court of Germany."[1]

Besides the marriage which connected her with the family of her step-grandfather, Judge Nicholas Ridgely, she was related by blood to the Ridgelys and Rodneys, and a great pet in both families. But one of the many letters written by her has been preserved for our reading. The loss to the epistolary literature of that period is inestimable, for her pen was as facile as the tongue that gained her the reputation of being the finest conversationalist of her generation. She spoke French with

[1] *American Historical Register.*

grace and fluency; her voice was rich and flexible, her charm of manner irresistible and indescribable. Her brother, John Middleton Vining, the "Pet of Delaware," shared with her the magic and mysterious gift of personal magnetism that gives plausibility to the folk-stories of fairy conclaves and presentations about the cradles of certain infants, who are, thenceforward, blessed or banned.

When Cæsar Rodney was Governor of Delaware, (in 1778) he hired a house in Wilmington for the winter, and his young kinswoman, Mary Vining, was the presiding genius of every entertainment given by him when women were present. Lafayette was a close friend and frequent guest of the bachelor host.

"It was in the cellar of this house that, the Governor consenting, General Lafayette stored his little casks of gold wherewith to pay his little army, and help the cause of freedom," Mrs. Banning says, and proceeds to narrate the following pleasing incident:

"My grandfather, C. A. Rodney, was a boy at this time, and he related this anecdote to my mother: 'I was studying my Latin by the parlour fire when the door opened, and Miss Vining appeared in full dress. She

approached the mantel, looking approvingly at the reflection in the glass. She observed my look of fixed admiration, for she turned and said, extending her hand to me—"Come here, you little rogue, and you shall kiss my hand." I refused, drawing back with boyish bashfulness, when she replied, "You might be glad to do so! 'Princes have lipped it'" (from *Cleopatra*). All the time, I did think her the most beautiful creature I ever saw, and I still recall her as a beautiful picture. . . . '"

The beauty was capricious—as was natural. She was, also, spoiled and imperious, with all her gracious sweetness of disposition and manner—as was inevitable. The Frenchmen lost their heads, and told her so in ecstatic ravings which expressed all they felt. More phlegmatic British victims laid hearts, and all they had of fortunes, at her feet, and meant more than they could say. She was as often in Philadelphia as in Wilmington and Dover, and her conquests there were as notable. When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British in 1778, a British officer risked character and life by making a flying trip to Wilmington, without leave of absence and under cover of night, to entreat Miss Vining to reconsider her refusal of him. Luckily, the transgression was not discovered by the authorities, a piece of good fortune for which he was probably

MARY VINING.
(FROM OLD MINIATURE.)

less grateful than he should have been, being driven from desperation to despair by the belle's tranquilly kind repetition of her former sentence.

Louis Philippe, then Duc d' Orleans, was among her visitors and admirers. Her friendship with Lafayette, begun while he was Governor Rodney's guest, lasted while she lived. They corresponded regularly in French after his return to France.

"Do you never mean to marry?" asked a wondering acquaintance after reckoning up the offers Miss Vining had had. "Will you never accept anybody?"

Mary Vining was frank with herself, if with no one else. Her reply was prompt and serious, almost regretful:

"Admiration has spoiled me. I could not content myself with the admiration of one man."

One of the regal fancies her great wealth enabled her to indulge was that of never going abroad on foot. Another was to wear a veil whenever she appeared in the street or at church. Her costumes, even during the Revolutionary blockade, were the marvel and envy of women with equal ambitions and wealth, but who lacked her taste and genius.

She was still in the prime of beautiful womanhood when Peace sent French gallants and English suitors back to their homes, and disbanded her military admirers. Her Delaware drawing-room remained a *salon*, herself a queen. She was nearing her fortieth birthday, still handsome, still gracious in her imperiousness, when the Ridgely family was agitated by a rumour, at first scouted as incredible, then received shudderingly.

"Is it true," writes the widow of a Revolutionary hero to Mrs. Dr. Charles Ridgely, "that Miss Vining is engaged to General Wayne? Can one so refined marry this coarse soldier? . . . True"—relentingly—"he is brave, wonderfully brave! and none but the brave deserve the fair."

General Anthony Wayne was now a widower. Mary Vining was a child of eleven when he, a man of twenty-two, married and settled upon a farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania. She was twenty-three when the storming of Stony Point, one mid-July night in 1779, fastened upon him the name of "Mad Anthony." In hearing the daring exploit discussed by his brother officers in her drawing-room, she must have laughed over the one

bon-mot of the Commander-in-Chief transmitted to us, and which Mrs. Banning revives in our recollection :

"Can you take Stony Point?" inquired Washington of the fiery brigadier-general.

"Storm Stony Point, your Excellency! I 'll storm hell if *you 'll* plan the attack!"

"Had n't we better try Stony Point first, General Wayne?" was the dryly facetious retort.

Mary Vining would have enjoyed that. There was a decided admixture of shrewd common sense in her composition, despite her sybaritic tastes and habits.

The one letter from her hand alluded to just now, was written to a cousin just after Chief-Justice Vining's death, when the daughter was fourteen years old. The grateful tenderness of the childish heart cannot be misinterpreted, but she takes thought of the keys of desk and trunks sent by him in "Uncle Wynkoop's letter to Uncle Ridgely," also, that "among them is the key of Mrs. Nixon's trunk, and in that you will find a canister of very good green tea, which you will please to use when Mr. Chew is down."

Tea was already an expensive luxury, al-

though the letter antedates the Boston Tea Party and the burning of the *Peggy Stewart* at Annapolis by three years. Mr. Chew was an honoured guest, for whom the best was none too good.

"Mad Anthony" was made General-in-Chief of the United States Army in 1792. It is supposed that he paid his addresses first to Miss Vining in 1794. He had been in a dozen pitched battles, always serving with valour and distinction. His address, in suppressing the mutiny of the Pennsylvania troops in 1781, and his clear counsels as a member of the Philadelphia Legislature, proved that he had sense as well as valour. By a dashing bayonet charge at Green Spring, Virginia, he had saved the liberty, maybe the life, of the well-belovèd Lafayette. Miss Vining understood him and her own heart so much better than her critics could know either, that she not only promised to marry the "coarse soldier," but loved him ardently and proudly.

They were betrothed, and the wedding-day was set, when General Wayne set out late in 1795, or early in 1796, to conclude the treaty of Greenville with the Western Indians, whom he had defeated at Maumee Rapids the year

before. It was a long journey, and the negotiations were tedious. In the civilised Delaware he had left preparations went on briskly for the marriage, which was to take place immediately upon his return. Miss Vining

RIDGELY FAMILY SILVER.

bought a complete service of silver, and refurnished her already handsome home. Before leaving her, the bridegroom-expectant had given her a set of India china, which is still in the Ridgely family at Dover. It was never used in the long lifetime of Mary Vining, but treasured among her most sacred belongings.

The warrior betrothed never returned from his long journey and tedious errand. Mary Vining's New Year's gift was the news that he had died, December 15, 1796, at Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, on his way home, his negotiations satisfactorily completed, his heart full of hopes of happiness and her.

Mrs. Charles Ridgely wrote to the correspondent who had been shocked at the news of the projected marriage :

" Miss Vining has put on mourning and retired from the world, in consequence of General Wayne's death."

Mrs. Banning adds that " Miss Vining seems to have deeply mourned General Wayne's death. She lived for twenty-five years longer, but never again entered society."

This romance in real life, all unexpected to us, the admirers of the intrepid, dashing soldier, never named without the amused repetition of his sobriquet—was followed by other disasters. The " Pet of Delaware " lost his sister's fortune with his own. The delicately nurtured woman was compelled to sell her chariot, horses, servants, and home. A suburban cottage left to her by her mother, and a scanty pittance for daily needs, were all that remained

when the death of the brother she had idolised revealed the wreck he had made of their means.

To quote again from Mrs. Banning:

> "To the north of the eastern yard in which two huge willows grew, arose a blank brick wall that added to the convent-like seclusion of the shaded cottage. It became, indeed, her living tomb. The loss of all that made life dear broke her proud, ambitious heart. She only sought concealment, like a wounded deer, till she could die."

This was in 1802. In 1806, the thoroughbred had rallied her forces to care for her brother's orphaned boys, four in number. To maintain and educate them the deposed queen took boarders, "hesitating at no sacrifice to benefit them, and devoting her time and talents to their education."

From the eldest of these beneficiaries, then a lad of fourteen, we have a rhyming description of the Lady of "The Willows," as she had called her cottage, which is creditable to his head and heart:

> "Lady Vining comes first, with her soul-piercing eye,
> Let her look in your face, in your heart she will pry.
> In her features sits high the expression of truth,
> The wisdom of age and the fancy of youth.

They say a bright circle her figure once graced,
The mirror of fashion and Phœnix of taste ;
But Religion soon whispered 't were better to dwell
In the willow's retreat, or hermitage cell.
Now, apart from the world and its turbulent billows,
Contentment she courts in the shade of The Willows."

Miss Vining's last visit to Philadelphia, the scene of her proudest conquests, was made in 1809, upon business connected with the placing of this nephew with his maternal aunt, Mrs. Ogden, of New York. She went to the city by the urgent invitation of Cæsar Augustus Rodney, "the Signer's" nephew and heir, in his carriage, and under his escort, remaining for a fortnight in his house. She received the many faithful friends who hastened to pay their respects to her, conversing with the old winning grace and ease, but entered no other house than Mr. Rodney's.

"The Willows" became more and more like a conventual retreat as the years went by. When the mistress went to church,—which was seldom toward the end of her life,—she wore the muffling cap with wide borders, assumed after General Wayne's death, and never laid aside or changed in fashion ; over this a projecting bonnet or "calash." As face and form

lost delicacy and beauty, she saw the few visitors admitted to "The Willows" in a room where the shutters were bowed, and the curtains drawn.

"But her elegance of conversation, attractive manners, and musical voice remained to the last, also her fine grey eyes. She had an abundance of brown hair that never turned grey. When the concealing cap was removed after her death, a high white forehead, and very smooth, was revealed."[1]

Of her four adopted children, her solace in poverty and widowhood, three died in early life, of consumption; the eldest outliving her by a year.

Mary Vining died in 1821. During the last years of her life, she had busied herself in writing the History of the Revolutionary War. The unfinished MS., with other valuable papers, was destroyed by fire several years afterward.

[1] *American Historical Register.*

Cæsar Rodney

XII

BELMONT HALL, NEAR SMYRNA, DELAWARE

WITHOUT disparagement to other broods of the "Blue Hen's Chickens," we must admit that those sent out for public service from Kent County were of a game strain. Not fewer than sixteen Governors of Delaware were born in Kent, or were residents of the Peninsular County when elected to office. The long line began with Cæsar Rodney who, in 1778, was made "President of the Delaware State," for the then constitutional term of three years.

Another President was John Cook, a man of wealth and influence in the Province. He came into office in 1783. In 1772, he had been High Sheriff of Kent County. He afterwards became a member of the first

Assembly of the State in 1776, and of the committee appointed in October of the same year to devise the Great Seal of Delaware. He also served as a soldier throughout the Revolutionary War, after which he was one of the Judges of the State. His landed estate in and about the town of Smyrna included the extensive tract of arable and wooded land upon which now stands the fine old homestead of Belmont Hall.

The original grant of several thousand acres was made to an Englishman from whom it took the name of "Pearman's Choice." A house stood upon the site of the Hall late in the seventeenth century. The next proprietor after Governor Cook was Moore, another Englishman, who erected the rear and lower wing of the house, as we now see it.

The body of the Hall was added by Thomas Collins, the third Governor, or President, given by Kent County to Delaware. He was a brother-in-law of John Cook, and, like him, the owner of much valuable farming land in the lower part of the State. He bought the Belmont Hall tract from Moore in 1771, and enlarged the dwelling to its present proportions in 1773. When hostilities between the

Colonies and Great Britain broke out, he garrisoned the Hall and stockaded the grounds outlying it, raising, by his personal efforts, a brigade of militia from the surrounding country and maintaining it at his own expense while the war lasted. In addition to his duties as a military officer he was a member of the Council of Safety, subsequently, a delegate to the Convention that drafted the Constitution of the State, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

COOK-PETERSON COAT OF ARMS.

"Belmont Hall"—we learn from a family MS.—

"descended to Dr. William Collins by the will of his father, Governor Thomas Collins, in 1789, and was sold by Dr. Collins to John Cloke, Esq., in 1827. He, in turn, left it to his daughter, Mrs. Caroline E. Cloke Peterson, then the wife of J. Howard Peterson, Esq., of Philadelphia. Mr. Peterson died in 1875. Several years later Mrs. Peterson married again, but is still the owner of Belmont Hall, and the plantation connected with it."

The historic mansion is one of the oldest, if not the most ancient, private house in a State where Colonial architecture and old families abound. Two pictures of it hang in the Relic Room of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. One of the frames contains, in addition to this picture, a Continental specie note made into currency by the signature of War-Governor Thomas Collins, in 1776. The bricks of the Hall are said to have been brought from England. They are as hard as flint, and rich brown in color. Nails, hinges, door-knobs, and bolts were imported expressly for this dwelling and bear the imprint of the British stamp.

The façade of the Hall is imposing, and the effect of the whole building, set in the centre of a park and gardens twenty acres in extent, and quite removed from the highway, is noble and dignified. One of the most beautiful views of the house is to be had from the garden behind it, where a low terrace falls away from the ornamental grounds to the level of the surrounding fields. The stroller in the winding alleys, looking up suddenly at the ivied gables of the oldest part of the Hall, framed in the broad arch of the arbour at the

top of the terrace steps, fancies himself, for one bewildered instant, in the Old World, in the near neighbourhood of grange or priory, the age of which is measured by centuries, and not by decades. The illusion is borne out by patriarchal trees, knobbed and hoary as to boles, broad of crown, and with a compactness of foliage unattainable by groves less than fifty years old.

The balustrade enclosing the flat central roof of the Hall was put up by Colonel Collins to protect the beat of the sentry kept for months upon this observatory. The officers of the brigade were the guests of the family while the country swarmed with predatory bands of British and Tories, with an occasional sprinkling of Hessians. These last were believed by the peninsular population to be ogres imported especially for the destruction of women and children, each of the monsters being equipped by nature with a double row of carnivorous teeth.

While there was no regular battle fought in the immediate neighbourhood of Smyrna, the region was reckoned peculiarly unsafe for the reason I have given, and skirmishes were not uncommon. Colonel Collins and his home guard

351 FRONT VIEW OF BELMONT HALL.

were a committee of safety in themselves; the Hall with its solid wall and surrounding defences, was looked upon by the fearsome families left unprotected while husbands, sons, and fathers were in active service in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, or Virginia, as a strong tower, into which they might run and be safe in case of peril to their persons or lives. The conformation of the peninsula, a signal advantage when commerce, and not war, was the business of the inhabitants, trebled the present dangers. "The extensive water-front was a constant invitation to attacks, and emboldened British emissaries and sympathisers. British vessels patrolled Delaware Bay, holding frequent communication with the shore, landing at night, and causing terror to the inhabitants."

How imminent were the perils of the situation, and how needful the precautions taken by Colonel Collins, were illustrated by an incident which, thenceforward, invested the lookout upon the housetop with tragic interest. A stray marauder—Tory spy, British scout, or a freebooter from the coast bent upon mischief of whatever kind—ventured near enough to the fortified homestead one night to pick off

the sentinel by a well-aimed rifle-ball. The wounded man, alone on his beat, and unable to summon aid, contrived to drag himself down the narrow staircase to a room below, occupied by some of his comrades, sleeping quietly, unconscious of what was passing over their heads. He died there, within the hour, before a surgeon could reach him, lying in a spreading pool of his own blood. The awful stain is upon the boards still, a memorial to this one of the host, which no man can number, of unknown private soldiers who poured out their lives like water to secure to the land they loved

> "A Church without a Bishop,
> And a State without a King."

Following the trail, faint but visible, left by the unknown's life-blood upon the stairs, we mount to the roof, and view the goodly panorama of teeming fields and vineyards, peaceful hills, beautiful homes, and shining river, and hope that *they* know what they conveyed to us under so many, and such precious, seals.

In 1777, the State Council of Delaware met in Belmont Hall by special invitation of the owner, probably because it was a safer place

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

VISTA FROM PORCH OF BELMONT HALL.

than that in which the Council usually sat. Colonel Collins was himself recalled from the army under Washington by a special letter from the Speaker, or President of the Council, "requiring his attendance, if consistent with the service he owed to his chief."

No part of the State accessible by water was secure from alarms of invasion. In August, Thomas McKean, then executing the duties of the President of Delaware, complained that he was "hunted like a fox." Five times in four months he removed his wife and children from one refuge to another, finally hiding them in a secluded log cabin in Pennsylvania, a hundred miles from Dover. This asylum was soon deserted for fear of Indians and Tories.

George Read was probably President of the Council when it was hospitably entertained in the garrisoned Hall. Richard Bassett, a future Governor of Delaware and Chief-Justice of the State, was also summoned from the army to take his seat in the Council.

In the room where the unfortunate sentinel died there hung, for many years, a framed autograph letter from General Washington to Colonel Collins, ordering him to report with his brigade at Morristown, for immediate serv-

ice. This valuable relic was lent to a relative, and while in his keeping was accidentally destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Peterson-Speakman, the great-granddaughter of Governor John Cook, is in possession of another autograph despatch from the same august hand, bearing date of the same year. The fate of the infant government was wavering in the balance that winter, and, judging from the tone of the epistle, the temper of the Commander-in-Chief was "on the move."

A second perusal engenders the shrewd suspicion that this was an open letter, meant for the men, and not for their colonel. Recalling the personal relations of the two men, we are furthermore persuaded that Colonel Collins comprehended the meaning of each biting line, if he were not in the secret of the composition. Cæsar Rodney did not scruple to say to his Excellency, when urged to bring his men to the front, "He that can deal with militia may almost venture to deal with the devil." Colonel Collins had his militia and his experience. He had, also, the ear of the General-in-Chief.

"Headquarters, January 21st, 1777.

"Sir:

"To my great surprise I was applied to this morning to discharge your Battalion. If I am not mistaken it came

in on Sunday last, and it is not possible that a single man among them can wish to return before they have earned a single shilling. Your people cannot wish to burden the public, and they will do so, by asking pay without deserving any. What service have they been of? None—unless marching from home, when they had nothing to do, and staying four weeks on the way can be called service. If they would consider how ridiculous they will appear when they return without staying a week with me, they would continue here. This is probably the only time they will be needed to maintain our ground till the new army is raised. For this purpose I hope they left home and surely they cannot think of deserting me at so important a time. At any rate, their time of service cannot commence till they were equipped and ready to take the field. Dating it from thence they ought to stay six weeks after they marched from Philadelphia. Please mention these things to your Battalion. If they will not stay, tell them I cannot in justice to the States give them a discharge, and moreover, that I will not suffer them to draw pay for the time they have stayed. This measure being extremely disagreeable to me, I entreat you to use your utmost influence to prevail on your men to stay. They may render special service to their country in a short time, and justly claim the honour of saving it. On the contrary, should they go home, they will not only lose their pay, but remain the scoff of all their worthy neighbours.

"I am, Sir

"Your most obediently humble servant

"George Washington."

The original of the testy epistle was unearthed from a mass of other papers in the attic of Belmont Hall less than fifty years ago, by John Cloke, Esq., the then owner of the homestead, and a copy of it sent to Washington Irving. Mr. Irving's note of acknowledgment is courteous and characteristic:

"SUNNYSIDE, August 27, 1855.

"DEAR SIR:

"I feel very much obliged to you for the copy of a letter of General Washington's which you have had the kindness to send me.

"By the date it must have been written from his Headquarters at Morristown at a time when he apprehended a push from the enemy, and could not afford to discharge a Battalion. But five days previous to the date of this letter, he [General Washington] wrote to the President of Congress—'Reinforcements come up so exceedingly slow that I am afraid I shall be left without any men before they arrive. The enemy must be ignorant of our numbers or they have not horses to move their artillery, or they would not suffer us to remain undisturbed.'

"Washington might well say that troops that could wish to abandon him and return home at such a moment would remain the scoff of all their worthy neighbours.

"Very respectfully, your obliged and obedient servant,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

The patriotic Delawarean and Daughter of the American Revolution to whom I am in-

debted for this valuable contribution to my story of Belmont Hall, subjoins with emphasis that is even passionate :

> "Now be it known and inscribed to the honour and glory of these men, and of this State of Delaware, that they *did* stay all through that winter, and that Delaware history records the fact that Brigadier-General Collins led his native militia to Morristown, in the winter of 1777, and then and there saw active service, enduring all the hardships of that memorable campaign."

A list of authorities in support of the vindication follows.

History records a narrow escape from utter spoliation which the garden county of Delaware had in 1781. Arnold was fitting out the expedition that was to carry fire and sword up the Rappahannock and the James, and the wildest apprehensions were entertained of his taking the eastern coast of Delaware *en route*. In a sort of panic Congress "actually decided that the only measure of prevention was to denude the region in question of all its live stock, provisions, and supplies, and starve the inhabitants, in order to deprive the enemy of support in case they should decide to land."

A cavalry regiment was detailed to carry out the ruthless order, and was about to march

when Cæsar Rodney made another hurried visit to Philadelphia, and by his determined resistance to the vandalistic decree, saved his home and neighbourhood.

Colonel Thomas Collins was Governor (President) of Delaware in 1781, when her deputies, in solemn convention, ratified the Constitution of the United States. To the wisest statesmen of the infant Republic she seemed to have passed through the dangers of birth only to incur the equal risk of strangulation in her cradle.

"The Constitution, or disunion, are before us to choose from," said Washington. "The political concerns of the country are suspended by a single thread."

General Collins, the loyal executive of a loyal State, spoke out boldly:

"The new Constitution involves in its adoption, not only our prosperity and felicity, but, perhaps, our national existence."

Senator Bayard might well ask;

"May not we of Delaware, descendants of the Blue Hen's Chickens of the Revolution, afford to smile at sneer or jest at our scanty area and population, and say—'Our best crop is MEN! men like Cæsar Rodney'?"

He might have added—" Men like McKean, Cook, Collins, Robinson, Sykes, Clark, Bassett, Clayton"—and a score of others, including those of his own illustrious line, now, as of yore, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

Governor Thomas Collins was succeeded in the ownership of Belmont Hall by his son, Dr. William Collins. In 1827, it passed into the hands of John Cloke, Esq., the father of the present mistress of the homestead, Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Cloke Speakman. Each one of this lady's names is a link in the history of the old Hall in which she was born and where she has lived her busy, beneficent life.

Her ancestor, John Cloke, emigrated to America in the 17th century.

His son, Ebenezer Cloke, married Elizabeth Cook, the daughter of the Governor John Cook of whom honourable mention was made in the opening paragraphs of this chapter. His wife was a sister of Thomas Collins, and a daughter married Hon. John Clark, another Governor of their native State. Belmont Hall was one of Elizabeth Cook's early homes. A vivid scene, pictured for us by the traditions of the place and time, is of the young wife of Ebenezer Cloke, sitting by the tiled fireplace

in the parlour, assisting her aunt, her cousins, and other patriotic women to mould bullets, while armed men bivouacked upon the lawn, and the sentinel trod his lonely round upon the balustraded roof. She had her own peculiar martyrdom to the righteous Cause. Her husband, Ebenezer Cloke, fitted out a privateer at his own charges, and commanded her in person in coast cruises against the enemy. In one of these he was captured with his vessel and consigned to a prison-ship.

> "Here," says a chronicler, "overtures of release were daily made to him and the other prisoners, provided they would take sides with Great Britain against the Colonies; but he resisted this bribe of a dishonourable freedom, and with liberty in reach, did he but choose to grasp it, he languished and died of ship-fever, a worthy patriot to the last."[1]

The tale, as sad as it is brief, is the dark curtain against which is cast for us the figure of the bullet-moulder, lighted by the red shine of the fire. Prayers and tears went into the shaping of the missiles that were to defend the Cause which had cost her young husband liberty and life; tears for what she

[1] Rev. G. W Dame, D.D. Address delivered upon the organisation of Elizabeth Cook Chapter. Belmont Hall, 1896.

365 DRAWING-ROOM IN BELMONT HALL.

had lost, prayers that the sacrifice might not be in vain.

There is fine poetic compensation in the facts that her son became the master of the estate her father had once owned; that the Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution organised beneath the ancient roof should receive her blessèd name, and that the granddaughter who proudly bears the same should be the honoured Regent of the Chapter.

A blood-relative and dear friend of Elizabeth Cook Cloke was Eve Lear, the niece of Dr. Tobias Lear, Washington's confidential secretary, who attended him in his last illness.

"It is recorded of her," says Dr. Dame, "that she gave her entire fortune in gold to feed and clothe the soldiers at Valley Forge."

I had expected, before coming to Belmont Hall, to find it redolent of such hallowed memories as a *potpourri* of rose-gardens and sunny bygones. My anticipations are more than fulfilled in the cherished relics with which it is stored. In the "winter kitchen" in the oldest wing yawns the cavernous fireplace where were roasted mighty barons of beef for the officers of the Collins Brigade; and sav-

ory pastries and delicate cates were baked, and wines were mulled, according to Mistress Collins's choicest recipes, for the grave and reverend Councillors who must be braced in body if they would be stout of spirit when the matter before their worships was the resistance of a few and simple folk to the most powerful government upon earth.

We are assured in our own minds, although unconfirmed by history, that it was here, on winter nights, when the bewigged and beruffled Councillors occupied the parlour and dining-room, that bravely patient Elizabeth Cloke—and why not Eve Lear?—melted lead, and manipulated the clumsy moulds, and talked of the belovèd of their blood and hearts, warring for freedom upon land and sea. Ebenezer Cloke's writing-desk, upon which his wife may have written her letters to him while he was off upon his cruise, is in the dining-room. There were no banks then—or none accessible to provincial rebels. Mr. Cloke kept his money in the double row of secret drawers unlike any others we have ever explored. The big spinning-wheel near by whirled all day long for months together, spinning yarn to be woven into cloth for uniforming the

Collins Brigade. I am allowed to handle the old flint-lock musket that was used by John Cook, "soldier, legislator, judge, senator, and president"; the two antique chairs on each side of the drawing-room hearth were passed down in the Collins family as mementoes of the period when Belmont Hall, "in addition to its other memories, posed as one of the State capitals." They were part of the furniture of the room used as a legislative chamber in 1777. Cæsar Rodney may have sat in one, or Thomas McKean, or the warlike lord of the manor, recalled from the field to open his hospitable doors to the Council.

The fireplace is set with blue and white tiles of the time of William and Mary. They are unchanged from the days "when, in front of the chimney, Governor Collins wrote his messages and planned with his officers his campaigns against the British."

About the antiquated spinet, which has stood for over fifty years in the great garret, troop and hover all manner of fancies, sweet, sad, and quaint, such as visited the mind of one who, many years ago, left a page of impromptu verse within the case, above the shattered, tuneless wires:

"In gown of white, in sunset light,
She sits and plays upon her spinet,
And falling clear upon his ear,
Come forth the dainty airs within it.

. . . . .

The twilight falls adown the walls,
Yet softly on her fair form lingers
A last red glow, as, loth to go,
The sun leaves kisses on her fingers.

. . . . .

They both are gone ! now quite forlorn,
In dusty attic stands the spinet ;
And nought remains to mark Love's pains,
Except the airs she found within it."

The tall clock on the landing of the handsome staircase, faced by the stately peacock upon the railing, has mounted guard there for a century. The linen cambric sheets under which I slept last night,—as fine as gossamer, and trimmed with old family lace,—were a part of the bridal gear of Mrs. John Cloke, upon her coming to Belmont Hall in 1849. The stately cedars on either side of the front porch were planted upon the respective birthdays of her two daughters, and named for them. The vista leading from the porch to the gate is walled and arched by the close foliage of evergreens and deciduous trees, where song-birds build and

STAIRCASE OF BELMONT HALL.

make music from dawn to dusk. A mocking-bird was the precentor at the matinal service to-day. Wood-doves are cooing — and presumably building—in the dim greenery, as the day marches towards noontide. Box-trees, syringas, roses, calycanthus, and many varieties of honeysuckles send up waves of warmèd incense when the breeze shakes them. The extensive plantations are enclosed by matchless arbor-vitæ hedges.

I have been graciously allowed to visit the cellars under-running the entire building—erstwhile filled to the ceiling with army stores—and found them, as I had hoped I should, a study and a joy. Cool, spacious, clean, sweet, and in every part—walls, shelves, cemented floor, the very barrels and boxes—white as new-fallen snow. Our hostess is a veritable Mrs. Rundle in the matter of pickles, preserves, and jellies, and this, too, is a hereditary talent.

Her beautiful grounds are ever open to the well-mannered public, not excepting Sunday-school picnics. Delawareans sustain the reputation for law-keeping and orderliness won in the "Long time ago," by never presuming upon this large-hearted hospitality.

We talk of "places," not houses; "plantations," not farms, while lingering in the venerable peninsula. Everybody hereabouts has quotable ancestors, and neighbourhood genealogies are known, and may be read, of all men. Each farmstead has its legend; every old tree its anecdote; and none have been forgotten.

A venerable lady who passed from earth in 1882 did more than can ever be fully told towards keeping the glorious Past alive in the minds of this generation. The grounds of "Woodlawn," the beautiful family seat of George W. Cummins, Esq., adjoin those of Belmont Hall. Mrs. Anne Denny, Mr. Cummins's mother-in-law, was born in Kent County, Delaware, January 1, 1778. She was, therefore, one hundred and four years old at the time of her death, and, retaining all her faculties to the last, was a most valuable bond to the last century. A member of the Society of Friends, the placidity of spirit and demeanour cultivated by them as one of the first of Christian graces, had been brought by her to perfection through all these years of aspiration after the highest good. Her "household's most precious and most highly cherished treasure, the centre of

attraction and light of the home," as one who knew her long and intimately called her, she was the pride and delight of the region blest and dignified by her abiding.

" She was older than the Government under which we live " ;—so runs the loving tribute to her memory. " Her childhood was spent in the days when our public men were noted for that purity of life for which she herself was so distinguished."

Mrs. Denny was a woman of fine intellect, keen perceptions, and extensive observation. " Her memory being clear as to the events of each successive year that had rolled over her," since her early childhood, conversation with her was like drawing directly from the twin streams of History and Tradition.

A biographer writes:

" We may mention, as one incident of her childhood, that she and many other children gathered in Wilmington to greet General Washington, as he passed through to his first Inauguration as President of the United States. When the great man came opposite to her, attracted probably by that sweetness of expression which was always hers, he stooped, took her in his arms, and kissed her."

Washington Irving never forgot that his

nurse had taken him into a shop where Washington was standing, and introduced her charge to the President as "a little boy who was named after Your Excellency," whereupon the hero laid his hand upon the sunny head and "hoped he would grow up to be a good man."

The little girl whom Washington embraced and kissed told the story to her great-grandchildren. Cæsar Rodney was President of the Delaware State when she was born, and she outlived twelve of the fifteen Governors from Kent County who were his successors in office during the century that followed. She had been a married woman for two years when Washington died in 1799, and was widowed four years after the war of 1812. Born amid the thunders of the Revolution, she read three other Declarations of War, issued by as many Presidents of these United States, and heard, three times, the joy bells of Peace. She marked the birth and growth of inventions we now receive as the commonest necessaries of everyday life,—such as steam-transportation, the magnetic telegraph, the telephone, the electric-car, the sewing-machine and the typewriter. Upon these, and all other subjects of

interest and benefit to the human race, she had her opinion, always speaking out bravely for Right and Truth. Physically and mentally her bow abode in strength—and strangest of all, when we consider what the wear and tear of a century's joys, griefs, and worries must be to brain and nerve, "None of the family at Woodlawn, — children, grandchildren, or servants —ever received from her a harsh word, or an unkind look."

MRS. ANNE DENNY.

(TAKEN AT THE AGE OF 101.) BORN 1778. DIED 1882.

I account it a privilege and a rare honour to hear all this from the lips of my hostess (who was her loving friend and nearest neighbour), while we sit under the ancestral trees of Belmont Hall in the summer seclusion of shade and silence. It is a fit place and time for listening to a letter read to the accompani-

ment of the weak wind playing with the Norway firs and losing itself in the vista they enclose:

"It seemed to me, then—and it is a deepened sense now—as if she had been so long at the heavenly portal that she was breathing the very atmosphere of the New Jerusalem. As if she had had some glimpse of the King in His beauty, and that, though her feet were on the earth, yet her conversation was in Heaven.

"Do you recollect the message she gave me?

"'Tell my friends,' she said, 'that I have a beautiful home here, but that I desire so to live that I may be ready and willing to leave it when the message may be sent to me.'"

This was upon her one-hundred-and-fourth birthday, when, as was their custom, her most intimate friends, Mrs. Peterson-Speakman among them, gathered at Woodlawn to pay their respects, offer congratulations, and express their desire that the wonderful life might be prolonged yet further into her second century. One of the company, on taking leave, "hoped that he might meet her again on the next anniversary."

Her answer was firm and sweet; "I neither expect nor desire it!"

In four days more the beautiful link binding together three generations of mortal lives, parted gently. The listening spirit had received "the message."

XIII

THE LANGDON AND WENTWORTH HOUSES, IN PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

IF geologists are trustworthy sources of knowledge, the stony spine of New Hampshire was the first part of our continent upheaved from the primeval ocean.

As if in obedience to an occult law of priority, the "Granite State" has consistently pressed to the front ever since she took upon herself the name and the dignity of a commonwealth. The map of her brief coast was one of the earliest charts made out by the first admiral of New England, Captain John Smith (in 1614). From the Portsmouth Navy-yard, the oldest in the country, was launched, in 1777, the *Ranger*, ordered by the Continental Congress, which, under the command of John Paul Jones, had the distinction of being the first war-vessel to hoist the Stars and Stripes and receive a formal naval salute.

Stark's Volunteer Brigade, that helped to win the first decisive victory for the Americans in the Revolutionary War, was fitted out at the expense of John Langdon of Portsmouth, and his was the first signature affixed to the Federal Constitution drafted by the Convention of 1778.

Portsmouth, the only seaport of the sturdy State, was settled in 1623, and was created a township in 1653. In 1890—just three hundred years after the launching of the *Falkland*, the first war-vessel built in her docks—she had a population of 10,000, with an allowance of one church and-an-eighth for every thousand inhabitants, and public-school property to the amount of $100,000. All of which shows oneness of spirit with pioneers who marched five hundred strong to do battle at Louisburg in 1645, and who furnished the same number of soldiers to attack Crown Point in 1755. Of a like strain were the 12,500 Continental militia who answered the call of Congress during the eight years' struggle for the liberty of the Colonies. Something of the strength and inflexibility of the Eözoic period, to which belong her everlasting hills, would seem to permeate New Hampshire's civic, religious, and moral institutions.

Benning Wentworth was made Governor of the State in 1741. Most of us are more familiar with his name than with that of the very much better man who was born that same year. History was made of John Langdon's works and warrings. Poetry has made Benning Wentworth's wooing and wedding famous.

The Colonial parody of the story of *Lord Burleigh and the Village Maid* is musically rendered by Longfellow. Governor Benning Wentworth married Martha Hilton, once a servant-girl at the Stavers Tavern in Queen (afterward called "Buck," now State) Street, but since promoted to the housekeeper's office in the Governor's household. The wedding feast was a surprise party, given upon the bridegroom's sixtieth birthday.

> " He had invited all his friends and peers,
> The Pepperills, *the Langdons*, and the Lears,
> The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest—
> For why repeat the name of every guest ? "

The Reverend Arthur Brown hesitating to perform the ceremony, was commanded, in the name of the law, to proceed with it.

The marriage was at Little Harbour, the gubernatorial mansion there having been built

PARLOUR OF WENTWORTH MANSION, IN WHICH GOV. BENNING WENTWORTH WAS MARRIED TO MARTHA HILTON

in 1750. Until that time the Wentworths had lived in what is known as the Wentworth-Vaughan Tavern, on Manning Street, Portsmouth. Samuel Wentworth, the grandfather of Governor Benning, was licensed in 1690, "to entertain strangers, and to sell and to brew beare as the law allows," in this, the house he had built. It is one of the dozen or more Colonial homesteads in Portsmouth that repay the visitor to the quaint old seaport for the time and trouble the journey hither has cost him.

The event that gave us the poem of *Lady Wentworth*, is squeezed in the Parish Register of St. John's Church, into a space just one inch square:

"*Portsmouth, March 15th, Benning Wentworth, Gov., Martha Hilton. '59.*"

Another entry dated a few months after the elderly bridegroom's death, shows that Lady Wentworth speedily consoled herself for the loss of her Burleigh by wedding his brother, Colonel Michael Wentworth of His Majesty's service.

Sir John Wentworth, LL.D. was the uxorious Benning's nephew. He was, by three years, the senior of John Langdon. The boys

may have fought together on the village green, and upon the play-ground attached to worshipful Major Hale's school, as they struggled in their manhood in the arena of Colonial politics.

The Langdon family was one of the oldest in Portsmouth and always conspicuous in her domestic and public annals. John, the most distinguished citizen of town and Province, was born in 1740 or 1741.

> "His boyhood was unmarked by prophecy or wonders. He did what other boys did; trudged to the Latin school kept by the celebrated Major Hale, who was one of the characters of his day, recited his lessons, and left no gleaming legend for scholarship. Langdon was not a genius, and sound sense always kept him safely within bounds."[1]

John Wentworth, the Governor's nephew was graduated at twenty-two from Harvard College; at twenty-eight (in 1765), he was sent by the Provincial Government to England upon a special mission. That year, his titled relative, Charles Watson Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham, was made Premier of Great Britain. He was to become the idol of a fleeting hour in America on account of his

[1] Charles R. Corning, in *New England Magazine*, July 1894.

GOVERNOR BENNING WENTWORTH

agency in the repeal of the detested Stamp Act, and was always popular in the Colonies.

John Wentworth returned to Portsmouth in 1767 as "Surveyor of the King's Woods in America and Governor of New Hampshire." The curled and perfumed darling of Fortune—like his uncle and predecessor in office—

> "Represented England and the King
> And was magnificent in everything."

Longfellow paints a street scene in that Old Portsmouth for us:

> "A gay
> And brilliant equipage that flashed and spun,
> The silver harness glittering in the sun,
> Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
> Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank;
> While, all alone within the chariot, sat
> A portly person with three-cornered hat
> A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
> Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
> And diamond buckles, sparkling at his knees."

Ah! the world went very well then with the future baronet in his Great House at Little Harbour, "looking out to sea."

The sea upon which John Langdon, who was never to prefix or suffix a foreign title to his honest name, was then making the fortune

to be staked upon the result of the conflict between his native Province and the King represented by his former schoolfellow. After serving an apprenticeship in a Portsmouth counting-house, the man without genius chose his career. Money was to be made surely and swiftly by trading directly with the Indies, Africa, and Europe. John Langdon was one who ever knew his own mind intimately; who understood his own purposes and abode by them. He meant to become rich, and that Portsmouth and New Hampshire should profit by his prosperity.

LANGDON COAT OF ARMS

> "Moons waxed and waned; the lilacs bloomed and died.
> In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide;
> Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
> And the slow years sailed by, and ceased to be."

The world was not going so well for Governor Wentworth when the seafarer decided to leave off roving and resume home and mercantile life. Fortune's darling was still personally popular with his fellow-citizens, but

the King he represented was growing daily more obnoxious. The gallant fellow had done his best, according to the light that was in him, toward securing the best interests of the country as dear to him as to any of the malcontents. He had given a charter to Dartmouth College, rising superior to any small partiality for his own Alma Mater ; he was the farmer's friend and zealous coadjutor, and, as chief magistrate of the Colony, encouraged immigration and development of all her resources. As the direct result of his wise legislation, New Hampshire had, by now, a population of 80,000, and was growing rapidly in numbers and wealth.

With indignant pain the Governor awoke to the truth that has confounded many another favourite of the people,—to wit, that the dullest yokel can dissociate men and measures when self-interest is abraded. One and all of those who visited the Great House, or bared their heads as the Governor's chariot drove through the streets of his capital city, liked and approved of him, and of what he had done in the past for town and townspeople. But resentments and resolves which were, in two years' time, to crystallise into the Declaration of Independence, were as rife in New Hampshire as in

her sister provinces. A long series of wrongs and misread rights had aroused the loyal and patient young giant that now knew itself to be a nation. It was beyond the power of any individual to quiet the tempest.

John Wentworth, too, was loyal and patient. Loyal to his sovereign and in love for his fellow-citizens, patient, to an extent that awakens our affectionate and compassionate respect, with his misguided compatriots. His policy was conciliatory from the outset to the bitter and unlooked-for end. It was, therefore, a heavy disappointment and a personal sorrow when, in the depth of a December night, in 1774, a party, headed by John Langdon and John Sullivan—(Major-General Sullivan of the Revolutionary War, subsequently Attorney-General, then, President of the State of New Hampshire) surprised and overcame the little garrison at Fort William and Mary, New Castle, securing the ordnance and ammunition for the Colonial army. The expedition was a direct assault upon the Royal Government; the assailants were little better than an infuriated mob, such as no one who knew John Langdon as a sober, law-abiding citizen would have expected him to countenance, much less to

organise and conduct. Yet there is no record of any effort at reprisal on the part of the King's representative, and nothing to show that the relations between him and Langdon were strained by what was a crime in the eye of established law.

On the contrary, the message sent by Wentworth to the Provincial House of Representatives convened in Portsmouth, May 1775, and to which John Langdon was a delegate, was full of kindly and moderate counsels. The colonists were advised to bear and forbear until the unhappy misunderstandings were cleared up, and exhorted to continued confidence in the Home Government which had been paternal in past kindnesses.

In reply, a Committee from the House waited upon the Governor. John Langdon's was among the serious visages that met Wentworth's ready smile. The two were, as we have seen, not far apart in age, John Langdon being now thirty-five, John Wentworth, thirty-eight. The crisis was too grave for diplomatic circumlocution. The Committee drove straight to the object of their visit. The temper of the Assembly was too fiery to allow calm discussion of the matters set forth in his Excellency's

message. They would not answer for the consequences if the members proceeded forthwith to business. John Langdon was a lover of liberty. He was also a lover of fair play, and so far as was practicable in the present excited state of public feeling, a lover of peace and concord. He strongly recommended, and his colleagues agreed with him, that the session be postponed for a month. After a little parleying the Governor acquiesced in the proposition. He was confident, at heart, of winning his people back to their allegiance. Before the month was half gone, another organised exhibition of popular feeling, engineered as before, by substantial citizens, and led by Langdon and Sullivan, heated the blood of town and Colony. The fortifications of Jerry's Point, one of the harbour defences, were demolished; more muniments of war fell to the portion of the insurgents.

The crowning insult to King and to Governor came in May of 1775. Colonel Fenton, "a well-known and well-hated" British officer, was dining with the Governor, when a mob collected in front of the Great House, trained a field-piece upon it, and demanded the loyalist's person. Before the host could

interfere to prevent him, Colonel Fenton coolly walked out of the front door and gave himself up. He was hurried away under guard to Exeter.

JOHN WENTWORTH, LAST ROYAL GOVERNOR OF N. H.

Stung and humiliated as he was by these repeated outrages, John Wentworth was sufficiently master of himself to essay further conciliation of the turbulent populace. Langdon still held to the opinion that it would be unsafe to bring the Convention together at present, and the Governor once more postponed the session, this time until July.

"Before the day of assembling came, the last Royal Governor [of New Hampshire] had fled to the protection of H. M. Frigate *Scarborough*. The people at last were kings, responsible only to themselves."

Personally,—and I would fain believe that my reader is with me,—I own to much and sympathetic interest in this special Royal Governor. All that we gather concerning him shows us a right goodly figure, debonair and dashing, as might well be in one richly endowed by nature and circumstance with gifts that captivate his fellow-men and all classes of women.

A local historian treats us to a diverting account of John Wentworth's marriage, which set gossiping tongues—hardly stilled from discussion of his uncle's escapade—to wagging hotly and furiously. The nephew and successor of Benning Wentworth was unhappy in his first love, the lady jilting him to marry Colonel Atkinson of Portsmouth. Two years after Wentworth returned from England, Governor of New Hampshire and Royal Surveyor of the Woods of North America, Colonel Atkinson died. I copy the rest of the tale from *Rambles about Portsmouth* :

"The widow was arrayed in the dark habiliments of mourning, which, we presume, elicited an immense shower of tears, as the fount was so soon exhausted. The next day the mourner appeared in her pew at church as a widow. But that was the last Sabbath of the widow.

On Monday morning there was a new call for the services of the milliner, the unbecoming black must be laid aside and brighter colours, as becomes a Governor's bride, must take its place."

She espoused Governor Wentworth in Queen's Chapel exactly ten days after her first husband's demise.

The Chief Magistrate of the Province was gorgeously bedight in a white cloth coat, trimmed with "rich gold lace," white silk "stocking-breeches," and embroidered blue silk waistcoat coming down to his thighs. His hat was "recockt" for the occasion, and caught up at the side with gold lace, button, and loop. His bonny brown hair was tied in a queue with three yards of white ribbon.

They were married by the same clergyman to whom Longfellow introduces us in *Lady Wentworth*:

> "The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
> Of the Established Church; with smiling face,
> He sat beside the Governor and said grace."

As a *sequitur* to this second unconventional performance of the Governors Wentworth, our local chronicle relates:

"Rev. Arthur Brown may have been excited beyond his wont by the celerity of the proceedings, considering the mourning so hastily put off. Perhaps he was soliloquising on the course of human events and wondering what might happen next. Be that as it may, he wandered, absent-mindedly, down the steps after the wedding ceremony, and falling, broke his arm."

This marriage extraordinary took place in 1769. The new Lady Wentworth queened it superbly in the provinces, and when she accompanied her husband to England in 1775, became one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of George III. She lived to extreme old age. Their only son died before either of the parents.

"For a' that an' a' that," we dismiss the bold bridegroom from our pages regretfully. Compared with Edmund Andros of New England, Berkeley and Dunmore of Virginia, and Leisler of New York, he was a gentle and beneficent ruler, and deserved to be held in affectionate remembrance by those he had served. His property was confiscated after his flight to England; he returned to America as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in 1792, was made a baronet in 1795, and died in Halifax in 1820, aged eighty-three.

WENTWORTH HALL, LITTLE HARBOUR (AS IT IS NOW)

Although we have the story of Lady Wentworth the first at our finger's ends, we think more, and tenderly, of Governor Benning's nephew in visiting Wentworth Hall, at Little Harbour. It is an irregular group of buildings that does not warrant the poet's description,

> " A noble pile,
> Baronial and colonial in its style."

The several parts composing it seem to have been thrown together, rather than arranged in obedience to any architectural design. There were originally fifty-two rooms; now there are but forty-five. Rising ground hides the house from the road, but it is open toward the sea on two sides. John Wentworth stabled his horses in the extensive cellars after the era of popular tumults began. Thirty horses could be comfortably housed here. The ancient council-chamber is in admirable preservation. It is an imposing apartment, finished in the best style of the last century. The fine mantel represents a year's work with knife and chisel. In the billiard-room hangs the familiar portrait of Dorothy Quincy, the "Dorothy Q" of Holmes's delightful verses.

The present owner of Wentworth Hall, Mr. Coolidge, formerly of Boston, is most hospitable to those inquisitive strangers whose desire to behold the time-honoured precincts springs from reverent interest in the past it commemorates.

As we sit upon the sofa in the spacious drawing-room, so deftly restored and so jealously protected that we might be gazing upon wainscot and ceiling with Martha Hilton's housewifely eyes, or with the satisfied regards of Colonel Atkinson's late relict, we hearken to another and yet more sensational legend than that perpetuated by Longfellow.

According to this, Governor Benning Wentworth—a widower made childless by the death of three sons—cast approving glances upon Molly Pitman, a lass of low degree, who was betrothed to a certain Richard Shortridge, a mechanic, and therefore in her own rank of life. Her persistent refusal of the great man so incensed him that, by his connivance, a press-gang was sent to the house of Shortridge and carried him off to sea. After sundry transfers from one ship to another, he gained the good-will of his commanding officer, who listened patiently to his piteous tale.

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OLD MANTEL IN THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER OF WENTWORTH HALL

"… …way, my lad, and we won't pursue you," …he practical advice of the superior.

Ri… Shortridge was not slow in taking the frie…ly hint. Upon his return to Portsmouth, …e found his Molly faithful, and married her.

It was after this most unhandsome behaviour up…n the Governor's part (for which we were not prepared by Longfellow, *et als*), that he espo…ed Martha Hilton.

As they would have phrased it, the Portsmouth people had no stomach for diverting tales of any kind, for gossip of marrying and giving in marriage, of singing men and singing women. All this was vanity of vanities while the …ld government was going to pieces under the…n, and the seafaring qualities of the hastily constructed raft of the new were problematical.

John Langdon and John Sullivan were commissioner… to the first Continental Congress in May, 177…, conferring there with Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Cæsar Rodney, Samuel Adams, George Washington, and others. Langdon was at home again, July 3d. We are indebted to Mr. Corning for part of a letter which shows us the moved depths of a nature

that, up to this time, has seemed quiet to coldness, self-contained to austerity:

> "The low mean revenge and wanton cruelty of the Ministerial sons of tyranny in burning the pleasant Town of Charlestown Beggars all Description. This does not look like the fight of those who have so long been Friends, and would hope to be Friends again, but rather of a most cruel enemy, tho' we shall not wonder when we Reflect that it is the infernald hand of Tyranny which always has, and Ever will delluge that part of the World (which it lays hold of) in Blood. . . . I am sorry to be alone in so great and important Business as that of representing a whole Colony, which no man is equal to, but how to avoid it, I know not. . . . I shall endeavor, as far as my poor abilities will admit of, to render every service in my power to my Country."

In 1776, he was appointed by Congress to superintend the building of the frigate *Raleigh*, and did not return to Philadelphia for some months. To this absence was due the misfortune that his name did not take its rightful place among the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was made Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1776 and in 1777.

"He was no orator," says his biographer, "and scarcely a fair talker."

The exigency of Burgoyne's march towards

New England, and the unreadiness of the patriots to meet him induced the Committee of Safety to recall the Provincial Assembly in haste. The summons got the members together in three days' time, but their alacrity in obeying the call was not expressive of the state of their spirits. Men's hearts were failing them for fear. What hope of successful resistance had companies of raw militia, hurriedly drawn together, and commanded by provincial officers, when opposed by the flower of the English army in an overwhelming majority as to numbers? A more despondent and woe-begone set of representatives was never collected in the Assembly Hall. Langdon sat, silent and observant, in the Speaker's chair until the prevalent discouragement began to take unto itself words. Then the patriot who was "scarcely a fair talker" sprang to his feet, the fire of a Henry in his eyes, the ring of Henry's eloquence upon his tongue. Without preamble or the waste of a word, he flung out the briefest and most pertinent speech ever uttered in any Legislature:

"*I* have three thousand dollars in hard money! I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold

for the most it will bring.[1] These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remembered. If we do not, the property will be of no value to me. Our old friend Stark, who so nobly sustained the honour of our State at Bunker Hill, may be safely intrusted with the conduct of the enterprise,—*and we will check the progress of Burgoyne!*"

The effect was electric. The House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole and ordered the entire militia of the State to be formed into two brigades. The command was given by acclamation to Stark. As I have said, John Langdon's money equipped a volunteer battalion. John Langdon in person led one company at Bennington. It is with a thrill of genuine satisfaction that we read of Colonel Langdon's presence at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga and that to him was committed the honourable task of bearing the articles of the terms of capitulation from the American general's headquarters to the British forces. We hear of him again, fighting under his old colleague, General Sullivan, in Rhode Island. Then, to him was

[1] Portsmouth distillers and merchants had just raised the price of rum to an extravagant figure in anticipation of the demands of the army for "the essential concomitant to war in those days."

assigned by Congress the congenial task of supervising frigate-building, enlisting marines, and providing guns and ammunition for the war-vessels when built.

When the war was over, he was president of a State convention to consider the vexed question of paper money, and again, a delegate to the United States Congress to deliberate upon certain points of difference between that body and New Hampshire. I have noted as one of the interesting coincidences in the history of the State that his name was the first signed to the Federal Constitution.

When the political outlook was least promising, and just before the impassioned upspringing of patriotic fervor that threw his worldly all into the trembling scale of national existence, he had married Elizabeth Sherburne, daughter of John and Mary Moffat Sherburne. Near the close of the war the Langdon Mansion in Pleasant Street was completed, the building having been often interrupted.

November, 1789, Washington, who had been inaugurated as President of the United States in April of that year, wrote in his diary of a Sunday spent in Portsmouth. There had been a triumphal reception of the President on

Saturday, in which Colonel Michael Wentworth, Lady Benning Wentworth's second husband, was chief marshal. General John Sullivan was Governor of the State, and, with the marshal and ex-Governor John Langdon, accompanied Washington to "the Episcopal church under the incumbency of Mr. Ogden, and in the afternoon to one of the Presbyterian or Congregational churches, in which a Mr. Buckminster preached."

Upon this occasion, the President was attired in a suit of black velvet, with diamond knee-buckles. Tobias Lear, a native of the important seaport town, was with his chief.

The Presidential party was entertained by Mr. Langdon and his wife in the home we visit in Pleasant Street, a residence his Excellency was pleased to pronounce the "handsomest in Portsmouth." The toothèd cornices of drawing-room and hall, the massive doors and thick partition-walls were the same then as we see them now. There are bits of Colonial furniture in every room, each having its story. The whole house is in splendid preservation, a fit and enduring type of the estate of the man who built and occupied it when fortune and fame were in their zenith. No citizen

had deserved better of his compatriots, and when he threw open for the first time the great doors of the Pleasant Street mansion, his heart was full of grateful appreciation of the manner in which they had tried to recompense him for lavish expenditure of wealth, for valour in the field, and wise counsels in the halls of public debate. It was his hour of triumph, glad and full, the day of prosperity in which none could have blamed him for thinking, if he had not said it,—" I shall never be moved."

Those of his blood, although not his lineal descendants, still dwell under the stately roof.

Of them and of the homestead we shall learn more in the next chapter.

XIV

THE LANGDON AND WENTWORTH HOUSES IN PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

(Concluded)

SENATOR MACLAY, of Pennsylvaina, whose acquaintance we made in our chapters upon the Carroll homesteads, was not, as we know, an admirer of John Adams and some other dignitaries. We have from his caustic pen a sketch of the dinner customs of the rich and great in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and are grateful, even though the tendency of the clever skit be to lower the greatest man of the country a quarter-degree in our imaginations. The scene was the dining-room of the Presidential mansion in Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. John Langdon were among the bidden guests. It is in their company, therefore, that we witness what went on at the state banquet.

"The room"—Maclay complains—"was disagreeably warm."

Then we have the *menu:*

"First was soup; fish, roasted and boiled meats—gammon [that is, ham, probably Old Virginia ham] fowls, etc. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual tasty way, with small images, flowers, (artificial) etc. The dessert was, first, apple pies, puddings, etc.; then, ice-creams, jellies, etc.; then, water-melons, musk melons, apples, peaches, nuts. It was the most solemn dinner ever I sat at. Not a health drank—scarce a word said, until the cloth was taken away. Then, the President, taking a glass of wine, with great formality, drank to the health of every individual, by name, around the table (!)

"Everybody imitated him—changed glasses; and such a buzz of 'Health, Sir!' and 'Health, Madam!' and 'Thank you, Sir!' and 'Thank you, Madam!' never had I heard before.

"Indeed, I had like to have been thrown out in the hurry; but I got a little wine in my glass, and passed the ceremony. The bottles passed about, but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies. I expected the men would now begin, but the same stillness remained. The President told of a New England clergyman who had lost a hat and wig in passing a river called 'the Brunks,' [*quære*, the Bronx?] He smiled, and everybody else laughed. The President kept a fork in his hand, when the cloth was taken away, I thought for the purpose of picking nuts. He eat no nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it."

This is delightful! It is also seriously suggestive of facts which are generally ignored when we speak of Washington's administration. The hero ceased to be a demi-god in becoming Chief Magistrate of the crude Republic. What the New Hampshire Legislature objurgated as a "spirit of malignant abuse," walked openly in the land, and was especially rampant in high places. To this era belongs the anecdote of John Adams's private ebullition of jealous contempt when the Father of his Country was nominated for a second term. Chancing to be, as he supposed, alone, in a room where the most conspicuous decoration was a portrait of the successful nominee, Mr. Adams is said to have walked up to it and shaken his fist in the impassive face:

"Oh! you d—d old mutton-head! If you had not kept your mouth so closely shut, they would have found you out!"

The connection of the profane story with the ponderous festivities so well depicted by Maclay that we yawn while we laugh is obvious.

John Langdon, when elected for the second time to the Senate, was honestly opposed to Washington's administration, and did not cloak

his hostility. The passage of the Jay treaty was the signal for a display of partisan fury, imperfectly suppressed until the unpopular measure afforded a pretext for the eruption.

GOV. JOHN LANGDON
FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART

This celebrated treaty, known by the name of the then Minister to the English Court, determined the eastern boundary of the State of Maine; awarded to the United States $10,000,000 as reprisal for the property of private citizens captured unlawfully by British cruisers; and certain Western forts occupied by British garrisons were given up. Thus far the advantage to the United States was unequivocal. Joined to these provisions, however, were clauses excluding United States vessels from the ports of Canada, and restricting the lucrative West India trade. No security against the

impressment of sailors was offered, and there was equal neglect with respect to such neutrality laws as regulated British and French privateers.

When the Jay treaty was approved by the Senate and signed by the President, a wild wave of excitement rushed over the country. Mass indignation meetings were held in every city, and angry mobs wreaked their wrath upon the property of legislators who had forwarded the measure. John Langdon had fought valiantly against it in the Senate, and had an enthusiastic ovation upon his return to Portsmouth.

In connection with this demonstration came the first proof to him of the uncertainty of popular favour. Other portions of the State saw things in a different light from that in which they appeared in the capital. The dissenting Senator was hung in effigy in one town, and at the next session of the Legislature resolutions were passed affirming the confidence of that body in "the virtue and ability of the minister who negotiated the Treaty; the Senate who advised its ratification, and the President, the distinguished friend and Father of his Country."

The tide had turned. John Langdon was a politician instead of a patriot, "a partisan," to quote Mr. Corning, "whose hand was against all who did not think and act as he did. He had taken a leading part in the political warfare, and he must abide the inevitable hostility of his former friends."

And again, of him at a later date of the troublous career upon which this partisanship had cast him:

"His ideas of civil service, as applied to office-holders, were Draconic. He is on record as declaring that he hoped to live to see a change in men, from George Washington to door-keepers."

It is an extraordinary testimony to the hold this opponent of Washington and ally of Madison and Jefferson had gained upon the confidence of the bulk of his fellow-citizens, by his probity and his personal gifts, that he was again elected to the Legislature, and for two years served as Speaker of the House. Moreover, he was chosen Governor in 1802, "receiving nearly half the entire vote," and was a successful candidate for the gubernatorial office three times afterward—namely, in 1803, 1804, and 1805.

In 1812, he declined the nomination as candidate for the Vice-Presidency, with Madison as President upon the ticket.

"I am now seventy-one years of age," he wrote, "my faculties blunted, and I have lived for the last forty years of my life in the whirlpool of politics, and am longing for the sweets of retirement. . . . To launch again upon the sea of politics at my time of life appears to me highly improper."

Less than a month later than the date of this simple and dignified letter, he put pen to paper in a very different spirit. He had always been an ardent admirer of James Madison, yet a campaign libel declared that he had declined to run for the Vice-Presidency "because of his disapproval of Madison's course." In repelling the charge, John Langdon affirmed that he considered his "great and good friend, Mr. Madison, one of our greatest statesmen, an ornament to our Country, and above all, the noblest work of God, *an honest man*."

There is sad acrimony in one of the concluding sentences of the last public deliverance of this other "honest man."

"As our patience is worn out, and we have

drunk the dregs of the cup of humiliation, if we now act with spirit and decision, we have nothing to fear."

Those who sigh sentimentally for the purity and calm of those elder days of our Republic, would do well to study the history of the administrations of our first four presidents and the private correspondence of the men who then ruled and fought, and who suffered "the stings and arrows of outrageous" calumnies, such as are not peculiar to our times, or to any particular time.

Our oft-quoted travelled friend, the Marquis de Chastelleux, who seems to have left no notable nook or family unvisited, was marvellously taken with John Langdon, whom he met in 1780 or 1781.

"After dinner," he says, "we went to drink tea with Mr. Langdon. He is a handsome man, and of noble carriage; he has been a member of Congress, and is now one of the first people of the Country; his house is elegant and well furnished, and the apartments admirably well wainscoted; he has a good manuscript chart of the harbour of Portsmouth. Mrs. Langdon, his wife, is young, fair, and tolerably handsome, but I conversed less with her than with her husband, in whose favour I was prejudiced from knowing he had displayed great courage and patriotism at the time of Burgoyne's expedition. For,

repairing to the Council Chamber, of which he was a member, and perceiving that they were about to discuss some affairs of little consequence, he addressed them as follows :

" 'Gentlemen, you may talk as you please ; but I know that the enemy is on our frontiers, and I am going to take my pistols and mount my horse to combat with my fellow-citizens.'

" The greatest part of the members of the Council and Assembly followed him, and joined General Gates at Saratoga. As he was marching day and night, reposing himself only in the woods, a negro servant who attended him said to him, 'Master, you are hurting yourself ; but no matter, you are going to fight for Liberty. I should suffer also patiently if I had Liberty to defend.' 'Don't let that stop you,' replied Mr. Langdon ; 'from this moment you are free.' The negro followed him, behaved with courage, and has never quitted him.

" On leaving Mr. Langdon's, we went to pay a visit to Colonel [Michael] Wentworth, who is respected in this country, not only from his being of the same family as Lord Rockingham, but from his genuine acknowledged character for probity and talents."

We have a last view of Portsmouth's most distinguished citizen in the diary of his almost lifelong friend, Governor Plumer. The date is July 23, 1816 :

" Visited L. He is so literally broken down in body and mind that it gave me pain to behold the wreck of

human nature in a man who had been distinguished for the elegance of his person and the offices he had held in public life."

He lived on thus for three years longer, "civil, kind, and affectionate, and tho' weak in mind, yet not foolish," until he passed away, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was borne from his beautiful home in Pleasant Street to his last resting-place, amid the firing of minute-guns from the navy-yard, the display of bunting at half-mast from public offices and private houses, and all the other tokens of general mourning.

"Every mark of respect was rendered to the memory of the distinguished patriot who had done so much for the welfare of his country and the good of his fellow-citizens."

The handsome homestead in Pleasant Street has sheltered a great companyof "honourables" in its long day. Louis Philippe was Mr. Langdon's guest while in America; Washington and his aids, Lafayette, de Chastelleux, and every other foreigner of distinction who took Portsmouth *en route* in his tour, broke bread with the hospitable owner, and was ministered to by his amiable and accomplished wife. After Mr. Langdon's death it was for many

years the residence of that kindly despot, the Reverend Charles Burroughs, D.D.,who "ruled like a king the little literary circle in Portsmouth of which he was undisputed head."

Ever since the death of Dr. Burroughs's widow, the house has been the property of Woodbury Langdon, Esq. of New York City. As he has another country seat near Portsmouth where he prefers to reside, the homestead is presided over by his sister and brother, whose patient courtesy to curious and sentimental visitors is proverbial.

The Reverend Dr. Alfred Elwyn of Philadelphia, whose summer home is just outside of Portsmouth, is a great-grandson of John Langdon, his grandmother having been the only child of John and Elizabeth Sherburne Langdon, who married Thomas Elwyn, Esq., of Canterbury, England. A daughter of Dr. Elwyn is the wife of Woodbury Langdon, Esq., mentioned above.

Dr. Burroughs was Rector of St. John's Church, one of the most important features of a city which is as redolent of ancient story as of the sweet salt waves that bathe her feet and send coolness, health, and strength through her streets.

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THE GOVERNOR LANGDON MANSION

For St. John's Chapel—where it may still be seen—was bought by Dr. Burroughs, in 1836, the "first organ that ever pealed to the glory of God in this country."

It was imported in 1713 by Mr. Brattle of Boston, who left it in his will to the well-known old Brattle Street Church, provided "they shall accept thereof, and within a year after my decease, procure a sober person that can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise."

No skill could draw out the loud noise now, but the notes coaxed forth by our respectful fingers are, even yet, tuneful, justifying the original owner's pride and Dr. Burroughs's purchase.

Yet, as we walk over to Queen's Chapel to see the relic, we are amused by the story that the "o'er-pious" Brattle Street people left the legacy boxed up for eight months before the more progressive could overcome the prejudice against the use of "*an ungodly chest of whistles*" in the Meeting House.

The Reverend Dr. Hovey, the present rector of St. John's, is an indefatigable and most intelligent archæologist and antiquarian, and within a few years, valuable discoveries have been made in the venerable building and

adjoining grounds. Not the least interesting of these is a set of mural tablets recording several donations to church and parish. One which instantly seizes upon our attention is a bequest from Colonel Theodore Atkinson, in 1754, of a valuable tract of land upon which tombs, vaults, and monuments may be erected. He also bequeathed £200, the interest to be used in the purchase of bread for the poor of the church, the distribution to take place each Sunday. The custom is still kept up.

Another discovery made this year is of a subterranean passage leading to the churchyard from the basement of the church.

In St. John's churchyard sleep the fathers of what was but a seaside hamlet when they helped to make it. The Wentworth vault holds Benning Wentworth and his brother Michael, with the woman whom both had to wife. The last Royal Governor, the rollicking John of our liking, was buried in Nova Scotia, severed from home and kindred in death as in life by loyalty to the King to whom he owed his preferment. The Reverend Arthur Brown is here, and Colonel Atkinson, who would have had no place in the *Annals of Portsmouth* but for his complaisance in making

way for the former lover of his easily consoled relict.

The American branch of the Langdon family has been, for over a hundred years, nobly represented by Woodbury Langdon—the brother of John—and his descendants. He was the junior of John by two years, having been born in 1738. He married at twenty-seven—twelve years before his brother entered upon the holy estate—Sarah, the daughter of Henry and Sarah Warner Sherburne. Ten children were the fruit of this union:

SHERBURNE COAT-OF-ARMS

(1) Henry Sherburne, who married Ann Eustis, a sister of Governor William Eustis. (2) Sarah Sherburne, married to Robert Harris. (3) Mary Ann, died, unmarried. (4) Woodbury, died, unmarried. (5) John, married to Charlotte Ladd. (6) Caroline, married to William Eustis, M.D., LL.D., Surgeon in the Revolutionary War; Member of Congress, 1801–1805 and 1820–1823; Secretary

of War, 1807–1813; Minister to Holland, 1814–1818; Governor of Massachusetts in 1823. (7) Joshua, died, single. (8) Harriet, died, single. (9) Catherine Whipple, married Edmund Roberts. (10) Walter, married Dorothea, daughter of John Jacob Astor.

Woodbury Langdon was a man of singular personal beauty, and exquisite charm of manner, a family characteristic, and hereditary. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress, 1779–1780; Counsellor of State of New Hampshire, 1781–1784; President of New Hampshire Senate, 1784; Judge of Supreme Court of New Hampshire, 1782–1791.

His wealth and taste enabled him to erect for his private residence the building which has been converted into the palatial Rockingham Hotel. The mansion cost Judge Langdon $30,000, and was built with bricks brought from England. It was supposed to be fireproof, and far surpassed in dimensions, decorations, and general architectural beauty any other house in New Hampshire—or indeed in New England. It was finished in 1785 and kept up in superb style during Judge Langdon's lifetime. After his death and the marriage and dispersion of the large family that

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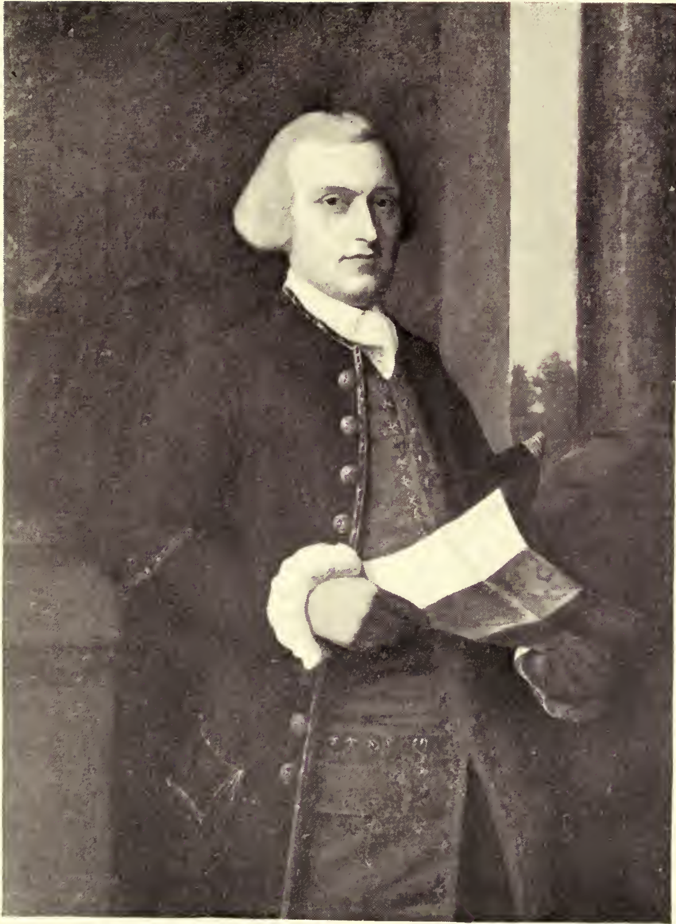

WOODBURY LANGDON, 1775
FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY

had filled it, his sons sold it (in 1810) to Thomas Elwyn, Esq., the husband of Elizabeth Langdon, the only child of Governor John Langdon. In 1830, it passed out of the family and since then has been used as a hotel. In 1884, a fire damaged the building greatly, but spared the fine wainscots and the magnificent octagonal dining-room, the marvel of ancient Portsmouth and the pride of the modern city. It is still the study of architects from near and from far; and an enduring memorial to the intelligence and refinement of the first proprietor.

The portrait of Judge Woodbury Langdon has a distinguished place in the State House at Concord, the present capital of New Hampshire.

The name of Edmund Roberts who married Judge Langdon's youngest daughter is inseparably associated with our earliest diplomatic relations with the Far East. Born in Portsmouth in 1784, he was offered an appointment as midshipman in the United States Navy at thirteen, but preferred a place in the merchant service, dividing his time between England and South America until he was twenty-four years old. He amassed a large fortune and became a heavy ship-owner before

he utilised, in diplomatic life, the results of his wide observation and deep thought respecting our foreign commercial relations. He was sent upon a special embassy by the Government to make treaties with Muscat, Siam, and Cochin China in 1830, and again in 1835, "to visit Japan with like purpose," but died at Macao before the work was fully accomplished. A posthumous volume under the caption of *Embassy to Eastern Courts*, details his successes during a voyage of twenty-six months.

A memorial window of exquisite design and execution in St. John's Church, Portsmouth, was presented to the parish by Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn in honour of her grandfather, the first American diplomatist in Asia, whose unfinished work was consummated many years later by Matthew Perry and Townsend Harris.

One of his surviving daughters married the Reverend A. P. Peabody, D.D., of Harvard University; another, Harriet Langdon, became the wife of the Honorable Amasa Junius Parker of Albany.

The marriage ceremony of Judge and Mrs. Parker was performed by Rev. Dr. Burroughs, who had also baptised the bride. The first ten years of their married life were spent in

WINDOW TO EDMUND AND CATHERINE LANGDON ROBERTS IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

Delhi, New York. In rapid succession Mr. Parker was chosen a Regent of the University of New York, made Vice-Chancellor and a Judge of the Circuit Court, Member of Congress, 1838–9; then, Judge of the Supreme Court. He was one of the founders of the Albany Law School, and for twenty years one of the professors. His contributions to the legal literature of the United States were important.

In 1884, Judge and Mrs. Parker celebrated their golden wedding at the "The Cliffs," the Newport home of their daughter, Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn. There were then living of the ten children born to the honoured parents:—Mrs. Pruyn, General Amasa Junius Parker, Jr., Mrs. Erastus Corning, and Mrs. Selden E. Marvin. The fine "Holiday Window" in St. John's Church, Portsmouth, to the memory of Edmund Roberts and his wife was erected by Mrs. Pruyn in honour of the golden wedding. The figures therein depicted are those of St. Edmund and St. Catherine, with their legends. The harmonious family group assembled upon the memorable occasion I have chronicled, was broken by the death of Mrs. Parker, June 28, 1889.

The *Albany Argus*, in a biographical sketch of one who was, for forty years, a ruling influence in Albany society, says :

" Mrs. Parker had strong religious convictions and high ideals, and was possessed of great force of character and the many graces and charms that are embodied in the character of a good woman. She was a woman, also, of extraordinary unselfishness and always solicitous of the comfort and welfare of others."

How far the eulogium understates the sterling qualities and exceeding lovableness of the subject, those who were admitted to her home and a place in the true, tender heart, can best say.

Judge Parker died May 13, 1890, and Mrs. Erastus Corning very suddenly at Easter-tide, 1899. To the rare, fine spirit whose life was a continual benediction to church, community, and home, the translation, upon the dearest and most joyful of Christian festivals, was a beautiful passing over, not a passing out.

In reviewing the history of the New-World lines of the Langdon race, the believer in hereditary influences in shaping and colouring human destiny finds abundant confirmation of what is no more theory, but a science which is not far from exactness.

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MRS. WOODBURY LANGDON

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY

In addition to the pure strong flood poured by Woodbury Langdon into the minds and souls of his descendants, Judge Parker's children have drawn high principles and fine mental traits from their mother's forbears,—Governor Thomas Dudley of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; Governor Theophilus Eaton of the New Haven Colony, and Lieutenant-Governor Gibbins of the Province of New Hampshire; also, from Henry Sherburne of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a Judge and a member of His Majesty's Privy Council, and a delegate to the famous Congress held in Albany in 1754.

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