

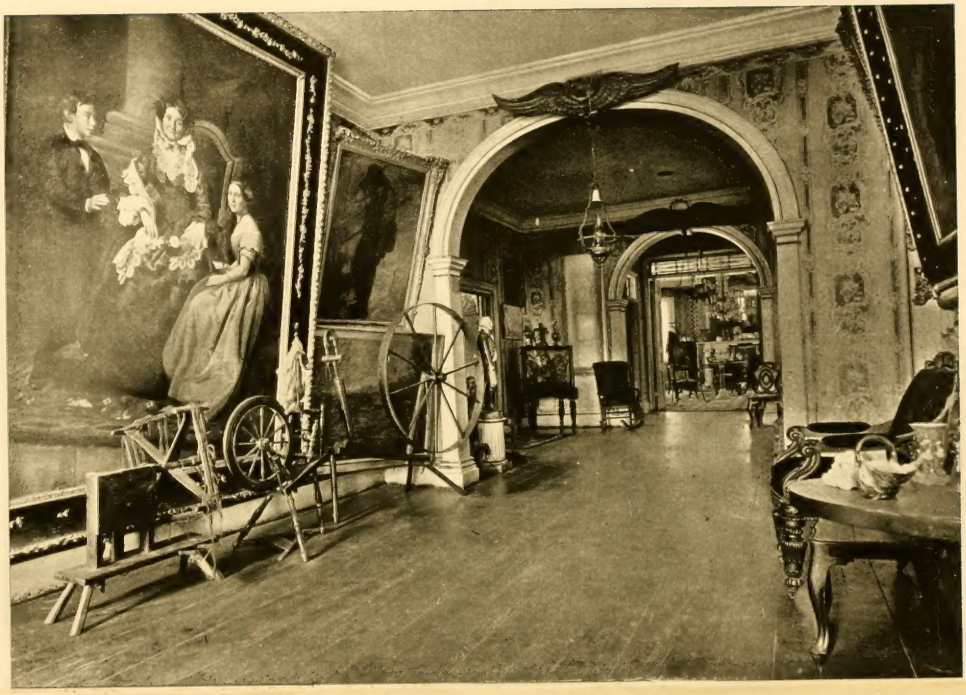
Class E 159

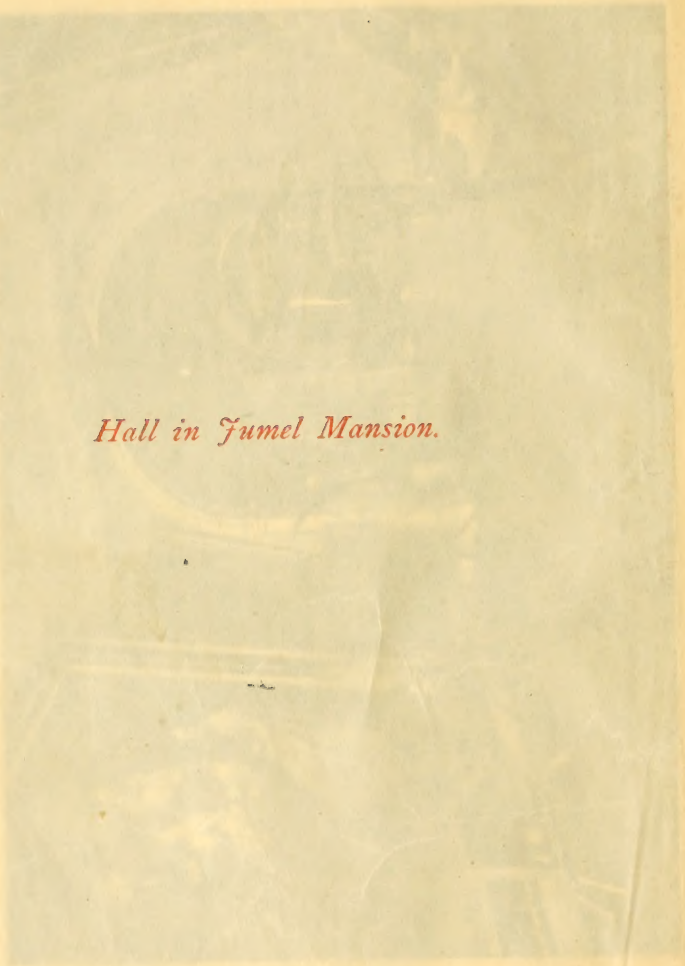
Book .T 304

GPO

491
2351

SOME COLONIAL HOMESTEADS





Hall in Jumel Mansion.

DEPARTMENT,
ECEIVED
DEC 4 1900
IBRARY.

SOME COLONIAL HOMESTEADS AND THEIR STORIES

By Marion Harland

Terhune, Mrs. Mary Virginia
(Hawes)

NEW YORK AND LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
1899

Copyright, 1897
by
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

Set up and electrotyped Oct. 1897. Reprinted Nov. 1897.
Reprinted Aug. 1899.

By Exchange
JAN 15 1916

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

To

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM WIRT HENRY

MY FAITHFUL AND HELPFUL FRIEND

THIS VOLUME

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED



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.

NEW YORK, 1897.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	BRANDON—LOWER AND UPPER	1
II.	WESTOVER	33
III.	SHIRLEY	63
IV.	THE MARSHALL HOUSE	84
V.	CLIVEDEN	104
VI.	THE MORRIS HOUSE, GERMANTOWN, (PHILADELPHIA)	131
VII.	THE SCHUYLER AND COLFAX HOUSES, POMPTON, NEW JERSEY	141
VIII.	THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE	171
IX.	OAK HILL UPON THE LIVINGSTON MANOR	201
X.	OAK HILL UPON THE LIVINGSTON MANOR (CONCLUDED)	221
XI.	THE PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE	239
XII.	THE JUMEL MANSION. ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY	276

CHAPTER PAGE

XIII.—The Jumel Mansion. On Washington Heights, New York City. (Concluded) 306

XIV.—The Smith House at Sharon, Conn. . 327

XV.—The Pierce House in Dorchester, Massachusetts 346

XVI.—The "Parson Williams" House in Deerfield, Massachusetts . . 375

XVII.—The "Parson Williams" House in Deerfield, Massachusetts. (Concluded) 403

XVIII.—Varina. The Home of Pocahontas, 432

XIX.—Jamestown and Williamsburg . . 471

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

HALL IN JUMEL MANSION . . . *Frontispiece*
LOWER BRANDON 3
HARRISON COAT-OF-ARMS 6
PORTRAIT OF COLONEL DANIEL PARKE . . 17
"FROM TARNISHED FRAMES IMPASSIVE FACES LOOKED DOWN ON US" 21
UPPER BRANDON 29
BYRD COAT-OF-ARMS 34
WESTOVER 35
PORTRAIT OF COLONEL WILLIAM EVELYN BYRD OF WESTOVER 39
PORTRAIT OF "THE FAIR EVELYN" . . . 45
COLONEL BYRD'S TOMB IN THE GARDEN AT WESTOVER 51
"A CURIOUS IRON GATE" 59
BERKELEY 61
CARTER COAT-OF-ARMS 66
PORTRAIT OF "KING CARTER" 67
PORTRAIT OF JUDITH ARMISTEAD (WIFE OF KING CARTER) 71
SHIRLEY 74
PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH HILL CARTER ("BETTY") 81

PAGE

MARSHALL HOUSE, RICHMOND, VA. . . . 85
PORTRAIT OF CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL . . 89
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSBURG, VA., OF WHICH JOHN MARSHALL WAS A GRADUATE 99
CHEW COAT-OF-ARMS 105
PORTRAIT OF CHIEF-JUSTICE BENJAMIN CHEW . 109
From the original painting in the National Museum, Philadelphia.
PORTRAIT OF "PEGGY" CHEW 117
Reproduced with permission of the Century Company from the Century Magazine.
PORTRAIT OF COLONEL JOHN EAGER HOWARD . 123
From a painting by Chester Harding.
CLIVEDEN 127
CHEW COACH 130
THE MORRIS HOUSE, GERMANTOWN (PHILADELPHIA). 133
"THE COZIEST OF THE SUITE" 138
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS IN POMPTON, N. J. 143
"THE PLEASANT CAMPING-GROUND" 147
SCHUYLER COAT-OF-ARMS 152
THE SCHUYLER HOMESTEAD, POMPTON, N. J. . 159
"THE LONG, LOW, HIP-ROOFED HOUSE" . . 167
VAN CORTLANDT COAT-OF-ARMS 171
VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE 185
LOOP-HOLE AND BRANT'S PORTRAIT IN DINING-ROOM 189
FIREPLACE IN LIBRARY 193
THE "GHOST-ROOM" 197
LIVINGSTON COAT-OF-ARMS 201
PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LIVINGSTON, FIRST LORD OF LIVINGSTON MANOR 205

PAGE

Portrait of Gertrude Schuyler (Second Wife of Robert Livingston) . . . 209
Robert Livingston's Crest 215
Portrait of Philip Livingston (Second Lord of the Manor) 217
Portrait of John Livingston (Last Lord of the Manor) 223
Oak Hill (on the Livingston Manor) . . 231
The "Old Kaus" 235
Philipse Coat-of-Arms 243
Philipse Manor-House (Yonkers, N. Y.) . . 251
Fireplace in the "Washington Chamber" of Philipse Manor-House 259
Mantel and Section of Ceiling in Drawing-Room of Philipse Manor-House . . . 263
Mantel and Mirror of Second-Story-Front Room in Philipse Manor-House . . . 269
Memorial Tablet in Philipse Manor-House . 273
Roger Morris Coat-of-Arms 276
Portrait of Roger Morris 280
Portrait of Henry Gage Morris, Rear-Admiral in the British Navy (Son of Roger and Mary Morris) 283
Portrait of Mary (Philipse) Morris (at the Age of 95) 285
Portrait of Aaron Burr 297
The Jumel Mansion 309
Portrait of Madame Jumel 324
From the original painting by Alcide Ercole.
Smith Crest 327
Portrait of John Cotton Smith . . . 333
Smith Homestead at Sharon, Connecticut . 337

PAGE

Corner of Library in Smith Homestead . . 341
Pierce Crest 346
Pierce Homestead, Dorchester, Mass. (Built in 1640) 349
Nine-Doored Parlor in Pierce Homestead . 359
"The Middle Parlor" 363
"The Ripest Bread in America" 367
"The Queen of the Evening" 371
Williams Crest 376
Door from Sheldon House, Hacked by Indians 389
Graves of Parson Williams and Eunice, his Wife. (The Tomb on the Right is that of Mrs. Williams) 399
Old Williams Church and Parsonage . . 405
Cedar China-Closet from "Parson Williams" House 411
"Parson Williams" House in Deerfield, Mass. 423
Champney House and Studio 427
John Smith's Coat-of-Arms 432
Portrait of Captain John Smith . . . 437
Tower of Old Church, Jamestown, Virginia, in which Pocahontas was Married . . 457
Portrait of Pocahontas 463
Grave of Powhatan, on James River . . 470
"Old Powder-Horn" 481
Portrait of Mary Cary, Washington's First Love 487
Interior of Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg, Va. 491
Portrait of John Randolph of Roanoke (at the Age of 30) 495
From original portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

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."

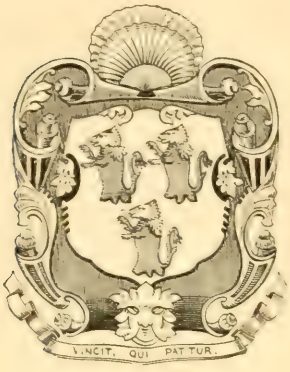


LOWER BRANDON.

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



"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



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.



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."

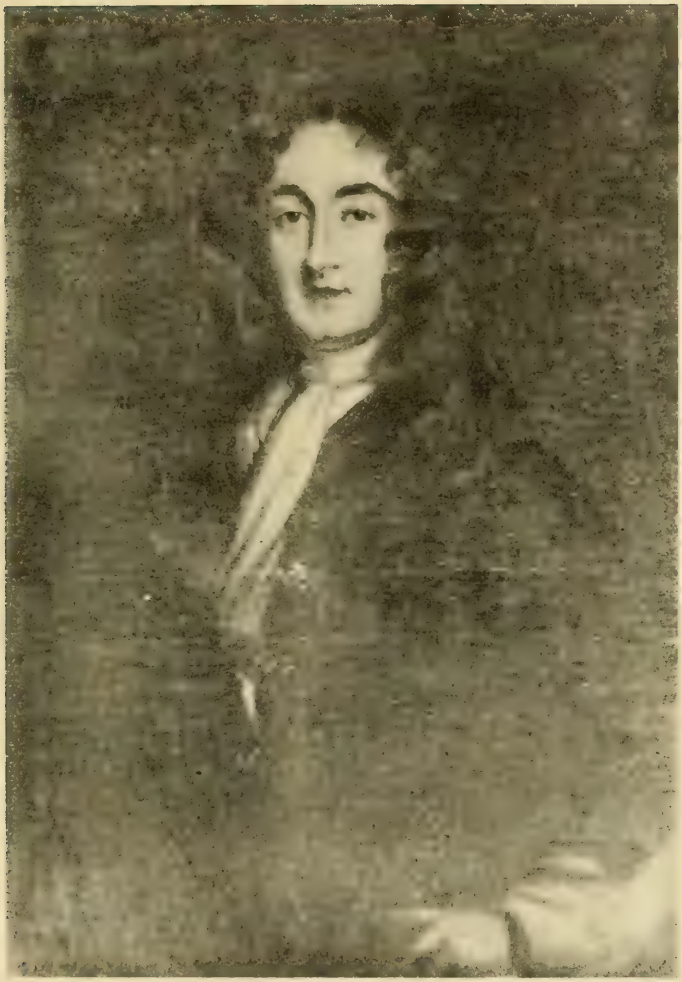
William Evelyn, second of the "Byrd of Westover" name and title, was the most eminent of the line.

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



45 "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."

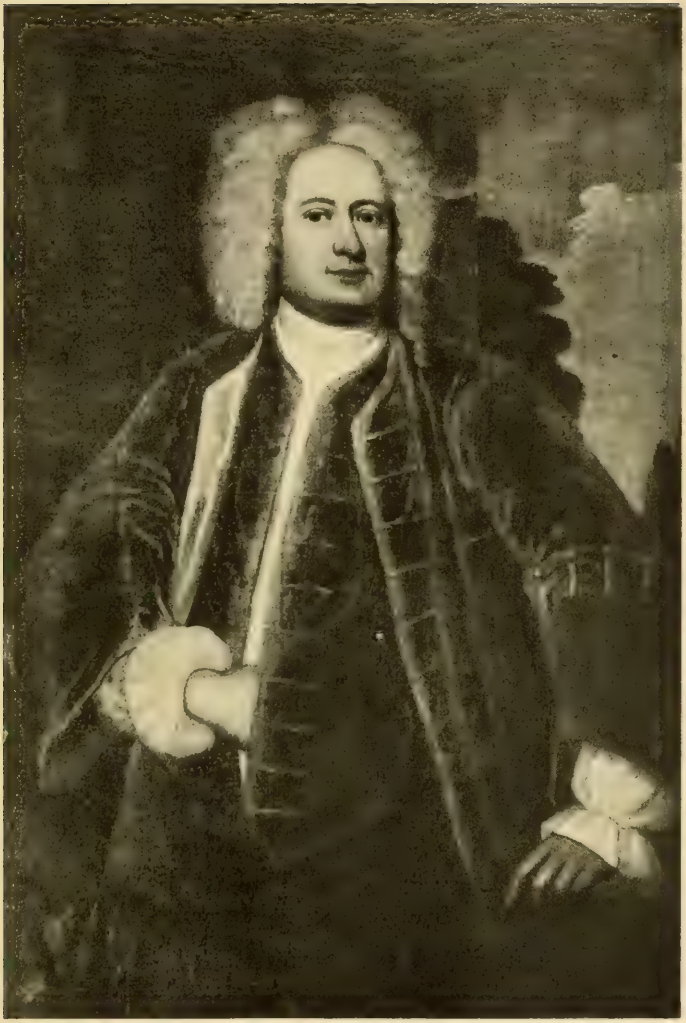
The scene in the Assembly-Room when the sentence was carried into execution was, says tradition, exceedingly impressive. The stifled choler and sullen submission of the offender; the dignity maintained by the most Christian Speaker, whose innocence of the "stigma-

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.

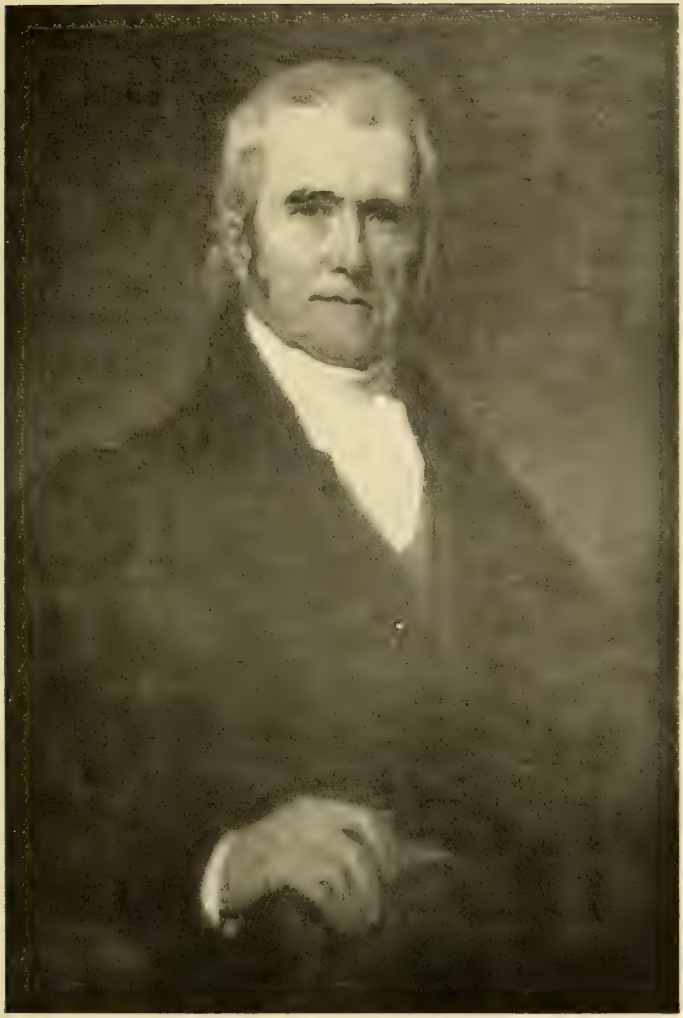
Mrs. Ruffin gives a graphic description of these feasts, as beheld by her, then a child, peeping surreptitiously through the door left ajar by the passing servants. The Chief-Justice sat at the head of the long board nearest the fireplace, his son-in-law, Mr. Harvie, at the foot. Between them were never 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.



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 marketplace 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

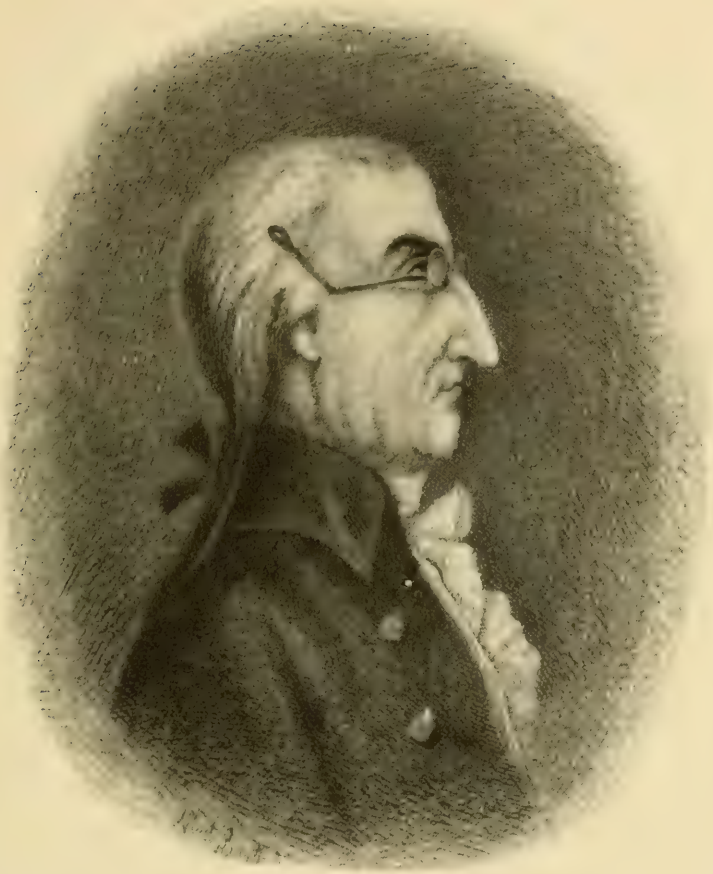
brethren to be "as full-fraught with fire and brimstone and other church artillery, as even those of the Pope of Rome."

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

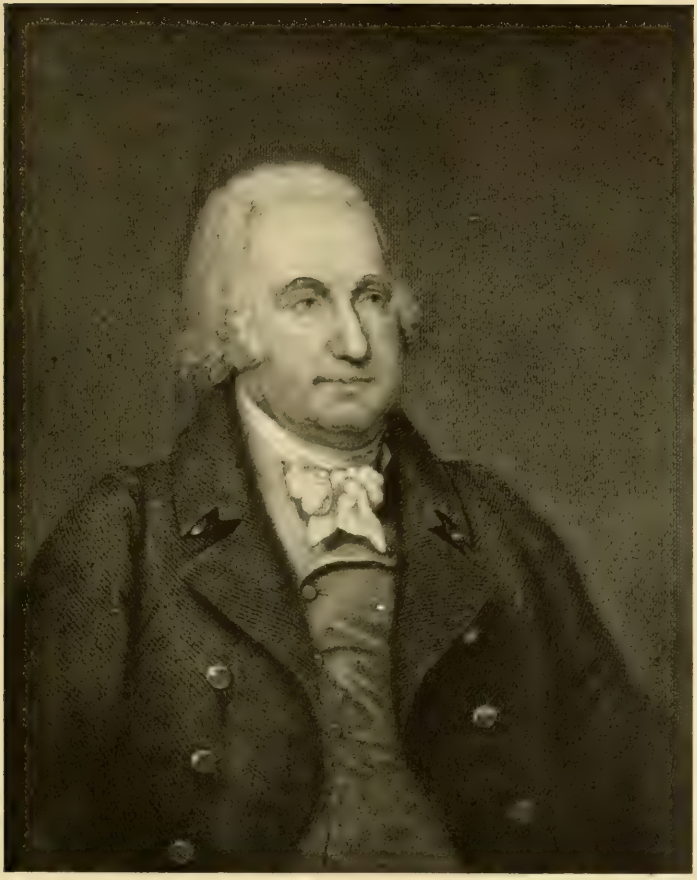
whose untimely taking-off was mourned by two continents. Combining our knowledge of the catholicity of the accomplished Major's admiration for beauty, wherever found, with Miss Peggy's willingness to be amused and adored, and her "high relish for pleasure," we may reasonably assume that in the pretty 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.

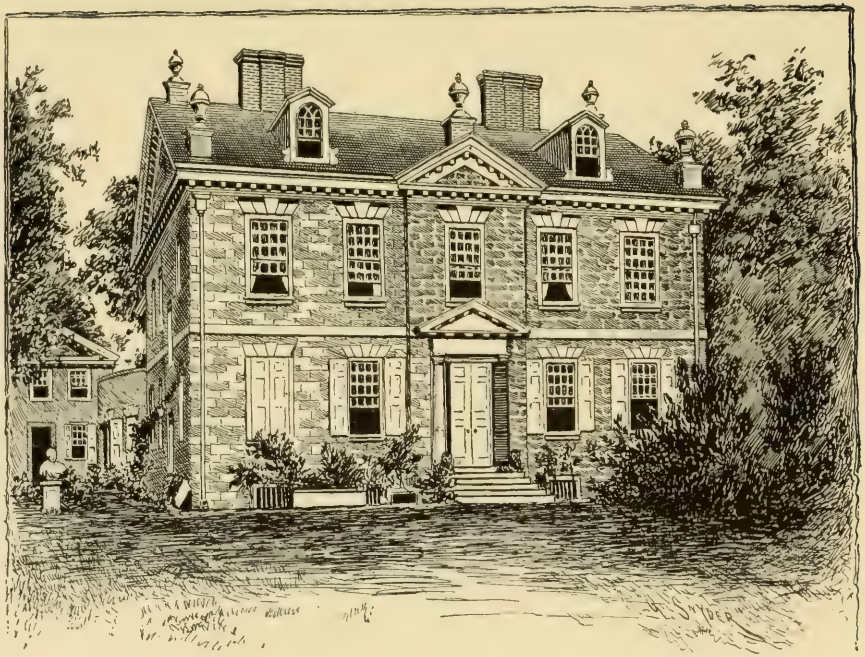
Mr. Chew died April 30, 1844, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

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.

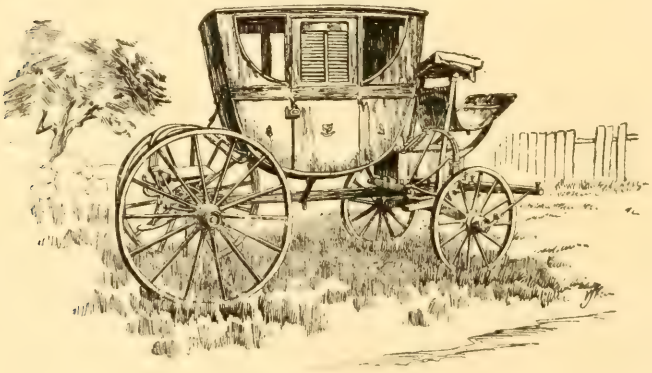
The dining-room across the hall has a cavernous fireplace which recalls the generous hospitality of former years. Miss Chew related, as we lingered to admire it, that the collation served at the Lafayette reception was laid in the drawing-room, and that the painter of the scene sacrificed historical 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 re-marry 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



159 THE SCHUYLER HOMESTEAD, POMPTON, N. J.

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



167 "THE LONG, LOW, HIP-ROOFED HOUSE."

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 night-cap 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.



193 FIREPLACE IN LIBRARY.

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



205 ROBERT LIVINGSTON, FIRST LORD OF LIVINGSTON MANOR.

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-



217 PHILIP LIVINGSTON (SECOND LORD OF THE MANOR).

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.

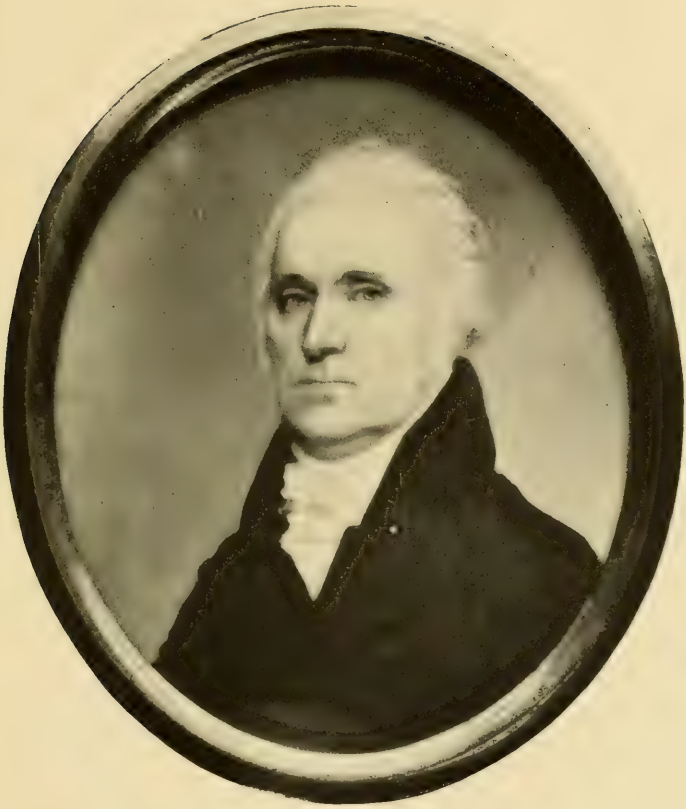
Clermont, the home of Chancellor Robert Livingston at Tivoli, was, and is one of the finest and most interesting of these. It stands upon the lower division of the estate, and is a noble edifice, built in the form of an H, and gray with honorable old age. Paintings, furniture, and other heirlooms are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

(THE LAST LORD OF THE MANOR.)

"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.

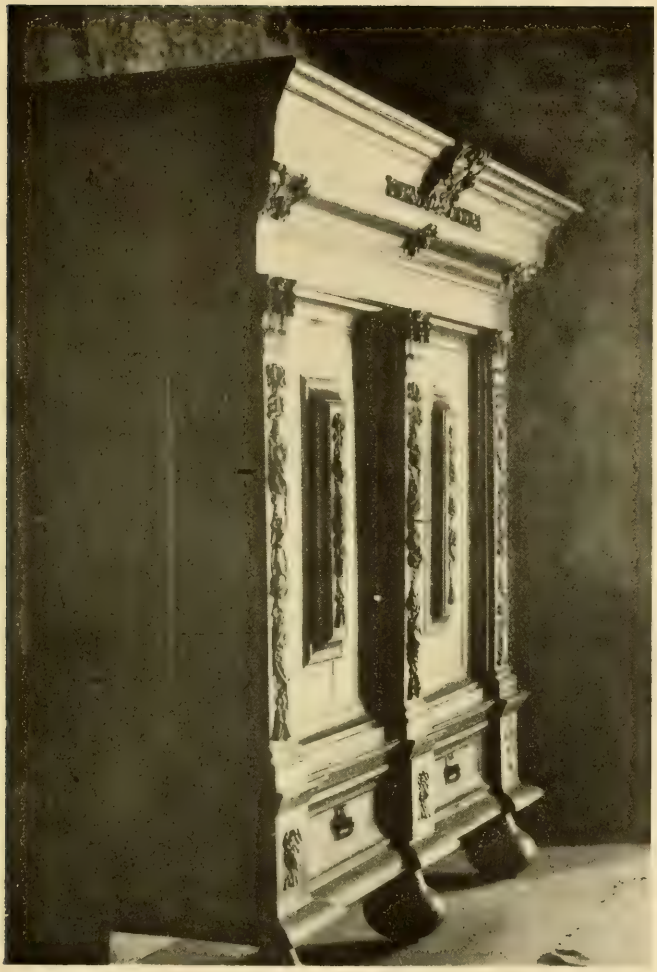
The house stands on the summit of the hill, overlooking the river and the back-country, white and faint-pink with orchard blossoms in the spring-time. Upon the horizon roll and tower the beautiful Catskills ; century-old oaks enclose the dwelling and out-buildings ; the well kept lawn slopes into teeming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



235 THE OLD KAUS.

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



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.

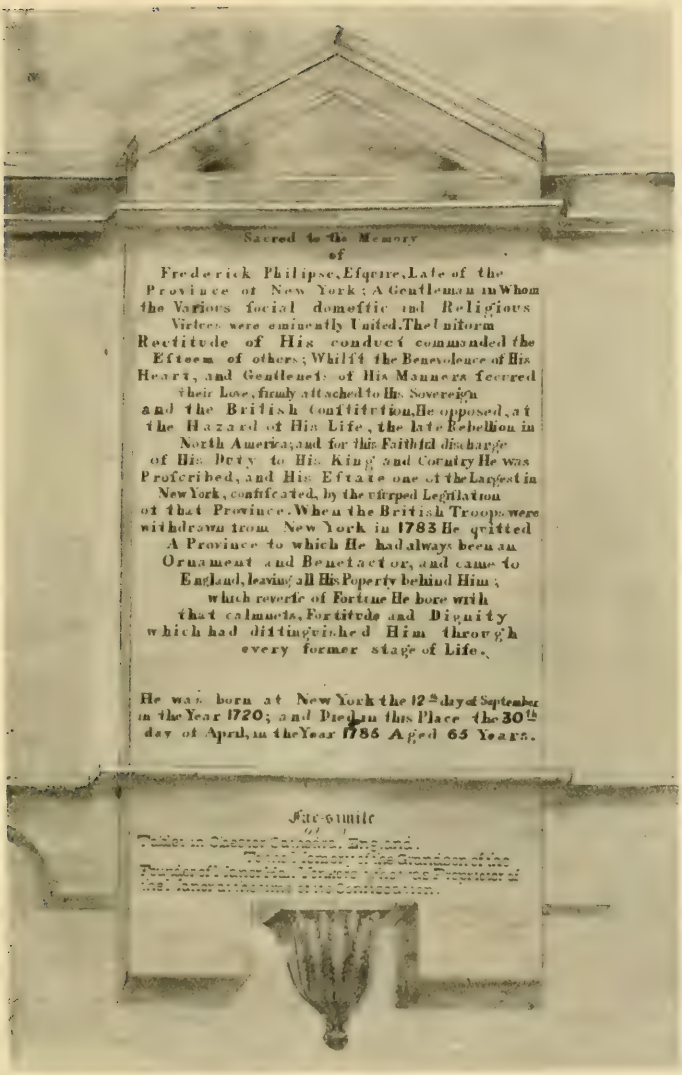
"And many a saw and plane were broken on the seasoned wood," says the intelligent janitor who shows the building. "It was almost as hard as iron."

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, Esquire, Late of the
Province of New York; A Gentleman in Whom
the Various social domestic and Religious
Virtues were eminently United. The Uniform
Rectitude of His conduct commanded the
Esteem of others; Whilst the Benevolence of His
Heart, and Gentleness of His Manners secured
their Love, firmly attached to His Sovereign
and the British Constitution, 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
Proscribed, and His Estate one of the Largest in
New York, confiscated, by the usurped Legislature
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 Property behind Him;
which reverse of Fortune He bore with
that calmness, Fortitude and Dignity
which had distinguished 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 1786 Aged 65 Years.
Fac-simile
of
Tablet in Chester Cathedral, England.
This is a Memorial of the Grandson of the
Founder of Philipsburgh, Senator, and the Proprietor of
the Manor at the time of the Confiscation.

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.



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

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-

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 chessboard,—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."

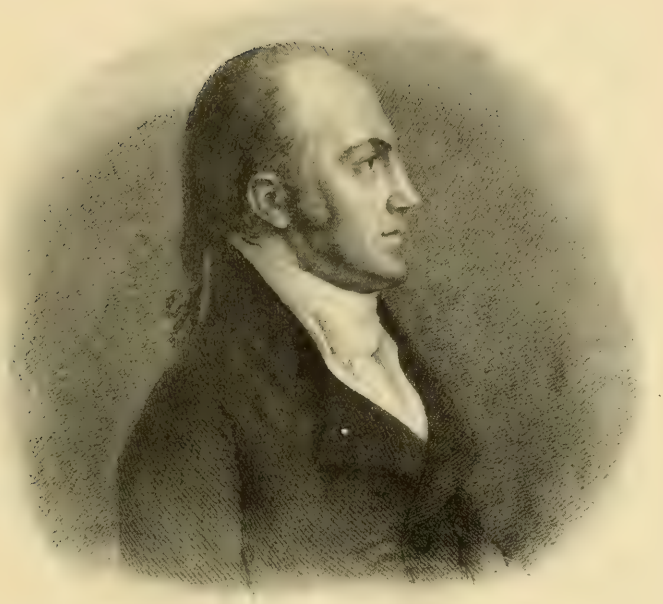
M. Jumel was a strikingly handsome man, and retained to the last the personal charms that were signal in the prime of his manhood. His step, at seventy, was light and quick, he carried his head high, and his back was as flat as a trooper's. As a waltzer, the *distingué* septuagenarian was openly preferred 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."



297 AARON BURR.

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 eye-witness, 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 honeymoon 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.

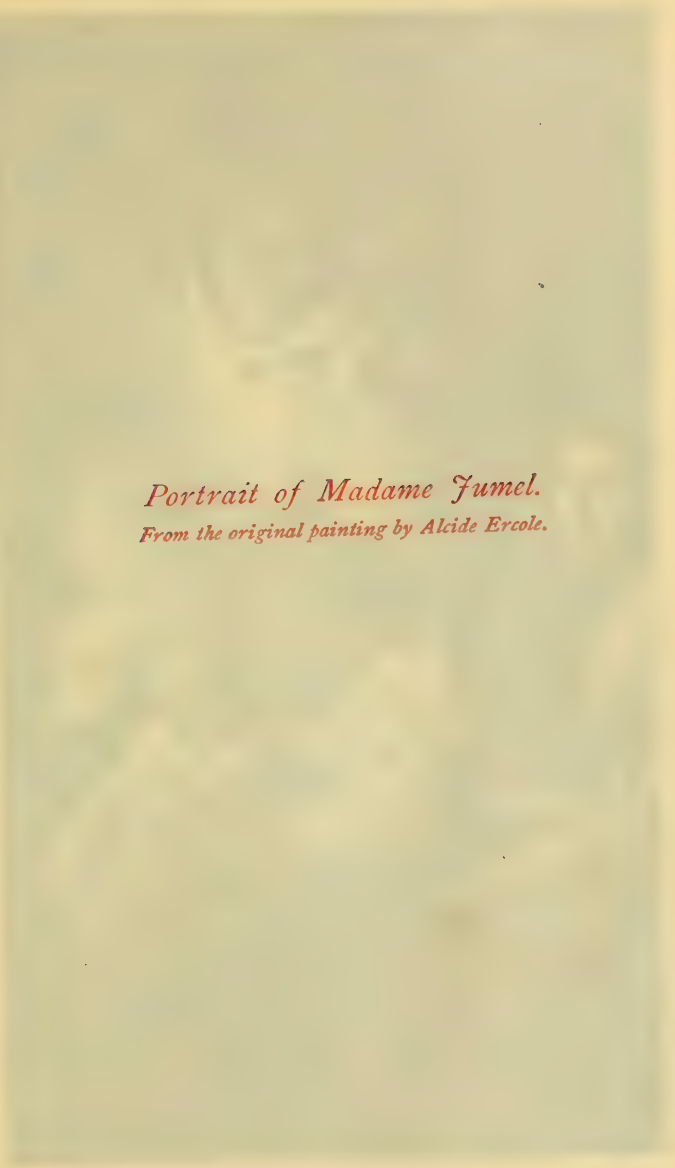
We have scores of tales of her beneficence to the needy, her loving-kindness to all who suffered, of her gift of one thousand dollars to famine-blighted Ireland in 1848, of larger and smaller donations, as opportunity was vouchsafed for the exercise of her too-generous disposition. Letter after letter 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



Portrait of Madame Jumel.

From the original painting by Alcide Ercole.



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 heredíments—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 6th*, 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



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*



405 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 interesting 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-



137 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 doe-skin, 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 "Attanougeskomouch, *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



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."

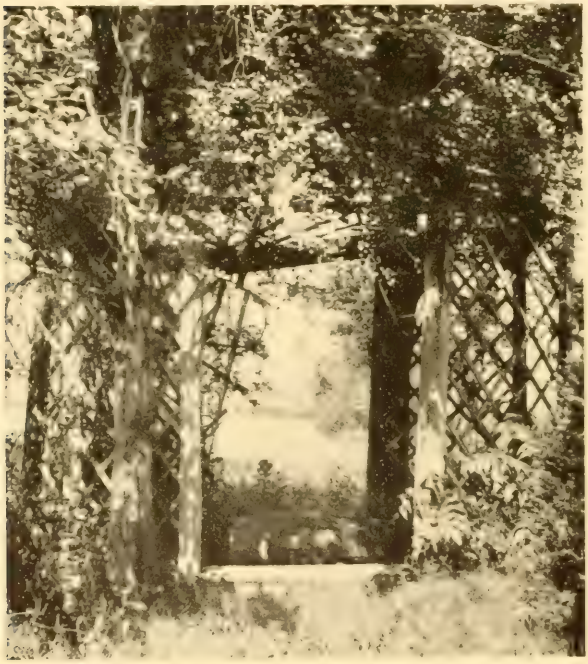
She was but twenty-two years old. Travelled and erudite Purchas writes of her last days:

"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 graduates 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



487 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."

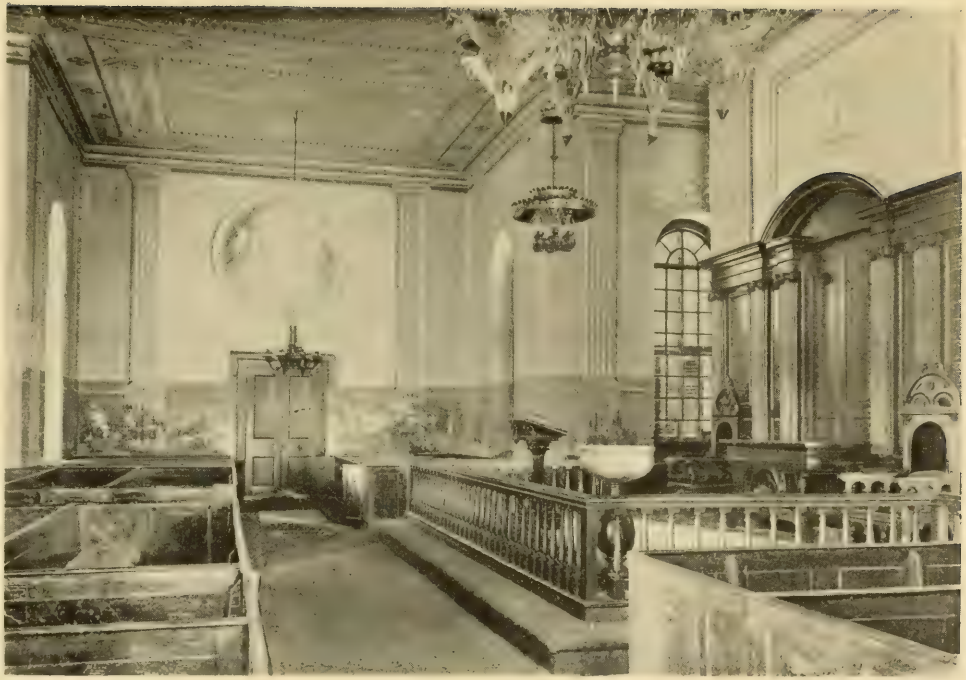
The great chieftain is a trifle more human to our apprehension for the rift in the granitic formation that grants us a glimpse of fire in the heart of the boulder.

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 trèad, 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.

INDEX

A

Adams, John, 111, 326
Adams, John Quincy, 98, 326
Albany, 152, 153, 154, 175, 187, 201, 202, 254, 255
Allen, Abigail, 410
Allen, Edward, 407
Alston, Colonel, 24
Ambler, Edward, 94, 277, 485
Ambler, Jaquelin, 94
Ambler, Mary, 95
Ambler, Mary Willis, 94, 95
Ambler, Richard, 94
Amblers, The, 90, 94, 97, 473
Ambroise, 419
Amrusus, 419
Anderson, Major Richard, 97
Anderson, Major Robert, 97
André, Major John, 116, 118, 119, 122
André, Lieutenant William Lewis, 116
Andros, Sir Edmund, 175, 202, 203
Antigua, 15
Appamatuck, Queen of, 433
Arbuthnot, 47
Argall, Captain Samuel, 448, 468
Argyle, Duke of, 23
Armistead, Judith, 71
Arnold, Benedict, 6, 55, 79, 117, 266, 267
Arnold, Mrs. Benedict, 267

B

Bacon, Nathaniel, 474, 475
Baker, Miss Alice, 384
Ballston Spa, 300
Bard, Dr., 184
Barrack Hill, 149, 152
Battery, The, 195
Bayard, Nicholas, 175, 244, 279
Beck, T. Romeyn, 182
Beecher, Henry Ward, 141
Bellamy, Rev. Dr., 340
Belleville (N. J.), 162
Bellomont, Richard Coote, Earl of, 207, 208, 241, 242, 243, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250
Belvoir, 261, 484
Berkeley, 50, 53, 60, 61, 62, 69, 73
Berkeley, Carter, 64
Berkeley, Lady Frances, 474
Berkeley, Sir William, 105, 473, 474
Bermuda Hundred, 70
Bethlehem (Penn.), 132, 135
Beverley, 258, 265, 267, 273, 279
Beverwyck, 202
Bland, Theodorick, 33
Blount, Martha, 31, 38
Bluff, Drewry's, 56
Bogardus, Everardus, 172, 245
Bogart, David, 305, 311
Bonaparte, Jerome, 322

Bonaparte, Joseph, 289, 321
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 289, 290, 293
Boutetourt, Lord, 479
Bouwerie, The Dominie's, 172, 173
Bouillon, Godfrey of, 351
Bowen, Eliza, 286, 306
Boyle, Charles, 54
Boyle, Sir Robert, 478
Braddock, General, 262, 276
Brandon, Lower, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 14, 19, 25, 27, 32, 37
Brandon, Martin's, 2
Brandon, Upper, 27, 29, 37, 73
Brant, Joseph, 184, 187
Braxton, Carter, 64
Brid, Le, 34
Bridge, King's, 239
Brockholls, Anthony, 161, 162, 163, 169, 254
Brockholls, Joanna, 254
Burgesses, House of, 66, 105, 482
Burlington (N. J.), 112
Burr, Aaron, 296, 299, 300, 301, 302, 304, 305, 307, 308, 311, 313, 314, 318, 322, 326
Burr, Mrs., 315, 316, 317, 318, 320
Burr, Theodosia, 184
Burwell, Rebecca, 94
Butler, General, 10
Byrd Coat-of-Arms, 34
Byrd, Evelyn, 24, 38, 43, 45, 47, 51, 52, 83, 497
Byrd, George L., 27
Byrd, Mrs., 55, 77, 78, 79
Byrds, The, 33
Byrd, William (1), 34, 37, 52
Byrd, William (2) Evelyn, 16, 23, 24, 25, 34, 37, 38, 39, 41, 47, 57, 255
Byrd, Colonel William (3), 53, 54, 56, 76, 497

C

Caghonowaga, 418
Caldwell, James, 187
Carrington, Mrs. Edward, 95
Carter, Charles, 76
Carter Coat-of-Arms, 66
Carter, Elizabeth Hill, 53, 76, 81
Carter, Hill, of Shirley, 64
Carter, John, 66, 69, 75
Carter, Robert ("King"), 66, 67, 69, 70
Carter, Robert Randolph, 75
Carters, The, 2, 70, 75
Cary, Mary, 94, 277, 483, 484, 485, 486
Cary, "Sally," 483, 484
Castle Philipse, 240
Catskill, 202
Caughnawaga, 419, 426, 430
Chamberlayne, William, 34
Chamblée, 393, 398
Champney House and Studio, 427
Champney, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, 384, 385, 388
Charles I., 105
Chastelleux, Marquis de, 79, 290
Chester, Bishop of, 425
Chesterfield, Lord, 238
Chew, Anne, 107
Chew, Anne Penn, 126, 129
Chew, Benjamin, 108, 109, 112, 113, 116, 121, 125
Chew, Benjamin, Jr., 125
Chew, Beverly, 130
Chew Coach, 130
Chew Coat-of-Arms, 105
Chew, John, 106
Chew, Joseph, 130
Chew, "Peggy," 116, 117, 118, 120
Chew, Samuel, 106
Chew, Dr. Samuel, 107
Chickahominy, The, 432
Church, Benjamin, 383
City Hall, Yonkers, 268
City Point (Va.), 70
Clarendon, Lord, 212
Claypole, Elizabeth, 23
Clermont, 216, 222, 227, 250

Clinton, "Caty," 181, 195, 196
Clinton, Governor George, 181, 255
Cliveden, 104, 111, 113, 114, 116, 118, 122, 125, 126, 127
Codwise, David, 343
Coleman, Charles Washington, 494
Coleman, Mrs. Cynthia Tucker, 490
Colfax, Ester, 163, 165, 170
Colfax, George, 169
Colfax, Lieutenant, 165, 170
Colfax, Schuyler, 169
Colfax, Dr. William Schuyler, 162, 170
Colfax, Dr. W. W., 149, 169
Cooke, Rose Terry, 413
Cooper, Fenimore, 60
Cornwallis, Lord, 55, 79
Corotoman, 69
Crafts, Alexander, 221
Cromwell, Oliver, 376
Cromwell, Thomas, 376
Cromwell, "*alias* Williams," 377
Croton, 177, 178, 250
Cubières, Marquis de, 290
Cumberland, Fort, 53
Curtis, George William, 410
Custis, George Washington Parke, 135, 136
Custis, Nelly, 135
Custis, The Widow, 277

D

Dale, Sir Thomas, 64, 447, 449, 451, 452, 453, 459, 460, 461, 462, 473
Dartmouth, Lord, 212
Deerfield (Massachusetts), 378, 379, 383, 384, 385, 392, 393, 396, 403, 404, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 416, 418, 429, 430
De Joinville, Prince, 289, 321
De la Warr, Lord, 447, 456, 472
De Lancey, 175, 279
De Lauzun, 178
De Maudit, Chevalier de, 114
De Peyster, Catherine, 176, 195
De Peysters, 250, 279
De Rogers, 419
Deshler, Catherine, 137
Deshler, David, 131, 132, 137
Deshler Place, 137
Dividing Line, 25
Dorchester (Massachusetts), 346, 347, 348, 349, 351, 352, 382
Drewry, Major A. H., 56, 58, 60
Dudley, His Excellency, Joseph, 388, 417
Dudley, Mr. William, 417
Dunbar, Rev. John, 52
Dunmore, Lady, 490
Dunmore, Lord, 482, 490
Dyckhuyse, Swantie, 156

E

Earle-Cliff, 325
Earle, General Ferdinand Pinney, 325
Eels, Mrs., 407
Elphinstone, Lord, 178
Ercole, Alcide, 322
Esopus, 155
Evelynton, 52
Everett, Edward, 12

F

Fairfax, George William, 483, 484
Fairfax, Sarah Cary, 261, 483, 484
Federal Rock, 142
Ffrench, Thomas, 407
Fillmore, Millard, 11, 19
Flagg, Ethan, 273, 275
Fletcher, Governor, 245
Fort Washington, 282, 285, 288, 292, 308
Fountleroy, Colonel Moore, 66
Frankford, 136

Franklin, Benjamin, 24, 54, 178
Franks, Colonel Isaac, 132, 135
Fredericksburg (Va.), 112
Fulton, Robert, 238

G

Gay, The Poet, 47
Geer, Mrs. Gertrude, 339
Germantown (Penn.), 131, 132, 135
"Ghost-room," The, 195, 197
Gooch, Governor, 258
Grahame, James, 242
Green Bay (Wisconsin), 426
Greenfield (Massachusetts), 395
Green River, 395, 430
Green Spring, 474
Greenway, Ann, 348, 361, 365, 366
Greenway, John, 348, 365
Griffin, Mr. John, 497
Grolier Club, The, 130

H

Hamilton, Alexander, 181, 266 296, 326
Hamilton, Mrs. Alexander, 181, 326
Hamor, Master Ralph, 449, 461
Harlem, 314
Harlem Heights, 262, 265, 277, 279, 292, 300
Harrison, Mrs. Anne, 50
Harrison, Benjamin, of Berkeley, 5, 24, 54, 69
Harrison, Major Charles Shirley, 27
Harrison, George Evelyn, 8, 26
Harrison, Mrs. Isabella, 8, 10, 11, 14, 19, 27
Harrison, Miss, 25, 56
Harrison, Nathaniel, 5, 7
Harrison, William Byrd, 27
Harrison, Mrs. William Byrd, 31
Harrison, General William Henry, 18, 62
Harrisons, The, of Berkeley and Brandon, 2, 50, 53
Harvie, General Jaquelin Burwell, 87
Hatcher, William, 65
Hatfield (Massachusetts), 392, 393
Hawes, Samuel Pierce, 355
Hening, 33
Henry, Patrick, 469, 482
Henry, Hon. William Wirt, 469
Hill, "Sir" Edward, 65, 66, 69, 75
Hill, General, 413
Hingham, 327
Hinman, Colonel, 330
Hogg Island, 105
Homewood, 105
Horsemander, Wareham, 52, 69
Hotspur, Harry, 351
Howard, Colonel John Eager, 121, 122, 123
Howards, The Baltimore, 119
Howe, The American General, 145
Howe, Sir William, 116
Hunter, Governor, 212

I

Ingleby, Lady Frances, 5

J

James I., 105
James River, The, 1, 2, 3, 4, 14, 55, 63, 105, 130
Jamestown, 105, 439, 440, 441, 442, 448, 449, 451, 453, 476
Jans, "The Widow," 172
Jansen, Anneke, 172, 173
Jansen, Rolef, 202
Japazaws, 448, 449
Jaquelin, Edward, 94
Jaquelins, The, 473

Jefferson, Thomas, 5, 94, 326, 482
Josephine, The Empress, 293, 294
Jumel House, 305, 309
Jumel, Madame, 288, 290, 291, 293, 296, 299, 301, 302, 303, 304, 306, 307, 311, 313, 322, 324, 326
Jumel, Stephen, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 291, 293, 295, 300, 311, 317, 326
Jumels, The, 321

K

Kent, Chancellor, 318
Kidd, Captain William, 208, 243, 246, 247, 248, 249
Kieft, William, 171
Kightewanke Creek, 174
King's Bridge, 239
King's College, 256
King's Highway, 141
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, 17, 39, 45
Knox, General, 113, 326

L

Lafayette, 15, 129, 181, 266
Lancaster County, 66
Laud, Archbishop, 105
Laurens, Colonel, 114
Lawson, Sir Wilfred, 38
Lee, Annie Carter, 70
Lee, Arthur, 55
Lee, "Light-Horse Harry," 70
Lee, Richard Henry, 482
Lee, Robert E., 70
Leigh, Benjamin Watkins, 101
Leisler, Colonel, 154
Lincoln, Abraham, 10
Linlithgow, 201, 202, 213, 230
"Livengus," 201
Livingston, Clermont, 222
Livingston, George of Linlithgow, 201
Livingston, Gertrude (Alida), 201, 209
Livingston, Gilbert Robert, 335
Livingston, Henry, 216
Livingston, Herman (1), 213, 222, 233
Livingston, Herman (2), 219
Livingston, Joanna, 176, 191, 192
Livingston, John, 216, 222, 223, 225, 227, 228, 230
Livingston, John Henry, 222
Livingston Manor, 201, 213, 216, 219, 221, 222, 234
Livingston, "Messer John," 202
Livingston, Philip, 216, 217, 226
Livingston, Robert C., 216
Livingston, Robert, Jr., 216
Livingston, Robert Tong, 221, 222
Livingston, Robert (the First Lord of the Manor), 201, 202, 204, 205, 207, 208, 211, 212, 219, 221, 233, 237, 243, 246, 248, 249, 343
Livingston, Sarah, Lady Stirling, 226
Livingstons, The, 242, 250, 279
Livingston, Walter, 216
Longmeadow (Massachusetts), 415, 421, 422
Loockermans, Annetje, 173
Lovelace, 173
Low, Cornelius P., 267

M

Madagascar, 243, 244, 247
Mahopac, Lake, 265, 279
Malvern Hills, 70
Mandeville, 149
Manhattan, Island of, 173, 267
Manor, Van Cortlandt, 174, 175
Manor-House, The Van Cortlandt, 171, 176, 178, 179, 180, 183, 195, 199
Marlborough, Duke of, 15
Marriner, "Farmer," 282, 285

Marshall, Chief-Justice, John, 84, 85, 86, 88, 89, 93, 94, 95, 96, 296
Marshall House, The, 85, 86
Marshall, Mrs., 97, 98
Martin, John, 2, 7
Mary and John, The, 346, 357, 365
Maryland, 106
Massachusetts, 327, 346, 349, 361, 369, 370, 375, 378, 382, 403, 415, 422, 425
Massassoit, 379
Mather, Rev. Eleazar, 396
Mather, Eunice, 382, 410
Mather, Esther, 396
Mather, Richard, 382
Mathews, Rev. John Rutherford, 183
Mathews, Mrs. John Rutherford, 191, 192
Mayo, Major, 42
McClenachan, Blair, 125
Meacham, Rev. Joseph, 417, 421
Meeting-House Hill, 353
Metacomet, 379
Milborne, Captain, 154
Minot House, 347
"Mischianza," The, 116, 117, 122
Moncure, Dr. J. D., 483, 484, 486
Montague, Charles, Earl of Halifax, 24
Monticello, 6
Monroe, Fort, 10, 11
Mordaunt, Charles, 47
Mordaunts, The, 49
Morris, Elliston Perot, 131, 139, 140
Morris, Governor Samuel, 139, 140
Morris, Henry Gage, 283
Morris House, The, 131, 133, 137
Morris, Roger, 262, 268, 276, 277, 279, 280, 282
Morris, Mrs. Roger, 265, 273, 277, 285, 324
Morristown (N. J.), 141, 142, 145
Morristown Road, 150, 151
Moseley, Abigail, 365
Moseley, Sarah, 370
Mowatt, Anna Cora, 20

N

Nanfran, Lieutenant-Governor, 208
Nansemond County, 66
Napoleon I., 289, 290, 293, 317, 324
Napoleon, Louis, 289, 321
Napoleon, Prince ("Plon-Plon"), 322
New Amsterdam, 171, 172
New Jersey, 141, 156, 157, 161
New York City, 130, 131, 172, 227, 243, 245, 247, 250, 254, 256, 258, 261, 262, 273, 276, 286, 291, 299, 301, 306, 314
Nicholson, Sir Francis, 476
Norfolk, 2, 70
Norfolk, Upper, 66,
Norton, Charles Eliot, 410

O

Oak Hill, upon Livingston Manor, 201, 216, 222, 226, 227, 228, 231, 233, 234, 238
Opechancanough, 61,432

P

Page, Major Mann, 14
Page, Mann, of Timberneck, 69
Page of Pagebrook, 53
Pagerie, de la, 293
Palace, Williamsburg, 97
Palatines, 211, 212, 213, 216
Parke, Colonel Daniel, 15, 16, 17, 34, 38
Parke, Lucy, 44
Passaic County, 157
Passaic River, 157

Patawomekes, The, 474
Paulding, J. R., 11
Paulet, Sir John, 33
Peale, Rembrandt, 75
Pearce, Richard, 347
Peirce, Frederick Clifton, 347
Peirce, Professor J. M., 346
Penn, John, 112
Penn, William, 129
Pennsylvania, 107, 108
Percie, Master George, 351, 451, 473
Percys, The, of Northumberland, 351
Perot, Huguenot, 131
Peterborough, Lord, 47, 48
Philadelphia, 108, 111, 120, 131, 132, 133
Philip, King, 379, 383
Philipse, Eva, 250
Philipse, Frederick (1), 239, 243, 248, 249, 250
Philipse, Frederick (2), 250, 253, 255, 258
Philipse, Frederick (3), 256, 257, 265
Philipse, Manor-House, 239, 240, 251, 253, 255, 256, 262, 267, 268, 272, 273, 276, 278
Philipse, Mary, 261, 262
Philipse, My Lady, 249
Philipse, Philip, 249
Philipse, Susan, 257
Phillips, General, 6
Pierce, Abigail Thompson, 352, 354, 362
Pierce, Hon. Andrew, 370
Pierce, Ann, 357
Pierce, Hon. Benjamin, 370
Pierce Crest, 346
Pierce, Elizabeth, 357
Pierce, Elizabeth How, 358
Pierce, General E. W., 369
Pierce, George Francis, 374
Pierce, President Franklin, 370
Pierce, Henry of Brookline, 370
Pierce Homestead, 346, 349
Pierce, John (1), 347
Pierce John (2), 352, 353, 362, 366
Pierce, Rev. John, 370
Pierce, Lewis, 370, 374
Pierce, Lewis Francis, 370, 373, 374
Pierce, Hon. Oliver, 370
Pierce, Robert, 346, 347, 348, 351, 365, 366
Pierce, Samuel (1), 352, 365
Pierce, Samuel (2), 355
Pierce, Samuel (3), 355
Pierce, Colonel Samuel (4), 355, 357, 358, 359, 366, 369, 374
Pierce, Colonel Thomas Wentworth, 370
Pierce, William Augustus, 374
Pocahontas, 61, 64, 432, 434, 436, 439, 441, 443, 444, 446, 447, 448, 449, 454, 457, 461, 466, 469, 472
Pocomptuck Indians, 378
Pocomptuck Village, 379, 385
Pompiton Indians, 151
Pompton (N. J.), 141, 142, 145, 146, 149, 161, 162
Pompton Plains, 151
Pope, Alexander, 31
Pope, General, 55
Port Richmond, 319
Potomacs, The, 447, 448, 450
Powhatan, The Emperor, 70, 432, 433, 434, 439, 441, 442, 443, 449, 450, 452, 456, 460, 466, 467, 470, 473, 477
Powhatan River, 1
Presque Isle, 2
Provost, Mrs. Theodosia, 305
Purchas, 469

Q

Quebec, 391, 401, 417
Queen Street Mansion, 250

R

Ramapo Lake, 145
Ramapo River, 146

Randolph, John of Roanoke, 490, 493, 494, 495
Randolphs, The, 2
Ratcliffe, President, 446, 473
Read, Mrs. William, 122
Rebecca, The Lady, 465, 466, 468, 472
Red Mill, The, 265
Reed, Adjutant-General, 281
Richmond, Virginia, 1, 8, 70, 76, 84, 97, 296, 462, 483
Ritchie, Dr., 8, 9, 10
Ritchie, Thomas, 8
Ritchie, Miss Virginia, 11
Ritchie, William Foushee, 20
Robinson, Colonel Beverley, 257, 258, 261, 266, 267, 277
Robinson, Frederick, 258
Robinson, Colonel William, 5
Rochambeau, 178
Rolfe, John, 64, 453, 455, 456, 461, 462, 465, 466, 468, 472, 474
Rolfe, Thomas, 469
Rouville, Major Hertel de, 386
Ruffin, F. G., 86
Ruffin, Mrs. F. G., 87
Rutgers College, 181

S

San Domingo, 285
Saratoga, 300
Schuyler, Captain Abraham, 155
Schuyler, Adoniah, 157, 158, 161
Schuyler, Alida (van), 201
Schuyler, Arent (1), 154, 155, 156, 161, 162
Schuyler, Arent (2), 157, 158, 161
Schuyler, Casparus, 163
Schuyler, Cornelius, 161
Schuyler, Ester, 163
Schuyler and Colfax Houses, 141
Schuyler Homestead, Pompton, N. J., 159
Schuyler, Johannes (John), 153, 418, 419, 420, 421
Schuyler, Margritta, 152, 154, 155
Schuyler, Peter, 153, 154, 155, 163
Schuyler, General Philip, 181
Schuyler, Philip Petersen, (1) 152, 155, 175, 201
Schuyler, Philip (2), 157, 161, 162
Schuyler, "The Widow," 154, 156, 163
Schuyler, Van, 175
Schuylers, The, 242
Selyus, Henricus, 241, 245
Six Nations, 255
Shaccoa's, 26, 43
Sharon (Connecticut), 327, 329
Sharon, Meeting-House, 330, 332
Sheldon, Rev. George, 385
Sheldon House, 387
Sheldon, Captain John, 387, 407
Sheldon, Mrs. John, 387, 430
Shippen, Chief-Justice, 117
Shippen, Margaret, 117
Shirley, 2, 63, 64, 69, 73, 74, 75, 83
Shirley, Sir Thomas, 64
Shirley, West, 64
Shrewsbury, 247
Skinner, Cortlandt, 261
Skipworth, "Lady," 497
Smith, Cotton Mather, 328, 329, 330, 332, 333
Smith, Gilbert Livingston (1) 335, 336
Smith, Gilbert Livingston (2) 339
Smith, Helen Evertson, 331 339, 344, 345
Smith, Helen Livingston, 335 344
Smith, Henry, 327
Smith Homestead, 327, 337
Smith, Ichabod, 328
Smith, Jerusha Mather, 328

Smith, Captain John, 73, 351, 432, 433, 435, 436, 439, 440, 441, 442, 444, 446, 447, 465, 466, 467, 473, 475
Smith, Governor John Cotton, 332, 334, 340
Smith, Rev. John Cotton, D.D., 331
Smith, John Cotton, Jr., 335
Smith, Madame Temperance Worthington, 328, 331, 332, 336, 344
Smith, Margaret Evertson, 334, 343
Smith, Robert Worthington, 335, 336
Smith, Rev. Roland Cotton, 331
Smith, Samuel, 328
Smith, William Mather, 334
Smith's (John) Coat-of-Arms, 432
Smith's (Sharon) Crest, 327
Somers, 247
Southwell, Sir Robert, 24
Spotswood, Governor Alexander, 5, 480
Staatje (Little Village), 213, 228, 238
Stafford, 105
Stanhope, Philip, 238
Steuben, 178
Stevenson, Anne, 181, 196
Stevenson, John, 181
Stirling, Lord, 142, 226
Stoddard, Captain John, 387, 392, 413, 418
Stone, Dr., 10
Stone, Mrs., 10
Stuart, Lady Christina, 464
Stuckly, Sir Lewis, 469
Stuyvesant, 171
Sunnybank, 146, 151

T

Talleyrand, 289
Tamaranachquæ, 204
Taylor, Captain John, 195, 196
Taylor, Maria, 37
Teller, Jenneke, 155, 156
Terhune, Rev. Dr., 146
Tew, Thomas, 245
Thompson, Rev. William, 352
Thorpe, George, 61
Torlonia, Prince, 323
Towowa, 164
Tryon, Governor, 177, 178
Tuckahoe, 2
Tyler, John, 11

U

Union Iron Works, 112

V

Van Buren, John, 220
Van Blum, Admiral, 334
Van Cortlandt, Abram, 177
Van Cortlandt, Miss Anne Stevenson, 182
Van Cortlandt, Mrs. Anne Stevenson, 181, 196
Van Cortlandt, "Caty" Clinton, 181, 195, 196
Van Cortlandt, Mrs. Catherine E., 182, 187, 188, 199
Van Cortlandt Coat-of-Arms, 171
Van Cortlandt, Gilbert, 192
Van Cortlandt, Captain James Stevenson, 183
Van Cortlandt, Joanna Livingston, 179, 180, 188, 191, 192
Van Cortlandt, John, 177, 184
Van Cortlandt Manor-House, 171, 174, 176, 179, 180, 183, 185, 250
Van Cortlandt, "Nancy," 192
Van Cortlandt, Olaf Stevense, 171, 172, 173, 176, 244
Van Cortlandt, Philip (1), 176, 177, 184, 192
Van Cortlandt, Philip (2), 177, 180, 187

Van Cortlandt, Philip (Stephen's son), 178
Van Cortlandt, Pierre (1), 176, 177, 179, 184, 188, 191, 192
Van Cortlandt, Pierre (2), 181, 195, 196
Van Cortlandt, Pierre (3), 177, 181
Van Cortlandt, Stephen, 177
Van Cortlandts, The, 153, 200, 242, 250, 279
Vandreuil, Marquis de, 419
Vandyke, 31, 38
Van Rensselaer, Philip Schuyler, 192
Van Rensselaers, The, 153
Van Schuyler, 154
Van Wagenen, Hendrick Garritse, 157, 162
Varina, 432, 456, 462
Verplancks, The, 153
Virginia, 1, 5, 8, 25, 34, 38, 53, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 69, 70, 73, 84, 87, 101, 105, 106, 112, 258, 261, 277, 436, 447, 461, 482

W

Walker, Admiral, 413
Waln, Jesse, 136
Walthoe, Mister, 24
Ward, Sophia Howard, 115
Warham, Rev. John, 382
Warner, Charles Dudley, 410
Washington, Fort, 262, 288, 292, 308
Washington, George, 53, 75, 111, 115, 121, 132, 135, 136, 137, 139, 140, 142, 145, 150, 164, 170, 178, 179, 225, 256, 261, 262, 265, 266, 267, 271, 272, 277, 280, 281, 282, 326, 471, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487
Washington Heights, 306, 325, 326
Washington's Headq'trs (Pompton, N. J.), 142, 143, 151
Washington, Lady, 135, 137, 150, 170, 282, 326
Werowocomoco, 432, 433, 435, 442, 444, 453
Westhrope, Elizabeth, 2
Westhrope, Major John, 2
Westover, 2, 24, 25, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 44, 48, 50, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 60, 73
Westover MSS., 5, 25
Wethersfield (Connecticut), 164, 327
Whiston, England, 64
Whitefield, George, 200, 232
Wickhams, The, 88
William and Mary, 239, 476
William and Mary College, 5, 99, 476, 478
William of Normandy, 34, 201
Williamsburg (Va.), 5, 471, 476, 479, 483, 484, 485, 493, 494
William of Yevan, 376, 377
Williams Church and Parsonage, 405, 407
Williams College, 336, 378
Williams Crest, 376
Williams, Eleazar, Rev., Louis XVII., 426
Williams, Eleazar, 383, 387, 403, 417, 421
Williams, Eliakim (1), 383
Williams, Eliakim (2), 384, 392,
Williams, Eliakim (3), 413
Williams, Elijah, 422
Williams, Mrs. Elijah, 422
Williams, Ephraim, 377
Williams, Esther, 383, 403, 416
Williams, Eunice, 384, 417, 418, 419, 421, 422, 429
Williams, Mrs. Eunice, 387, 388, 391, 396, 399, 430
Williams, Rev. John, 378, 380, 387, 388, 391, 396, 397, 399, 403, 404, 407, 409, 410, 413, 417, 418
Williams, John (2), 384, 392

Williams, John (3), 426
Williams, Chief Joseph, 430
Williams, Mary Hobart Jourdan, 426
Williams of Penrhyn, 376
Williams, Richard, 376
Williams, Robert of Roxbury, 375, 377, 378
Williams, Samuel, 383, 403, 414, 416
Williams, Sarah, 425, 426
Williams, Stephen, 383, 403, 417, 421
Williams, Stephen W. (M.D.), 375
Williams (Surgeon), 425
Williams, Thomas, 426, 429
Williams, Warham, 384, 403, 415, 416
Williams, William, 377
Williamses, The, 375
Williamstown, 378
Willing, "Molly," 77
Wise, Henry A., 84
Wister, Charles, 136
Withington, Melissa, 370
Worthington, Rev. William, 332
Worthington, Sir William, 328
Wren, Sir Christopher, 476
Wynne, Thomas, 27
Wythe, Chancellor, 498, 499

Y

Yonkers, 239, 240, 251, 268, 271

LBJe 26

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 011 290 697 6