Ethel Hall Brooks
July 1933

# A LITTLE GIRL OF 1812

*by*

HARRIETTE HALL BROOKS

To dear Isabell with love
from cousin Hattie -

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# FOREWORD

THE little incidents of my mother's childhood which I am going to set down for the interest of her descendants were mostly told me when I was sitting by her side in her room in our Chestnut Street home in Boston. When she had called me in from play to rest and to do a little sewing on my patchwork (I was making a quilt after my Grandmother D'Wolf's pattern), the talk often led to reminiscences of her and of my mother's childhood, with many a little anecdote of the past, which she loved to recall and I equally loved to hear.

I was keenly interested in the little accounts of her childhood and girlhood life which she told me on those happy mornings. Hers was a large family of brothers and sisters, eleven in number, one having died in infancy, and as there was no end of aunts, uncles and cousins it was of great interest to me to follow the different relationships and family connections and I became quite an authority on family affairs.

Cousin Mark Howe—Bishop M. A. DeWolf—would often call me aside when I was at his house in Bristol to ask me about some intricate relationship, far back, which no one else in the family could tell him. Had I set about this pleasant little task earlier in life, I should probably have remembered more, but I hope that those who read of little Josephine's life will enjoy the story half as much as I have enjoyed writing it.

"Fanny" on page 6 is my grandmother Fanny D'Wolf (Lotte Howe)

L.W.G.

# A LITTLE GIRL OF 1812

LITTLE JOSEPHINE MARIA D'WOLF was born in the town of Bristol, Rhode Island, in the troublous times of 1812. She was the youngest of the eleven children of James and Ann Bradford D'Wolf.

Her first remembrance was of the great September gale of 1815. During its fury, her brother, Mark Anthony, walked up and down the great hall with her in his arms to quiet her fears. She remembered her cousins, "the Baylies girls," running over from their house nearby[1] with their hair streaming down, looking altogether dishevelled and terrified, the roof having blown off their house. The next day she remembered hearing them say that the fences were blown down around the deer park and that the deer had escaped. This last particularly interested her, as she loved to go every day with her nurse to feed them.

Her next vivid remembrance was the great reception given to Commodore Perry at the Mount, her father's home, after the victory of Lake Erie. The Commodore and officers of the *Chippewa*[2] in full uniform marched with the whole crew up the long flag-walk to the big front entrance, the ship's band playing, and little Josephine, hearing it, ran in terror up the great winding staircase to the top of the house, where she stayed till they entered, and the band, with its terrifying drums, had ceased. There were invited guests from Newport and all the country round and a morning collation was served in the great drawing rooms, where all the state dinners and banquets were held. Josephine was brought downstairs later and became good friends with the Commodore, as his youngest brother, Lieutenant Raymond Perry, having married her sister Mary Ann, made her feel quite at home with him.

As she grew older, and was able to play without her nurse Phoebe's constant supervision, the beautiful great garden was her playground, and the long, white-latticed arbor at the end of the central path was generally the scene of her plays. There, with her doll and little set of dishes, she was quite content to play alone, her vivid imagination making up for all deficiencies. Phoebe's watchful eye was always on her while she was doing other work, such as plaiting the linen-cambric ruffles of my grandfather's shirts, a task which was always assigned to Phoebe, and she kept the thumb-nail on her right hand long, for that purpose.

[1] Afterwards occupied by Bishop M. A. DeWolf Howe's family.

[2] Her father had had the *Chippewa* built at his own expense, the government being unable at that time to do it.

In winter the garden was still Josephine's playground and her brother Bradford, two years older than herself, would draw her in a little sleigh around the icy paths, acting the part of horse. There were no such things as India rubbers in those days, and Josephine wore thick woolen stockings and stout leather shoes, and when the paths were particularly smooth and tempting with ice, she would take her shoes off so that she might slide without fear of falling. One day when the snow was unusually deep in the paths, she lost her shoe in a drift, and straightway ran into the house and got the kitchen shovel, dug it out, shook out the snow, and put it on again,—nor did she take any cold from the exposure!

But the stormy days would come and keep both children in the house. Then their play was horse again, and they would arrange the nursery chairs for the carriage, and Bradford would harness up six small wooden horses with string, Josephine holding the reins, and many a dashing drive they had. The incongruity of the large chairs and tiny horses did not occur to them or take one whit from the reality of their play.

On going to bed at night, little Bradford used to say to his Mother,—"Been a good boy, Ma?" and she would answer, "Yes, you've been a very good boy." Upon which he would ask, "Go to Heaven when I die?" and the answer being "Yes," he would fall happily to sleep.

But to return to the garden, which deserves more description, for it was very beautiful. An exquisite fence and gate enclosed it, and the beds were filled with flowers, bordered with box. Besides the greenhouse there was a peach and apricot house, as well as a grapery, from which the family was supplied with fruits all winter. There was always a trained gardener, either English or Scotch, who kept everything in perfect condition. Just inside the garden gate was the exquisite little summer-house, octagonal in shape, with many little pointed gables, beneath which was a succession of windows, shaded with blinds. It was built on a high rock and was surmounted by a colored, carved figure of King Philip. At the end of the garden was a wide gate, leading to a large field, which was called the Indian Common, so named from a quantity of arrowheads and stone hatchets found there when plowing up the soil. (In my day this was a vegetable garden.) Here her brothers and sisters, much older than Josephine, often played. One day when they were there playing soldiers, on hearing drums from the town, they all fled for home, leaving behind poor little Nancy, the youngest of the party, who came running along alone and crying in terror, "'Top, 'top, Boneypart's tum, Boneypart's tum!" probably echoing the older ones. This incident seems to tell of the time in which they lived and brings the Napoleonic days very near.

In this vicinity was the deer park, well stocked with deer.

I must tell of a romantic incident which happened here when Josephine's sister Harriette was engaged to Prescott Hall. The



young lawyer was visiting her and they had walked over to the deer park, and were inside the enclosure, when a large stag attacked Harriette and, knocking her down, was about to trample on her, when Prescott Hall flew to the rescue. He used to say in after years that he considered it a fortunate circumstance that he should have been the one to save her life.

One day while playing on the grounds, Josephine saw a little girl about her own age, digging up something around the rocks, and she immediately interviewed her, for it was an unusual sight to see anyone she did not know, especially a child, on the place. On asking her what she was doing, the child said she had come up from town, and was digging the moss and lichens from the rocks for her mother to dye a carpet with. This was a delightful diversion for Josephine, and she quickly told her she would help her, and ran into the kitchen for an old knife, and the two of them soon had the basket filled. Josephine wished that she would come again and watched for her day after day, but she never did.

There were countless outbuildings on the place, one of which was used for the resident carpenter, known in the town as Deacon Holmes. He kept the house and the place in perfect repair. He worked there many years. Here Josephine loved to play sometimes, in the sweet-smelling, clean little shop. She would pick up the best shavings of pine or cedar and hang them on her ears, playing they were curls, and then gayly ride on his saw-horse, and she thought it great fun. Sometimes he got a little tired of having her around, being rather a nervous little man, and would say, "You'd better not play with them tools. They might *cut* yer. I guess yer better run up home to yer Ma." He said "cut yer" with a sort of snap that sent her home immediately. The gardener was always within call and Phoebe, her devoted nurse, made many little visits to the shop to see that all was going well with her beloved little charge.

When Josephine did some little thing to displease Phoebe, she would tell her that she should go away off to the "Western Country," where her brother Henry lived (the "Western Country" at that time being Buffalo), and never come back. This so terrified Josephine that she promised to be good immediately. This threat was often repeated, and always with the same result! She even mistrusted Phoebe sometimes when she had gone to her mother's or to one of her married sisters, in town on an afternoon, and when she was conscious of not having been a *very* good little girl, she would secretly run and look in the big nursery closet where Phoebe kept her small hair trunk, to see if it was still there or if it was on its way to the "Western Country."

I am sure you will want to hear something of the dear, beautiful old house. We entered it by the great west door and walked through to the door at the other end, which led to a large piazza, so large that it was really like a room, enclosed by blinds all the way

around. But to go back and look into the exquisite drawing-rooms which ran the full length of the house. No description can do them justice. My mother told me that an Italian artist lived for a year in the house, decorating the walls. On one side of one of these rooms, most lovely in soft, rich colors, was the story of "Paul and Virginia." I loved it when a small child and used to go into the room and tell myself the story, as it had been told to me. In the other room was the painting of a coffee plantation and it was very lovely and interesting. The furniture was charming in shape and upholstered in rich, red morocco. The mantelpieces were of Carrara marble.

On the other side of the house was the "Green Room" (used as a family sitting-room) and the dining-room, a passageway connecting them. Here stood a tall clock which played such tunes as "Over the Water to Charlie," "Nancy Dawson," and the like.

Then we went up the winding staircase to the second story where were the "Drawing-room chamber" and the "White Room," both guest rooms. Very beautiful they were and harbored many a distinguished guest, among whom was President Munroe. The furniture of the "White Room" was enamelled in white with delicate gilt tracery, and the large rug on the floor was white with colored flowers on it; the walls were also white. There were other delightful rooms on this floor and also in the third story, but I will not take more space to describe them here.

There were no good schools in Bristol at that time, and Josephine's mother talked of having her cousin Lydia LeBaron of Plymouth come as a governess. This being finally decided upon, she was sent for, and arrived one day with all her bundles and boxes. Josephine watched her narrowly, wondering much if she was going to like her, and felt rather in awe of one who was going to keep her in order and make her study. Cousin Lydia was given a room in the third story. It had a single four-post bed which had chintz hangings, with parrots and other birds on them! Here Josephine had her lessons every day, and painful were those hours spent there. She did not take kindly to study, and probably Cousin Liddy did not have a very attractive method of imparting knowledge to a small, lively girl!

With lessons over, sewing started, Josephine would say, "Can't I hold my doll in my lap while I sew, Cousin Liddy? I will promise not to play with her, I will only pin my work to her." But Cousin Liddy was firm, and answered, "Certainly *not*, child. Whoever heard of such a thing!"

"Well, can't she just sit beside me on the floor?" she would plead.

"No," would be the answer. "You could not study playing with a doll." And probably Cousin Lydia was right, knowing that it would distract her attention from her studies, but of course Josephine thought it very cruel.



The next winter Josephine was sent to a little school in town, and, poor though it was, she learned much more quickly there among other children than during Cousin Liddy's régime.

Josephine's child life was a very full and happy one. She constantly drove with her mother in the great carriage,— Ben Mann was the coachman at that time. Sometimes they drove to Warren to do a little shopping, sometimes to see relatives; to Poppersquash to see her Uncle William's family, or to see her sister Mary Ann in town, where she played with her little nephew, James Perry,[1] who was only three years younger than she. Then sometimes they walked over to see her Aunt Baylies and the girls, or over to Uncle John Bradford's, who lived in his father's (Governor Bradford's) house. She remembered Aunt Mimy, his wife, giving her little bright red apples, which reminded her of Aunt Mimy's plump red cheeks, and the tapestry on the wall in one of the rooms, depicting scenes from the story of "Jeptha's daughter." The figures were so nearly life-size that they half frightened her.

On one Sunday morning after breakfast, her brother Mark called her to him and said, "I want you to listen very attentively this morning in church, for I think you'll hear something that will interest you."

So she listened with all her ears, and felt that the eyes of the whole congregation were upon her when she heard Bishop Griswold say, "I publish the Banns of Matrimony between Mark Anthony D'Wolf and Sophie Catherine Virginia Chapotin of Providence!"

The marriage took place soon after, and at the reception in Providence, she met her new sister's little sister, by the name of Cole. The two little girls, who afterwards were to be such dear and intimate friends, were very shy of each other. They started their conversation by saying, "How do you like having my sister for your sister?" And the reply was, "Very much. How do you like having my brother for your brother?" They often laughed afterwards at these shy and unoriginal remarks of theirs. They constantly met as children at Poppersquash and at the Mount.

Grandfather had built a very large and beautiful house for his son at Poppersquash, overlooking Narragansett Bay.

Her brother William Henry was married to the beautiful Sarah Rogers of Philadelphia about this time, and to them Grandfather gave the use of a fine house in town (afterwards the Alexander Perry house).

Every Christmas eve Josephine's mother took her to the service at St. Michael's Church, which was a great event. She marvelled at the simple decorations of greens, and the large illuminated star which was fastened on the back gallery thrilled her. Ben Bourne led the hymn tunes with bass viol, for there was no organ at St. Michael's in those days, and the choir sang "While Shepherds

[1]Grandfather of the present Presiding Bishop James De Wolf Perry.

Watched Their Flocks by Night," and other good old Christmas hymns, and altogether the whole occasion was so impressed on her sensitive mind that in after years she rarely let a Christmas pass without recalling it. Phoebe always made a little three-legged tallow dip for Josephine, which burned while she was going to sleep and gave great pleasure to her, while she watched it through half-opened lids, until they closed for the night. Christmas presents were not as common in those days as they are now,—perhaps some picture-book or toy might be given. I do know that Josephine hung up her stocking, however, but just what she found in it I cannot say. They had a most merry Christmas with those of the family who lived in Bristol, children and grandchildren, coming to eat a wonderful Christmas dinner with them. Probably Bishop Griswold and his family dined with them also, as they often did.

One winter Josephine's father went to Cuba to visit his plantations in Matanzas, to see that all was going well. He constantly went there or sent his sons when it was impossible for him to go himself, and a letter from Josephine's mother to him while away, in which Josephine sends him a message, I will give here. It is a sweet letter, and shows how much Bishop Griswold thought of her judgment.

Bristol, January 25, 1819

My dear Husband:

My feelings are better felt than described to you when W. H. returned and gave me the few lines from on board the *Balance*, announcing your departure;—I had a faint hope that I should see you again this day,—it was but the shadow of hope, and soon fled away;—I then clung to the letter and it gave me great comfort. I did then try to exercise the best of my reason, as you desired, and was in some measure reconciled. It is a hard thing to live without you, and, reconcile it the best I can, I have done but little else except watch the wind and weather this day,—I hope and trust you will have a good passage is the wish of your affectionate wife,

ANN D'WOLF

Here we see she adds another letter before the next ship sailed.

Bristol, Febru'y the 13, 1819

My dear Husband:

I hear a vessel sails for the Havana tomorrow, if the wind permit; I eagerly embrace the opportunity to inform you that we are all well at present. I hear every week from the children,—they are quite well and all James' family. I had a letter from my dear W. Bradford,—his diction and writing,—you will readily imagine how delighted I was. Mrs. Binie had a son born last week,—the children were at James' two days earlier in consequence,—they were to return on Sunday. As for business and news, I must refer you to your Brother and Son, and for my own domestic concerns,



they are too trifling to mention,—and how I dispose of my time you shall hear. I go to bed and get up, eat and drink, work and read,—go to town once or twice a week,—I beat and beat the beaten track. I went to see Mary Ann yesterday. She is quite unwell with a bad cold. The Bishop came in to see me, he leaves here on Saturday for Vermont. The purport of his conversation was on changing his Situation,—he said he had been advised by some of his friends and wished to know my opinion on the subject. I told him it was not in my power to advise him,—that I was not an advocate for second marriages,—then he mentioned my father living single so long etc., etc., etc. I told him he must be the best judge of what was for his happiness,—he said he wished he knew what was for the best,—and then he went home. His daughter Julia has had a cancer cut out of her breast. Our carriage conveyed her to Providence for the purpose. She is doing very well. Our dear little Josephine is standing by me and says, "Give my love to Papa and tell him not to forget my amber beads that he promised me." In some of those odd times when you are viewing the shrubbery and beauties of Cuba, do not forget some little plants for me. I have this moment received letters from Harriette and Catherine,—they are all well and happy as they write. Give my kind love to our dear sons,—I would write them, have not time, they must write me. My best love to Mrs. Cheveteau,—hope she realized all she expected in meeting her friends. After entreating you to be very cautious and wishing you every comfort and happiness this world can give, I remain your affectionate wife,

ANN D'WOLF

On a previous visit he had brought home with him two little Africans, Adjua and Pauladore (always pronounced and written Pollydore). They were full-blooded natives, and Grandmother trained them to wait on the table very nicely, and they were very attractive, with their little round, woolly heads and bright eyes. Mr. P. P. F. de Grande,[1] a French gentleman from Boston, said of them, when dining at the Mount, "They are black, but comely."

Grandmother was very kind and watchful of Aggie, as Adjua was called, and Aggie adored her. Aggie also helped in the kitchen in little ways, and Poll, as he was always called, in the garden. At a proper age they married and had four children: Isabella, Amy, Alice, and Frederick. Grandfather built them a nice little house not far from the Mount. After the children were older, so that she could take them with her, she went every day to cook at the Mount, as Grandmother had taught her before her marriage.

One day, as Josephine was sitting out on the lawn, Freddie said, "Let's play that Miss Josephine is Miss Ballaston." Amy threw back her head laughing and said, "Oh, Freddie, Mith Ballathon i'th ath black ath charcoal!"

[1]Peter Paul Francis de Grande was a charming man and much sought after in Boston society. He was a refugee from France.

In after-life Josephine (then my mother) was very fond of Aggie and Poll. Every autumn when, as a child, I visited the Mount with her, we rarely missed a day going to see Aggie. Her little cottage always smelled strongly of herbs which she had hung up drying for winter use.

Poll was constantly working in his garden. I can see his white wool now above the stonewall. He always came into the house while we were there to have a little talk with mother. They always had a batch of kittens for me to play with. Aggie's granddaughter Annie and her husband lived there. The day that we left the Mount, to go home, Annie was always at the corner with her two boys, with little plaid shawls pinned around them, for the mornings were crisp in October, and each child had a little bunch of bright dahlias as a parting gift. Aggie had been lame with rheumatism for years and could scarcely leave her chair, so our visits were very welcome to her.

James, the eldest son, before his marriage was the first to make the "European Tour" as it was then called, which was supposed to finish the education of high-bred young gentlemen of those days. He was presented at the court of Napoleon Bonaparte and Napoleon talked quite a little with him, asking him if he was fond of dancing, etc., which he was told was quite unusual with Napoleon at presentations. James was a very handsome and distinguished-looking man; he was said to look like a Frenchman, which perhaps attracted Napoleon to him.

He brought home a beautiful, large wax doll to Josephine, so beautiful that her mother had a handsome mahogany case made for it, three sides being of glass. In this case the doll stood when Josephine was not playing with her, as she was too lovely for common play. But I grieve to say that I, as a child, had the finishing of her! Playing that she was ill with a cold, I placed her in a chair before the open fire, and then, alas, something called me away and I forgot her, and when I returned there was no semblance of a face! It all came about from over-much love and care of her, as well as ignorance of her "make-up"! The doll was given to me once when very ill, and I believe the joy of possessing her saved my life.

Josephine's brother Mark, as a young man, also went to Europe, and brought home among other things a beautiful string of coral beads to his mother. He had picked out the coral himself and had seen many of the beads cut. They are still in the family.

Her brothers, James and Mark, went to Matanzas, Cuba, to visit the plantations for their father. It was a great event in those days, and all the hands on the place were called into the dining-room to drink their health and say good-bye. Ben Mann, the coachman, was called upon to give a toast, for which I fancy he was well prepared, and I will give it here; it certainly was most original! "Here's to them as sails on the piratical ocean of the Main; not for pleasure, but for gain."



Josephine used to look at the weather vane on the big stable, which was a large gilt ship, and be reminded of her brothers on a ship like that, and would grow quite sad as she repeated the words of a song she had heard,

"When the wind whistles shrilly, ah, won't it remind you
To sigh with regret for the friends left behind you."

She always thought that "Shrilly" was the name of a little girl, and whenever she heard the wind blow she felt very sorry for her.

When Josephine was about eight years old she became aware that the family was talking over some plan about which they did not wish her to know, as they suddenly stopped the conversation when she entered the room. But she was soon to hear that they were all to go to Washington the next winter, her father having been elected to the United States Senate. She learned also, to her sorrow, that her Phoebe was not to be taken, as she was not in very good health at that time, and was to pass the winter with her mother. Josephine was to have a colored nurse when they got to Washington. Of course there were many preparations going on before they were finally ready to go. Harriette, Catherine and Nancy were already at a French boarding school in New York, and Bradford, a little boy of nine years, was at Banselle's Military Academy, so there was only little Josephine left to take the trip with her parents.

At last the day came when they started for Washington, and they were packed into the great travelling coach and were off on their way. Poll, as footman, stood on the back of the coach, holding on to the two great leather straps, while they were passing through cities and towns, but he was allowed to sit down on the long stretches of road, for, of course, it was a long, tiresome trip. Had Josephine been older at the time, she would have had more to tell me about the journey, but one event particularly impressed itself on her mind. They passed a night at Hâvre de Grace, and there her mother unexpectedly met a cousin. She heard her exclaim, "Why, Francis le Baron, where did you come from?" etc., and the familiar name was a refreshing sound to her ears.

In Washington they lived in a suite of apartments at Willard's Hotel, where many Senators and their families were staying. I expect she was a very homesick little girl for the Mount and Phoebe. She soon started school, and Pollydore always took her to the door, carrying her books and lunch-basket. One day she ran away from him to reach the school alone, but upon turning a corner she came suddenly upon two Indian chiefs in all their paint and feathers! She was terrified, and ran quickly back to Poll, who, seeing what had happened, was laughing heartily, showing his white teeth. When he told her mother of it, he said, "She'll never run away from me again, never fear." And she never did, but kept closely by Poll's side.

The Indians had come to Washington on an expedition, bring-

ing a petition to the President for some grant of land which was being taken from them. While they were in Washington their portraits were painted, and they were on their way from a sitting when Josephine ran into them. She said they gave their Indian grunt and went on. President Monroe invited many Senators with their wives and other friends to the White House to see the Indians in all their war-paint and full regalia give a war-dance on the lawn. After the dance they came into the House to a collation. One chief, when eating oysters (evidently never having tasted them before), put one into his mouth, and then quickly deposited it behind one of the rich damask curtains! Nor did he try to conceal this act, but did it quite as a matter of course.

When the Senators were leaving the Capitol after the day's session, Josephine would run down Pennsylvania Avenue to meet her father and walk back with him. This she loved to do, and her father's welcoming smile and offered hand, which she grasped while he talked to the others with him on grave and weighty matters, were enough to make her happy.

She became quite intimate with a little schoolmate, named Josephine Crossfield, and often passed a Saturday at her house. She liked a colored servant there very much, so much, indeed, that she gave her, on her parting visit at the house, a string of coral beads, taking them from her own neck. On telling her mother of the fact when she got back to the hotel, her mother wrote a note to Mrs. Crossfield, explaining the situation, and the beads were returned.

General Dix (Adjutant-General, I think he was) lived at the same hotel and had his office on the first floor. His young son was doing the work of a clerk for his father, and Josephine often went down there at his invitation. He was evidently fond of children and liked the company of the bright little girl. He would give her paper and a pencil with which she drew little pictures. One day she asked him to print "Phoebe Fales" on a slip of paper, and she wore it tucked inside her dress for days, or as long as the bit of paper lasted. It showed how homesick the child really was, and how she longed for home and Phoebe, her nurse. She begged to be left at home the next year when the rest of the family went to Washington, and her mother had "Aunt Betsy Wardwell" come up to keep house. Indeed I think she must have been there the winter before as well. I am quite sure that one of Josephine's married brothers and his wife also passed the winter at the Mount, but I do not remember which one it was now. Her mother was obliged to be away from her so much in Washington at dinners and receptions, and as she did not care for the colored nurse, she must have been very lonely there. One can imagine little Josephine's joy on reaching her dear Mount and how she visited her favorite haunts. For some reason (illness, I suppose) Phoebe was not able to be with her that year.



Her brother came to visit with his wife[1] and little daughter Juliana, named for her mother and grandmother. She was only three years younger than Josephine and they played very happily together, often in the beautiful summer-house, which had a long flight of steps leading up to it. There was an advantage in the steps, as they gave the reality and dignity of a real house! As these children grew up they were very beautiful. Juliana was a brilliant brunette, and Josephine blue-eyed and exquisitely fair. As young girls they were devoted friends, as well as being aunt and niece, and all through life they corresponded, their letters telling of their ever-growing affection. In after years they used to laugh at their old-time plays, sometimes with two crickets, which they dressed up and named Nicholas and William, names which they probably took from some story-book. They were nice, fat, stuffed little crickets and lent themselves easily to the play. Indeed I have a letter from Juliana, when they were both in their seventies, in which she asks Josephine if she remembers their play, speaking particularly of the crickets. Juliana married Robert Livingston Cutting of New York.

The next winter Josephine went to a very nice school, kept by a Miss Bourne. There was one child among the scholars who was very poor, and, ashamed of her meager little lunch, she would go out behind a large rock back of the schoolhouse, away from the other children, to eat it. Those who were better off shunned her, but Josephine's kind, tender little heart was touched by this neglect, and she made a point of joining her at recess-time, when the children went out, and of exchanging lunches with her, saying that she much preferred bread and cheese to her cake and fruit. This was told me by others, not Josephine. One day the teacher was telling of an ox that came into the lesson in some way. Josephine had heard of a very large one being killed at home. She knew that it was some great weight, but just how much she was not sure, so, not wishing to be outdone, she thought that a hundred pounds sounded enormous enough, and that if she said more than that she wouldn't be believed. So she timidly said, "An ox was killed on our place and it weighed a *hundred* pounds!" when, to her mortification, Miss Bourne exclaimed, "My heart, what an ox! It weighed almost as much as I do. I guess you mean a thousand." Of course the children laughed, and Josephine was downcast.

It was arranged that she should dine with her sister Mary Ann on certain days, and from there she walked to take her music lesson at her teacher's, a Mr. Minshaw. She said that her feet would be so wet on stormy days, or when snow was on the ground, that there would be little puddles under the piano where her feet had been! The big carriage came for her there and took her home. One time when her little brother Bradford was at home for the Christmas

[1]James D'Wolf married Julia Post of New York, who was a sweet and charming woman and beautiful, withal.

vacation, he came in the carriage to school for her, wearing his uniform. Josephine heard the children say, "She's proud because her brother's got a uniform on. Don't look at her." This jealous remark so hurt her feelings that she hurried off in the carriage. She had thought that the children would *like* to see the uniform, and had looked forward to showing it off, without a thought of pride entering into it. But she didn't know her audience.

Sometimes she passed the whole day and night at her sister's, sleeping with her little niece Nanny, who was five years younger than she. Nanny's nurse, Mary Darling, a charming young village girl, used to sit in the upper hall just outside the nursery door while the children were going to sleep. Here, her sailor-lover, a young man of the village, Isaac Liscombe by name, was allowed to come and sit with Mary, and, to the children's pleasure, sang delightful sea-songs to her. Josephine caught the words of some of them and afterwards, when she was my mother, sang them to me. One had a particularly sweet tune and the words were quaint and attractive. I will give what I remember of them here.

"Adieu to America, dear Mary, adieu,
Can the gale prove auspicious that bears me from you?
Though the ocean divide us as wide as the pole,
No distance can sever my true love from my soul
Or divest from my bosom all fond thoughts of you
Adieu to America, adieu to America,
Adieu to America, dear Mary, adieu.

"Dear Mary, adieu, can the ship go to wreck
Whilst every plank bears your name on the deck?
Oh, many are the true-love-knots in the topsails I've tied,
While so careless at checkers my mess-mates have vied,
Their sports and their pastimes no pleasure to me,
My mind's far more happy while thinking of thee.
Yes, my mind's far more happy while thinking of you.
Adieu to America," etc.

Isaac Liscombe rose to be captain and constantly sailed my grandfather's ships.

A few years later Josephine's sister Mary Ann came home to the Mount, with her three children, James D'Wolf, Nancy, and Alexander. James was about twelve, Nancy ten, and little Alex only three or four. Her husband, Lieutenant Raymond Perry, was obliged to be away from her so much on his voyages that this seemed best. But when he was in his last illness she went to him and took care of him till he died.

Their coming introduced a new and pleasant element into Josephine's home life, and she enjoyed her little niece and nephews very much. When his mother was sewing, little Alex would sit by



her side, with thread tied around a pin, making believe to sew, too. He must have been very lovely, with his blue eyes and yellow curls. He would say, "Say, 'Take ittle stitties,'" very softly. So she would say, "Alex, you must take little stitches, you know." Then he would say pettishly in a very put-on tone, "No, *tant* take ittle stitties," and that would be repeated many times, to his great satisfaction. I think this is a very cunning little story.

They lived at the Mount about two years, and then their mother was married again, this time to General Hislop Sumner of Boston. They lived on Mount Vernon Street, next door to the State House. There Josephine with her mother and father visited many times.

One day a strolling young artist came up to the Mount, asking if he might paint the children of the family, and their father, who was always ready to help any struggling young man in whatever career he was following, immediately gave him *carte blanche* to paint the miniatures of five children. They were very poorly executed and certainly could not be called works of art. They are now sadly faded, but are quaint, and one can see a faint resemblance to the originals, and they are highly prized by those who own them today.

But I should like to tell you of the warm friendship which existed between Bishop Griswold and Josephine's parents, and how he depended on them in many ways. When, as Mr. Griswold, he was called to be rector of St. Michael's, Josephine's father sent one of his vessels to Hartford, Connecticut, to bring him and his family and indeed all his belongings to Bristol, and before beginning housekeeping in town they lived several months at the Mount, he and his wife and their five children. A letter from him to the little girl's mother tells of his warm affection for them all, and is given elsewhere.

When her father's ships came in from Cuba, laden with coffee and all kinds of fruits among the varied cargo, a large portion was always left at the Bishop's house, which, by the way, was next to the church, and the Bishop always walked from his house to the church door in his full Bishop's robes and bare-headed, even in winter. One of his daughters was named Ann D'Wolf, after Josephine's mother. She afterwards married the Reverend Stephen H. Tyng of New York. During the years that Bishop Griswold spent in Bristol he lost his wife and seven of his eight children.

About this time one marriage after another took place at the Mount. Harriette was already married to Prescott Hall, a brilliant young lawyer of New York, and lived in Bond Street, which was then the court end of town, strange as it may seem today. Kate's marriage to Joshua Dodge, then Consul to Bremen, came next. One can imagine those wonderful drawing-rooms, lighted with the crystal chandeliers, and the gay company from Newport and Providence and Boston assembled there, and how very beautiful it all

must have been. A less brilliant, but quite as necessary part of the wedding, was the wedding cake, which Mrs. Hadley came up to make by a recipe which had come down for "dear knows" how long in the Bradford family! You may depend upon it, it was as rich as wedding cake could be made. Mrs. Hadley sang all the time during the process of making, and I must give the words of her song, for they are quaint and interesting. I only wish that I could give the tune as well.

1.

"There was a fair young shepherdess
Keeping sheep on yonder hill,
On a rock by the sea-shore side.
A sailor-lad there was
And he chanced to come that way
And he fain would have made her his bride.

2.

The weather being warm, she had laid her
down to sleep,
Which caused him to sigh and to say,
As he kissed her sweet lips, as she lay there
fast asleep,
Saying 'You have stolen my own heart away.'

3.

Then she woke in surprise
And she opened her bright eyes
And saw this young sailor standing by;
'Young sailor, sir,' says she,
'How come you here by me?'
And with that she began for to cry.

4.

'Young sailor, sir,' said she,
'You need not fancy me,
For I never will give my consent;
For while you're on the seas,
Love, I could take no ease,
But be left here in tears to lament.'

5.

'Young shepherdess,' said he,
'If you'll but fancy me,
I've gold and I've silver in store;
The seas I will forsake
And a promise I will make
To be true unto you forevermore.'



6.

So she gave her consent,
And to the church they went,
And the sailor was blessed forevermore;
And they lived in joy and peace,
And their love it did increase,
And the sailor did his shepherdess adore."

Meanwhile Josephine's life went on quietly and happily, busily interested at school, and idolized by all at home. There were happy days spent at Poppersquash. Sometimes Cole would come down from Providence to visit her sister Sophie, and her dear cousin Seraphina Bradford often spent a day with her at the Mount and she in return at Aunt Atwood's.

But her delight was when Juliana came with her parents for a long summer visit. Then they had delightful plays together. Juliana writes to her dear Dode (as Josephine was so often called), when they were both old ladies: "I am writing just to have a few words with you, not to tell you how dearly I love you and how often I think of you, for you know that already, but to say how often I wish we could see each other and talk about the dear, happy old days when we used to be together at the *dear* old Mount. How we used to wander about the place, one of us blinded, led by the other, and try to guess where we were. Oh, Dode, dear, those were indeed happy days! Do you remember Uncle Bradford's little trunk of curiosities and valuables? How we used to delight in having them shown to us! What became of the little pearl dog you used to own? I always looked upon it as such a beautiful ornament and rather *envied* you the possession of it! And the dear old *crickets,* Nicholas and William, I wonder where they are now. One was all stained with huckleberries. But I could go on filling pages with all our past pleasures, including Blanche and Isabella, our dolls."

It may be interesting to quote here a paragraph from an article written by Nat P. Willis, the poet, when Juliana was a young woman. He writes of her, giving her the fictitious name of Miss Fanning.

"At eighteen, Miss Fanning, though not living in the city, was one of the best-known and most admired belles of the time. To a connoisseur of symmetry her movement and peculiar grace, even as she walked in the street, were a study. Of Arabian slightness and litheness, her figure still seemed filled out to its most absolute proportion, and with the clearness of her hazel eye, the dazzling whiteness of teeth without a fault, color beautifully distributed in her face, and features almost minutely regular, she seemed one of those phenomena of physical perfection of which sculptors deny the existence. . . .

"Cordial without hesitation, joyous always, confident as a princess, frank and simple, Miss Fanning charmed all, but apparently charmed all alike."

However, Josephine's nephew, young James Perry, just home on a vacation from Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts, and walking up the Mount road one summer day, saw climbing over the Fox Hill stonewall, his cousin Juliana and his Aunt Josephine. He had heard much of his cousin Juliana's beauty and was not disappointed, but when he saw his Aunt Josephine following her, he thought that her loveliness rivalled Juliana's and said to himself, "They have told me of Juliana's beauty, but how about my Aunt Josephine?"

The next winter Josephine went as a day scholar to a well-known boarding school in New York, kept by a Mrs. Plucknett. She was to have lived with her sister Harriette Hall, but her husband had business which took him unexpectedly to Europe, and his wife went with him. So his sister, Mrs. Henry Ward, said she would be delighted to have Josephine come to her, and she passed a very happy winter there.

Miss Ann Hall, famous miniature painter of that day,—or indeed of any day, for her miniatures were exquisite and constantly in demand,—was sister of Josephine's brother-in-law, Prescott Hall. I am glad to say that there are still some examples of her work in the family. She had painted Josephine's father and mother; also her sisters Mary Ann and Harriette, and all the family were anxious that Josephine should have her miniature painted, but lovely as she was, she never consented to sit for it.

Josephine sometimes went with Mrs. Ward to the then famous Niblo's Gardens, a place of amusement of that day, where there was singing and acting.

One day little Julia Ward's aunt sent over to know if Josephine could come to pass the afternoon with Julia, as she had a bad cold. So Josephine went over and they had a pleasant afternoon together. Josephine was some years older than Julia. She didn't know what a famous woman this friend was to become in after years as Julia Ward Howe! They lived in the same street, I think,—Bond Street,—which was the fashionable part of the town in those days. Mrs. Ward came long years after, during the Civil War, with her son,—who was Prescott Hall Ward,—to pass an evening with us in Boston, and he sang "Just Before the Battle, Mother," the first time I had ever heard it. He was going off to the front the next day. Mrs. Ward and my mother had a pleasant evening together talking over the old New York days.

Josephine's Aunt Atwood, her father's sister, was a very bright, witty woman, with a funny, original way of saying things. Her witticisms kept everyone around her laughing and they were constantly repeated to us in after years. She visited her niece Harriette in New York one winter, and was taken one night to



Niblo's Gardens. While the band was playing, Harriette whispered to her, "Aren't you enjoying it, Aunt Atwood?" "I would rather hear the cackle of one Bristol goose than all the bands in New York," was the reply. Not a very gracious answer, you'll say, but, of course, she knew it was funny and that Harriette would enjoy passing it on to the rest of the family. Besides, she was genuinely homesick for Bristol and spoke out her feelings.

Although she had so much natural wit in her makeup, there was always a note of sadness in her life and conversation, which no doubt was due to her great affliction as a younger woman, when her three fine young sons were lost at sea at the same time that two of her sister's (Josephine's Aunt Ingraham) sons met with the same sad fate. It was in one of her brother James D'Wolf's ships, which was never heard from. The two mothers used to go up to the look-out with a spyglass after the ship was overdue in arriving in port, to watch for its first appearance coming up the harbor,—but in vain,—it never came! Her Aunt Atwood told Josephine in after years that one day, many weeks after the ship was due, her brother James came to the foot of the stairs and called up to them, saying, "Put up that glass! Put up that glass!" And they knew from his tone of voice what he meant, and they never went up to watch again.

Aunt Atwood's daughter Abbie married grandmother's brother, Hersey Bradford. She died when quite a young woman, leaving two children, Hersey, Jr., and Serafina. The latter was about Josephine's age, and they were very dear and intimate friends, as well as cousins. Josephine was very often at their house in town, they and their father living with Aunt Atwood, and Serafina was constantly at the Mount and probably went to the same school. She visited Josephine after she was married when she lived in Louisburg Square, Boston. She died when quite a young woman.

After Josephine's year in Washington her sister Harriette, who had then finished school, went with her parents each winter and was a great favorite in Washington society. In some verses which came out at that time in a Washington paper she or one of her sisters is referred to, and I will give them here.

These lines appeared in the "National Intelligencer" on the morning of the 8th of January (1824).

"Mrs. Adams' Ball

"Wend you with the world to-night?
Brown and fair, and wise and witty,
Eyes that float in seas of light,
Laughing mouths, and dimples pretty,
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.

There the mist of the future, the gloom of the past,
All melt into light at the warm glance of pleasure,
And the only regret is, lest, melting too fast,
Mammas should move off in the midst of a measure.

"Wend you with the world to-night?
Sixty gray, and giddy twenty,
Flirts that court, and prudes that slight,
State coquettes, and spinsters plenty.
Mrs. Sullivan is there,
With all the charms that nature lent her;
Gay McKim, with city air;
And winning Gales and Vandeventer;
Forsyth, with her group of graces;
Both the Crowninshields, in blue;
The Pierces, with their heavenly faces,
And eyes like suns that dazzle through.
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.

"Wend you with the world to-night?
East and West, and South and North,
Form a constellation bright,
And pour a blended brilliance forth.
See the tide of fashion flowing;
'Tis the noon of beauty's reign.
Webster, Hamiltons are going,
Eastern Lloyd, and Southern Hayne;
Western Thomas, gayly smiling,
Borland, nature's protégée,
Young De Wolfe, all hearts beguiling,
Morgan, Benton, Brown, and Lee.
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.

"Wend you with the world to-night?
Where blue eyes are brightly glancing,
While to measures of delight
Fairy feet are deftly dancing;
Where the young Euphrosyne
Reigns the mistress of the scene,
Chasing gloom, and courting glee,
With the merry tambourine.
Many a form of fairy birth,
Many a Hebe, yet unwon,



Wirt, a gem of purest worth,
Lively, laughing Pleasanton,
Vails and Tayloe will be there,
Gay Monroe, so debonair,
Hellen, pleasure's harbinger,
Ramsay, Cottringers, and Kerr.
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'.

"Wend you with the world to-night?
Juno in her court presides,
Mirth and melody invite,
Fashion points, and pleasure guides!
Haste away, then, seize the hour,
Shun the thorn, and pluck the flower.
Youth, in all its spring-time blooming,
Age, the guise of youth assuming,
Wit through all its circles gleaming,
Glittering wealth and beauty beaming,
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams'."

The following letter is from a lady whom the family had known in Washington, and will speak for itself. I think it is sufficiently interesting to quote in full:

Washington, September 14, 1835

Many years have passed — and sad and fearful changes have taken place since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, dear sir, and your interesting family. Remembrances yet linger on the happy days when you and my husband were in the Senate; we were more, as it were, one family,— at least I felt so,— with the Senators and their ladies. Mine has been a rough and stormy path since. The beautiful form of your daughter Harriot yet fleets before my fancy and the interesting little Josephine yet dwells in my remembrance.

I am about opening a select boarding school for young ladies in Washington under the patronage of the President and heads of government — and families. The good President tells me he hopes his particular friends will rally around me. I have therefore, dear sir, adventured upon that ground and a former acquaintance to solicit your friendly efforts on my behalf for the institution. I trust this is not presuming too much on our ancient friendship,— so forward you some copies of my prospectus and feel assured your influence, were it exerted for me, would procure me many pupils.

My system and efforts will tend, I would fain hope, to make them not only elegant and accomplished, but useful and domestick. But by taking the trouble to look over one of the prospectuses

which I take the liberty of submitting to your superior judgment, you will observe what I propose, and may be assured of my conscientious endeavors to realize all that I promise. My school will open the tenth of October, and I shall be most happy to hear from you and your well-remembered family, to whom present me. Accept for yourself, dear sir, my best wishes.

L. Henry Cutts

Addressed to
Honorable James D'Wolf, Bristol, R. I.

"But the slow progress of legislature in Congress little suited the ardent activity of his mind and habits," to quote from the obituary of James D'Wolf, and this, together with his grief at the death of his son Francis at this time, made him long to seek private life again; and he resigned from the Senate two years before his term had expired.

After Francis' death, his widow and little son James came to live at the Mount, the refuge for all in time of trouble. Here they lived for several years, and Josephine grew very fond of "Sister Ellen." She sang sweet songs and helped Josephine in her studies, and in many ways endeared herself to all. She went to Boston with them when they went for a month or so in later years. They stayed at the old Revere House there, then the finest hotel in Boston. I think the Tremont House was not built until later. These trips to Boston were made in the great travelling coach, and they were obliged to get up at what seemed the middle of the night in order to reach Boston before another night came. This was before Josephine's sister Mary Ann's marriage to General Sumner, whom they visited in later years.

The maids at the Mount were always village girls. Aggie had long since retired as cook, and Ruth Coy had taken her place and all who ever visited at the Mount remembered her wonderful cooking and fried johnny-cakes. Lucretia and Martha were sisters and filled the places of parlor-maid and waitress. Edward Anthony had succeeded Ben Mann as coachman and owned a nice little house at the end of a lane near the Mount, and he soon asked Lucretia to share it with him. So the day was fixed upon for their marriage, and Josephine and her mother and father and others of the family went to the wedding in the little cottage. Edward had everything in perfect order, and it was a really delightful occasion. He lived in the family all his life and after my Uncle Bradford's death, many years later, his widow requested Edward to become overseer of the whole place.

After Aggie's children grew up to be young girls, they took the place of Lucretia and Martha. Amy and Isabella were the two chosen, and lived there many years. Amy in particular adored grandmother, and always laid the first rose at her breakfast plate



and the first strawberries were gathered for her. Her affection was returned, for grandmother was very fond of her. She was full of wit, and I will give one little instance of this. One very hot morning Josephine,—then quite grown up,—was returning from a walking trip to town. A huge figure-head off one of the ships, which for some reason was disabled, was placed leaning up against the garden fence with impudent ease. Amy left her chamber work to lean out of the window and, affecting much manner, called out to her, "Come in, 'cousin,' there's an audacious wretch in the yard!"

One of grandfather's pet interests was his cotton factory, named the Arkwright, in the town of Coventry. Alas, it burned to the ground, set on fire, it was always thought, by a man who was turned away from the factory for some grave misdemeanor, and, knowing that the insurance had just run out, saw his chance for revenge. I forget which son was in charge of the factory at that time, but all were at their dying father's bedside in New York, and, of course, thinking of nothing else at that time, neglected to renew the insurance on the factory.

He owned the whole town called Arkwright Village at that time, and it was most lovely, as mother has described it to me. The houses of the operatives, the store, and the great mill, were all painted a light green, and were pretty in their architecture. There were many trees on the place, and flowers, making the whole village unusual in beauty. A large, handsome house, which stood always in readiness for any of the family who wanted to visit there, was kept open by a Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell (I think this was the name). Here different members of the family often went for the day or week. Their father would say some lovely day, "Girls, who wants to drive up to the Arkwright with me today?" And generally it would be Josephine and preferably Juliana, who would be only too glad to go, and sometimes Josephine alone. She loved these drives with her father, when he was at leisure to talk with her quietly and delightfully.

She developed at quite an early age a decided talent for writing verses, some very lovely, and some witty letters in verse. It was her pleasure to send some of these to her sister Hattie, who was very appreciative of them. There must be many scattered around in different branches of the family. I have some written after her marriage, which would not fit in well in this little account.

Meanwhile little Josephine (or Dode, as she was now called by the family, the nickname having been given her by one of her little nephews) was growing up and opening out like a lovely flower. She was the light of the home, singing her sweet songs and writing her charming verses. Her father wrote, after she had married and left home (I have it in his own handwriting), "I love you, my dear Josephine, beyond expression and shall continue to do so as long as I live." There were many little parties given at this time, and friends from Providence, Newport and Boston, with a large number

of cousins in town, made a delightful company. Even when there was no one outside of their own number, the family often danced in the great drawing-rooms, and it must have been a gay and pretty sight, with the great crystal chandeliers lighted. One had little cut glass oil lamps, and the other was fitted for candles, which cast a soft light over the beautiful rooms. No wonder that Bristol had become a favorite resort.

Josephine had looked forward to having the sister nearest her own age at home, but it was not to be, for Nancy, very soon after leaving school, became engaged to Fitz Henry Homer of Boston, and they were married at the Mount. I remember the names of two of the bridesmaids, Rosina Bradley, who was an intimate friend, and Abbie, Uncle Levi D'Wolf's daughter. She was very plain, and Nancy did not want to have her as a bridesmaid, but grandmother's kind heart said, "Yes. Poor Abbie would feel so hurt not to be asked," and a dress was provided for her, for Uncle Levi was quite poor at that time, and Abbie "stood up" with Eugene Homer, brother of the groom! She told us girls of it in after years, saying, "Mr. Homer asked me to pin a flower on his coat, but I said, 'Oh, I *caaan't.*' I was so dreadfully diffident, but he said, 'Oh, Miss D'Wolf, you really must, for all the ladies are doing so for their groomsmen.' And so I said, 'Well *there!*' And I just stuck it quickly on," and she ended with a hysterical laugh.

When they were sitting around the big wood fire of a winter's evening Grandfather would sometimes put on another log when it was nearly time to go up to bed, and Grandmother would say, "Oh, I wouldn't put on more wood now, James." And he would answer for fun, to tease her, "This wood didn't come off your side of Mount Hope, ma," and both would laugh. Sometimes he would break out singing some sea-song he had heard the sailors sing, and this is as much as I remember of one of them:

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List, ye landsmen, now to me;
Messmates, hear a brother-sailor
Tell the dangers of the sea.

Now from bounding billows tossing,
Where the distant whirlwinds rise
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

He would also sometimes sing this little verse from an old song, Nancy being my grandmother's name:

I sailed in the ship called *The Nancy,*
By Jib, how she smacked through the breeze!
She's a vessel as tight to me fancy
As ever sailed through the salt seas.



Josephine's sister, Nancy Homer, now lived in Chestnut Street, Boston, and Josephine often visited her. She little thought in those days how many years (over thirty) she would live there with her own family. This Chestnut Street home was before old Mr. Homer died; after his death they moved into the grand old mansion on the upper corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets. The property reached almost half-way up Walnut Street. The beautiful front door, with its high flight of steps and graceful columns, was very lovely. The stable, laundry, etc., were fenced in with a high brick wall, in which was a pretty gate; they formed a sort of hollow square, or court-yard. In this enclosure was a beautiful garden,—I knew it well when I was a child. Every day Aunt Nancy called for Mother and me to drive with her, and we all enjoyed those happy rides. Aunt Nancy was very fond of me and loved to have me with her. But I am forgotting! I am not writing my doings, but little Josephine's.

Fitz Henry Homer, Josephine's brother-in-law, had a sister Albertina. She and Josephine became very intimate, and there was much visiting between the Beacon and Chestnut Street houses. One night at Beacon Street the house was full of gay young company; it was the first of April and the young people were fooling each other and generally having a thoroughly good time. Albertina and Josephine planned a fine joke, so they thought. John Thayer, the elder (then a young man, and before he had acquired his great wealth), was one of the young gentlemen there that night. He was an intimate friend at the house and very devoted to Josephine. The girls secretly took his overcoat hanging in the hall and caught together the sleeves, so that when he should try to put it on quickly to go home with Josephine, it would take him some minutes to get into it. It certainly did, for he came running after them laughing heartily, enjoying the joke! They had nearly reached the house of Josephine's sister in Chestnut Street when he caught up with them, quite out of breath, and saying, "Oh, you girls, you girls!" Albertina had walked home with Josephine, wanting to share the fun.

My mother used to tell me this story of the sapphire ear-rings. One of her brothers-in-law was going away for a few days. On bidding her good-bye he said, "Josephine, what shall I bring you from Boston?" Having lately had her ears pierced, she quickly replied, "Some blue ear-rings." When he returned she was made happy by a pair of supposedly blue glass ear-rings. After wearing them for a year or so one was broken, and she took it to a jeweller in Boston to be mended. He examined it carefully and said, "I suppose that you know that you have a very valuable sapphire here." She was amazed at the information, and had it made into a fashionable ornament for the head. Like her own generous self, she loaned it to one of her sisters. It was never returned. The other earring proved to be only glass.

Aunt Julia, Uncle James' wife, was very much beloved by all

the family. Josephine was particularly fond of this sister-in-law. I never saw her till she was an old lady, but as Mother described her, she must have been beautiful. Juliana, though also beautiful, was very dark in coloring and quite unlike her mother.

Grandmother and Aunt Julia had beautiful little pieces of furniture made for Josephine and Juliana. I speak of it because Josephine's is in my daughter Josephine's room now, and I saw Juliana's piece in New York many, many years ago. They are charming, quaint little bits. They are made of mahagony, like a bureau, with twisted posts at the corners,—on this is a set of shelves with doors, in which the children kept their books, and little treasures.

The years before Aunt Mary Ann's death were very full and happy ones, Josephine and her parents constantly visiting there. Her little niece Nanny and she were great chums, Nanny being old for her age. The Sumners often gave small parties, at many of which Josephine was considered too young to be present, but one night she was downstairs, and her brother-in-law, General Sumner, brought Charles Lovett up to her and said, "I want to introduce you to Miss Dodo D'Wolf." She was very shy, and in the course of conversation said, "When I get my Lovett—" she could say no more! But he helped her out nicely and said, "You will get Mr. Album to write in it." And the ice was broken by a hearty laugh. My mother told me she never had a thought of anyone else after that evening,—and Charles took notice! As she was so young, they were engaged for several years; but when on November twenty-third, 1836, Josephine came out of St. Michael's Church as a lovely bride, in spite of many future cares, a happy married life was opening before her.



# MY GRANDFATHER

HAVING written of my mother's childhood, I want to tell something of her father's noble life; the Honorable James D'Wolf of Bristol, Rhode Island, whose character, I feel, should be admired and reverenced by all his descendants.

He was the sixteenth and youngest child of Abigail Potter and Mark Anthony D'Wolf. It is not to be wondered at, that, with a family of that size, and in those times, they should not have possessed much of this world's goods, and James, when only a boy, determined to face the world, and not only earn his own living, but to be rich in order to help and upraise his fellow-men, and beginning a sailor, he quickly rose to command a ship before he was twenty-one. His obituary will tell how from that he became a Senator of the United States. I shall only tell of his private life, as my mother told it to me.

He was a tender, devoted husband and father, a too-great indulgence of his sons being his greatest fault; but it arose from his desire that they should have an easier life than he had had. He started them all in business, but they, feeling that they had millions behind them, never did much, and, with few exceptions, relied on their father's money and lived princely lives.

My grandfather deeply regretted ever having had anything to do with slavery, but as he had brought the hands on his plantations out of savagery, he felt it a kinder and more merciful thing to continue to give them good, comfortable homes, to treat them with leniency, rather than turn them loose (hundreds of poor, helpless, ignorant beings, to be cheated and misused). His brother Levi had freed his slaves after joining the church, and to us, in these enlightened days, it would seem the better course, but as Grandfather saw it in his time I can sympathize with his method.

His slaves naturally adored him, and there was a perfect jubilee when he visited his plantations. The pickaninnies crowded around him and hugged his legs so that he could hardly walk. He often told this at home, laughing, happy in their love for him. He never allowed his slaves to work overtime when the crops were coming in, as was the custom in Cuba. They were well clothed, and their houses kept in perfect repair. At the time of Grandfather's death the overseer did not dare tell the slaves of it until after the crops were in, knowing that their grief would be so great that they could not do satisfactory work. He was always most careful about the character of the overseer and had the same man for many years. After Grandfather's and Uncle Mark's deaths their man of business wrote to my Uncle Mark's widow (Aunt Sophie) that the income from her plantation might be doubled if she would let him get another overseer, who would get twice the work out of the slaves. But she preferred not to make any change.

My grandfather was a devout Christian, and although not a member of any church, he led a beautiful Christian life. Bishop Griswold, who was then Rector of St. Michael's as well as Bishop of all New England, loved him, and felt that he had lost his dearest and best friend when he died. Mother said that he used to sit in church in summer during the sermon, with a large, red silk handkerchief thrown over his head to keep off the flies, much to the mortification of his daughters!

His charities were endless in Bristol. He built a large house in town, and had it well kept by a poor widow for his sailors when in port,—he gave the rent of her house to a deserving lady, but I might keep on endlessly. I only give a few instances.

Mother said she never saw her father angry and never heard him speak a cross word. The nearest he ever came to it was when his little daughter would sometimes ply him with useless questions, and he would say, "There, there, my dear child, don't talk to me now, I feel a little waspish!" His gentleness and yet firm decision and sound judgment made his advice sought by all.

He was a very handsome man. His bright blue eyes, his florid color and snow-white hair, which he wore in a braided queue, together with regular features, made him conspicuously handsome. He was tall and slight, with very finely shaped legs, and he always dressed in small-clothes. At a party in Boston at Mrs. Codman's one night, at which my grandparents and mother were present, Miss Codman said to mother, "I hope you haven't noticed my staring at your father, but he is so handsome I can't keep my eyes off of him."

My cousin, Josephine (Perry) Gardner, knowing that I was putting together my reminiscences, wrote me the following interesting bit. She said, "Do you remember old Captain Isaac Liscomb, who lived about half-way down Union Street from our house? He had sailed your grandfather's ships all his life and was perfectly devoted to him. He had named all his daughters after the D'Wolf daughters, just as they came, beginning with Mary Ann, and ending with Josephine. And isn't it funny that he had just the same number? In his old age he used to sit out on his front porch, and every time I went up Union Street and saw him there I would stop and make him tell me about my great-grandfather. Did you ever hear his story of when he was a very young man and captain of one of Captain D'Wolf's ships? On one short voyage when Grandfather was on board, Captain Isaac told me that a very thick fog came up while they were on their way, and Captain D'Wolf went to him and said, 'Captain Liscomb, I think you had better do thus and so.' And Captain Liscomb said to me, 'Of course I couldn't stand that, and of course I thought I would lose my job when I told him so. But I drew myself up and said, 'Captain D'Wolf, *I* am captain of this ship,' and then waited to be fired; and then Liscomb said to me, 'But did I lose my job? No, sir, he was too great a man for that! He said, "Captain Liscomb, you are perfectly right and I beg your



pardon." That's the kind of man he *was.*' By that time the old man was almost shouting, and one of his daughters came to the open front door and peeked through the blinds; and when she saw me she smiled and nodded and went back, evidently much amused."

One time when he and my grandmother and mother were visiting my Aunt Mary Ann Sumner my grandfather kept his eyes on the young boy whom my aunt was training for a butler. After supper Grandfather said, "Mary Ann, that boy is too likely a lad to wash dishes all his life." Aunt Mary Ann knew her father's ways and said, "Pray, Pa, don't take him away from me, he is doing so well." And he returned, "I certainly shall, my dear, if the boy wants to do something better." After supper he interviewed the boy, and asked him how he would like to go up to the Arkwright Mills to work. The boy was charmed to get away from his uncongenial task, and soon made his way there. He afterwards became a mill owner himself and grew to be a rich man. Grandfather was always doing this kind of thing, starting young men in business. Many a man owed his standing in the world to him, although his great kindness was not always repaid. On the contrary, in a few cases he met with great ingratitude.

Mother said that often in passing her father's room on her way upstairs she heard him praying most fervently in a low voice for guidance in his life. He went up to bed early in the evening, worn out with his great activities through the day.

He owned three banks: Mount Hope, the Bank of Bristol, and the Eagle Bank; three plantations in Cuba; the Arkwright Cotton Mills; a large sugar refinery in Bristol; immense tracts of land in Ohio and Kentucky; several farms; Green Hill in Baltimore, besides the whole of Mount Hope. He built the *Chippewa,* in which Commodore Perry fought the battle of Lake Erie. He also had a large merchant and whaling service, which furnished the young men of Bristol with constant occupation. He was president of the Rhode Island Senate for many years, and then he was called by his country to a higher position, that of United States Senator from Rhode Island. When he went to Washington, he was obliged, of course, to leave all his private interests in the hands of others, alas!

The first brick schoolhouse in Bristol was built by him and should have borne his name. He also built an almshouse for the town.

The following obituary gives an accurate account of his life: "Died at the residence of his daughter in the city of New York, on Thursday, the twenty-first day of December, 1837, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, Honorable James D'Wolf of this town. He was descended from an old family of French Huguenots.

"The deceased through the various scenes of a long life occupied a large space among his fellowmen, especially those in his native state. Born during the agitating times which immediately preceded the Revolution, he attained before its close a period in

life which enabled him to take some part in its eventful struggles. Having entered himself on board a letter-of-marque in his sixteenth year, he was twice exposed to the perils of battle, and twice was he a prisoner with the enemy, spending some painful weeks in gloomy prisons in Bermuda.

"After the Revolution, with that spirit of adventure which strongly marked every period of his life, Mr. D'Wolf entered into the employment of the late John Brown, of Providence, who, observing his activity of disposition, gave him the command of a vessel before he obtained his twentieth year. In the employment of this gentleman he engaged in the traffic on the coast of Africa; then considered in no degree unlawful, in any point of view,—legal, moral, or religious. Indeed, the trade itself was originally commenced under the auspices of that Las Casas, who was called 'The Good,' from feelings of benevolent sympathy toward the natives of the Caribbean Islands, and it was afterwards pursued without reference to its ultimate effects or sufficient consideration of its moral attributes. Sanctioned by the Constitution of the United States, pursued by the enlightened English nation, the philanthropic French and the high-minded Spaniard; sanctioned, in short, by the usages of the whole civilized world, it is not a matter of surprise that enterprising men of the eighteenth century should have followed this gainful trade without tracing out its ultimate effects upon society.

"But from his earliest years the deceased was engaged in many and varied branches of mercantile adventure, which he pursued with much energy; and before Mr. D'Wolf attained his twenty-sixth year, he had laid the foundation of that worldly fortune which never afterwards sunk under or failed him. In all the pursuits of active life he was eminently successful, and his untiring industry seldom failed of its reward. But he did not confine himself at any time of his life to the narrow business of mere private gain. In everything which concerned the prosperity of his native town of Bristol he took the liveliest interest, while it was his pride to be considered *a true son of Rhode Island.*

"In politics he was ardent and sincere, joining himself to the party which advocated and gave support to the opinions and policy of Jefferson and Madison.

"In the course of his commercial career anterior to the year 1812 it was his fortune to suffer severely from the spoliations of the French and English. This latter power, under the pretense of resisting the aggressions of its great rival, sequestered the property of Mr. D'Wolf to an amount exceeding two hundred thousand dollars. This injury to his private fortune as well as the aggravated wrongs heaped upon his country, he did not forget when the hour of retaliation and retribution arrived. Before the period last named (to use his own language) 'The war had been all on one side,' and Mr. D'Wolf determined, upon the first declaration of hostilities, to



right his own wrongs as well as to avenge, as far as in him lay, the injuries to his country's flag. That banner, for six years preceding the declaration of war, had been the sport and derision of every 'puny whipster' in every sea. But when the restrictions of policy which had bound the hands of our countrymen as with 'shackles of iron' were taken off, the Stars and Stripes floated free in every breeze on every 'ocean stream.'

"With the events of the last war Mr. D'Wolf was deeply concerned. He had, during the period of British aggression, kept an accurate account on his books with that power, which he determined should not remain forever unliquidated. To accomplish his purpose of reclamation, he fitted out the 'privateer *Yankee,*' afterwards so successful and celebrated. This same privateer enabled Mr. D'Wolf to settle his spoliations-account; and when the two hundred thousand dollars of which he had been deprived were restored, he closed his accounts, with something to the enemy's credit against another war. The captured vessel which adjusted this matter he named the '*Balance,*' and she is now plowing the South Seas, a whaleman in his service.

"So ardently did he engage in the service of his country, so fervent were his feelings in her behalf, that at the time when the credit of the government was at its lowest ebb, he loaned to the administration nearly all his disposable fortune. Nay, further, he induced the Bank of Bristol, in which he had large interests, to convert all its capital into government securities, being content to sink or swim with the institutions of his choice. He also built the *Chippewa,* sloop of war, advancing the funds for the purchase of her materials and final equipment. An important bank in New England during the war, being pressed for the means of redeeming its notes, was sustained by a heavy loan of funds which he diverted from their destined purpose to that object. In short, his whole soul was embarked in that contest, and neither personal efforts nor property were spared. In the darkest hour of his country's calamity he maintained a steady firmness, believing that in the end the good cause would prosper and finally triumph. He lived to see all his anticipations, hopes, and wishes in this respect fulfilled, and those who divided upon this great question afterwards united with him upon common grounds of patriotism and duty.

"During the eventful periods above alluded to Mr. D'Wolf also turned his attention earnestly to the internal condition of his native state and country. He was among those who believed that permanent prosperity and independence could never be attained without a fostering care of the arts of manufacture;—and hence, in the year 1812 he embarked a part of his capital in the prosecution of a new enterprise. He erected in that year the Arkwright Mills, in the town of Coventry, for the manufacture of cotton, and from that time down to the day of his death continued to own that estab-

lishment, giving a considerable portion of his time and attention to this branch of his extended affairs.

"He was also a farmer upon a large scale, superintending the cultivation of nearly a thousand acres, which he owned in his native town and its immediate vicinity. Indeed his chief pleasures and amusements were derived from this source and he might be seen in a field during the busy seasons of farming long before the rays of the rising sun had gilded the sides of Mount Hope. This seat of the war-like king was a part of his domains, and he always spoke of the misfortunes of that brave patriot in terms of sympathy and regret. Attracted by the beauty of the spot, often a landmark to his longing eyes when, as a youthful mariner, he was returning from sea, he devoted some of the first-fruits of his industry to the purchase of a part of the ancient possessions of the renowned Metacon. Under his hands the desert 'Blossomed as the rose,' and to wander over these romantic grounds was to Mr. D'Wolf a source of calm and constant satisfaction. He long enjoyed it and has left this interesting and romantic hill to be possessed by those for whom he toiled with pleasure.

"Among the citizens of his native state, the deceased always occupied a conspicuous station, not only as a man of business, but as a politician. For more than thirty years he represented the town of Bristol in the State Legislature, and twice presided over one branch of that body as its Speaker. In the year 1820, by a most decided vote, he was elected a Senator of the United States, and during four years continued to represent Rhode Island in that imposing and dignified body. In this station he devoted the powers of his mind to sustain the great interests of New England, which he believed to be identical with those of the whole Union. To the protective system, introduced originally by Mr. Calhoun and afterwards brought into open view by Mr. Clay, he was an ardent and steadfast friend. As connected with this policy he was the first to propose a general system of drawbacks upon all articles manufactured in the United States from materials of foreign growth or produce. And although this measure did not meet with much favor at first, he yet lived to see it adopted to a considerable extent, even by those who had originally opposed it. He went for all measures which he believed to be for the good of the whole country, considering the states separately as poor and powerless. Indeed his own experience between the years 1783 and 1789 had convinced him that nothing but the united efforts of all the members of our confederacy could give consequence to the nation or protection to the property and pursuits of its citizens, and hence he resisted to the utmost every suggestion which tended to disparage the importance of our union. In all matters connected with our commerce and foreign relations it was his pride to be considered AN AMERICAN, while in all domestic relations he was true to his native state. But the slow progress of legislature in Congress little suited the ardent



activity of his mind and habits. He preferred to bestow his energies upon the practical operations of busy life, and hence he resigned his place in the Senate while yet two years of his term remained. In abandoning Congress he did not, however, desert public affairs entirely, continuing down to the time of his death to represent his native town in the councils of his native state.

"The powers of mind possessed by Mr. D'Wolf were of the most manly, original, and vigorous character. Having had few advantages of education in early life, owing to the turbulent times of the Revolution and the precipitate zeal with which he plunged into its troubled current, while yet a boy, he nevertheless supplied this deficiency by closeness of thought and the habits of observation. Mingling constantly in the busy affairs of life, encountering men of every occupation and degree, from the sailor before the mast and the mechanic in his workshop to the merchant in his counting-room and the Senator in his 'pride of place,' Mr. D'Wolf could not fail to amass a considerable stock of knowledge. It does not follow because a man is not learned, so far as information is derived from books, that he is therefore ignorant. On the contrary, the deceased was a striking instance of what may be accomplished by the human mind without the advantages which letters give. He thought deeply, reasoned well, and was second to no man in the intuitive deductions of his mind and judgment.

"To his native town he was 'all in all,' its father, its patron, its benefactor. Between himself and his townsmen the kindliest feelings existed at all times and in every place. Be witness of this assertion, the streaming eyes and throbbing bosoms of those who assembled to pay the last sad rites to his remains! Be witness of this, the sighs and tears of widows and orphans, sustained by his bounty and encouraged by his words and example! Be witness, ye silent streets and downcast looks of the passers-by! Ye bear testimony expressive and eloquent that the soul of your enterprising and activity has passed away, leaving your broad paths unoccupied and desolate. The active benevolence of Mr. D'Wolf exhibited itself chiefly in furnishing employment to those who needed it.

"He considered it as the duty of a man possessing capital to employ it in such ways that the poor might receive its blessings without any of the humiliation attendant on the coldness of charity. He believed that the relations of rich and poor should be those of employer and employed, not those of the alms-giver and beggar,—that to make men useful, they should feel their own consequence in society,—that the account between the wealthy and those less prosperous should be kept balanced by a reciprocation of benefits; and hence the industrious man was always sure of finding employment at his hands when he sought it.

"In all the morals of life Mr. D'Wolf was exemplary and severe. Temperate in habits, untiring in his industry, he gave no countenance to vice, idleness, or immorality. In all his dealings he

was strictly and scrupulously HONEST, rendering to every man his just due with promptness and fidelity; with him there were no secrets of business, but everything was open, candid, and sincere; and he required like frankness from those with whom he associated. His belief in the immortality of the soul and man's future accountability was unshaken through life and wavered not at the approach of death. The grim Tyrant had no terrors for him and he met his approaches with that firm calmness which was characteristic of his temper.

"To his family he was the 'kindest of the kind,' ever cheerful, always indulgent, ever-watchful. With him good temper was a part of philosophy and he seldom allowed it to desert his bosom.

"To his native town his loss is irreparable. The sound of the hammer there is no longer heard in the workshop. The cheerful cry of the sailor no longer resounds from the hard mast-head. The ax of the woodman is still. The mower will never again sharpen his scythe under the inspiring influence of his voice. The broad path of useful occupation which he filled is left desolate and deserted and 'the places which had known him shall know him no more forever.' He has gone down to the silent mansions of the tomb, with hundreds to mourn over it, but none to supply his place."

"Requiescat in pace."



# MY GRANDMOTHER

ANN BOMAN BRADFORD was the daughter of William Bradford, Governor of Rhode Island, and a member of Washington's Senate. He was fourth in direct descent from William Bradford of the Plymouth Colony.

From what my mother told me of her, she must have been a fine and lovable woman, a tender and loving mother, and a devout Christian. She hated anything like affectation or pretense and was apt to speak her mind out very plainly, which, of course, was not very popular with all people.

Her charities were without end. Whenever she heard of a family in need or of a sick person in town, they were immediately helped and provided for most bountifully. When Mother was old enough, she was often sent with great baskets of provisions and delicacies in cases of sickness. A roast chicken, beef tea, with fruits, vegetables and jelly would fill a large basket, too heavy for mother to carry, and Pollydore would take it into the house for her. I must tell of a funny instance: when one of these baskets had been unpacked, the old, sick woman said, "I wish yer Ma had sent me some salt provision." When Mother repeated it on going home, her mother only said, "Poor old soul! I dare say she craved something salt, but it wouldn't have been as good for her."

When Cousin Lydia Le Baron was at the Mount teaching Josephine, she was invited to visit her brother's family in New York and was lamenting that she had no suitable cloak to take with her; whereupon Grandmother, in the goodness of her heart, offered to lend her one of her camel's hair shawls, a very handsome green one. Of course, Cousin Lydia was delighted, but it seemed she thought that Grandmother had given it to her and on returning from her visit did not offer to give it back to her, and Grandmother did not have the heart to tell her that it was only loaned!

Sammy Usher, whose father was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and one time Rector of St. Michael's in Bristol, was a poor, half-witted man and the butt of the whole town. Once or twice a year Grandmother used to ask him up to dinner. Grandfather, although equally kind of heart in most cases, seriously objected to having Sammy at the same table with the family, for, although he wore ruffles at his wrists they were hopelessly soiled, and altogether his dress was far from clean. Moreover, he was cross-eyed and could not see plainly one kind of food from another on his plate, so that he had to employ his fingers to distinguish it. But Grandmother was firm and always said, "But his father was a clergyman of our church, James," and Grandfather gave in and tried not to look at Sammy during dinner. When Lafayette visited America, this same Sammy joined the procession in Providence. He dressed in a red coat and cocked hat, and the children thought he was Lafayette and threw flowers at him, to his great delight! He often told of it.

Every year Grandmother employed women in town to make up great boxes of clothing for the plantations, as the slaves often suffered from the cold during the Northers in Cuba, accustomed as they were to the hot climate of Africa; and many little comforts were stowed away among the clothing.

There being no good schools in Bristol at that time, Grandmother was obliged to send her children away to boarding school in New York when they arrived at a student age. As most of them married early, they really had only a short time of home life, but her advice and her counsel to them were always high and fine. If any of her children were not what they should have been, it certainly could not be laid at her door.

Her mother died when she was a little child and her eldest sister Charlotte (afterwards Mrs. Goodwin) had much to do with her bringing up, and her father was very careful about her manners. One little instance tells of this. Sometimes little Nancy would get tired of sitting so long at the table and would rest her elbows on it, when her father would say to the old, trusted colored butler, "Prime, hold Miss Nancy's elbows for her." Prime would grin, and Miss Nancy's elbows would quickly come down into place.

It has been wrongly said that Grandmother's dress was not in good taste. That was not so. Her dress was very rich and handsome: simply made. Most of her clothes were made in Paris. I have the waist of a brown satin dress, exquisite in its work and simplicity. Another dress was black velvet, the train and waist richly embroidered in fine, cut-steel beads. I also have a leghorn bonnet of huge size, of wonderful fineness, costing sixty dollars untrimmed, with only a simple brown and white checked ribbon for trimming.

I think I must tell of a remarkable escape from ruin or loss which a very beautiful diamond pin of hers had. She was visiting her son James in New York and had been to the theater with him and his wife. It was a night of very heavy rain and when she got home she discovered that her pin was missing. Her son said, "I will go back immediately and look for it." She said, "No, it is useless. Of course, it is lost." He went, however, and came back with the pin safe and sound! He had found it in the gutter, where hundreds of carriages must have passed over or by it in front of the theater. The shine of the rain had probably saved it from being seen.

I have a long letter from Bishop Griswold to Grandmother, when he was on his visitations, and as it is so very interesting, I shall give it here in full. He was then Bishop of all New England, as well as Rector of St. Michael's.

Springfield, July 9, 1819

Dear and much-respected friend:

You may perhaps be surprised, but it is hoped that you will not be offended at receiving a letter from him whose name is subscribed to this. The very interesting situation in which other duties



compelled me to leave you, watching with all the tenderness and concern of natural affection over the bed of a sick son, must, if anything can, be my apology for taking this liberty. From Bristol I have heard nothing since I left it: but I cherish the hope that before this time Francis has recovered or is in a fair way, through the Lord's goodness, to recover his former health: that (if I may use an Apostle's words) "the Lord has had mercy upon him and upon me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow." But however the infirmity of our natures may shrink from the rod of affliction, all of us who reflect seriously upon the subject must be sensible that it is necessary to that wise system of Divine Providence, which embraces our present experiences. Yet it is natural and it is not inconsistent with Christian resignation that we should desire to be exempted from the evils of life and that we should rejoice in the prosperity of those whom our hearts hold dear. Most sincerely do I thank God for the ease and affluence and exemption from cares and sorrows, with which it has pleased Him to distinguish you above the most of your fellow-creatures: and with no less sincerity do I pray that these mercies may be long continued to your great comfort and to the blessing of many who would else be poor and destitute. Many — very many favors, which have been deeply felt and I trust, while life continues, will not be forgotten, bind me, with grateful affection to you and your family; and though the return I could wish will never be in my power, such as I have, I gladly give. I sat down with the intention of writing you a long letter, but you will escape such an evil. During this tour I am almost continually engaged, either with the politeness of friends or the performance of duties; at this time there are gentlemen waiting for me and I must, as in a thousand instances, we are all constrained to do, sacrifice what is more agreeable to what custom requires. Prodigious efforts are at the present time in agitation to subvert what I deem the true faith of Jesus Christ; but notwithstanding their apparent success, there is good reason to believe that the number of sincere and pious believers in the Orthodox faith is not diminishing. It is our great consolation that the Lord reigns. May He rule in our hearts till in all things we submit to His holy will. It is my hope, should the Lord permit, to be at home next week. I do not write to my family, because I have lately had opportunity of sending to them by Mr. Smith.

With haste am I compelled to inscribe myself
Most respectfully
Your much obliged
and very humble servant
ALEXN. V. GRISWOLD

Grandmother only lived eleven days after Grandfather's death. She had not been really well for some years, and when this overwhelming sorrow came upon her, it took what remaining strength she had left. She was sixty-eight years old.