

FAMILY RECORDS

FOR

SIX GENERATIONS.

1685—1868.

THE first part of the history of our Huguenot ancestors is best told in the words of my grandmother's half sister, Mrs. Boudinot, written about 1850.

"My great-great-grandfather, Thomas Bourdoux, resided in France; by birth a Frenchman, of wealth, education and standing in his country.

"About the year 1685, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the persecution of the Protestants again commenced in the part of France where he resided, a widower at this period, with an only child, a daughter aged ten years. Persuaded that his own life was in danger, he steadfastly determined not to turn an apostate to his God, and barter his religion for his life. Anxious to save his child, tender alike in years and sex, from the persecutions and cruelties practiced on all of every degree, childhood not exempt, he determined to put her on board a vessel then in port, not knowing even its destination, and he engaged a female who had resided some years a domestic in his

family, much attached to his child, who being also a Protestant, freely consented. Under all these circumstances, the only provision he could make with safety to them was by having as much gold quilted into his child's petticoat* as it could contain without discovery, also in leathern belts around their persons. It was all he could give his child at so short a notice, as his estates would be confiscated. The vessel in which he placed them was bound for the isle of St. Thomas in the West Indies. The father remained and shortly afterward suffered martyrdom by being torn in pieces by four wild horses.

“On board the same vessel was a young gentleman from the same place, although personally strangers to each other, placed there under similar circumstances, at the age of fifteen or nineteen, by name Pierre Lassel (or La Salle), his only wealth was secured about his person. He was accompanied by a trusty and favorite male servant who had resided with his father many years. On their arrival at St. Thomas my great-grandmother's humble friend boarded her in a respectable family until she attained the age of fifteen, when she married Mr. La Salle. Sometime before the marriage of the young couple, their humble friends and guardians entered the holy state of wedlock, not

*Mrs. Boudinot had in her possession a piece of this blue satin petticoat.

long after which, their funds running low, the proposition was made by the latter to build large ovens; they both understanding how to make French bread, could by that means support their superiors and themselves until better times. This being the first French bread sold upon the isle, then a small and compact town, it met a ready sale. My ancestors purchased the ground upon which the oven stood, and a few colored people to assist in the business. My great-grandfather, although young when he left France, had been well educated, and the blessing of God going hand in hand with their exertions, he soon received a lucrative appointment in the Danish government, and arrived shortly to affluence. They had only one child, a daughter, who married a gentleman from Europe, John or Johannis Malleville, and they had one son and three daughters.

“My mother, the eldest of the daughters [the others were Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Lilienschoeld] losing her mother in childhood, resided with her father and grandmother, who died at the advanced age of seventy-five years in 1750.

“Thomas, the only son, was sent to Denmark for education. After his grand tour through Europe, being about the court of Copenhagen, he received the commission of captain of the king's life guard, and

married a maid of honor to Queen Matilda, who was sister of George III of England, and consort of Frederick of Denmark, father to the reigning Frederick.

“During Captain Malleville's residence in the king's household I could narrate many interesting facts, but as they may be found in history, I will not add, only remark, by way of guide to the curious reader, that Capt. Malleville was the person to whom was committed the truly distressing and melancholy office of arresting Queen Matilda* while in the sanctum of her bed-chamber, an office repugnant to all the finer feelings of the heart from her sweet and affable manners [he] believing her also perfectly innocent of the charge alleged against her, viz.: intimacy with Struensee, physician of the king. The queen was confined until liberated for the purpose of giving birth to the present Frederick, whose noble conduct in after life will ever reflect honor upon himself. After he ascended the throne, his grandmother, the queen dowager, made her appearance at court. She had ever been the queen's greatest enemy, and was known to urge the king, her son, against his unfortunate queen. When her carriage stopped in the court, Frederick went out to meet her, expressed his regret that he could not admit her at his court without sanctioning

*On the night of 17-18 January, 1772.

the report she had given of his mother, whom he should always believe perfectly innocent, assured her of a queenly court, but it must be private, as he could not permit her to take her seat at his right hand.

“It was also Capt. Malleville’s office to arrest Struensee, physician to the king, and a man named Brant for lifting his hand to the king: they were both beheaded, the latter having his hand first severed from his arm.

“Forgive this digression, and blending the history of royalty with my own. Believe me when I say, it does not proceed from vanity. I will no longer dwell on anything foreign to the purpose for which I took my pen in hand, namely, to show forth the glory of God and his wonder-working hand, in leading, guiding and protecting a feeble protestant, at the almost infantile age of ten years, thrown by a dying father upon a cold and pitiless world, without one natural friend or protector, but fully believing and trusting the promises of that gracious God who has said, ‘Leave your fatherless children to me; I will be their father and their God.’ How fully has that blessed promise been verified in his descendants! O that I held the ready pen of a scribe, that I might tell the world what God has done for me and mine, the very least of all his creatures! But I will conclude my simple narra-

tive of facts, and leave it to posterity to give glory where only it is due.

“Shortly after the loss of his wife,* Capt. Malleville, by permission of the king, returned to his native place and his sisters, with the commission of governor-general of the Danish W. I. Islands, which he retained twenty-five years, during the remainder of his life. His oldest sister, my mother, lost her aged relative and second mother at the advanced age of seventy-five, my mother being then thirteen years old. When fifteen, she married Christian Suhm, then governor-general of the Danish Islands. Capt. Malleville received his commission about fifteen years after the death of Gov. Suhm, which took place on the return of the latter to the West Indies, since which period there has not been wanting one of that aged Huguenot's nearest descendants to hold the helm of government in the place where they were born, with the exception of one, but returned five years after to the family in which it has continued ever since.†

“I make only one observation and conclude. The pile of stones of which the large ovens were composed, were only removed eight years ago, when the land on which they stood was sold out of our family,

*Phebe told me that she eloped with a nobleman, and that her picture was afterward hung with its face to the wall. E. L. S.

† This involved sentence is copied literally. I do not understand it. E. L. S.

it being kept like the pillars of stone by the Children of Israel from generation to generation, as a monument of God's goodness to them and of his wonder-working hand."

For the sake of clearness and completeness in our genealogical list, we now go back to the beginning.

- I THOMAS BOURDEAU, or BOURDOUX, a Protestant of wealth, education and standing. MARTYR.
- II MARIA, his daughter, married in 1690, at the age of fifteen to Pierre La Salle. She died in 1750, aged seventy-five.
- III MARIA, their only child, born 1706, sixteen years after their marriage, married Joannis (de) Malleville, a French gentleman of Huguenot descent. She died in 1738, at the age of thirty-two. She had four children, Thomas, Maria (my great-grand-mother), Anna and Elizabeth.
 - (I) *Thomas*, whose history has been given.
- IV (II) MARIA, born in 1736. After her mother's early death, she lived with her father and grandmother, until she married, at the age of fifteen, Christian Suhm, governor-general of the Danish W. I. Islands. She was his second wife. He belonged to a distinguished family in Copenhagen. His younger brother

was the learned Judge Anker Suhm. They had six children:

(i) *Anna Maria*, b. April 14, 1752; d. Feb. 26, 1792; m. Joseph De Witt, of West Indies. They had three children:

(i) Christian, whose daughter, Mrs. Ross, kept school at Morrisania.

(ii) Lucas (for some time at Beverwyck and Hanover), whose daughter Mary married Le Breathway, of Baltimore, and had several children.

(iii) Elizabeth, d. 1792 or 1793, an infant.

(ii) *Elizabetha*, b. April 5, 1753; m. John Rogiers, of St. Croix; had nine children, all dead (1851) but Madlana, who married Von Vlearden, of St. Thomas; had four children.

(iii) *John*, b. Jan. 22, 1755; d. young.

(iv) *Christian*, b. March 6, 1756; d. young.

V (v) *MARIA*, b. Jan. 20, 1758; m. John Wheelock (b. 1754), Nov. 29, 1786; d. Feb. 16, 1824. They had one child.

VI *MARIA MALLEVILLE*, b. Feb. 3, 1788; m. *WILLIAM ALLEN*; d. June 3, 1828.

(vi) *Anna*, b. Aug. 22, 1759; d. young.

Gov. Suhm died at St. Thomas, Sept. 10, 1759, less than three weeks after the birth of this last child, and a year and eight months after the birth of his daughter Maria (my grandmother). His wife was left a widow at the age of twenty-three. She afterwards married Gen. Lucas Von Beverh^{aupt}~~aupt~~. They had three children:

1 Probably *Maria Anna*, who died young.

2 *Anna Maria*, who died at Beverwyck, 1790. At school in New York, living in Mr. Lott's family; afterward at Bethlehem.

3 *Adriana*, m. Tobias Boudinot (nephew of Elias B.); her children who survived infancy were:

- (i) *Eliza*, m. George Bibby; one daughter, Georgiana, m. Augustus Brewster, her cousin.
- (ii) *Susan*, m. Col. Amos Brewster, of Hanover, N. H.; one son, Augustus, m. his cousin, G. B.
- (iii) *Anne*, m. William Bibby, of Paterson, N. J.; one daughter m. Mr. Balch, of Hanover, N. H.

Mrs. Von Beverhau^{oudt}~~aupt~~'s history goes on with our narrative. We return to her sisters, the children of Joannes de Malleville and Maria La Salle.

(iii) *Anna*, m. John Wood, of St. Thomas

(iv) *Elizabeth*, m. Mr. Lilienschoeld, of Copenhagen, chamberlain of the king. They left one son, for many years first counselor to the king, now (1851) chamberlain, who had four children. Mrs. B., in her letters, writes of Mrs. L. being in this country and renting Beverwyck for a year. Lisa Von L., probably her daughter, came on a visit.

MARIA SUHM, my grandmother, as before said, was born at St. Thomas, Jan. 20, 1758, the year before the death of her father. We have not the date of her mother's marriage to Gen. Von Beverhau^{oudt}~~aupt~~, but it was previous to 1775 (the date of a letter

signed Maria Von B.), and probably previous to 1772, as we shall see later. Maria could not have been over twelve years of age, when she was sent to Copenhagen for two years, to be educated in the family of her uncle, Captain, afterward General Thomas^{de} Malleville. From his position, she was much at court. We had the skirts of two handsome dresses, one of brocade, the other of light yellow silk, with a broad vine embroidered in colors, reported to have been her "court dresses." She returned in 1772, and was, therefore, most probably in Copenhagen at the time of Queen Matilda's arrest, in January of that year.

Probably her mother's sister, Mrs. Lilienschoeld, was also at this time living in Copenhagen.

A letter is preserved from Miss Pengelly, dated Torbridge, Eng., March, 1772, written to Maria Suhm, while she was in England, with her cousin Miss Wood, and "the General." Probably this means Gen. Von Beverhaupt, for her uncle, Thomas Malleville, received his commission as Governor-General, in 1774, two years later.

There are letters from two other English ladies, Grace Kemys, and S. Wynne, written in 1772 and 1773, and another from Miss Pengelly, dated Feb., 1773, addressed to Maria Suhm, at St. Thomas,

accompanied by presents, locks of hair, watch papers, etc., with affectionate remembrances. In one is an allusion to "your brother," as if he too belonged to the party in England. These letters are all so affectionate and deferential that no one would suppose that the "dear Miss Suhm" to whom they are addressed was a girl just in her teens.

Directly after her return from Copenhagen, Maria Suhm was sent to the Moravian school at Bethlehem, Pa., being placed under the guardianship of Mr. Abraham Lott, in New York City. A letter in Dutch, with black edges, from her aunt, Mrs. Wood, written Dec., 1773, shows that she was then in this country.

There is a letter from her sister, Mrs. Rogiers, written May, 1774, and one from her mother, Oct., 1775, begging her to return, as war times were threatened. But she did not, then or ever, return to the West Indies.

After the birth, in 1777, of her half-sister Adriana (Mrs. Boudinot), her step-father, Gen. Von Bever^{and-}haupt sent a ship to bring her home to the christening; but, according to Mrs. Boudinot's story, she liked this country so much that she declined to go, sending word that if they wished to see her they must come here. This, with probably other reasons, induced

her step-father to emigrate. Mr. Abraham Lott, of New York City, who had charge of Maria, negotiated for him the purchase of a beautiful estate of three thousand acres, near or in the town of Passippany, N. J. From the old letters it appears that this was effected by the sale of a valuable estate in St. Croix, called Santa Maria, valued at £33,000 sterling, inherited by Mrs. Von Beverh^{aupt} from her first husband, and that her consent to the exchange was reluctantly given. Miss Julia Sands, of New York, the granddaughter of Mr. Lott, told me that the family from St. Thomas did not come and take possession of the property until the second year of the Revolutionary war, and that her grandfather, at the invitation of Gen. Von B., occupied the house, as a safer residence than New York.

The family first sailed with two hundred negroes, but were shipwrecked, and returned to St. Thomas. A second attempt was more successful, and they arrived safely at New York. The two oldest children of Gov. Suhm, Mrs. Dewitt and Mrs. Rogiers, were already married in the West Indies, and three others, John, Christian and Anna, — two older and one younger than Maria, — had died. The family, therefore, that came, consisted of Gen. and Mrs. Von Beverh^{aupt}, and their two daughters, Anna Maria and Adriana.

The new home in "the Jerseys" was called "Beverwyck" from the General's old home in Holland.

The "Beverwyck Farm" was a famous place in its day.* It was a large estate, several miles in circumference, and highly cultivated. The large house where many guests were entertained, was burned a long time ago, but the more modern one, which I have three times visited, is spacious and well built, commanding wide views of a pleasant country.

Some pages of an old journal of Gen. Von B's, found in the attic, and unfortunately destroyed by the present owner (Condict), tell of the writer's satisfaction and enjoyment in his home.

I have not been able to learn when the present house was built, nor whether it is the one mentioned later in my mother's letter, as having been enlarged by Mr. Boudinot, in 1808. Mrs. Boudinot, in a letter without date of the year, writes of a fire, which consumed the "dwelling-house, old house, and dairy." Be that as it may, it is a large, long white house, with three rooms in the front, one at the right and two at the left of the hall, which runs through from front to back. The room on the right is a large, handsome parlor; back of it is another good-sized room, which I occupied on my first visit. The first room at the

* There was an article describing it in the Newark Daily Advertiser, of Dec. 4, 1849.

left is, I think, the dining-room, in which stands an old mahogany side-board, the lower part of which belonged to the old family. It is a pleasant, comfortable house, conspicuous and rather imposing from a distance, and commanding wide views of a pleasant country. On the lawn in front still stands a time-battered oak, under which (according to the diary of Gen. Von B.) Gen. Washington, with his staff, dined one Sunday, more than a hundred years ago.

At the time of my first visit, in 1839, the large front chamber at the left was occupied by several very old colored women, too old to receive, legally, the freedom which is the blessing of their descendants. But they seemed well cared-for and cheerful, and the affection evidently subsisting between my aunt Boudinot and these humble retainers, struck me very pleasantly. It was like reading an old romance to visit their room, and hear their stories of the old times. I wish I could remember them now.

Of my second visit, which was merely for a night, I have scarcely any recollection. Aunt Boudinot was still living there.

My third visit was in company with my son William and his wife, in the spring of 1881, when we drove over, twelve miles, from Dover. Mr. Condict's family were then, as now, in possession.

Mrs. Boudinot told me that in her childhood they "lived in great splendor for the times." Her father imported his coachman and carriage from England. The carriage, lined with white satin, was the handsomest in the country.* He drove four in hand, and had twelve carriage horses, — four English, four Danish, and four Arabian, their tails tied up with bows of broad white watered ribbon. Phebe told of a whole bushel basket-full of old silver melted down to plate the harness. During the Revolutionary war (probably in 1779 or 1780, while Gen. Washington's headquarters were at Morristown,) "Lady Washington" was a guest here for six weeks. Gen. and Mrs. Knox, and Gen. Lafayette were, if I remember rightly, other guests. Miss Sands told me that Maria Suhm was much admired by the officers, and that her presence at the balls, etc. given in the vicinity, was a matter of congratulation among them. Mrs. Boudinot said that she (Maria) danced with Gen. Washington. I asked Mrs. Boudinot what she remembered of "Lady Washington," as she called her. "O, a child's recollections, my dear. I remember saying to my mother, that I thought Lady W. a very dirty woman. She asked me why, and I said, 'Because she spits on the carpet, and her servant

*Mrs. Boudinot remembered the hens' roosting in it, in later years.

wipes it up with his pocket handkerchief.' And she explained to me that it was not a handkerchief, but a napkin, that he carried for the purpose."

It seems that before the death of Gen. Von Beverh^{sau}haupt, there was a reverse of fortune. Probably the expenses of such an establishment outran his resources. He seems to have liked display and state. We hear of diamonds to the amount of \$20,000 being sent to England for sale. He was very large in person. Miss Sands told me that once, in a fall of snow of unusual depth, his carriage was stuck in a snow-drift, and Gen. Washington sent men to shovel him out.

That Maria Suhm was beloved, as well as admired, is shown by letters written before, as well as after, her marriage, from her friends Miss Cornelia Lott, afterward Mrs. Sands, and Miss Kitty Brinkerhoff. She made visits to New York, where she moved in the best society of the time, in which she was evidently an object of marked attention and regard.

Miss Lott wrote to Miss Suhm (probably in 1784): "The day after to-morrow we are to have the governor, lieutenant-governor, chancellor, judges, mayor, Gen. Schuyler, Col. Hamilton, Sir Peyton Shipwith (?), etc., to dine here. I wish you could be with them."

Aug. 17, 1784, she writes: "You have, no doubt, seen Lafayette. He was polite enough to call and see us,—made a short stay, vastly impatient to go on to Gen. Washington. I believe he sincerely loves him. He will make us a longer visit before he leaves America."

John Mason, the eloquent young preacher, and "your favorite Dr. Livingstone," are repeatedly mentioned as personal friends.

By-and-by there came a suitor from afar. John Wheelock, the second President of Dartmouth College, had heard the praises of Miss Suhm, and wrote for permission to come and pay his respects to the General and his family. He came, he saw, and was conquered. According to Phebe's account, the lady was in the garden, in her short gown and petticoat, when she heard of his arrival. "If he marries me, he will often see me looking in this way," said she, and forthwith went in to meet him; and it seems that she needed not the foreign aid of ornament, for from that day he was her devoted, admiring lover. Yet that she was not regardless of outward appearance, is shown by Miss Lott's information, later given in regard to the New York fashions, sent to far off Hanover in reply to her questions. I have never heard that she had personal beauty. I have a

faint recollection of her in her last years, as short and slight. Her profile, in silhouette, taken in her later years, is pleasing. Mrs. Boudinot was not handsome, but her manners, attitudes and conversation showed the elegant training of the olden times. President Wheelock was a scholar of stately manners. His letters to his "adored Maria" are worthy of Sir Charles Grandison. She was to him "the most interesting object in the solar system." Her letters to him are sufficiently encouraging, yet rather shy and respectful, the spelling not always perfect, but English was not her native language.

Their engagement took place in 1785. In Nov., 1786, they were married, Maria being at the age of twenty-eight, and her husband four years older.

The impression which we receive from the glimpses given of her in the letters, is that of a simple, affectionate, earnest, devout character. A certificate, in Dutch, is preserved of her membership of the Dutch Church in Passippany. Her step-father wrote to her three days after her marriage: "My dear child, your dutiful love and attachment to me merit my warmest paternal love and friendship."

Her old friend and guardian, Mr. Abraham Lott, wrote to her a few days before her marriage, addressing her as "My Dear Suhmmy," referring to the

“many happy hours they had spent together and by which they had been endeared to each other,” and expressing pious wishes that as she was “now upon the verge of entering upon the marriage state with a gentleman whom a special Providence seems to have designed for her,” it was his “fervent prayer that the God on whom she had placed her confidence from her childhood upward,” might bless her more and more, etc., etc. He closed by requesting that as she, with her husband, passed through New York to Dartmouth, she would, as usual, make his house her home, and assuring her of “a continuance of that respect with which I have ever been, my dear Maria,

Your affectionate friend,

ABRAHAM LOTT.”

[Signature with great flourishes.]

From His Excellency T. Malleville, Gov. of St. Thomas and St. John, West Indies, 26 Feby., 1787, to Dr. John Wheelock.

MONSIEUR !

Votre lettre de 30^{me} Novembre l'année passée, que j'ai eu l'honneur et le Plaisir de recevoir, il y'a quelque Semaines, confirme les Nouvelles que j'avais déjà de votre Mariage avec ma nièce Mlle. Suhm. Quoique je n'ai pas l'honneur de Vous connaître personnellement, j'ai cependant assez de Connaissance de Vous, Mr. et de votre Câractère pour féliciter ma Nièce du Choix que Dieu a fait pour elle d'un Mari. Que cè même Dieu, qui vient

de Vous unir ensemble, Vous benisse de ces Benedictions les plus précieuses en son Fils Jesus Christ; qu'Il vous unisse de plus en plus par le Lien de l'Amour, afin que vous ne soyer qu'un Coeur, qui, vivant devant le Seigneur, jouit d'un Bonheur parfait! Que l'Esprit de Concorde et de Paix regne dans Votre Maison! Vous voyant ainsi heureux, mes Voeux serant remplis.

Ce qui donne le Vrai Noblesse a l'Homme c'est la Droiture du Coeur devant Dieu, et selon les Informations que j'ai de Vous, Monsieur, c'est là votre Câractère; je Vous embrasse comme tel et comme mon Neveu de tous mon Coeur, et me crois honoré par votre Alliance. Accordé mois, je vous prie, les Sentimens d'Amitié et d'Amour procedant de ce Lien, et soyés persuadé d'un Retour reciproque de ma Part.

J'espere de voir bientôt Mr. Rogiers chez moi, et comme la Propriété de Mme. votre Epouse, est placé ici à St. Thomas,* nous prendrons votre Interés à coeur. Je suppose que vous avez donné une ample Procuration à Mons. Rogiers sans laquelle il ne peut pas agir pour Vous. Soyés enfin bien persuadé, Mons., que je prendrai toujours un vive Interés a tous ce qui peut avoir quelque influence sur votre Bien-être, et c'est dans ces Sentimens d'un entier Attachment que j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur,

Votre tres humble et tres adonnés

Serviteur et Ami sincère,

T. DE MALLEVILLE.

St. Thomas, ce 26 fevrier, 1787.

à Monsieur.

Monsr. Wheelock, *President*.

* Soon after Mrs. W.'s marriage, her step-father wrote to her husband that her property in the West Indies consisted mainly of 1,600 *joes* or "pieces of eight" [dollars], left her by her half-brother, Hendric Suhm, 600 pieces of eight from her brother, Christian Suhm, and two mulatto women, in all about 3,600 *joes*, or nearly \$29,000.

To Mrs. Wheelock. Same date.

MA CHER NIECE!

J'ai été bien agreeablement surpris par votre Lettre, et d'autant plus, puis qu'elle me mandoit le Choix que Dieu avait fait pour Vous d'un Epoux. Adoré la Voie de la Providence, et rendés vous en digne par une entière soumission a toutes ces Vues avec Vous sur l'Avenir dans l'Etat où elle vienne de vous placer. Ayés toujours devant les yeux les Avis de Grand Apotre: "Femmes, soyés soumises a vos Maris, comme au Seigneur, car le Mari est le Chef de la Femme, comme Christ est le Chef de l'Eglise, et il est aussi le Sauveur de son Corps: comme donc l'Eglise est soumise a Christ que les Femmes le soient de meme a leurs Maris en toutes Choses." En Vous conduisant, ma chere Nièce, de facon vous pouvés etre assuré de la Bienveillance et de la Benediction du Ciel, vous serez aimé de Dieu et de votre Mari. Que vous faut il de plus pour Vous rendre parfaitement heureuse?

Je vous donne aussi de tous mon Coeur ma Benediction sur votre Mariage. Oui, Seigneur! etant sur ce Couple, par toi unis, ta Main benissante, cette Main encore toute Sanglante, qu'elle accomplisse tous les Desseius de ton Coeur propice! Je vous embrasse, chere Nièce, avec ces Sentimens comme

Votre tres attaché et dévoué Oncle

T. DE MALLEVILLE.

St. Thomas, ce 26 fevrier, 1787.

a Madame.

Madme. Wheelock,

neé de Suhm.

The bride, of southern birth, knowing the life of a government-house in the tropics, of a European court, of the lavish luxury and hospitality of Bever-

wyck and of the best society of New York, the object of the warmest affection in her home, took in early winter the long journey over the bad roads to New Hampshire, and thus began her new life. The change must have been great in all respects. Mrs. Dr. Perkins of N. Y., the daughter of one of the Dartmouth professors, told me of the tradition of the costly laces, and the satin cloak deeply trimmed with Russia sable, which were in striking contrast with her surroundings in the remote little village.

How the dear lady bore the change we have no letters to tell.* Her mother writes with pleasure of the attentions received by Mrs. W. from the families of the professors, etc. The next year Mrs. Wheelock made a visit to Beverwyck, which seems to have been unexpectedly prolonged until after the birth, Feb. 3, 1788, of her first and only child, my mother, Maria Malleville Wheelock. The letters from her husband during this long separation are full of devotion and solicitude. Such was the difficulty of traveling at that season, and the lack of mail facilities, that Pres. Wheelock did not hear of the birth of his daughter until May, and then by a messenger whom he sent as soon as the state of the roads permitted.

* Miss Sands of N. Y. thoughtlessly destroyed the letters of our grandmother to her mother, which might have done much toward filling out the picture.

Gen. Von Beverh^{aupt}~~aupt~~ wrote May 5th in regard to arrangements for the return to Hanover. Mrs. von B. and Adriana, then twelve years old, were to accompany the mother and her infant. "My soul is bound up in them, and nothing but my apprehension of our dear Mrs. Wheelock and her young child suffering many inconveniences if alone, could prevail on me to let Mrs. B. undertake so long and tedious a journey." He requested Pres. Wheelock to "send his two black horses and a servant that can ride postilion, to ride the front horses; as there will be five passengers, my own two horses will not be enough. I propose to purchase a light pleasure wagon or coaché, as my carriage will be too heavy and not roomy enough for the baggage."—"Take particular care of the black [horse]; if I lose him, my fine span will be spoiled and I shall never be able to replace him." Mr. Wheelock on his part (unable to leave his pressing duties) wrote many directions for their journey, and sent a long list of names of acquaintances and friends in different towns who would be pleased to entertain the party on their route, among others, "Mr. Hopkins of Hadley," the grandfather of Erastus H. And in this way our mother made her first journey home.

In September, Mr. Von B. took his daughter Anna

Maria to Hanover, and leaving her there to pursue her education under the direction of her brother-in-law, drove his horses and the "coaché" back to Beverwyck, accompanied by his wife and Adriana.

He pursued the same course of stopping on the journey at the houses of clergymen and others, in the lack of public houses, and after reaching home, he wrote very indignantly to Mr. W. of the inhospitable reception or non-reception at a certain private house, to which they drove up, on a dark night, in a pouring rain. The lady of the house was sick in bed, and it was manifestly extremely inconvenient, if not impracticable, for the family to receive the unexpected party of strangers, with horses, coaché and all. But the portly general, driving himself, tired and wet to the skin, with miles on a dark road between him and the next refuge, viewed the situation in a different light. This unpleasant incident, however, seems to have been a marked contrast to the hospitality, thankfully acknowledged, which they received in most places.

The next year Adriana was sent to Bethlehem, and her father wrote to Hanover, April, '89: "Tell Anna Maria that her sister is every day hard at her spinning-wheel, that she is spinning some very fine shirts for me before she goes to Bethlehem."

All that we can learn of the next years, those of

the little Maria's early childhood, is from the letters from Beverwyck. Most of these are from Mr. Von Beverh^{aupt} to Pres. W. But, although affectionate, they relate much to his law-suit with Mr. Abraham Lott, and his need of means for prosecuting it. How it was settled does not appear, but he seems to have received a small sum, and the friendship between the families seems to have continued unbroken. There are a few letters, several in Dutch, and some written by another hand over her own signature, from Mrs. Von B., to her daughter, and one, very affectionate to her dear little granddaughter.

In 1789 she wrote to Mrs. Wheelock:

It is impossible for me to express my wish to see my little girl. You must teach her to say "grandinamma." I shall be as proud as Mr. Wheelock was when she said "papa." Your tender and loving mother.

In 1791: I thank you kindly for all the pretty things you write me of my dear little darling. I send you by papa a piece of towel for six towels, a frock for my dear little Maria, and a little pair of stockings which her aunt Maria knit for her. I send also a pot of cranberries, and three little pots of guava.

In 1793. I send a box in which is one pot of quinces, one of pears, two of peaches, one flask of cherries, a little pot of lime sweetmeats, a flask of pickle peaches, one pot of asia, two little flasks of rose water, and two papers of dried peaches which your sister A. dried for you.

Anna Maria died in 1793. This was a great sor-

row to the warm-hearted, devoted mother, who wrote later to Mrs. Wheelock:

I send you a mourning ring in remembrance of your dear sister, a lock of her hair. Tell my dear little Maria that I thank her very much for the little box she sent me. In the box with your ring is a little silver box and two pieces of gold, which I send for my dear little Maria.

Again she wrote: Write me very particularly about my dear little Maria. I long greatly to see her.

Her letters to Mrs. Wheelock are full of longing affection for her distant daughter. They show, too, an habitual trust in God and loving submission to His will.

Gen. Von Beverhau^{aupt}~~p~~ died suddenly Nov. 26, 1796. He was returning home (from Newark?) in his "chair," when he was seized with a fit, and after being brought home, died the same night.

A copy of his will is preserved. He left almost every thing to his daughter Adriana, and to his wife in trust for her; to Maria only one-fifth of an inconsiderable portion of his estate. The Beverwyck homestead comprised 671 acres. The estate was much encumbered, and a part of it was sold at auction. Mrs. Boudinot and her heirs retained the homestead until within a score of years, when it was sold to a Mr. Condict.

Mrs. Von Beverhau^{aupt}~~p~~ died at the age of sixty-two,

in June or July, 1798, two years after her husband. She wrote in February of that year, a very sweet and loving letter to her little granddaughter, which is still preserved. We have no particular account of her death.

In the next year, 1799, died, in St. Thomas, her brother, Gov. Thomas Malleville, having held his office for twenty-five years. Mrs. Boudinot wrote to Mrs. Wheelock, Oct., 1800:

Mr. von Wagen sent a copy of uncle's will, written in Danish, very short, and only contains a request to be buried in a decent, plain way, without any pomp or parade, and leaves \$40 to the church he wishes to be buried at.

She wrote later:

We have received nothing from Uncle Malleville's. It is supposed that the Lillienschoelds have not dealt fairly with the other heirs; they have taken to themselves two shares and the rest get only one. Their plea is that they are male heirs, but as we were all sisters' children the division ought certainly to have been equal.

"A small legacy" was afterward mentioned as Mrs. Wheelock's portion of his estate.

We return to the family at Hanover.

The little Maria, the darling of her parents and grandmother, was, in their opinion, a "fine child." Except from the Beverwyck letters, we know but little of her childhood. The oil painting, by a Mr. Stewart, shows a sweet, bright face. The "tavern," in the

background, Phebe told me, was put in at her own request. Mrs. Perkins told me that her dress being more costly and handsome than that of her childish companions, she would modestly stand behind the others in order to avoid comparison. One day she was accosted in the street by a poor woman begging help, whom she directed to go to her father's. On the woman's replying that she had been there in vain, the little girl took a nice shawl from her own shoulders and gave it to the woman, bidding her not to say that she had been to Pres. Wheelock's and got nothing. This indicates some of her characteristics in later years. There was a spirit and daring about her, united with high principle, self-respect, and practical efficiency.

When she was twelve years old she was sent to Boston to Mrs. Elisha Ticknor's school, where she remained for over two years; from Sept., 1800, to Feb., 1802.

The Ticknors were old friends, with Hanover connections. Maria writes of "papa" and "mamma" Ticknor, "my sisters" and "my little brother George," who was later sent to Dartmouth College under the personal care of Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock in their family.

Mrs. Wheelock, many years later, alludes, in a

sweet way, to the pain of this separation from her daughter, as even greater than that of giving her up to her husband. We have Maria's school-girl letters to her parents, and it is pleasant and amusing to trace the rapid and great improvement in her hand-writing and spelling, as well as in the proprieties of composition, especially in elaborate expressions of dutiful affection. Here and there an interlinear correction or explanation reveals the vigilant eye of the teacher. In each of the first letters is an allusion to her "dear Annette," her lovely cousin, Annette Woodward, who continued, while she lived, to hold a chief place in Maria's affections. There are frequent charges to her mother to "take good care" of her dog Julia.*

In one of the first letters, after writing that she had "begun dancing, and had not learnt much yet," she adds: "Mrs. Ticknor wishes to know if papa will permit me to buy a chain for his miniature. It will cost \$5." This is probably the miniature now in my possession.

Oct. 9. I do not expect a letter from papa, for he loves his books too well to write only when it is necessary. If I can get a letter from papa by being a good girl, I will try to be so. I in-

*This probably was the pet dog for whose little feet Mrs. Wheelock knit some stockings, red, if I remember rightly. One Sunday the little creature escaped from the house, and, to the astonishment of her mistress, went to church and stationed herself, stockings and all, on the pulpit stairs and there surveyed the congregation.

tend to write to my Aunt Bouldinoudt (!) and Judge Fisk as soon as I have time, for I am very busy now. I have begun to work, and expect a French and drawing master soon. I am glad you think of Julia. I hope Addy* is well and as pretty as ever. You must keep Julia clean, and have her look right when I come home. I am as busy as can be.

Oct. 28. The (school) ball was last Thursday. We were all dressed in white, with straw-colored shoes and purple bracers, and the boys were dressed in blue coats and pantaloons, with white jacket and stockings. With affectionate regards, your dutiful daughter.

This was the usual termination of the first letters.

Dec. 28. The reason why I have not written oftener is only because I have not time. Mamma wrote about my leaving off drawing, but certainly I had rather not go another quarter to dancing than leave off.

Jany. 21, 1801.

DEAR MAMA:

My health is good. I am happy in my situation. I think that my parents would be pleased if they could see how my time is employed. I go into no company without my sisters.

March 2. (In handsome copperplate back hand.) My beloved mama: I received your affectionate and endearing letter by Mr. Lang. 'T'o attempt to thank you for the lace [which she had asked for in a previous letter, if her mother had any to spare] will be im-

*Addy, then a young girl, probably named for Mrs. Boudinot, was brought up by Mrs. Wheelock, and was her special attendant in her last years at Brunswick. Her brother or half brother, Jim Green, was also from his youth in the family.

possible in words, but perhaps not in actions. My affectionate love to papa. May these few lines be accepted with pleasure, from your

Affectionate child,

M. M. WHEELOCK.

April 29.

DEAR MAMA :

Indeed mama. I will try, and hope to be all, which you and my dear papa can wish. I flatter myself with the happiness of seeing my beloved parents next fall.

June 1. It is so long since you heard that you have reason to believe that my affection for you decreases, but be assured, my dearest parents, it is exactly the contrary, and that I never take so much delight as in writing to you. I thought when I left home, that I loved you with all the affection of a child, but I find now that it had not acquired half its strength. Your goodness shines now in its brightest colors before my eyes.

June 25. President Willard was good enough week before last, to come and carry me to his house, where I spent a very enjoyable week. Tell my dearest papa I can talk French a little, and hope, before a long time, to be perfectly mistress of it.

July 16.

DEAREST PAPA :

Yours of the 11 ult. I received yesterday, and consider it a very great gift. I shall follow the example of the worthy Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, as much as in my power, which I wish might be entirely equal to your and my beloved mama's wishes.

Aug. 5.

EVER DEAREST, BELOVED PARENTS :

Long appears to me the time since you have written. I used to fancy I loved you as much as ever a child loved their parents : but

since I left home, I find I did not know what it was to love, and henceforth it shall be my only employment to satisfy and please my parents.

Aug. 14, 1801.

DEAREST PARENTS :

You ask me what I should think of going home in the fall. I wish to see you very much, but I should prefer remaining here one year longer, on account of many advantages I have and the disadvantage it would be to break off my studies, French in particular, which my dearest papa is so anxious I should learn perfectly, and what I have learnt, it appears to me, would be of no use if I left the study now. Do not think I should falter one moment if you really wish me to return. I should obey with joy if it were a visit of a month or two, indeed I shall now, with pleasure, if you require it.

As I wish to know whether I am to go or not, write soon and quiet the impatient bosom of

Your obedient child,

MARIA MALLEVILLE WHEELOCK.

Sept. 9.

DEAREST MAMA :

You are very kind in saying that you will use your influence with my ever dear papa for the continuation of my studies, and hope he will see the advantages of my tarrying.

Oct. 4. A thousand thanks to my dearest papa for permitting me to tarry here. I have begun geography with my two sisters and little brother. I have already found what is the shape of this earth which we inhabit, and considerable more, which I will postpone until that far distant time when I shall see my beloved parents. Mama, you say that if you were to come down, you are

afraid you could not go home without me, but be assured if you would use all your philosophy, I would mine, and I dare say we should be able to part again for so short a time.

Oct. 19.

EVER BELOVED MAMA:

The unexpected pleasure of seeing my dearest papa cannot be described by the most skilful pen.

Dec. 2. President Willard and Lady were polite enough to give me an invitation to spend Thanksgiving with them. They wished me, when I wrote home, to remember them particularly and respectfully to you. We still continue geography, and have got as far as Connecticut.

Jany. 27, 1802. I have not purchased your china yet, but hope to get a handsome set.

Feb. 12. (Last letter.) When I wrote before I was in hopes it would be the last dated from Boston. I hope to be with you the latter part of next week, or the beginning of the week following. I have been over the world since I saw my beloved papa, and hope I shall be able to give him an account of some of the foreign customs when next we meet.

She returned home in Feb., 1802, when she was just fourteen years old. Mr. Ticknor wrote to her father at this time: "She is habitually industrious, systematizes her time, and studies well—has a taste for geography, painting and dancing." His bills for her expenses while with him are preserved.

This may be the best time to take a view of her home and its surroundings. The President's house (if it was the same in which he lived ten years later)

was well built and commodious, standing on the college green. Near by were the houses of the professors, some of whom were dear friends. The wives of Prof. Ripley and Prof. Woodward were sisters of Dr. Wheelock. Gen. Eleazer Ripley and Mrs. Judge Dana, of Fryeburg, were children of Prof. Ripley, and so cousins of Maria. The Woodwards were another family of dear cousins: Mary, Mrs. Hutchinson; Harriet, Mrs. Langdon; Eliza, the first Mrs. Benj. R. Curtis; and the "sweet Annette," Mrs. Searle. There was a younger brother, George, whom I remember visiting us in Brunswick in my girlhood.

The three daughters of Prof. Smith were also special friends of Maria. With two of them, Mrs. John Bryant, of Boston, and Mrs. Perkins, of New York (whose husband was an eminent surgeon), the friendship lasted through her life. Mrs. Perkins was still living, interesting and active in her advanced age, when I first lived in New York. She told me that even then there was scarcely an hour in the day when she did not think of my mother. But Maria's most intimate friend was the younger of the three sisters, Sarah Smith. Many letters from her are preserved, and poetical effusions, which indicate unusual mental gifts and cultivation, and elevation of Christian char-

acter. A rhyming address to her friend begins in this pretty way :

Though some may be as fair as she,
And though a few as good may be,
I oft have said, and say so still,
There's none I love like Malleville.

Maria seems to have remained at Hanover until Sept., 1804, when, accompanied by her father and mother, she went to Newark, where Mrs. Boudinot was then residing. She remained in her aunt's family, attending school, until the next June. There are letters from herself, Mrs. Boudinot, and little Eliza Boudinot (afterward Mrs. George Bibby), all written Oct. 7, 1804, just after the return to Hanover of Pres. and Mrs. Wheelock. We quote from them :

From Mrs. Boudinot.

I was rejoiced, my beloved sister, to hear you had arrived in health and safety. You were much favored in having very fine weather. I assure you every day brought its inquiry, how far you had got on your journey. Believe me, my dear sister, I am truly sensible of the value of the precious deposit you have left behind. She is an amiable, sweet girl. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to make her happy while with us. She appears very happy in our domestic circle.

From M. M. W.

DEAR MOTHER :

I am glad to hear you got home so well. I was afraid you would meet with some disaster, as *I* was not with you. I am

quite delighted with this place. The inhabitants are just the thing for me, free from that disgusting formality, the characteristic of Boston. I have not been in New York yet, intend going on Wednesday next to receive some good advice from Mrs. Lott. I have gotten me a nice coat, it came to twenty-four dollars. I am reading Robertson [History] and shall begin school after vacation.

I remain, &c., &c., &c.,

MARIA M. W.

From little Eliza, (by an amanuensis.)

MY DEAR AUNTY WHEELLOCK :

Cousin Maria is very lazy. She gets up very late, at ten o'clock in the morning. She has learned to eat oysters, ducks, pigeons, etc., but we cannot get her to drink tea yet. She does nothing but laugh and talk all day. I can get no peace with her, she plagues me so. Will you please send for her tomorrow, and I'll come with her. Oh, the great coat! I almost forgot to tell you, cousin Maria has got a new silk one. She looks very dashy in it. My dear respects to my aunt and uncle. Now I must beg you my dear aunt to write soon to your affectionate niece,

ELIZA BOUDINOT.

Oct. 25, Maria writes :

I have been with Mrs. Lott (in N. Y.) for better than a week past. I returned on Saturday, was much pleased with my visit. They all appeared like old acquaintances; they desired to be affectionately remembered to you. Grandmother (as I call her) said I must tell you that I was so good already, it was impossible advice could make me better. So you see, I must be very much altered already, or else have hypocrisy enough to conceal my failings. She sets me as an example to every young person she sees, particularly for sitting straight. Mrs. Sands treated me with great attention.

Mrs. Adams feels herself much flattered by your calling her *amiable*; she felt anxious, she said, to get the good opinion of one whom she so much respected and tenderly loved as she did you, for never had she seen any person who hit her fancy so much at first sight, and next to her mother, she loves you. Little Eliza feels very much pleased to think her aunty Wheelock is going to write to her. I wish papa would write to me, but I suppose his books engage so much of his time as to allow him not even one moment to think of his

DAUGHTER.

Kiss Ad and Jule.

Nov. 12. Jule, poor little thing, I am sorry to hear she is dead. Adriana I suppose is quite rejoiced, for now she will have no rival in your affection, and she will be able to sit on Miss Maria's lap, when before she would have been turned away for Jule.

I do not think I spend as much here as I should had I been home. That black gown of mine is a miserable thing, it has crumbled all to pieces. I will endeavor to make my two calicoes last me this winter for common, and I have bought me one white for company, and a cheap dark chambray for the afternoons. It was impossible for me to do with less, and I know of precious few who could do with these.

Tell papa that there is a coachee for sale here which uncle thinks of getting, that I think would please both of you. The price is four hundred dollars. There could be another made like it if he wished. Do tease him, mama, to get it. Praise up his horses, tell him it is a shame for him to keep such fine horses without a carriage.

I only wait for Mr. Woodbridge's orders to attend him. I shall go at private hours, Susan Kearney attending with me. We shall

attend to Astronomy in addition to the other studies papa mentioned, as I suppose the more learned I am, the better pleased he will be.

Dec. 11.

MY DEAR FATHER:

To *inform* you of the pleasure your letter gave me, I could do in words, but to *convince* you of it can only be done by following constantly the advice you have given me in it, and may that be my greatest delight, knowing it is the only way I can secure peace in this life or happiness in the one to come.

Jany. 20, 1805. Last week I spent two or three days with Dr. Smith's family at Princeton. His daughter was here and insisted on my returning with her. They were very kind and treated me with great attention, were loth to have me leave so soon, and insisted on my returning at another time and making a longer visit.

Jany. 14. After an agreeable journey to Philadelphia and back again, I take the earliest opportunity to inform you how I was pleased with that famous city. I do not think it to be compared with New York, the public buildings, for example, in New York or Boston, and there is too much sameness in the private ones. I was gratified with a sight of the famous mammoth. I had no conception of its size before. Our party consisted of Judge Boudinot and Julia, uncle and aunt. We stayed at a brother's of the Judge. He was acquainted with papa's father, and is a great friend of the Indians. Himself and family treated me with great kindness, and he desired me to remember him affectionately to my father. In Princeton they spent the night at lawyer Stockton's.

March 10. (She resumes the subject of the "coachee.") It would be such a convenient way for my aunt Boudinot and myself to take the journey to Hanover. Uncle's is very handsome, lined with olive green velvet, only four hundred dollars, such an one as

my father ought to own to be dragged by those *superb* and *elegant* horses.

The only fault that can be found with them [Mrs. Smith and daughter] is that they have too much pride, but as I am almost the only person that never experienced any of it, I ought not to complain; indeed, I am the only person in Newark they have ever seen fit to be intimate with.

Mr. Boudinot was at this time building a new house. April 21 Maria writes:

We have moved, and are almost settled in our new house. Every one gives it the preference to any in Newark.

June 15.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

I imagine this is the last time I shall address you or papa, before I shall again behold my much loved parents. Mama, how does your garden come on? We have a most elegant one here. I expect Phebe will have my room very neat.

This is the first mention of the dear, good Phebe, who, on a visit to Beverwyck, was given to be my mother's special attendant, when my mother was three or four years old, and Phebe some years older.

In 1806 and 1807 Maria was in Boston. In Sept., 1808, she went again to Newark. She remained a year, partly with Mrs. Boudinot and partly with her dear friend, Charlotte Mercer, afterward Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen. Her mother, with Phebe, accompanied her to Newark. It seems that her father

had not, after all, been deaf to her request, for, although the Newark coachee had not been purchased, there was another which was quite satisfactory.

The first letter from Maria to her father is given entire, as it is interesting in many ways :

NEWARK, Sep. 9, 1808.

MY DEAREST FATHER :

I take the earliest opportunity to inform you of our safe arrival and better health. We got to Dr. McClure's on Friday eve, remained there until the next day, when we went to Hartford,* and, as I was not quite so well, tarried there till Monday. We reached this [place] on Wednesday, found all friends well, and very much disappointed at not seeing you. We got along very well on the road; all were civil; our horses stood it remarkably, they did not so much as gall, and look better much than when we left home. Our carriage attracted attention, it was constantly admired, and here it is called a most elegant one. Mother thought that we were treated with more attention on account of it, for to the lower sort appearance is everything.

All that I have said I presume will give you pleasure. I have reserved the worst for the last, which is, that we found the expense on the road much more than you calculated. They have raised prices one third, and the tolls take a great deal. They have a turnpike most of the way from New Haven, which is expensive. We were as saving as possible. Mother says I must tell you she is here, but wants something to get home with. When she saw how much it would take, I perceived it worried her extremely, and and took entirely from the pleasure of the journey. I wanted to relieve her anxiety, but knew not how; I thought at first of bor-

*The Misses Patton, cousins or aunts of her father, lived in Hartford.

rowing from uncle, but her pride revolted at the idea, and I have persuaded her to allow me to write. She can receive an answer in a fortnight, which time she will be obliged to wait, although she is impatient to be with you. They are all desirous mama should remain with them till winter, but her husband is all her cry. They won't hear to my leaving them, neither have I any desire to return. I want to see you more than I can tell, for I love you both much more than you think for. It is true I have been the cause of much anxiety, but I comfort myself as much as possible with knowing it has been more by the malice of others than misconduct in me; and believe me, my dear father, when I tell you I am now fully confident that *conscious innocence* is not sufficient without regarding public opinion.

I remain,

Your affectionate

MARIA.

This letter gives a hint of a serious unhappiness, the cause of which is not fully explained, but was connected with the persistent persecution and misrepresentations of a rejected lover. Whatever it might be, it was sufficient to destroy her peace of mind, undermine her health and alienate her from Hanover.

Mrs Wheelock returned home the last of September, and Maria writes by her, to her father :

Sept. 26. I presume, my dear father, that you will not be surprised at not seeing me with my dearest mother, as you know how anxious I was to remain, and have given your consent. Mamma leaves to-morrow, notwithstanding the anxious entreaties of her friends to remain with them longer. I suppose, had I returned now, I

should hardly be noticed, your attention would be so much taken up with mother. However gratifying it might be to see you, my dearest papa, yet I cannot bear the idea of returning this fall. I am confident I could not enjoy myself at Hanover this winter, and that, should I return, my health, which is now good, would be as it was when I left there.

Oct. 16. How happy was I, my dearest mother, to hear of your safe arrival. I felt very anxious about you. I hope you find the jaunt of service to your health, and Phebe's likewise. I am now with Charlotte [Mercer], have been ever since you left. She won't hear of my leaving her; indeed, I think it an act of charity to remain. She is entirely alone. I assist in keeping house, and expect to be quite a proficient in the business. You say I must not deceive you about my health. It is not necessary I should, for it is much better. I ride on horseback considerable, but cannot yet ride a great distance. I shall think of you and papa to-night, seated by the fire, eating sweetmeats, and perhaps sometimes speaking of your distant daughter.

Dec. 4. Yes, my dearest parents, I am well and happy. I wish much to see you, but do not yet feel as though I should wish to return to Hanover. I am as pleasantly situated here as it is possible to be, separated from you. I am confident I contribute much to my friend C.'s happiness, and the old gentleman is continually expressing pleasure at my being here. I sometimes go over to aunt's with the intention of remaining a day or two, but, before night, I am sure to see either himself or a message for me to come home, "it is so dull they can't do without me." Aunt is well and will write soon. They talk of spending the summer at Beverwyck. Uncle is building a small house for the purpose.

Jany. 15. Yesterday I met a French family at aunt's. I began and made out to say a little in French, and I made out so well

that I am the more desirous to perfect myself. I intend to frequent this family, and learn as much as I can from them ; but for me to visit them frequently for the express purpose of learning to speak without having a master will look rather mean, and I had rather go without my French than appear so.

I wish very much to go to Brunswick, for I liked Col. Nelson so much that I think we shall have a pleasant visit ; besides, they both knew mamma, and it is pleasant to come across any one who did, to hear them speak of her, for I find she used to be quite a favorite with all.

February 5th she writes of the particular attention of several gentlemen, one so persistent that she could hardly treat him with civility, "so that, though not at Hanover, I am still *tormented*."

Charlotte was very grateful for those few lines you sent her in mine. You know what an amiable being she is. There is nothing she does not contrive that she thinks will afford the least pleasure to me, and although at so great a distance from my beloved parents, I cannot but feel myself compensated in being sensible that I contribute so much to the happiness of my truly deserving friend. On Friday was my birthday. I could not but wish myself with you that my twenty-first we might have passed together. Tell my dear father that goodness will always be imposed upon, and that, presuming on his, I can at least ask, and if he refuses, I will bear it with becoming fortitude. It is for a birthday present. It will amount to about \$15. For that I can get earrings, necklace and bracelet that are very decent. As the ladies all wear them here, I appear rather singular without. I think papa will not refuse, for, as to ornaments, I have never been \$5 expense to him ; however, if he does not see fit, I am content.

Miss Mercer adds in a postscript:

I don't dare tell you how much *mischief* she has been doing, but can only say, was I not as great an admirer myself, as she has or ever will have, I should become quite jealous, for I stand no chance where she is known.

April 16. I got Phebe's and Adriana's letters. When I have an opportunity I will write them both. Tell Phebe her mother and sisters are well. Aunt has left us for Beverwyck. Charlotte and myself went up and spent two nights with her last week. She has not yet got into the new house, expects to the 1st of May. I have promised her that I will spend some time with her; indeed, you can't imagine how attached I am to the place. Were *you* not at Hanover, I should prefer it to any other. It appears to me I never knew a more delightful spring; every one is employed making their gardens. In a few days we shall have asparagus. I, yesterday morning, got up and rode on horseback before breakfast, and felt so much better after it, that, had it not been for writing you, I should have done the same this morning. Mr. Mercer has lately purchased two excellent riding horses, and we call one after himself and the other after papa, so wherever we go we are *honorably attended*.

May 7th Miss Mercer wrote to Mrs. Wheelock:

Your good sister, Mrs. B., came down last Saturday, but she has entered so much into the spirit of housekeeping that she could not stay with us but one night. She expects next week to get into her new house, and *then* I shall begin to dread the sight of her, for she has been waiting patiently for Mall; but then I fear all my entreaties will fail, and she will take her in spite of anything I can say.

I cannot express to you, my dear Mrs. Wheelock, and her

much honored father, the gratitude I feel for permitting her to spend this winter with me. She has been a comfort to me in a season of trouble [the death of a sister]. She has been a sister and a friend. In her dear self are centered all those virtues and amiable qualities which serve to form and strengthen the bonds of disinterested friendship, and by her acquirements in every useful knowledge she is well calculated to be a fit companion to old and young, the gay and serious, and in each capacity is she well enabled to perform her part with that propriety and good sense which distinguish her. She is esteemed and called by one who became a martyr to her irresistible charms of person and mind, "Paragon of Excellence, Criterion of Merit, and Model of Perfection." I know not how I can ever part with her, for she has become dearer than ever to me.

Maria adds a short postscript;

O, mother, I must just tell you that I have got no less than sixteen kinds of flower seeds for you. To be sure they won't do you much good this year, except by the reflection that you will have them to ornament your garden for the next.

Miss Hannah Lott, who is frequently mentioned, seems to have lived with Mrs. Boudinot. When Mrs. B. went to Beverwyck she left her two children, Susan and Eliza, in Newark, with Miss Hannah and Mrs. Von Magen, the housekeeper. Miss Hannah was soon taken alarmingly ill with typhoid fever, and Maria, with her friend Charlotte, sat up with her at night, usually together, as they "did not like to be separated."

BEVERWYCK, June 14, 1809.

It is, my dear mother, two weeks since I received your last affectionate letter, since when I have not had one moment's leisure to write, for it has been one unceasing round of company at Newark; for most of the time no less than thirteen visitors staying at the house, and others constantly coming in. I wished myself often with aunt, but Charlotte would not let me come, for she could not entertain them alone. I at last got so completely tired and worn out, that on Monday last I made my exit from the scene of dissipation, and here I am enjoying comfort in the peaceful retirement of Beverwyck, a place rendered doubly dear to me from its being the spot on which my beloved mother has passed so many happy days. Aunt has built a small, but neat addition to the house that was here; it is sufficiently large, as they have six lodging rooms, with the chambers of the other part, which are pretty good ones. There is a large and very pleasant parlor. Aunt likes it very much. Daddy Cook looks so much younger that I did not know him when he came to open the gate for us. He says he feels a great deal better since his *Missis* came to live here. I think I could spend the summer here very pleasantly; Charlotte won't suffer me to talk of such a thing. Prof. Smith's death I heard of before receiving yours, by a letter from Sarah, in which she mentioned her determination, and I refer you, my dear mother, to my answer for my sentiments on the subject. It is sufficient that I tell you that, the more I reflect, the more fully I am convinced there is no happiness in this life except what is derived from preparing ourselves for the life to come.

The "determination" referred to was that of making a public profession of her Christian faith. Sarah Smith's letters to her friend show a decided, earnest

religious character. This one is still preserved, and from it we learn more fully that Maria had decided to take at the same time the same important step, although away from her home. Miss Mercer's letters to Mrs. W. also show that Christian feelings and consolations were the habit of her mind. It is most pleasant to think of these young friends, with so much of outward enjoyment, together setting their faces heavenward.

I am glad to hear that my dear father's health is so much better. I wish he would ride more than he does. Phebe's mother and sister are well. Leo is about the same. They all send love to her. Tell Adriana I often think of her. I suppose she sweeps your room and dusts it every day, washes the cups and glasses, and is a smart girl by this time. I shall be much disappointed should I not find her so on my return.

NEWARK, July 31.

For six or eight weeks past I have been with aunt. I enjoyed myself much, but most of the time there was company, and when there was none I was visiting around among your old acquaintances. The person who purchased the old doctor's (Derby) place is fitting it up, and intends it for sale. What would I not give to have my dearest father purchase it? It is a situation that would just suit him, and I am sure it would you, for I suspect aunt, after this winter, will reside all the time at Beverwyck, she is so much pleased. I intend returning there the last of this week, as aunt pretends she can't do without me. So it is, aunt is pulling me one way and Charlotte the other; but while I try to satisfy these two by dividing my time between them, my thoughts are with my dear,

my beloved parents. You don't know how anxious I am to see you. I cannot but acknowledge that my spirits are considerably damped as soon as I reflect it is only at *Hanover* I can enjoy this pleasure. My dear mother, in your letter to Charlotte, you mentioned you so soon expected to see me. I have no way until fall, if then, unless I should take up with some young beau—there are more of these than I wish for; no less than *four* have already offered their protection.

BEVERWYCK, Sept. 3.

I am writing on in the greatest haste, for Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and four children are now here, and we are momentarily expecting half a dozen from Morris to dine with us. Last week a party of us went on to Bethlehem. We had no idea of going there when we left home. We set out for Schooley's Mountain, eighteen miles from Morris, but found it so pleasant that we kept on. Besides uncle and aunt, Dr. Campfield and lady were the only ones of the party that you knew. It is four weeks since I have been at Newark; before this I have not stayed from there a week at once. I expect Charlotte and her father here to-morrow or next day for me. I shall then go and stay with Pop for some time to come, as she is now once more alone; and I don't know but she may give us a wedding this fall. So it is, and most sincerely do I hope she may be happy. He* is a young fellow of superior talents, but nothing prepossessing in his appearance.

Uncle says I must tell father that Mr. Lillenschield is in this country, and that papa had better draw on him for what he owes him. He has now gone on a jaunt to Niagara. Mr. L.'s wife is with him. She is an amiable woman, and when they first came they had some thoughts of taking Hanover in their route. Had they, I should have gone with them.

*Theodore Frelinghuysen.

This is the last of her letters from Newark. She probably returned home in the fall of 1809.

In January, 1811, she went to Boston on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Bryant. Sarah Smith was also at her sister's, and the two friends enjoyed much together, and received a great deal of attention. She wrote to her mother, January 20:

If we receive as much company all the time as we have had since I have been here, I shan't promise you many long letters. I conclude it won't continue so long, for they must be satisfied with one sight. We live in a retired and very pleasant part of the town, and if any one comes we ought at least to thank them for taking so much pains to see us.

I went this morning to hear Mr. Channing. My expectations were much raised; for that reason, I suppose, I was rather disappointed. He gave us a very good, handsomely written, moral discourse, but not so much religion in it as I was in hopes of finding. Sarah says not so much near as usual.

One week since I was with you. I won't say I am homesick, but I should like amazingly to see you all. Mrs. Bryant won't let us name the time of our returning. I think I shall willingly retire to *private life*. Mother, do write to me often. What a consolation, my dearest mother, it is to know that, whether present with, or absent from each other, we are equally under the kind care of our great and good Father.

BOSTON, Feb. 13.

Dear mother, do remember that I am here in the midst of the *great world*, and that my time is not at my own disposal. Every morning for two weeks past I have gotten up with the determina-

tion of writing you and Annette before the day closed, but calling, calling, calling, has always prevented. As yet we have visited but little. We are just commencing. I have attended the theater four times. Don't be frightened, for I don't go again. I went three times to see the famous Cook in his most celebrated characters. This I was obliged to do in order to join in conversation, for nothing was talked of but him. On Monday last I went with W. [Gen. E. W.] Ripley. The Governor was present, and I had the honor of sitting at his right hand; no great honor either I suppose you will say. I was in the box joining his, surrounded by flowing Democrats. I have attended one of the public balls; Sarah accompanied me. I took Mrs. Ticknor's advice about going. It was decidedly her opinion that I ought to go at least once. I went, am quite satisfied, not the least desire to go again. They are anxious we should attend Washington's birthnight, but we are no fools. We know it is not only wiser but pleasanter to remain by our fireside, enjoying an equal temperature than being in such a crowd, part of the time our lives exposed from the heat and dust, the other part from the cold. No, no; we'll not be fools. We have been very steady thus far, but now we are called into more *active life*. I call to see good Mrs. Kindsman often. All my leisure moments I have divided between her and Mrs. Ticknor. Sarah and self intend spending a week with Mrs. Ticknor before long. C. calls to see us. I don't like him half as well as I did at commencement. He undertook to convert us the other day, but left off as he began. I have heard since that he says "*he despairs of ever succeeding; we are fine girls, it's a pity we are such Calvinists.*"

We go to Mr. Channing's church. I like him much, though he is cautious to say nothing which may offend his brother preachers. I have been once to hear Dr. Griffin; did not like him so well as

at Newark. He showed too much party spirit, but I suppose he thinks he is doing right. I should have called upon Mrs. G. had the weather been better. I saw her at lecture one day. I have not seen the *President* [Madison]. He is to be at Judge Davis' on Friday.

How do Adriana and Jim manage? I hope they don't trouble Phebe. If my wishes could have any effect they would both be very good.

March 7. I hope I did not frighten you by an account of my dissipation. That was only for one week; they do not all pass so. On an average we go three or four days in a week, which, considering, is not much. We have spent a day at Mr. Bartlett's, met some very genteel company there, and had everything in the highest style. Among the rest the *President* was there, who, by the way, says I am his cousin. He was very attentive and sociable, as all the rest of the old bachelors and widowers that were present were. Some of the old ones are very pleasant, but none of the young ones are worth a snap. Last Sunday was our communion. We have it the first Sunday of every month. We attend Mr. Channing; and he is acknowledged by all to be one of the best men living. I am sure he is the exact resemblance of the Apostle John.

She writes diffidently for more money:

I have made the best of what I had; I am sure papa would think so if he knew what occasions I have for this precious commodity. If my dearest papa will consider *where* I am and *who* I am, he will not be surprised at my request.

May 23. I have been completely homesick ever since Annette left here; however, I felt much better this week. I am staying with Mrs. Ticknor, and you can't imagine what a good time we

have had. I do hope I may improve as much by her conversation as I ought. I have hardly felt as if I were a being on this earth, a fellow traveler with those who look no farther than time. How much I owe my heavenly Father for his mercies to a sinful servant ! May I ever feel a just sense of this, and may I ever feel, *Not my will, but Thine be done !* I have time to say no more, as I am going to attend lecture this morning. I am anxious to hear every sermon I can while here, for whatever may be the particular tenets of the clergy here, they certainly give us most admirable sermons, calculated to do much good.

She returned home a few days after this.

It is now time to introduce another person, who was thenceforth to take the nearest and most important place in her history. While Maria Wheelock was at school in Boston in her early girlhood, William Allen, four years older than herself, was pursuing his college course at Harvard. He graduated in 1802 at the age of eighteen, taking a high rank in a large and distinguished class. He afterward remained in Cambridge as Proctor, for several years, at the same time studying for the ministry under Rev. Dr. Pierce, and residing in the family of Rev. Dr. Morse. He preached his first sermon in his father's pulpit at Pittsfield, in 1804, at the age of twenty. During his residence in Cambridge he prepared his American Biographical Dictionary, which was published in 1809, when he was at the age of twenty-five. He also

preached in various places, and in the pulpits of Drs. Griffin, Morse, Channing, etc. He was of excellent parentage, beautiful in person,* refined and gentle in manners, distinguished in scholarship, and of a character so lovely and exalted that it was said of him that he seemed to have been "sanctified from his birth."† He was one of the youngest of the large family of Rev. Thomas Allen, the first minister of Pittsfield, Mass., whose memory his descendants well may honor; a man in whom was a rare union of tenderness and strength; tenderness which led him across the ocean in his advanced age, in order to bring back the orphaned infant child of his beloved and lovely daughter, and, in the sickness of its nurse, take the sole charge of it during a most trying voyage of ninety days; and strength which led him to muster his parishioners on the village green, one Sunday after service, and march at the head of two hundred and fifty of them to the battle of Bennington, where he fired the first shot at the enemy. Those who think of him as the "fighting parson" should look at

*A fine miniature of him, by Malbone, taken at this age, for his dear friend, Rev. Dr. Codman, is in my possession.

† "He was the *whitest soul* I ever knew," said his son-in-law, Erastus Hopkins, who had known much of men. In his journal, when a young man, he deplores his "quick temper." Certainly no one who knew him in later years would have imagined it. His self-control and silent serenity under great provocations and repeated heavy afflictions were very remarkable.

his mild, lovely face, preserved in a fine engraving, and read the series of letters written regularly Sunday evening, after his three laborious services of the day were over, to his young son in college. In their tender affection, their clear-sighted wisdom, their true refinement and high Christian tone, they are most admirable.

His wife, Elizabeth Lee, daughter of Rev. Jonathan Lee, of Salisbury, Conn., and through him a direct descendant of Gov. William Bradford, of Plymouth, was a woman of remarkable personal beauty,* and in every way a fitting companion to her noble husband.

They had nine sons and three daughters; Elizabeth, Mrs. White, who died in London, a most lovely woman; Clarissa, Mrs. Breck, of Northampton; and Love, the wife of Gen. Eleazer Wheelock Ripley, my mother's cousin. Her history is like a romance to us. We all know of her extraordinary personal beauty,† the brightness of her spirit, her heroic devo-

* "She was the handsomest woman that ever walked into the Pittsfield meeting house," said an old lady to me when I was once in Pittsfield.

† Judge Howard, of Portland, told me that at one commencement day at Hanover, the whole audience rose to look at her as she entered the church, and one man, from pure mischief or malice, threw some ink upon her white dress, of which she took no notice, except by calmly drawing her shawl over the stains. She had two children, Henry, who was in the army, and was killed in Florida during the Seminole war, and Louisiana Elizabeth Love Allen, who married Mr. Lawson, U. S. Senator from Louisiana. The last that we heard of her was of her kneeling in the street, in a fever of romantic patriotism, as the flag of the union was borne by our army through the town where she lived.

tion to her husband after his severe wound in the battle of Lake Erie, her long endurance of hardships, suffering and sorrow, and her tragic death from fever, in 1822 or 3 at the Bay of St. Louis.

Many of her letters are preserved. Among them is one in which she writes to her favorite brother, William, in praise of Miss Wheelock (whom she had probably met at Hanover on a visit to her husband's family), urging him to go and see her, and suggesting that he should take a copy of his Biographical Dictionary as a propitiatory offering to her father, the President. She admired and loved Miss Wheelock above all of womankind, and would choose her above all others for the wife of her brother. He was at that time recently settled over his father's old church in Pittsfield, having refused calls to other important pulpits.

He followed her advice, went to Hanover, called upon the President, presented his book, was introduced to the lady, and lost his heart at first sight. The prize was won, not then, but later. Jan. 28, 1813, William Allen and Maria Malleville Wheelock were married, and began a wedded life of such happiness as is seldom granted to mortals. They surely would not forbid us, their children, to look reverently into the beautiful sanctuary of their love, and thank God

for their happiness, which continued bright with heavenly radiance to the last. We have their letters from our father's first visit. In our mother's first letter to him after their engagement she shows traits not unlike those of some of her children :

I am more and more convinced of the truth of what I told you, viz., that if you will always let me have my own way, I will engage to make a *first-rate wife*; that if you ever oppose me, only let me have time to think what I am about, and even then I *will do very well*; but if you take me when I am off my guard, and don't give me time to collect myself, I will not be answerable for the consequences further than this, that I now think I shall never love you so well afterward.

Again she writes in regard to their future mode of living:

If I *can* have things, I like it; if I *can't*, I am *just as happy* without.

In her last letter before her marriage she writes :

Dear William, was it not for my trust in God I could not thus easily leave my dear parents childless, and just at this time that they apparently most need their child. But in going I give to them a son who, if occasion requires, will be more capable of affording them comfort than myself. My mother already takes great comfort in calling you her "son William."

Two months before her marriage she was in Boston, making purchases for her housekeeping. She wrote to her "ever dear mother" of various articles purchased :

I have purchased nothing that borders on extravagance excepting two pairs of *salt cellars*,* and they are so elegant it must plead my excuse. I know father would have got them had he been here. She adds: I feel as if I ought to be with you every minute now, as I am so soon to seek another home. This is not a pleasing idea to me, but I feel firmly persuaded that it is so ordered by that Providence which knows better than I do the place I ought to fill in this lower world. I pray that, whatever may be my situation, I may ever remember that I am only a probationer for eternity. We may be separated in this life, but in the life to come I trust we shall be united.

On my last visit to Hanover I went into the room where my parents were married. The house has been removed, but the interior arrangement is unchanged. I think that Miss Freeman went with me, and showed me the place where they stood, and told me that Mrs. Ripley was at the wedding, dressed in red crape with a white feather in her hair. Phebe told me that our mother's wedding dress was of linen cambric, so fine, that once, when doing it up, she concealed it entirely in her clasped hands, and asked our mother what she would give for what was there.

The bridal party went in two sleighs to Pittsfield. Besides the "sweet Annette," it comprised the faithful Phebe, Charlotte, probably "great Charlotte,"

*These are now in my possession. E. L. S.

The bills for the articles purchased at this time, many of them familiar to us, are preserved.

who was the nurse of us all, and a boy. Adriana, with another girl, and Jim Green remained with the Hanover household. Our father's widowed mother was also one of his family, and continued to be for several years.

There are more than a dozen letters from our grandmother to our mother during her residence in Pittsfield, from 1813 to 1817. They are full of tender, solicitous affection, and show an habitually devout and trustful spirit. There is shrewdness and humor, too, and much practical wisdom. In one of the first, March 3, 1813, she writes:

Your letter, my beloved Mall, came in a propitious time, as I was alone, and in as gloomy a mood as possible. Your father went in the forenoon to Sharon. The tenants there act up to the tune of the time. Fraud and intrigue is the fashion of it. Don't be too selfish, my dear child, or too positive. I think it would be best to gratify the whims of the folks at P., and to open your doors. What is two days' trouble? And you have so many kind friends to assist you. (No one knows how to entertain company better than you.) Prudence, my dearest Mall, has never been a trait in your character with regard to yourself. You must consult it more in your present situation. May heaven direct my dearest child that she may conduct to the glory of her Creator and her own happiness, and that of all her friends. The folks here have been very good; they have called to see me. The professors' wives are very good. The boys have just arrived with their sleigh. I must go and take a look at it. I have been down and asked so many questions that

they hardly knew which to answer first. My child is well and happy. Your beloved husband and our dear Annette are well. Have I cause to murmur that you are so far from me that I can't see you every day? No, my child, you are happy, and I am resigned and grateful to the giver of all good for all his mercy to me and all that are dear to me. I am glad to hear that you are so good a housekeeper. Your family is to be up at sunrise. What time will your ladyship rise? You ought to set the example. The boy must be up first and make the fire, and then the maid sweeps the room, and I expect the lady and husband lie in bed till noon.

July 14, 1813. Your father was delighted with your Christian resignation in your letters. He always loved you, but you were dearer than ever to him, you had such an excellent temper of mind.

I have some strawberries for you; we had an abundance of them. To preserve the raspberry drink you must fill a jar as full as you can with the fruit, and pour in as much vinegar as it will hold; let it stand twenty-four hours, strain it, take a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, scald it and skim it well; let it cool, then bottle it.

The happy home at Pittsfield was made still happier by the birth of their first child, John Wheelock Allen, Nov. 17, 1813.

Mrs. Frelinghuysen, who had made a visit to Pittsfield, in a very affectionate letter of congratulation, dated Nov. 26, wrote:

How does your dear mother look as *grandmamma*? I see her now looking at her little treasure with more than a mother's delight; sometimes with a pinch of snuff walking the floor with her "dancing step," as your aunt used to say.

I must insert here the lines written by our father to our mother on the first anniversary of their marriage :

A year has passed in rapid flight,
A year of love and pure delight,
My Malleville, since thy hand was given,
The richest earthly boon of heaven :
Since first, by ordinance divine,
Thy fate on earth was linked with mine.
Though bright the scene to fancy's view,
No visionary scheme I drew,
Nor web of disappointment wove,
For hope is answered in thy love.
'Tis more than answered, for beside
The bliss I felt to call thee bride,
I now may call thee,—new felt joy,—
The mother of my darling boy.

Mrs. Wheelock wrote April 14, 1814:

Your father is still feeble. He was confined to his chamber for a week, to the house two, and out of his study three. He is not fit to go out of the house now. I recommend a trip to Pittsfield as the best remedy for him to take ; he has concluded it will be. The (senior) class I believe would not be easy to have him absent, for while he was confined (and Mr. S. heard them recite) every day some of them would call to inquire about him, if he was well enough to hear them. Notwithstanding all that malice could invent has been put in operation against your father, we have great cause for gratitude to our heavenly Father that they have not been able to effect any injury to him. Conscious of rectitude, he has ever looked up for support from a stronger arm than flesh. The students are as much attached to him as ever. Don't be anxious

about our health; we are all under the protecting arm of our heavenly parent. He will do what is right and best for us. I have a favor to ask of your darling. I do it because I know his benevolence will gratify your mother. I wish him to write a sermon from a text that made a deep impression on my mind. It is Zephaniah, first chapter, seventh verse, and I hope, with the permission of divine Providence, to hear him preach it at Pittsfield or here soon.

How is your health, and our dear boy? I need not go up to see his likeness, for I never think of him but it brings to my remembrance his mother when she was at his age. What would I not give to see him! Kiss him for grandmamma.

The following, from a letter from our mother to our grandmother in 1813, is interesting:

I have yours and father's profiles put up in the parlor; and what good likenesses they are! You ought to let me have your pictures; it is all a whim you have about your great, great grandchildren putting them in the garret. It is not for them I would have them taken, but for the gratification of your only child.

And now her likeness has been reproduced when those very "great, great grandchildren" are upon the scene.

PITTSFIELD, June 23, 1814.

I have been having my miniature taken to go with that of Husband,* had a good opportunity, and cheap. It is an excellent likeness, and if we can find any kind of a frame to preserve it, I will send it by Mrs. W., as I think you have the best right to it, for the present.

*This refers to the beautiful miniature of our father, taken by Malbone for Dr. Codman. Both are now in my possession.

The troubles at Hanover, as we learned by our grandmother's letter, had now begun; they ended by our grandfather's leaving the presidency in which, for thirty-six years, he had, by his learning, character, efficiency and devotion to its interests, been a great benefactor to Dartmouth College. His health was undermined by these troubles, which seemed to himself and his family to be caused by ingratitude and malice, and he died April 4, 1817.

Meanwhile the family life in Pittsfield went on happily. A second child, Maria Malleville, was born Nov. 29, 1815. It seems that before our father went to Pittsfield, a second church had been organized, of which Rev. Thomas Penderson was now pastor. Both congregations were small; it would be better for both were they united. This conviction strengthened in our father's mind, until he generously proposed to Mr. P. that they should both resign and leave the whole field clear for reunion under one new pastor. His own people, being much attached to him, at first opposed this plan, but he persisted, assured that it was for their good. Early in 1817, both he and Mr. Penderson resigned their pulpits, the two churches were united, and Rev. Heman Humphrey was called to the pastorate.

This left our father without a salary. Our mother's

letters to Hanover show that they were much straitened. Her father died in Christian faith a few weeks later, trusting his family to God, and leaving half his property to Princeton Theological Seminary. In June our father was called as his successor to the Presidency of Dartmouth *University*.^{*} I was born that year on commencement day.

In 1820 our father was chosen President of Bowdoin College, and removed to Brunswick with his family, to which another little daughter, Charlotte Frelinghuysen, had been added in March, 1819. Our grandmother accompanied her children to their new home, and also quite a household retinue, Phebe, Adriana,[†] "Great Charlotte," Mary Ann, and Jim Green. Adriana was our grandmother's special attendant until her death in 1824.[‡]

I have a faint recollection of our grandmother in her room in Brunswick. I remember her sitting near the fire, in her straight-backed, rocking arm chair (now in C. F. H.'s possession), with oranges perched on the flat knobs of the arms. Her large closet was a store-

^{*}This was believed by the friends of Dr. Wheelock to be the legitimate heir to the original rights and franchises of Dartmouth College.

[†]Jim Green, her half-brother, also after a few years, married in Brunswick, and bettered his fortunes by exchanging our carriage box for the butcher's cart of the village.

[‡]She afterward married Hiram Stacey, a man who lived in our family, and they lived in Sangerville, Me.

house of good things for us children. I remember the white cotton stockings she knitted for us, with strawberry "clocks" at the ankles, and our initials knit in at the top of the legs, and a long garter of the same material attached to each stocking. I remember reading some of Cowper's hymns to her at her bedside, although I was only six and a half years old when she died. She was short and slight, and in those days wore the mob caps, which are represented in the photograph. I think that she was an invalid for a long time. After her death, in Feb., 1824, Jim Green carried her remains to Hanover, where they were laid by the side of her husband's, and a handsome monument, similar to his, was placed over them. I remember standing on our piazza and seeing the sled start one winter evening.

It must have been after this, perhaps the following summer, that I went with our mother in the carriage to Hanover through the Notch. Great Charlotte was with us, and Jim Green was the driver.

There are two pleasant mentions of our grandmother in letters from her niece, Mrs. Brewster, of Hanover, written in 1822, to our mother:

Give my love to her [Mrs. Wheelock], and tell her that I have never picked a bunch of flowers without thinking of her. I dream of aunt almost every night.

Of our mother I have no very distinct recollections, but her memory is like a precious fragrance, full of all beauty and excellence. Sunday afternoons we used to gather around the Franklin stove in her room, and she talked and prayed with us. I remember a drive with her when we had a new span of horses which took fright, and the carriage was thrown almost or quite upside down, over a bank or small bridge.

I remember her with her gracious, spirited air, going about the house. Nehemiah Cleaveland, in his History of Bowdoin College, says: "She was admired by all who saw her, and loved by all who knew her." Miss E. Weld remembers her as "a lady of rare sweetness and loveliness, with a gracious and dignified manner, and of charming hospitality in her home."

I quote from a letter from Mrs. Cutler some of her own and Miss Sallucia Abbott's recollections.

Yours always appeared to others a remarkably systematic and happy family. Your father's pew at church was directly in front of ours, and my only recollections of your grandmother, Madam Wheelock, are seeing her frail figure in black once at church, and that at her death her remains were taken to Hanover. As was the custom in those days, the ladies assembled to make mourning, and Sallucia, who, it was said, had rather uncommon tact in pinning up turbans, arranged a black crape one for your mother, which she wore a long time.

I have always retained my first recollection of your mother as I saw her at church in a nice leghorn bonnet, simply trimmed, and a purple and white muslin dress. Sallucia says she took a lively interest in the social circle around her, often giving dinners and tea parties, at which *she* was a favored guest. Sallucia remembers a pleasant excursion upon the water which your mother arranged. Your mother was known for her kind and benevolent spirit. It is said that your father met her one day with his best coat in hand to give to a beggar at the door. Your father said: "My dear, this is my best coat," at which mistake there was a merry laugh.

In those days ladies' afternoon prayer-meetings were much more frequently observed than now. The one at Brunswick was often an occasion of much interest, and your mother sometimes attended it.* When she did not go, as it was a long walk, she kindly let your man take S. down in the chaise. Your father and mother always invited the senior class to tea just before their graduation, at which visit the professors and their families and some young ladies were present. In those days the guests were always seated and the waiters of refreshments passed around.

Your sister Mary Annette was born in the spring of 1828, and your mother was very comfortable for three weeks. Then one evening as my mother and I [Sallucia being absent that summer] were sitting in the parlor, Dr. McKen rushed in, saying: "Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Allen is dead, and the President has fainted away. Will you come over?" When mother got there the servants were

*Old Miss Nelly Bailey, a Christian of the Pharisaical type, severe and rigid in her ideas of worldliness among Christian disciples, but not always mindful of the sweet charity which covers, etc., once was scandalized, or perhaps honestly pained, by your mother's giving a large party. "I could not tell her what I thought of it," she said. "She is too high up in the world for me to do that, but the first time I got her in the Tuesday meeting, *I gin it to her in my prayer!*" Letter from Miss F. McKen. One of her mother's stories.

weeping bitterly, saying: "What have I done? Have I done anything wrong?"* Your father, having revived, tried to comfort them, saying: "Nobody is to blame; her hour had come." I do not remember anything about the funeral service,† excepting that as we were all assembled around the uncovered grave, gentlemen with hats in hand, your father's voice was heard, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life." It was a touching scene, and I never shall forget it.

A few weeks after, your sister Malleville brought over to my mother and myself two Testaments, with our names on the fly-leaf in your father's handwriting, and at the bottom of the page the date, "June 3, 1828." Malleville and I both attended Miss Chapman's school after your mother's death. I remember her delicate countenance as she sat opposite me. It is said that she never recovered from the shock of her mother's sudden death.

During my mother's last sickness I used to read aloud to her a chapter of the New Testament before I went to bed. On the evening of June 3d, I think that I read the fourteenth chapter of John. I bade her good night as usual. The next morning when I woke, my sister Charlotte at my side was crying, and *then* I learned that our mother died about an hour after I left her, of disease of the heart.

Our mother was laid to rest in the Brunswick cemetery near the entrance. A chaste white marble

*And, according to Mrs. Upham, our good Phebe said: "Don't we pray, Thy will be done? *And now it is done.*"

† I think that the motherless babe, Mary Annette, was then baptized at the side of her mother, as she lay in the south parlor.

monument marks the spot. Our lovely sister, Maria Malleville, who died Jan. 30, 1833, lies at her side, and on the other side was laid, in Feb., 1848, the saintly Phebe, who was almost a second mother to us, in her tender affection and absolutely self-forgetting devotion to the children of her beloved mistress.*

Our father, thus suddenly bereft of "the angel of his path," was left with his eight motherless children. Four of them had been born in Brunswick, William, Clara Love, Adriana Suhm and Mary Annette. His life, which hitherto had been almost without a cloud, was now darkened by storm after storm. The death of his mother, the loss of a considerable part of his property (through the failure of his cousins, Solomon and Moses Allen, to whose care it was entrusted), the

*Phebe, in her last years, lived happy and beloved in a small house purchased for her by our father, and there supported herself by her excellent laundry work for the college students. Her "little house became a palace," as she said, and surely the presence of the King of kings abode in it, and her own life was queenly in its benefactions, love and prayers. In the very spirit of George Herbert she once said: "I felt that I must sweep softly to-day, for He is here, my Lord and King." When I was married she closed her house and lived with us for a year at West Amesbury, and we felt that she brought blessings with her. My husband said repeatedly that she was the most pious person he ever knew. She died alone, in her bed, and was found in the morning with a peaceful smile upon her face, and her Bible and spectacles on the table at her side. Our father and Clara went from Northampton, and Charlotte from Boston, to her funeral, at which an ex-Governor of the State and Professors of the college were pallbearers. She was mourned and honored as a public benefactress.

college troubles, which, after harassing years, at last drove him from Brunswick, the death, at the threshold of her womanhood, of his most lovely and best beloved child, "bearing her mother's image and her name," all these, and still other sorrows, came upon him.

Our sister Malleville faded like a beautiful and delicate flower. As has been said, it was supposed that she never recovered from the shock of our mother's sudden death. From some words of our father we may infer that, in his opinion, the college troubles also affected her health. She missed the sunshine which was gone from her home, and gradually her young life withered. After months of declining health she was one evening struck with partial paralysis, and, after six weeks of prostration, died in Christian peace and faith.

From some touching verses written by our father soon after her death, I give a few never-forgotten lines:

O earth, thy many-colored joys are fled,
Thy gay illusions can no more misguide;
These are my dearest treasures, these, the dead,
My best-beloved lie here, side by side.
How gladly would I rest beneath the ground,
With them to sleep till the Archangel's sound!

Thy mother's eyes, sweet child, like thine were blue,
Full ^{orb'd} ~~arch'd~~, and when in youth on me they beamed,
In firmest friendship and affection true,

Fairer than fairest of earth's gems they seemed.
But thine were fairer still, as angel bright,
Death fixed, they lay upturned to heaven's pure light.

We were too young to feel deeply the rough changes in our father's life. To us he was always calm and gentle. I never heard a murmuring, impatient, angry or unkind word from his lips.

In 1839 we left Brunswick and came to Northampton, which was his father's birthplace, and endeared by many family associations. From this time we all remember him, and know, at least, the serene and beautiful surface under which were the depths of all these memories, of which he never spoke. Yet, in his last years he was cheerful and happy in his home, blessed with the most devoted filial affection, and receiving all who came to it with kind and gracious hospitality. His grandchildren gladdened his life. They were always welcomed to his study. He loved to take them in his arms, and let their prattle and caresses lure him from his books. They will never forget the beautiful old man, with his soft, long, silvery curls, and his sweet serenity, refinement and dignity. With a poet's eye he enjoyed the handiwork of God in nature, and delighted in the "precious things" of the earth and seas and of the "lasting hills," flowers, shells and minerals, the stars and sunsets, and auroral

lights. How they are associated with him ! He read and wrote much on a diversity of subjects, scientific, political, philosophical and theological.

He had wide interests in all that concerned the welfare of humanity and the advancement of the kingdom of Christ upon the earth. More than all, he lived in daily communion with God, and in unclouded Christian faith and hope and peace. He was daily refreshed at the fountains of eternal truth.

And, watered by the heavenly springs,
His path had verdure to the last.

On his eightieth birthday, Jan. 2, 1864, his seven children, with some of their companions and children, were with him. We all remember how venerable and saintly he looked, and what beautiful words he spoke to us and to God.

Four years later, July 16, 1868, we were all together again around his peaceful deathbed.

And now let us reverently and devoutly thank God for him, and for our mother, and for all these godly ancestors, through so many generations. "Yea, we have a goodly heritage." Let us keep the line unbroken, and be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

E. L. S.

PORTLAND, Sept. 3, 1883.

