LEAVES *from a* FAMILY TREE

BEING

Random Records, Letters and Traditions
of the Jones, Stimson *and* Clarke Families
of Hopkinton, Medfield, Norton *and*
Boston, Massachusetts, *and* Providence,
Rhode Island.

COMPILED BY LOUISE DIMAN *1941*

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FOREWORD

The idea of collecting these "LEAVES *from a* FAMILY TREE" *arose in the first place from my interest in reading the package of old letters which follow in Chapter III, and the wish to pass them on, with other reminders of old days, to such of the descendants of Dr. Jeremy Stimson of Hopkinton and of the Reverend Pitt Clarke of Norton as might possibly care to see them. Most of the letters, and much of the other material used, have been preserved for many years among the papers left by my Mother, Emily Stimson Diman, who died in 1901. It will be seen that the whole has been woven largely around the Memorial Sketch written by my Mother, about her Mother Abby Morton (Clarke) Stimson, which gave so much pleasure when it was printed in 1897 that it has seemed advisable to re-print a large part of it here. It is regretted that in this small volume the history of the Stimson family has not been carried as far along as that of the Clarkes.*

I wish to express here my warmest thanks to those kind friends—and especially to one of them—whose generosity has made possible the printing of these "Leaves".

Louise Diman
300 Angell Street
Providence, Rhode Island. April, 1941

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I

The Jones Families *of* Hopkinton, Massachusetts *and Some of their Neighbors*

"MARRIED, at Hopkinton, the Rev. Pitt Clarke, of Norton, to Miss Rebecca Jones, youngest daughter of John Jones, Esq., lately deceased. Mrs. Jones lives to see her seven daughters married, who were all at the wedding of the youngest."

This marriage took place on the first day of February, in the year 1798, and the notice here quoted appeared in the *Salem Gazette* of the following February 9th. "This alliance," wrote Pitt Clarke many years later, "was the happiest circumstance of my life. The connexion not only proved the occasion of great domestic comfort and support, but introduced me into a large and respectable circle of acquaintances."

As many of the members of this "large and respectable circle" were our ancestors it may be worth while for us to try to form for ourselves as clearly as we can, a picture of their lives and surroundings drawn from some of the old letters and papers that have come down to us, and from the recollections of those members of the Stimson and Clarke families whose traditions we have inherited; and as both the Clarkes and Stimsons are descended from the Jones family of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, it is to that family and town that we must first turn.

Tradition says that our branch of the Jones family came originally from Wales, as did many others of that widely

spread name. John Jones, Senior, or "the first Colonel Jones" as he was commonly called, was the earliest of the family in this country of whom we have any definite knowledge. He was born about the year 1691, probably in Boston. It is said that his father was drowned when the son was very young, and that the latter was apprenticed when not more than ten years of age to a certain Saville Simpson whose daughter, in due course of time, he married. This Saville Simpson (whose name must not be confused with the name of Stimson) appears to to have been a man of some substance in Boston, and later in Hopkinton. We hear of him first as a "cordwainer", which word according to the dictionary, means a worker in Cordovan leather. He doubtless made shoes during one part of his career for the people of Boston. In 1706 and '07 he was one of the Wardens of King's Chapel, the first Episcopal, and later the first Unitarian Church in Boston. He acquired sufficient property to purchase a large tract of land, covering practically the whole of the present town of Ashland, Massachusetts, which at first was a part of Hopkinton. A monument to him has been placed in the old Jones burial lot in Ashland, with an inscription commemorating him as "the first settler in this Valley". He is said to have acquired this land from a certain William Crowne, to whom it had been granted by the General Court in 1662, "in consideration of service done by him in England for the Colony." This tract, and perhaps a little more added to it, amounting in all to about six hundred and thirty acres, was "conveyed to Saville Simpson, cordwainer, of Boston, July 4, 1687, for the sum of thirty pounds."

The town of Hopkinton which lies about twenty-nine miles south-west of Boston, near Framingham, was named for Governor Edward Hopkins of Connecticut, who bequeathed to Harvard College a sum amounting to about eight hundred pounds to be invested in land, the income from which, or a portion of it, was to go to Harvard "for the breeding up of youth in the way of learning, for the public service of the country in future times" and "For the upholding and propagating of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ." The town began to be settled between 1710 and 1715 on land purchased by this bequest and a portion, if not all of the home lots were

leased with the proviso that a penny an acre should be paid to Harvard College. After the Revolution, however, this arrangement was annulled and title deeds were given on the payment of a certain sum. It was also provided that "One hundred acres of land shall be laid out for the first minister that shall be ordained and settled in this town, to be for him and his heirs for the term of ninety-nine years, free from paying any rent, and that 100 acres shall be laid out for the school, a training field, and burying yard." — A Congregational Church of fifteen members was organized in 1724, and the Rev. Samuel Barret, who had been preaching at Hopkinton for some time, was ordained as the first pastor. The Meeting house was built in 1725 and was in use for more than a hundred years.

John Jones moved with his family from Boston to Hopkinton in 1719. In 1713 he had married Elizabeth, the daughter of Saville Simpson, and they became the parents of ten children. She died in February 1726. He married on August 4th of the same year Mrs. Hannah Alden and had by her one son named Isaac. The second Mrs. Jones died on January 24th, 1758, and on the following September 21st Colonel Jones, as he was then entitled, married for his third wife Mrs. Mary Baldwin, who survived him and lived to be more than a hundred years old.

In course of time John Jones became the possessor of an estate of about six hundred acres, which probably came to him through his first wife, Elizabeth Simpson. On this land he built, or possibly otherwise acquired, a substantial house and out buildings and owned a number of slaves, some of whom he bequeathed in his Will with his other property. He became a member of the Hopkinton Church in 1727, when it was voted that "Mr. Jones' pew may be seven and a half feet long and five feet wide." He appears to have been employed at one time as a surveyor in the region around his home and soon rose to hold responsible positions in the community, being for some years a Justice of the Peace and a Representative in the General Court. He became a Colonel in the Third Massachusetts Militia and saw service in the French and Indian Wars. He died just before the outbreak of the Revolution. The vague tradition that he was on the Tory side is not true. His name

was probably confused with that of another John Jones, who lived not far from Hopkinton, and held decided Tory opinions. His Will, a copy of which we possess, is a most interesting document and a perusal of it gives a clear idea of his position as a land-owner in and around Hopkinton, with his "Mansion house," his "corn-mill, saw-mill, stream, gravel-pit, and log-yard."

He left to his wife Hannah the use of the easterly half of his Mansion house and half of his land and other buildings and "to enable and assist my said wife" he wrote, "in the improving thereof, I give her (in like manner) the use and service of my Negro man named Tom, and my Negro woman named Rose." He further directed that she should be supplied from his estate with "a good Horse, suitable for her use, one pair of good Oxen, and four good Cows," and also his "Riding Chair."

Colonel Jones left three sons by his first wife, Simpson, John, Jr., (our ancestor) and Anthony. His son Isaac, the child of his second wife, did not survive him. His seven daughters were Elizabeth, Mary, Sarah, Jane, Anne, Hannah and Abigail. He bequeathed to his "Loving Son, Simpson Jones" several large tracts of land in Hopkinton, Framingham, and Hollis-ton, besides half of his various mills and their appurtenances and his "Negro man named James." His son John received besides his share of lands and buildings, his father's "Great Bible," and "Silver-hilted Sword," as well as his "Negro boy named Tom." Anthony, the youngest of the three sons by the first marriage, inherited the "Homestead, with the mansion house and other buildings," besides other land, and his father's "Bible with Annotations," and his "Negro man named Tobye." The seven daughters were not forgotten. They had among other bequests, "Rights of land at a place called New Hopkinton, in the Province of New Hampshire." As Mrs. Hannah Jones died before her husband his legacies to her may have been trans-ferred to his third wife Mary, who survived him. We know that at least eight of the children of John Jones married and their descendants are doubtless widely scattered over New England and other parts of the country. Simpson, the eldest son, became a physician in Hopkinton.

The house in which John Jones, Jr., (our ancestor) lived,

is still standing (1940) in very good condition in Ashland, which town covers that part of Hopkinton originally settled by Saville Simpson and the Jones family. We know that the elder John Jones' "Great Bible" was passed down through several generations, and was at one time owned by the late Mrs. Weston of Roxbury, one of the Jones descendants. His "great curled wig" was also preserved with care for many years, but it is extremely doubtful if it still remains as a relic.

John Jones died in 1773. His grave may still be seen in the old family burial lot in Ashland, and on the stone may be read the following epitaph:

Memento Mori
Here lies the body of John Jones Esq.
Col. of the Third Regiment of Militia
And Eldest Justice of the Peace of the County of Middlesex
And many years Representative for this Town
in the General Court
Who after a life well spent in the service of his
Town and Country
Died on the seventh day of February, A.D. 1773
Aetat 82

If when I see my Virtues fail
And my ambitious tho'ts prevail
I'll take a walk among the Tombs
And see whereto all Glory comes.

2

John Jones, Jr., or the second Colonel Jones, as he was called was one of the younger of the ten children of John and Elizabeth Simpson Jones. He was born in 1722, and was brought up in his native town of Hopkinton with his large family of brothers and sisters. He followed in his father's footsteps in doing his part in both town and military duties when occasion required, being known in his latter days both as "Squire" and "Colonel." He was earlier a Major, and later

Lieutenant Colonel, of the Third Massachusetts Regiment, and like his father saw service in the French and Indian Wars. At the out-break of the Revolution he took the side of the Colonies against King George the Third and his Ministers, and although too old when the time came to enlist for active service, he was on the Committee of Safety, and the Hopkinton town records preserve a note signed by him and two other Select-men, in 1777, ordering powder for seventy five men.

In 1749 John Jones, Jr. married Mary Mellen, the daughter of Henry and Abigail Mellen, first of Framingham, and later of Hopkinton. The story is that the Trustees of the Hopkins Fund (which has been described) having offered to give a free education at Harvard to the first boy born at Hopkinton, after its settlement, Henry Mellen moved his family there, and his son John received the promised gift, and graduated from Harvard in 1741. He was ordained to the ministry in 1744, at Sterling, and remained "probably at the head of the clergy of the county," until 1744. A volume of his "Discourses" has been handed down in our family, printed in 1765, on the title-page of which his name is given as John Mellen, A.M., Pastor of the Second Church of Christ in Lancaster. (Sterling was originally a part of Lancaster.) This book is said to have been widely read in its day. In his later years the Rev. John Mellen was pastor of the Church at Hanover, Massachusetts, near Marshfield. He appears to have been much admired and is said to have been of a genial turn of mind and witty in his conversation. His book is the only one (in our branch of the family at least) which has on the fly leaf the name, "John Jones, Jun. His Book," in clear handwriting. Underneath is written in a smaller hand, "Jeremy Stimson's Book," and on the next page a note made by Mrs. Abby M. Stimson (our grandmother) "John Mellen was Brother of Grandmother Jones," and it is to Grandmother Jones that we must now return, or in other words to Mary Mellen, who married John Jones, Jr., in 1749, at Hopkinton. One relic of her still remains in our possession, a silver table spoon, with the initials M. M.

The second John Jones and his wife had a large family of seven daughters and one son. In two of the daughters we are

especially interested, as Anna, or Nancy as she was called, married Dr. Jeremy Stimson of Hopkinton, and Rebecca, the youngest daughter, married the Rev. Pitt Clarke of Norton, which takes us back to where our story began. The other five sisters of the Jones family all married, and left numerous descendants. Their names were Mary, who married Major Lawson Buckminster, of Framingham; Elizabeth — married Samuel Valentine, of Hopkinton; Abigail — married Isaac Clark; Jane — married Gilbert Marshall — both of Framingham; and Olive, who married the Rev. Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, a remarkable individual, of whom more will be told later. The one son among this large family of sisters, was named Jonathan. He died, a young child, in 1757. We have no detailed knowledge of the families of these five sisters of our two great-grandmothers. The Buckminsters were well known in Framingham and Hopkinton, and were probably intimate with the Jones family. When Rebecca Jones married Pitt Clarke in 1798, she was presented with a pair of silver sugar tongs, with the inscription "J. B. to B. J.", the initial standing, so tradition says, for the words, "John Buckminster to Becca (or Becky) Jones." The Valentine family was a well known one in the region around Hopkinton for many years. The house in which some of its members lived is still standing in Ashland. Whether Isaac Clark, who married Abigail Jones was related to Pitt Clarke, who married her younger sister Rebecca, we do not know, it is probable that they sprang from the same stock. Of the Marshalls we know only, that a cousin named Rebecca Marshall used to be a constant visitor in the Clarke household at Norton, in the early years of the last century.

The Rev. Nathaniel Howe, who married Olive Jones, deserves a paragraph, if not more to himself, so many stories have gathered about his name. He was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1786, and was the pastor of the Congregational Church in Hopkinton from 1791 until about 1823, and here I will quote a description of him written by my Mother, in the sketch of her Mother (Abby M. Stimson). "The Rev. Dr. Howe," she wrote, — "was a remarkable character. He was a strong Calvinist, and far from pleased with

the heterodoxy that was creeping into his parish. But he was a forcible preacher, and his 'Century Sermon' became famous all over New England. He did not hesitate to administer a needed rebuke from his pulpit, as, on one occasion, seeing certain of the congregation asleep, he came to a dead pause until the sudden hush had awakened them; when in slow and solemn accents he remarked — 'I have mowed with a dull scythe and I have shaved with a dull razor, but either one is easier than preaching to a sleepy congregation.' "

His "Century Sermon," to which allusion has been made, was delivered on December 24th, 1815, at the Centennial of the incorporation of the town of Hopkinton. In it after reviewing the history of the town and church, in a style well worth reading today, he proceeded to more personal matters. He told his congregation that owing to the depreciation in currency, and the rise in prices, the salary agreed upon between him and his people had not proved sufficient for the support of himself and his family. He told them how he had been "pressed into the woods in the winter, to the plough in the spring, and into the meadow in the summer." Why, did he have to labor so hard, he asked, and then answered his question by saying — "because I have been doing *your business*, and neglecting my own. What is your business? Your business is to support your Minister, and that is what I have been doing for more than twenty years. — I have sometimes administered reproof, both to the Church and the Society, in a manner that has been thought to discover some degree of severity; but in these cases you have always had the good sense to know, you richly deserved it." He did not, however, appear to anticipate any great change for the better, for he continued by saying "Your habits are so firmly fixed, that no reformation is to be expected during my ministry; and indeed, it would require more power in the Deity to effect it than it did to create the world. For when He created the world, He had only to say, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' He had no opposition. But to bring you to a sense of justice and equity, He must overcome your private personal attachment to your own *supposed* worldly interest; and that would require more *power* than it did to create the world."

It might have been supposed that such outspoken reprimands from a Minister to his people might indicate a certain amount of friction, but the members of Parson Howe's congregation thought so highly of his Sermon that they had it printed, and it passed through three editions. It was even thought worthy of notice in the *North American Review* (No. 1816) which pronounced it a "unique specimen, and beyond all price." Its author explained, on its publication, that he had no reason to expect when he wrote and delivered, that it would be requested for the press, and he expressed the hope that no person would think that he had aimed at anything more than "truth, impartiality, perspicuity and precision." He added a note to the second edition in part to credit his people "for an unusual instance of liberality in giving him an elegant suit of clothes immediately after the sermon was delivered." He dedicated the whole to the people in his charge with his "best wishes for their peace, prosperity, and eternal happiness."

As in many places in Massachusetts during the eighteenth century, and well into the nineteenth, the greater part of the inhabitants of the town were members or attendants of the Congregational Church and Parish. (This was before the Unitarian movement had divided many of the First Parishes into two parts.) The townspeople were obliged to pay for the support of the Congregational minister, except in special cases, as for example, members of the Church of England were allowed to transfer their support to an Episcopal Church, if such a one were to be found in the same place.

As early as 1750 an Episcopal Church was founded at Hopkinton through the efforts of the Rev. Roger Price, a Church of England clergyman who had been the rector of King's Chapel, Boston. He held the post of Commissary, for as there were no Bishops in this country before the Revolution, commissaries were appointed from time to time, to look after the interests of the various Church of England parishes in Massachusetts and elsewhere. Many of these Churches were aided from England by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, familiarly known as the "Venerable Society." Mr. Commissary Price, as he was called, who appears to have been a man of some means, settled in Hopkinton about the year

1743, and purchased a large tract of land, on the banks, it was said, of "a noble river," and soon after built a Church which he endowed with a glebe of one hundred and seventy acres for its permanent support. It was otherwise supported and attended by such members of the Church of England who were to be found in Hopkinton or thereabouts at that period.

Among the inhabitants of Hopkinton about the middle of the eighteenth century was a certain British Colonial official about whose name so much legend has accumulated, well founded and otherwise, that he must be given a place in these memoirs, if only for the fact that he was a near neighbor of the Jones family at Hopkinton, with whom he appears to have lived on friendly terms.

This was the once celebrated Sir Harry Frankland. His romance with Agnes Surriage of Marblehead has been many times told. Dr. Holmes has related it in his ballad called "Agnes," and E. L. Bynner, with variations, in his story of "Agnes Surriage." An old life of Sir Harry, or to give him his full name, Charles Henry Frankland, by Elias Nason, gives a graphic description of the Frankland place at Hopkinton as it was close on to two hundred years ago.

The story in brief is this: Charles Henry Frankland, as he was before receiving his title, came from England in 1741, when he was twenty-four years old, to accept the place of Collector of the Port of Boston. Sir William Shirley was the Royal Governor of the Province of Massachusetts at that time, which was during the reign of his Majesty George the Second of Great Britain.

It chanced that during the summer of 1742 Frankland in connection with his duties had occasion to visit the town of Marblehead, where he stopped at the Fountain Inn. It was there that he saw a young bare-footed girl engaged in the task of washing the Inn steps. This was Agnes Surriage. According to one legend she was the daughter of a Marblehead fisherman, but it is said by another good authority that she was the Innkeeper's own daughter, he being a man of some substance in the town. Whatever her position Frankland was immediately struck by her unusual beauty; and to make a long story short, adopted her as his ward, took her to live at his house, educated

her, and in course of time married her, but it seems to be uncertain just when the ceremony took place. It was somewhere along these years that Sir Harry left Boston and settled upon a large estate at Hopkinton, part of which adjoined the land of the Jones family. Frankland Road in Ashland now passes by the site of the house.

The climax of the tale was that Sir Harry Frankland was sent by the British Government to accept an official post in Portugal, and took Agnes with him. They were in Lisbon on the day of the terrible earth-quake, November 1st—All Saints Day, 1755 — when Sir Harry was caught and almost crushed to death under the ruins of a falling building. He was driving with one of the ladies of the Portuguese Court when the ground began to sway and open beneath them. It was said that in her terror his companion seized his sleeve with her teeth and bit through it to his arm. She lost her life, but he was saved by the heroic efforts of Agnes Surriage, who searched for him through the devastated city, and rescued him by her almost super-human exertions. His first act after his recovery from his injuries according to one story was to acknowledge her publicly as his wife. Papers preserved in the Frankland family in England state that the marriage, probably a private one, had taken place some years before.

Sir Harry and Lady Frankland after a short stay in England, returned together to New England and lived at the Manor-house at Hopkinton. Every November on the anniversary of the Lisbon earth-quake Sir Harry, so it was said, would shut himself into his room and pass the hours in solitude and penitence. Dr. Holmes refers to this in his Ballad of "Agnes," where he says:

"Behold the chosen room he sought
Alone, to fast and pray,
Each year, as chill November brought
The dismal earth-quake day;
There hung the rapier blade he wore
Bent in its flattened sheath,
The coat the shrieking woman tore
Caught in her clenching teeth."

In 1768 the Franklands went once more to England, where soon afterwards Sir Harry died. After his death Lady Frankland returned to Hopkinton where she lived until the outbreak of the Revolution. In 1775 she was permitted by the Colonial authorities to move to her house in Boston, escorted by six soldiers. Boston was then in possession of the British troops, and from the windows of her house Lady Frankland watched the Battle of Bunker Hill, and aided with her own hands those wounded in the conflict. But as the wife of a tory baronet it seemed most expedient for her to end her days in England, where in 1782 she married a British banker by the name of John Drew. She died in the following year and was buried in Chichester.

The Frankland Manor-house in Hopkinton, which was built in 1751, remained standing for a little more than a century. It was finally burned. It is described as having stood on an estate of over four hundred acres, on the slope of a hill, known to the Indians as "Magunco," or "the place of great trees," where in earlier day the celebrated John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, had preached to his red skinned flock. The Manor-house itself it is said was large and stately, with broad halls and stair-cases, and mantel-pieces of Italian marble, and tapestry covered walls. The grounds were handsomely laid out, with ornamental shrubs, and fruit trees of many kinds, some of them brought from England. The box and lilac bushes were specially fine. When Dr. Holmes wrote his poem, the house was still standing; to quote him once more:

"I tell you as my tale began,
The Hall is standing still,
And you, kind listener, maid or man,
May see it if you will.
The box is glistening huge and green,
Like trees the lilacs grow,
Three elms high-arching still are seen,
And one lies stretched below."

It must have been a place well worth seeing in the days of its glory.

In Nason's *Life of Frankland*, after speaking of the various

interests of its owners, in laying out the place, and improving it, and so forth, he says that they spent their time, among other diversions, "in cultivating flowers and music," and "in entertaining the Wilsons, Valentines, and *Joneses* of Hopkinton." Sir Harry was evidently glad to do a good turn for his neighbors, for in his Diary, under the date of "Jan. 1758," he notes: "Mem. To mention to the governor about Dr. Jones, to continue him." (This was undoubtedly Dr. Simpson Jones, the son of the first Colonel.) Also "To get John Jones, 3d captain in Col. Buckminster's regiment, deputy-sheriff of the county of Middlesex." "This John Jones," says the writer of the biography, "was one of the three sons of John Jones, Esq. They were Frankland's neighbors at Hopkinton."

There was a somewhat later connection between the Frankland family and our forebears at Hopkinton. Agnes Surriage, or Lady Frankland as she became, had a sister, a certain Mrs. McQuester (or McClester) who with her children lived at the Manor-house shortly after Lady Frankland's final departure for England. This Mrs. McQuester, if that was her correct name, had a son Daniel who married Sarah Stimson, the sister of our great-grandfather Dr. Jeremy Stimson of Hopkinton, the husband of Anna (or Nancy) Jones. Sarah Stimson, who was born in 1759, died of smallpox at the Frankland place in 1793, and, says the biographer before quoted, "was buried alone in the forest, beyond the meadow, in front of the house, where her solitary grave may still be seen."

It was possibly through this connection that the Frankland house came for a time into the hands of Dr. Jeremy Stimson, for we know that he and his family occupied it for some years around the close of the century and the early eighteen hundreds, though for just how long this compiler cannot say. But as no traditions have come down to us of tapestried walls or fine English furniture it is probable that all such embellishments must have disappeared with the Frankland family. There was indeed an old story concerning a certain silver tankard that had come to the Stimsons from the Franklands, but it is highly improbable that any trace of such an article could be found today.

During the years that the old place was unoccupied, it, like

other old places, acquired the reputation of being haunted. Harriet Beecher Stowe in her novel "Oldtown Folks" gave a vivid description of the house, and told of the ghost stories (probably fictitious) of the apparition of a man in a red cloak, and of a woman in white, and the French boy who had been thrown into a deep well. Those of us who are old enough to have read that interesting picture of New England life, the scene of which is laid in the region around Hopkinton, may remember how the children, Harry and Tina after being lost in the woods, took refuge in the deserted Manor-house, and were rescued by the inimitable Sam Lawson and his friends from Oldtown, which name by the way, is supposed to have stood for the village of South Natick. Mrs. Stowe calls the house the Dench house, and refers to the Denches as having lived in it after the Franklands. This may be true, for the Dench family was an old one in Hopkinton connected by marriage with the Joneses, Roger Dench having married a grand-daughter of Saville Simpson who has been already described. There are various references in the book to real persons in the vicinity. Colonel and Mrs. Jones are mentioned by name, but the allusion is probably to the tory Colonel Jones who was not an immediate relative of our ancestors. A certain Major Broad is also mentioned who was an actual character and a connection of our family in some way. And so now we come back to our immediate forebears after this little excursion into the histories of some of their early Hopkinton neighbors.

As has been already stated the house in which Colonel Jones, Jr. and his large family lived, may still be seen, in fine condition, in the town of Ashland. It has passed out of the hands of the descendants of its original owners, but its present possessors have been cordial in allowing any such descendants to visit it, and to view its pleasant old-fashioned rooms, the scenes of so many weddings, and other hospitable gatherings, a hundred and fifty years or so ago. One of the earliest recollections of our grandmother (Mrs. Abby [Clarke] Stimson) who was born in 1798, was of having been taken as a very small child, from Norton to Hopkinton to see her Grandmother Jones, and of tipping over backwards in a little chair in which she had been placed before the large fireplace.

It is interesting to think, in passing, that some of us now living, in 1940, can easily remember a grandmother born in 1798, who in her turn could remember *her* grandmother, born in 1724 — more than two hundred years ago.

John Jones, the Second, died in 1797, and is buried in the family graveyard at Ashland, where the inscription on his stone says:

Erected
To the memory of
John Jones Esquire
Who departed this life
Sept. 5th, 1797
Aetatis 75

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can
May truly say Here lies an honest man
A safe Companion and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd through Life, Lamented in the End.

Mrs. Jones lived about five years after her husband. When she died she left, so it was said, seven brocade, or heavy silk dresses, one for each daughter. The one that came to her daughter Rebecca (Mrs. Pitt Clarke) was so solid and stiff that her little daughter Abby (our grandmother Stimson) used to amuse herself by making it stand alone. But in course of time it fell from its high estate, and was used at last, it was said, to cover an umbrella. The chief relics now remaining (in our family at least) of the Jones household are the two high backed dark oak chairs, which we possess, one having a crown on top, which were used by Col. Jones and his wife in their square pew at the old Meeting-house at Hopkinton, where the children sat on benches along the sides. Two old blue plates that once belonged to the first Mrs. Pitt Clarke, may also have come originally from her mother's family.

A copy of an old obituary notice of Mrs. John Jones has been preserved among the papers of her grand-daughter Abby M. Stimson. It says "Died at Hopkinton, Oct. 4th, 1803, Mrs. Mary Jones, relict of the late Col. John Jones, Esq., aged 78 years. Her life was a bright assemblage of all the virtues which form and endear the sensible Mother, agreable com-

panion, true friend and devout Christian. Her children, though mothers and grand-mothers, weepingly feel the loss of her correcting smiles, and maternal instruction. The tears of a numerous and respectable train of friends speak the loss of her worth. And the Church and house of God may justly say we have lost one of the best and most constant earthly friends."

The grave of Mrs. Jones may be seen beside that of her husband, at Ashland. It may be noticed that the date of her death is given as 1803, while on her stone the year is marked as 1802. The inscription reads:

"To the memory of
Mrs. Mary Jones
who departed this life Oct. 4th, 1802
in the 79 year of her age

Tired with the Sorrows and the cares
A tedious train of fourscore years
The Prisoner smiled to be released
She felt her fetters loose and mounted to her Rest.

It has been already mentioned that in two of the Jones daughters we have an especial interest, as Anna (or Nancy) married Dr. Jeremy Stimson, of Hopkinton, and Rebecca (or Rebekah, as the name was at first spelled) married the Rev. Pitt Clarke, of Norton. It is through these two marriages that the Clarkes and Stimsons are descended from the Jones family of Hopkinton.

II

The Early History of the Stimson *and* Clarke Families *and the* Autobiography *of the* Rev. Pitt Clarke

1

THE STIMSON FAMILY

THE earliest member of the Stimson family in this country of whom we have any knowledge was a certain George Stimson, who settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, about the middle of the seventeenth century. One tradition states that he came from Wales, but another which seems to be equally if not more probable, is that he was from Scotland. We know that thirteen hundred Scotch prisoners, captured by Cromwell, at the Battle of Dunbar, in 1650, were sent to Boston, as "indentured servants." The Rev. John Cotton, of Boston, writing to Oliver Cromwell in the following year, mentions these prisoners, stating that they were kindly used, and had been sold for "a limited servitude." Many of these after serving their time became leading citizens and founders of families in New England. Their names are duly recorded, but as the spelling of them was in many cases, far from accurate, it involves a certain amount of guess-work to identify them, but there is reason to believe that one George *Simson*, as his name was written, who went from Boston to Ipswich, was properly speaking the first George Stimson of the latter town. In connection with the mis-spelling of names we know that a Scotchman by

the name of McLaughlin had that name metamorphosed into Claflin. He too went from Boston to Ipswich, and later his descendants moved to Hopkinton, as did the descendants of George Stimson. The two families were always well known to each other, and according to our cousin Frederic J. Stimson, of Dedham, (who is my informant) there is good reason to think that both of them originated with the contingent of Scotch prisoners sent over to Boston. If this is true it follows that our early Stimson ancestor in Scotland was a Royalist, fighting on the side of King Charles, against Cromwell and the Parliamentarians. But after coming to Massachusetts he appears to have assimilated with his Puritan neighbors, for it was either he or his son George, who is said to have married "a lady of some note, and a zealous Puritan."

Whether this "lady of some note" was Alice Phillips is not certain, but we know that George Stimson and Alice Phillips were married in Ipswich in 1676. A year before that time this George Stimson, who was probably a son of the first George, had been fighting against the Indians, in King Philip's War, in Captain Daniel Appleton's Company, and had lain wounded for a time near Mount Hope, in Rhode Island. He had a son George, who also lived in Ipswich, and was married to Margaret Rust, by the Rev. John Wise, of that town, in 1723. This John Wise must not be passed over without a word, for he was one of the most noted of the early Massachusetts ministers. He is said to have been the "first man in our country to suffer for the principle 'no taxation without representation.'" By his writings he gained the title of "Father of American Democracy." Some of his thoughts were later incorporated into the Declaration of Independence.

It was the last mentioned George Stimson who moved with his family from Ipswich to Hopkinton while his son, also named George, was still a boy. This last George was born in 1726. In 1751 he married Abigail Clark, the daughter of Isaac Clark, of Framingham, and a descendent of Hugh Clark, one of the early settlers of Roxbury. This is one of the first instances recalled of the intermarriage of Stimsons and Clarks (or Clarkes) but by no means the last. It was this George Stimson who is said to have taken part in the Battles of Lexington and

Concord and was afterwards a member of the Massachusetts State Convention. He had a brother, whose name has not been identified, who is thought to have been one of the famous Boston Tea-Party.

George Stimson of Hopkinton did not spend all his life in that town, for having engaged in a prolonged law-suit with the Dench family — his neighbors — in which he was defeated, he "vowed he would not live where justice could not be done him," and accordingly moved with all his family, with the exception of his eldest son, Jeremy, to the State of New York, where he settled at Windham, in the Catskills. The various members of the Stimson family in New York are descended from him. The best known of these is the Hon. Henry L. Stimson, our former distinguished Secretary of State, who was called to President Roosevelt's Cabinet as Secretary of War in 1940.

Jeremy Stimson, the son who remained in Hopkinton was the direct ancestor of our branch of the family. His daughter Maria became the second wife of the Rev. Pitt Clarke, of Norton, and his son John married Pitt Clarke's daughter Abby. Jeremy Stimson himself was born in 1751, and probably received his early education in his native town of Hopkinton. He studied medicine, and after, or possibly before he had finised his course entered the Revolutionary Army as a surgeon, and took part in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and in the campaign in New York. After the Revolution he returned to Hopkinton, where he soon had an extensive practice, and where he married, as has already been mentioned, Anna (or Nancy) Jones, the daughter of the second Col. John Jones. He became one of the best known physicians of Middlesex County, and his "letters show him to have been far in advance of his time upon medical subjects. He was a great reader, and possessed what, for those times, was a large library." It was said to have been the largest outside of Boston in Massachusetts. He was much interested in theological as well as scientific subjects, and was said to have been "not only an independent thinker, but a man who was not afraid to express his opinions." His letter to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, protesting against the views of the latter, was a unique pro-

duction. It has been printed more than once, and may be quoted in full later.

Dr. Jeremy Stimson and his wife had a family of two sons and four daughters. The elder son Jeremy, became in his day a well known and highly respected physician, practising in Dedham for many years. He married Hopestill Godfrey, of Milford. The younger son John Jones Stimson, who was born in 1798, married, as has been said, his cousin Abby Clarke, the daughter of the Rev. Pitt Clarke, and his first wife Rebecca Jones. The younger daughter of John Jones and Abby (Clarke) Stimson was Emily Stimson Diman, who was born in 1837 and died in 1901. The four daughters of Jeremy and Anna Jones Stimson were Emily, Maria, (or Mary) Nancy, and Abigail. Emily and Abigail — called Nabby — died unmarried, at the ages of twenty-six and twenty-four. Maria, or Mary, as her name is often written, is the one whose personality has come down to us most distinctly. She was born in 1785, and lived until 1866. In 1812 she became the second wife of the Rev. Pitt Clarke, whose first wife had been her mother's sister. This second Mrs. Pitt Clarke became the mother of George Leonard Clarke, later of Providence, and of Manlius Stimson Clarke and Dr. Edward Hammond Clarke, both of Boston. It is through her it must be remembered, that the Cruft, Wheelock and Fitz families of Boston, and the Hinckley family of Providence, as well as the children of Prescott O. Clarke, are directly descended from the Stimsons as well as the Clarkes. It may be added that if there are any descendants left of Thomas Cordis Clarke who left Boston for the West many years ago, the relationship just described would equally apply to them.

Dr. Jeremy Stimson's other remaining daughter Nancy, married Captain John Stone, of Ashland, in which village she brought up a large family of two sons and six daughters (there may have been more). One of the sons was named Napoleon Bonaparte Stone. Of the six daughters the two married ones were Abby — Mrs. Johnson, and Maria, Mrs. Homer. The four unmarried daughters were Caroline, Lucy, Clara and Ellen. All of these were in the habit of visiting their relatives in Roxbury and Providence as long as they lived. The last

surviving ones were Clara and Ellen. The older members of our family remember them both distinctly: Cousin Clara, with her long, rather gaunt face, and Cousin Ellen, with a somewhat milder cast of countenance, and a pleasant, kindly expression. They might seem to us now two very old-fashioned New England figures, if we could see them again looking as they did some fifty or sixty years ago. Their house in Ashland, which is still standing, was close to the station, with the tracks of the Boston and Albany railroad running almost under the windows. I remember spending a night there with my Mother in the spring of 1893, and recall our making a pilgrimage to the old Jones burial lot, and other places of family interest in the neighborhood. Miss Ellen Stone, who was the last of her family, lived until 1907.

We must now turn back to the second Dr. Jeremy Stimson, who has already been mentioned. He was the elder son of Dr. Stimson, of Hopkinton; he was born in 1783, and graduated from Harvard in 1804, and practised medicine in Dedham for many years. By his first wife, Hopestill Godfrey, he had six children, these were Emily, Caroline, Abby, Benjamin Godfrey, Edward and Charlotte. The eldest daughter, Emily, for whom our mother (Emily Stimson Diman) was named, married Mr. John Gardner; Abby married Dr. Marshall S. Perry, both of Boston. Caroline married Edward Wight, of an old Dedham family (related to the Wights of Bristol) and lived in New York; and Charlotte married Gustav Kissell, who also lived in that city. They all left descendants. The chief claim to fame of Benjamin Godfrey, or Ben Stimson as he was called, is that he accompanied Richard H. Dana in the voyage made famous by the latter's book "Two Years Before the Mast." Ben Stimson later settled in Detroit.

Dr. Stimson's younger son Edward like his father studied medicine, but later turned to successful railroad interests in Iowa and other parts of the West. He married first Sarah T. Richardson and second Charlotte Godfrey Leland. He was the father by his first marriage of our cousin Frederic Jesup Stimson, of Dedham, at one time U. S. Ambassador to Argentina, and distinguished not only as a diplomatist, but as a scholar and writer on many subjects, law, fiction and poetry. His book

"My United States" (published in 1931) is full of personal interest as is his historical story "King Noanett" (1896) both from its plot and the picture it gives of early days in Boston, Medfield and the surrounding wilderness. The names of our forebears Saville Simpson and John Jones are woven into the tale. It may be mentioned here as a pleasant recollection that it has been more than once the privilege of the compiler of these "Leaves" with her sister, to explore with this kind cousin and his equally kind wife, some of the places in and around Ashland and Hopkinton associated with the early days of the Stimson family. His knowledge of the past has been of great help in the preparation of these memoirs.

It may be added here that Frederic J. Stimson married first Elizabeth B. Abbott of Boston and second Mabel Ashhurst, of Philadelphia, and has now living (1940) two daughters, five grand-daughters and several great-grandsons and grand-daughters. His half-sister Elsie Hopestill Stimson died a good many years ago.

2

Our first American ancestor by the name of Clarke was, as far as we know, a certain Joseph Clark, (it may be noticed that the final e was a later addition) who was born in 1597, in Suffolk, England, where the family "had long been seated." His wife's name was Alice Pepper. He came to America in 1630 in the ship "Mary and John," and settled at Dedham, Massachusetts. In 1649 with twelve others from that place, he became one of the founders of Medfield. That town was one that suffered severely in King Philip's War. It was attacked by the Indians, in 1676, and nearly half of it was burned to the ground. Among those mortally wounded at that time was Joseph Clark's son Daniel, who died about six weeks later. The descendants of Joseph Clark lived in Medfield for seven or eight generations at least, and probably are to be found there still. Some of them, however, appear to have lived in the neighboring town of Wrentham, for in Pitt Clarke's Autobi-

ography he states that his father's grandfather "came from England, and settled in the north of Wrentham, which was then comparatively a wilderness." Tilden's *History of Medfield* carries the Clarke pedigree back to the first Joseph, and traces our branch of the family through his eldest son, also named Joseph, and then successively through Solomon, David, and Jacob, the last mentioned being the father of Pitt Clarke, the earliest member of the family whose name has become familiar to most of his descendants.

Jacob Clark, the father of Pitt, had married first Rachel Smith, and had had by her one daughter named Chloe, who married Jonathan Plymptom, and died in 1816. Rachel Clark, the mother of Chloe, died when the latter was very young, in 1757. Jacob Clark married, probably about a year later, Meletiah Hamant (or Hammond) who came from an old Medfield family, whose name exists, or did until recently, in that town.

Jacob and Meletiah Clark had seven children, namely Rachel, Martha, Pitt, Elisha, Meletiah, Sarah, and Jacob. Not very much has been handed down in our family about these six brothers and sisters of our ancestor Pitt Clarke. We know that his elder sister Martha, married a certain Lebbaeus Smith, who was said to have "had some local celebrity as a singing-master," in the vicinity of Medfield, and later lived in Dedham. He died in 1828. Sarah Clark, the youngest sister, married Isaiah Smith, a brother of Lebbaeus. They had ten children. It is from them that the Gregg family, formerly of Colorado Springs, are directly descended. Mrs. Mary Needham Gregg, the wife of the late Rev. James B. Gregg, was a great-granddaughter of Isaiah and Sarah Clark Smith, of Medfield.

Very little is known about Pitt Clarke's two brothers, Elisha and Jacob, who lived in Medfield, in which town the graves of many generations of Clarkes may be seen in the old cemetery. Of Pitt Clarke himself, who was the ancestor of a large group of descendants now living, and intimately known to one another, (for the most part) there will be much to tell later. In the meantime it may be of interest to mention some of earlier members of the Clarke stock, who although not direct ancestors of Pitt Clarke himself, yet were connected in some

cases by inter-marriage with the Jones and Stimson families of Hopkinton.

There was a certain Isaac Clark, born in 1707, who lived in Framingham and Hopkinton, and died in 1783. It was his daughter Abigail who married George Stimson, of Hopkinton, and became the mother of Dr. Jeremy Stimson, who has already been mentioned. Isaac Clark had a son Isaac, the brother of Abigail, who married for his second wife Abigail Jones, the daughter of John Jones, 2d, of Hopkinton. As Jeremy Stimson also married a daughter of John Jones it may be noted that Isaac Clark, Jr., and his nephew, Jeremy Stimson, married sisters. This habit of the early Joneses, Clarkes and Stimsons, of marrying back and forth into each other's families seems to have begun by the middle of the eighteenth century, and is quite confusing to the compilers of the family records.

There was another early member of the Clark stock, who although in no way a direct ancestor of the Pitt Clarke branch, yet had such an adventurous history that he must not be omitted from these "Leaves." This was Peter Clark, a son of Atherton, and nephew of the first Isaac Clark just mentioned. At the age of fifteen Peter Clark enlisted in the Continental Army under Colonel Greaton, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne in 1777. He passed the winter of 1777-'78 with Washington at Valley Forge, and was later at the Battle of Monmouth Court House in New Jersey, and also served in Rhode Island, in 1779. After that he enlisted as a marine on the ship "Alliance," under Commodore John Barry. He was in several actions, and was twice badly wounded. In Tilden's *History of Medfield* (which supplies much information about the Clarke family) it relates that while on a voyage to France, with Lafayette as a passenger, this same Peter Clark discovered a plot formed by some prisoners on board, to seize the ship. For disclosing this plot to the Commodore he was promoted and offered a position as Lieutenant. At the close of the Revolution he returned to Hopkinton, where he died in 1818. He had married Elizabeth Wilson of that town. She lived to be ninety-three years old, and died in Framingham, in 1855.

3

And now having taken a backward glance at some of the earlier members of the Jones, Stimson and Clarke families, we come to the time towards the close of the eighteenth century, when the two Jones sisters in whom we are most interested namely, Anna (or Nancy as we may call her) and Rebecca, the youngest, were both married, and beginning to bring up families of their own: Nancy as Mrs. Jeremy Stimson, at Hopkinton, and Rebecca as the wife of the Rev. Pitt Clarke at Norton.

And first of all we must turn to Pitt Clarke himself, and try to recall just how he impressed himself upon his day and generation. He was born in Medfield, in 1763. He tells in his Autobiography of his early struggles for an education, interrupted by the hardships of the Revolution, and of how he fitted for College under the tuition of Miss Hannah Adams, a well known literary woman of her time, who lived in his native town. He graduated from Harvard in 1790, and after teaching school for a year or two, and studying for the ministry at the same time, he was ordained as minister of the Congregational Church in Norton, in 1793, where he remained until his death in 1835.

One of his parishioners — Mr. A. D. Hodges — described him in these words: (quoted from "Almon D. Hodges and His Neighbors," by A. D. Hodges, Jr.) "The most influential person in town (Norton) was the minister. There was only one Church over which was settled the Rev. Pitt Clarke, a man of strong character, marked ability, sound judgment and attractive personality, whose reputation extended far beyond the town limits. He knew how to win and to retain the respect and affection of the men, women and children of his parish. — Mr. Clarke was 'liberal' in his theological opinions, but never assumed a sectarian position, or applied to himself or his Church the name 'Unitarian,' which was adopted later by the Society. He seems to have remained, as he began, the 'Pastor of the Church of Christ in Norton.' " The division which took place in his parish shortly before his death came as a great trial to

him. But nothing will give us a clearer idea of his life, especially of his earlier years, than his own Autobiography, written three years before he died. It has already been printed, but as there are probably many of his descendants who have never read it, it seems worth while to copy it in these "Leaves," from the original manuscript which has been handed down in the family as an interesting and valuable relic of past days.

4

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REVEREND PITT CLARKE

Copied from the original Manuscript

"Jan. 15th 1832.

Another of my birthdays has come thro' the goodness of my God. I have now entered upon my 70th year; a period several years ago I did not expect to see.

As I have arrived so near threescore years and ten, the common age of man fixt by my Maker, I am moved to leave behind me a short memoir of my life. I dare not neglect it any longer for fear of death, I am so near the boundary of human existence. I am not led to do this from the impression that anything in my life will be worthy of notice, but from a desire to bequeath to my children a brief memorial of their humble origin.

I was born in Medfield, January 15, 1763. My father's name was Jacob, who had nothing to recommend him only the reputation of being an honest man, an industrious farmer, & practical Christian. He was one of three brothers, whose grandfather came from England, & settled in the north of Wrentham, which was then comparatively a wilderness. My grandfather came to Medfield & purchased a farm in the south part of that town by his own industry. He had three sons and three daughters. He gave his sons the names of Nathan, Jacob, and David, from a kind of veneration for those scriptural

characters. They all bore the name of being honest, industrious, and devout. There ever appeared to be a perfect harmony and endearing intercourse between them. My Mother's name was originally Meletiah Hamant, which rightly spelled is Hammond. Her predecessors bore the same reputation with my Father's. She was my father's second wife. His former wife died after they had been married about 2 years, leaving behind a young child. This child, named Chloe, married to Jon^{n} Plympton, & lived to be nearly 62 years old, having only one child that survived her.

My Mother was of a different texture from my Father. He was naturally cheerful and social. She was of a feeble, gloomy, nervous make, and pious almost to superstition. The latter part of her life was much clouded with religious melancholy. At times she was so fearful of not living up to that profession of religion which she early made, as to sink almost into despair. This was owing to a great diffidence of herself united with her nervous affection. She was not only pious in mind, but devout in practice. She always set a good example before her children, which were three sons and four daughters. She set before them a pious example, instilled into their minds when very young, the first principles of religion, and expressed the greatest concern in giving them pious feelings. I feel much indebted to my parents for my early dedication to God in baptism, and my early habits of attention to religious instructions. Especially I feel many obligations to my mother for the many early religious impressions I received from her pious example. I often witnessed, when a small child, her secret prayers, and when unobserved by her, would sink in the spirit of mental and private devotion. This led me into early habits of calling upon God morning and evening, and of committing to memory a variety of prayers to assist my devotion. This habit of secret prayer never entirely forsook me, tho' I acknowledge with shame I have not always practiced it so constantly and fervently as I ought.

My name was given to me by my Grandfather, who had an exalted opinion of the Great Pitt in his mother country on account of his distinguished pleas for American liberty. Out of regard for this eloquent Friend of America my grandfather would tell me, he gave me my name, and flatter me with the

idea of going to College. How far this operated to raise my ambition for study when a child I cannot say. I early felt a desire to learn, and ambitious to excell my classmates. When very young my Master told me I must study the Latin and go to college. I obtained the consent of my Father to begin the first book in Latin, when between 10 and 11 years old. But I did not continue the study of the languages longer than the town school continued. This was owing to two causes. One was the deranged state of the Academies and the College on account of the Revolutionary war; the other was the embarrassed condition of my Father. In the first of the revolution Boston was beseiged and the College entirely broken up. Then there was not the least encouragement of obtaining a public education. I gave up my studies, — and went to work upon the farm at home, and occasionally abroad on wages, laying aside what I could against a time of need in an education. When old enough to be enrolled in the malitia bill I was called to go as a soldier on a sudden expedition to Rhode Island. The British had taken possession of the Island and were directing their devastations towards Massachusetts. The alarm came and the malitia were called upon to meet their attacks and drive them from the Island. In this expedition I was every day expecting to meet the enemy in the hottest battle. But just before it came to our turn to fight, the British were driven from their stronghold, and evacuated the Island.

I returned home to my Father's farm. As soon as the war terminated and College was restored to its regular state, I again entertained the hope of resuming my studies. But another circumstance occurred to disappoint me. My father's house unfortunately took fire, and was consumed, together with nearly all the furniture and fall provisions. It was in November 1779, when the winter stock of provisions was gathered into the house and could not be saved. All the little that I had laid aside was destroyed. I felt myself stript and naked. But from the calamity I learned some of the best lessons.

My father, however, was thrown into such immediate embarrassment, that I dismissed all thoughts of pursuing my studies, and was under the necessity of returning to hard labor, for a few years. When I arrived at the age of 21, and felt the liberty

of acting for myself, I resumed the courage of setting out for an education. I had procured a little to begin with by working at common wages which my father gave me, and promised to assist me more, if he should be able, tho' it could be but little. I studied partly at home, and partly with Miss Hannah Adams, who lived near by, and to whom I recited my lessons. Under her tuition principally I fitted for College and was admitted into Cambridge University about a year after I commenced my studies, in July 22, 1786. To be admitted to all the privileges and instructions of the University raised me in imagination to the highest pitch of eminence.

I had the good fortune of being a member of a large and respectable class, many of whom were of the first talents, and much the greater part good characters. Another circumstance was much in my favor. The most distinguished scholars in my class were like myself in limited circumstances, and the most popular. On this account the best part of the class set the example of prudence in expenses, and there was no disparagement in it. By receiving help from the charitable funds, and teaching schools I made my way thro' College without much assistance from my father. I received the honors of the University July 21st, 1790.

Being in debt for my College expenses I engaged the town school in Cambridge and continued in it two years, at the same time pursuing my theological studies. These studies had been my predilection before I entered College, and were leading objects of attention thro' my College life. Before I left the School I was examined by the Cambridge Association of Ministers and approbated to preach April 17, 1792. I preached occasionally in neighboring towns while I continued in the school, and before I closed it received an application to supply the vacant parish in Norton. I commenced preaching in this place as soon as I left the school, the following August, which was the first place of my preaching on probation. Having preached here only four Sabbaths the Church in Norton gave me an invitation to settle among them as their Gospel minister. The invitation was so sudden and unexpected I at first felt ready to reject it. It being, however, of such a serious nature I took it into consideration, and consented to supply their pulpit

myself, or by proxy till I gave my answer. I found the people much divided. They had heard many candidates and could not unite in anyone. The opposition to me at first was formidable. I could not satisfy the minds of those, called orthodox. On this account the society postponed their meeting to concur with the church for several months on condition I would continue to preach with them longer. It being winter and bad moving about, I consented to tarry with them till spring. This gave us an opportunity to be acquainted with each other; and upon this farther acquaintance the opposition in great measure subsided, and there was nearly a unanimous invitation from church and society to become their pastor. The union was so great I could not feel it my duty to give a negative answer, altho' the pecuniary arrangement appeared too small. I was ordained July 3d, 1793, — A solemn day to me. My deepest impression was that I was insufficient for these things. I felt the force of that passage I Kings, 3, 7. *I know not how to go out or come in before the people.* This was the subject of my first discourse after ordination.

Having been ordained about two years I found the currency so much depreciated, that my salary was inadequate to my support. This was intimated to individuals, who circulated the report, that I could not continue with them much longer, unless some more pecuniary encouragement be given. In consequence of this alarm a universal disposition was shown to afford me voluntary assistance. From this encouragement I purchased a building spot, and about 20 acres of land, entirely uncleared and unfenced. By the assistance of my parishioners it was cleared up, and a house built tho' unfinished.

On Feb. 1st, 1798 I was married to Rebecca Jones, the youngest daughter of John Jones, Esq. of Hopkinton. This alliance was the happiest circumstance of my life. The connexion not only proved the occasion of great domestic comfort and support, but introduced me into a large and respectable circle of acquaintances. She was one of the first of women for good sense, well informed mind, family government, and christian experience. Such a companion was to me the best gift of heaven. But she was too rich a treasure for me to enjoy a great length of time. After a long, distressing, pulmonic consump-

tion she died March 2d, 1811. She continued in the full exercise of her strong mental powers to the very last moment of life. In her dying moments she expressed some of her best thoughts, and most comprehensive ideas. The light of her luminous mind appeared to be the last, that was extinguished. When her breath was quietly leaving her body, she, by a certain pressure on my hand, gave me to understand, that her sight and hearing were gone, and all the sensations of her body were about to leave her. In her dying I had a strong evidence, that the *mind may be alive*, when the body to appearance is *dead*.

She left the best lessons for me long to learn, and never to forget. As pledges of our mutual affection she left behind a daughter and two sons; the former of whom often reminds me of her dear Mother.

These children were a great comfort to me; but still I lived a solitary life comparatively, until I found another companion. And another one I was happy to find, who in many respects appeared the very image of the former, possessing everything that was good in her, and in point of intellect, mental acquirement, affection and motherly feeling, supplying her place as much as *anyone could do*. She was the daughter of Doct. Jeremy Stimson, who married an elder sister of my former wife. This consanguinity might to overscrupulous minds be an objection; but to me was an agreeable circumstance, because of her resemblance to my first choice, because she the more endeared the same relations, and combined the affection of my children to such a step-Mother. I was married this second time Nov. 12, 1812. This marriage has brought to me as much domestic comfort and support as the former. I fear, however, I shall never be able to reward her for the task, she has undertaken, in becoming the companion of me in my declining years. From our happy union we enjoy three sons, who are coming forward in life, and creating great anxiety as to their destination in this tempestuous world.

III

A Package *of* Old Letters

IT would be interesting to know just when and where young Mr. Pitt Clarke first met Miss Rebecca Jones, whom he married in 1798. It is quite probable that he was introduced to her by Miss Hannah Adams, of Medfield, that learned lady, who as we know fitted him for Harvard. She was an intimate friend of the Stimson family of Hopkinton, and doubtless knew all of the Jones sisters. She says in her memoirs (published in 1832) "I had the satisfaction of teaching the rudiments of Latin and Greek to three young gentlemen, who resided in the vicinity*** One of these young gentlemen was the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Norton, who pursued his studies with me till he entered Cambridge University, and has continued his friendship for me during life; and his uniform excellent character I have ever highly appreciated." Later in the same volume the friend who continued Miss Adams' memoirs wrote of her "for Mr. P. Clark, one of her pupils, — she retained through life the warmest regard. He married a friend of hers, and "this," said she "was the only match I ever had a hand in making."

Miss Adams was well known in Boston as a literary woman. Many stories were told about her eccentricities. It was she, who when once taking a journey by stage-coach, was heard to murmur over and over to herself, "Big box, little box, band-box, bundle," in order not to forget any of her belongings. The quotation became famous in our family. My mother described her (in the Sketch, before quoted) as being "an eager

lover of books," and how when visiting the Pitt Clarke family in Norton, she "would pore over the contents of the town Library, which was of such modest extent as to be kept in the dining-room of the Parsonage." She was remembered as "standing before the shelves, with a novel in her hand, muttering to herself "No, it wont do to begin it Saturday night." It is told that on one occasion she was reading the Iliad aloud with Dr. Stimson's daughters, in Hopkinton "when they came to a sudden pause, as they found the next canto missing from the book, but Miss Adams was equal to the occasion, and from the storehouse of her wonderful memory produced the missing pages." A few letters from her have been preserved. Among the earliest were the two following, addressed to Mrs. Nancy Stimson, (the wife of Dr. Stimson). The earlier one of the two was written as far back as 1793, nearly five years before the marriage of Pitt Clarke and Rebecca Jones. It is dated

Medfield, July 8th, 1793,

Dear Mrs. Stimson,

The want of an opportunity to convey my letters has deterred me from writing; Since Mr. Townsend left Hopkinton all communication between us seems to be at an end. Yet I cannot bear the idea of losing a share in your friendship. It is seldom I find those whose taste and sentiments were so congenial to my own as yours and your partners. — Never did I see a family of children who appeared to me so promising and amiable. In my retired moments I reflect with delight on the happy hours I have passed under your friendly roof; and anticipate the pleasure of meeting again; and flatter myself I shall continue to enjoy your esteem.

Yet I must endeavor not to be too sanguine in my expectations. — A susceptible heart, unless checked by repeated disappointments, will ever entertain too bright ideas of the felicity which is derived from friendship, forgeting that there it is most vulnerable. It gives me the most painful emotions to reflect how many of my friends whose society I highly valued, are removed at such a distance as to preclude the hope of meeting again. While the cruel hand of death has deprived me of the dearest of all my connections.

(Here follows a poetical quotation of four lines, but the paper is so badly torn that the words are largely illegible) the letter continues:

I intend to pay a visit to Hopkinton either this Summer or Autumn; and should rejoice if you could make it convenient to visit Medfield. I must request you, my Dear Mrs. Stimson, to embrace the first opportunity to faver me with a letter. Be pleased to present my respects to your partner, and remember me most affectionately to your little family, and those friends of yours, whom I have the honor of being acquainted with I hope are well, be so good as to present my best regards to Miss Becca Jones. I remain

Dear Mrs. Stimson,
Your affectionate friend
H. Adams."

The second of these two letters was written about six months later, from the same place, and to the same friend:

"Dear Mrs. Stimson,

My late agreable visit increased my friendship and esteem for yourself, and your amiable family, and your kindness to me during that period excites my warmest gratitude. I felt very lonely after my first return, but books have at length reconciled me to my Solitary Situation.; and I have kept at home very Steady since my return. I expect to board with Miss Sally Townsend part of the winter; I shall, I dare say, enjoy much pleasure in her conversation.

I am impatient to see you and your amiable children, I hope they will continue to delight you with their improvements; I feel deeply interested in their welfare. Do, my Dear Mrs. Stimson, contrive to visit me with them this winter, as soon as there is any slaying, and you can make it convenient.

I have got a very elegant edition of Jennings' Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, for four Shillings, will keep it if you chuse to purchase it.

I should be happy to receive a letter from you, and beg as a peculiar faver, that you would not be discouraged by the dulness of my letter. I have been so much engaged this winter in reading the History of the American war, that all my ideas

are upon battles, sieges, and such matters. I would not however omit any opportunity to write, as I am acquainted with your candor.

Be pleased to present my respectful compliments to the Doctor, and my affectionate regards to your children.

I am with sincere esteem,
Dear Mrs. Stimson,
Your affectionate friend
Hannah Adams"

Medfield, January 13, 1794.
Mrs. Nancy Stimson.

The year in which Miss Adams' next letter was written is not given, but it was evidently some time before the marriage of Rebecca Jones to Pitt Clarke, in 1798. It was addressed "Miss Becca Jones, Hopkington, Favered by Mr. Bullard." (It may be noted that the writer's spelling was, in this case, slightly peculiar. It is dated simply "Cambridge, July" and says:

"Dear Miss Jones,

Mr. Bullard is at present at Mr. Holmes's where I am now on a visit. The account he gave me of the ill state of your health produced the most painful sensasions. Do, my dear friend, endeaver to be as cheerful as possible; but why need I give you advice, who know how to conduct with propriety in every situation. When your health will permit let me intreat you to come to Medfield, the ride will be advantageous to your health; and your, and Mr. Clark's friends will rejoice to see you. I am now in a most pleasing situation, in a place where nature has been liberal in her beauties. In a family where piety, information intelligence sentiment and sensibility are united. Mr. Holmes is one of the most amiable and pleasing of men, Miss Stiles, like my dear Miss Jones, unites seriousness and vivacity, sense and sensibility. But I cannot enlarge. Be pleased to present my respects to your Mamma, and Doct. Stimson's family. I am with the sincerest affection

Ever yours
H. A.

I have but a moment's time to write, and a very bad pen. The venturing such a wretched scrawl in your hands is a proof of the confidence I place in your friendship."

In reading these old letters of nearly a century and a half ago it is not always possible to identify the persons mentioned in them, but it is highly probable that the Mr. Holmes referred to in the last was the Rev. Abiel Holmes, the minister of the First Parish Church of Cambridge, and the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Miss Adams speaks of him as "one of the most amiable and pleasing of men," which bears out the description given of him in the life of Dr. Holmes, by John T. Morse, Jr., who quotes the Doctor as telling a story of his father saying that "when he first came to Cambridge he was considered very handsome, and the girls used to say 'there goes Holmes, — look.' " The Miss Stiles whom Miss Adams commends, was doubtless a connection of Mr. Holmes' first wife, who was herself a daughter of the Rev. Ezra Stiles, the President of Yale. Mr. Bullard, the bearer of the letter, has not been identified, he may have been a friend of the family from Hopkinton.

Pitt Clarke and Rebecca Jones were married on the first day of February, 1798. The wedding probably took place in the best parlor of the old Jones homestead at Hopkinton, as Church weddings were not then customary among the descendants of the Puritans. Mr. Clarke took his bride directly to Norton, where he was already settled as the minister of the town, and where he remained for about forty-two years. The house which his parishioners had helped him to build which is still standing, was waiting for them. The following letter (which has been already printed) gives an account of their reception by the Parish.

"Dear Mama —

I eagerly embrace the first opportunity that has offered since my arrival at Norton of writing to you, the principal intent of which is to give you an account of what Mr. Clark calls the female ordination. When we came within about two miles of Mr. Clark's house we were saluted with two cannon, which I suppose was in imitation of the launching of the Frig-

ate, and when we arrived there we found between two and three hundred people collected. They had paraded themselves each side of the way from the house to the road and we marched up between them into the house; then Mr. Clark had business enough to do to introduce his lady to the company and nothing was to be heard for a long time but 'Mrs. Clark you are welcome to Norton,' and this has been the chief sound ever since; in the next place we had an elegant dinner composed of almost everything you can mention, such as roast turkey, fowls, beef, veal, boiled dishes, plum pudding, rice pudding, apple pyes, tea, plum cake, and a great many other things that I have forgotten, when dinner was ready Madam Clark was conducted to the head of the table by Brigadier General Cobb and Mr. Clark was seated on the opposite side, for the table was very long and narrow, next to him sat Mr. Green, minister of Mansfield, opposite to him his lady, next to her sat Mrs. Leonard (the Judge did not sit down) opposite to her his daughter, the rest at this table were all ladies, and I was somewhere in among them — there were seven fires built in the house, and every part of it was filled with people, and I had to dress myself among all this hurry and skurry, but I got into a little closet up chamber which was the only empty place I could find between the cellar and the garret. The next day a parcel of them came to take care of their things, wash the dishes, and clean the house; we had about thirty to dine that day. We have not been out anywhere a visiting yet or had anybody here except some of the neighbors that have called in a few minutes."

Unfortunately the remainder of this interesting letter has been lost.

Pitt and Rebecca Clarke enjoyed a happy but short married life of thirteen years. During that time five children were born to them, namely: Abigail Morton, (who became the wife of her cousin John Jones Stimson) William Pitt, John Jones, Caroline and George Leonard. The last two died as babies, but the name George Leonard was repeated for the first son of Pitt Clarke's second marriage to Maria Jones Stimson, the niece of his first wife.

Two other letters from Rebecca Jones Clarke have been preserved. The first was written to her sister Nancy, the wife of Dr. Jeremy Stimson of Hopkinton. Young Nancy Stimson, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jeremy, was evidently visiting her aunt Rebecca Clarke, at Norton, when the letter was sent. The year is not given but it must have been somewhere about 1799. It is dated simply Norton, March 25, and begins:

"Don't you think Mrs. Stimson that I am remarkably good to even attempt to write, amidst the concerns of my family, and a little tottling babe hanging around — when not one of you has written me a line since I was at Hopn? But perhaps you quiet your conscience as the man did about going to meeting, he would go himself, or send a hand, and because one of your family is with us, you think it supersedes the necessity of writing — T'is true I can the easier dispense with it, as thro her I can hear from my friends and having her company less need the society which letters afford — the quantity of snow which has fallen this winter has been very propitious to us, as it (word illegible) Nancy's visit, hope you will find no great inconvenience in her tarrying longer than was expected, — we shall be happy in having the visit protracted as long as you can spare her, — and t'is well enough perhaps for you to have a little foretaste of how it might seem should you be called upon to give a quitclaim for life, now you begin to open your eyes and stare prodigiously — but don't be alarmed, the consequences are not *always fatal* when the blinds are once in a while put to with a great deal of care, the fire regulated, and the lamp well filled at bed-time — tell Emily if you please that there is such a spirit now prevailing in Norton that I think she might visit here with more success than formerly, and that Mr. Smith (she will know who I mean) has lately observed he shou:d like to have Emily Stimson for a wife *properly* — the edge of my paper obliges me to add nothing more than

B. Clarke.

Nancy has been so oppos:d to my geting her any shoes that I have neglected it — she thinks those that can be made at home will be a great deal stronger and better for every day than what we can get here — and hers by not being much

exposed remain nearly as good as they were when she came — Do write by Mrs. D—h and anything you wish I shall conform to with pleasure."

As the name was not given of the evening visitor lightly hinted at in this letter, we do not know whether or not he was Nancy Stimson's future husband. We know that some years later she married Captain John Stone, and lived in that part of Hopkinton which now forms the town of Ashland, and became the mother of the Stone sisters, mentioned in an earlier chapter. Her elder sister Emily, whom the unknown Mr. Smith appears to have admired, never married. She must have had many admirers nevertheless, in her short life, for the letters to and from her show her to have had a bright and attractive personality. She died at the age of twenty-six, in 1808, the first Emily in the Stimson family of whom we have any traditions.

The following letter was to this very Emily (who was visiting her Aunt Rebecca Clarke, at Norton) from her mother, Mrs. Jeremy Stimson. No date is given, but it was probably written about 1799. It begins somewhat abruptly:

"I conclude by this time Emily you will be glad to hear from Hopkinton however agreably you spend your time at Norton, not one letter can we get yet, I think it Probable you have wrote, but you must write again, I hope they will not all miscarry — your uncle William is going to Boston to-Morrow, not one moment could I get till 11 o'clock at night to take my pen. I can write but little — Maria has informed you of all Material events except Ordination, what a fine day, I went, can you believe it, — We had a very agreable time, dined at Mrs. Sumner's with the council — but the ladies were desired to walk up-Stairs and dine by themselves, there was a little table but no chairs, 2 chests and a bed supplied that deficiency, after we mounted the Chests we could see our Plates but hardly reach them, some took their plates in their laps for convenience, it caused considerable Merriment, the Ladies were agreable so we made it do. I saw Hannah, Sukey, and Sophia, they inquired after you, but had but a word with us, as we were in the Crowd coming out of the Meeting House.

Remember me to your Aunt Becka and Mr. Clark, desire your aunt to try if she can't with Mr. Clark's assistance recollect something more about little Abigail's weaning for we are all anxious about it — I can't tell you when I can send for you, your papa has been very much engaged ever since you went away, Mr. Jones and wife are both sick with the same fever the Girls had, expect they will recover. John Parker and wife are both dead, died suddenly with a Lung fever, left 7 children, a very Melloncholly affair. — Little Appleton has broke his leg but is like to do well — Our Friends here are generally pretty well — Your Papa has been to Milford to-day and is now asleep, think it Probable he will add a few lines in morning — my eyes are almost closed — remember to assist your Aunt Becka in her Family affairs as much as you can and you will oblige her as well as your

affectionate N. Stimson

October 28 —
Postscript by Dr. Stimson:

"October 29, I was called out this morning to see Mr. John Jones in a Billious Cholic and from there to Mr. Nat Jones, he and his wife are both very sick of a Fever, I found there a Letter from you, dated the 12th inst — was Happy to hear from you and of your safe arrival at Norton. As your Mama has written all particulars of (word illegible) Shall only add I intend to come for you before sleying if I can, But it is so Sickly now and I have so much Business on hand I think it Very doubtful when I shall come. Your Uncle William, Abijah Stone and his two sisters Betsy and Polly are now with us on a Visit from Batavia, they left your Gran-mama and all Friends well when they came from home. They regret your Absence very much, I am

Yours etc.

J. S."

Some of the names mentioned in this letter and postscript may be easily identified, others not so surely. Maria was Emily's sister, who later became the second wife of Pitt Clarke. (In later years her name was often written Mary.) Little Abigail was of course, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke's first child, born in

1798. The members of the Jones family mentioned were doubtless relatives in Hopkinton, but who the particular John Jones who had "Billious Cholic" could have been is not clear, as John Jones, the father of Mrs. Jeremy Stimson and Mrs. Pitt Clarke, had died in 1797. This John was doubtless a kinsman of some sort. Mrs. Sumner at whose house the "council" appear to have dined, was quite possibly the wife of Governor Sumner, of Massachusetts — but this is only a guess. "Hannah, Sukey, and Sophia" are unknown friends. Nor do we know anything about John Parker and his wife. "Little Appleton" was undoubtedly the son of Parson Howe, of Hopkinton, who has been described in an earlier chapter, and whose wife Olive, was one of the seven Jones sisters. Appleton Howe graduated from Harvard in 1815, and became a physician. The "Granmama" mentioned in the postscript, must have been Dr. Jeremy Stimson's mother, who with her husband, George Stimson had moved from Hopkinton to the State of New York. "Uncle William" was in all probability another member of the New York branch of the family, but who Abijah Stone and his sisters were remains obscure, unless they were connected, as they probably were, with the John Stone whom Nancy Stimson afterwards married.

There appears to have been an active correspondence kept up between the Clarke family at Norton and Dr. Stimson's family at Hopkinton. The next letter, is addressed to Miss Emily Stimson, from her aunt, Mrs. Rebecca Clarke. It may be noticed that the latter signs her initials as B. C., the first initial standing for "Becca" (or "Becky") the name by which she was familiarly known. It may be noticed too that the writer is deeply interested in the love affairs of another niece named Nancy, not Emily's sister, but in all probability Nancy Buckminster, (the daughter of Lawson and Mary Jones Buckminster, of Framingham) who had very recently been married to Captain Daniel Bell, of the U. S. Army. She died in 1811.

The letter runs as follows:

"Norton, August 19th, 1801."

"You are a good girl Emily to remember my injunctions of writing, your letter was truly acceptable, I assure you, and tho'

it was handed to me at the dining table my impatience and anxiety was too great to admit of compleating my dinner till I had run over its contents. Lawson's situation and that of the family on his account, made a forcible impression upon my mind, and I do most heartily rejoice with them upon his restoration to health. *Now* I suppose Nancy's departure will come with its full weight upon their minds, thus the human heart sees formed to be ever upon the rack, — if great evils are removed, smaller ones can rise and take possession of their place.—

I would not imply however that Nancy's affairs, or her leaving us is of little moment, on the contrary I think them very important — 'tis almost deciding her fate for the present world — many circumstances have occurred since her acquaintance with Mr. B. which has undoubtedly agitated her, and her friends very considerably, — but the last fortnight or three weeks previous to his arrival must have been indescribable, a state of suspense, *at best* is not the pleasantest in the world, and with all the aggravating circumstances which then attended, it was intolerable, but perhaps she has *passed* all the shoals and quicksands that can impede her voyage, and I sincerely hope that now she has imbarked upon a broader sea that she will sail sweetly and securely down the stream of life without any more adverse gails to mar her happiness.

I can easily conceive my Dear Emily that your separation at Wrentham was a painful scene, but I hope that while you are lamenting the desertion of all your friends from a celibate state, that it will not produce the same effect upon you that Mrs. Valentine supposed that Olive's marrying would upon *me* — she concluded from my lonesome situation and melancholy phiz, that my price in a husband had fallen at least fifty per cent, but I advise you to keep up your price and follow my *example*, to wait patiently till you can obtain one of the *best men* in the world. — You can never be here to be sure, when the marrying spirit is hovering round in our region. Our friend Holman's head is so high that it could not fail to light upon him, and he is actually caught by Lettuce Morey and their intentions are made public, after an acquaintance of about two months. — And do you really hesitate Emily about going to

Commencement, visiting us etc. I thought the plan you formed an exceedingly good one, and hope you will not fail of carrying it into execution, I am sure it will be a convenient time for Maria to make her long talked of visit, as she can return when Jere (Jeremy) goes back to Colledge, he made us a visit on the 4th of July and was then very well, but was so engaged in study that we could not prevail upon him to tarry with us so long as the Government gave leave of absence, I felt quite gratified to find him so steady, manly, thoughtful and prudent, and I do think be bids fair to be a comfort to his family.

I shall not have oppor,ty to write to my mother now, but wish you to give my duty to her and tell her that I shall depend upon seeing her this fall — tell all the family that I think of them as much as I ought — if Mr. Clarke was awake he would extend them the homage of his high respects, I have drained your favorite ink stand so thoroughly that I can just make out to write your fond

B. C.

The Harvard student mentioned in the above letter as "Jere" was Emily Stimson's brother, Jeremy, Jr., who, as has been stated before, became in course of time, a widely known and highly respected physician in Dedham. He graduated from Harvard in 1804. "Mrs. Valentine" was probably Mrs. Pitt Clarke's sister, Elizabeth Jones, who married Samuel Valentine, and "Olive" was another sister, the wife of Parson Howe, of Hopkinton. "Holman" and "Lettuce Morey" were presumably neighbors in Norton.

Two other family letters, written a few years later are worth preserving as giving a lively picture of the doings of the young people of that day. These two letters, which are without any particular beginning or ending and are unsigned, are written on two sides of the same sheet, but from different places, and with different dates. On the margin of the paper is inscribed, evidently by a later hand, "From Emily Stimson—Ma Clarke." As the appellation of "Ma Clarke" was at a later day given to the second Mrs. Pitt Clarke (Maria Jones Stimson) these letters were presumably written by Emily Stimson to her sister Maria, before the latter's marriage. The first is dated:

Norton, May, Day after Election.

It begins abruptly:

"Though we were so pleased to have Uncle C. absent awhile we are quite anxious for his return, if you will write me a description of *ennui* I will endeavor to describe our feelings, but till then shall not attempt it, the day after *Election*, the day after the ball, the day after dancing wih *Oliver Shepard*, must not like other days be passed away, and I assure you it has been spent in all the luxury of idleness, and folly, succeeded by a perfect listlessness and vacuity of thought, too inert for exertion, and incapable of reflection, but you will not wonder when you think that it was Oliver Shepard, *Judson Fiske's* wife's brother, Nancy Stimson's so often mentioned gallant, to whose politeness and attention I was indebted for all the pleasure I enjoyed during the evening, I say you will not wonder if it should not seem like common days. I would give you a description of the ball but cannot particularize at this time; imagine then a collection of all the town, near of all ages, sexes and conditions, from the factory girls to the *nieces* of the hon. *Pitt Clarke*, imagine these all skipping and cutting capers after the sound of *one* poor violin with the strings constantly scraping, and you will have some idea of it, but I am not going to spend my *precious time* in describing it, and will only assure you I had a very pleasant time.

I cannot write at present anything about coming home until I receive your letter, for which I assure you I feel quite impatient, and scarecely know how to wait for Mr. Clark's return, Mary Parker has promised to write if she is *able*, which I hardy think she will be, as she received a severe blow on her head by mistaking the door on our return from the ball, which occasioned her *falling directly* into the arms of *Mr. Ingols*, (almost lifeless) and I imagine her heart has received quite as *severe* a *fracture* as her head."

Here this interesting letter closes as abruptly as it began. "Uncle C." of course refers to Uncle Clarke, as the Rev. Pitt Clarke was probably called by his nieces. They appear to have been feeling perhaps more than usually free on account of his temporary absence from home, but that he was not over strict

however, is indicated by the fact that he allowed his children and nieces, and the Harvard students who were from time to time "rusticated" under his charge, to attend dances and balls in the village, or near by, as this letter shows. Oliver Shepard, "Nancy Stimson's so often mentioned gallant", and Judson Fiske are no more than names to us now. The former did not marry into the Stimson family, as far as we know, for Nancy Stimson in course of time married John Stone, and lived in Ashland. It may have been the Mary Parker mentioned at the close of the letter, who many years later became the second wife of Dr. Jeremy Stimson, Jr. She was for many years a great friend of various members of the Stimson family. Who Mr. Ingols may have been we do not know. On the other half of the sheet the letter continues in the same hand, but at a different place and time, and like the first half has no particular beginning or ending, and is unsigned.

It is dated

Dedham, June (the year is uncertain)

and begins: "I am now at my Brother's in Mr. Gay's little chamber with little Emily behind me, just while I am writing this who should come up but Gay himself, and find me seated at his closet among his books and papers, I assure (you) I felt somewhat disconcerted, and Emily soon as she saw him cried out "Dear Gay do take Emma," I hope the fellow won't think I had any designs upon him, I can't for my life think what should send him home at this time, positively I *can't think one word to write* and must go and find a new pen. I was quite disappointed at your short letter but under the circumstance you wrote must excuse it, Nabby and I got here about sunset yesterday, set out from Norton at twelve, she held out very well but feels somewhat more fatigued to-day, we shall return to-morrow, I wish much to come home and Nabby is equally anxious, any time after association which will be next Wednesday, we shall be ready to come, do try to persuade Nancy Marshall to bring over our chaise as I *positively* will not stay one day after Nabby goes so you need not send for her unless you can for me. Nancy Dean has just opened a boarding-school in Norton and Uncle C. has almost persuaded Nabby

to stay the summer and go to school when she is all for the purpose of painting and improving herself in other branches taught at such places, he thinks it will be much better for her than to go home and attempt doing anything upon straw and you know his *tongue* can drop manna, and make the worse appear the *better reason*, however the final decision is left for us when we all get together, tell Nancy I shall expect her as soon as week after next at farthest, she must not expect opportunity and convenience *always* to go together and if she intends coming to Norton to stay this summer she certainly cannot have a better opportunity, and while I think of it I cannot but mention that I feel a little ill natured satisfaction at the mortification you experienced in consequence of your *unconscionable* walk though I think your Will O Wisp after luring you thro Bog thro bush thro mire has shown very little of the gentleman in treating it as he did. If I could possibly obtain another pen I would write better. Amen."

As the second half of the sheet on which these letters were written was marked Dedham, it is possible that Emily Stimson, when she wrote, may have been visiting her brother Jeremy, Jr., who practised medicine in Dedham for many years. The "little Emily" mentioned was perhaps his daughter, who many years later married Mr. John Gardner, and lived partly in Dedham, and partly in Boston, next to the State-House. It was for her that our mother, (Emily Gardner Stimson Diman) was named. Cousin Emily Gardner, as she was called in our family, lived until soon after 1880, or thereabouts, and used to make visits at our house in Providence during the lifetime of our Grandmother Stimson. She was a somewhat eccentric individual, and many stories used to be told about her peculiarities. She was absent-minded, and would frequently mislay her possessions. My mother used to say that she had known her to come into a room and say very pointedly "I left my gold thimble *right there*, and no one has been in the room but *you*." It is not quite definite whether it was she or some other well known Boston matron, who was said to have walked for some distance down Beacon Street holding over her head a feather duster which she had mistaken for her parasol. It was related of her

also, that on one occasion she had invited the celebrated Daniel Webster to Sunday dinner, but when the time came she had apparently forgotten about it, and had made no preparations for entertaining so distinguished a guest. It was said that just before the dinner hour on that Sunday that various neighbors might have been seen hurrying towards her house bearing covered dishes which had been hastily begged at the last moment by Mrs. Gardner to make good the deficiencies of her repast.

But we must return to the letter of the earlier Emily Stimson, and the persons mentioned in it. Mr. Gay was very likely a medical student. Nancy Marshall was presumably a cousin on the Jones side, and Nancy Dean a friend. The name Dean was a well known one in Taunton in early days. Nabby was of course a nick-name for Abigail, the sister of the letter-writer, whose health was already not of the best. She died at the age of twenty-four. The mention of "doing anything on straw" refers to the fact that early in the nineteenth century the industry, often carried on at home, of weaving straw for hats and bonnets, and perhaps for other things, was very popular among the country towns of Eastern Massachusetts, especially around Norton, Mansfield, Walpole, and other towns and villages in that vicinity. Many girls of good bringing up, but of small means, were frequently anxious to try their hands at it. The allusion to "Uncle C." as being able to make the worse appear the better reason is an amusing comment upon Parson Clarke's powers of persuasion.

The next letter in our collection was addressed to the same Maria Stimson. The writer was Miss Mary Moody Emerson. She was the aunt of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and was herself a remarkable woman, who was said to have been a strong influence in the life of her famous nephew. In the book entitled "Emerson in Concord," written by her grand-nephew, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, he says that it would be hard to over-estimate the effect upon the young minds of her nephews of this proud, pious, exacting, inspiring, Aunt Mary Moody Emerson." Miss Emerson appears to have been boarding in Dedham when the letter was written, and had evidently become acquainted with Maria Stimson in that place, and had wished

to know her better. Dr. Emerson, in his Memoir, speaks of his great-aunt's "nomadic peregrinations from one part of New England to another, for" he says, "she was too concentrated a bitter cordial to be ever taken for a long time at any one boarding place."

The following letter from her is dated:

"Dedham, Jan. 3, 1809.

"My dear Miss Stimson will not be surprised I trust, at receiving a line from me. I did not feel willing to go from this place without saying how glad I should be to meet you again, and that I remember with pleasure our acquaintance. And as at my time of life it is not usual to form rapid friendships, or to cultivate with zeal new connections in addition to those we are already attached to, you will not be so illiberal as to call it flattery when I state my reasons for wishing to be more acquainted with you. I think, I know indeed, if I am not strangely deceived, that your mind is liberal, and your heart free from deceit and selfishness in no common degree. These are rare. It is these I love and these I feel bound to testify my respect for. But these, lovely qualities, as they are, without the firm and noble tincture of religious principles and devotional habits, are like the flower which *cometh forth* in the morning, withereth at noon, and at evening is seen no more. These also, I presume, are the directors of your conduct, and to these you look for all that is respectable in existence, all that is delightful in youth, and everything which is necessary to support you in affliction and on the verge of the grave. Therefore, I feel that it is neither childish nor hazardous to seek a friendship with you should future circumstances render it convenient.

To a stranger nothing is lost. I remember the steps you took while I was confined, the care you showed, without that kind of officiousness so disgusting, while I took medicine. May your life to come, be filled with those offices of hospitality, charity and friendship which alone make life valuable.

I go to Boston to-morrow, and to Concord after a while. You can easily imagine how pleasant a return to one's family is, to one never absent before. And how grateful to the ear

will be the sounds (?) of Mother and Sister. I shall depend on your fulfilling your promise of visiting me if you come to Concord. You are expected here in the course of the winter. Miss A. who loves you very much, is rejoiced. I do not regret my residence here tho' it has not answered the design altogether. I hope always to retain the esteem I have felt for our historical friend.

Adieu, dear Maria, with many good wishes,

M. M. Emerson.

If you should write and direct the letter to the care of my Brother it will be acceptable."

Miss Emerson, in this letter, refers to having been the recipient of kind attentions from Maria Stimson, so it is quite possible that the two had been staying at the same house at Dedham, perhaps at the home of the younger Dr. Stimson. The "Miss A." mentioned is more than likely to have been the old family friend Miss Hannah Adams. The term of "our historical friend" may well have been applied to her, as she was the author of various volumes of history which were widely circulated in the New England of her day.

It may be worth while to note here that the friendship between the Emerson and Stimson families was taken up again about forty-five years later, in 1853, when Ralph Waldo Emerson's daughter Ellen and our Mother, then a young girl, Emma Stimson, were together at Mrs. Sedgwick's School, at Lenox, and became life long friends. They visited at each other's homes in early days, and Miss Ellen Emerson continued to be a welcome and delightful visitor at our house in Providence as long as she lived.

IV

The Clarke Family *in* Norton

1

THE home life in the Parsonage at Norton seems to have been a very happy one, although the mother of the family was never in strong health. Her daughter Abby (our grandmother) wrote of her in later years that "She was an invalid ever after her marriage, and indeed I have been told from the age of twenty, when she had the measles. This disease left her lungs in a delicate condition which terminated in pulmonary consumption."

The following letter from Dr. Jeremy Stimson to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Pitt Clarke, refers to Mrs. Clarke's illness, speaking of it as at that time presumably a form of nervous disorder. Dr. Stimson's advice, written as far back as 1802, has much in it which agrees with modern medical treatment, showing the writer to have been fully abreast, if not ahead of his times in such matters. The letter is addressed to "Rev. Pitt Clarke, Norton — to be left at Mr. Richard Edwards — north side of the Market, Boston." (In pencil, on the outside is inscribed in Mrs. Abby Stimson's handwriting, "Dear Emma, a letter from your grandfather") The letter runs as follows:

Hopkinton, February 3d, 1802

Dear Sir,

Am sorry to hear Mrs. Clark gets no better, for some time past we have anticipated the pleasure of seeing her at H—

But Emilie's last letter has blasted all our hopes (at least for the present) Those Nervous Disorders are often lengthy, and although they seldom prove Fatal yet they frequently Baffle the skill of the most eminent Physicians and prove exceedingly distressing and troublesome to the Patient. I know not what to advise in Mrs. Clark's case, as it is a long time since I saw her, I can only say the Cure of Nervous Disorders (Generally) depend more on Exercise, air, diet and Chearful Company than on the most powerful Medecine. The distress in the Head however I have often seen relieved by a Seton in the neck or a perpetual Blister in the same place. The cold Bath has sometimes a good effect, But whether Mrs. Clark is a fit subject for either I cannot say. You had better I think, mention the matter to Dr. Balis (?) and take his advice on the subject. There is nothing tends more to relax the Solids and increase Nervous Disorderd than lying too long in bed and keeping the body too warm, the Body however should be carefully guarded from the Cold by light and warm Cloaths. Perhaps a fine Flanel Shift and Pantalloons would be of service, provided Mrs. C.— could bring herself to bear them, you may tell her however I will dispense with the Pantaloons if she will make her Shift long enough to come down to her Feet. There is one never failing Characteristic of this Disorder, viz, the patients always immagine they labour under Disorders from which they are quite free, or apprehend their Complaints lead to some incurable Disorder. This has induced many People to conclude that Nervous Disorders are entirely immaginary, and even some Physicians have adopted this absurd Hypothesis — I would ask these wise Gentlemen what disorders the immagination and renders it so Capricious and whimsical all at once. Can the Immagination produce the most Excruciating pain and and inflammation, and all those distressing feelings that affect the whole system? Certainly not, there is undoubtedy some latent but Real cause for these disorders, and instead of denying it they had better be honest and frankly confess they are ignorant and cannot tell what it is. The effects however are conspicuous enough and sometimes even astonishing, and the cure has been attempted in various ways both by the learned and unlearned, the Judicious and the foolish, and nearly with

equal success, hence the great number of Nervines with which our shops abound, all of which, (if you will believe their Authors) Infallable cures for Nervous Disorders. But I am clearly of Opinion (However difficult it may be to investigate the cause of Nervous Disorders) That good wine, sollid food, Chearful agreable company, constant exercise in the open air, either on horse-back or in a Carriage without paying too much attention to the weather, will go further towards the cure of Nervous Disorders than the whole Materia Medica however judiciously administers. I would not however be understood to exclude all medicine are undoubtedly necessary.

Whatever has a tendency to strengthen the Stomach, promote Digestion, and remove Flatulency are useful, perhaps the Bath and Laudanum Judiciously administered will answer all purposes that can be expected from Medicine, but these should be considered only as auxilliaries, not remedies. Now if Mrs. Clark can read this Letter without being Grieved or angry or feeling a sovereign Contempt for the writer I shall have great hopes for her recovery, and expect to see you soon at Hopkinton, tell Emily she is a good Girl for writing so often to us, and I begin to want to see her pretty much. Mrs. Stimson and the Girls have been writing and I suppose have told you all the news. I have sustained a heavy loss in the death of Judge Minot, his death will be long regretted by all who knew him. I remain your affectionate Friend and Brother

Jeremy Stimson.

P. S. Since writing the above we have received a Letter from Jerry, He informs me he has taken another School and wishes me to send him money, before he goes to College etc. Tell him I will send him some by his Classmate Brewer if I have not a more direct Opportunity, I will right to him but have not time now.

The "Jerry" mentioned in the postcript was Jeremy Stimson, Jr., who graduated from Harvard in 1804, and practised medicine in Dedham for many years, as has been told.

Mrs. Clarke lived nine years after this letter was written, dying in Norton on March 2d, 1811, in her forty-fourth year, leaving three children, Abby, William, and John. Abby, the

eldest, who was twelve years old at the time of her mother's death, became in 1828 the wife of her cousin, John J. Stimson, and lived to be our grand-mother. Among her papers preserved in our family for many years, are some short reminiscenses written by a cousin of hers, Rebecca Marshall, who lived in the Clarke household at Norton for some years as a young girl. She "was a member of our family" (so wrote Abby Stimson) from nine to eighteen years of age. Being several years older than myself, and a companion and helper to the last, she has given me more tangible knowledge of my mother than I have received from any other source."

"Your Mother" wrote Rebecca Marshall to her cousin Abby, "was a woman of superior powers of mind, and what is rare with a large intellect, it was well balanced. She was a helpmate indeed, for she knew how to make one dollar do the work of two. Her husband's sympathy and salary were well invested in such a wife. While she managed her domestic concerns with signal practical skill she never neglected the claims of hospitality. The parish was entertained with graceful courtesy, and she attracted a large circle of the best minds in the vicinity by her wit and brilliant conversation. To these, and to all, she was the genial hostess, making every one feel welcome and at ease in her presence.

She did not forget to satirize folly, but she did it by playful repartee instead of sarcasm. She was a safe friend, and a religious teacher by the shining virtues of a Christian life. She was always keenly alive to the responsibilities of the future, and when she became aware that death must be the final issue, altho' with strong ties to earth, with more than the usual endearments of home, she wielded with beautiful submission to the will of the heavenly Father, resigned the world, and serenely waited the last messenger. In the midst of life and usefulness, she was called to leave her earthly tabernacle, for a house not made with hands.

* * * *

Every word I have written of your Mother is true I know, and I might say a great deal more.

R. Marshall."

Another time the same cousin writes "In person without any pretension to beauty, Mrs. Clarke was fine looking, tall and majestic in her figure, her countenance beaming from the intellect within. As a pastor's wife she was unsurpassed. She won golden opinions from all classes."

In accordance with the custom of the day Parson Clarke preached a sermon in memory of his wife less than a week after her death, probably on the Sunday after her funeral. This sermon has been preserved just as it was written, in its old leather sermon case. The hand-writing is clear and legible, and may be read as easily today as a century and a quarter ago. Of course the style is old fashioned, but it is simple, and the thought is vividly expressed, and full of unchanging truth. After dwelling upon the lessons to be drawn from the text, the writer goes on to speak directly upon the subject of his own loss, and of her whom he calls his "departed friend, and bosom companion." He tells of her long illness, and of how she bore her sufferings with remarkable fortitude, sustained by her deep religious faith. These intimate allusions must have been trying for him to express from the pulpit, but he felt that the members of his congregation were his close friends. "My own sufferings, I can truly say," he declared, "have awakened within me new feelings towards you, who have passed through like troubles — This new experience, I hope, will do me good, tho' I have given a great price for it," and a little further on he adds "I would not smother those sensibilities of gratitude which I feel toward you for all the sympathy and compassion you have manifested under my trial. Could your pity, your tears, or your prayers have averted the painful stroke my departed friend and companion would still cheer us with her sprightly countenance. But we must submit to the will of God. I have more reason to bless the Lord that I have enjoyed such a blessing than to complain under the loss of it."

Among the various papers which have been kept for so many years is a single sheet containing some verses written apparently about fourteen years after Mrs. Clarke's death, inscribed "To Miss Abigail M. Clarke. The following lines are dedicated as a tribute of respect to the memory of her mother, Mrs.

Rebecca Clarke, who departed this life A. D. 1811, by her friend L. Paine,

Winslow. Oct. 27, 1825".

Who L. Paine was has not been ascertained; evidently an early friend. Here are the verses.

"Abby, when I survey your face,
And mark your eyes, and note their hue,
Painted on mem'ry's faithful page,
Your mother's image strikes my view.
Yes, that dear honored name you bear,
Cherished must be till life shall end,
While gratitude delights to say,
She was, *when I was young*, my Friend.
Strong were her intellectual powers,
By Science nurtured and refined,
The Muses blest her natal hour,
Indeed she had a noble mind.
Hers was a feeling heart and warm,
Her temper placid, mild and sweet,
Her manners dignified and firm,
And her deportment wise, discreet.
In all the various walks of life
Her moral worth conspicuous shone,
A tender mother, peerless wife,
Surpass'd in excellence by none.
Abby, may you distinguished be
In all the arts of doing well,
And equal what your *Mother was*,
'T is much to hope you will excel."

On the other side of the sheet the lines continue, in the same hand-writing, and in a still more old-fashioned and flowery style:

"If moral worth, if excellence may claim
Posthumous honor, and perennial fame,
Abby, that meed, a meed deserved by few,
Is to thy sainted Mother justly due.
O could I paint in characters of light,

Her name, redeemed from dark oblivious night,
Should be among the worthy dead enrolled,
Adorned with precious gems, on leaf of gold.
What was thy Mother? Abby, hear me tell,
Truth, sacred truth, I write, I knew her well.
Friend of my youth she was, her loss I feel,
And ever shall, nor time the wound can heal,
Distinguished for urbanity she stood,
And all the various arts of doing good,
Her intellectual powers were clear and strong,
Quick to discern the right, to avoid the wrong,
Her heart was tender, full of generous heat,
Benign her temper, placid, mild and sweet,
Her charity within its warm embrace
Cherished, relieved, affliction's mourning race,
It was no sudden flash, no transient blaze,
It mildly shone, and brightened all her days,
Her manners dignified, her taste refined,
Her eye a perfect index of her mind,
It beamed intelligence, and did impart
The bland expression of a generous heart,
Blest in her consort, in her daughter blest,
Her duties well performed, she went to rest,
Well may her friends with tears her loss deplore,
For seldom will they see her equal more."

Winslow, Oct. 27, 1825."

Mrs. Rebecca Clarke, as we know, left three children. Abby, the eldest, as has been said, married her cousin John Jones Stimson, in 1828, and came with him to live in Providence, where she died in 1882, in the house where her Diman grandchildren still live, (1940) her daughter Emily — or Emma, as she was always called, having married the Rev. J. Lewis Diman, in 1861. The second Clarke child, a boy, named William Pitt, was born in 1800, and lived until 1887 — but his life was a very secluded one, and there are probably only a few people now living who have ever even heard of him. He gave promise, so it was said, of being a normally bright child, but when hardly more than a boy, if not earlier, his mental powers began to fail,

and he remained in a semi-feeble-minded condition through his long life of eighty-seven years. He apparently lost the power of speech, or at any rate entirely gave up speaking, and for about fifty years communicated with those about him entirely by signs. He lived for years in Ashland, with his cousins, the Misses Clara and Ellen Stone, who gave him devoted care. They always spoke of him as Billy, and he was seldom mentioned by any other name.

The eldest son's loss of mind must have been a great grief to Pitt Clarke's family — but the second son, John Jones Clarke, named for his grandfather, was always a great comfort and support in every way. He became a well known and highly respected lawyer in Boston, and a leading member of the Norfolk County bar. More will be told of him later.

After Rebecca Clarke's death in 1811, her daughter Abby was sent to boarding-school in Boston, "where" (to quote the Sketch of her written by my Mother) "she remained one term, and succeeded, besides taking dancing lessons, in working a tombstone inscribed by her mother's name and epitaph, and overhung by a large weeping willow. This was the only instruction she received, as she always said that she did not recite a single lesson during her whole stay. She had a good time nevertheless, and enjoyed the Sundays, when a kind friend of her father's remembered the motherless little girl. She was a merry little soul in those days, full of fun and frolic. 'Abigail would dance until she dropped,' her brother said of her in after years, and busy she must have been as well as merry. As she grew old enough she occupied herself with painting and embroidery, lace work, netting, all sorts of fancy notions that were the fashion of the day, besides the more homely duties that the busy life of that time required. Abby could have such embroidered dresses as she could work herself, and we still have specimens of her beautiful handiwork; and Abby could wear as many white dresses in the week as she was willing to iron. Besides attending to her own clothes she must help old Celia with the ruffled shirts, and she must do her part when the great brick oven was to be filled with pies, and she must see that Betsy Doane, the little maid who worked between

school times, set the table properly and was well instructed in her various duties."

A few more paragraphs from the Memoir just quoted give a further picture of the family life. "Sunday too was a busy day, (wrote my Mother) "We can fancy them as they start for 'meeting.' My grandfather with gown and bands already on and sermon in hand, grave and serene, the family following, and usually two or three students rusticated from Harvard, and sent to the quiet country parsonage to pursue their studies and reform their habits. As the minister enters the people rise and remain standing until he is in the pulpit; and when the service is over they stand again until he has walked the length of the aisle to the door. A short intermission follows for dinner which must always be a hospitable meal and include far away parishioners; then follows the afternoon service, — all being over before four o'clock. Sunday evening came as a relief, certainly to the younger members of the family. The minister was then ready for a social talk, and certain parishioners were regular Sunday evening visitors. It seems to have been almost the only leisure in his very busy life; for besides a scattering parish to attend to, and sermons to write, he was at the head of everything in the town. Nothing was done without his advice. He must see that the schools were properly conducted, must often board the teachers, must buy the books for the town library and distribute them, must teach the singing school, if musical enough, (as he happened to be) and moreover must do something to eke out a salary, which translated into the currency of to-day, was only $333.33 a year. He must therefore with his boys to help him, work a certain portion of every day upon his farm, and his man used to say that the Parson could do more work in a few hours than the rest of them could in a whole day."

"His chief source of income was the Harvard students mentioned above, and he gained the reputation of being a very skillful and judicious manager of backward or refractory youth. Realizing the great change from Cambridge and Boston to a quiet country village, he made every effort to give them suitable diversions. He had a bowling alley built for their use and, unlike many clergymen of that day, was not unwilling

that they should attend the dances given in the town. A stipulation was made, however, that they should be at home at a certain hour and he was by no means a man to be disobeyed. One unfortunate youth, having failed once or twice to appear at the proper time, was horrified in the middle of a dance to have the Parson gravely stalk into the room, ruthlessly seize him from the side of his fair partner, and carry him bodily upon his back out of the hall. They soon found that obedience was a necessity; with a few exceptions made the best of their circumstances; and in many cases proved very bright and pleasant companions. It was evidently a feature of my mother's young life that was very attractive. Many a long evening did she sit with her work while one or another of them read aloud to her. Many a confidence did they pour into her sympathetic ear, many a time did she save them from the punishment of some escapade, or pretend not to hear if they were playing cards in their room of a Sunday afternoon, always conducting herself with so much dignity, however, among them that they evidently respected her as much as they did their parents, while fearing her far less. It is not hard to believe that a few young men, often of wit and talent, would add a certain life to a quiet country town, though my mother always maintained that there were 'many choice spirits' in Norton and much excellent society in a small and quiet way."

2

It was on November 12th, 1812 that Maria Jones Stimson, of Hopkinton, became the second wife of the Rev. Pitt Clarke of Norton. An early second marriage was very much the custom in those days, especially in the case of a country parson with young children to bring up. "These children" Mr. Clarke wrote in his Autobiography (already copied) were a great comfort to him, but still, he wrote he "lived a solitary life comparatively," until he found another companion, "and another one" he says "I was so happy to find, who in many respects appeared the very image of the former, possessing

everything that was good in her, and in point of intellect, mental acquirements, affection, and motherly feeling supplying her place as much as anyone could do." Maria Stimson was as we know, the niece of the first Mrs. Pitt Clarke, being the daughter of Jeremy and Nancy Jones Stimson. She was born on March 24th, 1785, and so was twenty-five years old at the time of her marriage to Pitt Clarke, who was then forty-nine, with a daughter, Abby fourteen years old that month, and two sons, William, (called Billy) and John, twelve and nine years old respectively.

The new step-mother very soon became greatly beloved by all the family, and was always spoken of in later years with the greatest veneration and affection. Her step-daughter Abby (our grandmother) alluded to her in letters as her "dearest Mother," or "dear Ma Clarke." This somewhat homely title, which was applied to her by many of her relatives, old and young, may have clung to her from the difficulty of defining her exact relationship to the various members of the Stimson and Clarke families. She was for example, own cousin to her step-children, and became in course of time sister-in-law to the eldest, Abby, when the latter married her step-mother's brother, John Stimson. She was a woman of strong character and marked personality, and for years after her death in 1866, continued to be quoted by all those in the family who were old enough to remember her. Probably the last of her descendants to recall her clearly was her grand-daughter Lizzie — Mrs. Herbert F. Hinckley — who always referred to her as "Grandmother Clarke."

Within a few years after Pitt Clarke's second marriage three sons were added to the family; George Leonard, in 1813, Manlius Stimson in 1816, and Edward Hammond, in 1820, besides a little daughter, called Harriet, who was born in 1815, but lived only one day. The three sons all grew up and in course of time married and left descendants, who will be mentioned later.

The second Mrs. Pitt Clarke lived until 1866. After the death of her husband, in 1855, she left Norton, and lived for a while in Cambridge, on Appian Way, in order to give a home to her sons while the two younger were at Harvard. Various

Harvard students boarded at her house during those days. In later years she spent a great deal of time with her step-daughter Abby — Mrs. Stimson, and her son George, both of whom had come to live in Providence. Mrs. Clarke had "the pen of a ready writer." She was especially fond of writing verses, both grave and gay. "She was gifted," wrote her son Edward, "with a fine poetic nature, and found her keenest enjoyment in poetic studies. She was familiar with the writings of the best English and American poets. When oppressed by care and anxiety she would fly for refuge and relief to some favorite author. — Her deepest feelings, both of sorrow and joy, often found expression in poetry. She never intruded her writings upon the public. Only a few of them have been published. Her family and friends often however besieged her for a 'piece of poetry," a request to which she occasionally acceded." In the Clarke "Memorial" edited by her son Edward, a number of some of her poems and hymns are printed. Some of these are upon public questions or events, such as "The Gold and Silver Tree of Slavery," and "Josephine Signing the Articles of Separation from Napoleon," the latter which begins with the lines —

"In silent majesty she stood,
The shadow of a queen:
How many hearts shall bleed for thee,
Imperial Josephine."

But the greater number of her verses were of a more personal, and some of a humorous nature. The best remembered, and most often quoted, were the lines written appropos of the perplexing relationships of the Clarke and Stimson families, entitled "The Dinner — A Puzzle. Addressed to the Brother of the Authoress." (John J. Stimson, of Providence) These lines were written in answer to an invitation to the Rev. and Mrs. Pitt Clarke of Norton, asking them to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Stimson, in Providence. (This must have been sometime between 1828 and 1835)

"As a number intend to-morrow to dine
With you and your lady they thought that a line
Might not be improper, that you may prepare
Whatever you choose that is costly and rare.

And first, then in order, your father and mother,
And with them will come your sister and brother;
Your great-uncle, also, if he shall see fit,
And his goodly old dame, if her health will admit;
Your cousin Maria too, means to be there,
With her lively young husband, a gay youthful pair,
Your uncle and aunt, too, if they can crowd in,
To join in the party will think it no sin.
And they trust, after taking such labor and pain,
To taste your Madeira, if not your Champagne.

The company came; all the party were there, —
Stop a moment, I'll tell you how many there were.
When all had been counted, — aunts, uncles and cousin, —
Add ten to the number, you'll have just a dozen."

The Puzzle, of course, is to explain just how the two guests, Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Clarke stood in all the relationships described above, to their host and hostess. Here follows the solution. Mrs. Clarke (Maria Jones Stimson) was not only the sister of her host, John J. Stimson, but she was also the step-mother of his wife (Abby Clarke). Accordingly addressing her host as her stepson-in-law, she alludes to herself and her husband as his father and mother. But as he was her own brother as well, she next speaks of themselves as his sister and brother. Then, as the first Mrs. Pitt Clarke had been John Stimson's aunt, that would have made Mr. Clarke his uncle, so the writer claims the place of aunt for herself, as being his uncle's wife, but furthermore as she herself was a niece of the earlier Mrs. Clarke (Rebecca Jones) it follows that that departed lady might have been described as great-aunt, and Mr. Clarke great-uncle, so again she claims her husband's connection for herself, and speaks of them both, though it may be said, in rather a far-fetched manner, as great-uncle and aunt, and lastly coming back to her own generation she alludes to herself as "Cousin Maria" for she was actually Abby Stimson's cousin, being John Stimson's sister, for Mr. and Mrs. Stimson were own cousins. Of course in each case the elder couple assumed each other's relationships for the sake of the puzzle.

The conclusion of the matter was that with a little stretching of the imagination, all the relatives mentioned in the poem could be condensed into the persons of the Rev. and Mrs. Pitt Clarke of Norton, who were invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. John J. Stimson, of Providence. This must have been in the very early years of that couple's married life, when they kept house in a small cottage on Aborn St., before they bought the Angell St. place.

This poem has carried us ahead of our story, and we must now return to the town of Norton, in the early decades of the last century.

V

More About Norton, *with Notes on the* Leonard Family

NORTON at about the year 1800, was a pleasant, cheerful little town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. It was, and still is partially surrounded by brooks, ponds and woods. Its sandy soil and large number of pine trees made it a particularly healthful spot, and its townsmen were apt to be long lived. The comparatively early death of Rebecca Jones Clarke was somewhat of an exception to the general rule. It used to be said by those who could remember the place a century and more ago that an agreeable and cultivated group of people lived in that small town early in the nineteenth century who all enjoyed meeting one another in a friendly way, and doubtless passed many a pleasant evening together, at one or another's house. The Leonards, Wheatons, Hodges, Sweets and Cobbs, were among the leading families, and perhaps others not now recalled.

The foremost person in town, with the exception of the minister, was undoubtedly Judge George Leonard, the third of his name in direct line in Norton. The Leonard family was one of the best known in South-eastern Massachusetts, especially in and around the towns of Taunton, Raynham, Norton and Mansfield. Although not related to either the Stimsons or Clarkes, the Leonards of Norton were intimate friends of Pitt Clarke's family. The eldest son of his second marriage was named for Judge George Leonard, as has already

been mentioned. It may be noted here too that the Leonards of Raynham were direct ancestors of the Diman family through Clarissa Leonard, who married the Rev. Henry Wight of Bristol, and whose daughter Abby married Byron Diman.

As the Leonards were so closely associated in one way or another, with our forebears, it may be worth while to digress here for a glance at their early history, which was a picturesque one in many points. They sprang from a long line of ancestors in England and Scotland, tracing back through the Dacre family so it is claimed, to John of Gaunt, the son of King Edward III. Indeed, one of the historians of the family has linked its descent with that of the British royal house to a detailed lineage from Adam, but the writer is careful to explain that this pedigree is not subject to proof. One of the earliest members of the Leonard family known to us was a certain George Leonard (or Lennard, as it was sometimes written) who dwelt in England in the time of Henry VI, about the middle of the fifteenth century. One of his descendants, perhaps a grandson, named John Leonard, lived in the famous Manor-House of Knole, in Kent, now one of the historic houses of England, belonging to the Sackville family, and shown every year to hundreds of American visitors. His son, Samson Leonard, married Margaret, Baroness Dacre, sister of the tenth "Lord Dacre, of the South", who had died childless in 1594. By this marriage Samson Leonard assumed the title of the eleventh Lord Dacre. There were two lines of Dacres — "of the North," and "of the South." The Dacres of the North lived at Raby Castle, in Northumberland, which has been described as "the most perfect example of a fourteenth century fortalice to be seen at the present day." It is mentioned in Marmion, as was one of the Lord Dacres, where Surrey at the Battle of Flodden Field, calls for "Lord Dacre with his horsemen light." The stronghold of the Dacres of the South was Hurstmonceaux Castle in Surrey, said to have been at one time the largest inhabited house in England belonging to a subject. It fell into ruins years ago, but has lately been restored. Samson Leonard, the 11th Lord Dacre, who was described as a man "of great worth and politeness," lived at Hurstmonceaux, with his wife the Baroness. They are both buried at Chevening, near by, under a "splendid

monument." Their third son, who did not inherit the title, was Thomas Leonard, of Pontipool, Wales. He died in 1638.

It is probable that this Thomas Leonard, and perhaps others of the family, had by this time become interested in the great Puritan movement, and emigration of the seventeenth century, which was causing so many English men and women to leave their own country, and make homes for themselves in the New England Colonies, for it was about the year 1652 that James and Henry Leonard, the sons of Thomas Leonard, of Pontipool, crossed the ocean, and after a short time settled at Taunton, Massachusetts, where they established an iron forge near by, in Raynham, which town was then a part of Taunton. Iron forges were set up at about the same time at Lynn and Braintree, with which certain members of the Leonard family were connected. The old saying was that wherever you found good iron works there you would find a Leonard.

Besides founding this industry with which they may have been interested before leaving England, many of the Leonard family were chosen to hold responsible public offices in Massachusetts, both before and after the Revolution. Thomas Leonard, the son of James, who had come to this country as a small boy with his father, began by working at the Forge, or "Bloomery," as it was called, and rose to be one of her Majesty's (Queen Anne's) Justices, and from 1702 to 1713 Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. His son Major George Leonard was one of the first settlers of the town of Norton, in 1699. He had a son George, who also became a Judge, who in turn named his son George, the third in direct line in Norton, who was the friend for whom Pitt Clarke's son was named. This third George Leonard was born at Norton in 1729, and graduated from Harvard at about eighteen years of age. When he was only nineteen years old he was made Register of Probate "which office he held without interruption for thirty-four years. He was a deputy to the Provincial Assembly, or Council until the Revolution, and after that Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and Judge of Probate. He was one of the first representatives from Massachusetts to the newly formed United States Congress, and held his seat there until 1797, with the exception of one term when he was in the State Legislature. At

his death in 1819, at the age of ninety, he was supposed to have been a magistrate of longer standing than any in the State.

In the Life of A. D. Hodges, by his son, which has been before quoted, there is an interesting picture of Judge Leonard, as he was remembered by the elder Mr. Hodges. Of the Judge he says "He was a fine looking gentleman of the Old School. He wore the splendid dress of the eighteenth century — the cocked hat, scarlet broad-tucked coat, long embroidered waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and shoes with large buckles. He lived in the style of the old English gentleman, having in the rear of the old mansion house, a park, where he kept a variety of animals, among them a number of fine deer."

An old obituary notice of him has been preserved, presumably in Pitt Clarke's hand-writing, and very likely composed by him, which says, in the stately language of the time, that Judge Leonard was "a genuine specimen of an American country gentleman, a race of men who have almost disappeared before that restless spirit of enterprize, which now consigns every member of society to professional and speculating pursuits. Possessed of a large estate in lands, he thought he had other duties to perform, besides adding to a mass of wealth more than sufficient for all the rational purposes of life. He was a kind and considerate landlord, and regarded his tenants as his friends. His manners were simple, mild, and affable, and he delighted in those acts of civility, politeness, and attention, which can charm the mind from sorrowful contemplation, soothe the gloomy, and animate the cheerful. With a temper of the most perfect equanamity he bore disappointment without complaint, and misfortune without a murmur. Judgment was the leading quality of his mind, and in every situation he conducted himself with consummate prudence. In all his transactions he was governed by principles of rigid integrity, and he cannot in the course of a very long life be charged with a single act of injustice or of oppression. No man received more general respect, and none better deserved it."

The house where Judge Leonard lived is still standing, (1940) on the road from Attleboro to Norton. The original structure has been added to, but not improved, and the whole now shows signs of great dilapidation. It is hard to picture it

as it must have looked some hundred and fifty years ago or so, handsomely furnished, and showing every mark of dignified affluence, both within and without. Some of the posts of the old deer-park remained standing for many years, but there is little now in its surroundings to suggest a fine old country estate. When the title of Lord Dacre became extinct in Great Britain one of the Leonards of Massachusetts was asked if he would care to go over and accept it. His reply was that he would rather be "Lord of Acres" in American than Lord Dacre in England.

Before leaving the records of the Leonard family something may be added about the branch from which the Diman family descends, which comes down through two Zephaniah Leonards, of Raynham, father and son, who like their relatives in Norton, traced their line back to James Leonard, the early settler at Taunton. The second Zephaniah, who graduated at Yale in 1758, married Abigail Alden, a direct descendant of John Alden, the Pilgrim, of Plymouth. He — Zephaniah Leonard — was High Sheriff of Bristol County for many years, in which position he was succeeded by his son, Horatio, the office being held successively by father and son for about seventy years. It was Zephaniah Leonard's daughter Clarissa, who married the Rev. Henry Wight, of Bristol, as previously stated. The Leonards of Raynham lived in an old house which was torn down eighty years or more ago. Like their relatives at Norton they were highly respected by the community in which they lived. In the earlier days of the Indian Wars they were noted for their friendly feeling towards the Indians. When King Philip's warriors were dealing death and destruction on all sides it was understood by them that the Leonard family was not to be molested. Almost nothing is left now of the old iron forges that built up the fortunes of the earliest members of the family, but a marker just out of Taunton, near the Bridgewater road, points out the place where they once stood.

Another leading man in Norton was Judge Wheaton, who founded the Wheaton Female Seminary in memory of his only daughter. This institution, which now ranks high as Wheaton College, has spread the name and fame of Norton far and wide among all who are interested in women's education. The Sweet family was another well known one. A certain Mrs. Sweet used

to make periodical visits to our family in Providence. Her son Richard, always referred to by her as "my son, Mr. Sweet" became an Episcopal clergyman. The Hodges family has been already mentioned. Almon D. Hodges, who came from Norton to Providence, formed with our grandfather, John J. Stimson, the firm of Stimson and Hodges, well known here many years ago. The Life of Mr. Hodges, edited by his son, and already quoted, is a mine of information about early days in Norton, and in Providence too. A copy of it may be found in the Providence Athenaeum. In his chapter upon Norton in 1801 the writer, after speaking of some of the families just described, goes on to say that the "two Deacons of the Church, the two captains of militia, the three doctors, and the half dozen keepers of stores and of public houses of entertainment," with the outlying farmers made up the bulk of the best known inhabitants of Norton.

There was much sociability in a small way, and we may see from some of the letters preserved that an occasional dance, not to say a ball, was much enjoyed by old and young. There was more letter-writing than at the present day, as the means of getting from one place to another were so limited. Towns ten or fifteen miles apart made almost a day's journey in going and coming. One feature that is striking in looking over the old letters is the love of books and reading among the dwellers in the New England towns and villages, and how without half the opportunities for education now offered, the young people were so eager to study and improve their minds. Abby Clarke, for example, taught herself French by borrowing the books and exercises, or examination papers, used by her brother John while at Harvard.

The following letter was written by her when in her twenty-third year, to her friend Mrs. Elwell. It does not read like the letter of a girl of the same age today, but the writer was no prig or pedant. The verses she quotes as addressed to herself seem to accuse her as of not having always been responsive to the attention of her admirers, but the prediction following, as to her becoming an old maid, proved to be far from true, as a few years later she was happily married to her cousin, John

Stimson, and lived to be a grandmother, affectionately remembered to this day by her descendants.

Although the writer was not without the society of young people the letter seems to breathe a wish for wider interests than those to be found in a small country town. It begins with an enthusiastic description of Miss Hannah Adams, who must have been well along in years by 1821 (the date of the letter) as it may be remembered that it was Miss Adams who had help to fit Pitt Clarke for College, nearly forty years before. In accordance with an old-fashioned custom the writer speaks of her as "Mrs." instead of Miss Adams. The title "Mrs." used to be applied frequently to elderly single ladies as a mark of respect. The Mrs. Elwell, to whom the letter was addressed, was an old friend of the Clarke family, who lived until within the memory of some now living. But we must let the writer speak for herself, omitting a few passages:

Norton, May 17th, 1821.

"My dear Mrs. Elwell,

I ought to spend half an hour in making apologies for not answering yours before, but can now only have time to say, that I was so much engrossed by Mrs. 'Adams' conversation, as I knew the opportunity was short, that I have delayed all calls but such as were absolutely necessary,—Yes, Mrs. Elwell, I do assure you, Mrs. Adams's society was a treat greater than I can express — she is not rapt in science as I anticipated, or rendered ridiculous by singularities, as I have often heard, but enters with avidity into any subject that is proposed, unless it is modern fashions, the ignorance of which she complains most bitterly, as she says they are so much discussed in Boston, — her mornings are devoted to substantial studies, and biblical investigation, and her evenings to lighter reading, or conversation; her favorite topic is Church history, and theological inquiry, but her knowledge of biography, belles lettres, and works of imagination is immense, she is warm, decided, and prompt to answer inquiries, and an enthusiast in all her feelings; she likewise draws characters of her acquaintances in Boston, and other places, in a manner truly entertaining, — I long to talk to you about her and about subjects which she has

discussed; — and I hope to have it in my power to do so, before June expires. I propose making a visit at Dedham, and spending a few days with you, as you are so kind to say it will be agreable.

* * * * I should of all things admire to hear Mr. Manner's lectures, but to acquire entirely a memory, must I should think, be a work of time and application, and his mode must greatly facilitate its acquirement, how invaluable are the advantages of the town to an inquiring as well as a fashionable mind, — I seldom at home see anyone who is able to give me information of what is going on in the world, and I must say that to become enamoured of solitude that is not embellished by natural attractions is too poetical for common sense, and too refined for souls of ordinary clay. Byron tells of "Purpled solitudes," and Young of the company of "shining brooks," but even I (who look down upon those prodigies of genius) confess I should wish for a being there to detail how great were its pleasures, — I have lately been reading Childe Harold, — and with deep interest, but books like that I plainly perceive, do me no good, — and resolved at the time to read nothing more like it, which resolution will continue, I suppose, until something is offered equally inviting, — * * * * * *

This reminds me of our May poetry, of which we had an abundance this year, and as satirical as (illegible) to make it, — we have *two days*, the first of the old style, and (word omitted) the new, in order to give an opportunity of answering, those who please, — Mine received the last day is too fine to keep to myself, although it is so severe, and I will insert it for your amusement:—

"I would send you a basket, my dearest Miss Clarke,
But how to convey it you while it is dark
Is a subject that takes up so much of my time
That I hardly know how to continue my rhyme:
But lest you should think that my muse is asleep
I will give you advice, which I wish you to keep. —
Bring down your high notions, let *reason* have sway,
Or else tandem fancy will lead you astray:

You'll be an old *maid* but no body will care
For you've been half of your life in *dividing* a *hair*,
When lovers approach you, they're spurned with disdain,
And there's few that have courage to venture again,
In a neat little cottage beside some lone hill,
With a lap-dog and parrot, and tame whip-poor-will,
Aunt Nabby will sit at some future day,
And nurse her fine feelings, till withered away."

Now is not that a good joke, I would write you more still, but the gentleman is ready, — brother John will leave this at your door, — please to make my respects to Mr. Elwell, your Mother, etc.

Affectionately yours etc.

Aunt Nabby"

Thursday morning, 6 o'clock — do write, it is the greatest happiness I receive."

There existed in Norton during the first quarter of the last century a small literary society known as the "Social Circle." One of its favorite forms of entertainment appears to have been the writing of verses by its different members. Some of these verses have been preserved, as well as one or two serious or semi-serious prose efforts. One of the poems is inscribed "For the Social Circle." The name of the writer is not given, but it was doubtless composed by one of the members. With the exception of Judge Wheaton and his family (at whose house the Circle met) not many of the names mentioned are known to us now. If only we might know who all the young people were mentioned in the verses we should have quite a complete picture of Norton society at about 1824. Of course the reference to "Miss Abby C." is meant for Abby Clarke. The writer in describing her was evidently at a loss for a rhyme to go with "body," so the word was divided in the peculiar manner which may be noticed in the twenty-fifth line. Here are the verses:

"The Circle this evening will meet at Judge Wheaton's,
And if by your faces you favor my plan;
I'll give you a treat, of our Circle complete,
And call o'er the muster-roll all to a man.

And first Here's our Editor, without a competitor,
Of his honor so jealous he'd fight for a pin,
Who thinks brass the best coin, the world a wide ruin,
And being too good the deadliest sin.

And next there's Miss Parker, no one can out-talk her,
In good sense, or nonsense, she carries the bell,
And Mary her sister, oh how we shall miss her,
Of whom we can say she does everything well.

Then there's genteel Miss Wheaton, whose worth we shall speak on,
Who always did everything just as she *should*,
And her cousin Miss Nancy, with wit, taste, and fancy,
Who always did everything just as she *could*,

Then there's Harriot the lovely, and sprightly Miss Charlotte,
And Julia equally pleasant and good,
But take them together, in foul or fair weather,
You'd ne'er find a better lot, go where you would.

Next comes our friend Dulce, — gay, sprightly, good-humoured,
With *feeling* in front, and judgment in rear,
Resigning her reason to a *Bird* of the season,
Of folly and phrensy, friend Dulce *beware*.

Then there's Miss Abby C. with more mind than B —
Ody, I should say, but can't make it go,
And Mary, the youthful, still smiling and graceful,
And Edward with face of more meaning than show.

And then there's Miss Susan, so mild, unassuming,
Still blind to the merit that everyone sees:
And Newton, her brother, with eyes sparkling pleasure,
In native good humour still striving to please.

Then there's Thomas the sober, but him we'll pass over,
And young Mr. Raymond, somewhat of a dash,
A likely young lad though, and if we had more such
I think 't would be better, for Dash is not flash.

Next comes Joseph Cross, whom we thought we had lost,
A meteor wandering about in the dark,
But if he goes rightly I trust he'll shine brightly,
If he only *pursues* when he *sees* the right mark.

Now farewell to the Circle, long time may it flourish,
And bear on its branches the fruit of the mind,
The feelings of virtue and science to cherish,
And the useful and pleasant together combine.

One word to the gentry, who here are quite plenty,
A welcome we give with a smile of good cheer,
To good Captain Dauphin, who keeps us a laughing,
Mr. Dorr, Mr. Bassett, and all who are here."

Apparently some of the members of the "Circle" were prone to be rather too ambitious at times, in the subjects chosen by them. The following verses proffer good advice to the young writers against getting beyond their depth. They are dated 1824, but are not signed:

"Know you where the Circle meet
To talk and read and laugh and chat,
And leave their cares and griefs behind 'em,
At Mrs. Bonney's you may find 'em.
There assembled just at dark,
Each makes his bow to Mr. Clarke,
Who takes his stand with solemn air,
Enough to make the natives stare.
And now we'll take a view of those
Who this assembly do compose —
Here are lads and lasses plenty,
Ladies almost one and twenty,
Lads who soon will leave their *teens*,
All wishing to be heard and seen,

And what is more than all the rest
Each thinks his own production best,
And views his neighbor as a noddy,
And when he's said all he can say
All other eyes but his can see
His neighbor is as good as he.
And now before I quit the scene,
Where I invisible remain,
Some friendly hints I will indite
To those who hear and those who write,
And beg you will in mercy spare
Those intellects which cannot bear
Such words of threatening length and sound,
Enough to knock a body down.
Let's hear no more of perehelion,
Theodolite and peresterion,
Let Newton and Descartes alone,
And write on subjects nearer home,
Nor meddle thus with daring hand
With what you do not understand.
Talk of the Minister and Deacon,
Of Dr. Parker or Judge Wheaton,
And write without this vain pretense
On common things with common sense."

VI

Pitt Clarke *and the* Unitarian Movement *in* Massachusetts *with* Dr. Jeremy Stimson's Letter *to* Parson Howe

PITT CLARKE died after a short illness on February 13th, 1835, in his seventy-third year. A few of the notices written about him at that time give us some idea of the impression he made upon his contemporaries. "Mr. Clarke" says one of these "was remarkable for his habits of industry and order. He was uniformly an early riser; and thus accomplished much which many others leave undone, or but poorly performed. He was greatly respected for his sound judgment and wise counsel in all affairs of importance, and particularly in all such as related to ecclesiastical affairs, and to the interests of literature, morals, and religion. His whole character as a minister was not only entirely without reproach, but was in all respects most exemplary." Another says that "In ecclesiastical councils, at which he frequently presided, his opinions were regarded with uncommon deference, as the counsels of a sound, sage, candid and descriminating mind."

Any record of Pitt Clarke's life would be far from complete without some reference to the Unitarian or "Liberal" Movement in Massachusetts early in the nineteenth century, in which he was so deeply interested. This Movement, as is well known, divided many of the long established Congregational Churches, especially in Eastern Massachusetts, in and around

Boston, into two separate parts, which came to be known as "Orthodox" or Trinitarian; and "Liberal" or Unitarian — though it may be noted in passing that the term "Orthodox" is seldom applied now to the Churches it used to describe, and the word "Liberal" may not be confined to any one type of religious faith.

It has been more than once pointed out by those who have studied the subject, that Unitarianism in New England may be said to have arisen in early days, not entirely on account of different views concerning the Person of Christ, or the doctrine of the Trinity, but in many cases from the righteous protests of those who came to be called Liberal Christians — of whom Pitt Clarke was one — against some of the old theories concerning subjects such as "Original Sin" and "Predestination" and other abstruse speculations which had been handed down largely from the teachings of John Calvin, the Sixteenth Century Reformer. These teachings had been very influential in New England, and the believers in them came to be known as Calvinists.

The Calvinists held among other things, it has been said, that "on account of the sin of Adam all his posterity had come under the curse of God as sinners," and only some were "predestined" to be saved, and these by no efforts of their own, or by the use of what were termed "means." The persons composing the saved portion of mankind were known as the "Elect," but who were to be counted among the "Elect" and who not was not always possible to determine, and many individuals of sensitive consciences suffered tortures of anxiety over these and kindred questions. Some were even driven to suicide.

Pitt Clarke noted an instance of this kind in his Diary, when he wrote on January 22d, 1825, that a young man by the name of Buckminster (probably a connection of Mrs. Clarke's sister, Mary Jones Buckminster) had shot himself from brooding over these problems. "I feel it my duty" so runs the Diary, "to guard against every sentiment and action which tends thus to unhinge the mind."

Parson Howe of Hopkinton, who has been described in the first chapter of these LEAVES as a brother-in-law of both the Rev. Pitt Clarke and Dr. Jeremy Stimson, was a rigid Cal-

vinist of the old type. Jeremy Stimson was a member of his congregation, but was himself much opposed to the Calvinistic teachings. He disagreed so wholly with his minister that he addressed to him the following very outspoken letter. Some of its contents may be difficult for us to understand now, but the letter, which has been printed before, shows to some extent how preaching such as Parson Howe's was bringing protests like Dr. Stimson's — only perhaps not always so extremely frank — from persons who were searching for a form of Christianity modelled more after the New Testament and less after John Calvin.

Here is the letter:

Hopkinton, May 3d, 1802.

"Mr Howe —

Did I understand you rightly in your discourse of last Sabbath, and Sabbath before? If I did, you attempted to establish the following doctrines from Scripture, viz. — that Deity ever since the transgression of Adam to the present time, has been using the most powerful means with sinners of the human race in order to convince, convert and save them. But all these means have proved abortive, have never answered the design of Deity, nor ever will, and all the hope you now have that any will be saved is that God is possessed of almighty power, has the hearts of all men in his hand, and it is possible he may save some. If I did not mistake or misunderstand you, this is the doctrine. That Deity has been using the most powerful means is granted, but that those means have never proved effectual is denied. What should we say of an earthly monarch who continued to use the most forcible means in his power, for a great number of years, with his rebellious subjects, in order to convince, reclaim, and make them return to their allegiance; when he knew at the same time the means he made use of (although the best in his power) would never answer his purpose — should we not say he was a fool, and incapable of governing his subjects if they were to return to their allegiance? It might, indeed, be urged in favor of an earthly monarch that the means he used were well calculated to answer his purpose and, therefore, if he continued to use them they might take effect some-

time or other, but this will not apply to Deity. If your doctrine be true, He knew when he adopted the means that they never would answer his purpose, and he never intended they should. Deity never intended to save one of the human race by the use of means. He determined to save the few He had elected by an act of sovereignty. That is, in plain English, He determined to force them into heaven, neck and heels, by an almighty act of Sovereignty. If you think this is preaching the Gospel I pity you. I make no doubt but there are millions now in heaven, blessing God for the means He used with them while in this world, to convince, convert and save them, and that they are now reaping the blessed fruit of those means. You express great surprise that there is no greater engagedness in religion, and that there are so few applicants for admission into the Church. But why should you be surprised at this? If people believe your doctrine that means answer no purpose, except it be to plunge them deeper into guilt, why attend to any? I take it to be the natural fruits of your preaching, and am far from being surprised at it. I have known and can well remember most of the inhabitants of this town for more than forty years, and I have never known them so wicked, vile, and quarrelsome as they have been for ten years past, and I don't hesitate to give it as my opinion that it is in great measure owing to your preaching, whether it be good or bad. I do not make these observations out of any personal disrespect to you, but the reverse; for as a man I both esteem and love you.

But such preaching as I have heard the last two Sabbaths I abhor and contemn; and think it my duty not only to tell you so, but to take all the means in my power to prevent my friends, but especially my family from believing it. The foregoing observations are made under the full belief that I do not mistake your meaning in the discourse referred to; it is possible, however, the case may be otherwise; if it is, I shall be happy to be set right. I remain with great sincerity, your friend and very humble servant

Jeremy Stimson."

It was to combat views such as those held by Parson Howe and others of his kind that the more Liberal thinkers were

gradually drawing together. Many of these thinkers were at first known as Arminians, after the Dutch theologian Arminius, who had stood in opposition to Calvinism. There was no organized intention at first among the liberal group to cause a break in the Congregational Churches, or to assume any special name for themselves. The separation was gradually forced upon them from the fact that the more rigid among the Calvinists, or the "Orthodox" as they were beginning to be colloquially called, refused to fraternize with the "Liberals," so-called, by exchanging pulpits with them any longer. In due course of time the latter group assumed the Unitarian name, as a denial of belief in the doctrine of the Trinity — which they could not accept, as it was then taught. It was thus in brief, that the separation came about in many of the old parishes, each side viewing the other with misunderstanding, where there might have been peace and harmony.

Pitt Clarke was one among many of the Liberal group who felt deeply grieved that any separation had to take place. The Congregational Church in Norton, of which he was the pastor, remained undivided until 1832, although as in many parishes some of the people were inclined to what was called the more Orthodox and others to the more Liberal point of view. The break came when a few of the former group charged their minister with departing from what they considered strictly Orthodox teaching.

It has been said that this criticism of the minister was accentuated by personal feeling on the part of one of the more prominent parishioners, whose son had been rebuked by Mr. Clarke for some misconduct. But however it happened the break was bound to come. How Pitt Clarke felt about this charge may be best answered in his own words.

It was his custom during the later years of his life to keep a sort of intermittent Diary, in which he wrote his reflections on the anniversaries of his birth, of his ordination, and at the beginning or close of the year, with occasional notes between. The last entry in this Diary was about six weeks before his death. In this, after a few preliminary remarks, he goes on to speak of the division of his Parish. The date is "January 1, 1835. . . . . "No part of my whole life" he writes, "has been

so trying to my feelings as this portion of it. Before this period I had lived in great harmony with my people for about 40 years, and they appeared as much united as any religious society of my acquaintance. But unexpectedly a rich and powerful family in my Parish took an affront and rose in hostility against me. Soon after this hostility commenced, others, who styled themselves *Orthodox*, joined the opposition, and charged me with changing my sentiments, and not preaching the Gospel. I thought myself preaching the *same* Gospel I ever did, and felt more and more interested in preaching the *true* Gospel. The unexpected charge led me to examine more fully the ground of my faith, to search the Scriptures more closely, and to declare more plainly, tho' prudently, what I conceived to be the whole revealed counsel of God. But my keeping closely to the doctrines revealed did not satisfy the leaders of the opposition. They chose to separate, and form themselves into a new society. . . . . .

"This drew me into a critical situation, and very much increased my toils and burdens. But under all these trials I tried to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man. Having this witness I can go down the hill of life with satisfaction, and fear not to meet my opposers at the bar of my Maker. Were they now perfectly acquainted with my motives of action towards them, and my earnest desire to promote the cause of righteousness and truth, I am sure they would acquit me of any designed fault. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that they may all come to the knowledge of truth and be saved."

Pitt Clarke died, as has been said, in February, 1835. His funeral was held in the old meeting-house, which formerly stood on the triangular piece of ground nearly opposite the present Unitarian Church in Norton. It was the custom in those days to have a sermon preached at a Church funeral, especially in the case of a minister. It was delivered on this occasion by the Rev. Andrew Bigelow, of Taunton, an intimate friend of Pitt Clarke's, and one of the small group of "Liberal" clergy in his neighborhood. This sermon was printed shortly afterwards, and at about the same time there was issued Pitt Clarke's

own Confession of Faith, which was given to his people under the title of "A Pastor's Legacy."

This may be read in full in the Clarke Memorial volume. It is addressed "To the Inhabitants of the First Parish in Norton," and begins with the Pastor's New Year's wishes to his Parishioners, with the expression of his earnest desire for them "to know the truth, and be induced to walk in it." — "To aid your endeavors" he continues, "I send a printed copy of my views of religion into all your families, entreating you to search the Scriptures diligently that you may see their conformity to the word of God. This I do for your good, and to satisfy the minds of some who wish to know more fully my views of Christian doctrine. My preaching, say they, does not sufficiently descriminate between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism — Calvinism and Arminianism. I readily confess that I have not assumed either of these names, nor dwelt upon these sectarian points. In all these human creeds I find some good things, and some not supported in Scripture. The good things I treasure up, the bad I throw away. I profess to be a follower of Christ, and glory in being called a Christian, as his followers were first called in Antioch. I have the example of my Master and his immediate followers not to assume any name but Christian, not to call anyone Master but Christ." — "Though I rank myself under no human leader," he continues, "nor hold doctrines strictly called my own, professing to believe only the doctrines of Christ, nevertheless I feel it highly important to have a firm belief in all the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel; and am ready to declare openly what I believe as the faith once delivered to the Saints."

"I confess" he says, "that I cannot believe in the peculiar doctrines of those called Trinitarians and Calvinists, for I cannot find in them any of our Saviour's preaching. His Sermon on the Mount, which contains the sum, and the most important parts of his religion, says nothing about three co-equal persons in the Godhead, — nothing about the five points of Calvin. — He made practical religion the groundwork for his system, saying to all who heard his words that they must *do* the will of their heavenly Father in order to find acceptance with Him.

He plainly taught that doing the will of God from the heart is the only way to build upon the right foundation." —

The writer then proceeds to give a full summary of his faith "in the essential truths of the Gospel." "I believe" he says, (to quote only a few lines) "that there is only one living and true God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things and we by him, — and I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God and Saviour of the world, possessing the same spirit with the Father. I believe him to be the promised Messiah and only Mediator between God and man. As a Mediator I must view him as a distinct being from the Father, for a Mediator is one between two. — I believe that God has given to us eternal life, and that this life is in His Son in such a manner that all who yield obedience to his commands may enjoy it. — I believe in the agency of the Holy Spirit, which is the Spirit of God working in the heart, convincing, restraining and constraining; producing everything that is good, — I believe and baptize in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; in devout acknowledgment of God, the Father of all; of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; and of the Holy Spirit, the inward comforter and support of his people."

This Confession of Faith would not appear to differ in substance, from what might be held by members of many different Christian communions today. The whole is very long, but would be worth reading by any of Pitt Clarke's descendants who might be interested in the development of his religious thought along with that of others of his time. By far the greater part of his Parish was in full sympathy with his point of view, which in general was that of many of the most thoughtful and devout Liberal Christians of his day and generation. Although a small section of his Church had seceded to form what they felt to be a more strictly Orthodox organization, the greater part, as has been said, remained loyal to his leadership, and continued to worship with him in the old Meeting-house as long as he lived. This building, which dated from 1752, was pulled down shortly after his death, and a new church, the present Unitarian Church, was built for the First Parish, for it is from about

that time, (1835) that the original Congregational Church and Parish have been definitely known by the Unitarian name.

Pitt Clarke has been classed, and probably rightly, as among the early Unitarian clergy, although it appears from his own words that he was one of those in the Liberal wing who did not at first feel interested in the formation of a distinct denomination bearing the Unitarian name, but when the lines became definitely drawn — for better or worse — between the Trinitarian and Unitarian Congregationalists he stood on the Unitarian side. He was increasingly in sympathy with those Liberal Christians, whose most distinguished representative was Dr. William Ellery Channing — looked upon almost as a saint by his followers — who had been the acknowleged leader of the Unitarian faith since preaching his famous sermon defining Unitarian Christianity in 1819. His adherents in later days were sometimes known as "Channing Unitarians."

Among Pitt Clarke's children and grand-children some were of the Channing school, especially so were his daughter Abby Stimson and her family — while others among his immediate descendants were more influenced by the later thought of Emerson and Theodore Parker and others of the so-called radical group. Among his later descendants besides those who have held always to the Unitarian standpoint, there have been a goodly number of Episcopalians, with at least one Congregationalist, and a Roman Catholic priest. These variations from type might have surprised Pitt Clarke if he could have foreseen them, but possibly they would not have greatly disturbed him, for perhaps nothing could describe him better, in trying to sum up the characteristics of his faith than Dr. Channing's definition of a Liberal Christian as one "who professes himself a member of the Church Universal on earth and in heaven, and cheerfully extends the hand of brotherhood to every man of every name who discovers the spirit of Jesus Christ — to this class of Christians which is scattered over the earth" wrote Dr. Channing — and Pitt Clarke could have undoubtedly echoed the words — "and which I trust has never been extinct in any age, I profess and desire to belong. God send them prosperity."

VII

Beginnings of the Stimson Family *in* Providence
Frederick Clarke Stimson – 1830-1836

ON the twenty-third day of October, 1828, Abby Clarke, the only daughter of the Rev. Pitt Clarke, was married to her cousin John Jones Stimson, the younger son of Dr. Stimson of Hopkinton. The bridegroom had reached his thirtieth birthday on June 11th of that year, and the bride was about five months younger. The wedding took place at Norton, at ten in the morning, presumably at the home of the bride, with her father officiating at the ceremony. John Stimson took his wife directly to Providence, where he had been living for some ten years or so, with probably a stay now and then at home in Hopkinton, or at Norton, which was his second home. It may be remembered that his elder sister Maria, had become Pitt Clarke's second wife in 1812.

When young John Stimson was growing up means were not any too plentiful in his father's family. There had been much illness. His mother had died when he was about seven years old, and two of his sisters later, and his father had made a second marriage which did not prove to be a happy one. And so it came about that instead of going to Harvard, as his elder brother Jeremy had done, it became necessary for him to begin to earn his living at a very early age. He started in a small position at Norton, and when hardly more than a boy he came as a clerk for a certain George Gilbert, who had moved from Norton to Providence, and opened a store where he

probably sold groceries and other general goods. Another young man from Norton came to work in this store shortly afterwards. This was Almon Danforth Hodges, and a few years later, in 1823, he and John Stimson were able to take over Mr. Gilbert's store, and go into business for themselves.

Nearly a hundred years later, in 1909, the interesting biography, previously quoted, entitled "Almon D. Hodges and His Neighbors" was privately printed in Boston. This book begins with a vivid picture of the town of Norton about the year 1800, with many appreciative allusions to "Parson Clarke," and goes on to describe how Almon D. Hodges and John J. Stimson began business together in Providence. Besides giving a delightful portrait of Mr. Hodges and his family, it presents many interesting sidelights on social life in Providence, and later in Roxbury and Boston, during the first half of the nineteenth century.

The partners started in a store on the corner of South Water and Leonard Streets, the latter street presumably taking its name from the family of the owner, Mrs. Peddy Bowen, of Norton, a daughter of Judge Leonard. After moving two or three times the firm of Stimson and Hodges was finally established on South Main Street, at the foot of College Hill, in the building which stood there for about a hundred years longer, and was for years occupied successively by the store of F. A. and H. Paige, who succeeded Stimson and Hodges, and eventually by William B. Chase. The business consisted chiefly in the importation of fine wines, spices, etc., and in supplying country stores over a wide area. The partnership was dissolved in 1845, when Mr. Hodges went to Roxbury to live. He did not leave Rhode Island entirely however, for his country place was at Portsmouth, R. I., very near what is now Portsmouth Priory, where from 1929 to 1940, the grandson of John Stimson, John Diman (now the Rev. J. Hugh Diman, of the Benedictine Order) was the Prior — a consummation of events, it may be said, which would have greatly astonished John Stimson, if he could have looked forward to it.

When young Mr. and Mrs. John J. Stimson began their married life in Providence, in the autumn of 1828, they did not at first go to house-keeping, but boarded for some time,

perhaps a year, before settling in the cottage on Aborn Street, where all their four children were born. But we must go back to their wedding: the following letter was written to the bride less than a week after it, from Miss Rebecca Haswell, of Roxbury, who was shortly to marry Abby Stimson's brother, John J. Clarke, and to establish that hospitable home at Roxbury which was to be a centre of happy family life for so many years. The letter is dated

Roxbury, Oct. 27-1828.

My dear Abby,

I have improved the first moment I could hold a pen, to offer you my sincere and warmest wishes for your happiness. You have no idea how disappointed I was, not to be able to be with you on Thursday. I had looked forward to that day as one of the happiest of my life. John probably told you how unfit I was both in body and mind to be of your bridal party. I did not confess to him how ill I felt, fearing it might damp in some degree, the pleasure he anticipated, but before he returned I was confined to my bed with a slow fever, brought on by anxiety and fatigue. It has yielded however to medecine and rest, so that I am now able to sit up most of the day, though my appetite remains untempted even by your wedding cake, which, Mother pronounced of the very first order. I have very carefully reserved a slice, till returning health shall enable me fully to appreciate its good qualities. You know the old saying, "good luck in your cake, good luck in your husband." I am sure it will prove true in this instance. Keep your receipt, dear Abby, and keep your art, so that at some future day (if the hand of Time has not pressed too unduly on you) you may render assistance to some of your friends.

* * * * * I long to hear from you — how you are situated, who are your fellow boarders, whether agreable — amusing, or only tolerable, how your furniture appears, how arranged, whether the N. York bonnet cuts too great a dash, in short all the little particulars that are interesting only to the limited capacity of Ladies, — your brother was uncommonly communicative on his return, and to my astonishment, *saw, remembered* and *related* various things which I had supposed he would have considered beneath his dignity to observe. It was

done to cheer a sick bed, and I owe him many thanks for his kindness. For the beautiful little scarf accept my thanks, I could not help sighing that I was not permitted to wear it, I think I must make you a wedding call, to pay me for my disappointment. Your bridal favours were very tastefully made, but John laughed me out of the idea of sending them, so you must blame *him*, not me for forgetfulness.

My mother sends her best love and congratulations, I wish Father could have time to take a peep at you, on his return from N. York to-morrow.

Remember me affectionately to *your husband*,

Yours sincerely

R. C. Haswell."

It would be interesting if any stories had been preserved concerning the early days of John and Abby Stimson's life in Providence, before they bought the cottage on Aborn Street, where all their four children were born. The following letter from John Stimson to his wife is about the only memento we have of the first year of their married life. It is dated (evidently from their boarding place)

"Providence, July 20, 1829.

Dear Abby —

I have all my life considered it a task to write a letter upon ordinary occasions, but how different it is when those we love best and have most depended upon for our happiness, are absent, and this is the only means of communicating with them, ... It is now Sunday evening after tea, I have just been and looked into all the rooms from a kind of habit just as if I expected to find somebody that I wanted to see; in the keeping room are sitting two or three dumpish looking fellows leaned back in their chairs apparently half asleep, in the dining room is a girl, clearing away the table, and the *Major* sitting by the window with his hat on, reading a novel as usual — and in the parlour there are about a dozen of all sorts and sizes — Mr. Lippitt is rather a pleasant modest sort of a body, his wife I should guess by a particular turn of her nose, might possibly have (to use a Kentucky phrase) a little touch of the snapping turtle in her composition, and the children like most other children, are

pleasantest when they are good-natured. Not finding anything in this quarter very remarkably interesting, I went to my own chamber in search of better company, read over again the letter I rec'd from you yesterday, and sit myself down to writing a reply to it, not that I know of any opportunity to send it, but merely for the pleasure of writing it and reading yours again, and to have one ready against an opportunity does occur.

To know that you are enjoying yourself so much compensates in some degree for your absence, indeed I got along pretty tolerably through the week, while I had business to attend to every day, seasoned as it has been with three or four new failures just to make it interesting, but to-day, oh *Dear Abby* you don't know how much I have missed you.

Our house has been completely revolutionized the last week, and if you should come into it now, you would hardly know where you were, or see a face you knew — even the Old Grandmother with her three legged cane, went away the first of the week on a visit to her friends in George St. and has not yet returned, and I am stuck up into the room with Doct. A. — to be sure I have been here before, and it looks now just as it did then, but somehow or other it does not seem half so much like home as it used to — I intend to come out on Saturday, wind and weather permitting. Give my love to Rebecca and kiss her on my account, tell her I shall expect her to take care of you while she stays (knowing her to have the most discretion of the two) and she must see that you conduct yourself with the same propriety she recommended to me — and when I come I will take care of you both —

From your Affectionate Husband.

I hate to write a letter and then not send it. As I know of no private conveyance I shall send it by mail.

After boarding for some months, possibly about a year, John Stimson bought the small white cottage on Aborn Street, between Westminster and Washington Streets, where he and his wife lived for some eight or nine years, before buying the place on Angell Street, where his grand-children continue to make their home. Four children were born in the Aborn Street house, and two died there. These children were: Frederick Clarke,

born in 1830, Maria Rebecca, in 1832, John Jones, Jr., in 1835, and Emily Gardner (our Mother) in 1837.

We may give here again a page or two from the little memoir of Abby Stimson, written by her daughter, before quoted. "In 1828" says the writer, her "father and mother were married," (as has already been told) "He" (John Stimson) brought his bride to Providence, and after boarding a while they bought a little cottage on Aborn Street, which at that time was somewhat out of the city, and attached to it rather a large garden. Here they enjoyed several quiet, happy years. Means were limited, and my mother was always busy. I have heard her say that she was often so constantly occupied that not until night, when everyone else had gone to bed, could she get to the kitchen to make some dainty for expected guests the following day; for it was always a hospitable household, and my mother, besides members of her family and old friends, always loved to get hold of some odd or unusual person who was a good talker. The clergy above all others she liked to entertain, and it was here, in the little Aborn Street house, that the story of old Margaret's ("Scotch Margaret" we always called her) interruption of the dinner-party took place. A number of gentlemen were present, among them Dr. Bellows of New York, and there was a great deal of merriment and much loud laughter, when a sudden hush fell upon them, as a strange old-fashioned body, with short full skirt and mob cap, opened the door of the adjoining room, and stretching toward my mother on one foot, the other held behind her in the air, exclaimed in a sepulchral voice, "Whist, whist, the babby's a slapin." It will not be thought strange that not even a possible feeling of politeness could restrain them now. The laughter was louder than ever, and the figure retreated with undisguised indignation. "And the child's father laughed loudest of all," was the comment afterwards. Old Margaret, who seemed always to have been old to my childish imagination, was a character in whom Scott would have revelled. She came to us first as nurse, but filled whatever place happened to be vacant in the kitchen department for a great many years. My mother tried, not always successfully, to keep her from answering the door-bell, for she was always sure to say or do something extraordinary, as on one

occasion, knowing my mother to be engaged in some piece of work, after ushering the visitor into the parlor, she stood at the foot of the front stairs, and called up "Mis' Stumson, are ye fut to be seen?" But she was faithfulness personified, and lost no occasion to sound the praises of the family often in very absurd ways. She was a good old-fashioned Presbyterian and could quote Scripture from Genesis to Revelation. It may be added here that the grave of old "Scotch Margaret," whose real name was Margaret Patterson, is in the Stimson family lot at Swan Point Cemetery.

"In 1836" continues the Memoir just quoted, "the quiet, happy life was utterly changed; first came the death of the eldest son Frederick, a beautiful boy, five years old, whom my mother idolized. Three months afterwards the youngest son, John, died, and her father too, was taken from her at about the same time. She was thrown into such a terrible state of sorrow that her friends feared for her reason, but her strong character, and deep religious faith carried her through, and though never the same woman again, yet she attained a peace and serenity and intense sympathy with others that were marked characteristics the rest of her life."

2

Some time after the death of little Frederick Stimson his mother wrote a brief and touching account of his short life and last illness. This manuscript has been preserved for more than a hundred years, and may seem almost too pathetic to reproduce even now, after the lapse of a century, but as it has never been printed, and few of the Stimson and Clarke descendants can ever have read it, it is copied now, with a few omissions, for these LEAVES.

"Frederic Clarke Stimson"

"Frederic Clarke Stimson, our first born child, his parents' pride and joy, first saw the light on the morning of Christmas,

1830. His birth was difficult. He uttered no sound nor breathed, until breath was given him, as it would seem, by the skill of the physician. (The pains of child birth were protracted and severe, the child was taken by instruments.) His little frame was very feeble the first year, and an extreme nervous susceptibility and sensibility were the cause of frequent illness, and great anxiety on the part of his parents. At eighteen months he was so prostrated by Cholera Infantum as to be thought beyond the reach of medecine. Country air by the blessing of God, restored him to health, after an illness of several weeks. We kept him in Norton till after the middle of September, and through the ensuing winter his health was pretty good. He was now very bright and playful, but delicate and timid, and at two years old was very bashful even to shyness, but this timidity did not hide a tender and affectionate heart. He was loving and trusting, and reliant upon everyone about him.

In the autumn of 1833 he had a slight attack of lung fever, but his health on the whole became much improved, and he grew more and more sprightly, and more and more winning and engaging in his manners.

The following March I sent him for two or three hours in the morning to Miss Philbrook's school, (which was a few doors from us) and here he was remarked by all for his amiable and affectionate deportment, and for his care and love of order, in everything pertaining to his dress or habits. The force of habit indeed was not in Freddy a second nature. He was unwilling from his infancy to make any changes. He always preferred an old dress to a new one, he liked to take the same walks, to do the same things, and to be with the same people every day. In his food he was fastidious, and in his appetite unequal and delicate, but he never complained, and was always obedient. I never saw the slightest moodiness or obstinacy, even in his looks. He held a decided will of his own in everything, but he yielded it with a readiness that often surprised me. He had a clear sense of right and conscientious regard for the truth which seemed intuitive, and which inspired a confidence, and a delightful assurance that he would set a good example to his sister.

In June 1834 Freddy went into a little infant school in the neighborhood, and here he practised all the little feats for which infant schools are famous, and enjoyed them, but his timidity prevented his being expert in the presence of the school. He exhibited in this school an ear for music, and was able to turn many of their little tunes. Owing to the illness of the teacher this school was discontined in August, but Freddy had gained a taste for drawing on his slate, and often amused himself ever afterwards in making figures or drawing horses and carriages.

On the 28th of October our darling child returned again to Miss Philbrook's morning school for a little while, but in January 1835 I was persuaded to let him go into the country with my Mother, where he had a severe attack of lung fever. I was confined with a little one, not ten days old, I could neither go to him, nor know that he was not forever taken from my arms. But he came home in March, restored to perfect health, and he had not the slightest sickness during the following summer. He went to his little school every morning, part of the time to Miss Philbrook and part to Miss Aborn. His book to this time had taken neither his attention nor mine. We thought only to make him happier by a little occupation, and to invigorate his body by healthy exercise. Drawing however was his chief amusement, or rather his favorite amusement, and there was a character and truth to nature in his rude attempts, which was delightful to witness.

In the months of August and September this precious boy was at Norton. There he had free range and pure air, his health was perfect, his spirits light, his happiness complete.

* * * * * "On the 19th of October 1835 Freddy again went to morning school, and soon became strongly attached to his new teacher, Miss Richmond. It was now that his mind began to develope with great promise. He learned to read very rapidly, and to spell every word he saw with great exactness. His little books were his greatest pleasure. His pencil and blackboard were given up for them, and his great delight was to read little stories to me.

* * * * * "His mind and body were equally vigorous. He went out in nearly all weather, and never was injured by it.

He grew tall and stout, and surprisingly robust for one who had before been so delicate. He enjoyed his book, he enjoyed his playmates, he was happy in every way.

In February he wished to go the whole day to school, which was allowed for a short time, but I feared he might weary of his books, or not get a supply of wholesome exercise, and proposed to vary his life by some change for the month of March. But our heavenly Father had determined otherwise.

"On Tuesday, the 8th of March, 1836, we sent our darling Frederick with many parting kisses, to school. He was enjoying perfect health, but it was with fear and trembling that I left my children at this stormy season. It was necessary that I should assist my mother in arranging my father's manuscripts, preparatory to her removal to Cambridge. I gave the children to the special care of my cousin, Hannah Clarke, and commended them to the care of a kind Providence.

The following Sabbath I was sent for with the intelligence that Freddy was severely threatened with a fever. His father was careful not to alarm me by the messenger, but I found my child very sick — but welcoming me naturally and warmly, and looking more comfortable than I feared. — We removed a cot bed into the parlor, and I attempted to lay by his side, but such was his restlessness, and the burning heat of his skin that he had no refreshing sleep, and I passed a night of intense anxiety.

The remainder of the manuscript gives a detailed account of the little boy's illness and rapid decline. It closes with these words: "*He was happy at* 10 o'clock Saturday morning." This was March 19th, 1836.

VIII

Rose Farm, Providence

1

ON March 4th, 1837 Emily Gardner Stimson, the youngest child of John and Abby (Clarke) Stimson, was born in Providence, in the little house on Aborn Street, where her father and mother had begun house-keeping about eight years earlier. Twenty-four years later, in 1861, she was married to J. Lewis Diman. In the summer following her birth her father had bought the place on Angell Street, in which she spent nearly the whole of her life, and where her children still live, in 1940. It is now numbered 300, but during the life-time of Mr. and Mrs. Stimson the estate was known as Rose Farm. The place and neighborhood have seen so many changes since the house was built, towards a century and a half ago, that a short history of it may be appropriate here.

To go back to the beginnings: the land on which the house stands (now the corner of Angell Street and Diman Place) was, at about the year 1700, part of a large farm owned by Samuel Winsor. In 1769 his heirs sold this land, or a part of it, to a fellow townsman by the name of Knight Dexter. This Dexter was a well known character in the early days of Providence. At one time he kept a shop near the centre of the town, bearing the sign of "The Boy and the Book." He also was the proprietor of a tavern which stood near the corner of Angell and Benefit Streets. When he bought the Winsor land in 1769, he doubtless felt that he was pushing out to the edge of the

wilderness. Angell Street was not cut through at that time. It was opened in 1783, and then only as far as Hope Street, which was known as Ferry Lane. The main approach from the Town Street (North Main Street) to the northerly half of the East Side was by Meeting Street, which was at first called King Street, and later Jail (or Gaol) Lane. It was longer than at present as it crossed Hope Street about where Stimson Avenue now begins, and curved through into Angell Street about opposite the present north end of Governor Street.

This east end of Jail Lane formed at first the southern boundary of the land bought by Knight Dexter. The land south of it, where the house which we are describing was built, belonged to the Waterman family. About the year 1799 Knight Dexter's son, Ebenezer Knight Dexter, bought of Nathan Waterman a lot facing south on the new road, adjoining what is now the corner of Angell Street and Diman Place, and also bought from his father part of the lot lying just north of it, comprising what is now the land on both sides of Stimson Avenue, east of Diman Place. This made the Dexter home estate of about four acres.

Here the house was put up which was bought by John J. Stimson in 1837. It had had several owners before it came into his possession. It is not certain just when it was completed, but we know that it appeared on the Town map of 1803 as standing in that year, where it is still standing in 1940. The architect is not known, but it is quite possible that it may have been the same one who designed the Edward Knight Dexter house, now owned by Frank L. Hinckley, and numbered 72 Waterman Street. Whether the Angell Street house was built by the elder or younger Dexter has not been ascertained, but it is thought that the son, Ebenezer Knight Dexter, occupied it for a few years. It was he who gave the Dexter Donation to the city of Providence, including Dexter Asylum, lying just north of his home lot, and the Dexter Training Ground on Parade Street, where a statue of him now stands. But the Dexters — neither father nor son — could have occupied the new house on Angell Street for more than a very short time, for it changed hands twice before the year 1811, being owned successively before that date by Philip Mozer and Ebenezer S. Thomas, both of

South Carolina. It is known that a number of South Carolinian families early in the nineteenth century, were beginning to come North to spend the summer months, and it is quite possible that this house may have been purchased with the intention on the part of the buyer of making it a summer home.

But whatever their intentions neither Messrs. Mozer or Thomas were more than temporary owners. In 1811 the place was bought by Alexander Jones, a merchant who had been in business in the South, but came of a New England family. Although Alexander Jones and John Jones Stimson did not, as far as we know, claim any kinship, yet they undoubtedly could have found a common Jones ancestor in Massachusetts. Alexander Jones became one of the leading citizens of Providence, and was the direct ancestor of many well known Providence families, the Bogerts, Hoppins, Kings, and others. He lived comfortably, and no doubt handsomely here on his country estate, as it was in that day, driving into town in his carriage, to attend to his business on week days, and to go to St. John's Church (now the Cathedral Church of St. John) on North Main Street, on Sundays. Probably many of the improvements on the place were due to his fostering care. It may have been he who built the beautiful summer house in the garden, which remained standing until the late nineties, which will be described more fully later. He called the place Bellevue on account of its wide outlook, no other house being in sight for many years. The statement, however, which has been made, that one could have looked from the top of the house far down the Bay must have been a good deal of an exaggeration.

Our grandfather, John J. Stimson, bought the Jones place, as it was called, in 1837, as has been said. For the first few years after buying it he and his family lived in it only during the summer months, moving back to Aborn Street for the winter. Apparently it was rented part of the time to a certain Joseph Stetson. In Mr. Stimson's private account book for the year 1842, he wrote: "Lived part in Aborn St. and part at Jones place." It was in that year that he changed the house into a two family dwelling, by adding the large wing on the East side of it, with an ell at the back, the greater part of which is now standing (the ell was torn down in 1876). In 1843 he

made the entry in his account book "Lived at the Jones place."

After the house was enlarged the Stimson family took the east half of it for its own use, but the division between the two parts was not as it is now, between the addition and the main house, but the easterly half of the original house was made to open into the new hall which had been added, with the entrance at the southeast corner, where a small piazza was built, which later gave place to the present larger one. The old central front door was closed, and the entrance to the west side of the house opened through a side entry on to what is now Diman Place. The west side of the house was occupied by various tenants, for some years by the family of Welcome B. Sayles, and later by that of Professor Samuel S. Greene, of Brown University. A son was born to Professor and Mrs. Greene just at the time of Mr. Stimson's death, in 1860, and was named for him, John Stimson Greene. He is still remembered by the older generation of Providence people, as a famous player on the Brown University baseball nine, more than sixty years ago.

Shortly after John Stimson's death his wife's half-brother, George Leonard Clarke, with his wife and two children moved into the west half of the house for a short time, in order probably that Mrs. Stimson might have some of her family near her when she was left alone, for in 1861 her only remaining child, Emma, was married to the Rev. J. Lewis Diman, and went with him to Brookline, where he was then the minister of the Harvard Congregational Church.

But to return to 1842, when the additions were made to the house in that year, John Stimson continued to keep all the out-buildings, the summer house and the whole large garden for his own family, the tenants in the west half being given only a small yard set off for their special convenience. His own great interest was the care of his garden, and the raising of many varieties of fruit. Besides having a good many kinds of apples, he had some fine cherry trees, one in particular which was standing until after 1900, and yielded each year a crop of delicious white — or ox-heart — cherries. But his specialty was his large number of pear-trees. Some of these were trained in the foreign manner to grow like vines against the high stone wall which separated his garden from the grounds of the Dexter

Asylum. Besides a few peach trees and plums and quinces, there was a crab-apple tree which was covered every spring with beautiful pink blossoms. There were also small fruit in abundance, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and grapes, and all the vegetables for the family table.

John Stimson, as has been said died in 1860, but the garden remained almost as he had left it for more than twenty years — until after the death of my father (Lewis Diman) in 1881, soon after which time it was of necessity cut up into house lots, with a street cut through, called Stimson Avenue.

The general appearance of the place as it was in the "seventies" of the last century is well remembered by many persons now living. What is now Diman Place had not then been made into a street. It was marked in the City Directory as Norton Court, but was familiarly known as "the lane." On its west side was a low stone wall, covered with trumpet-vine, bordering the William P. Rathbone place, where the Central Congregational Church has stood since 1893. Rose Farm itself extended along the east side of the lane as far as the entrance to the Dexter Asylum, and easterly on Angell Street to where the high Asylum wall begins. About a hundred feet, or more back of the house stood two old fashioned barns, in one of which, originally a stable, the cow was kept in the days that I can remember. The easterly one of the two barns, with its wide doors had originally been a carriage house, the two were connected with an ample wood-shed. North of the cow barn were a cow-yard, and milking shed, and the traces of an old pig-pen. East of the carriage house was a hen-house filled with clucking "Brahmas," and there was a pigeon house under the roof of the east barn in which lived a flock of fan tail pigeons. A wide carriage gate opened from the lane, on to a drive which circled around near the north door of the house, surrounding what was called the "Mound," on which grew a graceful flowering bush — I think a Tartarian honey-suckle. The "Broad Path" led from directly in front of the barns straight across the garden to the east, passing the old summer-house which has been mentioned, and the tennis and croquet grounds. The summer house was octagonal in shape, built on a bank covering a deep cellar which may have been originally used as an ice-house. The

house itself was surmounted by a tapering spire, on which was a weather vane. The interior was plastered and papered, and furnished with a table and chairs and sofa. The wall paper had a design of Swiss chalets, surrounded by wreaths of roses. The windows had wooden shutters on the inside and green blinds outside, and there was a fan-light over the door. This fan-light, and the narrow side windows were later transferred to the front door of our house, when that door was restored to its central position, in 1887. The bronze chandelier, with sockets for holding candles, which hung from the ceiling, now hangs at 72 Waterman Street, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Hinckley.

2

It is time now to turn once more to the Narrative written by my Mother — the youngest child of John and Abby Stimson — giving her earliest recollections of Rose Farm — the home in which she spent almost her entire life, and where she died in 1901. In describing the place as she first remembered it, she writes — "It was in the country in those days, and was surrounded by four acres of land, with barn, carriage-house, and various out-buildings. My father's business, which was mainly the sale of fine old wines, had begun to decline, and though the depression was probably a passing wave, yet he felt that he had made a sufficient property — though now-a-days it would be considered a small sum — to justify his retiring from active business, and devoting himself to horticulture, of which he was very fond. He kept a desk in the counting-room of his old place of business, but most of his time was spent in directing work in the garden; and the sale of fruit, and young trees brought in sufficient income to make it pay for itself, and for the keep of horses and cows."

"My father" she says, "was exceedingly jovial, with a twinkle in his eye that was irresistable. He had a cordial greeting for everybody, and enjoyed a good joke, a good glass of wine, and a good game of whist. He took great interest in the garden, as did also my mother. I can see them walking about together at

the close of the day, looking at the growth of flowers and fruit. It was an old-fashioned garden, with long beds of flowers, bordered with box, extending to the summer-house north and south, and more or less in other directions. At one time we had sixty different varieties of pears, and at another time he devoted himself to the culture of plums, going out every morning before breakfast to clear the trees of the curculio, which eventually ruined them.

— "As I said before" the Memoir continues, "my father and mother were exceedingly hospitable, and from my earliest childhood I can remember the table being extended to its utmost capacity to admit of invited, and uninvited guests. It was then thought so long a walk out to our house that friends were often deterred from taking it by the fear of not finding her, so my mother set apart Thursday for a day when she would always be at home. Miss Anne Ames dined with us on that day for sixteen years, or I may say almost to the close of her life. She often brought with her the last new book, and was always full of interest in current events. I well remember the many talks about slavery — especially the Fugitive Slave Law — and theology and literature. Very little gossip took up the time — my mother used to say "talk about things, not people."

— "I often think" she goes on to say, "what a simple matter it was in those days, or at any rate with my mother's ideas, to entertain — not much change from our usual habits, a little better dinner or tea perhaps, but more often an extra guest to help the flow of conversation. Especially must her minister be invited, and that often during the year. A great interest in her life was her church. She was an ardent Unitarian of the conservative, or Channing school, but was truly liberal, feeling that Unitarianism was but a branch of the Church Universal, and to some branch of this outward Church she thought that everyone owed a strong allegiance. To go to church regularly twice a Sunday was the habit of her life, and nothing but serious illness or a storm of unusual violence was allowed to prevent. Her first minister, Dr. Farley, was her very dear friend, he baptized all her children, and stood by her side through the great sorrows of her early married life, but to each one who succeeded him she gave a cordial greeting, and resolved from

the first to know him well, not to criticize him too much, but to help him in every way; so that each minister of the Westminster Church became in turn an intimate and lifelong friend. The names of Channing, Ware, Buckminster, Gannet and many others were household words, their books were bought, their sermons read. Sunday was made a different day from any others in our household, never a gloomy day, that would be old-fashioned Calvinism, but with an entire change of occupation, all work and all novels put aside, the Bible and religious biographies the usual reading, and hymns to be committed to memory. Even "old Whitey," the horse my father drove so constantly, seemed to know the habit of the family, for, it was said, he refused to wait for my father on South Main Street (where he stood for hours every day) when for some reason or other, my father wanted to stop there on Sunday, but walked off on to Westminster Street, heading towards church, where he patiently waited. At any special occasion in the church my mother took great delight in having the ministers stay with us, and the house was filled to its utmost capacity — no matter where herself and children went, were it the poorest room in the attic, so that she could open her doors to the clergy."

It could be wished that these reminiscences of her childhood written by my mother could have preserved for us more in detail some of the personalities of the many relatives and friends who came and went at Rose Farm during the middle years of the last century. We know that all the uncles and aunts on the Clarke side (the brothers of Abby Stimson and their wives) were welcome and frequent guests, as well as the second Mrs. Pitt Clarke as long as she lived, also the Stimson relatives from Dedham, and the Stones from Ashland. The second and third ministers of the old Westminster Church on Mathewson Street, the Rev. Samuel Osgood and the Rev. Frederick H. Hedge, and their families were lifelong friends. Dr. Hedge is remembered as an eminent scholar, one of the deepest thinkers among the leading Unitarian clergy of his time, a friend in his earlier days of Emerson, and other members of the so-called Transcendental group, and one of the first to bring German scholarship to New England. His well known translation of Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg," "A mighty fortress is our

God," is sung in all churches. The later years of his life were spent as a distinguished member of the Harvard faculty. His daughter Charlotte was always an intimate friend of our mother's, and no one who remembers her can ever forget her spicy wit and humor.

The Rev. Samuel Osgood, Dr. Hedge's immediate predecessor at the Westminster Church, was perhaps an equally intimate friend of the Stimson family. He was constantly at Rose Farm during the years in which he lived in Providence, in fact most of his courting was carried on there. He married Miss Ellen Murdock who through her close relationship with Mrs. John J. Clarke of Roxbury, was in the habit of making long visits with Mr. and Mrs. Stimson.

After leaving Providence Dr. Osgood and his family lived for many years in New York, where he entered the Episcopal Church. Their summer home was at Fairfield, Connecticut. Their beautiful place there descended in course of time to Dr. Osgood's daughter, Mabel Osgood Wright, who became a well known writer on birds and gardens. Although Dr. Osgood's own writings may be possibly forgotten by this time, there was one short article of his which it may be permitted to quote from here. In *Harper's Magazine* for November 1860, about nine months after the death of John Stimson, a contribution appeared from Dr. Osgood's pen — though unsigned — entitled "Rose-Garden, a New England Sketch," in which under the thinly disguised name of John Jones the writer described John J. Stimson, and his household as he had come to know them during his years as minister of the Westminster Church. He says of him, among other remarks too long to quote here, that "in a miscellaneous company of men and women he (Mr. Stimson) was a universal favorite, now impressing all by his good sense, as he gave, in all simplicity and directness, his views on some question of politics or social ethics, and now setting the whole circle into a roar at some quaint story, which he invariably accompanied with a genial and hearty laugh, contagious enough to make a listener and beholder forget hard times, or the tooth-ache, and set the most incorrigible dyspetic in the direct path of convalescence." Of Abby Stimson the writer says "I have never known a better specimen of a woman on the

whole, — one who unites more of the every day utilities with the higher and diviner graces of womanly life." "Many men and women of note" Dr. Osgood proceeds to say that he used to meet at "Rose-Garden." He speaks of Emerson, who may have been seen there once or twice on occasions of his lecturing in Providence. He refers to him as "This Yankee Zeno, who was evidently born to be our prophet of the first person singular," and says that he "was tall and slightly made, but of much of the air noble, much that was gentle as well as commanding in his presence." He mentions Margaret Fuller, a well known figure in the Transcendental group, as "that famous Gloriana, afterwards a Countess, whose brilliant life and tragic death are parts of our literary history." Margaret Fuller taught in Providence for a short time in her early days, before she became famous, at the old Green Street (Private) School. A fellow teacher of hers there was Mrs. Nias, who grew to be a lifelong friend of the Stimson family. Mrs. Nias was a personage herself, an English woman, who a short time after coming to Providence, became the head of a notable school of her own, which my Mother and many of her contemporaries attended. Dr. Osgood describes her in the article just quoted as "one who was born to charm, and was evidently endowed by nature with the gift of grace and fascination, as decidedly as Jenny Lind was born to sing, or George Sand to write romances. — She was full of pluck as well as grace, and was a wonder to us all for bearing such bitter trials and disappointments with such patience and courage — seeming to unite English force with French elasticity. England was her birth-place, and she came to America with a husband whose gentle blood was more accredited than his moral strength and practical capacity, and years before she was a widow she was left to support herself and two sons by teaching a school." She "had no philosophy to *speak* of, yet a great deal of philosophy to *act* upon; and while she never discussed the new Transcendentalism with — and the famous coterie of blue-stockings, she had as much of the true spirit as any of them, and made people feel it as much as they."

Mrs. Nias made an impression upon all her pupils which they never forgot. Besides her school she had a dancing class

which was equally successful. With most finished manners herself she was not disposed to overlook any lapses on the part of others. On one occasion when a young man whom she did not know addressed her in a manner lacking in respect, she drew herself up, and with one of her sweeping curtseys replied to him "I am Mrs. Nias, pray who are you?"

It was with Mrs. Nias that Margaret Fuller occasionally spent an evening at Rose Farm. At the close of one of these visits, like Cinderella, she left a slipper behind, which was picked up and made the subject of some impromptu verses by George William Curtis, beginning

"Come, take my arm, Titania,
The hour is drawing late,
What is this object that I see
By Captain Stimson's gate?"

The object was Margaret Fuller's slipper, and the military title was accorded to John Stimson as Captain of the First Light Infantry Company of Providence. It is a pity that the remaining verses have not been preserved. George William Curtis was for a time a member of the famous Brook Farm Community, and was for many years a well known figure in American letters.

Another literary character of old Providence was Judge Albert G. Green, the author of "Old Grimes," which poem printed in a thin volume, with illustrations by Augustus Hoppin, was long a favorite. Some other less known verses from the same pen were written on the occasion of a certain clam-bake, in 1845, and preserved in manuscript among other odds and ends of papers, beginning

"Oh, how happy are they
Who have clams every day,
And for winter have laid up great store,
No tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of people who live on the shore.

* * * *

There is no way to live
That such comfort can give
As to make a good haul every day;
And eat all the best,
And sell all the rest,
And what they can't sell give away.

* * * *

Every summer I'd make
A monstrous clam-bake
And ask everybody to come,
For folks who love shell-fish
Can never be selfish,
But want all the world to have some."

These verses were for years familiar quotations in our family.

In the autumn of 1853, when Emma Stimson was sixteen years old, she was sent to the well known boarding school at Lenox, Massachusetts, conducted by Mrs. Charles Sedgwick. Mrs. Sedgwick was not only a gifted woman herself, but was a member of a highly talented family group. One of her intimate friends was Fanny Kemble, who lived for some time at Lenox, but was not there during the time that my mother spent at the school. The school girls were frequent visitors at the home of Miss Catharine Sedgwick, who was a writer of novels much read in her day. The two pupils who became life-long friends of my mother's were Miss Ellen Emerson, who has already been mentioned in these LEAVES, and Miss Julia Gibbons, of New York. Julia Gibbons's parents were both ardent Quaker Abolitionists, and philanthropists. Mrs. Gibbons, who was the daughter of Isaac T. Hopper, was known for her indefatigable work for the soldiers, in the Civil War, and later for prison reform. Miss Julia Gibbons was for many years the head of a private school for girls in New York.

The pupils at Mrs. Sedgwick's school always looked back to their days there with great satisfaction, their readings and talks with Mrs. Sedgwick, their games and charades, their winter coasting and skating, and the beautiful expeditions made every summer to picturesque spots among the Berkshire Hills. The impression made by Emma Stimson upon her school

companions is suggested by the lines addressed to her by Mrs. Sedgwick, at Christmas, 1853:

"You come from Rhode Island, that brave little state,
Which had never a rival, nor even a mate;
Where good Roger Williams his voice did uplift, —
The chaff from the wheat or our Fathers to sift;
And declare that true freedom none other can be
Than that with which Christ made his followers free.
Such birth-place was surely most fitting for you,
Who no end that is selfish will ever pursue;
But true freedom use, for freedom's true ends,
And enjoy the reward that a kind heaven sends."

In August 1856 a great sorrow came to the family at Rose Farm, in the sudden death of Maria Stimson, the elder of the two daughters, at the age of twenty-four years. Named for her aunt, Maria Stimson of Hopkinton, (the second Mrs. Pitt Clarke) the younger Maria seems to have resembled the earlier one in her fine mind and winning personality. This happened about three and a half years before the death of her father, John J. Stimson, which took place in January, 1860, shortly after his return from a trip to Europe made with his wife and his daughter Emma, and a very few weeks after the latter's engagement to J. Lewis Diman, his previous engagement to her sister Maria, growing out of a boy and girl attachment during his College days, having been broken by the latter's early death.

Mrs. Abby Stimson — our grandmother — lived until 1882. With her passed one who could remember all but the very earliest members of the family mentioned in these LEAVES. She could not only recall her father and mother, Pitt and Rebecca Clarke, and many of their brothers and sisters, but could remember being taken to the house of her grandmother Jones, (as has been told) who had been born as far back as 1724. She herself was born in 1798, a year before Washington died. She could easily remember the days of the War of 1812, and the administrations of all of our earlier Presidents, and followed with interest all the causes and events that led to the Civil War. Her early days were before the times of railroads,

or the telegraph and long before telephones. Travel was largely by stage-coach or boat, and letters were generally sent by hand. Houses were without furnaces, and lighting was by candles and whale oil lamps. She lived well into the memory of her grand-children now living. The compiler of these LEAVES remembers her distinctly, and recalls one interesting characteristic. She was always very anxious that young people, especially her grand-children, should learn to spell correctly, and by way of testing their ability — which often disappointed her — would propound several jaw-breaking words, which she had learned in her youth. The longest of these was "Chrononhotonthologos" which of course no one could ever spell, or know what it meant, until many years later it was discovered in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" as the proper name of a character in an old English play by Henry Carey.

My father and mother — J. Lewis Diman and Emily G. Stimson — were married on May 15th, 1861 — and now before closing these reminiscences of Rose Farm just a word must be said about them both.

Jeremiah Lewis Diman — to give my father his full name — was born in Bristol, R. I. on May 1st, 1831, the son of Byron Diman, (who was later Governor of Rhode Island) and Abby Alden Wight, the daughter of the Rev. Henry Wight, of Bristol. He — Lewis Diman — had become intimately acquainted with the Stimson family during his College days at Brown University, where he graduated in 1851. After several years of study in Germany and at Andover Seminary, he was ordained as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Fall River in 1856. In 1860 he became the minister of the Harvard Church, Brookline, at which place he was already settled at the time of his marriage in 1861. It was there that he and my mother began housekeeping, and where their first two children were born. These were Maria Stimson — always called May — in 1862, who died by a tragic riding accident in 1881; and in 1863 John Byron, now known as Father J. Hugh Diman, who after graduating from Brown University in 1885, and the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School in 1888, became the Founder and first Head-master of St. George's School (where he was ably assisted in the school life by his sister Emily). In

1917 he entered the Roman Catholic Church, was ordained as a priest in 1921, and a few years later joined the Benedictine Order (exchanging his middle name Byron for his monastic name, Hugh) and has been for the greater part of the time since 1929 Prior and Head-Master of Portsmouth Priory and School. He retired as Prior in 1940.

But to return to the early sixties: In 1864 my father resigned from his Brookline Parish to accept the Chair of History and Political Economy at Brown University. He and my mother accordingly with their two children returned to Providence and took possession of the West half of the Stimson house at Rose Farm, where two more children were born, Louise in 1869 and Emily in 1873. In 1876 the old house was made into one again, and in 1887 the front door was restored to its original place in the centre. In 1922 another division was made so as to make it practicable to rent the east wing as a separate apartment as it is today. But by the late seventies of the last century the early name of the place had begun to fall into disuse, and when in course of time the large garden had to be cut up into house lots, as has been told, "Rose Farm" became a thing of the past.

After my father's retirement from the active Parish ministry he was frequently called upon to preach in both Congregational and Unitarian pulpits. In his later days he became more and more interested in the Episcopal Church, though never entering it, and for some years took a family pew at St. Stephen's Church. His many activities may be only touched upon here; his historical lectures and addresses on all sorts of occasions in Providence and many other places, the ladies history classes that met at his house for many years, his editorial writing for the *Providence Journal* — all these have been well described in the Memoir of him written by Miss Caroline Hazard, one of the most loyal as well as distinguished of his pupils, whose father, Mr. Rowland Hazard, was one of his oldest and best friends. His own writings may be read in the two volumes of his lectures that came out shortly after his death: "The Theistic Argument" and "Orations and Essays." His last public address was at the Bi-Centennial of his native town, Bristol, in Septem-

ber 1880. He died when not quite fifty years old, on February 3d, 1881.

It would prolong these LEAVES too far to try to describe all the happy home surroundings and the many interesting and agreeable visitors that came and went during my father's lifetime; or the annual family gatherings at Thanksgiving or Christmas, and the garden-parties in summer, which were enjoyed by old and young, or the animals — the old setter dog, Don — and the numerous pet cats always so important a part of the family.

My mother survived my father just twenty years — years that she always made so bright and cheerful for her family in spite of her own sorrows and her frequently far from strong health. The fatal accident to her eldest daughter May, a girl of nineteen, full of life and enthusiasm, coming as it did less than three months after my father's death, was a crushing blow to her; but what she wrote of her mother before her was equally true of herself that "her strong character and deep religious faith" carried her triumphantly through everything, and as the years passed she was always able to enter into and add to all the interests and pleasures of her children and their friends.

A little sketch of her written about a year after she died is rather too long to add here, especially as the substance of the earlier part of it has already been told. It recalls among other things her hospitality and her love of home and of the garden, the work of which latter she always directed herself; also of the pleasure that she gave by her constant reading aloud of interesting books, and her singing and playing — hymns with her children on Sunday evenings, and all sorts of songs new and old with them at other times. It recalls too her family prayers every morning immediately after breakfast, and her Sunday afternoon Bible lessons which her children will never forget. She was rooted and grounded in faith, and she could make God real to others because He was so real to her. She lived just into the beginning of the present century, and died shortly after passing her sixty-fourth birthday, on March 21st, 1901.

IX

Further Notes on the Clarke Family: Pitt Clarke's Sons *and their Descendants*

1

JOHN JONES CLARKE

NONE of Pitt Clarke's five sons survived beyond the close of the nineteenth century, but three of them lived through more than three quarters of it. The eldest son, William Pitt, as has been told, passed the greater part of his long life of eighty-seven years in seclusion. He died in April, 1887. The fact of his condition made the brother next to him, John Jones Clarke, to all intents and purposes the eldest son of the family, and he was always looked up to as such. He lived until November, 1887, and is well remembered still by those few of the Clarke descendants who can look back to well over half a century.

John Jones Clarke, the second son of Pitt and Rebecca Jones Clarke, was born in Norton, on February 24th, 1803. He was fitted for College partly at Norton Academy, partly at the Framingham and Andover Academies, and partly by his father, who was, it was said, "for his time a distinguished scholar and teacher." He entered Harvard with the Class of 1823. This was the Class in which the famous "Rebellion" occurred, just before the time of graduation, on account of which a large number of its members were refused their diplomas, and it was not until 1841 that John Clarke received the degrees of

A.B. and A.M. at the same time. After leaving College he studied law, first with Judge Laban Wheaton at Norton, and later with James Richardson, Esq. at Dedham. He was admitted to the Norfolk County Bar in 1826, and began the practice of law in Roxbury and Boston. In 1830 he married Rebecca Cordis Haswell, the daughter of Captain Robert Haswell, formerly of the U. S. Navy, — and step-daughter of John Lemist of Roxbury. He and his wife settled in Roxbury for life, and their home at 24 Kenilworth Street, was for years and years a most hospitable and delightful centre where friends and relatives were constantly made welcome from far and wide. All those who are able to remember "Aunt Rebecca" as she was called, will never forget her overflowing kindness and sympathy, qualities that were inherited in full measure by her daughter Mary, and given without stint by each of them to a wide circle of young and old.

In 1848 John Clarke formed a partnership with his half-brother Manlius, which was ended by the early death of the latter in 1853. A later partner for a few years, was Lemuel Shaw, Jr., the son of the noted Massachusetts Chief Justice. He became a leading member of the Norfolk County Bar (when Roxbury was a part of Norfolk County) and argued more cases it was said, in the Supreme Judicial Court than almost any of his contemporaries. A notice written of him at the time of his death said that "His care in the preparation of cases was remarkable. His learning was profound and accurate, and his application of the principles of the law seemed to come from intuitive genius." In later years he gave up Court practice and devoted himself almost entirely to the care of trusts in which he was ably assisted towards the last by his grand-son, George Lemist Clarke. He became the first mayor of Roxbury and also represented that place in the House of Representatives and the State Senate. "In his fixedness of principle," it was said, "he had the firmness of the Puritan, and he was unswerving in the performance of duty." A loyal Unitarian of the old school, he was for forty years or more actively interested in the affairs of the First Church of Roxbury, and was an intimate friend of Dr. George Putnam, its distin-

guished minister, and later of his successor, the Rev. John Graham Brooks.

He died on the 5th of November, 1887, about four years after the death of his wife, with whom he had lived happily for more than fifty years. He left two children: Mary Lemist and Haswell Cordis Clarke. His daughter Mary's marriage with John A. Hanson of Boston was annulled by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in 1873, and she resumed her maiden name of Clarke for herself and her three children. Always to the end of her life interested in work for others, exceedingly generous and warm-hearted, and devoted to her family, Mary Clarke lived until 1904, and is most affectionately remembered to this day.

John Clarke's only son, Haswell Cordis Clarke, who was born in 1842, left Boston soon after the Civil War, in which he took an active part, and settled in Kankakee, Illinois, where he became a leading citizen, connected for years with one of its banks. His high character and genial qualities won him many friends. In 1869 he married Harriet Cobb, whose forebears, like his own had come from Norton. He died in January, 1901, leaving no descendants.

The children of Mary Lemist Clarke and John A. Hanson (who all resumed the name of Clarke) were Rebecca Haswell, who was born in 1859 and married Edward Cummings in 1891; George Lemist, born in 1861, married Julia Little in 1913, and died in 1917, and Ellen Montresor, born in 1869, married Salisbury Tuckerman in 1895, and died in 1939. Edward Cummings at the time of his marriage was a member of the Harvard Faculty. He later entered the Unitarian ministry and became a colleague and later the successor of Dr. Edward Everett Hale at the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Boston. He was deeply interested in work for Peace and other Social movements, and was sincerely mourned after his sudden death in 1926.

No one who knew George Lemist Clarke can ever forget him. Witty, genial and intensely loyal, he made friends wherever he went, and his gift of writing graceful and humorous verses for all occasions was always highly appreciated. Ellen Tuckerman, the youngest of the three had the same qualities

of loyalty and warm-heartedness, and her home was always a hospitable one like that of her mother and grand-mother before her.

Edward and Rebecca Cummings had two children, Edward Estlin and Elizabeth Frances. Edward Estlin Cummings, whose wife's name is Marian Morehouse, has taken a high place among modern poets, being known as E. E. Cummings. Elizabeth Frances Cummings is the wife of Carlton C. Qualey, now (1941) a member of the Faculty of Bard College (affiliated with Columbia) at Annandale-on-the-Hudson. They have one son, John Carlton Qualey.

The children of George Lemist and Julia Little Clarke, are Robert Haswell and Faith Clarke. The former is a graduate of Harvard and the latter of Sarah Lawrence College.

Salisbury and Ellen Tuckerman left one daughter, Mary Haswell Tuckerman, who married first Sears Fuller, and second James Freeman Leland, Jr., of Sherborn, Mass. Her children by her first marriage are John Howland Fuller; Richard Sears Fuller; Jean Fuller (who died when very young); Joan Fuller; Clarke Salisbury Fuller; and Mary Ellen Fuller. By her second marriage ther are two sons, William Adams Leland and Robert Tuckerman Leland.

2

GEORGE LEONARD CLARKE

The third son of Pitt Clarke and the eldest by his second wife, Maria (or Mary) Jones Stimson, was George Leonard Clarke, who was born in Norton in 1813, and died in Providence in 1890. He was named for Judge George Leonard, of Norton, whose history has already been touched upon in these LEAVES. Like his brothers he began his education in Norton, but unlike them did not enter Harvard. It is probable that he felt it his duty to begin to support himself, and to help his family. He was not yet twenty-two when his father died.

He came to Providence as a young man, undoubtedly for the reason that his sister Abby, and her husband, John J.

Stimson, had already settled there, and immediately went into business, starting in a small way, presumably with Stimson and Hodges, and rising year by year to various positions of more importance. In later years he became Mayor of the city.

When very young he became deeply interested in the Anti-Slavery cause, and when only twenty-two years old spoke in behalf of it, at a meeting held at the Norton Lyceum. His marriage to Frances A. Chace, of Providence, in 1841 connected him with a family whose members were deeply concerned with the same movement, working for it in various ways and at one time at least, upholding their principles by refusing to eat the products of slave labor.

He was happy in his home life — with the exception of great sorrow at the loss of four children — and was always a rock of support to anyone and everyone needing help, always "standing by" in any family emergency. To his sister Abby Stimson, he was always a devoted brother, particularly in her later days of blindness and failing strength, and the compiler of these LEAVES well remembers how her mother always depended upon his sympathetic and wise counsel.

After the death of his wife in 1883, he and his son Prescott left the house at the corner of Hope and Keene Streets, which he had built, and made a home with his wife's sisters at 10 Congdon Street, where he died, in February 1890. Only two of his children lived to grow up. These two were Elizabeth Davis (generally called Lizzie) and Prescott Orloff.

Elizabeth Davis Clarke, who was born in 1845, married in 1868 Herbert F. Hinckley. He had come from Hyannis, Mass. to Providence, where he became a successful and highly respected business man, the leading member for many years of the firm of Taylor Symonds and Co. He died in 1929. His wife lived until within two months of completing her ninetieth year, dying on September 9th, 1935. She was the last of the Clarke family who could remember clearly many of the earlier members mentioned in these LEAVES, but she was never a person who dwelt in the past, being always particularly interested in young people, her children and grand-children, their friends and all their doings, besides having marked interests of her own in books, music, art and the theatre almost to the day

of her death, all of which seemed to keep her perennially young.

Herbert F. and Elizabeth (Clarke) Hinckley had three sons: Frank Leonard, born in 1869; William Pitt, born in 1872 and died in 1894; and George Clarke, born in 1874 and died in 1928. Frank Leonard Hinckley, who graduated from Brown University in 1891, has been for many years the senior partner of one of the leading law firms of Providence. He married in 1910 Anita W. Baker, daughter of David S. and Anita C. Baker. They have four daughters and one son. Their four daughters, who are all married, are Anita Candler, wife of Charles F. Hovey; Elizabeth Clarke, wife of Devereux Milburn, Jr.; Francesca Leonard, wife of Robert S. King, Jr.; and Gladys Candler, wife of Arnold Porter. Frank Leonard Hinckley, Jr., the youngest of the family, is a member of the class of 1942, of Harvard University.

Devereux and Elizabeth (Hinckley) Milburn have one son, Devereux Milburn, 3d. Robert S., Jr. and Francesca (Hinckley) King have two daughters, Francesca Helen and Anita Candler King, and Arnold and Gladys (Hinckley) Porter have on daughter, Gladys Candler Porter.

George Clarke Hinckley, the youngest son of Herbert and Elizabeth (Clarke) Hinckley, married first Marian Arnold Spink, and second Averic Heiniken. He left one son by his first marriage, George Clarke Hinckley, Jr., who married Mildred Anderson, in 1931. They have one son, William Pitt Hinckley.

Prescott Orloff Clarke, the only surviving son of George Leonard and Frances (Chace) Clarke, was born in Providence March 10th, 1858. (His unusual middle name was given him in honor of the celebrated Russian leader.) He graduated from Brown University in 1880, and some years later from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he studied architecture, after having been for some years in business with his father. He became one of the leading architects of Providence, the senior member of the firm of Clarke and Howe. In 1895 he married Mary Chase, the daughter of Philip A. and Alice B. (Peirce) Chase, of Lynn. They had four children, three of whom are now living, and married.

Prescott Clarke was like his father before him in more ways

than one. Extremely fond of out-of-door life, a taste which his children have inherited, he was devoted to his home and family and had many warm friends. Like his cousin George Lemist Clarke, with whom he was always intimate, he was a fluent writer of verse, both graceful and humorous. In their early days Prescott and George Clarke and their cousin John Diman spent many holidays together, walking, bicycling, sailing or canoeing. Prescott Clarke died on November 18th, 1936, the last of the grandsons of Pitt Clarke, and one of the few persons living so far into the ~~nineteenth~~ twentieth century whose grandfather had taken an actual (though very small) part in the American Revolution.

The children of Prescott O. and Mary (Chase) Clarke are Frances Chace, born in 1897, who married Henry Maurice Darling in 1931; Alice, born in 1898 — died in 1899; Barbara, born in 1900, married Henry Holton Fuller, Jr., in 1934; and George Leonard, born in 1905, a Harvard graduate and Ph.D. and now (1940) a member of the Faculty of Harvard University. He married Marian Sherman Butcher in 1929.

The children of H. Maurice and Frances C. Darling are William Ritchie, Mary Clarke, Jean Jarvie and Alice Chase Darling.

The children of Henry Holton and Barbara C. Fuller are Martha and Henry Holton Fuller, 3d.

The children of George Leonard and Marian (Butcher) Clarke are David Butcher, Prescott, and William Leonard Clarke.

3

MANLIUS STIMSON CLARKE

The second son of Pitt and Maria Jones (Stimson) Clarke, was born in Norton, October 17th, 1816. He fitted for College under his father and at Taunton Academy, and graduated from Harvard in 1837. The President of the University at that time was Josiah Quincy, who had been a member with Pitt Clarke of the Class of 1790. It was told by an old friend that

when "Manlius Clarke applied for the appointment of President's Freshman messenger, the President, on learning who he was, told him he should have anything within reason, for he should never have got through his mathematics without the assistance of his father." It was said that Pitt Clarke used to refer to this fact in later years "with great gusto."

Manlius Clarke graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1840, and began the practice of law in Boston. In 1841 he married Frances Cordis Lemist, who was a half-sister of Rebecca Cordis Haswell who had married John J. Clarke. In 1848 he formed a partnership with the latter, and was headed, so it was said, for a high place in his profession when he died in 1853, at the early age of thirty-six years. An old obituary notice which has been preserved says of him that "as a counsellor he never lost sight of the everlasting principles of right, and his best efforts at the bar were where his client was the victim of some villainous plot, or infamous conspiracy. The daily beauty of his life," the writer goes on to say, "added a charm and gave power to his legal efforts."

His wife survived him for many years at her home in Roxbury. Their children were Thomas Cordis, born in 1843; Florence Lemist, in 1848; and Edith Haswell, in 1849. Thomas Cordis Clarke, like his cousin Haswell, served honorably in the Civil War, and soon after its close settled in Illinois, where he married Margaret Taylor. He died in 1888, leaving one daughter, Fannie Taylor, who married Walter Todd, and had two children, Dorothy and Clarke.

Florence Lemist Clarke married Charles F. Cruft, of Boston and St. Paul, Minnesota, who died many years ago. She died in 1915, leaving two daughters, Eunice McClellan, born in 1872, and Frances ~~Clarke~~ Louis, in 1874. Eunice M. Cruft, who lived with her sister in Boston, died suddenly in 1939, mourned by a large number of friends. Frances C. Cruft died 1941

Edith Haswell Clarke married Thomas R. Wheelock, who had business in Shang Hai, China, where they lived for some years. They had homes also in Boston and St. Andrews, New Brunswick. She died in 1913. Their children were Florence, born in 1875, Geoffrey Manlius, born in 1879 and died in

1920, Marjorie Russell, born in 1882 and died in 1886, and Thomas Gordon, born in 1884 and died in 1902.

Florence Wheelock married first Frank Ayscough of Shang Hai, and second Harley Farnsworth MacNair, of the University of Chicago. As Florence Ayscough her name has become known as an Oriental scholar, the author of several delightful books about China, and the collaborator with the late Amy Lowell of some interesting translations of Chinese poetry.

Geoffrey M. Wheelock, who died as has been said in 1920, married first Mary Wendell, and second Lois Grimmer. He left one son by his first marriage, Thomas Gordon Wheelock.

4

EDWARD HAMMOND CLARKE

Edward Hammond Clarke, Pitt Clarke's youngest son by his second marriage, was a physician of high repute in his generation. At the time of his death in 1877 he was said to have stood at the head of the medical profession in Boston. If any of the readers of these LEAVES are interested to learn about his life and personality as he impressed himself upon his contemporaries they are advised to turn to the book written by him upon "Visions" which was published soon after his death, with an introduction and memorial sketch by his old friend and fellow worker, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. A few paragraphs from that introduction may be quoted here, as interesting not only from what they tell us about Dr. Clarke, but about his parents as well.

"The antecedents" wrote Dr. Holmes, "of a man so distinguished by his high qualities will always be looked at with interest. Almost invariably some elements of the mental and moral traits which marked him will be found in the ancestry from which he is descended. Dr. Clarke's father, the Rev. Pitt Clarke, was one of those excellent New England clergymen whose blood seems to carry the scholarly and personal virtues with it to their descendants, oftentimes for successive generations. . . . We are apt to look perhaps with even more interest," he continues, "upon the mothers of those who have become

justly distinguished and honored. Dr. Clarke's mother, Mary Jones Stimson before her marriage, second wife of his father, was one of those women who live and die known to but a few persons comparatively but who are remembered by those few as more to be loved and admired than many whose names are familiar, and not undeservedly so, to the public.

"Edward Hammond Clarke" the Memoir goes on to say, "her fourth and youngest child, was born in Norton, February 2, 1820, graduated from Harvard College in 1841, took his medical degree in Philadelphia in 1846, travelled extensively in Europe with the eldest son of the late Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and established himself in Boston, where he acquired and maintained a leading position among his contemporaries. In 1855 he was chosen Professor of Materia Medica in the Medical School of Harvard University, succeeding to the very distinguished Dr. Jacob Bigelow. This office he resigned in 1872, and was at once chosen a member of the Board of Overseers of the University. He still continued in active practice until assailed by the disease which ended in his death on the 30th of November." (1877)

The Memoir then returns to Edward Clarke's early days, saying that "the state of his health obliged him to leave College before the second term of his Senior year, so that he could not take any part at Commencement, but that he stood first in his class at the time of leaving. He had intended studying Divinity, but circumstances changed his course, and he adopted the profession in which he attained great eminence, as he would have done in any other which he might have chosen."

The writer then goes on to dwell upon his remarkable patience and courage under the lingering disease from which he died. In a letter from Dr. Holmes to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, (published in the Life and Letters of O. W. Holmes) he mentions Dr. Clarke, where he writes "I have another friend whom I visit week by week, struck down by chronic disease, which threatens a fatal issue, and confined for many months to his bed. What sermons his bedside preaches. — Here is a man at the very head of his profession, Dr. Clarke, in full business, trusted, looked up to, depended upon in an extraordinary degree, and all at once a most painful, mysterious

and threatening disease siezed upon him, as the fox gnawed into the vitals of the Spartan boy. — I ought to say that he takes it all very calmly and sweetly, and that my regular visit to him is one that I look forward to with much interest."

Another friend of Dr. Clarke's was the Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, one of the well known Unitarian ministers of Boston sixty or seventy years ago. Dr. Bartol preached a sermon in memory of his friend shortly after the latter's death, in which he dwelt upon the inspiration that Dr. Clarke's character had been to all who knew him. "I went to his chamber to comfort" he said, "and I always came away refreshed. It was like going to a cooling spring, more fresh and cool for the broken ground."

Dr. Clarke married Sarah Loud, the daughter of Jacob Loud, of Plymouth. They had two daughters, one of whom died very young, the other, Elizabeth Loring, born in 1857, married Dr. Reginald Heber Fitz, of Boston, in 1879. He died in 1913. It is not for this humble pen to attempt to describe Dr. Fitz's eminent position in the medical world. That story has been told by others. He may be recalled here as always a kind friend to those many relatives of his wife who enjoyed her and his hospitality for so may years, in Boston and on the North Shore. Elizabeth Fitz died in 1928.

The children of Reginald H. and Elizabeth (Clarke) Fitz were Sarah Loring, born in 1880 and died in 1905; Edward Clarke, born in 1882 and died in 1930; Reginald, born in 1885, and Edith, born in 1889, died 1941

Dr. Reginald Fitz, a graduate of Harvard University and Medical School, follows ably in the footsteps of his father, and his grandfather. He married Phebe Marion Wright, in 1918. Their children are Phebe Marion, Reginald Heber, Elizabeth Jean, William Richard Wright and Edith.

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Here this Family Chronicle — such as it is — must be brought to a close. If any of the descendants of the Stimson and Clarke families, or of the Jones family of Hopkinton, should chance to take even a small part of the interest in following these records of earlier days that the compiler has had in putting them together she will feel that her labor is amply rewarded.