

REMINISCENCES
OF
THE VAUGHAN FAMILY,
AND MORE PARTICULARLY OF
BENJAMIN VAUGHAN, LL.D.

READ BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY,
AUGUST 2, 1865.

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WITH A FEW ADDITIONS, A GENEALOGY AND NOTES.

“Di quel ch’ udire e che parlar vi piace,
Noi udiremo e parleremo a vui,
Mentre che ’l vento, come fa, si tace.”
DANTE INF., Canto v.

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P R E F A C E .

THE idea of an eternal separation from those whose virtues and accomplishments were once the delight and admiration of society, and of burying their memory in the grave, fills the mind with gloom. It deprives us of one of the sweetest consolations in affliction—the picture of past happiness. The very thought of such oblivion rends a heart susceptible of warm and generous attachments, and is too painful to dwell upon. It seems almost to realize that anguish so powerfully described by a great German poet,

“ Oh Mutter! Mutter! Hin ist hin!
Verloren ist verloren!
Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn,
O war ich nie geboren!”—BAGGER.

which may be translated,

O Mother, mother! He is lost,
Forlorn, alas! forlorn:
Death, Death is now my only hope,
Would I had ne'er been born!

But it is not so with the children of sorrow who believe in the resurrection of the dead; they love to cherish the memory of departed friends, and they live in the hope to meet them in a happy hereafter.

It is one of the primary objects of our Society, not only to collect and preserve the Pedigrees of our early settlers, especially in New England, but also to obtain as far as we can a memorial or sketch of the lives of our deceased members. Nor are we confined to the mere limits of our association. Biographies of eminent men who have adorned our country, and done much good in their day and generation, are sought for with avidity and embalmed among our choicest collections. Pursuant, therefore, to a request from one of our members, the following Reminiscences were read before the Society and published.

Nearly a generation has passed away since the death of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan; and few, very few are now living, who knew him in his best days, though his influence as a gentleman, scholar and philosopher was once widely spread among the ornaments of an age peculiar for its elegant and refined society. The introduction, therefore, of this venerable name into our Register, is but a token of respect to distinguished merit, as well as a tribute of the writer to the memory of the kind and honored friend of his own parents.

THE VAUGHAN FAMILY.

SAMUEL VAUGHAN,² the father of Benjamin Vaughan,² was a wealthy merchant, who after residing several years in Jamaica, removed to London, when this son, of whom a sketch will be given shortly, was but a lad. His next son William² followed his father's profession and was settled for life in that city; where he remained single and lived to a great age, lacking only a few months of Ninety-eight. A member and correspondent of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, he was highly valued and respected for his knowledge and researches, as will appear by reference to the honorable notice of his death in the Proceedings of that Society—Vol. v., p. 153.

Charles,² a brother of William,² came early to this country and settled in Boston; probably about 1785; for he was married, March 7, 1790, to Frances W., daughter of John Apthorp, Esq., of Boston, by the Rev. Samuel Parker, D.D., of Trinity Church, afterwards Bishop; Hannah, her sister, married Charles Bulfinch, the eminent Architect. Mr. Vaughan was a man of great energy and enterprise. In his prosperity he stood in the foremost rank of merchants in this country; but he was too sanguine and venturesome for the age in which he lived. An heir in part or wholly to the Hallowell lands, by his grandfather, from whom the place derived its name, he formed magnificent plans to make that town, then only a small village, the head of navigation and commerce for the Kennebec river. He built warehouses, wharves and dwellings, a brewery and a large flourmill at the "Hook," so called; and moreover set out to create a seaport at Jones's Eddy, four miles below Bath, a cove on the eastern side of the river near the mouth, for the accommodation of large timber ships; streets were laid out, stores, houses and wharves erected, and thereby great sums expended. But the experiment failed. Hallowell increased but slowly, and

all the structures of Jones's Eddy in a few years vanished away, leaving a naked rock only fringed by sea-plants, like Tyre of old, where fishermen spread their nets; while the timber ships resorted to the deep waters of the Slicepscoot, and Wiscasset took the palm of commerce. Mr. Vaughan finally moved to Hallowell, and was agent several years for some of the Land Proprietors; and during the troubles with the Squatters, so called, was in much danger, having been shot at in the woods. He closed a long and active life on a farm, where with his beloved family and most interesting partner, he took an active part in promoting agriculture, the schools and public improvements. He was a gentleman of courteous address, extensive reading and cheerful disposition. Many have been the happy hours once spent in his hospitable mansion.

John Vaughan,³ another brother, settled in Philadelphia about 1790. For sixty-five years he was Secretary of the Am. Philosophical Society. He wrote some valuable articles, which they published. He corresponded with eminent men, and was intimately acquainted with Washington, Franklin and Jefferson. He possessed great public spirit and philanthropy, and his kindness secured him many friends. He lived single, yet from his social qualities many a fair one wondered it should be so. His extensive information, purity of life, and tender, benevolent feelings will always be remembered while the "City of Brotherly Love" honors her worthies. Another reference to the Proceedings of the Am. Philosophical Society will show how much his loss was felt.

The husband of Rebecca³ Vaughan, John Merrick, Esq., who died 22 Oct., 1861, at nearly 95 years of age, was the son of Samuel Merrick, of Kidderminster, England. The family were of Welch origin. Mr. Merrick having been eight years at a superior Grammar School of that place, was "well drilled in the languages," and a proficient in Mathematics. He studied Divinity under the eminent Thomas Belsham, a Unitarian, whose views he imbibed. He preached two years under license, but was never ordained. From 1794 to 1797 he was private tutor in Dr. Vaughan's family, which he accompanied to America. The next year, 1798, he went to England, married; and on his return settled in Hallowell, in a cottage on a farm, which he

occupied till his death. Mrs. Merrick, who had long been an invalid, died July 9, 1851. Mr. Merrick for many years was one of the Overseers of Bowdoin College, having been chosen in 1805; he was one of the Board of Trustees of Hallowell Academy, and when a lad at that school, I have often watched the twinkle of his eye as we passed in examination before the Board, for he had a very pleasant countenance, always ready for a smile, or lighting up with a piece of wit. He was appointed Commissioner to investigate the best route through Maine to Quebec; the account of which he drew up to universal satisfaction. In 1809 he reported in a most lucid and able manner the trial of the murderers of Paul Chadwick, an event which convulsed Maine, under the dread of a Squatter war. Of inventive genius—much skill and exquisite taste in music, playing himself well on the violincello—a fine scholar, fond of Geology, and yet more of Mathematics, he was an unusually interesting man. I never heard any person use language so appropriate, concise and well adapted to the subject as Mr. Merrick did; for he had always a clear head, and described things as he saw them through a transparent medium. He could read well, dance well, ride well, skate and swim well. To the very last, his voice was musical, and his form erect, though his limbs were weak. The fact is, he had always been a very temperate man, sparing in animal food and fond of tea. Never shall I forget his peculiar, saint-like appearance, when last I saw him in this city a year or two before his death. His long, white locks flowing richly over his shoulders, his thin airy form, his pale look and penetrating eyes still surviving the changes of many, many years, all seemed more like a vision of some ancient seer than the reality of life. There is a Memorial of Mr. Merrick by Rev. D. R. Goodwin, D.D., written for the Maine Hist. Collections. It is the work of a scholar, when thinking of a scholar.

Rev. John A. Vaughan,* son of Charles,* graduated at Bowdoin College 1815, and received the D.D. at Columbia College. Dr. Vaughan died at Philadelphia June 5, 1865, in his 70th year. The Episcopal Recorder (July, 1865, Phila.) remarks: "To this holy man the Church of the Mediator owes a large debt of gratitude. He was the friend, father and benefactor of it." He was a generous, self-denying, and

active soldier of the Cross, the first Rector of that Church, and much lamented at his death.

In a brief Memoir of Benjamin Vaughan,¹ M.D., LL.D., by the late Hon. Robert Hallowell Gardiner, published in the Collections of the Maine Hist. Society, Vol. vi., we are informed that Dr. Vaughan² in his lifetime desired that no biography should be written of him. Such were the unambitious views and humility of this good man, and eminent scholar, who for more than half a century filled so large a space in society. But who shall say that an injunction so severe must bury in the grave all remembrance of one whose talents and usefulness endeared him to so many friends, and whose life was a model of excellence rarely met with? The world has a paramount claim in preserving the memory of such worth, even if a master's hand should be wanting in this humble attempt to do it justice.

Dr. Vaughan was born in Jamaica, April 19, 1751. He was sent to school at Hackney, and afterwards entered the Academy at Warrington, where he resided in the family of Dr. Priestley the preceptor. He was sixteen when he attended the course of Lectures on History, by that eminent man; which on their publication in 1788, were dedicated to him—a lasting compliment to his scholarship and private virtues. At the age of 19 he was admitted into the University of Cambridge, where he pursued his studies diligently; but received no diploma, on account of his conscientious scruples as a Dissenter to subscribe the Test. He then studied Law at the Temple, in London; and also Medicine in Edinburgh, until duly authorized to practise as a physician. Afterwards he became a private secretary of Lord Shelburne, to whose influence in 1792 he owed his election as a Member of the British Parliament, in which he was a zealous Whig.

June 30, 1781, he married Sarah, daughter of William Manning, a wealthy London merchant, and it is said the two fathers at the time settled a handsome fortune on the happy couple. Mr. Manning soon after took him into partnership; but the great arena of Politics had more fascination for his aspiring mind than the narrow counting-room of trade. The glory of American Independence was then lighting up the Western world; it roused all his Republican proclivities, for he had long been a warm friend to this country, and was an associate

with Franklin, Priestley and Price. The French Revolution soon followed, breaking out like a storm of thunder and lightning against the oppressors of a suffering people, and his noble feelings were kindled into enthusiasm for their deliverance. He thereby fell under the displeasure and suspicion of his own Government, went over to France, where he was a spectator of some of the proceedings of the National Assembly, and deemed it not safe to return home. No doubt, a warm and generous heart may have been excited to some imprudence, at least so in appearance. He saw not the volcano ready to burst upon that blind and bewildered nation. As Mr. Gardiner happily remarks: "It required the prophetic eye of Burke to perceive, through the glare, the scenes of anarchy, bloodshed and despotism which were to follow, and that every spark of liberty would eventually be extinguished." How true, and perfectly exemplified in the future history of France, were the predictions of the great English statesman! Even the distinguished Sir James Mackintosh, who published the ablest answer to Burke which was ever written, and who was once a most sanguine advocate of the French Revolution, had the candor, before he died, to acknowledge that he was in error, and that Burke was right and a true prophet. That Dr. Vaughan was not dishonorably implicated in the convulsions of France, or in the troubles of England, no one who knew his conscientious principles and benevolent feelings could have a shadow of doubt. England was then acutely sensitive; she saw all her institutions in danger; she shuddered at the political earthquake across the channel, and she resorted to harsh opinions and arbitrary measures in her defence.

For a year he resided at the country seat, near Paris, of Mr. Skipwith, the American Consul General. Deeply attached to our institutions, and having done this country some good in the negotiations with Great Britain, he determined to emigrate to America and bid adieu to his own land forever. To his honor be it said, he retained, during a long life, the affection, respect and correspondence of some of the first statesmen in England.

He wrote to his brother Charles, in Boston, and having sent on his family to "Little Cambridge," now Brighton, he followed them in a

few months, and in 1796 removed to the house built for him in Hallowell, where there was a large inheritance of lands which descended from his grandfather. And here he resided till his death. Whatever taste he once had for that anxious and restless life, which degrades a philosopher into a politician, had all passed away from his mind like a murky vapor from the mountains. He became a happy man, in the full sense of the word. I know not if he had ever made the "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*" of Boethius his study and guide, but he certainly exemplified the doctrines of that almost divine writer during the remainder of his life. He was a true philanthropist—not one of that class pocketing salaries under the plea of doing good, but a man active in beneficence, and delighted to see others happy. There were many circumstances which enhanced the pleasures of his retired lot. With an ample fortune he was placed beyond the torments of business, or corroding calculations to meet the wants of day by day.

His partner, said in her prime to have been very handsome, was an elegant and accomplished lady; he had a sweet picture of olive branches around his table; his library was choice and large; and his mansion was a spacious two-story house on a lofty hill, with a large piazza in front, overlooking a wide range of woods and waters. In the midst of such enchanting scenery, the first object which would attract his view on a summer morn as he stood by his chamber window, would be the Kennebec gliding along the pretty village, or reflecting in the distance hills and farms and primeval forests; and could he have lived to see the panorama since visible from his abode, he would have beheld not only the numerous dwellings lying in terraces along the crescent-shaped city of Hallowell, but a bridge across the river, a splendid State House, Insane Hospital, and U. S. Arsenal at Augusta, all within sight, while the length and breadth of the busy street with its stores and houses would add life and beauty to the perspective.

Let us take a bird's-eye view of Hallowell, as it was in olden time. This place, one of the most delightful spots on the Kennebec, was incorporated April 26, 1771; it included several towns since set off, one of which, Augusta, the State Capital, was then known as Fort

Western, the block-house of which is still standing. Hallowell was called the Hook, from a peculiar bend in the shore, below the principal settlement. The Hook was a level cultivated field, with a margin of lofty trees on the steep bank to the water's edge, overshadowing the main channel which runs round snug to the shore. It was here, tradition informs us, that Arnold encamped while his batteaux were being made at Pittston for the expedition up the river to Quebec. On the southern side of this promontory, where the bank rose high above the water, a few rods back, stood an old red house, in form of an L, with a pretty grass plat in front, and small garden at the side, in which it was said the first rhubarb plant in Maine was raised. The house faced a long wide reach of the river, some two or three miles, as it flowed down among the thickly wooded hills on each side;—a spot where in my childhood I have often listened to the evening song of the whippoorwill from the opposite shore, as though the bird and boy were both looking down where the moonlight slept upon the waters. Below the house was "Sheppard's wharf," where the steamboat landing is now seen near the curve. It was in this old red house my father had resided some two or three years after his emigration from England, and where Dr. Vaughan and his family staid with him, till the house on the hill was ready. I have an obscure, indistinct recollection of that time. I well remember Hallowell, when it was a sylvan amphitheatre of hills, only dotted with a few buildings, and those chiefly on the curved shore. But the old red house has utterly vanished. Some kind of machine shop or manufactory stands near its site; the lofty trees which overshadowed the shore of the "Hook," are all gone, except a few mourners at the extreme part near the mill brook; and not one trace of beauty is left behind. Even the steep bank which overlooked the long reach fronting the house has been cut down almost to the water. I speak but of the "Hook"—once so lively and hospitable and romantic; it now only lives among the picturesque scenes of memory. Hallowell, however, has become a large and beautiful place; rising from the banks of the river to the granite ledge, and forming a crescent between the Hook and Hinckley's Point so called, it presents a very striking view in approaching the city from Gardiner, with its four

parallel streets, and shaded residences; of which there is no one more attractive than that of Charles Dummer, Esq., near the Vaughan house, situated in the midst of a deep grove, with serpentine paths, winding among tall trees, where landscape after landscape on the river's banks is seen from the windows through the openings of the foliage.

Dr. Vaughan, when he settled in Hallowell, had a large family; there were seven children, who were educated at home, as he preferred a private course of instruction. They, however, had great advantages from a constant intercourse with refined society and under the tuition of learned teachers—the first of whom was John Merrick, Esq., a man of great thoroughness in whatever he undertook, and who had charge of them before his marriage to Miss Vaughan. The next was George Barron, said to be an adept in the exact sciences. They were some time under the care of the late Mr. William Wells, a ripe Cambridge scholar, who grad. at H. U. in 1796, afterwards one of the firm of Wells & Lilly, booksellers. Mons. Lebell, from Paris, was their teacher of French, and also dancing; a man well educated, and, save Ole Bull, I never heard any one draw a softer, sweeter bow on the violin, which he played with great skill. Perhaps I may err in judgment, since the fashionable taste applauds the shrill fiddle and the flatulent trombone; but an age of Progress often leaves time-honored Improvement far behind. Dr. Vaughan's children were all fine French scholars, but I believe they did not fancy Latin or Greek.

Harriet,* the oldest, was an invalid, and from an affection of the spine was a great sufferer; she died in early womanhood, about 1800. William Oliver,* the next, was an enterprising merchant of that place. He married Martha, daughter of Capt. Thomas Agry, of Hallowell, Sept. 14, 1806. He was a generous, public-spirited man, and about two miles out of town had the finest fruit garden and nursery in the country. In the last war with England, he served some months as Col. of a Regiment, when Gen. King's Division and part of Gen. Sewall's were ordered out to defend the coast at Wiscasset against a threatened invasion. He died Aug. 15, 1826, leaving three children: William M.,* who married Ann, daughter of Hon. Ebenezer T. Warren, Counsellor at Law, Hallowell; Harriet Frances,* married to John

Otis, who with Wm. P. Preble and Edward Kavanaugh was Commissioner on the part of Maine, when the illustrious Webster settled the question of the N. E. Boundary with Lord Ashburton, thereby securing a long peace; the next daughter, Caroline,³ married the Rev. Frederic Gardiner, an Episcopal Clergyman, son of the late Hon. Robert H. Gardiner. The third child of Dr. Vaughan was Miss Sarah,⁴ a lady of small, but graceful form, and of a highly cultivated mind; she possessed much talent for drawing and painting, especially of birds and flowers, lived single, and died on a visit to Boston, March 25th, 1847, æ. 62, and was buried under Trinity Church. Her brother Henry,⁴ a young man of promising talents and manly figure, was drowned on a passage from the West Indies to Kennebec in the schooner Hannah and Martha, April, 1806, æ. 20.

His third son was Petty,⁴ named from Lord Henry Petty of England, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, an intimate friend of his father; he was near my own age; we played, we wrestled, we swam, we skated together in the sports of boyhood, until he was sent out to his uncle William³ in England, with whom he was afterwards connected in business. He was never married. With his uncle he was a member of the American Philosophical Society. His death, noticed by them, occurred at London July 20, 1854. Different pursuits and long years of distant separation often suspend and sometimes obliterate the warm friendship of early life. It was not so with him, for May 3, 1847, he wrote me a kind and cordial letter, stirring up the pleasant memories of our boyish days. His sister Lucy,⁴ who had a fine taste for drawing with crayon, married Williams Emmons, Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec, a sound lawyer and man of talents, educated at Brown University, Providence. He was the son of the distinguished polemic, Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D.D., of Franklin, Mass., who died at the great age approaching 96, and who to the end of his protracted life wore the old fashioned small-clothes and cocked-up hat of the last century. I well remember the admiration this venerable man excited, as he entered the sanctuary at Hallowell three years before his death. It seemed as though Elijah the Tishbite had come again from Mt. Carmel, to point out a little cloud of refreshment soon to spread over our Eastern horizon, when this venerable

patriarch suddenly rose among us. The last child of this honored family, Elizabeth Frances⁴ Vaughan, married a wealthy merchant of Gardiner, Samuel C. Grant, who died in 1853; from an injury received by a trap door left loose on the sidewalk in Washington Street, Boston. So true it is, *Districtus ensis*, the drawn sword of Horace hangs by a hair over every man's head... His wife followed him to the grave June 12, 1855. They were buried in the Hallowell cemetery in the "Grant" inclosure, where a marble obelisk stands erected to their memory, just visible in the thick grove of forest trees planted round it.

Dr. Vaughan was fond of horticulture, and was one of the pioneers of New England in the improvement of fruits and cereals. He imported choice seeds, which he was ever ready to impart to his neighbors. He had a large garden of several acres tastily laid out, with broad paths and numerous alleys, whose borders were adorned with flowers or shaded with currant bushes, fruit trees and shrubbery. The whole was under the care of an English gardener. Every kind of culinary vegetable was raised abundantly. He also took great pains in promoting agriculture, and introducing from abroad the best kinds of stock on his farm; superior oxen and more productive cows were not to be seen; and to this day, when cattle are brought from Kennebec to Brighton market, they exclaim, "There goes the Vaughan breed!"—such pains did he take in importing the short horns and cattle of Durham celebrity. He was often sought and consulted by the yeomanry, and among them Farmer Wingate, one of the worthy descendants of the first settlers in New England, frequently went home with him from church on the Sabbath.

I spoke of his garden; there may be many costly and more embellished, owned by millionaires, in the vicinity of our great cities; but this of Dr. Vaughan had one charm, seldom found elsewhere. It lay in the midst of a landscape of surpassing beauty. It rose gradually from the entrance gate near the house, until in ascending the walk you found yourself on the height of a declivity at the verge of tall woods in a summer-house; from this airy resting-place there was a magnificent view of the village, distant hills, and the gentle waters of the Kennebec winding "at their own sweet will." Near the spot were mowing fields, and pastures with cattle grazing and some shady

oaks yet spared by the Goths in their clearings. Such was this picturesque place, when I last saw it in its glory, many years ago, when the Dr. led me and the bride of my youth into his lovely garden, to partake of flowers and fruits, ere that charming family and she too had gone—I trust, to a more enduring Paradise.

Behind the summer-house loomed up a steep mountain deeply wooded, and between them was a precipitous ravine or narrow glen through which a powerful stream rushed headlong from ledge to ledge, beneath a dark shadow of tall trees, until it leaped down like a miniature cataract and formed a pretty basin, where we sometimes caught a small trout or two. After descending from rock to rock the stream at last subsided into a pond, which supplied the large flour mill built by Mr. Charles Vaughan. This romantic waterfall was called the "Cascade," accessible by a winding path down the steep, and its murmur could be heard from the summer-house in the stillness of the evening, where now the steam-whistle and the locomotive echo through the valley below. Perhaps the utilitarian, who only thinks what his berries may bring in the market, or how a cabbage shall add another dime to his dollars, may ridicule the idea of fine scenery surrounding a garden. Be it so. He who has no taste for the beauties of nature, beyond what administers to his appetites, may claim kin to the animal creation, but not to those men of soul of whom an ancient poet said :

*Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

Finely translated by Dryden,

*"Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies."*

He had a very large Library, constantly increasing by new works sent to him from England and France, supposed to contain 10,000 volumes ; among them was a fine set of the classics of Greece and Rome, as well as of Italy and France, and a great variety of medical works. These books were not mere ornaments in his library nor a show along the walls of his chambers which they adorned, for he was a most industrious, time-saving reader, jotting down his marginal notes

with a pencil as he read, and making himself master of the subject before him. And he was ever ready to impart his knowledge to others ; he had no idea of wrapping up his literary talents in a napkin. Before his death he made a large donation of books to Bowdoin College ; and another to Harvard University, as may be seen in Pres. Quincy's History of H. U., Vol. ii. p. 586, where he speaks of his " valuable contributions " to that Seminary.

The White House on the hill was the abode of hospitality. False taste had planted no trees on the summit to hide it from the distant view, and it stood out in bold relief to the eye ; for sufficient was the back ground of a mountain forest to make a finish in the rural picture. It was furnished in a style costly, but simple ; there was no gorgeous display, every thing was plain and yet elegant for the day. In the summer there was a continual succession of visitors from abroad ; for the celebrity of Dr. Vaughan as a scholar, and his urbanity as a gentleman of fortune drew many from other lands to visit the Philosopher in his romantic villa on the banks of the Kennebec. At the June session of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts the Judges and their suit anticipated with joy their visit to him. The profound Parsons, that giant of the common Law ; the learned Sedgwick, and the Ciceronian Parker, successively Chief Justices, were among his guests ; and who could forget the eloquent Solicitor Gen., Daniel Davis, father of Charles Henry Davis, our distinguished Admiral of the Navy, or the logical Mellen, or the noble Wilde then at the head of the Bar of Maine, and many other kindred spirits, men of rank in their day and generation, and now, as far as this world is concerned, only existing in memory. The society in Kennebec and Lincoln was of a high order, and many distinguished gentry were among his social visitors—persons whose influence has never been surpassed, if indeed equalled in that part of the country. It was there too I saw that great scholar, and admirable reader, the Rev. John Sylvester John Gardiner, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, whose peculiarly black and piercing eyes seemed to look into the very soul when he spoke ; one whose classic taste was almost without a rival in America, and whose great memory and attic wit gave a peculiar fascination to his conversation. But where shall I stop, if I venture to repeat names ;

of such guests ; for before my mind's eye rise up that truly Christian disciple, the Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, and the learned Dr. Kirkland, whose placid smile will long be remembered ; and that precocious and extraordinary young divine Mr. J. S. Buckminster, who once preached to us a most thrilling discourse from this sublime text : " Never man spake like this man ; " and this was uttered by a Unitarian in our Hopkinsian pulpit. But in those days such was the virtue of practice, that distinction of Croods was much less an object of inquiry. I know not if such a constellation of talent and accomplishments could now be found in New England, though we have an abundant supply of men of opulence. I must refer once more to the visitors from abroad ; for it was at this mansion I saw the handsomest woman I ever beheld, Mrs. Richard Derby, of Boston, in whose lovely expression there was a shade of melancholy resembling the Madonna, so finely pictured to the imagination by the divine Raphael. This lady was born in Portland, where still lives, at 83 years of age, a very beautiful woman with whom scarce a matron of 60 so fair, and so free from change could be compared—Mrs. Julia Wingate, daughter of Gen. Dearborn ; in her youth she was the belle of the East. On a recent call I was astonished to see how gently time's iron hand had touched so much beauty. We are told that Venus rose out of the sea, but I once thought she came out of the waters of the Kennebec.

Hallowell at this period, though small in population, was a remarkable village. No town in Maine could boast of a more select and charming circle. Several families had settled there whose eye had once looked on better days. The consequence was that the pride of wealth and the chilling self-complacency, which prosperity is too apt to engender, were mellowed and softened down into that sweet and unassuming demeanor which inspires such a winning power in those who are early initiated in the best society. For there are often found rich upstarts in the world, who having suddenly acquired wealth, make gold their idol, and who from habits of vulgarity and destitution of taste, have no idea of, and take no pleasure in the charms of refined intercourse. Hallowell, however, was highly favored in her society. Many fine families related to each other had emigrated there. Among Dr. Vaughan's connections, were his brother

Charles, and Mr. Merrick, who dwelt near him. And there was Judge Chandler Robbins, with whom Count Talleyrand, when a visitor in Hallowell, made his home ; and truly the Judge kept up the best appearance, and hospitably entertained strangers with the smallest resources of any man I ever saw. There were the Dummer and Moody and Perley families, of kindred and ancient descent from the settlers of New England ; and the Pages, Wingates, and others which might be named, with the Rev. Eliphalet Gillet, D.D., the pastor ; all of whom are gone. Nor was there a more charming family than Mr. Wilde's, afterwards our Judge of the S. J. C. They all contributed to make this woodland spot a central point of attraction, by elevating the moral and intellectual tone of life. These social enjoyments were increased in the short and joyous summer, when boating parties resorted to the ocean, allured by the cool breezes and lovely islands of the eastern sea shore ; or in the cold blue sky of winter, when its charms drew forth fleets of sleighs in which the gaiety of the country ball-room was sought, as the merry bells resounded through wood and dale.

The influence a man of fortune, learning and piety may exert in a country village is beyond calculation. At least it was so once. He was the guide of fashion, *arbiter elegantiarum*. Every man, woman and child looked up to him, as it were, to a superior being. He was the Magnate of the place. To him strangers sought an introduction. His door was ever open to hospitality. In short he was the Genius Loci, the spirit of the spot. It was eminently so in Hallowell during Dr. Vaughan's life. In religion, education, gardening, agriculture and love of reading, he gave a healthy tone to society. Ever sociable, meek, and yet dignified in his address, willing to impart his extensive knowledge to others, and at all times ready to visit the sick and relieve the poor and needy, he was a man greatly beloved. His life is a striking instance that every town and village must have a head to look up to, some man of moral power and influence, like a light shining on the top of a mountain, radiating its beams in every direction, and leading the thoughts heaven-ward by his good works. Why have some places, once so flourishing and happy, fallen away into dulness and insignificance ? Because they had no leading mind to guide them, no head, no director of taste or occupation. There

may have been rich men among them, and all the vanity of fashion in full blast ; but they only cared for themselves. They were of the earth, earthy ; they looked not to mind as the only true and aristocratic distinction in society ; and as they dwelt in the false glare of opulence, when gone their memory will only live in a garnished sepulchre.

There was an eminent physician residing in Hallowell, Dr. Benjamin Page, Jr., who died January 25, 1844. He distinguished himself by a remarkable success in the Spotted Fever, which raged in several localities, particularly at Hallowell and Wiscasset in 1814. It was very virulent and fatal in Wiscasset, till Dr. Page, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, visited that place, I think in May, and checked its progress, so that few cases afterwards occurred. Judge Lee, a man of note, and Mrs. Hannah Wood, wife of Hon. Abiel Wood, a beautiful and elegant woman and much beloved, were among its victims. During the height of this epidemic, almost every store in town was closed, and it was said that for six weeks a deep vapor or fog hung over this devoted place ; the sun scarcely penetrated the mist, while his rays were gladdening the neighboring towns ; and, night after night, tar-barrels in several directions were blazing as a purifier of the air.

Dr. Vaughan, however, did not practise as a Physician except among the very poor, or in critical cases of consultation with Dr. Page ; nor in any case did he take a fee : his sole object to alleviate distress. He was of great benefit, both by his books and advice, to Dr. Page. And how often was a chaise seen standing at the door of some sick or destitute neighbor, with a basket of fruit or parcel of clothing which his amiable partner had brought from home for the relief of suffering. They waited not for the cry of distress to reach their happy dwelling ; they went abroad to seek and to soothe it, for they knew that poverty and sickness were too often the lot of humanity.

He was an elegant reader : and here, in speaking of a person so distinguished, it may not be out of place to mention his condescension to one who seemed to grow up under the shadow of his fame. He was kind enough, when I was a student at law, to give me a few lessons on elocution. He took down from his library a fine copy of Enfield's Speaker, and opening to that celebrated essay on Cheerful-

ness, from the Spectator, desired me for an experiment, to read it aloud to him. I began *vocem tollere*, and went through it with a stately effort, as though under the afflatus of inspiration. He smiled; and then took the book and read it in his usual sweet and gentle voice, pronouncing each word so distinctly and naturally, according to the best authorities of the day, that this masterly piece of language seemed as though set to music. I trust such instructions were not thrown away by that good man. And it was no less a luxury to hear him read, than a source of knowledge to listen to his remarks. He could speak the French like a Parisian, and often conversed with his family in that language. He had a remarkable memory in retaining facts, but not words, and for the most part he read with a pen or pencil in hand, marking or noting important passages in the author before him; but he once informed me, he had not the power, with any effort of repetition, of committing a sentence in prose or a few lines of poetry, even short as the Lord's prayer, in the precise words of the writer. His was a memory of things, not of words, and the essential matter in whatever book he read was riveted in his mind and ever ready for use; yet like that great Civilian, the late Judge Story, he could pour out a rich stream of thought, in pure and fluent language, on all occasions.

I might refer to another instance of his kind and benevolent spirit to one in whom he seemed to take a deep interest. I had a small garden, suited merely for the family use of a widowed mother. He saw such an undertaking in a lad was deserving his notice, sent me seeds, often visited the spot of my labors, and thus gave an encouragement honorable to him and delightful to me.

I well recollect the advice he gave me, at that time, in his instructive conversation on reading. He lent me many books in Latin, French and Italian. He thought highly of biography and history, and pointed out the *Travels of Anacharsis*, and particularly *Plutarch's lives*, and dwelt with admiration upon the characters of *Aristides* and his favorite *Phocion*. Mrs. Vaughan was also not only a great reader, but took a deep interest in encouraging children to read, by the loan of useful and attractive books. It was *Robinson Crusoe*, *Sanford and Merton*, and *Numa Pompilius*, that sweet romance of *Florian*, lent me by her

own hand, which first allured my early childhood to a taste for reading—a taste, my friends, perhaps the purest source of true felicity among all the vanishing pleasures of existence; and should any of you ever reach that state of life, when age has been greatly bereaved by afflictions, and left almost alone, you will find in books no small resource of calmness and submission to the Divine will.

It may be asked, what were Dr. Vaughan's religious tenets? He was said to be a Unitarian, of that class which believed in the Atonement. He always attended the Rev. Dr. Gillet's meeting, and was a constant worshipper at church with his large family, occupying the two front pews, opposite the pulpit. Quiet and unostentatious was his life; he was never heard to dispute about doctrines or creeds. Denied the Sacrament where he worshipped, he partook of the Holy Eucharist with the Episcopalians at Christ Church, Gardiner; and yet no man in the Old South in Hallowell paid so heavy a tax or contributed so liberally on various occasions. And here I am reminded of a remark once made to me, by the Rev. Dr. J. S. J. Gardiner, then Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, when under his care at College. There was a sharp and vigorous discussion in the Boston newspapers between him and the lamented Rev. William E. Channing, D.D., on the doctrine of the Trinity. They seemed to stand at the opposite poles of the divine Magnet. While this verbal war was going on, I put the question to Dr. Gardiner:—"Sir, do you think Dr. Channing is a Christian, and can be saved?" The reply was: "H., be as good a man as Dr. Channing, and you will not be far from being a Christian." Such liberality towards an opponent has not always been exhibited by the clergy of different denominations.

Dr. Vaughan was indeed a Philosopher—a lover of wisdom. Politics had long since given way, with all its dreary associations, to sublime meditations and pursuits more congenial to his retired life. He was exceedingly industrious. The vast quantity he wrote during sixty years would fill many ponderous folios; yet how very little did he ever publish; and it is a sad, and I might say a painful reflection that such immense results of learning and observation should go down, like the ordinary drift-stuff of daily pursuits, in the stream of oblivion; and especially when the public taste is so prurient after

superficial writings and exciting trash. He composed rapidly and in a style of great simplicity, preferring to the *sesquipedalia verba*, or inflated language so common among us, the pure old Saxon terms, and was always anxious to adhere to facts. He scrupulously avoided tropes and figures, and all attempts at rhetorical display, and the diplomatic or magniloquent style had no charm for him, for he thought truth did not need the glare of meretricious ornament. He sought language as a transparent medium of conveying his thoughts; and I have seen letters of his which reminded me of Addison in his happiest moments. I have often wished the conversation of this learned man, which was listened to with delight, could have been committed to writing and been preserved. In a word, he thought truth was always beautiful, even in the plainest garb.

It is one of the delights of imagination to recal the very look, expression and habits of those whose memory we love to cherish. Dr. Vaughan was not tall, yet he was of medium height; in body well proportioned and full; of an elegant form; his hair had early turned into the white locks of age; his eye was of a dark blue, clear and mild; his nose aquiline, each feature strongly marked, and expressive; and when he smiled it drew all hearts toward him, for it was the reflection of the goodness within. He dressed in the dignified costume of the Old School, and was particularly neat in his apparel. He rode a horse remarkably well, and from his easy and graceful motions he must have been an accomplished dancer in his youth. He wrote a peculiar hand, and with great rapidity, and composed with fluency and readiness. He carried on a vast correspondence with friends in this country and abroad, and at home he always seemed reading or writing. In the winter evenings you would find him at a small writing table by the side of a sparkling wood fire, busily employed, like Prospero in the kingdom of his books, unless called off by some stranger; while his charming family entertained their usual company with whom he would often mingle in the conversation. His very presence gave to the domestic circle that indescribable charm, which like a halo surrounds a person of talents and profound learning.

He enjoyed remarkably good health. His breakfast and evening

repast were usually a tumbler of milk with bread and butter. At dinner he ate moderately and only of one kind of meat. He was fond of fruit, delicious samples of which, the product of his own garden, were among the luxuries of the table. He drank one or two small glasses of pure wine, the *pocula minuta atque rorantia* which Cicero recommends to old age, and he sometimes used cider as a beverage. But in every thing he was a model of temperance. His whole life and perfect freedom from all diseases and nervous complaints evinced that he well understood the science of Hygiene. He eschewed tobacco in every form; and it deserves to be mentioned, that he was so particular in regard to bread that he never allowed it to be used in his family when newly baked; and it would have done a Pythagorean good to see on the large shining mahogany table the huge loaf at supper, as the glistening eyes of the little ones present watched the hand which cut off the generous slices. Perhaps some captious cynic may smile at the idea of such detail in the manner of living; but if the most minute particulars of the daily habits and regimen of all those who by temperance have reached a great age, were made known, how many lives might be saved, how much good might be done from the valuable secrets of health which would be revealed.

Much has been said and written touching the author of the celebrated *LETTERS OF JUNIUS*. The following anecdote may throw some light upon it. While a student at law in the office of the Hon. Samuel S. Wilde, he invited me to dine at his house, where Gen. Cobb, his father-in-law, was making a visit. There was a large party at dinner, among whom was Dr. Vaughan. After the dessert some one started the often-mooted question, who wrote *Junius*? Various opinions were expressed. Now it must be recollected that this great assassin of character, who had attacked the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford and also Judge, Blackstone and Lord Mansfield with the keenest satire, was also exceedingly harsh on Dr. Vaughan's father. At last Dr. Vaughan, seeming a little vexed, and evidently wishing to put an end to this conversation, said, "I know that William Gerard Hamilton was the author of the *Letters of Junius*." A dead silence followed, and the conversation soon changed.

When the Marquis de la Fayette visited this country, in 1825, he extended his tour to Portland. Crowds assembled to honor the illustrious man, and at the public reception which was given him by the Hon. Albion K. Parris, Governor of Maine, the confluence of people was so great that they literally trod upon one another. Delegations and men of rank came from all parts of the State to see him. The Governor's aids, Col. Isaac Emery and Col. Robert P. Dunlap, were anxiously watching the Marquis and guarding him against any pressure or annoyance; when Col. Emery stepped up to Gov. Parris, and observed, "Do you see that man there," pointing to an old gentleman, "clothed in black, with small clothes, his hair white, and hat in hand, who has been long talking with La Fayette? I fear he will annoy him; I'll go and send him away." "What?" says Gov. Parris, "that venerable man? that is Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, of Hallowell—he is an old and intimate friend of the Marquis."

It is time to bring these Reminiscences to a close: they might have been extended to Augusta and Gardiner, but our space forbids. I can assure you, it is with deep melancholy I think of Hallowell, the home of my childhood, so sadly changed from those days when fifty-three vessels were counted at her wharves, and the wide space of Water street was crowded with carriages and teams from the back country; for a recent Railroad has turned the current of her prosperity to other places. I have spoken of the desolation of the "Hook," and I might add the utter disappearance of that beautiful garden by the Cascade, now only a green-sward. Fisher Ames once said: "The Figs of Greece are as fine as ever, but where are the Pindars?" So from yonder hill top in Hallowell, the landscape of woods and water with which nature has adorned one of the prettiest spots in New England still allures the eye of the stranger, but where are the genial and charming families which once made that spot so endearing? Alas! some lie in the hidden inclosure at the edge of the ravine, where a small burial place stands in a thick grove of firs and forest trees, within which is a white marble obelisk with a few names thereon—Benjamin Vaughan and Sarah Vaughan, and others. Some repose in the Hallowell cemetery amidst innumerable memorials of affection; and in reading Epitaph after Epitaph, what a resurrection of old

friends started up in the memory ; and as I paused over one of them, I saw it was the memorial of my good and venerated preceptor Samuel Moody, to whom so many at Hallowell Academy were truly attached.

The Hallowell Cemetery is an honor to the citizens ; so well located, so carefully kept and adorned with trees and flowers and shrubbery, that even Old Mortality would gaze upon it with admiration and pocket his mallet and chisel ; for he would find but little to do among the tomb-stones.

The close of Dr. Vaughan's life was at the golden age of eighty-five. He had scarcely ever known sickness, nor were the powers of his mind impaired. Cicero, in that rare gem of antiquity, *De Senectute*, remarks, *Apex autem senectutis est auctoritas* ; the height of glory in old age is the authority it bears. He found it so ; for his influence was felt and he was honored and respected by all classes of men. Always master of himself, he preserved his cheerfulness to the last. So calm, so serene, so simple in his habits, so unselfish, so delicate in his own feelings and considerate of the feelings of others, a worshipper of God without ostentation in his family, and ever ready to do good to his neighbor, this Christian Philosopher was not only one of the best of citizens, but I must say, the happiest man I ever saw. It seemed as though that divine passage of St. Paul was always present to his mind : "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And he *did* think on these things. They were the cardinal points of the compass which regulated his voyage of life, and at the end I doubt not he viewed Death as a kind messenger from above.

Mrs. Vaughan died the year before him. And when I remember the last time I saw this honored couple, it was in their garden amidst the surroundings of Kennebec scenery, while the autumnal leaves were beginning to change ; and as I looked upon their faces and thought how soon they would be gone forever, I little dreamt that such sublime recollections of that scene would follow at this distant period, bringing to mind those exquisite lines of Byron :

"And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven."

GENEALOGY:

THE ancestry of the Vaughan family leads us back to several generations. The following Pedigree will exhibit a faithful sketch, as far as the writer, with much pains, could obtain the facts.

1. BENJAMIN VAUGHAN,¹ of England, was born April 28, 1679; m. on the 19th of Nov., 1690, Ann Wolf, b. May 14, 1677.

2. Children of BENJ. and ANN VAUGHAN:—(i.) Mary,² b. Sept. 7, 1701; m. Hugh Ramsay. (ii.) Rebecca,³ b. Aug. 4, 1702. (iii.) William,⁴ b. Sept. 15, 1703; m. Mary Bond. (iv.) Elizabeth,⁵ b. March 26, 1705; m. John Bond. (v.) John,⁶ b. April 7, 1706; drowned Feb., 1725. (vi.) Ann,⁷ b. May 10, 1707; m. John Hughes. (vii.) Sarah,⁸ b. July 24, 1708; m. William Cranby. (viii.) Ellinor,⁹ b. Oct. 3, 1709. (ix.) Susannah,¹⁰ b. July 11, 1711. (x.) Benjamin,¹¹ b. June 23, 1713; m. Hannah Halfside. (xi.) Hannah,¹² b. July 27, 1717; m. George Mitchell. (xii.) SAMUEL,¹³ b. April 23, 1720; m. SARAH, dau. of BENJAMIN HALLOWELL, of Boston, Feb. 1, 1747; she was b. Feb. 26, 1727.

3. Children of SAMUEL¹³ and SARAH VAUGHAN:—(i.) BENJAMIN,¹⁴ b. April 19, 1751; m. Sarah, dau. of William Manning, merchant of London, June 30, 1781; d. Dec. 7, 1835; Mrs. V. b. April 29, 1754, d. Dec. 6, 1834. (ii.) William,¹⁵ b. Sept. 22, 1752; d. May 5, 1850, in his 98th year. (iii.) Samuel,¹⁶ b. April 13, 1754; d. Aug., 1754. (iv.) John,¹⁷ b. Jan. 15, 1756; d. at Philadelphia, Dec. 13, 1841, æ. 85. (v.) Ann,¹⁸ b. Oct. 24, 1757; m. John Darby; d. Dec. 9, 1847. (vi.) Charles,¹⁹ b. June 30, 1759; m. Frances W. Apthorp, March 7, 1790; d. May 15, 1839, æ. 80. (vii.) Sarah,²⁰ b. Feb. 18, 1761; d. Sept. 20, 1818. (viii.) Samuel,²¹ b. June 22, 1762; d. Dec. 4, 1802. (ix.) Barbara Eddy,²² b. Nov. 4, 1764. (x.) Rebecca,²³ b. April 26, 1766; m. John Merrick, Esq. in England, April 10, 1798; d. July 9, 1851. He was born in London 27 Aug., 1766; d. Oct. 22, 1862. (xi.) Hannah,²⁴ b. March 19, 1768; d. Jan. 1, 1771.

4. Children of BENJAMIN¹⁴ and SARAH VAUGHAN:—(i.) Harriet,²⁵ b. Nov. 11, 1782; d. Dec. 15, 1798, at Hallowell. (ii.) William Oliver,²⁶ b. Nov. 5, 1783; m. Martha, dau. of Capt. Thomas Agry, of Hallowell, Sept. 14, 1806; d. Aug. 15, 1826, and his wife d. March, 1856. (iii.) Sarah,²⁷ b. Dec. 28, 1784; d. at Boston, March 25, 1847, æ. 62.

(iv.) Henry,* b. Oct. 30, 1780; drowned at sea, April 14, 1806, æ. 20.
 (v.) Petty,* b. Oct. 1, 1788; d. at London, July 30, 1854, æ. 66.
 (vi.) Lucy,* b. Nov. 4, 1790; m. Sept. 22, 1823, Hon. Williams Emmons, who was b. May 2, 1784, d. Oct. 8, 1855, æ. 71. (vii.) Elizabeth Frances,* b. June 9, 1793; m. Samuel Clinton Grant, March 2, 1820; her husband d. Dec. 1, 1853, and she d. June 12, 1855; he was born March 29, 1797.

4. Children of CHARLES* and FRANCES VAUGHAN:—(i.) John Apthorp,* b. Oct. 13, 1795; m. Sarah Harriet, dau. of John Merrick, Esq., about 1825; d. at Philadelphia, June 5, 1865. (ii.) Charles Vaughan,* b. Nov. 1, 1804; m. July 19, 1832, Mary Susan, dau. of Rev. Abiel Abbot. (iii.) Hannah Frances,* b. Jan. 20, 1812; m. Rev. Seth Sweetser, D.D., of Worcester, in 1836; d. May 10, 1855. (iv.) Harriet,* b. 1801; m. Rev. Jacob Abbot, May 18, 1828; d. 11 Sept., 1843.

4. Children of JOHN and REBECCA³ MERRICK:—(i.) Sarah Harriet,* b. June 19, 1799; m. Rev. John A. Vaughan, D.D., about 1825. (ii.) Samuel V.,* b. May 4, 1801; m. Sarah Thomas; removed to Philadelphia; has two surviving sons, four daughters and eight grandchildren. (iii.) John,* b. Jan. 22, 1804; d. —. (iv.) Mary Harrison,* b. Dec. 16, 1805; m. J. P. Flagg, merchant of Hallowell, Oct. 23, 1843. (v.) George,* b. Nov. 1, 1807; d. May 7, 1862. (vi.) Thomas Belsham,* b. April 24, 1813; m. Elizabeth M. White, b. Feb. 11, 1821, m. November 27, 1839. Mary, the niece and protegee of John Merrick, Esq., b. —; m. 1837–8, Rev. D. R. Goodwin, D.D., President of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

5. Children of William Oliver⁴ Vaughan:—(i.) William Manning,* b. June 30, 1807; m. Ann, dau. of Hon. Ebenezer T. Warren, Counsellor at Law, Hallowell, Oct. 16, 1832. (ii.) Harriet Frances,* b. Sept. 1, 1809; m. Hon. John Otis, Jan., 1831; d. July 26, 1846. (iii.) Mary,* b. in England March 14, 1812; d. April 7, 1814. (iv.) Mary,* b. —; d. Jan. 16, 1816. (v.) Anna Maria,* b. Jan. 15, 1817; d. April 30, 1832. (vi.) Henry,* b. Jan. 27, 1819; d. Dec. 6, 1822. (vii.) Benjamin,* b. March, 1821; d. May 6, 1822. (viii.) Henry,* b. March 12, 1823; drowned. (ix.) Caroline,* b. July 20, 1825; m. Rev. Frederic Gardiner, son of the late Hon. R. H. Gardiner.

5. Children of Lucy^a and Williams Emmons:—The first wife of Judge Emmons was Eunice, dau. of the late Hon. Samuel S. Wilde, Judge of the S. J. C. Mass., who was b. June 15, 1794, m. May 24, 1813, d. Nov. 19, 1821, leaving two children—Delia, b. March 8, 1814; who m. Rev. Benj. Tappan, Jr., son of the late Rev. Benj. Tappan, D.D., of Augusta, in 1838, and Ellen Bradish Wilde, b. July 7, 1815; and d. Feb. 26, 1834.—Children by Lucy,^a are (i.) Lucy Maria,^a b. 13 Sept., 1824. (ii.) Martha Williams,^a b. 11 May, 1827. (iii.) Nathanael Williams,^a b. 10 June, d. 17 Oct., 1831. (iv.) Henry Vaughan,^a b. 3 Nov., 1832; m. Annie Shepard, Sept. 6, 1865; she was born 19 Nov., 1838. (v.) Sarah Ellen,^a b. May 25, 1836.

5. Children of Elizabeth Frances^a and Samuel O. Grant:—(i.) Ellen G.,^a b. 19 Jan., 1821; m. Hon. John Otis, Aug. 21, 1848, who d. Oct. 17, 1856, aged 55. (ii.) Olivia Buckminster,^a b. 2 May, 1823; m. George Bacon, merchant, Boston, 28 Sept., 1845. (iii.) William Sullivan,^a b. 17 Feb., 1825; m. Betsy Josselyn. (iv.) Horace,^a b. 11 June, 1827; d. March 6, 1832. (v.) Louisa Lithgow,^a b. 28 June, 1830; m. Alfred Gilmore, merchant, Boston, Nov. 19, 1850. (vi.) Franklin,^a b. 11 June, 1833; d. 7 Aug., 1862.

5. Children of Charles^a and Mary S. Vaughan:—(i.) Frances W.,^a b. 1833. (ii.) Charles E.,^a b. 1836. (iii.) Abiel A.,^a b. 1839.

5. Children of Hannah Frances^a and Rev. Seth Sweetser, D.D. (i.) John Apthorp,^a b. 23 July, 1838; m. Sarah Swan Miles, dau. of Charles E. Miles, of Shrewsbury, Mass., May 16, 1861. (ii.) Frances Western,^a b. 16 Oct., 1840. (iii.) Harriet Vaughan,^a b. 24 Sept., 1843; d. 15 Feb., 1846. (iv.) Cornelia Elizabeth,^a b. 4 Sept., 1845; d. 2 April, 1846. (v.) Edward,^a b. 8 May, 1848; d. 31 July, 1848.

5. Children of Harriet^a and Rev. Jacob Abbot:—(i.) Benjamin V.,^a b. 4 June, 1830. (ii.) Austin,^a 18 Dec., 1831. (iii.) Frances Elizabeth,^a b. 31 May, d. 11 Dec., 1834. (iv.) Lyman,^a b. 18 Dec., 1835. (v.) Edward,^a b. 15 July, 1841.

5. Children of Thomas B. Merrick^a and Elizabeth:—(i.) John,^a b. Dec. 25, 1840; d. April 18, 1862. (ii.) William Jordan,^a b. Oct. 28, 1842. (iii.) Isabella,^a b. Aug. 23, 1844. (iv.) Elizabeth^a (Lillie), b. April 23, 1850. (v.) Hallowell Vaughan,^a b. Aug. 21, 1852; d. March 2, 1862. (vi.) Bertha Vaughan,^a b. May 8, 1857. (vii.) Mary Llewella,^a b. Dec. 14, 1859.

6. Children of William M.^s Vaughan and Ann:—(i.) Emma Gardiner,^s b. Aug. 27, 1835; d. Feb. 17, 1844. (ii.) Benjamin,^s b. Nov. 3, 1837; m. A. H. Goodwin. (iii.) William Warren,^s b. April 25, 1847.

6. Children of Harriet Frances^s and John Otis:—(i.) William Oliver,^s b. Dec. 18, 1831. (ii.) Sarah Maria,^s b. Sept. 30, 1834. (iii.) John,^s b. Dec. 25, 1836; d. Oct. 16, 1838. (iv.) Frances,^s b. May 7, 1839; d. June 13, 1839. (v.) Benjamin V.,^s b. May 15, 1840; d. —. (vi.) John,^s b. July 16, 1843. (vii.) Frances V.,^s b. Sept. 15, 1846; d. —. Also children of Ellen G.^s and John Otis. (viii.) Samuel G.,^s b. 23 June, 1849. (ix.) Mary G.,^s b. 1 March, 1851. (x.) Elizabeth G.,^s b. 8 Jan., 1856.

6. Children of Olivia B.^s and George Bacon:—(i.) Horace,^s b. July 1, 1846. (ii.) Olivia Buckminster,^s b. Dec. 2, 1847. (iii.) Frances William,^s b. Oct. 1, 1849. (iv.) Elizabeth Vaughan,^s b. March 18, 1855. (v.) Maria Louisa,^s b. July 7, 1856. (vi.) Vaughan Davis,^s b. Feb. 1, 1865.

6. Children of Louisa Lithgow^s and Alfred Gilmore, of Philadelphia, Penn.:—(i.) Alfred,^s b. Nov. 4, 1851. (ii.) Fannie Vaughan,^s b. Feb. 15, 1853. (iii.) Clinton Grant,^s b. January 13, 1857.

6. Children of Benjamin Vaughan^s Abbot:—(i.) Arthur Vaughan,^s b. 1854. (ii.) Edwin Dane,^s b. July 10, 1859; d. —. (iii.) Alice,^s b. 1861. (iv.) Florence,^s b. Sep. 12, 1863; d. April 24, 1865.

6. Children of Austin Abbot^s:—(i.) Lucy,^s b. —. (ii.) William,^s b. —.

6. Children of Lyman Abbot,^s viz.: Three children, one of whom is named Harriet Frances.^s

NOTES.

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By the kindness of Charles Deane, Esq., I have been favored with the loan of the MS. Diary of Samuel Vaughan, Esq., the father of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, on a visit to this country in 1787; being his third visit—the first in 1784, the second in 1785. It is a crown octavo volume, of seventy-four pages, neatly and closely written, containing his itinerary through Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland, from June 18 to Sept. 4. During his three tours in the United States, he had visited every battleground of importance touching our Revolutionary history.

He started from Philadelphia in company with a gentleman, Mr. Michael M. Obrian, who afterwards left him. He kept an accurate account of each day's travel, distances of places, quality of soil, agricultural improvements, location of towns and villages, and incidents on the way. Some of the descriptions are quite graphic, such as "the hanging woods" on the hills of Bethlehem, where at that time there was a flourishing brotherhood of Moravians; Carlisle, with its 500 houses and Dickinson's College, beautifully situated on a hill there, having 70 students; and Pittsburgh, lying like an amphitheatre with about 150 houses, mostly log-framed. He gives a sketch with his pencil of Fort Pitt, which cost England £100,000. At this place Mr. Vaughan evinced his attachment to the American Independence, by joining with twenty-eight gentlemen in celebrating the 4th of July.

He was struck with the scenery of the Youghiogheny and its splendid falls, and he gives a colored view of that river with its windings, hastily done with his pencil. He visited the warm springs or "Baths" in Berkeley county, Virginia, of which he has drawn a colored plan: they lie among the western mountains, where the water flows around romantic islands in the midst of a charming resort for climate and retirement. He says he drank three quarts a day, three days in succession, which "caused a swimming in his head." Thirty strangers were at these Chalybeate Springs. Within two miles of Morris's station he came across two burning springs—the value of which was then unknown, but it has since been the source of great profit; Petroleum has become an article of commerce, and given rise to many reckless speculations.

He dwells at some length on the scenery and charms of Richmond, the seat of that unhappy Rebellion, the suppression of which has cost so many lives of our soldiers, and such vast expenditures. Yorktown and Alexandria attracted his notice; but no part of his excursion is more interesting than his visit to Mt. Vernon. It is accompanied by a colored picture of the homestead of Washington, by whom it appears he was kindly received. Mr. Vaughan has given a description of this hallowed

spot, now by the magic eloquence of the late Edward Everett, purchased, redeemed and forever set apart as a sacred memorial. The history of the Mount Vernon farm is full of information. But this note has already exceeded my limits; yet I cannot pass by Annapolis in silence; a very beautiful place, the ancient seat of the American government; standing as it does almost an island in the Severn, with 450 houses, and 2500 inhabitants, and an elegant State house, it exhibited "the most delightful, rich and extensive prospect," says Mr. Vaughan, "I have seen, Boston excepted."

The following extracts are made from this Diary:—

"June 24. At Humblestown, I stopped at Jere Gray's farm for a feed of oats; being Sunday morning I began to shave for shifting linen; the farmer came in with an attitude of surprize and amazement, saying had he been there, he would not have suffered a profanation of the day. I told him it was unusual with me, but the fatigue of the past day was the occasion; with great difficulty I at length pacified him; when I breakfasted with the family on bread and milk; they had also boiled Indian corn. He said grace, or rather a short and well composed prayer before and after meal, and in better language than I could have expected."—p. 6-7.

Aug. 2. Hobbs Hole.

"N. B. 2. Mr. Tabb has a stone an inch long and half an inch thick, that put to a wound made by the bite of a mad dog, adheres thereto, that it requires force to withdraw it, which attracts and imbibes all the poison, contracts the wound and it heals within 24 hours: it is cleansed by putting in warm milkysuds, from whence comes a strong effervescence, leaving a green scum behind, and he hath cured great numbers within the last 2 years, never once failing; his price 20s. each. This was well authenticated by many; he refused £500 offered by a physician. It was given by a Frenchman to his mother, who had long entertained him and he had nothing else to give in compensation. It is said there is a like stone near Bath."—p. 50-51.

It is hoped that Mr. Deane will give this Diary to the press; it is such a plain, sensible, and fascinating picture of a section of our country, where the Rebellion has made many spots which Mr. Vaughan visited, since famous in history, that it will be doubly valuable.

PAGE 5.

Charles Bulfinch, Esq., son of Dr. Thomas Bulfinch, an eminent physician of Boston, was graduated at H. U. 1781, in the same class with the celebrated Samuel Dexter. He afterwards travelled some years in Europe, and on his return became a distinguished Architect, as several public buildings bore testimony:—the Church of the Holy Cross, in Franklin Street, since pulled down—Massachusetts Hospital—Church Green, Summer Street—and the splendid Capitol at Washington. He drew the plan, too, of our Statehouse, and if his original design had been carried out and not narrowed by the economy of the Legislature, when it was erected, the symmetry and proportion of that structure would have made a beautiful edifice. He was Chairman of the Selectmen of Boston, nearly twenty years, and died in 1844, æ. 81.

PAGE 6.

As Mr. Charles Vaughan, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Bulfinch, were the originators of what was called the TONTINE buildings, in Franklin street, a statement of facts may be interesting; for which I am indebted, as it regards many particulars, to the valuable Scrap Book of Wm. G. Brooks, Esq., of this city.

Oct. 31, 1793, Mr. Vaughan purchased of the late Joseph Barrell, Esq., by deed of that date, a piece of land a little over three acres, commonly known as the Barrell pasture. Here, according to a plan of Mr. Bulfinch, Franklin Place and Street were laid out and the Tontine buildings erected. The word Tontine was derived from an Italian named Tonti, who invented this kind of structure in blocks, where the property was held *per my et per tout*, that is, in Joint-tenancy, as Blackstone defines this tenure, B. 2, Chap. ix., where the survivor on the decease of a partner takes the whole, thereby excluding creditors and heirs. In 1795, Mr. Vaughan conveyed the above to William Scollay, Charles Bulfinch and nineteen others, but the attempt to hold the Tontine buildings by joint tenancy was defeated by the Legislature on their application for a charter, being contrary to the genius of our institutions. The property was subsequently divided among the owners, I think in 1797.

This enterprise was a splendid affair, ornamental to Boston, but an unfortunate speculation to Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Bulfinch. Franklin Street was tastefully laid out. A range of sixteen brick dwelling houses was built in a crescent form on the street of Franklin Place, as it was called, three stories high, with a basement, a side flight of stone steps with an iron railing before every two mansions, and the whole range extending 480 feet in length; in the centre was an arch, over which were two upper stories, containing spacious rooms, the first story afterwards occupied by the Boston Library Society, and the upper by the Massachusetts Historical Society. Beneath the arch was Arch street. The front before these rooms was decorated with pilasters and a balustrade. All these houses were spacious, highly finished, and built with thicker walls and in a more thorough manner than is usual in this age.

Facing the crescent, the street in the centre was 100 feet wide and 50 at each end; it contained an oval grass plat, 300 feet long, where once bloomed Barrell's splendid garden, adorned with a pond with gold and silver fish; fine elms and shrubbery with a monumental Urn to the memory of Franklin, all enclosed by a neat fence, succeeded. At the extremity where this street joined Federal street, stood the grand old Federal Street Theatre, and on the opposite side a few doors above, was the Catholic Cathedral, the Church of the Holy Cross, which was once under the care of the much beloved, eloquent, and, indeed, saint-like Cheverus, afterwards Archbishop of Bordeaux, and Cardinal. This good man has long since gone to his rest.

All these fine mansions, with those on the opposite side of Franklin street, were once occupied by some of the wealthiest and most fashionable families in Boston—by men who were the honor, and ladies who were the beauty of our rising metropolis. But the master and monster genius of Reform has swept away every vestige of these abodes of the *élite* of Boston, and converted Franklin street into a Tyrian or Sidonian range of magnificent warehouses, looming up to the blue heaven, and the Tontine is no more;—even Franklin's Urn has gone to Mount Auburn, there among the dead to mourn over the changes of time.

PAGE 15.

The library of Harvard University, in 1790, according to Pres. Quinoy, contained 12,000 volumes, and John L. Sibley, Esq., the present librarian, informs me that the additions were small before 1800. Dr. Vaughan's library, therefore, of 10,000 volumes, which he took with him to Hallowell in 1797, was magnificent for a private gentleman in those days.

PAGE 16.

A memoir of Hon. S. S. Wilde is in preparation by a member of the N. E. His Gen. Society. The following was published in the *Boston Transcript*, June 16, 1851 also in *Emery's Ministry of Taunton*, vol. ii. p. 331.

IMPROMPTU—*On seeing the Bust of Judge Wilde at the Jewelry-store of Jones, Ball & Poor, so admirably executed by Stephenson, at the request of Suffolk Bar.*

The marble speaks. " 'Tis he," the observer cries,
The very head—the mouth—the full-orb'd eyes,
The Roman nose—the lip—the cheek so thin,
The brow expanding from deep thought within;
So true to nature every feature glows,
It seems like life just waking from repose.

A nobler heart ne'er warm'd the human breast,
Than gave the image on that stone impress'd;
And while we gaze, and every look compare,
We almost dream the mind itself is there
With all the wit and eloquence and power,
As they beam'd forth in life's meridian hour.
Bless'd be the sculptor, whose Promethean art
Could touch the marble and such life impart.

Though never more we see thy luminous star
Gleam midst the Pleiads o'er the learned Bar,
Yet while Law's temple shall adorn the land,
Time-honor'd worth like thine rever'd will stand.

Long, long may this memorial point the line,
Where wreaths forensic over brightest shine;
Teach the young sons of legal lore to aim
At lofty heights of pure, unspotted fame;
And be like WILDE, generous, upright, sincere,
Whose model practice caus'd no client's tear,
Whose setting sun, to learned leisure given,
Lingering, yet gilds life's eve, beneath the smiles of Heaven.

I. II. S.

PAGE 21.

I have made careful inquiry about the publications of Dr. Vaughan, but I can find only two; one was the "Travels of a Philosopher," by M. le Poivre, translated from the French, giving an account of Chinese Agriculture, of which he published a new edition in 1797, and pronounced it "a beautiful and celebrated little performance."

The other was a work called "The Rural Socrates," or "An Account of a celebrated Philosophical Farmer lately living in Switzerland, and known by the name of Kliyogg." This was compiled by Dr. Vaughan, and printed in Hallowell, by Peter Edes, in 1800—8vo. pp. 227, including preface and appendix. "Ten Hints Addressed to Wise Men; concerning the dispute which ended on Nov. 8, 1800, in the dismissal of Mr. Jackson, the British Minister to the United States," is also attributed to Dr. Vaughan.

The account of the Farmer, except the artificial name, Kliyogg, is the life of James Gouyer, a native of Vermetschweil, in the parish of Uster, Canton of Zurich. He was called the "Rural Socrates," and died in 1785, æ. 74. Nine years after his death, Dr. Vaughan visited Switzerland, and saw many who knew him. The celebrated Lavater, M. Tschiffelli, Dr. Zimmerman and the Philosophical Society of Zurich were vouchers of his truly drawn character. An elaborate Preface of twelve fine printed pages by Dr. Vaughan, introduces the reader to this remarkable man, whose life Dr. Hirzel first wrote in German. It was afterwards translated into French, and then dressed in English by Arthur Young, who incorporated it in his work on Agriculture. Probably only a few copies were published in Hallowell, as scarcely any, but the one before me, can now be found. That so remarkable a piece of biography should have laid as it were sixty-five years, floating on the waters of oblivion, is astonishing to any one who will read it diligently; for such a book as a

model and incentive would be of inestimable value to the man who lives by farming. But such is the fate of many excellent works.

A brief account of this curious and original production may be interesting to some of the readers of these "Reminiscences": for the perusal of which, indeed, I am again under obligation to one whose Antiquarian researches can well appreciate the learned writings of other days—Charles Deane, Esq., Recording Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Kliyogg means little Jacobus or James. With his brother Felix, he undertook the management of the hereditary estate in Weymotschweil, containing about seventy English acres—meadow, arable, pasture and wood, valued at £875, and under a mortgage of £547. 6s. The brothers were both married; K. had six, and F. five children, and with their wives, making fifteen, all dwelt under one roof.

Kliyogg began his farming operations by fertilizing the land with manure, compost, mixture of earths, gypsum, marl, or sand. His success was great. The account of this rich manure and change of dressings occupies the first section of 41 pages. He valued one ox as equal to two horses on his farm. His industry was indomitable. The consequence was that he supported a large family with every comfort, keeping much stock to make manure, paying his taxes and interest on the incumbrance punctually, and even hiring lots, which his lazy neighbors had let run to waste, and reaping from them a rich harvest. Such was this model farmer; temperate, cheerful, never losing a moment of time, surrounded by a happy, healthy family, prosperous and independent. Indeed, he finally took charge of two farms.

But it was not merely as a farmer that he excelled. He was an original character, and most extraordinary man. He was not a man of books—his only reading was the Bible and the great volume of Nature; yet his thoughts upon all subjects which he conversed about, were not only the emanations of sound sense, but often surprised the hearer by their truth and novelty; the wisdom with which he spake almost seemed to verify Plato's idea of a pre-existent state; in which the mind was formerly educated, while in this life knowledge is only reminiscence. I will give one illustration; for he was visited by many eminent men, authors, statesmen and noblemen, who had heard of his fame as a farmer, and his wisdom as a philosopher. In 1765, his Serene Highness, Prince Eugene, of Wirtenbergh, wished to see him at the baths of Schintznatch, and wrote to this effect to Dr. Hirzel, his biographer, saying, "I have often wept over the ravishing and affecting picture you have drawn of this philosophical peasant." Kliyogg accepted the invitation, walked to Brugg, seven leagues, where his dear Zimmerman lived, and arrived there early in the morning—having travelled all night—his refreshment only a draught of water and a piece of bread from his pocket. He was dressed in a neat but peasant suit—probably from his own flocks and woven in his own house; thence he was conveyed in a carriage to Schintznatch. The Prince embraced him, and showed him a marked attention, observing, "I have great joy, Kliyogg, in seeing you, after all the good I have heard of you." "And I also, my Prince, am glad to see you: how charming it is, when great persons like you have condescension for us poor peasants." After some complimentary language to him from the Prince, K., among other remarks says, "And thus together we form *the entire man*. However advantageous for the country may be the tendency of your wisest deliberations, your work is but half proceeded in, and the good is not yet realized, till the subject, the peasant, puts his hand to the business; but we should cross each other in our exertions and bring on confusion, and the good would be still undone, if you did not keep us in

order. Thus the peasant is but *half of a man*, and the great lord also is but the other *half of a man*; and it is only where they both join, that the man appears as a whole, and that the work succeeds."—p. 117.

He remained there two days, gazed at, questioned, and admired for his answers, always sensible, often remarkable. When he left the Prince he said, "*Nun behut euch Gott.*"—[May God keep you.] The Prince slipped into his hand a piece of gold. "What does this mean?" said Kliyogg: "Only a little present." "I have no occasion for it." "It is for your expenses on the way." "By no means," he said, "I do not need it. I came here on a morsel of bread, and you have kept me free of expense, so keep your money." And with dignity and decision he refused to take it.

He was exact and methodical in his habits, and kept an account of his receipts and expenses. An early riser, he had prayers with his family before he went out to work. He educated his children himself in reading, writing and the catechism, and every other Sunday he or his brother alternately devoted the whole day to their instruction. He would not permit them to visit any tavern, fair, festival, village-feasts, or place of amusement with other boys, for fear of contamination, and by his cheerfulness and attention tried to make them always happy at home. Nor did he allow them to receive presents or money, giving them what was necessary out of a common purse; and it was his favorite saying, that "as he removed weeds out of his field, so he extirpated bad habits out of his family." But the children's home was not a dull place. Kliyogg was fond of music, and after supper every Saturday evening the whole family united in singing sacred music. Lobwasser's psalms the father had by heart, and the notes of Goudimel, a famous musician, who was murdered on St. Bartholomew's eve, were their favorites. He was very particular in his children's neatness in dress and in the most exact order in the house, every utensil having its place. Though he was a man of prayer, he thought that "exact forms of prayer, where practical duties were neglected, were of no value." "Industry and exercise," said he, "will restore that tranquillity we have lost, and awaken in the soul sensations highly delightful." He was a happy man, seldom if ever seen out of temper, and scrupulously upright in all his business transactions.

He thought "the clergy would do more good, if in their sermons and pastoral visits they inculcated that the essence of religion consists in exactly performing towards our neighbors what justice dictates, or, in other words, rendering to every man his due. These gentlemen have commonly a good deal too much learning in their sermons." Again, "there is in my opinion ten times more evil in cheating a man of a single farthing, than in omitting to hear a sermon." "And he who reckons upon Providence, when engaged in an honest enterprise, according to the apostle, *always lives in hope.*" He drinks no wine at meals, but carries a pint with him into the fields, as a restorative when laboring.

Some of his maxims have been selected: as that "food of the hardest digestion affords the greatest nourishment." "The food of a man who works must not be weighed."

"It appears to me scarcely possible for any one to be truly happy out of that circle of life to which he had been early accustomed."

"When we know God we cannot help loving him."

"A farmer should set the example in working; and he should go to work in the shortest way, and should never despair." "A farmer must begin by removing all weeds before he attempts to mend the soil."

"Habit teaches men to regard as a treasure the vice they have been attached to."
 "Every man may read in his own heart, what he ought to do or avoid in such and such circumstances."

Dr. Herzel paid him a visit. He found him at work on a most flourishing farm, over which he walked in admiration. He dined with him; the refreshment was simple—boiled milk and bread, a piece of beef from which soup had been made, and wine from his own vineyard. Their usual dinner in the summer was two dishes of boiled barley, two others of pears, baked and dried, good bread of wheat and rye, and a pitcher of water—no wine.

Lavater was delighted with his physiognomy: "None of his portraits did him justice. No wonder, for even photography is often at fault in exhibiting the expression of the mind which is sometimes exhibited in the face. His eyes were full of fire—eyebrows black, nose of extremely slender outline, but of character; for Lavater thought "the nose singly and independently of all the features the most important and decisive." Kliyogg had "an inimitable mouth of such calm innocence, prudence and resolution."

The Marquis de Mirabeau, father of the eloquent Comte de Mirabeau of the French Revolution, spoke with delight of the Rural Socrates, saying "Kliyogg is in every thing my hero."

To conclude this long note, a biography of such a philosophical peasant ought to be republished; or at least an abridgment of it. It should be in every farmer's house, as an incentive to religion, industry and economy; for of all pursuits, that of the true farmer is the most noble; he looks down to the earth for his support, he looks up to the heavens for the blessing of God on his labors. "Every soldier," said Columella, "drawn from the peasantry is a good soldier in proportion as he has been a good peasant."

PAGE 23.

The celebrated Macaulay was of opinion that Sir Philip Francis was the author of Junius, and states "his firm belief that he was," in his fascinating account of Warren Hastings. (See his "Miscellaneous Writings," p. 470.) He gives five reasons for this belief: but similar reasons may also be brought forward in behalf of William Gerard Hamilton, a man of consummate intrigue and great abilities, and much like Francis in temperament. It is generally conceded in England, that out of forty-two claimants for this honor, the decision from the weight of evidence now rests between these two; in which opinion, the learned E. R. Humphreys, LL. D., of this city, formerly of England, a well-known author, coincides.

Macaulay is a great authority; he wrote, it is true, seventy years after the publication of the last of these "Letters," but he had a large field of evidence to reap, and was remarkable for his habit of investigating facts. Yet it may be submitted to the candid reader, if persons living in the days of Junius, who were attacked by him either personally, or in their friends, would not be likely to know many private circumstances, which could never reach Macaulay, and were possessed of facts, perhaps not enough to convict in a court of justice, and yet sufficient to convince the mind who the author was. Sir William Draper and Dr. Benjamin Vaughan were contemporaries with Junius, and believed Hamilton was the author.

The following extract is taken from Cumberland's Memoirs of his own life, as this interesting biography has become scarce. Gerard Hamilton was chief secretary in the same office with Cumberland, under Lord Halifax when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1700.

"The speech of the Lord Lieutenant upon the opening of the session is upon record. It was generally esteemed a very brilliant composition. * * * * * When I was called in, jointly with Secretary Hamilton, to take the project and rough copy of this speech into consideration, I could not help remarking the extraordinary efforts which that gentleman made to engraft his own very peculiar style on the sketch before him; in this I sometimes agreed with, but more commonly opposed him, till Lord Halifax, whose patience began to be exhausted, no longer submitted his copy to be dissected, but took it to himself with such alterations as he saw fit to adopt, and those but few. I must candidly acknowledge, that at times when I have heard people searching for internal evidence in the style of Junius as to the author of those famous letters, I have called to recollection this circumstance, which I have now related, and occasionally said that the style of Junius bore a strong resemblance to what I observed of the style of Secretary Hamilton; beyond this I never had the least ground for conjecture, nor any clue to lead me to the discovery of that anonymous writer beyond what I have alluded to."—*Memoirs of Richard Cumberland*, p. 93.

"When the ceremony of the coronation was over, the Lord Lieutenant set out for Ireland with a numerous cavalcade." * * * * *

"Hamilton, who in the English Parliament got the nick-name of 'Single-speech,' spoke well, but not often, in the Irish House of Commons. He had a promptitude of thought, and a rapid flow of well-conceived matter, with many other requisites, that only seemed waiting for opportunities to establish his reputation as an orator. He had a striking countenance, a graceful carriage, great self-possession, and personal courage; he was not easily put out of his way by any of those unaccommodating repugnances, that men of weaker nerves or more tender consciences might have stumbled at, or been checked by; he could mask the passions that were natural to him, and assume those that did not belong to him; he was indefatigable, meditative, mysterious; his opinions were the result of long labor and much reflection, but he had the art of setting them forth as if they were the starts of ready genius and a quick perception; he had as much seeming steadiness as a partisan could stand in need of, and all the real flexibility that could suit his purpose, or advance his interest."—*Ibid*, p. 96.

Extract from "*The Literary Miscellany*," vol. ii. p. 384: a periodical published in 1806. The writer of this article, however, supposes the celebrated Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, to have been the author of Junius.

"There are many who still maintain, with confidence, that W. Gerard Hamilton is the object of your inquiry. Reserved, yet conscious of his powers, he had meditated his attack on the ministry long before he gave vent to the fermentation of his mind in that admirable philippic, called his single speech. The politics and style of this harangue, as well as the Diabolind, written by Mr. Hamilton, at once convinced the world that he had both the ability and the feelings of Junius. This was the opinion of Sir William Draper."

PAGE 24.

The winter of 1817 was very severe; even the oldest inhabitant of Maine could not remember the like, and in the *Columbian Centinel* of that year, February 23, Mr. Russell speaks of the intense cold, especially on Friday, the 16th of that month. The thermometer at Portland was then 20 deg. below zero. At that time Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Enoch Hale sat up all night in Gardiner, watching the progress of the cold. The result was published in the *Kennebec papers*, and also an account of it in some literary or scientific journal, in which the venerable Col. Samuel Swett,

of this city, informs me he saw it; but neither he nor I have been able to find it. We both recollect, that it was currently reported that the *mercury had frozen*. Nor is it improbable; Gardiner lying on a river and copious mill-streams, must be many degrees colder in winter than Portland, which is situated on an open bay warmed from the Gulf of Mexico.

PAGE 25.

July 31, 1786, Dr. Vaughan was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. He received the degree of LL.D. at Harvard University in 1807, and at Bowdoin College in 1812, and I believe was a member of several literary and benevolent societies. He was active in getting up a Memorial to Congress to suppress Privateering, and in the circular upon that subject in 1810—for the perusal of which I am indebted to our able and indefatigable antiquary, Samuel G. Drake, Esq.—his language terming it, “a remnant of ancient piracy” is quoted.

That my own exalted opinion of this great scholar and eminent philanthropist may not appear too partial, I will conclude this note by an extract from the American Almanac of 1837, in which his death is commemorated. “His active mind found full and constant employment in superintending a large farm, in devotion to study and reading, in an extensive correspondence with literary and scientific men, and in acts of universal benevolence. He was a man of great and various learning, and possessed one of the largest and most valuable libraries in the country. He was a zealous friend to order, morality and religion; and did much to promote the cause of agriculture, education and science. Many have reason to remember him as a benefactor, and all to honor him as a philanthropist.”

The following appeared in the National Intelligencer soon after his death, and with some corrections is here inserted:

*Lines to the Memory of Benjamin Vaughan, LL.D., who recently died in
Hallowell, Maine.*

Death casts a gloom, come when it may
The tenderest ties to sever;
Unseen the spirit flies away—
The eye is closed forever.
We feel in anguish and despair
The presence of the Almighty there!

For what is Fame, when life is past,
Ah! who can count the cost?
The soul may gain a world at last,
And yet itself be lost:
The Meteor blaze is downward driven;
True Glory shines like stars in heaven.

When Hope exulting wings its flight
Beyond the earth we tread,
A day-star rises on the night;
We rock not of the dead;
For Faith points homeward to the skies,
Where angel-borne the spirit flies.

And has the Sage, the Scholar gone,
Companion of the Blest,
Whose silvery locks we looked upon,
Whose hand we oft have pressed?
When will the light of morn restore
The charn his classic dwelling wore?

In Academic groves he sought
 The paths of truth sublime;
 Laid up rich treasures of deep thought
 From every age and clime;
 And yet he deemed immortal lore
 The means of doing good,—nought more.

Oft will fond memory recall
 The sunshine of his smile;
 The joy his presence gave to all;
 The look, which knew no guile;
 And that kind voice so calm and clear,
 Like music to the listening ear.

No monument, nor gorgeous stone
 Could worth like his proclaim;
 With kindred dust there stands alone
 An unadorned name—
 A name of true philanthropy,
 With which few laurel-wreaths can vie.

While slow and sad the river steals
 Below a woodland scene,
 A diadem of fir conceals
 With living evergreen
 The grave, where sleeps beneath the sod
 The friend of man—the blest of God.

Washington, 1835.

I. H. S.

PAGE 25.

Extract of a Letter from General Washington to Samuel Vaughan, Esq.

“MOUNT VERNON, 12 November, 1787.

“DEAR SIR,—The letter, without date, with which you were pleased to honor me, accompanied by a plan of this seat, came to my hands by the last Post. For both, I pray you to accept my hearty and sincere thanks. The plan describes with accuracy the houses, walks, and shrubs, except in the front of the lawn, west of the court-yard. There the plan differs from the original. In the former you have closed the prospect with trees along the walk to the gate; whereas, in the latter, the trees terminate with two mounds of earth, one on each side, on which grow weeping willows, leaving an open and full view of the distant woods. The mounds are sixty yards apart. I mention this, because it is the only departure from the original.

“Although I can have little doubt of the pleasure you must feel at the prospect of being soon reunited to your lady and family in England, I do not scruple to confess that I shall be among those, who will view your departure from this country with regret. At the same time I beg leave to add, that I shall reflect with pleasure on the friendship with which you have honored me.”—*Dr. Sparks's Writings of Washington*, vol. ix., p. 281. Also, p. 147 is another letter to him.

PAGE 29.

Arms.—I have before me the book-plates of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan and his father, Samuel Vaughan, Esq. They both bear the Vaughan arms, sa. a chevron ar. between three boys' heads couped at the shoulders, enwrapped about the neck with as many snakes, ppr. Both impale the arms of their wives, and have the Vaughan crest, a boy's head as in the arms.

Dr. Vaughan's book-plate impales the Manning Arms, Gu. a cross patonce between four trefoils, ar.; with the motto *Prudenter et Simpliciter*. His father's book-plate impales these arms, ar. on a chevron sa. three bezants, probably those of the Hallowell family, with the motto, *Christi Servitus vera Libertas*.