The Story of a Boston Family

Part I Ann Dowse Williams

Part II Mary Williams Langley

"What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent,
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain"

Emerson

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In Memoriam

ANN DOWSE WILLIAMS

Born in Marblehead, 1807
Died in Boston, December 5, 1899
Aged ninety-two years, three months, and eighteen days

MARY WILLIAMS

Born in Marblehead, May 11, 1811
Married Samuel Langley, May 13, 1833
Died at her summer home in Marblehead, July 6, 1901
Aged ninety years, one month, and twenty-six days

Children of John Williams
and Nancy Dowse

The Story of an Old Boston Family

ANN D. WILLIAMS, born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, in 1807, died in Boston, December 5, 1899, aged ninety-two years, three months, and eighteen days. MARY WILLIAMS LANGLEY, born in Marblehead, May 11, 1811, died in Marblehead, July 6, 1901, aged ninety years, one month, and twenty-six days.

These women were sisters, children of John Williams and Nancy Dowse, who removed with their family to Boston at an early period.

I

ANN DOWSE WILLIAMS

A recent movement to restore and adorn what we called, when I was young, "The Warren Street Chapel," seems to have been born of a desire to restore the memory of Charles F. Barnard and Ann Dowse Williams. Warren Street, since the annexation of Roxbury, has become Warrenton. The long and patient watching of a matchless wife has restored James M. Barnard to health, after fourscore years; and with no children, it is delightful to find him turning back to his brother's noble work, where I think both he and his wife labored together in the day of small beginnings.

It was not long after her removal to Boston that Ann Williams began her noble work among the poor. Her father's family were noted for a personal reticence, that all but reminds one of the inhabitants of Bambarra; so it is not strange that she turned her footsteps backward, as the cavalry of the Revolution turned their horses' shoes, that her good deeds might be attributed to anybody rather than herself.

I saw her first in my early childhood, in the gallery of the Federal Street Church, where she had grouped about her half a dozen girls whom I hardly saw, so strongly was my child's heart drawn to the glowing face of their young teacher. I do not know whether Ann Williams would ever have been called beautiful, but no one who ever recognized the illuminating power of her smile will be able to forget it. Of her, Mrs. Langley's daughter writes:

> "Of that part of my aunt's life outside of our own four
> "walls, you probably know as much as I, perhaps more.
> "Her early successful efforts to form a Sunday School,
> "her years of labor in creating and sustaining sewing
> "schools, her ministrations through 'The Fatherless
> "and Widows' Society,' and her private work among
> "the poor and needy of her own city, are all in evi-
> "dence; but how can one tell in detail of a life which,
> "even by her who lived beside it for fifty years, seemed
> "only an illustration of another begun and ended over
> "eighteen hundred years ago?"

In the recent "Reminiscences" of Mrs. Cheney, an anecdote is given of the sort that we have most earnestly desired to illustrate "St. Ann's" life. Mrs. Cheney was a Miss Littlehale, whose whole family,

living in an unwholesome neighborhood, had fallen ill of scarlet fever. There were no trained nurses then; there was no disease more difficult to nurse. Every grown person in the family was worn out. One day there came a stranger to the door whom none of them had ever seen. She begged to be permitted to stay and help, and during the long weeks of suffering, Ann Williams stood by the beds of suffering. This was a common service among those who were relatives or friends. This was the service of one of God's angels.

In her earliest years there was a striking similarity between the characteristics of Ann Williams and Matilda Goddard. Just as Matilda filled the wheelbarrow of a poor child who dreaded to go home because he would find neither food nor fire, and helped him to wheel it when his work was done, so Ann sprang eagerly to the aid of every needy soul or body that crossed her childhood's path. She was so much older than I that this came to me as a rumor; for after seeing her in the gallery of Federal Street Church, I did not see her again until we met in Warren Street Chapel, where she was busied with her sewing classes, while I helped in the floral decorations which were to be used on the 4th of July. Perhaps the sewing schools he'd in the chapel are the most significant reminders of Ann Williams's work, and to understand its value we must briefly sketch the history of the chapel itself.

It seems to me that the Unitarian body needs some memorial studies which shall recall to them the great work of Joseph Tuckerman, and Charles Henry Dall, Charles Barnard and Father Taylor.

Whoever has seen a portrait of Joseph Tuckerman has seen what in the living man suggested the face of Jesus. How otherwise could he have looked? those of us privileged to behold him used to ask. Out of the honey of his nature dropped the sweetness of his work, and the "Seaman's Bethel," the "Friend Street Chapel," "dear Father Taylor's" ministry, followed his first efforts, till the work which had begun under the American Unitarian Association spread world-wide with its cheering light. Then came to his aid Charles F. Barnard, Frederick T. Gray, and Robert C. Waterston; and it is to be observed that as the women, who helped in the chapels at Pitts Street, Friend Street, and the South End, were as Mr. Barnard desired — women of culture and refinement — so the men who entered this ministry were of Boston's best families.

Mr. Barnard was descended from Sir Harry Vane. Robert Waterston, the father of the missionary, was one of Boston's wealthiest merchants, a Ruthven by descent, and such influences as these men brought to bear had much to do with the early success of their divine work. Channing's saintly nature, shrined in a body too frail for such labor, gave to it a lifelong sympathy. In 1832, Mr. Barnard brought three children to Miss Dix's parlor, and their first service was held sitting on a little green bench, which is still preserved, as precious a relic as the president's chair at Harvard.

When Charles F. Barnard gave his hand to Tuckerman, his friend asked, "Is it for life?" "For life!" the young man answered fervently; and nobly he re-

deemed his pledge. He was ordained in 1834. In the many removals that his schools encountered, he took the children to Hollis Street at a time when Charles Henry Dall was the superintendent of Mr. Pierpont's school, and this led ultimately to the "Flower Mission" in Baltimore.

The difficulty with Mr. Barnard's teaching was that it was before the time. The preciousness of the opportunity which childhood offered had not come to be understood. Mr. Barnard and Ann Williams were inspired to see it. They joined hands in the effort to avail themselves of it. Mr. Barnard would never accept for his children anything that was second best. Jenny Lind must sing for them. Their teachers must be ladies and gentlemen. When he appealed to their love of flowers, or precious stones, or gay colors — in any kind it was the very best that he held up before them, and in this he followed the example of the West Church teachers, that school having been started in 1824. Mr. Barnard was the first to bring flowers to the altar; but in the little room in Green Street, over a grocer's shop, when Ann Kuhn superintended the school formed under Dr. Lowell's reluctant eye, flowers were always on her desk.

Mr. Barnard began his work under the supervision of the Fraternity of Churches, a Unitarian body, which owed its existence to Joseph Tuckerman. This involved a service for adults, which had to be held in the evening and was soon too heavy a burden to carry. Mr. Barnard broke the connection, and in July, 1835, the cornerstone of the chapel in Warren Street was laid. Ann Williams had not waited for this; she had

a large class of girls on Sunday, and on certain week-days a still larger class in sewing. The association would not countenance a church for children alone. Charles Barnard's mental constitution was peculiar. He could not adapt himself to different audiences. He never felt prepared to meet the needs of men and women, but he never saw a child that the lifting of his finger would not attract. It was God's great blessing that his own family understood this and were willing to build the church. His father gave him the leather-covered carryall that often carried ten or twelve children about the streets and suburbs. His intense love for children was shown in the way he would allow a dozen to tumble into the space intended for six, and yet if there was a sick child or a cripple to carry, he would cushion the whole interior for its comfort. The carriage soon became one of Boston's shows — sure to be met in its streets whenever the sun shone. Nothing makes children so happy as to share helpfully the work of their elders; and Mr. Barnard prepared his children for this by stopping his carriage to show how houses were built; by carrying them to the ropewalk, and the Roxbury factory, where oilcloths were painted. If they learned to look on the flowers, and crystals, and mighty trees as the work of a Loving Father, and to rejoice in the chapel as their own church, they learned in this way that there was work in the world for them to do as soon as they were ready. Once released from church control, Mr. Barnard went bravely on. It was in 1837, I think, that he took the first step which connected him with the city. On that year a Maypole was erected on the Common, and lit-

tle children danced and played about it. On the Fourth of July, 1842, tables were set there, decorated with blossoms and vines, and with flowers for sale. No harm could come to children who were working for their church. Mr. Barnard's friends had been willingly but heavily taxed, and he felt that in some way acceptable and attractive the children must help themselves. Sunday Schools in every part of the country sent flowers to be sold, and this delightful beginning soon gave birth to the floral processions, which on every Fourth of July passed through the streets of Boston and moved to the Public Garden, as we call it now. No one who ever saw one of these processions was willing to leave Boston on the Fourth of July. Standing in moss-covered cars, decked with flowers, and waving the banners of Love and Faith, the children seemed the living embodiment of that "happiness" which Theodore Lyman and Samuel Eliot longed to give to the people. The city government at last appreciated the work, and wished to adopt it, and appropriations were secured for it. A mammoth tent was erected on the Back Bay lot. It would hold one thousand children. Music was secured, and child-dancing went on. In 1858, it was said that 60,000 persons were present at this festival. Up to this time Boston was only a pleasant town with quiet citizens. Even if the Civil War had not broken out, this publicity could not have continued in the changing circumstances soon to occur. What stands for this delightful fête is now transferred to Faneuil Hall.

I was present at this first civic fête, and I have a comical association with it. Admission was by ticket,

and no one, I think, had any idea of the crush that was to follow. Our well-beloved Dr. Gannett, the successor of Channing at the Federal Street Church, came to the gate with his two little children, whom he loved with the whole passion of a fiery heart. In the rush that followed the entrance, the little ones were nearly trodden under foot. Near by was a dry water-butt, turned upside down. The irate doctor mounted it, and holding his children close to his person, appealed to the offenders in a voice that thrilled the crowd!

The best proof of the excellence of Mr. Barnard's work is to be found in its enduring quality.

Ann Williams's pupils, as we shall see, have never forgotten her. She probably founded her Sunday School in Dr. Channing's Federal Street Church, but she transferred her efforts to Warren Street, and beside assisting on Sunday, started the first sewing schools that Boston knew — schools that would never have been needed but for the inflowing tide of foreigners. Up to the year 1860, the young women of Boston proper took to the needle at the mother's side.

Mr. Barnard had accomplished many things:

He had brought flowers to the church altar, where they have ever since remained.

He had established the first Free Public Library.

He had been the first to see the need of Vacation Schools.

He had stirred the whole public mind to some sense of its duty toward the young.

He had given to the children a religious *home for every day in the week.*

His own work had made possible all the chapels of the Fraternity, and sustained the efforts of Robert C. Waterston and Frederick T. Gray.

He had started in distant cities work like his own.

He had by his personal efforts and his cabinet done much to interest his children in natural science.

In the same way he fostered the love of art.

The emphasis he laid on Miss Williams's sewing classes led to the introduction of the teaching of sewing in the public schools.

By example, he made it possible for the Chambers Street Mission to be started by the Old South Church.

He saved for the City of Boston the land now called "The Public Garden," where we may sometime hope to see a "Sun Dial" erected and inscribed to his memory. A more pretentious monument would not have pleased him, but how gladly would he have seen inscribed on this the words:

"I number only the sunny hours."

I have enumerated the services of our friend as the world generally understands them, but there is one service either unknown or forgotten. I mean the founding of "The American Association for the Promotion of Social Science."

The surrendering of chapel work about the time that the Civil War began, was a bitter blow to Mr. Barnard. He yielded with saint-like forbearance to the decree of his best friends, without in the least comprehending its necessity. It was impossible for his mind to rest, and among the things that interested him was the need of a scientific study of all the func-

tions of society. This had been attempted over and over in Europe, and Mr. Barnard came to me two or three times to urge me to aid him and two or three friends who still believed in his competence, to start such a movement in Boston. Pressed sore, I said to him at last: "Mr. Barnard, you have hoped to take up this work and comfort your own sore heart. It will need strong helpers, men and women who have the confidence of society and who can bring time and money to it. Are you willing to give up your personal interest, if we can start it so as to insure its success?" Need I tell you how he answered? The nobleness of human nature did not fail me then, when I put this question to Charles F. Barnard and Thomas C. Amory, nor did it fail me later when, in forming the Western Association, I put the same question to Edward Beecher. I did it in the last instance with an aching heart, for no earthly reason save a senseless prejudice made it necessary.

Governor Andrew was easily interested in the scheme, and he authorized Mr. Sanborn to use all the machinery of his office as "Secretary of the Board of State Charities," to secure its success. We started with six hundred members, in the Legislative Hall of Boston State House.

Upon the list of members were the names of Charles F. Barnard's most intimate friends, who will be glad to be recorded in connection with this work:

Henry I. Bowditch.

James Freeman Clarke.

James M. Barnard.

Edward Everett.

Edward E. Hale.
Starr King.
Louis Agassiz.
Robert C. Winthrop.
Theodore Parker.
Theodore Lyman.
Samuel Eliot.

"The Williamses" were mentioned in a letter written by Mr. Drummond and printed by Mr. Tiffany, and the phrase includes Mrs. Langley and Ann Williams and others of the connection who aided the Warren Street work in many ways.

Ann Williams started — as we have seen — in one of the rooms of the chapel, classes for free instruction in sewing. For a score of years she labored at this work, and in the spring of 1902 the restoration and improvement of the chapel, under a fresh ministry, was undertaken, in memory of her life work. The expense of the improvements has been borne by James M. Barnard, the missionary's younger brother. He once had a class of fifty young men in the chapel, and after he retired from that, became an active member of the Board of the Social Science Association. Mr. Barnard's restoration to health has been marked by kindly deeds in all directions. When it was found that he and Mrs. Barnard were decorating the interior of the chapel, pupils who had never forgotten it sprang to his help. Mr. James F. Drummond, a prominent merchant of New York, who is not ashamed to tell us that his trousers were patched when the corner stone of the chapel was laid, has sent to the vestibule of the chapel the most beautiful window that I ever saw. It

is four feet by eight, and represents Christ blessing little children. It is adapted from Hoffman's painting. The figure of Christ, surrounded by little children, is seated in the middle of a lovely pastoral background stretching far away. The foreground is crowded with ascension lilies, and beneath them are the words, "To the Sacred and Precious Memory of Charles Francis Barnard."

As soon as the story of this superb window was told, twelve others were offered, and were dedicated in November, 1902, with appropriate services. Of these twelve, three will especially interest us. One is erected,

"To the sacred memory of Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, the beloved physician;"

Another, to the Rev. Eber Butler, who from being a pupil became the pastor, and succeeded Mr. Barnard.

The third is to Ann Dowse Williams, with the inscription:

> "A whiter soul, a fairer mind,
> We may not look on earth to find."

These windows are chiefly contributed by relatives of the original assistants at the chapel.

The window dedicated to Ann Williams was given by Dr. Lyon, of New York, whose sister was in Miss Williams's classes at the chapel. Dr. Lyon himself was one of James Barnard's fifty pupils.

The tired powers which had been exerted so faithfully took rest and comfort in the social work which followed the Civil War. Mr. Barnard lived long enough to see one of his most sympathetic pupils

take his old pulpit, and one of the windows lately put in shows us that Eber Butler was his worthy successor. In 1884, at the McLean Asylum, Charles F. Barnard laid down his earthly life and entered, we fully believe, on another, freed from all the drawbacks of his temperament and his years.

His faithful friend, Ann Williams, known to so many of Boston's leaders in good work as "Aunt Ann," survived him fifteen years. Mrs. Langley always sympathized in her work, and took her place whenever she desired it. Mary Langley was slender and alert. Whenever I saw Ann in her last years she kept her seat, grown heavy with the weight of years, so that one could hardly think of her as an active helper, but she never lost the radiance of her childlike smile. Her last illness was very short, and she passed gently away on the 5th of December, 1899, at the age of ninety-two and some months. Soon after her departure, the following verses appeared in the Boston *Transcript*. When Mrs. Langley gave them to me, she did not know their author.

A. D. W.

December fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine.

Can we think or dream of the joy that has come,
Flooding her soul, like the soul of a child
That has only known love — that is pure, undefiled —
Going home to glad greetings at last — going home?

Can there be any counting of children who know
Her voice, and her smile, as she folded them in
Her strong, tender arms, as they sheltered from sin
And the hard, cruel things that this rough world can do?

Their "angels" will welcome her, singing the while
Of beautiful deeds she forgot long ago.
The best of her life was, that she did not know
Its beauty herself; but pressed on with that smile

That began in her eyes, and grew sweet round her mouth,
To fill up each day, as if that day alone
Belonged only to God, with a task of its own,
While her presence brought comfort like winds from the south.

We called her "Saint Ann," for in sorrow or strife
We saw round her brows, like a faint line of gold,
The gleam of the nimbus *she* could not behold, —
But the angels see now what we saw in her life.

II

MARY WILLIAMS LANGLEY

John Williams, the son of the patriot, married Mary Sumner, as we have seen, a very lovely woman who was a bride at the time of the Boston "Teaparty." Before Mary ever saw Polly, a bright London doll, whose adventures have been recorded in the *New England Magazine* for May, 1893, Polly's body of old English oak ought to have thrilled with emotion at the sights which met her eyes when she was first seated in a shop window in Cornhill.

Was it the old Newman shop, I wonder, where ladies of an extinct family sold gracefully the prettiest toys? There were no French dolls in those days, and the little London lady was stiffer than John Bull himself. She was made of oak, her wooden limbs jointed in a very rough way. I am afraid she had no fingers but a painted mitten at the end of her wooden arm, and painted slippers were laced at the end of her wooden legs. I know, for I had one just like her, dressed for me by Mrs. Langley's cousin, in 1826.

Pretty Mary Sumner, driving through Boston with no child, only a sweet mother hope in her heart, saw Polly, splendid in her court dress — a heavy English brocade — spread out over a large hoop, with pearl

beads round her neck. She was gay enough to enjoy, had she known it, all that had already passed before her eyes. The window in which she sat overlooked the first house of Governor Winthrop, near Spring Lane, and just beyond, on the south side of Milk Street, was the house where Franklin was born, at which in my childhood I also looked, wondering at the projecting upper storey stretching much like a huge eyebrow over its glazed front.

Before this window, meeting groups of school boys in long coats, wigs, and cocked hats, such as might have been seen in Polly's own home, walked Samuel Adams. Paul Revere came into the shop itself, and Mather Byles went by, shaking with laughter at his own grim jokes. A black footman attended John Hancock's chariot, which he was driving himself, adorned with laces and periwig. He stopped for a moment to speak to Joseph Warren — a man whose name is still dear to softer hearts than Polly's.

On the same day some fifty Mohawk Indians filed past the neighboring church, and the people who poured out of the Old South followed gaily in their wake. If Polly could have told the story to her mistress's grandchildren, I am afraid that she would have boasted that she was at the "Boston Teaparty!" It was at the close of the week which offered all this that Mrs. Williams, driving by, bought the doll. There was more than ordinary beauty in the face of this doll, if we may judge by the pretty picture of her in our magazine.

The Sumners lived in Roxbury, and it was a pity that Polly had to be shut up in a box as she was

driven out. Her bold, black eyes must have rested on the "Three Doves," a pretty sign hanging near Summer Street, where was a hotel and India goods for sale, and almost opposite was the dear old "Province House," through whose staircases and halls, made famous by Hawthorne's pen, I have often walked, while the gilded Indian still drew his bow over its encircling lawn. Near by was the famous "Liberty tree," planted before the town had seen its twentieth birthday.

When Mrs. Williams reached home with her little doll it was quite natural that all her sisters should laugh at her. It became Polly Sumner, Jr., at once, but it had to stay in a dark chest in the attic for two years. A little boy had died, and the first girl baby came not till June, 1775, when Polly was brought down and seated in a mighty punch bowl on the sideboard, to hear the talk of General Gage and the Boston Port Bill. At this time she was in the custody of Abigail Sumner, the sister of the pretty Mary, whom John Williams had married. It was Mary who had purchased the little doll, and who became, in after years, the beloved grandmother of Mrs. Langley, and whose lovely face Gilbert Stuart made immortal. Her husband was John Williams, the son of the Revolutionary colonel, and their first child, Abigail Williams, born in 1775, was the first possessor of the doll. Her brother William married Nancy Dowse, and their daughter, Mary Williams, some day to be Mary Williams Langley, was born at Marblehead on May 11, 1811.

The story of the doll so far is not connected with

Mrs. Langley's life, except that the traditions of her patriotic experience stirred the imagination of the child. By the time little Mary was five years old she lived in Boston in a fine old mansion opposite Mason Street, on West. Polly, she knew, had seen the flames of burning Charlestown, and the doll was forbidden to wear British colors! She had seen Lafayette and Governor Eustis, now she must also see the cows from the Bedford Street farms come up West Street to pasture on Boston Common. All the West Street houses had large gardens, some of which lingered until periods of my remembrance.

Mary Williams's childhood may have been a quiet one, but she changed her home more than once; she was born into the War of 1812, and after peace was proclaimed, in 1814, the British "Orders in Council" had left dark traces which must have shadowed her early life. Two of the finest of the houses where she found herself at home were as familiar to me for many years as they could ever have been to her. The grand old Stuart mansion, on Roxbury Street, was occupied by Dr. Peter Gilman Robbins. The first wife of Dr. Robbins had been Abby Dowse, a sister of Mrs. Langley's mother; and for his second, he married the widow of King Hooper's son, who was Polly Williams, the sister of Mrs. Langley's father. The relationship, therefore, was both complicated and close, and had one remarkable result, for two very different men, the Rev. Chandler Robbins and the Rev. Samuel D. Robbins, both devoted to their Master's service, grew up within the same walls. The Dowse blood flowed in the veins of each, but what

was the difference between that of Robbins and Williams which made the son of Dr. Robbins by his first wife a thoughtful metaphysician and country pastor, who would have welcomed the coming of Theodore Parker, and the tall, fascinating, and strikingly handsome minister, the son of Polly Williams and the Doctor, who, when the struggle of 1860 began, had to submit to more than one rebuke from that sturdy patriot, James Savage?

Well do I remember the two lofty halls which stretched across the house; the old studio where Gilbert Stuart used to paint; and the very long parlor which overlooked the garden. At one end of the hall a wide front door opened upon a broad lawn, with a gravel path leading to Roxbury Street. Beside this door was a mighty English clock, broader and taller than most of us have ever seen, which rang out the hours on silver bells, that as children we watched to hear, often sitting for fifteen minutes on the stairs, waiting for the chime. Before this time Mary's young feet must have been very familiar with the broad and low-stepped staircase, which swept in a grand curve to the upper hall; and I find myself wondering whether the queer little room, shaped like a half moon, which that stairway cut out of the middle of the house, ever went by little Mary's name, as at the time of her marriage it went by mine?

On the walls of the lower hall were hung many of Stuart's finest portraits, and the sweet face of Mary Sumner, the grandmother of Mary Williams, early won my love, although I never knew her name.

My last recollection of dear Aunt Robbins is con-

nected with the day when my dear friend, Elizabeth Shaw, an aunt of the famous colonel, stole away with me on a fair autumn afternoon. We wanted some of the lovely red apples that grew at the foot of the Robbins garden; but we were ushered into the long parlor, where Dr. Porter's sewing circle was assembled, and Aunt Robbins, majestic in a gray brocade and a blue turban sprigged with silver, was ladling out ice cream. I did not quite tell the whole story in "Alongside," but as we entered there was a puzzled look on every face, and the lady held her spoon suspended over her glass bowl. No wonder! The cook had flavored the ice cream with turpentine instead of extract of lemon!

The last time this great house was opened for a guest, and after it had been sold like many an old-world palace — for baser uses — it was opened for me and my children. Dear Cousin Sally Patten, daughter of Aunt Sally at Snowdrop Bank, and early in life adopted by Mrs. Robbins, her mother's sister, and who had been my mother's bridesmaid, decked the old rooms for me. Flowers were in the long room and on the table, decorated with the beautiful china on which my childish eyes had lingered. My children played under the apple tree that had delighted me.

Aunt Robbins had no daughter. If I remember rightly, Aunt Sally Patten, who had been Sally Williams, a sister of Mrs. Langley's father as well as of Aunt Robbins, had seven children who lived to grow up. Of her four daughters, Polly, the widow of Samuel Nye Clark, is now living, in her ninetieth year, with a son in Chicago. In 1869 I found a warm wel-

come in the house of Mrs. Patten's son Charles, a beloved citizen of Geneva, Illinois. Aunt Sally, when I knew her, was an invalid, seldom leaving her chair by the front window, which looked down to Roxbury Street over two terraced banks. Her house joined that of Mr. Hunnewell, and the two houses were twins, precisely alike, and opposite Eustis Street. The Patten house bore the name of "Snowdrop Bank" before I was born, and there must be many now living who could testify to the beauty which, surviving till its walls fell, had given it the name.

One day as she sat gazing at the sunshine, a little bird with something in its beak flew so near to Aunt Sally's window that she rapped upon the glass. The bird was frightened, dropped what it held, and flew away. Little Mary Patten ran out to pick up the tiny white thing which lay on the grass like a pearl. It was a bulb, and hoping it might grow and reveal its nature, Aunt Sally had it carefully covered. From that tender bulb, sending out thread-like roots creeping from bank to bank and blossoming with every spring, sprang all the beauty of the two houses, for in the course of time the Hunnewell house also shared the profit of the little bird's spoil. The two houses had the same broad, deep gardens — with farm shops and stables — stretching far back, with their old fruit trees, box hedges and lilac bushes, laced with Roxbury waxwork, and low beds of Sweet William, Job's tears, and London Pride. After the old father died, little could be done to keep up the immense garden, and it was a tangle of fragrant things that I dearly loved to stroll among.

Many score of women younger than myself must remember the banks in front of this house. There was nothing to prevent Mary Williams from standing at her great-aunt's knee, with Polly in her arms, when the little pearl sent up the first green shoot. How many years was it, I wonder, before this great-grandmother of all the snowdrops ceased to count the blossoms which spread over the two side terraces? The earliest days of spring covered them with crowded bloom. In Illinois, long years after, I saw snowdrops cherished in tender memory of their charm.

When Mary Williams married Samuel Langley, in 1833, Polly naturally passed into the care of younger nieces, and worn out with her varied vicissitudes, she was sent, in 1865, to the Norfolk Bank with other family treasures.

Mary had three children. One son is the distinguished astronomer now at the head of the Smithsonian, and her only daughter is in Italy. It was not till she had grandchildren of her own, that Mrs. Langley remembered poor old Polly. Faded cheeks and lips were easily restored, and limbs of cloth and kid hid the defects of her old oaken frame. Tiny "ancleties" covered her little feet, and kid gloves replaced the worn-out mitts. She was now so old that the gray garments and close bonnet of a Quaker suited her best. A new life began for her. She was a guest at the "Old South" for two years. It was then that her photograph was taken, and at many a fancy fair its sale made a heavy contribution to charitable funds.

Mrs. Langley was a brilliant talker. She lived through the exciting scenes of the Civil War -- loyal

to the spirit of 1776 — aiding in every possible way, with money, work, and faithful argument, the cause we all had at heart.

A part of a letter recently received from her daughter must fill out the spaces of my story:

"I do not wonder that you wish to associate the mem-
"ory of my mother and my aunt with the development
"of Boston itself. Their lives were illustrations of the
"best of its story. But what can be given to the
"public? Both women were eminently domestic. Both
"believed that the best she could do was to do at her
"best the simple work at hand. The creating of a
"righteous home; the giving happiness unfailingly to
"those within it. The neglect of nothing that bore the
"name of duty was equally the aim of both.
"My father's days were rounded by a wife's devotion,
"whose affection and wisdom never failed. My mother's
"children have gone on to meet the years prepared for
"them by a conscientious tenderness which has been
"their strength. My mother told us many stories of
"her childhood, but these can only be told to personal
"friends. The story of the doll was interwoven with
"her whole life. I have heard both my aunt and my
"mother tell of the alarm felt at Marblehead when a
"British vessel was supposed to be bearing down upon
"the town. How they saw the stars for the first time
"when led out to a home of greater safety — the
"Hooper Mansion, on Marblehead Common. There
"is an interesting account of this by my grandmother,
"which neither you nor I can use at present. Of the
"cows pastured on the Common, and the town crier
"ringing his bell along the streets, you have written in
"'Alongside,' but perhaps you may not have known
"what follows. My mother said that on her way to

"Dr. Channing's funeral she heard the bell of the "Catholic Cathedral tolling in recognition of that great "loss."

A blessed hearing! a proof that the spirit of Bishop Chevereux still dwelt under its arches. I was in Baltimore then. Dr. Channing was buried in the old Federal Street Church. I was always glad he never saw it transferred to Arlington Street. His near neighbor there was the Roman Catholic Cathedral. In the time of the yellow fever, when parents and servants fled from the bedside of those who were stricken, Dr. Chevereux went to the deserted chambers and spoke the last words of prayer over more than one of Dr. Channing's congregation. When Dr. Chevereux died, Dr. Channing spoke words of tenderness that the bell of the Cathedral only echoed.

During the last years of the two sisters I saw them often. Mrs. Langley kept in her house the old-time simpleness for which old Boston was distinguished. They kept to the mid-day dinner; there was room on their tables for books and work; and even after Ann had passed away, her spirit was felt in the usual calm in the household, her smile still glowing in its atmosphere. For many years Mrs. Langley had lived in Beacon Street, Boston, and Ann died there. Both of them had been born in Marblehead, and in consequence of her old associations, Mrs. Langley had still a summer cottage there. I had never known her to be ill, but the excessive heat of the summer of 1901 deprived us of young, able citizens, and two days after the death of John Fiske, from the same cause, it was not strange that a woman who

was over ninety should yield to it. On the 6th of July, 1901, Mary Williams Langley died in her summer home, and the body, which her spirit had made sacred, was buried from Beacon Street.

These two inadequate sketches of two noble women, set one against the other, show the life that was possible in Boston fifty years ago. The background of Ann's life was the beneficent work in every kind which strengthened the life of the town. It was not carried on by clubs and associations. It was individual work, undertaken with heart and soul. The background of Mary's life was her home sympathy, her ready, helping hand, and the patriotic service which began in childhood.

CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

WASHINGTON, *January, 1903.*