

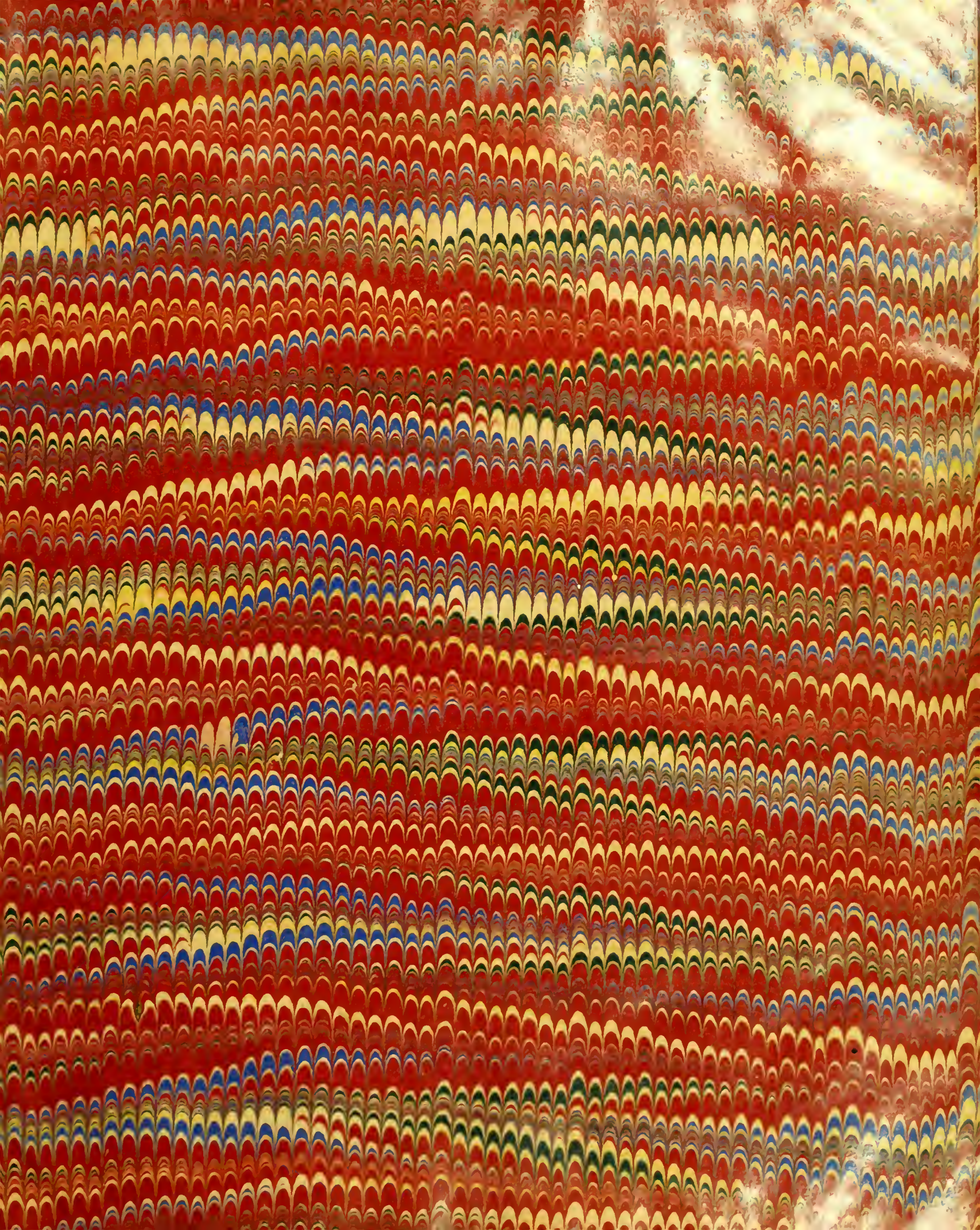
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A BRIEF MEMORIAL
OF
PHILIP MARETT.

READ BY

SIMEON E. BALDWIN,

BEFORE THE

NEW HAVEN COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

September 22d, 1890.

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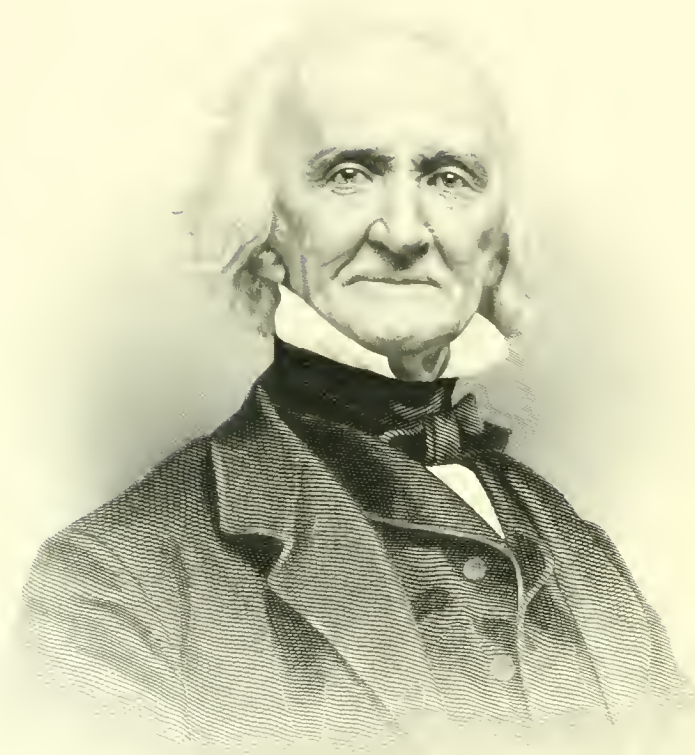
TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

1890.

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P. Murell



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PHILIP MARETT.

BY SIMEON E. BALDWIN.

[Read September 22d, 1890.]

The great gifts of Philip Marett and his family to the charities of New Haven have made his name a familiar one, since his death. But coming here, as he did, in advanced years, and with no connection with the active business of the place, there were few of our citizens who were familiarly acquainted with him, and many to whom his very presence among us was unknown. It was my good fortune to be admitted to his friendship, when I was a young man, and he an old one, but from our first meeting, his distinguished manner and gentle courtesy made a deep impression upon me, as they did, I believe, upon all who were thrown in his society.

The Marett family, originally of France, and probably of Normandy, was settled in Jersey, the largest of the "Channel islands," as early as the thirteenth century. It has three branches, known as those of St. Helier, La Haule, and Avranches, in one of which the manor of La Haule, St. Aubin's, has descended for nearly three hundred years. The name was spelt *Maret* until the latter part of the seventeenth century.

Peter Maret, born in 1641, the second "Seigneur of La Haule," had eight children, of whom the third, Philip Marett, born in 1701, emigrated to New England, when a young man, and was married in Boston, August 12, 1736, by Rev. Dr. Sewall, the pastor of the Old South church, to Mary Hichborn. The Hichborns were a well known Boston family. Two of them were on the Committee of Correspondence raised by the town in 1776 to consult as to the movement for independence. A silver cream pitcher of graceful shape, marked with the initials of Mary Hichborn, is still preserved, which was made by Apollon de Rivoire, after he had changed his name to Paul Revere. He was a native of Guernsey, another of the Channel Islands, and Philip Marett and he came to Boston at about the same time.

The former was a sea captain, and on April 21, 1759, "being bound to sea," made his will, disposing, among other things, of his house "at the westerly part of Boston," and of certain "real estate in Jersey." It is probable that in the fall of 1760 he died abroad, and in his native island, for a bill for some of the expenses of his

funeral, has been kept among the papers of the family, which seems to have been rendered by a Jersey house. It indicates that the funeral took place from a church, and is sufficiently illustrative of the manners of the time to deserve a place here. It reads thus :

“Dr. Mr. Philip Marett, for Funeral of his Father. Furnished per Ch. Robin.

1766.

Dec ^{br} 1 st . To 6½ y ^{ds} black Tanny @ 28/	£ 9. 2
To ½ y ^d D ⁿ . @ 36/	
1 y ^d dyed Linnen @ 22	2.
To 4½ Binding @ 2/, 2 y ^{ds} @ 4/, 1 Lace 5/, Silk & thread 5/	1. 7
To 2 Muslin @ 4	8.
To 4 Black Cloth @ 10 for the pulpit	40.
To 9 Black wool ⁿ Scarfs @ 8	72.
To 9 Crape Hat bands, 13½ ells @ 32	21.23
To 27 prs. white wool ⁿ Gloves @ 20/ for Bearers, &c.	27.
To 4 prs Women's Do. @ 25/, 5 prs. black @ 27/	11.15
To 3 prs. Do, Kid Do. @ 30/	4.10
To 1 pr. Men's black wool ⁿ Do. @ 23/, 1 pr. Buckles @ 20	2. 3
To 1 Black cloak	3.

French Cur^{cy} £202. 9

Recu le montant aydessus
Mag. D'auvergne.”

The French pound, or livre, originally and down to about the year A. D. 1100, representing a pound of pure silver, had been gradually lowered in weight and value, until at this period it represented but about a seventy-eighth part of a pound, or say 18 cents of our money. This mercer's bill, therefore, came to about \$37.50 in our American currency.

The will of Philip Marett was proved in Boston, Oct. 29, 1762. His wife and an only son, Philip Marett, survived him; the latter having been born March 31st, 1737.

From some of the letters that passed soon afterwards between young Philip and his Jersey relatives, as well as from the bill of Mr. Robin, I infer that he accompanied his father on his last voyage, and revisited with him the old seat of the family.

In 1766, Miss Esther Marett, the youngest daughter of Edward Marett, then the “seigneur of La Haule,” writes her American cousin a lively account of a trip she had made to the main land, since she had seen him last.

“In July, 1763, I went to St. Malo in France (with some gentlemen and lady^s), and from thence to Rennes, the chief Town of the Province of Bretagne; it is a very agreeable place, where there's fine buildings. They had a concert every week. Being

invited, I went. Everything there was neat and decent, and great variety of musicians, and the lady^s well dress'd, some of 'em painted.

In October 1764, I went to Guernsey with young M^r Le Cras, that had business there. We stay'd about two months. The town gentry had a concert and an assembly. I went to both, being desired to go. The commerce is not so flourishing in G. as it was some time ago, but great many of 'em have large fortune to live upon."

Philip Marett, second, like his father, followed the sea, and before many years revisited Europe as the captain of a merchantman, trading with Spain. After the Revolution, he planned a voyage to Jersey, with a cargo of New England goods, but the commercial policy of England towards her old colonies proved too unfavorable. In reply to a letter written in 1786 to his cousin Esther, she urges him warmly to come in person, if he cannot bring his vessel.

"You give up all thoughts of seeing us, as the English have lay'd such heavy duty on all American produce, but they have not yet lay'd tax upon your Dear Body, & you can transport it where you please."

The last letter from this faithful correspondent is written in 1792, during the disturbances attending the French Revolution.

"We smart in Jersey for the misfortunes of the time. God send us Peace. We lose a great deal by the unjust proceedings of our debtors, but they triumph over us, being countenanced to pay us not in wheat, as it is stipulated. Wheat is sold three £ or 3 £, 10, the cabotel, and we receive 41s., forty-three or four of our rentes, french money. Dear Sir, I cannot make a detail of our Jersey affairs, they are so numerous & it is such a confusion. It is a bottomless pit: very much like our neighbours: one thing quite different. The nobility of France is cast off, & in this Island some new gentry rise every day, and the Lawyers and Ring-leaders reap a good harvest. It is an advantage to fish in troubled waters."

Capt. Philip Marett married, in 1781, Elizabeth Cunningham of Boston, daughter of James and Elizabeth (Boylston) Cunningham. Their residence was at what was then No. 88 Newbury street, where he died July 31, 1799. The inventory of his estate amounted to about \$4,000.* Paul Revere, the second, of Revolutionary memory, was one of the appraisers, and several pieces of silver of his workmanship descended in the family. Capt. Marett was a parishioner of Rev. Dr. Webb, pastor of the Hollis Street church.

* Probate Records, Suffolk Co., Book 97, p. 167. One of the articles of parlor furniture was a clock, appraised at \$10, which is not improbably that now in the collections of this society, presented by the executors of Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford.

He left a widow with two little children, a girl of ten, and boy of six. This lad, the Philip Marett who finally became a citizen of New Haven, was born Sept. 25th, 1792, and early distinguished himself at the public schools of Boston.

Among the noteworthy bequests of Dr. Franklin was the following :

“I was born in Boston, New England, and owe my first instructions in literature to the free grammar schools established there ; I therefore give one hundred pounds sterling to my executors, to be by them, the survivors or survivor of them, paid over to the managers or directors of the free schools in my native town of Boston, to be by them, or those person or persons who shall have the superintendence and management of the said schools, put out to interest, and so continued at interest forever, which interest annually shall be laid out in silver medals, and given as honorary rewards annually by the directors of the said free schools for the encouragement of scholarship in the said schools, belonging to the said town, in such manner as at the discretion of the selectmen of the said town shall seem meet.”*

One of these medals Philip Marett won at the age of 12. It bears the following inscriptions :

Adjudged	(Reverse.)
by the	
School Committee	
as a	The gift of
Reward of Merit	
to	Franklin
Philip Marett	
1804	

It was his mother's expectation at first, to fit him for Harvard College, with the view of his making the law his profession ; but circumstances prevented this, and he left school to enter into active business at an early age. When seventeen, he re-opened correspondence with his cousins in Jersey, announcing his sister's marriage, and inquiring in regard to the early history of the Marett family. A reply was received from Philip Marett, the fourth seigneur of La Haule, saying that by the deeds in his possession he could assure him that they were “sprung from an honest and very ancient parentage,” which could be traced back for over two hundred years. A copy of the Marett coat of arms was also sent in this letter. This Philip Marett died in 1824, at the age of 82, leaving a son, Philip Marett, to inherit the manor, between

* 1 Franklin's Works, ed. 1834, p. 193.

whom and his American cousin of the same name friendly letters were occasionally exchanged for many years.*

During the war of 1812 with Great Britain, a few weeks after the great naval duel between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, the former, bringing the prisoners she had made, came into Boston harbor, where two other of our men of war were also lying. Mr. Maret, then nineteen years old, paid the fleet a visit, with a party of ladies. He wrote so spirited an account of the incident, in a letter to a friend, that I quote it in full.

* Boston, Tuesday, Sept. 8th, 1812.

* * * Last Tuesday in company of friends I went to sail in a packet to view our fleet in this harbor.—On arriving below where the frigates Pres't. and U. States were riding at anchor, I being acquainted with one of the officers of the U. States went on board and procured an invitation for the ladies to visit that ship, and the barge was expedited for our whole party. I went throughout the vessel and was much distressed on going into the place appropriated for the lodgings of the crew, called the berth deck: there were 150 poor wretches in their hammocks laid up with the scurvy (a rottenness of the bones). They were so near each other that we had to move them in order to pass, and the effect was so unpleasant to the olfactory nerves, I was glad to beat a retreat.

After we had been on board some time the commander who had been absent returned, and invited us to his apartments. We put the ladies into his elegant little stateroom, and the gentl. sat with him in the cabin. This frigate is commanded by the renowned Decatur, who signalized himself in the Tripolitan war. He is about 30 years of age, tall and slim, piercing black eyes and a very commanding countenance—he conversed with us two hours, and is as elegant in his manners and deportment as he is brave in action. He is a decided federalist, and a Philadelphian, married to one of the first women in the United States.

I was pleased with the magnanimity he displayed in speaking of Cap. Daeres, commander of the frigate *Guerrière*, destroyed by the *Constitution*. Commodore Decatur said he considered Daeres a first rate officer, a man of great skill, and indisputable personal courage. "I think" continued he "the result of the engagement can be attributed not to any want of ability or prowess in the British officer, but rather to the contempt in which he held his enemy: as he had been used to fighting Frenchmen, and had no experience of Americans, he conceived we were like them."

We sailed at 11 and returned at 6 o'clock, highly gratified. Commodore Decatur is a man whose modest manners engage interest, and when to those were joined the consideration of his tried firmness and courage he excites our liveliest admiration.

I was singularly struck with the appearance yesterday of Capt. Daeres and Capt. Hull:—those persons who a few days since in the heat of battle were endeavoring

*The late Sir Robert Pipon Maret of La Haule manor (who died in 1884), married the daughter of the last Philip Maret of La Haule, who died in 1866, two years before his New Haven cousin.

to take away the lives of each other, and would have exulted at success in their attempt, are now seen walking arm in arm as brothers; it reminded me of a most elegant description of the battle of Talavera, by an English bard, when in the heat of fight the French and Spaniards together met in a stream as friends, but after bathing rushed again to arms and fought more warmly for the suspension.

Capt. Daeres is about 24 years old, small and not elegantly made; looks something like James Savage, Esquire. He is a very pleasant amusing man, full of life and anecdote, is possessed of immense wealth, married to an elegant woman in England, and fights for amusement and glory. He says this will be the last time he visits Boston in this war, unless to batter it down, and means to enjoy himself now he is here. He is treated with great distinction and though he is very haughty, as a man attaining so high a rank in the British navy naturally would be, is a perfect gentleman.

The papers will give you a full account of the dinner on Saturday. The tickets were \$5; one was offered me but it was inconvenient for me to attend. Decatur and Capt. Lawrence only dined with them; Commodore Rogers was indisposed.

When the *Guerrière* was fighting the *Constitution*, Daeres ordered his men to play Yankee Doodle by way of derision, and told his men to take care of the molasses in order to give the Yankees some black strap, (a drink composed of rum and molasses peculiar to N. England). He told his crew he would give them 20 minutes to take Capt. Hull, but the poor fellow in 20 minutes was taken himself.

When Daeres was in Halifax, he said he did not wish to fall in with less than two American frigates; then he might get some honour, but with one he could not get glory. Here he prophesied correctly. Admiral Sawyer told him: "Capt. Daeres, though you are a young man you deserve well of your country, you have fought well hitherto, but remember you are now to fight, not Frenchmen, but men of the same blood as yourself."

So much for all this, but I hope you'll pick some amusement out of it." * * *

Mr. Marett was of a thoughtful disposition, fond of reading books of substantial merit, and wrote with force and facility from an early age. He had a way, not uncommon among those born in the eighteenth century, of putting his thoughts upon any subject that interested him deeply upon paper. One of his manuscripts of this kind, dated in July, 1813, when he was not quite twenty-one, begins thus:

"When I hear a person express a wish to look into futurity, I am surprised at his want of reflection and consideration. Not only should such wishes be suppressed as a duty we owe to God to submit with alacrity to his arrangements, but because it is evidently for the happiness of man that the designs of his maker in respect to his personal condition should be inscrutable. In no instance is the wisdom of God more extensively and forcibly demonstrated than in keeping us in ignorance of the events which are to befall us. Were it not so, what stimulant should we have to enterprize and exertion; what inducement should we possess to urge us to activity in improvement?"

We do not need to be told that the young man whose reflections ran in this vein, had been a close reader of the *Spectator*, of *Johnson*, and of the stately moralists of the day.

Soon after coming of age he was married to a beautiful girl of seventeen, Martha (Bird) Knapp, daughter of Josiah and Mary (Fairservice) Knapp of Boston. Her miniature by Tisdale, taken in 1813, is similar in style to that of Mr. Maret by the same artist, taken probably the same year, which is in the collections of this Society. To those of us who recollect her in her old age, the charm and loveliness of expression which to the last animated her features, had the same sweetness and tender delicacy which, made her early beauty so captivating in this speaking portrait.

Mr. Knapp resided at the "South End" and owned a row of houses on Kneeland street, in one of which Mr. and Mrs. Maret passed their first years of married life. In another, lived Lemuel Shaw, who married the eldest daughter of Mr. Knapp, and was afterwards one of the great chief justices of Massachusetts.

Mr. Maret soon became extensively engaged in European commerce, and in 1818, was appointed the Vice-consul of Portugal for Massachusetts and New Hampshire, a position which he retained for twelve years, and which was soon made to cover also Maine and Rhode Island. Its duties put him often in charge of admiralty litigation, in which the rights of Portuguese subjects were involved, and the manner in which he conducted this business met with the warm approval of the government by which he was accredited. The most interesting, perhaps, of these causes was that of the *Marianna Flora*.

In 1821, the U. S. schooner *Alligator*, Lieut. Stockton, commanding, was on a cruise against pirates and slave-traders, and sighted in mid-ocean a Portuguese merchantman, called the *Marianna Flora*. The *Alligator* steered towards her and was received by a cannon shot across the bows. The United States flag was then hoisted, but the *Marianna Flora* continued firing, under the apprehension, as it afterwards proved, that the *Alligator* was a pirate sailing under false colors. Lieut. Stockton, thinking that the Portuguese ship must be of the same character, returned a broadside, at which the *Marianna Flora* ran up her national flag, and surrendered. Her papers were submitted for inspection, and such apology as the case admitted of made, but Lieut. Stockton, believing that she had acted in a piratical way and insulted the authority of his government, put a prize-crew on board, and sent her to Boston,

There she was libelled in admiralty, and Mr. Marett as Vice-consul for Portugal directed the management of the defence. The District Court held that the seizure was unjustifiable, and also sustained his claim in behalf of the owners for damages for breaking up the voyage, awarding them about \$20,000. This was, of course, a very serious matter for Lieut. Stockton, against whom this decree was made, and he was driven almost beside himself by anxiety. He appealed to the Circuit Court, and there upon new pleadings, the claim for damages was disallowed. Mr. Marett then appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the owners of the *Marianna Flora* were represented by his brother-in-law, John Knapp of Boston, (a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1800, whose *Φ. Β. Κ.* badge is among the collections of this Society) and Thomas Addis Emmet. Blake and Webster were the opposing counsel, and as the case was one of first impression, it was argued with great care, and after a full examination of the governing principles of international law. Judge Story pronounced the opinion of the court, and it is one of his ablest efforts. Stockton, he said, had been forced to act, on a sudden emergency, after an unprovoked attack on the flag of his country, for which but a poor excuse had been offered. No doubt the *Marianna Flora* was on a lawful voyage, and her owners were innocent of any wrong; but their agent, the master, had deliberately fired on an American ship of war. It was an indignity to the nation, and Lieut. Stockton might well hesitate in assuming the arbitration of national wrongs. The case was one new to the courts, and of course new to him. It would be harsh now to hold him personally liable for heavy damages, because in exercising on the sea a discretion officially entrusted to him, he had come to a result different from that reached after three trials in successive courts. In view of all the evidence, it was right to release the ship, because her captain had only committed an error of judgment, but that error was no good reason for giving his owners indemnity from its natural consequences, at the expense of a gallant officer of our navy who had no other end in view than to protect the honor of his country. The decree for damages was therefore set aside, and the owners left to settle their accounts with their own captain.*

Mr. Marett's wide acquaintance with the course of foreign trade, coupled with sound judgment, gave his opinions great weight in Boston upon all questions of commercial intercourse, and he could express them with remarkable clearness and precision.

*The *Marianna Flora*, 11 Wheaton's Reports, p. 1.

When the tariff bill of 1820 was pending in Congress, by which a considerable increase in protective duties was to be granted, and all manufactured goods were to be excluded from our ports unless coming direct from the country of their origin, Mr. Marett contributed, over the signature of "P," a vigorous attack upon the bill, to the *Boston Repository*, a newspaper then conducted by Nathan Hale. I quote a few passages from it, to show his terse and telling style of composition.

"That it is desirable to merchants to be able to prosecute trade free from all unnecessary restrictions,—to be allowed to export whatever articles they choose, and in return to import such commodities as will be most beneficial, no one will deny; and that to enjoy such a privilege is not considered unreasonable, is shown by the efforts made on the part of our government to induce Great Britain to open her colonial ports to our commerce. But while the executive and legislative branches of government are legislating and negotiating to secure free trade and unrestricted commerce, they are called upon by the Committee of Manufactures to enact a statute which will produce greater embarrassment, and strike a more deadly blow at our commerce than could be effected by the navigation laws of all the nations of Europe together." * * *

"It would be unjust to impeach the motives of the committee that reported this bill, but the inference is irresistible that they consider their duty to be, not to consider the claims of all classes, but to advocate and uphold those of the manufacturers, leaving adverse interests to be protected by their appropriate guardians. In such a state of things it is a consolation to know that, although the interests of Boston may not be properly appreciated by him to whose charge they are confided, we yet have from this State many devoted to her service, and one at least who, though he may differ from us in political sentiments, has a knowledge of the interests of commerce, and who will not desert them."

This bill passed the House, but was lost by one vote in the Senate. The opposition to it in Massachusetts culminated in a public meeting, at which Webster, then a member of Congress, made one of his first speeches on the tariff question.*

Mr. Marett was during this period of his life one of the firm of Plympton, Marett & Dorr. They conducted an extensive commercial business, and with large financial success.

He took an active interest in the political movements of the day, and was the confidential associate of such leaders as Alexander H. Everett, Abbot Lawrence and Nathan Hale, in the Tariff and Bank agitation attending the administration of President Jackson. Mr. Marett was one of the "National Republican" party, in opposition to the administration, and became an active and influential Whig, when that party rose into existence

* Tausig's Tariff History, 72, note.

In 1835, he was elected President of the Common Council of the city, and held the office by re-election for several successive terms.

At the time of the great financial crisis of 1837, a convention of representatives of the principal Eastern Banks was called to consider the policy to be pursued, with reference to the suspension of specie payments.

Mr. Maret was then President of the New England Bank and took an active part in the meeting. His practical wisdom and decision of character produced a deep impression on those to whom he had been unknown before, and he was said to have been the leading spirit in determining the action of the Convention.

In 1838, he bought a lot on Summer street, near Washington, and put a handsome residence upon it, which he occupied during the rest of his life in Boston, and made the seat of a generous hospitality. It was opposite the spot occupied by Trinity Church until the great fire of 1872, and stood next to that of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, who purchased and built at the same time with Mr. Maret, and in concert with him. A brief note from Dr. Bigelow, which was found among Mr. Maret's papers, indicates the relations in which they stood to each other, as well as the character of each.

“DEAR SIR :—As you are kind enough to insist on considering as a professional visit, what I had considered as merely a neighborly office, it is but fair that I should retain what may be considered a reasonable fee, and return you the balance.

Very sincerely yours,

JACOB BIGELOW.”

The enclosure, no doubt, represented the sum by which Dr. Bigelow insisted that Mr. Maret had overestimated his services.

Boston has always been famous for the number of its social organizations and public institutions of one kind and another. It has always also been famous for its dinner-parties, and it learned early that the two can be easily combined. The monthly meetings of the trustees of the Boston Library, of the wardens and vestry of King's Chapel, and of many similar bodies, took the shape of a friendly dinner or supper together at the house of one of their number. The dinner-hour fifty years ago, was still not later than half past three or four, and evening parties also broke up by the time when they now sometimes begin.

Mr. Maret was junior warden of King's Chapel, and a memorandum of one of their vestry meetings at his house, in January, 1844, has been preserved, which gives a vivid picture of their social supper-table. Both wardens and all the vestrymen were present, and also the rector of the church. The bill of fare comprised one pair of black ducks, one of tame ducks, one of bluebills, one of widgeons, one of red-heads, half a dozen quails, a bushel of raw oysters, two dishes of mashed potato, one of macaroni, celery, currant and cranberry jellies, custards, *blanc mange*, preserved apples, calves-foot jelly, preserved peaches, two squash pies, two of apple, two of cocoanut, two of peach, fancy cake, cheese-cake, cheese, olives, and preserved prunes, and two three-pint pyramids of ice cream. Then "when the white cloth was removed," came in on a "high glass dish" apples, oranges, pears, and grapes, flanked by dishes of walnuts and raisins. The table was also (it was before the days of Father Matthew) well fortified with decanters of sherry and Madeira, a flagon of hock, and one of claret, and four bottles of champagne; followed by coffee and cigars.

Mrs. Maret was a hostess whose charm of manner none who enjoyed her hospitalities could forget, and their only child, Miss Ellen Martha Maret, afterwards Mrs. Arthur N. Gifford, was a person of remarkable social attractions, coupled with high intellectual power. Her portrait by Alexander in the galleries of the Yale Art School represents her as she looked at the age of seventeen, but is more successful in depicting the beauty of her features, than in showing the animation of expression which gave them a peculiar interest to every observer. Under such auspices the spacious parlors of Mr. Maret's house on Summer street were a favorite center of social enjoyment, and we need not wonder that one of his old Boston friends,—an accomplished scholar and historian,—wrote him long after his removal to New Haven, "I have never found a substitute for your home, since you left here."

In the summer of 1840 he took his wife and daughter on an extended western tour, partly for the benefit of his own health, which had become somewhat impaired by the pressure of accumulating duties. His services were sought in various quarters, outside of his regular business engagements, and the many positions which he filled as chairman of a school committee, trustee of a library, warden of King's Chapel, and delegate to banking and political conventions, contributed to wear upon his strength.

Mr. Maret was a good friend. He had the art of conferring obligations, as if he were receiving them; or rather it was with him, not art, but nature. His disposition was kindly, and his good offices were seldom sought in vain, by any who had the slightest reason to ask them.

In a grateful letter from the principal of the Winthrop School in Boston, on occasion of Mr. Maret's retiring from his official connection with the school-board in 1840, the writer says :

“Your steady and vigilant care of its interests, those who are acquainted with the early history of the school must always gratefully remember. The institution and all its teachers owe much to you. As for myself I can never forget my obligation to you for your uniformly friendly and considerate regard for my welfare and success as teacher. * * * When I most needed the sympathy and support of those who were observing my course, with the utmost good judgment and delicacy they were afforded me, and I shall never cease to remember them. *Then I felt* my obligation to you: I endeavored in some measure to repay it, in silence, by renewed exertion on my part to be deserving of your approbation and confidence. Now I cannot but make this acknowledgment, poor as it may be, of your long continued friendship and kindness.”

A couple of years later, one of his friends went to Louisiana to accept a Professorship in a College, and found on his arrival that the main College building had just been burned down, and that the students had scattered, and the means of the institution were sadly crippled. He wrote at once to Mr. Maret, describing his situation, and soon received a reply, suggesting another opening in the North. In the letter thanking him for this suggestion, the writer says: “If the opportunity you intimate should occur, it will not be among the least grateful circumstances, that I shall be indebted for it to one, to whom kindness is so natural, and whose manner of conferring such obligations renders them of double value.”

One of those with whom he had been most intimate during his life in Boston wrote him in 1858, in acknowledgment of a kindly act of remembrance: “It is another of those acts of friendship and good will, which you have so long and so frequently shown me, and which although they cannot be repaid, will never be forgotten.”

At the age of 53 Mr. Maret withdrew from active business, with a handsome fortune. He went abroad with his daughter in May, 1846. Railways at that time existed only over a few of the most traveled routes, and a large part of their trip was accomplished in the post-chaises, now almost forgotten. In England, however from the

first, their railway trains, being composed of light cars, were run at rapid speed and he notes having traveled from London to York in September, 1846, 87 miles, in two hours and a half, or at the rate of about 35 miles an hour.

At Paris, they spent a month. He read French easily, and added to his library, while there, by the purchase of a number of rare and interesting works, in that language, mainly of an historical character.

Soon after his return to this country, which was in October, 1846, he removed to Brooklyn, and after spending a few years there and in New York, or in travel in the South during the winter months, finally settled on New Haven as his place of residence. In 1852 he established himself in St. John's Place, fronting the Green, and here he spent the remainder of his life. The management of his rapidly increasing fortune occupied part of his time, and the rest was mainly spent in reading, and in the society of his wife and daughter, between whom and himself there always existed the tenderest and deepest affection. He was also bound by the strongest attachment to his sister Mrs. Baldwin of Boston. A letter which she wrote him when absent on a summer excursion a few years before her death, shows so fully their feelings to each other, that I venture to quote from it.

"To-day's mail brought us plenty of newspapers, but they did not convey any intelligence of those near and dear friends who wind more closely round my heart each succeeding year. First on the list is my beloved brother, the idol, almost, of my childhood, the companion of my youth, the friend and counselor of my mature age, and for whom I pray, as for my husband, that I may not survive. I hope it is not selfish. I did not ask it, in the case of my beloved mother."

She had her wish, dying in 1862, the same year with her husband, and seven years before her brother. Chief-Justice Shaw, who after he had passed his eightieth year had made a pleasant visit to his kinsman's family at New Haven, died in 1861, and a list which Mr. Maret kept of his old friends who had passed away since he left Boston, tells a pathetic story of his watch of a narrowing circle, as it closed about him.

His life here was one of retirement, particularly after the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Arthur N. Gifford took her to New York in 1858. He had a small circle of warm friends in New Haven, and his house was always an attractive one to them; but his later years were spent much at his study-table among his books. He had a well-chosen library of towards a thousand volumes furnished with the leading English and American poets, novelists, and historians, and a number of the best biographies.

He continued, also, to the last to maintain his interest in the events of the day, and in its current literature. Occasionally he sent an article to the local newspapers. When a real or fancied case of hydrophobia induced the city authorities to authorize the killing of all dogs found on the streets unmuzzled, he wrote in this way, quite an essay in their defence, urging the better example set by London where, he said, wandering dogs were taken in charge, and sold at auction, the proceeds going to a "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs." It is not improbable that this was one of the causes which led his daughter, after his death, to endow the "Sheltering Home for Animals" in Boston, which bears her name, and also to leave by will a bequest for the foundation of a society in New Haven for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Mr. Marett had a large correspondence of a friendly nature, and his letters were of the kind one likes to get ; full of news, full of kindness, and full of the personality of the writer, himself. "I feel," wrote one of his old Boston friends to him from Paris in 1859, "that my letters are a very poor return for yours. You give me more information than all my other correspondents upon the topics that interest me the most."

Mr. Marett had all the depth of feeling and justness of observation which go to make up a poetic nature, and with these qualities he had a facility at rhyming, which might have made a less sensible man fancy himself in truth a poet. He often amused himself in writing in verse to his immediate family, when away from home, and the birthday gifts which passed between him and his daughter were often, down to his last years, accompanied by notes in rhyme, expressing on each side (for she also was almost a poet), the tenderest affection with that grace and simple force which plain prose seems often unable to compass.

He was of a thoughtful and meditative disposition, and religion was one of the chief subjects that engaged his attention, in advancing years. He was a Unitarian of the Channing school, deeply penetrated by a sense of the goodness of God ; the reverent child of a loving Father. "Thus thinking of Him," he wrote to his daughter a few years before his death, "with a heart overflowing with lively gratitude for all His blessings to me, I do not dread an approach to his immediate presence, confident that He will not judge me by the inflexible principles of justice, but with an indulgent view of my weakness, my temptations, and my imperfections."

A private journal which he kept is full of reflections of a similar nature, and contains occasional entries of prayers, carefully elaborated in the style of a former generation, and breathing a spirit of trust and perfect faith in the Divine goodness and mercy.

In 1867, at the age of 74, he drew his own will, providing for the ultimate appropriation of about seven hundred thousand dollars for various public and charitable objects, a life interest being reserved to his wife and daughter.

The estate was distributed in 1889, the New Haven Hospital receiving a fifth, the city for its aged and infirm poor, not paupers, a fifth, Yale College a fifth, each of our Orphan asylums a tenth, the city a tenth to buy books for the Young Men's Institute or any free public library that might from time to time exist here, and the State, a tenth, for the care or relief of imbecile or feeble-minded persons.

This provision for a free, public library in New Haven, was the first ever made by any one, and its existence was relied on as one of their strongest arguments by those whose efforts induced the city government to establish our present public library a few years ago.

His daughter, Mrs. Gifford, who died last fall,* left a fortune of over a million,

*Mrs. Gifford died September 7th, 1890. Her married life was passed in New York, and her later years at New Haven, with occasional winters spent in the south or abroad. Her health had become impaired before the family left Boston, and was never fully regained, severe neuralgic attacks often bringing her great suffering. For all who were in pain or sorrow, she felt deep sympathy, and was ready to express it both in deed and word. "*Hand ignara mali,*" she might well say, "*miseris succurrere disco.*" Among her larger gifts during her lifetime, for objects of this character, were endowments of four free beds in perpetuity in as many hospitals, and the erection and maintenance of a spacious home for lost and suffering animals in Boston. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the New York Society of a similar nature, both found in her a constant contributor, and occasional articles from her pen appeared in *Our Dumb Animals*, evincing her tender regard for the weakest of God's creatures. To feel that she was relieving suffering in others was her greatest enjoyment.

Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., a friend of her childhood, who conducted the services at her funeral, at Mt. Auburn, spoke of her thus, to those assembled about the bier, in the little chapel of the cemetery:

"To some of us here gathered, there is a pathetic revival of burdened memories in the return of this mortal form, after a long removal, to its former associated scenes, to find a resting-place with kindred dust. We recall her in the years of a happy and sunny youth, an only child, tenderly nurtured in a privileged home of favored intimacies.

"The home of the fond parents have passed into the shadows. We have followed her in maturer and lengthened years, still keeping the heart of childhood with living affections, as those endeared by them, one by one, left her to solitude.

"These later years have for the most part found her withdrawn and secluded. The varied discipline of invalidism and bereavement was chastening and depressing, but not uncheered. Her letters of confidence reveal her trials and her peace.

"She had a gentle spirit, with all tender feelings and keenly sensitive sympathies. She had tears for other's woes, and patience for her own. By submission, trust, and a waiting faith,

which went also mainly in charity, the New Haven Hospital receiving of this in all over \$300,000.

there had been wrought in her that most deep and blessed of inward experiences, defined in the sacred Scriptures as "Reconciliation to the Divine Will."

Under the provisions of her will, in addition to considerable legacies to relatives and friends, and other gifts to private individuals of a charitable nature, the following amounts have been bestowed on public institutions :

The Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home Corporation of Boston,	\$85,390.00
The General Hospital Society of Connecticut, or "Ellen M. Gifford's Home for Incurables," and connecting Chapel,	337,898.00
The New Haven Dispensary,	5,000.00
The American Humane Society,	50,000.00
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	55,000.00
The Connecticut Prison Association	5,000.00
The New Haven Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	5,000.00
The Massachusetts General Hospital Society	15,000.00
The Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society	5,000.00
The Massachusetts Society for aiding Discharged Convicts	5,000.00
The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children	5,000.00
The Society for the Relief of the Destitute Blind in the City of New York	5,000.00
The New York Colored Home and Hospital	5,000.00
The Washington Humane Society	5,000.00
The New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	5,000.00
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children	5,000.00
The Perkins Institution for the Blind	15,000.00
The Children's Island Sanitarium, Boston	5,000.00
The West End Nursery, Boston	5,000.00
The Woman's Charity Club, Boston	30,000.00
The New England Hospital for Women and Children, Boston,	10,000.00
The Sunny Bank Home, Watertown	5,000.00
The Widow's Society, Boston	30,000.00
The Lying-in Hospital, Boston	5,300.00
The Associated Charities, Boston	5,300.00
The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, Saranac Lake, N. Y.	10,600.00
The Retreat for the Sick, Richmond, Va.	30,000.00
The North End Diet Kitchen, Boston	2,600.00
The American Seamen's Friend Society, New York	10,000.00
The Home for Aged Colored Women, Boston	5,000.00
The Convalescents' Home, Boston	2,000.00
The Home for Children and Aged Women, Roxbury	1,000.00
The Retreat for the Sick, Petersburg, Va.	5,000.00
The Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, Boston	5,000.00
The Home for Aged Couples, Boston	5,000.00
Total,	\$785,108.00

A clause in her (autographic) will shows so touchingly the closeness of the ties that bound father and daughter together that I give it in full.

“As my father (the late Philip Marett of New Haven, Conn't) and I were one in heart and interest, and he bequeathed a large sum for the support of free beds in the hospital at New Haven, I desire after death that we may be, as it were, associated in one cause at last. He left one-fifth of his residuary estate to the General Hospital Society of Connecticut, in trust, the income to be applied to the support of Free Beds for the benefit of poor patients in that Institution, giving preference to the Incurably affected, if such were admissible.

“Feeling a great sympathy for Incurables and a desire his wishes shall be carried out, I therefore give to said Society Fifty Thousand (50,000) Dollars, a portion to be used as far as necessary, for the erection of a separate building on the Hospital grounds, corresponding in appearance to the buildings of late years erected, and with all necessary comforts for such Invalids.

“This building, to be known as ‘Ellen M. Gifford’s Home for *Incurables*,’ must be large enough to accommodate at least Thirty (30) patients, and any residue not thus used, to be kept as a separate fund, as ‘Ellen M. Gifford’s Fund,’ and said Society to apply the income of 30 or 40 Thousand Dollars of what it may receive under my Father’s will for the support of *poor*, indigent, Incurables, occupying the said ‘Home’ or elsewhere in the Hospital, if said Home is full—this not to interfere with the endowment from his Will of some Free Beds for the poor in the General Hospital, *not* Incurables. I further direct that the said ‘Ellen M. Gifford’s Home’ shall be opened to all poor and deserving *Incurable* patients without distinction of *race, religion, or color*; but to secure harmony in view of any possible prejudices, I direct that a separate ward or room be set apart for colored patients. If the funds should not be sufficient to establish what I desire, a further sum of Forty (40 Thousand) may be added for *general* fund for the *Incurables*.”

Mr. Marett died in New Haven, March 22d, 1869. His widow followed him in 1878, and his daughter in 1889.

The Marett name in America, in the line of descent from Philip Marett of Jersey, is extinct, but a monument more perennial than bronze will preserve their memory, as long as there are poor and sick to be relieved, as long as Colleges and libraries endure, as long as Christian charity is dear to human hearts.





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