



Mrs. Meech  
and  
Her Family

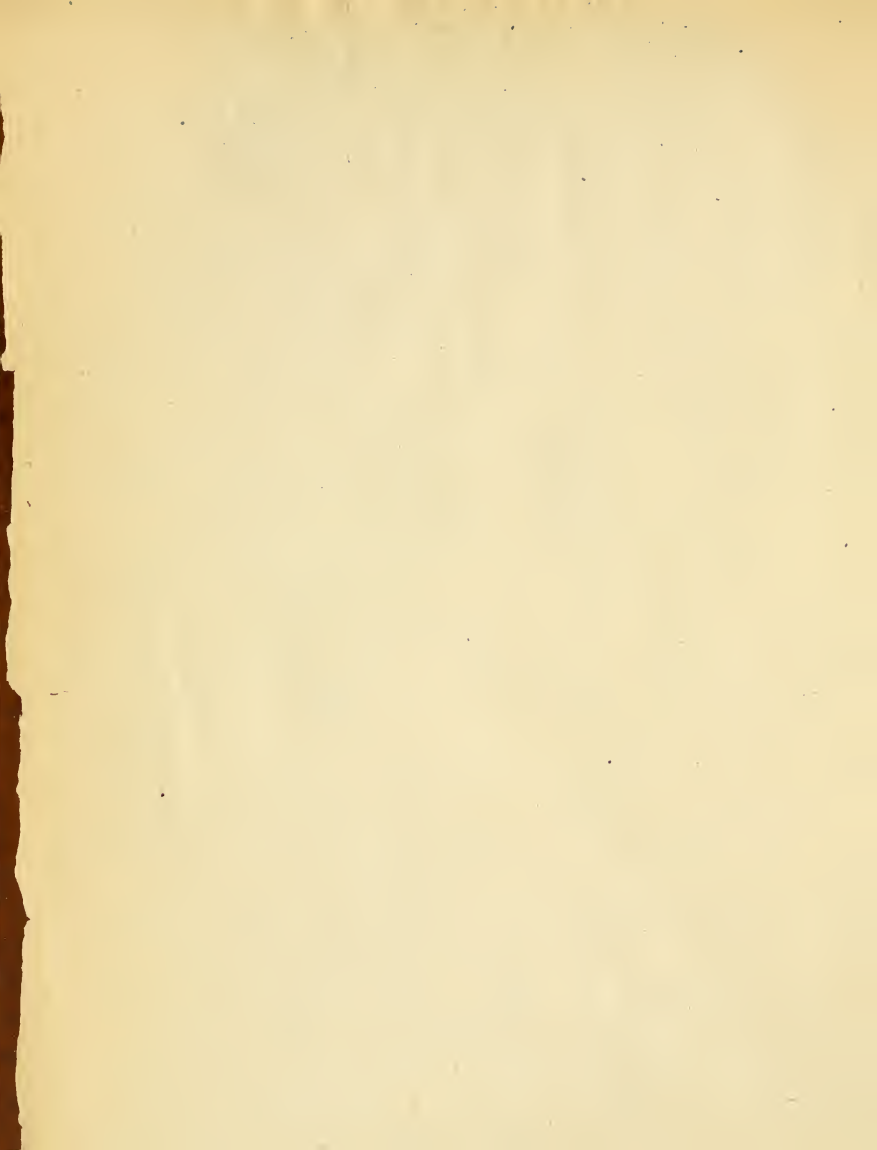


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1878













CLARKE PAPERS.

MRS. MEECH AND HER FAMILY.

HOME LETTERS, FAMILIAR INCIDENTS AND NARRATIONS

LINKED FOR PRESERVATION.

BY MISS HEMENWAY.

*Author of Rosa Mystica, etc.*

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To The Friends of

MRS. LYDIA CLARKE MEECH;

To The Friends of

GEN. DE WITT CLINTON CLARKE;

AND

MRS. CAROLINE E. R. CLARKE;

*THIS BOOK IS CORDIALLY DEDICATED.*

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Beautiful is Friendship that outlives the Grave.







# STEPHEN CLARK AND BROTHERS

## IN MT. HOLLY.



“In the survey of the townships on the East and West sides of the Green Mountains, there was left between Ludlow on the East, which belongs to Windsor County, and Wallingford on the West, which belongs to Rutland County, a gore of land not granted at the time. The first settlement on this tract was begun in 1782, by Abram Jackson, Stephen, Ichabod G. and Chauncey Clark from Connecticut.” This tract was named after the man who made the first settlement upon it—Abraham Jackson, an original proprietor. It was called Jackson’s Gore. But at the October session of the State Legislature, holden that year (1792), at Rutland, a tract of land on the East, taken from Ludlow, and on the West a tract taken from Wallingford was added to this gore, and a new town made up which in point of territory ranks among the

larger towns of the State. This town was called Mt. Holly. The man who was most influential in all these arrangements was Stephen Clark.\*

“He was mainly instrumental in getting the town organized, and it is said gave it its name.” I have frequently heard the late Gen. D. W. C. Clarke, grandson of Stephen, boast that his grandfather named the town of Mt. Holly. I do not suppose there is any question on the point; none to my knowledge, has ever been raised. There was a small settlement in that part of the town added from Ludlow, which was about three miles from the Gore. It is told these two considerable settlements, the one then belonging to Ludlow, and the Gore, had been made and existed for several years in ignorance of each other, the one in Ludlow supposing the nearest settlement to them to be the Black River Settlement, seven or eight miles distant, now Ludlow Village, and the Gore that their nearest neighboring settlement was one some miles farther off in the opposite direction upon the Otter Creek. Only three miles between them was being near for neighbors in those days; but they had reached their settlements from opposite directions and were separated by an unbroken wilderness; not even blazed trees between them.

Joseph Green, Nathaniel Pingrey, Abram Crowley, David Bent, Silas Proctor, John and Joseph Hadley, Joseph and Jonathan Pingrey, Richard Lawrence and Samuel Cook were all settled and living in the Ludlow part about 1786.

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\*Mt. Holly, by Dr. Jh. Crowley in Vt. Hist. Gaz. for Rutland Co., Vol. III. pp. 845—852.

The tradition of the discovery of their proximity is that one Saturday night Pingrey's cow and some young stock of his neighbors had strayed in the woods and were missing, and Sunday morning the parties, accompanied by the other men in their settlement, started out to search the woods for them.

After proceeding about two miles into this wood, directly toward the Gore, they were about to change their course for another direction when they heard a dog bark, and, surprised at so unexpected a sound in the wilderness, followed in the direction and soon came to the cabin of Ichabod G. Clark, which stood some 40 rods northwesterly from the spot where the Mt. Holly depot now stands. The house stood in a small clearing. Several horses with saddles on were hitched to the trees near the house. One man sat upon the steps of the open door, the visitors could see as they approached; and also several women through an open window.

Richard Lawrence remarked to his party, "It is Sunday, and probably they are holding a meeting."

"If so," said Bent, "I hope we may be in time to have a part."

Hadley, who was known to be somewhat skeptical, coughed a little, here. But they all proceeded very cordially to the door—being most agreeably surprised by finding neighbors so near, and well pleased to have been the first to make the discovery.

David Bent and Abram Crowley were selected to go ahead and first to enter the house. It was as they expected to find. The settlers were holding a meeting. They had no minister,

but the master of the house officiated. He was in the midst of an exhortation to his assembled hearers, when our party approached the door.

The tradition has been somewhat varied on this point, one version making him reading a sermon at this time. But deacon Ichabod G. Clark, the pride and main pillar, and first deacon of the Baptist church, in Mt. Holly, in the days when a written sermon was a scandal in his denomination, would hardly have been guilty of reading one, or having one read in his house. We believe he was in the midst of an exhortation, as became a Baptist deacon of his day, and an able one. The Clarks were men of a ready tongue. Bent gave back as they reached the door, and Crowley entered first, all the men filing in after him. Deacon Ichabod stood dumb.

Stephen Clark was the only man who had seen them before they came within the door. All the rest of the audience had been so absorbed in the good words the deacon was speaking, they had not observed their approach, till to their surprise they were present with them. Stephen Clark arose as they entered, and gave his seat to Crowley: his neighbors arose to a man and extended the same courtesy to their unexpected visitors. Stephen Clark whispered at the same time to a young man near him, who went out with another young man, and the two, in a few moments, returned with another board for a seat and the blocks to support it.

Deacon Clark resumed his exhortation, and, with due tact and courtesy, took occasion to allude to the increase in his audience, "which the Lord had unexpectedly sent him," and

to duly and respectfully exhort them, with his known brethren and friends; all which was complacently received by his new hearers. After this there was prayer by the deacon. He gave out a well-known hymn which both the Gore people and the visitors joined in singing, with peculiar felicity, and the meeting was dismissed.

The men who had made half-acquaintance with their eyes before the meeting was through, were not slow in following it up when the opportunity was given. Stephen Clark was the first man to shake hands with Abram Crowley.

“My name is Stephen Clark.”

“Mine is Abram Crowley.”

“I live only about three miles from here.”

Clark: “Only three miles! In what direction?”

Crowley: “To the East.”

Clark: “East!”

Crowley: “Yes, East.”

“What, are all you men and your families living so near us and we never found it out! Astonishing! You must be better neighbors.”

Crowley: “Better neighbors, ha! ha! You should set us the example. Bent, do you hear that? Mr. Clark says *we* should be better neighbors. Do you believe they would ever have found us if we had not them?”

Bent: “Never in the world.”

All: “Ha! ha!” heartily.

Deacon Ichabod Clark: “Nor they us, if they had not lost their cattle.”

Hadley : "Sharp shooting for the minister. But come and see us, deacon, and all of you, and we will give you as hearty a welcome as you have us."

Stephen Clark : "Let me introduce my wife to you, Mr. Crowley."

Mr. Crowley : "I will be pleased with the honor, Sir."

Mr. Clark, presenting his wife : "This is my wife, Mr. Crowley."

Mrs. Crowley : "We are pleased to find we have neighbors so near. You must bring Mrs. Crowley with you the next time you come."

Mr. Crowley : "That I will. When I go home and tell her how near we have found neighbors, she will not rest easy long till she has seen you, you may depend."

Mrs. Clark : "Neighbors are friends in this new country."

Mr. Crowley : "That they are."

Deacon Clark : "You may look for us, brother Pingrey, as soon as the crops are in."

Hadley : "Brother Pingrey ! and are you not coming to see the rest of us ?"

Deacon and several : "All of you may look out for us all."

Stephen Clark : "If a week passes over my head before I see your settlement, neighbors, I mistake, greatly."

Stephen Clark saw at once the importance to the Gore of this settlement, so far from the centre of its own town, and so near to them. If they could be, as he regarded they might by a proper management of the matter, induced to join with them in petitioning the Legislature for their union in the new township he had determined upon. By his most acceptable



suggestion they at once set about providing means for intercommunication ; by marked trees at first, and somewhat later by primitive roads. The acquaintance thus accidentally begun, soon ripened into constant intercourse, and resulted in the union of the two settlements in one town, as above described.

To Stephen Clark was accorded the honor of naming the new town, which he did, calling it Mt. Holly, after his native town, Mt. Holly, Ct.

The town was organized under the act of incorporation at a meeting called for that purpose Nov. 19th, 1792 ; Abram Jackson, moderator, Stephen Clark, town clerk, and Abram Jackson, Stephen Clark and Silas Proctor, selectmen.

The old stage route from Burlington by way of Rutland to Boston passed through this town. The township lies in a sort of shallow basin or depression in the Green Mountains, and in the old days of stage coaches and loaded teams, afforded the best place south of Montpelier for crossing the mountains. There is probably to-day no mountain town in the State that can boast of better roads. It has always been almost exclusively a farming town. It has no considerable village, but numerous viles, and a thrifty, well-to-do people.

Mr. Hagar says of it in his State Geologist Reports : " There are few towns in the State which produce more cattle, sheep, beef, pork, butter and cheese or have a larger number of wealthy farmers ;"—which our own knowledge corroborates.

The town owed its origin chiefly, says the historian, Dr. John Crowley, to Stephen Clark. The first honor we claim

for Stephen Clark and his descendents is that he was a town builder, a man who originated one of the towns of our State.

Stephen Clark\* and his three brothers, Dea. Ichabod, Peter and Chauncey, all settled about the same time. The wife of Abram Jackson, the first settler, was their sister. Stephen was town clerk from the organization to 1800, and represented the town in the Legislature in 1795, '96, '97, '98, 1801 and 1807, and was one of the selectmen from the organization.

Stephen Clark was a man of family when he came to the Gore. He had a wife and several children. He was son of Job Clark, of Connecticut. He married a daughter of Abraham Jackson, of Wallingford, Ct., who was a sister of Abram Jackson, of Mt. Holly, and the Rev. Wm. Jackson, D D., the old Dorset pastor pleasantly pictured in the Dorset papers of the first Bennington number of the Vermont Historical Gazetteer. None of the other Clark brothers appear to have figured in the early history of their town, save as staid, good settlers, except Dea. Ichabod G , and he, only as the Baptist religious man of the town, as already stated, "prominent as a deacon and main pillar of the church, organized in 1804."

Stephen Clark, says the town historian, "settled on a farm at what is now known as the North Parish, near the Baptist church, owning all the land in the immediate vicinity of what is now called North Mt. Holly. His farm has been divided into three farms, owned severally by Silas H. Ackley,

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\*The Clark family claim a relationship to Capt. Isaac Clark, one of the leading proprietors of Fairhaven, Vt.

L. A. Colburn and Miland Dickerman. The site of the original building, with about 13 acres of land, is owned by David Horton."

The old Baptist meeting-house was built on this ground in 1815; occupied till 1851. It was expected at the time this would be the site of the future village of the town, and to this day it goes by the name quite generally of Mt. Holly North Village.

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## MT. HOLLY, NORTH VILLAGE.

We wish to be pardoned a more free description than we may usually indulge, along these opening pages;—the part set off from Ludlow to help make up this town having been taken from a town we can but ever most partially remember, as our native town, among whose beautiful green hills we were born, and lived mostly our first thirty years; and Mt. Holly being our next neighbor town; and in Mt. Holly Village we taught one of our earliest schools.

One? rather three successively in one year—a summer term, where we enjoyed morning, noon and after school time the verdure and delightful quietude of the farm-house, surrounded by Mt. Holly meadows; an Autumn in the Mt. Holly maple land;—the township was originally timbered largely with sugar maples, small woods of which, making rich landscape pictures for Autumn, still remain on every farm;—and the lively Mt.

Holly winter. Perhaps there is not a more social town in the State—or it used to be so, twenty years since.

The teacher's board-list was made out for every farmer in the district. The few tenant houses at that time within the limits of the district were not put on to the list. "Boarding round," as we found it in Mt. Holly, was to come in from a heated, hungry school-room to the cool farm-houses, where dinner and supper were timed for the teacher's arrival—to be ready when the teacher came in;—where the young lambs of the flock, the tender chicken, fresh mountain-trout, fragrant June butter, an abundance of fresh vegetables, cream-biscuit to melt in the mouth, the pyramid of luscious strawberries, with the cut-glass pitcher filled to the beak with thick, fresh cream beside, cool cucumbers, new honey in the comb, etc., etc., made one very comfortable and contented.

We walked to our school-room in pleasant weather. The walk in the early morning and decline of the day was refreshing. If it rained in the morning, we were "sent." If it rained in the afternoon the farmer's buggy stood, by four, at the school-room door. In winter, we were always carried, where it was at a distance.

That summer road takes us yet. Coming up from the Ludlow road, just on the brow of the hill upon the right, where you first come in sight of your Mt. Holly North Village, was the house of Stephen Holden, eldest of three brothers (Stephen, Alvin, Harry) in this district—a weather-brown farm-house, where the children were grown; none for school, but a young lady daughter and one or two noted beaux of the neighbor-

hood, who helped to get up the balls in their season and lead off in the sleigh-rides.

Not far from this old land-mark house, on the same side, next a tenant house, where the teachers never boarded; onward the fourth of a mile or less, upon the left side of the road, farmer Dickerman's house, barn and out-houses. The road commenced to descend at Stephen Holden's and here commenced again to ascend. A few rods from here, upon the right, you arrive at our little weather-brown school-house.

The tenant house and farmer Dickerman's two houses were regarded the first you had passed, pertaining to the village. Above the school-house, at the summit of the rise of land, the same side, facing West the Village green, was, reckoning in the school-house, the fourth house in the village, where lived the merchant and post-master, Mr. Pierce. He did not keep his store in his own house, but he did the post-office, in the family sitting room, for several years. He had a large family and furnished four or five pupils to our school.

Next above Mr. Pierce, on the corner of the Green, stood the Meeting-house, No. 5, in our counting. The second street intersected here, running upon the right, easterly straight the fourth of a mile, when it reached the door-steps of the Silas Ackley farm-house—the first and last house of the village, as considered in this direction—once owned by Stephen Clark, and thence this road, yet eastward, to the Horton farm, next, where the original Stephen Clark house stood.

The residence of neighbor Ackley's was a medium-sized story-and-a-half house, painted white, with green blinds.

Coming back to the Green on the North side of the common facing the South, and the intersecting road, stretched out with its low-pillared piazza the length of the building, expanded the quite extensive and rather imposing old Huntoon tavern.

In point of architecture the old tavern excelled the meeting-house: "An old-fashioned two-story building, without steeple, with square pews and spacious gallery, a tall pulpit, with a huge sounding-board suspended over it." Opposite the tavern-stand, on the north-west corner made by the roads intersecting, was the store of Mr. Pierce (when we arrived in town, but who had sold out to another party before the close of the summer, we think). The intersecting road ran south-westerly, curving with a hill in that section, upon the first rise of which stood the large, two-story, painted-white Ives house, which had maintained for many years the honor of being the best house in the village.

The master and mistress of this house were ageing. They had but two children living—Amarillas, a daughter, married to a Mr. Miller, who I think was in the Pierce store till about that time. Miller, I think, sold to Pierce. This store was very salable property and often changed owners—two or three times, if I remember, in the nine months I was teaching there, that year. Mr. and Mrs. Miller lived with Mrs. Miller's parents. The other child of Mr. and Mrs. Ives, and which completed the family, was a son, the darling of



their old age,—Jewett D., about fourteen years of age. Mr. Miller was the summer committee-man. He it was who first introduced us to Mt. Holly village. We first came to board in this family. The old Principal of Black River Seminary, to whom Mr. Miller had applied for “a desirable teacher,” had selected us from his large teachers’ class, and we were treated by Madame Ives, who felt they were the rich folks of the neighborhood, with pleasant consideration.

The precocious, indulged boy wrote more than tolerable verses and blank poetry for his years, and was a sort of school idol. All went flourishing; at the close of the three months summer term, being on every hand solicited, we decided to teach a select school during the Fall. It was our first select school—and the first select school taught in this village, and we think the first taught in the town; which prospered very well in our hands, we believe. At the close we were engaged by the new committee-man, Mr. Pierce, for the large and hard Winter school. There had been trouble in school, we were told, for the ten preceding Winters. They that know nothing, fear nothing. I took the school, nothing doubting. I had sixteen scholars old enough to go into company with me. The young gentlemen and ladies of Mt. Holly made parties every two weeks and at times two in a week, during the Winter, and the teacher must be invited to every house. It required some tact, the day of, or the day after, the party, or visit, to rule in the school-room all those young, daring, ingenious spirits, fresh from, or ready to plunge that evening coming, into

the annihilating vortex of all order and sobriety. It was a hard spot. We went through by feruling down two of the committee's boys, and with the loss of our poet and idol, young Jewett Ives, the first and only boy in thirty terms of teaching, we ever expelled from school; and for which we shed more tears then, than we would for the loss of a lawsuit now. We should sicken at such a task, now, as that school. Then we took a pride in it and survived. There was in this, as in almost all our Winter schools at that period, a class of young ladies and gentlemen who were finishing their school education with us, or had perhaps before regarded it finished, but who embraced the opportunity to finish again; and who more particularly supported us through our herculean task. It certainly is a herculean task, where one teacher is expected to govern forty to seventy pupils, gathered in a crowded room, and teach, according to the usual practice then, every thing from the a b c up to Algebra, Latin, Philosophy and Chemistry—good old days gone by! I had in the fall term, and in the winter term, in this school, two young men who were older than myself—both young men of handsome exterior, handsome manners and advanced scholarship. Ryland Ackley, the elder by a little of the two, son of Silas A., who owned a part of the Clark farm, was the best scholar I ever heard recite; the most capable in intellectual power and the farthest advanced. He had taught school the Winter before and he only came for six months to read Latin and pursue a course in Geometry. He was one of the handsomest young men in our State. His fair, lifted brow, softly knit with conscious power,

his dark eye, now deep with penetration, now rich with humor—his whole fine countenance, stand fresh in memory before me. He sleeps in a Vermont soldier's Southern grave. Poor, noble Ryland!

I had, also, the "handsomest girl in town" in my school—dashing Resa Holden, full of sparkle to the brim, just rounded seventeen; next, Mary Ely, the minister's black-eyed daughter, an irrefragable and irreparable coquette at sixteen; fair, pink-cheeked, golden-haired Laura Dickerman, among my elder school girls.

We were describing the North Village and had reached the then Ives mansion, the ninth and last house in this part of the village, putting in the meeting-house, tavern, store and school-house.

Following this road around the curve which leads down to where Mt. Holly depot now stands, and which was built this or the next following Summer, we came after about the eighth of a mile to the parsonage, where resided Rev. Richard M. Ely, the clergyman who then officiated as pastor to the Baptist church, and preached in the old meeting-house every other Sunday. Opposite the minister's cottage was the respectable appearing residence of Dr. John Crowley, who sent four or five young pupils to school. The Doctor and the Minister were really the two respectable men of the place.

A little above the Doctor's, on the Rutland road, running northward, were the two dwellings of Mr. Chase and Mr. Dickerman, and below the parsonage and Doctor's, a Mr. Ellison's; five houses and families all told in this part of the vil-

lage : and this completed the entire North Mt. Holly Village. The old Meeting-house was torn down in 1857, and a new one built, with a steeple and bell. The old tavern is going to decay, now, and has been for some years. But there has been but little increase in the size of the village, we are told.

The inhabitants we knew are chiefly gone, but the old houses are there. From the Ives mansion on the hill, first removed Mr. Miller, the son-in-law, and Amarillis, his wife. Amarillis soon died. Mr. and Mrs. Ives have been long dead ; but were not, till their philosopher-boy, sprung into precocious manhood, had swindled away all their property and wasted the last dollar. The minister at the parsonage removed soon after, and has been long dead. The Pierce family, the Chase family, the Bradley Dickerman family, the Ellison family have all removed.

The staid town keeps its increasing, thrifty, agricultural ways, and very well sustains the original farmers in their selection of this tract of land for a farming town.

The original proprietors, who had settled here before the town was made, and who had helped make it, were naturally much attached to the town they had helped bring into federal existence. Town-building was popular in those days. The ambition to build a new town in the New Hampshire or Vermont wilderness, stirred the nerves of enterprise and courage in old Connecticut and Massachusetts men of most worth and endurance. The more ambitious aspired to reach the more distant and difficult Vermont ; the attractive land of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys. They stood by each other,

as soldiers do by their comrades, in their enterprise; and afterward cherished, as worthy veterans might, the homes they had founded, redeemed from the wilderness and cleared up at so much cost.

So loved Abram Jackson and Stephen Clark Mt. Holly.

Jackson was first moderator of the meeting the day the town was organized; chairman of the first board of selectmen; first representative to the Legislature of the State, and several years a justice of the peace. But from difficulties growing out of the Revolutionary war, its burdens, levies on property-holders, dealings with land-jobbers and lawyers, he at length got disgusted and wearied out, "pulled up stakes," and removed to New York about 1810.

There was one other office of honor he held, we have not enumerated above. He was the delegate from the town to the Constitutional Convention of the State in 1783.

STEPHEN CLARK had done, however, more than any one among the settlers, or than all of them, for Mt. Holly, and we may hence infer was more deeply attached to her in those days of her youth, than any other man. He was the father of six sons and three daughters; six of whom were born in Mt. Holly: a growing family of which any man might be proud. The six Clark boys of Stephen were a bright band of young geniuses around him, for which a father could afford to toil courageously and ambitiously

A writer in a neighboring State, in the notice of the death of one of them, in after years, remarked: "He belonged to a family celebrated for talent, one that has illustrated the learned profession by the splendor of their genius."

1805—1810. The Stephen Clark household appears to have been a beautiful family. The father, a man of merit and activity. The mother, a woman of ability and strength,—who had ability enough for herself and to give her children.\* Lyman, the oldest son, a physician, had commenced practice. The second son, Miles, had already taken a wife. He married a Mt. Holly girl, and was engaged in prosecuting and carrying through important enterprises in both his town and county. He built the old Fairhaven turnpike, etc.

Russell, the third son, was pursuing his studies for a physician, in Philadelphia ; Asahel, the fourth son, winning honors at Middlebury ; Fanny, the eldest daughter, on the eve of marriage ; Orpha, almost old enough for the same honor.

About 1812 or '13, reverses came. Fanny was married, and, one week from her marriage, lay dead. She died with the fearful epidemic of the period,—the spotted fever.

One, Dr. Rugg, a land-jobber, whose notes Stephen Clark had heavily indorsed, failed to meet his paper when it fell due, and the law fell upon his indorser and swept away his hard and honorably acquired possessions in Mt. Holly. That land upon which all Mt. Holly village is built, and which is now subdivided into three neighboring farms, had to be sold.

The old Squire felt it in the bitterness of his heart. He could not stand the blow and remain ; and, seeing his case ir-

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\*Description of her by the late Mrs. L. C. Meech, her daughter-in-law.



retrievable there, resolved to follow his two oldest sons, Lyman and Miles, who, it appears, had emigrated to the then young and opening State of Ohio, a short time before. His goods, what they could take, were packed in a stout Holland purchase wagon, room being left in front for his wife, two youngest sons, and two orphan boys of his brother, which constituted all his family at this time,\* and he was ready to start.

The removal of a family then to "the far West," which Ohio was at that time—the loss, too, of so respected and good a neighbor and townsman as was Stephen Clark, was an event to the neighborhood and the town, and many a hardy farmer brushed the tears from his eye as he shook hands with the old Squire for the last time. The entire neighborhood had gathered to see him start. No one regarded his misfortunes as any way dishonorable to him, and, though he left with disappointed hopes, he carried with him pleasant memories to his grave of his old town and neighbors; and his old town and neighbors have remembered honorably the name of Stephen Clark, and their obligations to him.

Stephen Clark and family left Mt. Holly in the Fall of 1815. With his two youngest sons, he commenced life in Ohio. January, 1818, Lyman writes from their location, New Portage, to his brother, Asahel: "Father's situation and prospects are such as to be very gratifying to those who have known him in better days and in his more recent trying cir-

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\*Orpha having married in 1813, and Laura living with her brother Asahel's family in Glens Falls.

cumstances. I have no doubt three or four years will place him in easy circumstances. We see with pleasure, after his being forced to surrender a home in a place where his affections had so centered, his unbroken enterprise and reward. At New Portage, in constant growing good circumstances he filled the measure of his days. There, also, lived and died his two sons, the talented, lamented Dr. Lyman; the substantial farmer and doctor, Miles Clark.

The other sons of Stephen Clark: DR. RUSSELL CLARK, after he had finished his medical profession in Philadelphia, settled in Sandy Hill, N. Y., where, popular as a physician and citizen, he died in 1849; ORVILLE CLARK, (Gen. Orville), formerly known for his railroad enterprises, studied law and located at Sandy Hill, N. Y., and was popular in politics—at one time, “the lion of the New York Senate,” as he was termed; he died in 1862; HOMER CLARK became a popular Methodist minister; was president for years of Alleghany College, Ohio; he was living in 1874. I think I have seen his death within the last year or two in the papers.

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### ASAHEL CLARK,

Father of Gen. D. W. C. Clark, and first husband of Mrs. Lydia Clark Meech, fourth son of Stephen and Rachel (Jackson) Clark, was born in Mt. Holly, Vt., in the year 1784. He graduated at Middlebury, in 1807. He was chosen to deliver the commencement poem. He was married before he left college, but married so well, or so fine a girl, he was not expell-

ed for it. After he left College, he studied law with Esq. Shepherd, then of Granville; N. Y., and after of Vergennes, Vt. He practised, upon being received to the New York Bar, of Washington Co., first for a time as partner with Mr. Shepherd;—but soon established himself independent of partnership at Glens Falls, where he had a successful practice till his death. He was soon engaged in public speaking; he delivered the oration at the dedication of the Granville Academy in 1809; was a popular Fourth of July orator. I have a printed copy of one of his public addresses. He was an able speaker at political conventions, and soon became a leader in politics. He was the legal counsellor of Gov. DeWitt Clinton, and his warm and intimate friend. Gov. De Witt Clinton was the man of his time most noted for personal elegance and polished conversation. Ashael Clark, his lawyer, was a man of distinguished, handsome manners. He dressed with scrupulous care. He always wore the grand old ruffled shirt—the ruffles a finger's width from the throat down the bosom-length, and around the wrists. The Governor not unfrequently dined at the table of his friend, his handsome wife presiding. The three made up a handsome table-picture. I have in my house an oil painting of Mr. Clark, a life-size portrait, which shows a fine head and countenance. A cousin of late dear Madam Meech, gazing at it once with me, exclaimed, raising his hands emphatically “Ah, but it does not look as well, he was the finest looking—the handsomest man, I ever saw!” He was fond of the military—an officer of the New York Militia. He held a Major's Commission in the war of 1812, and it was a detachment of

his Brigade that took the first stand of colors in the war—at the battle of Plattsburgh, for which upon his return, he was honored by Governor Clinton with the presentation of a sword; as told me by the late Gen. D.W.C. Clarke, to whom the sword, fell as an heirloom, and by whom it was much prized. Showing it to me one day, one summer when on from Washington, at home. “There,” he said, “is something that the Historical Society would be pretty glad to get hold of, but they can’t while I live. This is an old Revolutionary sword. It belonged to my father, and was presented to him by Governor Clinton. It was the sword carried by the valiant Baron De Kalb, the last day he bravely fought for American Independence, and fell covered with wounds,” said General Clarke, “My father said that Governor Clinton told him, De Kalb saw a British officer, in one of their engagements, kill an American officer, and take from him this blade, and he killed the British officer, recaptured the sword, cast his own aside, and adopted this.” It was in the battle of Saunder’s Creek, a few miles North of Camden, South Carolina—General Gates, 1st in command, Baron De Kalb, 2nd,—on the 16th of August, 1780, in which engagement Baron De Kalb was mortally wounded, and died soon after. “At the close of the Revolutionary war, Lord Cornwallis presented the sword to Governor Clinton, and when my father’s regiment took the first staff of colors in the war of 1812, Governor Clinton presented the sword to my father. This old sword has been through two wars—the war of the Revolution, and the war of 1812.”

I remember distinctly every word of this conversation. It was my first knowledge that the General's father was in the war of 1812.

Mr. Clark was talked of for the coming election for Congress in 1822. From overwork in the canvass, he brought on typhoid fever ; was sick but a week and died.

His biography is more fully given in the Mt. Holly History, in our Gazetteer. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting one paragraph here, relative to the regard of the leading members of the bar of his adopted State. From an old letter I hold, says Judge Davis of Troy, to his son, twenty years after :

“ Asahel Clark was the most eloquent man, I ever in the whole course of my life knew, by far. He stood as a pleader at the head of the whole bar. He was infinitely beyond competition. I have seen Judge Dwight sit with his mouth open for an hour on the bench, completely carried away by your father's eloquence.” Have you any of your father's eloquence ? If you have, you have got a fortune.”

## MRS. LYDIA CLARK MEECH.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC RECORD.\*

Lydia Finney, daughter of Nathan and Urania Finney, was born in Shrewsbury, Vermont, April 10, 1786, and married to Asahel Clark, May 6, 1806.

The first time she saw her husband, as she would pleasantly narrate, in her old age, she was sitting on her mother's feet, who was curling her hair for a ball. "Mother had crossed her feet for me a seat. I was sitting there, mother making up my curls, when a boy of about fifteen years of age came into our old sitting room at the Finney Tavern where we lived, and passed through. I noticed he looked at me, and I thought he was seeing how nice my hair was going to look. I did not otherwise think anything about him. I was only thinking of my hair and the ball there was to be that night in our hall.

He afterwards told me that it was there on my mother's feet, where he first saw me, that he said to himself: "there is the girl that shall be my wife."

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\*Every item from her lips, except an occasional explanation in parenthesis, *et literatim*, as one may say, and by her first expressed wish recorded, when she was 86 years of age. See reminiscences of Shrewsbury in Vol. III. Vt. Hist. Gaz.

Soon after he came to ask her to a horseback ride with a party of young folks, who were going to Clarendon the next town North, for a Fourth of July ride.

During this ride, the young folks got to racing their horses. She rode a spirited young horse. Another horse rushed past, after which, her horse so suddenly sprung, she was thrown from the saddle, and one foot becoming entangled in the stirrup, was dragged some rods, to the fright of all, especially that of her young beau.

"I was rescued. All said it was the greatest wonder that I was not killed," and she would always add, with a special benignity of countenance, "I always attributed it to some special kind providence.

When we arrived at Clarendon, I had to lie down. I did not enjoy that day. But ever after, my young admirer came to ask me to some party, or to sit with me awhile in the evening. The latter was particularly irksome, as I did not care at all then for him. I was too young for that, and he was a great bore to me. But it would not be polite, the folks told me, to refuse.

He never went with any other girl, and was all attention to me; but I never cared anything for him till after he went to college. During the time he was there, we had a ball one night at our house in Shrewsbury. I did not know he was going to come. I had not seen him since he had been to college; for over a year, I think. I was sixteen at this time, he was nineteen. In the dance that evening we were dancing

“Lady’s Chain”—when it was “change partners and cross hands” a hand touched mine with a peculiar thrill. I looked startled up. I did not know till then that he was there. A glance from his eyes went to the core of my heart. I knew from that moment I loved him. Ever after that, I would not have exchanged him for a king upon his throne.

I did not wish to be married while he was in college, nor until he had finished his law studies, but about this time, I attended a ball at Rutland, where Jack Mattocks (afterwards Governor) danced much with me and was very attentive. I did not think any thing more of it at the time, or of his attentions, than it being the usual gallantries of a gay young gentleman to his partner at an evening ball. He was handsome, a remarkable good dancer and a great beau among the girls, and I was pleased to dance with him; that was all, on my part. But Mattocks soon after saw my father and asked his permission to pay his addresses to me. ‘Jack Mattocks,’ answered my father, ‘I would as soon permit the devil to court one of my girls as you.’ ‘But I wish to marry her, whether with courting, or without courting,’ replied Mattocks; and my father told him that he would tell me, and leave it to me. My father would have been willing, I think, that I should have married Jack Mattocks, he was so popular; but he did not urge the matter. I think he was afraid that he was a little too wild to make so good a husband as he desired me to have.

He never quite liked, however, my choice. It was nothing that he had against Mr. Clark. He personally liked him; but I was the favorite among his children, and he was desir-



ous that I should marry a rich man. He actually compelled me, near this time, to receive one visit from a wealthy widower from Massachusetts. I could not for one moment, however, consent to relinquish Clark, and my father would not compel me, against my happiness.

Mr. Clark, visiting me soon after, I told him about Mattocks and the Massachusetts man. He had also heard of it from others. I assured him my regard was not to be shaken; but he said if others were beginning to speak, he thought it was time he should be putting his claim on.

He went back to college, but in two weeks came again to Shrewsbury. It was a pleasant Sunday afternoon in May. After he had been there a short time, old Squire Clark and wife drove up to the door. They had come for a visit. I did not think at the time, but afterwards, that it was by design, as they were good Congregational church members, and did not make visits Sunday. After a little general visiting with his parents, Asahel asked me to walk out with him. He had something he wished to talk over alone with me. As we walked together, he remarked, as we were to be married soon—he must have it so—and as his parents were there now with my parents, it would be a good time that evening. I was surprised, but I could not refuse him; so I put on, before supper, a white cambric dress, one that I had just had made. It was not made for that, but it was suitable, and we stood up in the presence of our parents, and my brothers and sisters, and Mr. Clark's father, who was a justice, and he married us: and I never regretted it for one moment in my life, for he was the

loveliest man and the best husband, it seems to me, that there ever was in the world.

He went back to his studies and I remained at my father's; did not go to house-keeping for two or three years. They were very glad at home to have me there to help look after the house. [Her father kept a country tavern.]

Hannah was mother's favorite. She was the oldest and looked most like her. I was father's, and looked most like him, and Hannah was married and gone, and I had the field. I had never had a hard time, though, while mother gave the preference to Hannah. Mother was a good mother to all her children, and father always stood up for me more than for any of the other children.

Mother bought my sisters, Hannah and Cynthia, at one time, each of them, a new silk dress. Hannah's was a blue silk; her eyes were blue, and she was fair. It was pretty for her. Cynthia's was a pink lute-string. She was fair with a red cheek, and dark eyes; the pink became her. Mother did not buy me one. I suppose she thought I could do well enough without, or she did not find anything that she thought would adorn me, I was so brown and plain, beside my sisters.

I did not say anything, but father said: "Why did you not buy Lydia one, too? She is worth more than both the other girls ever were in the house. She always was, and always will be. She is the smartest girl I have got, if not the handsomest."

The next time he went up to Rutland, he brought me home a silk dress, the handsomest golden and black mixed

silk I ever saw, which suited admirably my dark complexion.

My oldest son, Nelson, was born while I lived at my father's. Nelson was always the special favorite of my mother, and I think father and the rest of the family liked him better than they ever did DeWitt. I think it was because he was born with them; and he was a more quiet and manageable child; and they liked him, perhaps, for his name. I had lost a little brother of five years, the youngest child of my father's family, two years only before my marriage, who had been the pet of us all—and my little boy came to take his place. I called him after my little brother. My husband, from his admiration for Lord Nelson, was pleased with the name; and he added that of Napoleon, his other favorite hero; and we called our little boy Nelson Napoleon. I have sometimes thought it had something to do with his future choice of a profession. He was, when a boy, very proud of his name. He caught it from his father.

Father did not want that I should leave when I did, neither did mother; but my husband and I were anxious to settle down in our own home. We went to house-keeping first in Granville, in the Fall of 1809. How happy I was to become my own housekeeper! and my husband was as happy as I.

We lived at Granville a few years, till after De Witt was born, who was three years younger than Nelson,—when we removed to Glens Falls, where I rounded and ended the golden part of my life.

The society was very agreeable at Glens Falls. There were a good many young married people, all social and intel-

ligent. Mr. Clark was a great favorite in society. I do believe he was beloved by every man and woman in our society there ; and he never gave me cause for one jealous pang. In society it was all concord ; at home it was all perfect happiness. If I fretted sometimes when the children or household care teased and tired me, or when he was gone longer than I expected in attendance on the courts—for I never had so lovely a disposition as he, such evenness and goodness, then he would just put his arms right round my neck and say: “Lydia, that will never do. You and I must never indulge in any such thing as that. Don’t fret, my dear ! don’t fret !” and it was all ended. I could not fret any more for my life. He never spoke in any other than the kindest manner to me.

We had two beautiful boys. Our home was happy : so happy ! and we went much into society and had a good deal of company.

My husband read Shakspeare best of any one that I ever heard read. We had a Shakspeare club that often met with us, at our house.

It was too near perfect happiness to last, sixteen years of such life.

The first misfortune was the burning of our house. The fire caught in the chimney. It was a large house and stood on the brow of a hill, or of an elevated place. We had been away that day. It was Sunday. We had been to church. We had dinner prepared on our return and did not discover the fire, which must have been burning while we were at dinner. We heard some one cry, Fire !

My husband went to the hall door, and to several men, rushing up the hill, called out, "Where is the fire?" "Why, your own house, over your own head." The fire had burst out first to view on the roof. True enough, and in one-half hour it was burned to the ground. A few things were got out, but mostly the things were consumed with our house.

I had a very nice set of wine-glasses of which I was particularly choice; as an evidence how crazy men will act at such a time, these, which happened to set on a tray upon a bureau, instead of being carried right out on the tray, were swept into the upper drawer and every one shivered to atoms in the act. There are some exceptions: That large glass there [a full-length mirror in her sitting-room], I never thought of it at the time, but the next day was lamenting it, supposing it to have been destroyed, as no one seemed to know any thing about it, when our hired man, who heard me, went to the barn and brought it in. He had the thought and care, the first thing, to take it, and hide it in the hay in the barn; and it came out as whole and fair as ever. We were greatly delighted with him for it.

The people were very kind to us. There was no other house to be had in the village, but Mr. Gibson, the merchant, let us have the upper part of his store, and my husband finished off several rooms that were very pleasant, and we had just got nicely settled in them when he was taken sick.

He had been unwell for about, a week, but I did not apprehend any danger till he was taken down with the typhus fever, from which time he lived only five days.

Dr. Russell, his brother, who was regarded a very skilful physician, took care of him and I never thought but that he would get well till the day he died. Perhaps it was best. I had my fears though ; but could not admit them.

I think he knew that he should die ; but he did not say anything to me about it. He knew it would kill me. He talked one day about seeing a funeral procession, the many people that there were dressed in black ; and he seemed to think it was his own funeral. The doctor said he was out of his head. I could not bear to hear him at the time, but I long remembered it all afterwards.

There was no minister at the time in the place to send for to visit him ; there was a good man who used to go and pray with the sick ; the day before my husband died, I asked if I should send for him. He said he was willing. I sent. He was away from home, but another man came and prayed with him. I do not think my husband paid much attention to it, he was so sick.

His parents were strict Congregationalists, and as they had children baptized—as he remembered, the younger members of the family—he thought that he had been baptized in his infancy.

A little while before he was taken sick, I said to him one day : “Pa, would you not like to have us unite with some church ? I think it would be good for us, and that we could bring up our boys better.” He said he would ; but that he did not like the Methodists. There was no other church in Glens Falls at this time, though a Presbyterian church was soon after

formed. My husband and I both thought that we liked the Episcopal church best.

I lost my darling husband ! He seemed too good to live—too good for me. I oftentimes told him so. He always said “No !” But I always knew he was a great deal better than I was. He always had such good principles, and always seemed to have a natural religion about him.

He died in the night. Worn out with watchings and grief, I cried myself to sleep from very exhaustion. How strangely unconscious I slept, till when I awoke the morning sun was shining in at the window, full and bright. For a long time I could not tell where I was ; when it rushed over me, how I screamed and fell back !

I thought at first, I could not live without my husband.

I went to the funeral with my two fatherless boys, one eleven, the other fourteen. Every one pitied me when they saw me lead my boys, one by each hand, after their father's coffin ; but that did not, could not comfort me.

Never could people have been more kind than our Glens Falls friends were after the funeral to me, but all my heart was in my husband's grave. I used to steal away down there when I could stay in the house no longer and weep till into the night, sometimes. When they would miss me, they would come down several of them together, and tell me I must come back, and I would go back to my children. Oh, the tears I shed that Fall and for four years. At last it became so cold, and they talked to me so much for going there, I gave it up—going to the grave.



Mr. Mallery, a friend of my husband, (Rollin C., member of Congress), helped me to get an appointment for my eldest son at West Point the first year after I lost my husband. I did not try to keep house. My friends all sent for me to come and stay with them. I would go and stay first with mother and Levi's family at Shrewsbury, then with Mrs. Jackson, my sister, and then Dr. Russell Clark's family would claim me.

I had homes enough, but no fixed one. I do not think I could have remained fixed in those days.

Mrs. Jackson, who had a large family and was always delicate, particularly desired me, as did her husband, to remain permanently with them. But I was no longer satisfied anywhere, but tried to make the best of it, and as to the thought of ever marrying again it seemed utterly impossible. De Witt also, had no permanent home. He was first at his uncle Russell's, then in a store as a clerk, and at length, I put him at school in Castleton. Two or three gentlemen asked Mr. Jackson to see me in reference to marriage, but I would not consent to see them. One gentleman, however, came one day, whom Mr. Jackson would liked to have had me favor. I was in my chamber, when he sent me word to dress and come down. Not to refuse Brother Jackson, and to end his labors for me, I did dress—in the worst dress I had, and without brushing my hair went down. Neither of us when introduced was very sociable. Mr. Jackson was annoyed, but laughed over it afterwards. I knew that the easiest way to get rid of a gentleman's attentions is to not please at first.

The summer of 1826, I spent with Mrs. Jackson. There



was no society in Sudbury, where she lived. I grew more and more lonesome. For a little change, that summer, I thought that I would go down and visit Nelson at West Point. When I arrived, he was in some exercise at the school and could not come to meet me.

Desolate-feeling enough, I was climbing up the hill to the Academy. It was a hot day in July and I was much fatigued, when a gentlemanly-looking man, coming down the hill, met me, and enquired who I was coming to see. I told him, Nelson Clark, my son, who was there. He said, very politely, "I am one of his officers. Mrs. Clark, let me assist you up the hill; you look very fatigued and the day is so warm." He gave me his arm and walked with me up the hill and into the reception parlor, when he brought me ice-water and a glass of wine, and talked with me awhile, and then told me he would go and bring Nelson when he was through his exercises.

How impatient I was to see my boy! I had not seen him for so long a time. But he spoke well of my boy; that did my mother's heart good. Soon my brown, weather-tanned boy, taller, but with handsomely knit form, stood before me; gave me a military salute first, and then came to my arms. I was much pleased with Nelson and my visit. The gentleman who met me in the morning, with several of the officers, came to the parlor and spent the evening with me. I found Nelson doing so well and so much improved, and had seen so little company of late, that I enjoyed the evening much. The gentlemen were good conversationalists; the one especially with whom I became first acquainted, talked with me on many sub-

jects for two hours or more. They all bade me good night very pleasantly, hoping to see me well in the morning. I did not say that I was going to leave in the morning. I did not think it necessary. I left early in the morning and thought nothing of it. But in a few days I received a letter from one of the officers, saying that the gentleman I first met was greatly disappointed to find I was gone when he called to see me in the morning ; that he had supposed I was to stay several days, and had never thought of my leaving. He informed me that he had never seen his friend so taken with any lady, and that the gentleman was anxious, lest in some way he had displeased me, as I had left so early and without giving him any information of my intentions ; that he wrote to bespeak a kind reception of his friend's letter, who would probably address me in a few days—from whom I would soon hear.

The gentleman not long afterwards wrote to Dr. Russell Clark for my address, and communicated his reasons for the same to him. The first I knew it was all around among the friends that the gentleman had written to Dr. Russell, and that I had an offer of marriage. I was rallied not a little about the handsome officer at West Point.

But about this time Judge Meech came down to Sudbury to make my acquaintance, and my friends were all for him in preference to the West Point officer, as he was wealthy and a member of Congress. Dr. Russell answered the West Point gentleman that a Member of Congress had stepped in, and I heard no more from him.

Judge Meech came down to see me in his carriage-and-

four—four handsome bay horses. I remember distinctly how they looked. There never was anything I so much admired as handsome, spirited horses, and never anything I ever liked to see as handsome horses race.

The Judge was sociable, sensible, straightforward. He introduced himself and his business, at his first visit. He told me his wife died in March, the Spring before; that she had been sickly several years, and was sick to the bed, some months before she died. His house needed a mistress in it and his children a mother, and he had thought it better to be settled and to have a wife there before he should leave for Washington; and he would like to have it arranged and resettle the home in time to take her with him, if she preferred to go.

He said he had thought of a widow lady that he had seen down in Albany: that he went a few days before down to see her, but she was away. On his return to the hotel where he stopped, he spoke to the landlord, who was a personal friend, of his business.

Said he: "Meech, she is no such woman as you want. You want a wife that you will be proud to take to Washington, and that the people of your State will be proud to have you take with you there. You can in your position just as well get such a one as not—one who will be just as good a wife in other respects, and always an accomplished mistress in your own house, as some common-place woman.

"There was one along here the other day. I have not seen so splendid a woman for a long time. She was on her way

home from a visit to her son at West Point. If I were a single man, I do not know a woman in the world I would so soon marry. By the way, she is the widow of Asahel Clark, whom I am sure you used to know at Middlebury, when he was in college there. Just the wife for you. I don't know where she is now; but somewhere in Vermont. Shepherd, of Vergennes, with whom her husband studied law, may know, perhaps; and I tell you to go home and not to speak to another woman, nor even so much as look at one with a view to marriage, till you have seen her."

"After I came home to Shelburne, I thought over what my Albany friend said, and, as he was so much impressed with the woman, and I knew him a man of very good judgment, I concluded, in a few days, as I knew Shepherd very well, to drive down and talk with him about it.

"He knew where you were; said you were with your sister, Mrs. Jackson, at Sudbury; that you were just the woman—I could not in the whole world do better; but that you were terribly cut up by the death of your husband, whom you had perfectly worshipped; that he had scarce ever seen so deep an attachment between a husband and wife, and he did not know as you could be persuaded to marry; but if you would, he thought it would be a most suitable marriage for us both. He told me I might say to you from him, that he earnestly recommended it from his knowledge and friendship for us both."

He did not tell me that he had a letter of recommendation in his pocket, from Mr. Shepherd, for me. Long years after, looking over some of his old papers for him, I found it

and could not think at first what it meant. I was sure I had never seen it. I showed it to him and asked him. He laughed and acknowledged it. He had asked Shepherd for an introductory letter, as he had never met me, and Shepherd had given it. "But, coming down," he said, "I thought I would do my own introducing, and on my own merits with you, stand or fall."

I appreciated it in him, but I kept Mr. Shepherd's letter. I was pleased with so handsome a letter from my first husband's friend.

I respected the appearance of Judge Meech, and liked his frankness and self-confidence. It was in no way displeasing to me, that a leading man in the State should, in his first interview, decide so promptly in my favor, as it was done with an upright manliness; but I could not, at first, think of looking upon him in the place of my idolized husband who was gone. My whole soul was averse to marriage with any one; it had been, ever since my own best husband had died, and I could not help but show it.

He did not, however, ask me to decide then, but only to think it over for a month, and then let him know. He would be pleased, he was assured, with me; and he hoped, when we became better acquainted, that I might like him better than perhaps I now thought.

He had not forgotten his former wife, and he would never ask me to forget my former husband, and should never look for the same ardent attachment as in youth; but he thought we should be mutually pleased; he trusted so, on due reflection,

and would both be happier, married again and settled in our own home.

He said Shepherd had told him that I had two boys; that he did not think I would marry unless they were provided for;—that I would be a fool if I did, for I was a woman with my boys who would find enough offers from suitable men. He said he told him that if the woman pleased him, he should not mind the boys, as he had enough for them and for his own children.

I thought this was very kind in Mr. Shepherd. It showed a kindness to his old friend who was in his grave.

Mr. Meech said he had quite a family of his own, and if I were willing to undertake to be a mother to them, he was to be a father to my boys. I told him I was poor and had nothing to bring him. My husband, by his father's failure in Mt. Holly, had been left with college debts to pay after we were married. Then there had been his law studies for six years, and the expense of a young family; and for his success it was necessary, though I tried to be economical, that we should live in some style. He had paid up all his college debts and for his law studies. He lost his services in the war for about two years, being paid in Government land, West, which was unsold at the time of his death, and for which afterwards I could not obtain any adequate value. He was very successful in his practice. We were getting a start. We had bright hopes of soon laying up a competency, when our house was burned and all our effects in it. We had but just got over the effects of this and were beginning to prosper again, when he died. He died so

suddenly and left his affairs so unsettled, very little was left for me when his estate was settled. "I should have, Judge," I said, "nothing to bring you but myself and two fatherless boys."

He said he had no doubt that he might marry a rich wife, but if he preferred me, it was nothing to any one but to himself and to me. He preferred me with my two boys. If I would be a mother to and bring up his large family, he would do for my boys as he did for his own.

Nelson was indeed, provided, for, in a measure; but, as Mr. Shepherd had remarked, the United States salary was so small, the cadets always needed more or less help; he should never refuse any such help desired, if indorsed by his officers; and that DeWitt should have a college education. He intended to give it to his own boys, and he would educate him the same, and do for my boys as for his own. I did not stipulate or ask for any of these things, but he proffered them: and I think it was this decided me eventually, the thought of having DeWitt provided for: the mother's heart for him: the kind offer of provision for him: to give him a father, that influenced and decided me to the dreaded step.

He gave me a month to decide, and asked me to occasionally write to him. In a few days, he wrote to me.

The more I reflected, at first, the more adverse I grew to this proposal of another marriage; but my friends and everybody I saw and knew were bent on it, especially Mr. Jackson. He said I would be crazy to refuse a Member of Congress,



and so wealthy, and so excellent a man ; and so I answered his first letter rather favorably.

Whereupon, he again came down to visit me before the time set, and pressed me so sensibly and earnestly, as I had concluded to favor his proposal, to name an earlier day than first talked of, I yielded.

I think, rather, he first wrote me to this effect, and then came a few days before I had determined how to reply—came down to personally urge his wishes and reasons. I allowed him to name the day himself.

I concluded, as it must be, it might as well be, and over with. I was in such a state of anxiety between the anxieties of my friends lest it would not come off, and to see it through with ; and of my own heart, to whom another marriage seemed a sort of sacrilege to my feelings and to the dead.

I did not make much more wedding preparations than for my first marriage. The Judge did not think it was necessary at all, and I felt it became a second marriage better. I was married in black silk. (Ominous !) I thought black best became a widow-bride. I only got a new and rather smart cap.

We were married at Mr. and Mrs. Jackson's, in Sudbury, the summer of 1826.

There were none of my friends but Mrs. Jackson's family present. Her eldest daughter, my favorite niece, Ann, was at home.

“DeWitt ?” I enquired. He was there ; but I did not intend to have him come. I was not going to have that big boy there. I did not want him to see me stand up to be mar-



ried, and I did not send him any word. I did not intend him to know it till it was over with.

The Judge came down with his "carriage and four," the day before. We were to be married in the forenoon, and drive home to Shelburne that day.

My friends were all ready. The minister drove up to the door. I looked out at a window; another wagon drove up after him and stopped also. I wondered who had come. A boy, crouched down back of the seat behind, attracted my attention. I went to the door, and, behold! DeWitt's great black eyes, shining, stuck out as big as saucers.

"DeWitt," I said, annoyed, "What are you here for?"

"I don't think," he said, "that my mother was going to be married and I not see it done."

I was considerably chagrined, but all my friends were pleased with his appearing, and took his part.

The Judge said he liked it in the boy; it showed his love for his mother, and his spirit; that he did right. We had to wait for the boy to be washed and combed; and then he stood up with us and saw us married. DeWitt was at school at Castleton Academy. Some one told him, the afternoon before, that his mother was going to be married, it was certain, to Judge Meech the next day. He started for Sudbury. He did not ask his teachers, he said; he was afraid that they would not allow him to go, as he had not been sent for; and as he was going to come, he thought it would be better to come without being refused than with.

He went to the store where he found a farmer, who lived

in the next town, just ready to start for home, with whom he secured a ride for the first eight or ten miles. The farmer reaching his destination, the boy trudged on a-foot, looking out for the next man that might come along alone in his wagon. It was not long before one appeared, and when DeWitt took off his hat and made him a bow, as boys were then taught to do, the man invited him to ride, and asked him whose boy he was ; and when DeWitt told him, and that he was going to see his mother married, the man, who knew the Judge very well, was very kind to the boy and made him stay with him that night, and found a chance to send him on by another man who was going as far as Benson early the next morning. From Benson to Jackson's, in Sudbury, he walked, finding one or two more chances to ride. Every one was very kind to the boy going to see his mother married, and helped him along. They all seemed to regard it a very good joke upon the Judge and myself, who had slighted the boy by not inviting him. Several men laughed with the Judge about it afterwards. DeWitt made friends at once with the Judge ; and he persuaded me to let him stay a few days with his cousins before sending him back to school, and he wrote a letter himself to his teacher to excuse him.

The Judge had stopped at Middlebury, on his way down, where he was well-known, and the news of his approaching marriage had reached. He was invited and pressed to stop the next day with his new wife. They would have a public dinner ready for him. He did not promise, but agreed to leave it to me.

When we got near the village, I asked the Judge to have the driver drive fast by; so he ordered. The driver whipped up, and we went by with quite a little flourish. There was a crowd gathered at the door of the hotel, expecting that we were to stop; but all was so sudden and well done, we heard only a little hurrah. They had a dinner ready for us, we were afterward told, and were quite provoked at our driving by; but I had no notion of a public dinner that day, and stopping there to be looked at and quizzed over; and the Judge laid it all to me, as I told him to.

At Shelburne I found a family of four children.

Mary, the oldest daughter, a rather fine looking girl, with black eyes, was courted then, and married during the year. She married Dr. Moody, of Burlington. Poor thing! She took cold a short time after. She went out to ride in the evening not sufficiently clad, and came home with a chill. We did not suppose it serious at first, but consumption, hereditary from the mother, soon developed itself. She went to Florida, hoping to be benefited by the climate, but died and was buried there.

Jane, the next oldest, was my favorite in the family. She was a fair-complexioned, gentle girl of sixteen years. She was always compliant with all of my wishes, and lived with me the longest; and I called her my dear Jane.

She was married some years later to Esq. Warner,\* of Middlebury.

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\*Hon. Joseph Warner, born in Sudbury, cashier of the bank at Middlebury over 30 years, died in 1865. See Sudbury Papers, Vt. Hist. Gaz., p. 1140.

She had three children. When the youngest was a babe she went into a decline. It was advised by the physicians and urged by others, she, too, must go to Florida. Her father was opposed to it from the first. He always said it hastened Mary's death going there, and would Jane's, but he yielded to the opposition.

I remember the day that it was decided that she should go. He came in to the house and walked the floor for an hour. Then he said he had given her up. He never spoke of her afterwards but with tranquillity. He was a man that when a grief met him, he wrestled with it till he put it down; and he never let it come up again to disturb him or any one. He thought it useless and wrong to repine at the dealings of Providence. The babe was put out to nurse, we took the two older children home, and poor Jane started with her husband for Florida. The journey fatigued her much, and she only grew worse rapidly there. She was very anxious to get home to old Shelburne and to me.

She was brought back, not to her own home in Middlebury, but, at her request, directly to us.

How I felt when I saw her! I knew at once there was no hope.

"Mother," she said, "I have come home to die with you." She never spoke of dying again: and I could not, neither could her father, speak of it to her; we saw she so shrank from having it talked of. We brought Mary and James, her two oldest children, in to the room to see her. They only seemed to tire her, she was so exhausted; she asked to have them

taken out of the room. When asked again if she would see them, she said no. Did she not wish to see her babe? "No." So much she suffered, and so completely had she given them up.

I did not quite understand it, at first; but I did afterwards, when I saw how much she had suffered and how emaciated her body had become.

She lived but two weeks from the day she came home.

She could not bear to see any visitors. One day about four days before she died, a woman came—a neighbor who had known her mother well, and had known her. She wanted to see her. I told Jane. She refused; but the woman urged so hard I let her go in.

I was always sorry; Jane seemed so hurt. "Mother," she said as soon as we were alone, "I do beg that you will not let another person see me. You promised you would not. How she did stand and stare at me. I knew what she was thinking of."

How could I help it? The woman would have been angry if I had not let her gone in; but I have always thought since that it is wrong to annoy a person with company when they are sick and can not live and do not want to see them.

What do you think?

"I think it very wrong," I said. "The sick room is no place to gratify the idle curiosity of but indifferent friends. The wishes of the sick person are generally, alone to be consulted. It is but their most sacred right, then."

Jane's children, the two oldest, Mary and James, lived

with us much before, and after their mother's death till their father was again married.

What was I speaking of? Oh, the Judge's four children, that I found there when he brought me first to Shelburne. I have spoken of the two daughters. The two youngest were boys, Ezra, jr., and Edgar. Ezra was about twelve and Edgar ten.

All the children were always good to me and respectful while their father lived. They would never have dared to be any other way. The Judge, my new husband, was a very pleasant man in his family, but a strict disciplinarian. He aimed to do what he regarded just and right, and claimed it from others, and no one ever dared to disobey him.

I saw him take a workman, one day, who ventured to dispute him, by the seat of his pantaloons and set him over the fence pretty quick, and tell him to be gone. How the other workmen all laughed!

He said to me afterward, the way was to never take the first word of impudence from any hired help, man or woman; but to dismiss them at once, and if any one left his service to never take them back. It was the best lesson to the others. He always practised it. He was social and pleasant, and fond of talking with his men at proper times, and they all liked him and obeyed him.

At first, I did not know what to do in so large a family, especially as to what quantities, and what to cook for so many men; but the Judge said so kindly, he did not expect I would know at first; I would soon learn, he would assist me, and

superintend the cooking till I felt competent to take charge alone. He had had to superintend so long he knew just what should be done. I took hold with a good will, and was soon drilled in.

The Judge was a large gentleman-farmer. We had frequently, with his help, forty in the family.

I had often as many as five girls in the house to oversee and take charge of, with seldom more than one experienced one at a time. My husband would go right to the dock when we wanted help, and take one off from the boat when it came in. He always said, in time they generally made the best help.

Oh, how I worked in his house, seeing to so much help, and to everything from garret to cellar for thirty years!

I never thought of this recompense for it in my old age. [She alluded here to the keeping of her annuity in arrearage—unpaid—when she was in need of money for daily supplies.] But he was not to blame for it.

He, too, wore ruffled shirts. Both of my husbands never wore any other shirts.

I had not only to make them all, hem all of the fine cambric ruffles for bosom and wrists, but I could never get a girl who could iron one of them: not unfrequently the hottest day in summer I would have to be called out into the ironing-room to iron and plait four of these shirts at a time.

But the Judge was a good-natured husband to me, and did not usually refuse me anything that I asked him for. To be sure, I was careful what I asked; and he knew I was, and



had confidence in my prudence and good management of his house. He always generously said it, and showed it by his actions.

I never had a separate purse, but when I came up to Burlington I would buy what I thought was required for the family, and would carry the bills home to him. He always settled them, and never grumbled about them as some men do. He always looked them over, as I expected he would, and sometimes he would say: "Mother, did we need so much of this?" But when I would say, "I got it so much cheaper by taking this quantity, and I thought we should want it soon, and it would save going up for it again," he was satisfied.

He wanted me to go, or would rather have had me go to Washington with him the Fall or Winter after we were married; but I had not got then to feel at home in Shelburne. I wanted first to get to feel at home there, I told him, and he excused me.

The truth was, I had not such a wardrobe as I would need for Washington, and so soon after I was married, I did not like to say anything about it. So I made my election to stay at Shelburne, and he yielded to it, I thought, very well, and departed for Washington. I was a little disappointed; but he wrote back so kindly to me, I was, upon the whole, very well satisfied.

He was so solicitous I should not get lonesome in his absence; that I should be happy in Shelburne. He urged me to send for my friend, Mrs. Powers, to stay with me—a widow



lady who often staid with her friends, and to whom I was particularly attached—and I did.

He told me when he came home that he should never go without me again. He had constantly repented it from the moment he had started all the time that he was there, and all his friends had rallied him for not bringing on his new wife with him ; but for keeping her so jealously shut up there in Shelburne. If there was anything I wanted for dress, he said, to have it and be ready to go with him ; for he should not go again without me.

I told him that I thought I could get along with two expensive dresses, with what I had.

He told me to get what I pleased and give him the bill, and be sure and be ready. I might send to New York. He did not think I would order anything needless. We could afford to look well, but could not afford to be extravagant ; but he had got a handsome wife and he wished to have her dressed handsomely. I ordered a black velvet from New York, and had it made with three rows of real lace around the skirt—white lace, such was the fashion then, white lace over black, and black lace over white and colors. It was called an elegant dress. There is nothing nice lace looks so well over as black velvet.

I told him I would have a silk for the other dress, but would wait for that and select it myself in New York, as we went to Washington, and get it made after I got there.

He was very well suited with the looks of the velvet dress, which I put on when finished to let him see.

He always liked to see a handsomely dressed woman, and was never stingy with me for dress. I calculated, however, to be prudent.

For my silk, when we passed through New York I selected a silver-straw-colored satin, which I had trimmed—the skirt, bosom and sleeves—with a handsome black real lace, fine and soft, of a delicate pattern, a finger and a half in depth.

All the ladies at Washington particularly admired this dress; several came to inquire where I got the silk.

I wore this dress one evening at a party I attended. The room was almost lined with full-length mirrors. All at once, I was surprised to see a lady dressed just like myself. What a handsome dress, I thought to myself. At first sight, I saw, to my admiration, it was exactly like mine. That is strange, I thought. I was pleased with it. I wondered if mine did look as well. I never thought of the looking-glasses. I never thought to look at her face. I only thought of the beautiful dress, that was like mine. I thought that there was not another so handsomely dressed lady in the room. I surveyed her till I was ashamed to look longer and turned away. I met her several times in the course of the evening, always at a little distance off, and my eyes each time dwelt on the dress.

Only till just about as we were breaking up to come away did I discover my mistake. I observed the lady's figure was like my own, and I looked for the first time at her face to see if she was handsome. I was surprised and ashamed of myself to think that I had been admiring myself. The worst of all shame is to be ashamed of yourself. Fancy it

being so often repeated and so long kept up ! I could never forget the full-length mirrors. [And here the dear, venerable old lady naively laughed.] I had a very pleasant time at Washington. We often had whist parties, beside dances and other amusements. I played cards at Washington with some of the best players in the United States.

The Judge never played nor allowed cards at his house ; but he said when one was with the Romans they might do as the Romans did.

He used to rally me a little when we were alone about Daniel Webster's choosing me so often as a partner at cards. He used to say Webster was a great admirer of handsome women.

Several of the gentlemen told my husband that Webster said I was the most splendid woman at Washington. (That is not to be written. I only told it to you as I would to a sister. I never made anybody in my life so much of a confidant, and if you tell of anything when I am gone that you ought not to, I will appear to you. Two people cannot live together, so alone, so many years, and talk about the weather.)

My husband was a friend of Webster, and Mr. Webster always treated the Judge with great cordiality. The Judge was a ready talker and a good short story-teller. Webster used to like to hear him tell stories. Gen. Pitcher, who was then at Washington, was a friend of my husband. He had been also a friend of my first husband. He belonged to the State of New York.

I saw, while at Washington, somewhere on the way

there—in Pennsylvania, I believe—the first cedar hedge I had ever seen. I admired it greatly, as did also Mr. Meech. When I came home I persuaded him to let me have a cedar hedge. He agreed, if I would superintend the planting. It was the first one in Chittenden County, and, for aught I know, in the State.

When I first came to Shelburne, the family lived in a low, wooden, and unfashionable-looking house, to my mind; not the house for a Member of Congress, and a wealthy man.

All around the door were piles of rubbish; broken wagons, harrows, etc., etc. I first had the old brown house cleared up around, and everything made tidy, and then a garden started.

I was fond of gardening, and my husband, seeing it so, and liking my improvements, allowed me not only one experienced gardener, but an under-gardener; and days when it rained, and all the men would not be sent out to the further farms, he would sometimes let me have three or four men at a time to work in the garden, and upon the grounds around the house. The men always liked this, and were very eager and particular to do every thing just as I liked it.

After a time we had a nice stone-house up; and the garden was generally awarded the finest in the State. Crowds of people would drive in from Burlington and ask to see it. We never refused any one. Bushels of flowers were picked every Summer, out of our garden, and carried off. We never thought anything of anybody's picking and carrying off as

many as they liked. There were so many they were never missed ; often a bushel was picked at a time.

I took great pride in laying out my garden, and, especially, in laying out our front grounds, with a sweeping avenue to drive up to our front door.

There was a natural cold spring that gushed out of a rock, and made a very picturesque and lovely feature in our grounds. It was always noticed, and admired by our visitors very much. I planted this around with lilies. When they were in bloom there were so many of them there, one of our gentlemen visitors said, "they were like troops of girls in white dresses."

I never saw elsewhere such beds of fine old carnation pinks as we had ; and roses there were more than could be named.

I once had over two hundred and fifty pots of choice roses in my green-house, besides innumerable other flowers.

You see how my thumb-joints grow out ? I spoiled my thumbs, changing my pots. I would lift them by my thumbs, to see how they would look in another position.

I had married for a home, and I had a beautiful one ; and tried always to be a good and faithful wife and mother. My husband I respected largely, and we always lived on good, happy terms.

I was almost worn out at times with much company and such a large family, but I had a fine natural constitution, and active habits always came natural to me.

My father used to say of me when a girl, that I was

worth more than any other girl he had; for I would "fly round" and put the house in order.

I remember when I was forty years of age, my birthday, the Fall after I came there, walking up and down the walks in the yards with Mrs. Powers, and saying to her: "I used to think, when I was quite young, I should be old at forty; but I do not know but I feel as young to-day as I ever did in my life."

Mr. Meech's children all seemed fond of DeWitt. When he came home from school during vacations, Ezra and Edgar were always in a strife to see which should sleep with him, which I always left the boys to settle among themselves. DeWitt was always perfectly willing to sleep with either, so the contention rested between Ezra and Edgar.

Edgar would go to bed two hours before bed-time, sometimes, to secure the bed first, and, after all, Ezra would come, and when he could not get Edgar out—at first he succeeded in doing this—at last, Edgar got so he would not get out for him, and then he would crowd in, three in a bed.

All was as pleasant with them as the birds in May, till Ezra got old enough to think about money. There was never any feeling against DeWitt in the family till he made it. I first discovered it by accidentally hearing Ezra complaining of it to his father—of DeWitt's being an expense to him.

I said nothing, but felt it, and wrote to the Government through parties I knew, to see if a cadet's appointment could not be obtained for DeWitt.

I got the appointment for him, which would have released the Judge from incurring any expense for his education far-

ther. I was very glad to obtain it, but the Judge did not favor it.

He said he thought that he better go to college, as his own boys did ; and I thought as he had engaged it, when he made his proposition of marriage to me, and as I had depended upon that, I would not begin to mind what Ezra might say, but let the Judge send him, as he was amply able to, and I had but one son for him to take care of, and he two for me to bring up. He was both able and willing, or I would not otherwise have let him : and so he paid DeWitt's college expenses, except \$100, and perhaps a little more, which his brother sent him.

He was pretty strict with DeWitt, but I never felt too strict, then. DeWitt, I feared, was disposed to be a little wild. He had lived round after his father's death before my marriage to the Judge, in so many places, it had a tendency to make a restive boy, so I thought, and I desired for his good that he should have a strict hand carried with him : but DeWitt never complained of his father Meech to me, and I had perfect trust in the integrity of my husband. I knew with his own boys he was strict about letting them have spending-money or letting them have little excursions or diversions.

When the boys wanted to go a-fishing a few days, they would always come to me first. I would say : "Go to your father, boys." "No, mother," they would say, "he will say No to us ; but he would not refuse you."

I would intercede for them, and, after a little, I would get



for them whatever it was reasonable that they should have—and I did not ask unless I thought it was reasonable.

When Ezra was going to be married, and take a little trip afterward to Canada with his wife, the morning before, he came to me and said: "Mother, father has only given me \$20, for my expenses. I told him it was not enough. He says it is enough. I can never go so."

I had to go to his father and lay the case before him, that quite likely there was not enough, and he would be ashamed, and we all should, if any accident happened to them, for them not to have enough money with them; and that he need not be afraid to let Ezra have too much money, as he would not spend more than was necessary; and I got the money it was proper for him, at least, to take.

All the spending-money DeWitt ever had was what I could contrive to save when his father gave me any for some personal expenses, a ten cents here and a quarter there. I never had a separate purse, but would save up a little so, till I got several pieces and I had a chance to send them to him, when he was at school, as many as I could, or keep them for him till he came home. The Judge was as strict with Ezra and Edgar. He said it never did a boy any good to have spending money given him; but rather hurt, and he thought it all a bad plan. He never had any given to him. I could not bear to ask for DeWitt, and I never did. His own boys, it was another thing. I could ask for them; and though he would sometimes put me off a little about it, he wanted the boys to like me, and me them; and he thought it showed that they liked me



when they came to me instead of to him, for what they wanted from him, and that I liked them when I came to him for them. He never wanted anything but perfect concord in a house.

He was both a close and a generous man. When DeWitt was through college, he needed some help toward his law studies; but my husband thought that he had done all that he ought to. Ezra had been talking with him, I suppose, that he ought not to do it; and he always had a great opinion of Ezra's opinions: as the oldest son, and of a close, business turn, he had a great influence over his father.

Mr. Meech never had anything to do for Nelson. The boy could not pay his expenses while a cadet, from the Government allowance; and my husband being applied to by his Captain for a loan of \$200 for him, to be held in his hands and given when the occasion required, sent the money. But Nelson paid it back with interest and his father signed the receipt and sent to him for the last hundred the Spring before he died.

I was always so glad Nelson had paid this loan up to the last farthing.\*

But when DeWitt was in Texas, after the railroad company had burst and he had no means to get home, and wrote to me for a loan, I did ask my husband about it. I dreaded to, O, how much; for I knew the fuss Ezra would make. I did what was the same, I showed my son's letter to him,

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\*[Corroborated by Nelson's letter to his step-father, to Judge Meech, with the last payment, retained by Mrs. Meech, and which I have before me.]

where DeWitt applied to me and offered to pledge his library, which we both knew to be worth over \$500 for the amount needed ; and when he saw how much I was troubled, he said he would give it, if I preferred, instead of remembering him in his will ; that if he gave it, unless it was paid back, Ezra did not think he ought to remember him in his will.

My only son and wife were in Texas, that land of yellow fever, without means, and I was afraid they might die before they could get home. I was very glad to take it, and never felt so grateful to him as when he gave me the check to forward to DeWitt.

Ezra "blowed" a great deal over the Texas failure, though not in my hearing, yet I heard of it. But I had always liked Ezra, he was so handy about the house, if I wanted any chores to be done, to do them ; and I liked him still, and he said nothing before me.

My husband, who had been confined to his room, mostly, for a long time, was very glad to have DeWitt come home. The Judge was always very fond of DeWitt's society, and DeWitt was always a great deal of a nurse in a sick room ; and always very good to stay with his father Meech. After he arrived, his father (Meech) wanted him almost continually in the room : and he staid, day after day, till he was tired out a hundred times ; when he would contrive to get out of the room and declare he could not stand it any longer. He would have to go back, the Judge would call for him. I have known him to send out for him, when he had come out to rest a little, three times in less than half an hour. He was a great

help in taking care of his father that Summer after he came home ; and till he died in the Fall.

The hardest thing I ever had to bear in my Shelburne life, and what I never got over, though I never talked it over, as it would not have done any good, and would only have caused hard feelings between us, was the stand he took in regard to my son in the army.

Nelson wanted to be transferred from the Southern army to the Northern ; there was a post waiting for him at Whitehall. The Judge had his children all round him : I had not seen my son for so long. It was, that contrary to my desires, he should advise him not to come.

I imagined he thought perhaps if he was near home he would be at home too much. Why so, when our house was almost always thronged with company? Whom should we sooner entertain than our children? I refrained from saying it ; but I felt it.

Nelson was my favorite, I think; he was so handsome and so manly, and my oldest son. He was much finer looking than DeWitt: his features were more clear-cut, and he had those blue eyes so deep they always pass for black—those eyes that laugh when the rest of the face is grave or still. He resembled more his father, and DeWitt more me. And he never was any care or anxiety to me ; and he had such a soldier pride and spirit, and he loved his mother and his brother so deeply.

I was so glad when my homesick boy wanted to come North again ! I had been so afraid he would die of the yellow

fever while in New Orleans, I wrote myself to General Pitcher, and obtained a permit for the transfer. I was so overjoyed with it! but the Judge wrote and inclosed in the same letter with it—I did not know it then—that his counsel was, not to accept it. I went on with the Judge to New York, in my ignorance, expecting to meet him. O, what was my disappointment when he did not come! He would not come when his step-father advised him not! I am sure he divined the motive. There was always a sort of coldness between him and his father. I never saw him again; and when he was wounded in his duel, how it tortured me that I could not fly, as it were, at once to my dear boy!

I did desire at once to go to him; but my husband said he could not go with me. The cholera had just broken out, and he was afraid of it: and he said if I went I would never come back alive, I would die of the cholera; that Nelson was reported doing well, or it was so hoped; and that if he were not to live, he would be dead before I could reach him; and he would, if in my place, wait for another letter. I hesitated. O, how I have regretted! It seemed as though I could not wait; but whenever I spoke of going, all was adverse to it.

DeWitt, who was in Troy, he said, would probably go. I hoped he would, though I knew he had no means of his own. I tried to ask my husband—I thought I must—to send me and DeWitt with me, if he could not go himself. I did not think it safe for me to go alone; but I had not the courage to press it. I knew the money would come so hard, and I expected every day another letter. I used to send up some one to the

office every day, three miles distant, and how I would watch for the man to come back every night ;—and no letter ! no letter ! I was so sure it would come every day. My husband encouraged me that no news was good news ; and at last it was over a month and no bad news. I began to hope so, when, one day, my husband came out slowly towards me. I was in the orchard. I saw he had an open letter, and there was a sober look on his face. A sudden fear came to me ; I took the letter, I saw but one sentence, I gave but one shriek, and fell to the ground as though I was dead, my husband afterward said.

My husband was very kind to me and patient with me ; but, Oh, how I wept for that boy ! My son ! My beautiful and best son, cut right down ! Shot right down in the prime of life ! And what aggravated me most, and what I have never forgiven myself for, was that, all things to the contrary, I had not gone to him, notwithstanding ; that if I had been with him and nursed him with care, perhaps the fever had not set in. How his last words : “Must I die and not see my mother and my brother ?” wounded my heart.

At last my husband got tired of it—my continual weeping—and one day when he came in, said that it had gone about far enough ; he hated to come into the house, it was so like a tomb ; so I wept no more before him. But when all the house were a-bed, I would steal out behind the green-house, or into the orchard, where I could not be heard, and cry right out aloud till I had my fill. When I had suppressed it all day, I must let it come back to me at night ; I should have

died if I had not. He was all my darling, and I could not give him up so, as others could.

But at last it came over me one day, that I might, indeed, weep myself to death, and it would not, as he said, do any good; and I must, and should, and would give it over; and I did. I tried to be cheerful and make others happy, and I again became so. I wonder, now, how I could. But I bent all my resolution to it, and my grief did sleep in a measure, though life never seemed so bright to me afterward. Indeed, it never had after my first husband's death. But I had the happiness to have two good husbands. Seldom a woman has such a husband as my first. Mr. Meech, in his way, was a very good one, too; had made life—my second married life—far more happy than I before had believed it ever could be; and, but for this great sorrow, I might have called it very happy. This twice dimmed all the brightness afterward; yet at times, since, I have partially forgotten, or sort of slept over it, and been, some days, very measurably happy.

I lived with Judge Meech thirty years. The last year of his life, there was a great deal of talk about his making his will. Ezra had been the manager of his business for some time, and was with him a great deal, and talked with him much. He watched with him, also, a great deal about this time, and I could hear him, both days and nights, talk! talk!—talking away to his father.

I was told by several, both in and out the house, that I better look out for Ezra. But I had brought him up from a boy and he had always seemed to like me. I had always liked

him, and even been partial to him more than to the others—with the exception of Jane—though I never intended the children should see it.

My husband said that he thought Ezra would always be good to me ; that Ezra said he should be, and he thought he would ; and I thought so, too, and paid no attention to the warnings I had.

My husband several times told me that they were all talking to him about his will, and asked me what I had to say ; how much I should be satisfied with. I told him I did not wish to have anything to say about it, as I was sure that he would know what was right better than I should ; and I was confident that he would do what would be right, honorable and kind. A few days later, he wanted to know if he left me the homestead during my life, and what land I would need to plant, and five hundred a year, would that be sufficient ; that Ezra thought it would, but he did not.

I was confounded a little. I said nothing at first ; but when he pressed me, I said I should think it was rather a small sum, if one expected to live in the same way, or in as good style as we had been always living ; after having been living at the rate of about three thousand dollars a year for so long a time ; we had lived so generously, that I was afraid I hardly knew how to live so differently. He did not like this view at all, not to have me satisfied. He said that he knew it was not enough, and that he had told Ezra it ought to be made at least three hundred more, if not doubled, and it should be. He expected Ezra would grumble ; but he did not



care, he would not sign it unless it did right by me ; and he should leave me the house and all that was in it, and the flower-grounds, and the green-house, and so much of the best part of the farm as I should need to raise sufficient for my table and family. He wished me to keep a man, and a good one, and a good woman to take care of me. He wished me to remember this, and never to be left alone, as he did not think it safe for a woman to live alone, or be alone at all, who lived so near a good landing for small boats on the lake. And he, moreover, wished to leave me enough so I could always have some friend live with me as a companion ; that I had been a good wife to him, and well brought up his family, and always looked to his best interest, and he should have it right ; and I know he fully intended it ; and if Ezra had paid over to me my allowance according to the will, as he first made it, I could have lived very comfortably. But he never did, and never could be made to.

But I always liked the boys—both of them. I brought them up, and could not help it.

I always pitied Edgar, for Ezra got the will made against him as well as against me, or not according to his rights. He got more of the bank stock, and more of the land, a good deal, and better land than Edgar did ; and when Edgar joined in the lawsuit with Ezra after his father's death, I knew it was because Ezra compelled him to. He always would make Edgar do as he wanted him to. Edgar could not get rid of it ; so I never blamed Edgar for it. I knew how it was, Ezra always so tyrannized over him ; and Ezra, I suppose he thought, as he



was the oldest son, he ought to have the most ; and, as he always thought that he was himself a great deal smarter than Edgar, that he ought to have more of his father's property than his brother had ; that he wanted all the money his father left, and could not bear to have any one else have any of it ; and the love of money was so in him, I don't know as he could help it.

I did not like to leave Shelburne. It was a beautiful place, my home there on the lake shore. We had an abundance of fruit and flowers—everything always grew so well there. I had lived there thirty years—longer than anywhere else in the world.

When the will was read, I felt so aggrieved and disappointed, I did not speak a word, but I broke down and cried like a child before them all in the room.

After the will was made, I asked my husband to see it, but he declined, and said it was thought best that no one should see it. [Mr. Meech died Sept. 23d, 1856. " His real estate was appraised at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, exclusive of his personal property." ] After the funeral, I begged DeWitt and Caro to stay with me till Spring, it was so very lonesome to me. Ezra and Edgar were both settled with their families in their own houses. The large house seemed so empty and desolate, without somebody beside a servant man and woman. As DeWitt had helped take care of his father after his return in the Spring till his death, I did not think the boys could object to it : and as he had not yet gone

into business, I begged him not to, till Spring, but for them to stay with me ; and they staid for a while, but not long.

One day, DeWitt went up to Burlington and a man told him that he said a few days before to one of his step-brothers whom he met in the cars, "What makes you boys act so bad about your mother; why don't you let her have what she wants; she deserves it?" and he said, "We are willing to take care of mother, but do not want to take care of DeWitt and his wife."

Within three days DeWitt found business to go into in Burlington, and took Caro away with him and left me alone.

I tried in vain to dissuade him from taking Caro, till Spring; but both he and Caro were too incensed by what he had heard to remain longer. I did not see that Mr. Meech's sons should call it, they providing for me, when the property was my husband's and his only. I did not see why the share he gave me, and which every one said was small for so large an estate, was not mine to do what I pleased with; and when he, my husband, had given me a certain and fixed share, why I had not as much right to have my son live with me and share it with me, as they had all their lives to live in their father's house, or on him and his property. But I bore it the best I could, and staid all that winter in that large house alone with only a servant man and woman.

My husband had not been more than three weeks dead, when I sent my man to the granary one day for some corn for my hogs. The man returned, saying the corn-house was

locked. I told him to go up to the house, [Ezra's] for the key.

He came back and said it was not there ; Ezra had the key ; carried it in his pocket, and he did not like to ask him for it.

I was amused with the man, and went to Ezra for the key myself. I had no doubt in the matter, at all, and was never more surprised than when he refused to let me have it, and said he had no corn for me ; that there was no more than he wanted for himself.

“But I must have some corn for my hogs,” I said.

“Then buy it !” he said.

“Then, Ezra,” I said, “you will have to let me have some money to buy it with. I have not got any money.”

“You have got money enough, I guess,” he said, and he did not give me either the corn or money.

I was too hurt and too surprised to say much ; but I went into the house and sat down and thought, what would his father have said, could he have known this. He even refused to pay my bills for mourning that I had for the funeral ; and I had not the money at this time to do it myself. I had not ten dollars—I think not five—by me at the time of his father's death. Ezra had kept his father's money for a long time before. He had been pretty close with his father about it. His father used to complain about it to me ; because Ezra did not let him have more money, and declare that he would have it—especially the last Summer of his life.

The Judge wanted money to send by some one besides

Ezra to get his brandy and gin, Ezra made such a fuss about his having it.

The Judge was a man who had never drunk too much during his life, and when he was old, and bedridden, and weak, and needed it, and the doctor ordered it, I thought he ought to have it. I told Ezra so ; but Ezra thought he wanted too much, and would not get it for him—what he wanted. For a while the Judge succeeded in getting money enough out of Ezra to send by other parties to get his decanters filled; and when the money failed, he scolded about Ezra well ; but finally laid in with DeWitt for help. He used to say to him : "Get some gin for me, and say nothing to Ezra about it ;" "get some brandy and charge it to my estate—it is good for it—and Ezra can't help himself ;" and DeWitt would get it for him. DeWitt, in this way, had paid out \$20 for him when he died. Ezra, who was executor, refused to allow the account. DeWitt laid it before the commissioners, and they allowed it. There was not one of them that doubted it in the least. They all knew Ezra.

I remained in Shelburne till Spring. It was in April, I think, I sent out my hired man to see about ploughing my field—the land that was in the will, as my husband first made it, I believe—a patch of about three acres of his choicest cultivated ground, that he always called, for more than a year before he died, "My wife's farm ;" which was his favorite field, and he was always praising and pointing it out to me while he lived.

Ezra had a man on the ground, commencing to set out a

nursery. Ezra ordered my man off the land, and sent me word that "the land was his, and not a foot of it should I have."

Then it was that I decided upon leaving Shelburne. I said: "If I am used so now, what will it be when I grow old and helpless?" I sent word to DeWitt, and he and his wife came down. They told me of a place, the Edward Peck place on Pearl Street, in the market. If I would rent my house there and buy that, we would all join together and try and pay for it. I had no money for a time, only what I obtained by selling off a bed or carpet, or some piece of furniture.

I had to raise money in this way to move with. We made an auction and vendued off the things in the house, there that I did not expect to want in Burlington.

Caro, DeWitt's wife, in her quick, taking way said: "Sell! sell! Don't, mother, bring up a lot of old duds; the house is small, and I have nearly enough in my rooms, there, already." DeWitt saw to the auction, and the old things were pretty generally sold off. Many of the things went for almost nothing. DeWitt, said: "Let them go mother; it would cost more than they are worth to move them; and we needed the funds so much, all that we could raise. I have always regretted two large, handsome, carved mahogany sofas that we had in our parlor, for which we paid \$80, in old times, and they went for \$5 apiece; I have wanted them both here, one for my sitting-room and one for my dining-room. I have always regretted I had not kept one. But Caro had a velvet set for

the parlor, and DeWitt said he would turn me in a sofa that he had in his office, and they were so heavy to move.

I have seen considerable anxiety expressed since DeWitt's death about my furniture, and what belonged to the family. But none of the family had a desire for any of their father's things sufficiently strong to bring them to the auction. A good many people observed it, and I thought then that they would never have anything that I removed from Shelburne.

We prospered in Burlington beyond all my expectations. It was pretty hard at first. I did not get my claims from the estate for over two years. There had to be a lawsuit: when my first thousand dollars, awarded me by the arbitrators, came, it took \$400 to pay my lawyer and costs.

I could not keep back the tears when I saw that I had but \$600 left. But I sold some of the personal property to pay the way in the house, and DeWitt's wife gave music lessons and made the first payment on the place.

I did my part, also, by keeping my house with the strictest economy and curtailing for myself all expense. For thirteen years, I only bought myself one dress, and that was a cheap print.

DeWitt succeeded partly to make and partly to borrow money to make our payments before I got any of my annuity; and when I got that, I would turn that in for the next payment and he would keep the family.

It was our rule, if I made the payment, he should keep the family till the next payment; if he made it, I should keep it.

But when he got his place in Washington it gave him a fine salary and he soon closed up the payments. I was surprised when he told me the last one was made. I could hardly believe that we owned the place.

I only regretted that I could not afford with my small annuity to keep a steady gardener; so large a garden, I needed one, and I broke down myself in my old age here.

I believe with my fine constitution and the longevity of the family on the side of very old age, that I should live to see a hundred years, if I had not overworked, because I was too poorly off to hire and was ambitious to see the grounds looking well. I think that I have a very good right to do what I please with what I have earned so dearly."

Narrations of Mrs. Meech to be continued when we have brought down the other branches in the family history, somewhat.

What drew Mrs. Meech's heart to this subject, till she compelled us to lay aside everything else, and turn in as her amanuensis, as we did, sitting by her bedside, till she had dictated to us, first, her "Reminiscences of Shrewsbury," which she took a pride in furnishing to the local history of her birth-town; and then of her family, and, lastly, her own private history, which she bequeathed to me—left to me and my discretion—was the interest she took in our historiographical labors from the day we came to her, or from her first seeing our manuscripts and proofs, and which very much deepened as we drew into "Old Rutland County," as she



proudly called it, her birth-county, with most of the towns of which—all those around Shrewsbury—she had been so familiar in her young days; and, later, as Mt. Holly, Clarendon, Rutland, Wallingford, Castleton, Brandon, Sudbury, Orwell, Fairhaven, etc; and, in the continuation, following the branches of her family down, we shall continue to give the detail or description that came directly from her, as far as possible, in her own words.

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### NELSON NAPOLEON CLARK,

Son of Asahel and Lydia (Finney) Clark, was born at his grandfather, Nathan Finney's, Shrewsbury, Vt., in 1808. (See page 29.) At the age of fourteen, he had the misfortune to lose his father. His father, several times the last day of his life, would call out: "Nelson! Nelson!" The boy going to his bedside, he would take him earnestly by the hand, commence to say something and then go off in the fever, when Nelson, greatly moved, would withdraw his hand and retire to the other side of the room, to be soon called back again. Once only his father said, impressively: "Nelson! your mother and DeWitt!" Nelson always thought that his father was trying to give his mother and younger brother to his charge: a charge, particularly in regard to his brother, his letters, years afterwards, glowing with brotherly affection, and filled



with such careful advice on all occasions, well evidence how nobly he remembered.

In the Fall of 1822, or early in the Winter of 1823, his mother, by advice of Rollin C. Mallary, applied to General Pitcher, a former acquaintance of her husband, then in Congress, for an appointment in the Military Academy at West Point for her son.

#### LETTER OF GEN. PITCHER TO DR. RUSSELL CLARK

Who joined Mrs. Asahel Clark in her request, and through whom she transmitted her letter of petition.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }  
Feb. 26, 1823, 10 o'clock, P. M. }

SIR:—I received some days since yours and Mrs. A. Clark's request in behalf of Nelson, and although I omitted answering, I have not been unmindful of the subject, and humbly trust it is not in my nature and disposition to feel indifferent to the anxious solicitations of the widow or the fatherless. Considerations not necessary to be named, but impressively felt, induced me without delay to adopt such a course as I thought most likely to insure the object desired, in the pursuit of which I had the zealous and friendly co-operation of the Hon. Mr. Mallary, of Vermont, whose recollections of intimacy and regard for your brother excited compassion and produced active actions in behalf of his son.

It will, I hope, be a satisfaction to yourself and Mrs. Clark, to know that our exertions have been successful. Mr. Calhoun is now in the House of Representatives and has this moment informed me that he shall give Nelson the appointment, and authorized me to inform his mother that he should make out the warrant this week. Tell Master Nelson that Mr. Mallary and myself have given him a good name, and promised that he shall be a faithful and close student, and that we rely upon his honor to keep and maintain the pledge we have given.

Mr. Mallary joins me in feelings of condolence for the resent heavy affliction, and begs you and Mrs. Clark to accept our best wishes for the return of cheerfulness and composure.

Very sincerely your friend and servant,

NATHL. PITCHER.

N. B.—I did not like your irony about “influences.”

The next link is at

WEST POINT, September 13, 1823.

DEAR MOTHER :

I have been waiting a long time, very impatiently, to hear from you, but it seems to me that all of my friends think that I am safely lodged at W. P., and if I do well, they will be my friends still, if not, I may go to the d—l. I have not received a single lettter from Vermont.

I must have a great-coat, or cloak of some kind, for it is getting pretty cold here, in the morning, and I have to be up before day, pounding around out doors, and perhaps in the rain. I signed the pay-rolls yesterday, and was \$28 in debt. You may think that was extravagant; but, you will remember I came here without clothes,\* or any thing. All the rest of the new cadets brought all their clothes, and money. Some brought as much as \$100. As to money, I know that is out of the question; but if you would let me have a great-coat, or cloak (as cloaks are generally worn here), I could get along very well until the first of January, when I shall know whether I shall stay the remainder of my four years or not. In French, I am marked the highest, in my section, and in Mathematics, I shall stand, I expect, about thirty from the head, which is considered a very good standing. All I depend upon to carry me through, in January, is my French. And I feel not at all concerned about my failure. You need not feel concerned at all.

NELSON N. CLARK.

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\*The uniform.

## DE WITT CLINTON CLARK

Was born in Granville, N. Y., Sept 27, 1811. Soon after, his parents removed to Glens Falls. He was the namesake of Governor Clinton. "What would I not give," said the Governor, one day, when he was a little fellow, laying his hand on his head, "to see that boy when he is forty years old." He was observing his head—seemed to be. He had a great black head, with his thick black curls—the largest head I ever saw on a child of his age—and great black eyes. Nelson was fair, till his exposure in the army exercises at West Point blackened him. DeWitt never was; he had my complexion and eyes. Nelson was so handsome a child, it used to make me ashamed of DeWitt's looks. His brother had regular and fine-cut features; his were so large, the friends used to say he was all nose and teeth; but he never seemed to care anything about it. They could not, any of them, ever tease him. He would look them right up in the face and laugh. He rather liked to be called, "Your-mother's-nose-and-teeth-baby;" and when a boy at school, afterwards, in his letters to me, would sign himself so. It was always a great deal more work to take care of him than it ever had been of Nelson; he was a far more restless child. From a year and a half old to three, I do not think

I ever saw so hard a child to take care of. He seemed to have but one impulse—to dip into everything within his reach. I do not think I could ever have taken care of him in the world if it had not been for Nelson. I used to tell him he must help me. He was three years older, and was always very good to look out for DeWitt and take care of him. He was very much attached to him, and DeWitt paid quite as much regard to his attentions and prohibitions as to me, and I sometimes thought more; but I liked to have him, for it helped me. I dressed him as I did Nelson, in white, till he was old enough to be put into boy's clothes, and I wanted him to look neat; I had kept Nelson so, and always disliked so much to see a child in mussed and soiled white; but when I got him made fresh and nice, if it rained, he was sure to get out into it; and if it didn't rain, he was into the dust all over. Missing him, and looking out at the window, I would see him wading in a mud-puddle, or a pool of water that stood in the road before our door, after it rained, in his white dress that I had put on that day, with a stick in his hand, wading in the water, striking it and seeing it fly. Did I expect company, and dress him up, he was certain, if I did not give him into Nelson's care, to get spoiled. I used to sometimes say: "Now, DeWitt, if you get into the dirt or the water before the company comes, I shall punish you." His father used to say: "Do not promise the boy, mother"—he would not say it before the boy, but to me—"for if you do, you will certainly have to do it." And I tried to, when I had promised him; but he would look up so pleasantly in my face, I don't think I ever hurt him very much. I never

saw a child like him. He had so much good nature that it always disarmed every one who undertook to punish him. I never saw the least resentment in him toward me when I corrected him for anything that he had done. I almost believed with his father, that the boy could not help it, he was so restless and impulsive.

I remember once when I was expecting Governor Clinton to dinner. DeWitt was not more than two years old, then and I wanted him to look very nice, as the Governor was coming, and I knew his father would call his attention to his boy. I dressed him up, gave him a particular charge and set Nelson to take care of him. Just as the Governor and his father came, he slipped out. My husband called to Nelson to come and take the horse down to the stable, and we all forgot DeWitt a few minutes. When his father, after they had come in and were seated, after a little called for his son to present to the Governor, a sudden fear came over me; but it had been so short a time, and I had given him such a charge, I trusted he was all right. Hearing his father call for him, in he came, waddling round from the back door, dripping from a bath he had been taking in a pail of water that had been left on the back-door step. The boy had taken a fancy, seeing the pail and the water there, to plunge his head in; and there he stood before us all, his heavy, tangled curls filled with water, dripping all over the clean white dress I had put upon him. I was very much annoyed, and began to apologize to the Governor, who was the master of all etiquette himself. "It is well enough," he interposed very politely, "well enough, madam, for a boy."

I sent my boy from the room to have his head wiped off and brushed, and dry clothes put upon him. When he returned, his big black eyes looked as shining and happy as if nothing had happened, and he went and stood by the Governor, who called him to him, and looked with his large full eyes right into his face, and the Governor patted his head. Governor Clinton always seemed to fancy him, and like him, and I think that he would always have been a good friend to him had he lived to have seen him grown up, but he died many years before.

I thought, when I should get him into boy's clothes, and when he would be old enough to send to school, that my cares would be in a great measure ended; but they were increased in another direction. If he found a boy without mittens, or a tippet, he would give his, to them and come home to me without. I scolded him at first; told him not to do so again, and gave him another pair of mittens, and another tippet; but before the Winter, they were gone. He could never get half through the Winter without giving his mittens or tippet away. One Winter, he gave away his mittens three times. I tried to argue with him; but it was born in him. He was a clear Clark, in that respect. He could never bear to see anybody else not have anything that he had. "I am not going to knit mittens for other mothers' boys," I would say; "they may knit for their own boys." "But, ma," he would say, "Jimmy said his mother had not got any yarn." "Let her buy it then." "But ma," he said, "they have not got any money; they are poor." "And so are we." "But not so poor, ma, as they."

At last, I knit him a pair of stout, handsome mittens, and

a tippet to match, and gave them to him the day school commenced, and said to him : "Now, DeWitt, I am going to tell you, if you want to give these mittens away, you can do it, but they are all the mittens that you will have this Winter ; if you give them away, you will have to go without. "I did not think the boy would wish to go without, or give them away, if he did not expect to get another pair. Before the week was out, he returned home one night, without mittens on. "DeWitt," "I said," where are your mittens ? I was annoyed, but determined not to scold, but to punish him, as I had told him that I would. "I have concluded, ma," he said, "to go without. Don't you care, and I wont." "You know," I replied, "what I told you." "I know, ma, and I did not mean to do it ; but poor little Johnny B— has had no mittens since school commenced. He looked so pale and cold, I let him wear mine half the time, when the boys were out, before to-day ; but it is so cold to-night, ma, you know, and, when Johnny got ready to go home, he cried, and said his hands were cold ; and I was afraid that he would freeze, he has so far to go." I thought I would hear patiently all he had to say. "He has not got any father, you know ; his father is dead, and he says his ma is sick and can't knit him any mittens." "Your hands will freeze," I said. "How did you come home so cold a day without your mittens?" "I put them under my coat. I am more stout than he, and have not so far to go. I hated to do it ma, but I made up my mind to. I don't expect you to give me any more, for you said you would not." I was sorry I had told him that I would not him give any more, he showed so



good a heart. I hated to punish him so much for his little benevolence ; but, as I had promised, I let him go without mittens, as I said he should, till he bore it so bravely, and it grew so cold, in the last part of the Winter, I let him have another pair, but not handsome ones.

His uncle Russell was his guardian after his father's death. He had a heart of compassion for every one, and he always showed it toward his brother's fatherless boy. DeWitt loved his uncle Russell, and was fond of Cousin Susan, his uncle's daughter. Susan was a lovely girl, and made a noble woman. DeWitt always remembered and regarded her very affectionately, life long.

He was from a child always deeply attached to his friends. But he thought that his uncle's wife did not like him, and it made him very homesick at his uncle's. The Doctor and his wife were both of them very kind to me when I was there. Aunt Aura, as we always called her, was a neat, earnest housekeeper and had a large enough family of her own. I suppose she did not want any more to take care of, and DeWitt was a restless boy. I never blamed her, but it made it more hard for me."

He felt his brother was being highly educated at West Point. This made him more disgusted with his own lot and ambitious of an education, also. He begins to wish that he might obtain an appointment, and communicates to his brother his dissatisfaction, with his situation and his aspirations.

Nelson answers :

“DEAR BROTHER :—I received yours. It is now Saturday eve, and the only time which Uncle Sam is so generous as to give us to devote to our own use and pleasure. I proceed to answer it. I consider while you have a brother at this place, and, as long as there are so many applications as at present, every attempt to procure an appointment would prove abortive. But when I have left this place, then you may probably succeed. You ask my advice in regard to your coming here. If you think that you can study for the space of four years, and also, yield implicit obedience to military government (and I can assure you it is rigid), my advice is, persevere ; and it is also my wish, as it seems to be the only course which you can follow. It becomes us to keep in mind that, by perseverance, we can, in a short time, be able to repay all the obligations which have been imposed upon us by the death of the kindest of fathers ; and remember that “an honest man is the noblest work of God,” let his occupation be what it may. Tell me how you get along with regard to a little pocket “kelt” now and then. My prospects for a furlough are now very good, and I think I shall spend the months of July and August among my friends, if I can find any. But little did we ever look for such times as we now experience ; and I sometimes think it was a punishment for our thoughtlessness. If nothing unforeseen intervenes between this and June, 1826, I shall then be able to ameliorate your condition in some degree ; and I hope you will then have been so fortunate as to procure some permanent situation, if not at

this institution. Nothing would certainly give me more heartfelt pleasure than to know that I had been instrumental in removing, partially, the burden which misfortune has imposed upon my mother and brother. I want you to tell me where my mother is at present, that I may write to her. There is no remedy under heaven that can be attained at present. Give Aunt A—— as little trouble as possible; but be careful to treat her with the respect which the wife of your uncle ought to command from you. Give my love to Uncle Russell and Susan.

Your ever-affectionate brother,

N. N. CLARK."

"He appealed to me," said his mother; "I had not answered, not knowing what to do; and he took it into his own hands and left." "I had made up my mind," he afterwards said, "that I should not stay there." His uncle, thinking that he had gone to me—I was then at brother Levi's—wrote to me. It gave us all at Shrewsbury a great scare, and uncle Levi wrote to the postmasters at Glens Falls and Granville, and several places, to inquire for him; about which he afterwards loved to tease DeWitt, and would tell him that he advertised a peck of rye-bran for him. As for myself, I never expected to see him again, alive, and I blamed myself greatly for not having answered his letter. He was found or heard from before a week, in a store in a neighboring town, where he had located himself as a clerk. He was very much pleased with his situation at first, and the man with him, and

we concluded to let him remain. The man went to New York for goods while he was there and left him alone, to do all the trading and keep the books. He did so well, the man was so pleased, he wanted him bound to him. He wanted him bound to him before he went to New York, and more after his return, when he found how the boy had kept his accounts and how much he had traded while he had been gone. The man was a sort of hard man, set in his way. The people did not like him to trade with ; but they took quite a fancy to the young clerk, and improved the opportunity to trade with him. This suited the man, for he liked the profits ; and to make more sure of keeping him he applied to his uncle to bind him to him. But about the question of binding him, DeWitt, on first ascertaining it, had appealed again to me.

“GRANVILLE, April 21st, 1825.

MY DEAR MOTHER :—I have been here a month. Mr. Dayton is going to New York Monday and then I shall be all alone here. He wants to have me bound to him and uncle is willing ; and I am glad to know that he can't bind me without your consent ; and I am sure you will not have me bound to any one, especially to Gaius Dayton. If I cannot live in this world without being bound, I do not want to live. Write as soon as you can, and I remain and ever shall remain your affectionate Baby,

DEWITT C. CLARK.

P. S.—Give my love to the one who advertised a peck of rye-braun for the runaway, and to all the rest, especially to

Grandma, and take an overflowing share yourself, my dear mother.

D. C. CLARK.

This is a long letter from 'Your Nose-and-teeth-Baby.' "

Very humble and good after running away. He was then about thirteen and seven months. The penmanship, also, in this letter is something remarkable; the capitals and other letters cut so clear, and bold, and handsome for a boy of his years. Evenly, through the almost half a century that we have, as it were, an unbroken file of his letters, the nice, unique penmanship would never pass unobserved; but when I place this young letter by one written when a clerk in the Senate at Montpelier or Washington, did I not see the date, only the chirography, I should in my opinion say that the latter was written at the nice period of college days, or in the morning of professional life, and the boy's letter in more mature life, as being an older and bolder hand, though not quite as elegant.

The anxious and widowed mother consults also her oldest son about his brother. He advises that he remain at present in the store, so long as he and the man can both agree to the same without his being bound; to that, he respectfully to his mother, but positively says: "I shall never give my consent to my brother being bound to any man."

"I hope in two or three years, if my star is willing, to be able to do something to promote your ease and comfort. As for DeWitt, I can never think of him without pain. I would willingly relinquish my situation to him, were it a possible thing. As this place seems to be the only one, and a cadet's appointment the only means by which he may ever hope to

acquire an education, I think that an appointment for him is very desirable. I have no doubt of his graduating here, should he get one, so as to be here during my last year. He will be about the right age then; and he could in the meantime prepare himself so well as to acquire such a standing in his class as to do himself and his mother honor."

"The store-keeper with whom DeWitt was, insisting still upon having him bound to him, soon made DeWitt sick of his place. He was, also, and had been from a mere boy, very fond of reading. He was a little too fond of novels—as for that, always was, all his life, I always thought—he had read when but a boy all of Sir Walter Scott's novels; but he read other things too, and aspired to an education, and I concluded to put him at school in Castleton, for the time: to please him and to please Nelson. I entered him for the Fall term, and so wrote Nelson."

Nelson writes to his mother:

"WEST POINT, Sept. 24.

Write me, if you please, who DeWitt is boarding with, and the course of study he is pursuing, and I will afford all the little help that lays in my power. Our expenses are very great, as we have had our uniforms changed, and which will throw us all deeply in debt; but little can be expected from me while a cadet, for we are compelled to spend our money as directed by our commanding officers. I wish you to tell DeWitt to write to me weekly, and as many of his letters as it is possible for me I will answer."

DeWitt in Castleton for the Winter term, 1826, after

spending the vacation with his mother and friends, upon his return, was very homesick and writes to his mother. His mother writes him :

“FINNEYVILLE, January 9th, 1826.

MY DEAR DEWITT:—I was much relieved in my mind on the receipt of your letter to find you had arrived safe at your quarters. You say you are homesick. So am I, most wretchedly homesick, nothing but absolute necessity induces me to stay here. Without a domestic or social interest; without books, meetings on the Sabbath, or society of the least interest, you may well suppose me homesick, with good cause, too. Not so with you, my dear. Entirely the reverse is your situation. Much depends on your exertions at this period of your life, both to yourself and to your friends. And what should be (and is, I trust) the most powerful impetus to your ambitions is your mother's happiness, who does (though you may not be aware of it) depend on you; and to you, I look for it in this world, as well as my future support; which I can but hope, will, at some future day be your pleasure to afford me. What would be the language of your dear departed father, could we hear him speak? But enough, my dear child; I can only wish you to imitate his virtues, to be all the fondest mother could wish. When I go to Orwell I shall go by the way of Castleton, if possible. Remember me in love to Mr. Lathrop's family; and believe me your ever-affectionate mother,

LYDIA CLARK.”

Nelson encouraged DeWitt at Castleton meantime, by writing frequently, or occasionally, to him.

He was at Castleton for the Winter, Spring and Summer terms, I think. The Summer vacation, he appears to have been at his uncle's, in Sandy Hill, as his brother addresses him there :

“WEST POINT, July 29th, 1826.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—I have delayed answering your letter quite a long time, owing to a total want of news or matter. I can attribute, also, the delay to a certain kind of feeling always attendant on hot weather, which some people have taken it into their heads to call laziness. But I cannot reconcile the application of the word to the above-mentioned feeling, because its effects are not only exerted on the body, but in many cases on the mind. You are no doubt quite vexed for my not answering ere this, but you must be pacified entirely and take my excuse. The encampment is now about half finished, thank Providence ! and I can assure you that if it were the last day, not one tear would be shed or one eye cast down, but joy would radiate from every eye, and Mr. Willyss could not find a tune whose time would be quick enough to take us to the barracks. Well, Dot, how do you come on ? Are you fat and hearty ? My ears ring, or sing in such a manner as to make me notice it, in this letter. It was by the firing of cannon and mortars this morning. When is mother expected at Sandy Hill, and when is Susan to be married ? which I find, by consulting my “oraculum” is to be consummated in a short time. S—— is not a very brilliant youth ; but he will pass in a crowd. He will not be very popular in the corps, unless he shakes off the greenhorn a



little, and pays a little more attention to himself in person and in character. R—— is about the same in some respects, but has more solid sense (apparently) and will probably be above him in his class. Give my respects to Harriet and Delight. I can't think of any other girls there whose sense and beauty recommend that notice should be taken of them in this manner, except our kind cousin [Susan], from whom a letter this extremely unpleasant weather would be read with pleasure. Write whether, or not, Mr. Martingale is likely to be re-elected this year. Where is Bill Baker? I have a present for you which I shall forward the first opportunity that presents itself. Do not undertake to visit this place this year, but wait until next, and then I will bring you with me. My reasons I will give you some other time. If those drawings have not yet arrived to you, you will be able to get them by sending, the first opportunity, to Troy, to Lieut. A. B. Eaton, and he will forward them immediately.

Your ever affectionate brother,

N. N. C."

Meantime their mother was married to Judge Meech, not far from the time of this last letter. "DeWitt," said Mrs. Meech, "was at once pleased with my marriage to the Judge; he at once took to the Judge and to his new home; not so Nelson. He said nothing about it, except in answer to the letter, wrote after a time, some time in October, I think, communicating it to him; but I could always see it a little; he was older, and prouder always than DeWitt."

WEST POINT, October 13, 1826.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I received this morning your letter. There has never anything occurred in our family which has been so very difficult for me to reconcile to my feelings as the sudden and quite unexpected change in your situation. But for your happiness and prosperity I am glad. I have always thought I was not acting the manly part in living a life of comparative ease and happiness while you and my brother were experiencing all the ills of a dependent life. But you can certainly now raise no serious objections to my remaining in the army. In fact, there is no other life which presents as many enjoyments, and I presume you will prefer it for me. I shall therefore make my calculations accordingly.

Your ever affectionate son,

N. N. CLARK.

“The winter of 1827, I went to Washington with my husband. On our way to Washington, we stopped at West Point to see Nelson, I so wanted to see my son again. When I introduced Mr. Meech to Nelson as his father, it made all the officers smile—to see the father introduced to his large boy, I suppose. I was a good deal taken aback. Nelson was as much taken aback.” The Judge was a man “of the Judge Olin size.” He had his own chair, made to hold him, his own bedstead, and a wagon with a seat specially made wide enough for him and his wife to sit side by side in.

Nelson saluted me, but he only looked at his father. He had never it seems, happened to have heard anything about his size. He looked with dumb amazement at first. There

was a look in his eye I did not like. I think the Judge saw it, but he never said anything to me about it. He saw the officers smile, I thought and that he thought he should be rallied about his new father. Mr. Meech was a man of very large size; but he was well-formed for a large man, and I was tall and of a good habit. I never objected to that in him, and would rather have had him so than one inch below my stature, or a little shrimp of a man. I always liked to see a large man.

We arrived safely at Washington, with no accident, except that the Judge lost his gloves; left them, he thought, at West Point, and I wrote Nelson about them. You can see my boy's pique peep out a little in his letter to me, where he says the gloves are safe in the bottom of his trunk, and I need not be afraid of their being stolen, "for there is not anybody at this place that would not be lost in one of them."

"I wrote to Uncle Levi last Christmas for the first time. I want very much to see the folks at Shrewsbury; and, in fact, I never could be as happy at any other place as there."

"Never so happy as at Shrewsbury," said his mother as she read it the last year of her life; "because it was his birth-place."

## NELSON CLARK

graduated in June, 1827, and entered the United States Army.

When I came to reside with Mrs. Meech, in 1866, upon the wall of the dining-room, opposite the table, hung an old picture of Napoleon on the rock at Elba, or Helena. It always hung there; it hangs there to-day—1878. There was something in the old colored lithograph that attracted me the first time I saw it, and that always attracted me. I did not speak of it, perhaps, for several years; but never sat at that table without observing it. One day, dining alone with Madam Meech, I made some observations about the sturdy form of “the little Napoleon;” in what a soft, melancholy air around him, he seemed to stand looking off on the ocean. “Every one always observed that picture,” she answered. “It was given to Nelson when he graduated, on account of his name. I always saw a resemblance in it to his form. They told him his name was Napoleon, and to be as brave as he was. How proud he was when he brought it home to me! My poor boy! I have often thought that I would put it away out of sight, but I could never bear to.”

The Summer, I think, before the death of dear Mrs. Meech, taking the glass from the frame one day to clean, I

found between the picture and back of the frame, the certificate given him when he graduated—a parchment about 24 inches by 20—the West Point diploma.

“It was supposed to be lost,” said his mother. “DeWitt wanted it, and made a good deal of search for it. My poor Nelson! his own hands must have placed it there, more than forty years ago!”

We have a large package of his letters to his mother and brother, dated from “Jefferson Barracks.” At one time he was sent with his regiment to put down the broils occurring with the Creek Indians.

TUSKINA, THE INDIAN CHIEF.—The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, of the 21st April, says: “We are informd, by a gentleman, who came in the stage from New Orleans, that Tuskina, the head chief of the Creek Indians, who stopped the stage a short time past, was apprehended, at the Indian village in which he resided, on the 13th instant, by Lieut. Clark, of the Army, with a detachment of twenty-five men.

He was found concealed in the chimney of his house, near the top, and made no attempt at resistance. The soldiers were proceeding with him to Mobile, to deliver him into the custody of the United States Marshal at that place, and had proceeded about twelve miles, to the house of Mr. Walker, at Polecat Springs, when the stage arrived there. Tuskina was sitting in the piazza of the house—the soldiers stationed around—and the Indians, who were rapidly coming in, had collected to the amount of nearly four hundred. They were unarmed; shook hands very affectionately with their

chief as they came in, and all seemed deeply affected by his confinement ; but he, himself, appeared quite calm and collected, scarcely moving a muscle of his features. Our informant describes him as a noble-looking fellow, with fine, expressive features, exceedingly well-formed. Lieut. Clark, who appeared a decided, firm and courageous man, declared to our informant, that he apprehended no danger from the Indians ; though from the veneration and regard they evinced for Tuskina, there can be little doubt that a single hint from him would induce them to attempt a rescue ; and the guard were too weak in number to resist it effectually, except by shooting him.

Tuskina stated, through an interpreter, that he greatly regretted the course he had taken, which he had been led to by the false representations of certain white men—that he was not aware he was committing any aggression against the government, as he believed, from the statements made to him ; that he was simply opposing the owner of the stage, and other private individuals—and that he was glad to be correctly informed, as a great load was now removed from his mind.”

“The Winter before,” says Clark, “several Indians were hanging around our camp. The officers and men regarded them as spies ; but for fear of incurring the displeasure of their tribe did not send them away. The soldiers would feed them through the day, and drive them out of the barracks at night.

“One very cold evening in Winter, an old Indian came into my quarters and begged so hard to sleep on the hearth by my

fire, I had not the heart to turn him out. I thought that he came for treachery ; but I could not do it. I expected he would attempt to murder me in my sleep ; but I knew I could watch him. He came regularly all winter after this. I watched him three nights, and then, convinced that anyway he did not intend any mischief, I went to sleep myself. After this the Indians were great friends to me ; several of them would often come together to visit me.

I always treated them with gravity ; but befriended them whenever I could.

Tuskina told me that the Indians would have shot any other man that might have been sent with so small a guard to take their chief ; but "the Indians no shoot Clark."

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, 12, May, 1829. }

SIR :

You are hereby informed that the President of the United States has promoted you to the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of the United States Infantry, to take effect from the first day of July 1827, vice 2d Lt. Thomas promoted. Should the Senate, at their next session, advise and consent thereto, you will be commissioned accordingly. You will repair to Baton Rouge and there report for duty and also by letter to the Colonel of your Regiment.

JNO. H. EATON, Secretary of War.

For Lieut. Nelson N. Clark, 4th Infantry.

About 1829, his regiment was ordered to New Orleans to

hold in check an expected insurrection of the slaves. Here too, cool and firm in matters military, he was so judicious with several parties of negroes, brought before him on small offences and gave so kind and good advice to them, writes a brother officer to Clark's brother, "He became spontaneously as much a favorite with the blacks as the Indians. We all say the outbreak is prevented more by Clark's popularity—about which we rally him—than through fear of the soldiers."

"BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, June 1, 1829.

DEAR MOTHER:—You will see I have once more changed situations. I have been promoted into the 4th regiment, and I shall probably remain in it as long as I remain in the Army. I met, a few days since, in New Orleans with Col. Randall, of West Florida, who formerly practiced law in Albany. He was a warm friend of my father's and is desirous of having me come to study law with him. He has, since he arrived in this country, acquired an independency, and is about retiring from business. He says it only requires four or six months reading to become as much of a lawyer as I could in New York in as many years. He is a very gentlemanly man, and his offer is so liberal that I would accept it if proper, and did I not think I would be too ready to take advantage of a most generous proposal. I wish to hear from you immediately on this subject."

[His mother consulted her husband. His step-father considering it not certain that he would like the law; and then, would be unsettled for a time, advised that he better remain in the army.]



His mother would rather that he had embraced the generous offer of a warm friend to his father, and so successful a man; but she deferred her wishes to the advice of her husband.

“This is a most beautiful post,” writes our young officer. “The quarters are large and commodious, the country presents a picturesque appearance. The shores of the Mississippi from this to New Orleans appear like an extensive chain of gardens. A plantation resembles a small Northern village. The cabins of the negroes, sometimes fifty or sixty in number, are neatly arranged in two rows. At the head rises the mansion of the owner of the plantation. It is generally a low, neat house, covering considerable ground, and surrounded with a yard filled with china trees. At the other end of the row, is the house of the overseer (or as we should call him nigger-driver), a small neat building.

“It seems almost impossible this country could ever be sickly, everything looks so beautiful and so flourishing. The people seem to be the happiest in the world. Money is very plenty and everything very dear. A poor subaltern of the Army stands very little chance among the nabobs. The only way to raise a breeze in this country, is to marry an heiress. There are a great many rich girls to be found on the river, but they are generally without education, and, consequently, half the attractions are wanting. They, however, are very pretty. Present my compliments to Mrs. and Miss Van Ness.

“Capt. Isaac Clark desires to be remembered to you all.

He is a Vermonter, raised in Castleton and a very fine man. He is Q. M. at this post."

"Oct. 30, 1830.

"Our troops are removed 20 miles into the interior on account of the epidemic that visits this place every year. I have never been in better health. \* \* \* \* I wish the Jackson ticket may succeed in Vermont and no where else. \* \* \* \* Capt. Clark is well and sends his compliments, &c. I am at present very pleasantly situated. I am boarding in the family of the Captain. His lady is a Vermont woman from Burlington. Her name was Levaque."

#### LETTER OF CAPTAIN ISRAEL CLARK.

BATON ROUGE, LA., 16 Nov., 1830.

DEAR SIR:—Yours was received yesterday. Lieut. Clark is here. His habits are generally good. He possesses talents, and if an opportunity presents itself, he must rise; but at present, the prospects of a young man in the army are not very flattering. No matter what his talents are, he can not rise except by regular promotion, which is very slow. The pay of a subaltern, with the greatest economy, will barely support him in this country, if he appears like a gentleman, which, you know, is expected and required of every member of the army. \* \* \* \* \*

Please present my best respects to Mrs. Meech and the family.

Yours,

"I. CLARK,

"Ezra Meech, Esq., Shelburne, Vt."

Yearning toward the land of his birth ; longing to see the face of his mother and brother :

“Dec. 30, 1830.

“There are, at the head of Lake Champlain, at Albany, at Rochester, and many other places in the State of New York, recruiting stations, at which (either of them) it would be much to my interest to be stationed ; particularly so at Whitehall, or Albany. At Whitehall, my pay and emoluments would be considerably increased ; my necessary expenses would be much less than they are in this country ; I shall have the extreme satisfaction of being among my friends, and, probably, at the expiration of two years, I should be able to afford my brother much assistance. My mother and brother—the one I wish to see surrounded by every comfort this life can afford, and contribute, myself, to render her happy—the other, I would raise, were it in my power, above every mortal head, clear every obstruction from his path.”

It appears by the following letter, nearly a year afterwards, what steps to take had not been decided on at home :

#### LETTER OF MRS. LYDIA C. MEECH TO HER SON.

SHELBURNE, November, 1831.

MY DEAR NELSON:—YOUR two last letters, dated August and September, would have been ample atonement for your former neglect if you had written on a subject that only interests me, and that is your own dear self. All other matters, I can get from other sources ; such as negro insurrections, politics,

wind and rain, etc. I do wish you would confine yourself to such things as concern your own welfare or ill-fare ; at any rate, such as it is. I do feel extremely anxious to know how you do get along in this cold and selfish world, with all your embarrassments. Do tell me ! Tell me all ! I must know ! I feel the greatest anxiety, you must know, without the power to assist you ; although, I have no doubt, I might, in some instances, if I knew your wants.

I will make every exertion in my power this Winter, with the co-operation of your father, to assist you, if you will point out the way, and tell explicitly in what particular we can serve you. I think you will find in General Pitcher a friend that will be willing to serve you. He is the only one in Congress this Winter that I can think of. You must write to us and let us know what you want, and to him on the subject ; and I will, myself, and get your father to, also ; and I think you can get help to almost anything within the bounds of reason. \* \* \* \* \*

I do hope you will bestir yourself if you ever get another furlough, and try to get into some business and leave the Army."

The anxious mother overlooks that when he was offered an advantageous opportunity to fit himself for the law, and had written home, the answer sent the year before.

"I do hope you will, for your own sake and mine, exert yourself during this Congress, with General Pitcher, and you will succeed—you must. Governor Cass, the present Secretary of War, is a stranger to your father, as well as the rest of

the new cabinet. If nothing else will do, I will write to the President myself. It will be necessary for you to make up your mind immediately, and commence operations. Write to me and to General Pitcher at the same time. Now, my soldier boy, arouse, look about you and decide upon what will serve your interest, and be valiant and active, and feel assured that God will crown your exertions with success. My unceasing prayer for you shall not be wanting; and you, I must believe, are not insensible from whom all our favors come.

“We are rather more gay than when you were with us; mix more in society—give now and then a dinner-party, etc.

“Remember me to Capt. Clark very respectfully and affectionately. I shall hope to hear from you immediately on receipt of this. God bless you, my child!

“Ever your devoted mother,

LYDIA C. MEECH.”

By the letter of General Pitcher to Mrs. Meech, on our file of old family papers, we are confirmed in the statement of Mrs. Meech, already given to the same effect, that she wrote to General Pitcher in behalf of her son, and he granted, or obtained from Major Gen. McComb, the paper of permit for the transfer; but put his advice at the close, not to accept, as the chances of promotion were much better in the Southern Army.

His mother counted on the acceptance, however, and wrote on the same sheet: “You will, I presume, avail yourself of the privilege herein contained, the General’s advice to the contrary notwithstanding. I shall now feast upon the hope of

seeing you in proper person before long. We think of going to New York ; perhaps we may meet then." She had not seen her son for two years and it was the sweetest hope of her life : But she has told us about it. The Judge, who addressed and sealed the letter, indorsed the advice of General Pitcher. He made no remark upon it to disquiet his wife. She never knew of it, till the year before her death—finding the identical letter which had been sent in her son's trunk to his brother, after his death. The General had always kindly kept it from her. "Oh," said she, "I understand now why he did not come. My boy was too proud to come when his step-father advised him not."

And not long after, a new star appears to have arisen upon his horizon, tending to make him more contented, even happy and willing to remain at his Southern post.

DeWitt wrote to his mother from Troy : "Nelson is, I presume, engaged ; I heard so from Uncle Russell, in Sandy Hill, as we came down ; and then learned it from Lt. Eaton"—of the same regiment, who went from Troy ; home on a furlough—"who says there is no doubt of it. The girl is, I understand, heiress to an extensive plantation. I wrote to him (Nelson) last week, to know." "DeWitt's letter," said his mother, "woke a pleasant little flutter in the Shelburne home, especially as I had just before received a life-size crayon portrait of a young lady from Nelson, which he had taken with his own pencil, and sent to me with the question if I thought that I would be willing to receive her whom it represented, as a daughter." The picture now hangs in the room

where I write, distinguished by its heavy elaborately and ornately dressed dark hair; is said to much resemble the Madonna of the Sistine Chapel.

DeWitt soon writes again: "In the first place, if Nelson has not informed you, mother, I will; he is engaged, if not married already. I received a letter from him a few days since, in which he informed me that he intended to be married the first of the month, to a young lady, the daughter of an old French planter, who lives opposite the barracks at Baton Rouge. My room-mate, who is from New Orleans, knows him, and, partially, the girl. Her name is Duplanchier, and he says that "she is immensely rich; that she has been a great belle in that part of the country."

"The Judge," said his mother, "could make no objection to his marrying a rich wife. I regretted that he would probably settle there; but, on the other hand, was pleased to think he would doubtless soon withdraw from the army."

While waiting for wedding news, came the terrible announcement that he had been challenged, and was wounded in a duel; and, a month later that he was dead.

As his mother has told me the story, and, as I have gathered it from the letters, written at the time, there was an officer in the regiment, who had fought three duels before, and killed his man each time. He had offered himself for marriage to Julie Duplanchier; had been refused, and had sworn that he would kill any man who should marry her. He happened to be at church when the bans of marriage were called between Lieutenant Clark and her; and coming forth



in a rage, sought Clark and informed him with an oath that if he ever entered her house again, he would send him a challenge within the hour. That same afternoon, Clark visited his affianced, and when he returned at 9 o'clock that evening, a challenge lay upon his table for 4 o'clock the next morning, in the duelling ground.

He took up the challenge, with his sentinel met the man who sought only for his blood, and at the third shot fell. "He could not have done otherwise" writes a brother officer, "without losing all prestige in the army, and having been branded as a coward. We all deplored it, but should have been ashamed of him as one of our officers, if he had not met the man."

Duels were at this time common in the Southern Army. Not far from every garrison, a field was fenced off for them. If any of the men or officers had any trouble with each other they were told to go there and settle it.

It was hoped at first that he was not mortally wounded ; but fever set in the fourth day. In all the letters from the garrison to the family, the name of his antagonist was withheld. They only said of him, "the man by whom he was shot, he has had three or four duels before, and killed his man each time ;" to inquiries as to the cause, " it was about the lady." It was only after some years, that his brother, meeting with one of the officers of his regiment, and who had been an intimate friend of Nelson, learned the minute and full particulars. The man was a higher officer in the same regiment, many years his senior. Every officer of the



corps hated him, but also feared him ; and he threatened to challenge any man who should communicate his name to the friends of the man that he had slain. This officer had at times before seemed jealous of Clark's popularity, he said, among the officers and soldiers. The regiment, deeply mortified as well as pained by the occurrence, had resolved to hush it up, as far as they could. The lady to whom he was engaged, came to the barracks as soon as he was brought in, and staid with him and nursed him till he died. Lieutenant Wilkinson wrote the second day after he was wounded to his mother. The tidings of his death came a month later, bearing date July 19, 1832, in an exquisite feminine hand, signed with the scraggy signature of Wilkinson. His mother called my attention to its delicacy and beauty of penmanship—its pathos in several passages, and said it was written by his lady. A part of the letter, in extract:

“During the last twenty-four hours of his life, he was affected with a silent delirium, or rather abstraction, and appeared scarcely to know any one except his nurse. Previously, during my watchings and attendance at his bedside, he would converse as much as I would suffer him ; and the principal subject of these conversations was his mother and family, of whom he uniformly spoke in a tone of the deepest affection, and during his nightly delirium, the only mode of quieting him, frequently, was to coincide with the idea which he had imbibed, that his mother was in the city, and that she would speedily visit him. \* \* \* His last words were “Must I die and not see my mother and my brother !” He

met with all the kindness possible during his sickness, and his remains were attended to the grave, as well by the officers of the Legion, as of course by the officers and soldiers of his own regiment, and by a long train of the most respectable and eminent citizens of New Orleans. Every attention has been paid as to his tomb; one being in process of erection, to bear the following inscription:—

HERE REST THE REMAINS OF

NELSON N. CLARK,

A NATIVE OF GLENS FALLS, N. Y.,\*

AND LATE A LIEUTENANT OF THE 4th REGIMENT U. S. INFANTRY,

WHO DIED JULY 11th, 1832,

AGED 24 YEARS.

Pause stranger, and pass not lightly by, the last home of one that was all that is HONORABLE, MANLY AND GENEROUS.

“With sentiments of the deepest sorrow, do I make this communication.

“The officers stationed here desire me to present their profound respects.

FRED WILKINSON,

Lt. 4th U. S. Infantry.”

A copy of the order published on the occasion by the Major commanding the regiment:

“HEAD QUARTERS 4TH INF'T.

BATON ROUGE, LA., July 13, 1832.

ORDER No. 57:

“It is with painful feelings that the commanding officer

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\*It should have been Shrewsbury, Vt.

announces to the troops, the decease of Lt. N. N. Clark, of this regiment, and formerly of this command, who died at New Orleans, on the 11th, inst.

“The body of our late companion in arms was committed to its last home, with all the honor due to the brave, high-minded and chivalrous soldier, while the uncommonly numerous, and highly respectable procession marked the estimation in which he was held by the citizens, of New Orleans.

“Yes, Soldiers ! Clark, young, brave, generous, highly educated and noble, as we well know he was, has been called to his God. As a pioneer, he has preceded us to that dread country from whence no traveller returns. Peace be to his name ! He rests in honor, regretted most by those who knew him best.

(Signed)

WM. S. FOSTER,

Lt. Col. Commanding.”

FROM LETTER OF MAJOR DADE TO D. W. C. CLARK :

“It gives me pain to inform you \* \* \* I assure you, I sincerely sympathize with his relations in their sorrow at the event which hurried him to the grave. It should be a consolation to them, to know that his correct deportment had acquired for him many warm friends in the army, particularly in the regiment to which he belonged. They will deeply deplore his death.

Yours, with esteem,

F. L. DADE,

Major U. S. A.”

I have the short sword and netted crimson silk sash his mother always kept, he wore that fatal morning to meet his challenge. I found, after her death, in her private drawer, the minutest leather pouch marked "N. N. C.," which I have ; but never have had the courage to open it but once. There were several shot, four I believe. I knew at once they had ended a life, and shut them away, the murderous things ! How could she keep them, I said, and still I do. Last Winter, sorting the old papers of his brother, the General, I found in an old wallet, taken from his inner coat pocket in his last sickness and placed there, two grim silver pieces, wrapped in a soiled paper, upon which was written "Taken from Nelson's eyes after he was dead." He had carried them over thirty years upon his breast, everywhere—in Vermont, Texas, in the Senate chamber, in the church.

I said to him, the summer of his death, one day—I knew how fresh and beautiful his memory was—"General, do you ever pray for your father and brother?" "Every day," he said, "conditionally."

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## DE WITT C. CLARK.

FROM THE TIME OF HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE TO THAT OF HIS OWN.

He appears to have been kept in school at Castleton and at Hinesburgh academies, enjoying the vacations at his new home in Shelburne from the Summer of his mother's marriage, in 1826.

## DE WITT TO HIS MOTHER.

CASTLETON, July 14th, 1828.


DEAR MOTHER :

Your letter by Mary C., I received at Orwell, Friday last. I heard the girls were in Orwell, and being then on a review of my week's study, and finding they would return without my seeing them, I got leave of absence for Friday and Saturday to see them. The preceptor wanted to go himself very much, but contented himself with writing a funny letter. You are well aware, I received the cap, and like it well as also, the shirts, which latter I was in need of, as some one or two of my cotton ones begin to grin fearfully.

Grand-ma is at Aunt Jackson's yet, and I endeavored to persuade her to go up with the girls; but she thought she was not prepared, and had been too long from home already, &c., and could not be prevailed on to make the attempt. She is in very good health, as are Aunt and the babe. I shall be at home four weeks from next Saturday—if you think I had better come before term closes. You have not said a word about college, as yet; and I am left in ignorance of my destination, after leaving here.

Mr. Smith called last night, and he spoke to me about taking an active part in the exercises at the last day. This morning he gave out the appointments, and allotted a poem and a colloquy to D. C. Clark. An original poem for declamation before a large Castleton audience would not be imposed on every body ; and then, the colloquy ! I confessed my inability to do justice to that, at least. But the *Præx* had more confidence in my ability than I dare have. By giving me the most arduous task (and of course, the most honorable) in the exercises, he has given a testimonial that my conduct has not been altogether "indolent and inattentive," as certain mean devils would wish to show ; for he knows I must devote a considerable time to the business, and, by this act, he shows in his opinion I am as able to spare it from my studies as any one of my class, at least. I will make out my bills, and send by the girls, if they come here, and I shall expect the money. I cannot go out of Castleton without liquidating all my debts, and it can make no particular difference with father when the money is sent. I do hope you will send it to me, and am sure you will, if you consider how much better a fellow feels who is enabled to discharge his debts himself. You know I have had no money for my own peculiar expenditure this term—not any, and I borrowed \$5 from Oliver Hyde, and must pay it, before I leave.

I suppose you heard that Chas. Rogers delivered the oration at the Caldwell celebration on the 4th, and Uncle Orville the Declaration (at Sandy Hill). The young &c. of Sudbury and Brandon took the boat and went there. Julia, Caroline,

and John A. [Conant] were of the party. They had a brilliant time of it ; spoke in high terms of Charley's speechment, and Uncle's reading. I suspect father thinks this delightful weather for haying. I have heard nothing from Nel. since my last. Have you? I sent you a heroic rhyme this morning ; you may think what you please of it. There was another came out in the paper of to-day, with the signature  which I lay claim to. I will send it on soon. I wish you would answer this soon. Why can't you? I feel ashamed to go every mail, and the mail comes in from Shelburne every night, and find nothing there. Now do answer this immediately. I can just as well have an answer the next night after sending this as not, if you only sit down, mother, and answer it. My special love to Mrs. Powers, with best love for Jane and the Brothers. As ever, your affectionate son,

D. C. CLARK."

In the early part of this term, DeWitt found a pretty wild-wood nook in the environs, or near the village, where he made himself a seat, as I have heard him narrate, and took his books to study. He was very pleased with his little retreat, and could get his lessons much better, he said, there, than in the school-room with a crowd of boys, or shut up in his own close and dull room, at his boarding-place. All went satisfactorily, till a prying sort of a man in the village discovered him, idling away his time, as it appeared to him, and he, in his kind of benevolence, took it upon himself to write and inform the Judge what his step-son was about. The man also got two or three others in the place talking about his going "out-

doors" to study. DeWitt got letters from home, fully according with the communication sent, as, also, did his teacher. The teacher went to see the badly-reported on out-door study, and upon seeing it, remarked he should like to stay there himself; and there was, to the scandal of the man who had reported on it, no prohibition put on the spot.

This will sufficiently explain the boy's remarks about "mean devils" in his letter. He writhed a little under the extra watchfulness exercised over him—a fatality that had seemed to accompany his young boyhood's careless days; that always rather seemed to follow him life-long, more or less in the distance, to never quite quit him; of some person, or persons, questioning every move that he ever made, or didn't make, and imputing to it some evil that had never entered his head, much less his heart.

The borrowed five dollars, as he was at once required to do, he accounted for, or in part; for the borrowing act, by an accident that had happened. One half-day, when school did not keep, he had been invited to take a ride with two of the students who borrowed a carriage for the purpose. As he told them he had no money, it was agreed the ride was free; he was invited by the other two, and they were to pay the hire. The carriage was overturned, broken and DeWitt was assessed with the other two boys, to pay repairs. Oliver Hyde offered to loan him five dollars to make it up for the time, and told him his father, the Judge, was able to pay for it. The boy got a drenching letter from home. The Castleton bills were not paid by him. But, said his mother, DeWitt



never said anything to me about his father's letter. He met him just as pleasantly as ever. Let his father say or write what he would to him, however DeWitt felt it at the time, he never seemed to lay it up. He never had any malice about him. The Judge often remarked on that, and that he liked him for it.

Examination day came off, and the poem.

### DRYBURGH ABBEY.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the Summer boughs among,  
 When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song;  
 'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,  
 And shadows, like the wings of Death, were out upon the gale.

For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—  
 That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers, and fruitage rife—  
 Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of mind—  
 Had fled forever from the fame, love, friendship, of mankind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought, his spirit swept afar  
 Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of morn or star;  
 To drink immortal water, free from every taint of earth—  
 To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth!

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,  
 When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train went by;  
 Methought—St. Mary shield us well!—that other forms moved there  
 Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young and fair!

Was it a dream? How oft, in sleep, we ask: "Can this be true?"  
 Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view;—  
 Earth's glory seems a tarnished crown to that which we behold,  
 When dreams enchant our sight, with things whose meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dream? Methought the "Dauntless Harold" passed me by—  
 The proud "Fitz-James" with martial step, and dark intrepid eye;  
 That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake;  
 And she—the bold, the beautiful!—sweet "Lady of the Lake;"

The "minstrel," whose *last lay* was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,  
 And with him glorious "Waverley," with glance and step of woe;  
 And "Stuart's" voice was there, as when, mid fate's disastrous war,  
 He led the wild, ambitious, proud and brave, "Vich Ian Vohr."

Next, marvelling at the sable suit, the "Dominie" stalked past,  
 With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;  
 "Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'erpowered by that afflicting sight;  
 And "Merrilies," as when she wept on Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Monkbarns," appeared amidst that burial line;  
 And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and mourned for "Auld lang syne!"  
 Slow marched the gallant "McIntyre," whilst "Lovel" mused alone;  
 For *once* "Miss Wardour's" image left that bosom's faithful throne.

With coronach and arms reversed, forth came "MacGregor's" clan—  
 "Red Dougal's" ery peal'd shrill and wild, "Rob Roy's" bold brow  
 looked wan;

The fair "Diana" kissed her cross and blessed its sainted ray;  
 And "woe is me!" the "Bailie" sighed, "that I should see this day!"

Next rode, in melancholy guise, in sombre vest and scarf,  
 Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far renowned "Black Dwarf;"  
 Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free—  
 The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

“Balfour of Burley,” “Claverhouse,” the “Lord of Evandale,”  
And stately “Lady Margaret whose woe might nought avail !  
Fierce “Bothwell” on his charger black, as from the conflict won ;  
And pale “Habakkuk Mucklewrath,” who cried “God’s will be done !”

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wildest scenes,  
Passed she,—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous “Jennie Deans ;”  
And “Dumbiedikes,” that silent laird with love too deep to smile,  
And “Effie,” with her noble friend, the good “Duke of Argyle.”

With lofty brow and daring high, dark “Ravenswood” advanced,  
Who on the false “Lordkeeper’s” mien with eye indignant glanc’d :—  
Whilst, graceful as a lovely fawn, ’neath covert close and sure,  
Approached the beauty of all hearts, the “Bride of Lammermoor.”

Then “Annet Lyle,” the fairy queen of light and song, stepped near,  
The “Knight of Ardenvohr” and he, the gifted Hieland Seer ;  
“Dalgetty,” “Duncan,” “Lord Monteith,” and “Ranald” met my view,  
The hapless “Children of the Mist,” and bold “Mhich Connel Dhu !”

On swept “Bois-Guilbert,” “Front-de-Bœuf,” De Bracy’s plume of woe ;  
And “Cœur-de-Lion’s” crest shone near the valiant “Ivanhoe :”  
While soft as glides a summer cloud “Rowena” closer drew,  
With beautiful “Rebecca,” peerless daughter of the Jew !

Still onward, like the gathering night, advanced that funeral train,  
Like billows, when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main ;  
Where’er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were seen  
Dark plumes and glittering mail and crest, and woman’s beauteous mien !

A sound thrill’d through that length’ning host ! Methought the vault  
was closed,  
Where, in his glory and renown, fair Scotia’s bard reposed !

A sound thrill'd thro' that length'ning host—and forth my vision fled!  
But oh that mournful dream proved true, the minstrel Scot was dead.

The Visions of the Voice are o'er! their influence waned away  
Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day;  
The Vision and the Voice are o'er! but when will be forgot  
The buried Genius of Romance—the imperishable Scott?

He entered college in his eighteenth year, first in the Vermont University at Burlington, but was transferred to Union College, Schenectady, at the end of his first term. Here, he became acquainted with young men, from Troy and Albany in particular, with whom he formed strong and life-long friendships, making at the same time praiseworthy progress in his studies; in the latter, being most cordially pressed on by his elder, and ever most devoted brother. Of the last interview of these two affectionate brothers, we have only this short memorandum in a letter of DeWitt to his mother:

“UNION COLLEGE, Jan. 19th, 1830.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—Nelson staid but a very short time in Sandy Hill, and I believe stopped at West Point a short time. He will be back in the Spring; in fact, he was nearly on the point of going on to Maine now, by virtue of an exchange with another officer. He will, however, certainly return in the Spring. He was as fat and hearty as a buck. You must have fed him well, as Lieutenant Eaton remarked.”

This was the last furlough upon which Nelson went home to see his mother. His death, however, as we have

seen, did not occur till about two years later ; and meantime, letters passed between the brothers, and the mother and her sons—sometimes solicitous, but always precious intercourse. We must not, however, occupy our space with but few letters of this period. Our college student, short of funds, writes his mother : “I know you would, but cannot, help me ; Nelson shall.” We may suppose he writes his brother pressingly ; Nelson writes :—

“BATON ROUGE, LA., 30 Oct., 1830.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—You are in an awkward position, it must be confessed ; and how to render it less so, is now our business. You mention that you are left with but \$100 to pay your year’s expenses. How much, added to that, will be required ? I am far from being able to help you without injury to some of my creditors ; yet I think that with the most of them my excuse would be a good one, if I delayed a single payment on account.

We must cut our coats from our cloth, brother—the world expect nothing more from us. I have no doubt, that, among your acquaintances in college, there are some that judge of a man by his money, simply because they have it in abundance ; and who really have no further pretensions to the character of a gentleman than is given them by being possessed of a long and well-filled purse. I know well that the young man who throws his money about him with a contemptuous kind of indifference where it may fall, or what he may get in return, has his friends ; and they are numerous, because there is a respectable majority of mankind, capable of being captivated

and led by the nose by such display ; and those who can, will follow such an example until their little all shall have vanished, and this "ignis fatuus," which before was so bright and fascinating will present the aspect of a demon, grinning at a lot of ragged fools. I have too much confidence to rank you with idlers, fools, or spendthrifts ; yet we are sprung from a source too generous, often, for its good ; that should make us suspicious of ourselves. There never was one of our family who knew the real worth of a dollar. It is from this family trait, we have the most to fear. I am not going to write you a lecture, my dear brother. I will send you \$100. But, my brother, look well to the "main chance ;" take such a course as your own good sense shall dictate ; be firm and resolute in pursuing it, and you cannot but succeed. \* \* \*

N. N. C."

The temporary help he received from his brother was a great comfort and gladness to him.

Perhaps the following letter to his mother may render one a little more able to account for the extra expenditures acknowledged this year :

"TROY, December 22, 1830.

Indeed, you must come to Troy this Winter. I wish to have you here on many, very many accounts. I should be very very proud, my dear mother, to present you to my friends here ; and many of them are anxious to know you. I wish you to see and know my Caro—for to see her and know her is to love her, and I acknowledge to you that I am very solicitous that you should love her. Do come down, ma. I

deem it quite essential that you should come. Perhaps it might be an additional inducement for you to come if I were to tell you I am engaged. But mind I do not tell you so. Sister Jane is well, very well. We are to have her at Mrs. Yonnet's during the holydays that commence this week—with Miss Yonnet and her cousins. Sis improves. I hope to hear from you soon. \* \* \* \* \*

Ever your affectionate son,

DEWITT CLINTON CLARKE."

The first time we find his name written Clarke. In the joy of his engagement, he adds an e., prolongs his name and, never getting tired of that engagement, ever after retained it; and henceforth, as he called himself, we shall call him; and as he is most generally known—D. W. C. Clarke. Not long after to his mother again:—

"Now, my dear mother, I will tell you something connected with me and my Caro, and your Caro. I am engaged to her. I feel no inclination to conceal the matter from you. I have had a very long, serious and sensible conversation with her mother, and we now stand in a relation perfectly intelligible. Mrs. G. confessed that she regretted that the circumstance should take place, but that her objections were founded alone upon our age. She feared for the stability of our mutual feelings. God knows she has little reason to doubt mine, and she told me that she could not doubt Caro's. She assured me that her happiness and life depended upon me (they shall neither be lessened nor shortened on that



account); and she now treats me with the kindness and solicitude for my health of my own mother. She is a noble woman, and Caro, my own dear Caro, is everything that you can wish her to be; and I know you will love her. I will close this letter with one of the extracts from Caro's letter some time since, when we were expecting you in Troy. She says: 'And your mother, too, DeWitt, I anticipate partly with pleasure and partly with fear the time when I shall become acquainted with her. O, I know I shall love her dearly, very dearly. How can I help loving your mother? But I fear she will have to call into action every spark of benevolence, before she can love such a wayward, petted creature as I am. You have taught me to love and fear your mother; and I am so anxious that she shall love me, that I sometimes wish that she may never see me; but, dearest, I will try and render myself deserving of her love, that she may not think me unworthy the affection of her dear DeWitt.' This is the girl; and for this I love her. O, that you could know her! She is universally beloved.

As ever, your very affectionate son,

DEWITT CLINTON CLARKE."

Caro Gardner was a beautiful young creature at eighteen—twenty, his star, his rose, his ideal angel—the lamp set in the window for him, drawing him up to her house in the city where she dwelt. It was called a fortunate engagement for our young student, for she was a reputed heiress, well-connected, a girl of acknowledged merit, pronounced on every hand charmingly unique in all her characteristics.



But to court a girl who moved in the first society in the city, to maintain an acknowledged engagement and not lose favor with her Troy and New York city friends, uncles, aunts and cousins, was most too heavy an undertaking again for young Clarke's limited purse. The beginning of the year 1831, found him involved, somewhat, the best he could make of it. He hoped, under the circumstances, and, as he had avowed his engagement, it might, however, be considered more favorably than otherwise it might; and he saw things so bright before him, might he but once conclude his course and possess his jewel.

It was not looked upon in Shelburne as he had quite flattered himself to expect. What a peep into family hearts and secrets this letter of forty-seven years and seven months ago, that lies before me now! I will not transcribe it, now; but the manner in which the expenditures of this collegiate education have been paraded and falsified in the public courts, I do regard not only justify the referring to it here, and thus; but so exaggerated and great a wrong done the honor of one so open and forgiving, whatever his other human faults, demand it from the hand that attempts to write his record—and that with the facts lying alongside, that cannot be disputed.

A sufficient extract—from this statement, at the time—to show what the indebtedness which his gray-headed step-brother has rounded up to twenty thousand, really was.

The indebtedness of the now-silent man, but whose letters sent and received, and bills rendered in at the time,

place the heretofore-disputed point beyond question. I now quote:

"UNION COLLEGE, 7th Dec., 1830.

You say I must be in debt. I am utterly at a loss how you can draw such an inference. I accounted for the expenditure of \$390, and that is within \$10 of what I received. Do you want any closer itemization? I send them again: \$55 for my affairs at Troy; \$54 to New York, same occasion; \$50, clothes; \$59 college bills up to last term; \$53, board; \$9.50, books; \$19.77, commencement and society, \$10, coal; and \$80.46 at Troy, this last Fall. I am told not to look for any further help."

He was, at this period, cut adrift from any more support at home. He had still eighty dollars in his wallet, left of what his brother had kindly sent him this year; but the college bill to pay for his last term, when he met with another accident, or fate, reeking under which, he writes his mother. In joy or sorrow, hope or disappointment, he was ever a constant correspondent to his mother.

"TROY, 25th Feb., 1831.

"Never have I felt the loss of my father so much as during the past year. The older I grow, strange as it may seem, the more deeply do I feel the bitterness of the stroke which deprived me of his counsel and aid in life before me—the more certain do I become of the desolation of my prospects. Eight years have elapsed since his death. I have never fully realized the loss till now. The consciousness comes with melancholy emphasis upon me, that it will require more than I

can expect to do, to place myself where I should have been, had I not been deprived of him. I fear the hour which sank him in the grave, will, ultimately, prove to have been the axe at the root of my success in life. God grant it may not! The prospect of yet three years study ere I can be suffered to commence in my own behalf, looks dreary and dubious in the extreme. You may, perhaps, think I am not doing right in troubling you with my troubles, when I must be so well aware of your great anxiety, joined with your perfect inability to assist me. It is the very consciousness of this which suffers me to write; for you will be aware it is not with the hope of receiving any assistance; consequently the only natural cause remains—the natural instinctive impulse of a son to unburden his mind to his mother; to tell her what he would die ere he would commit to the ears of the world. \* \* \* I am left at the very commencement of the study of my profession, without the prospect of being able to reach an admission, without being encumbered with debts which would inevitably ruin me in life. My ambition has been to attain and support my dear and lamented father's reputation; and to that have all of my actions and exertions been directed, with a prospect of success which wants but the means of support to constitute it a moral certainty. But of late, enough has been said and done, to add to my own conceptions and knowledge of my poverty, to overthrow the energies of a stronger mind than mine. For my sake, my dear mother, do not tell me any more that I am "to look for no more assistance from home"—to know it is quite sufficient, and I know it too well. I shall never ask it.

God knows, my dear mother, I appreciate your anxieties for me, and your wishes ; that it is out of your power to assist me. Of late when I hear my father spoken of it, agitates me excessively ; I feel faint, there is a tendency of blood to the brain. \* \* \* I have not written you before, owing to a loss that I met ; and with the hope that I should not be obliged to speak of it, and not wishing to write to you and not mention it. But before I received your last, I lost my pocket, wallet—or my pocket was picked of it—containing four twenty-dollar bills. I hoped to find it. I advertised it in all the papers here for some time ; but it is irrecoverably gone, unable as I am to lose it. I cannot reproach myself, as I undoubtedly shall be reproached with culpable carelessness. It was money I had, that afternoon, taken out of the bank of Troy ; and I missed my wallet when I that evening felt for it to put the money in my trunk. But I will say no more ; it is gone, and I am again almost penniless ; but, thank God, not friendless. I would speak of a subject in which I know you take a deep interest ; but I dare not write on this subject.

The dear girl ! Caroline always desires her love to you. Sister (Jane) is quite well. Love to my brothers.

Affectionately, your son,

D.W.C.C."

"It was not believed by some his money was stolen. Said his mother : "I never had reason to think otherwise, and never did."

The just-given letter is the only morbid one in the hundreds before me ; the only truly morbid one from his pen I

have ever seen. I could not resist the inclination to give it quite at length. It is rather pleasant to see he did once in his life become so subjugate to the spirit that dwells among the dark clouds and mists, as to write to that "dear mother" in a melancholy strain.

DeWitt communicates to Nelson the loss of his wallet. Nelson answers :—

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—Robbery, Love, Rascality and what else has seized upon your hair, I don't know ; but this much I know, at least I think, you are unnecessarily alarmed. Why don't you send me an exact account of what you are indebted and what you will require? I can help you some, yea, considerably. I will send you one hundred dollars as soon as the first of May, and probably I can furnish you with another hundred by the first of July. Cheer up ! My means are extremely limited. This money I consider as a loan to you. I will strain every nerve to assist you, but you must curtail your expenses as much as possible. Avoid all places of amusement, such as balls, circuses, etc., etc. Be with your books as an escape, or frankly own to any prying, inquisitive fool of your acquaintance, that your finances are running low, and request them to cease from importuning you. Take a stand and keep it. We must oftentimes deny ourselves to avert danger. You have, I must confess, gone rather blindly to work, yet keep on, and should any man presume to impute dishonorable motives to you, why d—n the rascal, whip him, and crush at one blow anything injurious to your character as

a gentleman. Your motives must not be even doubtful. There must be nothing upon which suspicion can fasten. It is only the guilty in such cases who suffer. Justice may mistake her object and live under the delusion for a short time, but truth and honor will eventually prevail and give redress.

I am really very sorry that I cannot send you some money now; but the appropriation made by Congress for the year '31 for the Army has not yet been received. As soon as it comes, I will make you a remittance of fifty or a hundred dollars, and so on till the end of the chapter. If anything should occur of a disagreeable nature, let me know it; and be very particular to let nothing remain unexplained to Caro. I suppose that you have told her that you are poor, etc.? If you have not, you have done wrong. See that everything of this kind is done. The only way for us to live and be poor, is to be proud—do as we please with our money; allow no man's folly to affect us otherwise than to produce a feeling of contempt; make it a point of honor to wear home-manufactured stuffs; and, if we please, wear a wool hat. Remember me affectionately to Miss G. Tell her not to spoil you.

Your ever affectionate brother,

NELSON N. CLARK,  
U. S. A."

Nelson did not forget to send the hundred dollars that he knew his brother would look so anxiously for in May. He had never, from the first, been willing that his brother should be educated by his step-father. The Winter after his mother's second marriage, she having intimated in a letter to Nelson,

as it appears, that she hoped DeWitt would have a collegiate education, he replied :

“Advantages here are much greater than at college ; professors are better, the form of government is preferable, it is unchangeable and faithfully enforced. He can better learn here how ‘to discipline self.’ As for his going through college, a charity scholar, I had rather see him a blacksmith ; and will never give my consent. Mr. Meech cannot, of course, be expected to send him to college, and I sincerely hope the subject has not been even hinted to him.”

Mrs. Meech has told me, that Nelson said, the last time he was at home, that if he lived, Judge Meech would be paid back every dollar he had paid out for the education of DeWitt. He never liked any one’s doing anything for any one, and then flinging it in their face, or the face of any of their friends.

There was never any passage between them ; but they rather avoided each other. The Judge was a very observing man. He said to me, he supposed that he did not like to see his mother married, but that he did not care about that ; but that he liked DeWitt a thousand times the best.”

## HE STUDIES LAW,

After leaving college, in the office of Judge Davis, at Troy and with his uncle, Orville Clark, at Sandy Hill, and attended the law school at Albany one year.



Their mother—DeWitt's and Nelson's—states in her narrations, that Nelson helped DeWitt \$100 toward his collegiate education. She may not have known, or may have forgotten, that he also encouraged him to undertake, and helped him in, his law studies ; all found in the letters between the brothers.

TROY, March 9th, 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER :—You will be surprised, I presume, to learn that I am still in Troy. You may prepare yourself for a still further surprise. I am to be married about the first of May. In about eight or nine weeks, just about the time when everything about home, your garden, the lake, and all will be most beautiful, you must sweep the hearth and prepare to welcome your son and daughter. What time will you and Father Meech be going to Baltimore ? You will both, of course, be here on the occasion above referred to ; and so, also, will Sister Jane. My dear mother, I am about taking a very important and responsible step in life. But I am thoroughly convinced and advised that it is the best one I can take. Considered in any point of view, there seems to exist no important objection. The only circumstance which can afford ground for objection, in any shape, is the fact that I am not yet admitted to the bar. But as this is merely a matter of personal individual feeling, and involves no sacrifice, but of my own opinions in regard to the compromising of dignity or independence to being a student (all fallacy, I am persuaded) it can have no great effect. At any rate, has no comparative weight in my mind, as an objection, and my mind alone has a right to be influenced by it.



Can you realize or appreciate the idea that, in the course of a few weeks, I shall be an old married man? It sounds very queer to me. I hardly think that I feel the whole weight of the fact. However, of one thing I am quite certain, the contemplation of the matter does not make me unhappy—at least not very unhappy—and it is not the least adjutant of my gratification, to feel that you love Caro, and that she loves you very dearly, and that you and Father Meech approve the step I am about to take. You do not know, my dear mother, how well Caro loves you, and how deserving, how all deserving, she is of your love. She talks of you very often and of Father Meech, and fears you do not, or will not, love her. You do love her, and will love her better when you know her better. Mrs. Gardner's health, the doctor thinks, is improving—but very slowly. We hope, and expect now, that she will live some time longer. It depends mainly, however, upon the effect of the Spring months upon her, which is still considered very doubtful. I have written to Nelson, some four weeks since, and expect of course, that he will be on here about the last of April, or the first of May. Do you not think he will come? Is there anything to prevent it? I told him he must be here. I am studying in Gen. Davis's and Mr. Gould's office again, and boarding at Mrs. Yonnet's. I shall visit Shelburne in the course of about six weeks, to see Father Meech on business. I wish, of course, to receive all the assistance which will be necessary, as a loan. I presume he will not object to this. I do not wish that he should assist me any more out of pocket, and I

shall soon be in the way of being able to repay him for what I may get from him in the course of six weeks. [He did want a little money to be married with!] "I will only say, in answer to some inquiries in your letter, that Mrs. G. does not oppose the match in the least. And Caro's brothers are very clever, good-hearted young fellows. I like them very much. The older one has opened an extensive trade in the grocery line—wines, teas etc., etc., wholesale; the younger is on the farm—he has just returned from a three-years' voyage at sea, where he has been as a common sailor. I was in Albany yesterday and learned, what I never knew before, that Gov. Throop's wife and the Register of the State's wife (Mrs. Porter,) are cousins of Caro's. I was at Governor Throop's and was treated by the Governor, in the executive chamber, and by Mrs. T., at her house, very politely. I attended a small party at the Register's on Tuesday evening, very small and select. I have received a card inviting me to attend a large party at Governor Throop's on Tuesday evening next; and yesterday, while I was at the Governor's, Mrs. T., did me the politeness to say, "Now Mr. Clarke, you had better remain in Albany till after Tuesday, for if you go back to Troy I fear you will not come down again." Mrs. Throop thinks very highly of Caro..... You will perceive the necessity that exists of my having my wardrobe (never too extensive) improved. Mr. H. Vail is to be one of the delegates to the Baltimore convention, from this State. He is anxious to obtain the appointment since I told him Father Meech is going. He knows him very well. I suppose you have heard that

Uncle Orville is appointed, by Governor and Senate, Brigadier General. My good friend, Counsellor Gould, recommends himself with much esteem, to your remembrance. Mrs. Yonnet, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. G., and all who know you, desire much love. Write to me immediately, my dear mother, and tell me what you think of the new arrangement.

Ever, your affectionate son,

DEWITT.

P. S.—I suppose Sister Jane is still at Chambly. Charlotte Temple is to be one of Caro's bridesmaids. We are to have five or six couple to officiate, bridesmen and maids, Nelson to be one. "I will write to Jane soon. Love to the boys."

"TROY, April 19th, 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I can now give you information on the subject which you know must engross a good part of all our interest and solicitude. I was surprised, I will confess, that father Meech should advise that our marriage should be consummated before you should come. Would you, on any account, consent that it should take place unsanctified by the presence of my parents? Dear mother, I did not tell Caro or Mrs. Gardner you could not be present; but, that on account of the inconvenience it would occasion father to be so long from home at this season of the year, it would be necessary to defer it till the 16th of May, when you would all be present. (Jane is first bridesmaid.) No consideration could reconcile me to the thought of your, father's or sister's, absence. Mrs. Gardner expects it, as a matter, of course; and Caro would

be much grieved if you were not here. We have calculated you will leave home on Monday, the 14th of May; reach Troy on the eve of the 15th; the eve of the 16th, you will spend with us; on the 17th father can proceed with Mr. Vail and others to Baltimore, while you and sister will wait till the 18th, when we will go to New York together. Do you not think all this smacks of strong sense and propriety? We do. Your visit to Troy is anticipated by many friends with much pleasure. We intend to make you very happy. You will write to me and let me know that these arrangements will meet with your approbation. Caro wrote to sister a few days since..... I have received a letter from Nelson lately. He cannot be on."

One day, the Summer after the General's death, Mrs. Meech was looking over some of his letters, and showed me this, or the one before this; the names of bridesmaids it was that attracted my notice, and I began to question her more about the wedding. "I do not know," she said. "Do not know! you were there?" "No." "Not to DeWitt's wedding! your only son's wedding?" "The Judge never liked large weddings, he said. He would not go, and I would not go alone." "I don't see why he should not have gone," I remarked, "for he must have known how you wanted to go." "Well, one thing, he said, it would cost a great deal; if he went they would expect a great deal of him, and he thought it all foolishness."

He was very well suited with DeWitt's marriage. It was talked that Caro's portion of her father's estate would be

twenty thousand dollars. She never got over twelve thousand ; but it was so-talked, and he liked it, and thought a great deal more of DeWitt after his marriage ; and when he came to see his wife, he liked her very much. She was so lively and entertaining, and always manifested such a thorough anxiety for DeWitt's welfare, the Judge fully appreciated her, and said DeWitt could not in the whole world have got a better wife. He always said DeWitt, in his marriage, had done a great deal better than Ezra had.

The wedding came off—Episcopal marriage service, in the church of the Rev. Dr. Butler, of Troy. The wedding-song was written.

PRESENTED BY A FRIEND, THE 16TH OF MAY, 1832.

The lily wreath, in whiteness,  
The Rose's loveliest hue,—  
Each blossom in its brightness,  
That drinks the heaven's clear dew ;

Yes, cull Spring's choicest treasures,  
A garland to entwine,  
And pour in generous measure,  
The pledge of ruby wine.

To-night we banish sorrow  
From these we've joined in heart,—  
As happy dawn each morrow,—  
As calm each eve depart."

We have a suspicion it was the friend most interested in this happy ceremony, who wrote this—his lady's epithalamium. It stands in—not an album, but—a book for pressed flowers and pretty bits of steel engravings.

In the same, "Caro Gardner's book," here is a tribute, later, from her pen—"To The Old Pastor :"

'Tis many years since first he dwelt  
Amid us here,  
And lovingly we think of him,  
Our pastor dear.

I love to think how pleasantly,  
In childhood's days,  
He looked upon, and smiled to see  
Our little plays.

When e'er we met my name he asked,  
And smoothed my brow,  
And when I smiled, "Yes, yes," he said,  
"I know you now."

His hand upon my finger placed  
The marriage ring,  
And, when he blessed me, fondly said,  
"Dear, dear, young thing !"

Again, in the pretty flower-and-picture scrap-book, of this period, we find, under an engraving of one of the scenes in one of Scott's novels :

Wha lives at Abbotsford?  
Sir Walter Scott.

Wha ought to be a Lord?  
Sir Walter Scott.

Wha writes the books that sell,  
But the secret winna tell,  
That a body kens sae well?  
Sir Walter Scott.

Wha's the poor poet's friend?  
Sir Walter Scott.

Wha can all parties blend?  
Sir Walter Scott.

Wha has done everything  
That any gude could bring,  
To his country, or king?  
Sir Walter Scott.

D.W.C.C.

MAY 16, 1832, TO DEC. 4, 1837.

They were married the 16th of the beautiful month of May; and had scarce returned from the wedding journey, and visit among the bride's relatives in New York, when the first knell of Nelson's duel struck on their ear. The first great impulse of DeWitt was to fly to his brother—but they had hastened home upon the summons that Mrs. Gardner,

Caro's mother, was dangerously sick. She still continued so, and the young wife, tortured with the fear of losing her mother during his absence, and with fear for her husband, doubtless, if he went into the land of the epidemic, then prevailing, wept, lamented, and refused to let him go, and neither would Mrs. Gardner consent to let him go and leave her and Caro. He hesitated, but could not relinquish the conviction of his brotherly duty and the impulse of his own affection till his new, scarcely a month wedded wife, always delicate, overborne by the sickness of her mother, and her fears for her husband, herself fell sick, and implored him to stay by her. She soothed him by assuring him that his mother would certainly go to his brother; and he had not the least idea but that she would. She did not go; and he too, as did his mother, regretted it to his last days. I heard him speak of it the last Summer of his life.

### LETTER OF DEWITT TO HIS MOTHER,

UPON RECEIVING THE ACCOUNT OF HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

TROY, 9 Aug., 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—Until the receipt of sister's letter of the 5th inst., I have been totally unable to bring my mind to grasp the full reality of my only and dear brother's death. The melancholy, the heart-rending, the terrible accuracy of detail, which Lt. Wilkinson's letter contains, has had its full effect upon my heart; and, great God! I now feel the full mis-



ery. Thy inscrutable judgment was calculated to inflict. I feel that my brother is *dead*, and that I shall no more, in this life, see him, and welcome him to my heart. I sit and think, and feel the bitter conviction stealing upon me by degrees, until, sometimes, I feel my whole soul filled with an accumulated mass of miseries, and my eyes opened wide to view the whole extent of my loss. My dearest mother, I cannot think calmly, for any length of time, about my poor brother, and, perhaps, it is wisely so regulated that I do not get much opportunity for undisturbed reflection. I sometimes feel that no power on earth shall prevent my conceived resolution of proceeding immediately to New Orleans, to offer the last tribute I may offer to the last memory of my dearest brother, upon the last spot on earth he can call his home—his grave. And even now, while I write, I cannot but feel that I shall never be satisfied till I do go down, to bless and thank his friends and brother officers, for their kind and affectionate attendance upon his last hours; and to regulate his affairs. He was my brother—my only brother; and he died alone, far from all whose love he had a right to claim, and whose names were the most frequently, and the last, upon his dying lips. His love for us breathed upon his expiring breath, and burned brightly in his affectionate heart while it continued to beat—and *no one of us with him!* O! how bitter, to me, is the reflection, that, had I started immediately for New Orleans, on the receipt of Wilkinson's letter, I might have been with him a fortnight before he died! I might have shown him how much I loved him, and lightened the affliction of all of us by the

reflection that he breathed his last on the bosom of his brother. I don't believe he ever knew how well I loved him. I never was a punctual correspondent, and he has not known how my heart has condemned me for neglecting to write to one it loved so well. But he is gone! and we are left to mourn—and oh! how bitterly I do mourn! I can't reconcile myself. I know it's wrong; but, "grief for the dead, not Virtue can reprove." I cannot satisfy myself that I ought not to go to New Orleans. It seems to me to be the only consolation I can procure, to perform a pilgrimage to his grave—a sort of expiation for my neglect of him, *I must go! I cannot* abandon the idea. He was all that is generous, noble and manly in poor human nature—with a heart ever warm and affectionate, which all the rough buffetings of an ungrateful world (of which it received a full share generously dealt out) could not harden, nor wean from its exalted honor and mild and endearing virtue—witness how his friends loved him. Lt. Eaton told his father (I had it from the old gentleman) that "he loved Nel Clarke better than any man on earth."

I received no communication from New Orleans; I know nothing of his affairs; but I feel it is due to his memory that I should be present, and do all in my power to arrange them. I will make any sacrifice to do so. I wrote to Wilkinson about the 10th of August. I shall hear from him, no doubt, soon....

I can say nothing more now. We think—Caro and I—of going to live at Sandy Hill till I conclude my studies, if not longer. Uncle O. is very anxious that I should do so, and makes me very advantageous offers. Nothing but Mrs. G.'s

feelings will prevent our adopting this plan. My dear sister will excuse my negligence, and know why I have not written. Make her assured of my continued affection. Let me hear from you immediately, and I will write again.

With the sincerest affection, my dearest mother,

Your son,

DEWITT.

Sept. 14th, DeWitt writes about his Uncle Orville's wishing him to come and go into partnership with him; that his friends in Troy, to whom he has communicated the inducements, advise him to embrace the offer.

"I can but think the change will please you, my dear mother; a conviction that it would do so, has operated decidedly in making me conclude to go. We shall visit Shelburne before we settle quietly down in Sandy Hill. You may expect to see us in the course of a fortnight."

"12 Mar., 1832.

Saturday I dined at Mr. Patterson's [Caro's Aunt's], with the most-abused Albany Regency, in the person of Governor Marcy, Mrs. Secretary Flagg and Mr. Comptroller Wright, together with a Mr. Earle, a member of General Jackson's family, beside a number of the good Republicans of Troy. Our Governor was in the utmost good humor. . . . After dinner we adjourned to Waterford, to call on and congratulate Mr. Cameron on his triumph."

"Sandy Hill, March 12, 1833.

DEAR MOTHER.—We have been in Troy the past three weeks. The business which called me was the portioning of

Caro's father's estate between her brothers, Charles and Townsend, and herself. Townsend has the mansion house on the hill and 100 acres of the land; Charles, his portion of the farm and city property; Caro a fine farm of nearly 200 acres, the house in town and the Vergennes property. . . . . You complain to me, my dear mother, that I spoke nothing to you of our dear Nelson in my last. I know I did not; but it was not that I did not think of it. Indeed, I studied to avoid it, for your sake and for my own. I did not mean that you should hear that I had his effects in Sandy Hill till this Spring, and regretted that Caro wrote to Jane anything about it, because I knew it would occasion only anxiety on your part, and that I could not get the things to you until Spring."

DeWitt's wife never had a sister and was unhappy in her brothers. The two Gardner boys, losing their father young, with a prospective fortune, indulgent mother and weak guardian, grew up unrestrained and dissipated. One of them managed after the division to embezzle, and waste a considerable portion of Caro's share.

## PRACTICING LAW IN TROY.

A New-year's letter to his mother, in which it is seen he is engaged in the practice of his profession in the city of Troy, at this period :

MIDDLEBURY, Jan. 1st, 1834.

MY DEAREST MOTHER :—I wish you many very happy New-years. I am here yet, you will observe, and you will

also wonder, perhaps, why I have not again visited you. If I could have known how my business would keep me I should most certainly have remained at Shelburne one or two days more, perhaps. But I have been expecting to leave every succeeding day since Friday last, and some new aspect would present itself in my negotiations, which would keep me over. I had resigned almost entirely all hopes of obtaining anything from Mr. Johnson for my clients, that should be any reasonable proportion to their demands, until Monday, when as a sort of forlorn hope we told him that unless he secured to us 40 cents on the dollar, we should file a bill in chancery, and procure an injunction, staying the sale of his property under the execution in favor of his son, till we could investigate the validity of the son's claims. I have no doubt, myself, that there has been some fraudulent and collusive dealings between the father and son, but I doubt more whether we could be able to elucidate it sufficiently to invalidate the judgment given by the former to the latter. However, the prospect of a long chancery suit had no charms for neighbor Johnson, and he has concluded to secure our claim as we propose, which is better than our Troy clients expected. I drew notes yesterday to be signed by his securities, and shall leave for Troy this afternoon, leaving the business to be consummated by Mr. Starr. I have transacted this business in a way to give satisfaction to my clients, and to sustain the confidence they saw fit to repose in me. I am sure that I have not neglected any means that could sustain their interest. I should be most happy to spend New Year's day with you.

The visit I made you last week was but a meagre affair, and but just enough to leave me quite unsatisfied. But I must return to Troy. My office has now been closed for ten days, and I am anxious that it should be opened again as speedily as possible. It is not impossible that I may be despatched into this vicinity again before Spring. If so, you will of course see me. I shall expect you to visit Troy this Winter ; *do*. I want you to see how pleasantly we are situated. Again a very happy New Year's to all, and God bless you, my dear mother.

As ever, very affectionately, your son,

DEWITT C. C.

P. S.—Tell my dear sister Jane that I shall see to her interests immediately.

From a letter postmarked Troy, without date :

“I have a fine quantity of engravings for you. I bought a pair of very elegant screen-handles for you in Albany. When Mr. Lovely comes, we shall have an abundance to send you. Caro sends some of them. I will put a ‘D.’ on my presentations. You will find some of the engravings worthy elegant frames ; and you need them around your rooms. “Washington’s Crossing,” “Bonaparte’s Entry into Paris,” “The Young Bonaparte in the Cradle,” and some others, are exceedingly fine. Then there are three very beautiful colored lithographic engravings. “Painting,” and “Sculpture,” would be very pretty for the centre of your table, and I am told they are quite *a-la-mode*. I will fix them as they should be put on.”

Mrs. Meech was very much engaged in getting up a

“picture-table,” at this time, for her Shelburne parlor. It is pleasant to run across this old allusion to it in her son’s letters, now that they are both dead, and Caro, also. Mrs. M. has told me what an interest she took in it, how handsome it was, how she wrote to DeWitt about it, what a choice lot of pictures he sent her for it, and how artistically he arranged and numbered them all as they should be put on the table. “But, undoubtedly, Caro helped him in that,” she said; “she had such an eye for any such thing, and so had he; and Caro sent part of the pictures.” When she removed from Shelburne, she gave it to Emeline, Mrs. Wm. Quinlan, whom she brought up from a young girl, and who was married from her house, and for whom she always entertained a very kindly regard.

Mr. Clarke appears to have practiced in his profession for a time longer, and then to have moved on to the beautiful farm that had been given to his wife from her father’s estate, about two miles from the the city of Troy. But, some time in the Fall of 1837, attracted by the reports of the profits realized, being realized, and to be realized, in the Iron Company Works of the Conants in Brandon, he was drawn away from his Troy farm to engage in this Iron Co.’s business. John A. Conant, the then leading man of the firm, at Brandon, had married the cousin of Mr. Clarke—Caroline Holton, daughter by a first marriage, of Mrs. Jackson, sister to Mrs. Meech, Clarke’s mother.

Cousin Caroline Conant’s family, Aunt Jackson and her



family, Cousin Ellen, Cousin Jenny, Cousin John Jackson, all belonged to Brandon. To live among whom, and to make money with the successful Conants, was too strong an inducement to be withstood. He abandons farming, and goes to Brandon to make a trial of it, before finally committing himself to it, leaving his wife with her mother, in Troy.

Of this period I have a minute journal, with carefully-prepared thermometrical tables for every day in the year. I only regret our material for this little volume is so much, I cannot give entire, instead of but eliminated pages.

## THE BRANDON JOURNALS.

1837 AND 1838.

BRANDON, Monday, Dec. 4th, 1837. Warm for the season ; no frost in the ground ; no snow on it. Twenty-seven years old, and as yet nothing done ! Heaven forgive me, I have been dawdling all my life, and in good faith, I should take that place among men which my years at least entitle or require me to hold. I will try, as Col. Miller said, when asked if he could carry a British battery which was doing terrible execution among the American troops at Lundy's Lane ; and he did it. . . . . This day I have commenced a sort of probation business in this place. If it shall prove agreeable to all parties, at the end of a few weeks I shall come into the Company as a stockholder. . . . . I will not be rejected on account of ignorance or inattention to the business I am about. I met with cordiality from J. A. C. The other members of the



Company I have not seen yet. The duty assigned to me is, I am informed, a temporary one. It is one, at any rate, which effectually secures me from the common lot of men, with regard to the promised "peck of dirt." One week will help me to that! The casting is done two or three times a day, and my business is to inspect and keep an account of the multifarious work which, at such castings come from the flasks of some twenty moulders. The business is important for a beginner. It is as it were the substratum of the whole. By it, one becomes acquainted with stoves and other castings in detail, which is the surest way to learn, in order to comprehend the aggregate. Wrote to Caro. Have'nt heard from her yet—ten days since I left Troy. I wish she were here.

Thursday, 7th.....Uncommonly fine weather for the season; warm. I like the furnace-men—the moulders; they are in the main intelligent, active men—Yankees—with their shrewdness and good sense; strong in their attachments and dislikes; and the one about as easily secured as the other. For some people it is more easy to secure their dislike. There is a way to get along with them, and, in my opinion, it is well worth the while to secure their regard and respect. Business comes easier and easier. I begin to think something of myself.

8th. warm and sunny A. M. :—Snow squalls, quite cold P. M. The truth undeniably is that, even to a person of desul-

tory habits, business if attended to soon becomes a pleasure. But it is only when closely attended to. Bad habits don't leave of themselves; they must be *driven* off, expelled and eradicated, by good. [After a review of his first week's work, two, close, large journal-pages on "poor Shelley" the poet.] But this is pretty matter for the journal of an *iron-monger*. Let this come to light, and I am done for. Sentiment and stoves are not compatible, I will admit; neither are melting essays and melting iron. So, though I by no means intend to admit that I could not go on in this same edifying strain, yet, like some who do get into that unflattering dilemma, I will give in my "*cætera desunt*." In truth, however, I believe I do not run to sentimentalities. I am somewhat too warm an admirer of the "*vis comica*." Sentiment and I were born under different planetary influences; and as in the case of honest master Slender's attachment to Mistress Anne Page, "there was not much love between us at the beginning, and it hath pleased Heaven to diminish it on better acquaintance." So now, as the almanacs say, "look for quite a spell of weather."

In this quiet little village, I am really in want of incident to eke out a daily journal, and what wonder if I sometimes "run emptyings," (expressive but inelegant). I don't think I had better abandon the practice on this account. A man that talks all the time, and says all he knows (as somebody has had the impudence to say before me) must sometimes talk nonsense. It is "human nater's heart," as Miss. Packard's sentimental servant-maid would say; and there is no avoiding *human*

*nater*. What, then, must be my case, who am held and firmly bound by an implicit contract between me and myself, to "set in a note-book" every night the *memorabilia* of the past day, when half the time there are no *memorabilia* worth the notice of a Boswell in a week? I can't write of matters pertaining, to business, merely, for then my pages would soon run to "dit-tos," (as variety is not "the spice of" business), and such dit-tos would be "cabbage-heads," in sober earnest. I can't write of incidents, for incidents won't do me the kindness to happen, and the *Reverend* Dean Swift has preoccupied the vantage-ground of *lying*. I can't write news, for *news ain't* news when it gets away up into Vermont; and so the amount of it is, I can't write *nothin'*. Good-night!

11th. Snow! snow! snow!—moderately—6 or 7 inches. The times are all in joint, and everything seems to run on smoothly, without jarring—except, to be sure, Canada times. The Patriots, as they please to denominate themselves, work slowly—very slowly—being, as they are, four-fifths of the population of Lower Canada. They are not like our forefathers of our Revolution. They possess not a title of their intelligence and indomitable resolution. The truth is, the "*habitans*" are amazingly ignorant and unfit for self-government. Where is the declaration of their rights and grievances? I have seen nothing of it. I suspect our sympathy is more with the words "liberty," "patriotism," etc., etc., than with those who use them in Canada.

12th. Light snow, pleasant, thermometer, 9, P. M., 28 °, I am too much fatigued to write anything to-night. Very dull, except in business, which is prosperous. I feel myself exceedingly interested in an old man, who works about the furnace, who was formerly a British soldier, and served under Wellington in his Peninsular campaign; was in Spain under Dalrymple, when Wellington was merely Lieut. Sir Arthur Wellesley; was in most of the great battles in that war, which added so many laurels to the British name; at Torres Veclas, Salamanca, siege of Badajos; at Vittoria, where he was very severely wounded, receiving a musket-ball in the thigh, which fractured the bones, and lodged there, and remains to this day. In consequence of the wound, he was obliged to leave the service, as one of his legs is shorter than the other, the knee-joint stiff, and he *unsoldiered* in all respects. He must have been a fine-looking soldier—6 feet 2 inches before he received his wound at Vittoria, and straight. He was a model of a grenadier, I doubt not; and fought under the greatest captain of the age (excepting one), in some of the great battles of the “Peninsula;” and, now, alas! he is a poor brusher of iron. He fought till, alas! he was totally disabled, and was then cast off, and thrown “as a loathsome weed away!” To what tremendous vicissitudes are we liable in this life! The victor at Vittoria a poor brusher of iron in Brandon, Vt.—Eheu!

13th. The name of the old man (he is nearly 60, and, but for his lameness, a very hale, hearty man) is Welch;

Uncle Purdy, they call him. I am surprised at the extent my feelings carry me when I look at him. I can hardly see him halt by without feeling my heart rising to my throat. Poor fellow! with him Othello's occupation's gone, sure enough, and, instead of the "pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war," he drags out his weary life in daily humble toil, for his daily subsistence! Would that I was able to give thee, Uncle Purdy, a "canty hearth where cronies meet," where thou might have naught to do for the remnant of thy war-broken days, but "fight thy battles o'er again, and prepare for that better land, where wars and rumors shall forever cease."

14th. I am tired:—I like to feel tired now-a-days, because I stand a chance to have attended better than usual to my business. I have seen the Canadian Patriots' Declaration of rights. It has the real "When-in-the-course-of-human-events" commencement; and really sets forth a bill of grievances which might give a man cause to go out of his way a little to seek a rebellion. I strongly incline to think that the British Dominion in Canada is at an end; and that the Patriots will achieve their independence; and so close with a remark worthy a *patriotic iron-monger*: "*What a market will be opened for stoves!*" "Gude forgie me!"

December 16th. Alternately cloudy and clear—hazy, 10 P. M.; look out for a storm, as the almanacs say. "Received a dear long letter from my own dear Caro. It is worth a week

of toil and fatigue to be so well rewarded Saturday night. I have *toiled* and I feel an increasing attachment for business. Wrote to my dear mother this P. M. I mean to write to her every Saturday. God bless and long preserve her! I owe her a debt of love, gratitude and affection which I can never pay.

18th. Rain A. M. and snow ; P. M., sploshy!

It is not sufficiently cold to induce me to make a fire ; and it is not sufficiently warm to induce me to sit up to scribble in this “variorum ;” so, in the dilemma, the journal suffers. Which is the gainer or loser in this state of the case? I incline to think I am the gainer.

I save the labor of writing, and avoid the risk of writing what, “dying, I might wish to blot.” “Swans sing before they die ; it were no bad thing, did certain persons die before they sing,” said the amiable and innocent-hearted Coleridge—a man of prodigious learning and ability ; somewhat conceited ; but not the conceit of petty and superficial minds, but that which may spring from the consciousness of the possession of vast philosophical and perceptive powers. He declared, with consummate naivete, that, if he could be spared to the world, he could and would furnish it with a perfect system of moral and ethical philosophy!

Mr. Pierpoint’s brother died in Rutland, yesterday, of the prevailing typhus fever.

19th. Very windy, last night ; snow flurries all day.

Received a letter from Aunt Orpha yesterday ; answered it. I am more and more convinced that habits (however intimately they enter into our conformation of body and mind) are not such Gibaltars to overcome, after all. A brigade of *energy*, led on by Brig.-Gen. *Firmness*, will put to utter confusion and flight an entire division of bad habits, headed by Maj-Gen. Apollyon, in person—and if there is not a neat allegorical figure, then I am no judge of rhetoric. And I can well apprehend that a man's chief delight may come to be in the active and arduous pursuit of business ; and that not by any means solely from the propulsion of prospective pecuniary profits.—Apt alliteration's artful aid," has seduced me to spoil the sentence and almost the sense.

20th. Cloudy all day ; excellent sleighing.

The Patriots in Upper Canada have commenced hostilities against the British Government. I have been informed their leader, Mr. McKenzie (for whose apprehension a reward of \$4000 is offered) is a man of very limited capacity. I do not believe it. All the agitators are able men. They must be so. Men will sooner follow a scoundrel than a fool. Leaders must, at least, have that mental energy and moral courage which are essential elements of greatness of mind. O'Connell shows consummate skill and ability in keeping Ireland *ready* for *rebellion*, by measures not obnoxious to the penalties of the law. He is, unquestionably, the Prince of Agitators. He has, too, the co-operation and assistance of able co-adjutors Papineau, in Lower Canada, is almost alone in



the power of moral strength. His name, however, is a "tower of strength." Brown, the commander of the insurgent forces, I suspect, is nothing above a shrewd, cunning Yankee; with some skill, perhaps, to execute, but no (or small) ability to plan or combine. McKenzie, in the upper Province, has more moral and mental force; and, verily, he needs more. His followers need to be convinced—Papineau's merely to be commanded.

21st. Cloudy, A. M.; clear and sunny, P. M.

"Pleasure that comes unlooked-for, is thrice-welcome," says Mr. Rogers, in his beautiful poem, "Italy." It is so, indeed. I received, most unexpectedly, an excellent letter, this evening, after I returned to the counting-room, from one I love. Not getting it as usual on going to tea, I looked for nothing till to-morrow evening; and, in consequence, the pleasure was thrice-welcome. I sat down and answered the letter without delay—although I thereby employed time that was due in the discharge of business duties. But we are all selfish, more or less, and the selfishness that springs from the affections likes not to be controlled, and delights in having sacrifices made on its altar.

What a motley agglomeration of topics, does and must a diary like this present! It is literally a transcript of first thoughts, and, consequently, the main chances are, that one will say a great many absurd things, and utter a deal of false philosophy (if he dabbles at all in the latter commodity), in the course of an astonishingly short time.



22nd. This day the furnace was "blown out," etc., the fire was extinguished, the water-gate shut, the blast terminated. The blast has lasted day and night, upward of five months; and its stopping has given some thirty men a holiday. I am very fatigued.

23rd. Occupied laboriously all day, settling with the furnace men; this "toil and trouble" is a damper on the reflective faculties. I feel not the slightest disposition to think, or to write, to-night. "The iron tongue of midnight hath toll'd twelve," and it is high time that *laborers* were in bed. Blessings on the man that invented sleep. "It covers one all over like a cloke," said the sapient and renowned Sancho Panza. The "invention" is enjoyed most generally without a spirit of thankfulness to the inventor. Every man seems to sleep, as the Kentuckian fought, "on his own hook."

24th. Finished a letter to C. . . It is the happiest duty I have to perform. When will the "re-union" supercede the necessity of its discharge?

December 25th. Mild and clear; hazy; prepare for rain.

I wish you a Merry Christmas! The holidays have commenced. They are honored by no kind of observance; "pass by as the idle wind which I regard not." . . . . Letter from General Orville Clarke. He was in Burlington on his way to Canada, where he has made some large purchases. . . . . Letter from my friend, Councillor Gould. . . . .

27th. The pot-furnace began to make iron to-day. Burnt my cap and the skirt of my coat—alpha and omega. “Misfortunes do never come single, ’tis plain.” Burnt *cap-a-pie*.

28th. Nothing in the mail this evening. The Troy morning mail of the 25th reached this place this morning. The distance is about 70 miles. It is the only paper I have have received this week. These *daily* papers are *very* refreshing, very.

29th. A letter from my dear mother this morning; the first from her since I have been here. It lightened my cares all day.

30th. No letters; wrote to my mother and Mrs. Gardner. “If the human mind be left to lie waste it will, like any other wilderness, produce innumerable weeds. If the desires and affections of our nature are not cultivated for useful and benevolent purposes, they will produce fruits as monstrous as unpalatable. “*Home, or, the Iron Rule*; by Miss or Mrs. Stickney—an excellent book.

31st. Not well to-day; did not go to church; intend to read one additional chapter, at least, in the Bible, in consequence. [four close pages; natural last-day of-the-year reflections—good; must omit.] Kind letter from my dearest, this evening, and finished a long one in reply. Heaven bless and protect her. She is everything that may

become a woman. Would I were with her! Good night to 1837.

January 1st., 1838 :—Cloudy—misty—little snow.

Received a letter from my dear Aunt Orpha [his father's sister—mother to Mrs. Ezra Meech, Mrs. Wm. H. Barker.] As a New-Years' gift, I could not have received a more acceptable one from her; inasmuch as it assures me of her continued affection and regard. Not that this was a matter about which I had any doubt; but this matter of being dear to our friends, is one wherein we feel a sort of vanity which leads us to delight in being repeatedly assured of it. It administers a "holy joy" to be assured there are those in the world blind to our faults and wide-awake to our merits; who, on the former, lets the tear which pities human weakness fall, and on the latter, bestows the exaggerating smile of partial love. How beautiful is affection, that looks not to worldly gain and only desires the happiness and well-being of its object!

[DeWitt was always a great favorite with his Aunt Orpha, said his mother.]

JAN. 2d. Another New Year's day is past! I am really sorry so little notice is taken of that holiday in Vermont. I think the practice of calling on one's friends New Year's day and reciprocating the compliments of the year, an exceedingly good and wholesome one. It is the offspring of our affections, which are not prodigal of their children in this

cold world of ours. I should lament to see the practice growing into desuetude where it now prevails. Here, I presume, it was never a custom. How small a portion of time the mass of mankind bestow on the cultivation of their social affections, on the cultivation of the spirit of brotherly love ! What sort of enjoyment selfish people—purely selfish—can take in this miserable world, I cannot comprehend.

3d. Darwin came in this morning, from Middlebury, on his way to Finneyville [Aunt Orpha's son, his cousin]. I think I love my friends very dearly; and I thank God, who has given me a heart to take more delight in the indulgence of the affections than in any other concern whatever.

4th. Darwin went this morning. An atrocious outrage committed on American citizens near Buffalo, by a party of Royalists; steamboat attacked in the night; crew and passengers mostly butchered; boat set on fire and sent over the falls of Niagara. These are the rumors which reached here this evening. If but a part is true, the fate of the British domain is settled in America, just as sure, in my opinion, as there is a sun above us. The sympathy in favor of the Patriot cause is spreading. Such an outrage as this reported one near Buffalo will benefit the Canadian "*Fils de la Liberte*," incalculably; if not positively, by increasing our sympathy for them: yet negatively, by embittering our hatred and indignation towards their oppressors. The effect will be the same.

January 5th. It has been April for the last two or three days ; to-day has taken a *summerset* into the middle of May. Until noon, the weather was as mild and pleasant as a May morning. We had no occasion for fires till towards night, after it had rained some time. We sat all the fore part of the day with doors open and windows raised ; and this, for the 5th of January in the 44th degree of north latitude, is something uncommon, to say the least of it.

Nothing in the mail ! These daily papers are such a comfort ! I have received five during the last fifteen days ; and now and then get a paper, three or four days after its date. If I knew of any respectable newspaper printed once a fortnight, in Florida, I believe I would subscribe for it. *Then* I should not be disappointed if I *never* got a paper ; now, I am three times a week, at least. Nearly a week since I heard from my own heart's home. "Watched water never boils."

January 6th. No letters. I am a little homesick. Mr. Green, from Troy, called to see me this evening. I was very glad ; I had a long chat *anent* Troy and Trojans. Quite gay there this Winter. I wish I had got a letter from the pleasant city this morning. I think I should feel less homesick if I had. It will be a week to-morrow since I received a letter from my dearest. . . . Received from I. J. Merritt, the Rev. Mr. Potter's lecture on "Tastes and Habits," delivered before the Young Men's Association of Troy. I look for a feast of reason in the perusal. I have been too busy to-day even to glance at it ; and am too much fatigued to-night to enjoy anything but

a comfortable *substratum* of *feathers*; so *bon soir*. “Do I not love thee, Emma?” said the noble Swiss to his wife.” Wrote to my dear mother.

7th. No letter! As I am *disappointed*, I will go to bed.

9th. Pleasant weather. A long letter from dear Caro. She communicates the intelligence of the death of my friend Judge Randolph, of Mississippi. Poor fellow! It is but seven years since I stood by his side as one of his groomsmen in St. Paul’s, Troy, while Dr. Butler married him to Miss Vail; and since that time his life has been happy and prosperous. He was an excellent-hearted man, generous to a fault, and abounding in true Southern spirit and pride, impatient of control, but led and persuaded as easily as a child. He has gone suddenly, in the prime and flower of manhood, to “the undiscovered country;” while his star was in the ascendant it has suddenly shot down below the horizon.

“Green be the turf above thee,  
 Friend of my better days!  
 None knew thee but to love thee,  
 None named thee but to praise.”

11th. Bound to the ledger! Perplexing to the brain and fatiguing to the body; more so to me than a much more active out-door employment. However, “not the good of Cæsar, but the welfare of Rome.”

12th. I have done my business, so far as business is concerned. I have tried, at any rate. Success, they may say what they will, cannot be commanded, though we can, by our conduct, render defeat no reproach, and that is next to success in value.

14th. A letter from my dear mother; answered it. She writes there is a revival in progress in Shelburne, and Ezra and Cynthia and Cousin Sophia are *awakened!* *May God accomplish the good work begun!* I confess myself one of those who question the utility of what are denominated revivals; yet may we not hope that much good may spring from *this?*

18th. Mild as May; sunshine; wind West.

Nothing to say. Mind running to waste, I am fearful. Hope I shall be able to leave for Troy before a great while. Would I had got another letter this evening. Murray's trial.

10th. Rain and hail till noon; P. M., nearly three inches of snow; clear, 9, P. M.

Commenced a project for organizing an efficient fire company here. I have met with good success; twenty-five or thirty very effective men can easily be organized; and then let fires *look* out, or they will be *put* out.

21st. Sunshine and clouds; signs of snow.

News that the Patriot forces on Navy Island have dispersed! The days of chivalry have gone, indeed!

Made out a table of thermometrical observations for week ending, for The Telegraph, last night; and now to bed. Finished the book of Genesis last night.

22d. No news from Troy. Went to Mr. Hyatt's to partake of an oyster supper; saw several new faces; Mrs. Ingraham; Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. John Conant, the elder; all quite elderly ladies; spent the evening very pleasantly. Would that she, the idol of my heart, had been there!

23d. Cousin Caroline had a little tea-party, this evening, composed mostly of the persons I met last evening. No letter from my dear wife. I expected it pretty confidently. "Hope deferred!" I do not permit it to be of that description that "maketh the heart sick." There is no occasion for it.

25th. A good letter from Troy. Thanks!

27th. Concluded my arrangements with the Messrs. Conants for the purchase of an interest in the Brandon Iron Co. I am to have one hundred shares, which, at its nominal value of \$100 per share, makes my interest \$10,000. \$45 on each share, or 45 per centum of the whole is paid in.

30th. Clear, sharp weather. Quite a sore throat, to-night; made an application of a tincture of lobelia and vinegar. Shade of Thompson!—if this father of Thompsonism is defunct, and Lord deliver us if he is incarnate! My neck



burns as if I had bathed it in a ladle of melted iron. Patients must be inured to endure an uncommonly high temperature who are so lucky as to survive the Thompsonian "course." To them Tophet must be divested of half its terrors, so far as physical suffering is concerned. Now for ginger-tea, another charming little febrifudge, and then to bed!

31st. A letter from my own "heart's home!" She is in Albany again. Did not go to the counting-room this evening. My sore-throat malady was proof against the applications last night, though it is more than I can say for my skin; *that* was beautifully excoriated. *Mais courage mes braves!* The paper which came to-night informed me of the death of Mr. Kidder of the Troy House; another sacrifice on the unhallowed altar of intemperance. How doubly does the drunkard perish!

Feb. 1st. A letter from my friend, "the Councillor." Wrote to my own dear wife. When shall I see her? I am getting very homesick. "*Le bon temps viendra,*" however.

2d. Cousin Ann Dana, as we learn by a letter to-night, is about to marry again. "A triumph of Hope over Experience," as that old cynic, Dr Johnson, pronounced second marriages. Well, may hope's bright coloring be able to abide the powerful test of experience, in her case. But I doubt. *Nous verrons*, the gentleman is a German [Schaffer], a bachelor of mature age, and she is a widow—*la jeune veuve*—with a "*tocher*"—suspicious; as Mr. Pry would say, "mysterious circumstances."

5th. Cousin Sophia arrived this morning in the stage about an hour before Mr. and Mrs. Conant left for Boston ; as Cousin Sophia had not announced her coming, Cousin Caroline did not feel obliged to remain at home. Question : Is it best to announce or not announce "to be or not to be," as Will Shakspeare says ? Cousin John Jackson arrived this evening in the stage, and sits by me at this present writing. He is to be my "*compagnon de nuit.*" So good-bye to my diary.

7th. Went over to Sudbury, about 9 P. M., to exercise a kind of fatherly care over a couple of Misses cousins, Sophia and Ellen, who went this afternoon to attend a ball. [Mrs. Sophia L. Freeman, of Chicago, and Mrs. Ellen H. Palmer, of Boston.] Miss Ellen is about fourteen, and rather too young to attend a Yankee ball, which usually continues from the middle of the afternoon till sunrise the succeeding morning. Aunt Jackson seemed anxious that I should go. We reached home again quite early, after having experienced a harmless *ovitum* of the vehicle in which we rode.

20th. There was an uncommonly brilliant and beautiful exhibition of the *aurora borealis* this morning. Wrote Ira J. Merritt, of Troy.

25th. Wrote to my dear mother. To-morrow I leave here for Troy, Providence permitting.

BRANDON, April 3d. Blustering, cold, stormy, snow.

Arrived here about 6 P. M. from Troy by way of Finneyville, after an absence of five weeks and one day. I have had a very pleasant visit home ; I have seen my dearest and best ; made two hearts happy ; and so I return to my business cheerfully.

6th. One of the workmen at the ore-beds (Barney Carr) was terribly hurt this morning by the falling of the earth upon him. [Died the 8th.]

14th. Adam Freeman arrived this evening. He goes into the store as head of that department of the Brandon Iron Company, with the intention of becoming a stockholder. Wrote to my dearest mother.

18th. Concluded a bargain with Mr. Dickerman for the purchase of his house and lot, for the sum of \$856.50.

19th. Engaged Mr. Walton to paint my house ; wrote to my dearest wife. Asahel Finney, my cousin, arrived. He comes to attend the "Vermont Literary and Scientific Institution !" Phœbus, what a name !

April 26th. Wrote a letter yesterday, in behalf and *in nomine* of Father Meech, to Henry Clay, the "heir presumptive" to the throne of the "Roman." Heigho ! I wish She were here.

27th. Father Meech left for home again. Settled entirely my business affairs with Messrs. Conant. I have scrip of seventy shares of the capital stock of the company.

28th. Procured some trees and set out in front of my lot.....I am exceedingly gratified by the near approach of the time when I shall be settled in a home of my own..... There is magic in the name of home ; thousands of household virtues and comforts circle round it, and invest it with a charm and a holy spell [a close, large page and a third in panegyric of a home].

30th. Wrote to my good little friend, Cannon. Freeman received a letter from Shelburne ! What's in the wind ? I am as busy "as a hen with one chicken," preparing my house for the reception of its mistress. Would she were here to assist me ! I fear her garden will not astonish her. I have no fancy for a garden, though my mother has a passion for such pursuits. I have been captivated by a *Gardner*, but am unable to *love* a *garden* enough to work in it or about it. What a vile pun ! I had better gone to bed ten minutes ago. Oh, my ! We have had an exhibition of the aurora borealis for two evenings—quite respectable, for Vermont.

May 5th. Wrote to my dear mother. Put some boxes around my trees. I am afraid the wind will tumble them down, trees and all.

9th. Put twenty-two scions into my apple trees.

16th. Sixth anniversary of my wedding-day. Would that my own dear wife was with me to-day! "Is she not the light of my eyes?"

19th. Furnace is put in blast for smelting, this morning. Blast put on about noon. Work thickens.

24th. *A white day!* My dear wife arrived from Troy, well and happy.

31st. A letter from Xxxx X. Xxxx, begging for something to help him to his daily bread. He is in complete destitution. "How are the mighty fallen" to a petty borrower! I'll try to send him \$5.

Sunday, 3d. Heard, at Mr. Thomas's church, a Methodist sermon from a Methodist parson, by whom I was instructed that "mortification" is one of the "ingredients" of "repentance;" i. e. a man must feel *mortified* that he has so conducted himself as to lose his immortal soul. It reminds me of the boy who, when asked how he felt when his mother died, replied, that he never felt so *ashamed* in all his life.

4th. My dear wifey left for Shelburne, to be absent a few days. God grant her a safe and happy return. Our community is considerably excited by the drowning of a young Mr.

Smith in the creek, while bathing, about a mile from the village. His body was not recovered till some two or three hours after he sunk. I went to the bottom twice. His poor father was on the raft from which I dove, and perfectly composed till the remains of his son were brought to the surface, when his fortitude forsook him.

Sept. 18th. Occurred an annular eclipse of the sun. The sky was so covered with clouds, we, in this vicinity, got no satisfactory view of the splendid phenomenon. It was not, strictly speaking, an annular eclipse, as the sun did not display a luminous ring around the entire circumference, but, rather, a crescent. We have had an uncommonly long and pleasant Summer. That mysterious personage, "the oldest inhabitant" has never seen the fellow of it. Mother Gardner and my own dear mother, sister Jane, Mrs. Ross and children, and Mrs. Gould, from Essex County, Cousin Sophia, and others, have made us visits, and made time pass very pleasantly, this charming Summer. We have, also, spent a couple of weeks with my dear mother at Shelburne, with much satisfaction, where my cousins, Caro Conant, and John Jackson and Mr. Freeman are now.

Sept. 27th. My birthday; my Aunt, Mrs. Finney, arrived here on her way to Shelburne. Cousin John G., and Caro and Freeman, took tea with us.

29th. Went with Mr. Ormsbee to Blake & Hammond's furnace.

30th. Attended Mr. Thomas's church; Mrs. Wifey addicted to stories and rhymes.

October 1st. No time to write. My diary is dwindling down. I am sorry for it, and can I help it?.....It is the age of *superficies*. A man commences author before out of swaddling-clothes. The time has been, when there was not a tithe of the high-sounding pretension of the present day, when the vantage-ground of literature was occupied by those who could maintain it; by men whose minds were clothed with the choicest panoply of Minerva's armor; by men whose gaze had become accustomed to "the bright countenance of truth, which gave them a serenity and depth and dignity of intellectual expression before which the puny pigmies who would intrude upon the domain of right reason, "fled as from the sword of the avenger" *Mais tout cela est change*. Would it were otherwise..... We are fallen on evil times. There are a few giants, it is true; the rest send out the merest "paper bullets of the brain," which hit not the mark at which they are aimed, or, if they do, hurtless break against its surface. "The time has been, that when the wits were gone the man would die, and there was an end; but now they rise again, with twenty mortal murders on their heads."

October 9th. The reading society met at our house; adjourned about 10 P. M., since which time till this, two o'clock A. M., I have been engaged on a railroad bill, to

be sent to-morrow (*this*) morning, for the approbation of the Legislature. Thinking sleep a thing not to be despised, after all, I bid myself good night, and go to join the innumerable devotees of the sleepy old Somnus. "Sleep is matter," some minute philosopher has contended. I must remark that I am not just now prepared to contend that it is *immaterial*. Indeed, I am clearly of opinion that no man would dispute its *materiality*, who should deprive himself of it for a couple of nights and days.

"Hey, diddle! diddle!

The cat's in the fiddle,"

Where she maketh a deal of a clatter;

So I'll go to bed,

With a very clear head,

Having argued sleep to be matter."

Sunday, 21st. A. M., attended Mr. Thomas's church. P. M., read quaint, excellent, philosophical, pious old Izaak Walton, the prince of anglers. What a world of quiet thought and contemplative musing is scattered through that little volume! I mean never to go a-fishing without it. How delightfully would his benevolent mind infuse itself through mine, some warm day in June, beneath the grateful shade of some noble tree in some rich meadow, while some leaping stream should tumble away from beneath my feet. Commend me to Izaak Walton! me, one of his followers in the piscatorial art. He was the most philosophic of anglers, and the most angling of philosophers.



Sunday, Oct. 28th. Snow on the mountains ; attended Mr. Thomas's church in the A. M., and Mr. Curtis's in the P. M. In the latter, heard a sermon by an old schoolmate, Rev. James Meacham, and a very good sermon, too. Cousin Asahel Finney has come to board with us.

29th. Aunt Orpha arrived in the stage from Shelburne, and my dearest wife left for Troy. I have two good aunts in my house ; Aunt Jackson and Aunt Finney ; yet I feel the "aching void" *she has left*, my little wifey. I am lonely and dissipated, and wish her back. It is the first time she has left me since we went to house-keeping ; and I could not imagine that she should take away with her everything which makes my home happy, and "a home." God grant her a safe and pleasant journey, and visit to her mother and friends, and a happy restoration to me, "her own heart's home !" I am sorry I consented to let her go ; she will have a tedious cold ride all night, going and returning. She is a dear good wifey ! Wrote to Darwin ; received a newspaper from John Jackson. We know not how happy our home is, till the elements which composed it are dissolved. "A wiser and a sadder man, I'll rise to-morrow morn," as the poor "wedding guest" did in the "Ancient Mariner." These little trials ought to be useful to us, in teaching us our dependencies and our weaknesses. I envy no man who professes to be wholly "independent." There is a delight in sharing our cares and our pleasures with a loved one at which the stoic may smile and the cynic sneer, but which is born of Heaven. The man without sympathy is the altar

without the fire ; the divine form and proportions of our nature but marble, the work of Prometheus inanimate.

30th. This keeping house without my dear wife is considerably dull and unsatisfying. I do not get reconciled to it. The "*primum mobile*" of comfort and enjoyment, is wanting ; and though under the administration of my excellent aunts, my household affairs move smoothly on, there is yet a great deal wanting to make home, *home*. I feel somehow as if I were a boarder, instead of "lord of all I survey." The domestic virtues may be successfully practised ; for aught that I can see, well enough as things are, but the domestic affections are bereft of their aim and object, so that the harmony between the virtues and the affections, which is so important to a well-adjusted system of home-enjoyment, is disturbed. I am very well situated for a bachelor, and very ill for a married man ; so comforting myself that I am as comfortable as I have any claim to be in my present circumstances, I will go to bed.

Saturday, Nov. 3rd. Another week is numbered with our yesterdays. My dear wife has been absent almost a week, and in little longer than another, she will, Providence permitting, be with me again. I hope she is enjoying herself among her friends, "to the top of her bent." If I did not believe she is, I am sure I should be more impatient of her absence ; and, though I should not, like Portia, "swallow fire," yet I should grow restive and unhappy, "splenetic and rash !" "*Mais le bons temps viendra.*"

Sunday, 4th. Attended Mr. Thomas's church, A. M. Wrote to my dear Caro. Cousin Ellen, Aurora, Jenny and Asahel surround the table, busy as bees, doing nothing.

Nov. 7th. I have made up my mind that I have the pleasantest home in the wide world, and if my dear C. were here, just now, I should be perfectly content. Everything is so very comfortable about my little cottage of a house, and I am so blessed in a dear, good wife, that I were a grumbler indeed, if I did not feel this.

8th. Rain hard all day. Mr. and Mrs. Farrington and Mrs. Prentiss took cheese with us, and spent the evening, and the piano, dumb and musicless, made one sad. If she who knows so well how to waken its tones were here, how much more pleasant it would have been! Is she thinking of her deserted home to-night? God bless her!

10th. Half a dozen more newspapers from divers friends in Troy, containing the glorious results of the election in New York, the 5th, 6th and 7th insts. I trust in heaven the news may be fully confirmed!

Sunday, 11th. Did not attend church—headache. Wrote to sister Jane. I broke a wish-bone with little Jenny this evening, to learn how “the fates” had ordered about my seeing my dear wife on Tuesday. My wish was denied, and I am really annoyed about it. “Thy fear is father, Harry, to the

thought." I mean to write a chapter on omens, one of these days. We are influenced by them more than we are willing to admit, even to ourselves. If Caro does not come on Tuesday, *I shall lay it to the wish-bone*—the *fowl* thing, as it is !

12th. Letters from friend George Gould, Tuttle, Belcher and Burton, Troy. A brother of Mr. Gould (John W. G.) died at sea, fifteen days out from Rio de Janero, on the 1st ultimo. I was quite well acquainted with him. He was an excellent young man, of good talents and considerable reputation as a writer, and the author of several very spirited and graphic stories and sketches.

13th. A very acceptable and dear letter from my own. I am a good deal disappointed that she did not come, this morning, though I have been cheating myself by thinking that I did not expect her. Society meeting at Mrs. Parker's—dull enough ; good coffee, however.

14th. My dear little wife arrived at 11 o'clock. Received a letter from my dear mother. A double white day !

22d. My poor journal draws to a point—"point-no-point." I have an object in condensing just now. On the fourth of December it will be just one year since my first entry was made, and I am holding on to bring the ends together, and to have my next book commence Dec 4th.

27th. Asahel left for home. Attended the society meeting at Dea. Button's. My friend, Tom Vail married a few days since and has gone to Europe in the Great Western.

4th. A letter from my dear mother; also from Aunt Orpha, and mother Gardner. Attended the society at Mr. Kingsley's. Transferred to a new book. "A long good night to Marmion."

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BOOK SECOND.—1839—1841.

Jan. 2d, 1839. I was naughty and cross to-day; felt better after dinner when the wrinkles were stretched out. Dined at J. A. Conant's with some friends. A very nice dinner, and neatly served. Dinner! dinner! O, thou restorer of peace and tranquillity! How it smooths the asperity of temper! (Entry by Mrs. C. in behalf of her naughty husband.)

14th. Brandon Library Society organized. Selected one of the "Prudential Committee." Twenty-three or four persons subscribed the constitution. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

17th. Attended a donation party at Elder Thomas's

18th March. My pretending to keep a journal is about as much a farce as "*keeping the journal*" has been made by the sapient Senate of the United States.

28th. Sent Izaak Walton to Friend Cannon, and the 14th vol. Shakspeare to Mr. Gates, Troy. Completed the sale of the Iron Co.'s boat Neshobe.

Apr 3d. Lilac-buds almost bursting out.

7th. My peppergrass, sown in hot-bed day-before-yesterday, begins to prick ground. This is rapid vegetation.

May 1st. Set out my trees—maples and mountain ash—very much to the improvement of my *demesne*. Had a few radishes, product of my hot-bed, for tea, just 26 days from the time the seed was put in the ground!

May 2d. Planted corn, peas, etc. Set out firs.

1839. 11th May. Iron Co. had a meeting (for 6th March, last), and made dividend; elected officers, etc. A. M. Freeman becomes one of us. I was elected clerk again.

13th. My dear wife left for Troy, this P. M. "Gude keep me!" I am so fully bereft! To be gone a fortnight! Planted the large elm at the N. E. corner of my "front."

14th. A rainy, disagreeable day! My dear wife riding in an uncomfortable coach; at home, blue times!

16th. Heard, this afternoon, that the stage, in which my dearest wife and Freeman were, was overturned on Oak Hill,

and one of the passengers, Mr. Justin Kellogg, of Troy, almost instantly killed. The other passengers, through the mercy of a kind Providence, escaped entirely unhurt. My poor wife must have been terribly shocked. Letter from Freeman, this evening. He says: "Caro and I are unhurt." Thank God! "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

24th. Wrote to my good friend, the Quaker. (I. J. M.) It is the "noon of night," and I must to bed. Four hours will bring the gray dawn—the time when "...jocund Day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain's top;" and we have as beautiful a mountain-top in this ilk, for the early-rising gentleman to stand tip-toe on, as a man could desire.

Sunday, 26th. Went to the "Upper Furnace," to attend Episcopal service. Rev. Dr. Mason preached. I should have enjoyed the ride and beautiful day much better, had my dear wife been with me. She attends church to-day, I presume, in Troy, and we were making the responses in the beautiful service something together, I doubt not, though so far apart. On Tuesday or Wednesday, I trust, I shall welcome her home again. Everything is so pleasant about our little home that I endure her absence but *so-so-ish*.

29th. Wednesday, quarter-past noon, when I had abandoned the idea of having my dear wifey for this day; had given myself several airs of a grieved man, driving off ennui

by arranging a part of my library, Aunt Jackson ran into the room exclaiming: "they've come! they've come!" In half a moment more I had my darling little wifey home again, safe and sound.

"Pleasure that comes unlooked-for is thrice-welcome." So sang Sam Rogers, and so say I.

30th. Sister Jane and her husband made us a short visit from Middlebury. They dined and took tea, when they returned to M.

Monday, June 3d. Freeman returned from Shelburne, bringing a very nice boquet from my dear mother's beautiful garden. He is to be married the 20th inst.

4th. Tuesday. June training in Vermont. Went a-fishing with Mr. Briggs, *et al.*, and "killed" about a couple of hundred trout.

June 21. Cloudy day. Rain, last night; raining hard at 10:30 o'clock, P. M. Wind, N. N. W.

Arrived this evening from Shelburne, whither we went on Tuesday last, to be present at the marriage of my cousin, Miss Hodges, to my special friend, A. M. Freeman. They were married, yesterday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Prindle, and we all returned this evening.

25th. Father Meech arrived, on his way to the Whig State Convention, at Woodstock.



26th. Father M., J.A.C., E.N. Briggs, Esq., T.D. Hammond, and myself, left for Woodstock. We travelled for 40 miles, through an exceedingly picturesque and beautiful country : arrived about 6, P. M. John A. Conant and myself called for a short time at Dr. Power's—amiable and agreeable people. Thursday, the convention met—a very large and respectable one it was, comprising some 800 or 1,000 delegates. I was appointed one of the secretaries.

28th. Left Woodstock this morning, and rode 18 miles, to Sherburne, to breakfast, in constant company with a “right-down old Connecticut drizzle-drozzle.” This P. M., my dear wife received a letter from her mother, informing her of the death of good old “Mammy Nan,” Caro's old nurse and faithful attendant. Father Meech and Warner left in the stage, for Middlebury.

July 2d. Applied to, to make an address on the 4th. Declined.

8th. Went to Goshen pond, trouting. Caught *one*.

Friday, 12th July. Attended the Whig County Convention, at Rutland. Was secretary, and was appointed one of the County Committee (of three members), for the ensuing year. A very large convention ; the court-house filled.

16th. Mother Gardner arrived, about 10 o'clock, P. M. Wifey and I had got about ready to go to the Upper Fur-

nace (Mr. Blake's) to attend Episcopal service by the Right Rev. Bishop Hopkins. We went, and heard a very beautiful discourse. The Bishop administered the rite of confirmation to five persons.

20th. Went to Chittenden with Mr. Briggs, on a trout-ing excursion. We "bagged" some two hundred.

24th July. Freeman and Cousin Sophia arrived, after an absence of four weeks. Glad to see them. Received a bundle from an unknown hand, containing a nice grass-cloth coat for warm weather. Transplanted my celery. Sowed asparagus.

25th. Letter from Mr. Gates, Troy, with list of books for Brandon Library Association.

Thursday, August 8th. Returned this evening from Burlington, where I had the pleasure of seeing Henry Clay. His reception by the inhabitants of Burlington and its vicinity was enthusiastic, and was a cordial welcome to the Green Mountain State. He arrived in Burlington, on Tuesday evening, and was introduced by Mr. Adams [Hon. Chas.] to the large assembly, whom he briefly and pertinently addressed from the portico of Mr. Howard's hotel. On Wednesday, he attended the college commencement exercises; dined with the corporation, and attended a crowded levee at Mr. Hickok's; leaving in the evening at ten o'clock, for Ticonderoga.

19th. Took tea at Aunt Jackson's; listened to a concert of the Woodstock Band in the evening; received a line (wifey and I) from Sister Jane, inviting us to visit her in Middlebury to-morrow; put the furnace in blast at five o'clock this A. M.

21st. Very hot; "weathercock nested east" N. E. Went "a-gipsying" to Spring pond, where we pic-nicked our dinner. There were twenty-two of us.

24th. Mr. Secretary Forsyth passed through our village from the North. I got a glimpse of the "great man." Mr. Palmer, of Pittsford, delivered a very excellent and philosophical lecture on the defects and their remedies, of our common schools, at the Congregational church. The meeting appointed a committee to investigate and take steps to improve (etc.) Messrs. Briggs, Meacham, Hyatt, Murray, Warren and myself, committee.

26th. My dear wife had a tea-party. Citizens met to nominate a candidate for representative in the assembly. I had the highest number of the votes, but lacking a few ballots of a majority; no choice; to meet again.

29th. Another caucus; no choice. I was ahead when we adjourned.

Tuesday, September 3d. Warm, beautiful day. Tea-party at Deacon Button's. Election day in our town, where

we have a clear Whig majority of 250, a thorough going Loco-foco elected by 28 majority, in consequence of *local* divisions. The *Whigs* had three candidates.

9th. Had a *spat* with J. A. C. Wonder which came off "second best?"

13th. Attended a lecture on phrenology; "bah! bother!" as Corporal Bunting says.

10th. Attended the anniversary meeting of the State Baptist Education Society, and heard an exceedingly able address on ministerial education, by Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss; spent the evening at J. A. C.'s. Mrs. Clark-e wrote to Cousin Jane Gardner.

16th. Appointed Justice of the Peace. Esq. Clarke with a vengeance! I will be a terror to evil-doers, Wont I!

23rd. Letter from Mr. *Tater*; "Phœbus! what a name!" (From Troy.)

December 1st. Assisted Mr. J. A. C. to celebrate in a quiet way the anniversary of his 39th birthday.

March 22nd, 1840. More than three months to bring up. Christmas dinner with my dear old grandma at Shrewsbury, and divers uncles, aunts and cousins

26th. Received a letter apprising me that my domicile had been invaded in my absence, by my good friend, L. G. B. Cannon of Troy; reached Brandon same evening, when I had the great satisfaction of finding Cannon comfortably *at home* in my cottage. He remained till Monday, the 30th, making me a most agreeable and delightful visit, when he left for the North on Tuesday, 31st. Same day, Freeman and Sophia, and Mrs. C., left for Shelburne; January 1st., attended Whig convention at Burlington; met Cannon again; brought him back with us to Judge Meech's to a late dinner.

February 4th. I am returned to Brandon, safe and sound, and here have been ever since; quiet as a growing pumpkin. Freeman left us on Monday, for New York, where he goes to take his brother's premises in a store; sorry to have him remove from Brandon.

Elected February 4th, President of Brandon Literary Association; and somewhere about the 1st inst., promoted to the prodigious elevation of the editorial chair of the *Rutland and Addison County Whig!* These *gradual advances* have brought me to a remarkable pitch of *terrene glory* and *emolument*. Received a letter from Adam last evening, apprising us of the birth of a daughter to his house, which remarkable event occurred on the 16th inst., at about the hour of sunrise. Brother Ezra had an heir born to his "house," not long since, but of that event I was not *officially* apprised.

General O. Clarke and family arrived in town the 14th, and staid till the 18th. Sister Jane Warner, and Mrs. Wood,

from Middlebury, visited us on the 13th, and returned the 14th.

March 15th, 1841. Another spasm! These Epimenides slumbers are very refreshing. . . . . And then to omit such a year as the one "that's awa'!" A year abounding in great processes and great results politically, at least. The busiest year of my whole life. Well, let it go; it will be remembered and I have helped to make it memorable, in the political annals. Early in the Spring was held our Salisbury Convention, whereat I made the first speech I ever made. The last of April, Caro and I, in company with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. C., visited Baltimore, and attended the great Young Men's National Convention. Caro and I went to Washington, for three or four days; spent four or five days in New York; reached home the last of May. In July, my friend Cannon came up and we, with Freeman, whom we encountered in Shelburne, went to Chataugua Lake on a fishing excursion; had a noble time of it, surrounded by the everlasting solitude of undisturbed nature. In October, visited Montpelier on the opening of the Legislature, and was elected Secretary of the Senate for the year ensuing; short session of some three weeks. *Voted for old Tip, Nov. 1, 1840.*

March 4th, 1841. William Henry Harrison inaugurated President for four years. *Laus Deo!*

16th. Governor Jennison was in town to-day; last even-

ing came Rev. Mr. Perry to our hut, with divers and sundry others, to practise psalmody, etc.

Sunday, 25th. Anderson Dana dined with us and spent the evening. Paper from Cousin Ellen. What a mounstrosly eventful life! I've a mind to steal a sheep to give it some animation!

29th. A foot of snow fallen. The robins must be disgusted. *Mais courage!* the sun will put a stopper on such proceedings to-morrow. But then the mud!—Oh, what was *mud* made for?

30th. Extraordinarily cold! Verily, March goes out like a lion, this time, shaking his hyperborean mane.

31st. Another very cold night and day. Day for the election of a board of censors. Only some 40 votes cast in Brandon; all but one or two for Whigs. It is an idle and useless feature in our State Constitution, and ought to be abolished. *This is the last day of the existence of the Brandon Iron Company.*

April 1. Snow disappearing as rapidly it came Spring coquetting with Winter, the young jade! O, inimitable Charles Lamb! Who can read thy rhapsody without longing to play the fool, and to philosophize there-*anent*? In which latter, one may play the bigger fool of the two. Charles Lamb, thou wert the jewel of a man, drunk or sober—and so was thy *sister*.

2d. Rain steadily, nearly all day.

Watch the snow,  
And see it go!

Wrote to Judge Meech and Dr. Heineberg.

6th. Spring does not hurry herself. Last year, my cucumbers were up on the 29th of March. This year, with every disposition to have my hot bed going, I am prevented as yet, by the frost.

7th. By the stage, this evening, we receive the shocking intelligence of the death of Gen. Harrison. A Providence, as it appears to my feeble judgment, fraught with calamity to this great nation. I was never more shocked in my life, and now cannot force the full belief upon my mind, that General Harrison is no more.

9th. Good Friday. Letters; intelligence of the increased illness of Caro's mother. We leave for Troy, to-morrow.

19th. Remained a week in Troy; returned to-day; left my dear wife with her mother.

26th. The lilac-buds are opening rapidly; another week will clothe mother earth in the green garniture of Spring. It shall be welcome. Letter from wifey; her mother remains very ill.



30th. It *snew* with tolerable uniformity, till about two or three o'clock, P. M., when it subsided into a cold, driving rain, with the stiff North wind, which is prevailing, unabated—9, P. M. Such a Spring as this has been, thus far, is without a parallel in the history of "the Seasons."

May 1st. May Day has been a sort of codicil to the last day of April. Rain most of the forenoon. Cold, damp, unpleasant all day. The sun, however, made a "golden sit." Received notice of my appointment as Postmaster, by last night's mail.

2d. Fierce storm of wind and rain, at 5, P. M. Snow, which has continued, with little abatement, nearly all night (2, P. M), progresses—"Winter in the lap of Spring."

3d. When shall I have my own little "winsome wee thing," with me again, is a question I am asking myself daily, and it is yet far from solution. She cannot, and I cannot wish her to, leave her mother during her illness. Her presence and care is very essential to her mother's comfort and happiness while she is so ill; and I hope I appreciate the full force of a mother's claim upon her only child, under such circumstances. What can ever repay a mother's love and care and sacrifices on our behalf? and how little do our mothers require of us in return!

5th. A pleasantish day. The best word I can speak

for it, to wit, dull, cloudy and portentous of rain A. M., and a sort of spasmodic attempt at clear weather, P. M. Spring has got no foothold yet.

6th. Tired of writing of foul weather! What can a fellow do! It has rained steadily all day, and is at it, this ten P. M. No comfort without, and my domestic comfort far off.

7th. Rather pleasanter weather. Examination at the VERMONT LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION. (How it thunders in the index!) Attended an hour this P. M., and heard it asserted, *inter alia*, that dividing the denominator of a fraction has the effect to decrease the value of the fraction; may be it does; but it was not so when I was young, a "long time ago." In the evening, an "exhibition" was exhibited. The youth who spoke the "*salutio latina*" was pleased to address the trustees of the aforesaid institution, who knew about as much of Latin as a fresh-water clam does, of hydrodynamics, as "*optissimi patres!*" which said *patres*, all unconscious, "grinned and bore it." "*Optissimi patres!*" "Give me an ounce of civet good apothecary."

10th. Damp, drizzling, disagreeable, raw day! A nice list of attractive adjectives! The weather is stereotyped, and one should have a form of words to describe it. Took possession of the postoffice this morning; busy as a bee all day. Mr. Bisbee was sworn in my assistant, P. M.

11th. Damp, drizzling, disagreeable, dirty day ; said in no spirit of fault-finding, but because it really is so. It has rained or "drozzled" all day long, and raining now, ten P. M. I do not see how by any ordinary process of evaporation, water enough could get into the sky to produce so much rainy weather in a whole year. I *guess* it must rain *up* and *down* at the same time. My peas are up ; wrote to *Castleton Statesman*.

Wednesday, May 12th. The days, so far as the weather is concerned, are something like the good old clergyman's division of his discourse into three heads : "the *first* is *obvious*, the second is *like the first*, and the *third* is *like the two former*." The weather in this merry month of May, Tuesday, was like the day before; and to-day like the two former. The sun has, however, looked out from among the sorrowing clouds, like a spoiled beauty out of her casement upon sloppy weather ; and like the aforesaid beauty, he has seemed to retire from the prospect discouraged. I have just received a letter from my dearest wife. Poor girl how anxious and distressed she is by the continued illness of her dear mother, of whose recovery she is beginning to despair. I feel it almost my duty to go to Troy at once.

13th. Rainy and shining, sort of pleasant when it didn't rain. A letter from my dearest mother ; answer to-morrow. Also, from Walton, Montpelier ; present from Mr. Blake of a number of choice scions, for engrafting ; dined at

C. W. Conant's, Minnie and I [daughter of General Orville Clark, at school in Brandon ; a great favorite of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. C. Clarke]. Planted plum trees. Postoffice papered by Higgins.

Friday, May 14th. National Fast Day. Weather like the event the day was set apart to commemorate—gloomy and calamitous. Attended service at the Congregational church. Heard a very excellent (mostly) discourse from Prof. Smith, of Mid. Coll. The day has been very appropriately celebrated in our quiet village.

May 16th. Very beautiful A. M. Nine years ago, this day, I was married. Nine years! How rapidly they have passed! and my dearest wife is away from me attending upon her poor sick mother. I know I love her better as time passes away, and may I be enabled to render myself more and more worthy of her love!

Time that weakens others' vows,  
But makes our own more dear.

Finished the letter commenced to her last night. Received divers invitations to dinner, which I declined I wish she were with me. It is four weeks since I left her in Troy, and how many more must elapse?

17th. Letters from W. H. Fondes, Albany, and J. I. Andrews. Wrote to my dear mother, Mr. Andrews, and,

also, Judge Phelps. Set the remainder of my scions, and planted some ash trees. My yard looks beautifully, rude as it is; and so my darling wife will think.

18th. It is too late for this Spring to do anything in the expectation of retrieving its character. To-day we have had specimens of every kind of weather which has shone or frowned upon us since the vernal equinox—cold, milder, cloudy, clear, rain, sprinkle, and, if it did not snow, it wasn't because it has not been cold enough. The poor sheep, I heard a farmer say, to-day, are in want. They cannot complain, and don't know why they do not get their accustomed provender. How happy and wise is he, who, under all the allotments of this life, regards that Providence as uniformly merciful and just! How miserable and foolish he who repines!

May 19th, 1841. Very cold. Snowed a little on the mountains East of us. Excellent letter from my dearest wife. Her mother is more comfortable. Wrote to Judge Phelps, to Mercury Paper, Mass.; also, to Brother Jonathan paper, for Eugene Conant. By-the-way, it is clear and mild this evening—rain or snow to-morrow.

May 20th. *Io triumphe!* Spring has come! A very beautiful day has dawned and set upon us. Rose at 5 o'clock, and accompanied Mr. Bird and his juvenile school on a ramble in the woods and over the hills, for the early Spring flowers. We found the anemone, the trillium or wake-robin, the mittella

and the sweet violet, which seemed rejoicing in the unwonted warmth of the genial sun. We rambled about till 8 o'clock, and returned home to breakfast. Mr. Palmer, of Pittsfield, delivered an address to the singers of Mr. Bird's school this afternoon ; and with rambling, and the singing by the school, and address, the day has been very pleasantly, and, I trust, not unprofitably spent.

22d. Rode out to Mr. Blake's, and brought home some beautiful violets.

23d. The grass and the leaves and the flowers leap for joy. Last night it rained violently, with lightning and thunder, as I am credibly informed, for I am not much apt to be disturbed after I have once commenced to sleep for the night. Rained in beautiful, warm showers, till about 11 o'clock, this A. M., when it broke away, and the weather has been inexpressibly fine. The kingdom of vegetation is waxing vigorous and effective. Nothing can exceed, to the mind of ordinary sensibility, the loveliness of a lovely day, at this season of the year. Received a beautiful pair of slippers from *ma chere wifey*. Went to Mr. Blake's, to attend their service, at 5, P. M. O, how I wish dear Caro were here, this lovely weather ! Spring would be lovelier still !

27th. The earth is beautiful, "and only man is vile." Puttered about home, the most of the day, endeavoring to render home the pleasantest place in the world (as it is) for

my own dear Caro. When will she return to me? Her dear mother, I trust, is a-mending, and she may come ere long. Transplanted divers grape-vines.

June 1st. A fair opening day of summer. A letter from my dear mother; sent a letter to Caro. June training; magnificent display! Falstaff never saw a Yankee militia training, or he would not have spoken so slightingly of his ragmuffin corps. "March through Coventry with them? Why I wouldn't be seen with them in the woods."

10th. Warm, very; nothing to say. I am so *lonely*; commenced preparing an oration for the fourth prox.

12th. At the postoffice all day, my assistant having taken a tramp to the mountains; wrote a *foot* or so on my oration.

15th. Warm; heavy shower, last night, which has rejoiced the old mother earth, and caused her to clothe herself in the dress which "suits her complexion best."

23rd. A young man was drowned while bathing, this evening, in the Creek, precisely where young Mr. Smith was three years ago. Truly "in the midst of life, we are in death!" Dear Caro writes me that my friend, Dr. Larned, is at the point of death.

June 24th. Letter from my dearest Caro, and also from my friend Cannon, who is to be married about 1st prox. ; wrote to Col. Paine. I hope to see my dearest wife to-morrow.

26th. About one-half past four P. M., no wife having arrived, I left for Castleton, designing to proceed to Troy. About three miles out of the village, I met my dearest wifey on her way from Castleton! So I am "at home" once more. Received a letter this morning from my dearest mother, and one from Judge Meech.

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## HOME LETTERS, FROM 1840 TO 1850.

BRANDON, May 28, 1840.

MY DEAREST MOTHER :—It really seems an age since I have heard from, or written to you. For a fortnight before I left for Baltimore, I was kept at Rutland, as a juror. During the time I was gone, till I returned to Troy, I wrote to nobody. I was dwelling in such a state of constant political animation, I found myself unable to write, even to my paper. You can form no idea of the magnificent Convention of Whigs, assembled at Baltimore, from any account, seen in the newspapers. I am unable to convey my impressions. As Mr. Clay remarked in his speech, it was such a convention as the world never before saw—so many young, intelligent, ardent and active



men, from every State and every Territory in the Confederacy. The effect must be prodigious. If I had any doubts in regard to the election of General Harrison before I went, they are now entirely removed.

I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Mr. Clay several times, while in Washington. He is *full* of ardor and enthusiasm and confidence, as well as Mr. Webster, Mr. Preston, and others. Mr. Clay desired to be very kindly remembered to you, and to Father Meech; and said he hoped to see you on to the inauguration of the General. I called on Gen. Van Ness, but he was not in. Caro and I were both in the Senate for three or four hours, during the great debate on the report of Secretary Woodbury, in reference to the expenditures of the Government during the last fifteen years. It was a great treat for us, you may be assured.

But I am writing you a regular political letter. I shall leave Caro to give you some description of our pleasant trip. We returned to Brandon, day before yesterday, since which I have had to devote every moment to furnish matter for our paper. My article on our Rutland County Convention, next Wednesday, is thought to be a good one. It was written very rapidly.

I intend to be at Burlington, at the State Convention, in June, and LeGrand will be with us. He will be here about the 20th. Mrs. Randolph returned with us, to spend a few weeks, and I wish to have her visit Shelburne before she returns, so you must call on her, you know, according to *ettiket*. Why will you not come down, next week? Let me

hear from you by Sunday's mail, and believe me my dear mother, as most affectionately,

Your son,

Dot.

P. S.—Toss and Adam are well, and will be in Vermont some time in June.

2D P. S.—Sophia's little girl is really and truly an uncommonly fine and sweet and pretty child. How are Ez. and Tinny, and how is the baby?

[Mrs. Meech thus explained to me the pet-names almost invariably used in these old letters, often in the diary; and which, when one has the key to them, add not a little to the piquancy of the familiar discourse. "DeWitt was called 'Dot,' from a boy, because he was so black. He was just like a great black dot." "Of ink?" "Yes, of ink." "Cynthia, we called 'Tinny,' because she was so small. She was always short, and she was quite pretty when a girl. Sophia we all called 'Toss,' she was always so independent, and had such a fling about her. Ezra, we never called anything else but 'Ez', at first, and, as he grew older in his ways, and was always looking after business and family affairs, and we wanted to treat him more venerably, we called him '*oli* Ez.' It was all in good nature, and he never objected to it; nor any of the others, to their names. Edgar was called 'Ed,' Cousin Darwin, Cynthia's brother, 'Dode,' etc."]

BRANDON, Feb. 3, 1841.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—We made up our minds, Aunt Jackson, Caro and I, to start this morning for Shelburne, and find all the horses are engaged to transport the children, of one

size and another, of this ilk, to Mr. Hyde's, in Sudbury, to attend a ball which is to be danced there this evening; and they (the children and the horses) will not be back again much before to-morrow noon. We must postpone our visit till next Wednesday, when, should the sleighing continue, and Providence permit, we will be "down upon you." I feel very sorry. I am fearful the snow will cheat us again. Warner is here to-day, having come down to attend a convention of bank men. He says you are expected in Middlebury, as soon as sleighing is good enough. You would not come so far without visiting Brandon, and we would certainly let you take some of us back again, if you come before we go.

I have received a letter from Father Meech. He seems to be enjoying himself. I have written to him twice since he left. He says he might obtain for me a clerkship, which would be worth ten or twelve hundred dollars, but plainly intimates his opinion to be averse to my accepting such an affair. He says I should be obliged to be there at all times, and at the beck of the head. "No fishing, no hunting," etc., etc. I can do better by staying in good old Vermont, and shall not leave it, unless for a very sufficient inducement. A clerkship in one of the Departments at Washington is certainly not such an inducement. It would furnish nothing more than a bare living, for which I should have to work rather too manfully.

The Iron Company failed. I have heard the General say that he lost all he paid in, and all his hard labor there,—the hardest of his life, in that hot furnace-room. I have heard

his mother complain of it. She never felt right toward the Conants' for the way it was managed. Nor did the Judge, said she, who had advised the investment and partnership. There was where De Witt lost a large portion of what came to him from his wife. His Brandon friends had it."

He sought for other business ; April 1841, was appointed Post Master at Brandon, and practiced law there for a short time in the office of E. N. Briggs Esq., as a partner.

May 17th, while his wife is in Troy, he writes his mother : "I am lonesome of being alone.

I really wish you would come down and spend a few days with me. I should like your advice about Caro's part of the garden. I know as little about flower-gardens as a Hottentot, to my shame.....

Aunt Jackson commences house-keeping this week. She invites me to come and board with her ; but I couldn't give up my pleasant little place for the palace of a prince. It looks very pleasant, about these days, and has the double attraction of being home..... We are going to succeed in building our church. They promise us four or five hundred from Troy."..... In answer to being accused of helping promote Sophia's marriage : "Poor cousin Toss, beginning to be restless. You may rest assured I shall meddle no more with *match-making*. I am no more *enamored* with my experience in the business than you are. I shall interfere with such *heavenly* arrangements no more. If you come, bring me something from your garden, if it is not too late. I hope you will drop

me a line *very* often, now it can be transmitted so “economically.” How is the Judge? Mr. Briggs wishes to have that trouting excursion before long, tell him.

Ever, my dearest mother,

Your affectionate Dot.

P. S.—I congratulate you on your stationery. Your letter paper is beautiful, and what it should be in Judge Meech’s house.”

Stephen H. Parkhurst was sworn in as assistant postmaster, August 18th, 1841. He, the Brandon P. M., was very much engaged in politics about this time. How his post-office and his politics harmonized for him, may be best seen by the following correspondence between the General Post-office Department at Washington, and the Brandon postoffice.

“POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, }  
 APPOINTMENT OFFICE, }  
 13 August, 1842. }

DEWITT C. CLARK, ESQ., P. M., BRANDON, RUTLAND CO., VT. :—

SIR:—I am directed by the Postmaster-General to enquire whether he is correctly informed that you offered the following resolutions, at a political convention, recently held in Vermont, viz :

“*Resolved*, That we bestowed but a timid confidence upon John Tyler, in the beginning, and that this confidence has marvelously decreased, upon better acquaintance; that from his calamitous accession to the Presidency, to the present

time, his official course has been distinguished by inconsistency of conduct, instability of purpose, and imbecility of mind.

*Resolved*, That the alteration of the constitution by a modification of the veto power, so as to protect the people from its abominable abuse in the hands of John Tyler, or any other misguided man, whether exhibited in the sensibility of a paraded conscience, or in the less questionable form of Executive resentments," etc., etc.

An early answer is desired.

Very respectfully, etc.,

PH. C. FULLER, 2d Asst. P. M.

TROY, N. Y. AUG. 30, 1842.

THE HON. PH. C. FULLER, 2D ASS'T P. M. GEN'L, WASHINGTON:—

SIR:—I have just received, at this city, whither it was forwarded, in my absence from Brandon, your letter of the 13th instant, from which I learn that the Postmaster-General has directed you to enquire whether or not I "offered" certain resolutions, therein specified, at a "convention recently held in Vermont."

Presuming that the solicitude of the Postmaster-General arises from the connection which these resolutions are supposed to have with my fitness to discharge the duties of the office of a Deputy Postmaster, I take great pleasure in giving an immediate reply to your letter. Referring him, therefore, to my quarterly return, and my quarterly payment, to the department, and to the judgment of my fellow-townsmen, for information

touching my qualifications, in what may be considered less important particulars, I have to request you to inform the Postmaster-General that I *did* "offer" the first of the two resolutions specified, and it was adopted by acclamation by the largest Whig State Convention which has assembled in Vermont since the memorable campaign of 1840.

The *second* resolution, set forth in your letter, I did *not* "offer." It is very unintelligible, and pointless, and I may be permitted to express my surprise that the Postmaster-General should attribute it to the same pen that wrote the *first*, which was thought to be rather perspicuous and explicit. It affords me great satisfaction, however, to believe that I can gratify the Postmaster-General by tracing it to its origin, though, like certain other Whig adventurers who have *accidentally* reached Washington, it has become wonderfully changed and disguised. If the Postmaster-General will take the trouble to again cast his eye over the series of resolutions adopted by the last Whig State Convention of the State of Vermont (in which he unquestionably found the *first* of the two specified in your letter,) he will observe, that, after a preamble, setting forth, among other things, "that the great Whig party had fallen into a condition of partial confusion and disorganization in consequence of the extraordinary and unexpected weakness and duplicity" of John Tyler, upon whom, with the most generous enthusiasm, they had bestowed their confidence and their votes, and setting forth, also, the propriety, growing out of that condition of partial disorganization, of a re-assertion of the great principles of the party which he had



contemned and trampled upon. The first resolution, in that series, declares that, "in again entering the field of political controversy, we do so in support of the following principles and aims." Then follows, the Postmaster-General will observe, an enumeration, under eleven distinct heads, of the great principles of the Whig party; the triumphant adoption of which by the people in 1840 resulted in the accession of the lamented Harrison, and the lamented accession of Tyler. The 7th or 8th of these specifications, modified in its phraseology, perhaps, by words *subsequent* to 1840, is, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows: We contend for "an alteration of the Constitution by which the Veto Power may be so modified, that the people shall be protected from its abominable abuse in the hands of a misguided ambition, whether exhibited in the sensibility of a paraded conscience, or in the less-questionable form of Executive resentment." This, it is observable, differs from the second resolution communicated in your letter, in the important particular of saying nothing about "John Tyler, or any other misguided man," unless it be an *inference*, which may be more or less violent, as the Postmaster-General or others may regard it. It does, however, bear a kind of family resemblance to the piece of ambiguity which you have been directed to communicate to me as a "resolution;" and, if I am correct in supposing it to be identical, in the intention of the Postmaster-General, with that "resolution," you will have the goodness to inform him that I *did* "offer" it, also, at the same time, and that its adoption by the Convention was



marked by the same cordiality, and unanimity which characterized their reception of the former.

If, however, I am mistaken in supposing the "specification" above set forth, to be the same, in the intention of the Postmaster-General, with the second resolution contained in your letter, I deem it but just to disclaim all desire to take any benefit, either by reason of my attempt to identify them, or of any supposed similarity of sentiment between them.

I trust I have thus succeeded in consigning to the Postmaster-General the information desired in a manner that will appear to justify the confidence reposed in me by the Hon. Francis Granger, in sending to me, in the Spring of 1841, my commission as Deputy Postmaster of Brandon, Rutland County, Vt.

Very respectfully, etc., etc.,

D. W. C. CLARK.

Said the General, speaking of it: "I lost my postoffice quicker than you could say *spat*. But I did not lose anything by it with my party. They said I should have a better office than that. I published both letters, and both letters only made me friends. I got the office of Quartermaster-General of the State for that little miserable old postoffice."

He either received his appointment as Q. M. Gen. in the Fall of 1842, or the Spring of 1843. I suppose I have, but have mislaid his paper of appointment, I have accounts of his acting in that capacity at Rutland, May 11, 1843.

It was from this office he received his title of General, which fitted so handsomely to his personal appearance, it was accorded very *generally* after (as the General would say if he held my pen), as long as he lived.

He had got, in the popular thought, the right name—fitting his form, head, face, eyes, carriage of person and address. The General was six feet, two inches; full, not too full, military shoulders and arms, step like an army officer. He used to say, nobody could ever keep step with him except his mother; he could never learn his wife to. The first time I ever saw Mrs. Meech, it was in church with her son at old Saint Mary's, as the congregation arose upon their feet to leave the church. I was struck by her resemblance to her son, in height, figure and features; I knew her at once by it. Seldom anything impresses me as instantly and strongly, as their resemblance; it was so marked. I have said of her resemblance to him, instead of his to her: as having before seen him, it so impressed me. She had the same carriage and step, ready, springy, self-exultant. When we walked in-armed, she and I, as we always did to church, often about the grounds. "Now keep step!" she would say. "I never liked to walk with any one but De Witt." He was always *De Witt* to her, of course, his mother. "We could always keep step together." Of the lightness and quickness of her movements, I remember an instance when she was over eighty years of age. Dr. Carpenter, Senior, had been called to see her; not feeling usually well early in the morning, she had sent in for him. The doctor, who has

too large a practice to always come quickly when sent for, did not appear before well into the forenoon ; and she had got over her bad feelings and out into her sitting-room, and was puttering with some little household care. She was standing by the stove ; I think she was doing a little dabble of lace-wash. "I must not let the Doctor catch me at work," she said, when she commenced ; "I should be ashamed to have the Doctor find me at work, when I had sent for him. He would not think I had been sick." She was adjusting her dish to warm the water, and did not hear the Doctor's step on the piazza. She caught a glimpse of him as he opened the hall door, when she whirled, and with as elastic a step as a woman in her prime, sought shelter in her adjoining room. Not too soon for the hale, quick Doctor. How the old Doctor laughed ! "She whirled on her heel like a girl of sixteen," said he ; "what would I not give to be assured that, at the age of eighty years, I could step as quick as that." The visit passed off pleasantly ; she rallied the Doctor on being so long in coming that his patients had time to get well ; and he thought it a good thing, as she escaped having any medicine to take.

This must have been before the General's death, as her favoritism some little time before fell upon the young Doctor, the son of the old Doctor ; and he was steadily her physician for over the last four years of her life. I think she was about eighty-one or two, at the time.

BRANDON, Jan. 4, 1843.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I deserve to be whipped for not having written to you before ; I think I may safely say I have been at work, night and day, since the close of the session of the Legislature ; most of the time in my military office. I found more to do in it than anticipated ; and mean to execute my public duties in such a manner as to reflect no discredit on my appointment. I have had nearly a thousand dollars in small accounts against the State to examine and pay, during the past month, and to file the documents belonging to my office, which I received in a condition of most terrific looseness, and want of system. You may perceive I have not been “idling away” my time. I had a great mind to step up to Shelburne when I was at Vergennes, some three weeks since. I went thither with Mr. Rich, my predecessor, to receive the State arms and other public property. If the sleighing had not been so bad, I should have passed one night with you. However, we intend to visit you during the Winter. Caro has to take particular care of herself, as she is disposed to cough ; but if she does not take any hard colds this Winter, as I mean she shall not, if I can prevent it, I am in hopes she will come out as bright as a robin in the Spring.

But how comes on your green-house ? I beg your pardon I ought to have said *conservatory*. Didn't I serve you a pretty trick, about Thanksgiving-day ? Governor Paine promised to visit you with me the day after Thanksgiving, if I should remain with him in Burlington that day. But I was

anxious to get home, and having no business to detain me, came off.

I perceive that "E. Meech is one of the managers of the ball at Hyde's. I presume it can't be *the Judge*, but must be Edgar, if he proposes to attend, I hope he will come to my house the day before, and start thence."

Mrs. Clarke writes Mrs. Meech :

BRANDON, Jan. 13, 1843.

DEAR MOTHER:—

I returned from Northfield, last night, where I went with Mr. and Mrs. Paine, a little more than a week ago. Some two or three weeks since, we received a letter from the Governor, saying he would bring the ladies here to visit us. When they came, I was alone. I had let my girl go to make a visit at Middlebury, and one day I had Mr., Mrs. and Miss Paine, Senator Cutts, and Mrs. Geo. Hodges, of Rutland, here to dine, and had nobody to help me but my little Fanny. As you may think, I had to fly about, but I got my dinner and it went off, you cannot think how nice; and everybody wondered how I could get on so well. I had a delightful visit from them, and we rode about, visited and frolicked, until we were all tired out; and then I returned with them to Northfield, and DeWitt came for me on Tuesday, as he had business in Montpelier on Wednesday. We returned yesterday. DeWitt heard in Montpelier that you were not well. I did not believe it, or we should have heard it; but write, and let us know how you are. I hope it was all an idle story. I have been to Rutland to make a visit since I came from Shelburne. You

will see that I have been a great gad-about. Mr. and Mrs. John A. were very kind and polite to our friends, and did what they could to make it pleasant, for which I was much obliged to them. They invited us there to dine, and gave us quite a nice dinner.....I am to leave the greater part of this sheet for DeWitt, so I must stop my scribbling when I have told you that I love you dearly, and wish to hear from you very much. I hope you are very well; how does your green-house flourish? My camelia has two flowers on it, and my orange tree has a bud on it; and that is all I can boast, as my plants were frozen while I was at Shelburne, and killed every geranium I had. The first opportunity I have, I am going to Shelburne to get some more. Did those plants live that I got for you of Mrs. Cottrill? How is Father Meech? Give my love to all, Ezra and Cynthia and Ed and Melinda.

Your affectionate daughter,

CARO E. T. CLARKE.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:—Caro leaves me a part of her sheet, in order, I conclude, to save postage. But it is so long since I have written, that I tell her we might afford the postage of two letters..... Having the whole charge of allowing and paying all the military expenses of the State, gives me more occupation than I can afford to devote to the business, and I shall be compelled to resign.....

My law business and military business united, call for more incessant attention than I can manage; and I must relieve myself from the latter.

I went to Montpelier to meet the State Committee, and

as you may see the address to "The Whigs of Vermont," which they put forth, I may as well tell you that it was drawn up by your boy. I mention this to induce you to read it, as it will probably appear in all the Whig papers in the State. The committee were polite enough to think it tolerably good, though it was written at one sitting, off-hand. Call Ezra's attention to its suggestions, and say to him that he must get up a meeting in Shelburne on the 22d, and form a Whig club. I suppose, now, that I shall have occasion to visit Burlington early in February. I hope so, at any rate. Let me hear from you very soon, my dearest mother.

Faithfully and affectionately, your son,

D.W.C.C.

BRANDON, April 29, 1845. Mrs. Clarke writes :

MY DEAR MOTHER :—I am more than half a mind to go to New York. I have received a letter from Henrietta Fondéy, urging me to visit her ; and Adam wrote, the other day, that he would be happy to have us come and visit them, when they get to house-keeping. William Dana will go to New York before a great while, and I might go with him, only I do so hate to go without DeWitt. What do you think of going down this Spring ? Would you not like to go with me to visit Sophia ? If we were only rich, now, Dot and I could go and take a little jaunt together, and it would be so pleasant ; but I never half enjoy anything away from him.

I wish I could go up to Shelburne for a few days ; if we had a horse I would. I have more than a half a mind to propose to Mrs. Blake or Abby—she has returned home, a



beautiful girl of seventeen, beautiful as a rose-bud—to go and take me up to Shelburne. I wish you would think you could go to New York, this Spring; would you not like to?

Levi Jackson arrived here this morning with his wife. They say her father is rich, and she is an only daughter; has one brother; and that he has done well. Time will tell all these things. Sometimes the fairest beginnings terminate in disappointments. I am sure I hope not, in this case; for all their sakes. I wish we lived nearer to you—say Burlington: I think it might promote your happiness and ours to be together the little time we remain in this world. Do write to me, if you can spare time from your garden. I have not forgotten my box, tell Johnny White.

Dot has not yet come home, or he would send some message. I cannot brag about my flowers, after your beautiful roses; but I have a splendid cactus shining out, and several rose-trees in bloom. I wish I could get hold of yours:

I am, dear mother, as ever,

Your much-attached daughter, CARO.

1845. Item in his cash-book for that year:

“In Boston, at the Tremont House, from the last of May to October 3d, say 128 days, on business for the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, allowed \$5 a day, expenses paid; balance to me, \$514.53.”

“Idling away his time,” talked among some of the dear cousins and cousin-husbands, a little “jealous,” as his mother said, of his social popularity, and his political popularity. He made this Summer in Boston the acquaintance and friend



ship of such men as Abbot Lawrence and others ; lived comfortably at the Tremont ; paid his bills, and had the half of a thousand left clean, in four months.

April, 1846, the General bought out *The Free Press*, at Burlington, of H. B. Stacy, became its editor and owner, and removed to this place. His pen mixed the ingredients that make a happy and popular editor. The little locals, accidents and incidents, he had peculiarly the agreeable art to handle in a way that amused everybody, and offended no one.

April, 1848, he projected and started a daily paper, in connection with his Weekly "*Burlington Free Press*," which he entitled the "*Daily Free Press*." It was the first daily paper established in Vermont, and which, as well as the weekly paper, has continued without interruption to the present time.

Says Mr. Benedict (Hon. G. Grenville) in the notice of his death : "We announce, with sincere sorrow, the death of our townsman and editorial brother. . . . General Clarke was a man of note. He held many offices of responsibility and importance. . . . He was Quartermaster of the State, from which he received his familiar title of General. He was Secretary of the Vermont Senate for eleven years, from 1840 to 1851 ; and was Executive clerk of the U. S. Senate nine years. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1857, and was Secretary of that body. He was a Presidential Elector of this State in 1860. He was elected a member of the Board of School Commissioners in this City, at the last election. He was elected Secretary of the recent Vermont Constitutional Convention of 1870, and his last pub-

lic duty was the preparation of the journal of that body for the press, and the supervision of its publication. General Clarke was a sparkling writer, both in prose and verse, and an influential editor.

“He gave earnest and effective support in the columns of his paper to Zachary Taylor, and to Winfield Scott, in the campaigns of 1848 and 1852. But while he maintained many a newspaper controversy, and always with spirit, he never retained malice, and one of his most distinguishing traits was his uniform kindness to all mankind, and his genialty of disposition. Few men had a wider acquaintance, both with the men of his own State—for though not born in Vermont, he was of Vermont parentage, and a Vermonter through and through—and among the public men of the country; and few will be remembered more kindly, or mourned more sincerely, than he, by all who knew him.”

Home letters, we said, in our caption; we add one of friendship, pertaining to this period, the General preserved more than thirty years, he liked so cordially and heartily the man who wrote it:

“WOODSTOCK, Tuesday, Aug. 10, 1847.

MY VERY DEAR CLARKE:

I must write you to-night—can't put it off any longer. Should have written before, but knew that last week you would be so busy with commencement, paper and matters born or grown old in your absence, that a letter from me would be as much out of place as a flower in a town-meeting. I want to write, and be read in a quiet hour: such hours as

had comfort about them for us, when we were together ; and stay by us after Mt. Holly dared to separate us. Of what sort of consequence is a letter written in the street, or one read in the street ? None. You can't get good out of it, any more than out of a sign-board over a grocery. Don't you ever presume to write me, or read me, in public hours, or in public places. Just as sure as you send me a letter born so vulgarly, I will put it into the pot, and boil it as a vegetable, for the next grassy dinner. But you don't need counsel of this kind. Neither do I. We both know that we can really meet and mingle, only up in the blue ether. And we know each other so well, that nothing would constrain us to talk to each other, or write, when we were not in the spirit. I don't say these words on paper to you, to-night, because I owe you a letter, and ought to write you ; but because I can't help—can't keep away from you. Must write.

'The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,  
Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,  
Rending the stones and crying, Resurrection !'

I've been wondering, to-night, how we, who have been actually so little together, should know each other so well. Somehow, we never took one another on trial, but, from the first, have been quite at home together—never stopped to deliberate how far it would do to hazard intimacy ; but have grown right up together, solid.

Well, I don't know as I care a thing about the how it was done. It is done ; and I love you !—love to be with you, have been with you, and hope to be again.

That off-hand trip and sojourn of ours together commenced three weeks ago this morning, at 20 minutes of six. Isn't it worth remembering? It was an *extempore* affair, from beginning to end. But yet it hangs about me now, like a cloud around a mountain, and I am saturated with the memory of it. Don't believe you value it, as much as I do. It was a mere matter of malice aforethought, with you; had business in it, for you. But I went off like a squib, all of a sudden, and went every way; was indifferent as a guide-board. It is glorious to care for naught! When shall we meet again? At Montpelier, I trust. But when shall we go somewhere together again? You did wrong in not taking me with you into those New York woods. I never will forgive you for that, it was so heedless to forget me.

Have you been well since we parted? I know you were well last week, or you couldn't have written so good an article on commencement. It was a grand one. That's right. Help that college on. They *A. M.d* you. That's good. Let the college mark its friends.

I am mortified at the result of your County Convention! Who on earth are your nominees? Never heard of such men before, and have lived in Chittendon County four years. Of course, nothing can be said now. But I guess you let the matter go by default. Ours a year ago, went as it did, by positive wickedness. Anyway it makes me sick.

But don't you let your secretaryship slip out of your hands; make up your mind to occupy that chair. I have

heard nothing and seen the same, pointing to that matter, since we went together like Ruth and Naomi.

Be firm ; one constant element of luck  
Is genuine, old Teutonic pluck.

If I can do anything for you, enlighten me. If I hear anything, you shall hear it also. *We* must room together.

Perhaps I shall be in Burlington during next month. I want to go there.....

Now my dear fellow, write me. I know you will, and you will tell a great many things to interest me, if you tell all that has happened to you since the morning after the evening when I looked upon the *million*-yard excavation at the wonderful Jewell brook. Make another excavation in P——l D——, Jr., will you ? And now and forever believe you have a good friend in

FRED BILLINGS.

Will you ? Good bye.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

WHILE AT MONTPELIER.

MONTPELIER, Oct. 20, 1847.

TO MY OWN DEAREST WIFEY :—As my room-mate has gone to a party at Mr. Upham's, this evening, I will commence a letter to you. I was urgently invited to join "the gay and festive scene," but was compelled to decline on account of *pressing engagements*. I don't believe I shall ever study the "fine art" at Mr. Upham's again..... You must not write such

long letters ; sit so long over your "nice little writing-desk" you talk about. The doctor has forbidden it ; write me shorter letters and *oftener*. I will promise to write longer ones. I love you too well, and am too anxious about your health, not to feel a sort of pain, at the first glance, that you have been stooping too long over your writing. Believe me, there is no price at which I would purchase a pang for you, or a throb of pain. You will not think me *mean*, will you, because I write so much on this subject. If you do, I will kiss the thought out of your mind and heart ; but remember, dearest, you can not get well again so long as you neglect the means. You must neither write nor sew much, if any ; and you cannot deny that you are quite too apt to seize upon the interval when you feel comparatively well, to make yourself comparatively ill, by really hard work ; and this is the biggest bone of contention between us ; yes, the *only* one—so pardon me and love me, if I continue to *preach* while you continue to *sin*. . . . . Remember, without you I am nothing, poor affair as you may think I am at the best.

Sunday evening. I have been to church all day, and sitting in Judge Redfield's seat. The Mr. Shelton, from New York, whom Mr. Manser has as his substitute while he is attending the General Convention, is a very able man, and I like to hear him both read and preach. . . . . Indeed, I have not been, nor shall I go to any dances or parties while I am here. I have called at Mr. Langdon's (George's), and taken tea at Colonel Jewett's, and think I can now be at liberty to attend exclusively to my own matters.

To his wife while at Shelburne :

My *paper* gives me a good deal of anxiety. If this rush of people is to continue, I shall make poor headway preparing editorials for it. My secretaryship, paper and military affairs, certainly present me with a tolerably formidable array of business demands upon my time, though I do not mean that any, or all of them, shall divert me one moment from you ; considerations of my own personal comfort will prevent their doing it, if nothing else would.

I should be "mad with you," my dearest, if you should not go to Troy, if you feel well enough. If I ever save money by abridging your comfort or happiness, I trust in heaven it will do me no good. I believe it would be of service to you to take the excursion, if you had a proper and good escort, and I want you to do it ; and you could make Ed's. good nature subservient to both. You and mother must not disquiet yourselves about my affairs. I shall not fail to be able to make my arrangements so as to meet my payments. I am sure my expenditures are not extravagant, and certainly the income of my office, due now, is very considerably more than everything I owe. If with this and a constantly-increasing business, as you know, I cannot get along, I ought to give up. Do you go to Troy and Albany, my best-beloved wife, if you feel the slightest wish to. You can make a nice long visit (long enough) before I shall get back, and it will benefit you.

I was grieved, as I am sure you will be, to learn that Captain Henry is again ordered to Mexico. Mr. Bradley,



who is now in my room, and who has just arrived, says he is ordered to be there by the first of November or December (probably the last). Poor Mrs. Henry! I am sorry, very sorry for her. Mr. Bradley says he is coming to Burlington, to arrange his affairs, and is then going off. I hope he will find time to run over here for a day. Give my love to my dearest mother, and tell her I am quite a good boy. Since I commenced writing, there have been in the room, at one time Mr. Bradley, Mr. Catlin, of Orwell, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Foot, Mr. Upham, and Major Hodges! I hope, however, I have written something that will prove to you how dear you are to your own hubby. D.

To his wife in Whitehall, on her excursion :

October 27th. His "wilted flower" is conceding more than the facts warrant, that the person alluded to was ever a flower. She is well enough, possibly, for a wife for the man who owns her, but would bore the heart out of any man who has a heart. Oh! if there is anything that must be a hell on earth, it is for a person of intellect and feeling to be tied to an empty-headed wife, or husband! I am delighted, my own darling, that you find yourself comfortable. Father Meech arrived this evening, and I think we have got everybody here. The discussion before the Bridge committee will commence to-morrow, and will continue for a week or more. It will be a discussion of great interest. Governor Paine and Mr. Felton, and many other friends of the Bridge are here.

Governor Paine sends his love to you. He has gone to Northfield to-night. He gave me a pressing invitation to accom-



pany him, which I declined in your favor. You ask me if he is cool towards me? Not in the least; though I think my paper, this week, as I told him, will "rile him" a little. He is a man of too good sense to quarrel with his friends for difference of opinion. As the wicked Byron makes Gabriel say to Lucifer, in the "Vision of Judgment:—" "Our differences are political, not personal," My own blessed wifey. Take care, do take care of yourself; remember how precious you are to your hubby. A kiss to you on every page.

If I am flirting with anybody here, it must be with Fred Billings or Judge Follett. Take care of *yourself, madam!* I have puffed the Phoenix Hotel, in Whitehall, and that is probably one of the reasons why the landlord was so kind to you. I will assuredly remember it of him, however.

Oct. 29th.

I have a good deal of work to do, and no good place to do it in. I have not been able to be by myself, alone, since the Session commenced, unless I waited till the crowd had gone off to bed.

The unusually large assemblage of people here do not get away yet.

Father Meech is here, and will remain several days, to give his testimony before the Bridge Committee.

The weather has been absolutely delightful for some days, and it makes my heart glad on your account. I do pray you may find yourself greatly benefitted by your excursion.

I suppose Mr. Shafter, and perhaps Col. Jewett, will be provoked with me, this evening. They give a party, calling

it a small one, but from what I can learn I imagine it will be a near approach to a jam. I told Shafter and the Colonel this morning that I should be occupied and hardly thought I should be able to be there. The truth is, I have been to none of their parties, and don't mean to go, and that is the whole of it.

The Governor (Paine) has just been to ask me to go with him, but I have sent him off, something loth, without me. I told him I preferred to remain at home, and write to you, and edit my paper. He sends his love to you. Caroline has not returned, and probably will not, this Winter, and there is no body else here, or likely to be here, that I care a farthing for.

I have to write so much, just now, with my journal and my paper, that I almost shudder at the sight and thought of pen, ink and paper. I send you an extra *Free Press* that you may see how much extra I have done this week. By the way, Mr. Hodges and Judge Follett sent for two hundred extra copies of the paper for circulation among the members to enlighten them on the subject of the canal and bridging the lake.

They are in the middle of the Bridge fight, and it promises to last all the week. I hope the Legislature will adjourn by week after next. From the work marked out, it does not look very probable. But the members begin to get restless after about four weeks' session, and rarely protract it more than a week beyond that time.

You will see in the *Free Press* quite a touching account of the wearing-out of a miserable felon, who died in our State Prison. If any of your friends are anti-punishment folks, I

hope they will try their hands at pointing out the humanity, and mercy, and justice, as illustrated by this case.

You will see that we are attempting to give Powers, the sculptor, a commission from our Legislature. I hope, and more than half believe, we shall succeed, though from the character of our legislators, in the mass, it would be rather singular if we should. Mr. Marsh is going before the Committee, I am told, to persuade them to make a favorable report. I don't hear any thing from Burlington, excepting from Mr. Stacy, who says all things go on well and prosperously. In his last, he says: "We are all well and hardly crowded with new advertisements, new subscribers, and job work."

I wish you would ask Adam if it is likely I shall ever get the money I sent to Mr. Patterson, the Anglo-American man? He died, I perceive, a few days ago, and I suppose he was poor, very. Good night, my best-beloved.

Friday, Nov. 5th. Just from the Senate chamber, dearest wifey, for the purpose of lying down and trying to get asleep. But, it occurs me, I shall sleep more sweetly, and derive more benefit from it, if I first write you a few lines. I have taken cold, and am so hoarse I am of very little use in the Senate chamber, and Mr. Hodges sent me to my room. You know I seldom take cold, and when I do, it seems as though the interesting visitor was determined to make the warmth of his greeting atone for its infrequency. The controversy about the bridge across the lake is approaching its crisis, and the efforts of those who favor and oppose the project have

correspondingly increased. On Tuesday evening, after the duties of the day, and I could get my room to myself, I set myself about a leading article for my paper, in reply to the *Watchman* here. I wrote till a quarter before three in the morning, completing eleven pages of manuscript. I was obliged to do it—the copy must go by the morning's mail, or it would be too late. I was careless about keeping my room warm, and took cold. On Wednesday evening, it was deemed that an article must be written for the little daily *Journal* here, to be published yesterday, to do away with some of the injurious rigmarole of the advocates of the bridge with which that sheet was filled for the special benefit of the Legislature. I was again made the conscript; and wrote till two o'clock yesterday morning, and completed that article. Yesterday and to-day, I can scarcely speak aloud. I have no sore throat, but feel exhausted; more from mere want of sleep, I think, than anything else. I shall be well again, I doubt not, in a day or two. I send you the little *Journal* too, to show you both how I worked on Wednesday evening, and how the editor walked into me. Darling, dear wifey, I shall now lie down and try to get a couple of hours' sleep. . . . . I am most happy, to hear your cough is decreasing. If Mrs. Tyrell's doctor will send you back cured, she may keep you a little while for pay; and that is offering a great deal, I can tell her. You are better, I am certain, from the tone and tenor of your letters. I am almost persuaded it is not necessary for me to repeat, in this letter to you, to be prudent. I think, however, it is far better to err on the right side, even at the risk of

boring you, so I will keep up my caution. Do you love me? . . . . . I want to see you more than I ever did in my life. Do I always say so when we are separated? I do see you every day and every hour, however; for I think I never was able to call before me every feature of your face, and your whole sweet person, so vividly as I have been able to do all this session. Perhaps it is because I have had so much brain-work to perform, that I have an unnatural vividness and distinctness of ideal perception. My head has been certainly at fever-heat ever since I have been here. The great projects that have given life and excitement, and strong feelings to the session, the bridge, the Burlington banks, and one or two others, are yet undecided; and the gentlemen who are here to advocate them and oppose them out of the legislature, and who came on at the very opening of the session, are yet here. Judge Follett, Mr. Linsley, Harry Bradley, Governor Paine, Mr. Hayward, Governor Smith, Mr. Brainerd, Mr. Smalley, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Adams, Mr. Harwell, and a multitude of others are yet here, and will remain during all the coming week, probably. I never saw so much excitement and diplomacy and manœuvring. The Governor (Paine) and I keep quite clear of personalities. We have had but one brief interview, and that even looked squally. We were both equally decided and opposed for a minute; but I laughed in his face and we gave it up like wise men. . . . .

Thanks for your kind and excellent letters to me. They rest me, when I am weary and worn. The lines you inclosed read better than they sounded; and that you know is good praise.

When I get home, so that I can revise the proof myself, I shall put it in my paper. You didn't give me permission to do it, but I shall take it. I am so provoked this minute! Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Barber have just come in, and accepted my invitation to them to sit down, though they kindly permit me to go on writing. It ruffles my feathers; I don't love to write to you when I am in a crowd; and I wish they would clear out.

[The bridge debate, so often here referred to, was the question of the State helping to build a bridge over Lake Champlain between the Island of South Hero and Milton, upon the main land. I have not the statistics of the bridge by me now—several miles across; built on a natural sand-bar in the lake. I passed over it once; as I remember it, should say it was a wonder to me at the time, and the longest bridge I ever passed over.]

I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to learn you are getting better.....I do not ask for anything else..... But, darling, in our rooms, and in my office, in the street, and in the cares of business, I always love you.....What shall I do when I get back to our rooms this week! It will be dreary and gloomy enough without you, the paradise without the peri. But, my own dear Caro, if you are receiving benefit, remain where you are, and I will come down to New York and see you, and bless Mrs. Tyrrill for keeping you. But your last note informs me you are probably now in Troy. Troy is no better for you than Burlington. Your excellent relations there will smother you with kindness and love. If

you are there, come home ! Only write when you shall start, remember, and give me sufficient notice and I will meet you in Whitehall. I will be there to welcome you to my inner heart and take you home *in it*.

Everybody has gone away from Montpelier, and it is awfully dismal here, if I had any time to realize it. Fred [Houghton, Geo. F.] is asleep. He told me to give his love to you, before he went to bed, and so did the Major before he went away to his room. But what is their love, after all, desirable as it may be, to the deep and true affection that I send from my heart of hearts, to you, my own dear lovely wife. Good night.

Always your own D.

MONTPELIER, Sunday evening, Nov. 14, 1847.

MY BLESSED WIFEY :—I have been writing all the evening ; it is now eleven o'clock. I am tired, tired, with everything here, now, almost, except Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Langdon. I really love them both ; they are so hospitable and kind, and appear so admirably adapted to each other. I have been nowhere else excepting there, but the one tea-drinking with Mr. and Mrs. Shafter and the Colonel, in the early part of the session. Mr. and Mrs. Upham I see now and then at the Capitol, and Annette. They wonder how I am so occupied that I cannot visit or call on them. I tell them the *bridge* has employed all my leisure time.....

BURLINGTON, June 3, 1848.

Mrs. Elzey concludes not to inclose a note, but wait till after the wedding, and give you a graphic account.....I



saw Miss Hall, the bride, in the street, yesterday, with Mary Phelps and Mary Hatch, and they were all so sorry, apparently, that you are not to be present on the great occasion. Never mind; as Mrs. Elzy says, you will be quite as happy and run quite as little risk of getting cold, and making yourself sick in New York. . . . . I suppose you have learned that Cousin Ann and Charles and Mr. Schaffer have arrived. They were on the boat with Edgar, yesterday, and must have passed you and mother on the way between Fort Edward and Troy. Cousin Anne, Edgar says, is as well and beautiful as ever, and Charlie has got to be a monstrous tall fellow. Cousin Caro, Jenny, John A. and John Jackson all met there at the Orwell Landing, and such takings-on, Ed. says, were never seen! I am right glad Cousin Ann has come to live among us. -She has seen so much of the world, and has profited so well by what she has seen, that her influence in Brandon cannot fail to be good. It will be nice to visit her, you and I, some time, won't it?

When Mr. and Mrs. Elzy go off to New York, I don't readily perceive what I shall do! The new arrival adds nothing (exactly) to our social strength, and you know Miss T. F. is a *leetle* too sublime for mere earthly creatures. Governor Paine passed through town last evening. He was coming to see you, he said. Caroline, he thinks, is in New York. Give my best love to my dear mother, and do you both, my own darling Caro, come back in much better health, and I will be patient in my loneliness.



June 8th. Dear wifey: Mr. and Mrs. Elzy leave for New York on the 20th inst. They have urged me hard to go with them and surprise you and mother, and I should be glad, glad to run away from this toil for a week and do so, but I can't. We are in momentary expectation of getting the nomination of the Whig Convention, and it is altogether out of the question for me to be away from my post for the succeeding few days.

The business in my office seems to accumulate, and every moment that our presses are free from the papers, they are busy with jobs.....I have written as fast as my fingers would let me, and only care if I shall have succeeded in giving you a moment's happiness. I shall write again Sunday; Love to your aunt and cousins, to Adam and Sophia, and you and mother take good care of yourselves.

Do you know how precious you both are? Your own, D.

June 11th. Told Stephen (Parkhurst) to send you my Friday's paper, in which I had an article on Old Zack's nomination, and Mr. Clay's rejection, which I believe you will like (if it is not too "*prolix*" you *little impudence!*) They say here that it is very well—though it was certainly written *currente calamo*, the very afternoon, and printed the afternoon that we got the news—part of it being in type before the whole was written. It is, assuredly, nothing particular as a composition, but may be better sense than is usual for me. I think Gen. Taylor (joined with so admirable a nomination as that of Mr. Fillmore) will go with us, after the first disappointment has subsided, with enthusiasm, though it gives

me a sore pang to know that we now part with Mr. Clay, the gallant, the noble, and the true, forever.

The canvass will be laborious and exciting, however, and I wish I could leave my post for a week or two, and join you in New York, or on your way home, to recruit myself. But I can't. I have enough for two men to do all the time.

Mr. Elzy will tell you all the Burlington gossip. I should make poor work relating it. Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Ed Peck have given parties. Mrs. C. P. Peck gives a smasher, on Tuesday. I send you her card (which, by the way, was printed in my office), of which she has issued some three hundred.

MONTPELIER, Oct. 18, 1848.

The multiplicity of my duties is very easily exaggerated into an excuse for declining all manner of invitations, as I certainly do. Mr. Houghton has gone, this evening, to a wedding which I have declined to attend, though I am quite well acquainted with the bridegroom, brother of our librarian, who, with Mr. Houghton and others, were solicitous I should go. It occurred to me you would like it better if I should decline and I am a great deal happier to remain in my room trying amid the interruptions to write something that will make both of us, you and me, happy. Judge Phelps sits reading the paper by my side, and Mr. Foot and Mr. Catlin have just come in. But I tell them I am writing to you, and they excuse me, and permit me to go on. Casper Hopkins has been here, boring me for an hour, though I declined an invitation from Judge Williams in his presence, to go to his room.

Some people never take hints, though one would think Bishop Hopkins's children might!

After taking good care of yourself, remember and pray and hope for me. The folks here are laughing at my notice of Prince John Van Buren. Did you see it?

October 22d. Judge Phelps left for home yesterday. He made our room his headquarters, to see his friends. I believe I have told you that I never saw the Judge looking better, in good health and spirits. He asked if I had heard from you very often, and appeared rather to pride himself on being a favorite with you. We have, at length, got under way in the Legislature. Our estimable "Free Soil" opponents have done everything that their small-potato ingenuity could suggest, to obstruct the organization of a Whig State Government for Vermont; but they have been signally defeated, and all the delay and expense, (a marked thing with Vermonters), rests with them. The Whigs have elected their whole State ticket, and were never stronger, firmer, or in better heart than they are now. The cannon taken from the British at the Battle of Bennington, by John Stark, in 1777, have just been restored to this State by Congress, and are now in the State House. The Vermont Historical Society were to have their annual meeting with addresses, etc., last Wednesday evening. The orators for the occasion were Mr. Houghton (Fred,) and a Rev. Mr. Butler; learning that their addresses were closely connected with the history of these cannon—Mr. Houghton's being on the life of Colonel Warner, and Mr. Butler's on the

Battle of Bennington itself—we persuaded them to give up their Society celebration, and I drew a resolution directing the Secretary of the Senate, and the Clerk of the House, to invite these gentlemen to address the members of the two Houses, on topics connected with the restoration of these interesting trophies: The addresses were delivered on Friday evening, in the hall of the House of Representatives, and were exceedingly interesting. The cannon were dismounted and placed on a table in the area in front of the Speaker's chair. They are brass pieces, and the minute and animated details of Mr. Butler's address and description of the famous battle on our own soil, wherein they were captured from the British under Colonel Baum, invested them with an interest, that evinced itself in frequent and hearty expressions of applause from the crowded audience. Mr. Houghton's address was a capital one, though less directly connected with the lions of the evening, the cannon. I am sure you would have enjoyed the address and the scene, and would have thought better of Yankees than you do, you know!

Mr. Houghton desires to be very kindly remembered to you. He has, of course, received his appointment as Secretary of Civil and Military affairs, from Governor Coolidge, and pretends to think he is under considerable obligation to me for it, though I think the Governor would have been a fool not to appoint him before any of the other applicants.

October 25th. I have never known, precisely, such a state of things, during the eight years that I have been here. After nearly two weeks but little more progress in the busi-

ness of the session has been made than usually within the first four days, and the great question of the day—the election of a Senator—has not yet advanced the first step. It is conceded, now, that we cannot adjourn till after the Presidential election, November 7th. It was supposed, when we first assembled, that we should all go home to vote. I think the adjournment will not take place before the middle of November. Can I wait so long, my dearest Caro, before seeing you? When I am tired and worn out, as I am to-night, with writing and gossiping visitors, I turn to you—sleeping and waking—as my wife, my counsellor, my best friend, everything and everybody I see here only increasing my satisfaction, and my pride, in my own dear wife. You are so immeasurably superior, my dearest, to the mass of your sex—who are personally vain, affected, unnatural (though the difference in the last two adjectives is a slight one, there is a difference) that I am so thankful, and proud of you, in the comparison, that it raises my own self-respect.

Don't sit up after you ought to be in bed and sleeping, to write to me; I would rather you would go without your dinner. You do not feel sleepy, and think you can spend an hour writing to me, a thousand times, when you ought to be recruiting yourself by sleeping. Will you think of this?

Mr. Houghton desired me to return his most grateful acknowledgments for your kind remembrance. He is a gentleman, I think, in the best sense of the word, and respects me the more, because he knows I love and honor you. I talk

with him about my own darling wifey, because I like him, and want him to know how accurately I estimate you.

Give my love to all our friends, in both cities. Write to the kind Mrs. Elzey, and tell her we will try and meet her at "Old Point Comfort" next summer—if "Old Zach" should be elected. What does Col. Patterson say, by the way, about the prospects of Gen. Taylor? Mr. Marsh, who was here a couple of days ago, inquired very kindly after you, as did Judge Kellogg to-day. Love me as your own D.

Shall I send you any more money?

MONTPELIER, Oct. 28, 1848.

Saturday, P. M.

If you could look in upon me, look into my eyes and my heart, you would rejoice and be glad and *make* glad, like the blessed sun. But the opportunity for such thoughts here, my own dearest, are few and far between, emphatically. It is worse "noise and confusion" generally, about Montpelier than usual, this fall. The Presidential election, so near at hand, makes men's minds feverish and restless. Do you get the daily *Free Press*? If so, you will have seen a short address "to the Whigs of Vermont," a few days ago, issued by the State committee. Harry Bradley came into my room on Monday morning last, and said the State committee had resolved on issuing a brief address, that shouldn't cover more space than one page of paper, and that it must be put forth forthwith; and I must write it. Imploring to be excused, (you know I am "prolix"), feeling how much harder work it is to write a short address than a long one, in a hurry, I resisted

as long as I could, and then consented—as usual, you will say, Mrs. *meanness!*) I commenced it in my room, and finished it after the Senate was called to order, partly in the Senate chamber and partly in my office, so that it was sent to my paper the same afternoon. They say (“*on dit*”) it is good. I leave it to *you* to say. It has been copied into the city papers, I perceive. But, I am boring you, I suppose, *my little friend*, with these mean politics, in which you take small interest. Whatever interests me, however, or engages my mind, or enlists my efforts I always inflict upon you; and you must bear it.

I am very sanguine and savage, you know, in my political opinions, and you mistake this ardency of conviction for a feeling that engages me, and takes my thoughts and heart away from you. You cannot make a more grievous mistake! But the gentleman, Mr. Kidder, (a Senator,) for whom I have been waiting for the last half hour, has come in and I must leave you till to-morrow. With his permission, I will tell you what he is here for. You remember the sword I procured, under the Governor’s direction, for the son of Colonel Ransom. This Mr. Kidder is a very nice loco-foco, whom Governor Eaton selected to make the presentation. He is a tolerably good lawyer, and a very “clever fellow,” but has nothing of the *savoir faire* which qualifies him to get up an address for such an occasion. Will you believe that he has selected me as his confidant for the occasion; a warm political opponent,—and is here to have me assist him, as I very cordially engaged to do, in getting up the affair! I shall help him—nothing more. And



when the address appears in the *Free Press*, don't lay it all to me, though my finger, will be in several passages. Good night, my own. I will dream of you, *I did last night.*

Sunday, P. M. I am going to send by a messenger whom Governor Paine is about despatching to Burlington. You will receive it one day earlier. The Governor's reading the newspaper by my side, with his spectacles on his nose, and on my asking him what message I shall send to you for him, he answers: "Give my love to her; you know I *always* send her my love." But, said I, Governor, let me tell her something *new*—she *knows* you like her. "Well, then," says he, "tell her to come and see my *railroad!*" Would you not rather come and see me, my own dear wifey!

Kellogg and Hannah Foster are to be married within a fortnight, and are going immediately to the West! She has caught the young gentleman fairly! And I hope he will never see cause to be sorry for it. Miss Foster passed through Montpelier on Thursday last, on her way to Boston, to ask her mamma. I did not see her. Mr. Shafter informed me the morning after, with the extraordinary intelligence, that the marriage was a "fixed fact." Kellogg left here this morning for Burlington, returns in the course of a week, and goes to Boston or Roxbury, where the ceremony is to take place. Ah!

The Burlington Rough and Ready Glee Club, seventeen young men, with Mr. Nichols as leader, and Sammy Moore for pianist, gave a Concert (political) here on Friday evening.

It was really very good ; among whom were Louis and Fred Follett.

Governor Paine and Mr. Bradley are in my room, talking on a new railroad project, which is very entertaining to us of course. Mr. Houghton says he has been writing to his "Ladye love," and desires to be specially remembered to you. He is a good fellow, and a gentleman, and that, you and I both like. My blessed darling, always believe me, your own.

MONTPELIER, NOV. 5, 1848—9 o'clock P. M.

MY OWN DEAR DEAREST WIFEY :

An hour ago I returned from Northfield, from the excursion on the Central Railroad, yesterday. We left Montpelier—the Governor, and about 200 members of the Legislature, Secretary of State, and other dignitaries—a few minutes after seven o'clock, yesterday morning, and at half-past nine left Northfield, in a special train for Lebanon, 53 miles—the whole length of the Central road, now opened. In two hours, ten minutes, we found ourselves at Lebanon. We remained a little more than an hour, undergoing the hospitality of Mr. Campbell,—the great Bridge-Making Engineer, who built the bridge across the Hudson at Troy—and arrived at Northfield, again, a little after three o'clock, P. M., having travelled from Montpelier about 116 miles.

No persons were admitted to the special train provided by the Governor for this Legislative excursion, excepting specially invited; and very few special invitations were extended. Ex-Governor Eaton, Professor Benedict, Mr. Brainerd of St. Albans, Mr. Upham, and a few others. There were

about 250 on the train, and probably, two-thirds of them had never before seen a railroad. This class of legislators (?) was very inquisitive about the whole matter, asking a thousand questions that a well-informed boy might as well have answered. But my own, dear, blessed Caro, I am not going to bore you with an account of yesterday's proceedings, after your dear letter. I only want to tell you about my participation in the excursion: In the cars between Northfield and Bethel, I wrote off a song for the occasion, which, for its local allusions and hits, was received with great good feeling, and which Mr. Houghton, Mr. Shafter and I had to sing, tolerably often, before we got back again. I really don't think it worthy of publishing abroad. But Fred Houghton made a copy which will probably appear in the Tuesday's *Boston Atlas*. I say this to you, my own sweet wifey, to invoke your charity for me, and my vanity, or good nature in consenting to have it printed. But I did, and "there is the end on't."

Caroline is now on a visit to the Governor's. She spoke of you very affectionately, this morning, and said if you were at home, she should go to Burlington before leaving again for Boston. She desired me, the morning before she left, to give her best love to you. She wanted to go with us on our excursion over the road, but as there were no other ladies on the train, she declined.

After dinner, last evening, it was so dark and rainy, that we gave up going. Governor Coolidge, Professor Benedict, Fred Houghton, myself and two others, remained in Northfield, hoping to get to Montpelier this morning in season to attend

church—a duty that I rarely omit to do, as I know you will bear me witness. It rained steadily and copiously, as you will remember, all day to-day; and about tea time, the word came from the Governor that we ought to go homeward, and we started, amid all manner of rain and flood, and reached my own good room, an hour or two ago. I enjoyed myself a thousand times better, yesterday, and wrote my jingling rhymes a thousand times easier (I know I did), for having your letter with me, and reading it in the cars. I feel in my heart of hearts, that you have always been the dearest, truest, best wife in the world. It is twelve o'clock, and George Fred lies asleep, and slightly snoring near me. I believe I have told you I like Mr. Houghton. He is a clean, gentlemanly, intelligent Episcopal man; and that perhaps, is enough.

A resolution for the final adjournment has already been introduced, but it lies, in cool indifference upon the table. I hope they may adjourn early next week. I am sick of Montpelier, and want to get to "my own heart's home." Mr. Upham was re-elected Senator, and gave a legislative male levee day before yesterday. I went to it for a short time, for appearances, with Mr. Chandler. Mr. Catlin, Gov. Coolidge, and Fred. . . . Good night, my best and dearest Caro. I have run over the whole of my paper almost, without knowing it. Love to all and believe me to be your own, dear, darling hubby, always,  
D.

## THE RAILROAD SONG.

WRITTEN BY GENERAL CLARKE ABOARD THE CARS BETWEEN  
NOTRHFIELD AND BETHEL.

*Tune*—"DEAREST MAE."

We took an early start today,  
And braved a rough old ride,  
To reach the place where PAINE, they say,  
Wins people to his side ;  
The iron-horse was breathing gas  
In the "sequestered vale,"  
And every one ambitious was  
To ride upon a rail !

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

For Governor PAINE, the Rail-er !  
He builds his road o'er rocks and hills,  
AND GOES FOR GENERAL TAYLOR !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
If it don't beat all natur' !  
To see the "wisdom and the virtu' "  
Of our great Legislatur'  
A riding through the hills and vales,  
From Northfield to the river,  
On Governor Paine's new-fashioned rails !  
I never ! did you ever ?

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! &c.

I tell you what it is, old boys,  
 This ride we are not loth in,  
 Especially when we do the thing  
 Free gratis and for nothin'!  
 And when, besides, the dinner comes  
 On just such terms again,  
 I'd like to know who will not sing,  
 Hurrah for Governor PAINE!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

I wish to introduce a bill—  
 I offer it quite humbly,  
 And move its passage through these cars,  
 By this 'ere J'int Assembly :—  
 Section 1, provides that PAINE  
 Shall have the right to go  
 With his old Railroad where he will ;  
 He'll do it *whether or no!*  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

The 2d section has a *clause*,  
 As sharp as any cat's,  
 That when old BELKNAP comes along,  
 We'll raise our cotton hats,—  
 Because he has a rough old way  
 In that old pate, 'tis said,  
 Of *doing* things when he takes hold ;  
 They call it "GOING AHEAD!"  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 For BELKNAP, high and low!  
 He goes ahead because you see,  
 He's got a head to go!

## THE RAILROAD SONG.

In section 3, it is declared,  
 That that 'ere long man, MOORE,  
 Who straddles this old iron horse,  
 And brings us through secure,  
 Shall be the Chief old Engineer,  
 By special legislation,  
 Of this 'ere J'int Assembly here,—  
 As ZACH shall of the nation!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

Let's make the echoes roar!  
 Though other roads are safe enough,  
 The Central Road is MOORE!

In section 4, it is set down,  
 That 'mong these mountain ridges,  
 The name of CAMPBELL shall resound:  
 The HERO OF THE BRIDGES!  
 And that the man to carry out  
 A project very mighty,  
 And show that "it is bound to go,"  
 Is that 'ere same old "OLD WHITEY!"  
 Hurrah! Hurrâh!

Let's keep the chorus humming!  
 For word has passed along the line—  
 That same old "Campbell's coming!"

As an amendment to the bill  
 It's moved to add a section,  
 Which has a tendency to raise  
 A rather sad reflection:—  
 It is that GOVERNOR PAINE do seek—  
 (Why what's the man about?)  
 To keep the family on earth—  
 The race must not run out!



Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 For PAINE the bachelor!  
 The wonder groweth every day,  
 What he's unmarried for!

Amendment 2d is proposed:—  
 It is to make provision  
 That shall our thanks to CAMPBELL show,  
 With *very nice* precision.  
 He has a head that's great to plan,  
 A will that never flinches;  
 We wish you'd find a bigger man  
 Than CAMPBELL, of his inches.

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 For "Whitey," brave and true!  
 His heart goes fitly with his head—  
 So say I—what say YOU?

Now, if the President will rise  
 And put the thing to vote,  
 I'd like to know your sentiments  
 Upon this bill I've wrote;  
 And so, to end the matter well,  
 Before we take a glass,  
 I hope you all will answer "AYE!"  
 And let the old bill pass.

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 Please put this vote again;  
 All you who are affirmative,  
 Hurrah for Governor PAINE!

## THE RAILROAD SONG.

I think I may delare the vote,  
 I'll do it if you will,  
 And now announce to this J'int House,  
 The passage of the bill ;  
 It is before the Governor—  
 We care for no *Veto*—  
 If Góvèrnor PAINE won't sign the act,  
 Our COOLIDGE will, we know !  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! &c.

It now is moved that we adjourn,  
 And in the usual way ;  
 For plain it is, at this late hour,  
 We break up "without day ;"  
 And when we reach our homes again,  
 We'll tell the wondrous tale,  
 How PAINE has rode this J'int  
 Assembly on a rail !  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! &c.

As for the title of our bill,  
 It is decreed to be :—  
 "And act to lighten public cares,  
 And aid festivity."  
 So now farewell to Góvèrnor PAINE,  
 To BELKNAP, CAMPBELL, MOORE !  
 This J'int Assembly is dissolved :  
 'Twas *liquorified* before !  
 Farewell ! Farewell !

Nov. 7th. We have had another funeral in the House of Representatives ! Another summons has been sent in among the busy schemers, the ambitious politicians, and the

heedless time-servers who congregate about the Capitol. A representative from Orleans County, a Mr. Emerson, died yesterday morning, after an illness of a few days ; and again have both Houses resolved that they receive the painful intelligence with "deep sensibility," and that they and their officers will wear crape during the remainder of the session. I wear on my left arm the badge of mourning ; twice ordered there within a week. Oh ! my own best beloved, how vain and empty are all the cares and the pursuits of the grave Legislature, when tested by a standard which is raised upon a tomb. How much better are the affections of this short life ; how much more worthy of our care and solicitude, than honors and rewards.

Dearest Caro, you don't know how purely I love you—how I love the very hem of your garment. When I look about me, and see what miserable pretexts draw others away from the hearts that love them, and the homes that they ought to make glad, I am proud of you, my glorious wifey ; you are as superior to the great mass of women in the real graces, my sweet wifey, as you are in elevation of principle and sentiment. I know you will not charge me with attempting to flatter you. We know each other too well, do we not ? I love to speak to you from the warmth of my heart, and you must permit me to do it. Take my praise, my own dearest, as though you knew you deserved it ; and all I ask, is that you will kiss me with all your heart, and with your eyes, for appreciating you.

I trust in Heaven old Zack is elected to-day. You are where the fever is the highest ; write me about it.

Nov. 9th. Old Zack is elected ! Glorious news ! You will rejoice with me. I never felt better in my life.

Nov. 10th. Since I commenced this letter, Gov. Coolidge has come into our room, and he and Mr. Ormsbee and Fred are gossiping together. I obtained the Governor's permission to continue my letter, as I told him it is to you, and that I wished to get to you the earliest intelligence of the approaching adjournment. Gov. Coolidge is mighty formal and courtly, though a good, clever fellow at bottom.

November 12th. This is the last of my Sunday evenings in Montpelier, my own dearest wifey, for a long time, and I trust forever. I shall pass it in writing to you. Mr. Houghton has just gone out, and I have driven away two visitors who have entered my room since his departure, by simply speaking civilly to them, and keeping on with my writing. The first was Mr. Smalley, of Burlington, and the last Mr. Ormsbee, of Rutland, both of whom resisted my invitation to a chair, and both of whom have left me within the past two minutes. I hope nobody else will come in, though I write in dreadful apprehension of a visit from the Lieutenant-Governor, and one or two Senators, who are my near neighbors here. I shall see you soon. I wish to hold you to my heart, and kiss your lips and eyes once more.

If I can complete what remains for me to do here after the adjournment, so as to reach Albany or Troy on Saturday evening, I believe I shall attempt it. Gov-

ernor Paine says he will go with me to Boston, and if I can start on Thursday, so as to have one day there to see Mr. Rice and Mr. Howe and Mr. Henshaw, about my claim on the Rutland Railroad Company, of which they are directors. If you do not see me on Saturday evening, you may conclude that I went hence directly to Burlington. I wish very much, however, to see and talk with these Boston gentlemen, Mr. Rice especially, who is one of the best of them. I received a letter from him a day or two ago. I inclose it, that you may see just the kind heart of the man. He has always over-estimated the value of my exertions in behalf of the railroad in 1845, though not half so much as our excellent friend and cousin in Brandon has always under-rated them. Since I wrote the foregoing, darling wifey, I have been hopelessly interrupted by the presence of visitors for two hours, and it is half after ten. I shall finish my letter in quiet, for Mr. Houghton has gone to bed—telling me, by the way, to say to you, that he has made the necessary memorandums, so as to be able to give you a very accurate account of my multitudinous misdeeds. There is nothing, my own dearest, however, for him to make a plausible story of. There has been no gaiety here, during the session; no parties excepting the large one at Mrs. Upham's which I did not attend (and which Houghton says was stupid), and nothing to relieve Montpelier from the reputation of being the loneliest village in New England. I ought, of course, to except the famous railroad excursion of the Legislature over Governor Paine's road, a week ago, of which you may have seen a flaming account,

with *verses* to match, in the Boston *Atlas* of last Thursday. Mr. Houghton, without consulting me, quoted me in eloquent terms as the author of the impromptu song, which is spread over a column of the *Atlas*, so I have got my name up as an *improvisatore!* The song does not, really, read so ill, as considering that the allusions and hits it contains are local in their interest and association, as I very firmly believed and told the Governor and Caroline, it would. But let it go, and let me come back to you, my own beloved Caro. You don't know how I wish to see you. I am perplexed to conclude whether you are in Albany, Troy, or New York. I hope that you will not return without visiting New York. I want you to see Doctor Cook, even though you are, thank God, better of that cough and ugly pain. [Neuralgia, from which she was much of a sufferer many years.] If you would but realize how inexpressibly dear you are to me, and how solicitous I am, you would be very careful of yourself for my sake. But you are a cruel little *meanness*, and *won't* be prudent! If to believe that I love you with all my heart will add to the motives you ought to have for being careful, I beseech you, my dear love, to believe it in your heart of hearts! I thank you, dear Caro, for what you say in your last dear letter, I know we are happier, and love each other better, and that we ought to be happier than any of the married people you see about you. I love you, my sweet wife, with all the freshness and a hundred times the strength of our early love, when life was all rose-colored before us, and when I was far more frivolous and less worthy your blessed

attachment (that has been my guide and rich blessing) than I am now. I rarely read my chapter in the Psalms without finding something that comforts as well as reproaches me, and, I hope, my own dearest, that makes me better. I never open my prayer-book without feeling my heart, my best affections, warm to you; and I feel so much better in connecting your darling name and person with every thing good I read. I love to write to you on Sunday evening. I always feel the better for it. It harmonizes with my highest idea of "keeping the Sabbath," for I am sure I can have no better external employment than in making you happy. This is the fourth letter I have written you within the week; last Tuesday, Tuesday evening, Friday evening and now. I am afraid, ever dearest love, that I am better to you than you *deserve*. I expected a letter from you last evening quite confidently, and was disappointed when my little page of the Senate (whom I sent to the office after nine o'clock) returned with nothing for me but a newspaper. By the way, I believe I have told you that I got the place of page, or messenger, in the Senate for Mr. Hicks's son, James. He is a very nice boy, and I love him. Last evening we had an evening session, and shall till the adjournment. It adds prodigiously to my labors. Yesterday (as you know, I have always adhered to my determination to stick to my seat till I had my journal up) I was in my chair, writing almost incessantly, from two in the afternoon till quarter to eleven at night. I was completely worn out. Good night, my dear, dear Caro; love me and take the kiss I send you as warm from my lips and my heart, and come



to my arms soon, if I do not go to yours. Write me a line to Burlington, on receiving this, and one to the Tremont House, Boston, if you can get it there on Friday evening.

My dearest Caro, all your own, D.

MONTPELIER, NOV. 4, 1849.

MY VERY DEAR WIFEY—MY DEAREST AND BEST :

I will not try to disguise from you the anxiety I feel as the time approaches when I have promised to visit Father McElroy, in Boston. In the very centre and whirlpool of so many cares, distractions and perplexities; I hardly know, half the time, what to think of myself, and nothing consoles me like reading blessed St. Francis, and your dear letters. I try to omit no opportunity to watch myself, and do not and will not omit any exercises, daily, that I regard as not to be omitted. In one way or another, I have resolved: I will perform such and such acts of devotion. And it is really remarkable how easily we can find time and opportunity for them, when we once determine to. But, dearest, I am afraid I am not fit to appear before Father McElroy. I know you will say I am much more fit to appear before him, than before God. But you know what I mean. I have always, as you will bear witness, my own dear Caro, had a peculiar degree of reverence for religion, and special horror of an unfaithful profession of it. It is this (unworthy, doubtless) feeling that leads me (much more since I have begun to realize something of the divine beauty and authority of the Holy Catholic Church) to shrink from doing anything to compromise either my own conceptions of what I ought to be, or the supreme dignity and exce l

lence I ascribe to the Sacraments of the Church. Do not imagine, my dearest and best, that I have a moment's hesitation as to my duty, nor a moment's doubt about going forward to attempt to perform it. I am a thousand times more resolved than ever to be baptized, as soon as I get liberated from this post of labor; and perhaps, after all, I ought to be thankful, instead of distressed, that I feel a thousand times less worthy than ever of the approbation of the church—much as I may need her counsel and directions. I verily believe, my own sweetest wife, that it was a special providence that led me to ask and you to consent to my taking from you the very delightful "Introduction" of St. Francis—isn't it? Several of my acquaintances who have accidentally seen it, or to whom I have read passages, and the preface, have been perfectly delighted with it. Such things are for good. As good Father McElroy says: "Nothing happens by chance." (Judge Phelps has this moment come in, while I was mending my pen, and so I will surrender till he goes out.) Since I have written the foregoing parenthesis, I am honored by the accession to my list of visitors of Mr. Harry Bradley, Mr. Pierpont, the Lient.-Governor, Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Smalley, and Mr. Houghton's father. Three of them are now talking beside me; the rest have departed. Only think of it! What an opportunity for talking with you, my own beloved wifey, quietly and alone, and in such a temper as I wish to talk. I cannot, and there is no use in attempting it. The particular conversation, just now, in my room, is with the chairman of the Bank Committee in regard to a speculation in stock, which I have not list

tened to sufficiently to understand, but which is quite animated enough to completely distract me. I can only say, I love you, and pray God and the Blessed Virgin Mother, and all the saints to bless and preserve you. Dearest, you love me, and I know you will pray for me.

I was sorry not to be able to write you by Stephen, yesterday, but I had engaged, before he came, on Friday morning, to go to Northfield, with Judge Williams, Mr. Senator Holbrook and others, on railroad matters (which I need not take time to explain) and could not wait. I had barely time to talk with him as long as I wished to. He informed me that you had gone to Montreal, and might be back to-morrow. He also told me you are quite well and look well, and for this I am very thankful and happy.....

I will be a better 'hubby, I trust, than I have ever been. There is a wide margin for improvement, at any rate! God bless and keep you, and remember how dearly I love you.

Your own,

D.

P. S.—If I was not absolutely confused with such jargon as “brokerage in Boston,” “exchange,” “pay back,” “transfers,” “risks,” &c., &c., which gives me a lively notion of the trouble at Babel, I should like to write you like a dear and loving husband; as it is, since I wrote the first page and a half I have been writing to you like a broker, though I love you like a lover! and as I see no reason to anticipate any alleviation of my burden of friends, I give it up. Good-night, and God bless you again; I can't kiss the paper, but I kiss you.

D.

Mrs. Clarke had, a short time previous to this letter, united with the Catholic church. Said Mrs. Meech, in relation to this change in the religious sentiments of her son and his wife: "Caro was the first to become a Catholic. DeWitt and his wife, and Charles Austin and his wife, of Albany, were great friends. They used to visit back and forth. Caro always preferred staying with Mrs. Austin, when in Albany, to staying with Sophia, and DeWitt and Mr. Austin were like brothers together. Mr. Austin, who had become a Catholic, induced Mrs. Clarke, who was down there on a visit, to read some Catholic books. She became a Catholic; and after she became one, never rested day or night till she made him one, too." "She made him?" I inquired. "The same thing. She made him read, and he could not read and not become one—no one could; and Caro loved her husband too well to ever be willing to have him divided from her in any one thing. DeWitt first read to please her, as he afterwards told me, when he became interested himself and convinced; and for a good many years I thought and used to say that he was a great deal more of a Catholic than his wife—had more faith. She was a very good woman, but she had to grow into it more. From the first, ever after he was baptized, he seemed to believe it most entirely, in all its practices, and all. Caro, ever after she went to Texas, though, was very earnest. When she was left alone so much there, so far from home, she turned very sincerely to her religion. She wrote me very earnest and beautiful letters. I saw a great difference. She was naturally a great society woman. She was made for it and shone

in it, and there was never anything I ever envied her so much as her gift in conversation. How many times I wished I could converse as well as she did! She was so sensible and so quick had such a gift of repartee. One thing that DeWitt was more of a Catholic in, at first, than his wife, was in his love for the Blessed Virgin. She believed in and accepted all that the church required; but I don't think she had any special devotion to her at first, as DeWitt had. She used to say she did not love her as DeWitt did. I don't think she ever did, or not till after she went to Texas. DeWitt was from the first captivated with her. He used to say to me how often: "Mother, what is a church without a mother?" He used to boast that his friends all accused him of Mariolatry, and his eyes would glow when he would tell of it. I think he liked to be accused of it: that he regarded it an honor, so much was he attached to her. Caro told me once when she had been away with him, and came home, on the boat, at dinner, she was choked in eating and came near being strangled; and the first thing she knew or heard was DeWitt whispering in her ear, "Pray to the Blessed Virgin! Pray to the Blessed Virgin!" and she laughed when she told me of it." I remarked: "Perhaps she wanted you to see how good a Catholic he was, as he had become one later than herself and you thought that she had assisted in the matter." "Yes, and she was amused, too, with it, that the first thing, when she was choking nearly to death, he should think of the Blessed Virgin." In whom we ardently believe, in the moment of danger we call on first, I said. "I know,"

she said. "I think Caro was always proud of his being so good a Catholic—but she laughed when she told me of it." "And what do you think of the Blessed Mother," I said. "I never had any difficulty about her," she instantly replied; "she was made for her vocation." "And Saint Joseph?" "The same; he was made for his, too. They two were made different, I always thought, than any other man or woman, as they were made for a different vocation from what any other man or woman ever had—better and greater. I never had any trouble about either of them. I never had any difficulty about Blessed Mary; I never thought she could be made any too good to be the mother of Jesus Christ."

MONTPELIER, NOV. 14, 1849.

I really think I have never been so completely overwhelmed with cares and perplexities, as I have been during the session just now past. Ezra was here for two days, and could give you some idea of the condition of my room, and of its fitness, either for reflection or any other occupation that requires "peace and quiet." As it was when he was here, it has been almost constantly till to-day; though I have not all the time been obliged to share my bed with another. The attendance of those having business in which they were interested before the Legislature, has been unusually large, and they have remained unusually long. It is only last Saturday that the great railroad controversy was adjusted, and ever since the Legislature has been overrun with people who were after banks; so that, in short, this has been anything but a

pleasant session for me. . . . . The members have pretty much gone, and the old house is as "still as a mountain," and though I have got work enough to do up at the State House, I thought I could do it better, perhaps, if I first dropped a line to you.

The thing that most troubled me, my dearest mother, and kept me balancing between my duty, as I understood it, and my feelings, was the certainty that the important step that my dear Caro had resolved on taking, would inflict pain and regret upon your heart, and distress Father Meech ; and I think you will yourself admit, my dear mother, that the very fact that I could bring myself to the point, after my frequent and strong, though unjust, denunciation of the Catholic church, is a pretty good evidence of the sincerity of my convictions, at least. You have learned, doubtless, from dear Caro, that I have been honestly examining the claims of the Catholic church for some months past, and that the strength and conclusiveness of the facts and arguments on which those claims appear to be founded, astonished while they convinced me. You know, my dear mother, that I have never been baptized. I have been quite resolved, for more than a year past, that this is a great duty that no man ought to neglect. I assure you, I have been deterred from performing it by the painfulest feeling of distrust, as to the church in which it should be done. I have seen nothing but divisions and uncharitable dissensions in every denomination of Protestants the Episcopal—certainly, no less than others and nowhere does there seem to be unity or peace—the unity of—settled and established



faith, and the peace which springs from cheerful obedience and charity. When I found (as I assure you, my dear mother, everybody will find who looks fairly and without pre-judging) that every thing that is urged against the Catholic church, which makes the Protestant world denounce and reject it, is absolutely not true, and that within her walls are the great unities which are the finest test of truth, together with the peace and faith which are themselves a part of the Divinity. When I read the elementary works which the Catholic church has promulgated, and studied the beautiful system of worship that she has maintained for so many centuries, unchanged and unshaken amid the terrible convulsions that have unsettled and broken up every thing else ; when I listened to her calm yet unhesitating voice of authority, and began to comprehend the plain and simple and lovely, though almost universally neglected and despised relation that must exist between authority and obedience, and to feel (as I assure you, my dearest mother, I do feel) the satisfying beauty of obeying the authority that is commissioned to teach ; and above all when I confessed to myself my absolute and unquestionable inability to decide for myself questions that have, through the perversity of men's hearts and the wise folly of their heads, so long "disturbed the peace" of a part of the world, at least, I was glad to find shelter where controversy, at any rate is at rest, and where the wisdom of man is accounted of little worth. I love the Catholic church for her peace and unity. I obey her, from my conviction of her sublimely-conferred right to my obedience. I love her for her boundless faith, hope and charity.



I obey her in humble reverence for Him who promised to be with those who are her teachers to the end of the world. I hope, my dearest mother, my heart is better. I know my understanding is convinced. I know I love you better than I ever did, and I trust you will find reason to be happy in what may now appear to you an affliction.

Ever, my dear mother,

Your affectionate son, DeWitt."

Since the death of all the family, I have found the baptismal certificates of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, rolled and laid away together—found after they have gone to their account. Opening the first :

"Caroline E. T. Clarke. I made my first Communion, Nov. 2d, 1849.

The body of my Lord preserve my soul to life everlasting !

I received Confirmation, Oct. 10th, 1849.

Confirm, O God, what thou hast wrought in me.

JOHN BERNARD, B'p of Boston."

The second, as the above certificate, signed, "Matthew D. W. C. Clarke, dated Nov. 25, 1849, for his baptism and confirmation."

Being at Rutland on his military business the anniversary-day of their marriage, the General writes his wife :

RUTLAND, May 16, 1850.

MY DEAR WIFE :—I wish I could kiss your cheek, this morning, and persuade you that I love you better on this anniversary-day than I ever did before. I know I do, notwith-

standing you may too often have apparent reason to think I am not as kind and forgiving as I used to be. My darling wife, you must not think so! Try to believe what is true; that since we became *poor* Catholics, we are and *aim* to be much better Christians, and are more worthy of each other. I know, and very often deeply regret it, that I am not as thoughtful of you, and forbearing towards you, as I ought to be; but, dearest, you will, I am sure, do me the justice to believe that I am compelled, oftentimes, to be thinking of other cares and perplexities of business, and *sometimes* my inconsiderateness arises from that. I love you with a better love than I ever felt before! I take the very sincerest and highest pleasure, my own Caro, on this day, of asking you to forgive all my unkindness and negligence, and to assure you that I mean, hereafter, to be more thoughtful of both you and *myself*; and so, as I mean to, I write it, so that you will receive it before you sleep. This is all, dearest, that I care to say.

Always your' own,

D.

MONTPELIER, Oct. 10, 1850.

It is half-past two o'clock. I have just finished a long letter to my paper, but cannot go to bed without saying a word to you, before I go, that you may know that I love you, pray for you, and ask your prayer for me, dearest Caro. I will never come hither again. I have so announced to everybody. I am now in earnest. A real sacrifice it is. I am laboring to get completely out of debt, and to make you happy. *I shall do it!* My Good Angel and the Blessed Virgin

will help me, and your prayers, my dearest, will be a thousand times better than mine.

I was elected Secretary this P. M. I have scarcely been out of the State House since my arrival here. Have made no calls, and shall make none. Just imagine how excessively busy I must be. More than half the Senate have ordered my paper for the session, and I am informed that the House will do the same. I implored them not to do it, for it subjects me to the necessity of writing constantly. See in the paper of to-morrow what I have written and I had to write constantly to-night since 10 o'clock, when my room was finally vacated by my good visitors, Gov. Pierpont, Mr. Briggs, Lt. Gov. Converse, and others! I hope to get a line from you before you go. I hope mother will go with you.

I inclose a note for Mr. Stetson, of the Astor House, should you go to New York before I join you.

Good-night, wifey. I will say an *Ave* for you. I know you have said one for me, already, this evening. I have felt it. Take care of your health. Love me as I love you, and God bless and protect us both!

D.

On hearing that his wife, in New York, has been sick :

Oct. 18, 1850.

When I think of you, the very dearest and best of wives, racked with pain, and without me, I am distressed beyond what I dare to express. I feel an almost irresistible influence to fly to you! Nobody can comfort you as I can, and nobody ought to, bad as I always am.

I do not go to bed at night, nor rise in the morning, with-

out remembering you in my prayers. Remember *me*, dear Caro, thus, for I most need it.

Oct. 27th. At home over Sunday :

I met Father O'Callighan, yesterday, and he enquired after you and the picture. Good Father O'Callighan would like to see the picture over his very handsome altar, which, by the way, is finished, and looks exceedingly well. It is marble, and the mouldings about the panels gilded. The old gentleman is ever so proud of it. Mother is quite well, but will not, I fear, go down to join you. *Has Sophia written for her!* I cannot now tell when the Legislature will adjourn. I hope, however, next week. I will give you the earliest information of it, so that you can "dress up" for me.

October 24th. Governor Paine has invited the two Houses to go to Rouses Point, on Saturday next, and a large proportion of the members, with the Governor, will go. We leave Montpelier early on Saturday morning and return to Montpelier the same evening. I shall probably stop at Burlington, on my return, over Sunday, as I am needed there all the time, in my office. I have no editor there but Stephen, and have to work, here, like a galley-slave. You will notice from Uncle Ap's Weekly *Free Press*, how I make "the pen" do execution.

I want to see you more than ever; and hope you are half-crazy to see me! I received a long letter from Nat, from Baltimore, this evening. Shall write to him at New York. He and Maria [Mr. and Mrs. Tucker] are having the nicest time among the good Catholics of that Catholic city. I wish

you could have gone with them. Perhaps you may meet them at New York on their way homeward. You must go to the Astor. Mr. Stetson will be happy to be civil to you. Pray for me, dear love, and God and the Blessed Mother preserve and protect you, for

Your own Hubby.

Nov. 3d.

I attended mass at Montpelier, on Friday morning (All Saints'), stealing quietly away from my seat in the Senate Chamber for that purpose. The poor Catholics assembled looked on me with surprise, as I knelt among them, and declined the offer of a "better place." I rather *like*, you know, to kneel right among the most humble and God knows I *belong* there. Mass was celebrated in the new church the Catholics are finishing off (it was formerly the Court House), within a dozen rods of the State House. The interior is wholly unfinished, and was worse than Father O'Callighan's church, when it was in its worst stage of repairs. But it did seem to me, my dearest and sweetest, like worshiping God "in his holy temple"—how much more like true worship than anything that ever impressed my heart, even in the pretty chapel of the Holy Cross, with the ambitious imitations of Rev. Mr. Ricker, in Troy. Don't you remember how we were *drawn* to that chapel? It was nothing but its closer outward conformity to the blessed Catholic church, though we did not then know it!

MONTPELIER, NOV. 10.

You better not leave for home, my dearest, before next Saturday. I don't want you to get home before me—*now*

*mind me.* You may start on Saturday morning and I will be at the boat, and, you will believe, receive you with an open heart and open arms; and will kiss you, *if you wish me to on the boat.* We will have the house warm, cheerful, comfortable and homelike, and you shall find it happier for you. If you get home before me, you will be sick when I come, but I will not consent to it. If you do not have time to write, telegraph me when to meet you at the boat. Now don't fail. It appears to me that I would "not fail to receive you at the wharf for anything."

Give my love to all and ask Adam and Toss to come and see us. Go and see them; and get up in the morning and go to early mass, and show them you think of anything but being ashamed of your religion. Good night. God bless you, my dearest love, and our Blessed Mother protect and love you.

Always your own,

D.

IN SENATE, Oct. 15, 1850.

The following preamble and resolution were presented by Mr. Marvin, and unanimously adopted,

SAM'L M. CONANT, Secretary.

*Whereas,* The former Secretary of the Senate of this State, General D. W. C. Clarke, having served this body in that capacity for the last eleven years, and having now voluntarily retired from the station which he has so long acceptably occupied; therefore

*Resolved,* That, in consideration of his protracted term of service, and of the ability, kindness and courtesy with which he has uniformly discharged the duties of his office, an

expression of our approbation is justly merited ; and we cordially assure him of the high estimation in which we hold the eminent qualities which have distinguished him as an officer and a gentleman, during the entire period of his official connection with us ; and request that he will bear with him in his retirement our ardent wishes for his present and future happiness and prosperity.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF THE SENATE, }  
MONTPELIER, Oct. 15, 1851. }

GENERAL D. W. C. CLARKE,

DEAR SIR :—I have the honor to transmit to you a copy of a preamble and resolution, this day adopted by a unanimous vote of the Senate of the State of Vermont.

Permit me to add an expression of the gratification with which I perform the pleasing duty allotted to me by the Senate, of communicating to you the accompanying testimonial of their confidence and regard.

I remain, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
SAM'L M. CONANT, Secretary of Senate.

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### NARRATIONS OF MRS. MEECH, CONTINUED.

There is one thing more I want to give an account of myself, that is, about my belonging to so many churches. I have been always sort of ashamed of it. I never thought it looked well for a person to keep changing from one church to another ; and I want to tell, myself, how I became a Catholic.



Soon after my first husband, Mr. Clark, died, desiring the consolations of religion, I proposed to unite with some church. I first procured an Episcopalian prayer-book and their articles of faith. I looked them over and liked this church better than the doctrines and worship of any other church, I then knew ; but there was no Episcopal church in the place, nor near me, as for that, and I did not see how I could be directly benefitted by a church so far away from me.

About this time there was a Presbyterian Church formed at Glens Falls. I did not at first feel drawn particularly to unite with it. It was not quite the church I wanted ; but, as the only choice seemed to be between that and the Methodists, and of the two I preferred the Presbyterian, for the greater decorum in their ministers and their worship, and encouraged by several of my friends who had united with this church, I went to one of their meetings for propounding members, and one of my friends proposed me.

The deacons, and perhaps others, I think, were an examining committee in such cases, and asked the candidates such questions as they deemed proper to prove their fitness for membership.

One favorite question in those days, was to inquire of the candidates, if in their conviction they had come to the point that they were so completely resigned as to be just as willing to be damned as to be saved, if that was the will of God. If the candidate said Yes, it put the finishing touch of a true and certain conversion on that experience ; if the answer happened to be a reluctantly honest No, they sometimes took them—I

think, they generally did, if they were respectable candidates—but it diminished the glory of their conversion a great deal. Many would smile around—sometimes the minister. The good deacon would shake his head a little doubtfully, and exhort to such a one entire conformity; that it should be sought for till found: that he saw signs of grace, however in the soul before him. It had not attained to the perfect standard, but undoubtedly was striving to, and he thought it might, and would be dangerous to that soul not to receive it into the church, and help it along; and it was, certainly, more honest and praiseworthy to say no, than to profess to have attained to what it had not, as yet, attained to.

I was afraid they would ask me this test question. I told some of my friends so, and deferred for a time being proposed on account of it; and then I feared I had not such a conversion as they would approve. I could not fix on any time when there had, to my knowledge, been any sudden change in me, such as believers, in that day, usually talked of having experienced. I had no experience to relate, only that I had, for some time before my husband's death, thought that I would like to be a Christian, and belong to a Christian church, and that the feeling had deepened and become more permanent since his death. My friends, who kindly persuaded me, said that was enough.

They did not ask me the great test question; but one old deacon, who had heard of my great grief for my husband, looking right sharp at me, asked *if I was reconciled yet to the*

*death of my husband.* It came over me so—so harshly—all my loss rushed so before me, I burst right into tears, and only sobbed aloud.

The minister came to my rescue. He said to me, kindly: "You need not answer;" and to the deacon, quickly, and almost sharply: "You have no right to ask such a question. It is not in human reason to be expected, after such a loss as she has had, and so soon. It is enough that she has come to us for the consolations of religion."

I was not asked any more hard questions. I remained in this church till some time after I married Judge Meech.

He said, before we were married, when I spoke to him about it, he was a Methodist, but that he would just as soon I should remain in my church, if I preferred it.

After I came to Shelburne, the Judge said he thought it would be more pleasant, at least, for him, if I should attend church with him; but if I had rather attend my own, he would send me every Sunday. The carriage and a driver were at my request, ready. I went to the Congregational meeting, which church is about the same as the Presbyterian, and where I preferred to go, two or three times, alone. I think it was the third time that I went alone, I made up my mind to give it up. It was so far to go, and alone, and coming Winter. It was already so cold, the last time I went.

I had a true repulsion to going to the Methodist meetings, but I would try and overcome it, or endure it, for the sake of going with my husband and the family; his family

all went with him at that time to the Methodist meeting. My husband was much pleased with my decision. After a time I got to like going there very well ; though I never liked the Methodists as well as the Presbyterians or Congregationalists.

After a while different members of the church began to tease me to unite with the class ; but I held off from that. Both the members and the clergy urged it with me. I had got so I liked very well to attend their meetings, as a spectator, but I knew every one of the members of their church were expected to speak in their class-meetings, and pray at their prayer-meetings. I did not want to do this. I never had any kind of gift for that kind of thing, and after I became a Methodist I never wanted to do it. I always shrank from it. A great many of the Methodist women like to—are proud of it, to talk and pray ; I thought so then. I knew so, and I have always thought so ; though I did not see how they could be—never could see.

My husband said that he should not urge me, but he thought it would be pleasant, all round, if I felt so I could ; he should be very glad to have me, and it would be very satisfactory to the church : that they and the minister were at him all the time about it.

One day our new minister came to see us. He was a pretty smart preacher ; and he was a very pleasant talker. I liked him more than I ever had any of them before ; I mean the ministers. He began to talk to me about joining them. He talked round very carefully at first. I told him in the course of the conversation, perhaps I would in time ; that I

had thought of it, but had not quite decided, or was not quite ready.

What do you think, the very next Sunday, at the class-meeting, at which I remained, as one of the women persuaded me to do, when the preacher read over the names of several who wished to unite with the class, for the class to vote on, he read out my name the very first among them. I was so surprised and indignant—done as it was without my consent—that I spoke right out loud and said I never gave my name, and arose to my feet to protest against it; but a woman beside me, a good woman of the class, that I liked very well, pulled me back on the seat and said: “It is done! It is done! and you can’t help it. It is all right and you will like it. Keep still, do—and don’t say any thing. You shall not say a word! The whole church are so glad. It would disappoint them all so; and your husband so.”

At the thought of my husband, I sank back and let it go. They gave me a very hearty welcome. After the meeting was over, the women all crowded round me, many of the men, too, and exulted over it so much, I concluded to let it go.

I was provoked with the minister for having taken the advantage of me, and with myself for having said anything encouraging to him about it. I always thought and said, that I was stolen into the Methodist church; but I let it go, and after a time I came to like them very well. They are a great people to make a great deal of a rich member.

Sometimes I was gratified with the deference shown to us and sometimes I was not. We had the ministers there a

a great deal, till I got pretty sick of it, sometimes. It always did make me sick to see a minister with a baby dangling on his knee, on one knee, and another none too large to be a baby on the other knee; and two or three other young children all crying pa! pa!

It always disgusted me, their having so many children to drag round from place to place. Their wives were often weakly and overworked, and sometimes only silly women that could not talk on anything except the Methodist religion, and to "brother and sister" every one; and they got to think with their husbands that they had a right to live on the people, round from house to house. Poor things! they had not much to live on besides; but I did not want them so much, and my husband used to get pretty tired of it, I could see sometimes; though he never said anything to anybody about it as I know of, but me. He used to own it to me; but he pitied them, as he said; they were not given enough to live on by the church; and he was a very hospitable man; and they always were very flattering to him, and praised him very much.

[I cannot pass on and not remark, I think Mrs. Meech was a little severe in her estimate of the wives of the Methodist ministers. I regarded them in my younger days, and have never, in that respect, changed my opinion, as, often being women of more than common talent, and not unfrequently of very pleasing talent for their position—several such women live in my memory. But Mrs. Meech had a decided aversion to clerical-wives and ministers' children, and I never heard

her speak of them in milder terms, in the many times I have heard her speak on this point.]

I never made any headway in talking in class-meetings or in the prayer-meetings, but I got along with it. Once I got very happy in their meetings. It came upon me all at once, as some one was eloquently and effectively preaching. I wept and wept, but I was filled with happiness. I did not know what it was.

“Why,” said one of the women to me, “You have got ‘the power,’ and you ought to tell of it, and so praise God!”

I did not choose to speak publicly of it, but I did go home praising God. I felt my heart burn with love for God, and the name of Jesus made my heart thrill for a long time; then it went off. I suppose it was because I was worldly, and I could never get it back.

The Methodists have a way to get what they call “the power”—though I always thought a good deal of it in their meetings was made—but they don’t seem to have or know any way to keep the love of God when they get it.

I felt bad at times after it was gone. I used to feel sober at times, for many years, and to fear that I had committed the “unpardonable sin.” Some way, I did not know how, or when or what it was; but that I must, probably, so have done, and that that was the reason why I could never any more get back the sensible love of God, as I had once felt it.

When I came to Burlington to live, I would have liked to have gone right back to the Congregational church; but before this I had begun to think that I might some time



become a Catholic, and that if I did, it would be better to remain where I was, meantime, than to make any more changes first.

But at length the Methodist church was divided here, and after that—indeed they did in dividing—they got into such a wrangle with each other, that more than ever I was ashamed of them and tired of their meetings.

I belonged to the Pine Street division, on account of my location, and because I got set off there. I think I would have liked better the other division. The Pine Street, division had all the element that gets “the power,” and the other division had the more sober, and, as I thought, sensible part of the old church. The walking in the Winter, from my house to the Pine Street chapel—or great, square, ill-shaped house in which they held their meetings—was another objection. It was always so much farther than to the White Street Congregational church, and oftentimes, that Winter, the streets were so muddy and bad.

I thought I should be better suited if I went only to the White Street church, which was near to me, and where most of the ladies in Burlington, whose society I most cared for, belonged. So I dropped the Methodists and joined the White Street Congregational church, where I was much better pleased. I always preferred their greater staidness and dignity.

I felt quite satisfied and happy for a time, or I should, only that I felt all the time that I had not done quite right, either by myself or my children; that if I made any change

and united with any other church, it should be with the Catholic church, which I had been long convinced was the *first Christian church* ever established in the world, and ahead of all the other churches in its claims. But I had not the courage nor the heart to relinquish the pleasant society of ladies in the Congregational church, to which I was so much attached. But I ought to have done it then. By my indecision then, and binding myself with another and so strong a tie, I only made it harder for myself afterwards, and more deeply incurred the blame of those I wished so much to always retain as choice and intimate friends. I had the light but not the grace—the light to see the path, but lacked the grace to step into it.

I first knew something of the Catholic religion before ever my son, DeWitt, and his wife became Catholics.

Soon after, Orpha, brother Levi's wife, was a widow, we got hold of some Catholic books (Orpha and I), and read them. We read up the subject quite deeply, and we both believed it, and thought of becoming Catholics. We talked much together about it, and that somewhat to the annoyance of our friends; though they did not take us to be so much in earnest as we were. We talked freely of it when together, before them—or some of them—and would argue it with them and defend it—with Mrs. Jackson, my sister, for one, who disliked very much to hear us speak of it.

Orpha thought that we could be Catholics privately—believe in and live up to the religion—and proposed to me that we should.

I told her I did not see how it could be possible to practice the religion away from any church, where we could seldom or never go to one. And so we rather concluded to wait—at the time we so talked—and if ever we lived in a place where there was a Catholic church, then we would decide. But our hearts were so in it, we kept talking about it everywhere among our family friends, in season and out of season, till one day, brother Orville, who had listened to us for some time, said to me, aside, very seriously, while very kindly, very decidedly: "*If I were in your place, sister Lydia, I would give up this thing, and never speak of it again. I think it has gone plenty far enough.*" Orville Clark was a man of great mind, my beloved dead husband's brother. He had always been very kind and handsome in all our acquaintance to me. His advice had so much influence with me, I never mentioned the subject again from that day for years and years afterwards, till after my children had become Catholics.

Orpha afterwards joined the Methodists—became a raving Methodist, and died a Methodist; but she was more in earnest about it at first than I was, for she thought we could practice it alone by ourselves away from any church. I never thought that. I always thought it impracticable. I have often thought that the reason no more grace—*felt* grace and sweetness—was given to me in my Catholic life at first, was a punishment to me for slighting the great grace of God when first made known to me; that I ought to have taken measures when I first believed the truth to have embraced it, for all what any or all persons might have said.

For several years after Caro and DeWitt became Catholics, they used to talk with me about their religion, and about my embracing it. When once they were settled in it, they were not slow to find out my predilections. Caro was first to make the discovery and obtain any admissions from me, and she was especially earnest in the desire that I might know and embrace the faith she so ardently believed in and loved. And I once told Caro, partly to put the subject off, then, and partly because I thought I might, that I could not do anything about it while Mr. Meech lived, he was so violently opposed to the religion, but, as he was so many years older than myself, and not of so good health, and the probability was that I should outlive him, if it should be so, then, I thought that I might become one.

She said no more to me till after Mr. Meech died ; but then she soon began again. I suppose she thought in my great trials that fell upon me then, it would support and comfort me. She said so, and I believed that she thought so, and so could not help, in her enthusiastic nature, urging it upon me, or reminding me of it, and of what I had before said.

I had enough other trials to meet, then. I told her, that everybody in Shelburne I ever knew or cared for, would become so bitter to me if I should become a Catholic, I was sure I could not live in Shelburne and be one ; but if I ever went away from Shelburne to live, if I ever came to Burlington, I thought I should become one. She desisted from saying anything more to me about it while I remained at Snel-

burne. She knew how it was there. She waited ; but after I came to Burlington she did not forget it.

I knew she would not, and I had thought it all over. She did not say anything to me for a long time. The longer it was delayed the more I dreaded it. Not that I did not believe in it. I believed in it sufficiently to make me unhappy, and to feel unsettled and some unsafe where I was.

Ever after Orpha and I had looked it up together, I had believed the Catholic church to be the primitive church founded by Jesus Christ, and I had never found any proof anywhere of His ever having repudiated it. I had put it off, too, only till I should come where there was Catholic worship established and a Catholic church.

When I came, I had found myself not ready. The chief trouble with me was, I felt by the act I should largely lose my old friends. They were all so attentive to me, it did not seem possible for me to do anything that would cut them off from me.

I understood, by their extra attention, that they were afraid my Catholic children might draw me to them, and they were seeking by it to bind me to them. I was not displeased with it. It was always natural in me to like attention. I do not know who does not ; though it is more so in some than in others—a great deal more so, I think. Sometimes, they (not all of them, but some of them) displeased me by saying ugly things about the Catholics to me. I have two near neighbors that used to do this—say awful ugly things. I did not think it was being polite to me, who had two Catholic chil-

dren ; but I saw by it what I should have to meet, and I shrank very much from it.

I had always lived in society so much, how could I do without it ; so, when Caro asked me one day to go up to some little devotion that she and DeWitt were going to have in their room—it was one stormy Sunday, when she and I did not go out to church—I refused. She alluded to my promise. I said, Caro, do not ever ask me again. I have made up my mind that I can never and shall never do anything about it. She went back to the chamber alone. She did not answer me. I was rather sorry, then, that I had not at least gone up. The more I reflected on it, I thought that she was offended with me, and felt that I had deceived her. She never spoke to me about it afterwards, and I concluded that she was offended with me, and I told my friends so, some of whom, at least, were not backward to encourage me in my belief.

A coldness seemed to grow between us. I fretted over it, but she never spoke to me again on the subject of religion. I was not satisfied at all that she took me so at my word ; but I would not make any advances ; the coldness only seemed to increase, little by little ; though I could never bear to have her away from me as she used sometimes to be to visit and several winters to stay with her husband in Washington. She was very pleasing and talented, and I think a very good and thorough Catholic. She could do almost everything a little better than anybody else ; and I was always very proud and fond of her, as I had never had any daughter. I was pleased when DeWitt was married with some one to call daughter. She seemed

more reserved ever after. It pained me. She had always been very affectionate to me. I missed it very much and laid considerable blame upon her, for which I have since been sorry, especially since she died; and the longer I live, the more so.

The Winter before she died, DeWitt had a hand and finger that troubled him very much. The physicians could not help it. They could only allay the pain for a time by injecting morphine into the veins. For months he was in such agony at night with that hand he would walk the floor for hours.

When it was at its worst, he would not go to his chamber, but spend the night in my sitting-room on the sofa and on the floor. My room was off from the sitting-room, and I would hear him walking the floor for hours. It got well of a sudden. He said, when inquired about it, or when any of his friends did, "the Blessed Mother has cured it for me." It is certain, he suffered long and severely with it, and it was suddenly well; and he seemed to have got with it a great increase of faith for himself and a zeal for my conversion. And when he got to Washington—he was on his way there when all the pain left his hand in one night, and it was very bad when he started—he wrote me and I was surprised with the ardor he showed for his religion in his letter. I was delighted to see him in so good a way. I wanted my child to be good and a most sincere Christian whether I was or not.

I wrote him so, and his zeal only overflowed for me. He had never written me such letters before, as all that Winter and Spring before Caro died, and they moved me very much.



It affected me the more, as he had generally left the field himself to Caro to occupy, or at least mostly had, for a long time. I began to reflect that I had no such zeal for my religion as he manifested for his, and that I never had. I wished I could have, but I certainly had not, and knew no way to get it. I regretted now very deeply that I had ever united with a church here after coming from Shelburne especially that I had taken the last step to remove from the Methodist into the Congregational church. I said, I ought at least to have staid with the Methodists where I was, till I went into the Catholic church, if I were going in. I feared what the people might say about my belonging to so many churches, I could not come to any rest or decision, till shocked and thoroughly pained by Caro's sudden death.

When I looked on her dead and remembered my old promise and encouragement to her—when I saw DeWitt's great sorrow for the death of his wife and thought how it would help comfort him, my heart inclined to make the sacrifice.

Very soon after the funeral, I opened the subject with him. I did it so early to hasten to console him; and also because I was afraid of myself, lest I might not do it if I put it off. I told him as we were now but two, but two of us left, and that as I knew he could never believe the Protestant religion and come to me, and I could believe the Catholic religion—“and come to me mother,” he joyfully ended it, “you will?” I said yes; for it seems a pity when there are but two of us that we should be divided.

I wanted to impress him a little that it was for *his sake* I came. "Of course I should not have united with the Catholic church if I had not believed in it. What do you suppose, you goose?" This was to a little inquiry of mine upon the above and the dissent that it left a wrong impression. "If he didn't find any fault with it, you needn't." He said: "Lay it all to me, mother, I do not care to what you lay it to, and you only come. I am only proud of the honor." And he never blamed me for doing it, and always seemed proud of having it said. There was another reason I had, too, in my own heart, and that influenced me a good deal. I had a strong love for the world, and only for the world. I knew I loved society, pleasant worldly society, too much; that with my family cares it engrossed all my time, and all my thoughts. I felt that I was growing old, and ought to have a little preparatory time, that I needed it before I went to another world, and I did not see any way that I could get it if I remained where I was and as I was. I reflected that if I united with the Catholic church, I should probably be left more to myself, and have more time for reflection, and that some of this love of the world would die out if I was severed more from it. And that was one great thing that I became a Catholic for, to get rid of the world more, and to have a time for preparation. I did not want to die so worldly, and I was fully convinced I should never be any better where I was, that was the reason at the bottom of my heart. Caro died, the 23d of May, and I was baptized the 4th of June. I did not wish to wait when I had decided to take the step, lest I should lose the grace of the sacrifice

I shrank from going to the church to be baptized. It seemed to me the people would be all staring at me, but I supposed at first I would have to. DeWitt said there was no need of my going to the church; the baptism was for me alone. I was very glad to be spared this, as I was a great coward.

The morning I was baptized, DeWitt got a carriage and I went with him for Mrs. Hoyt. I wanted her for my sponsor. I was baptized, and made my first communion three days after; and I think I should have got along very well, after a little, if I had not had such a great trial come upon me, and if I had not been such a coward. But I dreaded to have it known and talked about so much; and all I dreaded came true, and more.

I had been but four days a Catholic, when Sophia came to spend the Summer with me. [Her niece, Mrs. Freeman.] I knew how she hated Catholics; what a bitter sectarian she always was. My heart leaped both with joy and with fear when she came. It had been a long time since I had seen her, and I had always loved Sophia very much, and had been very tender of her for her dead mother's sake; though Sophia was more like her father than my side of the house, I always thought. But she had lived with me much, and had always seemed near to me, and she had always seemed to think a great deal of me. I told Malinda [Miss M. M. Colbath, who was with her at this time] not to tell her. I thought I would break it as carefully as I could to her, at first, but Malinda said something before two hours that Soffie took the hint from, and burst out: "Oh, Aunt, you ain't a

Catholic !” I said : “Yes, I am, Soffie.” She laid it straight all on to DeWitt, and to soothe her I let it go so. I knew DeWitt would not care, and if he did he was able to defend himself, but I knew he wouldn’t. Nothing ever softened her so much, or any of my friends, as when they put it on to him, for me to let it rest there. Soffie was terribly enraged with DeWitt, and determined at once to break it up. She did not say anything to DeWitt about it—she knew better: but she set herself at once at work to get me back again into the Congregational church. She only talked with me herself, at first, and then she went out and enlisted others, as far as she could, to come in and help her—to call on me and to speak to me about it, and urge it, as far as they might be able, with me.

I told her from the first, and last, however unhappy I might be made, I should never change back.

She made a great deal of unhappiness for me that Summer, trying to turn me back herself, and inducing others to come in to try.

I was so distracted by her, I was not able to make any Christian progress, or take any rest. All that I could do was to stand and fight. I was determined only on one thing, *never to go back!*

But I was so stirred up, and was so watched, I shrank from making any further religious efforts while she was with me, only to go to church occasionally, when I felt able, and had anybody to go with me. It was hard for me to go alone, and not know any one, hardly, there, and at my time of life. I always went when DeWitt was here to go with me, as he

was part of the time—yes, the most of the time. But he went away some, and then Soffie would pitch in to make me go with her. I have known her to stand half an hour after she had tied her bonnet-strings, and urge and tease me to go with her. She said it was all folly, its being against the rule of any church; and she seemed so determined to carry this point, that, thinking it could not hurt me, that I should never believe any different for it, if I did go, I went and asked the Bishop if I could not go with Sophia while she was here. I told him how she urged me, and would not go with me to church.

The Bishop said he could not give me that leave, that he thought I better go to my own church. This enraged Soffie more than ever. She railed about the bishops and priests and DeWitt, and all Catholics. DeWitt, when he went away, asked the Misses Hoyt to call and go to church with me, and they did, several times. Mrs. Hoyt never called to see me but once that Summer. I felt hurt that she came no more, for I thought that she would come in often after I became a Catholic.

DeWitt excused it in her, by saying that she had a large family, seldom went from home, and that she knew I had my niece with me, and Malinda and him, the most of the time. I was dissatisfied with it, but I did not wonder. Soffie hated to see any of my Catholic friends come in so bad, and always contrived in some way to make it so disagreeable for them and for me, that I was not surprised that she or any of the others should avoid it. And then she made it so disagreeable for me,

after any of them had called on me and left, by her remarks upon them and upon all Catholics and my religion, that I was twice afflicted. I wanted to see them—it only made me want to—all the time, and yet, almost dreaded to see one come into the house. I was especially afraid to see a Priest come in, or any of the Sisters, as they were her especial aversion. I almost felt like running, myself, if I saw one come on to the piazza, as she did invariably see them, and looking through the windows: "There is one of those priests;" "there is one of those nuns," she would say, "I don't want to see them!" and in disgust and displeasure would quit the room.

I have sent for her to come in and be introduced to the Sisters, but she would not.

She staid with me four months, and made me perfectly wretched, but I never went to church with her. I told her I should not disobey the Bishop, *and she would not go with me to my church, when there was no law in her church against it*, and as I was the oldest, and she my guest and niece, I did not think I should go with her. I believe at last I wouldn't if the Bishop had permitted.

Soffie at length decided, about the time that DeWitt must return to Washington, to go to her sister Evelyn, in Buffalo. Her sister has no children and is wealthy. There were only two of them, sisters. They had two mothers, but one father. There are also several half-brothers, all well-off.

I longed to be rid of the persecution I was undergoing in my own house, but I shrank very much from being left alone for the Winter. At my time of life, with only a servant

girl, with my bronchial difficulty which had afflicted me Winters for a number of years, it looked very disheartening to me ; and rather than be left alone, and hoping I might yet make Soffie more mild to me, and unwilling to give her up so, in such a state toward me, I told her how lonesome I would be, and begged her to stay with me. At first, I only invited her, at last, I implored her ; but she would not agree, unless I would promise to go back to the Congregational church. I would not be bought. I told her, I could not change, but begged her to stay. I did not ask her to change for me.

She said Evelyn could make her much more comfortable than I could, and that it was her duty and her privilege to go where she could have the most done for her. I thought this very hard in her, after all that I had done for her for years.

In her young days, I had taken her in, because she could not live with her step-mother, at the solicitation of her father, who came to me and besought me to ; and for nine years I had furnished her a home, helped to dress her and took her into company. I felt doubly hurt that when notwithstanding all her violent treatment to me, on account of my religion, I had implored her to stay with me, for Caro was dead, that she should thus refuse me. She did not seem to think herself under the least obligations to me. I knew that she was always very high-toned. I never saw any one but her, who could so demand everything they wanted of their relations, as their right, as she always could ; but this was a little more than I had ever looked for, and it touched me to the quick, and pained me excessively. I urged her, but she was as



hard as a stone. Go she would. I asked her to write often, and let me know how she was. She has only written to me once, when I sent her a little box of ribbons and laces that had been Caro's, as she had expressed a great desire for some of Caro's things,—and such a short and curt note! But, I had given her up before. I gave her up that fall after Caro died, when she left me. I said to her when she said to me Evelyn would do more for her than I could, and made that as a reason for going, if you will stay, Soffie, you shall have a home with me as long as I live, and I will do all I can for you; but DeWitt was not dead then, and as she did not see anything to stay for, she would not stay for me; would not consent to, unless I would promise to leave the Catholic church. I said, It doesn't seem that I could give you up, Soffie, but then if that is your condition, you must go; and she went without any softening toward me. Soffie might have been where you are now," said she, addressing me, "had she not left me then; but when she left me then, I gave her up. And a good Providence sent you to me. I have always called it such. I have always told you so, and all my friends, the same; that you were a perfect God-send to me. I have always felt and openly manifested my preference for you, and it is that which makes all my friends so jealous of you. I have told them that you came to me at Christmas, and that you were the best Christmas gift I ever had; and lastly I wish to record it here, and to call you my Christmas gift from God, for which I have always thanked God.

Our dear mother, here she declined to say more—simply adding: “I have no more to say, myself. The rest—what may be proper to say—I leave to you, whom I would rather have write it than any other one.”

Our dear mother, she left it to be concluded by us. But I will not give the dear and touching account—those last eight years of her life—until I have brought down the life of the General and his wife to this time. We will briefly remark if there are any parts of the narrations of Mrs. Meech we would under other circumstances than these by which we are surrounded, feel, perhaps, at liberty to restrict a little, or more at liberty to do so, it would be some of her piquent remarks about the Methodists, a large and respectable denomination, against whom we feel no personal ill-will. But do not think it well under the existing state of things to make any omissions in the dictated narrations. To her if any extenuation be called for, it is a considerable one, that her ever being a Methodist was rather a compulsory thing to her. But as to her charity—personal, individual charity, charity toward all her separated brethren, of every Christian persuasion—I never saw it greater in any individual than in her. Her faith in the good faith of others was always large. In their innocent, “invincible ignorance,” as her excuses for them always rendered it.

She spread the full mantle of Christian benevolence over all the religious prejudices of others, most handsomely, and if the same charitable return was ever due to any one, it is from others to her.

## POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE OF 1848 AND 1849.

IN RELATION TO HIS OBTAINING THE OFFICE AND SITUATION OF  
EXECUTIVE CLERK OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Of these letters, which we will give as they were received, in order of date, Governor Paine first writes :

NORTHFIELD, Dec. 16, 1848.

DEAR GEN :—I have yours about the Clerkship. I would try it, and get it. I am ready to do what I can. The best way for that, is for you to come here, and tell me what to do, and how to do it—write. The next best way is to write me what to do—but come. My wits are in this railroad so much that it takes me sometime to concentrate them upon important matters elsewhere.

I can do it yet, if I try ; but if I can find some other persons to use (and certainly, if better,) I do so, I sponge.

I shall go to Washington in Feb'y—is that too late ? I will sign all the letters you will write, or will write them, if I needs must.

I have a sister in Burlington. Give my love to her, and to your wife.

I may go to Boston the last of next week—have got news from there. Truly,

CHARLES PAINE.

Senator Foote writes :

RUTLAND, December 13th, 1848.

DEAR CLARKE :—Your confidential letter of the 11th inst., came duly to hand. I will most cheerfully do anything in my power to aid you in attaining the object of your solicitation. The claims of Vermont are undeniable ; but whether she will receive any other more substantial than words kindly spoken, remains to be seen. Your personal claims in consideration of your efficient services in the late canvass, in addition to long experience in the peculiar duties of a clerk, and to present qualifications of the highest order, must be conceded. There will be one, and I might say, only one, obstacle in your way. I name it that you may weigh it, and learn from Mr. Marsh and other friends whether it will be likely to be an insuperable one or not. Mr Winthrop, I take it for granted, will be selected to the speakership. In that event, the House, I fear, will hardly consent that its two chief officers, speaker and clerk, shall both be taken from New England.

I know full well, that mere locality is entitled to little consideration in the selections of their officers, but I know too, at the same time, that it has a controlling influence there. You will find this the only serious impediment in your way. And I do not mean to say but this may be overcome. The present clerk will not be continued. He proves to be a failure. The South and West will have abundance of candidates, some fit, and many unfit, for the place, and their claims will be pressed against any candidate from New England, on the ground that we already have the Speaker, and however little

importance we way attach to such a consideration, it will, nevertheless, be urged with effect. I have witnessed it too often to be mistaken about it.

But should a new Speaker be selected, and from the South or West, I would warrant your success for the smallest premium imaginable.

At all events, I hope you will go to Washington this Winter. You will find it agreeable to be there on many accounts; you will like to make the acquaintance of "old Zack," and many others there. I shall be most happy to commend your claims and qualifications to any of my friends among the members. The game is worth an effort. You *may* succeed. *I know you ought to have it.* And I am with you for one in the name of Vermont, to insist *that you shall have it.*

I am yet undetermined whether or not to go to Washington. If I go, it will be mostly to try to help some of my friends a little; as I expect nothing and ask nothing for myself. If it shall be in my way to do anything under God's heaven's for you, Clark, it is always at your command. Major Hodges will commend your application, *so will any Whig in Vermont.*

Ever truly yours,

SOLOMON FOOTÉ.

The kindly millionaire, of Boston, writes:

BOSTON, Dec. 18th, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your favor of the 11th, and in reply beg leave to state that I am entirely uncommitted in regard to anything connected with the forthcoming Administration of the general Government. I have not the slightest

knowledge of the expectations of the present incumbent of the office you have mentioned, nor of the wishes of those gentlemen through whose influence he was placed there. Yet I am quite ready to do anything in my power to serve you; and, in case you call upon me, on your way to Washington, I should be happy to furnish you with letters to the leading men of the House of Representatives. I think you can better ascertain your chances of success in Washington, than anywhere this side of it.

Your own and other delegations from New England would have great influence, and with that of New York, would, doubtless, settle the question. I should be very happy to see you, and remain,

Very respectfully yours,

ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

To Gen. D.W.C. Clarke, Burlington.

Senator Solomon Foote writes again :

RUTLAND, December 24, 1848.

DEAR CLARKE :—It will be of the first importance to you to secure the aid of a few leading gentlemen, members of the House, from the South and West. Senators can do but little comparatively in reference to this appointment.

I will with pleasure, write to a few personal friends there, such as Toombs and Stephens, of Georgia, Barringer and Clerigman, of North Carolina, Booth and Pendleton, of Virginia, Gentry and Crozier, of Tennessee, Vinton and Schenck, of Ohio, and C. R. Smith, of Indiana. If you can secure the aid of these, or one-half of them, the thing is settled.

There is no obstacle in your way, but the one I suggested, and that not an insurmountable one.

In the distribution of the party patronage, I trust that Vermont, the truest, firmest, most steadfast Whig State in the Union, is not to be entirely overlooked; that it will at least be allowed the clerkship, if it asks for it, and presents a candidate worthy and fit for the place. I have not seen Judge Follett, but you will do well to get the recommendation of the electors, the State committee, all the Whigs of the present State Senate, if not too much trouble; all our Whig members of Congress, our Government and State officers generally; and I feel quite confident such an application, backed in such a way, cannot be resisted.

I shall go to Washington if I possibly can leave home, and if I go, it will be mainly for the purpose of insisting that Vermont shall have some notice, that she shall have somewhat of her due.

We have stronger claims than any other State in the Union, and they must be regarded.

Yours truly,

S. FOOTE.

Governor Coolidge writes :

WINDSOR, Dec. 30, 1848.

D. W. C. CLARKE, ESQ. :—

DEAR SIR :—Having heard that you will be presented to the House of Representatives, in the next Congress, as a candidate for the office of Clerk of that body, and most cordially concurring with your other friends in the wish that the



endeavors made to place you in that position may prove successful, I take pleasure in proffering the contribution to that object of such aid as may be derived from any declaration of mine in your favor.

I have known you for some years, as Secretary of the Senate of this State, and have had ample means of learning your qualities and your qualifications, through the daily personal and official intercourse maintained by us during the sessions of our Legislature. For talents, taste, energy and address, in executing the duties of that office, you are, in my view, entitled to high estimation, and as well in respect of many other grounds of commendation (to mention which, here, might savor of adulation), as of those above-mentioned. I deem you eminently fitted to perform the services of the station proposed for you, with honor to yourself and satisfaction to the public.

It is almost superfluous to remark, that this paper is designedly written for exhibition as a testimonial. Should you desire to use it as such, you are at full liberty to do so. I add that any further aid in my power to render, in respect of your attainment to the office in question, is at your command.

With much regard, I am,

Your obedient servant,

CARLOS COOLIDGE.

MR. CLARKE :—

DEAR SIR :—I have held back the accompanying letter for a couple of days, by reason of vexatious doubts and fears concerning its acceptableness or sufficiency. Indeed,

I am not *au fait* in this branch of social diplomacy. My wish is to *serve* you ; therefore, I frankly say, if you have the least preference for a different form, or if you prefer that it bear relation to the third personal pronoun, instead of the second, just let me know it. In this thing there is no *caput*. Our good President-elect makes no Clerks for the house. So I write to *you*, and it now seems quite as well to be thus addressed. I assumed you didn't want a schoolmaster's recommendation,

Moreover, I have been already embarrassed by one application (for another office), for a letter to Gen. Taylor. On consideration I decided that I would not, in any case, address the old gentleman, or any other functionary, in the way of beseeching, on the ground that I might be justly charged with availing myself of some (possible) *official* influence, and thereby become obnoxious. Perhaps my notion is fastidious—you will judge—and I know you will judge in kindness.

Have no reserve. Tell me if I can improve the letter, missive, and wherein, and I'll try again.

Truly yours,

C. C.

TO THE WHIG DELEGATION IN CONGRESS FROM THE STATE OF VERMONT :—

The undersigned, embracing all the Whig members of the Senate of the State of Vermont, respectfully recommend their present Secretary, General D. W. C. Clarke, of Burlington, as a person eminently qualified to fill the office of Clerk of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

General Clarke has, for the past nine years, filled the office of Secretary of the Senate of Vermont, and has, during the entire period, discharged its duties in such a manner as to merit and meet, without exception, the unqualified approbation of every Senator. We feel warranted, indeed, in saying that his ability and fidelity as a recording officer of a legislative body, and his intimate and thorough acquaintance with parliamentary forms and usages, have rarely, if ever, been surpassed.

The grounds, on which we urge the appointment of General Clarke, are, first his entire competency for the post in question, and, secondly, we present him as the candidate of Vermont; the only State in the Union that has never faltered in her Whig faith, and never had an office of any magnitude of the General Government. Contented with the credit of never having been successfully assailed in a single department of her government by her political opponents, she has not sought to enhance her fame by knocking for place or patronage at the doors of the national capitol. She now presents, for the first time, and with entire unanimity, one of her citizens, and earnestly but respectfully urges his appointment with entire confidence that *no Whig* will disregard her claims.

LUCIUS P. BEEMAN,	}	Senators of Franklin Co.
RUFUS HAMILTON,		
J. H. HUBBARD,		

From ex-Governor Royce and Hon. Hiland Hall, ex-Member of Congress. The letter written by Gov. Hall :

TO THE WHIG DELEGATION IN CONGRESS, FROM THE STATE OF VERMONT :—

The undersigned, learning that Gen. D. W. C. Clarke, of Burlington, may possibly be a candidate for the office of Clerk of the House of Representatives, in the Congress of the United States, take pleasure in saying that, as an officer of a legislative body, his ability, fidelity and urbanity, and his intimate acquaintance with parliamentary forms and usages are rarely equalled and seldom surpassed.

Gen'l Clark's election to the post of Clerk would afford great satisfaction to the Whigs of Vermont—a State which has never yet faltered in her political faith, and whose sons have never enjoyed offices of magnitude under the general Government.

STEPHEN ROYCE, -

HILAND HALL

Footnote again :

RUTLAND, Jan. 2d, 1849.

DEAR CLARKE :—Since my letter to you, I have received a letter from Mr. Marsh in which he informs me that he is desirous of the mission at Berlin ; or if he cannot obtain that the charge at Rome.....I do not think his appointment will in the least degree, interfere with or prejudice your application. There are six Cabinet ministers, seven full Foreign ministers, and thirteen half missions or charges, besides that the mission to China and Constantinople, at six thousand dollars each. Vermont is entitled to at least one of these, aside from all considerations connected with the House appointments.

I have no doubt you would find it greatly to your advantage to visit Washington this Winter. A few leading members from different sections of the country will divide the question of the Clerkship.

When a new Clerk is to be elected, there are multitudes of applicants. The respective parties make their next nomination in caucus, as you are aware. The candidates are usually strangers to a large proportion of the members, and he who has the most extensive personal acquaintance, has a decided advantage, as we generally prefer a friend and acquaintance to a stranger. You can, and I know you *would* in a very short time, make many friends who would be of important service to you if not, in fact, ensure the election to you. Besides, I presume most of our boys will be there, such as P. Baxter, A. P. Lyman, and others, who will all take hold in earnest for you. And there is no other way of securing success, in such things but to be in earnest about it.

Ever thine,

SOLOMON FOOTE.

From his cousin, Darwin Finney, in Pennsylvania :

MEADVILLE. Jan'y 2, 1849.

DEAR DEWITT :—I received, a few days since, your letter, enclosing your very “funny record of a funny time.” If the time was as funny as the record, a right jolly old time you must have had of it, a-riding that “ere-jint assembly on a rail.” I have but one exception to take to the record, which is to the term “liquorified !” in the last verse. It is a term, at best, of doubtful import, and never appeared *ad pios usus*,

and in the connection carries the imputation that on the occasion the assembled "wisdom and virtue," of the un-setting star were drunk. Alas! shall it no more be said that the *Star* hath never *paled its ray*? But as a Son of Temperance, and the Star that never sets, I repel the insinuation; and move, the next General Assembly of Wisdom and Virtue, do strike the obnoxious word from the bill.

In your application for the Clerkship, you are right in supposing that I will do anything in my power in furtherence of your claims. I don't know that I can render any very essential assistance, but I may be able to do something. The member from this district, of the present Congress, is a very especial friend and acquaintance of mine, and we "office" together in the study of law. I can, possibly, do something through him. His name is John W. Farrelly. The member elect from this district to the next Congress, I think, is himself a Vermonter. (J. W. Howe.) He is, at least, a New England man. He is also an acquaintance, and a very clever man, and he knows that I contributed not a little to his election last Fall. I have no doubt he would be favorably disposed to your claims. Thaddeus Stevens, the member elect from Lancaster county, the "old guard"—Old Thad, the terror of locofocoism, and one of Pennsylvania's best orators and statesmen—he, too, is a Vermonter by birth, and has a New England home, and a New England heart. If he can be got to go for you, he is a host in himself, and the balance of the Pa. members will carly come in. I am not personally acquainted with him, but I have no doubt he would take

especial pleasure in doing honor to the State of his nativity. I would take the liberty of writing him for you by virtue of the interest of a common nativity, and that affection which all Vermonters bear to the Fatherland. I would push the matter if I were you, by all means. With the influence such as you mention, you cannot fail of success in the Clerkship, or something better. I will enter you, and do anything you may suggest or think proper, that is in my power. I will write to Farrelly about you. If you go on in Feb'y, let me know.

Give my love to Caro, and the folks at Shelburne, when you see them next.

Yours, affectionately,

D. A. FINNEY.

The letter addressed to whom it may concern :

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

Having, for three years acted as President of the Senate of this State, while D. W. C. Clarke, Esq., was officiating as Secretary of that body, I had ample opportunity to become acquainted with his capabilities, skill and fidelity in the performance of Clerkship duties. And I am prepared to say that to my view, his correct scholarship, and his literary taste, his knowledge of parliamentary methods of business and just appreciation of the duties and proprieties of the office which he held, together with his fidelity, promptness, and general aptitude for the business of a recording officer, evinced in the uniform accuracy and neatness of his records, presented such a combination of qualifications for the place he filled, as is rarely *equalled*, and scarcely *could* be *surpassed*.



In short, I can say *freely* and *strongly*, that I believe it would be difficult to find a man whose past could give a better guarantee that he was "capable," and would be "faithful," in discharging the duties of any trust similar to that which he has held in this State for the last eight or nine years.

HORACE EATON.

Enosburgh, Vt., Jan. 4th, 1849.

From Hon. Erastus Fairbanks :

ST. JOHNSBURY, Jan. 13, 1849.

D. W. C. CLARKE, Esq.;—

DEAR SIR :—I am this day in receipt of your favor of the 11th, and in accordance with your request, have addressed a letter to Mr. Stevens. I have felt much pleasure in saying to Mr. Stevens that Gen. Clarke is a gentleman qualified by long experience for the office ; of gentlemanly appearance, good address, and possessing a *heavy voice*. . . . .

I may be at Burlington next week, and if so, shall meet you. Meantime, believe me

Truly yours,

E FAIRBANKS.

P. S.:— Address Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens to Governor Fairbanks :

LANCASTER, Jan. 20th., 1849.

DEAR SIR :—It will give me great pleasure to aid your friend General Clarke, in the matter you write of, if in my power. With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

THADDEUS STEVENS.

E. Fairbanks Esq.

January 30, 1849.

D. W. C. CLARKE Esq.

DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in sending you this from Mr. Stevens. I think you may rely on the assistance of “old Thad.”

Truly yours,

E. FAIRBANKS.

Ex-Gov. Camp writes :

Hon. William Hebard, William Henry and George P. Marsh, Representatives in the Thirty-first Congress of the United States, from the State of Vermont :

GENTLEMEN :—I deem it a duty, as well as a pleasure to express to you my opinion of the fitness of D. W. C. Clarke, Esq., for the office of Clerk of the House of Representatives. I have enjoyed some favorable opportunities for becoming acquainted with his qualifications. For four sessions I have been present in the Senate of Vermont, when he officiated as Secretary. He is skilled in the art of penmanship, and though sufficiently rapid in manner, does not sacrifice the higher and more useful qualities of legibility and accuracy. His knowledge of parliamentary practice is extensive, and he has an intuitive sagacity, enabling him readily and promptly to apprehend the precise fact to be entered upon the journal, and his cultivated intellect and refined literary taste, secures the best words and the happiest manner of accomplishing the work.

I know very well that the office of Clerk of the House

of Representatives of the United States differs in many respects from that of Secretary of the Vermont Senate. To the former appertain many duties and responsibilities unknown to the latter ; yet the general resemblance is such, when the facilities for discharging their several and respective duties are considered, that we readily arrive at the conclusion that he who has succeeded in one will not be likely to fail in the other.

I need not refer to Mr. Clarke's familiarity with the political topics of the day, and the principles of our Government, his acquaintance with general, scientific and political literature, or his interesting companionable qualities, as these can hardly have escaped your observation. Though they are not necessary to the office in question, yet they will not be overlooked in the choice of one with whom we are to be placed in the relation of an associate and fellow-laborer in the arduous duties of legislation.

With much respect, I am, gentlemen,

Your obliged friend, and very humble servant,

D. M. CAMP.

Derby, January, 1849.

Letters from Senator Collamer, Hebard of Chelsea, Keyes of Highgate, Marcy of Bennington, Vermont Electoral College, prominent citizens of Vermont, etc., etc., follow, for which we have not the space now.

## THE WILL OF MRS. LYDIA C. MEECH

Was made four years before her death and some two years before the time she gave the narrations in this volume. This will, Mrs. Meech made according to mutual views and wishes of herself and her son, who was her only lineal heir. To the heirs of Judge Meech, there could be no reversion from her estate, as she had been given an annuity. It would only have gone, had there been no will (or in event of breaking the will), to the collaterals on Mrs. Meech's side, to be divided among some twenty claimants. Of these, after Mrs. Freeman, who claims to be one branch, there are two chief branches: the Finney branch, the children of her brother Levi, and the Jackson branch, the children of her sister; as to the Finney branch, Levi, her brother, had succeeded to the old Finney stand after the death of his father. From the considerable estate left by her father, Mrs. Meech has often pointed out to me the single thing she received, a looking-glass, cost \$10, which Levi gave to her, hearing she complained of not having had any of her father's property. William H. Barker, who married Caroline, daughter of Levi, owned the old tavern-house and farm at Shrewsbury, and Mrs. Meech to the last year of her life said that Barker and his family had property in that old homestead that belonged to her. The Jackson branch: Levi Jackson, living in Canada, not with his lawful wife, she did not wish any of her property, to go

to him. Two others of this family of her sister Jackson had died, leaving no children, large estates and wills, without any bequest to her. When she had asked one or two of these contestors of her will, twice at least, for some little keepsake, only, from her dead niece's (their sister's) parlor mantle-piece or table, she had been both times told "there was nothing left."

By the sole suggestion and invitation of Mrs. Meech, I first came to her house, where I paid my board till after the death of her son. The General, who was at Washington, was not consulted about it, or any of her neighbors. She was a woman who preferred to hold her place at the helm of her own household, and so did till about the last year of her life. Physically and mentally she was younger by ten years than any other woman I ever saw. I came but for the Winter, thinking to go in May to a situation offered in Indiana. The eight years I lived with Mrs. Meech, little by little I devoted to her my time ; my first thought was for her, and at length my most assiduous whole care. From the first she determined, I am fully persuaded, to detain me if possible with her the remainder of her life, and regarded and treated me as her child. I had buried my own mother but a short time before I came to her. She put her arms around me and took her place. She said of herself she did, and I felt it ; and she became dear as almost my own mother to me ; and when her only son and heir died, and she made her will in the second month after, she simply sustained the position she had taken with and toward me. She never asked my opinion as

to how or when it better be done, or who should do it; she did not inform me that she thought to make it the day that she did, and took the occasion to do so when she had arranged to have me out of the house on other business for her—the adjustment of her son's estate matters with the administrator during the evening. I never asked Mrs. Meech for a dollar from her purse while I lived with her; and never had one. I loaned her money almost continuously after her son's death, paid taxes for her, etc. I would not infer that I did not expect Mrs. Meech would do something for me. I had reason, as Judge Pierpoint said in our court, to expect that Mrs. Meech would do something for me, and something handsome, I knew that she loved me better than any one beside, that she had elected me to stay with her till the close of her life; and that she looked forward to a good old age; her mother having, as she often remarked, lived to see ninety years; and I never made any doubt but that she would do something that she at least would feel was generous, but what it was, I never knew till the will was probated. Her predilection the first day we visited together drew me to her—rare and beautiful old lady—and when she had got me into her home she held me so jealously, the warmth of her partiality ripened my affections very ripe for her. Most certainly from the day the General died, who made me promise before he died that I would never leave his mother, when she was thus left in her old age so desolate, the sacred, precious attachment but deepened between us, and neither of us would from that day have consented to separation during her life.

September 29th, 1874, she died. The evening before a message was brought me, from Mr. Phelps who had her will—the most eminent lawyer in our City and in the State—for me to let him know when she died. I was so overborne, I did not remember to notify Mr. Phelps till the seventh day after.

When he called, he simply told me I was largely interested in the will, he was the lawyer of the will, and I was the executrix, and that it was my moral and legal duty to see that it was carried out. As soon as the will was filed it was contested. Ezra Meech, that step-son, who had so much to do in defrauding her of her widow's rights, headed the contestors. To the honor of Edgar Meech, the younger son of Judge Meech, he and his family come into court to sustain the will.

In a word, Ezra Meech and wife had been at animosity with Mrs. Meech for more than forty years; their children were born and bred up in it. Edgar Meech and wife, to our knowledge, for eight years before Mrs. Meech's death, visited at the house with the frequency and cordiality that might be claimed and expected at a mother's house. The shadow of Ezra Meech never fell on his step-mother's floor but twice in those last eight years—once long enough for a dinner, ready when he entered (brought by compulsion in by the General), but not long enough to sit for three minutes, or one, with his step-mother, after dinner, when urged. The second time—the Winter after the death of the General—being at the door with a sleigh for his wife and daughter, who had called, Mrs. Meech, asking why Ezra did not come in, and sending his wife out for him, his wife, returning with his excuse, Mrs.



Meech, not fancying to be refused, sent out for him the second time; the second time refused, she sent the third time, when he was at length brought in by his wife, but declined a seat; nervously walked the room, possibly two minutes, eyeing her sharply; passed out, and never entered within her doors again—she lived over three years after—till he came the day of the funeral, as it seemed, to certify himself she was dead, and to look immediately after the will. No sooner was he gone that time brought in by his wife, than Mrs. Meech said: “He looked at me with the eyes of a lynx. He was looking to see how much longer I would live. What have I ever done to Ezra that he should look at me so?”

Mrs. Ezra Meech came oftener. Her calls, or short visits, averaged once a year; those of a part of her children, about the same. Whenever any of them called and went out, we felt as if an inspector of police had been in.

The contest is brought on the grounds of incompetency to make a will and undue influence—the undue influence aiming only at me. This is no place to review our contestant testimony. It is too long a ring to uncoil now.

If we were to put our pen into a little ink and move it over a few sheets of paper, we could give a pretty clear elucidation of the testimony of every one of that collateral coil—to a dot—the exaggerations, additions and suppressions. The will passed through Probate Court, safe, honored, sustained. It has met two trials in the County Court, of ten and twelve days, growing stronger in the last, in the court-room opinion and in the public opinion.

All testimony brought on the point of undue influence was cast out at each trial by the Judge, the Assistant Judges concurring, before the case was sent to the jury. The ruling of the court was strong for us both times. The contestants brought (in the first trial) sixteen witnesses, thirteen of whom were claimants, five belonging to the family of Ezra Meech—all Protestants against a Catholic will; we had twenty witnesses for the will; including the family physician, a Protestant; of the two Meech families, one, that of Edgar; and as many Protestant witnesses as Catholics; and not one of the twenty a claimant. And what did the will give us? Her homestead in Burlington, house and grounds (only put by the assessors at \$12,000, four years since, landed property having depreciated a third or more since) and what was in the house—total. She had nothing more to give. What one would hardly regard too much, as a simple remuneration for eight of the best professional years of life, or twelve if we add the four years already consumed, as the executrix of the will in defending it. The property the will gives to us unrestrictedly to the last dollar during life; but in case of our death, her church is the successor to whatever, if anything, may be left; and that is what the lawyer of the contestors puts his lever against—that Catholic church, the possibility it may receive some little benefit from this will by and by. The Bishop and the church have not advanced any claims in the court, or paid one dollar for its defence. I have paid the taxes and taken care of it these four years past, pretty much, one would think, as I should if it were on both sides, that of

myself and that of the church, regarded as mine. I don't believe the Bishop thinks if I win at the next trial, that after paying the debts of the estate, and our lawyers there would be enough worldly goods left to be dangerous to my soul.

At our first trial, the first day, our most cautious lawyer said to me: "I don't like the looks of the jury;" "an awful weak looking jury; and almost all young men who never sat on a case before." He was right; they were captured right up by the foxy flattery of the contestors lawyer. He made himself a "boy" with them, and swooped "the boys" up with him. They went nine against to three for the will. At the last trial the jury were more solid men: the mighty master of surmise with all his scrupulous or unscrupulous indefatigableness, before or during the Sunday adjournment, won but three men. The jury stood nine for the will.

I record with pleasure, I am informed, that the nine jurymen, who stood for the will, were not only good, substantial men, but were all members of the Congregational church, while the three who voted like "*foreigners*" had never been christianized by membership with any church. Could this will be tried by a vote of the citizens of this city, county, or State, I would trust to the law-abiding instincts of the people.

Said a prominent Methodist gentleman of this city, before our last trial: "I would rather see every dollar of that property thrown into the fire than a dollar of it go to the Catholic church; but I would rather give three hundred dollars in gold than to see that will broken—the statute succumb—the dig-

nity and strength of the law in Vermont broken down. I may want to make a will, by and by."

We would not have chosen this bitter contest, but, blessings on her beautiful memory, her beautiful love, her beautiful justice, who put her will in our hand, we may not know any easy discouragement. Let the giant of dark surmise lead on the darker ring of plotters; let the battle rage in the old court-room! It is the grander day when some thunder-storms journey through the heavens, casting off lightning in their progress. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished;" and the day will come when all this illegal and legal fighting will be at a lasting end. Everlasting rest offers time enough for rest.

We leave the court-room to our lawyers—the able Phelps, the lawyer of the will; the practical Hard, the old lawyer of the house; the careful Shaw; the learned Roberts—they to their profession, and we to ours. While they stand like four pillars in that arena south, north, east, west (Justice has a square platform; we wanted four lawyers, so as to have one at each corner), we may devote ourself a little to our pen, in various ways, as may seem expedient and profitable.

Yes, our Will rests upon the centre of the platform, where the Lady of Equity sits with her scales. Phelps holds the East upon the stage of Justice, where the sun rises; Hard, the strong North—place of the North wind; Shaw, the mild South, come in from gathering testimony, from the gardens of truth; Roberts, the West, pleasant place of the setting sun, after a stormy day. "And that collateral ring?" Occupy a

little pit below the platform—below its lowest base—have never been able to drag that long coil up upon that platform. “And the captain?” He is down there with them. Don’t you see him stirring up his pit continually? “He is the lawyer of the collaterals?” Certain. That name of beauty and bigness I have been jealous to save. “You don’t want to rob the future?” Of such an original jewel? No! He works so hard I am afraid he will get sick, poor man, in trying to strengthen the bad links in that extensive weak chain. I have just a mind to lean a little over that pit for a moment, and whisper to him not to work so hard. “Have a self-care, O indefatigable Captain, this case has several times, you know, made you sick; you may be sicker yet!” At the sound of my voice—look, friends! at the sound of my voice—at just the most artless movement of our pen, how that collateral coil starts up! and there is a sound like the eleven rattles, when surprised in the grass, of some monster rattle-snake. But have a care, O “harpies,” upon the wills of the dead, “*There’s one among ye taking notes, and, faith, he’ll print them!*”

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## THE COMPILER'S LETTER TO HER READERS.

August 24, 1878.

One day, the past month, we decided upon a memorial volume for this dear family. It always seems as if we had had two families. Our father’s, gone now, and this gone now,

ourself left the last member of it in the old house here ; but where the dead who owned it, and lived in it before, wished us to be left. We think of this when we wake at midnight, and are tranquil, and sleep again with the peaceful consciousness it imparts. Should the dead sometimes in spirit walk their old rooms, it is as they desired and still wish. They would only guard us, we know. But for this we could not have lived here the many days and nights we have, alone, since dear Mrs. Meech died.

We entered press with copy for but 56 pages, the first page being printed July 26 ult. It will all be printed in just a month—would be to-day, two days less than the month, but that we must have to-day (Saturday, 24th), to write up this form in, despite the protest of our printers—who must rest over till Monday, 26th.

It is largely a compilation, or it could not have been done, made and printed in a month—though to sort, read, paragraph, select from a thousand letters is no light task—and we mention the brevity of time in which it has been done, as some palliation for any paragraph or letter that might better, perhaps, have been omitted, and might have been, upon more mature reflection.

We regret the break in our compilation here : Our next papers—three to four years in Texas—the pioneer railroad exploring company of Governor Paine and the Clarkes ; two journals, one by Mr. Clarke, from a man's objects and points of view ; one by Mrs. Clarke, from a woman's point of feeling and experience. We had intended, also, to give extracts from his

Washington letters for nine years ; the campaign songs for every president of his party, from Harrison to Grant ; from the many pages of prose and verse of Mrs. Clarke to have plucked an occasional bright or pleasing leaf. But our printers think we can run only this form. We agree with them. Within about three weeks of the doors of the Chittenden County Court with another expected trial of the contested will of Mrs. Meech, it is about time to lay by the pen and prepare for the reception of the common foe of this family, this book and me. After the court, when a happy end may have been reached, or at worst another time of suspension in the will-warfare, we may put the bright and sombre Texan journals in bindings, with the other papers named, and including that period of her life, dear Mrs. Meech left to us to write—that closing eight years ; the part of her life with Miss Hemenway, and of Miss Hemenway's life with her—the four years before her son's death, the four after—that last period of an accumulation of experiences to her, dear old mother, and to the writer ; and to which, should we lack at all for material, might be added any little elucidations of testimony in the public trials of this assaulted will, any "little things *they did not tell,*" it might be preferable or pardonable, we belong so completely to our whole State and people, to Vermonters everywhere, have so belonged for so many years, and may for a time longer, to give a careful and true account of, to be issued in another similar volume, should the reception of this modest volume now given, encourage us to so do.



The friends of Mrs. Meech are mostly in the grave, and many of the friends of General Clarke and wife, also. But if their old Albany, Troy, New York and Boston friends, that yet live, the General's old familiar friends at Montpelier yet left, his Washington friends, and numerous friends among the ever by him ardently-esteemed clergy of the church, of which he rejoiced from the day he entered to that of his death, in being a member of; and lastly, but not least, all his old friends of Burlington, the city of his home and his grave, almost fully, if not equally so, among both Protestants and Catholics; if the fourth of all these, may welcome a memorial, thus of him; our *very limited edition* (we had not the funds to publish a large one now, and this is done, just now, to help along with our court expenses,) *and not stereotyped*, will be soon taken up.

Meantime, any persons holding letters or papers, especially humorous poems of the General, that it would be desirable to include in a secondary volume, are specially invited to send them in to me, or copies of them; I near my limits—*Mes cheres ames, a la' present, adieu.*

MISS HEMENWAY.







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