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HARM JAN HUIDEKOPER





Harm Jan Huilekoper



HARM JAN HUIDEKOPER

BY

NINA MOORE TIFFANY

AND

FRANCIS TIFFANY



CAMBRIDGE

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1904

4.5.

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18148

PREFACE

THE sources of this memoir are mainly family letters and a brief autobiography, supplemented by the files of the "Essayist" and the "Western Messenger." Much, too, has been gleaned from oral tradition concerning a man who is still a vital influence in the community in which he was revered and loved.

Fortunately, the portrayal of character attempted has been aided by the recollections of Mr. Huidekoper's daughter, Miss Elizabeth G. Huidekoper, who was assisted in gathering together the material for the work by her nieces and nephews.

The chapter upon the Holland Land Company has been in great part written by Mr. Francis B. Tiffany, who has shared, as well, in the preparation of the book as a whole.

N. M. T.

F. T.

October, 1904.

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HARM JAN HUIDEKOPER

CHAPTER I

THE HOLLANDER

THE part played by the Dutch in the making of this country has been much dwelt upon of late, and with justice. To trace it along the general lines of the early history of New York and New Jersey, or to pursue the indications of Dutch influence discoverable in the colonizers of New England, is to linger, certainly, in agreeable paths of inquiry. But the most active appeal to the imagination lies, after all, in the individual records of the men who, emigrating from the Netherlands to America, left a definite impress upon the region in which their lots were cast.

A pertinent example of the transplanting from Dutch soil of a man of this stamp is presented in the life of Harm Jan Huidekoper. He stood in western Pennsylvania in the last century as an embodiment of the Dutch sturdiness of nature, Dutch uprightness and ability in financial matters, Dutch cultivation and charm in social intercourse, and, above all, Dutch tenacity in upholding freedom of thought.

True Hollander¹ he showed himself in his power to hold his own in matters of religious belief, and in this he was but treading in the footsteps of his ancestors ; for

¹ Mr. Huidekoper always spoke of himself as a Hollander, though he was, strictly speaking, from Drenthe.

the family name Oldaans is to be found on the roll of the proscribed who were fugitives from the ferocity of Alva ; while the Huidekopers, Protestants also, were among those who stood outside even of the Reformed Church. In Friesland the Huidekopers had pursued their independent way undisturbed by the conflict waged in the Southern provinces, and had chosen for their wives descendants of the refugees who under stress of persecution had taken refuge in free Friesland or in Drenthe.

Friesland had long been a veritable nursery of new sects. Revolt against the Roman Catholic church was earliest successful here, and here flourished after the reformation Baptists and Anabaptists of all ranks and degrees. Here, too, in Harlingen, the native town of Harm Jan Huidekoper's father and of his fathers before him, the gentle Menno Simons taught his enlightened doctrines of peace and the consecrated life.

Menno was educated as a priest, and served the Roman Catholic Church until one terrible day when his witnessing some of the atrocities committed in its name turned him forever against it. Then he took his stand upon a position resembling that of Conrad Grebel of Zurich, but he infused into Grebel's doctrines such new life that his followers became practically a distinct sect among the Baptists, and were known as Mennonites. The teachings of Menno forbade the bearing of arms or the taking of any oath of office. They denounced the union of church and state. They recommended the congregational form of church government, individual study of the Scriptures, and a liberal interpretation of the Bible. Though persecuted both by the Roman Catholics and by the Protestants, the Mennonites grew in numbers, until in 1700 they were estimated at one hundred and

sixty thousand. Gradually the persecutions ceased, and in the end the Mennonites were granted certain rights by the government.

Meanwhile their internal discipline became somewhat relaxed, and as their points of difference from others received less emphasis, the membership fell off, until by 1800 their ranks in Holland were reduced to thirty thousand souls.¹

In Harlingen the Huidekopers² became disciples of Menno. As such they led quiet retired lives, cut off from public offices and emoluments.³

¹ As early as 1623 a Mennonite congregation was gathered at Germantown, Penn., but most of the Mennonites now scattered through the United States have come to us after a sojourn in Russia, whither in 1783 a number of them emigrated. The liberal ideas of the original Dutch Mennonites and their method of investigation visibly influenced Mr. Huidekoper in his search for a consistent form of belief.

² "The name Huidekoper bears inherent evidence of antiquity. In early times the chief means of exchange in agricultural Friesland were cattle and hides. Lands were bought — as well as measured — with hides. In Holland the name Huidekoper, however spelled, signified a buyer of hides, and the arms borne by the founder of the Huydecooper family of Maarseveen show three ox-horns.

"The earliest mention of the name occurs in the year 1500, when Jan van Wieringen, or Jan of Wieringen, an island of Friesland in the Zuyder Zee near Harlingen, took the name of his grandmother Huydecooper, called himself Jan Huydecooper van Wieringen, and founded the family of Maarseveen Huydecoopers, distinguished in the nobility of Holland. The grandmother Huydecooper was a native of Friesland or its islands, where the American family Huidekoper originated." — Family Manuscript.

³ "The Huidekopers were of purely Frisian origin. They were settled for at least several generations in and about Harlingen, and spread thence through Friesland and Drenthe and to Amsterdam. Pieter Huidekoper was Burgomaster of Amsterdam from 1842 to 1849, and others of the name have held public office in the town. In a Dutch biographical dictionary they are designated as the Huidekopers of Amsterdam in contradistinction to the Huydecoopers of Maarseveen and of Zeist.

"The Huidekopers of Friesland were mostly, if not all, Mennonites, a sect resembling the Quakers, and as such refused to bear arms or to take oaths, and were therefore debarred from holding public office or bearing

Mr. Huidekoper's great grandfather, Anne Jans, lived in Harlingen in the middle of the seventeenth century,—a time when the republic was still young.

titles. The Maarseveen Huydecopers were of the established church, and thus were open to both. Whether there was ever any connection between the Frisian and the Maarseveen families is quite unknown. It is possible, but unproven, and if it ever existed must have been in very remote times, as the Huydecopers of Maarseveen were settled in South Holland as early as the sixteenth century, and possessed estates there. Of this better known and titled family may be mentioned Johan Huydecoper, who in the sixteenth century was a man of consideration and distinction, with the title of seigneur, and possessed of a large fortune, a member of the Council and Burgomaster of Amsterdam. His son Joan received in 1637 from Queen Christina of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, a title of nobility and was, as holder of this title, inscribed in the book of Dutch Nobles. He was an eminent personage, was Burgomaster of Amsterdam and later Ambassador to the Court of Charles II of England. In 1656, when Prince William II attempted to reduce the city of Amsterdam, the Burgomaster Huydecoper put the place in a state of defence, and so great was his influence that the Prince withdrew his army in some confusion and humiliation. An old engraving represents him as receiving the thanks of the Burghers of Amsterdam, who presented him with a jewelled chalice, in token of gratitude. He is represented in the great painting by Govert Flinck, in the museum at Amsterdam, with his company of Arquebusiers celebrating the Peace of Munster.

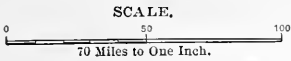
“I am not sure whether Balthazar Huydecoper was a son or grandson of Joan. Born in 1695, he died in 1775. He was the author of many poems and literary works. His annotated edition of the chronicle of Melius Stoke, giving the history of the Dutch Count Flavius V and his successors, is highly esteemed.

“Another Huydecoper I may mention is Theodore Cornelis Renier Huydecoper, a clergyman and preacher, author of many religious treatises. He was especially known for his war against intemperance. His zeal made him many enemies among those addicted to the ‘*petit verre*,’ which was often called a ‘*Huydecoperus*.’

“The name of the Frisian family was in former times sometimes spelled Huydecoper or Huydekoper. One also finds the Maarseveen Huydecopers at times using the *i* and the *k*, as may be seen in the index to Von Vondel's poems, where it is written Huidekoper, while in certain sonnets in the body of the book it is spelled Huydecoper. I have seen both spellings in old engravings, and a book plate of Joan of Maarseveen dated 1661 bears the name spelled Huidekoper.” — Manuscript notes.

4° Longitude 5° East from 6° Greenwich 7°

HOLLAND



Little is known of him save that he married Hinke Pieters Dreijn. The son of Anne Jans, seemingly an only son, who was named Jan Annes, or Jan the son of Anne, was a merchant of Harlingen, and a "bontreeder," that is, a manufacturer of "Friesch bont," a material extensively used for women's aprons. It is recorded that the young Jan Annes made a journey unusual for the stay-at-home Frieslander of those days. In the winter months, when ice made solid footing on the Zuyder Zee, he ventured across the frozen waters, with his father or grandfather, from Harlingen to the opposite outlying lands, which are supposed to have formed in ancient times the entrance of the river Vlie. An interesting token of the widespread love of art, and especially of portraiture, among the Netherlanders may be seen in the portrait of Jan Annes at the age of four years, which now hangs in the house of one of Mr. Huidekoper's grandsons.¹

Jan Annes married in 1725 Fokje Pieters Oldaans,²

¹ Mr. Arthur Clarke Huidekoper of Meadville.

² "Oldaans, Oldaens, or Oudaans — the name is spelled in various ways — comes from *oud*, old, and *aa*, waters (old waters), perhaps from the family seat being near the junction of the Rhine and the Vecht. The family was one of some standing in Friesland, and lived chiefly in Harlingen. There was a tradition that they were of Flemish extraction, and, like the Klaesses, or Claesses, whose descendants also intermarried with the Huidekopers, left Brabant in the sixteenth century for fear of persecution, or at least to enjoy the full freedom of their religion. They were Baptists, and lived only as private citizens. One of them, however, called Pieter Pieters Oldaens, was of another opinion, and held to the Reformed Church principles. This opened to him the way to public office. He lived in the sixteenth century — near the end of it — and was not only Burgo-master of Harlingen, but was one of the nine deputies who, in the time that the diet was not actually sitting, governed the province. His arms may be seen on the front of the immense Athenæum at Franeker, which building he would seem, conjointly with a certain nobleman, to have restored or endowed, or to have superintended the restoration in part. The

the daughter of another Harlingen merchant, Pieter Jans Oldaans, and removed to Berlikum.¹

In Berlikum, probably, was born to Jan Annes another Anne, the father of Harm Jan Huidekoper. Anne Huidekoper married, while yet in Friesland, Hylke Quader. By this first marriage he had two children, Saapke, or Sophia,² and Jan, the elder brother to whom Harm Jan owed his education, his early ideals, and his excellent start in life. Anne Huidekoper's first wife died January 21, 1773, and on the 5th of April, 1775, he married Gesiena Frederica Wolthers, daughter of Harm Jan Wolthers, schout or bailiff of Vries, and Anna Christina Ketel, his wife.

"The village of Vries," says Mr. Huidekoper's granddaughter, who visited it in recent years, "is to-day a peaceful, pretty hamlet of hardly more than twenty houses, standing amid luxuriant fields of grain and groves of noble trees. The village green is shaded by a double row of grand old sycamores which must be several centuries old, and under which many generations of Wolthers may have played. On one side of the green stands the church, a fine old structure, some parts of which date from the twelfth or thirteenth century. The square tower in front is of considerable height, and dominates the country, being seen from a great distance across the level expanse of moor and meadow surrounding Vries for many miles. The choir of the church is higher than the nave, and apparently of older date. Oldaans, like the Huidekopers, had a branch that was noble. Their arms were a red cross on a golden ground." — Manuscript notes.

¹ "A large village standing on fertile soil amid fields of wheat and potatoes and beautiful gardens of fine fruit trees, quite flourishing at that time, and distant about two hours' drive from Harlingen." — Ibid.

² She afterward married Albert Steenberg.



JAN ANNES HUIDEKOPER

Some carved stalls in the choir bear the date of 1650. In the pavement of the choir are the tombs of the Wolthers family.”¹

¹ “The Wolthers family, living for several generations in Vries, have been for a much longer period established at Peize, where the name is found as early as, or even before 1500. They were at one time a family of some distinction in the Province of Drenthe, as, of the twenty-one bailiffs who were placed over that number of sub-districts, eighteen were connected in a more or less close degree with it. They had intermarried in several generations with the Ketels (or Keetels as it is often spelled), the Willinges, and with the Ten Borsch or Ten Berges family, and held office and property in Peize, Eelde, Bunne, and Nijeveen. Harm Jan Wolthers was Schout or Bailiff of Vries, as, I believe, his father was before and his eldest son Lucar (Lucas ?) was after him. The office of Schulte or Schout combined the offices and duties of Justice of the Peace with those of sheriff and register and recorder. The office was generally held for life. Parchment deeds in the handwriting and with the seal attached of Harm Jan Wolthers and also of P. Ketel, Schout of Peize and Eelde, are in the possession of Mrs. Cortazzo.”

“The church and churchyard of Vries occupy one side of the village green ; on the other are a few brick cottages and a larger and finer residence in brick with well laid out garden and fine shade-trees, now occupied by the pastor of the church. At the end of the green, near the church and school-house, is the village inn, with its swinging sign and benches and tables under the old sycamore tree. A few rods down the street at the side of the church stands the old Wolthers house, now pointed out as the ‘Haunted House,’ though for what reason I did not learn, save that the cellars or vaulted basements which appear to be of great antiquity were by village tradition supposed to be haunted. The house stands under magnificent old sycamores, is of brick, with two stories in the middle and wings of one story. It stands back from the street, a brick pavement leading to the front door. A stone near the front door bears the date of 1730, but a part of the house is of a very much older period, and I should judge might date back to 1600. This part, in which is an immense fire-place and chimney, set with pictured tiles, is not now used. Anne Willem Huidekoper speaks of the house as being, even in 1840 or earlier, ‘shorn of its former splendor.’ It was then, as it is now, occupied by a farmer, who lives in the village and goes out to his meadows beyond the village limits. Possibly one part of the house may have been taken down long ago. Certainly at present it bears no marks of any splendor. The gardens or grounds behind the house are now neglected and uncared for, but would seem at one time to have been extensive and well laid out, as there are traces of alleys of trees and possibly fish-ponds. The garden

It was probably in the year 1765 that Anne Huidekoper removed from Berlikum, in Friesland, to the Hooegeveen, in the Province of Drenthe. Thither, after his marriage in 1775, he took his second wife, and there, in a house called Den Klunderenberg and still to be seen on the Schut Canal, their children, Harm Jan, Pieter Ketel, and Henderina Caterina, were born.

The little town of Hooegeveen, or the Hooegeveen, as it is more commonly called, which was founded in 1626 by Baron van Echten (Seigneur or Lord of Echten and of the Hooegeveen), was situated near an extensive peat-bog of about five thousand hectares, and contained in the latter part of the eighteenth century nine hundred houses and forty-five hundred inhabitants. A main canal—the Canal of the Hooegeveen—connected it with Meppel, and lateral canals drained the country and furnished means of communication with other points.

But a description of Drenthe and of Mr. Huidekoper's boyhood, as well as of the unsettled state of Holland which led to his leaving his old home for America, may be given in his own words, for at the request of his sons and daughters he prepared in 1839 a brief autobiography, which will run as a connecting thread through this and the ensuing chapters. It begins as follows:—

slopes to a grove of willows where, I imagined, a little stream might run, but I had not time to verify it. The house now contains, below, two large square rooms, one on either side of the hall, with enormous fire-places and stone caps or canopies coming down over the chimney. At the back of one fire-place is a fine iron plate with a scriptural or other subject in relief upon it. Two finely carved presses in solid wood inlaid with brass stood in one room, from one of which I obtained a good carving of a coat of arms. The present owner was not sure whence these presses had come, but thought one had been in the house when his family purchased it."—
Manuscript notes.



PIETER OLDAENS

I was born on the 3rd April, 1776, at Hogeveen, a large village in the district (Landschap) of Drenthe, forming part of what was then denominated the seven United Provinces; now, the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Drenthe is a poor, heathy district, bounded on the south by the Province of Over Yssel; on the north by the Province of Groningen; on the west by the Province of Vriesland or Friesland, and on the East by Germany. It was associated with the seven united provinces, and had a district government of its own, but was not represented in the General Assembly of the States or Provinces. Its share in the general expenses of the Government of the Union was assessed at one per cent.

My Father was Anne Huidekoper, and my Mother Gesiena Frederica Wolters. The former was born in Friesland, of a Frisian family, and removed to Hogeveen after he had attained the meridian of life, but at what precise time I know not. I think it must have been between the years 1765 and 1773. Of my paternal ancestors I know little or nothing, having never made any particular inquiry about them. From what I recollect hearing from my Father, I infer that they were decent Burghers who lived reputably by the pursuit of some profession or calling. My Grandfather Jan Huidekoper married a Miss Oldaan or Oldaen (I am not certain how the name is spelled). If I mistake not, the coat of arms now used by the Huidekopers was derived from the Oldaan family.¹ Your cousin Albert informed me some

¹ "According to your request," Mr. Huidekoper wrote to his son Fred-eric, "I shall seal this letter with the two seals I received from Holland. The one with the sword and the three crossbows is the one used by the Huidekopers. It was originally the seal of the Oldaans, the family name of my paternal grandmother. The colors (according to Anne Wilhem's description) are as follows: The first part of the shield, on which is the sword with the golden hilt, is to be painted blue. The other side is white, the three crossbows with arrows on them retaining their natural colours, the bow steel, the stock of wood, and the spring steel. The crown I suspect to be a gratuitous addition of the artist."

years ago that this coat of arms was found on one of the escutcheons hung up in one of the churches either in the province of Groningen or East Friesland, and that the family descended from a Jurist who, being a protestant, fled in the sixteenth century from Flanders or Brabant to escape the religious persecutions of that day, and established himself in Friesland. My paternal ancestors, so far as I know, all belonged to the Menonist Society, a sect resembling the Quakers in several respects.

My Grandfather Jan Huidekoper had, if I recollect right, seven children, namely two Sons Anne (my Father) and Pieter; and five daughters, one of whom was married to Albert Scheltinga; a second married to a Mr. Lamsma; a third married to a Mr. Fontein, and two who lived and died single.

My Uncle Pieter (who lived at Harlingen, a seaport in Friesland, and the place of residence of my paternal ancestors) had five children, namely three sons and two daughters. Of the sons, the two eldest named Folkert and Gerlof died unmarried. The third, Jan, now survives, and has a family. One of his daughters is married to your cousin John, who was formerly here.¹ Of the two daughters of Pieter Huidekoper, Anne, the youngest, was married and left a family at her death. I do not recollect the name of her husband.

My Aunt Scheltinga died without leaving issue.

My Aunt Lamsma had three children a son and two daughters. The son and one of the daughters were never married. The other daughter was first married to a physician of the name of Meurs, and after his death to a person whose name I do not recollect. I think she had children.

My Aunt Fontein had at least one son, who was called Peter, and who had a family; but where they live I know not. The Mr. Fontein which Frederic saw² is I

¹ Son of Jan Huidekoper of Amsterdam.

² His son Frederic visited Holland in 1839.

suspect of another branch with whom we are more distantly connected.

The other two sisters of my Father were never married. Their names were Elizabeth and Hincke. Of what name this last is an abbreviation I do not now recollect.

My Mother was born at Vries, a small village in Drenthe situated a few miles south of the city of Groningen. She belonged to one of those old decayed families, so common in many parts of Europe, who occupy a kind of middle rank between the nobility and the mass of the community, and which in England are designated by the name of Gentry. Of my maternal ancestors I know very little. I might have obtained much information in regard to them from my Mother who was well informed on this subject, but this was a matter in which I felt little interest, and I left Europe while young. I merely know that the family must have resided long in Drenthe, and have been of some standing, as of the twenty one Bailiffs who were placed over that number of subdistricts in which Drenthe was divided, eighteen were connected in a more or less distant degree with it.

My Grandfather, Harm Jan Wolters (after whom I was named) was Schout or Bailiff of Vries, as, I believe, his father had been before him and as his eldest son was after him. We have no office in this country precisely analogous to this. It combined the duties originally belonging to the office of Justice of the peace, with those belonging to the Sheriff, the register and the recorder. This office was generally held for life.

My Grandmother's family name was Ketel. Some of her ancestors had devoted themselves to the military service of the country, and, if I recollect right, her father had attained the rank of Major General in the Dutch service. When a boy I met among the papers of an old maternal uncle of my Mother's, with some military reports or memoranda, made about the beginning of the last century, during the wars then carried on by the dutch against Louis XIV of France. If I had them

now, their contents might, even at this day, be interesting.

My Grandfather had five children namely two sons and three daughters. Of the sons, the youngest never was married. The eldest married late in life, but had no children, and, at his death, the family name of Wolters became extinct, at least so far as I know. Of the three daughters one died unmarried. A second was married to a Mr. Groenberg living in Groningen, and had children, but how many I know not. I merely heard that one of her sons went to Surinam and settled there. The third daughter of my Grandfather was my Mother.

My Father was twice married. By his first wife, whom he married while he yet resided in Friesland, but who died after he had removed to Hogeveen, he had two children, a daughter called Saapke and a son called Jan. In the year 1775 he was married to my Mother, and by her he had three children, myself, who was the oldest, my sister Henderina Catherina, and my brother Pierre Ketel.¹ Of these I alone survive. My sister Saapke was married to Albert Steenberg, a lawyer, afterwards Schout or Bailiff at Hogeveen. She survived her husband for some years, and left at her death two children, a son named Cornelius and a daughter. This daughter, if I recollect right, was married to a Gentleman of the name of Meyer, but died young without leaving issue. Cornelius Steenberg is now living. He has been married to a Miss Prins and has by her three children, a son and two daughters. The son is a cripple. He resides at present at Haerlem in Holland, and is a painter by profession. He is said to possess talents, and an amiable disposition.

My brother John was twice married — the first time to a Miss Gertrude Stinstra, and the second time to Miss Jacoba de Bie. By his last wife, who survived

¹ Mr. Huidekoper was not always consistent in his spelling of proper names.

him, he had no issue ; but by his first wife, (besides a son named after me who died young) he had six children all of whom now survive, namely four sons, viz Anne Wilhem, Pieter, Jan and Albert ; and two daughters, viz Annette and Gertrude. Of my Brother's children, Pieter has married a Miss Van Eeghen (sister of Jan & Pieter Van Eeghen). His wife is dead, but she has left him two daughters. Annette is married to Pieter Van Eeghen, by whom she has a family ; and John is married to a daughter of my Cousin Jan Huidekoper of Harlingen in Friesland ; he now lives at Midlum near Harlingen, is a farmer and has a family.

My sister Henderina Catherina, and my brother Pierre Ketel both died unmarried, the former at Hoogeveen, the latter at Meadville.

As I mentioned before, I was born on the 3rd April 1776. At my birth my constitution was so feeble, that but little hope was entertained of my living, and this state of weakness continued during my early years. At one time the family actually supposed me to be dead, and were about laying me out, when symptoms of remaining animation were discovered ; and I was three years old before I was able to walk. From that time on however my health began to improve. I was suffered to be much in the open air, and to take as much exercise as I pleased, and this, no doubt, was useful in strengthening me, and in developing my physical powers, and before I had attained my tenth year my health had become quite firm. It is true that I did not then, nor afterwards, possess as great a degree of muscular strength as some others, but in uniform good health, and in the power to endure fatigue or the inclemency of the weather, few excelled me. With the exception of a slight attack of fever which I had when I was about eleven years old, I have no recollection of having been seriously indisposed until I had a severe attack of dyspepsia in my fiftieth year ; and since I recovered from that my health, though somewhat less firm, has been good, for one at

my time of life. From my infancy until I attained the age of about twenty five I was remarkably lean, and my complexion was sallow, so that I was often asked whether I was in bad health. About the latter period I began to increase in flesh, and my colour assumed a more healthy appearance.

My earlier days were spent like those of most children in a country village, my time being divided between play and going to School. It is among the earliest of my recollections that I went, with the other children of my age, to a Dame school, when from a hornbook, suspended by a riband, either from the neck or from a button hole, I was taught my letters. What further progress I made at this school in the black art I do not now remember.

From the dame school I was in due time removed to the common school of the village. As at that time the improvements, since introduced in the common school system were unknown, this was but a poor concern, at which nothing was pretended to be taught but reading, writing and cyphering. The first of these branches was generally, perhaps necessarily, much neglected, for, where in a large school, every scholar had to read singly to the Master, but a very short space of time could be allotted by him to any one. As to grammars of the dutch language, they were never used. In writing and cyphering the instruction was somewhat more thorough, and I imbibed in that school that fondness for arithmetical operations which has adhered to me ever afterwards.

I have called this school a common school, because it was open to all, and was the only one kept in the Village. It was not however a free school. Those who went to it had to pay weekly some small matter for tuition, the precise amount of which I do not now recollect. I merely know that here it would have appeared to be a mere trifle, within the means of every one, while there it was considered large enough to prevent many children from being sent to school, so that the number

of scholars, in a village containing about six thousand inhabitants, did not amount to one hundred, perhaps not to seventy five.

The fact I have just stated is not calculated to make you have very exalted ideas of the intellectual situation of my birthplace at the time of which I am speaking. The fact is, my dear children, that it would be difficult for you, who have been brought up in a community in which a considerable degree of intelligence universally prevails, and where even persons who can neither read nor write become intelligent by their intercourse with others, to form any adequate conception of the degree of intellectual darkness which then rested on my native province, and on some other parts of Europe. A few facts will however enable you to form some idea in regard to it.

In the first place but a small portion of the community learned to read, and of those who did, very few indeed ever read any other books than the bible and the Metrical collection of the Psalms used in the church. Books there were none except a few belonging to some of the better educated, and to these the Mass of the inhabitants had no access ; and as to Newspapers, these the commonality never saw. At Hoogeveen there were perhaps two or three Newspapers taken a week by clubs, similar to our book clubs here, and, among the members, the papers were passed from hand to hand by rotation. But these papers were totally dissimilar to the newspapers of this country. They contained no essays, dissertations or discussions on interesting subjects, but were filled with mere abstracts of foreign or domestic news, given in the most condensed form. A few periodical publications, chiefly political, were taken by the same class in the same manner. It is true that the children of the *Gentry* received a somewhat better education. These were generally sent from home to some boarding school, or to some country Minister to be qualified for college ; and next to college to qualify themselves either

for the Ministry, the bar or some public office. These, of course, were considerably superior to the mass of the community in intelligence; but then their numbers were comparatively small, and what was worse, they formed among themselves an exclusive caste, between which and the laboring classes there was no social intercourse, so that the latter had little chance of being improved by the superior information of the former.

In the second place there was no intercourse between Drenthe and more enlightened parts of the country, so as to have enabled the inhabitants to improve themselves by their intercourse with others. It were only the members of the more favored class who occasionally visited the distant cities. As to the labouring classes these literally lived and died at home. I suspect that a great majority of them never went a distance of twenty miles from their place of residence, and the few strangers they came occasionally in contact with, were mostly inhabitants of adjoining villages, men as little enlightened as themselves. There was, it is true, one class of the inhabitants of Hoogeveen who strayed somewhat farther from home than their fellow Citizens, namely the Skippers engaged in the transportation of turf, and their assistants, but even these had not such an intercourse with the world as was calculated to increase their intelligence much, except so far as related to their particular branch of business. In one word, I can compare the intellectual situation of Drenthe, and of many other parts of Europe, at that time, to nothing better than to those German counties of Pennsylvania into which the English language and civilization have not penetrated; with this difference, that in Europe mankind were divided into exclusive Castes, of which the Gentry Caste had some mental cultivation; the mechanical caste much less so, and the farming and labouring caste least of all.

Such was, in an intellectual point of view, the state of society in which I was placed in early life, and my domestic situation was not more favourable to the early

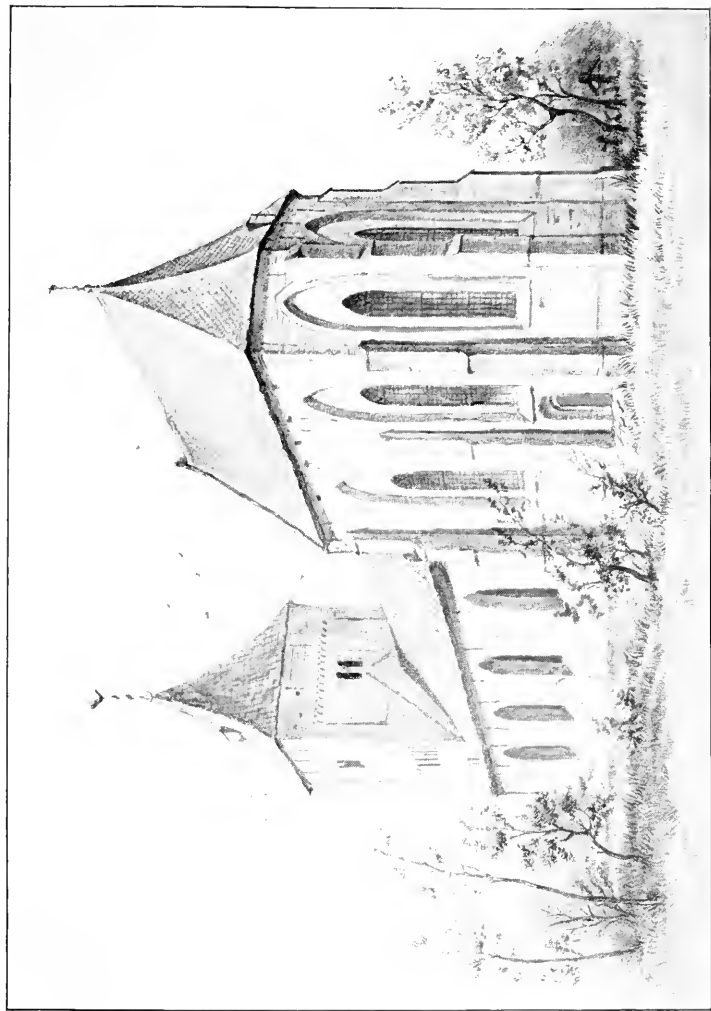
development of my mental powers. My Father's education had been very much neglected. His mind had not been improved either by study, by reflection or by his intercourse with the world. He was kind to me, but could not impart to me knowledge which he did not possess himself. My Mother's mind was of a much higher order; and she had made good use of the few means for obtaining knowledge which were accessible to her, but unfortunately these had been very slender. In her time female education was in general much neglected; and besides this she was born and educated in a small village, which possessed yet fewer means of instruction than the generality of larger cities. The extent of her knowledge was therefore very limited, but the little she did know she knew well, for she had reflected on what she did hear and see, and her reasoning powers were good. To this was united an excellent heart and an amiable disposition. I was the object of her fondest affection, perhaps because my weakly state of health had caused her so much trouble and anxiety; and I owe to her a deep debt of gratitude. If she could not do much towards the development of my mental powers, she made more than amends for this deficiency by cultivating in me the affections of the heart, and by inculcating in me the love of virtue.

I remained in the paternal family until I had attained the age of ten years, and I was then sent to a boarding school at Hasselt in the Province of Overyssel, to pursue my studies. In the selection of this school economy, (which my Father's situation rendered necessary) and proximity to my native home, were more consulted than the quality of the school, which, though it had somehow acquired considerable reputation, was really a wretched institution. The principal was a good but uninformed man. The french teacher was ignorant and worthless, and the usher we had for part of the time, was a good natured illiterate lad. Neither the instruction nor the moral conduct of the scholars was properly attended to,

and the whole course of instruction was limited to writing, arithmetic and the french language. At this school I remained (with the intermission of nearly a year which I spent at home or in visiting my relations) until I had completed my seventeenth year. At that time my elder Brother John took pity on me, and seeing that I was merely wasting my time at Hasselt, and knowing that my Father's means did not allow him to do any thing more for me, he proposed to send me, at his expense, to complete my education at Crefeld in Germany. To this act of fraternal generosity I have been indebted for much of my success in after life.

In order properly to appreciate this conduct of my Brother's you must know, my dear children, that we were only half brothers ; that he had been very seldom at home for several years past, and therefore was little acquainted with me ; that a small fortune, which came to him from his Mother, had already been considerably impaired by the wants of my Father ; and that my Brother, at that time, was himself only a clerk in the counting house of the Messrs. Hope, and had little else besides his salary. His conduct to me was a generous and noble one, and I shall feel grateful to him for it so long as I live.

Before I left Hasselt I was, after the usual course of instruction, admitted as a regular member of the Dutch reformed Church. This was, at that time, the national church in Holland. It was the church to which my Mother belonged, and in which I had been educated, and was the only church which existed in my native province. The course of catechetical instruction, through which I went previous to my admission to church membership, was not much calculated either to increase my knowledge of the scriptures, or to cultivate in me a religious spirit. It consisted almost exclusively in getting the Heidelberg catechism by heart, and in learning to cite certain texts of scriptures in support of the dogmas it contains.



CHURCH AT VRIES, IN PROVINCE OF DRENTHE, NETHERLANDS, CONTAINING TOMES OF WOLTERS FAMILY

In the early part of the summer of 1793 I went to Crefeld, and entered the *Institute* at that place. This is a name given in Germany to a kind of high school or academy, in which, in addition to all the branches of a thorough common education, the dead and living languages are taught, so as to qualify young men either to enter the university, the counting house or the army, according to their several destinations. The Institute at Crefeld was, at the time I entered it, an excellent one of its kind. Professor Shehl, who was at the head of it, and his four or five assistant professors, were all amiable and well-informed men, who knew how to impart their knowledge to others, and who possessed the far more difficult art of managing boys to an admiration, so that some seventy or eighty young men, of all ages and languages, Germans, Hollanders, Belgians and English, were all kept in the most perfect order simply by the moral influence which these teachers had acquired over us. What contributed probably much to the good order of this school was that we were well, and, I may say, kindly treated. Our lodging was always clean; our food was good of its kind, well cooked, and always abundant; and we were always spoken to and treated as young Gentlemen, and rational beings.

Here I found myself all at once translated, as it were, to an entirely new world. I had hitherto only come in contact with persons who were from half a century to a century behind the age, and I now found myself in the society, and under the care, of Gentlemen who, by their acquirements and their modes of thinking, belonged to the age in which they lived.

My new situation would have been altogether delightful had it not been for a couple of pretty serious drawbacks. The first of these was, that I felt humiliated to see that many of my fellow scholars, younger than myself, knew more than I did; and the second was, that I found myself in an Institute, where all the instruction was given in German, of which language I was en-

tirely ignorant. I felt however that these were difficulties which could be overcome by dint of labour and application; and I set myself resolutely to work to overcome them. Luckily there is so much similarity between the Dutch and German languages (the former being in fact only a different dialect of the latter) that a Hollander can, in a very short time, acquire a sufficient knowledge of the German to understand it, and even to speak it; and as I heard little else spoken than German, and could avail myself of my knowledge of the french language to ask explanations of any term which I did not comprehend, I was enabled, in a very short time, to pursue my studies with the rest of the scholars. It is true, that in order to do this, I had to resort to some expedients. Thus, when a mathematical lesson was dictated, I took it down in dutch and, if translations had to be made from the french, my versions were in my mother tongue. Soon however I learned to speak the German language, and even to write it in the German character; and by dint of application and perseverance I had the satisfaction of finding myself, by the end of the first year, ranked among the first scholars of the Institute.

This was a happy period of my life, and one to which I have always looked back with pleasure. All my studies (with the exception perhaps of the mathematics for which I had then not much taste) were pleasing to me. For the first time in my life I could have access to a large and well chosen library, containing all the best German and French Authors. I felt my mind gradually expanding, and opening itself to new ideas; and I enjoyed the friendship and esteem of my teachers and of my fellow scholars.

In order to enable you to form a more correct idea of my manner of living at Crefeld, I will enter into some details in regard to it. I generally rose about six o'clock in the morning. This, during the winter, was much earlier than most of my fellow students rose, it being in that latitude hardly day before eight o'clock in winter; but

by studying in the morning for a couple of hours by candle light, I had the means of preparing myself well for the lessons of the day. About seven o'clock in the summer and eight in the winter, we had morning prayers, and immediately after that breakfast. This was not a social meal as it usually is in this country. Every one received a bowl of coffee or milk and a small wheaten loaf, and this he went to eat when, where and how he pleased. The regular hours of instruction were in the morning from nine to twelve, and in the afternoon from one or half after one till four or five. Extra studies, such for instance as the study of the English language, were generally pursued at stated hours in the evening; and the remaining hours of the evening, and the intermediate hours of the day, were devoted to preparatory studies, translating, &c. Our dinner hour was about half past twelve. Our dinner invariably consisted of a good substantial beef soup; boiled beef, and a variety of vegetables. To this was added half a tumbler of Rhenish wine three times a week. This mode of living would appear to be wanting in variety, to persons in this country, where meat is considered as the main dish at dinner. But, on the continent of Europe, vegetables and not meat, were considered as the essential part of the dinner, and these admitted of so much variety, both as to kind and mode of dressing, that this mode of living never appeared to tire for want of variety. At 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening we had again a bowl of coffee or milk and a wheaten loaf similar to what we had at breakfast; and at half after nine we had supper. This consisted generally of some of the lighter kinds of meat, such as veal, mutton &c. and of different kinds of vegetables, according to the season of the year. After supper came the evening prayer, and immediately after that we all went to bed.

But all our hours were not devoted to study. Exercise and recreation were also attended to, and entered systematically into the plan of our education.

Three afternoons in the week, namely those of Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday were specially appropriated to exercise. Then, under the superintendence of one of the Professors, who for that week had the inspection, we, in a body, sallied out of town, and made excursions of greater or less extent, according to the season of the year or the length of the days. Sometimes we spent the whole afternoon in walking to visit some wood, ruin or distant village. At other times we visited either some farm or public garden, and partook of some simple refreshments ; and if during the winter the weather did not admit of our taking our accustomed walks, care was taken to make us dance for half an hour every evening, and in these dances the Professor's wife and children regularly joined. On Sunday evening in winter, we all attended the Sunday concert. At this, besides the professed musicians, a number of the principal ladies and gentlemen of the place, and among those some of the Professors of the Institute, composed the orchestra, or were the performers ; and here we were sure to meet all the principal inhabitants of the city.

As I was now about eighteen, and had acquired the confidence of the professors, I was permitted (whenever I chose to do so) to spend the afternoons, set apart for exercise, in visiting my friends in and near town, and of this permission I frequently availed myself. Besides the Rev. Mr. Van der Ploeg, the Mennonist Minister, a countryman of my own, with whom I was very intimate, I had formed a number of other acquaintances, principally among the young ladies, and in the company of the latter I spent many agreeable hours in conversation, Walking, listening to music, or in dancing ; for dancing there was not, as here, an evening's work, but only a short interlude by which the amusements of the afternoon were diversified.

Before leaving Crefeld it may not be amiss to inquire what influence my residence there had on my moral and religious character. Every week there was a lecture

delivered to us on moral science. These lectures I listened to with intense interest, and not without profit, so that, if I did not deceive myself, I left the Institute better than when I entered it. In regard to the religious sentiment, my improvements were perhaps of a less decided character. Not that I felt indifferent on the subject of religion. I was regular in my attendance at divine service every Sunday Morning. I had entered myself as a member of the German reformed Church, (which is essentially the same as the dutch reformed church) and in that church I communed; but I generally worshiped with the Mennonist Society, because the services there were in the low dutch language, which at least in the beginning, I could better understand. I also lost some of my Calvinistic notions, and my feelings became considerably more liberal; but I had no very decided opinions as to the doctrines of Christianity and did not appreciate the importance of religion as it deserved to be appreciated.

During the last winter of my stay at Crefeld it was the headquarters of the french army of Sambre et Meuse, then commanded by General Jourdan; afterwards one of the Mareschals of France. This army, after gaining the hard contested battle of Fleurus, which lasted three days, and a less considerable action on the Rohr (if my memory serves me) forced the Imperial Army (as the united Austrian and Germanic Army was then called) to take shelter on the right bank of the Rhine. This happened in the fall of the year 1794. I have some reason of remembering the retreat of the Imperialists, as I run some risk of getting into a scrape by it. The students had, on a saturday afternoon, gone to a farm belonging to the Institute. This farm was situated near an extensive heath, the field of battle where, during the Seven Year war, the French were defeated by the Prussian Army under the hereditary Prince of Brunswick. To that field, still covered with the lines and other works formerly thrown up by the

French, one of my fellow students and myself went to exercise ourselves in practical Geometry, by measuring, or taking the bearings, of some of these works. While thus engaged, we observed an object at a distance, which attracted our attention, and which we soon made out to be a body of cavalry moving in our direction. Instead of setting out immediately to give notice to our fellow students of the approach of these troops, we with true boyish thoughtlessness, hid ourselves in some bushes growing on the old french lines. Here we remained until the troops had come quite near. We then became sensible of the awkwardness of our situation. To retreat by the heath must have inevitably drawn on us the attention of the troops. We, therefore, leaped into the trench, which fortunately run nearly parallel with the road. Here the old lines hid us from being seen, and by running as fast as we could, we reached the farm in time to enable the students to retire towards town before the arrival of the troops. Had our motions (which certainly were somewhat suspicious) been observed, we might have gotten into difficulty. That same evening I went again with one of the Professors to the farm in order to save the Cattle, Carts &c. Although it was now night, we still met with troops in rapid retreat; and we then learned that the retreat of this body towards Dusseldorf had been cut off, and that they were now endeavouring to cross the Rhine lower down, towards Wesel, in which they succeeded.

A few days after this the french army arrived, and was for some time huddled on the old field of battle and the adjoining farms, the headquarters being in the town of Crefeld. The discipline of the army was excellent, and no disorders were committed by the troops, but the country suffered severely by the enormous requisitions that were made to feed and clothe the army, which was really destitute of everything. On this occasion I had an opportunity of seeing several persons whose names belong to the history of that eventful period. Besides

the General in Chief Jourdan, there was Kleber, afterwards assassinated in Egypt; Le Fevre, subsequently Mareschal and Duke of Dantsig; Richepanse, who died Governor of one of the french West indie Islands; D'Hautpoutt, who was killed in battle in Germany, Genl Championet, and, if I mistake not, Bernardotte, the present King of Sweden, and Hoche, the pacificator of the Vendé. Of these two last I have however no distinct recollection.

I left Crefeld in the beginning of the Summer of 1795, and I may as well mention here, that the Institute which was already on the decline when I left it, was not long afterwards entirely broken up. Professor Schehl, who was at the head of it, died in 1794. Shortly afterwards Prof. Lange, one of the principal Instructors, left it. These vacancies were inadequately supplied. Some time afterwards the Widow Schehl married a Gentleman who passed himself as a Swiss, but who was subsequently arrested as a french Emigrant and carried prisoner to Paris. His wife accompanied him, and the School was broken up.

During my residence at Crefeld, my Brother John had made a voyage to the United States, and had returned to Holland.¹ He sailed for America in 1793 and

¹ In an autobiography written for his children Mr. Huidekoper's son Frederic remarked that Mr. Jan Huidekoper "had in early life paid a short visit to America in a vessel which had sealed orders. The vessel landed in a high northern latitude, and some of the passengers found their way to the northern portion of the United States. Among these was uncle John."

It was while Mr. Jan Huidekoper was traveling in America that Talleyrand met him. Talleyrand wrote of this meeting in 1794, "I made up my mind to leave Philadelphia, and therefore proposed to M. de Beaumetz and to a Dutch gentleman by the name of Heydecoper to travel with me. They both accepted, and I must confess that I was pleased with the undertaking from the beginning." (Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand, edited, with a preface and notes, by the Duc de Broglie, vol. i., p. 176.) Further on in his narrative Talleyrand relates an amusing incident. "Once in the heart of Connecticut . . . we stopped at a house where the people consented to give us a bed and supper. . . . The meal consisted of smoked

returned to Europe in the winter of 1794–1795. What was the precise object of his visit to this Country I have never known positively. I have reason to believe however, that he had been engaged, by the Directors of the Holland Land Company, to be their general agent in this Country in the place of Mr. Casenove, who then held that station, but was about to be recalled; but that, in consequence of an engagement which he contracted before leaving Europe, and which would oblige him to return to Holland, his trip to America was changed into a mere tour of observation.

My Brother had long been attached to a Miss Stinstra, a distant relation of his, and his affection was, I believe, returned. But she was rich; My Brother was poor;—She belonged to the burgher Aristocracy, and he was as yet nothing but a Clerk in a Counting house. These things, which have much more weight in Europe than in this Country, prevented their engagement. The lady was afterwards prevailed on to marry a very wealthy man; was not happy; became soon a widow, and engaged herself to My Brother shortly before he set out for America. On his return he found her in the last stages of consumption, and arrived but just in time to see her breathe her last. About a year afterwards he married her younger Sister, by whom he had seven Children, of which six now survive. She died herself some years ago.

fish, ham, potatoes, strong beer, and brandy. . . . The two young fellows, who were rather elevated, spoke of a journey they were about to undertake; they were going beaver-hunting for a few weeks. They spoke of their expedition in such glowing terms that . . . M. de Beaumetz, Mr. Heydecoper and myself were dying to join them." M. de Beaumetz, in fact, proposed doing so, and the plan was entered into with alacrity. They went to bed committed to the beaver-hunt. By the next morning, however, their enthusiasm had somewhat cooled. "We began to realize," said Talleyrand, "that spending a couple of months in the woods or marshes was really too much of a good thing, so we endeavored to quash the agreement made the night before. We got free with a few dollars, and resumed our journey."

On my return to Holland I first visited my Brother John in Amsterdam, who kindly proposed to me the alternative, either to give me a situation as Clerk in the Commercial house he was about establishing, or to furnish me with the means of going to America. I determined in favor of the latter. Holland had been conquered by the french in the previous winter, and was now involved in a war with England, by which her commerce was in a great measure destroyed. A commercial carreer offered therefore there no very flattering prospects to a young man without fortune or connections, who would have to enter into competition for a living with men who possessed both wealth and family influence in a country overstocked with inhabitants. On the other hand, America offered plenty of scope for individual exertion. Perhaps too that the enthusiastic manner in which my Brother spoke of America, and the wish I had in common with most Europeans of becoming a country gentleman and landed proprietor, in the European sense of that term, assisted in influencing my decision. It was therefore agreed, that I should spend a year with my parents and relations, and that I should sail the following year for America.

After spending a few days with My Brother in Amsterdam, I set out to visit my parents at Hogeveen. There I remained till the summer of the following year, spending my time in reading such books as I could obtain, in fishing, hunting and in visiting some of my Maternal relations, particularly My Mother's brothers at Vries, and an old uncle who lived at Peise. I felt reluctant to leave my parents, who were already advanced in life, for I felt that I should see them no more in this world; but I saw too, that the time was not very distant when they would stand in need of assistance; and it was only by leaving them that I could hope to acquire the means of supplying their necessities.

About the latter part of June, or the beginning of July, 1796, I left my paternal home to commence my

voyage to America. I stopt at Amsterdam, where I spent some weeks with My Brother, who was then married, and was engaged in commercial business, in partnership with a Swiss Gentleman of the name of Tobler. A Mr. Bicker was afterwards admitted as a third partner into the Concern, but it proved unprofitable, and after a few years My Brother withdrew from it, and commenced doing an Insurance business by himself, in which he was more successful. I left Amsterdam about the 10th of August in the trekschuit (canal boat) for the Helder, and sailed from thence on the 12th in the Brig Prudence, Capt. Hovey.

This was a small vessel of one hundred and twenty tons burthen, and altogether a sorry concern. She was old, leaky, a bad sailer, had poor rigging, and sails so old as to stand in constant need of repair. Everything else on board was in perfect keeping with this. The Captain and Mate were a couple of old sailors, who, after sailing many years before the mast, had worked their way up until they had attained their present stations. They were good practical seamen, but very illiterate. The rest of the crew (besides the cook) consisted of five seamen, of which an English sloop of war impressed one the second day after we sailed, thus reducing our crew to the smallest number we could possibly get along with, and rendering it totally inadequate to the management of the vessel in case one of the sailors should become sick, or meet with an accident which should disqualify him from doing duty. Besides this, the Mate, who was already somewhat advanced in years, was of a feeble constitution, and had a serious spell of sickness during the passage. Luckily we had an extra Mate on board, one who had belonged to an other American vessel, but who, having in Holland disagreed with his captain, had left his vessel, and came over as a passenger in ours. This man was a valuable addition to our crew.

As to the table, our Captain could not be charged with wasting the property of the Owner in sumptuous

living. For a few days after leaving port we had fresh mutton, but after that we were entirely confined to the ship's provisions, consisting of very salt and very hard beef; salt pork, sea biscuit, bad butter, indifferent potatoes and beans. It is true we had a small supply of fowls on board; but as these were poorly taken care of, and generally killed only after they got sick, to save their lives as our Captain phrased it, they did not mend our fare much.

You will perhaps ask, how I came to embark on board of such a wretched vessel. This was owing to my Brother's trusting the arrangement for my voyage to a dutch ship broker in whom he placed more confidence than the man deserved. There was at that time, an excellent vessel lying in the port at Amsterdam, bound to New York, and which sailed two days before the *Prudence*. Of that vessel we were kept in utter ignorance, and through that man's instrumentality My passage was engaged on board of the old Brig.

We had a passage of sixty three days. During the first three days I was seasick, and for a week more I had no appetite. After that I was perfectly restored; ate my seabiscuit with as much appetite as any one on board, and never felt myself in the least affected by the hardest weather we had. During the passage I had a good opportunity of exercising myself in learning to speak English. I had studied the English language somewhat while in Germany, and could understand tolerably well what I read, but I could neither speak it intelligibly, nor could I understand it when it was spoken by others. Gradually however I began to comprehend all that was said, and before we arrived at New York I had learned to express my meaning, if not always correctly, at least intelligibly.

I arrived at New York on the 14th October, 1796. While ascending the bay, a young man came on board, and informed the Captain that his owner (a Hamburger of the name of Hoffmann) had failed. In consequence

of this information the brig came to anchor ; and the Captain, the young man who had boarded us and I, went ashore on Long Island, hired a carriage, and went to New York by land. At the house where we hired the carriage, I was very much struck with the appearance of a portion of the furniture. It was precisely such as I had occasionally seen in a few antiquated houses in Holland, and nowhere else, and was evidently a relick of a former century, little in keeping with the appearance of things out of doors, and the dress and manners of the persons whom I saw about. In a few minutes however everything was explained. While the carriage was getting ready, dinner was served, and, with it, entered an old gentleman and lady dressed so exactly in the old dutch fashion, that I could not help thinking that I must be in an old dutch family ; and when a moment afterwards I heard the old man ask a blessing in provincial low dutch I could almost have fancied myself back again in my own native province of Drenthe. I found afterwards that, on Long Island, in New York, along the North river, at Albany, Schenectady &c the low dutch was yet in general the common language of most of the old people, and particularly of the Negroes ; though in New York it had begun to be superceded by the English language.

I thus, at the age of twenty, landed in a foreign country, with the language of which I was little acquainted, and which so far as I know, did not contain a single person that I had ever seen ; and here I was to make my own way, with no other assistance than what could be derived from two or three letters of introduction to Countrymen of my own at Oldenbarneveld (now Trenton) and Casenovia ; and a letter of credit for money to supply my present wants. What rendered my situation more difficult was, that I had little or no acquaintance with the ways of the world ; had never been accustomed to act for myself ; and that my education had tended more to teach me what others had thought,

than to think myself. I was therefore very deficient in experience; in proper reliance on myself, and in the development of my mental powers. Such were some of the disadvantages under which I set out in this country, and, notwithstanding these, a kind Providence has constantly so overruled events, that, with the exception of the loss of friends, my life has almost been an uninterrupted scene of prosperity.

The City of New York was then very different from what it is now, and did not impress me favourably. Everywhere the good and even handsome buildings, were intermixed with mean, low, ugly buildings, which appeared to have been erected in derision of every principal of architecture and good taste; and besides my dutch ideas were quite shocked to find the cows and hogs run loose in the streets.

A letter to his brother in Amsterdam, begun by Mr. Huidekoper while the vessel was becalmed in sight of Long Island and waiting for wind to enable her to complete her voyage, speaks farther of the voyage and of the landing. When we remember that in his long life Mr. Huidekoper never again looked upon Nieuwediep and the Helder, never again saw rise upon his sight the dunes which then sank from view, his farewell is all the more significant. Significant is it also that one of the first incidents of his voyage should be the haling from his vessel by a British force of an American boy, to be impressed into the British navy. The American grievance which was to culminate in the War of 1812 presented itself to him in a thoroughly concrete form.

The letter¹ is dated "At Sea, this 14th Oct., 1796," and is as follows:—

¹ This letter, written in French, has been translated by Mr. Huidekoper's granddaughter, Mrs. Emma C. Cortazzo.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER, — At last, thank God, after sixty-one days I once more see land. Since yesterday we have been in sight of Long Island and since this morning I can hear the waves breaking on the shore. You, who have been at sea, can judge with what impatience we are awaiting a cessation of the calm which fell upon us yesterday, and which has prevented our making more than three leagues in the last twenty-four hours.

You will have learned by the letter which I wrote you from the Helder that we were ready to sail on the 12th of August, but as the wind was contrary on that day, we were unable to leave Nieuwediep until the evening of the 13th, so that we only really set sail on the 14th with a fair wind.

We descried, on leaving port, an English fleet of eighteen sail, and soon one of their cutters boarded us to see our papers, after which it went in pursuit of another vessel about to enter and which was hugging the shore to avail itself of the protection of the cannon mounted among the Dunes. A little later seasickness overcame me and obliged me to retire to my cabin very early. Before going below my eyes lingered once more on the Dunes which border the shores of my native land. I tried vainly to distinguish those that are near Haarlem — I knew that you must be there on that day, for it was Sunday. Memory passed in review the happy days I had spent there, and my heart was very full. I felt that I had quitted my own country, and that I was leaving there all I loved most in the world. The sweet hope of soon returning could not soften my regret, for the future seemed dark and uncertain. Sad thoughts filled my mind, and my eyes were wet with tears.

My indisposition increased, and I have never felt more forcibly the truth of a passage I have somewhere read, that when the body is prostrated, the mind loses its vigour. Do not think, however, that I regretted the decision I had made. I had taken it only after mature reflection, and even in the midst of my regrets at leaving

my beloved country I felt that the one to which I was going would suit me better. At last sleep laid my sad thoughts to rest, and the next morning we had lost sight of land.

The 16th we were coasting the shores of England, and all that day I could see its barren and little cultivated coast, which offered little that was attractive except the picturesque position of its towns and villages, of which some were close to the shore, while others climbed the hillsides or topped the cliffs dominating the sea. On one side I could see on the far horizon the coast of France near Calais.

The Channel was alive with English cruisers. We spoke one near Dover and two hours later an officer from a royal man-of-war boarded us, not to see our papers as is usual, but to see if he could not impress some able seaman. In effect, he took our cabin-boy, an American, on the frivolous pretext that his certificate of nationality had not been renewed or re-examined by an English consul within two years. He told us, as an excuse, that the admiralty had signified to him that they could supply no more sailors, and that consequently he had to take them wherever he could find them. It was the second time that our unlucky cabin-boy had had the honor of serving his Britannic Majesty in a manner so unjust and so contrary to the rights of man — and this is the almost daily fate of many American sailors.

The wind being favorable, after two days we left the Lizard behind us, which means, as you know, that we bade adieu to the last glimpse of land.

Some days later we passed during the night an enormous fleet composed of probably over one hundred vessels. The darkness, which prevented our counting them, also left us in ignorance of their nationality. We could, nevertheless, count more than fifty sail. The weather continued fair and I soon felt quite myself, having during the whole voyage only five or six attacks of seasickness, which left no ill results except an aversion to

food. In the end my appetite returned and I commenced to dine below, which I had not done heretofore, having had my meals served me on deck.

I am indebted to Mr. Hovey for constant attention and care, and I was often puzzled which to admire most — his great kindness of heart or his narrow and superstitious mind! To give you a sample of the latter, he believed that to dream of cattle, horses, or of dancing inevitably foretold a storm, and I saw him one day overcome with fear because a cat we had on board was playing!

We made but slow progress, although the wind was mostly favorable, not only on account of the frequent calms, which sometimes lasted several days, but because our ship was very foul with barnacles or marine plants. After three weeks the wind became contrary, and soon we met with a furious gale which was succeeded by six or seven others, and the last one continued for thirty-six hours. Finally the wind veered, the weather became fine, but the calms returned — and so it went on during our entire voyage, which caused us much delay. We had two or three terrific gales, but in not one was the wind favourable. However, after we passed the Grand Banks we had better weather, although it was often variable. Day before yesterday we spoke a vessel whose destination is Rhode Island, and which told us that a French fleet of twelve ships of the line and three frigates had passed the Grand Banks, going to take possession of Newfoundland. I cannot vouch for the truth of this news — perhaps I may learn more of it in New York.

NEW YORK, this 19th of October.

Here I am at last in this city. I arrived on the 17th after a voyage of sixty-three days! We had sailed as far up York River as ten miles from the city when a young man came aboard representing Mr. Hoffman, the owner of our vessel. After conversing for a few minutes with our captain, the latter ordered our anchor dropped.

He informed me that since he had left New York some business complications had arisen which would oblige him to go to New York by carriage, and that the vessel might have to remain where she was for some days. He invited me to accompany him, which I gladly did. How beautiful Long Island is — especially for a Hollander who has seen only his own country! Only heavy showers that day kept me from going the whole distance on foot! I was enchanted with all I saw. Fruit trees, grain fields, trees and shrubs — everything, almost, was new to me, and I saw here too, that primitive state of nature which we try with little success to imitate in our “English gardens” in miniature.

I was not equally pleased on entering New York. The pigs and cows running about the streets first disgusted me, and the more I saw of the town the more I realized its inferiority to the majority of our Dutch cities, as regards the buildings and the streets. Even the fashionable promenade of the Battery, of which one hears so much, has nothing to boast of except the view over Staten Island and the river. It has not even trees to protect one from the hot sun. What I do appreciate is the perfect weather — although the season is well advanced and you in Holland will soon be having snow.

I was only able to call upon Messrs. Le Roy and Bayard yesterday as our vessel, where I had left all my luggage, only came into the port yesterday. I was received by Mr. MacEvers in the most friendly manner possible, and I find in him one of the most honest and affable men I have ever met.

He begged me to call upon him this morning to settle some business matters, after which I am to dine with him at his country house. Mr. Le Roy has promised to introduce me to the family of Mr. Mappa,¹ who is still here, and who was seventy-six days in crossing the ocean. They were obliged to pass to the north of Eng-

¹ Adam G. Mappa.

land, and a gale carried them to sixty-two degrees north latitude.

Most of the ships arriving here have suffered from the late storms, but there is the greatest difference in the length of their passages, some having come from England at the same time as we, which were but nineteen or twenty-three days at sea. It is true that a French fleet has seized Newfoundland, and they think that it is the fleet of Richery. I have seen a letter in a New York journal which states that a French frigate and a privateer had taken sixty merchantmen coming from Jamaica and had destroyed all but six — of which three arrived in the port whence the letter was written. Perhaps this news is exaggerated, but it seems certain they have taken some vessels, for they have come in to Philadelphia.

The 20th October.

I was yesterday at Mr. Le Roy's. There was a large company, and they spoke much of you. Every one asked for news of you and inquired whether you were not coming again to America. Everybody was most polite to me and I was charmingly entertained.

I leave to-morrow for Albany with two Englishmen who are going to Canada. Adieu, my dear Brother, write me often and send your letters to Messrs. Le Roy and Bayard. They have promised to forward mine to you. My compliments to my sister and to Madam Stinstra.¹

This letter has the following postscript, written in English : —

DEAR BROTHER,—Messrs. Le Roy, Bayard, & McEvers have furnished me with one hundred dollars. Be pleased to give them credit and charge my account for it. They will give me letters of introduction to some gentlemen in the country, and charge Mr. Boon to furnish me

¹ His brother's mother-in-law.

with whatever money I shall have occasion for. You may be persuaded that I shall do all that is in my power to enable myself to return you the advances you have made, as soon as possible. Pray be so good by your first as to tell me the amount of those bills you paid for me after I was departed. I have had no time to go to Messrs. Verplanck. Mr. McEvers told me when I asked him after Mr. van Ender, that a gentleman, which he called Mr. Vandeneinden was dead and thought that that would be the gentleman you told me to inquire after. I am in haste. It is already quite dark, and I have not yet finished the duplicate of your letter. Farewell.

P. S. I speak already the English tongue with great facility.

A letter to his father and mother, written October 28,¹ 1796, completes the account of his arrival in his adopted country.

DEAREST PARENTS [he begins]:— After a very long voyage lasting 63 days I have at last arrived here, and find myself, thank God, in the best of health. The principal reason why I was desirous of reaching port was the thought that you might become uneasy should no letter reach you before the middle of December. You might not perhaps think of the fact that there is not always a ship here ready to sail for Holland as soon as my letters reach here, and you must therefore not worry at all if in future my letters are a fortnight longer than usual on the way. . . . I was never more delighted than at the sight of Long Island, where we landed. Up to that time I had not seen anything that could compare with it. Trees, fruits, and cereals were mostly of varieties with which I was not acquainted. Almost all the inhabitants there speak Dutch, and they fed us well, prin-

¹ This letter and others to his parents were written in Dutch, and have been translated by Mr. Otto von Klock.

cipally on fruits, which, after living so long on stale food, tasted delicious. . . . My letter shows that I am in haste. Give my regards to all my good friends, without exception. I embrace Piet and Henderina in my thought. I hope that Piet is already able to do a little carpentering. I will write them the first of the month from Oldenbarneveld or Cazenovia, and I hope that they will not fail [to write], but will do so as amply as possible.

A quite definite intention of becoming a farmer had been in Mr. Huidekoper's mind when he left Amsterdam, and his final objective point was Cazenovia, where Henry de Clercq, a young cousin of the Stinstras, had already begun the farmer's life. On his way from New York, he went first to Albany, and thence traveled by stage to old Fort Schuyler. But he had come provided with letters to two other Netherlanders, Gerrit Boon and Adam Gerard Mappa, both of whom were at that time at Oldenbarneveld.¹ To Oldenbarneveld accordingly he directed his steps before seeking Mr. de Clercq at Cazenovia. The autobiography goes on to speak of his journey and of the Dutch families at Oldenbarneveld and Kempwyk.

To be able, however, to appreciate Mr. Huidekoper's surroundings at Oldenbarneveld and to understand his allusions to his friends there, it is necessary for us to make a preliminary detour, and see who were the men who made up this little Dutch circle of which he found himself a member.

They were mainly fellow countrymen, either banished or self-exiled from the Netherlands, members of the Patriot party who had sought a refuge in America, for

¹ The name Oldenbarneveld was afterward changed to Trenton. It has of late become Barneveld.

America represented to the Dutch patriots all that they had hoped to see realized in their own land. The American Revolution and the long discussion of human rights and liberties that accompanied it encouraged them to make a desperate struggle in Holland for freedom of the press, popular representation, and civil, as opposed to military, authority, while at the same time causing them to act a most friendly part toward the United States. It was through the influence of leading patriots that the Netherlands accorded recognition to Adams, and the first investors in American bonds were men of patriot affiliations.

By far the most interesting of the group in Oldenbarneveld was Francis Adrian van der Kemp.¹ Van der Kemp was born at Kampen, in Overijssel, on May 4, 1752. An eager student, particularly of philosophy, he entered the ministry in 1775, and in 1776, though not himself a Mennonite, became the pastor of a Mennonite Baptist² society in Leyden, "the richest congregation," John Adams called it, "in Europe."³

Mr. van der Kemp's experience in arriving at his convictions concerning the fundamental truths of religion is strikingly like Mr. Huidekoper's. "I remained in my study," said he, "and continued my inquiries night and day. . . . I did not discover, neither searched for, the doctrines of Calvin, Socinius, Arminius, or Menno;"

¹ For the facts relating to van der Kemp and his friends see *Francis Adrian van der Kemp, an Autobiography*, edited by Helen Lincklaen Fairchild.

² The Mennonites were Baptists. Mr. van der Kemp says in his autobiography, "A few old members of my congregation shuddered when I told them that my father followed the army and that I served it for five years. Dutch Baptists condemn the use of arms in any case."

³ Letter to Jefferson, *Life and Letters of John Adams*, vol. x. p. 224.

nor did he describe himself as limited by any denominational lines. Mrs. Fairchild, however, very justly calls him a Unitarian.

His nearest friends were men who like himself were prominent in the Patriot party. It was under their guidance, particularly that of Johan Derk van der Capellen, that the states of Overijssel cast their deciding vote against allowing the "Scotch Brigade" of Dutch soldiers to fight under the English against America. Van der Capellen and John Luzac, both coworkers with van der Kemp, were early investors in American bonds; and through Capellen's efforts, which were seconded by the people, the Dutch government was led to give recognition to Adams as United States envoy and thus to the United States as a nation.

Van der Kemp not only wrote pamphlets inveighing against the military usurpation of civil authority and urging popular representation and the freedom of the press, but printed similar works by his friends; even shouldering the responsibility of one of the productions, — which involved him in a troublesome trial in the courts. More than this, on the ground that military oppression by the government necessitated an armed militia, he raised and drilled at Leyden a company of citizen soldiers; and with other Patriots organized the "Vry corps," or volunteer army, among the people of the different towns.

When the Patriots were defeated, van der Kemp was thrown into prison. He was released on the payment of a heavy ransom, but only to face banishment. Accompanied by his wife he then came to America. He lived first upon the shore of the North River, then, finding this beyond his means, removed to "Scriba's Patent" on

Oneida Lake, where he was very happy in his modest home, Kempwyk, in which Mr. Huidekoper paid him a visit. But Kempwyk was too lonely a place for Mrs. van der Kemp. She pined for the society of her friend Mrs. Mappa, and so finally Kempwyk was abandoned for a small cottage in Oldenbarneveld. There Francis Adrian van der Kemp accomplished the monumental task of translating from the Dutch those records of the West India Company which were owned by the State of New York, a work which gave him occupation and financial support during most of his remaining years. A thoroughly cultivated scholar, "the most learned man in America," as De Witt Clinton called him, it was only by the toil of his hands and the most rigid economy, added to his work of translation, that he could keep his gently reared wife in any degree of comfort. Still, with the treasured remnant of his once extensive library he solaced his few leisure hours; and he always kept up a correspondence, not only with his friends in Holland, but with the first men of his time in this country. His letters to John Adams — intimate letters, speaking of himself, his pursuits, even of his deprivations — are those of a man of wide interests and general cultivation. He also enjoyed the friendship of Jefferson to such an extent as to be one of the very few, perhaps not more than three or four persons, to whom Jefferson confided an autograph copy of his "Syllabus, or Estimate of the Merits of Jesus compared with Others," which was published in England,¹ and the authorship of which was to

¹ In the *Monthly Repository of Theological and General Literature*, lxxx. vol. xi, October, 1816, pp. 573-576, published in London. See *Autobiography of Francis Adrian van der Kemp*, edited by Helen Lincklaen Fairchild.

be kept a profound secret. He was warmly esteemed by the university men in Cambridge as well as by the clergy in Boston, and his rare appearance in Massachusetts was the signal for visits and various attentions from Eliot, Channing, Dr. Freeman, Lowell, Norton, and others. He was still at work on his forty volumes of the records when Harvard conferred on him in 1820 the degree of LL. D.

In both Mappa and van der Kemp, Mr. Huidekoper had before him men of rich experience who led contented lives far from the noise of cities, happy in a frugal independence, active in intellectual enjoyment. His own ideal of the sort of home he would build was based upon their example; and in many respects his maturer years retained an impress of the contact with these men of simplicity and strong sincerity.

Mappa,¹ indeed, was rather the soldier than the scholar. A native of Delft, he gained, it is said, while yet a young man, distinction for his courage and enterprise as an officer in the Dutch service; and when he left the army he entered civic life as a type founder. He married, after a long probation imposed by her parents, Anna Adriana Paspoort, a woman of great beauty of character, whom Mr. Huidekoper always referred to with affection and reverence. Mappa was ardently a Patriot, and in 1786 had become one of the leaders of that party. He commanded the armed citizens of the "Vry corps" in the province of Holland.² After the breaking up of the Patriot party Mappa spent two years or more in France, trying to effect some combination of French and Dutch interests that might work to the benefit of

¹ See *Autobiography of Francis Adrian van der Kemp*.

² *Ibid.*, p. 143.

his people.¹ Then, this hope having failed him, in 1789 he emigrated with his wife and children to the State of New York. He brought with him to New York his letter foundry, and apparently pursued his business in the city for several years. In 1795, however, he removed to Oldenbarneveld. He was, at the first town meeting held in Oldenbarneveld, elected supervisor, and he held a prominent place in the regard of his fellow townsmen as long as he lived.

The settlement at Oldenbarneveld had been begun by Gerrit Boon, who came through the forest from Old Fort Schuyler, blazing trees by the way until he reached the site which he decided to take for his village. It was he who gave to his town the name of the Dutch reformer and martyr. Tradition says that Mr. Boon founded great hopes on the profit which he expected to reap from the making of maple sugar, and that in his sanguine plans he proposed to tap the trees all the year round. It would be interesting to know whether the worthy gentlemen of the Holland Land Company, for whom Mr. Boon was acting, hard-headed Dutch capitalists, but whom Mr. Huidekoper nevertheless speaks of as investing in sugar lands with a philanthropic eye to the reduction of the demand for slave-labor among the cane brakes, also shared Mr. Boon's delusion as to the perpetual flow of the sap.

One more Netherlander, John Lincklaen,² should be mentioned here. John Lincklaen was born in Amsterdam December 24, 1768. In June, 1790, he came to America with Gerrit Boon, sent out under the patronage of the Holland Land Company, with letters to The-

¹ See *Autobiography of Francis Adrian van der Kemp*, p. 144.

² See *Journals of John Lincklaen*, edited by Helen Lincklaen Fairchild.

ophilus Cazenove, in Philadelphia. He made journeys of inspection in the interest of the company, and in 1793 was appointed agent of its lands in the neighborhood of Cazenovia.

The autobiography may now again take up the story; in it Mr. Huidekoper, beginning with his departure from Albany, continues:—

I remained in New York four or five days, and then set out for Albany, in a common river sloop, the only mode of conveyance in those days. This was to me a delightful journey. I had never before seen either a rock or a mountain; and you may judge how I was struck with the rocky scenery along the Hudson river, and with the Highlands. Luckily I had a good opportunity of admiring this scenery at my leisure, for we were four days on our passage, and the weather was fine. When the tide was in our favour, we sailed slowly up the river; when it was unfavourable, we came to anchor, and then I went ashore, and rambled about until it was time to sail again. From Albany I pursued my journey westward to Utica, then called Old Fort Schuyler, by stage. It then took three days to make that distance which is now travelled in six hours. On the last day we broke our axletree in the midst of a wood, and here I had the first opportunity of admiring American ingenuity. Coming from a country where men are rendered helpless by a rigid adherence to a subdivision of employment, I considered our accident fatal to our further progress, for I thought that to make an axletree a man must be a professional wagon maker; and I was therefore not a little surprised to see our driver, with no other tools than an ax, and perhaps an auger, construct in a little while an axletree which carried us safely to the end of our journey. A little incident, connected with the foregoing, has frequently made me smile. I will mention it here, as it will show you how difficult it is for a

European, with his head full of *European* ideas, to judge correctly of matters and things here. To mend our Axletree the driver cut down a young Sapling. This I looked upon as a trespass, rendered somewhat excusable by our condition. But when I saw him unceremoniously condemn this sapling as unfit for his purpose, and proceed to cut down another, I looked upon this act as a wanton waste and disregard of anothers property.

Fort Schuyler consisted at that time of about two dozen of houses standing on leased ground belonging to the Bleecker family of Albany. The year afterwards Mr. Boon purchased some of the ground on which the City of Utica now stands at ten dollars the Acre. On the day following my arrival at Utica, I went to Oldenbarneveld to deliver the letters of introduction which my Brother had given me for Messrs. Boon and Mappa. From them, and from the family of the latter, I met with a very kind reception, and as they were all dutch, living in the dutch manner, and constantly speaking the dutch language, I felt as if I had been carried back again at once to my native country.

Gerrit Boon, one of the Gentlemen just named, was a Hollander, and was at that time Agent for some dutch Gentlemen (essentially the same with those known to You as the directors of the Holland Land Company) who held about ninety thousand acres of land in that neighborhood. There is an anecdote connected with the origin of this Agency, which is not generally known. Some dutch Gentlemen, misled by the statement of Brissot de Warville and others, into the belief that sugar might be manufactured from the maple in such quantities, and at such prices, as to supercede the West india Sugar, and that thus the slavetrade might be greatly curtailed, resolved to make the experiment. They accordingly purchased about Twenty three thousand acres of land, chiefly covered with Sugar Maple, and sent out Mr. Boon, a Sugar refiner by profession, to superintend the Manufacture. It is almost needless

to add that this experiment proved a total failure, and that, after expending some few thousand dollars on it, it was abandoned, and the lands Surveyed into small lots, and offered for sale to settlers.

Mr. Boon was a Gentleman of great personal activity, and of considerable force of mind, but totally inexperienced in the Settlement of Wild lands. Hence, instead of placing his village of Oldenbarneveld, (now Trenton) at the falls of the West Canada Creek, he placed it two Miles farther West, on a small tributary stream, and then endeavored to create there, by dint of expense, a waterpower far inferior to what nature offered him on the Canada Creek. The attempt proved abortive.¹

I remained about two weeks at Oldenbarneveld, and then set out to go and spend the winter at Casenovia. It was on this trip that I got initiated for the first time into some of the hardships which were then attendant on travelling in a new Country. My route, until I got to within Nine Miles of Casenovia was along the Main Genessee road, and that road run for 18 or 19 Miles through the Oneida reservation. From the eastern edge of that Reservation to Casenovia was a distance of 30 Miles, and this must be made in one day, as there was no tolerable intermediate stopping place. I left the edge of the reservation in Company with four other travellers, at early daybreak. The ground was slightly covered with snow, and the roads very deep and muddy. At half after three in the afternoon we reached Cana-

¹ The order of the autobiography has been slightly changed at this point and elsewhere, to suit the exigencies of the narrative. No portions of it have been omitted, however. Its capitalization, punctuation, and spelling are intended to be Mr. Huidekoper's own. In the extracts from his letters capitalization and punctuation have been modernized, but the spelling and the literal transcription, in most instances, have been preserved. The very few and unimportant departures from this rule are occasioned by the fact that a number of the letters were hasty copies taken off in a letter-book, sometimes by the hand of a clerk; and a number were copies made at a later day, by other persons, whose possible slips it was not desirable to perpetuate.

serago, an Indian Village distant 18 Miles, and here we got something to eat for our horses. From here I pursued my way alone. The sun was setting as I turned off from the Genesee road, My horse became uneasy, and had to be led, and thus, some times riding, sometimes Walking, I reached Casenovia at Nine o'clock in the evening. At half after Nine I got my *breakfast*.

At Casenovia I spent the Winter with Mr. Henry de Clercq, a Young Hollander, a Cousin of my Brother's wife, who had come to the United States with my Brother about three Years before, and who had settled near Casenovia as a farmer. My object in the selection of this residence was to make my self practically acquainted with farming, for I too had left Holland with the intention of becoming a farmer in America. I have since often smiled at the erroneous idea, which I, as well as numerous other Europeans, entertained on this subject. In Europe, the man who owns a hundred acres of good land is rich, and can draw from it more than a competency with little more labour than that of superintending the cultivation of it. Now Europeans are apt to connect the same ideas with the possession of land in this Country; and as they hear that very good land is to be had here at from two to four dollars per acre, they are led to believe that it requires but a few hundred dollars to make a man independent for life. I need not add that when I saw my friend de Clercq's farm covered with stumps, it did not exactly realize the beau ideal which I had formed to myself of a territorial possession; and when I learned afterwards that it had taken about \$4,000 to make his farm what it was, I became sensible, that I was not rich enough to become a farmer.

I spent the winter of 1796-7 with Mr. de Clercq. He was then unmarried, and lived in a small log-cabin. His family, consisted of himself, a hired man, a boy and a housekeeper. The latter went frequently on a visit to her parents, and would be absent for a week or two, leaving us to get along as we could; and I have fre-

quently laughed at the style in which we kept batchelor's Hall.

Mr. Lincklaen, who was Agent for the Holland Land Company, of some lands which they possessed in that quarter, asked me to aid his Clerk until one, whom he expected, should arrive. With him I spent part of the summer of 1797,¹ and in the fall of that year I returned to Oldenbarneveld, where I remained until the Month of february, 1802, when I removed to Philadelphia.

Everything that Mr. Huidekoper saw in these first years made a vivid impression upon his observant mind, from his first rattlesnake, "four feet nine inches long, and as thick as a man's leg," to the maize, which he writes to his parents "is much grown here," and is the same plant which they have seen in the gardens in Holland under the name of "Turkish wheat." "It grows," he tells them, "much larger and heavier here. They use it for fodder, for hogs and oxen, and even the people eat it here somewhat, but it seems to me that it is not nearly so nutritious as wheat or rye. This latter is not grown here, and those of the inhabitants who have eaten rye bread in the Eastern states of this republic do not seem to care for it very much, and prefer maize and wheat bread."

In another letter written to them from Oldenbarneveld, October 24, 1797, he says : —

I have passed a portion of the time during the past two months making little journeys from here with

¹ A letter to his parents, of March 1, 1797, says : "Mr. Lincklaen was married last week, and on that occasion I have made the acquaintance of Mr. van der Kemp. This gentleman was previous to the year '87 pastor in one of the Dutch cities, and left the country after the revolution. He was quite closely connected with the Frisian branch of the family, particularly with Uncle Huidekoper, and you would please him by sending them his compliments when you write to them."

Messrs. Mappa and van der Kemp. You will have seen from my preceding letter that I intended to leave Cazenovia and to pass the winter here. I arrived here the last of the month of August, and thereupon a few days later went on a trip with Mr. Mappa to the Settlement of Kortenaer, which lies eighteen miles from here, and belongs to the same company which are the owners of this settlement, namely, Messrs. Van Staphorst, Stadnitzki, Schimmelpenninck, Van Eeghen, etc. This settlement lies on the Black River, which is not navigable, by reason of the terrible falls and rocks which are in it. We stayed here for some time, as Mr. Mappa had some business at this place, and after seeing everything of interest we finally returned. On our journey back we were overtaken by a storm, accompanied by such a heavy rain that we were wet through before we could reach a house. This made riding disagreeable, and all the more, as the road being low and muddy, they had laid out some sixty causeways in it, of which some are more than a quarter of a mile in length. A causeway is a sort of bridge which is made by laying trees side by side, and you can easily understand that when the rain has made these trees slippery travelling over them is far from agreeable. Some time after that I went with Mr. van der Kemp to his place, known as Kempwyk, which lies on the Oneida Lake. The road there is via Fort Stanwix, now called Rome, a place where four years ago there was only one house, but where there are now several of two stories, and even some of three stories, together with a number of smaller buildings. I saw the canal here, which was dug awhile ago to promote navigation to the West. This was laid out with much skill, and it afforded me much pleasure, as in this country, where everything is in its natural rough condition, there are very few such things to be seen. The Oneida Lake is twenty miles long, and from six to seven miles broad. The land in that neighborhood is not so good as the land here, and further during a

portion of the year it is unhealthy. The exhalations from the marshes and stagnant water cause a fever among the inhabitants, which I think has a good deal of similarity to the Zealand fever. These two reasons, and the bad management of the owners of the lands, are the causes that the settlement there, which is called Rotterdam, does not increase very much.

About two years after my arrival at Oldenbarneveld [he continues, in the autobiography], Mr. Boon returned to Europe, and was succeeded in the Agency by Col. Mappa. This was a dutch exile, who, in the struggle against the House of Orange in 1786 and 1787, had commanded a body of patriot troops, and who, after the revolution of 1787, had expatriated himself, and had emigrated, first to France, and afterward to the United States. He was a man of a very hospitable benevolent and kind disposition.

During my residence at Casenovia the dutch Society at Oldenbarneveld had been increased by the removal thither of Mr. afterwards Doctor Van der Kemp and his family ; and was at this time full of attraction, particularly to a Young Hollander still partial to the language and customs of his native Country. Messrs. Boon and Mappa I have already mentioned. Dr. Van der Kemp was, like the latter, a dutch exile. His life was devoted to study, and he was one of the best read Scholars which I have ever met with. Mrs. Mappa and Mrs. van der Kemp belonged to the really excellent of this earth. To both I am indebted for a thousand acts of kindness, particularly to the former, who was as a Mother to me during my residence at Oldenbarneveld.¹

¹ "Oldenbarneveld is a very pleasant little place," Mr. Huidekoper wrote (August 9, 1797) to his parents, "and it is much more agreeable for me because there are so many Hollanders there. These are Mr. Boon, manager of the settlement, Messrs. Mappa and van der Kemp, with their families, both of whom fled from Holland because of the revolution of '87, Mr. Zaan, brother-in-law of Mr. Mappa, and Mr. Smits ; — in all,

For the first two Years I lived in comparative idleness. It is true that I made myself occasionally useful in making some excursion for the Agency, or in assisting my friends in a store connected with it, but I had no regular employment, and the few feeble efforts I made to get into business, proved abortive, because I relied on others, and had not yet learned to rely on my own exertions. At the end of this time, a Mr. Smits, a dutch Clerk in the employ of Mr. Mappa, determined on returning to Holland. This Clerkship was offered to me and accepted; and here commenced that connection with the Holland Land Company, and with the land business, in which the whole of my subsequent life has been spent.

The obtaining this Clerkship, to which a salary of \$500. a Year, besides board and lodging, was attached, formed an important era in my life. I was now, not only earning my own living, but, with the rigid economy which I prescribed to myself, I was enabled to lay by the largest part of my salary, to gratify the first wish of my heart, that of being useful to my parents. My Father died before I had the means of giving effect to this wish; but I had the happiness subsequently to be useful to my Mother and to My unmarried Sister.

I have always looked back with pleasure to the latter Years of my residence at Oldenbarneveld with pleasure, because that was a happy portion of my life. I had now a competency, and lived without care. My labours were light and of a pleasant kind. My amusements were simple, consisting chiefly in hunting, or fishing for trout; and I enjoyed the society of excellent worthy friends to whom I was sincerely attached, and by whom I was beloved in return; so that, when I left Oldenbarneveld, it was like parting again from my family and My home.

fifteen persons. Furthermore quite a number of the inhabitants speak Dutch, although somewhat like the farmers in Overijssel and Drenthe, and mingled with a few English words."

His life with the kindly Hollanders of Oldenbarneveld was indeed a very happy one. Mrs. Mappa was one of the warmest friends he ever made, and continued to write to him while she could hold a pen. When age and illness made this impossible, her daughter took up the correspondence, and wrote at intervals for a number of years, never losing her affectionate regard for him.¹

In the growth of Oldenbarneveld he took great pride, and reported in the winter of 1798: "This settlement has never been more lively than at present; every day about twenty sleighs come laden with goods from Fort Schuyler, and they generally go back the same day laden with lime, which is burnt here. In addition, there are about fifteen or sixteen sleds engaged daily in hauling stone from a stone quarry which is about a mile from Mr. Boon's. These stones are to be used to build a new corn mill and brewery which Mr. Mappa is to build."

Meanwhile his letters evinced his intelligent appreciation of Holland's vicissitudes, and an undiminished affection for his family and friends.

[January 15, 1798.] I have seen from the papers the unfortunate defeat of the Dutch fleet under de Winter. I am sincerely sorry at the loss of so many brave men who were there killed or captured, all the more that it is so difficult to secure experienced seamen. All the consolation we can find in the entire affair is that our seamen have borne themselves so bravely, and

¹ When Mr. Huidekoper's son Alfred in later years paid Miss Mappa a visit, her interest in her old acquaintance was as cordial as ever. "I delivered," Alfred Huidekoper said, in writing to his sister, "my father's letter to Miss Mappa, for which I got six kisses and one hundred and twenty (or less) shakings of the hand." She also took delight in showing him the garden where his father had walked, and the trees which he had planted.

that the English, although the victors, will long think of de Winter and his men.

[April 3, 1799.] When you write to me, you cannot go too much into particulars; those matters which others may regard as mere bagatelles interest me. Give my regards to all my acquaintances, and especially to the Carstens, Hiddingh, Ravallet, etc. I embrace you, and my brother and sister.

[August 13, 1799.] Your position cannot be very pleasant now that the war is on. It would give me pleasure if you would write me particularly regarding the situation in your district, how the arming of the citizens progresses, who are now their officers, who are the members of the municipal government, and who are now at Assen as members of the Provincial administration. . . . How is brother Piet getting on with his studies? Who is teaching him now, and what is the plan that you expect to follow with him? Write me everything, for I am most sincerely interested in all that regards you and the others of my family, and all my good friends. I have not heard anything as yet from the family in Friesland. Let me know how they are, and if any of them, and who, are in the political government of that former province.

[October 16, 1799.]¹ I am sorry to see that the somewhat long delay in receiving one of my letters has made sister somewhat anxious. May I ask you, sister dear, not to worry so easily over me. My occupations may sometimes prevent me from writing, and what is more, with this war possibly a third of my letters go astray. . . . I have seen with pleasure from brother Jan's letter that Pierre intends to go into the army. This is certainly one of the most glorious careers that a man can achieve. I hope that you may find good fortune and enjoyment in it.

[March 29, 1801.]² Your agreeable letter of the

¹ To his brother and sister.

² To his mother. His father died in 1799.

1st of September has been duly received by me, and with the greatest joy I learned that you were all well, especially as I had begun to be uneasy, as I had not received any news from you for a year. You will see from this that your letters which were sent in May, 1800, have been lost on the way; for which I am extremely sorry, as they would have been highly interesting to me, containing as they did a number of answers to questions which I had put to you and the others of the family at Hoogeveen. As I have but little time now, I will reply to your letter and that of my dear brother and sister in one.

I continue to take the same cordial interest in the prosperity of you all, and if I wish to see my own circumstances a little more easy, it is principally that I would like to give you all convincing proofs of my affection for you. I hope in the meantime that the Posserveld Veen [peatfield] can be sold to advantage, and that this will help you for some time. I am sorry, as well as you, that my dear Piet has as yet no prospects of making a living. What has become of the plan to enter the military service? The bravery of the Dutch troops makes this now a desirable calling. Perhaps Jan can help him in this, in some way or other. I advise him strongly to go in everything to his brother Jan for advice, and to follow it. Should my circumstances change favorably, he can always make claim on my friendship, and if I ever get where I can be of service to him here or in Europe it will be my greatest pleasure to help him with every means in my power. His good conduct gives me the greatest pleasure, and he should be convinced that one can never be unhappy, as long as he can say to himself that he has not deserved misfortune. That uncle Ketel does nothing for him, after what he had promised, is exceedingly unfair. I beg my dear Piet, in the meantime, not to become discouraged, but to use all his efforts, in an honorable manner, to obtain for himself in some way or other an honor-

able livelihood. This is certainly preferable to a dependence on uncles or aunts. Nothing is above independence, and no calling is low which is not dishonorable, and through which one can obtain for himself a decent living.

CHAPTER II

IN THE PENNSYLVANIA INTERIOR

MR. HUIDEKOPER continues in the autobiography :—

Mr. Smits, My predecessor at Oldenbarneveld, returned to the United States about the Year 1801 to become the bookkeeper of Mr. Busti,¹ the Agent General of the Holland Land Company. In the beginning of the Year 1802, Mr. Smits died, and Mr. Busti then invited me to become a second time Mr. Smits' successor. As to this situation there was attached a Salary of \$1200 the offer was too advantageous to be refused. I therefore accepted it, and removed to Philadelphia in the beginning of february, 1802.

Here again I found myself pleasantly situated. Mr. and Mrs. Busti were both of them Worthy, kind, amiable and Well informed.² My fellow Clerk, Mr. Defrance, was a kindhearted obliging Young Frenchman. My labour was easy, seldom occupying more than the forenoon. My income, which was already ample, was increased \$200 a Year, by my being appointed Secretary and Bookkeeper of the Pennsylvania Population Company; and some time afterwards I received a mark of the Confidence reposed in me by the Holland Land

¹ Paul Busti, a native of Milan, Italy, and his wife, Elizabeth May, born in Holland, daughter of Admiral May of the British navy, came to Philadelphia in 1794. In 1799 he became the general agent of the Holland Land Company, a position which he held until his death, in 1824.

² Mr. Huidekoper found in Mr. Busti a person of extreme exactness in business methods, with whom a young man could not fail to receive the most careful training. He became an inmate of Mr. Busti's home as well as of his office, and made pleasant friends in Philadelphia, as he did wherever he went.

Company, by being designated as the successor of Mr. Busti in the general Agency.

My residence in Philadelphia was of service to me, not only in a pecuniary point of view, but also as, by bringing me in contact with the world, it served to enlarge my ideas, and to improve my manners, which latter, from my having almost constantly resided in the Country, had never been sufficiently attended to. But though I thus endeavoured to acquire the manners, and to conform to the customs of the New World into which I had been translated, I always retained my former predilections for the simple pleasures of life, and I was thus preserved from those dissipations which are but too common in large Cities.

During the first Year of my residence in Philadelphia, an opportunity offered itself of gratifying my love of travelling, and I embraced it with eagerness. Major Roger Alden, who was at that time the Holland Company's Agent for their lands west of the Allegheny river, was no accomptant himself; and having an equally incompetent Clerk, his accounts had become confused. It became therefore necessary that either the Major should come to Philadelphia with his books and papers, or that someone should go to Meadville to adjust his accounts. The latter was preferred, and I was designated to perform that task. I accordingly left Philadelphia on horseback (then the only mode of travelling in the interior) some time in July, in company with Mr. Jabes Colt, who was at that time the Agent of the Pennsylvania Population Company for their lands in Crawford County. From Philadelphia to Strasburgh, at the eastern foot of the Mountains, the country was, comparatively, tolerably well settled, but from thence to Greensburgh on the west side of the Mountains all was wilderness, intersperced here and there either with small villages, such as Fannetsburgh, Bedford, Stoystown, &c., or with solitary stations for the accommodation of travellers. The roads across the Mountains were then

steep, and, to my unpractised eye, they appeared to be totally impracticable for wheel carriages, having much the appearance of the dry bed of mountain torrents, an aggregate of rubble stones, from which every particle of earth was washed away. Road wagons, with light loads of Merchandise had however then for some time been in the habit of crossing the Mountains.

I found Pittsburgh a very inconsiderable town, having little to recommend it except its scite. It presented however a Spectacle which so far in land was really a novel one. In the Monongahela river I saw two or three square rigged vessels intended for the navigation of the Ocean. Two frenchmen of the name of Terrascon, residing in Philadelphia, had established a shipyard at Pittsburgh. As You may suppose, the scheme did not succeed, and was shortly afterward abandoned.

From Pittsburgh to Franklin a road had been opened at the expense of the State, along which there were a few scattering settlements. From Franklin to Meadville there was only a horse path, running nearly in the direction of the present Creek road.

Meadville was in 1802 a small village, containing 25 or 30 houses, chiefly log ones; and a population of about 150 inhabitants. The Country around it was chiefly in a State of Nature.

I remained at Meadville about four Weeks, and then returned to Philadelphia by the way of Buffalo, Albany, and New York, paying a visit to the Falls of Niagara and to my friends at Oldenbarneveld by the way. The Settlements on the Holland Company lands in the Genesee Country were then in their infancy. From the Pennsylvania line to Buffalo there were but three small cabins, two near Westfield, and one on the Cataraugus Creek, and Buffalo itself contained perhaps a dozen and a half of log cabins. I returned to Philadelphia about the beginning of October, and I felt that for once I had rode enough.

This journey to Meadville, to attend to the Company's interests there, little as he then anticipated its bearings upon his future, was but a preliminary step toward taking the entire Western Pennsylvania agency upon his shoulders. His travels are described by him at far greater length in a careful memorandum prepared at the time for future reference, a paper full of general interest to the student of our early history, and containing much of Mr. Huidekoper's own point of view as well as his first impressions of the interior. The original was written in French, which indicated that it was meant, in part, for Mr. Busti's perusal, — Mr. Busti being more familiar with French than with English. It has been translated ¹ as follows : —

On Tuesday the 21st. of July [1802] I started on my journey from Philadelphia to Meadville.

Although the lack of freedom inseparable from life in great cities makes my stay therein wearisome to me, yet the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Busti during my five months residence in Philadelphia had so sweetened my life that it was not without regret that I left them to undertake a journey which had long tempted me and which, besides satisfying my curiosity, promised, at least for a time, to give me the pleasures of a country life, which during the five previous years I had enjoyed.

Preparations for leaving delayed my departure from hour to hour, and it was only towards six o'clock in the evening that I was fairly off. The great heat induced me also to choose this late hour for leaving (having only finished my work in the morning), for I would advise no one to travel in the middle of the day at this season, in a climate as hot as that of Pennsylvania unless absolutely obliged to do so.

I only rode eight miles this first day, following the

¹ By Mrs. Cortazzo.

turnpike which leads from Philadelphia to Lancaster. Although the land along the road I traversed to-day is of indifferent quality, it is fairly well cultivated except near Philadelphia, where it is left fallow after much use. I am surprised that they do not plant this land with trees, not only because wood gives a good return and increases in value in the neighbourhood of a large city, but because it would give back to the soil much of its productiveness. It is to the enriching of its soil by its forests that America owes much of its fertility, for generally speaking it is not naturally any richer than land in Europe, only newer and less exhausted.

The 22nd. I started at five A. M., and at eleven reached Downingtown, which is thirty miles from Philadelphia. The heat was intense, and as I feared to exhaust my horse I stopped for some hours until the sun should be less powerful. The land passed seemed to me very indifferent, and here and there I saw fields which had been abandoned. The part still cultivated had been enriched with plaster of Paris, which, though it is not as good as manure, they use here for fertilizing. It differs from manure in that one can fertilize the ground several successive years, and is advantageous because one can raise several crops, especially hay or grass whereby the farmer can feed more cattle and eventually obtain enough manure. Most of the settlers in this part are of German origin, who retain the language and customs of their ancestors. Less enterprising than the New Englanders, they are more frugal, and in spite of the poorness of the soil they seemed to be generally in easy circumstances.

Downingtown is the only village worthy the name as far as Lancaster. I should have found it dull, in spite of this distinction, if I had not met a man from New England who lives in Genesee and who could give me information about the navigation of the Susquehanna, having traded by that stream. He said that traffic is carried on by means of boats which are a cross

between a boat and a raft, carrying twenty or thirty tons. Last year all merchandise went to Baltimore, where the merchants gave a little extra price, to encourage trade. This year however the Baltimore market is lower than Philadelphia, and traders from Genesee unloaded their boats near Lancaster and sent their merchandise by land to Philadelphia. In this way they avoided the most dangerous part of the navigation of the Susquehanna. The man who told me this said that last year out of seven rafts which came down the river, three had been wrecked, one entirely lost, and the other two lost part of their cargo. The rates from Genesee to Baltimore are \$1.50 per barrel of flour; the rates to Philadelphia would be \$2.00 because of the land carriage.

At four o'clock I started again, and crossing the Brandywine Creek, famous for the battle which Washington lost in its vicinity, I arrived towards evening forty-eight miles from Philadelphia, very tired on account of the intense heat. The soil becomes better as one nears Lancaster, and is very fertile and well cultivated in the vicinity of that town, which I reached on the morning of the 23rd.

The town of Lancaster, which is the seat of the Legislature of Pennsylvania when it is in session, is situated sixty-two or sixty-three miles from Philadelphia, in a valley surrounded on three sides by higher ground than that on which the town stands, which does not add to its beauty, and the streets are ill-paved and very dirty. It owes the undesirability of its site to one of the Provincial Governors under the British régime, who, owning much property in this quarter, laid it out in town lots. The town is of considerable size, and according to one of its citizens, who was my informant, has a population of about nine thousand. I cannot answer for the accuracy of this, and am tempted to suspect that, as men often think they add to their own importance by exaggerating the importance of their place of residence,

the good man had done this. However the size of the place rather astonished me, for I could not see what had attracted so many persons to a spot so utterly lacking in those natural advantages which in this country often cause very rapid growth in towns. From what I could gather, Lancaster has very little trade and the products of the interior only pass through it. The inhabitants are largely German, or descendants of Germans, as one sees at a glance, for the houses are built in the peculiar style common in Germany, half stone or brick, half wood.

Some business connected with the Holland Land Company detained me in Lancaster the rest of the 23rd and the 24th. I was joined here by Mr. Jabez Colt, one of the directors of the Population Company, who was to make the journey with me, but had been detained in Philadelphia a day or two by business. The 25th we renewed our journey, and, as a storm had somewhat cooled the air, our day's ride was pleasant, though towards evening the rain began again. I had never seen any country which charmed me more than did Lancaster County. The soil is fertile, and while this offers an easy competence to the cultivator it also rejoices the eye of the traveler with the picturesqueness and beauty of its scenery. Every where there is variety and charm, and while the hills are not high or the rivers very large, the views are ever changing and would offer a vast field of interest to a landscape painter.

Although the roads were good considering the heavy rains we had had for two days, there were no bridges, and we had to ford such streams as we met which were somewhat swollen. After a ride of thirty miles, towards the end of which the land seemed to me less good, we reached Harrisburg, situated on the bank of the Susquehanna, ten miles from Middletown where we had dined. Middletown and Harrisburg are pretty little towns, of no importance and very little business. They are merely places where the farmers of the country can obtain the

necessaries of life, and where reside lawyers and the members of the District Administration.

The 26th we started early, and crossing the Susquehanna near Harrisburg we reached Carlisle at ten o'clock A. M. (seventeen miles from Harrisburg), which is a small place. Mr. Colt's business kept us here till the 28th, when we left in the morning, and after a tiresome ride of thirty-eight miles came in the evening to Fannetstown. The land along the way was rather poor and so dry that for thirty miles we did not see a stream large enough to water our horses. The inhabitants about here were not Germans, as near Lancaster, but Irish or of Irish descent. There seemed to be less signs of comfort than among the Germans, but I had not time to inquire whether this was due to inferiority of the soil or to their addiction to the use of whiskey; perhaps both causes conduce to their being less prosperous than their neighbors in other counties.

Before reaching Fannetstown we had to cross two hills called the "Short Hills," but which we found long enough, not because of their height but their steepness and stoniness, which was so great that our poor horses could scarcely scale the ascent, and the descent was so bad that we had to dismount and lead them. The places we passed through during the day were very small. We dined at Shippensburg and from there came to Strasburg, which is at the foot of the mountain.

The 29th we began our day's journey by crossing the third of the Short Hills, which, however, we found easier than the others. The day before the country had commenced to change its aspect. In place of a well-cultivated soil, we had since we left Carlisle found a newly cleared district with stumps of trees standing or considerable forests. This day we noticed still more of the primitive wilderness. The country was mountainous, and habitations were rare, and the soil sterile. Towards noon we ascended Sideling Hill, a rather high mountain. Just as we reached the summit a storm broke over us

with a heavy rain. Luckily we found a deserted cabin where we took shelter; but as the storm seemed to centre about the summit with no sign of abatement, we resumed our journey, and arrived without accident early in the evening about six miles short of Bedford, after fording the Juniata, and having ridden thirty-five miles through a country which would have been uninteresting but for the magnificent glimpses of scenery, which, I fear, did not make up to our poor horses, as it did to us, for the fatigue of scrambling up the rocky ascents where stones covered the road and gave a most insecure footing.

The 30th we forded the Juniata again early in the day, and reached Bedford, a charmingly situated village near the river, surrounded by fairly high mountains. Towards noon we crossed Allegheny Mountain, which was higher than any we had seen before, but more easy of ascent. From its summit we had a truly grand view, which would have been still more impressive had the weather been clear, but since we had left Lancaster we had had but one fine day, and that one we had spent at Carlisle. For the rest of the time we had had alternately a broiling sun or heavy rain.

Allegheny Mountain has a base of fifteen to seventeen miles, so that after crossing it we had gone about thirty-five miles when we stopped at Stoystown. The land passed during the last two days had been very arid, but now improved. Towards the top of the mountain and on the west side there were a few settlements.

The 31st we left Stoystown, and after a fatiguing day we reached Greensburg, thirty-seven miles. Scarcely had we commenced the ascent of Laurel Hill, a mountain nearly as high as Allegheny and steeper, when a storm broke over us, and as there was no shelter, as there had been on Sideling Hill, we were soon drenched, and so arrived at Fort Legonier, a place where formerly there had been a fort of that name of which the ruins remained. At present there is but one house. In the

afternoon the weather cleared and we crossed Chestnut Ridge, much easier than the other mountains, and without accident reached Greensburg. The country improved more and more, and we saw many more habitations that day. What does not please me is the way they clear the ground here, if you call it "clearing" where the greater part of the stumps are left standing. I noticed the natural result of this, for in many places the wind had blown down branches on the growing grain and injured it, and, what was worse, had in places beaten down the crops entirely and ruined them.

Another thing that astonished me was that in clearing their lands the people made no use whatever of the ashes, which they left where the trees were burned; they could give no better reason for this than that every body did so and nobody cared to make potash.

All this showed me that the people here are less industrious than they are in New England, for, admitting what they pretend, that they are not rich enough to clear the land thoroughly the first year, it is a bad excuse when it extends to the second and third year.

Greensburg is a well-built little place, and the neighborhood is settled by Germans largely, so that the German language predominates. The 1st of August we left there, and reached Pittsburg after a ride of thirty-two miles. Although the scarcity of water makes settlements rare along this route, I have never seen a more beautiful country. Up to this point, the forests had been principally oak, walnut and chestnut of rather medium size, but here they began to be larger, and appeared of healthier growth. After this, these trees were mixed with maples, elms and locust. The wild plum was full of fruit, and wild grape vines were heavy with grapes. Indeed I have never seen a country more charming and smiling, and if the borders of the Ohio are like this, one may well call it "La Belle Rivière."

Pittsburg is situated at the confluence of the Monongahela and the Allegheny rivers, two large streams which

after their junction become the Ohio. The situation of Pittsburg is charming; watered on two sides by two navigable rivers and surrounded by beautifully wooded hills. At the junction of the rivers was Fort Duquesne, of which there are some remains. The American fort is only a blockhouse with palisaded magazine. There is no garrison at Pittsburg, only an officer as superintendent of the magazine and arsenal. The town is of considerable size and promises to grow much larger when its trade increases and is well established.

I was astonished to see two vessels being built, the larger of two hundred and sixty tons, the other of one hundred and twenty tons. There was also a brigantine, which I did not see because it was at some distance, but which I was informed was ready to sail as soon as the rains should have raised the Ohio, so that it could go down that river to the Mississippi, for at the season of low water boats cannot descend these streams on account of sand banks and rocks. I saw the captain of the brigantine, who expected to make the voyage to Europe. This will probably be the first vessel to cross the ocean which has been built two thousand five hundred miles from the sea.

We stayed two days in Pittsburg to rest our horses and to permit Mr. Colt to attend to some business, and left on the 4th rather late in the morning, as we had only thirty miles to make that day. For much of our journey we had to regulate the length of our day's ride by the taverns where we could lodge.

Having passed the Allegheny river at Pittsburg we changed the direction of our route. Up to this time we had taken a westerly course; now we traveled northward. The character of the country changed somewhat, and all day was arid and sterile, lacking water entirely except in two places. There was very little wood, which I attributed partly to the poor soil and partly to forest fires, caused formerly perhaps by accident or by the Indians to make hunting easier or to give room for grass

for their cattle. These fires not only kill the trees, but injure the soil greatly. The few settlements we saw were all where these fires had not penetrated and where the soil was a little better. The settlers are few in this region, and seem very poor. I have never seen such poor clearings anywhere; only the small wood had been taken out, while all trees of two feet in diameter remained standing, but were dead, which gave a very melancholy aspect to the country. We spent the night thirty miles from Pittsburg, and on the 5th continued our journey through a district as sparsely settled and as arid as the day before, except that near Franklin where the soil seemed better.

Franklin, thirty-eight miles from our last resting place, is in a pretty situation, being near the point where French Creek joins the Allegheny. Here there is a fort¹ or blockhouse (American), built formerly for protection from the Indians, but with the increase of population it has become unnecessary and has now no garrison. Franklin is a small place of no importance. We spent the night there, and next day started for Meadville which is only twenty-six miles distant. As there was no regular road we followed a path or trail, very narrow, but well marked, which led us through a tract so sparsely inhabited that it was noon before we found a place to breakfast. We reached Meadville in the afternoon, having lost our way at one point, and were glad at last to reach the end, for a time, of our wanderings.

Meadville is prettily situated on the bank of French Creek, a stream navigable for boats of some size for a good part of the year. The place has little importance, and the houses are almost all of hewn logs and do not present a very attractive appearance. There being no lime in the region, the settlers are obliged to use a sort of clay for their chimneys (rather a dangerous substitute), and they cannot either plaster or whitewash the interior of their houses. . . .

¹ Fort Franklin.

The soil, which seems rich and free from wood, is almost uncultivated; grain is twice as dear as it is elsewhere six weeks after harvest, and the utmost poverty exists, judging from the ragged appearance of the settlers. . . .

On the 31st August, I made an excursion to Oil Creek¹ with Major Alden, about twenty-seven miles from Meadville. There is nothing remarkable in this section except some very good land owned by the Holland Land Company. There are few settlers, and the clearings are about as they are near Meadville, of little importance. We returned from this excursion the next day, the first of September, and en route were overtaken by a fearful storm while in the woods. This, with heavy rain, the frightful state of the road, quite impracticable for any vehicle, made our trip exceedingly disagreeable.

I rested for one day in Meadville, and having finished all my business I started again on my way, after a four weeks stay, on the 3rd of September, directing my steps towards Fort Le Bœuf, which is twenty-six miles [northward] from Meadville.

Along part of the way the soil was quite good, and again it was so thin that the roots of the trees were almost on the surface of the ground. Continual mud caused by recent rain made the road almost impassable and dangerous. However, I reached Le Bœuf after a tiresome and lonely ride without accident, but not without a wetting, for a storm came up when I was still six miles from my destination. I was fortunate to escape a

¹ The Oil Creek settlement, named from the oily-surfaced stream on which it was situated, consisted then chiefly of a sawmill erected by the Holland Land Company in 1798, and two or three families settled on the company's land. Its underground treasures were still unsuspected, although the surface overflow, collected in its crude state from pits along the creek, where it rose plentifully, was used somewhat for illuminating the mill. The hidden supply remained unappropriated until 1859, when an artesian well produced tremendous excitement by bringing up from the sand rock oil in quantities equaling twenty-five barrels a day.

worse one, for just after I arrived such a torrent of rain fell that had I been exposed to it I should have been drenched to the skin.

Le Bœuf [now Waterford] is situated on a little lake [Lake Le Bœuf] communicating with French Creek by a small stream [Le Bœuf Creek] which empties into it and is navigable part of the year. Formerly there was a French fort here, and there is still a blockhouse, but no garrison.

The 4th I set out again, and after a solitary ride of fifteen miles over a very bad road, where my horse fell once, I reached Greenfield, and was received with great cordiality by Mr. Colt. This Mr. Colt is a brother of my late fellow-traveler, and, like him, is an agent of the Population Company in Pennsylvania.

The land along the road to Greenfield was fairly good, though here and there thin, and the clearings along part of the way seemed to me to have been made by New Englanders, being much better than those near Meadville. Mr. Colt told me that my supposition was correct and that the settlers about here were in fact from New England. Greenfield has only six or seven houses and is insignificant. I stayed a day with the Colt family, treated with the utmost hospitality, which is natural to his race, and his kindness extended to accompanying me when I left, as far as the border of Pennsylvania, which was eleven miles from his house. I had hoped to find some companion to relieve the loneliness of a road which for one hundred miles is almost a wilderness and which was totally unknown to me, but no such good fortune offered, and I pursued my solitary way after quitting Mr. Colt, and soon, as usual, was overtaken by rain, which continued till I was eleven miles beyond the border in the State of New York at a point where there is a portage between Lake Erie and Lake Chautauqua. Here, about two miles from the lake, were three newly built houses, and in one I spent the night. I have never seen better land than that I passed as I

entered New York State, along the shore of the lake, and saw the next day.

The 7th I continued my journey to the Catteraugus Creek, a distance of thirty-five miles, without seeing a single house, which was the more disagreeable as it was very wet. I passed the night in a lonely cabin that I found on the bank of the stream, and the 8th I went on, starting early.

The weather, which was wet in the morning, cleared later, and though the road was very lonely I had a not disagreeable day. Nearly all day my way was along that superb Lake Erie, of which I had had but a glimpse in Pennsylvania, and had not seen again except for a moment near Catteraugus. Having lived for a long time far from any body of water, the sight of the great lake, so picturesque and so clear, gave me a very agreeable sensation, and the more that any anxiety about my route was laid at rest. I had only to follow the shore of the lake. The only trouble I had was that here and there large rocks stretched quite into the lake and the waves breaking upon them so frightened my horse that he refused to go into the water, and I was obliged to make him climb up and over the rocks which were rather steep. Little by little, however, he became used to the water, and we waded round the points without further trouble.

I reached New Amsterdam [Buffalo] quite early, after a ride of thirty miles. It is situated at the outlet of Lake Erie, at the point where Buffalo Creek empties into it. New Amsterdam is on a hill, from which one sees the lake, Fort Erie and the Canada shore, which indeed had been in sight all day. The village is very small because the Holland Land Company, which owns the lands here, as it does all that I have passed through since I entered the State of New York, has not yet arranged for the sale of lots in the village, which promises to become of some importance and might become more if a sand bar at the mouth of the river did not prevent its being a harbor.

The 9th I took advantage of my proximity to the cataract of Niagara (only twenty-two miles from New Amsterdam) to visit this marvelous sight. I started early, and following the great river which precipitates itself from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario I crossed it three miles below New Amsterdam, and entered Canada. The bank of the river which I followed is pretty well settled on the Canada side; the land is good and fertile and fairly well cultivated and the turn of the river offers charming views. After a delightful ride I came, a little before noon, to Fort Chippewa, which is two miles from the falls. This place is beautifully situated and of some size, and has an English garrison. I left my horse here, and went on foot to see the cataract. A mile from Chippewa, the rapids begin, that is the water flows with great rapidity, while the rocks, which are partly concealed beneath, make it boil and foam. From afar one hears the roar of the cataract and sees the cloud of spray which rises from it and disappears in mist.

At last I found myself opposite the falls, and never have I seen anything so grand and impressive. A river nearly a mile wide is precipitated perpendicularly into a gulf a hundred and fifty feet deep, with a noise like thunder, which raises a cloud of spray almost concealing the cataract. The sun shining fully upon it formed a rainbow that was magnificent. The water falling seems entirely spray, and only in one place where it was deeper could one see the pure green color of the water. The falls are divided in two parts by an island almost in the middle of the river, inaccessible to man, which adds much to the scene. The rock or ledge over which the river plunges is almost a straight line for three-quarters of the distance; then it forms an angle, rather acute, near the Canada side.

After I had looked long at the cataract from different points and distances above, I climbed down the rocks nearer to the bottom of the river by a path, which, no-

where good, would be impracticable in one place but for a ladder. I reached the bottom safely, and, climbing over the rocks thrown there by the river, I enjoyed another view of the most beautiful and imposing spectacle I can possibly imagine. After six hours spent in studying this wonderful phenomenon I returned to Chipewewa, very tired from my arduous climb up and down the rocks, and spent the night nine miles from New Amsterdam in Canada.

The 10th I went back into New York State, and having breakfasted at New Amsterdam I started at last on my homeward way to Philadelphia, but by a different route from that by which I had come. The country I passed through here seemed fairly good, but had suffered considerably from forest fires started probably by the Indians. These fires kill the trees or injure them, and even injure the soil, at least where the leaves have gathered and been burnt.

Near New Amsterdam I found a large village of Indians, one of the largest in the State, and another large one near Tonawanda River, and a third near Catteraugus. The Indians forming these villages count perhaps fourteen or fifteen hundred, and are composed of different tribes generally called the Six Nations, because they come from six different nations, formerly quite numerous, living in different regions, but who now are only the scattered remains of these nations.

I spent the night twenty-three miles east of New Amsterdam, and the 11th when I had intended starting very early in the morning I found myself attacked with severe pain in my right side and stomach and had to return to my bed. As there was no doctor at hand, and as I was no doctor myself and my host was equally ignorant, there was nothing to do but to lie still and suffer in silence, which I did until noon, when, the pain decreasing, I mounted my horse, and reached Batavia safely in the evening.

Batavia is the residence of the Holland Land Com-

pany's agent for the sale of land in this portion of its vast property. As the village has only been in existence a year it is very small, but as it is well laid out and is on the main road, and as the lands in this district are very good, it may, in time, become important. During the two days that I passed there I received the greatest kindness from Mr. Ellicott, the company's agent, and from other gentlemen in his office. Unfortunately I could not fully avail myself of their hospitality, as I still suffered great pain, which increased and diminished from hour to hour. I consulted a physician, but he could not discover the cause of my indisposition. The second day he bled me and administered some medicine, which, while it weakened me, lessened the pain, so that on the 14th, feeling somewhat better, I started on my way, accompanied by Mr. Ellicott, who continued with me as far as the limit of the company's lands.

I passed for five miles through a forest, and came suddenly into extensive clearings, newly made, it is true, but much better made than any I had seen in Western Pennsylvania. After this, the land, which had been good for ten or eleven miles, became very arid, and seemed to have suffered from fire. A curious thing seen this day is worth mentioning. This is a pond covering four or five acres, entirely fed by springs of excellent water in sufficient quantity to turn, even in the summer, two mills which are near the outlet. After fording the Genesee River I spent the night at an inn twelve miles beyond it and thirty-seven from Batavia.

The 15th, I started early and breakfasted at Canandaigua, a fair sized town, well built and situated on a lake of the same name. Here ends the great Western Turnpike of New York State, or, to be more exact, it is here that it is to end; for as it was only partly finished, it did not benefit me much, and I found the road from it to Geneva in a horrible condition in many places, though the soil seemed of very good quality.

Geneva is situated sixteen miles from Canandaigua,

and though I had only ridden twenty-nine miles that day I was obliged to spend the night there, having lost some time through my horse requiring to be shod, and it would have been too late to reach Cayuga that evening. There was no decent inn between these two places. Geneva has a charming position on Seneca Lake, which is fifteen miles long and two broad. The town is well built and rather large, thanks to improvements made by Mr. Williamson, formerly agent of an English company. I lodged at an inn built by this agent on a rather extensive scale, considering the newness of the country and the scarcity of travelers, and it has not been very profitable.

I left Geneva the 16th, and having crossed the lake on a strong bridge nearly a mile long I breakfasted on the other side, ten miles from Geneva. This bridge is probably the longest in the United States, and bears honorable testimony to the enterprise of the State of New York. The toll is moderate, considering the depreciated currency in this part of the world, and yet they say that the owners of the bridge, who are a company, receive good interest on their outlay. The land between Geneva and Cayuga situated on the lake, east of the bridge, is very unimportant.

I went on that day to Onondaga, forty-seven miles from Geneva and east of Cayuga. I found excellent land, and although it is newly opened up it is already fairly well settled. This land¹ is in Cayuga and Onondaga Counties and was given by the State of New York to soldiers who took part in the Revolutionary War as recompense for their services as State troops. The soil is good, and the country more varied than in other parts of the Genesee. In the neighborhood of Onondaga are salt works belonging to the State, which supply part of this country.

The 17th I rode on for nine miles and then made a detour of nine more to see Mr. Lincklaen at Cazenovia.

¹ Part of the "Donation Lands."

This village, which has grown considerably, is delightfully situated on a little lake a mile wide and four miles long. The land about here belongs to the Holland Land Company and is under the direction of Mr. Lincklaen. The soil is mostly of good quality, and the settlers whom Mr. Lincklaen has drawn here have made considerable clearings. At Cazenovia I had the pleasure of finding my old friend De Clercq, who, with his family, was very well.

I spent a day with Mr. Lincklaen, and on the 19th I resumed my journey. Eighteen miles from Mr. Lincklaen's I came to the turnpike, and reached Whitestown in the evening, a beautiful place on the Mohawk, thirty-two miles from Cazenovia, where I had the pleasure of finding several old acquaintances. The land along the turnpike passed this day is for the most part good and well cultivated except such as still belongs to the Oneida Indians. There are very few of these Indians, and they are diminishing rapidly in numbers. This is attributed to the use of liquor, which they obtain from the white people and to which they are terribly addicted.

The 20th I went from Whitestown to Utica, a flourishing village on the Mohawk, six miles from Whites-town, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country. From there I reached Oldenbarneveld, a little place thirteen miles from Utica, where live the delightful families of the Messrs Mappa and van der Kemp. I cannot describe the joy with which I saw once more the place where I had passed five years and the dear and worthy friends who had made my life there so happy, the happiest days of my life, so true it is that even in a wilderness one's happiness may be found through the kindness of friends. I spent eight delightful days in the dear Mappa family, including an excursion of three days which I made with Mr. Mappa to the little village of Kortenaer eighteen miles northward from Oldenbarneveld. At last on the 28th I was obliged to tear myself away once more from this beloved family, that I

may well call my own ; and after good byes which cost me intense regret I resumed my journey. I was accompanied as far as Utica by my young friend van der Kemp,¹ after which, keeping along the fertile and cultivated bank of the Mohawk, I reached my night's lodging at German-flats, thirty-one miles from Oldenbarneveld.

At Utica commence the two great turnpikes which lead, the one partly finished to Canandaigua, and the other from Utica to Albany, also unfinished. The road served me well wherever it was finished, and I left it at German-flats, where I forded the Mohawk, the bridge being broken.

The 29th I followed all day the bank of the Mohawk, fording it again at noon five miles below Canajoharie, a little place to the south of the river. The settlers in all this charming bit of country from Utica are largely descendants of German emigrants who here sought a prosperity difficult enough to attain in their native land. To the north of the river I passed another small village called Caughnewaga, and spent the night at Tribeshill, forty-one miles from German-flats, with a Dutch family where I was warmly received and overwhelmed with questions by my hostess when she found I was a Hollander.

The 30th my road took me along the Mohawk again ; the country mostly settled by Dutch gradually becoming worse as I approached Schenectady. This town, twenty-one miles from Tribeshill, is on the south bank of the Mohawk and of some size, but is badly built and has little business. The inhabitants are largely Dutch, and their lack of enterprise gives little promise for the place. I spent the night at Albany, sixteen miles east of Schenectady. This town, which formerly rather resembled Schenectady, is now perhaps the best built and busiest city in the interior of the United States. It is, to some extent, the great market for all of the interior of

¹ John J., son of Francis Adrian van der Kemp.

New York State, and its commerce increases in proportion to the growth of the population and the settlement of the state.

It is a pity that the land in the vicinity of Albany does not correspond to so flourishing a city. It is almost the poorest land I have seen in America, especially between Schenectady and Albany and for some miles beyond Albany, east of the North River. I lost one day at Albany looking for a boat going down the Hudson to New York, but could get no place for myself and my horse in the only two boats ready to leave, so on October 1st I started once more southward, and having crossed the Hudson I passed through the little village of Kinderhook and stopped for the night at Hudson, a good sized town on the river thirty-four miles from Albany.

Here I tried again to find a vessel on which I could get passage to New York, but failed in this, and was unsuccessful also the next day and the day after at Rhinebeck, Poughkeepsie and Fishkill, and was obliged to continue my journey on horseback.

On the 2nd I made thirty-seven miles, and passing through Rhinebeck slept nine miles north of Poughkeepsie. The country after leaving Albany, and I may say all the way to New York, is very much the same; it would be one of the most beautiful parts of America if the land were more fertile. The country is hilly and well watered, but the soil is sandy and worn out, and the woods, which are already much cut away, are poor, and the trees of small size. The settlers along the river are mostly of Dutch descent and still speak a sort of provincial patois. These settlers, owing to their having neglected their land formerly, are now obliged to enrich it with plaster of Paris, having few cattle to furnish manure.

The 3rd I breakfasted at Poughkeepsie, a flourishing little town with some commerce, and passed the night in the Highlands, thirty-three miles from my last

night's resting place. I went through Fishkill, another little town, but by no means as large as Poughkeepsie.

On the 4th I crossed over the Highlands, which I had been told were difficult to ascend, but which I found much easier than the mountains I had crossed in Pennsylvania. The only peak one is obliged to go over is not high, is easy of ascent and is flat on the summit, and in extent is not more than seven or eight miles. The country beyond the mountain is hilly for some distance, so that my horse had rather a hard day, and we had gone forty-four miles when we arrived at nightfall at Kingsbridge, fourteen miles from New York. This day I went through Peekskill and Tarrytown, two small places of no importance, except that the former has some commerce and several vessels plying on the North River.

The 5th I reached New York in the morning, that city so flourishing and so admirably situated for extensive commerce. The North and East Rivers, forming an island on which the city stands, give easy access to the largest vessels, and presents one of the most beautiful views possible. Having executed hastily a few commissions in the city I re-crossed the North River, and going through Newark, a pleasantly situated and fairly large place, I reached Elisabethtown, fifteen miles from New York, where I passed the night.

This letter well accentuates Meadville's extreme isolation. By any route that could be taken the journey thither involved long hard days in the saddle, or even worse jolting over unfinished roads on wheels. And on the arrival of the traveler at his destination the sense of remoteness would continue.

Mr. Huidekoper's first view of his future home, as he has testified, was certainly far from prepossessing, and indeed a sharper contrast to the trim villages of Hol-

land, or even to the quiet Dutch orderliness of Oldenbarneveld, than was presented by Meadville in its first fifteen years could not well have been found. At the time of his visit the town was hardly out of its initial stage of enterprising chaos. Its small log huts, its muddy streets, its floating population of adventurers and boatmen, made it extremely unprepossessing in his eyes, and not until his second coming in 1805 did he realize the possibilities of its future.

The valley in which it lies is one of alluring beauty. French Creek, a tributary of the Allegheny, flows, a clear and rapid stream, through successive intervals of green and level meadows. From the meadows rise high but softly rounded hills, at that time covered with rich forests through which roamed deer, bear, and many other animals. Such a region of plenty was it, a country so abounding in fish and game, that the Indians who traversed it year after year kept it as a common hunting ground to which they resorted for pelts and food. Along the valley, now on one side of the creek, now on the other, ran their well-worn trail, leading from the headwaters of the stream down to the Allegheny. At the point where Cussewago Creek joins French Creek once stood one of their villages, while the relics found in the neighborhood indicate that in still earlier times the mound-builders were inhabitants of the hills and plains.

The French, in planning their chain of forts along the frontier, recognized the importance of this valley, and, approaching it from Lake Erie, built their Fort Le Bœuf near the source of the creek, and Fort Machault just below its mouth. Fortifications were also raised midway, at Cussewago, and could be seen there

in a ruined condition in the last century. Even now it is possible to trace a portion of the canal which led from the fortifications to the creek. The beautiful prairies of the creek bottom won Washington's admiration as he passed through the valley on his memorable mission to Fort Duquesne, and he was certainly one of the first to fasten the name of French Creek upon what had first been La Rivière aux Bœufs and then Venango River.

When in 1788 David, John, and Darius Mead, Cornelius van Horn, and several other white men came to the Cussewago meadows, the region was practically deserted. The forts had surrendered their early names; Machault, or Venango, had become Fort Franklin, and was the nearest place of refuge for the adventurous settlers.

David Mead built his first hut on the Vallonia or west side of French Creek near the rich bottom-lands, which he straightway began to cultivate. The neighboring Indians let him and his friends alone, but in 1791 Flying Cloud brought notice of the approach of prowling bands from a distance, and the little settlement took flight. The half-dozen or more families collected about the sawmill embarked, "mostly on rafts of boards prepared for the purpose," and made their way down French Creek to Fort Franklin, where they received protection. When, still undaunted, some of the men shortly returned to plant their corn in the French Creek meadows, they were beset by Indians, and driven off, and one of them was killed. David Mead's father was killed in the following year, but notwithstanding this, Mead returned to his settlement. On the eastern bank he built a double log cabin and a sawmill,

the first sawmill west of the Allegheny River, and the projected town was begun. The Indian name, Cussewago, was at first retained for the settlement by Mead, but his friends insisted on Meadville, and Meadville it became. A few Indians lingered in the vicinity, but they were entirely friendly. There were Stripe Neck and his family, living on the west bank of French Creek, near the present site of the Mercer bridge; Flying Cloud and Big Sun in their village to the northward, on Lake Erie; and Cornplanter and his brother Halftown, with their people, on the Allegheny, in what is now the northeast corner of Warren County. All these eventually played their part in standing between the settlers and destruction.

The harassing of the settlers continued for some time, as the defeats of General Harmer in 1790 and General St. Clair in 1791 emboldened the hostile Indians and kept the frontiersmen in expectant terror. The interference, by this state of warfare, with the occupation of the country, had, as will be seen, a direct bearing on matters in which Mr. Huidekoper was concerned. David Mead affirmed in testimony given in the case of "Richard Smith, an Alien, Lessee of Harm Jan Huidekoper, an Alien, vs. William Stiles," that in the beginning of April, 1792, there was not one person resident in the country north and west of the rivers Ohio and Allegheny and Cussewago Creek except the few families from his mills who were seeking protection at Fort Franklin. In that same spring, however, Mead obtained a little garrison of a sergeant, a corporal, and twelve men, hired some friendly Indians, and, returning to Meadville, built a strong stockade around his dwelling-house. His family then came back from Fort Franklin, and in Novem-

ber he procured from General Wayne a detachment of a subaltern and thirty men, and, assisted by them, completed the stockade and built a blockhouse,¹ which projected over the bank of French Creek in order to prevent the enemy concealing themselves or having any shelter under the bank of the creek either above or below the fortification.

During the next few years, from 1792 until the latter part of 1795, no settler with a wife or children attempted to clear ground or to build a cabin in the woods. When clearing or planting was to be done outside of the settlement, parties were formed for its accomplishment. These parties went well armed and set sentries and patrols whose duty it was to watch while their comrades worked. At night the whole little community assembled within Mead's house, the blockhouse adjoining, and one or two other houses, finding safety in numbers. Wayne's victories, however, put another face on the Indian troubles, and after the treaties of 1795 the town grew fast.

It was in that year that Major Alden came to Mead-

¹ "The first block-house stood in the north-west angle of a picket fort, on the grounds now occupied (1878) by Jas. E. McFarland. Mead's house was in the middle of the fort. In the north-east corner a cannon, pointing northward, commanded the creek and the Indian trail. The fort faced down what is now Water St., which is the line of the old Indian trail to Franklin. The first block-house had a projecting second story, and it stood so near the creek as to cause fear that it might be undermined. In and near this previous fort fifteen white men, some with families, were collected Aug. 10, 1793, the day when Mr. Dickson was wounded by Indians. A friendly Indian, named Flying Cloud, who was in the fort, offered his son to carry a message to Fort LeBœuf. This message was sent Aug. 11, and was followed the next day by the arrival of seven soldiers, all that could be spared from that point. The Indian boy left after sunrise, and was back before dark." From "Our Fortifications," by F. H., published in the *Evening Republican*, and dated Meadville, October 24, 1878.

ville. He was a Revolutionary soldier whose boast was that he had been "in the first platoon that fired a shot at Lexington, and among the last in the action at Yorktown." He bought land of David Mead, and was associated with him in public works. With Mead and Dr. Kennedy he surveyed the land, and laid out the town, enlarging and improving upon the plan originally conceived by Mead, by extending the streets and setting aside for common use the public square, a parallelogram six hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide, which has always gone by the name of the Diamond. Alden had also distinguished himself, two years before Mr. Huidekoper's visit, by fighting a duel on the French Creek meadows.¹ When Mr. Huidekoper first saw him, in 1802, he was a prosperous citizen and had a combined gristmill and sawmill at Saegertown.²

The Meadville streets at that date, Dock, Water, Chestnut, Centre, and Walnut, were mainly corduroy roads,

¹ "On the day appointed Mr. Foster, accompanied by his second, Dr. Wallace of Erie, rode down the east side of the creek to a cluster of thorn bushes a mile and a half below Meadville; and Major Alden and Dr. Kennedy, his second, rode down on the opposite side and swam their horses across the stream. The ground was measured off and word given to fire, when Major Alden fell, wounded just below the knee, the bone being broken. He insisted on being propped up for the exchange of another shot. The seconds would not consent, and he was carried back to town in a canoe. He was lame ever after, but he gained the lady in question." J. C. Hayes, in the Centennial Edition of the *Tribune Republican*, Meadville, p. 35.

² He "represented the County in the Legislature from 1809 to 1811, was County Treasurer from 1816 to 1819, and Registrar and Recorder from 1821 to February, 1825. . . . After the war of 1812-15 he became financially embarrassed and lost all his property. February, 1825, he was appointed quartermaster at West Point, and removed from Meadville in the same year, dying at the former place between eighty and ninety years of age." *History of Crawford County*, p. 373.

by the side of which stood a number of straggling log cabins. In one of these Jenny Finney had held the first school of Meadville. Her mode of obtaining this temple of learning was picturesque. The cabin had been built and occupied by William Gill on land which he was the first to claim, and which he diligently hoed and planted through one long summer. When his corn and potatoes were gathered in he closed the door behind him and returned to Pittsburg to fetch his waiting family. He tarried in Pittsburg too long, the winter passed, and when he appeared in Meadville in the spring, it was to find Jenny Finney in full occupation of his claim, — cabin, land, and all. She stood at the door with a rifle in her hand, and advised him to go his ways, which he prudently did.

In William Gill's cabin, then, Jenny Finney collected about her the few children of the village and established herself as mistress of the "taws," for a large part of education then consisted in teaching the children to pick up this instrument of discipline, when it was thrown at them by the teacher, and to redeliver it to the thrower, to receive such compensation as they deserved in the form of blows. Her spirit and ability made her a worthy wife for David Mead, who married her not long afterward.¹

Before 1802, Mead himself had removed from his log dwelling, on the bank of the old bed of French Creek, to a new frame house, which he had built at the junction of North Water and Market streets. Another frame house had been built as early as 1795 on the

¹ The daughter of General Mead and his wife, Jenny Finney, afterwards married the son of William Gill, and as her mother's property became hers, it was thus restored to the family of its original owner.

northeast corner of Water Street and Cherry Alley by William Dick.

In the upper story of this house of Mr. Dick was held the first court; and David Mead was one of the associate judges. This was in 1800. Before that Mead had had to hear cases as justice of the peace. One of the first cases to come before him as justice was an action of his own, for debt, brought against Robert Fitz Randolph. At that time no constable had been appointed. Mead, already both judge and plaintiff, decided that he must be his own constable. He issued a summons, served it on Randolph, sat in judgment, rendered a verdict in his own favor, made out an execution, served that, seized one of Randolph's horses, advertised it for sale, put up the horse at auction himself, bought it himself, paid himself out of the proceeds, and finally handed over to Randolph the money that remained. It may well have seemed to Mr. Huidekoper, after coming face to face with rough and ready methods like these, that his Dutch training had not sufficiently prepared him to act upon his own initiative.

That his opinion of early Meadville, as expressed in his letter, should have been unfavorable is scarcely to be wondered at; any stranger coming to the town at that period would have been more impressed by the carousing of the river boatmen, lumbering crews, and 'longshore men, than by the fact that the townspeople had raised a fund of four thousand dollars for the founding of an academy, and had already organized their First Presbyterian Church.

For an idler, which Mr. Huidekoper was not, the water edge would have had a fascination all its own. Down through French Creek, besides the rafts of lum-

ber making their slow way to the great river, thence to descend even as far as to New Orleans, came all the salt consumed in the Ohio Valley. From the salt springs at Onondaga, New York, it was hauled over the snow by oxen in the sledding season to Buffalo, where it was stored to await the spring. When the ice broke up it was taken to Erie in sailing vessels, to be carried overland again to Waterford, where it was loaded upon keelboats, arks or broadhorns, canoes and bateaux, and dispatched down French Creek, — which was a larger stream then than it is to-day, — past Meadville to Franklin, thence by the Allegheny to Pittsburg,¹ and by the Ohio to Cincinnati and Louisville. In the scarcity of ready money, salt was a favorite medium of exchange, — a yoke of oxen could be bought for eight barrels, a negro boy for one hundred barrels,² — a barrel being worth five dollars at that time.

Nor did Meadville altogether lack an export. Dr. Kennedy had brought home in his saddle-bags, on his return from some journey, in 1797, a few quarts of wheat, which he divided among his farmer friends, and which produced for them abundant seed. Rye and barley were obtained not long afterward, and grain-fields flourished. But grain was bulky and the means of carrying were few. The crop must be reduced to a portable size; so David Mead set up a still in addition to his sawmill and gristmill, and changed his grain to

¹ "It required from two to three months to convey it from the place of manufacture to Pittsburg. . . . The discovery of salt wells on the Kiskiminitas and Kanawha, about 1813, cheapened the price of the article at Pittsburg, so that Salina could not compete, and the trade by way of Erie steadily diminished until it ceased altogether in 1819." *History of Crawford County*, p. 265.

² *Our County and Its People*, by Samuel Bates, p. 264.

whiskey. The farmers roundabout followed his example, using the old-time copper boiler and worm-still, an inexpensive apparatus within every one's reach, and the problem was solved. Bushels of rye were thus changed into a currency that in small space contained a comparatively enormous purchasing power.¹

Such was the community which Mr. Huidekoper found in western Pennsylvania in 1802. He had then no thought of returning to it, but before two years were gone circumstances impelled him to turn again to the westward. Of this the autobiography now speaks, as well as of the arrival from Holland of Pieter Huidekoper. Pieter's coming, indeed, was one of the factors which induced his brother to accept the agency at Meadville. Large and strong, of fine physical build, Pieter was, notwithstanding, ill-fitted by nature or by education for a city career. Handsome, impetuous, warm-hearted, hot-tempered, he would evidently do better in the country than in a town. His strength was truly remarkable. He could take a barrel of flour in his hands, and with absolute ease run upstairs with it. He could subdue the fiercest bulldog or mastiff in

¹ "For domestic use it [whiskey] cost three shillings per quart, while a gill cost four cents. Tobacco was sold by the yard at four cents per yard; common sugar at 33 cents and loaf at 50 cents per pound. Home-spun linen could be purchased at 50 cents per yard, while the belle aspiring to the extravagance of a calico could gratify her ambition at 83 cents per yard, with the addition of a cotton handkerchief at from 70 cents to \$1.00 according to color and design. Shoes and boots brought from \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair, but moccasins were in common use with both white men and Indians at 3 shillings and ninepence, though from ninpence to two shillings higher when ornamented with the colored quills of the porcupine. . . . In an inventory made in 1797, three kegs of Seneca oil (petroleum) are appraised at 50 cents each. This is doubtless one of the oldest quotations of the market price of this material." *History of Crawford County*, p. 255.

full attack, for he would simply seize the animal by the throat and choke it until it became powerless. Added to his muscular prowess, he had an uncommonly winning address, and an affectionate nature which endeared him to his friends, but his sensitive disposition required infinite patience and forbearance even from the most considerate of brothers. Neither brother recognized the other when they met, so much had they both changed since their parting in Drenthe;¹ but Harm Jan immediately made himself responsible for Pieter's future, and in forming his plans weighed Pieter's advantage as if it had been his own.

In the summer of 1804 [says the autobiography,² resuming the narrative] Major Alden sent in his resignation as Agent. Mr. Busti being at a loss who to appoint as his successor, I applied for that Agency, and obtained it, with the addition of a Superintending Agency of the Company's lands in the 5th and 6th districts East of the Allegheny river, which had been placed under the immediate Agency of William P. Brady and Robert Beatty. Most of my friends in Philadelphia thought that I did wrong in exchanging My comfortable situation in Philadelphia for the hardships and privations then inseparably connected with a residence in this

¹ Of Pieter's coming Mr. Huidekoper wrote to his brother in a letter of July 31, 1805: "You were surprised that Pieter and I did not recognize each other when we met, but that was because we had not seen each other for such a long time and because we were both still young when I left Holland. I am not sure that you yourself, if I appeared suddenly at Boonwyk, would recognize me. But however my face may have altered my heart has remained the same toward you."

² The following passage occurs between the part of the autobiography contained in the second chapter, and that which is here given: "In June 1804 I purchased from the Holland Land Company about Twenty-two thousand Acres of land north of Toby's Creek. This was the first of my land speculations, and it proved, in the issue, a profitable one."



PIETER HUIDEKOPER

Country. I however had maturely considered this matter, and I thought then, and have thought ever afterwards, that I acted wisely in taking the step I took. My principal reasons for exchanging My situation in the city for one in the country were two. My Brother Pieter had in the Spring of 1804 arrived from Holland, and in the Country I could more easily provide for him; and besides I felt anxious to be settled in life, and have a home of my own, and this I considered as more easily attainable in the Country than in the City. To this was added my predilection for a country life.

I left Philadelphia for the West in the Month of September 1804; remained some time at Greensburgh,¹ from whence I made an excursion to the Company's lands on the Mahoning, in Company with some Swiss Settlers; and after some further detention at Greensburgh, by an indisposition of my Brother's, I arrived at Meadville towards the latter part of November; and on the 1st of January 1805 I entered on the duties of my Agency.

Meadville had rapidly improved during the two years which had elapsed since Mr. Huidekoper's first visit. The number and character of the inhabitants had advanced; and new houses gave the town a thriving aspect. Moreover, the Meadville Academy, under the charge of the Rev. Joseph Stockton of the Presbyterian

¹ Greensburgh was the headquarters of Messrs. Beatty and Brady. Mr. Huidekoper wrote on September 22 to Mr. Busti: "If you ever visit this part of the country I advise you not to do it in the stage, for the roads are so bad, and the jolting of the carriage is so unbearable that we fairly wore out each a pair of boots in walking over the rocks and mountains on foot."

The applications for lands about Greensburgh were going on at a prodigious rate. He said that they far surpassed his expectations, though these had been sanguine. Mr. Beatty told him that sometimes as many as thirty persons were with him in the woods at once, hunting for land.

Church, was about to open, and manufacturing in a small way had begun. A combined court house and jail had been put up on the west side of the Diamond. This building was of hewn timber, and had its yard inclosed by a stockade fence of pointed logs. A double stairway led up on the outside of the jail to the second story, which was the court-room, and served, besides, on Sundays, as a place of worship for the community in general, as the different churches had not yet their separate homes. In 1805, too, the Erie and Waterford turnpike project was being pushed vigorously. The road was to pass through Meadville, and all the leading citizens, including General Mead, Colonel Hackney, Major Alden, Dr. Kennedy, and Jabez Colt were interested.

More than all, the newspaper had arrived. It was a four-page sheet, by name "The Crawford Messenger," and was edited by Thomas Atkinson and W. Brendel. The paper on which it was printed had to be brought on horseback from the mills near Pittsburg, over more than a hundred miles of rough forest roads. The press had been procured at second hand. It was, in fact, the same press that had printed the Continental money issued by Congress during its sessions at Lancaster and York, when the British were in Philadelphia. When the items of news reached Meadville, they were usually fourteen days old if they came from Lancaster or Philadelphia, eighteen, twenty-one, and twenty-two days old when they were from New York, Washington, or Boston, while if from London they came in from sixty to seventy-six days, and from Paris in from seventy-one to eighty-five.

In the first number of the "Messenger," issued Janu-

ary 2, 1805, an editorial address to the public says: "Among the various amusements for which the present age is distinguished that of a newspaper conducted with diligence, attention and probity, is not the least deserving the public patronage. . . . It introduces the READER into the theatre of the world and shows him the great actors on the stage of TIME." And indeed the "Messenger" could make good its words. In the issues of January 16 and January 25, 1805, the READER saw the curtain rise upon one scene of a most thrilling drama, when his eye fell upon the heading: "News from Paris dated 28th Vendémiaire," or read, "Copy of the note delivered by the French Minister of the foreign department to the imperial Russian Chargé d'affaires, dated Paris, 26th Floréal, year XIII, or the 16 May, 1804." This last was followed by the "note" in question, at the end of which was appended "C. M. Talleyrand." And two years later, more than a column of the little sheet was fairly vibrating with the rallying cry "Soldiers!" every paragraph beginning with the ringing invocation, and one continuing, "The Russians boast of coming to us. We will march to meet them and thus spare them half the road. They shall again find Austerlitz in the heart of Prussia." This was signed "Napoleon."

Or, was the READER a certain young Hollander, the following portion of a letter from a merchant in Amsterdam to his correspondent in New York, dated March 4, 1808, might interest him: "It seems to be the determination of Bonaparte that all the world shall be at war. . . . An embargo took place here on the 25th of January, for what purpose is at present unknown. The American consul has petitioned for one of the ships to

depart for the United States with all the unfortunate American seamen. This request has been granted, and it is by that conveyance I now address you." That bit of news had been nearly six weeks in reaching New York, and was two months more in finding its way to Meadville. In their wholesome isolation, patrons of the "Crawford Messenger," we may be certain, were secure from the intrusion of revolting horrors like those served up at breakfast time in our great dailies at the present day.

"The 'Messenger' in its political character will be purely Republican," the address in the first number goes on to state, "yet in the admission of essays it will be strictly impartial. . . . Truth can only be advanced by discussion," — a proposition which Mr. Huidekoper maintained in practice through many a long controversy in its columns at a later day. The semi-literary character of the paper, too, was emphasized from the first by a page devoted to such contributions or clippings as "To the Ivy" by Mrs. Hemans, and "The Red-nosed Lieutenant" from the London "Literary Gazette." Piquancy is added to the literary page by the notice that "Clean Linen and Cotton Rags will be received in payment for this paper," and by the announcement, among the advertisements, that Dick and Company, in exchange for "Real Tartan Bombazet and Circassian Plaids, Canton Crapes, Levantine Sarcenet Silks and other goods," will accept "Blacksalts, Flax-seed, Timothy Seed, Oats, Beeswax, Butter, Linen Rags, Deer-skins, Deerhorns, Tallow, Lard, White Beans, etc.," — a list which brings vividly before us the farmer's wagons transporting these commodities from the surrounding country, and the Indian hunters bartering, not perhaps

at Dick's for Canton Crapes or Sarcenet silks, but at Kerr's or Cullum's for lead shot and James River tobacco. Suggestive also are the alluring offers of Quills, Ink-powder, Wafers, Thumb and Knob Latches, Snuffers, Candlewicks, Bed Screws, Opodeldoc, Asafœtida, Venice Turpentine, or "Misses Prunella Slippers and Men's Sealskin Pumps."

The office of the "Messenger" was also a book department, where might be obtained the "New England Primer," not like some late fragmentary reprints, issued for the scorn and laughter of infancy, but the genuine, original, awe-inspiring, reverence-breeding volume, pored over, dog-eared, devoured by wistful men and half-grown boys, groping for education in the firelight of the hearth, between chores and bedtime. From the moral tales of the primer a lad could step, still with the assistance of the "Messenger's" bookshelves, to Watts's Hymns, Burns's Poems, Whitefield's Sermons, and finally out into the "Gentleman's Miscellany," all these being advertised in the paper itself.

On January 16, 1805, appeared in the "Messenger" the announcement: "Take Notice. The subscriber having been duly appointed by the Holland Land Company Agent for their lands west of the Allegheny River, hereby gives notice to the public that he has opened his office at Meadville. Those who are indebted to said company are requested to make payment, and those whose book accounts remain still unsettled are earnestly desired to come forward and settle the same, as the subscriber would be sorry to see himself obliged to institute suits in order to obtain a settlement of the book accounts, which is indispensable. H. J. Huidekoper."

In addition to this, the issue of March 20, 1805, con-

tained a notice of the opinion of the court in the case of "The Lessee of Harm Jan Huidekoper vs. James Douglass,"¹ which leads us back to Mr. Huidekoper and to a consideration of the nature and difficulties of the Holland Land Company.

¹ Huidekoper vs. Douglass, 3 Cranch Rep. 1.

CHAPTER III

THE HOLLAND LAND COMPANY

THE Holland Land Company was one of the many great companies formed in the latter part of the eighteenth century for the purpose of dealing in western lands. It was not a corporation, but an association of Dutch capitalists, who purchased lands and conducted their operations in the names of certain of the associates acting as trustees. It had as a basis for its operations a capital of four million three hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars,¹ and for more than forty years played an important part in the settlement and development of western New York and northwestern Pennsylvania.

The story of how these Amsterdam bankers and merchants came to invest large sums of money in the purchase of lands roamed over by red men, and on their western borders abandoned, at the time of the purchase, to the horrors of the Indian war, takes us back to the days of the Revolution.

Mr. Busti, general agent of the Company, already mentioned in Mr. Huidekoper's letters and autobiography, says: "At an early stage of the American revolution, when the struggle for liberty and independence was yet doubtful, the Dutch merchants, who afterwards

¹ Memorial of Paul Busti to the Legislature of the State of New York, March 1, 1820. See *Journals of John Lincklaen*, edited by Helen Lincklaen Fairechild, Appendix C.

formed the Holland Land Company, warmly espousing the cause of this infant republic, came forward, at every hazard, to furnish her with supplies, in order to relieve the wants of her armies. The meritorious exertions of these individuals cannot be forgotten by the surviving patriots of the revolution, nor will the faithful records of history cease to attest them to posterity. The government of the United States, in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace and independence, being soon happily enabled by a wise and regular system of finance to satisfy the demand of their public creditors, the capital of part of the debt thus contracted with the merchants of Holland was thrown into their hands at a moment when the convulsions and revolutions of Europe threatened to subvert the whole fabric of civil society. Under these circumstances, they determined to reinvest these funds in American lands, and during the course of the years 1792 and 1793 the uncultivated wilds of the Genesee thus passed into the hands of the individuals who composed the Holland Land Company, and who, for the purchase and improvement of this property, formed an association.”¹

It is to be regretted that the records of the general agency of the Company have long since been removed from Philadelphia to Amsterdam, where they are inaccessible.² The details of the story, therefore, are not known, but in outline it seems to be as follows: ³ —

¹ Memorial of Paul Busti to the Legislature of the State of New York.

² “In 1855, after the death of Mr. J. J. Van der Kemp, Mr. Van der Kemp’s daughter gave to the care of Mr. van Hall, to be taken back to Holland, twelve green wooden chests of the Company’s papers. These are probably still in the possession of Mr. Pieter van Eeghen in Amsterdam.” Family letters.

³ See *Pioneer History of the Holland Land Purchase of Western New*

Harm Jan Huidekoper



When in the winter of 1782-83 John Adams obtained a loan for the United States from the Dutch, his negotiations were carried on through the three great banking firms of Wilhem and Jan Willink, Nicholas and Jacob van Staphorst, and de la Lande and Fynje.¹ At that time and up to 1784 Robert Morris was superintendent of finance, and in the course of his official duties he corresponded with the Dutch bankers. In 1791 Morris purchased a tract of some 3,800,000 acres of wild land in western New York, embracing substantially all the land in that State west of the Genesee River, and being engaged in so extensive a speculation it was but natural that he should think of his former correspondents, the Willinks and the van Staphorsts, and of the funds soon to be paid over to them and to those whom they had represented in making the Dutch loan. Perhaps he already contemplated selling to them when he bought. What steps he took to bring his lands to their notice is matter of conjecture, but a pamphlet entitled "Réflexions offertes aux Capitalistes de l'Europe, sur les Bénéfices immenses, que présente l'achat de terres incultes, situées dans les États-Unis de L'Amérique,"² issued at Amsterdam in 1792, was doubtless one of the means employed. In the preface to the "Réflexions" the author states

York, by O. Turner, Buffalo, 1849; *History of the Pioneer Settlement of Phelps and Gorman Purchase*, etc., by O. Turner, Rochester, 1851; *Life and Works of John Adams*, by Charles Francis Adams; *The Financier and the Finances of the American Revolution*, by William Graham Sumner, New York, 1892; *Narrative and Critical History of America*, vol. vii. p. 535; *The Holland Land Company*, by Alfred Huidekoper, Appendix, p. 350.

¹ *Life and Works of John Adams*, vol. i. p. 351. De la Lande and Fynje do not seem to have become interested in the Holland Land Company. At least their names do not appear among the associates.

² The pamphlet is anonymous, but is attributed to Van Pradelles. It is to be found in the Boston Public Library.

that his only reason for writing the little work is to inform the public, and principally the Holland merchants, that the purchase of uncultivated lands in America, by reason of the extreme rapidity with which they increase in value, promises greater and more certain advantages than those which their thorough business knowledge has already procured for them in the bonds of the country. It "skillfully and convincingly leads up to the Genesee country, and leaves the reader with the firm conviction that the Genesee country is by far the most attractive field for speculation in land."¹

In the same year was issued at Amsterdam by Pieter Stadnitzki an announcement,² or prospectus, stating that, together with some friends of his, he had commenced the purchase of lands in America, and offering to all who might desire an opportunity to become shareholders in the enterprise. He did not name his associates or describe the lands, but from the fact that he was a director of the Holland Land Company³ it is evident that this announcement was issued on behalf of that company.

The announcement begins with the statement that it is well known that great profits were made by the Hollanders through speculation in American bonds. "As I," says Stadnitzki, "in opening the way for the profits of the Hollanders in the American bonds, have not met

¹ *The Holland Land Company* (manuscript), a paper read by George E. Dawson, before the Chicago Literary Club, January 16, 1899.

² *Voorafgaand Bericht, wegens eene negotiatie, op landen in America* (Preliminary announcement regarding a transaction of land in America), Pieter Stadnitzki, Amsterdam, 1792. A copy of this pamphlet is in the Library of Congress. The translation has been made by Mr. Otto von Klock.

³ *Journals of John Lincklaen*, p. 14. Stadnitzki's name appeared among the grantees of the Pennsylvania lands purchased for the Company.

with ingratitude, I have the courage to do the same in another branch, before increasing years have put an end to my energy and powers. What I mean is, that in this same country another operation can be carried out, which in even greater probability offers even far greater profits. . . . In order to take every precaution, and not to expose the interests of the shareholders to injury by death or any other unforeseen occurrence, I have requested some acquaintances of mine, who are acquainted with American affairs, and people well known on the Beurs, together with a lawyer who is quite well known to the business world (the latter on account of the sales contracts and titles), to act as co-directors, with my firm as managing directors, to direct this affair, giving them a detailed description of my property. After receiving the complete approbation, we have commenced the purchase of such land as we thought offered the most profit.”¹

¹ Stadnitzki refers to the recent extensive land speculations in America, saying that many have purchased more than they could handle, and have therefore sent their agents to Europe in order to sell. By the reports of these agents and of some of the purchasers in England and France, he was induced, he says, to investigate. “I, with some of my friends (to whose knowledge, advice, and assistance I owe a great deal of my determination to embark on the first mentioned undertaking in the bonds), made the resolution to send people there, having the necessary knowledge, of whose good faith we were assured, and who were physically fitted to travel through a land where the laid-out roads are few, and to live there through the severest frost and deepest snow for months at a time.” As to the probable profits of the undertaking, he says that if they can sell in the beginning at a profit of 25 per cent. they must be satisfied. “As far as I can judge, the last remaining lots of the land . . . can be sold in 10 or 20 years for as many guilders as they now cost stuivers, and I really believe that in making this statement I am rather too modest than too bold.” In this connection the following passage from Paul Busti’s Memorial to the New York Legislature, in 1820, is of interest : —

“The whole net receipts of the Holland Land Company, arising from

Whether or not the lands referred to in Stadnitzki's announcement were Morris's lands, the fact is established that Morris succeeded in making large sales to the Holland Land Company. On December 24, 1792, Robert Morris and Mary, his wife, conveyed to Herman Le Roy and John Lincklaen, as trustees for Wilhem Willink, Nicholas van Staphorst, Pieter van Eeghen, Hendrick Vollenhoven, and Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, 1,500,000 acres of the Genesee lands in New York, and between that date and the following July conveyed enough more to bring the number to what was estimated to be 3,300,000 acres.¹ The title was taken in the names of Le Roy and Lincklaen because at that time the laws of New York did not permit aliens to hold land; but, an alien act having in the mean time been passed, the land was afterwards conveyed to the real parties in interest, or to their representatives in Holland.

In addition to the lands purchased from Morris, which embraced what is now included in the counties of Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Erie, and Niagara, and parts of Allegheny, Wyoming, Genesee, and Orleans, and for which a local agency and land office was established at Batavia, the Holland Land Company purchased some 120,000 acres in the central part of New York in the

their lands in the State of New York, after paying expenses, do not exceed seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars, affording, during the twenty-six years in which their capital has been thus employed, an average interest of less than one per centum per annum."

¹ There were three conveyances, in two of which Gerrit Boon was joined with Le Roy and Lincklaen. There was also a fourth conveyance of 300,000 acres, which finally became vested in Wilhem Willink, Jr., and Jan Willink, Jr. See Turner's *History of Holland Land Purchase*, Appendix. Mr. Dawson says that the Holland Company paid "in round numbers \$1,100,000. At least this is the aggregate of the pounds and florins stated as consideration in the respective deeds."

neighborhood of Oldenbarneveld.¹ The local agency for the smaller tract was at Cazenovia.

A history of the operations of the Holland Land Company in New York would be aside from the purpose; enough on that subject has now been said to show the magnitude of the Company's interests in that state, and to furnish a proper background for Mr. Huidekoper's connection with the Company during his years in Cazenovia and Oldenbarneveld, before his undertaking the agency at Meadville.

The interest of the Holland Land Company in lands in Pennsylvania would seem to have followed naturally from the possession of the neighboring tract of country in the adjoining State. On August 21, 1793, Herman Le Roy and William Bayard, both of the city of New York, as agents of Wilhem Willink, Nicholas van Staphorst, Pieter Stadnitzki, Christian van Eeghen, Hendrick Vollenhoven, and Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, of the city of Amsterdam, who in turn represented the Holland Land Company, entered into a contract with James Wilson of Philadelphia, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, for the purchase of 499,660 acres of land situate on French Creek between French Creek and the River Allegheny in the State of Pennsylvania. This land was to consist of 1162 tracts of 430 acres each, for which warrants had been or were to be taken out at the Land Office, and Judge Wilson undertook to cause surveys to be made and patents to be issued to the Dutch purchasers.²

By the year 1800 surveys had been made and patents had been issued to Willink and his associates for most

¹ *Journals of John Lincklaen*, pp. 14, 141.

² *The Holland Land Company*, by Alfred Huidekoper, Appendix, p. 351.

of the 1162 tracts. Almost from the first, however, grave questions as to the Company's title presented themselves. These questions grew out of the provision of an act of the Pennsylvania General Assembly, passed April 3, 1792, under which the warrants were issued and which imposed important conditions as prerequisite to the vesting of title to the lands.

By this act the State offered all the land lying north of the Ohio River and west of the Allegheny River and Conewango Creek, with certain exceptions, to persons who should cultivate, improve, and settle upon the same, or cause the same to be cultivated, improved, and settled, for the price of seven pounds ten shillings for every one hundred acres, with an allowance of six per cent for roads. The act provided for two modes of acquiring title. One was the purchase of a warrant at the Land Office for a tract of land not to exceed four hundred acres, to be surveyed, payment of the purchase money into the State Treasury to be followed by actual settlement and improvement. The other mode was by actual settlement and improvement, in the first instance, payment to be made at a later time after performance of the conditions imposed. Under both modes a survey was required to be made by the deputy surveyor of the district. A large number of warrants were taken out on behalf of the Holland Land Company, as well as by other capitalists. Surveys on these warrants were made, generally in 1794 and 1795, and as a consequence they would have given undoubted titles but for the terms of the ninth section of the act. This section provided that no warrant or survey should vest title unless the grantee had prior to the date of the warrant made, or should within two years of the date of the same make, an actual set-

tlement thereon, by clearing, fencing, and cultivating at least two acres for every one hundred acres in the survey, erecting a messuage, and residing or causing a family to reside thereon for five years. The section further provided that in default of such actual settlement and residence, it should be lawful for the Commonwealth to issue new warrants to other actual settlers. This section concluded with an obscurely worded proviso which was variously interpreted by lawyers, courts, and people, and which became the source of litigation, involving not only the lands claimed by the Holland Land Company, but a large part of all the lands to which the act applied. The language of the proviso was as follows: "Provided always, nevertheless, that if any such actual settler, or any grantee, in any such original or succeeding warrant, shall, by force of arms of the enemies of the United States, be prevented from making such actual settlement, or be driven therefrom, and shall persist in his endeavors to make such actual settlement as aforesaid, then, in either case, he and his heirs shall be entitled to have and to hold the said lands, in the same manner as if the actual settlement had been made and continued."

As has been seen in a previous chapter, the lands along French Creek and elsewhere in the neighborhood of what is at present Crawford County were in 1792 and 1793 subject to rumors of danger and attack from the Indians. Indeed, the defeat of St. Clair had occurred only five months before the date of the act, and a state of war continued until after General Anthony Wayne's successful campaign ended in a treaty of peace, which was not ratified by the United States Senate until December 22, 1795. During the state of war it was im-

possible for the Holland Land Company or the other warrant-holders to comply with the condition of making settlement upon their lands. Under these circumstances a number of "intruders," as they came to be called, as soon as the danger from Indians had ceased, seized upon the Company's lands and refused to recognize its rights. The ratification of the treaty, says Chief Justice Agnew, in his history of the settlement of land titles of this region,¹ "became the first signal of safety for entry and settlement on these lands. Only a few adventurous spirits had gone on before, chiefly in the vicinity of the forts. The spring of 1796 became, therefore, the period when the largest wave of settlement rose, and the settlers [intruders] took possession." The intruders contended that the owners of warrants, by reason of failure to make actual settlement, had forfeited their titles, and that their lands were open to settlement. Where lawyers disagreed, it was not to be expected that eager pioneers should hold back, and the inflowing tide overwhelmed the whole country, the newcomers sitting down upon the lands which they selected without respect to the surveys made on the warrants.

In some instances the intruders were honest in their belief that the lands were open to them; in more they were the dupes of men who had an interest in placing them upon the disputed lands; in many cases they were adventurers who were quite willing to pick up a few acres lawfully or unlawfully, it mattered not. Once on the land all kinds made common cause against the capitalists. Their resistance was at its height in 1802. "At

¹ *A History of the Region of Pennsylvania North of the Ohio and West of the Allegheny River, etc.*, by Hon. Daniel Agnew, Philadelphia, 1887, p. 122.

that period," wrote Mr. Huidekoper to Mr. Busti (January 1, 1805), "the intruders were a regular combination to oppose the warranties [warrantees]. They had their stated town meetings to consult about their affairs, and these again chose deputies who attended their general county or district meetings, where the plans of oppositions were organized, assessments made, counsel appointed, and every step taken that would insure success to their lawless plans." Just a little before the time of Mr. Huidekoper's arrival in Meadville a plot had been formed to shoot Judge Addison, a state judge, blow up the prothonotary's office and the several land offices of Meadville and Erie, destroy the county records, and drive off or kill the agents. Fortunately one of the conspirators came to his senses in time to withdraw from the plot, and also to persuade his fellow plotters to give up their design. This was perhaps one of the last desperate efforts at combination on the part of the intruders, for Mr. Huidekoper wrote of them in December, 1804: "They no more meet to consult about their mutual interests; they no more make contributions to support the common cause; every one now stands single against the Company, and all are sensible that a suit in the Federal Court draws certain ruin after it."

Three views as to the rights of the respective claimants were held by different persons. The intruders contended that the warrant-holders had forfeited their rights and that the warrants were "dead." This extreme view never found judicial support. The warrant-holders, on the other hand, contended "that the condition of settlement, being subsequent, was absolutely gone by the prevention of the enemies of the United States (the Indians), and by their [the warrant-holders'] persistence to settle

within the two years.”¹ This view, as will be seen, was sustained by Chief Justice Marshall in the Supreme Court of the United States. An intermediate view, however, was held by the legal profession in the western part of the State, and their view prevailed in the state courts. This intermediate view was “that neither the warrants were void, nor the condition of settlement gone; but that the latter was only suspended until the prevention ceased, which ended with the ratification of the treaty of peace on the 22d December, 1795; and then, resuming its force, the warrantees had two years, viz., until the 22d December, 1797, to perform the condition by making the required settlement, etc.”²

Down to about the year 1800 the officers of the Land Office and the Board of Property held that the condition of settlement was extinguished by the prevention caused by the Indian war, and a persistence to make settlement during the two years from the date of the warrants. As there was evidence that the Holland Company had persisted in its endeavors to make actual settlement, the Board of Property issued to the Company 876 patents, or “prevention patents,” as such patents came to be called. A change of administration, however, occurred in 1799, when Thomas McKean succeeded Thomas Mifflin as governor, and under the new administration the Board of Property adopted the intermediate view of the effect of the saving proviso, and held that the Indian war merely suspended the condition requiring settlement. In consequence of this change of front, the secretary of the Land Office refused to issue further prevention patents to the Holland Company.³

¹ Agnew, *History of the Region*, etc., p. 123.

² *Ibid.* pp. 123, 124.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 126, 127.

The earnestness of the efforts of the Holland Land Company to occupy, improve, and settle the lands in performance of the onerous conditions resting upon their title appears from the following summary:¹ As soon after the dates of the warrants as deputy surveyors could be prevailed upon to attempt to execute the surveys, in the years 1794 and 1795, a general agent was appointed to superintend the business of the Company, a large store was built at Cussewago, or Meadville, and more than \$5000 was disbursed. In 1796 companies of settlers were invited and engaged; ample supplies of provisions, implements, utensils, etc., were sent into the country; the expense of transporting families was liberally advanced; a bounty of one hundred acres was given for improving and settling each tract; and a further sum of \$22,000 was disbursed. In 1797 about \$60,000 more was expended in promoting the same objects, including payments on contracts for settlement, and quieting adverse claims. In 1798 mills were erected, roads were opened, and other exertions were made at an expense of not less than \$30,000. In 1799 \$40,000 and upwards was expended in further improvements and settlements, in salaries and wages of agents and workmen, in opening and repairing roads, and in patenting eight hundred and seventy-six tracts. In 1800 the operations and advances were at least equal to those of any preceding year. In short, at the close of 1800 the Company had expended nearly \$400,000.

In the litigation which ensued upon the refusal to issue prevention patents the Holland Company took the initiative. Its first step was to institute proceed-

¹ *Commonwealth v. Tench Coxe*, 4 Dallas Rep. 170.

ings by mandamus in the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth against the secretary of the Land Office, to compel him to issue the prevention patents for which the Company had applied.¹ This case furnishes a full history of the controversy between the warrantees and the settlers. The court adopted, although not unanimously,² the intermediate view, holding that every warrant-holder must cause a settlement to be made within two years from the date of his warrant, to be followed by a residence for five years, on pain of forfeiture; but that if he should be interrupted or obstructed by external force in so doing within the limited periods, and should afterwards persevere in his efforts within a reasonable time after the removal of such force until these objects should be accomplished, no advantage of him should be taken for want of a successive continuation of his settlement.

This decision, however, was only the beginning of the controversy. The Assembly now intervened, and on April 2, 1802, passed an act to raise what was known as the "Feigned Issue," to try the question in dispute. By this act the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was required to meet and devise a form of action for trying the question whether or not the warrants were void against the Commonwealth by reason of non-settlement; and whether grants of the Land Office were good, if founded upon "prevention certificates" given by justices of the peace, without other evidence of the nature

¹ Commonwealth *v.* Tench Coxe, *supra*.

² Chief Justice Shippen sustained the contention of the warrantees, holding that if they had been prevented from complying with the terms of the law by the actual force of the enemy, as they had justly paid for the land, they were entitled to their patents.

and circumstances being given.¹ The questions of law and fact were to be decided by the judges and a jury, and it was made competent for the jury, under direction of the court, to decide upon the law and the facts, and, if they thought proper, to bring in a general verdict. The case² was made up and was heard *ex parte*, the Holland Land Company, although notified, declining to appear, being unwilling, in view of the adverse position already taken by the Supreme Court of the state in the mandamus case, as well as of the bias against them to be expected from the jury, to submit to the jurisdiction.³ Chief Justice Shippen, who had given the dissenting opinion in the mandamus case, did not attend, probably thinking it useless to do so, and the decision of the court, delivered by Judge Yeates, who had delivered the opinion of the court in the mandamus case, followed in the line of his former opinion. The result of the trial of the "Feigned Issue" was a general verdict by the jury for the plaintiff, and judgment was rendered in favor of the Attorney-General and against the grantees.

¹ In 1797 the Board of Property had prepared a form of certificate to be signed by the deputy surveyor, district judge, or two justices of the peace residing in the vicinity of the land, as a means of proving prevention from making settlement upon application for a patent. This form had been approved by the attorney-general, and upon such certificate prevention patents were issued up to the change in the Board of Property.

² Attorney-General *v.* The Grantees under the Act of April, 1792, 4 Dallas Rep. 237.

³ The reasons for not embracing this opportunity to discuss the subject were diplomatically stated by the counsel of the Holland Company in a letter addressed to the judges of the Supreme Court. They were in brief that they considered that the abstract questions proposed for decision would leave untouched and undecided the great and essential part of the controversy. The letter was signed by J. Ingersoll, W. Lewis, and A. J. Dallas.

It was fortunate for the Holland Land Company that by reason of foreign citizenship they were able in controversies with citizens of Pennsylvania to resort to the Federal Court.¹ An action in ejectment was accordingly brought in the Circuit Court of the United States, entitled *Huidekoper's Lessee v. Douglass*,² the plaintiff claiming under Mr. Huidekoper, who made title under the trustees of the Company, to whom a patent had been issued under a warrant and survey, and the defendant claiming as an actual settler. In order to test the matter fully, the questions, upon which the opinions of the judges were opposed, were submitted by the Circuit Court to the Supreme Court of the United States, and in this higher court the contention of the Holland Company was completely sustained.³ The opinion, which was delivered by Chief Justice Marshall, held that a warrantee who by force of arms was prevented from settling and improving for two years from the date of his warrant, but who during that time persisted in his endeavors to do so, was excused from making settlement and that the warrant vested title in fee simple. In accordance with this authoritative construction of the law, the case was afterwards tried in the lower court, and a verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiff.

¹ A law empowering aliens to purchase and hold land within the Commonwealth was in force at the time of the Company's purchase in 1793. Appendix, p. 354.

While *Huidekoper's Lessee v. Douglass*, in which E. Tilghman was of counsel, was still pending, Mr. Huidekoper wrote to Mr. Busti (February 2, 1805): "Every day I feel more the necessity of being a citizen of the United States in order to be authorized to join with some honest men here in opposition to this system of plunder. Pray consult Tilghman, whether there is any objection to me being naturalized on account of the suits that are depending."

² 4 Dallas Rep. 392.

³ 3 Cranch Rep. 1.

In the course of his opinion Marshall used the following language, which gave peculiar satisfaction to Mr. Huidekoper, who, in writing to Mr. Busti, called it "a pretty severe rub," which "would make our representatives blush, if they were made of blushing materials." "The State," said the chief justice, "is in the situation of a person who holds forth to the world the conditions on which he is willing to sell his property. If he should couch his propositions in such ambiguous terms that they might be understood differently, in consequence of which sales were to be made, and the purchase money paid, he would come with an ill grace into court, to insist on a latent and obscure meaning, which should give him back his property, and permit him to retain the purchase money. All those principles of equity, and of fair dealing, which constitute the basis of judicial proceedings, require that courts should lean against such a construction."

The Holland Land Company seems to have relied firmly and successfully on the decision in its favor in the United States Supreme Court.¹ "Some of the contemporaneous judges," says Mr. Alfred Huidekoper,² "and later ones chafed at the thought that a decision of the national court should dominate over that of a state court in the construing of a provincial law. But, as one of the state judges naïvely said, what could the state courts do when, if they put a man into possession one day, the national courts should turn him out the next?" Mr. Huidekoper, in the autobiography, says of Marshall's decision, "It gradually restored peace to the country, and by a couple of years of exertion, those intrusions, so formidable when I entered on the agency, were reduced to a few scattering, isolated cases."

¹ Appendix, p. 363.

² Appendix, p. 361.

How strong were the equities of the Company, resting upon its exertions and expenditures, has already been shown. Judge Yeates, in the mandamus case, in which he ruled against the Company, characterized what they had done as "honorable to themselves, and useful to the community," and was forced to admit that "on the head of merit, in the Holland Land Company's sparing no expense to procure settlements, I believe there are few dissenting voices beyond the mountains; and one would be induced to conclude that a variety of united, equitable circumstances would not fail to produce a proper degree of influence on the public will of the community." That such considerations should have appealed with overwhelming force to a man of Mr. Huidekoper's high sense of justice, even had the interest of his principals not been involved, was inevitable, and there was perhaps another consideration which affected him even more. He deeply felt that the members of the Holland Company, who had come to the aid of the country in the darkest hour of its struggle for independence, and who were now endeavoring to save from practical confiscation the very moneys which had perhaps assured the existence of the republic, had moral rights which ought to outweigh every other consideration, and that the honor of the nation was at stake.

A few extracts from letters written by him during this time of uncertainty will show the intensity of his feeling and give a nearer view of his difficulties. In a communication sent by him to Mr. Busti on the day of assuming his new duties he wrote : —

[January 1, 1805.] At the period on which I enter on the functions of the agency entrusted by you to my care it may not be improper to present to you a sketch

of the situation of the different settlements which compose my administration. . . .

General remarks. The West Allegheny country, with a soil which in point of quality is inferior [to] no body of land of the same dimension in the state, offers a picture of wretchedness which I have never seen equalled in America. The manner in which it was settled drew first to these parts the outcast of the older settlements, and the disputes that have since existed have deterred the more decent and wealthy farmers from emigrating to this country. In the general uncertainty of the title, the right of possession was looked upon as being the only important point to be attended to; and as there existed great doubt as to the final issue of the contest, everyone seemed determined to have as little at stake as possible. The improvements were nearly entirely neglected, as you may see by Mr. Alden's report of 1802, and a general want of industry took possession of the inhabitants, who have been punished by the never failing companions of indolence, vice and poverty. What little is raised by the farmers on their badly cultivated fields is barely sufficient to keep them from starving, and to complete their ruin, their litigious disposition embroils them in innumerable lawsuits, the consequences of which are always fatal to both parties.

Nothing is as yet exported from this quarter, and everything which is imported comes to a very high price by the transportation, and these are the reasons of that total want of cash which I have mentioned, and which is so great that I travelled seventy miles along the most public road in this country without finding anybody that could change me a five dollar bill. This also accounts for the enormous prices which we have to pay here for every thing, — of which you will be able to judge when I tell you that my boarding comes here to nearly the same that I paid in Philadelphia and that horse-keeping is about \$3.00 a week for every horse. For everything else we pay in proportion. . . .

I feel for the interest of the proprietors, and the picture I have drawn is not very engaging. It is only since I have become a little more acquainted with the true situation of the affairs here that I feel the full extent of the difficulties which I shall have to encounter; they are such as have caused me many a disagreeable thought already, and if the lawsuit should not terminate in our favor I shall have a far more arduous task than I ever had any idea of. I am not, however, disheartened, and shall do everything in my power to give to the business here a happier turn, sure that if I should not succeed both you and the proprietors are too just to require from me a success which it was not in my power to insure.

A little before this, he had written to Mr. Busti:—

[November 19, 1804.] Maslin, who happened to be here, told me that the case of Douglass was one of the strongest against the Company, as there has been no settlement on our part. I can assure you that I shall not feel easy till I know the result and that I cannot help feeling some fear from the known sentiments of Judge Washington.¹

[December 11, 1804.] I shall call this evening on Judge Mead to get the names of the patentees and the dates of the patents, copies of which I suppose may be of great use in the trial of February next. If I am not mistaken, these patents, issued before the cessation of the prevention, will bring the judges in a dilemma in case they should wish to coincide in the opinion of Washington, for in that case they would either have to decide that it was incumbent on a warrantee to be better acquainted with the laws of his country than

¹ In the Circuit Court the case came before Washington, J., of the Supreme Court, and Peters, District Judge. In another case the former had delivered a charge coinciding with the construction adopted by the state court, from which the latter had dissented.

the constituted authorities (a doctrine which I suppose Federal judges will not allow), or they must decide that the state has a right to take advantage of its own wrong.

[December 5, 1804.] I am glad to see that you are permitted to send a counsellor to plead the Company's cause at the bar of the Supreme Court, for from your first letter I was led to believe that only a statement of the case would be drawn up and submitted to the judges. The equity of the Company's claim and the inequity of our persecutors' will then be submitted to the court, and tho' I believe it is a mere court of justice, without equity powers, yet the judges are men, and as such the hardship of our case cannot but make a favorable impression in the Company's favor.¹

The glimpse of Douglass, in the following letter to Mr. Busti, almost suggests the old-time outlaw of ballad and romance, for its mixture of audacity with stubborn defiance.

[February 12, 1805.] Douglass called on me to inform me that he was going to jail, being sent there by the intruder who sold him the tract on which his family lives; he offered to sell me his claim to the land in dispute, and on my refusal to the purchase asked me to loan him \$100 for which he offered modestly to secure me by a mortgage on the land in dispute between us. This wretch seemed perfectly insensible to his own situation and that of his family; tho' within a few hours of being shut up in jail, and his family in the utmost misery, he was quite cheerful and communicative; he informed me with seeming pride that more than one half of all trouble which the Company has experienced was owing to him, that he had sacrificed his whole fortune

¹ The questions were argued in the Supreme Court by E. Tilghman, Ingersoll, Lewis and Dallas, for the plaintiff, and by M'Kean, Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and W. Tilghman, for the defendant.

in the cause of opposition, and had never received more than \$7.50 for all his trouble and for travelling of 3000 miles at different times, he bearing his own expenses. He told me further, and this was more interesting, that now everyone had abandoned him, that such a spirit of egotism prevailed that no actual settler would give two-pence to save his companion in opposition, and that the Fosters had sold them to the Company. All the chiefs of the intruders are at war with one another, and all will be involved in one common ruin if the court doth not immediately take all the lands from the Company. Since two years a number of the intruders have gone down the river to Louisiana, the great Botany Bay of America, and as soon as the river opens it is expected that a number more will skip off for that land of promise. On the other hand several settlers have informed me that they expect in the spring some of their friends will come up and purchase. This will brighten our prospects, and if the Supreme Court of the U. S. should decide in our favor, then I am confident that our exertions will succeed, and that in a short time every shadow of opposition will be done away. God give I may live to see that day.

To J. J. Van der Kemp he wrote (March 13, 1805): "You flatter me with a favorable decision in the Federal Court. . . . When I read over the Law [of] 1792, I do not see how a decision can go against us. I have other reasons from which I may forebode happy news by next mail, and yet notwithstanding all this I am very uneasy . . . and I willingly would purchase to-day at the expense of some hundred dollars the certainty that the Company has at length finally triumphed. . . . To see my expectations all blasted now that I have the prospect of getting everything on a good footing here would be more than I could bear."

Another fertile source of controversy with which he had to contend was the rapacity of the taxing officers, and the tendency of the assessors to place an undue burden upon non-residents. As early as December 18, 1804, he had written: "The system of taxation is on a wretched footing in this state, and the commissioners are a kind of bird of prey that devour a great part of the money. They are allowed a certain sum for every day they spend in arranging the fiscal concerns of the country, and one of this honest brotherhood in Westmoreland actually delivered an account of 385 days labor done by him as commissioner in one year. I shall try to get perfectly acquainted with the system of taxation, as I am fully sensible of the utility which will result to myself and the Company from a knowledge of this subject."

His confidence, however, in his power to deal with the situation even at its worst, was not impaired. On March 13, 1805, he wrote to Mr. Busti: —

Whatever may be the decision [of the United States Supreme Court] I hope that you will not find yourself obliged to follow strictly your orders from Holland in abandoning the whole of the West Allegheny lands. A part and even a great part will be lost if the decision of Judge Washington be confirmed, but still there will be enough that will be worth saving, and that can be secured without drawing any money from you, and all this would be lost, as well as [a] great part of the outstanding debts, if the whole was abandoned. . . .

I sincerely regret that the Dutch Proprietors are so much discouraged and that they set no value on their property in Pennsylvania; I acknowledge that the speculation was a bad one, but now that it is made I do not see that the whole is lost. Lincklaen's and Mappa's settlements were long unproductive, and swallowed up im-

mense sums; after eight or ten years they have begun to give a dividend, and tho' it is highly doubtful whether they will ever repay the money vested in them, yet a great deal will come back. The East Allegheny lands [have] but just begun to settle and cannot be made productive in one year; the prosperity of the W. A. [West Allegheny] has been impeded by the dispute, but if that should be done away by a lucky decision, then I am in hopes that the proprietors will soon reap some income from their dear bought property, especially from that part which is under my direction. I consider that the worst is over now and that a little patience and perseverance are only necessary in order to see things assume a better aspect.

In an earlier letter (February 26, 1805), he had written quite as emphatically: "Pray dissuade our Dutch friends from all ideas of abandoning the West Allegheny lands totally whatever may be the result of the trial. I shall take care that they have no further disbursements on this account and that as much as possible be saved to them. To abandon would not free them from the obligations incurred, but would make them lose all the benefits that might be reaped. If the lawsuits be completely gained, I will engage to bring everything in order in 18 months or two years; if the suits are completely lost, I shall still have something worth saving."

The winning of the test case called forth, in the following letter to Mr. Busti, a strong expression of relief. Mr. Huidekoper was not a man lightly to "thank heaven" or, as in a former letter, in expressing his confidence of the result, to exclaim, "God give I may live to see that day."

[March 20, 1805.] At length, thank heaven, my fears have been disappointed, and we have gained our cause,

and have gained it in such a manner as promises to put a speedy end to all litigation in this part of the country. The decision doth honor to the judges, and shows that they dare be independent even in this time of persecution. The remark of the judges, that it would ill become an individual to act in the manner our Legislature tries to do, is a pretty severe rub, and would make our representatives blush, if they were made of blushing materials. It is such a short time since the news reached this place that I cannot state with precision what impression it has made in general; in this place and the neighborhood the joy has been pretty universal, and those of our enemies which have come under my observation appear completely chop-fallen. I shall try to improve the moment and remove if possible all contention. I take every opportunity to circulate my wish to prevent the intruders being ruined by lawsuits, and I declare myself always willing to settle in an amicable manner with everybody, as well those that have been ejected as those that have not; the former must come in, however, within ten days, for when once the trials have begun it would be imprudent to meddle with them here. . . .

Till now I have not given a single acre of gratuity, and I hope you will not charge me to give any in future. Giving land has two bad consequences; it retards the sales or lowers the prices, and it brings or keeps a set of lazy vagrants in the country, whom it is absolutely necessary to get rid of as soon as possible. I sell on reasonable terms, that is, from \$2 to \$3½ per acre. The purchase money is subject to interest from the day of sale, and the payments must be made in six or eight annual instalments, the first of which usually commences one year after the sale. . . .

The late decision will contribute considerably to the population of Canada or Louisiana; the night after the decision arrived, Dr. Kennedy's canoe was stolen and went down the river. Yesterday another attempt was made to take another canoe belonging to this town. . . .

Mr. Douglass sent for me to the gaol, and to my sorrow I found him the same determined unrelenting rascal that he has always been. The miseries of his family seem lost upon him, and he threatens to give us further trouble the moment he gets out of prison. I intended this morning to intercede for him, and devise means to save some of the expenses which remain to be made before we get possession, but I see nothing will do but to leave him to all the rigors of the law.

After the termination of the Douglass case Mr. Busti continued to urge, uneasily, the granting of special terms to the intruders. That this course would only prolong the struggle and produce bad feelings throughout the settlements Mr. Huidekoper plainly foresaw. His sole chance for securing a speedy pacification of the contending parties lay in dealing equally with all and in impressing upon them the fact that the law would be enforced. This reply to Mr. Busti's suggestions illustrates the point.

[March 26, 1805.] One part of your advice I will religiously follow, and have already followed it. I consider the intruders perfectly with indifference and treat them [like] any other strangers that applied to me for the purchase of land. I do not in the least take it in consideration what improvements they have made, but sell them the land as if it was in the state of nature; but, my dear sir, forgive me if I postpone selling them land at the original price of \$1.50 per acre till you have reconsidered the matter. If I should offer lands in this neighborhood at that price to intruders, from that moment the sales to other persons would cease, or I would have to sell all the lands at the same price. If I should refuse this in one single instance, I should give general dissatisfaction. The settlers under the Company, what-

ever might have been their former roguish intentions, can hardly bear now that I treat the intruder as if nothing had happened, and I am pretty certain that if being an intruder could give them a claim towards getting lands cheap, they would all turn landthieves to a man before the end of the year . . . I am informed that on the morrow there will be a meeting in this town of the ejected intruders, and probably others will also come in. If they should be peaceably inclined, you may depend upon it that I shall not be backward in granting reasonable terms, but I cannot deny that the turning out of possession of the ejected persons will have more effect than a decision of which they hear by the papers, but the consequences of which they do not see. Those, therefore, who do not submit within the course of this week I would, if it meets with your approbation, leave to be dealt with according to law, not for the sake of gratifying a wish to be revenged, but because I think it good policy to show the intruders by experience that the contest is over, and that any further opposition must draw certain ruin to those that still persevere in their opposition, while such as submit are placed on the same footing with the settlers.

With Mr. Busti, on the one hand, urging him to offer gratuities of large tracts to induce settlers to buy, or advising him to make concessions, and with many "intruders," on the other hand, coming to him with offers of compromise, he was obliged to stand firm in his position, and to use his own discretion to the full extent, refusing to give away the Company's acres until the question could be settled, and declining to treat with the intruders until assured of the justice of their claims. It was his conservative policy to delay until the Company's rights should have received a final interpretation. "There are numerous suits in the court,"

he wrote,¹ "between settlers and intruders or between intruders and intruders," and "when they [the intruders] are on the point of being ejected by a better title they call upon me to make a compromise . . . which would oblige the Company to institute a lawsuit against the other intruders and to be answerable to the one who compromised for the consequences." Mr. Busti also wished him to assist settlers in their suits against intruders, but Mr. Huidekoper replied that while he might find that desirable in a few cases, it was a dangerous precedent and would lead to more trouble. "The patience of an agent here," he confessed, "must be greater than the patience of Job ever was."

His evident ability, a growing reputation for justice, and a disposition to extend freely to those who had earned it the assistance to be obtained under the generous rules of the Company, all combined to give him an authoritative position in the community and so to hasten the subsidence of disorder. To these sources of power must be added his persuasive and engaging personality and, as the following letter to Mr. Busti bears witness, his practice of attending to matters himself.

[June 7, 1805.] It is . . . with pleasure that I can inform you that the intruders are nearly all disheartened. In the second district all is nearly in order; of all the ejected intruders there but three or four remain obstinate at present, and [I] hope that the ejectments prepared for these will bring them to their senses. The remainder are all afraid and disclaim all idea of contending with the Company or holding in opposition; they will either purchase or leave the land . . . Since I began this letter I have heard from Reese's district and from the quarter adjoining New Connecticut. In

¹ February 2, 1805.

these some symptoms appear of an approaching insurrection. The intruders have made combinations to defend their property by force of arms against all legal process and in some parts have voted funds for the purchase of powder and balls. I expect all those associations and plans will dwindle to nothing, but whatever may happen these combinations are favorable to us. If they prove abortive they will only serve to render them suspected to government; if they break out in open rebellion we will have the forces of the United States to support us and these will soon send all these vagabonds to Louisiana. If it should come to an insurrection, we have people sufficient here to maintain order and good government in these parts so that you have nothing to fear for the Holland Land Company's possessions. . . . I shall, however, take such steps as will secure the Holland Land Company's property from becoming the scenes of such riots and confusion. . . . I shall . . . immediately set out for districts 6 and 7, and have very little doubt but that by my personal attendance in that quarter I will be able to disconcert all the schemes of association which the nest of intruders fixed in these districts may make. I find that to subdue them nothing is more efficacious than the personal superintendence of the proprietor or his agent.

By August 13, 1806, he could report to Mr. Busti: "As to intruders that is over, on the Holland Company's lands. . . . Those amongst them that had any industry have chiefly agreed to purchase. Of the rest, a part have been so good as to leave the country, and a few more will run away this fall or next spring as soon as the water rises."

To his brother he wrote on July 23, 1806: —

There was not so much daring in our sustaining that if the warrantees were prevented from settling during two

years after the date of the warrant, they were excused forever after, as there appears to you. Your judgment in this case is probably founded on the ideas which you have of the laws of your country, where less precision in the wording is used and much is left to the construction. Here it is the contrary. The positive law governs here, and the power of construction is very limited, so that a judge cannot declare a law to contain a provision which the letter of the law doth not fully express, even if it was certain that the law had been enacted for the express purpose. . . . It is in vain to regret the past, but I often wish that with the same chance Mr. C[azenove] had, I had to make the selection over again, and I am persuaded I could re-locate the warrants so as to raise the lands to three times the value of which they are now. The business of my agency is assuming a more orderly appearance every day, and of course my troubles decrease. I am happy to hear that my administration gives satisfaction to the proprietors.

With Mr. Huidekoper's recollections of his agency as he recorded them in the autobiography, we may conclude the story of this stormy period.

As so large a portion of my life has been spent in connection with the lands which the Company held in this quarter, it may be well to say a few words in regard to them, and to their situation at the time they came under my care.

These lands consisted originally of about 500,000 acres. The Company purchased them from Judge Wilson for about \$200,000 and, by the end of 1804 about \$200,000 more had been spent on them for various purposes. The law under which these lands were taken up required, that the Warrantee should make, within two Years, a Settlement improvement and residence on each tract of 400 acres, unless prevented by the enemies of the

United States. As the Indian War continued till 1795, the Warrantees contended that they were thus prevented, and that this excused them from making the required residence and improvement. Still the Company made strenuous efforts, by giving gratuities in land, and by making advances to settlers, to cause their lands to be settled. These efforts met with but a very partial success. To the difficulties naturally connected with the settlement of lands, situated at a great distance from the districts from which the Settlers must be drawn, and of very difficult access, was added, that disputes arose as to the title. The same law under which these lands were held, authorized actual Settlers to go on any of the unappropriated lands, to reside on and improve them, and to complete their title, at a subsequent period, by paying the purchase-money to the State. Under this clause of the law, sundry speculators, such as Messrs. Watts, Scott, Miles, the M'Nairs, and others, who had no money to obtain lands by paying for warrants, endeavored to appropriate to themselves large bodies of land, by means of surveys made on Sham Settlements and improvements. As most of the good lands had been appropriated by the warrant holders, these speculators, in order to enlarge the field of their operations, seized on those lands, under pretext that the right of warrant-holders had become forfeited for want of the requisite settlements; and, in order to strengthen themselves, they induced other persons to take possession of those lands in opposition to the Warrant title. As such a doctrine was well calculated to become popular, the country was soon covered with Squatters; many of those who held contracts under the Companies, began to hold in opposition to them, and others sat quiet determined to await the issue of the contest, while another portion of them remained faithful to their engagements.

Major Alden, who was the Company's Agent for these lands, was a very inefficient man, altogether unequal to the difficulties of his station; while Mr. Alex-

ander McDowell, who, under him, had the charge of the lands in the 7th and part of the 6th Districts, neglected his Agency. It is true that in 1797 the Company, acting under the influence of a Man supposed to be their friend, but really connected with the Speculators, purchased their peace from Messrs. Watts, Scott and Miles, and converted them into nominal Agents, at a sacrifice of about thirty thousand dollars, but this did but little towards allaying the existing excitement. The political demagogues of the day encouraged the Squatters in their opposition and enlisted the legislature in their favour, so that, when I came to the Agency, the Company were contending for the possession of their dear-bought property. For the rest, with the exception of some portion of the second district, every part of the Agency was involved in uncertainty and confusion; and the receipts to be derived from the sales and from the outstanding debts, were inadequate to defray the current expenses of the Agency.

In the Spring of 1805 the cause of *Huidekoper v. Douglass* was tried in the Supreme Court of the United States, and decision had in favour of the Warrantees. That decision, by which the title of the Warrantees was declared to be complete, gradually restored peace to this country; and by a couple of Years of exertions, those Intrusions, so extensive and formidable when I entered on the Agency, were reduced to a few scattering, isolated cases. The angry feelings however which the contest had engendered, survived long after the contest itself had ceased; and the injurious effects arising from a disputed title, were felt for many Years afterwards. In all the troubles of those early days however, I never met with any personal violence; though such was frequently threatened. I have however reason to think that in a journey which I took in 1805 through the 7th district, I was once in imminent danger, though unconscious of it at the time. It was twenty years afterwards that I was one day fired at and my horse wounded.

This was on the Stateroad between the two Brokenstraw Creeks.¹ . . .

In the fall of 1809 I was called to Philadelphia to assist at the sale of the Holland Company concern under my care to Messrs. Griffith and Wallace. This sale was concluded on the 1st february 1810, and I was appointed the joint agent of the Vendors and the Vendees. I did then consider, and have ever since considered, that contract as a very injudicious one on the part of the Company, and believe it to have been the offspring of a moment of despondency and of mistaken views. To me personally however the change was advantageous. It is true that my fixed salary was reduced from \$2,400 to \$1,000 a year, but the rate of my Commissions on sales and collections was increased so as more than to compensate for this deduction.

Messrs. Griffith and Wallace had in the Year 1811 purchased from some dutch Gentlemen One thousand shares in the Pennsylvania Population Company.² That Company was dissolved in 1812, and in 1813 Messrs. Griffith and Wallace put under my care that portion of those lands situated in the Counties of Erie and Crawford which fell to them.

In the year 1812 Messrs. Griffith and Wallace employed a man of the name of William S. Hart to effect sales at a distance. It was through his Agency

¹ What is omitted here may be found in chapter iv., pages 147, 153, and in chapter ix., page 301.

² The Pennsylvania Population Company was organized at about the time the members of the Holland Land Company made their contract with Judge Wilson, and took out warrants for land under the Act of 1792. Among the original subscribers, one of whom was Aaron Burr, were some of the associates in the Holland Land Company, namely, P. Stadnitski, P. and C. van Eeghen, J. Tincate, H. Vollenhoven, F. Cazenove, and N. van Staphorst. Others of the subscribers were R. Morris, J. Wilson, J. Nicholson and G. Mead. (Matters pertaining to the History of the Pennsylvania Population Company, furnished to the Literary Union Club by Alfred Huidekoper, 1876.)

that a considerable quantity of our good land here was exchanged for very indifferent farms in Berkshire, Massachusetts, which latter, being imprudently kept too long on hand, were ultimately sold at a very heavy loss. Wishing to accelerate the sales, and finding that Mr. Hart effected little, Messrs. Griffith and Wallace associated with him Augustus Sacket, a man without principles, morals or talents, but who had been highly recommended to them by those who did not know him. By the contract made with these men, they were entrusted with the sale of the Holland Company lands. Sacket was to reside at Meadville and Hart to operate at a distance. Of the proceeds of the sales made by them, Messrs. Griffith and Wallace were to receive in the first instance, \$1.25 per acre, and the residue, after deducting some contingencies, was to be divided in equal portions between the parties. To me was intrusted the collection of the money, and the making of the Conveyances. This contract proved in the sequel the source of much trouble and vexation.

Sacket arrived here in 1813, and began by writing circulars to all the postmasters in New York and the New England States constituting them Agents under him for the sale of the lands, with the promise of a heavy commission. For the first Year matters went on pretty smoothly. Sacket confined himself chiefly to retail operations, and I was uninformed of the misrepresentations he made use of to attract purchasers. But in the Year 1814 things began to assume another aspect. Mr. Sacket was now surrounded by a set of reckless speculators, equally destitute of principles and of means. To these men he sold large bodies of land, at reduced prices, giving them a separate contract for each tract or part of a tract, with a clause, that in case of a resale by the speculator the sub-purchaser under him should be substituted in his place. In some of these sales I have reason to believe that Mr. Sacket was secretly interested with the speculators. Some of

these sales exceeded one hundred thousand dollars in amount; and in one case \$67,000 worth of land was sold to a man not worth a dollar, and who had never seen a foot of the land for which he contracted. The object of Mr. Sacket in making large sales to men with whom he was himself in partnership, was plain. By his contract of Agency he was to be entitled to only one fourth of the profits arising from the sales, and by his connexion with the speculators, he secured the one half. And these large purchases were without any risk to the Speculators, as, what could not be resold at an advanced price, might, at any time, be assigned to some nominal sub-purchaser. Mr. Sacket's object in selling large bodies of the more unsaleable lands to men notoriously not worth a dollar, is less obvious. Perhaps he wished to have it in his power to show that there was a large amount of money due to him for his share in these pretended Sales; and intended then, to sell out to some one at a distance, his supposed interest in those sales, as his partner Mr. Hart afterwards did, who sold to Messrs. Peck and Shattuck two third parts of his eventual profits to be derived from the agency, for \$15,000. In order to supply the speculators he was interested with with Money, Mr. Sacket stipulated to make to them an allowance of two dollars per hundred acres, nominally to pay for making surveys; and I was actually applied to to make this advance. As I was found to be intractable on this point and was likely to be in the way of some ulterior operations, and, among these, of some secret arrangements between Mr. Miles and Mr. Sacket, it was determined to get me removed from the Agency. In order to effect this it was deemed necessary to enlist the co-operation of some of the Gentlemen in town. To procure this it was represented to them that it was my interference with Mr. Sacket's operations which prevented the Country from being filled, at once, with settlers, and that, as to any lands they themselves might have for sale, Mr. Sacket,

if left to act, could easily sell these for them at any price they might set on them. With some this bait took, and, during a temporary absence from home, a secret meeting was held; and certain statements made there by one of the Speculators, were signed by the parties present at the meeting, and transmitted to Messrs. Griffith and Wallace.

In the mean time I was, as far as possible, kept in ignorance of what was going on, and even of the contracts made, especially as to their details. I merely knew from the excitement got up, that there were some machinations and intrigues going on around me which were intended to affect me, but of which, for the time, I could not fathom the object; I felt myself surrounded by difficulties with which I could not grapple, because I could not see them, and during the summer and fall of 1814 I felt myself really made unhappy by the situation in which I found myself placed. Gradually, however, light began to dawn on the mystery by which I was surrounded, and I began to perceive both its source and its object. In the Spring of 1815 Mr. Sacket, in direct violation of his contract, went to Utica to sell lands for sundry persons in this neighborhood. His conduct there was of such a swindling nature, and so outrageous, as to open the eyes of the public here, at once, as to the real character of the man, and even to bring his sanity in question. In the Summer of 1815 the contract between Messrs. Griffith and Wallace and Messrs. Sacket and Hart was cancelled. I experienced however for a long while afterwards some of the troubles to which it gave rise, and many of the evils that grew out of it.¹ . . .

The late war which broke out in 1812, by turning the attention of the public towards the lake Country, served to bring this section of Pennsylvania into notice; and from that time onward the settlement and improvement of it has been going on with increasing rapidity,

¹ The paragraph omitted here is to be found in chapter iv., page 152.

until the country has become what You now see. If Messrs. Griffith and Wallace could have retained their interest in it, it would now have made their families independent. But unfortunately for them, both of them were embarrassed before they purchased from the Company. In 1816 Judge Griffith found himself compelled to sell out his interests in this quarter to the Messrs. Wurts. He died some Years afterwards at Washington, where he held the office of Clerk of the United States Court.

The Messrs. Wurts made in 1818 partition with Mr. Wallace. Previous to this partition, I agreed with them, in consideration of certain obligations to be assigned to me, to assume the lien of about \$56,000, which the dutch Gentlemen had on the lands derived from the Pennsylv. Populn Comp. for a balance due on purchase money. On this partition Mr. Wallace assumed to pay the purchase money due to the Holland land Company. The Messrs. Wurts, being embarrassed, assigned to sundry of their creditors, the obligations which, on this partition, fell to their share. Out of these assignments sprung the Agency for Messrs. Day and Meredith and other smaller agencies which have been under my care.

Mr. Wallace becoming more and more involved, after assigning, from time to time, to certain of his creditors, such portions of the population Company concern as yet remained to him, was obliged, in 1829, to make a general assignment. He died suddenly in January 1837. In the preceding Year I had purchased from the Holland land Company the remainder of their concern under my care for \$178,400.¹

¹ The lands were estimated at 58,300 acres.

CHAPTER IV

REBECCA COLHOON

I WILL now [wrote the elder brother in Holland to Mr. Huidekoper some time in the winter of 1805-6] reply to . . . [your letter] of the 20th, . . . the reading of which has made me laugh for joy. Your career, dear friend, has been for many years one of the things which most interested me. With much sympathy I watched you make the desired progress and now reach a certain degree of success, and even before receiving your letter it was my desire to see you become entirely an American, and this you will become by taking one of their daughters to wife, — but although I am a strong advocate of such ties, and consider it one of the most important reasons for our existence, I do not believe that this state should be entered into merely as a matter of principle, but as it were more or less from compulsion, that is, when one has lost his heart completely, and does not wish to have it back except accompanied by the object which has stolen it. I saw thus with pleasure the consequence of your trip to Pittsburg, and sincerely hope that the uncertainty in which you were as to the feelings of the object of your affections has changed into an agreeable certainty, and that the receipt of this may find you, if not at the attainment, at least near to the culmination of your hopes. But you are mistaken if you think that a description of her person would not be interesting; the contrary is true, we should be very much interested, and as long as you withhold it from us I shall have to form one in my imagination, taking as my pattern one of the many which I have seen in America, namely a woman (con-

Rebecca Colhoon Huidekoper



trary to those which by reason of their coarseness, fatness, voice and manners, we call here "mantraps") with a graceful and rather tall figure and further gifted with that pretty talkativeness in which no woman in the world surpasses the "fair Columbian." Now, dear friend Harm Jan, I hope that I shall not have to wait long for further news from you, but that you will send me before long favorable tidings regarding the state of your affections; further I sincerely hope that you may never know what it is to be disappointed in such a matter.

The especial fair Columbian referred to in this letter was Rebecca Colhoon, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Her grandfather, John Colhoon, was a Scotchman, or of Scotch-Irish descent, who removed from his home in Ireland¹ and settled with his wife, Rebecca, in Middleton Township, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. The name in Scotland is Colquhoun, pronounced Co'hoon, a pronunciation adhered to by the Pennsylvania family, who, however, adopted the shorter spelling. Andrew Colhoon, the son of John, was born before his father removed to America. He married Esther McDowell, and made his home in Carlisle, where he carried on a large building, carpentering and cabinet-making business, and accumulated a moderate fortune. Fair and tall, with a commanding figure and frank, cordial manner, he was an open-hearted generous host, and entertained his friends hospitably in the stone house in which his daughters passed their younger years. With the depreciation of the Continental currency his fortune vanished, and he himself, in the latter part of his life, became utterly disheartened. He died May 8, 1794, leaving

¹ *Pomona Hall*, by Alfred Huidekoper, p. 9.

his widow, Esther McDowell, alone to care for Rebecca and her three sisters.¹ Esther McDowell stands in the family traditions as having married Andrew Colhoon in compliance with the wishes of her parents, while always cherishing the memory and the ring of a soldier lover. "Contented but not happy," is the description given of her, yet she had ever since the wedding day, in 1777, been an attentive, excellent wife. She survived her husband but a little over a year.²

Her sister Lydia had married Mr. James Bryson, of Pittsburg, and her brother, John,³ was a physician in the same city, so that her girls, when thus left orphans, did not lack protectors. On the other hand the Colhoons had relatives in Carlisle, one of whom, Robert Miller, undertook the care of the small remnant of Andrew Colhoon's estate. The four girls, therefore, were well looked after. Sarah and Rebecca struggled for a time to keep the little family together; but the task was too great, and by the advice of Mr. Miller, who offered the two older girls a home, the younger ones were sent to Pittsburg. In making this journey they traveled in the charge of some friendly people who were moving westward with all their household goods, in one of the old-fashioned Pennsylvania or "Conestoga" wagons. This immense structure held the entire family, with their furniture, clothing, household utensils and all,

¹ Six of their ten children died in infancy. The estate of Andrew Colhoon, inherited jointly by the three surviving daughters to whom in 1802 Robert Miller rendered account, amounted to somewhat more than \$1500. He continued, at their request, to hold and invest the money for them, forwarding to them from time to time, such sums as they required.

² See *Pomona Hall*, pp. 9-11.

³ He served as a surgeon all through the Revolution, and in later years kept open house in his home on the Monongahela.

sheltering them with its white projecting top from the sun and letting down canvas sides at the appearance of rain. When they arrived in Pittsburg the Brysons received Lydia, the McDowells, Elizabeth. In the course of a few years Sarah died. Elizabeth eventually married Mr. Hazlett, of Pittsburg, and Rebecca, capable and self-sacrificing, undertook, as Mr. Huidekoper has said, the care of her and her household.

It was while Rebecca Colhoon was in Pittsburg, probably with her sister, that Mr. Huidekoper first saw her. That he was not the only one to feel her distinctive charm, her cousin, Miss Wilson, rallying her on her conquests in the winter of 1804-5, implied when she wrote to her from Baltimore: ¹ "I have heard tales of you though none to your disadvantage, unless the tale of your having two or three candidates for the Honor of your fair Hand is a tale to your disadvantage, if it is, I have not found out where the injury lies, unless it is in making you too hard to please. I have purchased you a Bonnet, I know you will think it a very dear one, when you see the Bill, I wish I was as sure of its pleasing as I am of its costing too much; but you may be assured that I could not get one for less, I could have got a gayer Bonnet than the one I send you, but it would have cost at least six dollars more, which price I thought you would not like to give. I wish you had come to Baltimore in the Fall as you talked of doing, — I am continually thinking of you and the pleasure of our youthful days in Carlisle. If I ever have it in my power I am resolved to go to Pittsburgh, so pray do get married and have a corner at your own fireside for me — and if I can I will have one at my fireside in B. for

¹ December 24, 1804.

you when you are kind enough to think us worth a visit. I ought to have written *me*, for I would have you ride three Hundred miles to see myself alone. — I must bid you good [night] and God bless you. Sterne says that is equal to a kiss ; but Mary Wolstoncraft says she would rather have the kiss into the bargain. So would I from you to-night.”

On July 23, 1806, Mr. Huidekoper wrote to his brother :¹ —

You want that I should give you a description of Miss Colhoon, the young lady who has captivated my affections, and you shall have it tho' I undertake the task with reluctance, not that I can have any objection to it, but I have found out that I have no talent whatsoever of drawing the portrait of any person, even if I should see him every hour of the day, and if I speak of Miss C.'s moral qualities I am afraid you will consider them rather as effusions of an enthusiastic admirer than as the real character of that interesting girl.

To begin with her person, Miss C. is about twenty-three years of age, of a middling stature and slender, but well formed. Her hair falls in natural ringlets on her face and neck and is of a chestnut colour. Her eyes are gray and express all that soft languor of a blonde. Her face on which the bewitching smile of good nature continually plays is regularly made, and tho' I have seen some that appeared handsomer to me, yet I never met with one that was so perfectly amiable.² But what principally fixed my affections were not so much the charms of her person (lovely as she is) as the qualities of her mind and heart. To an understanding cultivated with care, Miss C. unites that sweet affability of manners which makes our intercourse with her so

¹ This was but little more than a month before his marriage.

² Mr. Huidekoper sometimes used the word *amiable* for *lovable*.

engaging. In her are associated the lively sensibility which flows from a heart naturally good, with that happy equanimity of temper which is perhaps the first requisite to insure felicity in the connubial state. Educated with care by a mother who tho' long dead is still venerated and regretted by her and by an aunt who has very generously supplied that loss, Miss C. has from her earliest infancy acquired habits of industry and since some years she superintends the family of a younger, but married sister, who judges herself less qualified to that task. In one word Miss C. is universally esteemed and beloved and I never have found but one other woman who had not a single enemy, that is Mrs. Mappa.

Such is the sister-in-law I had destined for you, or at least such she appears to me. If you have received a hasty letter which I wrote to you from Philadelphia,¹ you will have seen that your wishes for my happiness have not been accomplished, and that it has hitherto been my lot to experience the most cruel disappointment. Miss C. has treated me with a frankness which has served only to increase my esteem, and my regret at the moment that I am losing her, perhaps forever. She assures me that her affections are not engaged and that I possess her esteem, and she offers me her friendship, but this is the utmost progress I have been able to make, and I do not find myself nearer to the accomplishment of my wishes than I was six months ago. Still I find it impossible to detach my heart from that incomparable girl, and at this moment I love her more than ever. With some difficulty I have obtained a continuation of our correspondence and tho' her letters are on indifferent subjects, yet they are kind and friendly and as long as this indulgence lasts, I shall not be without some hope. That correspondence is now the last tie that links her to me, and I can assure you that I should look upon

¹ Mr. Huidekoper made a visit to Philadelphia in March, 1806, and on his way saw Miss Colhoon again.

the day on which that was broke off as one of the most unfortunate of my life. . . .

To this his brother returned reply (the date is uncertain): —

As I am following your letter from subject to subject, I make the same abrupt jump as you, namely from political matters to the portrait of Miss C. Truly, my friend, it is charming, and one must certainly be smitten to be able to sketch it in such a lifelike way. She is just such a one as I had wished for you, and with such qualities as appear to be associated in her you could not fail to be happy. But I cannot refrain from shaking my head at the manner of her refusal; I confess that I do not understand it. Sincere, and to declare that her heart is free; sincere, and to say that friendship and respect were given to you, and sincerely to mean that she does not wish to marry, — I tell you sincerely that I do not understand it at all. Were we not so far away from each other, I should come to investigate the matter in person, but not being able to do this, I must remain in uncertainty until you advise me of the final result of the affair, be it favorable or otherwise. Should unfortunately the latter be the case, I shall console myself with the thought that in your case the cause has not been lack of means of existence, — that family on her side has not been an obstacle, — but that free choice has caused the non-fulfilment of your wishes. I have been told that affection cannot endure if it does not come from both parties and further I must remind you of the rule that there is no affection which does not contribute to happiness, as long as it is kept within bounds; should Miss C. remain of the same peculiar humor, awaken your pride and selfishness a little, and let them help you break your chains, the further wearing of which would bring neither honor nor pleasure. From what you tell me, however, I do not wish to consider that the affair is hopeless; on the con-



REBECCA COLHOON HUIDEKOPER

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trary, I am anxious to receive your further advices, as I flatter myself that they will inform me of something agreeable in regard to this matter.

In spite of all discouragements Mr. Huidekoper evidently had some faith in his ultimate success, for he had proceeded early in 1806 to buy land for a homestead,¹ and in his letters to his brother had referred hopefully to the provision made for a family by the subsequent building of a house very different from the log cabin in which he at first lived.²

To these references his brother made answer in the letter first quoted (1805-6). "So you are going to build for yourself a nice house, and in the American style, as there is to be a gallery along the front, so that it will be much like that of young Mr. Morris at Canandaigua, and that building pleased me very much, as being only one room deep it afforded a double view. This cage will be too pretty to be occupied by you alone, and by all means you should endeavor to get a 'hoentje' [hen chicken] for it, if it cannot be a 'Col'hoen,' let it be a 'kerhoen' [woodhen] or a bird of some other name; the name must be Hollandized any way, or else changed into 'Mrs. Cooper,' — as during my stay in America the first syllable of our family name would not pass current. This house makes your new purchase a rather expensive piece of ground; \$4,000.00 is fl. 10,000, and Boomrijk on which a very fair house stands, and which is 25 acres in size, has only cost us fl. 21,000.00, but

¹ "The Cottage Farm," as his first piece of land was called before he purchased it, became the nucleus for the large estate which, from its orchards and gardens, he named Pomona.

² This log house, now covered with clapboards, is still standing on Walnut Street, a little west of Market.

the first laying out has perhaps cost four times as much. But we have heavy burdens to bear which are perhaps not known in your parts."

The letters that passed between Mr. Huidekoper and Rebecca Colhoon were not many, nor do they tell the circumstances of their first meeting. "Chance introduced me into your presence," he said, in one of them, "and that moment decided my fate." For a long time his fate threatened to be merely that of a friend privileged to enter into a rather one-sided correspondence. His communications were but charily responded to, and when his pen ran away with him into forbidden subjects he received no answers at all. "I have nobody here," he wrote from Meadville in November, 1805, "who like you possesses the art of reconciling me to myself." And to that letter came no reply. Notwithstanding this, he never learned to write with less ardor, and as the correspondence progressed, a more confident tone crept into it. "With pleasure I see that you have passed the mountains without even being threatened with danger," said the letter of December 10, 1805, referring to a journey on her part to Baltimore, where her uncle Robert Miller was at that time, and where she spent the winter of 1805-6, "and that your travelling company has been agreeable. No wonder your young gallants, as you call them, were ever attentive; they were old enough to appreciate the happiness of being for five days constantly in your company. I have envied them their good fortune from my heart, and wished myself a thousand times in their place, though had I been bound to the Princeton College, I very much doubt whether I should have arrived there at all, or if I had, my studies would certainly not have profited much thereafter. I am not sur-

prised that the theatre at Baltimore doth not answer your expectations. I have heard the house spoken of as being far inferior to that of Philadelphia, and the actors I had seen, they being the same that perform in the last mentioned city. To me their gestures and looks always appeared as distant from the true expression of the passions they intended to represent as their grimaces are different from the manners of a well-bred man of the world. They seem in general much more to burlesk real life than to represent it, and in my opinion they succeed only well in those pieces which are merely calculated to make the audience laugh."

"I am not astonished," says a January letter, "that you were highly delighted with the music and the solemnity which accompany the Roman Catholic worship especially at Christmas. . . . There is something so grand, so solemn and so attracting in the pomp and music which accompany divine service in the Catholic churches, that I have often been heretic enough to wish that something similar had been instituted in our Protestant places of worship. In Meadville, at least, such an addition would be truly valuable, as it would assist our minister in fixing the attention of his hearers, a thing in which I am afraid he is not always successful. . . .

"Your friend Mrs. Alden enjoys good health ; she delights in speaking of you, and looks forward with pleasure to the visit which you have promised Major Alden to make next summer to this place. I hope most sincerely that nothing will hinder you from keeping your word, for should something intervene to prevent you from coming, I know somebody who will feel the disappointment more sensibly than Mrs. Alden."

On February 13, 1806, he records as noteworthy, the advent of a young woman in the society of Meadville. "Since about a week the monotony of our manner of living here has been somewhat enlivened by the arrival of your acquaintance, Miss Ellicott, who is to spend a few weeks in this place with her sister. Nothing shews stronger how necessary the society of your sex is to the happiness of ours than the universal gaiety which the arrival of a single lady has diffused amongst such a collection of old batchelors as chance has assembled here. Miss Ellicott is an old acquaintance of mine, whom I have seen again with pleasure, the more, perhaps, as she often speaks of you and always in the most flattering manner."

On Miss Colhoon's return to Pittsburg he wrote [July 1, 1806]:

You tell me that your cousin Wilson upbraids you for leaving her, and ask my advice, whether you had not better return to Baltimore. Ah! my best Friend, how I should dread that journey, if I could suppose but for a moment that you had the least idea of it. Luckily I do not fear that such is your intention at present, and what you add, that you are quite contented at Pittsburg, tranquilises me entirely on this head. . . . There is but one journey which I should see you make with pleasure. You have long promised Mrs. Alden a visit, and she is quite anxious to see you. If you could be prevailed on to visit Meadville, opportunities will probably not be wanting, as I suppose that some of your friends will occasionally visit Pittsburg from here during this summer and the ensuing fall. . . .

Pray tell me how the Miss Simpsons, Miss Lane, and especially your sisters do. I have spent so many agreeable hours in their company, and some of them are so dear to you, that I cannot help feeling much interested in their welfare. Miss Anne's profile, which I had so

much trouble in getting, has got so horribly blackened in the general wreck of Colt's trunk that I can make no use of it. Another profile, which is of much more value to me, has luckily escaped unhurt. This is for me alone. It is the secret, the interesting object of my contemplations in my lonely evenings.

[July 20, 1806.] Mrs. Shreiock, to whom I paid a visit this morning, informed me that had it not been for the accidental absence of your sister, you would have accompanied Mrs. S. to this place. Heavens, what sensations did that intelligence awaken in me! Had Mrs. S. observed me at that moment she might have easily read in my face the mingled emotions that agitated my soul. I felt pleased, inexpressibly pleased, at the idea that you intend visiting Mrs. Alden this summer. Your presence, my best friend, has become necessary to my existence, and the prospect of enjoying it, even for a short time, gives me the most heartfelt satisfaction. But if this consideration gave me pleasure, it only served to brighten the sting of disappointment in having been robbed by an accident of the supreme felicity of seeing you. I might willingly quarrel with Doctor Kennedy for not determining at once to stay a day at Pittsburg, by which he would have given you an opportunity of informing your sister of your intention. But for his fickleness I should have seen my dearest wishes gratified, and I had now been happy in your company.

Mrs. Alden, however, has reenlivened my hope. She tells me that she expects you in two or three weeks, when Mr. Magaw, the brother-in-law to Mrs. Shreiock, will come up, who is to accompany also a sister of Mrs. Baldwin's to this place. I shall now look with impatience for his arrival, and Oh! Becky, may I beg of you, do not disappoint the expectations of all your friends here, for all are anxious to see you. Since Mrs. Shreiock's arrival, you are much the subject of conversation amongst your female friends, and they all speak

of you as if the same sentiment that warms my bosom animated them. Tell me, my incomparable friend, what is that secret irresistible charm which thus attaches to you every person who has the happiness of approaching you? Ah Becky, why cannot I too be amiable!

This was the last of his letters to Miss Colhoon. Three days later he wrote to his brother: "I am now busy clearing the remainder of the land and in erecting a barn and dwelling house for my use. The clearing and the barn will soon be finished, but the house I think will not be completed before some time next spring. I have also begun planting an orchard, and shall this fall try to plant some more fruit trees and to bring the whole in some degree of order. As soon as it has taken something of a regular appearance, I shall transmit to you a plan of it in order that you may get a better idea of the whole."

And when, in August, the promised visit to Mrs. Alden was made, there stood the home on its way toward completion, some of the fields cleared and cultivated, the apple trees of the farm in full bearing.

With practical good sense, Rebecca Colhoon, when she gave her long-withheld consent, relinquished the idea of a return to Pittsburg, and on the first day of September, 1806, she was married to Mr. Huidekoper at Mrs. Alden's house. Pomona was occupied by them in the following spring, and then began that long continued tranquil happiness which essentially characterizes Mr. Huidekoper's life.

Upon hearing of the event Miss Wilson wrote to her cousin: "It was my intention to answer the last letter that Miss Colhoon wrote me before that she had changed her name: but Mr. Huidekoper's impatience

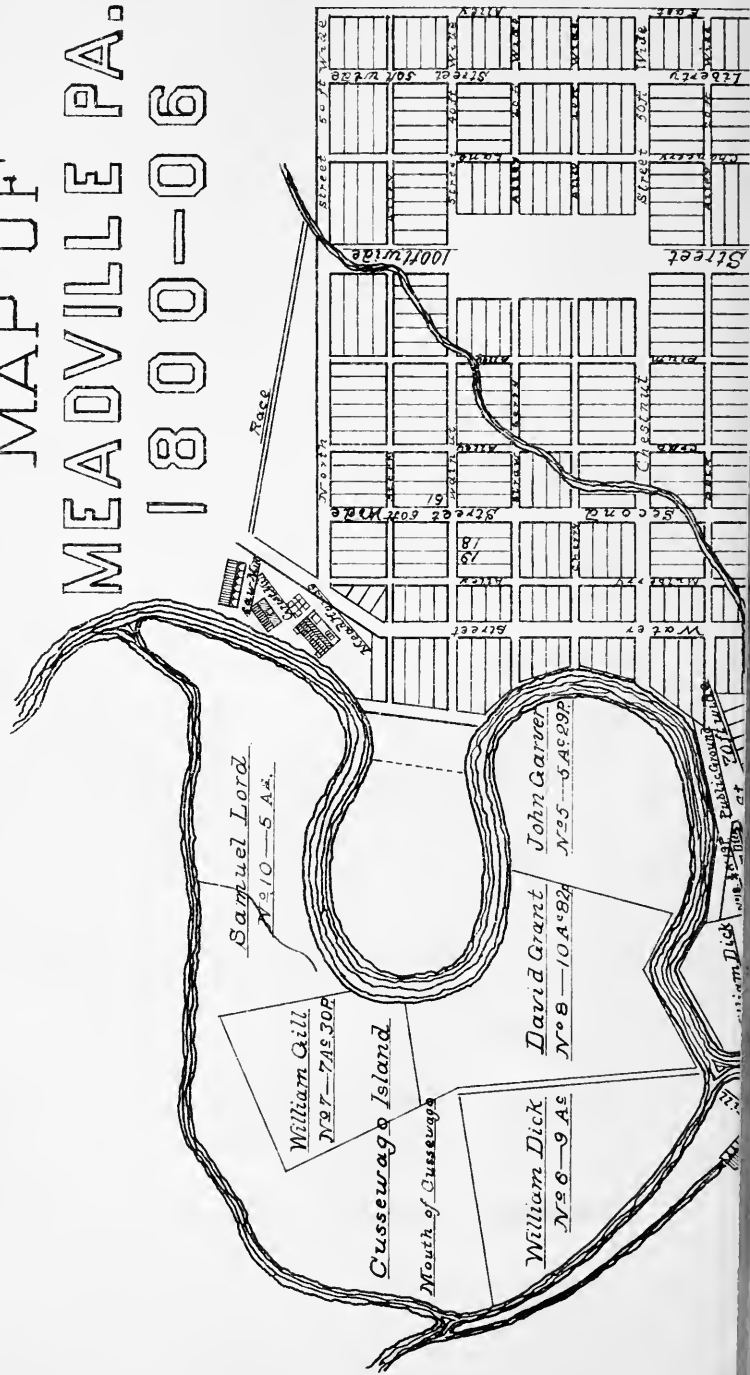
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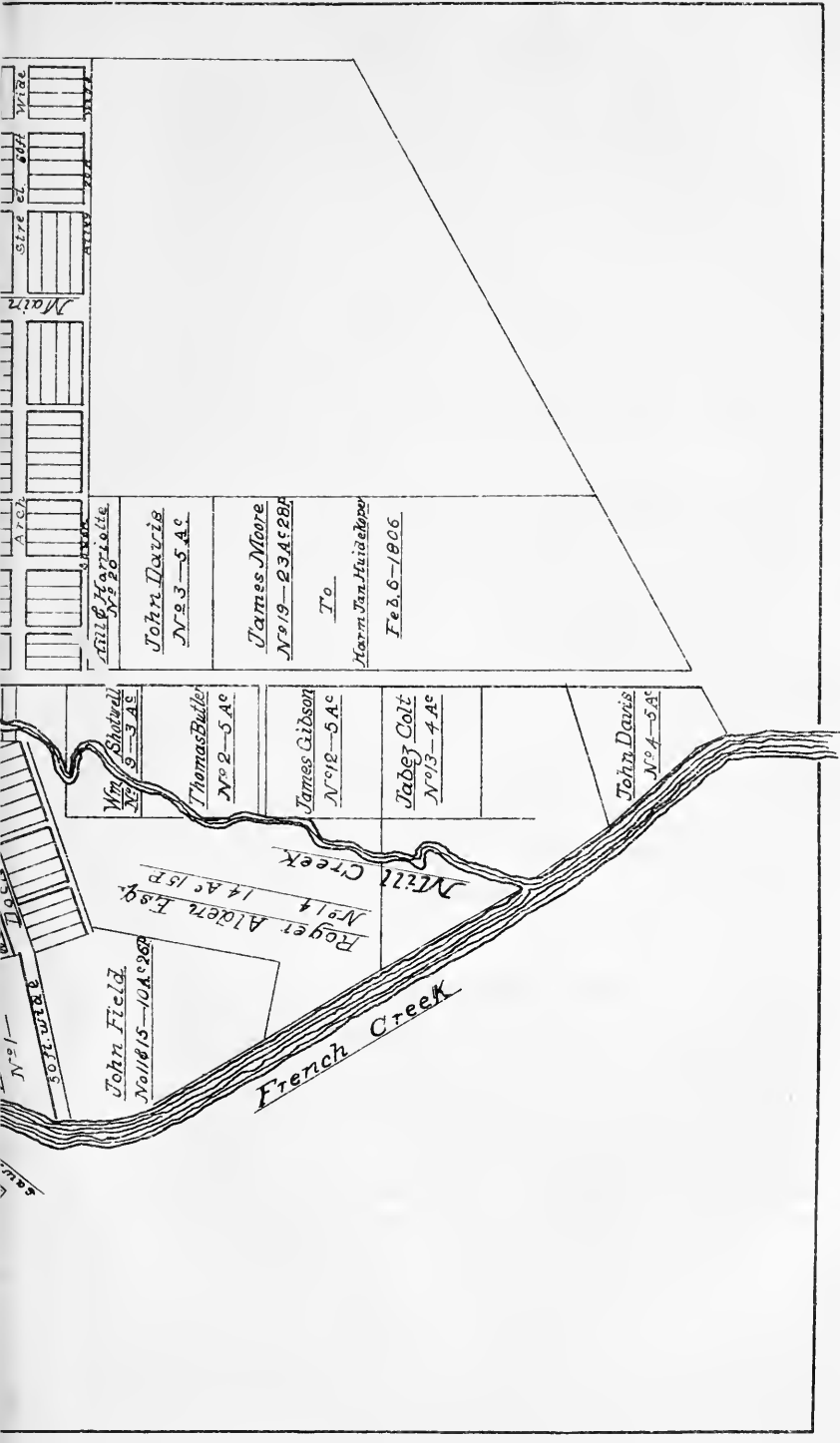
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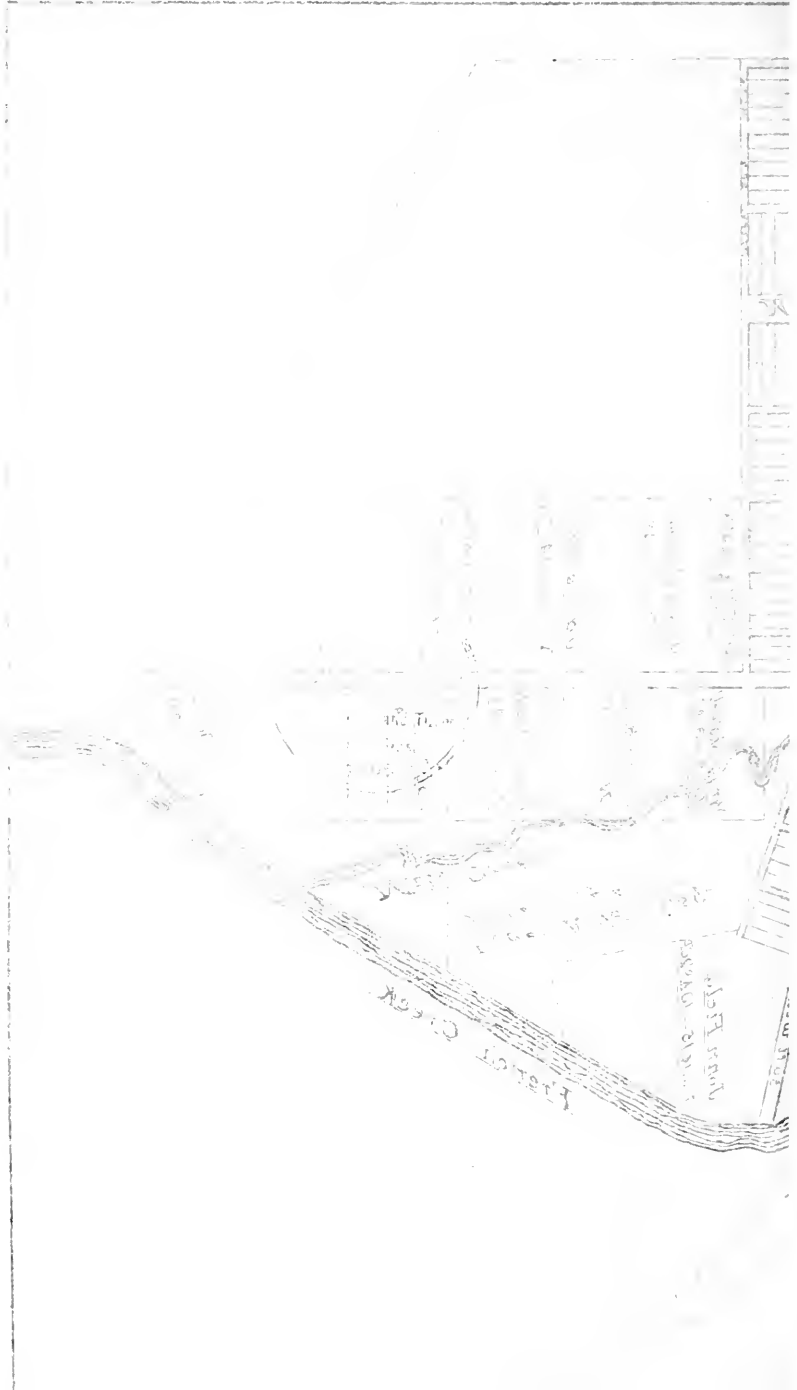


MAP OF MEADVILLE PA. 1800-06





MAP OF MEADVILLE, INDICATING POMONA AND MAJOR ALDEN'S HOUSE, WHERE HARM JAN HUIDEKOPER AND REBECCA COLBOON WERE MARRIED.



to get into chains put it out of my power, for which, give my love to him and tell him that I shall be his debtor and friend as long as he is your kind and affectionate husband which I hope will be as long as I live. But pray do let me know how it happened that you were married at Meadville. I want to know all the particulars of your wedding, and also whether you have forgot the promise that you made me make before you left Baltimore. If what you then appeared to dread should ever happen (which God forbid) I am willing to undertake the charge."

The letters announcing to Mr. Huidekoper's mother, in Holland, the news of the marriage drew from her an affectionate response. Her husband, Anne Huidekoper, had died in 1799, and she had then left the house in which they had lived together, and, after disposing of a large portion of her household goods, had removed to a smaller home, near the church, in Hoogeveen. There she passed the remainder of her years, relieved from all pecuniary care by the yearly remittances sent to her by her son in America, and thankful to outlive her invalid daughter, who required incessant nursing and care. Her letter to Harm Jan, Pieter, and the new daughter ran: —

[Hoogeveen, April 20, 1807.]

¹BELOVED SONS AND DAUGHTER: Your agreeable letters of November reached us on the 27th of March, and we saw with pleasure that you were all well, and also, my dear Harm Jan, that you had succeeded in your intention of entering into the married state, and I congratulate you sincerely, and hope that the Supreme Omnipotence and ruler of all our destinies may permit you to live long

¹ Translated from the Dutch by Mr. Otto Von Klock.

in happiness and prosperity in the enjoyment of Heaven's greatest blessings; that He may bestow on you all those gifts which may work to your greatest happiness both in time and eternity is my most earnest wish.

I am surprised that you did not hint at this in your letter in August, you have wished to surprise us; but our friends from the far country who have been here with us in August have told us that they had heard that you were working in that direction, and the building of your house confirmed it in my mind. I have nothing to say against it; it is most natural that he who has been roving around for some twenty years should at last desire to set up an independent establishment; but it weakens my hope of seeing you here once more, to which we all looked forward more or less. Had I the promise that should the Lord prolong our lives I might once more embrace all my dear ones, it would render my life much happier. I can see that you are now extremely occupied; you do not even tell us particularly whether your wife is of a Dutch or an American family, whether she is from the city or a native of your part of the country, whether she has any parents or relatives, and how old she is. I hope that at a future time you will inform us.

And you, dear Piet, I congratulate you on your new sister and hope that you may enjoy all the happiness which may be asked in a well arranged household. . . .

We are sending this on your birthday, H. Jan, and are going to celebrate it by baking a birthday cake; this we have also done for Piet. Do you often think of us?

By the time this letter reached them they were probably living in their newly furnished house.

But it is time to inquire what the autobiography says of this period. Of the narrative just related Mr. Huidekoper gives, in the months immediately following

his wife's death in 1839, a formal and brief version. At that particular time he could not without too much pain indulge even his children with more details.

Having now concluded to make Meadville my permanent place of residence, I purchased, in the early part of 1805, the spot of ground on which I now reside, and contracted for the building of the house in which the family now live. When I purchased this property, no part of it was cleared and enclosed except the fields South of the house. The rest of it was all in a State of nature, except that all the handsome forest trees particularly on what forms now the Yard, had been cut down and carried off for building or firewood. The Shade trees in the Yard and the fruit trees in the orchards are, with some few exceptions, all of my planting. Having thus made provision for a house of my own, my next care was to look round for a partner to share it with me. On the 1st September 1806 I was married to Your excellent Mother, who, for upwards of thirty-three Years was the faithful and affectionate partner of my life.

Pomona fronted upon the old Indian trail, by that time transformed to Water Street, which bordered the meadows of French Creek. This was in the line of the main thoroughfare between Erie and Pittsburg, along which the mail carrier clattered or splashed once a week, bearing at first his whole burden in his pockets, afterwards requiring saddle-bags or a pouch strapped behind, still later an extra horse for the increased pack, and finally a horse and wagon. The first stage arrived in Meadville on the 7th of November, 1820. Across the road and beyond the meadows was the one effective route of transportation, the creek, on which the busy housekeeper, if she could pause long enough to look from her window,

could see the boats, laden with supplies from the outside world, passing up stream from Franklin and Pittsburgh, and down from Waterford and Erie.

The house itself¹ was a building seventy-six feet long, with a central portion and two wings, the latter standing somewhat back from the front line. Across the front door a square porch, with a seat on the right and on the left, led into the middle hall. The parlor, on the north, and the dining-room, on the south, opened out of this hall; they were rooms ten feet high, and were flanked in the wings by the office and the kitchen. Above, in the second story, were two large bedrooms and one small one. Over these an unplastered attic contained a sleeping-room for the "hired girls."

A semicircular driveway, bordered by locust-trees, gave access to the house, and a stately row of Lombardy poplars drew with an air of foreign precision the line between the lawn and the street. So much for the exterior of the home in which the young wife entered upon her duties. Those duties, — it were well to take a long breath before trying to enumerate the half of them.

Hers was from the outset a complex household. Besides Mr. Huidekoper and herself, there was Pieter, who was always welcomed and considered an integral part of the family. There was the clerk, after Pieter had ceased to act as his brother's assistant, who slept in the office, but ate with the rest. There were the hired man, who must have a bunk somewhere, and the maid-servants occupying the attic, and the extra helpers who expected to share the kitchen meals, while the dining-

¹ For most of the description which follows see *Pomona Hall*, by Alfred Huidekoper, and also Manuscript Autobiography of Frederic Huidekoper.

room must always have space at its generous board for the chance guest. This was only the beginning. When the house was filled not only with its own little children, but with Mrs. Hazlett's family, as well as Lydia Colhoon and her young companions, responsibilities multiplied.

Consider merely the task of procuring and preparing the food for all these, when the grocer, the butcher, and the baker were scarcely relied on at all for daily demands. A large supply of provisions must be kept on hand and unceasingly replenished. The summer fruit must be preserved and set away in great crocks for winter use, the autumn apples must be pared and strung for drying, while the winter vegetables must be stowed away in the "cave." This cave was an immense storehouse hollowed out in the earth and "walled up some three feet high at the sides and some eight or ten at the gable ends. Heavy split timbers resting on the walls met at the ridge-pole, and these being covered with earth and turfed over made the structure frost-proof."¹ It was capable of holding several hundred bushels of potatoes, as well as a quantity of turnips, beets, carrots, pumpkins, etc. When it overflowed, as it frequently did, smaller basins of deposit were dug; and these were filled with fresh straw, and their contents covered with from twelve to fifteen inches of earth.

Absorbing days were those devoted to the meat supply, when a deer, a hog, or a steer was to be cut up, and certain parts set aside for immediate consumption, while hams and shoulders were carried to the smoke-house to be cured and kept for future use. The great

¹ Manuscript Autobiography of Frederic Huidekoper.

kettles of the household then were in requisition for trying out suet and lard. Hung on the crane, — the copper kettle for boiling water held twelve gallons and called for the strength of two persons when it had to be lifted upon its hook, — these immense vessels were swung into the huge fireplace and tended until the process of separating the fat from the cracklings was complete. Then the suet or beef tallow could be made into candles dipped or moulded, while the lard was saved for cooking or for use in the lamps. A little patty-pan, filled with lard, and with a bit of twisted paper for a wick, generally lighted in the evening the passage between the kitchen and the dining-room.

The fire in the fireplace had of course to be kept over night. Each morning, when the coals were uncovered the hired men would bring in the back-log, four feet long, and settle it in its bed. It was expected to last all day. The men would also pile on sufficient other wood to start the day's work well, and would supply the wood-box with its usual two heaping wheelbarrow loads of round sticks; after which the fireplace was left to the girls. On baking day the brick oven, four feet deep and thirty inches wide, demanded an especial kind of fuel. The best hickory, split to the width of a man's thumb, made the hottest bed of coals. When the bread was ready, out came the coals, and in went the loaves, thrust into place with the help of a long-handled wooden shovel.¹

When her sisters, Elizabeth Hazlett and Lydia Colhoon, came to live with her, they undertook the care of the garden. This was reached by a path from the rear of the house and entered through a gate which now

¹ Manuscript Autobiography of Frederic Huidekoper.

opens upon Pomona Street. It consisted of about an acre of ground, bordered by currant and gooseberry bushes, and checkered into squares for the experiments Mr. Huidekoper loved to make in horticulture, for his table vegetables, for the old-time herbs, mint, thyme, horehound, catnip, camomile, sage, and for the flowers. In the long beds flanking the central walk, succeeding springs brought out the hyacinths, tulips, and lilacs; peonies, roses, and snowballs followed; and the mid-summer blossoms, lilies, sweet-williams, the scarlet lych-nis, and the orange asclepias, kept the procession going;¹ while Johnny-jump-ups raised their bright faces to the sky through all but the very coldest months of the year.

The overseeing of barn, stables, and poultry-yard was more in the province of the master of the house, but in Mr. Huidekoper's frequent absences some of the responsibility for the proper management of these also fell upon his wife. The stable of five stalls, the nursery for young calves, the sheepfolds for one or two hundred sheep,² the hen-house containing as many fowls, the dovecote, the cow-house, furnished, after the Dutch fashion, with a trench at the rear of the cattle, like that in our model cow-barns to-day,³ all presented claims for attention.

Sometimes, though rarely, Mrs. Huidekoper was the one to leave home. During a visit paid by her to Pittsburg in the spring of 1808 her husband wrote to her:—

“Meadville, May 24, 1808.

. . . “My heart and my thoughts are full of you, but I have little time for writing at this moment; I have

¹ See *Pomona Hall*.

² Mr. Huidekoper imported a number of merino sheep.

³ See *Pomona Hall*.

spent the whole day till evening in settling the taxes with our commissioners, and now, by candle-light, I am preparing the papers for Beatty's and Brady's settlements. To-morrow evening Lefevre and myself set out to see those two agents. We will have Mr. Marlin's company as far as Franklin. I would willingly escape and follow him to Pittsburg, but that at present is not in my power. At all events, I am glad we are going to leave this place, for home is so different from what it was when you were here that it has fairly become irksome to me. We shall be absent about 8 or 10 days after which we begin our western tour from which I mean not to return until I have been at Pittsburg to bring you home."

Notwithstanding all the demands upon her strength, time, and patience, Rebecca Colhoon still preserved her own serenity, and diffused about her that sense of well-being, quiet, and comfort that only efficient rule can produce. "No one seeing her quietly plying her knitting needles in the social circle after tea, would have supposed her," says her son, "the moving power, like the unseen mainspring of a watch, that kept so much machinery in action under orderly adjustment."

Children came early and in abundance to Pomona. In the summer of 1807 a daughter was born, whose rare promise, and engaging qualities made themselves felt even in the short year of her infant life.

Says Mr. Huidekoper in the autobiography: —

From the summer of 1806 to the fall of 1809 I lived quietly at home, and I should have been the happiest of the happy, had it not been for one afflictive dispensation of Providence. In August 1807 Your Mother had presented me with a daughter. It was one of the finest

and sweetest children I have ever seen. My soul doated on her. It pleased Heaven to take her away when she was nearly a Year old. You, My Children, who know how fond I have always been of Children, can form some faint idea of what I felt on that occasion. Even now, after a lapse of more than thirty two Years it gives me pain to think of that loss. May God Almighty, My dear Children, preserve You ever from similar bereavements.

In a letter to his brother [July 27, 1810] Mr. Huidekoper wrote of the second child :—

My little Frederic tho' of a delicate make grows very well and is a charming prattling boy. The W in his name that you enquire about stands for Wolthers, he having at my Rebecca's request been called for my mother. You will see that his name at all events is long enough, but as mothers have so much the hardest time with children, I think they may at least be indulged in their innocent fancies about a name. On the 21st of March last my Rebecca has made me a present of another fine boy whom we have called Alfred. He is a fine healthy child and grows like cabbage. You see from this, my dear brother, that my family affairs in this respect go on as prosperously as I could wish, and that if my Rebecca and I live and continue to be blessed with health we have the prospect of being soon surrounded by a numerous progeny of children. I can assure you I am glad of it. Children have always been my delight, and we live in a country in which there is elbow-room for several succeeding generations yet.

For eight years Frederic was a constant source of joy ; then, as Mr. Huidekoper records in the autobiography, he died.

In the Year 1816, I met with an afflictive loss, in the death of my eldest son, Frederic Wolthers. The

day before his death, I had set out for Philadelphia, leaving him, as I thought, very slightly indisposed. He died in consequence of the rupture of an abscess in his lungs; and an express brought me the tidings of his death at Mercer, where I had been detained a day by the rain; so that I had the melancholy satisfaction of being present at his funeral. My Frederic was a fine intelligent child. In idea I had connected him with all my future plans of life. Long and deeply did I mourn his loss; but yet I did not feel on this occasion that sickening and heartrending sensation which I had experienced on the death of my first Anna.

Another son, Edgar, as well as the second Anna, had come before the death of Frederic Wolthers, so that the nursery was never again emptied save by the happy maturing of its occupants, and all these, as well as the son Frederic born in 1817, and the youngest daughter, Elizabeth, grew up in the homestead, united in their devotion to their parents and their loyalty to each other, forming, with their many and varied interests, and the friends that gathered about them, a vigorous, interesting world of their own. All that they desired or could need was by their father's provident watchfulness brought to their door.¹ And the same "faculty" which Rebecca Colhoon exercised in the management of her servants stood her in good stead when several babies were to be cared for at once. Did one need fresh air while the next slept, the saddle-horse or the carriage would be ordered, and round and round on the drive-way the

¹ To his brother he wrote, July 27, 1810: "The expense of maintaining a family living in the way I do will average about \$1400 or \$1600 a year. It is true my family in general is numerous, and I am perhaps subject to some expense on account of my being an agent that could be otherwise avoided, but it would be imprudent to calculate the family expenses independent of my agency less than \$1200 or \$1400 annually."



HARM JAN HUIDKOPER'S CARRIAGE, ABOUT 1812

mother and child would ride or drive, remaining near at hand for the expected summons to the second claimant. Often the state of the roads alone would limit exercise to home bounds, and they were wide enough to answer every purpose. The boys in winter coasted down the snow-covered roof of the cave; in summer roamed their own woods and fields, played hide and seek among the cocks of hay, and rode homeward on top of the loads with the haymakers.

During some of the earlier years, before the advent of the tutors, their education was begun at one or another of the village schools. At the school of a Mr. Douglas, on Arch Street, the taws were still in use when the little Frederic was sent there to begin his education. His experience was limited to one week with that master.

A gentler instructor was Mr. Leffingwell, advanced in years, and leaving in the boy's mind the grateful and no doubt astonishing remembrance of great kindness and condescension, for it was recorded many years afterward that on one occasion when the soot in the stove-pipe took fire, and the child was terrified, Mr. Leffingwell himself undertook to quiet him, and talked to him soothingly until the disturbance was over. This school was near the southeast corner of Water and Walnut streets, not too far for walking in ordinary weather, but far enough to make the timely help of two of the men on horseback very welcome when deep mud made the way well-nigh impassable, or if the two children, Frederic and Anna, as on one day of fear, had been watching the thunder-heads gather and close threateningly over their homeward path. The brother and sister also went, afterwards, and for a longer period, to the

school taught by Miss Benedict, where "spelling down" in rival rows, was the grand achievement. Here the little ones sat on their hard benches, from nine o'clock until twelve, and again from one until five, every day of the hot inland summer, every day of the cold damp winter, save only through Christmas week, their sole vacation of the long year.¹ A welcome diversion was that made by Miss Benedict's father, who would come riding up to the open door at noon, in apple time, with a full bag of fruit from his farm, and empty it upon the schoolroom floor to see the youngsters scramble for it. Most of the events, however, were of a punitive character, better adapted to the enlivening of reminiscence than for cheering the depressed spirits of those who shared in them. For instance, to stand a child on the stove and then proceed in a leisurely manner to light the fire was a method once resorted to in that schoolroom. For older boys there was the academy, a one-story brick building containing two rooms, in which Latin and Greek, and the common English branches were taught.

Year by year Rebecca Colhoon's quietly busy days sped on. In each of these days the occupations were manifold. Her part it was to rise by candlelight, — the candles were of home manufacture, costing much labor from first to last, — to set all the household machinery in motion; to cut out and stitch, albeit with assistance, the "red flannel for Frederic's suit" or the dresses for the little Anna, to nurse the frequently recurring sore throats, and to support the little patients through the regular course of treatment invariably prescribed by the doctor, — first an emetic, then such

¹ Manuscript Autobiography of Frederic Huidekoper.

drugs as rhubarb, calomel, and gamboge, and, finally, if fever set in, application of leeches or the lancet. How thankful she must have been when she discovered that keeping their feet dry in calfskin boots would lessen the number of colds, and how keen was the disappointment when, on trying on her first pair of rubber shoes, — the first pair, indeed, ever brought to Meadville, — she found that they had been moulded on a perfectly flat board, and could not be worn at all.

No one could so sympathetically listen to the grievances of Pieter or to the petitions of the children as this ever present, ever self-forgetting mistress of the house; no one else could so effectually smooth the way for a happy solution of difficulties. It was a life which brought its own rewards, and not least among them was the affectionate reverence which came to her, not only from her own home, but from many outside her walls, to whom her thoughtful kindness went out in good offices without number.

CHAPTER V

THE AMERICAN

BY the time that Mr. Huidekoper had taken upon himself the western agency and the responsibilities of a householder, his brother's wish had been fulfilled, — the Hollander in him had practically been superseded by the American. He threw himself heartily into the work of opening the country, and even had visions of a model settlement, founded by himself and named for Mr. Busti, one that by its superior situation — it was to be at the forking of the Baldeagle Road, in tract number ninety of the East Allegheny lands — should outrival Franklin as a county town.

Franklin, he said, although both he and Mr. Busti had at first thought of it as a possible place for his home, was too far away from the lands under his care, and also too inaccessible. "There is not a wagon road that goes through it or can go through it," he declared, "on account of the terrible hills." Meadville itself was rather distant, and the East Allegheny district attracted him more. Although the region was "a perfect wilderness, without any inhabitants," he did not object to that. "A couple of years," he assured his brother,¹ "will bring inhabitants enough to that quarter, and to indemnify me for a few hardships and privations I shall have the pleasure to witness all the progress of a new colony, and will not have to contend with the

¹ Letter of December 14, 1804.

plans made by others. . . . You are able to judge how much more pleasing those occupations are than the dull, sedentary life I led in the city, and I should have wished nothing more than . . . to be assisted by you." "This new town," he wrote to Mr. Busti, "I intended, under your approbation, to make my place of residence, as soon as the business in the first and second districts here shall be brought in order." But Mr. Busti seems to have thrown cold water on the scheme, for Mr. Huidekoper's next words to him on the subject, partly whimsical, partly regretful, are, "I had not in the least set my heart upon the new purchase I offered to make; . . . it never interested me half so much as the building of my new city, to which, however, you refuse to lend your name, although Bustia or Bustida would be a much better name than those of one half the new towns." ¹

His desire to erect his own little Utopia, or Bustida, never having been realized, he identified himself completely with the interests of Meadville, and ever had the welfare of the place at heart.

As to his own path toward prosperity, though its course was upward, it was not free from thorns. He occasionally came to times of financial stringency, when there was an absolute dearth of ready money with which to meet the obligations of the Company or the expenses of his own household. One of these times was in 1806, when he hailed with thankfulness the advent of "a couple of wealthy farmers" who had purchased land from some of the Company's settlers, thereby enabling them to pay some of their dues. He wrote to Mr. Busti: ² —

¹ Letter of April 10, 1805.

² Letter of August 28, 1806.

I have by their means got a hundred dollars cash, of which I stood in the utmost need. I cannot describe to you the anxiety and vexation which my pecuniary arrangements have given me since some weeks. In referring to my last report you will find that I remained about \$448 in debt to Mr. Marlin and the Supervisors of Warren County. Besides this I had to provide for the payment of the taxes for Venango County for the year 1805 amounting to about \$130 and for the taxes for 1806 east and west of the river. The settlers also called daily for the repayment of their taxes which since six or eight years they had paid on the Company's share of the land. Add to this the advances necessary for the surveyors and the disbursements which I have to make in completing my house, office and barn, and you will not be astonished if I sometimes was discouraged with the difficulty of meeting all those demands, and of keeping up that reputation for punctuality in money matters which the Company has always enjoyed, and which it is of so much consequence to preserve. This must be my apology if instead of remitting I have lately been obliged to draw on you for \$625. When it will be in my power to refund that money I cannot tell, and I will no more depend on illusory promises the falacity [fallaciousness] of which I experience every day. As for collecting the debts due by suits, this will answer in some particular instances . . . but generally such methods would be unavailing, because at present there is no money in the country, and I can nearly trace every cent I receive to its having been lately brought from the old settlements in the lower part of the State.

To these vexations another was added at this same period by a slanderous attack made upon him with, he said, "all the malice of a demon" in the Meadville newspaper by one who hoped to curry political favor by this action. A less self-controlled man than Mr. Huide-

koper might have been tempted to resort to physical force for redress, but he quietly and wisely trusted to time. "I know," he wrote to Mr. Busti, in this letter of August 28, "it is customary enough to appeal to a pair of pistols in such cases, but I am no duelist, and tho' like others I might pluck up courage enough to face a pistol, yet I am not willing to embitter the remainder of my life by the recollection of having murdered a fellow man." The libelous attack was renewed at intervals through the remainder of the summer, but, as Mr. Huidekoper reported in October, only caused its perpetrator to be "shunned by the decent part of the community" without injuring the assailed person in the estimation of any one. Mr. Huidekoper had, in fact, established a reputation that could not be placed in jeopardy.

It was a beneficent oversight that he exercised in behalf of the pioneer settlers who procured their forest land of him with barely enough cash in hand to make the preliminary payment, and who struggled on from year to year, paying installment after installment until the whole sum was made up and the cleared and cultivated farms were their own. He kept his purchasers individually in mind; their habits of industry or of shiftlessness were known to him; the exact amount of improvement or of neglect evidenced by the state of their clearings stood on record in his books; and many were the instances in which his considerateness came to the assistance of the hard-beset tillers of the soil, or in which his ingenuity devised for them ways and means of lessening their indebtedness and of keeping their land.

He would not spare a dishonest or lazy man; such an one he held to a strict account; but those who deserved his assistance always received it. For example, a hard-

working settler, Daniel Kane, who had bought fifty acres of land in Hayfield township, promising to pay for it at the rate of three dollars an acre, found the years going by without bringing him sufficient prosperity to get together the expected installments of the one hundred and fifty dollars due to the Company. He had received the usual notices from time to time, but had been unable to respond to them in any way. Finally a very positive letter came, saying that his contract would have to be foreclosed and his farm sold if he could not do something about that debt, since so much time had now elapsed that his further occupancy would endanger the Company's rights. Quite disheartened and in great perplexity, Kane consulted Mr. Huidekoper, taking with him John McMillen to speak for him and vouch for his good intentions.

McMillen set the case before Mr. Huidekoper. Here was Kane, honest and industrious, who had made his clearing, built himself a log house and a log stable, carried his bushel of corn to mill on his back to be ground into meal for his household, had raised a family of children, and was the owner of some steers and other cattle, besides a drove of hogs rooting for themselves in the woods. But he had not any money, or any cattle or steers or grain that could very well be spared from the work of the farm or from the sustenance of his family. What could he do? Mr. Huidekoper proposed a solution. "If you, McMillen," he said, "know Kane to be the honest and industrious man you have represented him to be, and can help him to raise fifty dollars, one hundred shall be placed to his credit on the books." McMillen pulled out his pocket-book. It held but ten dollars. He would lend that, he said; then he took Kane by the arm and

they went out upon the street to see what could be done. They applied to Mr. Shryock. Yes, Mr. Shryock could lend them forty dollars on a note. Kane's steers could be held as security without depriving him of the use of them. They might be left with him to finish the year's work, and then sold to make the payment, for by that time his second yoke of steers would be two years old and ready for use. That scheme would answer. So back to Mr. Huidekoper McMillen and Kane went with the fifty dollars, and the hundred placed to his credit showed that his farm was saved.

In another instance a man who was trying to acquire some of the Company's land by adverse possession was sharply taken to task by Mr. Huidekoper and forced to make regular payments. This man afterwards told Mr. Huidekoper that having to meet his obligations had restored his self-respect, and he expressed the greatest gratitude for having been made an honest citizen.

By means like these the country became populated with an excellent class of inhabitants. One of the early buyers was Frederick Stein, a German, who had only determination to start upon. With this commodity he first of all procured a wife. On their marriage morning they had just fifty cents between them. As that belonged to her, she gave it to the parson who married them, and then together they proceeded to choose a farm. Twenty-four acres of the beautiful fertile rolling land near Meadville were sold to them without the usual requirement of a cash deposit, and they set to work to clear and plant it. At the end of the first year Stein appeared at Mr. Huidekoper's office with three dollars and seventy-five cents, the sum total saved out of their hard earnings. Mr. Huidekoper took the three dollars

and seventy-five cents, credited Stein with his payment, and gave him a receipt. That scrap of paper is a precious heirloom in the family. It reposes in the old Dutch clock where Stein always kept it, and is taken out at times with pride to be shown to the interested stranger; for Stein prospered, and left to his widow a goodly heritage. She, when age came upon her, summoned her children from the farms round about, farms received from their father, and they all came, and gathered near her in the old homestead. There she stood with a table in front of her, on which were piles of certificates of deposit, representing the savings laid by by her husband and herself during all the years that had succeeded that scanty first, when three dollars and seventy-five cents looked so large. By noon she had given them all away. For herself she had reserved four thousand dollars and a residence with one of her flock. Then began contention among the recipients. Two brothers having more land than a third, they evened that off between them. It was suggested that another needed a new barn and a pair of horses — that was attended to; and so it went on, in the greatest harmony and good-will. Their combined possessions mounted upwards beyond forty thousand dollars, a good return for the stock in trade with which their father began.

The yearly payments which the farmers made in liquidation of their debts to the Company were sometimes handed over in cash, when cash was to be had, but oftener they were obliged to bring to Pomona their cattle, poultry, or produce, of which due account was taken.

Under Mr. Huidekoper's management a yearly drive over the mountains of all the livestock brought to him by the farmers was instituted. He planned it and saw

that it was executed, occasionally at first even accompanying the drovers himself; for it was no light matter to arrange an itinerary over the mountains for the different droves, whether of steers, hogs, or turkeys, which must arrive unimpaired at the end of their journey of four hundred miles.

Before the setting out of a drove of cattle came the branding; this accomplished, off they went on their long tramp. Sometimes as many as three hundred cattle would fall to the share of a single veteran drover, with a due quota of assistants, both men and dogs. Up hill and down their track ran, but it is said that this variety was better for them, as their muscles found relief in the alternation and could endure an uneven route better than a monotonously level one. The first few miles were the worst for the men and dogs, for while the cows and steers were still upon familiar ground, they would make bold dashes for liberty. Once away from their own haunts, however, they became timid and docile, — were road-broken, as the phrase was, — and would jog on quietly at command. Often the cattle must simply be kept alive by foraging for themselves upon the wayside trees and herbs. That was when they were among the mountains or in the solitary wilderness. When partially settled regions were reached, the help of the country people could be resorted to, for, word having been sent in advance, at certain farms along the route good pasturage would be reserved. In large fenced-in fields of growing grass, the tired beasts could be corralled and allowed to feed and rest; while the men found entertainment under the farmer's roof, either of house or barn. A charge of two, three, or four cents a head for the cattle was the common rate

at these stopping-places. It enabled the farmer to turn his grass into money without the labor of mowing or pitching. For twelve and a half cents a meal, moreover, so great was the purchasing power of the scarce currency of that day, the drovers could consume unlimited quantities of tea and coffee, bread and butter, or pork and potatoes, — and in some cases partridges and chicken pie.

At one time when Colonel Blossom, Mr. Huidekoper's clerk, was superintending one of these drives, they came to the farm of a thrifty German, where they remained from Saturday night until Monday morning. This German belonged to that class of southeastern Pennsylvania settlers who had emigrated from the Palatinate during the French and German wars. Like the rest of his class, he was an excellent husbandman, but despised learning, holding indeed that education led to idleness. When the time of reckoning came he found himself totally unable, as were also his three grown sons, to calculate the amount which he should be paid for keeping two hundred head of cattle, at two or three cents a head, and several men, at twenty-five cents each, for that length of time. He actually had to send to the school, a mile away, — and the Germans had mightily resisted the coming among them of the common schools, — to fetch back his little daughter, that she might help him to cast up this complicated account.¹

Were the drove made up of sheep, the farmers' children frequently became the possessors of weakling lambs or exhausted mothers, who were in danger of falling out of the ranks through fatigue, and little hangers-on would often follow the drove for miles, in the hope of

¹ Manuscript Autobiography of Frederic Huidekoper.

obtaining one of these laggards. As for the turkeys, as many as fifteen hundred of these would sometimes be collected for a single drive. They needed great care and patience; during the first days they always grew very foot-sore, and must proceed by short and easy stages until their delicate birds' feet had been hardened by use. Moreover, shortly before sunset, no matter where they might then be, the whole flock would determinedly begin to roost. It was a problem so to time the day's journey as to avoid being caught, for instance, in a hackmatack swamp when roosting-time came, for neither persuasion nor force could keep the feathered travelers on the road when instinct bade them perch upon the nearest tree.

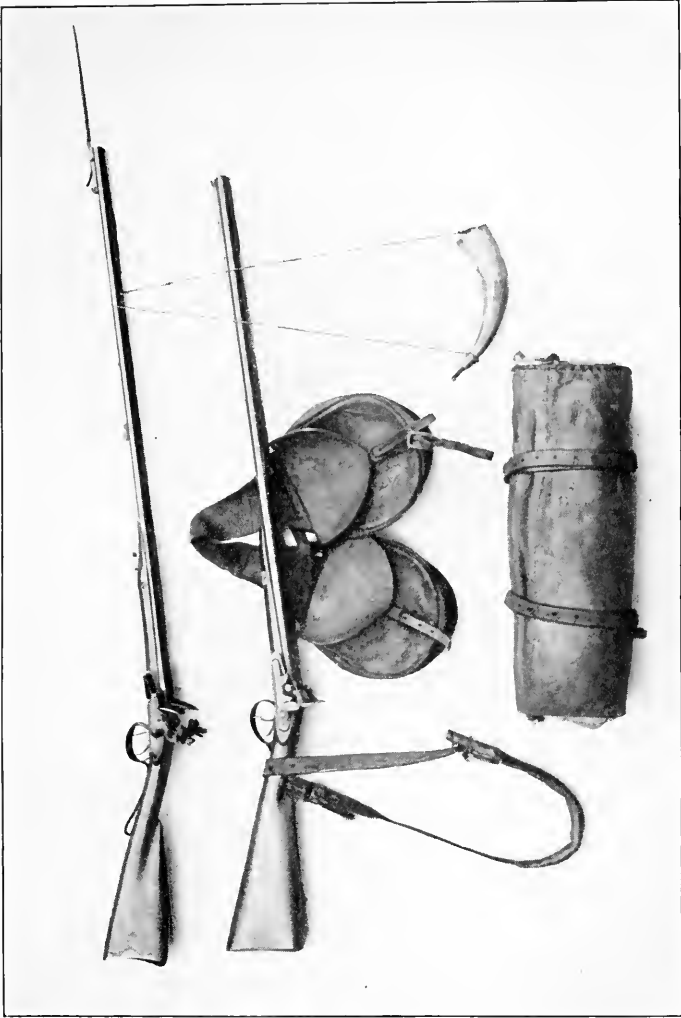
Even to this day there still survive a few now very old men ready to tell the story of the especial tribulations incident to the rôle of being guide, philosopher, and friend to each of these separate classes of animals. Totally distinct vices seem to have inhered in each clan, but it is when narrating their experiences with hogs that these old-time drovers wax most eloquent. Nine hundred hogs meant to them nine hundred diabolical perversities of brute will, each on its own divergent hoggish hook, for the hog follows no leader, acknowledges no sway of a consensus of opinion among his kind, and is distinguished on such personally conducted parties chiefly by continuous outbreaks of the most original sin. Nevertheless, after due tribulation all these droves were somehow convoyed to their destination, and the money for them was in part paid over to the Holland Land Company's office in Philadelphia, in part returned safely to the little Western community where Mr. Huidekoper's business transactions furnished the

inhabitants with a large proportion of their available cash supply.

A careful courtesy marked Mr. Huidekoper's dealings with people. One who as a young man received an ineffaceable impression of this still relates the incident: "When I first went into business, in making out my monthly bills I had one against Mr. H. J. Huidekoper. I went with him to his office and presented it to him. He looked at it, and promptly paid me. I naturally said, 'I am much obliged, sir.' He immediately replied, 'It is not for you to thank me, but for me to thank you, for the reason that you have been to the expense of having a book-keeper, making out your account, and bringing it down here and receipting it.' That was my first experience in business."

As settlements increased, the business of collecting required visits to be made, at least quarterly, to the counties of Erie, Warren, and Venango, usually at the time when the court was in session. On court days the farmers flocked to the county-seat, the taverns were full, politics and local interests gathered disputants about the great hickory log fire in the evenings, and as most of the men had brought to town all the cash they could command, collection was comparatively easy. Mr. Huidekoper, when he could not find his debtor in the town, must hunt him up at his home, and he had his regular rounds. These journeys had to be made on horseback, with papers and clothing carried in a leather pouch or in saddle-bags, over roads obstructed by floods and broken bridges, and in winter through drifted snow which hid the roots and mud-holes.¹ At such times the

¹ On August 1, 1811, he wrote to Mr. Busti: "Your . . . lands east of the Allegheny come in some places down to the river. Along the river



GUNS, POWDER HORN, SHOT POUCH, HORSE PISTOLS, SADDLE BAGS, VALISE

qualities of Fox,¹ his favorite horse, proved invaluable. Fox always set out on these expeditions with wild curvetings and prancings, which after a mile or two changed to a swift, sure-footed gait. Through twelve years or more he bore his master with the same exuberant spirit over the hilly, stony roads, and he was once the sharer in an adventure which might have had fatal consequences. While passing one day in the year 1823 through a lonely stretch of forest, Mr. Huidekoper was startled by a shot which came from a thicket near by. Fox instantly broke into a mad run, and Mr. Huidekoper discovered that while he himself was unwounded, his horse had received a ball in his side. As soon as Fox could be quieted and turned, Mr. Huidekoper rode back along the path to the place where the shot had been heard, but saw nothing of any enemy. He dismounted, coolly picked up his hat, which had fallen off when the horse swerved under him, and then, remounting, rode away. Fox was left at a farmer's to recover from his injury, but he continued to carry the ball in his side as long as he lived.

The incidents of these expeditions, however, were usually of a less serious nature. At Sugar Grove, for instance, a man entered the room where Mr. Huidekoper there is a narrow strip of land from 20 to 30 perches wide. . . . Would you be induced to sell me this strip, and if so what would be your price? I will tell you my reasons for wishing to purchase it. A man has made a squatting settlement on it; this man neglects keeping ferry-boats, perhaps because there is not travelling enough to pay the expense. Now it would be of some consequence to you and of much consequence to me, that there should be a ferry kept there, for I have sometimes to cross the river without well knowing how to get over. I wish, therefore, to get this strip of land so as to make it a condition with the person living on it that he shall keep a ferry, so that my settlers and myself can get across the river."

¹ See *Pomona Hall*.

per was, and after staring a moment at him asked, "Are you Mr. Huidekoper?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Huidekoper replied. "What is your business with me?"

"Nothing, sir," the inquirer promptly responded. "When George Washington was in this country everybody came to look at him; I wanted to look at you, sir. Good-day, sir." And he left as abruptly as he had come.

Until 1819 Mr. Huidekoper's office was in the north wing of his house. In that year a separate office building was erected, of brick. Here Mr. Huidekoper was to be found daily at his accounts or letters, the more important of which he copied with his own hand into the large letter-books which contained the bulk of his business correspondence. On the shelves were the books containing his accounts as agent for the Holland Land Company, for Griffith and Wallace, for J. B. Wallace, for Day and Meredith, for Bakewell and Page, for Busti and Vanderkemp, for Maurice and William Wurts, for the Bank of North America in Philadelphia, for John and Samuel Moss, and for others.

His system and order pervaded everything, from the daily ledgers to the great land book into which the individual accounts of the farmers were transferred, — a huge volume two feet wide and six inches thick, which preserves to this day its record of the results of their toil. So accustomed did the country people become to the sight of Mr. Huidekoper's head at the window near which his desk was placed, that when it was there no longer they saw a fancied semblance of it in the slightly rippled glass, and insisted that he had left the imprint of his face upon the pane.

In the account with his brother Jan more than mere florins or dollars has been set to the elder brother's credit in the entry: "For the advances generously made by him to me, when I had nothing, to finish my education, to remove to America, and while there, — amounting, as per his letter of 25 June, 1805, Florins 2855.11, \$1130.22."

Jan Huidekoper, foreseeing the lack of communication with commercial centres, had at an early day asked rather dubiously how the people of that part of the country could dispose of their produce. Mr. Huidekoper acknowledged the handicap, but answered hopefully¹ that Meadville's distance from the coast would in itself prohibit imports and compel home exchange. Some strictures which were passed by his brother concerning the government of Pennsylvania he perfectly agreed with. Too much, he said, was sacrificed to political equality, and the constitution of Pennsylvania had "a direct tendency to introduce a government of demagogues." "Luckily," his optimism then interposed, coming to the rescue, "we form a part of a large confederacy in which there are a number of better constituted states, and the general government has the power to set us right again if we should go too far astray." His "most lively predilection" for this country did not prevent him from criticising its conduct of international affairs.

I do not admire as much as you do the attitude which our rulers have assumed with respect to the belligerent powers [he said²], and I fear that private predilection for France and animosity against England have had too much influence in the measures that have been adopted. At the opening of the late Congress the President informed

¹ Letter of July 23, 1806.

² Ibid.

that body that all the negotiations for the adjustment of our differences with Spain had failed, that the troops of that nation had violated the ancient territory of the United States, and that such aggressions had been committed as could only be repelled by force. He also complained of the acts of violence committed by the English, but with these the effects of negotiation had not been tried. In a subsequent secret message it appears that the President informed Congress that the cause of failure of our negotiations with Spain was that France would not suffer that nation to terminate the mutual dispute by an amicable arrangement; and France wanted money, and that with money everything might be adjusted. Under these circumstances our legislators have passed laws granting two millions of dollars for extra expenses and have prohibited the importation of certain articles which we draw from England. This, I think, is not fear; I formerly hated the English on account of their overbearing conduct and the universal dominion which they wished to exercise over the whole world, and I still deprecate their excesses and am far from wishing that my country should tamely submit to be insulted, but at the same time I cannot help admiring that proud inflexible spirit with which the English contend for their independence, and I am induced to think that if partiality in a neutral be pardonable it must be when that partiality is exercised in favor of a people contending for existence.

Then he added, in a truly patriotic spirit: "But while I blame the steps taken by our rulers, I feel grateful to Heaven that I live under a government where I can take such a liberty without incurring any risk, where the laws protect me, and where I cannot be called upon to give an account of my opinions." A thorough appreciation of his new surroundings breathes through this letter, and was enhanced by the thought of his brother's situation in Holland.



JAN HUIDEKOPER

The fate of your country is now decided [he mournfully said to Jan Huidekoper]. You have long ceased to exist as an independent nation, and you will do well to bring up your children as citizens of the world. They may feel a fond partiality for their native land, but a country I fear they will never find there. Here the case is different. When I read the fate of Holland, of Switzerland, and of other European states, I feel proud that I still have a country independent from all foreign powers, and which on account of its situation can brave the most powerful whenever it sees fit to call forth the energy of the nation. I believe that men take a more lively interest in their country in proportion as they are more scantily scattered over its surface. Every man becomes then a more considerable portion in the whole district which he inhabits, his influence becomes greater, and this increases his interest.

Both brothers, in their letters, dwelt upon the possibility of being united again in America. Especially when the domination of Napoleon made life in Holland almost unendurable did Jan Huidekoper look toward his transatlantic possessions as a probable refuge. "I rejoice with you," he said, in a letter of 1806, "that your parts are far distant from our scenes of disorder. . . . What is to happen to this little country is a riddle to the majority of its inhabitants. The high powers in this country are very busy, and affairs of the highest importance appear to be under consideration, but they remain hidden behind a veil of mystery."

In the dark times of 1811 he wrote (September 29) :

An important reason does not permit me to speak of public affairs ; in this country they have taken a course which you fortunate people can form no conception of, and God alone knows what the end will be. We are all going through this storm under reefed sail,

but all people are not equally distant from the shoals, and the best possible seamanship cannot prevent some from running aground. With the aid of God, I hope to be able to keep in the open sea, until favorable or otherwise circumstances may enable me to steer for my destination, the furthering of the interests of my children, which, as it appears to me, require a change of location.

To your friendly wish that you might see me and mine there with you in your place [said he, in a letter of July 12, 1812], I can only say that I desire nothing more than to see it some time fulfilled; but as long as my mother-in-law lives it can scarcely be fulfilled. In any case, I have resolved to send my eldest sons over. The first, namely Anne Willem, is a student, and Pieter is learning shipbuilding at the state wharf, and both have made more than ordinary progress in mathematics. But what may much surprise you is that I am able to write you that I am married again; my mother-in-law was too old for the cares of the large household, and we need a good housekeeper, and, thank God, I have been very fortunate. My wife is of a very capable family, has a most excellent disposition, and is generally respected and admired. This occurrence will not, however, prevent my visiting your country, which, however, under the present circumstances would be difficult to accomplish. You know that a cow is not permitted to leave the stall or pasture of her master — she is his property — and just so are we the property of the government; our daughters must stay to produce children in due time, our sons must serve in the army; the military class is very numerous; add to this the tremendous number of custom house employés, the employés in the Droits Reunis, the tobacco regie, the police, and further mob of officials, all of whom must be fed by the industry and labor of the independent citizens, so that these have also their work, they are



MEDAL GIVEN TO PIETER HUIDEKOPER, BURGOMASTER OF AMSTERDAM

from that point of view also useful, and cannot be dispensed with. How extremely happy it makes me when I think that I advised you to go to America; how pleasant is your situation compared with that which has overtaken so many thousand quiet and peaceful citizens in this and other countries! It looks very dark, the future is portentous of great occurrences, but the course of affairs is very difficult to guess.

With the removal of the Napoleonic power the caution of all the preceding letters is thrown to the winds.

Thank God [so Jan Huidekoper breaks out¹ in the relief of this reaction], that I can again write you as my heart dictates to my pen, and still more that the land of our birth is finally released from a yoke which dishonored humanity, and of which one can form no conception unless he has himself had the misfortune to suffer under it. If I were to undertake to go into particulars regarding that horrible collection of laws and institutions; if I were to describe to you the immoral goal of a French government, I should have to give far more time to it than the present opportunity allows me. Under it a man ceases to be a man — an individual is to the government like a leaf or twig to the gardener with his knife pruning a tree, and who takes off branches as he may think best. It was entirely aware that it existed only to the injury of society; it knew therefore that society was its enemy, it took therefore all the precautions which one must take against that which has an interest in doing us an injury. All employés of the government must therefore inevitably look on the individuals of society as enemies, — the more they were hated by these the more they won the confidence of the respective ministries under which they stood, while they were certain to lose their positions as soon as they were found to be in favor with the community.

¹ Letter of February 1, 1814.

The interruption of correspondence resulting from the unsettled state of Holland from 1812 to 1814 had caused a long interval of silence to fall between the brothers. It was broken by the letter last quoted, which contained, also, the intelligence of their mother's death.

I have to tell you that after quite a long illness our dear mother has passed away; this last occurred on the 24th of May last year. She has for several years been able to live a life free from much care, and has been happy in that respect; this must naturally mitigate your grief to some extent, as also the consideration that her years were many, and that by reason of defective health she could enjoy but few pleasures in this life. Our cousin Cornelis Steenberg has been named by her as executor, and according to the last advices received from my sister in this matter there will remain a couple of thousand guildens, which I will have sent here in order to credit your account; in the mean time I await your instructions regarding the same.

Money invested by the Amsterdam brother in land in this country, and increased and reinvested by Mr. Huidekoper, had yielded a very satisfactory return. Almost every letter from Holland expressed appreciation of the care given by the younger brother to the affairs of the elder, and in 1817 the plan of sending to America the third son of Jan Huidekoper was broached. "Among all the many favors for which I am under obligation to you," said the father, in a letter of that year (February 21, 1817), "I must reckon also your willingness to receive my son and to point out to him the way to establish himself in your country. His name is Jan, and he seems already to think well of this emigration. He is studying French and English, and receives also lessons in mathematics. That you do not expect to make



SAAPKE HUIDEKOPER

a farmer of him is quite in accordance with my view ; on the contrary I hope that he will be fitted for a higher station, and I have a particularly favorable view of his probable success if he may have the good fortune to work for a time in your office, in order that he may thus fit himself for the business of land speculation, which will certainly continue to be capable of extension, contrary to the general run of business, in which here and everywhere else there is too much competition, and which has thereby become extremely risky."

Jan, or John, did eventually come over, and spent four years under his uncle's care, but gladly returned to his native country when his brother Albert arrived, in 1826. Albert was for several years in the land office ; then he, too, went back to Holland.¹ Two of Mr. Huidekoper's sons afterward visited their relatives in Holland, Frederic in 1839, Alfred in 1851. The latter's description of his cousins' home, with its "ponds filled with white lilies and golden fish, green level lawns, long avenues through beechen groves, trimmed into perfect Gothic archways, and winding walks fringed and skirted with trees and shrubs," was most enthusiastic. "Nothing," he testified, also, "can be more charming than the sweet manner of the Hollandaises in their families."

After the establishment of the kingdom of the Netherlands Jan Huidekoper became one of the privy councilors of the king. Through every change of scene or fortune the correspondence begun almost in boyhood continued with all its old warmth until his death, in 1835.

¹ "Uncle John . . . wished all his children to come here and settle. . . . Another son, Pieter, told his father that he would adopt any industry desired by him, but that his home must be in Holland. There was another son, Anne Willem, who became judge of the city court in Amsterdam while I was there."—Manuscript Autobiography of Frederic Huidekoper.

Mr. Huidekoper's daughter wrote then (April 17, 1835) of the blow which had fallen upon her father in parting from the one who was truly to him, as he was usually addressed in the letters, "Best friend and brother." "We had a letter from Albert in which he mentioned that his father died on the 29th of January of apoplexy. . . . Forty years of separation had not estranged the brothers in their affection, and my father feels his loss deeply."¹

To resume the narrative of the earlier time, — when the War of 1812 was declared, Mr. Huidekoper felt with almost equal strength the provocation given by England and our own total lack of preparation for a conflict of arms. "Every injury and insult was offered us which a haughty, overbearing nation could offer to a weak and enduring one," was his comment in after years in a letter upon the war written to James Freeman Clarke. "England knew our national imbecility, and presuming on that knowledge thought she could play the bully with impunity." Madison and his cabinet, he said, knew the difficulties of the situation and wished to avoid war. "They made no preparation for a coming contest,

¹ "I have received a long and very interesting letter from my nephew Peter Huidekoper," says a letter from Mr. Huidekoper (October 23, 1848) to Mrs. Clarke, "in answer to one I had written to him, urging him and the rest of the family to withdraw themselves from the revolutionary scenes of Europe, and to emigrate to this country. He gives me his reasons for not adopting this course, and these are such as do honor to his head and heart. He is strongly attached to the land of his birth, and is besides sensible, that it would seriously injure the condition of the laboring classes if the men of capital and enterprise should withdraw. My nephew is Maire of Amsterdam, that is chief magistrate of the city. He tells me that notwithstanding considerable public improvements which have been made, the public burthens have been diminished. The letter evinces a mind strongly imbued with religious principles and devotion to the welfare of his fellow men."

either by an augmentation of the army or navy, or by a repair of our forts, or by filling our arsenals." It had seemed to Mr. Huidekoper a time for firmness of policy and a threatening attitude on the part of Congress rather than for rushing to arms. If Madison, he maintained, had recommended to Congress immediate preparation for war, and had delayed the declaration until such preparation should be made, then war might have been avoided entirely. England, in his opinion, "did not wish to go to war; she only presumed on our forbearance. The moment she found we were in earnest she repealed her Orders in Council, one of the most objectionable of her aggressions."¹

At the beginning of the war, Meadville, as a point near the endangered Lake territory, and also on the Indian frontier, was thoroughly aroused. Like Pittsburg, it was a place of rendezvous for recruits from the counties west of the Alleghanies; and when the invasion of Canada was projected, a brigade, composed partly of drafted men, but mainly of volunteer companies, under Tunnehill, whom they elected general, assembled at Meadville in an encampment on Samuel Lord's farm, and waited there, expecting to be called on to reinforce General Smyth. On April 6, 1846, Mr. Huidekoper wrote to James Freeman Clarke: —

I have seldom seen a finer collection of men, but they were rendered totally useless for want of proper officers. The troops elected here their own superior officers. The colonels, with one exception, were totally inefficient, and the general, though, I believe, physically brave, was morally a coward, and dared not either to introduce proper discipline, or to enforce the few orders

¹ Letter to James Freeman Clarke, April 6, 1846.

he issued. Hence that which might have been a fine, useful body of troops was nothing but an armed mob. They remained lying here in camp for a couple of months, doing nothing. They were then marched to Buffalo, where they were left in the same state of inaction, until sickness broke out among them, when some deserted, and the rest were dismissed, without any of them having seen an enemy. Smyth had abundant means of invading Canada (the object for which he was at Buffalo), but I believe he was deficient in personal courage. He was a mere braggadocio. He kept constantly proclaiming that he would cross the Niagara river forthwith. Two or more times the troops for the invasion were actually embarked, but were countermanded after remaining some hours in the boats. Once he appeared to have brought his courage to the right pitch. The troops were embarked in the evening. A party of sailors were sent over to storm the English battery. This was gallantly accomplished, though with some loss. Instead of crossing immediately, Smyth remained on the American side till morning. . . . This gave the English time to receive reinforcements from below. The few men who had crossed were overpowered, and Smyth disembarked his troops. He was one of Uncle Sam's hard bargains. . . .

To the gross error of not securing a naval superiority was added the neglect of putting our military posts in a proper state of defense and of furnishing them with ample supplies. I was told that the works of all these posts were in a state of dilapidation, and that even the gun-carriages at Detroit were unfit for service, and had to be repaired, or replaced by new ones, before the guns could be used. On this point, the papers of General Hull will probably give you more correct information.

But a far more guilty piece of negligence was the omission to give the commanders of the different posts timely notice of the intended declaration of war. Instead

of getting the information of the declaration of war from their own government, they learned it through the enemy; and the consequence was that Michilimackinac was surprised before it was known that there was war; that a part of the baggage of Hull's army was captured; and that the garrison at Chicago, which ought either to have been adequately strengthened or withdrawn in time, was massacred by the Indians immediately on leaving the fort to fall back on Detroit, as they had been directed to do. The loss of Mackinaw and Chicago removed every check on the incursion of the western Indians, and their operations soon rendered the communication between Detroit and the settled portions of Ohio impracticable, and thus the fate of that post, and of Hull's army, became unavoidable. The latter defeated the Indians at Maguaga; they might perhaps have beaten the English under General Brock, but this could only postpone their fate, not avert it. Cut off from all intercourse with those points from which their supplies were derived, they must either starve or surrender, there was no third alternative.

The impracticability of General Harrison's penetrating beyond the Maumee, and the enormous expense incurred in supplying his army there, that he might cover that section of country against the enemies, at length convinced the Government of the absolute necessity of obtaining the mastery of Lake Erie; and in the spring of 1813 the construction of a fleet was commenced at the port of Erie. This fleet was to consist of two brigs, carrying twenty guns each, three gun-boats, and an advice-boat. No previous preparation had been made for the building and equipment of this fleet. On the 1st of April, 1813, nearly all the timber used for the construction of this fleet was still standing in the forest. This, however, was on the spot, but all the other material for this fleet, such as cordage, blocks, anchors, guns, ammunition, &c., had to be brought from a distance, most of it from Philadelphia. To form some idea

of the trouble and expense attending the transportation of this material, you must recollect that at the time the turnpike from Philadelphia westward extended only to Harrisburg; that from thence to Pittsburg, a distance of 200 miles, the road, particularly in the mountains, was very rough; and that from Pittsburg to Erie, a distance of about 130 miles, the roads being common country roads, were very soon so cut up by the heavy hauling on them as to become nearly impassable. To give some idea of the expense of transportation I would observe, that previous to the war of 1812, and after the close of it in 1815, the expense of transportation from Philadelphia to Meadville might be computed at $12\frac{1}{2}$ c. per pound. If we now add to this the 37 miles increased distance from Meadville to Erie, and make due allowance for the increased expense during a state of war, and take also into consideration that in the hauling for the public there were no return freights, I think we shall not be far wrong in estimating the expense of transportation from Philadelphia to Erie at about 20c. per pound.

Perry, when he came in the spring of 1813 to Lake Erie, and was confronted with the necessity of building the fleet he was sent to command, won Mr. Huidekoper's unqualified admiration. To his son Frederic he said in a letter of April 2, 1835:—

I have known Capt. Perry well. I have day after day lodged with him in the same house, and gone with him on board the vessels he was fitting out. I was on board of these vessels again a few days after the action. I was intimate with all the officers who were in that action, and I lodged with Capt. Elliott in the same house repeatedly for perhaps a week at a time, so that my information was acquired from the best sources.

Capt. Perry, at the time I knew him on Lake Erie, was a man of about twenty-eight years of age, frank,

friendly, and even courteous in his manners, with nothing rough or austere about him, and, above all, he was a modest man. He kept strict discipline, and sometimes the youngsters who served under him complained that he kept them too tight, but they all, to a man, idolised him, and among these he had not an enemy. The public never knew the worth of that man. They have known him only as the victor of the English fleet on Lake Erie, and yet this was by far his smallest merit. Hundreds might have fought that battle as well as he did, and at all events hundreds did share with him in the honors of that victory. But to appreciate his character, a person must have seen him, as I did, fitting out a fleet of six new vessels of war, between the months of April and September, at some hundreds of miles from the seacoast, and in a district where, except the green timber growing in the woods, not one single article necessary for the equipment of a vessel could be obtained that was not subject to a land transportation of some 120 to 400 miles through roads nearly impassable. I have seen him, when neglected and almost abandoned by his country, with less than a hundred sailors under his command, and half of these on the sick list, toiling to fit out his fleet, working from morning till evening, and having not men enough to row at night a single guard boat, while the enemy were cruising off the harbour, and might have sent any night their boats and burned the American fleet. I have seen him, with his reputation as an officer thus liable to be blasted forever at any moment, without the power of averting it, and without any one to sympathise with him, persevere unshrinkingly in his task, and evincing a courage far greater than what was required to fight the battle of the 10th September.

When he assumed command, Perry consulted General Mead as to the defense of the shore, and a force of one thousand was called together at Erie. Here their

time was occupied in patrolling the water-edge, with the variation, in July, when the enemy's vessels appeared, of marching ostentatiously hither and thither to give the impression that a large army was assembled to repel attack. At this time Perry urged Mead to raise more militia, and Mead issued a call that brought to Erie hundreds of patriotic citizens, young and old.

Mr. Huidekoper was not one of the militia, and never enlisted, but he did write to Colonel Mappa for a gun and for a book on military tactics, neither of which he obtained. He was frequently, as he has said, at Erie in the summer of 1813, for a week at a time, which business alone could hardly have required. It may well have been that without actually joining the ranks he held himself in readiness to fight if the need should come for every available man to bear arms.¹ That he did in some way "offer his services" is traditional in the family.

Mr. Huidekoper's sending to Oldenbarneveld to try to procure a gun was perhaps explained by the condition in which the guns sent to Meadville were discovered to be. In the letter, previously quoted, to James Freeman Clarke, he said : —

On the breaking out of the war, it became necessary to furnish arms to the militia of this section of Pennsylvania. The Governor accordingly sent us a number of boxes filled with muskets and their usual accompaniments from the State Arsenal. I was present at the unpacking of these guns, and never, I believe, in modern

¹ Such a need was anticipated by the "exempts," or men of advancing years, of Oldenbarneveld, and the company of the Silver Greys of Trenton was formed. Mappa was made its captain and drilled the company rigidly, — "put them through the manual," as he wrote Mr. Huidekoper, "marched and wheeled with the boys — left — right," and tired himself "finely" (Letter of A. G. Mappa to H. J. H., November 12, 1812.)

days, has such a collection been seen. In some, the touch-hole was so covered by the lock as to have no communication with the pan. In others, the touch-hole was half an inch above the pan when shut, and some had no touch-hole at all. Many of the barrels were splintered, or had other internal defects. In one word, the whole were useless until armorers were set at work on them, when a portion of them were rendered fit for service.

Sometimes [he said ¹], when the different detachments of troops arrived at Erie, they had no ammunition, and on one occasion there were no flints. An aide-de-camp of the Major-General was sent off on horseback to Harrisburg to communicate this want to the Governor. The Governor went round among the stores in the town, and purchased what flints were to be had, putting them in his pocket as he purchased them. The aide-de-camp brought them in his saddle-bags to Erie. A supply might in the same manner have been obtained nearer home in one third of the time and at half the expense. . . . To form some idea of Perry's situation you must know that, up to the end of August, he had under him but a single commissioned officer (the present Capt. Turner), then a young man without experience, and who had but recently been commissioned. The rest of Perry's officers were young midshipmen. Just previous to the action, Capt. Elliott (then a master-commandant) joined the fleet, and this made three commissioned officers to a fleet of six vessels of war.

In point of men, Capt. Perry's means were still more deficient. The marines for the fleet, furnished by the Government from the depot at Washington, consisted of a Capt. or Lieutenant (Brooks, killed in the action), and of a sergeant, a drummer, and a fifer. Two or three men were recruited on the route to Erie, and the rest of the marines had to be recruited at Erie. As to sailors,

¹ In the same letter.

Perry's means were also greatly deficient. By one of those arrangements so common during the war in question, the expediency of which it is difficult to reconcile with common sense, Perry was put under the orders of Chauncey, the commander of the naval force on Lake Ontario, and all the supplies of men, intended for Lake Erie, wherever enlisted, were in the first instance sent to Sackett's Harbour. The consequences were such as might have been expected. So long as men could be used on Lake Ontario, to fill up the crews of the vessels there to their full complement, none were sent to Perry, and when any were sent, they were the refuse of the drafts. Captain Elliott stated subsequently, in my presence, that, serving at that time on Lake Ontario, he had himself had the picking of the men to be sent to Lake Erie, and that none were sent but the worst; and that if he could then have foreseen that he himself should be sent to Lake Erie, his selections would have been very different. Perry, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, expressed some surprise that so large a portion of the prime New England sailors, enlisted in the cities, should be turned into negroes and mulattoes before they reached him; but acknowledged himself grateful for getting even such. And well he might be so, considering how alarmingly deficient he was in men. After the six vessels, built at Erie, were all launched, and while he was fitting them out, he had but about a hundred men, of which, from sundry causes, a large number were on the sick list. As all fit for duty had to work hard the whole day in fitting out the fleet, there were no spare men to row even a single guard boat, to give notice of any night attack which might be made on the fleet. An English fleet of five vessels of war was at that time cruising off the harbor, in full view. That fleet might, at any time, have sent its boats, during a dark night, and the destruction of the whole American fleet was almost inevitable, for Perry's force was totally inadequate to its defense, and the regiment of Midland Penn-

sylvania Militia, stationed at Erie expressly for the defense of the fleet, refused to keep guard at night on board. "I told the boys to go, Captain," said the worthless colonel of this regiment, in excusing himself for not sending a guard on board, "I told the boys to go, but the boys won't go." . . .

Under these trying circumstances Perry constantly bore up with a constancy and fortitude which excited my admiration more than did his subsequent victory. I never knew his fortitude to forsake him except once, and then his despondency was only momentary. He had been promised that, by a certain day, Chauncey would be at the head of Lake Ontario, and land there the men necessary to man Perry's fleet. Perry had sent an officer to receive this detachment, and to conduct it to Erie. He was elated with the prospect of having his wants at length supplied; and it was when his officer returned, and reported that Chauncey had been at the head of the Lake at the appointed time, had received his letter, and had sailed again down Lake Ontario without landing a man, or sending any answer, that Perry's fortitude for a moment appeared to give way, and that he complained bitterly to me of the state of abandonment in which his country left him.

When, ultimately, the vessels were ready to sail, Perry called on the militia for volunteers, to serve on board, while the vessels were getting over the bar at the mouth of the harbor, it being expected that he would be attacked during the slow process of getting the vessels over. After the vessels had been got over, he again called for volunteers to make a short cruise with him to Long Point and the lower part of the Lake, in quest of the enemy. How many volunteers he obtained I do not now recollect, but among them was a rifle company, consisting of 72 men from this neighborhood. It was while Perry was absent on this cruise, that Elliott arrived at Erie with a reinforcement of 100 seamen. Thus reinforced, Perry sailed up the lake to

Sandusky Bay. Here he got an additional supply of about 60 sailors, from some of the regular regiments in Harrison's army, and a considerable number of volunteers to serve as marines. Notwithstanding all these reinforcements, Perry had on the day of the action, on his own vessel, a crew of only 120 men, of whom about 20 were on the sick list.

Of the dispute between Perry and Elliott Mr. Huidekoper thus expressed his opinion.¹

I think I can point out to you the cause of that quarrel. Com. Chauncey commanded on Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie, on which we had not a single vessel of war, was included in his command. In 1812 he sent Elliott to Buffalo with some sailors. On the very day the sailors arrived, the two vessels, the Detroit and Caledonia, came down the lake from Detroit and anchored under Fort Erie. That same night these vessels were boarded and carried by surprise after a slight resistance. The Caledonia was run in safety in the Niagara River behind an island. The Detroit ran on a rock at the head of the island and was lost. The Caledonia was *afterwards* transformed into a vessel of war, and was in the action of the 10th of September, under the command of my friend Capt. Turner, whom you saw at Newport. After this dash Capt. Elliott considered himself entitled to the command of the fleet to be built on Lake Erie. Government thought differently and gave that command to Capt. Perry, and here, if I mistake not, we must look for the true cause of the quarrel between these two officers. Elliott served on Lake Ontario till the fleet on Lake Erie was completed. He was then sent to Lake Erie, and was second in command, having the Niagara, a twenty gun brig exactly of the same size with Perry's vessel the Lawrence. On the day of the action the Lawrence was the leading vessel, next the Niagara, and then the gunboats, each in their order. In

¹ Letter to Frederic Huidekoper, April 2, 1835.

approaching the British line at an angle of perhaps 45° , . . . it is evident that the leading vessel must be more exposed than the rest, and this particularly so as the wind was very light, and the vessels moved slowly. Elliott kept back, and this drew the fire of the whole British fleet on the Lawrence, which in consequence was soon dreadfully cut up, and became a complete wreck. There has been much disputing and some duelling to settle how near the Niagara was to the Lawrence. A *fact* will settle this better and prove that she kept at a safe distance. When Perry left the Lawrence to go on the Niagara, the former vessel had upwards of one hundred killed and wounded, the latter when Perry got on board . . . had either no wounded, or only two, for on this subject there was a difference of opinion. As to the expressions attributed to Perry on getting on board of the Niagara, they rest on Capt. Elliott's assertion, and were not believed at the time. Perry sent Elliott away ostensibly to bring up the gunboats, then dashed with the Niagara into the midst of the enemy's line, was nobly seconded by Turner, &c., in their gunboats, and the whole English fleet was compelled to strike.

You will perhaps ask, what was the cause of Capt. Elliott's keeping back? It was generally supposed that it was not from cowardice, but from jealousy. Elliott was next in command. If Perry fell and his vessel was disabled, it would not be without causing some damage to the English fleet. Elliott would then become the commander of the fleet, and with his own vessel and the gunboats perfectly uninjured, he might retrieve the day, and acquire all the glory. After the action, Perry, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, spoke respectfully of Elliott. The latter, however, applied to have the expressions relating to him rendered somewhat stronger. This was disliked by Capt. Perry, and this was the beginning of the quarrel between them. Elliott caused a statement of the action to be made by one or two persons which was contradicted by the officers of the Law-

rence and of the gunboats, and afterward, by one of the persons who made it. Capt. Elliott at the time I am speaking of was a great bragger and disagreeable in his conversation, especially as it related to the action on Lake Erie, of which he spoke as of a squabble between some drunken sailors. He was then and is now disliked by the officers who served under him.¹

Of Hull Mr. Huidekoper said, in a letter (Feb. 19, 1844) to Mrs. Clarke: "Gen. Hull was made the scapegoat to bear the sins of the administration and to hide the guilty improvidence and blunders of the men in power from the knowledge of the people."

The war of 1812 did much toward turning attention in the direction of the lake country of New York and western Pennsylvania, and when the fighting was over emigration set in with renewed activity. Land sales increased, and improvements of all kinds advanced rapidly. The Beaver and Erie Canal, with its French Creek feeder, was an enterprise in which Mr. Huidekoper felt a keen interest. He had appreciated the gain to the county of the building of the turnpikes, and had welcomed in 1820 the arrival over the Bellefonte and Erie route of the first

¹ Apropos of Elliott's courage, a letter from Anna Huidekoper to her brother Frederic contains the following anecdote: "George Hurst told me that he made one cruise with Elliott and would acquit him of the charge of cowardice. He had seen him display a good deal of courage in the prospect of a hazardous engagement, indeed one that *must have* proved fatal to them. It was in passing a blockade at the mouth of the La Plata. Elliott wished to go up the river, but was refused permission to pass, as it was contrary to the rules of war to permit any vessel to break a blockade. The Rio Janeiro captain had 15 minutes to think of it; 13 had elapsed and the deck of our vessel was cleared for action. Determined to die in the attempt, Elliott was all ready, when the Rio Janeiran wished them 'a pleasant voyage to Buenos Ayres.' However, he seemed to have a great dislike to Elliott personally, and so I have heard has every officer in the navy. They would rather be sent to the North Pole without Elliott than to the Mediterranean with him."

stage that reached Meadville.¹ The canal, however, appealed to him especially ; indeed, its value as establishing communication with the Great Lakes and the rivers before the days of railroads could hardly be overestimated. Canal construction was active in the early part of the century, and in 1826 a society called The Auxiliary Internal Improvement Society of Crawford County was organized to "encourage and assist in the building of roads and canals." Mr. Huidekoper was on its executive committee. The committee was instrumental in ensuring the construction of an extension of the Pennsylvania Canal from Pittsburg to Lake Erie. It was this extension which was known as the Beaver and Erie Canal.

The Beaver and Erie Canal, crossing Crawford County from north to south, encountered a ridge which would have made the supplying of water difficult had it not been that on the ridge was Conneaut Lake, from which, by means of a feeder canal, a flow could be obtained. The feeder tapped French Creek at Bemus' Mills, carried the water down beside the creek through Meadville, crossed the creek in a stone aqueduct near the mouth of Conneaut Outlet,² followed Conneaut Outlet to Con-

¹ *History of Crawford County*, p. 271.

² Mr. Huidekoper, in endeavoring to obtain for the canal the most desirable route, wrote, among other letters, a communication to the Board of Canal Commissioners of the State of Pennsylvania in which he says, in speaking of the feeder (the date is omitted from the copy or draft of his letter): "At the moment when you are about to decide on the routes by which the internal improvements are to be made through this section of Pennsylvania, we hope that you will not deem us intrusive if we take the liberty of addressing you on a subject which must have so powerful and lasting an influence on the prosperity of the country we inhabit. . . . It is known at least to some of the members of your Board that from an early date a party has existed here whose constant efforts have been to control the location of the canal independent of and in direct opposition to the opinions expressed by the engineers both of this State and of the United States. It was through the efforts and misrepresentations of this

neaut Lake, where it emptied its French Creek supply, and then, with a new supply from the lake, which acted as a reservoir, ran on until it united with the main canal near the boundary line between Sadsbury and Summit townships.

Much ceremony and great rejoicing accompanied the breaking of ground at Meadville for the feeder, on the 27th of August, 1827. Two years later, on the completion of the first letting of the feeder, another celebration was held. It was for this celebration that the William Lehman was built, a canal boat which recalled Perry's methods in that it was launched two days after the timber used in its construction had been cut from the forest.

In time, of course, the railroad brought the prosperity of the canal to an end, but throughout Mr. Huidekoper's life the water-way was the main route for emigrants, coal, iron, and all merchandise, and amply fulfilled the expectations of its promoters.

Mr. Huidekoper's faith in the profitableness of judicious investment in land was very great. He had as early as 1804 purchased from the Holland Land Company 21,827 acres of unimproved wilderness. In 1823 he bought of Busti and Vanderkemp 2938 acres, and in 1836 he obtained, as his autobiography has said, all the remaining possessions of the Holland Land Company in Pennsylvania,—about 58,300 acres more. The party that the feeder was located, at its upper end, on the east instead of on the west side of French Creek, an error which will cost the State probably fifty thousand dollars, or more, on account of the aqueduct embankment, damages for going through private property, etc., which this location draws after it, and all this without any . . . advantage to the public.' The letter, which need not be quoted further, goes on to speak at length of the merits and demerits of the possible routes, and recommends the one ultimately followed.

obligation incurred by the last purchase, although it did not at any time weigh upon him with pressing anxiety, gave him a large financial burden to carry, and it was with immense relief that in 1840 he made his final payment and could consider that account successfully closed.

It is seldom that a man devoting his life mainly to the pursuit of business has taken the time to express his opinion of his occupation. Mr. Huidekoper, drawn out by a tirade against accumulated wealth issued in one of the publications of the day, wrote an article entitled, "The Right and Duty of Accumulation,"¹ which contains his view on the amassing of capital.

Accumulation, he says in this article, is not the provision for physical wants alone, but rather for the moral and intellectual needs of man. He continues:—

The tendency of a business life to develop the intellectual and moral powers must be obvious on a moment's consideration. That such a life is replete with moral danger and temptation is admitted, but it is precisely this which constitutes it a school of moral discipline. . . . That . . . labor when accompanied with frugality and prudence, has a tendency to produce an excess of earnings . . . is assumed. . . . It has sometimes been contended, that though it may be lawful to earn such surplus property, . . . it is our duty to dispose of it to others as fast as it accumulates. But the doing so would be destructive of industry, and would deprive business of much of its intellectual and moral influence. Under the present wise arrangement of things the increased knowledge of business is accompanied by an increase of capital calculated to give activity and a further extension to these new-born powers. But if a man possesses no capital . . . a business life, instead of being a scene of constant progression, will soon become to him

¹ Published in the *Western Messenger*, August, 1840, vol. viii.

an irksome, unmeaning task of mere mechanical drudgery, possessing no intellectual nor moral interest. . . . If it be unlawful to accumulate, then there is an end of all international intercourse . . . all our manufacturing and commercial establishments . . . must be destroyed; . . . there is an end to our public improvements . . . there is an end to all our colleges, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions, for all were originally founded and endowed, or are now supported by the fruits of accumulation. . . .

This argument might be extended much farther, but enough, I presume, has already been said to show that the whole of our present social system rests on the principle of accumulation, and that the destruction of that principle would inevitably resolve society again into a state of barbarism.

His final conclusion, given, however, not at the end of the essay, but in the middle, is as follows: "I deem the . . . accumulation of property to be . . . in perfect accordance with our Christian duty. It is true, that the possession of wealth imposes on us new obligations and new responsibilities. Wealth, like knowledge, is power, — power to do good and to be useful. Both come to us from God. To Him we are accountable for the use we make of them."

Again we turn to the autobiography, which next goes on to speak of the development of the country.

Although this section of Pennsylvania has not progressed in improvements with the same rapidity that some other portion[s] of the United States have done; yet when I look back on what it was when I first knew it, and consider what it is now, the alteration is truly surprising. When I arrived at Meadville, the country was very thinly settled. Industry was at a low ebb. The few roads which had been opened were impractica-

ble for wheelcarriages. On the farms, the sled was used even in summer, for the purpose of hauling; and the settlers, when they visited the village, were most of them clothed in blanket coats, and nearly all of them carried always with them those common appendages of the frontier; the rifle, the powderhorn, the shotpouch and the huntingknife. Now we live in the midst of a comparatively dense population, and a civilized society; and it is but seldom that we meet with any of the relics of those former days.

But it is not the physical aspect of the country and of the inhabitants alone which has been improved. A very marked alteration for the better has taken place in the moral condition of the latter. When I arrived here and for years afterwards there was not a single church, or house of worship of any kind, in any of the four North West counties, and I believe there was none west of the Allegheny river. Now there is hardly a hamlet so small that has not at least one house of worship. The Rev. Mr. Stockton, a Minister of the Presbyterian denomination, was then settled at Meadville, on a parochial income which probably did not amount to \$150 a Year. So far as I recollect, he was the only Stated Minister in these four Counties. The Methodists held occasionally a camp meeting, but beyond these the community possessed no opportunities for social Worship and religious improvement. Now there are numerous Ministers of the Gospel of different denominations, settled all over this Country. Then the Common schools were almost exclusively confined to the county towns, and even then they were generally of the poorest kind. Now there are several Schools in every township. Finally intemperance and dissipation were then the common besetting sin of the Community. Instances of them are yet but too often met with; but they are now only the besetting sins of individuals.

As to myself, the greatest portion of my life has

been spent in the West, and I have been happy amidst its simple pleasures. Most of the information I possess has been acquired at Meadville, by reading and reflection; and I have become thoroughly convinced, that by far the most valuable part of a man's education is that which he gives to himself.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNITARIAN

“WHAT is Unitarianism? — Nobody knows but Huidekoper, and he won't tell.” This question and answer passed into a current saying in the days when Unitarianism first appeared, a new and perturbing element, in the religious world of America; and its irresistible aptness causes it to be repeated even now. The half humorous, half baffled sense of hopelessness expressed in the reply can be seen in the face of any one to whom a conscientious Unitarian tries to explain briefly his point of view. It is comforting to be reminded that Mr. Huidekoper, who had written so much and so earnestly upon Unitarianism as to be looked upon as an authority on the subject, met with the common difficulty in endeavoring to give a succinct verbal account of his faith. The general applicability of the words has carried them far and wide. In the distant middle West the mention of Mr. Huidekoper's name brings the saying to the lip, and when at a recent Unitarian convention at Chicago the query and response were quoted by one of the speakers they were greeted with instant appreciation and applause. For Unitarianism, owning no single founder, vouched for by no synod and without authoritative sanction, has always covered so large, vague, and shifting an area of liberal thought as to defy limitation or definition. In this country it came in the main as a natural sequence of independence.

The leaven of independence, brought over by Bradford and Winthrop, had been at work ever since the days of the Pilgrims, dividing congregations, causing schisms and isolating a church here and a church there, each church or each portion of a church standing upon its right of self-government and holding to its individual faith. Different names, in different instances, were applied by the orthodox to the innovators, — names which implied ostracism, and which the offending members themselves rarely accepted. The titles Antinomian, Arian, Arminian, or Socinian, thrown scornfully at them, would not adhere. Among themselves, Congregational or Independent Congregational usually sufficed, if they had come out, as many of them had, from the Congregational churches of New England. Numerous instances there were, indeed, like that of the First Church of Plymouth, where the liberals, outnumbering the conservatives, retained the church name with the building and government, while the creed and its supporters were the seceding party.

The difficulty of applying to the various liberal congregations any name descriptive of them all was increased by the fact that some societies had rebelled against one doctrine, some against another. Jonathan Mayhew, pastor of the West Church in Boston, was probably the first in New England to attack openly and specially the doctrine of the Trinity. But individualism was so much the order of the day among Congregationalists that Mayhew's heterodoxy made little noise in the world in comparison with that which would have been awakened by a change of belief in the leader of a Presbyterian or of an Episcopalian congregation. Ministers in these denominations could not deviate from the beaten

path without bringing down on their heads the censure of the whole body to which they belonged. Did one of these societies repudiate any part of its creed, then its ancient privileges, its association, even its accustomed name must be forfeited. And since in England the new movement was most active among Presbyterians, and generally took the form of discarding Trinitarian doctrines, the contradistinguishing name of Unitarian first became general there. Some of the English congregations, indeed, offshoots from the Presbyterian church, were as loth to accept the name as were the Congregationalists of this country, but there was no refusing it, and in the end it was fastened upon them.

It was only natural, then, that James Freeman, reader at King's Chapel in Boston, on discovering in 1785 that he and his people had together ceased to be Trinitarians, should look to the other side of the Atlantic for a definition of his position, and should, upon expulsion from the Episcopal denomination, adopt the English name and establish his society in the eyes of the world as the first avowedly Unitarian church in America. The stir created by James Freeman's change of belief, and also by his expulsion, gave the term Unitarian immediate significance, and with the great mass of churchmen it was synonymous with "heretic" and "infidel."

The term was out of favor among the liberals themselves, and was hesitatingly used even by the most radical among them. Although Priestley, driven from England, established in 1795 and 1796 two liberal churches in Pennsylvania, both of which were Unitarian in affinity, his Philadelphia church did not formally take on the name Unitarian until 1819, and did so then against the protest of the Boston men, who dreaded the attach-

ing of that stigma to a society so nearly akin to their own. In that same year, however, the Baltimore church accepted the name, and Channing's Baltimore sermon, preached in the church at the installation of Jared Sparks, did much toward gathering the scattered forces under the despised designation, which Channing too had regarded with prejudice at an earlier time.

The movement now was to come nearer home, — nearer, that is, to Mr. Huidekoper. A church, plainly calling itself Unitarian, was organized in Pittsburg by the Rev. John Campbell, and in 1823 Mr. Huidekoper's old friend, Miss Mappa, wrote to him from Oldenbarneveld, "We have a Unitarian church in this village, comprising between sixty and seventy members."

But what is Unitarianism? Mr. Huidekoper, as we know, despite the legend, spent much of his life in the endeavor to tell what he conceived it to be. It is his individual view of it with which we are here concerned; and it behooves us to remember meanwhile that he was only one Unitarian, and that the true answer to the question, What is Unitarianism? must be that not only no one knows except a Unitarian, but also that no Unitarian can speak for any of the rest. For individualism is still a distinguishing characteristic, and the difficulty of "telling" remains.

Mr. Huidekoper's position was carefully taken, and well outlined. As he has said, he had been duly trained while a youth in the Calvinistic creed of the Baptists; had been brought up on the Heidelberg Catechism; and, following in his mother's footsteps, had joined the established church of Holland, that Dutch Reformed Church which had won pre-eminence over the Anabaptists, Mennonites, and other sects at an earlier day.

While belonging to this body, however, he knew something of the freer methods and broader outlook of his father's people, having attended Mennonite services during the years spent at Crefeld. His catholicity of mind enabled him to join, at Oldenbarneveld, in the services of a union church, wherein persons of widely differing opinions met on common ground, and prepared him to work harmoniously with the Presbyterians of Meadville, who, in their pioneer days, seem to have been not unlike the church-goers of Oldenbarneveld in their hospitality. He was a generous contributor to the Presbyterian church, a constant attendant at its services, and subscribed substantially to the fund for erecting the meeting-house, a building which by written agreement was to be open for use to other sects when not required by the regular congregation. As an acknowledgment of his subscription, twenty pews stood in his name. His wife was a Presbyterian, which made it all the easier for him to worship in that church; and his own large-hearted tolerance enabled him to draw religious sustenance from almost any source. But there came a time when he was confronted by the needs of his children, and when his nursery philosophers and his growing boys demanded of him a positiveness of statement which he was unable to give. The Heidelberg Catechism would not help him now. The nature of the Trinity, the doctrines of original sin and infant damnation, the conception of hell, — it was impossible for him to unfold these to his children. It is probable that he had long ceased to feel any interest in them himself.

At this juncture he heard a sermon preached by the Rev. John Campbell at the dedication of the new Unitarian church building in Pittsburg. This society had

weathered three years of contumely and abuse, and now, aided by Benjamin Bakewell, who was at the head of the flint-glass industry in Pittsburg and a friend of Mr. Huidekoper, had reached a fairly flourishing condition. Mr. Bakewell, in fact, was one of those stanch Unitarian laymen of whom, from Thomas Firman in England down to Mr. Huidekoper himself, there have been so many striking examples.

Mr. Campbell's sermon, and perhaps Mr. Bakewell's friendship, gave impetus and direction to the quest upon which Mr. Huidekoper had set forth, — the quest for doctrinal truth, or, as he would quickly have limited the statement, for truth as it was taught in the Bible.

The Bible he searched through and through. Not content with reading and re-reading, he copied passage after passage and wrote upon the various texts voluminous comments, until after prodigious labor he arrived at the conclusion toward which the Unitarians had struggled, with a standpoint quite his own, but holding with the new constituency certain ideas common to most of its members: the oneness of God, the special mission of Jesus, the possible preservation of every soul.

To possess a good thing was, with him, to share it. From Philadelphia and Boston he obtained Unitarian publications, sermons, tracts, letters, which he sowed broadcast among his acquaintances in the West. In the Meadville newspaper, in conversation, in social life, he was eager to seize every opportunity for impressing upon those who opened the subject the faith that was in him. This, it is true, he seldom thrust forward except in response to assertions or inquiries, but questioners found him ready with his replies.

Letter-perfect as to Bible text, as well as assured in

the stronghold of the faith which he had with infinite toil gathered from his studies, he was a formidable antagonist.¹

“Is it true, Mr. Huidekoper,” said to him one day a business acquaintance, “that you are a Unitarian?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Mr. Huidekoper.

“But how can you be one? Does not Christ himself say, ‘All power is given to me in heaven and on earth’? Do you not believe that?”

“Yes, sir, I believe it, but do *you* believe it?”

“Certainly I do.”

“What, do you believe that all power was *given* to him? — that all the power he possessed was *derived* power?”

“Ah,” replied the man, “I never looked at it in that way.”

A kindly Trinitarian, elder in a Presbyterian church, rode five miles one day for the purpose of arguing with Mr. Huidekoper, to his enlightenment. One doctrine after another the good man expounded, while Mr. Huidekoper listened courteously. When the Elder had finished, his host took up the discourse, and point by point maintained that these ideas were obtained, not from the Bible, but from the elder’s catechism. He put a Bible into the elder’s hand, and requested him to find passages in it that would support those views. The elder turned the pages somewhat helplessly, and then said he could look them up better in his own Bible, at home. “Do so,” said Mr. Huidekoper, “and if you will bring the proofs here and show them to me, I will give you another farm to add to the one you have.”

¹ It was his custom, when considering a question, to read the whole New Testament through, with reference to *that* particular question.

The good elder never returned.¹

"Mr. Huidekoper," a rash assailant once challenged him in the presence of a company assembled for social pleasure, "if you would only read the first chapter of Hebrews, you could not be a Unitarian."

"Very well, madam," replied Mr. Huidekoper, nothing daunted by the time or place, "I will read it with pleasure, and read it aloud too, if you wish."

She brought him a Bible, and pointed out a few texts.

"Excuse me," he said, "we will read the whole chapter."

So he began, and read to the end, stopping by the way to emphasize and expound passages such as those in which Jesus is spoken of as "appointed," as "*made better* than the angels," as "anointed above his *fellows*," giving all who were present an impromptu lesson in the belief so rudely attacked.²

Eager as he was to lead his young people into his newly found light, his forbearance was great. There was no iconoclasm in the quiet influence he brought to bear upon those who, like his wife's niece, had grown up within the Presbyterian church. "You know that in my religious instructions to you and my other children," he wrote in 1825 to Margaret Hazlett at a time when she was visiting orthodox friends in Pittsburg, "I have very seldom touched on these topics [religious dogmas]. When your understanding shall be more matured, I hope you will inquire for yourself and then embrace those opinions which appear to you as the most rational and most in conformity with the Scriptures." He had no desire to

¹ See *Pomona Hall*, by Alfred Huidekoper (privately printed).

² James Freeman Clarke, in the *Obituary* of Mr. Huidekoper, printed in pamphlet form.

pull down another faith to make room for his own, yet one charge he gave to the young girl with almost passionate earnestness. "Never, oh, never, my dear Margaret, associate with that Being the ideas of wrath, vengeance, or vindictive punishment. Never degrade His goodness by believing that He was not willing to forgive us unless another innocent Being suffered in our stead and place."

And he was far from wishing to leave his children without religious instruction. Single-handed, for he was at first, so far as he knew, the only Unitarian in the town, he set about organizing a Unitarian church in Meadville, and with this plan he united another, that of having his children taught by a Unitarian. Mr. Bakewell had written him in 1823: "I suggested to Mr. Campbell [who had received a letter from Mr. William Ware, asking what prospect there would be for a Unitarian minister in western Pennsylvania] that perhaps a clever young man who would undertake the education of a select number of boys and conduct the worship on the Sabbath might possibly meet with encouragement in Meadville. What do you think of it?"¹ And in 1825, acting either upon Mr. Bakewell's suggestion or on his own inspiration, Mr. Huidekoper sent to the east for John Mudge Merrick² to undertake the double task. Although yet but a student, not having completed his course at Bow-

¹ *The Independent Congregational Church (Unitarian) of Meadville, Pa.*, by Earle Morse Wilbur, p. 8. The Rev. Mr. Wilbur has given in this work an interesting history of the church from its inception.

² John Mudge Merrick "was tutor in Mr. Huidekoper's family from October, 1825, to October, 1827. . . . He afterwards held pastorates at Hardwick, Sandwich, and Walpole, Mass., — at the latter place for nearly thirty years. . . . He died at Charleston, N. H., where he was minister, March 20, 1871, at the age of nearly sixty-seven years." — *Ibid.*, pp. 9-11.

doin, Mr. Merrick preached acceptably in Meadville for two years. He was succeeded in the pastorate in December, 1828, by Washington Gilbert,¹ a devoted and efficient worker, under whose guidance the church was formally organized, and adopted a constitution. The first article of this constitution, which was entitled "Fundamental Principles," thus set forth the conditions or requirements of membership: "Every one who believes in the existence of one God, and in the divine mission of Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ, the Son of God, is admissible as a member of this church; and no other profession of faith than that contained in this simple creed shall at any time be imposed as a condition of church membership. Every person possesses the inalienable right of judging for himself in matters of religion, and no one has the right to call another to account for any religious opinions which he may hold."

Mr. Gilbert's successor was Ephraim Peabody.² At the time of Mr. Peabody's coming, Unitarianism in the little town had already received a new impetus through the interest of Miss Margaret Shippen, who had listened to the Rev. William Henry Furness in Philadelphia, and whose enthusiasm finally helped to win over from the Episcopal fold her brother, Judge Henry Shippen, and his family; cultivated, charming people. Arthur Cullum

¹ Mr. Gilbert arrived in December, 1828. "He left Meadville in April, 1830. . . . He held pastorates at Harvard, West Newton, and Lincoln, Mass., and died at West Newton January 5, 1879, aged seventy-eight years." — *Ibid.*, pp. 17–19.

² Mr. Peabody came to Meadville in May, 1830. "He left in July, 1831, to become minister of the church at Cincinnati. . . . He went later to the church at New Bedford, Mass., and became at length the distinguished minister of King's Chapel in Boston, where he died, November 28, 1856, at the early age of forty-nine, universally loved and mourned." — *Ibid.*, p. 25.

with his wife and six children were before long added to the Unitarian flock, as well as William P. Shattuck and others, and all these formed the nucleus of a circle that became very dear to Mr. Huidekoper, as well as warm supporters of the Unitarian undertakings instituted by him.

Once a fortnight the little following gathered in the Presbyterian church, or in the old log court-house, or in the new one, to hear the tutor-minister preach, and to sing, without the aid of an organ or any other instrument, the few Unitarian hymns at their command. Their music was supplemented by weekly practice on Sunday evenings at Pomona, where all assembled again for a simple service of song.

This close intercourse of a few united persons, isolated by their convictions and their single-hearted devotion to a common cause, placed the Meadville church among congregations of the type of the early Christians; it was a church essentially fervent and sincere, and acquired by its concentration an influence which is truly surprising when considered in connection with its size.

Some letters written by Mr. Peabody to his mother and sister show the enthusiasm with which he entered upon his work.

Steam Boat Alleghany, Lake Erie, June 2, 1830.
We have just got out upon the lake — and the same waters are rolling and roaring in my ears that echoed to the thunders of Perry. I am writing in a cabin that is almost dark. We have been detained in Buffalo half a day by a strong head wind. The lake is rolling now like the Atlantic. . . . I have had for the most part a very pleasant journey. Rather tough riding over the Green Mountains, though. Started from Brattleboro at 2 o'clock A. M. Wretchedly cold. Rode on and on and

on up mountain and down mountain. At length, three miles this side of Bennington, at a corner, we broke from the woods, and looked down from the tops of the mountains into the most glorious prospect I ever beheld. The vast valley with Bennington in its centre and walled in by south sloping mountains lay beneath like a picture. The sides of the hills covered with farms and trees and beautifully laid out. . . .

Meadville, June 4. Arrived here at last, on Thursday evening. . . . Mr. Huidekoper went around with me yesterday to call on some of the people. They appeared quite intelligent and hospitable. Seven or eight Unitarian families or parts of families. Strange to say Unitarianism here seems to be more popular with the ladies than with the men. I preach to-morrow. The family here are very pleasant, and Mr. Huidekoper one of the most intelligent men I have ever met with.

July 2. I have got fully and fairly settled down—my scholars are around me now. They are very bright and very forward. One of them¹ has been above half way through Legendre's Geometry and a considerable distance in Chemistry since I came here. And they are not only forward but very amiable. I could not have found better scholars in every respect for one's comfort had I searched the country through. The family too is in all respects a pleasant one and through them I have admission into the best society, of course, in the town. Mr. Huidekoper is not only a man of business but a man of a highly cultivated mind. He has of late years made theology a study. He is a *Unitarian Christian* in understanding and in feeling. He has quite a theological library. . . . The people here are quite hospitable. I have about thirty-five to hear me, *regularly*, some scattering. We have a small Sunday School. There are a considerable number of men who are more Unitarians than anything else, but they do not come to our meeting. Unitarianism here is deadly to one's political influ-

¹ Anna Huidekoper.

ence. . . . No Unitarian can be in this country and not be in earnest in his employment when he looks about him and sees the minds and hearts of a whole land crushed down under the blind, brutalizing, palsyng doctrines of Calvin. I think I never saw the worth of Unitarianism so much as since I left home. It is the faith I believe to make one truly religious. When I look around me and see so many wandering on in such total darkness I must confess I feel an inclination to preach rather more violently against those doctrines than good sense warrants.

In the "total darkness" of which Mr. Peabody complained, the opposing forces of conservative and liberal had already occasionally struck fire. The first of several long controversies had appeared in the public press.¹

Until the year before Mr. Merrick's coming Mr. Huidekoper had pursued his way unmolested. Although he had freely discussed his views, and had furnished Unitarian literature to inquirers, Mr. Van Liew, the Presbyterian minister, had respected his liberty of action, and had treated him with perfect tolerance. Van Liew's pastorate, however, came to an end in 1824, and for the succeeding two years the Rev. Timothy Alden,²

¹ Mr. Huidekoper was always a believer in the efficacy of public discussion. Some years later (December 19, 1839) he wrote to James Freeman Clarke: "I think our friends at Cincinnati ought to consider that correct ideas on the great leading doctrines of religion are very useful auxiliaries towards the formation of Christian character; and that such ideas can only be disseminated in a community where the opposite errors prevail by controverting the prevailing opinions."

² Rev. Timothy Alden came from New York to Meadville in 1815. He was not only first president of Allegheny College, but also its founder. Through his personal efforts, mainly, the money and books requisite for the opening of the college were procured, and among the first to come forward with donations were the Unitarians of the East. The first name on his paper is that of John Adams, ex-president of the United States, who subscribed \$20 in books. Then follow the solid men of Boston, sixty-six in number: "the Frothinghams, the Channings, the Davises, the Loring, the Lowells, the Ticknors, the Greenleafs, the Parkmans, and the

the first president of Allegheny College, frequently supplied the pulpit. Mr. Alden, and Mr. Bushnell¹ after him, considered it their duty to warn people, not only against the new doctrines, but against those who held them.

“President Alden had for four or five Sabbaths,” says Mr. Peabody in a letter of July 2, 1825, “levelled the most violent abuse against Unitarians. Mr. H. being almost the only Unitarian, then began to grow tired of it. So he published an article in the newspaper calling on him to leave off abuse and come to proof. The next Sunday the *Prest.* came out with the proofs of the Unitarian errors—among other passages quoted John 1:5, 7—told his hearers that it had been doubted but assured them it was perfectly genuine, it being found in many ancient MSS. Mr. H. thought this was quite too much, and came out again with a full account of the text, and stated very explicitly that either Mr. Alden’s scholarship or honesty was in great jeopardy. The *Prest.* never answered it, and from that time forth never said a word, good or bad, about Unitarians.”

The attacks from the pulpit made by Mr. Alden, however, were as nothing compared to the measures taken against the Unitarians during Mr. Bushnell’s first zealous years. It was at his instigation, apparently, that the Erie Presbytery declared that all persons worshiping with Unitarians or Universalists should be considered liable to be expelled from communion with their own church. Mr. Huidekoper, again appearing in the “Craw-

Thayers.” (*History of Crawford County*, p. 413.) Mr. Huidekoper gave \$300. Mr. Alden’s subsequent treatment of Unitarians, therefore, was all the more surprising.

¹ Mr. Bushnell was minister of the Presbyterian church.

ford Messenger," administered to Mr. Bushnell a sharp rebuke for this stirring up of strife. Newspapers in those times were not what they are to-day. There were no telegraph lines then to keep the whole globe in electric touch and to flood every morning's issue with the latest news from Berlin, Tokyo, or Timbuctoo. The chief peril was lest the press should be drearily dull. So everything promising to stir the surface of the stagnant water was hailed as a veritable godsend. Mr. Huidekoper's answer to Mr. Bushnell, therefore, printed in the "Crawford Messenger" of November 2, 1826, found eager readers. Having begun by contrasting the unitedness of the Meadville community with the intolerance of the Puritans, Mr. Huidekoper continued as follows:—

Happily for us, we had brought with us to the wilderness a more liberal spirit. Under its guidance all contributed to the support of one common pastor, and as the sect of the Presbyterians happened to be the most numerous here, it was from that church that these pastors were generally taken. In the same spirit of brotherly love and harmony, men of all sects united in erecting a house consecrated to the worship of the Deity, under the express stipulation, that it should at all times hereafter remain open for the worship of all. In this manner, for upwards of twenty years, public worship has been supported by our common efforts, and to those who do not belong to the Presbyterian church belongs the praise that they have always contributed liberally to the maintenance of an establishment which was not their own. Such, sir, was our situation when your arrival among us introduced a new era. From the moment of your advent to the ministry of this place your every effort has been to divide and sever, and to introduce into this community that spirit of intolerant bigotry which has destroyed the peace of society in so many other places.

. . . You have gone farther. In your frantic zeal you have dared to prescribe bounds to the mercies of the Almighty, and to limit his salvation to the narrow circle of your orthodoxy. . . . You appear to have had some misgivings as to your ultimate success in . . . subjugating us; hence you have taken the precaution to call in the Presbytery to your aid; and at *your instance* that body has issued a mandate, that *whoever shall hereafter attend the worship of the Unitarians or of the Universalists, or whoever shall suffer their children to attend such worship, shall be excommunicated.* . . . Without stopping to show how this decree would operate on the different members of our community at large, [I] shall merely limit my remarks to its operation on my own family. I am a Unitarian. My wife and her sister have been for upwards of sixteen years members of the Presbyterian church. Now this mandate enjoins on them under pain of excommunication, to abstain in future from *worshipping with me*, and not only that, but *they must also prevent my children from worshipping with their father.* In other words you bid them chuse, either to sacrifice their connexion with your church, or the domestic peace and harmony of my family. Thank God, they had no difficulty in determining what choice they would make. . . . I do not call on you to alter a single one of your religious opinions. With these I have nothing to do. . . . All I ask is that you grant to others that right of private judgment which you claim for yourself. . . . You are very young yet. . . . Learn to imitate the example set you by a Stockton, a Van Liew, or your colleague, the Rev. Mr. Smith, all of whom have, in the ministry of this place, rendered themselves the objects of universal reverence and good will. . . .

(Signed) A FRIEND TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

For a year after Mr. Merrick's departure there were no Unitarian services to arouse Mr. Bushnell further.

But when in 1828 Washington Gilbert took up the work, the opposition was renewed with still greater energy. The refusal of the church for Unitarian services became a frequent thing. Sometimes the Unitarians could carry their point and meet there, sometimes they could not. The story is still told of a Thanksgiving day when they were refused permission to hold in the church the evening service for which they had planned. When the hour arrived the church stood locked and dark. An unlocked window, however, was discovered, through which one of the young men climbed. Once in, he hunted up the candles, put them in their candlesticks, which were set in their customary places upon the broad railings of the pews, lighted the building, and opened the door; the rest of the Unitarians then entered decorously enough, and the Thanksgiving service was triumphantly held. At another time the sexton, anticipating a similar proceeding, hid the candles in the foot-stoves.

This state of warfare could not be indefinitely continued; so Mr. Huidekoper closed his twenty pews, as a practical protest, and withdrew from the contest, contenting himself for some years with the Court House as the place of assembly for the Unitarians.

However, the community was in no danger of being allowed to remain in ignorance of the Unitarian movement. The controversies were not at an end. In the year 1830 the churches of western Pennsylvania were greatly stirred over the circulation of a petition to the United States government for the abolition of the laws permitting the free transmission of the mails on Sunday, or, as it was called, the Sabbath. The laws regarding private business and travel were still maintained in

extreme rigor ; but the exigencies of the public in the transmission of the mails were held to be paramount over every biblical or sectarian consideration. This action on the part of the government inevitably aroused vehement opposition.

Two champions now stepped forward to fight this battle in the columns of the "Crawford Messenger," — a contributor signing himself "Petitioner" and Mr. Huidekoper. Fitter — certainly doughtier — champions could hardly have been found. Each was honest to the backbone, — the one the incarnation of Presbyterianism and the Westminster Catechism, the other equally the incarnation of the sturdy Dutch Van Tromp, fighter for the liberty of the seas in thought and creed. Each, moreover, carried his broom lashed to the masthead, in symbol of his resolve to sweep the Channel clear of all rival ships. All the more because they were constitutionally and by education incapable of understanding one another, were they the better fitted to exemplify the irreconcilable antagonism of their positions. Certainly neither left any readers of the "Crawford Messenger" in the least doubt where he personally stood.

As a literal believer in the plenary inspiration of the Bible, "Petitioner" vehemently appealed to Congress to avert the wrath of Heaven by immediately abolishing the laws permitting the transmitting of the mails on the Sabbath. "We well remember," he declared, "the case of a nation, — a nation which felt the avenging hand of God for disobedience to his laws, — a nation sold into bondage for seventy years that *the land might enjoy its Sabbaths*. We consider these mail laws a palpable breach of the divine laws." So intense were the writer's convictions in the matter as to lead him to

declare that it might be necessary to resort to physical force and civil war to attain the object of the petitioner's prayer.

Against this argument Mr. Huidekoper, over the signature of "Oberlin," took positive stand that it was an attempt to interpose the authority of law to settle a controversy between Jews, Sabbatarians, and Christians; to determine what part of the time had been set aside by the Almighty for religious exercises; to make a legislative decision of a religious controversy, and to restrict the rights of conscience. He urged the delivery of the mails on Sunday on the ground that it was impossible that a republic such as ours should be permanent and happy without the prevalence of unrestricted free communication. "What is meant," he asked, "by asserting that the Christian religion is a part of the law of the land? Does the term Christian religion mean that all the dogmas of all the sects are a part of the common law of the land? Then every one who does not accept the dogmas is committing a breach of the common law of the land."

To this "Petitioner" replies categorically: "I have asserted that the present postoffice arrangements violate the Divine law, the dictum of the Divine Being, which is received as the Divine law. Thus in Exodus xx. 8, I read: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates.' This is plain and positive." "Petitioner" further takes the ground that every moral precept, that is, every pre-

cept which is general in its application to man in a nation, class and time, is as obligatory when found in the Old Testament as in the New. The Fourth Commandment, he insists, is practical and moral and not ceremonial. "It was spoken by the Almighty in a voice of thunder; was inscribed in stone by the finger of God, and engraved in the midst of nine other precepts confessedly moral, none of which conflict with any of the other laws confessedly judicial or ceremonial."

This controversy was for nearly a year kept up in long newspaper articles. From the outset it was clear that neither disputant could ever convince the other. They argued from totally contradictory premises: "Petitioner" from the literally taken "Thus saith the Lord" of the Bible; Mr. Huidekoper mainly from reason, history, the practical demands of the day, the newer rational criticism of the Sacred Books. "This is no such conception of the Christian religion," he urges, "as was held by Washington and Franklin and the great fathers of the Republic. It belongs rather to that strange religion of the Puritans, who laid down as a *practical principle* that their religion was part of the law of the land; and with what result? They hung, they burned those who professed sufficient independence of mind to refuse assent to the dogmas of their gloomy creeds. Such has been and always will be the result of adopting as a practical principle the dogma that any particular religion forms part of the law of the land."

Throughout the whole controversy, "Petitioner," a man of intense convictions and a vigorous writer, stood resolutely by his guns, and made them reverberate with all the thunders of Mt. Sinai. No one could read him without thorough-going respect for the type of indom-

itable Cromwellian he represented. Jehovah himself had settled this whole question of the national iniquity of the Sunday mail laws, and nothing but vengeance and wrath could be looked for at His hands if they were now abrogated. God's verdict had been indelibly recorded three thousand years ago on adamantine tablets of stone. This transporting the mails on Sunday was therefore a defiant breach of the everlasting moral law, a law without variableness or shadow of turning, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

To Mr. Huidekoper, on the other hand, such reasoning as this was at once unwarranted and fraught with perilous results. The Mosaic legislation had simply nothing to do with American legislation.

As the controversy went on and grew in heat, Mr. Huidekoper gave free vent to his abhorrence of the domination of the country by the clergy through their claim of supernatural authority. "A few years ago," he declares, "at the ordination of a young man to the ministry in a neighboring village, the clergyman asked the congregation to promise, with uplifted hands and all the outward solemnity of an oath, that *they would henceforth receive as the word of God, and believe as such, whatever their pastor should tell them from the pulpit.* Here we have a tyranny which, if it has ever been equalled, I doubt has never been surpassed, by any edict of the Papal See in the darkest ages of Christendom. Beyond this mental servility cannot go."

Almost at the same time with the controversy over the Sunday mails, another about the revival meetings of the period was begun in the "Crawford Messenger." Mr. Huidekoper had seen enough of the hysterical demonstrations induced by professional revivalists to

feel very strongly their danger to excitable temperaments. His favorite neicé, Margaret Hazlett, for example, had been paying a visit in a household where extreme devotion to a series of meetings had quite taken possession of the hostess, who knew no moderation in her feverish attendance.

An article originally printed in a Baltimore paper, and entitled "Religious Dissipation," attracted Mr. Huidekoper's attention as something likely to direct people's thoughts to the subject, and, in the interests of common sense, he sent the clipping to the "Messenger." It reflected severely on a class of people whom it pictured as never easy unless attending some religious gathering, hearing some exhortation or prayer, listening to the recital of experiences and in turn reciting their own, never in fact at rest unless enticed away from the claims of their real duties to the fruitless performance of imaginary ones. Its appearance in the "Messenger's" columns was the signal for a spirited attack on him, as he was mistakenly supposed to be its author. To this attack Mr. Huidekoper was not slow to respond. "Presbyterian" this time was the name under which his antagonist wrote, and the discussion, on "Presbyterian's" part at least, waxed warm. Mr. Huidekoper held that of a certain kind of religious excitement it was quite possible to have far too much. Religion ought to be an abiding principle, keeping itself alive in the breast through its own inward vitality. Once lodged in the heart, it ought to prove itself motive and cheer in the daily round of common duty, idealizing it and giving it life. Man was endowed with a widely varied nature. He should cultivate his faculties all around; he should be a reader and a

thinker; he should feel keenly interested in civic affairs; he should promote intellectual, refining, and charming social life and diversions in the community; he should develop resources within himself which would save him from the restlessness and shallowness of perpetually running after outside excitement.

To Mr. Huidekoper's opponent, on the other hand, this was a lost world. Those that were saved from it were saved as by fire. By his fallen nature ever tending to destruction, man needed every external help to keep him mindful of eternal things.

Here was the age-old fight which has been waged between the champions of this world and of the world to come, between the claims of the now and of the hereafter, between any possible kingdom of God on earth and the far-away kingdom in the heavens. Each party in it is almost invariably plunged by temperament into extremes of this-worldliness or other-worldliness.

The interest of such controversies of the past lies mainly in the historical light they cast on the state of mind prevailing at the time of their occurrence. Mr. Huidekoper's ideas were really more revolutionary than he himself recognized. He stood on the threshold of the new age of science, of free investigation and free criticism; in his own part of the country a pioneer in the advocacy of principles which have since profoundly modified the creeds and practice of all denominations of Protestants.

A comparatively peaceful period was that covered by Mr. Peabody's sojourn in Meadville. He was in every way congenial to the people he was with, and gave himself unsparingly to the community, organizing and

carrying on services in the outskirts of the town,— open-air services in the maple grove in summer, indoor services in winter,— and even taking part in matters quite aside from his prescribed duties.

“I have to work hard— very hard,” he wrote in August, 1830, “but I like labor, i. e., if it is not before breakfast nor after dinner. I have got to be quite an expert rider on horseback, and expect to become much more so. I enjoy myself finely. Take a long walk after breakfast— hear lessons and study and read till twelve— then walk, eat dinner— hear lessons in the afternoon— at five, walk again— come to supper, talk awhile— take another walk and perhaps make one or two calls. Come back and drink some cold coffee which is regularly set by for me— go to my room and write sermons. About three quarters of my walks are to and fro on the piazza, when Mr. Huidekoper and myself discuss Unitarianism. The rest, up river and down river, up street and down street. A tailor, one of my parishioners, made me a coat and pantaloons at the beginning of summer. The other day, when I went to pay my bill, he refused to take anything. This he does likewise, he said, to all ministers who do not receive regular salaries, e. g., the Methodists.”

In addition to all his other undertakings Mr. Peabody established at Meadville a periodical, the “Unitarian Essayist,” which gave Mr. Huidekoper keen satisfaction and enabled him to send to hundreds of people the results of his theological studies. It was “very small and cheap,” Mr. Peabody confessed, and was to be written mainly by Mr. Huidekoper and himself, but it would form, when all the numbers in prospect were issued, “a sort of treatise on Unitarianism.”

“It is thought that circumstances require such a publication,” runs Mr. Peabody’s prospectus, issued January 1, 1831. “The religious opinions which we entertain, we esteem of priceless worth. . . . These opinions we hear perpetually misrepresented. . . . Men are warned against our places of worship and our books; our arguments are carefully evaded. . . . Under such circumstances we cannot remain silent. . . . The work proposed . . . will be published in monthly numbers of twelve duodecimo pages each. The subscription price, seventy-five cents a year, to be paid on the delivery of the second number.”

Even as he thus set afloat the slender venture, its editor knew that he could not long guide its course. At midsummer he left Meadville for Cincinnati, to the great regret of his Meadville friends. The “Essayist” then continued in the hands of Mr. Huidekoper alone.

Mr. Huidekoper’s letters to Mr. Peabody are full of the success of the paper, and of active interest in matters pertaining to the church, as well as of a warm personal regard. “Oh, my dear friend,” he says in one of them, “if I only had you for my coadjutor I should have some hope of seeing our society increasing rapidly.” It was, meanwhile, steadily growing and the “Essayist” was accomplishing its work.

On September 8, 1831, he wrote: ¹ —

I lately met with something which was of an encouraging nature. While at Warren a Mr. Smith, a lawyer, formerly from Philadelphia, now from Ohio, was at Mrs. Shippen’s and, hearing her express some heterodox opinions respecting original sin, he undertook to convert her. After an argument of some hours she asked him

¹ H. J. H. to E. Peabody.

to read the July and August numbers of the "Essayist." He did so, and found them convincing. She next asked him to read the previous numbers, on the Divine Unity. He read these the same evening, became a subscriber to the "Essayist," and left here the next day almost if not quite a Unitarian.

Our friend Mrs. Shippen comes on charmingly. Mr. James¹ called on her to know why she absented herself from his communion, and she has told him the cause candidly. He is now preaching a series of sermons for her special benefit. . . . Two weeks ago he pronounced the Unitarians accursed. If he should continue in his present strain I have some hopes that he will drive even Mrs. Hazlett back to our church.

I am much pleased with Mr. Nichols,² who is a worthy young man of good talents. . . . It was a disadvantage to Mr. N. to come after you. You were deservedly such a general favorite with all of us, that your successor could hardly expect to please in the beginning. The audiences at church have been of late very respectable. . . .

I forgot to mention that when Mr. James called on Mrs. Shippen he recommended to her to read Wilberforce's work. This led her to ask me for some books. I gave her Yates' "Vindication," Sparks' Letters, Cogan's Letter to Wilberforce, Worcester on the Atonement, and the "Essayist." I understand that she declares the latter perfectly convincing, and of Worcester's book she says that it is delightful. I am also told that the Presbyterians and Methodists have quarreled since you left here about the doctrine of election, and that the latter carry the last "Essayist" about in decisive proof that they are right.

¹ Rector of the Episcopal church at Meadville.

² George Nichols, a graduate of Harvard, arrived fresh from the Divinity School in July, 1831. He left Meadville in July, 1832, and afterward became literary critic for the University Press at Cambridge, Mass., where he died July 6, 1882, aged seventy-three years.

Mr. James, it may be added, did not cease his efforts until the whole Shippen family were well preached out of his church.

On May 4, 1832, Mr. Huidekoper wrote to Mr. Peabody:—

You will learn with pleasure, that Judge Shippen has in a measure dissolved his connection with the Episcopal Church, and now on the Sunday stays at home and reads for himself and Mrs. Shippen sermons of . . . Channing, Buckminster, etc. The manner in which this was brought about was merely this. The Judge was always only half orthodox, and his lady's withdrawing from the Church had its effect. Next came Mr. James' rather too great interference with the Judge's children. What, however, brought the matter to a crisis was, that the Judge having observed to Mr. J. that it would be better to use the gospels more and the epistles less, Mr. J. undertook to convince him that our Savior did not come to make a revelation, but to be the subject of a revelation, and advanced what in my letter to Mr. J. are called the new doctrines. Mr. James also preached on this subject, and lent the Judge the book of Dr. Whately from which he had taken these sentiments. The Judge was frightened at the length to which all this led, and took to his Bible to examine for himself, and you know what that leads to. Mr. James called on the Judge to inquire why he staid away. The Judge told him that he was examining for himself and had become convinced that Christ came to make a revelation, not to be the subject of one, declined Mr. J.'s offer to speak to the Bishop, and read him a lecture on intolerance. The Judge's children, too, begin to feel uneasy under their connection with the Church. The boys say plainly that they are Unitarians, and Miss Frances says that she does not know how to get along any more at the Sunday School, as she has ceased to believe in the catechism.

Mr. James was predestined to cripple his own cause. His next service to the Unitarians was to try to close a school which Miss Jerusha Dewey, sister of the Rev. Orville Dewey, had opened in Meadville. Naturally enough, she had also joined the Unitarian church, and her doing this was the signal for Mr. James to advance against her with all the indiscretion of which he proved himself master. A letter from Edgar Huidekoper to Mr. Peabody tells the tale as follows:—

Perhaps you have heard that a Miss Dewey had opened a select school here. The Rev. Mr. James took offense at that because she was a Unitarian, and went to all the parents who sent with whom he thought he could have any influence and endeavoured to induce them to withdraw their children from Miss Dewey's school—among others to a widow lady who lives in town and whose daughter my father with her mother's permission had placed at school at my father's expense. On hearing this my father wrote a note to Mr. James to know whether it was so or not. Mr. James, instead of answering "yes" or "no," sends back an answer of five long closely written pages,—stating that he had done so, and would do every thing in his power to break up Miss Dewey's school, and threatening Miss D. with his vengeance unless she relinquishes her school. He has got another lady under his direct patronage to teach an opposition school. If I had time to copy the whole I would send you a copy, but you must be content with extracts. He says:—

"I hold that Unitarian opinions are not only dangerous when openly avowed and taught, but that they necessarily so affect the principles, conduct, and conversation of those who entertain them as to be dangerous to all who come closely and frequently in contact with the operations of a mind under their influence, or with habits they have produced. It is not enough that

an evil be avoided, but also such constant and intimate intercourse with those who are suffering from it as will probably communicate it. . . . I wish and I pray for peace, but you are taking almost every method of provoking contention. Did you expect that we would suffer you to get up a school without opposition? For my own part I have studiously withheld from much, in order to preserve at least a courtesy with you. . . . But Sir, your attempts for the spread of your opinions are going too far. . . . She [Miss D.] has permitted herself to be put forward in a prominent station where if there be hostilities, she must suffer from them. But I trust that controversy and bitterness may be averted — that she will relinquish a school which if it is continued, must produce discord.”

This letter, which is filled up all in the same manner, was sent round to some of the good Episcopalians to read. Messrs. the Episcopalians and Presbyterians are now going hand in hand. Messrs. James and Bushnell, D—— and R——, are talking of editing a paper.

As Mr. Huidekoper was very busy and disinclined to spend his time in replying to Mr. James, he at first tried the expedient of sending Mr. James's letter to Bishop Onderdonck, “asking his protection for a deserving young lady, thus unworthily persecuted by one of his ministers.” The bishop, however, having returned a suave answer merely deprecating a dispute in which, he intimated, there was evidently heat on both sides, Mr. Huidekoper came out in the “Essayist” with this scathing rebuke to Mr. James.

“Your attempt to deprive Miss —— of her school was an unmanly act. . . . The day has been, and that not long since, when I could have proudly asserted that there was no man in our community who could be guilty of such an act. That day has passed by, . . . the spirit of

fanaticism has visited our once peaceful village. . . . Miss —— was among us a stranger. . . . She had come among us to render her talents useful to herself and to society, in the only way which, from her previous education and the delicate state of her health, was open to her, the instruction of young females. . . . You yourself admit that . . . she did not make use of her intercourse with her pupils to instil into their minds her own peculiar religious opinions. . . . And yet, Sir, you . . . became her persecutor. . . . For shame, Sir, is this a conduct becoming a man, a gentleman, a minister of the gospel? And you want us to embrace your system? No, Sir . . . we cannot embrace a system, the fruits of which are so unchristian.”

Nor does the opportunity to defend the Unitarian views pass unimproved. Mr. Huidekoper goes on to ask if those ideas can in themselves be considered dangerous to a community. Or, he says, and he knows that his words will wholesomely startle some of the “Essayist’s” three hundred and forty subscribers, look at the characters of some eminent Unitarian men, and judge if they have been hurtful. “The first to whom I shall refer are the patriarchs and other pious men of whom we read in the Old Testament. These men were Unitarians. Their minds were deeply imbued with the belief in the simple unity of God. Therefore, according to the principles laid down by you, all communication with them ought to have been avoided by their fellow citizens. . . . In coming down to modern times I shall confine myself to Unitarians of England and of our own country . . . and even of these I shall bring forward only a very few. Sir Isaac Newton, Locke, and Milton were Unitarians. . . . Lardner was a Unitarian.”

rian. . . . Cappe, Lindsey, Buckminster, Thacher, and Abbott were Unitarians. . . . And yet these are the men with whom you would interdict all intercourse, and whom you undertake to consign to everlasting perdition. Rash, intolerant man. . . . Moderate that unbounded proselyting zeal by which you are now incited. Dismiss the opinion so dishonorable to God, and which lies at the root of all your intolerance, that the salvation of man depends on his believing certain disputed dogmas. Cease to persecute. Learn to become charitable, and let the future strife between us be, who shall show himself the most zealous in the cause of Christianity by best practising its precepts.”¹

The “*Essayist*,” although it printed this letter, was devoted mainly to the discussion of points of doctrine,

¹ “I have taken the liberty,” he wrote to his daughter Anna, March 10, 1832, then visiting friends in Philadelphia, “to examine both the gentleman’s conduct and the position he takes in the last number of the *Essayist*, of which I send you a copy. I need not tell you that the respect for the opinion of the amiable family in which you reside requires that you should not lay the *Essayist* on your table where it would be open to the inspection of any one; but if you should be questioned as to the contents of this or any other number, you may then give them without hesitation, as that Essay corrects misrepresentations that may be made as to their contents.” In another letter written at about the same time, March 23, 1832, he says: “Although Mr. James and his man Mr. D—— combined with Mr. R—— and all the other Presbyterian leaders to break up Miss Dewey’s school, they did not succeed. She had about 20 scholars the second quarter, and will have, I believe, as many the third. Mr. James’ speculation No. 1 in schoolmistresses was not fortunate. He represented Miss —— as a ‘none such,’ sent expressly by Providence at that particular juncture to save the children from danger. Unfortunately for him, the lady proved a terrible vixen, possessing a temper so ungovernable as to cause her sanity to be seriously questioned. After being a severe plague to Messrs. James & Co. and a perfect torment to the poor children, the connection was dissolved before the end of the quarter, Mr. James undertaking to manage the school himself until he can procure schoolmistress No. 2, who is expected shortly from Chautauqua County, New York.”

and was in truth practically an exponent of Mr. Huidekoper's views. Mr. Huidekoper tried to draw upon outside sources for contributions, but the fact remains that all of the first twelve numbers and six of the essays of the second twelve were written by him, and as they stand in the two volumes of the "Essayist," each volume consisting of about one hundred and seventy pages, they present a careful setting forth of the doctrines of the unity of God, of the nature of sin, of the power of Jesus to assist us against sin, and of the future life, as Mr. Huidekoper found these doctrines expounded in the Bible. Beyond the Bible, in doctrinal matters, he did not wish to go. In his short message "To the Public," which closes the career of the "Essayist," he says, — "In his [the editor's, that is, Mr. Huidekoper's] researches, truth, — truth as it is found in the teachings of Jesus, has been his only object. . . . He is attached to Unitarianism because he believes it to be the doctrine of the sacred Scriptures, and the foundation of all true religion."

His essays, consistently with this belief, are from first to last earnest appeals to biblical authority, which naturally yielded to him abundant confirmation of his own instinctive and rational predilections. Nine chapters on the Unity of God open his missionary labors, for such they were indeed, and the sum and substance of the nine he lays down in these introductory paragraphs: —

"The opinions held by Unitarians with respect to the Deity are very simple. They believe in One God, a Being perfect, undivided uncompounded Unity, One Eternal Divine Mind. They do not believe our Lord Jesus Christ to be the self-existent omnipotent Jehovah, but his Messenger. . . . Although they believe him to be highly

exalted above all other created Existences . . . yet they believe also that he has nothing but what he received from his Heavenly Father, and that with respect to God he is a subordinate, dependent Being. . . .

“ Concerning the Holy Spirit, Unitarians believe that it is not a Person distinct from the Father, but his spirit, his power and energy, and that in most places in the New Testament where we meet with this word we must understand by it those miraculous powers which were imparted to Christ without measure and to his disciples and the early Christians in lesser degrees.”

Arguments, Scripture texts, refutation of Trinitarian doctrines, reassertion of the Unitarian view make up the carefully constructed pages which follow. In reading them no one can escape the feeling that the Unitarianism of seventy years ago is almost the Orthodoxy of to-day.

Quite of a piece with his articles on the Unity of God is the essay on the Unitarianism of the first three centuries.¹ In this he argues that the Apostles, their early converts to Christianity, and the fathers of the church all believed that Jesus was a being perfectly distinct from and subordinate to the Deity, and that Unitarianism, or the belief in the simple unity of God, was the uniform belief of the primitive church.

In the first century, he says, we meet with no other creed than the simple one contained in the Scriptures, namely, that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah or Christ of God. From the beginning of the second century to the year 325, the creed generally known as the Apostles' Creed was the rule of faith in the church. When in the writings of the third century, we meet with the

¹ *Essayist*, vol. ii. p. 149.

term Trinity, we must not give to it the meaning which it now has. The Trinity of that age was composed of the Supreme God and of two other beings, perfectly distinct from and subordinate to him, called the Son and the Holy Spirit, who acted as ministers of the Supreme God. And even this approach to belief in a Trinity, a belief which may be traced to the influence on the simpler tenets of Christianity by the philosophy of the later Platonists, was resented by the mass of the early Christians. "To prove this," he continues, "and to show the aversion which the multitude had to even this qualified species of Trinity, we shall cite a passage from Tertullian. . . . He says, 'The simple, the ignorant, and unlearned, who are always the greater body of the Christians, . . . not understanding that the unity of God is to be maintained but with the *Æconomy*,¹ dread this *Æconomy*; imagining that this number and disposition of a trinity is a division of the unity. They therefore will have it that we are worshippers of two, or even three Gods, but that they are the worshippers of one God only. We, they say, hold the Monarchy.'² Even the Latins have learned to bawl out for the Monarchy, and the Greeks themselves will not understand the *Æconomy* '!"

A suggestion which Mr. Huidekoper throws out concerning the rapidity of the spread of Christianity in the first three centuries and the comparatively slow increase of it in modern times pursues the same subject. In "A Fact and an Inference," published in the "Western

¹ This term was used at that time to express the agency of the Son, or of the Son and the Holy Spirit, in the administration of the Universe.—H. J. H.'s note.

² By this term the ancients expressed the undivided supremacy of the Father.—H. J. H.'s note.

Messenger,"¹ he holds the introduction of the doctrine of the Trinity responsible for the retarded progress of the Christian faith. So long as the simpler Arian form was taught, missionaries met with quick response, while the missionaries of the present day too often labor in vain. The belief in the Divine Unity, he urges, "lies at the foundation of all true religion," and is "congenial to the human heart and understanding." He even goes so far as to surmise that the persistent distinctness of the Jews as a people may be due to this feature of their religion. He can discover, he says, no other cause for this persistence than their belief in the Divine Unity. "It is the power of this faith which has hitherto preserved them, and served to them as a bond of union in their dispersion among the nations."

It is difficult for any of us to realize now that the questions of original sin and election were serious issues in a community, social issues as well as religious issues; and that those denying their validity were abused, vilified, and ostracized. But as a matter of fact Unitarians had to submit to the most uncharitable criticism while waiting for time and their good works to vindicate their right to exist side by side with the Orthodox brethren.

The two chapters on Original Sin² which follow the series on the Unity of God lead to the summary: "We have thus endeavored to show that the doctrine of original sin is not taught in the Scriptures: that it is contrary to reason and experience; and that its influence is decidedly unfriendly to the cause of piety, of virtue and of brotherly love; and now we would ask the reader seriously to consider whether the Unitarian is to be cut off from Christian fellowship for rejecting this dogma."

¹ Vol. v. p. 7.

² *Essayist*, vol. i. pp. 98 and 108.

It was painful to him even to consider this question of original sin; and the doctrine of election, which was the subject of the next essay,¹ was equally antipathetic. "We shall endeavor to suppress the feelings of unmitigated horror which this dogma is calculated to excite," he wrote, "that we may examine it with that calmness which the search after truth demands; and our first inquiry here will be: . . . What do the scriptures of Almighty God teach us on this subject?" Of course he finds that they do not teach that doctrine at all.

It is the same with the doctrines treated of in the essay on the "Particular Redemption, Effectual Calling, and Final Perseverance of the Saints."²

"The Unitarian," says this essay, "believes that God is the common father of all. That it is not His will that any should perish, but that all should come to Him and be saved. He believes that all are called to happiness, and that it is in the power of every one to become happy by trusting in God, and by following the precepts which our blessed Saviour has given to us, and the example which He has set us. He believes that, according to the injunction of the apostle Paul, every one must work out his own salvation; and he knows that God never requires of any one beyond what he is able to perform. He does not believe that conversion from sin to holiness is an instantaneous change, worked by almighty power in man, and under which he is passive, but on the contrary, that though the resolution to return to God and to become good may be taken in a moment, yet that the work of conversion itself is one requiring much time and labour. . . . He must wean himself from the sins which have acquired dominion over him; he must eradicate

¹ *Essayist*, vol. i. p. 122.

² *Essayist*, vol. i. p. 134.

the evil propensities which self-indulgence has created within him; he must purify his heart, as the source whence all his actions spring, from every guilty and unhallowed desire, and he must do all this with an humble reliance on the divine assistance and blessing. And when, at length, . . . he has obtained the mastery over himself, . . . still his warfare is not finished. He is still sensible that without continued watchfulness he may yet return to his former habits, and be lost; and that to be safe, he must persevere unto the end."

His next two articles deal with the Atonement.¹ The Scriptures indicate, he points out, that the word atonement is used in the New Testament for reconciliation and in the Old Testament in the old Jewish sense of a ceremonial for purification, not as satisfaction or payment to avert the consequences of sin. He adds: "We would state that the original Greek word, here² translated atonement, has been elsewhere constantly rendered reconciliation. This, too, in the days of King James, was the true import of the word atonement, it being originally derived from the two words at and one: to be *at one* signifying to be *at peace*, or, to be *reconciled*. Thus we read in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, —

He and Aufidius can no more *atone*
Than violentest contrariety.

And elsewhere in the same author we have, —

He seeks to make *atonement*
Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers."

After an interesting argument, to strengthen which he cites many texts, he says in review, "We observed that the terms *satisfaction*, *substitution*, *vicarious suf-*

¹ *Essayist*, vol. i. pp. 146, 169.

² Romans v. 11.

fering, imputed guilt, imputed righteousness, and other phrases commonly used . . . to express the high orthodox doctrine of atonement, are not found in the Scriptures; and we endeavored to shew that the term *atonement* as used in the New Testament means simply reconciliation; and that the atonement mentioned in the Old Testament was a rite of ceremonial purification, not a satisfaction made to Divine Justice for moral wrong. If we have succeeded in proving this, . . . it follows that the popular doctrine of atonement is not the doctrine of the Scriptures.”

He then continues: —

But, it may be asked, if this doctrine is not revealed in the scriptures, how does it happen that it is received by so large a portion of the Christian church, and that those who believe in it think that they find it so clearly taught there? Now the reason for this appears to us to be sufficiently obvious. From the dark ages there have been handed down to us a number of dogmas, the offspring of the systems of heathen philosophy of those days. These have been adopted by most of the Christian churches, and after being in various ways combined with the simple truths of Christianity have been formed into regular systems of theology. It is these systems which constitute the chief contents of our modern creeds and catechisms and confessions of faith. Although the scriptures are not favorable to these dogmas, thus adopted into Christianity, as not one of them is explicitly taught in the word of God, yet it is supposed, that we find passages there, which give support to some of the features belonging to them; and besides, in the creeds and confessions of faith, scriptural terms are frequently made use of in connexion with these dogmas. That these scripture terms, however, when found there, have a meaning totally different from that which they

have in the sacred pages, will be plainly apparent to every one on the slightest investigation. . . .

But the opinion which has most generally prevailed among Unitarians is: That the death of Christ is instrumental in our salvation only in presenting us with motives to forsake sin, and to become virtuous and holy; and that the only way in which it saves us, is by making us good. . . . That death set the seal to his mission, and established his religion in the world. By that religion we are surrounded with motives to goodness, and its precepts are emphatically what a truly great man of the present age has called them: the guide to happiness and peace.¹ . . . Christ is the messenger of the divine mercy, and the medium of the divine communication to mankind. . . .

We have thus endeavored . . . to investigate this interesting subject, and our examinations have presented us with two schemes totally dissimilar in their natures. The one represents Christ, the second person in the Trinity, as making by his sufferings and death, satisfaction to the offended justice of the Father, the first person in the Trinity, for the sins of mankind. In this scheme the person who makes the atonement, the victim by which that atonement is made, and the God to whom the atonement is made, are all one and the same Being. What a wonderful confusion of ideas this presents to us! The other scheme represents Christ as the Messenger of God, suffering and dying to establish that religion by means of which man was to be re-called to the path of virtue, which leads to happiness and to God. Which of the two schemes is most in unison with the plain teachings of scripture, and with the essential attributes of the Deity, every reader must decide for himself.

Upon the subject of eternal punishment Mr. Huidekoper writes appealingly in the essay entitled "On Ter-

¹ The Brahmin, Rammohun Roy. — H. J. H.'s note.

ror as a Principle of Moral Action :”¹ “As you value the lasting welfare of your offspring, oh! do keep their minds uncontaminated by those degrading ideas of the supreme Being which they would inevitably imbibe from the popular catechisms of the day. Teach them to know God as the best of Beings, the kindest of Benefactors, a Father who supplies all their wants.” . . .

This essay, however, is chiefly directed toward the evils of terrorism as used in revivals. Our modern terrorists, he declares, set out with the full determination to produce an excitement. This kind of preaching is pleasing to the multitude, and draws crowded audiences. The love of excitement seems to be natural to man, and the multitude will always flock in the greatest numbers wherever the threatenings against them are most violent. “Do not let it be said that people do not love to be disagreeably affected. We have only to go to the scene of a public execution to convince ourselves that the multitude, rather than miss being excited, will seek any spectacle, no matter how horrible it may be.” This kind of preaching “enables the minister to operate powerfully on the community, and to produce a marked effect . . . Genuine Christianity” he concludes, “does not stand in need of such expedients.”

The supernatural powers ascribed to Jesus presented to Mr. Huidekoper no difficulty. A thorough consistency ran through his interpretation of the mysteries of the universe, so far as he attempted to explain those mysteries at all. In the operation in nature of what others have learned to call law, he refused to recognize anything different from the direct action of the will of

¹ *Essayist*, vol. ii. p. 61.

God, sustaining, continuing, directing, developing inert matter in accordance with purposes consciously his own. In his essay on Miracles, printed in the "Western Messenger,"¹ he asks : —

What are we to understand by the laws of nature? According to the prevailing popular opinion, certain energies, powers, or tendencies, were, at the creation, infused into, or connected with our globe and all that is upon it, by means of which everything is now either upheld and preserved, or is constantly renewed and reproduced, so as to secure a permanent existence to this world and all that belongs to it. These conservative powers are denominated the laws of nature. . . . But if the present order of things can maintain itself, even for a moment, *by its own power*, it may thus have maintained itself during the time that is past, and may continue so to maintain itself forever. To a system which thus renders the world independent of its Maker and its God my mind cannot give its assent. Reason, nature, and revelation all unite in teaching that God alone is self-existent and that everything else is dependent. . . . Every organic atom, however combined, must at all times be the special object of God's care.

Matter is essentially inert, and has of itself no active properties or powers. The occult powers which we call the laws of nature, are not inherent in matter. They are merely the varied operations of the Deity, by which the universe is supported and by which every thing is upheld or renewed. If these views of the universal dependence of everything on God be correct, it follows that the birth of every insect, animal, or man, is now as much a direct act of creation as it was at the first; and that the sprouting of a blade of grass, of a leaf, or of the humblest plant, is as much the effect of the direct action of the Deity, is as miraculous as was the raising

¹ Vol. v. p. 290.

of Lazarus from the dead. All the difference I can perceive between them is, that the one is an exertion of divine power, frequently repeated, and intended to answer a common purpose, while the other is an exertion of divine power, very rare in its recurrence, and intended to answer a special purpose.

It is, however, in the essays on "Man and his Destiny" printed in the "Essayist"¹ and in those on "Future Retribution" published in the "Western Messenger,"² that Mr. Huidekoper takes an individual stand, and gives expression to ideas peculiar to himself, and, as he says at the outset, not particularly belonging to Unitarians as a body.³ These ideas, he tells us, he has arrived at after a careful investigation, but he asks no one to accept them unless he finds them in accordance with reason and with the Scriptures.

Man, he asserts, in the "Essayist,"⁴ is placed on earth to enjoy life and be happy. This world is not a vale of tears, nor is human life merely a probationary scene; even if existence were limited to the earthly years, man would have great cause for gratitude to God. God has been bountiful; he has given not only the physical basis for happiness, he has given the soul. What the soul is, we cannot know; the Bible does not tell us, and we have no means of forming a definite conception of a substance not material. Most persons consider the soul imperishable, — but if God has called it into existence, it must follow that that existence was

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 97, 113.

² Vol. vi. pp. 203, 217, 301.

³ Mr. Huidekoper's articles "On Future Retribution" in the *Western Messenger* were answered by T. M. in the same periodical, vol. vii. pp. 241, 333, as well as by Christopher P. Cranch, vol. vii. p. 187, who entitles his reply, "A Word on the Doctrine of Annihilation."

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 98.

dependent on God's will, and that the soul has not in itself the quality of imperishability. He believed that the soul would live while it found happiness in this universe, which God has so fashioned that happiness and goodness are interdependent; should a time come when the desire for a life in accord with the moral trend of the universe was not strong enough to make the soul seek the only happiness possible to it, then extinction must follow. Meanwhile life is undeniably a blessing, every one has reason to be thankful for its benefits, nor will any one be dismissed from existence who can continue to use the means of happiness provided for him.¹

“I do not like,” he said in the “Messenger,” “to enter into disquisitions of what God can or cannot do. Such matters are too high for beings so limited as we are. But it appears to me to follow from the very limited ideas which we have of God, that *inherent* immortality, like omnipresence and omniscience, belongs to his *incommunicable* attributes.”

The doctrine of immediate salvation, held by those whom he called “Ultra-Universalists,” seemed to him to be “incompatible with the idea of a righteous retribution.” He says, moreover:—

The doctrine of the *ultimate* restoration of all mankind is one which recommends itself to our better feelings, and all must wish it to be true. But I am afraid we

¹ His conviction regarding the future life, or this life, indeed, is further emphasized in the short paper on “Being and Immortality” in the *Western Messenger* (vol. iii. p. 526): “It follows . . . that in every creature—in the highest seraph as in the worm of the dust—in the human soul as in the human body—there must be a constant tendency to return to that state of non-existence from which they were called into being, and that were the supporting power of God only intermitted for one moment they would cease to be.”

have no sufficient evidence on which to found it. . . . The doctrine is nowhere *expressly* stated in the Scriptures. It is avowedly one of inferences. . . . The universal restoration of mankind is also inferred from the progressive powers of man. . . . But I doubt whether we can logically infer from the general existence of these capacities, that they must necessarily, *in every instance*, receive all the development of which they are susceptible. It appears to me that such an influence is not in accordance with what we see of the Divine agency in other matters.

Thus, for instance, if in our Western woods, a few trees are felled, hundreds of young trees immediately spring up to replace them. Now in this case, every one of these young trees possesses the capacity of becoming a large full-grown tree ; and yet it is evidently not God's intention that it should become so. The very proximity to each other in which they are placed at first, renders this impossible. Most of these young trees must perish early, and yet their existence is not useless. It tends to give to the trees that survive, an upward tendency, and a degree of development, which they could not otherwise have attained to. We see thus, that it is not a principle of the Divine government, that, in every case, every power and capacity should receive the highest possible degree of development of which it is capable.

The only retribution taught by the Scriptures, he maintained, was the possibility of extinction ; and in support of this he emphasized the fact that the Greek word Hades, the grave, and the Hebrew Gehenna, place of destruction, translated by the English word hell, should not be understood as meaning a place where life is continued in pain, but one involving the cessation of life, Gehenna being derived from Ghe-Hinnom, a burying ground in a valley near Jerusalem, where also the

refuse of the city was thrown to be destroyed by decay and fire. Hence, in the hyperbolic language of the East, "*there the worm died not, nor was the fire ever quenched*, but the process of destruction was constantly going on till all was consumed. . . . Gehenna was the emblem, not of suffering, but of destruction."

The idea of torture after death, he goes on to say, still in the "Messenger," already familiar in the mythical fires of Tartarus, became transferred to the biblical term hell-fire, and "thus the doctrine of penal suffering after death was introduced into Christianity." But destruction, not torture, the second death, not an eternity of agony, are set forth in the Bible. We read, he says, of being destroyed in hell, but never of the sufferings or torments of hell.

Then, if we again take up the "Essayist": "The Apostle says that the wages of sin is death. Here it is obvious that by the word *death*, the Apostle cannot mean that separation of the soul and body which commonly goes by this name. That death is common to us all; to the virtuous as well as to the vicious; to the infant that never knew sin, and to the hoary headed transgressor who has grown gray in iniquity. By the term death he must mean that destruction of being which awaits the wicked at the end of their course."

The idea of the extinction of the wicked as a substitute for eternal punishment was a natural outcome of Mr. Huidekoper's tenderness of heart, which could not contemplate calmly the idea of eternal suffering for any soul. No one can deny that extinction might make a good preaching doctrine for Unitarians, well calculated to bring the sinner to repentance, and furnishing the Unitarian pastor with a much needed means of reclaim-

ing the backslider. Indeed, in a letter to James Freeman Clarke (April 17, 1838), Mr. Huidekoper made a suggestion to this effect : —

You say . . . that we want above everything a system of *practical* theology; and you complain of the desultory mode of preaching which we so often meet with, and wish for something more definite. In all this I fully coincide with you. In reading the life of the late Dr. Parker, I was struck with the remark, that whatever might be the subject of his discourses, he always brought in the doctrine of repentance or reformation. This was the great central doctrine or point to which all his preaching tended. He thus gave unity of design to all his labours, and the state of his church showed how eminently successful these labours had been. But even this alone appears to me to be not enough, unless you can also lay before your audience, at the same time, a sufficient motive, why they should repent or be converted; and, if I mistake not, it is here that the deficiency of our system, as commonly held, is to be looked for. The orthodox threaten the sinner with an eternity of torments in hell, unless he does repent, and you acknowledge the efficacy of this mode of preaching. But you cannot adopt it, because you do not believe that our Heavenly Father would continue man in being for the mere purpose of tormenting him; and yet you have no substitute for it which is equally efficacious. If you tell the sinner that sin and misery are unalterably connected, he does not believe you. He feels that the enjoyments of sense give him pleasurable sensations, and on that account he gives himself up to them. If you speak to him of the pleasures of Virtue and of the joys of Heaven, he can neither appreciate the one nor the other. His moral sentiment is not sufficiently developed to appreciate moral enjoyments. If you speak to him of the goodness and love of God, these he can to a certain extent appreciate, but then

his belief in them produces an effect directly the reverse of what you had intended. He believes that his Soul is immortal and that he is to live forever. He believes also that God is good and loves him, and, combining these two beliefs, he lives on carelessly, trusting that eventually all will be well.

Such are some of the difficulties under which the Ministry labours, for want of being able to present to the mind of the Sinner motives sufficiently powerful to induce him to reform. If I am not mistaken, much of this want of effectiveness in our system has its origin in the generally received opinion with respect to the immortality of the Soul. Once lay down as an axiom, that the soul of man possesses an essential inherent immortality, and that all mankind are to live forever, and this axiom will lead us either to the belief in eternal punishment, or to a Universalism more or less modified. But if (as I believe reason and revelation unite in teaching) you convince the sinner that God alone is immortal:—that whatever is created, whether it be Spirit or matter, has a *constant* and *inherent* tendency to destruction, and is only kept in existence by the supporting power of God constantly exercised, you will make him feel his dependence on God; and if you convince him further, that eternal life, instead of being an inherent quality, is the gift of God, promised to be given to those (and to those only) who by a continuance in well doing will qualify themselves for its enjoyment, you then, at once, obtain a powerful hold on the Sinner, by appealing to the strongest natural propensity implanted in him by his Maker, namely, the love of life. I have dwelt thus long on this subject because I deem it an important one. I was led to this train of thinking by the contents of your letter, and I send you a couple of numbers of the “*Essayist*,” in which you will find my views somewhat more developed.

Most touchingly characteristic of the outgoing, warmly beneficent nature of the writer, and of his habitual practice, is the paragraph which brings his confidences — for the sentences in the essay “On Man and his Destiny” are pervaded by a personal tone that makes them like private utterances for the understanding ear alone — to a close. “Should any one ask us concerning the joys of Heaven,” he concludes, “we will tell him how he may, even here below, have a faint foretaste of them. Let him, when no eye but that of God sees him, go to the abode of the unfortunate. Let him relieve their wants, console them under their afflictions, and speak peace to their wounded spirits. And then, when their hearts open again to happiness, . . . then let him, for a moment, cast a glance at his own heart. That which he then feels, that is moral felicity, — that is Heaven.”

CHAPTER VII

WITH THE YOUNG HOUSEHOLD AT POMONA

THE new intellectual life brought to the Pennsylvania interior by Mr. Huidekoper himself and by the ministers and tutors, fresh from their Eastern colleges, whom he drew thither, did much toward making Meadville a centre of culture. Nor were the experiences of entering into frontier life, and of sharing the spiritual impetus which was felt by every one who came in contact with Mr. Huidekoper, lost upon these young men who threw themselves into the interests of the responsive community, and of the energetic household at Pomona. The journey alone, with its passage of the mountains, its day after day of pushing forward through the unbroken forest, its mornings and evenings of ineffable beauty, was an appeal to the perception of the poet, to the imagination of the mystic. Each newcomer gathered to himself a part of the novel elements which formed Mr. Huidekoper's environment, and carried back to his maturer work the fruits of his sojourn in the West.¹

¹ Ephraim Peabody's Phi Beta Kappa poem, *New England Emigration Westward*, delivered in 1835, pictures the Western world from which he then had come, and, still more, that which Mr. Huidekoper had found upon his first entrance into western Pennsylvania. The poem was printed in the first volume of the *Western Messenger*, and contains these lines :—

Dawn on the mountains ! Gloriously the morn
Purples along the east. The stars are shorn
And struggle forward with thin rays and white,

They were a notable band, these instructors and ministers who taught in the schoolroom in the north wing of Pomona Hall, or preached to the Unitarians of the town. John Mudge Merrick, Andrew Preston Peabody, Washington Gilbert, Ephraim Peabody, George Nichols, Alanson Brigham, and John Sullivan Dwight were the tutors. Add to these William Henry Channing, John Quinby Day, Henry Emmons, James Freeman Clarke, Elihu Goodwin Holland, and Rufus Phineas Stebbins, all of whom filled the pulpit for a longer or shorter period during Mr. Huidekoper's lifetime, and the list becomes representative of the active Unitarian thinkers and workers of that day.

When Mr. Merrick, the first of the tutors, arrived, Frederic, the youngest son, was not quite eight years old; Anna was about eleven, Edgar less than fourteen, Alfred between fifteen and sixteen; while Elizabeth was a child of six.¹

Then fade and vanish in the advancing light,
 O'er the far forest-line the herald beams
 Of morning upward blaze in rushing streams,
 And the imperial sun, as he ascends,
 His sceptred rays extends
 To the far summits that to heaven aspire,
 And at the touch they glow with heaven's own fire.

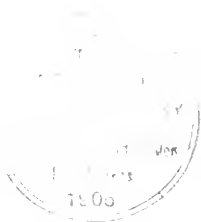
And these lines on the emigrant tide from the east: —

But then, like waves across a dyke's sharp edge,
 They broke above the Alleghany's ridge,
 And every pass that seams their lengthening crest
 Poured its vast surge of life into the West.

¹ To meet the demands of the growing household, the capacity of the house had been enlarged by a brick addition, built in 1819. This addition was put up in the rear of the main building and was connected with it by a wide, cool passage, which in summer could be used as a dining-room. The addition itself contained kitchen and wash-house, and a store-room, and chambers above for the servants. Moreover an office building of two rooms, also built in 1819, thirty feet north of the house, made it possible to devote the north wing to school purposes.



POMONA
(Front View)



The different impressions made upon Frederic by these men of strong individuality — and it was for him, chiefly, that the list grew to be such a long one — stand recorded in a fragmentary “Autobiography,” written for his children in the leisure of his later life. Of Mr. Merrick and Mr. Gilbert his recollections are not particularly distinct. Of Andrew Preston Peabody, however, they are quite clear. The familiar figure is all the more endeared to our memory by the comment, “A. P. Peabody was so peculiar, and in some respects so awkward, that no one could well help recollecting his movements, if not his instructions.” Frederic adds, “He was, moreover, a copious reader, and, at the age of seventeen, at which age he was our teacher, had read more than most persons at twice that age.”

With Ephraim Peabody came a strong reinforcement of young and devoted energy and enthusiasm. Frederic, then at boyhood’s most impressionable age, responded to it quickly, and kept the remembrance of it through all his years. “His personal influence over me,” he says, “was, because of his beautiful character, more than that of any other among them. I can remember, moreover, with pleasure, when I gave him a copy of my ‘Underworld Mission,’ his gentle request, ‘Frederic, won’t you write your name in it?’”

To Alfred and Edgar, also, Mr. Peabody was a companion and friend. They had already begun to share their father’s increasing labors, which were eventually to rest upon their shoulders, but business cares and hours did not press heavily in that happy valley. The young men were the life of a gay circle into which Anna Huidekoper and Margaret Hazlett, charming and attractive young girls, were stepping, and which

included the young people of the Shippen and Cullum families and others less connected with our narrative. Mr. Peabody's adaptability made him equally desired and beloved of old and young, and while he could spend hours walking up and down the Pomona piazza, "talking Unitarianism with Mr. Huidekoper," he was no less a congenial companion to Elizabeth, in her teens.

Take them all together, — the quiet, efficient, tenderly loved mother, the father retaining the best of the old world culture quickened by the activity of the new, the ever helpful aunts, the group of young people surrounding these strong central figures, ardent, joyous spirits alive to the finest influences of the hour, touched by the first far-thrown rays of nineteenth century idealism, but not made too transparent by them, devoted to their elders and to their church, ready in good works, generous in friendships, fond of nature, appreciative of books, — they made up a household to be one of which was indeed a liberal education.

Nor were they ever at a loss for entertainment at Pomona. First and foremost among the recreations of the masculine portion of the household was the autumn shooting. Mr. Huidekoper loved to range the fields with dog and gun, and his sons had learned from him to be good marksmen. Mr. Peabody was speedily introduced to the sport, and his enjoyment of the shooting is fairly contagious. The spirit of a September morning, when the Huidekopers gave themselves up to roaming through woods and meadows of the old Indian hunting grounds, could not be better imparted than by this passage taken from one of his letters :

[September 27, 1830.] "I have fine health. I take

more exercise than ever I did before in my life, — five times as much. I go a shooting almost every day and carry a gun round mile after mile. I am getting to be so expert a shot that I begin to grow sick of shooting at any thing except it be on the wing. Let me see — how many kinds of birds have I shot flying? of hawks, crows, pigeons, quails, woodcock. Woodcock shooting is capital; they are hardly ever shot except on the wing, and it is hard shooting them. I bagged two yesterday. We have good dogs, pointers or setters, and good guns. We sally out into the cornfields — Hie away Basto — hie away Cora — Carlo — hie away — hie away. Hist — Cora is setting. Draw up slow — gun cocked — finger on the trigger. All ready? Move on — slowly. Up jumps the woodcock — away he whirs swift as lightning. Crack go the guns — hurra — I brought him. Hie away Cora — Carlo — find him — here he is. Good fellow Cora — good fellow Carlo — you set finely. Good fellows — hie away again. Oh, 't is magnificent.”

In still earlier times turkeys had abounded. One immense wild gobbler was domesticated at Pomona and lorded it over the poultry yard until he wandered from its safe precincts, and was shot in the woods. The cry of the turkeys and the drumming of the pheasants enlivened the forest, while pigeons in autumn and spring darkened the air with their flight.

Larger game than turkeys, quail, and woodcock was often to be seen. September was apt to bring out the few bears in the vicinity. Occasionally the appearance of one in the neighborhood of the town would be reported, and then “every man and boy who could raise a gun set out to chastise him,” and the hunt would

be carried on perhaps all day. "On horseback and on foot, with dogs and without them, all started in pursuit;" thus Anna Huidekoper described for Frederic a particular hunt which took place in 1834. "The poor animal," she continued, "who no doubt had never been bedevilled with such a rumpus at his heels before, not knowing what to make of it, got up into a tree in one of Van Horn's fields to make observations and reconnoiter the opposite forces;" and of course that was the end of the "invader of the peaceful soil and unresisting cornfields."¹

Even fifty-nine years afterwards the memories of Pomona had not lost their fragrance for the sender of that letter. On April 28, 1889, she wrote to her sister: "Those lovely autumn days when father would come to the door of our schoolroom and say, 'Oh, come, dears! shut up your books; this is too pleasant a day to be spent indoors — let us go off nutting!' We would have a 12 o'clock dinner, and the whole family would go off — some in the big carriage, others on horseback, two perhaps in the chaise (gig we called it), and we would ramble about all the afternoon, gathering hazelnuts, eating peaches at Mrs. Elson's, the gentlemen of the party perhaps using their guns. A breath of those autumn woods often comes to me even now."

The young people, fond of both walking and riding, had places of resort in all the country round. An especial favorite was "the Rocks." Here were journeys' endings and basket picnickings in abundance, before the

¹ As for the squirrels, gray, black, and red, they became at intervals a veritable pest in the farmer's woods, necessitating a concerted onslaught. This was made an occasion of festivity with a barbecue at the end, in which the whole village joined.



POMONA
(Side View)

vandal days when the glen was invaded by the stone-cutters.

In winter sleighing parties were popular. Pomona would be the rendezvous for a half dozen or more sleighs with their eager horses, jingling bells, fur robes, and loads of rosy-cheeked girls and boys. At the other end of the route, perhaps at some country inn, a dance would be improvised, and after that was over the party would sing its way homeward over the moonlit roads. "We had a delightful party at Conneaut Lake last Tuesday afternoon," Anna wrote to Frederic in February, 1835. "Went out after dinner, took tea and returned by moonlight. Between Miss Wallace and Lieutenant Hurst we had some delightful music in our sleigh in returning, among other pieces 'The Phantom Ship' — have you heard it?"

Indoor gatherings also were frequent and informal. Either at Pomona or at some other hospitable house the young folks would assemble for singing, dancing, and games; or, if the occasion were one of Miss Shippen's "soireés" or if the company contained a goodly sprinkling of the serious-minded, for conversation. "Miss Wallace gave a young party last Tuesday evening," said Anna again,¹ "at which Cousin M. and myself represented Pomona Hall: quite a new thing for that venerable mansion, whose delegation generally consists of some eight or ten. We spent a delightful evening, but we missed our absent friends much. Mr. Ruter was there in tolerable spirits, discussing as usual every author and every production which has ever been read or heard of, not even excepting 'my favorite Goethe' and the 'Sorrows of Werther.' He talked a good deal about

¹ Letter of August 31, 1834.

you and also about his 'good friend Mr. Dwight' for whose *intellectual* conversation I suppose he often wishes. Mr. Boyer says he 'likes my brother Frederic, he is so full of *youth*.' " Another of Anna's letters (March 4, 1835) says: " We had a little tea-party on Monday evening at Mrs. Shippen's at which we performed various feats, such as settling amicably the dispute between France and the United States, or rather, between France and General Jackson; and Professor Ruter annihilated the Isthmus of Darien by a process which (Alfred observed) would only require three thousand years to be effectual."

From visits to Pittsburg or to Philadelphia the girls always came back with satisfaction to Pomona Hall. " Pray don't tell Mr. Norton any tough stories about our not very celebrated little counties out West here, or he may doubt when you talk about our darling little Meadville, which you know needs no embellishing to make it a little paradise," Anna cautioned her brother.

But the greatest happiness of young and old came from the sympathetic relations maintained in the large and composite family. Always watchful to provide abundant variety for his children, and sharing many of their sports, Mr. Huidekoper also knew how to make for them even out of his business engagements a holiday. His companionship alone could lend interest to a journey, and while his sons, Alfred and Edgar, were usually the ones to travel with him, his wife or his daughters or Margaret Hazlett often shared the change of air and scene. " We spent about a week endeavoring to obtain our semi-annual harvest," Alfred wrote,¹ " but the crop was rather a slim one. We had, however, some

¹ To his brother Frederic, January 14, 1835.

delightful sleighing, the snow being about a foot deep and the weather beautifully clear, although the nights were extremely cold, the thermometer sometimes standing 17° below zero. The forest scenery for several mornings was incomparably fine, the trees feathered with light frost-work, and in some places festooned with grape-vines covered with snow. The ringing echoes of the bells among the hills, the morning sun breaking forth in all its brightness upon this fairy world, and the wildness of the scenery (for we frequently went from five to six miles without [passing] any settlement) altogether made some of our morning drives quite poetical."

And again, on March 27, 1835, to his sister Anna :

Our journey was commenced, as your ladyship knows, to-day at twelve o'clock M., my father and myself being the sole occupants of the stage, and our Jehu and another fellow passenger being jointly possessed of the driver's box. Our roads were rather soft, being somewhat like the western territory, not yet settled. Our driver decidedly a clever fellow, who whistled, chirruped, and shouted at his nags, by all which devices and expedients he succeeded in *chasing*, to use his own professional technology, his horses along at the rate of some three miles per hour.

The first eighteen miles my father and self got over by discussing matters and things connected with roads, canals, railroads, hotels, etc., and in making and unmaking future arrangements, a kind of appendix to our employment at home for the last three or four weeks. By the time we had got through this, our fellow passenger, whose democracy could not keep him warm, vacated the driver's seat, and got into the coach, when my father commenced making his acquaintance as follows : "I see the pigeons are beginning to come, sir." Answer : "Yes sir, I see several." Quⁿ. "Where do you

reside, sir?" Ans. "Nowhere, sir, I am just going to Jefferson County, Missouri, there's a great chance for speculation there now, sir. It is a small place and has just been made the seat of government." Quⁿ. "Did you come from New York?" Ans. "No sir, from Harrisburg—I've been spending a week making sugar near Mr. Cooler—perhaps you know him; his wife is heir to the Holland Land Company." After some questions, Mr. Cooler was transposed from Cooler, Keeler, Culler, Koehler, into Mr. F. W. Koehler; but as to his wife being heir to the Holland Land Company, I would like to see the family record for that.

When in 1831 Mr. Ephraim Peabody left Pomona, George Nichols came to take his place.

"The most laboriously faithful in preparing me for college," Frederic wrote, "was George Nichols, afterwards librarian at Harvard; no one could be more assiduous in his efforts." The same uncompromising faithfulness applied to Elizabeth's lessons resulted in a curriculum which would appall the modern thirteen-year-old child. Elizabeth accepted her "Dictionary" and other studies without a complaint, but the bare enumeration of them in a letter written by her to Mr. Peabody after his final departure from Meadville, when Mr. Nichols had entered upon the charge of the school-room, is eloquent. She begins [October 9, 1831], "My dear Friend: Thy kind letter I received some weeks since. I should like very much to see Cincinnati and all those places which you mentioned, but if Edgar goes, I shall hear so much about it that I will be contented without seeing it for a great many years, if ever. Basto the reverend and Ponto the jumper are very well; Ponto has never been down here since you went away. Diep the fat was given away. Cora the meek and

Carlo the magnificent have entirely recovered from the distemper; we thought that neither of them would recover. Puss feels much offended that when inquiring for your old acquaintances here you should not care whether he were yet alive or no. Carlo would be very glad to get you back again, so that he would get permission to lie before the fire, especially if he brought a shingle to make it burn. I study grammar and parsing from nine until eleven, and from eleven till twelve Dictionary, in the morning; in the afternoon I study Dictionary from two till one quarter before three, then recite all my lessons, then write an hour and study grammar from that till five for one week: the next week I study the Bible, beginning at the book of Genesis, in place of Walker's dictionary. We write compositions on Saturday morning. . . . P. S. My father has gone to Erie to meet Count Maximilian de Seon, whose fame has doubtless reached you long ere this: notice has been taken of his wealth in every paper in the Union, and many surmises as to where he will establish himself."

As Mr. Nichols had been ordained, the church could now have the rites of baptism and communion administered. At the communion service in his time, a glass loving-cup made and presented to the church by Benjamin Bakewell was passed from one member to another as the communicants sat about the lawyers' table within the bar at the Court House.¹ It was in his time, too, that Miss Margaret Shippen gathered the children of the little congregation together, and, assisted by members of the Huidekoper, Cullum, and Shippen families,

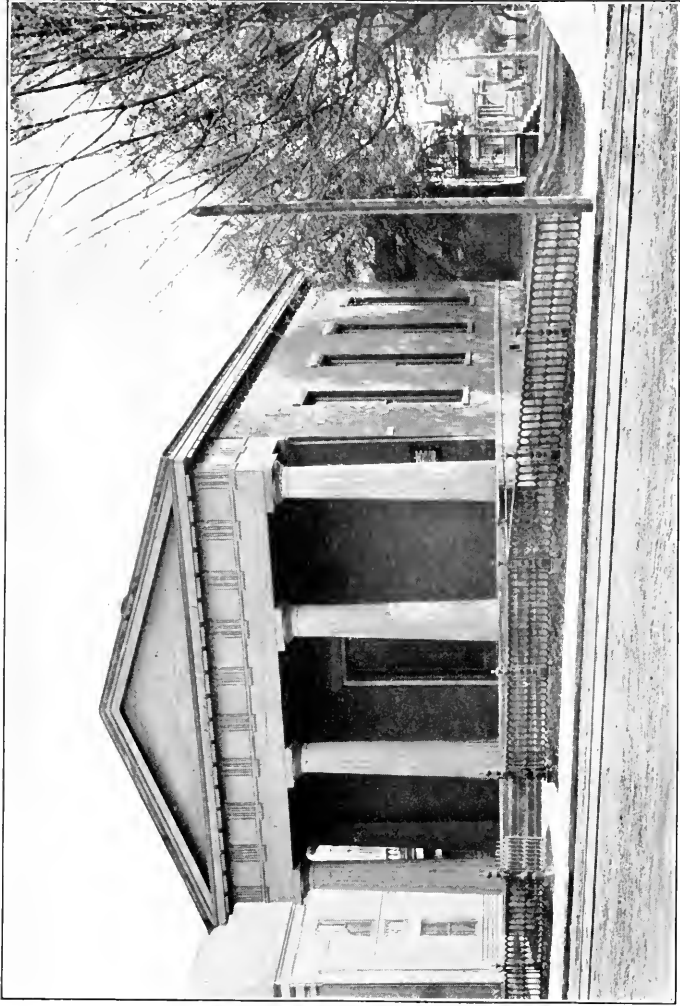
¹ E. M. Wilbur in the *Historical Sketch of the Independent Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Meadville, Pa.*, p. 26.

began the Sunday-school work which afterward grew to such large proportions.

In connection with the Rev. Alanson Brigham, another ordained minister, who taught in the school and preached in the Court House for a year after Mr. Nichols' departure, came a close acquaintance of the young household with death. Mr. Brigham was about to enter upon his second year when an attack of typhoid fever seized him at Pomona. This was on his return to Meadville, after his summer's vacation at the East. In taking this journey¹ he had traveled by stage and steamboat via Boston, Providence, New York, Albany, and Buffalo. From Buffalo he went by steamboat to Erie, or rather to "the peninsula," where he was landed at night, and in which malarial place he had to wait several hours for a conveyance, stage or wagon, to carry him to Meadville. "This caused an illness," says Frederic Huidekoper, "issuing in the typhoid fever of which he died." Frederic bore a part in the labor of nursing, and contracted the fever, which made him an invalid for several months. "I surmise," continues he, in his dictated reminiscences, "that this fever caused in my case short-sightedness, and it may also have occasioned a gradual contraction of sight, which has ended in blindness."

Blindness was far in the future at that time. One meeting Frederic then was struck by a certain boyish radiance which made him to his friends the very

¹ Another route was by way of the mountains, which at that time could be crossed between Huntingdon and Johnstown by a cable railway, consisting of tracks laid on inclined planes, five on one side of the mountain, five on the other, each plane being about three-quarters of a mile long, and supplied with a cable twice the length of the plane, so that it took up on one side two cars, while letting down two on the other.



FIRST INDEPENDENT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



embodiment of youth. His enthusiasms, however, were all for study and books. While deeply appreciative of Mr. Nichols, and probably of Mr. Brigham, he could only look with wonder and some distaste upon the special talents and idiosyncrasies of his next tutor, Mr. Dwight. "John S. Dwight [was] a person of gentle disposition, but of much less aptitude for teaching. He had an admiration for Shakespeare and a strong desire for playing upon the piano, being very fond of music, afterwards devoting much time to composition, especially of church music."

It was largely Mr. Dwight, however, and William Henry Channing, who brought to Pomona a light suggestion of the dawning spirit of the New England renaissance, the awakening to joy in life, to relish for the beautiful in literature and art, and to the desire to experiment in new modes of living, to create fresh ideals, and to build religion and society anew; the spirit which, in its loftier flight, was called at first in derision "transcendentalism." But all this was merely in embryo when John Sullivan Dwight and William Henry Channing walked the Meadville woods and drew inspiration from its gracious hillsides. Mr. Dwight's "admiration for Shakespeare" is further illustrated by another reminiscence. "While he [Mr. Dwight] was with us William H. Channing filled for some months our pulpit, and on one occasion they two, with my brother Edgar and myself, visited your grandfather's vacant field on the top of the hill on the opposite side of the creek. There we seated ourselves on stumps and read for the benefit of our lungs. A congregation of cows collected, and your uncle Edgar with Mr. Channing took two umbrellas and ran towards them, opening

and shutting the umbrellas. The cows took down the hillside in a fright, and the readers returned to their positions. Within ten minutes the herd of fifteen or twenty animals returned. This time they came cautiously, each cow protruding its head warily through the bushes. The whole side of the field presented a row of cows listening to Shakespeare."

Mr. Dwight, while he was in Meadville, was the life of the Lyceum, that New England institution now a landmark of the past, but which flourished for a time in the little Pennsylvania town. After his departure, Anna testifies, the Lyceum languished; there were melancholy nights when long prosing made the young folks stir uneasily on the benches, and laughable nights when garrulous dullness concerned itself with impossible suppositions. Now and again it would revive. "We had a pretty good lecture from Father," records his daughter Anna, in January, 1835, "on the advantages of intellectual cultivation, and afterwards a debate on the question 'Is animal instinct in any manner to be compared with human reason?' Mr. — . . . contended that even the Indian had nothing to guide him but instinct, that he never exercised the faculty of reason, indeed, did not possess it. . . . I think I will send him some of Cooper's novels to read. It may give him an exaggerated, but at any rate a nobler, idea of his red brethren."

The arrival of guests from the larger world beyond the mountains was always hailed with joy in the hospitable mansion; and when one day a stranger from over the sea came all unexpected to Pomona, it was an event which filled a large space in two of Anna's letters to her brother.

[November 4, 1834.] What a long, long time since I wrote last to you, but I think you will not refuse me absolution, when I say how we have been employed for the last week. Last Wednesday morning immediately after breakfast two ladies called and handed their cards and a letter; I asked them to walk in, and on glancing at their cards found that our guests were Miss Martineau and a young lady who is travelling with her. We welcomed Miss M. as you may suppose, with great joy, and they have been with us ever since, until yesterday afternoon, when they left for Pittsburgh. Oh, what rare enjoyment we had those five days! Miss M. is most delightful in conversation, and we walked, rode and *talked* (or rather listened) all day long. Miss M. is a great pedestrian and has tired me out completely. To be sure, that does not require *much* exertion. She has left us quite melancholy and desolate, and so I have betaken myself to sewing as the only preventive to a severe fit of the blues. Four of a family is really too quiet for me, and four such silent ones too. Alfred got home on Saturday night, and yesterday morning he left again with Father, Ma, and Edgar for Erie, from which they will return on Friday. They gave me a polite invitation to join their party, but I would rather be excused a visit to Erie at this season of the year. Wonder whether their lake is so often apostrophised since lawyer Albert left? I feel no temptation to brave its November winds just now, and at any rate would rather have spent yesterday morning with Miss Martineau than staging it between this and Waterford.

[December 14, 1834.] As to Mrs. Follen's request that I would tell her *all* about Miss Martineau, you may tell her that I know *nothing*; if a *personal* description be wished, I don't know that she could have a better impression than that conveyed by her portrait in her "Devotional Exercises;" 't is rather flattered, to be sure, but still it is very like Miss M. She talks a good deal and rather fast, but that we thought quite an advantage

to *us* who saw so little of her, as it enabled her to crowd a great deal that was interesting in a very limited space of time. Her manners are very friendly, and she made us all feel perfectly at ease in her company from the first moment. She seemed to have formed none of those prejudices against our institutions, our customs and manners which we find so universally among English travellers, and even those trifling little adventures which she met with in stage or inn which would have annoyed any one else and would probably have been complained of as impertinent curiosity or disrespect or too much familiarity, Miss M. thought were "very amusing," "very original," or "it showed a spirit of independence" in our common people. She is admirably calculated to travel to advantage, for she will see everything that is to be seen and hear everything that is to be heard, and I don't think her manners will offend even the most jealous American. If you want to know what were her precise religious views you must ask pa or Mr. Day, for I believe they discussed them at length. If her politics as respects *our* government, you must wait till she has been some time in Washington. Miss Jeffery told me that she would write from the seat of government to let us know what opinions Miss M. had formed there, for when here she had not yet composed her political creed, though I rather think there was a leaning to Jacksonism. At least she generally defended the few principles which the Jackson men profess. Miss Jeffery is very lively and intelligent and an agreeable companion for Miss M. I believe I mentioned before that she wrote me from Pittsburgh, where they made a transitory visit, and since which I have heard nothing of them save through the newspapers, which announce frequently the arrival of "the justly celebrated Miss Martineau" in this or that place. — I can't waste any more paper on Miss M., but, I pray you, don't think I have written this for Mrs. Follen; you may tell her one or two remarks, but I beg you won't read it to her,

for I feel quite unequal to the task of describing the authoress.

Miss Martineau, for her part, has given in her "Autobiography" a brief account of her visit. She speaks of her arrival in Meadville, October 29, 1834, of her "hearty reception by the Huidekopers, father and fine, handsome son and daughters," of the pretty situation of the house, with "woody hills opposite," of the "good tea" offered her, and of the fire in her "comfortable room." On the next day there was "glorious weather," much talk, and a number of callers until noon, when with Mr. Huidekoper, Mr. Wallace, and Anna she went for "a fine rapid walk over opposite hill" and through woods where she saw two black squirrels. The "sweet, rich fields stretching under shelter of woods" down to the creek appealed to her, as did the "sweet drive after dinner" on the third day, through a "rich valley and the softest woods when the red evening sun shone out." On this drive she saw a "good house building for a farmer who lost his by fire last winter," and learned that "the neighbors were bearing the loss among them," so that he was "better off for a house than before."

The letters to Frederic were written after his entrance in the Sophomore class at Harvard, in 1834. Mr. Dwight and Mr. Channing as well as Mr. Huidekoper accompanied him to Cambridge to establish him in his new quarters there, and after that time the schoolroom at Pomona knew the tutors no more.

Another young, active, vigorous personality, however, was soon to come into close relationship with Mr. Huidekoper. This was no other than James Freeman Clarke. Mr. Clarke, without his friend W. H. Channing's ten-

dency to push to extremes, was distinctly a sharer in what Dr. Edward Everett Hale has called¹ the "enthusiastic expectation" of the time. A grandson of James Freeman, and newly entered upon the ministry, he could look back upon the rapid development of Unitarianism in the near past, and draw from it hopeful anticipation of a wider outlook for the days to come. To obtain a broader horizon he had left Massachusetts, and was amassing for himself in Louisville, Kentucky, a store of Western experiences. Like Ephraim Peabody, he had felt the poetry of the mountain journey; with Mr. Huidekoper he knew human nature in the rough as he saw it on coach-top or in cabin, and had learned to win a kindly response from the "quarrelsome hard drinkers" or from the "border ruffian, bristling with bowie knives."

With both Mr. Huidekoper and Mr. Peabody he had an interest in common in the "Western Messenger," edited at first by Mr. Peabody and printed in Cincinnati, but soon transferred, editorship and all, to Mr. Clarke at Louisville. To Mr. Huidekoper the "Messenger" stood as the natural successor of the "Essayist." Indeed, as early as December, 1831, when he thought himself unable from press of affairs to continue the "Essayist," he wrote to Mr. Peabody urging him to go on with it.

[December 17, 1831.] The December number of the "Essayist" has just been issued, and here I am afraid I shall reluctantly be compelled to close this publication. There are several reasons which could make me wish that it should be continued. It is the only publication

¹ *Auobiography, Diary, and Correspondence of James Freeman Clarke*, edited by Edward Everett Hale.

of the kind in this section of country, and the only channel through which we can have access to the community at large. It was read, and the subscription list is more than equal to all the expenses. Besides, this place is about to become the seat of the Methodist College, and a publication of this kind might make many a lasting impression. But I am unable to carry on the work alone, and I have been totally disappointed in receiving assistance from any quarter. . . . Pray if I give it up, can you find leisure to undertake the editorship of this periodical, and can you get assistance from Mr. Flint or any one near you in carrying it on? Pray write to me as early as convenient, in answer, for I do not exactly know how to decide in this matter.

As Mr. Peabody could not then take up the work, Mr. Huidekoper continued the "Essayist" for a year longer, and then appealed again to Mr. Peabody to establish another Western magazine.

[October, 1832.] . . . On the subject of the "Essayist" my determination remains fixed to discontinue it with the close of the year. This is not a matter of choice but of necessity. The current business of my office has more than doubled, perhaps tripled, since you left here, and this leaves me no leisure to superintend the edition of a periodical. As I deem it essentially necessary to the spread of liberal Christianity that a Unitarian periodical should be published in the West, and as I know of no place more suitable than Cincinnati, I wish you would undertake to find some one who would act as editor. . . . It would require one person to devote his time exclusively to the editorial department, and I doubt whether the income could be rendered equal to the expenditure. . . . As to the size of the work, that I must leave entirely to you and your coadjutors. . . . As to the name of this new luminary, that I leave entirely to you. Though a successor to the

"Essayist," yet with the alteration of its form and arrangement, the name had probably better be changed. I am perfectly willing to contribute from time to time articles for your periodical whenever my leisure will admit of it, and Mr. Brigham has promised also his assistance.

It was only six months after the first appearance of the "Messenger," in June, 1835, that Mr. Peabody gave the editorship over into Mr. Clarke's hands, and this brought Mr. Huidekoper and Mr. Clarke into frequent communication. The "Messenger" had a wider aim than the "Essayist" ever aspired to. Its literary tone was marked. In its first volume Mr. Clarke introduced to the western world translations from Goethe and Schiller and fragments of the German theology. Moreover, he had in Louisville come upon John Keats's brother George, with whom he studied Carlyle, and by whose courtesy he was enabled to publish in the "Messenger" portions of a journal kept by John Keats during a pedestrian tour through a part of England and Scotland in the year 1818, and sent to a third brother, Thomas, in letters. The passages given include those on Windermere Lake and Mountains, and on Icolmkill, Stafford, and Fingal's Cave.

It is also to be noted that Emerson's "Each and All," his "Humble-bee," "To the Rhodora," and "Good-bye, Proud World,"¹ were all first given to the public through

¹ "Good-bye, Proud World," the title of which was later changed to "Good-bye," probably owes its present existence to Mr. Clarke. He found a manuscript copy of it among some papers given him by Margaret Fuller, — a stray waif, included by mistake, — and wrote to Emerson for permission to print it. Emerson replied, "You are quite welcome to the lines 'To the Rhodora;'. . . of the other verses I send you a corrected copy, but I wonder so much at your wishing to print them that I think you must read them once again with your critical spectacles

the "Messenger." Mr. Clarke published them in 1838, saying, "The same antique charm, the same grace and sweetness, which distinguish the prose writings of our author, will be found in his verse. These are almost the first poetical specimens of his writings which have appeared in print."

Early in the winter of 1835-36 Mrs. Huidekoper and her son Edgar, both of whom were much in need of a warmer climate to restore impaired health, and Anna, who accompanied them, journeyed southward to Mobile and New Orleans. Mr. Clarke, who had planned a visit to Mobile in the Unitarian interest, joined them there, and the acquaintance, formed under auspicious circumstances, progressed rapidly.

Mr. Huidekoper's letters to the absent ones are filled with the tenderest solicitude and affection. "My dear, dear wanderers," he often addressed them, and "My dear loves," and he noted eagerly each symptom of improvement as the months of separation wore on. Letters were slow and uncertain, — nine days in getting to Louisville under ordinary circumstances, and two of them, through some delay, taking three weeks in the transit; while from New Orleans the normal time was twenty-two days.

To Edgar, who, although only twenty-three years old, was already his right-hand man in all his practical affairs, he wrote constantly of the matters connected with his business, and the letters reveal the utmost confidence in his son's financial sagacity. The home chronicle also was carefully kept for the travelers.

before they go further. They were written sixteen years ago, when I kept school in Boston and lived in a corner of Roxbury called Canterbury." *Autobiography, Diary, and Correspondence of James Freeman Clarke*, edited by Edward Everett Hale, p. 126.

[December 12, 1835.] My new clerk¹ has not yet arrived, — neither is there any further account of him. If he should not come, it is no great matter, as with Alfred's assistance I can very well get on, Lizzy assisting me occasionally with the calculations, and Frederic in copying. I never felt the value of my Lizzy as much as I do at this moment. Mrs. Hazlett and Margaret are as kind as it is possible to be; but Lizzy excels them both. It appears to be her constant study to anticipate every want and every wish of mine, so that you may be assured I am well taken care of. To-day she and Malvina are busy making some of their poor scholars comfortable.

[January 5, 1836.] On Sunday last I received also a letter from our friend E. Peabody. He tells me that he does not think the state of his health requires that he should go South, and hence he declines the offer I had made him to place funds at his disposal for his journey. His letter is a very friendly and very feeling one.

[January 31, 1836.] I wish you had our carriage and horses to ride out on the beautiful shell roads Anna speaks of. As it is you must hire a carriage and ride when you feel an inclination for it. Do not, my dear wife and children, let mistaken ideas of economy prevent you from it. Only take care of your health, and think not of the expense. I can very well afford it, as my income exceeded my expenses last year by about nine thousand dollars.

[February 9, 1836.] I got all my accounts (with the exception of Albert's) made out and sent off before I set out for Erie. I was at Erie till Saturday, and shall have to return there next week to finish the settlement of my tax accounts. It was a very busy week, of which Edgar can judge when I tell him that, besides the \$2000 which I loaned Kellogg in November last to be repaid in February, I received upwards of \$5000. I have now (that

¹ Mr. Michael H. Bagley. He afterward married Margaret Hazlett.

is, when Fred reaches Pittsburg) \$5000 in bank there; \$2500 in Buffalo, as much more in the Erie Bank, and between \$1500 and \$2000 at home. If Edgar finds a good speculation in sugar or anything else, I can furnish the funds.

I was in hopes that Mr. Clarke would have remained at Mobile during the whole winter, and I feel very sorry that you are going to lose him so soon. I sincerely rejoice at his success, and hope a suitable pastor will shortly be procured for the infant congregation. This strengthens me in the opinion which I have long held and have often expressed; namely that the readiest way to propagate our faith is, to send *suitable* missionaries to the larger cities to gather congregations and organize them.

[February 10, 1836.] I left my letter yesterday unfinished so as to have an opportunity of giving you the news which the mail of this morning might bring. I received a letter from Mr. Wallace, now at Harrisburg, in which he says that there is no doubt but that the Bank and Canal bill will pass. Other letters received by other persons speak with equal confidence. This is glorious news. Another piece of news I heard this morning is not quite so pleasing. You know, I presume, that the H. L. Co. sold all their lands in New York to Le Roy and others. The new owners proved much more strict than the so much complained of foreigners. A convention of the settlers in Chautauqua County was called, and a deputation sent to Mr. D. E. Evans at Batavia, who told the ambassadors that he had nothing to do with the matter. I believe the new proprietors were also waited on, but without effect. On Saturday last a mob of about 700, it is said, attacked the Company's office at Mayville; broke open the vault; carried off all the papers and burned them. Peacock had hid himself, and thus escaped the personal violence which was intended for him. What the result will be time must show.

The travelers returned in mid-May, Edgar benefited by his southern winter, but Mrs. Huidekoper, through taking cold on the homeward journey, having lost all that she had gained. They found the members of the Unitarian congregation, and of course the young people at Pomona, deeply interested in church affairs.

The Rev. John Quinby Day¹ had, in October, 1834, come to fill the pulpit left vacant by Mr. Brigham's death, and since that event temporarily occupied for three months by the Rev. Amos Dean Wheeler,² and then from May to August or September by the Rev. William Henry Channing. Mr. Day was formally called by the congregation after a three months' trial, and remained the minister until September, 1837.

From the very first days of its existence the Meadville society had wished to build a church of its own. The project had been agitated from time to time, and now, in 1835, Miss Margaret Shippen, with Mr. Huidekoper, had given the land, a piece of ground which had originally been part of the David Mead estate; the plans were drawn by Lieutenant George W. Cullum, U. S. A., afterwards the constructing engineer of Fort Sumter, the contract was undertaken by a Meadville builder, and just one year from the time when the land was conveyed to the trustees the finished edifice was ready for dedication.

¹ John Quinby Day "resigned September 1, 1837, and went away bearing with him the good-will of the parish. He sought no other charge, but became a teacher at Medford, Mass., and eventually an editor at Portland, Maine, where he died, March 5, 1884, aged seventy-four years." *The Independent Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Meadville*, p. 36.

² "Amos Dean Wheeler, formerly of Salem, Mass., was . . . an indefatigable worker, of large natural endowments and fine scholarship. His subsequent ministry was spent in Maine, where he died, at Topsham, June 30, 1876, aged seventy-two." *Ibid.*, p. 29.

Letters from Anna written before she went to Mobile give a pleasant glimpse of the interest of the young people: —

[February 5, 1835.] We have been very busy lately building churches; but whenever we get a design, we so improve and alter and ornament that it rapidly becomes an elegant edifice which we have not the means of building. The wish is to erect a commodious edifice which shall unite elegance with simplicity and yet not be expensive. Can you solve the problem? Father has taken a great fancy to the church at Harrisburg, but the rest of us object to the upper part of the front and yet we don't see how the upper part can be altered while the lower part remains the same; do you know who dedicated it? or any one who has seen it and could say what impression it made on him? Mr. Day thinks we could have a miniature copy of Mr. Farley's in Providence; the design is from the temple of Theseus with columns in front; you remember we have a fine engraving of that temple in the "Voyage d'Anacharsis." Pa intends bearing the entire expense, and as his family expenditures can't fall far short of his income I suppose he will not be able to appropriate a great deal. Do you know of any better models in New England? Misericordia, why ain't we rich? Edgar is to have the trouble of overseeing.

[September 10, 1835.] Our church has been commenced. Some of us in walking past the ground a few evenings since stopped and laid the corner stone, though I dare say it was refixed the next day by the mason. I am all anxiety to know who will feel sufficiently interested to come out to the West and dedicate it. We are looking forward to the visits of Unitarian clergymen (whoever they may be) with the greatest pleasure.

James Thurston, Henry Coleman, and Ephraim Peabody were the ones who finally accepted the invi-

tations, and the ceremony took place on August 20, 1836.¹

The acquaintance with Mr. Clarke resulted in his marriage, in 1839, to Anna Huidekoper. Mr. Huidekoper's relations with his prospective son-in-law were already of the happiest kind, and further intimacy but increased their cordiality.

On December 17, 1838, he wrote:—

I sit down this time, not to send you an essay for the "Messenger," but to write you a letter on business. I had given certain matters in charge to my daughter Ann, and as I find she has but half executed them, I must even myself supply her deficiencies.

It is the wish of my daughter, and I understand it is your wish also, that you should go to housekeeping immediately after your marriage. In this, my wishes coincide with yours, for then I shall have a house to go to, when I visit you, which I propose doing if my life and health are spared. But in carrying these wishes into

¹ "I have just returned from Meadville, where I went for the purpose of being present at the dedication of the new Unitarian church which our friends there have just completed. Rev. Mr. Coleman preached the sermon, and an admirable one it was, and listened to with the greatest attention by a crowded audience. The pastor, Mr. Day, made the consecrating prayer, and the other services were distributed between our friend Mr. Thurston, and myself. The church, which is of brick with a Doric front, and built on an admirably chosen spot, is one of the most beautiful in its architecture of any west of the Allegheny mountains that I have seen. The expense of erecting it has fallen on a small number of individuals, but with willing hearts and generous hands it was built as easily and noiselessly as any church that I ever knew anything of. And what is more, before the day of dedication, it was completed and paid for—finished even to the railing that encloses it, and the organ in the gallery. . . . I look on this society, though not large in number, yet from the character of those who compose it as one of the strongest societies which receive our opinions in the west." Extract from a letter from Ephraim Peabody to the editor of the *Western Messenger* (J. F. Clarke), *Western Messenger*, vol. ii. p. 207.

effect, you must not be involved in any difficulties. I understand you are not wealthy. I mention this simply as an apology for my interference in your domestic arrangements, for I hope you do me the justice to believe that the want of wealth does not render you less acceptable to me. All I wish for in my son-in-law is personal worth, and an amiable disposition. These I believe you possess in a high degree. As to the rest, that I can supply myself.

It is my intention to furnish the house for you, or rather to place the necessary funds at Ann's disposal to furnish it herself. If in making your domestic arrangements it becomes necessary that you should make some purchases previous to the wedding, I will cheerfully place the necessary sum to defray them at your disposal. As your domestic arrangements will necessarily be affected by your probable income, I will inform you what it is my intention to do in this respect. My daughter says it is her wish to live comfortably, but plainly; and it is my wish that you should live free from pecuniary care, with an income not only sufficient for your own wants, but with something to spare for the wants of others. It is therefore my intention to add annually the sum of one thousand dollars to your income. Whether that addition will be sufficient I cannot tell, as I am unacquainted with the expense of living in your city. If it is not, the sum may be increased without inconvenience to me.

I enter into all these details, so that knowing what your annual income will be, in the beginning, you may regulate your domestic arrangements in accordance with it.

A month before the wedding, in July, 1839, Mr. Huidekoper with his daughter Anna visited Boston, where they were warmly welcomed. "You cannot form to yourself an idea of the kind attentions we meet with,"

wrote Mr. Huidekoper. "We owe a large portion of these calls to Anna's secret having been divulged before our arrival. Mr. Clarke has a large circle of relatives and friends here, and these are all striving who shall have her or show her most attention."¹ Andrew P. Peabody and Mr. Merrick came to see them, and Anna went to Newton to spend a Sunday with Mr. Clarke's sister, "a very amiable girl and much respected here." They dined at Mr. Norton's and paid a visit to Mr. Cushing's extensive gardens, where the flowers, pine-apples, and figs delighted Mr. Huidekoper's horticulturist's eye.

In August the household and a few guests gathered at Pomona and witnessed the marriage; two or three weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Clarke left Meadville for Kentucky. From that time onward the new household possessed for the father a scarcely secondary interest. Every trial or success that came to Mr. Clarke, and many of the philanthropic schemes that he formed, found Mr. Huidekoper ready with sympathy and support.

[September 24, 1839.] This morning, my dear Anna, we received your letter of the 18th, and though as a general thing we have limited the number of letters to be sent to you to one a week (a pretty decent allowance most people would think this to be), yet as you are so good and faithful a correspondent yourself, the rule is not to be so strictly construed but that the day of writing may reasonably be anticipated, as I do at this time.

But before I enter on other matters, I want to make a couple of remarks with respect to your letters. In the first place, I would recommend to you to procure larger sized paper to write on, such for instance as I use for this letter. I know that foolscap is not exactly the polite

¹ Letter of July 3, 1839, written to his wife.

thing in writing to strangers; but when you write home it will give you more room to tell us what you have to say. In the second place, I do not wish that Mr. Clarke should pay the postage on your or his letters. They are amply worth the postage to us. As to our paying the postage of the letters we send from here, that is altogether another matter. You know that it is our standing rule to do so, in writing to one of the absent members of the family. . . .

That there are disagreeable duties connected with Mr. Clarke's school agency, I doubt not. Such belong to every station in life, and it is frequently a trying task to be faithful to them. I was glad to learn that you were to accompany Mr. C. in a visit to the poor schoolmaster's family, and also that you had taken a class in the Sunday-school. We are never more happy than when employed in works of usefulness or benevolence; and as you have no domestic occupations, you stand in need of something of the kind you mention in order to spend your time pleasantly. . . .

. . . Tell Mr. Clarke that I have prepared an article for the "Messenger," which I should have been glad to show him before it went to the press. It is headed "On Sin," and is a leaf from an unwritten book, which I had once projected, but which is likely to remain unwritten. I suspect that, like my article on future retribution, it will appear to some not altogether orthodox.

Has Mr. Clarke got Mr. Norton's late address? The author sent me a copy of it, which I have read with much interest. I like Mr. Norton's writings, not only because, in the main, they agree with my mode of thinking, but on account of their perfect lucidness. I dislike to have to guess at a writer's meaning. I once undertook to read DeWette's "Theodore," but gave it up in despair. I hope Mr. Clarke was more successful, as he undertook to translate the work. The main error of Mr. Norton in his late address appears to me to be, that, thinking clearly, and reasoning very logically himself,

he does not make sufficient allowance for others. I think a man may be a very sincere and very good believer, although the ground on which his faith rests would not satisfy a severer logician.

[November 21, 1839.]¹ I address this letter to you (not to you and your husband jointly, as I have frequently done of late) because I want to tell you how much I am pleased with him, and how happy I am in the choice you have made. You easily guess that I refer to his conduct towards the poor widow. That was noble — God bless him! — I feel proud of such a son. I need not remind you that I am rich, and that you, my dear Anna, are one of my assistants in the large stewardship which God has intrusted to me.

[November 28, 1839.] When I wrote you last week about the arrangement which has made the fortunate Mrs. C—— an inmate of your domicile I merely looked at the moral beauty of it. I have since reflected that it may put Mr. Clarke to serious inconvenience to be deprived of his study. If this be the case, then I must ask you, my good children, to associate me with you in this good work, and that you on my account rent from Mrs. H. another room for your protégée. I would not on any account deprive the latter of the consolation which your arrangement has afforded her in her misfortunes, nor her unhappy son of the good influences under which he has been thus brought.

[December 19, 1839.] This moment I received yours of the 14th inst., and in return I send you above a check on the Bank of Pittsburg for three hundred dollars. . . . I thank you for associating me, at least in this indirect manner, in your schemes of active benevolence. From what Anna tells me I am led to hope that your exertions in favor of Mrs. H—— will prove successful, and become permanently useful to her and her family.

¹ To Anna Huidekoper Clarke.

When this last case of charity proved to be undeserving, he cheerfully wrote that his daughter and Mr. Clarke must not let that annoy or discourage them, and adds: "You regret this money because it might have been made useful elsewhere. If you want money for such a purpose, I have some which is at your service."¹

[December 5, 1839.] I am really sorry to hear that the stopping of the cotton factories at Lowell has caused a temporary embarrassment to Mr. Clarke's family. He must not, however, on this account, retain his school superintendence, if he finds it too laborious. I can without any inconvenience make to you and him any necessary advances. Pray let him write to me candidly on this subject. Heaven has blessed me too much that I should suffer my children to experience pecuniary embarrassment. . . .

You tell me that the ladies in Louisville complain that Mrs. C[larke] is not sufficiently sociable, and you promise to endeavor to do better. I think, if you do, you will find that society will interest you more, the more you come in contact with it. There is much more goodness in the world than we are aware of. For the rest I can sympathize with you. It is hard, when we feel so happy and contented at home, to go out and visit those with whom we perhaps have not a single idea in common. Pray, my dear Ann, let me beg of you, as you value your husband's happiness and your own, not to commit the much more serious fault of taking up the idea that you do not make a good wife, because you are rather too domestic. Wait till you see a cloud on your husband's brow before you begin to torment yourself with self accusations.

[December 26, 1839.] I am sorry to hear that although you do not keep house [you seem] to have become, to a certain extent, practically acquainted with

¹ Letter of February 21, 1840.

the inconveniences of slavery. The slave has not the inducements to be industrious that the freeman has. If he is industrious and saving, it adds nothing to his wealth, and very little to his comfort. Is it then surprising that he is lazy and wasteful? I have never become acquainted with the operations of slavery, from personal observation, except from what I witnessed in the State of New York some forty years ago. There slavery was (what the Southerners prate of, but what it is not with them) a kind of patriarchal institution. The slave was a member of the family. He lived with them; and the master and his sons were his fellow laborers. It was generally an intelligent old negro who managed the farm. By this arrangement the slave was raised in the scale of civilization and morality, but the civilization of the whole family was on a very low scale. . . .

The depression of business which you experience in Louisville is common to all our commercial cities, though some from peculiar circumstances may feel the pressure more than others do. It is the natural result of overtrading, and that, in its turn, is the result of our abandonment of the protective system, alias tariff system; and of the vicious system of banking which Jacksonism has substituted for the correct one we had ten years ago. That all this must work much commercial distress, and cause the ruin of many in trade, is natural and unavoidable. But I would not consider this as a legitimate objection to engaging in commercial business. The merchant, who, in this country, will devote a *lifetime* to the acquisition of a fortune, and who will in the meantime live frugally, will almost always succeed. The man who wants to make a rapid fortune in a few years and who in the meantime lives as if that fortune were already made will almost always finish by becoming insolvent. If I do not sympathize with your lady in her objection to commercial business, neither do I agree with your husband in his prejudice against a professional life. It may not be, generally speaking, the road to wealth, but it is cer-

tainly the means of being useful. I think even your husband will allow that his life is more useful to his fellow men than if it were spent in raising corn or potatoes.

One other quotation from a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, although of much later date, may be given here: —

[December 21, 1849.] We all smiled at the apprehension expressed by Anna, on the occasion of a couple of small drafts sent to you, that the love of money might injure you or yours. I participate so little in that fear, that I shall enclose another draft for \$90, if I receive it in time. I suspect that there exists an erroneous opinion on this subject. The misery of which Anna speaks will, if traced to its source, be found to arise not from the love of acquisition, but from habits of vicious, or at least of improvident indulgence. Look at the public defaulters and fraudulent bankrupts, and I think that most of them will be found to have been persons of expensive habits, living beyond their means. Wealth is power, and so is knowledge. Both are powers to do good and to be useful, and both may be perverted, and used for unworthy purposes. And yet we do not warn men against the acquisition of knowledge. Neither have I ever participated in the apprehension of injuring my children by accumulating wealth for them, and they have honorably justified the confidence I had in them, in making a noble use of their means.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCERNING THE "ULTRA SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

THE quarter of a century or more which followed the rise of what has been called "Channing Unitarianism" witnessed certain startling departures from Channing's conservative position. They were the years when Parker's genius wrought its volcanic changes in the religious life of Boston; when Emerson's withdrawal from active ministry and his affirmation of the supreme value of "the inward life" threw men at the mercy of their own consciences. Moreover, since the agitation of the time was social as well as religious, new theories, native or imported, concerning the relations of capital and labor, of master and man, of man and woman, new solutions of the problems of daily living, everywhere pushed into view. Transcendentalism, Perfectionism, a modified Fourierism, Non-resistance, Total Abstinence, Woman's Rights, these were a few of the links in the "perfect chain of reforms . . . emerging from the surrounding darkness" which Emerson saw, and which Mr. Huidekoper also looked upon, albeit with a somewhat doubting eye. It is scarcely surprising that he should have written in comment,¹ "The present is truly a revolutionary age. Men everywhere have lost that blind veneration for the systems, the opinions, and the institutions of former times which once existed, and

¹ "Review of Brownson on the Laboring Classes," *Western Messenger*, vol. viii. p. 316.

Harm Jan Huidekoper





begin boldly to examine into their truth, or their adaptation to the present situation of society.”

It was not that the significance of this agitation was lost upon Mr. Huidekoper. He was himself a part of it, in so far as freedom of thought and hopefulness for the future went, but his natural poise of mind never allowed him to lean unduly forward. His balanced conservatism led him to depend on proven practice rather than on untried methods and ideas; indeed, his point of vantage, somewhat aloof as it was, did often enable him to discern where the advancing body made safe progress, and where its extreme wing pushed out to unstable ground.

“There is something very seductive in the spirit of Ultraism,” he acknowledged, as early as 1841, “which has become so prevalent in New England. It is respectable too, on account of the source from which it springs; but,” he goes on to say, “this does not prevent its being injurious. The established customs of society are generally the result of experience, and not lightly to be departed from. I do not find that the really great and good men of former days ever fell into this spirit of petty innovation.” And again: “I fully agree with Father Taylor, that there is but one Boston in the world. Nowhere is the human mind in such a state of fermentation as it is in Massachusetts, and nowhere do its inquiries run on matters of deeper moment. From such a state of things we may promise ourselves much good for the future; but, as a necessary consequence, it must for the present be accompanied by much of fanaticism and of folly, for the development of the rational and of the moral powers do not always keep pace with each other in the same individual.”¹

¹ Letter to Mr. Clarke, December 26, 1842.

Irrational in the extreme were to him many of the utterances of the idealists. He was not in the least within the charmed circle that listened to Emerson, — he could not even read Emerson. Nor would he have been found among the participators in Margaret Fuller's "conversations." Some of these afterward distinguished people he would have ranked with "good Miss ——," the most ardent of them all, of whom he said, "I suspect she belongs to a class which Rousseau characterizes as *sage par le cœur* and *folle par la tête*."¹ Others, like Bronson Alcott and Orestes A. Brownson, would have fallen under a heavier judgment. Of Alcott, indeed, he had absolutely no comprehension, and he gave him no quarter.

[March 10, 1843.] "I cannot plead guilty to my Anna's charge, that I am too hard on Messrs. Alcott, Lane & Co. I beg her to recollect that I do not judge them to be worthy of the lunatic asylum or house of correction for any opinions which they hold for themselves; but because they teach doctrines which when carried out must lead to theft and robbery. If by their doctrines they induce the young and inexperienced to steal, it will be no mitigation to the evil done to society that Messrs. Alcott & Co. were simple, well-meaning men."

His attitude toward all the theorists was that of the practical conservative; their speech was foreign to him, their ideas mere confusion. "I am a good deal of a Utilitarian," he declared, "and judge of men according to their usefulness, and when I compare the course of a William Eliot, a Father Taylor, or a Waterston with that of an Emerson, a Ripley, a Theodore Parker,

¹ Letter to Mrs. Clarke, January 1, 1844.

a Brownson, and others of that stamp, I feel how valuable common sense and a well-regulated mind are.”¹

The tone of the “Western Messenger” at one time caused him some disquiet. It was, under W. H. Channing’s sanction, giving generous space to a consideration of certain ideas which Mr. Huidekoper looked upon as equally opposed to common sense and safety. His friendship for Mr. Channing was warm and sincere. Deeply he appreciated his rare nature and exceptional gifts. All the more because of his personal interest in him did he chafe at what he called Channing’s “constitutional tendency toward the vague and the mystic.”² It must be borne in mind, moreover, that the comments which are repeated here as throwing light upon Mr. Huidekoper’s views were made by him, not in any public way, but only in the correspondence with his son and daughter, who were, both of them, Mr. Channing’s faithful friends, and would in no wise misunderstand the strictures. “I mentioned to you in my former,” he wrote to Frederic (January 7, 1841), “that there is just now an extraordinary state of mental fermentation in New England. I regret to see by the ‘Messenger’ that our friend W. H. Channing appears to have caught some of the ultra spirit of the times. Not only that he praises Brownson, but in his last number he has given us the principles of the Non-resistance Society, under the title of ‘Great Principles for Consideration.’ Now these principles, by preaching an equal distribution of property and denying the right to imprison any one, are destructive of our present social order.”

Mr. Channing’s praise of Brownson,³ supplemented

¹ Letter to Mrs. Clarke, February 24, 1843. ² *Ibid.*, August 18, 1841.

³ Mr. Lindsay Swift, in his *Brook Farm*, pp. 241-251, felicitously de-

by Brownson's articles in the "Quarterly Review," spurred Mr. Huidekoper on to publish in the "Messenger" two papers entitled "Brownson on the Laboring Classes."

"Mr. B.'s *avowed* object," he says, in the first of these,¹ "is the destruction of the whole present social and religious organization of society; and the proposed means to effect this are, physical force, — a war of those who have nothing, against those who have something. Let it not be imagined that this plan is rendered harmless by its very extravagance. It is not addressed to the intelligent part of society, but to the passions and prejudices of that portion of the community whose intellectual powers have been less developed, and which is therefore more liable to be misled. Those who have studied the history of the French Revolution, with the attention which it so richly deserves, must have observed that all the excesses in that great drama were committed by bodies of *misguided* men, apparently not formidable by their numbers, but rendered truly so by the energy of excited passions. If a Marat, of not half Mr. B.'s talents or popular eloquence, could, by a pretended zeal for the interests of the lower classes, and by appeals to

scribes Brownson's course through Presbyterianism, Universalism, and Unitarianism to the Roman Catholic Church, and says (p. 244), "In 1840 Brownson awoke and found himself conspicuous, if not famous. Allied for several reasons with the Democratic Party, he wrote in that year an essay on the laboring classes, in which he suggested the impairment, by political methods, of corporations and of the credit system. The Whigs, displaying an unexpected energy, printed his paper as a campaign document. The publication of this essay may have acted as a boomerang on his party, but it did Orestes Brownson a deal of good. It refreshed him as the deliverance from the Everlasting Nay refreshed Teufelsdröckh, and marked, as he says, 'the crisis in my mental disease.'"

¹ *Western Messenger*, vol. viii. pp. 316-330.

their prejudices and passions, acquire such a dreadful ascendancy over them, who will deny that Mr. B. may, by the same means, acquire a similar influence over the same order of society?"¹

Mr. Huidekoper's reply² to the second article by Brownson concludes: "My motive in thus reviewing these articles has been to prevent the laboring classes from being misled by them. I would save them from the misfortune of learning to look upon their employers, upon religion, and upon its ministers, as their natural enemies; I would save them from the misery of a discontented spirit; I would save them from the delusion of looking to social reform for the amelioration of their condition, instead of relying on the resources within themselves, — industry, economy, sobriety and prudence; and I would save society from having formed within its bosom associations of discontented, reckless men, who, under the influence of designing demagogues, might become dangerous to its peace."

William Henry Channing, it must be confessed, had at this time swung far beyond Mr. Huidekoper's ken in speculative thought and acknowledgment of strange gods. His eloquence called out high commendation.

I have always [wrote his critic, January 22, 1844] taken a sincere interest in him, and I have regretted

¹ "The history of the French Revolution is not studied in this country as much as it deserves to be. It is replete with valuable instruction. If, instead of bewildering ourselves with idle speculations, bottomed on imaginary first principles, we would learn to study politics in the great drama of life, we should arrive at much safer and more satisfactory results, and be plagued with fewer wild and dangerous theories. This would also assist us to distinguish the real patriot from the mere demagogue and pretended friend of the people." [Mr. Huidekoper's foot-note.]

² *Western Messenger*, vol. viii. pp. 433-449.

that his course for some years was not such as was calculated to render him in the highest degree useful. All appear to concur that, as a public speaker, our friend is wonderfully impressive. Here, then, is his forte. Why not stick to the pulpit and let the press alone? Or, if he must write, why not print his own writings, and not make himself the vehicle for circulating the crude extravagancies of others? Remember me kindly to him when you see him.

In 1844 Mr. Channing was connected with a periodical called "The Present," and of this Mr. Huidekoper wrote to Mrs. Clarke [January 1, 1844]: —

I can understand plain English tolerably well, but much of what appears in "The Present" is written in Irving's unknown tongues, and those I do not understand. . . . How Channing could consent to insert such a piece of Fanny Wrightism¹ as the article on Woman in his last number, I cannot conceive. I was glad to see that Greeley took him to task for it.

And again: ² —

I received the January number of "The Present," and am as little pleased with it as Anna appears to be. Not that I have read it. But I have looked into it, and satisfied myself as to its contents. Feeling in full charity with my friend W. H. C. when the pre-

¹ "Fanny Wrightism" seems to have been a favorite charge brought against reformers or innovators. Thus Garrison was, by the Rev. Mr. Dicky, "accused . . . of Fanny Wrightism,—of advocating the equal division of property, the prostration of all law, the abrogation of marriage." (*William Lloyd Garrison, the Story of his Life, told by his Children*, vol. ii. p. 249.) Frances Wright was "born in Scotland, September 6, 1795, died (Mme. Darusmont) in Cincinnati, December 14, 1852. Her attempted community in Shelby Co., Tennessee, in 1825, was a notable early anti-slavery enterprise. She was . . . a socialistic co-worker with Robert Owen, and a co-editor with Robert Dale Owen of the New York *Free Inquirer*." (*Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 142.)

² Letter of January 29, 1844.

sent number arrived, I undertook to read the leading article on Thanksgiving and New Year wishes ; but I found that it would not do. After wading through the introductory part, which is neither prose nor poetry, I got to the causes we have for being thankful (beginning near the bottom of page 219), and with the first of these I gave out, finding it hopeless to make out a rational meaning from such a rhapsody. He begins by stating that we owe thanks first for our existence, and this is about the only rational sentence I find in the whole section. With Walker and Johnson, I had considered the words *existence* and *being* as convertible terms. W. H. C. tells us they are opposite. He next tells us that the Infinite One, and the temporal finite, marry, are counterparts, and that smacks something of Pantheism. We are next told that this universe is only the substantial world of God's ideas, and this brings us back to Platonism, according to which there exists in the Divine mind a pattern in conformity to which everything was created. Mr. C. continues: From this *awful reality* do we come, &c. — Now from his having first stated non-existence or nothing to be an unmeaning term, I can give no other meaning to this sentence than that C., with some Eastern philosophers, believes in the pre-existence of the Soul. We have next something about the self-imposed necessity of the Deity, and some expressions from which we might infer the creation to be eternal, and that it results not from a voluntary, but from a necessary act of the Creator. But I feel that it would be unsafe, and perhaps unfair, to carry out what our friend says to its legitimate results. And now, is it not a pity that so worthy a man should waste his life in this useless manner? Contrast his writings with those of his uncle,¹ the Wares, Greenwood, the Peabodys and others, and there is not one who expresses himself as our friend. If it were not for what you write to me respecting him I should sometimes doubt his sanity, as I

¹ The well-known Dr. William Ellery Channing.

do the sanity of Emerson. In "Bancroft's Hist. U. S.," pages 144 & 145, you will find something which has a strong bearing on the socialism mania of the day.

The close of Mr. Channing's brief editorship elicited the comment : —

[April 15, 1844.] "I am glad to hear that W. H. Channing is about relinquishing his connection with 'The Present.' The moment he does I purpose doing so too, by discontinuing my subscription. I feel as if I were not doing right by contributing towards the vagaries of Alcott and Haywood among the community. As to Channing's contributions, in regard to them I felt not the same scruples, not only because they were better in themselves, but also because they were very little intelligible."

If Mr. Channing was not "intelligible" to his old friend, the transcendentalists in general were still less so. Mr. Huidekoper's great respect for some of their number, as well as the impossibility of discovering just what transcendentalism was, tempered sensibly his utterances concerning them. Yet he was not a little bewildered by the hospitable if transient entertainment given by Mr. Clarke and his friends to "the theoretical vagaries" and "novelties,"¹ with which the times were rife. We find him turning with a sense of relief from his contemplation of the scene in the East to his son Frederic, who remained absolutely undazzled by any of the iridescent refractions of the day. In the letter to Frederic, of January 7, 1841, he says : —

In regard to transcendentalism, I find we think pretty much alike. The fact is that I have never been able to ascertain with precision what meaning is to be attached

¹ Dr. Hale's word.

to it. J. F. Clarke (who is classed with the transcendentalists) defines it as the belief that all our ideas are not (as Mr. Locke held) derived through the senses, but that some ideas are independent of them. I believe it is a return to the system of innate ideas. Among the ideas thus supposed to be innate is the idea of God and of religion. Clarke holds that though those ideas are innate, yet that it requires extraneous teaching, such as revelation, religion, instruction, &c., to develop them. This reduces these ideas to a mere capability of receiving religious instruction. Others carry the system much farther, and give to these ideas a power and development which renders revelation superfluous. It is this that has alarmed Mr. Norton and others. I can, however, perceive no necessary connection between transcendentalism and pantheism; and the question whether Spinoza was an atheist or a pantheist appears to me to be a mere historical question of very little interest to us at this time.

As a member of "Hedge's Club,"¹ as an investigator of contemporary German literature, as an inquirer into all the schemes for a new social order which teemed in the inventive Yankee brain, James Freeman Clarke was in thorough accord with the circle represented by the "Dial." His pulpit was open to Parker, his assent to Emerson. He was, as Mr. Huidekoper has intimated, as much as any one a transcendentalist. Yet although he thus sat high above the salt at New England's feast of reason, his strong head was proof against an undue flow of soul. His people, the independent congregation which he had gathered about him through sheer force of leadership, idolized him; and Mr. Huidekoper watched the building up of the Boston society, the Church of the Disciples, with great satisfaction. He wrote to his

¹ *Brook Farm*, by Lindsay Swift, page 8.

daughter (August 18, 1841): "As I take a father's interest in all that concerns James, I am happy to learn that his efforts to build up a new society continue to meet with success. I hope this will continue to be the case until his society shall be permanently established, for I am not one of those who, with Miss Peabody and others, believe that mankind can as yet do without an outward and visible church. Of all the theoretical vagaries of the day, this appears to me to be one of the most extravagant. Suppose Miss P. and a few other good intellectual people can do without the aid of public worship, it does not follow that the rest of the community can. You and Alfred can read without spectacles, but even Miss P. would admit it to be bad reasoning, if I on that account insisted that she must dispense with the use of glasses. I have seen the experiment of doing without public worship tried; and I wish that those who recommend it for general adoption should first go to one of our new southwestern settlements, to see how it works."

Brook Farm he treated with gentle irony. In this same letter he remarks: "I am glad to learn that Wm. [H.] Channing has not entered that hospital of invalids yecept the Community (Brook Farm), and I hope he never will. . . . I pity my friend Dwight from the bottom of my heart. What will he do at the Community? He has no physical strength to live by bodily labors; and besides he will find little of poetry in practical agricultural operations." And in another letter (September 16, 1841): "Miss Peabody's description of the Community interested me less than would at the end of the year the page of Mr. Ripley's ledger in which the accounts of the experiments in socialism are kept. If

James learns what is the result of this experiment, I shall be glad if you will tell me."

James Freeman Clarke's society gathered to itself goodly numbers and prospered smoothly until 1845, when the commotion raised by Theodore Parker's heterodoxy was at its height. At the very time when the outcry against Parker was the loudest, Mr. Clarke exchanged with him. "Black Sunday" the day of exchange was set down in his diary. It was January 26, — and black indeed it looked to a large part of his congregation, fifteen of whom withdrew and formed a new church of their own, and the Boston Unitarians in general resented Mr. Clarke's liberality. Mr. Huidekoper, indeed, was troubled by it. He had been reconciled, he said, to the distance that separated him from his daughter, because he had seen the wonderful success of Mr. Clarke's work, and realized the good he was doing. "James had collected perhaps the best society existing in Boston, at least such the late Henry Ware pronounced it to be. Into that society James had infused a high devotional spirit, and, in return for the good he had done them, he possessed the esteem and affection of his society to a perhaps unprecedented degree." His own sacrifice and Mr. Clarke's endeavors seemed to him about to come to naught. "And now to see that harmony disturbed and all James's mighty influence for good jeopardized is really painful to me. That James in all this matter has acted from principle I feel perfectly convinced of, but this does not essentially affect the result. What that result will be I cannot foresee. Should it be a dissolution of the connection between James and his society (an event which I pray God in his mercy to avert), I then ask that James do not form

any permanent engagement until you can hear from me. I hope and trust, however, that this storm will subside.”¹

With regard to Theodore Parker his position was clear. The term Christian he could not apply to Parker.

To the Clarkes he wrote again (February 14, 1845) :

“When Mr. Parker declares himself to be a Christian, does he use this word according to its common acceptance, or has he attached to it a new and altogether arbitrary meaning? I think that he has done the latter, and that therefore he does not fall within the rule as laid down. That, in common cases, we have no right to inquire whether, when a man declares himself to be a Christian, he attaches to that term precisely the same ideas as we do, I freely admit. But Mr. P. has taken his case out of the common rule; and besides, there is a fundamental doctrine laid down in the gospels, concerning which all who bear the name of Christians are agreed, namely: that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ; and it is the belief in this fundamental article of faith which has, from the beginning, been considered as necessary to constitute a man a Christian. Now Mr. P. has published sundry books in which he has given an exposition of his opinions, and, if the extracts from these books which I have seen are to be depended on, he has there declared that he does not believe in Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ, the authorized messenger of God; but that he considers him as a common man, liable like other men to be mistaken; and that he gives the name of Christianity to a system which, according to Mr. P., was long anterior to Christ, and so entirely independent of him that it would have existed just as

¹ Letter of February 12, 1845.

well if Christ had never been born. Now, this appears to me to be simple Deism.”

Deism, Pantheism, — what pitfalls the words represented! And Mr. Huidekoper in turn had been suspected of falling into the snare. “I was almost amused by finding myself classed among the Pantheists in an article which appeared recently in the ‘Christian Register’ over the signature of S. F., and that because I believe in the all-pervading agency of God. Mr. S. F. appears to me to be neither a very profound thinker nor a very good reasoner, and as this attacks my favourite article of faith, I should feel tempted to review S. F.’s article if I lived at Boston and not 700 miles off. Mr. S. F.’s *assertions*, that the Pantheism which deifies all that exists is equally injurious with that which reduces God to a mere power inherent in nature appears to me to be an extravagancy; and his subsequent assertion, that the belief in the constant all pervading operations of God involves a denial of the existence of nature or the creation, I know to be unfounded, for I firmly believe in this all pervading Providence, and I also firmly believe in my own existence, and in the existence of things around me. I suspect some men bewilder themselves with their metaphysics, and then write on subjects which they have not sufficiently considered in their several bearings.”¹

It was give and take on every side, and the scent of the fray was dear to the nostril even when its invitation was but the breath of the east wind suggesting Anniversary Week. “I hope to be at Boston during the week of the meetings, and I shall then have an oppor-

¹ Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, December 13, 1844.

tunity of hearing all about the various projects now in agitation for curing all the moral and social evils of the community. Perhaps I may then also be able to find out how it happens that all these new lights, whether anti-slavery men, non-resistants, or socialists, appear to bear so much ill will towards the clergy. With them the clergy appear to be the scape-goats on whom the sins of the whole community are to be loaded.”¹

The terrible pressure of the anti-slavery cause, the immediateness of its appeal, was fast lifting it to a rank above all other reforms in the controversial arena. It was the major conflict which bore onward for a season, under Garrison's strong leadership, various weaker struggles, all to be submerged, later, in the on-rush of actual war. It was in 1844 that Garrison's "No Union with Slave-holders" became the burning topic for discussion. The New England Anti-slavery Convention held its meetings that year in the Marlboro Chapel in Boston, and, on the 28th of May, adopted by a vote of two hundred and fifty against twenty-four resolutions embodying the disunion doctrine.

Mr. Huidekoper had never come under Garrison's influence. While uncompromisingly an anti-slavery man, he could not stand even by the side of James Freeman Clarke as an abolitionist. He fully believed, at this time, at least, that mild methods and the natural progress of events would bring about the desired change.

[December 21, 1846.] "If Mr. Vaughn undertakes to publish an anti-slavery paper in Kentucky, I hope he will be more moderate and prudent than C. M. Clay. I do not believe that it is best to make people angry in

¹ Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, April 22, 1844.

order to convince them, or to win them over to our opinions. It appears to me that the anti-slavery appeals are not judiciously addressed to the proper motives. If, instead of presenting slave-holding as sinful, it was represented as injurious in a pecuniary and social view, both to the slaveholder and the community, the representations would produce more effect. It is a difficult matter to persuade a slaveholder who treats his slaves kindly that he is committing a sin by keeping slaves, especially when the laws of his state do not permit him to manumit them, and when his only way to get rid of his connection with slavery is to transfer his slaves to another master who perhaps might treat them less kindly. But it appears to me more easy to convince such an one that it is more advantageous to use free than slave labor.”¹

Here was in action the same dislike of “abstractions” to which he has already confessed. The abolitionists, with their insistence upon abstract principles, left him unmoved. He looked in imagination upon the practical application of these principles to the case in hand, to the life of the South, to the relations between South and North, and foresaw disaster. All his old-world dread of revolution and violence, all his experience of men and their suffering, rose in protest against the splendid recklessness of driving the ploughshare of abstract right straight through the homes of half a nation. He would proceed by law and in order.

In a letter of September 27, 1847, he advanced to the support of Dr. Gannett and others, whose conservatism was drawing upon them the reproaches of the “Christian World:” —

¹ Letter to Mr. and Mrs. James Freeman Clarke.

On the day I left Philadelphia I met with a very interesting man from the eastern shore of Maryland, who, on his part, appeared pleased with me. From his garb, and other indicia, I took him to be a clergyman. He was a slaveholder by birth; had occasionally purchased a slave to prevent families from being separated, was a declared anti-slavery man, and had shown his sincerity by manumitting one of his female slaves, who had found a prospect of establishing herself in New York. He expressed his willingness to manumit every slave he had the moment it could be done to their good, but declared that in the present state of things such manumission would be injurious to them, as it would withdraw them from a situation where both their physical and moral well being were duly cared for, to consign them to the condition of free blacks in a slave State, which he represented as one of extreme degradation both in a moral and physical point of view. For the rest, he much approved of a plan of gradual and prospective emancipation such as had formerly been adopted in New York, New Jersey, &c., and expressed a hope that, as slaveholding was found to be a ruinous concern, some means would soon be adopted to free Maryland from this curse. He, however, expressed the universal Southern sentiment, that the violence of the Northern abolitionists has retarded emancipation.

That the free blacks should be in a state of greater degradation than the slaves, may appear strange at first view, and yet, on second consideration, it is not strange that men without the means of instruction, and for whom no one cares, should be more degraded than others who, even in an unfavourable situation, are under better influences. On this subject a couple of facts have come to my knowledge which appear to me to have a strong bearing on it. In 1834 I visited the state prison at Charleston [Charlestown?]. At that time the colored prisoners bore to the white the proportion of one to six, while in the census of 1830 the relative proportion of

the coloured population was to the whites as one to eighty-six. According to this ratio of an equal number of whites and blacks there would be fourteen of the latter in the State prison to one of the former. On my late passage through Auburn, I found the ratio between the black and white prisoners nearly the same as at Charleston [Charlestown?] in 1834. Surely this indicates a moral condition of the colored population which deserves to be considered in anti-slavery movements; and shows also the extent to which our pseudo reformers are carried by their abstractions, when Mr. Greeley and his coadjutors strove hard to extend the elective franchises to this class of men.

While on the subject of abolition, I would beg of James, as soon as he becomes the editor of the "Christian World," to put at once a stop to the attacks which of late have been made in that paper on Messrs. Dewey, Gannett & Parkman, whose only crime appears to be that they doubt the expediency of the course pursued by Messrs. Garrison, Douglas, May, Jr., and others. If our Christian liberty is to be limited to the right of thinking and acting as prescribed by these reformers, it is merely a kind of democratic right of going in the political traces quietly and without kicking. I think the most strenuous conservatives allow a rather greater share of individual liberty of opinion.

Still, it is evident that as the situation became graver he drew to a more advanced position. "Yesterday was the day for the great Van Buren convention at Buffalo, and I am with some interest awaiting to learn the result. That men should place at the head of the Liberty party a man whose subserviency to the South during the whole of his administration has been notorious, and who was a party to that infamous conspiracy to kidnap the Amisted negroes and send them back to Cuba, shows how easily men suffer themselves to be gulled. I hope,

however, that this new party will do good. It will assist in saving us from Cass, and an extension of slavery. I should not be surprised if the admission of Texas should, in the hands of Providence, become a means of abolishing slavery.”¹

Many a discussion did he have with James Freeman Clarke on the subject of obeying the Fugitive Slave Law. He could not for some time after it was passed accept the idea that it could be his duty to become a law-breaker. Yet one or two incidents show that his attitude was to be accounted for, in part at least, by the fact that he had never come in actual contact with slavery; and that he could not for a moment maintain that attitude when faced by a direct appeal to his sympathy. One day, his granddaughter says, Mr. Huidekoper and Mr. Clarke, while out driving together upon one of the country roads, were deep in one of these very discussions, and Mr. Huidekoper was strenuously holding to the position that it was dangerous to teach that the law ought to be disobeyed. At that instant, at a turn in the road, they suddenly met a party of fugitives, just escaped from the South and hurrying on their way to Canada. Mr. Huidekoper stopped his horse and questioned them; and when he drove on all the money that he had had in his pockets had somehow found its way to theirs.²

His grandson, General H. S. Huidekoper, who fought in the war for the Union, and lost his right arm for the cause at Gettysburg, distinctly remembers a day shortly after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, when, walking on the street with his grandfather, they

¹ Letter to Mr. and Mrs. James Freeman Clarke, August 10, 1848.

² See, also, *Anti-Slavery Days*, by James Freeman Clarke.

met a party of terrified negroes moving further northward. A deep impression was made on the boy when he saw his grandfather encouraging with liberal purse the poor creatures that were making a second escape, this time from the Northern states to Canada. "His big heart," says General Huidekoper, "beat quickly at the wrong, and my little heart, as he gave me half dollars to hand to some other members of the fugitive party, drew in abolitionism which culminated in the sixties and had much to do with my interest in the war of the Rebellion." Tradition has it, also, that Mr. Huidekoper was in the habit of furnishing money to Mr. Randolph, whose home was a regular station on the underground railroad, and that many a runaway—for Meadville was on the direct route to Buffalo and thence to Canada—was helped to freedom by his generous hand. His great tenderness of heart could not let it be otherwise. His granddaughter affirms that he "never was able to read Uncle Tom's Cabin, because the pain and cruelty described in it distressed him. He read the beginning, but when he came to the separation threatened between Tom and his wife and children, he quietly laid down the book and did not ever take it up again."

CHAPTER IX

INDIAN SUMMER

As time went on, and the circle widened to include new members brought into it by marriage, while new interests opened for all, one shadow fell upon Pomona and upon those who had shared its brighter days. Mrs. Huidekoper, who with the advance of age had gradually succumbed to a gentle invalidism, quietly loosened her hold upon the world and slipped away.

She died on the 22d of October, 1839. On the 26th Mr. Huidekoper wrote to his daughter:—

It has never happened before, my dear Anna, that I felt any reluctance to taking up my pen to write to you. It is the case now, my dear daughter, because I feel that what I shall say will reopen a wound which is still fresh and bleeding. But why should we not talk of her who at this moment is almost the exclusive subject of our thoughts? Why should we not pour out our hearts to each other, and mingle our tears for a loss which to both of us is irreparable?

In a few hurried lines I informed Mr. Clarke of the death of your mother, and devolved on him the task of communicating this afflictive news to you, and of supporting you under it. Alfred has since written to you, and has communicated the details of the closing scene of your mother's life. There is only one point on which he has not been sufficiently clear. He has merely painted Lizzy as a ministering angel; I must paint her to you in higher colors. Never, until the late trying scene revealed her to me in her true character, had I

known my daughter. I had only known her as a kind, good, affectionate daughter; as the ever cheerful, the ever happy Lizzy. But never had I known her as the firm, strong woman, possessing a power of self-control which I have never seen equalled. But I must enter into details to do her justice. Lizzy had by her watching in the earlier parts of your mother's illness, and perhaps still more by her mental agitation, become ill herself. . . . She, however, refused to retire to another room, but occupied a bed at the foot of her mother's. From that she rose every time that her mother moved to attend to that mother's wants; and when that mother's illness increased, the mental energy of your sister entirely overcame her bodily indisposition. With a slight exception she spent the last forty-eight hours at the dying bed of her mother, ministering to her wants with a daughter's care and a woman's tenderness. A hundred times during those dreadful hours I have seen my Lizzy's frame convulsed by her feelings, but never did even the slightest tremor in her voice betray to the ear what was passing within. Her voice retained its usual calm, kind intonations to the last, and it was only when all was over that she gave free vent to her feelings. No, I repeat it, Ann, never have I witnessed such heroic self-control.

We have all of us now returned to our usual avocations and we strive to be calm and resigned. . . .

As to me, my love, I am particularly the object of the tenderest attentions from all who surround me, and all appear to strive to comfort me in my affliction.¹

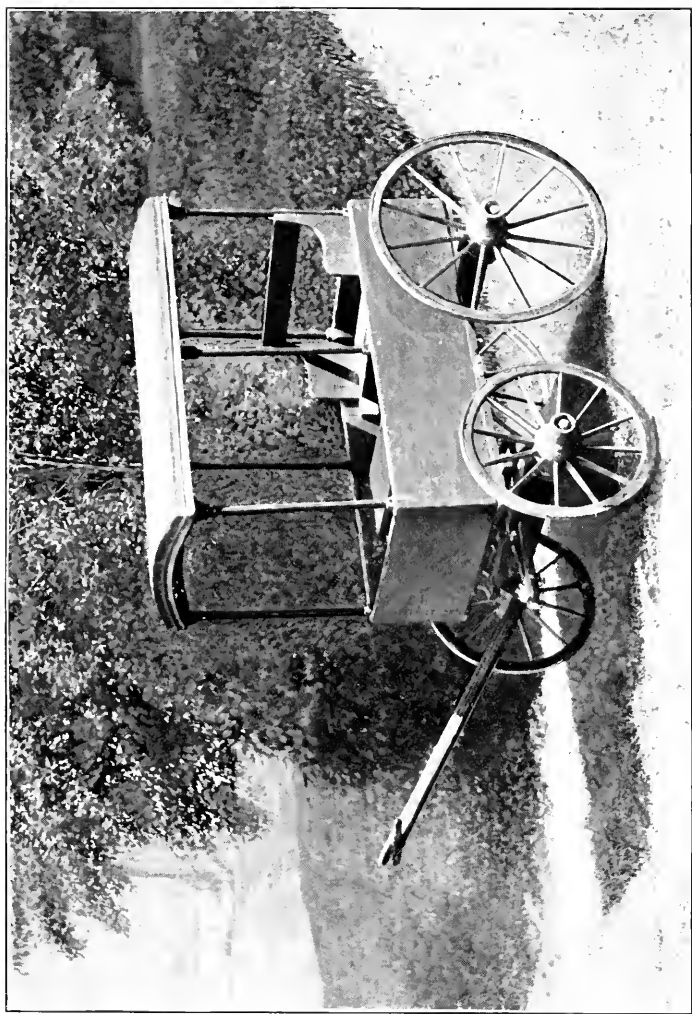
¹The passage in his son's letter referred to by Mr. Huidekoper was the following: "We read messengers were sent to comfort our divine Master in the last dark hour of his trial, and so, too, when the Angel of Death came for our beloved mother, he found a seraph in our little sister Lizzie at her side, ministering to her wants day and night without intermission. She sat upon the bed anticipating every wish and soothing every pain, speaking with her in tones of such subdued, yet touching affection that it almost broke my heart to think that those who loved each other so much should be separated so soon."

To Frederic Mr. Huidekoper wrote (October 24, 1839): "Happily, my dear son, we are not as those who mourn without a hope. We know that there is a Father who watches ever over us, and that in his hand we are safe; that death is not the extinction; that to the Christian it is a mere incident in his state of being, which translates him to another apartment of his Father's dwelling, and that we cannot go where we shall cease to be the objects of his care and his love."

A potent consolation existed in the grandchildren now beginning to claim his affection and divert his thoughts.

More than a year before Mrs. Huidekoper's death her son Edgar had married Frances Shippen, the daughter of Judge Henry Shippen, Mr. Huidekoper's old-time friend, and had brought her home to Pomona. There for nearly thirteen years she gave Mr. Huidekoper a daughter's devotion, filling the place once more with the sunshine of childhood, as her numerous little ones took their places around their grandfather's knee, and postponing again and again, at his urgent plea, the establishment of her own separate household. For to him her children were like his very own. Henry, born in time to delight his grandmother with three months of babyhood, the second grandchild she had held in her arms, — Rebecca, Alfred's daughter, being the first, — Frederic, Herman, Edgar, Gertrude, all these entered upon life in the old home, and played about its spacious grounds, where their father had played before them.

In the sad months that followed his great loss Mr. Huidekoper found solace in his visits to Alfred's family, where the four-year old Rebecca awaited him, and in the presence of the little grandson under his own



CHILD'S CARRIAGE
(Made for Anna Huidekoper)



roof. He was ever in the habit of rising early, and oftenest spent the hours before breakfast in writing, or in the study of the Bible. His children and his older grandchildren retained a vivid picture of him as they so frequently saw him, in later years, sitting beside the open fire in the south room, with the Bible on a little stand beside him and the cat upon his knee. On summer mornings, when open windows were more in order, some pieces of bread would be laid providently beside the book, and the reason for this would be made plain by a gentle tapping of small hoofs along the piazza, and the thrusting in at the window of the delicate noses and brown ears of two small deer, usually too shy to approach the house after the day's bustle had begun, but confident of kindness during its quiet prelude, when they were sure of finding their trusted friend in solitude. A baby in the house, however, was his best resource, and in this lonely winter, little Henry, "source of great comfort" and "paying his grandpa for being fond of him by being fond of his grandpa in return," used to be brought to the silent sleeping-room to be happily entertained until the summons for breakfast interrupted the visit. "In the evening again," wrote Mr. Huidekoper, "I sit with him, and divide my time between him and the little memoir of my life that I am writing for you all."

"To You, My Children," he said, when referring to his wife in the memoir, or autobiography, "who have grown up under her truly Maternal care, and who now, with me, mourn for her loss, it would be useless to expatiate on her virtues and her worth. It was chiefly to her that we are indebted for that quiet spirit of order which has ever pervaded our home."

Edgar's children were not the only ones who first drew breath beneath the sheltering eaves of Pomona Hall. The eldest and youngest of Mrs. Clarke's four also were born in Meadville. It was on the fifteenth of October, 1840, while Mr. Clarke was in Massachusetts, and his wife was at Pomona, that Herman was born. This little Herman, in his short life, filled an especial niche in Margaret Fuller's heart.¹ He was a child of uncommon beauty and promise and was very dear to his grandfather. On September 3, 1841, Mr. Huidekoper wrote to his daughter, then with Mr. Clarke in Boston: "I am delighted with what you tell me of Herman's health, and sweet temper and progress. I wish I had him with me, so that his voice might be added to those of Hen and Fred to enliven our quiet home. Give him a thousand kisses for me, and tell him that he morning and evening shares with his parents in my prayers. For the rest, my love, do not be in a hurry to see him creep, walk, talk, etc., and feel no pain nor disappointment if you meet with other children who are more forward at his age than he is. In some individuals the physical and mental powers develop much more slowly than in others, and often the former make the brightest men. My Rambo apples are none the worse for not ripening as early as my August apples."

Herman did not survive his eighth year. On February 22, 1849, his grandfather wrote: "My dear children: Last evening I received your letters of the 15th. I cannot tell you how sensible I am to your kind attempts to soothe my feelings under the afflictive dispen-

¹ "Three of Margaret Fuller's passionate loves had been for children: the young Waldo Emerson, Pickie Greeley, and Herman Clarke," says Mr. Lindsay Swift in his *Brook Farm* (p. 216).

sation which has befallen us. I was totally unprepared for this event, and for the moment it has overcome me. That my dear Herman should be called off before I was, myself, had never entered my mind. I ought to have recollected that he was liable to be taken away in early life, for I had myself lost my two eldest children, the one in tender infancy, and the other at about Herman's age, but I hoped that my children would have been spared from ever experiencing the anguish which a parent feels when his fond anticipations for the future are thus unexpectedly blasted. But this is the dispensation of a good and wise Father who does everything for the best. . . . Oh! if we could only fully realize that nothing happens to us by chance, but that all that befalls us is ordered by a wise and benevolent Almighty Father, what a different aspect everything would assume!"

To produce and preserve in those around him the tranquil, trustful spirit with which he believed life should be met, was his constant endeavor, and nothing delighted him more than to minister to the happiness of little children. "The pleasantest part of my childhood was spent in Meadville," writes one who testifies to this, "and we were indebted to dear Mr. Huidekoper more than to any one else for the many happy hours and days we enjoyed."

Pomona, always a favorite play-ground for the children of the family, was once a year thrown open to a large throng of girls and boys who came to celebrate the Fourth of July on Mr. Huidekoper's lawn. They were the members of the different Unitarian Sunday-schools established in Meadville and the neighborhood, and numbered in all more than two hundred pupils. Mr. Huidekoper was very earnest in his desire to spread

the new gospel as far as his efforts or the efforts of a Meadville minister could carry it; and he found Mr. Emmons,¹ who in 1837 succeeded Mr. Day as pastor of the Meadville church, particularly successful in organizing and carrying on church services and Sunday-schools in the outlying districts. In Vernon township, on the Mercer Pike, was in 1842 a school of seventy or eighty members; three miles out on the State Road was one of fifty; five miles further in the same direction, another of fifty more. Every Fourth of July for many years all these young people came in from the surrounding country to join the Meadville Sunday-school in a frolic under the elms and maples at Pomona.

These gatherings had their origin in the fact that in 1841, when most of the churches in the town formed together their plans for the entertainment of the Sunday-school children, the Unitarian school received no invitation to be present. To make amends to them, as Mr. Huidekoper expressed it, a "little fête" was arranged for them at his house. This was enjoyed so much that it was repeated and came to be looked forward to from year to year. The children, brought from the country by the wagon load or hastening from nearer homes, would meet at the Diamond, where they would form a procession headed by some child carrying the banner, — a square of white satin embroidered with an appropriate motto in bright colors by the ladies of Pomona, — and thence, singing their Unitarian hymns, would march through the streets to Mr. Huidekoper's house,

¹ After leaving Meadville Mr. Emmons went to Vernon, N. Y., where he preached for about twelve years. Loss of voice compelled him to abandon the pulpit. He died at Short Off, N. C., November 19, 1899, aged ninety-one years. *The Independent Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Meadville, Pa.*, p. 42.

where with outstretched hand and beaming smile their host was standing to welcome them. The greetings over, they would disperse to the swings, the games, the grace-hoops, and other amusements provided for them.¹ In the middle of the lawn a table, arched over with fresh leafy branches, — “a bowery” they called it, — gave promise of a feast; and by noon the good things were brought out from the hospitable kitchen and set before the hungry little folks. Nor was this hospitality limited to the Unitarians. In 1843 Mr. Huidekoper wrote that with the forty or fifty young people not in the schools but considering themselves in some measure connected with the church, and also “a number who joined in the yard, an aggregate of between three hundred and fifty and four hundred turned out to play. Add to these,” he continued, “most of the members of our church and a considerable concourse of town and country spectators, and you may form some slight idea of the lively scene.” There is no hint of anything like our later Chinese fashion of making the day hideous, although on one occasion a paper balloon was sent up amidst great enthusiasm. Yet no one can doubt that the cup of joy for every child brimmed full.

In 1850 Mr. Clarke, recovering from the effects of typhoid fever, gave up for a time his Boston preaching and came to Meadville, partly for rest, partly to fill the pulpit, then temporarily vacant. The school-room became his study. There he wrote and read, and prepared

¹ Among other treasures which added to the attractions of Pomona was a three-seated covered wagon which Mr. Huidekoper had had made for his daughter Anna, and which the grandchildren had all played with. It still exists, an enrapturing sight. Six small people could ride, and four small people could pull, to say nothing of those who might elect to push behind or serve as outriders, and it was a favorite plaything with all.

the sermons for the Meadville congregation, to whom he preached, barring an absence of short duration, from September, 1851, until October, 1852, and again for several months in 1853, after his return from Europe. Meanwhile his three children,¹ the youngest of whom was born at Pomona, filled the gap caused by the removal of Edgar Huidekoper's family to their new home on the hill.² Of this removal Mr. Huidekoper speaks in a letter of January 7, 1850. "On Thursday last Edgar and family removed to their new home. The frequent delays and postponements showed that they left the paternal home with reluctance. All were deeply moved at leaving, though none more so than little Hermie. When he got to his new home he observed to his mother that it was very hard to leave Grandpa; and when I went the next day to dine at Edgar's Herman had to leave the room overcome by his feelings. . . . Edgar's new home is perhaps the most convenient of any I have seen in the West, and the situation is really beautiful, having a view of the French Creek valley and the surrounding scenery. All the inmates are pleased with it, but my little darling Eddie has met with a cause of vexation he had not bargained for. He is so much of a mother's boy that he wants always to sit next to her at table. Now in the domestic arrangements a fixed place at table has been assigned to him, and as his mother at dinner takes the head of the table, and at breakfast and tea the side, she does not constantly sit next to him, to his great regret."

¹ Lilian Freeman, Eliot, and Cora Huidekoper Clarke.

² After the removal of Edgar Huidekoper and his family to their new home on Chestnut Street, Mr. Huidekoper one day remarked that he was going to his home on the hill, and from that time Edgar's place went by the name of *Hill Home*.

This tender sympathy with the joys and griefs of childhood is the dominant note in whatever he says of his grandchildren. One of them, who remembers well his great affection for them all, writes:—

My sister was born in his house, and I have heard my mother say that she did not think he ever omitted going to the nursery before breakfast, and saying, in his graceful, courtly way, as an old-fashioned noble might address a lady, "And how has Grandpa's darling passed the night?" I recall sitting beside him in church, and how he would put the hymn-book in my hands when the hymn was given out, because he knew nearly every hymn in the book by heart, and did not need to look at it. At an earlier period, before my mother's marriage, my grandfather, my uncle Edgar, my mother, and the clerk spent nearly all their time for six weeks each winter in making up the accounts of the Holland Company. My mother said that when she and her father were adding up the same column of figures, to see if the result corresponded, sometimes they would come to a different conclusion; then he always said, "Dear, I must have made a mistake." He never spoke as if she had made one. He never punished, and practically never blamed his children. My mother said that the nearest he came to this, that she could remember, was that when she and her sister were sometimes a little late in coming down to breakfast (though their late hours would be early to us) he would come a little way up the stairs and call "Anne! Elise! *Darlings!* Do you know how late it is?" One of the pleasantest pictures I retain of him, is that of his sitting at the head of the table, just about to ask a blessing. The youngest child, my sister, sat beside him in a high chair; and when ready to begin, he would turn toward her, with such a beaming smile, and say, "Now, fold your little hands." Then would follow a very few words, which made us feel such a sense of real, near presence of God, and which were such an expression of love

and gratitude, that the memory is a thing to cherish. I remember that the blessing contained usually the petition that we might be conscious of the privilege of being the children of God, ending with the words: "thy children, whom thou hast placed here to be educated for eternity."

In 1852, my mother and father went abroad for the winter, leaving their three children at Meadville. I did not then know that my mother's state of health gave cause for serious apprehension on her account. She was, however, entirely restored by a sojourn of nine months abroad, and came back in the early summer almost perfectly well. My grandfather went to meet the travelers at Erie, and took me with him. When the carriage stopped, he hastened down the steps of the hotel, and gathering my mother close he held her to his heart, and, looking up to heaven, the words, "My God, I thank thee!" broke from him. The intensity of love for the daughter that he had feared never again to hold in his arms and the overwhelming gratitude to God, expressed in those few words, broken with emotion, made a very deep impression on me, child as I then was. I have never forgotten it, nor the effect it had on me at the time. It was one of the things that showed that he lived in constant communion with God; and now and then, in moments of sorrow or joy, the feeling would break forth, unconsciously, being too strong to repress. But at all times there was a sort of light on his face, coming from the communion with the unseen presence that was so real to him.

The "light on his face" corresponded to the joyousness of his spirit. In the autobiography he testified: —

Few persons have enjoyed life more than I have done. Much of my happiness is no doubt to be attributed to the direction which my principal studies have taken for a number of Years past. I have already stated, that, though religion was never a matter of indifference to

me, yet that I had not formed distinct opinions as to many of its dogmas: I continued in this situation for a number of years. When however I had become a father and saw the time approaching when I should have to give religious instruction to my Children, I felt it to be my duty to give this subject a thorough examination. I accordingly commenced studying the scriptures as being the only safe rule of the Christian's faith, and the result was, that I soon acquired clear and definite views as to all the leading doctrines of the Christian religion. But the good I derived from these studies has not been confined to giving me clear ideas as to the Christian doctrines. They created in me a strong and constantly increasing interest in religion itself, not as a mere theory, but as a practical rule of life. The firm conviction, that there is a God whose power upholds us, and whose Paternal Providence constantly guides us, and directs every event that befalls us, has become to me a source of confidence and trust at all times, and of consolation in the hour of trouble. For several years past I have been in the daily habit of reading some portion of the Scriptures, particularly of the New Testament. I would recommend the same practice to You, My Children, for I have ever found it a source of new light and of incentive to goodness.

I have now reached the evening of life, and when I look back on the past I feel that I cannot be sufficiently grateful to God for the manner in which he has constantly ordered my lot and blessed me. It is true, by the recent death of your Dear Mother, one of the chief sources of my earthly happiness has been taken away, but, according to the common course of nature, our separation cannot be long; and in the meantime, how many blessings have I not left me,—in Your affection;—in the kindness of my numerous friends;—in the affectionate caresses of my Grandchildren, and the means of occasional usefulness which are afforded me,—to cheer the evening of my days?

Such, My dear Children, are the simple incidents of my life. To You alone they can have any interest, and to You this relation of them is dedicated by
Your affection[ate] Father.¹

In writing to his children as the successive birthdays came round he could review his life with the same serenity of mind.

[April 3, 1842.] My dear Children. . . . To-day I am sixty-six years old, an age which considerably exceeds the average age to which mankind attains; and one which there was no reason to anticipate from my sickly infancy and feeble frame. When I take a view of my past life, I cannot help feeling how much cause of gratitude I have to the Great Disposer of all things, for the manner in which He has guided me, and ordered my lot. Born almost dying, He has strengthened my frame, and caused me to enjoy almost uninterrupted good health. Born in a district which, comparatively speaking, was at the time of my birth involved in the darkness of the Middle Ages, He has led me to where my intellectual, moral, and religious powers could receive their due development. Born in poverty, He has blest me with wealth beyond my most sanguine hopes. Cast upon a distant shore a solitary stranger, He has given me friends and family, and a home; and now, in the evening of life, I am blest with good, kind children; with fine, promising grandchildren; with a good share of health and with a heart as young as ever to enjoy God's bounties. Surely no one ever had greater cause for gratitude than I have. Life to me has always been, and still is, so much of a blessing that there is danger that I may cling too fondly to it. May yours, my dearest, be equally so to you.

[April 4, 1846.] Yesterday was my birthday. As usual, that portion of the family who reside here, old

¹ Dated Meadville, February 28, 1840.

and young, spent the day with me, and as the weather was clear and warm, so that the little ones could be out of doors, we had all of us a happy day of it. In the evening an additional number of my friends called, so that we had quite a sociable reunion. . . . In this retrospection of the past the rapid flight of time is not the only thing which attracts my attention. In it the goodness of God is still more conspicuous. If ever there was anyone who had reason to be grateful to God for the way in which his life has been ordered, I am that one. God has, as it were, led me by the hand through life, step by step, by paths which I had not devised, and could not have foreseen, and now in the evening of life, I can perceive much of the wisdom and goodness of God's Providence. It is true, like others, I have met with many troubles and disappointments, and with some of those losses which make the heart bleed. The benevolent purposes of the latter we cannot always see now, but shall know hereafter; and as to the former, I have not met with any disappointments and troubles more than were necessary for the development of my powers, and the discipline of life. On the whole my life has been a very happy one. With my favorite Jotham Anderson, I can truly say that there has not been an hour of life on which the sun of God's goodness has not shone.

[April 3, 1849.] What deep, what varied emotions this day calls forth. The first is that of gratitude to the Being who, when I was not, called me into existence, and placed me on this splendid theatre of His power and love. . . . Here am I now, entering on my seventy-fourth year, still enjoying good health of body and mind, and still, notwithstanding those who have been called away, surrounded by a numerous and affectionate posterity. But gratitude is not the only emotion this day calls forth. Its rapid returns make me realize in some measure the velocity with which this life passes away. When I look back it appears to me

but a little while since I landed, a young man of twenty, on these shores, and yet more than half a century has since passed by, and here I have arrived already at an advanced old age, and the time of my departure, I trust the time of my translation, cannot, in the common course of nature, be very far off. This, however much I enjoy and value the present life, casts no shadow of gloom over the enjoyment of the present. I fondly trust that the same paternal care which has watched over me here will again watch over me in another state of being, and under that care I cannot but be safe. Besides, I am not going to a land of strangers. There are my sainted Rebecca, my two dear departed children, our darling Herman, and a multitude of those who were dear to me here, and to those I hope to be reunited. For the rest, I am much of Mr. Bellows' opinion that the change, on passing from this life to the next, will be much less than is generally supposed. If men did not essentially enter on another life the same as they leave this, if the change were to be as radical as the popular belief makes it, it would amount almost to a loss of identity.

CHAPTER X

THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

As a culmination of his desire to spread the liberal faith throughout his beloved Western country, Mr. Huidekoper, in the last ten years of his life, saw rise under his fostering care a school for the training of ministers for that work. And not for general reasons alone was he interested in the school ; it was especially dear to him because created and brought to the point of success mainly by the indefatigable labors of his son.

Frederic Huidekoper, as has been seen, entered Harvard College in 1834, in the Sophomore class. His departure from Pomona was scarcely more momentous for him than for his father, whose earnest charge to him on settling him in Cambridge was, "Much of your happiness and much of mine, too, will now depend on the use you shall make of the opportunities offered you."

There was little need for parental exhortation. Frederic was naturally a student, and also made friends readily in the collegiate circle. At Mr. Norton's house and with Dr. and Mrs. Follen he was a welcome guest ; he lived for some time in Mr. Nichols' household, and continued in Cambridge very much the same mode of living he had had at home.

He had scarcely begun his second year at college when his eyes became so seriously affected that he was obliged to give up study and return to Meadville. There he remained for the four succeeding years, working on

the farm and studying ten minutes daily. After those four years he spent two years in Europe, going first of all to Holland, where he made the acquaintance of his father's people.

Already his tastes were indicating his fitness for a minister's career. His father recognized this with the deepest pleasure, and confided to Mrs. Clarke: "There are some parts of his letters which have affected me much. When, at the age of twenty, I find him co-operating with his good old Quaker, in measures for the introduction of Sunday-schools and the ministry-at-large into Holland, I feel that I have cause for gratitude to God who gave me such a son."¹

To a noticeable degree Mr. Huidekoper had the happiness of seeing in his children the fulfillment of some of his strongest desires. His own characteristics, in fact, were in them developed and given full operation. His sound judgment and ability in financial matters, his devotion to the religious life, his fondness for reading and study, his warm benevolence, his public spirit, all were represented in the five sons and daughters, some more prominently in one, some in another.

Frederic, hesitating as to how to shape his future, asked his father — and the question was significant of his appreciation of what that father's life had been — whether a man could accomplish more toward diffusing religion through the community as a layman or as a clergyman. Mr. Huidekoper replied, as might have been expected, that as an abstract problem he could scarcely give the question a satisfactory solution; but that he was glad that his son put usefulness first in considering his life's work, since that was life's legitimate object,

¹ Letter of November 2, 1839.

Frederic Hvidekoper





and that a distinct profession or calling usually enabled a young man to be more useful than the general disposition to be "philanthropist-at-large." It was always good, he said, to have a distinct object in view. "I do not coincide," . . . he continued, "in the opinion that the clerical office has lost any of its former usefulness. The nature of that usefulness may have altered somewhat by reason of the clergymen now occupying a less isolated station in society than formerly; but the amount of that usefulness I believe rather to have increased than diminished. . . .

"Leaving the selection of a profession entirely to yourself, I fully approve of your plan of going on with your theological studies. . . . You would have either for the parochial ministry or for the ministry at large, some advantages which are not common. Most of the ministers are poor. You, however, if no misfortune befall me, will ultimately have an income of \$5000 or \$6000 a year, and that will enable you to enlarge very considerably the circle of your usefulness."¹

On his return from Europe Frederic entered the Harvard Divinity School.² While he was still at Cambridge, his father gave him this pertinent advice (January 10, 1843): "Talk *to* your audience, not *at* them. No abstractions, no dissertations, no claptrap, or artful arrangements to produce effect; and above all, no preaching of yourself instead of the gospel. Be always true, be natural. So far as possible, forget yourself. Penetrate yourself deeply with the importance of what you

¹ Letter of November 11, 1840.

² The state of his eyes forbade his studying the Hebrew required for the regular course, and he therefore after the first year was obliged to continue as a special student.

have to say, and then address your hearers under a feeling of that importance, and depend upon it you will be listened to. I feel convinced that much of the present inefficiency of preaching is owing to its being too artificial. . . . Be simple in your prayers, and confine yourself to such subjects as your hearers feel a sufficient interest in to join heartily with you in asking for. . . . Let us pray, not merely say prayers.”

Having finished his theological studies, the young minister returned home. James Freeman Clarke was temporarily filling the Meadville pulpit, for Mr. Emmons had resigned, and no one else had yet been found to take his place. The presence of Mr. Clarke and his consenting to preach the ordination sermon made the time an auspicious one for Frederic's ordination. The Reverend G. W. Hosmer was asked to come to Meadville to make the ordination charge, and on the 12th of October, 1843, Mr. Huidekoper witnessed, in the church built up by his efforts, his son's induction into the Unitarian ministry.

Frederic Huidekoper had intended to serve as minister-at-large for the several congregations in the neighborhood, but another field of work opened before him. The plan for organizing a Western theological school had long been a favorite one with the Unitarians who were carrying on their unequal struggle far from the base of supplies. They felt the need of a centre of influence for themselves and for the rapidly increasing population. Mr. Huidekoper had more than once been hopeful that the scheme was about to be carried out.

It had at one time seemed probable that such a school would be begun at Buffalo, under Mr. Hosmer's direction. At another time there was a plan for starting one

Edgar Huideloper



at Cincinnati or Louisville. Later, the Rev. William G. Eliot tried to organize one at St. Louis. All these projects had come to naught, but the need existed still, and once more the subject was brought forward. Indeed, the favorable opportunity had plainly arrived. It presented itself on the one hand, in Frederic, a young and deeply earnest man, well equipped, his life consecrated to religious service, and one, moreover, who was lifted above worldly considerations by abundant means bestowed upon him by his father. On the other hand, there was Mr. Huidekoper, a man able to give and procure moral support as well as financial aid for the enterprise. Meadville, which Mr. Huidekoper had made an important outpost of Unitarianism, would furnish a sympathetic environment, and a beautiful one. All these circumstances combined to make the building up of a school possible at last.

Mr. Hosmer urged Frederic to attempt it, and at once found him a willing listener. The Rev. Elihu Goodwin Holland¹ was about to become pastor of the Meadville church. He too, when he came, entered heartily into the scheme and contemplated assisting in the instruction. Mr. Holland was a member of the Christian denomination, and predicted that young men of that sect would welcome a Western theological school, as it was difficult for them to obtain any adequate preparation for the ministry. As the Universalists were in like case, it was determined that the Meadville school should not stand for Unitarianism alone, but should be open to students of any persuasion.² A working plan was drawn

¹ Mr. Holland afterward preached in Christian churches in different parts of the country, and lectured both here and abroad. He died, December 13, 1878, at Canandaigua, N. Y., aged sixty-one years.

² "Mr. Holland's stay with us and Frederic's intercourse with the

up by Frederic Huidekoper and sent to Mr. Hosmer for his approval.

According to this plan the former was to assume the chief burden of the work, as well as the responsibility, and Mr. Holland was to aid him as assistant professor. Mr. Hosmer's part was to be that of lecturer on pastoral care, and while delivering his course he was to exchange pulpits with the Meadville minister for the requisite number of weeks, that he might the more conveniently be upon the scene of his labors. All three men were to give their time and efforts gratuitously. To all this Mr. Hosmer gave his sanction, and though it was never precisely in that form carried out, it served as a foundation to work upon. Mr. Hosmer gave the project its first public mention in an article published in the "Monthly Miscellany" for December, 1843. Mr. Holland secured a number of applications for admission, and Mr. Huidekoper, seeing the matter in actual progress, offered his son five hundred dollars for books or any other necessary expenditure. He next wrote to friends at New York, Philadelphia, and throughout the West, asking further contributions, and received encouraging responses. From these small beginnings the school grew.

The labor of preparing for the opening, of answering applications, and of attending to all the details of the undertaking fell mainly upon Frederic Huidekoper's shoulders, and it soon became evident that the aid which Mr. Holland felt that he could give to the school aside from

Christian ministers will tend to draw closer the connection between us and that important and widely diffused sect, and I rejoice at it because I believe that a closer intimacy and connection between the Unitarian and Christian denominations would be promotive of both religion and truth." Letter from Mr. Huidekoper to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, April 15, 1844.



THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



his duties as minister — or, in fact, any unpaid aid that they could get — would be insufficient. Besides, the length of Mr. Holland's stay was uncertain. In view of all this Mr. Huidekoper set about finding another coadjutor for his son.

On February 2, 1844, he wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke : —

I must frankly confess to you that I am afraid Fred is involving himself in labors which will exceed his powers, or those of any one man. Within the last week, letters have been received of several persons (2 of them already in the ministry) who purpose attending the proposed school. Seven have already declared their intention to enter, and others are spoken of. I should not be surprised if there were a dozen or more at the opening of the school. Now these will be, not college graduates with minds already disciplined, but entirely raw recruits, many of them, I am afraid, greatly deficient even in a decent knowledge of the English language. Now to impart to such men a decent degree of theological knowledge and to discipline their minds so as to make useful ministers of the gospel of them is, I apprehend, too great a task for one man. I wish James to consider whether he cannot devise a plan to procure for F. an adjunct to divide with him the labors of the school. If one could be found to explain to the students the Old Testament and to instruct them in the art of composition, F. might get along with the rest. The main difficulty is whence to obtain the funds for this professorate ; can James devise a plan for this ? F. is willing to work without pecuniary remuneration, but it cannot be expected that his colleague shall do so too. I am afraid that this projected Theological School will in a great measure withdraw Fred from the pulpit, a thing I should sincerely regret ; not only because he has need of practice to im-

prove himself as a preacher, but also on my own account, and because I like to listen to him. Not but that he is as yet deficient in the modulation of his voice, and in method of arrangement, but there is a deep devotional feeling pervading all his exercises, which renders them generally acceptable.

A letter to Frederic, which, although of a later date, — June 24, 1845, — may be quoted here, is but another proof of the father's affectionate vigilance.

I fully coincide with you in regard to the views you express as to the best mode of carrying on your school, and the \$200 which you ask me to contribute I will give cheerfully, for my confidence in the usefulness of your school and in its success is increasing.

But, my dear Frederic, while I thus cheerfully contribute to render your efforts available, allow me to warn you against a danger to which I think you are exposed, and which, if not counteracted, may tend to diminish your future usefulness. I refer to the danger of becoming a man of only one all-absorbing idea. That you should devote yourself to your profession, and that this should be with you the main object, is right, but then you must not carry this to extremes. I have observed that in company your school was the main subject of your thought and conversation, and that even at table you are often so absorbed in thought as to become forgetful of the customary courtesies of society. Your letters to me bear also witness that you suffer yourself to be absorbed by one favorite subject. I know *by experience* how pleasant it is, when we have a favorite subject, to give ourselves entirely up to it; but I know too that this exclusiveness is wholesome neither for the body or the mind. Pray learn to control your thoughts, and to devote them entirely to the subject in hand. Let your school be the main object of your thought at proper times and seasons, but at others learn to dismiss it

Anna Huidekoper Clarke



entirely from your mind, and, when in company, give yourself up to the little courtesies and amenities of society, with as much attention as if you were a man of the world.

The power or habit of concentrating our thoughts entirely on one subject at a time, and of thus passing from one subject to another, is an invaluable one. It was this which enabled the Pensionary John DeWitte to become the greatest statesman of Europe, and, I believe, all eminent men have possessed it in a considerable degree. That this power cannot be acquired, and rendered habitual, without much labor and attention I admit; but then nothing worth having is acquired without labor, and you have the necessary resolution and perseverance to improve yourself.

As a useful auxiliary in this scheme of improvement, I would advise you to get a wife. This will give the necessary distraction to your thoughts. If you devote the half of your time during the vacation to the hunting up of a good wife, it will be better spent than if you devote the whole of it to thinking about your school, books, students, etc. You are now of a proper age to get married. At home you cannot find a wife to suit you, and hence you will have to look for one here,¹ and, as you can only be absent from your school during the vacation, you will have to avail yourself of that time to look for one. — — is, I understand, engaged. She would have made an excellent wife. So, I think, will Miss — — do. I have seldom seen a more amiable girl. She is now at Bangor, but is expected home towards the latter part of July. However, even at Bangor she is easily accessible, and is well worth a visit there. On this subject you must, however, consult your own inclinations.²

¹ This letter was written while Mr. Huidekoper was in Boston; Frederic Huidekoper was for the time in New York.

² His wish to see Frederic married was gratified in 1853, and Pomona became the home of the new daughter-in-law, as it had been of his son

During his visit to Boston in May, 1844, Mr. Huidekoper consulted with the officers of the American Unitarian Association, and received from them the assurance that the Association would give five hundred dollars yearly for five years provided the right man could be found for the presidency of the Theological School. In the Rev. Rufus Phineas Stebbins¹ of Leominster, Massachusetts, all the requirements were met, not only for the presidency, but for the Meadville pastorate. The executive board of the American Unitarian Association therefore wrote, offering him a salary should he accept the position of president of the school, and the Meadville church at once gave him a call.

Mr. Huidekoper had, meanwhile, purchased and refitted a building for the school, a small brick church, which had belonged to one of the Presbyterian societies. As this building, the first "Divinity Hall," situated on Centre Street, was not ready when the time came for opening the school, the first meetings were held in the basement of Alfred Huidekoper's house, and it was there that on the first of October, 1844, the Meadville Theological School made its entrance upon the Western world. Mr. Stebbins was its president, and Frederic Huidekoper, besides his work as professor, continued his indefatigable exertions in many directions in its behalf. The first year's faculty consisted of these two with Mr. Hosmer, who lectured upon pastoral care. Edgar Huidekoper, from the first, had charge of the account

Edgar's wife. Frederic Huidekoper married, November 10, 1853, Harriet Nancy Thorp.

¹ Dr. Stebbins's career is well known. He remained president of the school until June, 1856. He died at Cambridge, Mass., August 13, 1885, aged seventy-five years.

Alfred Huidekoper





books, and, after the incorporation of the school in 1847, was formally elected its treasurer.¹

The contributions which had been promised were, besides Mr. Huidekoper's gift and the five hundred a year for Mr. Stebbins from the American Unitarian Association, one hundred dollars and forty-two volumes from the Society for Promoting Theological Education, two hundred dollars given by some unknown person through Dr. Bellows of New York, two hundred dollars from Mr. Farley's society in Brooklyn, sixty-five dollars from Mr. Hosmer's society, fifty dollars from Miss Margaret Shippen, and five dollars from Mrs. Chamberlin of Newburg; with additional donations of books from fifteen different persons in Boston, Cambridge, and New York. The total value of its property was estimated in 1844 at \$1540.53. The school to-day has a commanding situation at the head of Chestnut Street, on land given by Frederic Huidekoper, with a commodious Divinity Hall, a beautiful library building, Huidekoper Hall,² filled with well-chosen books, and a gymnasium-refectory building. Its faculty numbers six members, and its property is estimated at more than \$690,000.

At the celebration in 1894 of the semi-centennial anniversary of the founding of the school, those who looked back in review could count two hundred and twenty-five Meadville-trained ministers living, almost all of whom were still in actual service.

Through all these fifty years the devotion of Mr.

¹ Arthur Cullom was elected treasurer at the first meeting of the trustees under the charter, held May 18, 1847. He declined to serve, and Edgar Huidekoper was elected July 1, 1847. Edgar Huidekoper resigned June 27, 1861.

² The gift of Miss E. G. Huidekoper, two of her brothers, and her nephew.

Huidekoper's children and grandchildren has been a distinguishing feature of its history. Frederic Huidekoper gave to it thirty years of his life. Alfred Huidekoper, its earliest secretary, was one of its trustees from the beginning until his death in 1892; he was indeed for many years the president of the Board of Trustees, while his son,¹ and that son's son,² are on the board at the present day.

Elizabeth G. Huidekoper — it has been said that she should be called the mother of the Theological School — has opened her home to its students and has shared with the school a generous portion of her worldly goods. She has been, since her brother Alfred's death, president of the Board of Trustees.

Edgar Huidekoper's services as treasurer ante-date the incorporation; his son Edgar, one of the trustees, has been treasurer since 1879, and two other sons³ and a daughter⁴ are also on the board of trustees now. The work and character of Edgar Huidekoper, the first treasurer, received only a just tribute from the Rev. Rush Rhees Shippen, when he said, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary: "Throughout the first fifteen [seventeen] years the funds and financial affairs of the school were managed by Edgar Huidekoper, Senior, as treasurer; and no educational or philanthropic institution of America has had better handling. . . . Of rare business ability, the very soul of integrity and honor, of exquisite refinement, with sensibilities delicate as those of a woman, generous in heart and hand, with a most

¹ Arthur Clarke Huidekoper.

² Albert Reynolds Huidekoper.

³ Henry Shippen Huidekoper and Frederic Wolters Huidekoper.

⁴ Elizabeth Huidekoper Kidder.

Elizabeth G. Huidekoper



hospitable courtesy and chivalric gallantry, he had withal a gift of fastidious criticism, that made us youngsters rather afraid of him, and put us at our distance, so that to-day we can but regret that he should have left the world without knowing half how highly we honored and tenderly regarded him. We think of him with lofty admiration and enduring gratitude."

The Meadville Theological School has always shown a spirit of wide tolerance and liberality. It has had among its students men from many religious denominations; of the four hundred and ninety-four students admitted to the forty-eight classes reported upon at the fiftieth anniversary, ninety-five were from the Christians, twenty-two from the Universalists, about fifty from the (so-called) Evangelical churches, and the residue from the Unitarian ranks.¹ Moreover, the Meadville School, far in advance of the times, long ago² threw its doors open to women. Ten women graduates of those forty-eight classes received diplomas from the school, and although a small proportion of them went into active ministry, it is safe to say that the training was by no means lost upon those who made use of it mainly as ministers' wives.³

"Mr. Huidekoper,"⁴ said Mr. Hale, during the anniversary exercises, "and those that worked with him, builded better than they knew. . . . Mr. Huidekoper had an idea that he should here give the young men from these States a training enabling them to go into Western parishes. But he builded a great deal better

¹ See *Proceedings at the Celebration of the Semi-Centennial of the Meadville Theological School*, page 9.

² In 1868.

³ Six of the ten married members of the school.

⁴ He referred here to Professor Huidekoper.

than he knew. Meadville has distributed her treasures with great impartiality. . . . There has been no distinction between the East and the West in the distribution of your gifts. . . . I think that the blessing and the benefit which the Meadville Theological School has brought into the Unitarian cause came by bringing to it all sorts and conditions of men whom it has trained to use their mother tongue with perfect precision, but out of whom it has never drained the elements of American life. I think that gift is one that cannot be overestimated.”

CHAPTER XI

THE LIVING MEMORY

MR. HUIDEKOPER'S letters, to the last, preserved their tone of vigor and enjoyment. In the autumn of 1848 he assured Mrs. Clarke that the greater steadiness of his handwriting was probably due to his having been out shooting the day before ; and that a walk through the fields of two or three hours fatigued him less than it had done two years earlier. In May, 1850, he reported, "As Edgar has moved to his own place, and as . . . my factotum has left me, . . . I have had to superintend the making of my garden, and to attend to other out-door matters. I generally rise between half after four and five o'clock, and am on my feet most of the day, so that I am quite ready to go to bed when evening comes."

Four years after that, — and they were still fruitful, profitable years, — the end approached. What seemed at first but a light cold suddenly developed fatal symptoms. His son Frederic — at work one evening in a room adjoining his father's, preparing, indeed, for publication his first book¹ — was summoned by his father's knock on the wall, and went at once to his bedside. "He supposed himself," wrote the son, "slightly unwell, but in a few hours he had passed away."²

¹ The title of the book, *The Belief of the First Three Centuries Concerning Christ's Mission to the Underworld*, recalls Mr. Huidekoper's early essays.

² Manuscript Autobiography of Frederic Huidekoper.

That was on the 22d of May, 1854, little more than a month after his seventy-eighth birthday. Robust, active, cheerful, he had to the last diffused happiness and brightness wherever he might be. His going was quite as he would have wished it, and for the great change he was entirely ready.

To our imperfect vision death often closes this world's record of an individual life with a final, almost an obliterating hand. Mr. Huidekoper's life had the quality of earthly continuance, in that the works he had begun went on and did not die, and the vital memory of him lingered with a singular persistence. Unitarianism acknowledges its debt to him, the church and the school which he helped to found carry forward his fame, while general education, civilization, and religion, in the region in which he made his home, are distinctly the better for his exertions.

More interesting still is it to see how he quickened the effectiveness of those around him. His was a personality not easily forgotten. The very warmth of his temperament lent an impetus to his contact with others which did not cease to act after he had gone on his way. As an instance of this the following story is related: While traveling once in western New York he happened to stop over night in a small town where the best accommodation was a rather wretched tavern. The inn-keeper and his wife, inferior people, depended for help mainly upon a young girl, their bond-servant, of whom they made a veritable drudge. Mr. Huidekoper's observant eye soon noted their ill-treatment of her, and at the same time marked the faithfulness and skill with which she accomplished her tasks. On leaving he said a few words to her, appreciative of her difficulties and

of the way in which she met them, and, besides giving her a little money, told her that he would like to leave with her something which she could keep as a reminder of his visit. When he searched his saddle-bags for a keepsake, he could find nothing to offer her except a book of State statistics. However, he gave her that and departed. That dry volume she treasured; it stood to her for the encouragement and sympathy that had fallen like manna out of Heaven upon her starving soul. What slight suggestion she may have drawn from its tabulated records of population, pauperism, and crime, or how much of her inspiration came from the kindness shown her, it is impossible to say; but certain it is that in after life, when she had become one of New York's well-known philanthropists, she looked back upon her encounter with the friendly stranger as the turning point from which she had steadily moved onward in her successful career.

A little word from him carried weight. He seldom met any one, man, woman, or child, without instinctively or unconsciously saying or doing something that left a direct influence behind it. One day, in passing a group of children, he stopped among them and, laying his hand on the head of one of the little girls, said, "You don't know me, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I do," she answered, "you are the man who builds churches and schools."

"I can tell you," he responded, "something better to build than schools or churches, a great deal better, and you can all do it; that is, character." And he then and there gave his attentive sidewalk audience a little sermon on character-building, which, as the narrator of the incident says, they simply "could not help remembering."

Another story told of him has its humorous side. An excellent divine, but one much given to the enjoyments of the fleshpots, frequently visited Pomona, and as frequently complained of dire physical ills which to a spectator were plainly the result of an entirely indiscriminating indulgence in the good things provided there and elsewhere. With friendly unobtrusiveness his host one day recommended to his perusal a book which he lent him, — a little manual of healthful living and right thinking which chanced to lie near at hand. On the occasion of the next visit the guest, a transformed man, naïvely remarked that he had never before imagined that Christianity had anything to do with one's digestion.

The whole country-side about Meadville preserves its legends of Harm Jan Huidekoper, and the towns in the neighborhood have their anecdotes to tell. In the "Venango Spectator" a traveler who once met him on a stage journey has given the following account of their brief acquaintance: —

At Meadville I stopped at a brick tavern, kept by John E. Smith. It was crowded with persons from eastern and southern counties who had come to attend the public sales of unseated lands that then sold for only four or five dollars an acre. . . . I got into the stage next morning for Erie, pretty well stiffened up with my walk. The weather had become very cold in the night, — almost zero, — and with no overcoat I no doubt looked poor indeed. The passengers chatted together, but none noticed me. After going some miles I somehow got a word in about Philadelphia, and in a little time a very kindly-looking old gentleman asked me if I was acquainted there. "Yes, sir," I replied, "I was born there." "Do you know Mr. Vanderkemp?"

he asked. "John J. Vanderkemp?" said I. "The same," said he. "No, sir," I replied, "but my father knows him; they are both Germans, and are acquainted." Looking at my blue tight-bodied coat, with gilt buttons — then in fashion — buttoned up to the chin to keep out the cold, and no overcoat on, he said: "Now, young man, what are you doing out in this country?" I explained my mishaps, how I had left my horse and overcoat in Franklin, and had to walk to Meadville, which accounted for my stiffness, and told him that when we reached Erie I would buy an extra overcoat. I wanted the passengers to see that I was not what they suspected, a fraud. In a short time we stopped to change horses. We all got out of the stage and went to the bar-room to warm. A large trunk was hustled out of the boot of the stage, and brought into the entry. My new acquaintance opened it; took from it an elegant blue cloth cloak that he quietly unfolded behind me, and placing it on my shoulders and arranging it about me, said in a sweet voice never to be forgotten, "My lieber friend,¹ you must wear this." With my heart ready to break I stammered out as best I could, "And to whom am I indebted for this great attention and kindness?" He smilingly said, "When next you see my friend Vanderkemp in Philadelphia, say that his old friend Huidekoper, of Meadville, sends his best respects to him." By Mr. Huidekoper's advice I stopped at the Eagle Hotel in Erie, where he introduced me to his two sons, and by his particular request I wore his cloak back to Franklin, and returned it by the stage-driver.

We have seen how Mr. Huidekoper assisted Mr. and Mrs. Clarke in aiding the needy as far afield as Louisville. His relations with men in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York connected him with the large cities, and wherever he formed connections his helping hand was

¹ Probably "Mein lieber Freund."

felt. Here and there in his correspondence are preserved letters begging as a favor that this or that friend will draw on him in a present emergency, or instructing his representatives to place a certain sum to the credit of one or another person. He settled, for example, on the widow of one of his old friends, an annuity of seven hundred dollars a year. So numerous were those who had permission to use his name in providing themselves that "Charge it to Huidekoper" became a current saying as widely known as "Nobody knows but Huidekoper, and he won't tell." "Charge it to Huidekoper" is said to have been quoted even down in Virginia. A trivial echo it might sound to the uninitiated, but not to those to whom its full significance is known. For his contemporaries drew on him largely for more than this world's goods, and of his abundance he freely gave.

It was, in truth, himself even more than his deeds that he left impressed upon the minds and hearts of his friends and upon the community in which he moved. Just as the people from the farms, glancing half expectantly at his window, continued to see the familiar face in the rippled pane, so even the stranger in Meadville to-day gathers a feeling of Mr. Huidekoper's presence in the place. It is not only that the townspeople still point out landmarks which call to mind his public spirit and benevolence,¹ nor that Huidekoper Park, a charming bit of woods set apart by his heirs for the playground of the children of the town, recalls his name,

¹ One such landmark is a block of houses erected by him, to be rented at an almost nominal price to women in straitened circumstances. Each house was divided into four apartments, and each apartment had four rooms. The apartments were let to widows with dependent families, or to other women who were in need. The block is still standing on Water Street, between Poplar and Pine streets.

nor yet that the good works of his descendants, their interest in the Theological School, the Public Library, the hospitals, keep his memory green. More than all these, to an imagination prepossessed by the thought of him, do the very streets suggest him. They were the scene of his daily walk, when the children would come running and dancing from their gateways to catch the sunshine of his greeting; or the young girl upon the house-steps would pause, broom in hand, to hear his genial comment on her industry, and its result in the roses in her cheeks. The knots gossiping on the street corners might again be awaiting his old-time admonition, "Well, don't say anything more about it, because you know, even if it's true, what's only an elephant down here in the Marketplace would be a dinosaur by the time it reached the Diamond."

If we must take leave of him let it be in his own home. Says a letter which recalls the hospitality of Pomona as seen through the vista of over fifty years:—

It was in the autumn of 1852, that after graduating at the Cambridge Divinity School, I made a journey from Baltimore to Meadville to attend the commencement exercises at the Theological School in the latter place. At that far-back date the journey was not so trifling an affair as it is to-day. While I could avail myself of the railroad as far as Pittsburg, it was necessary for the rest of the way to betake myself to the canal-boat,—really, I found, to any one disposed to linger out his blessings at the rate of two or three miles an hour, absolutely the most delightful way of travel the round world ever offered. The two days' trip was a succession of beautiful pictures.

Arriving at Meadville near sunset of the second day I found the hospitality of the village fully taxed by the large number of visitors from the surrounding country,

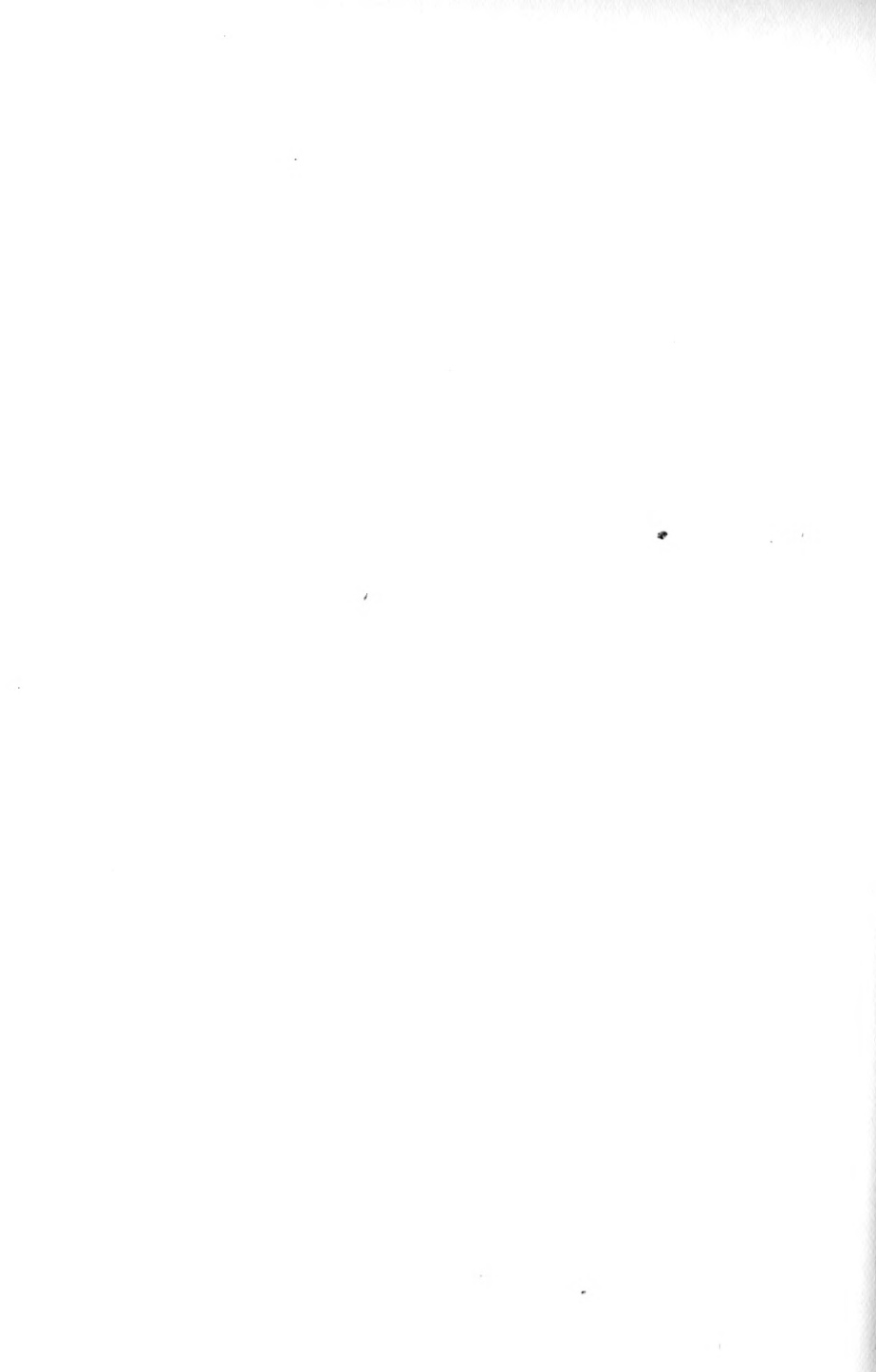
as well as of friends from the east. Passing over any mention of the graduating exercises of the occasion, let me go on at once to describe the scene presented during the entire afternoon by the social gathering at the house of Mr. Huidekoper.

The Pomona Hall of that date was a long, low structure of wood, painted white and with a broad roofed piazza running across the front, the whole beautifully set in an ample domain of grass-land shaded by noble oaks. It presented the image of domestic comfort, peace and plenty. The afternoon was one of radiant early autumn beauty, and as I entered the grounds and passed through groups of happy people to the wide piazza on which the genial host was saluting his arriving guests, the heart-cheering word "Welcome" was everywhere proclaimed by full bursts of sunshine and full bursts of cordial human love. Now, in those early days of youth, I chanced to be an enthusiastic worshipper of personal beauty whether in man or woman; and Mr. Huidekoper forthwith struck me as being, without exception, the most ideally beautiful old man my eyes had ever lighted on. His hair was snowy white, his figure elastically graceful as a willow wand, and such a pair of cerulean blue eyes I never saw in any human head. After fifty years I can still see them as distinctly as though it were but yesterday that I beheld them. They seemed made of the very substance of the blue sky itself, but lighted up with the charm of a long and richly freighted human experience.

At a glance it was clear that Mr. Huidekoper had the qualities of the perfect host. All kinds of people were gathered together to celebrate the occasion. There were the delegates from different parts of the country, familiar with the part he had played in organizing the forces of education and religion in this then remote region. There were the ardent converts to whom this Unitarian oasis offered the living springs for which so long they had panted in a dry and thirsty land; there were the

shy, silent adherents of the new faith, drawn in from their outlying farms by this festival, as by the more tumultuous merry-makings of the Fourths of July. Cultivated or uncouth, city-bred or rustic, whatever the exterior might be, it was the personality beneath that the sympathetic host at once got into touch with, and which his tactful graciousness called forth and set at ease. When, later in the day, I found an opportunity to talk more intimately with him, all that I had heard was more than confirmed by closer knowledge. Here, indeed, was the simple, kindly Hollander, the successful American pioneer, the indomitable subduer of the wilderness, the eager enlightener and student of advancing biblical criticism, the practical Christian with a trace yet lingering in him of the old controversial fire, and yet, above and beyond all else, the promoter of good works, the lover of his kind."

In the chapel of the Meadville Theological School hangs a memorial tablet. It is inscribed to Harm Jan Huidekoper, and reads: "A token of the gratitude of the Alumni of this School. 'The Righteous shall be held in Everlasting Remembrance.'"



APPENDIX

I

HOLLAND LAND COMPANY¹

WHO were the individual members composing the association known as the Holland Land Company, is not shown, so far as I am aware, by any record of its business transactions. Long and unpronounceable as some of the names were to an American tongue, the association, both for brevity and convenience, conducted its operation by chosen members acting as trustees, who received conveyances to themselves for the lands purchased from the Commonwealth and subsequently gave titles in the same way through their local agents to parties who became sub-purchasers under them.

In "Annals of the West," published in 1856 by Jas. R. Albach, page 726, it is stated that "the Holland Land Company consisted of Wilhem Willink and eleven associates, capitalists of Holland who had lent a large sum of money to the United States during the Revolution." On being repaid they preferred to keep their money invested in the United States; this led to the purchase of about nine hundred thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania, and some three or four times that amount in the State of New York.²

With regard to Pennsylvania it is stated in "Annals of the West," before quoted, that in the course of their operations "they paid the purchase money for 1162 warrants, and surveyed 1048 more tracts for location."

¹ A paper (manuscript) written by Alfred Huidekoper in 1876, on file with the Crawford County Historical Society.

² Turner, in his history of the Holland purchase (in State of New York), page 427, says the eleven original proprietors constituting the Holland Land Company were merchants in the city of Amsterdam (then in the Republic of Batavia).

The contract for the purchase of the above eleven hundred and sixty-two warrants is in the hands of the writer of the present monograph. It is dated the 21st day of August, A. D. 1793, and made between the Hon. James Wilson of Philadelphia, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, of the first part, and Herman Leroy and William Bayard, both of the city of New York, merchants (agents of Wilhem Willink, Nicholas van Staphorst, Pieter Stadnitski, Christian van Eeghen, Hendrick Vollenhoven, and Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, of the city of Amsterdam, Gentlemen), of the second part. We get here the names of those who either constituted or represented the Association known as the Holland Land Company, at the beginning of its land transactions in Pennsylvania.¹

The contract (to state its contents briefly) was for the sale and purchase of 499,660 acres of land situate on French Creek and between French Creek and the River Allegheny in the State of Pennsylvania. This land, it was stipulated, should consist partly of nine hundred and twelve tracts of four hundred and thirty acres each, with allowance for roads and highways, which Mr. John Adlum, by a contract dated the 26th day of April, A. D. 1793, had engaged to secure to the said Judge Wilson; and the residue, two hundred and fifty tracts, were to be taken from lands entered for Judge Wilson by Mr. James Chapman, convenient to the first named lands in point of location, and with the right of the Holland Company, if not content, to substitute other lands to its liking situate east of French Creek.

¹ The names of P. Stadnitski, Christian van Eeghen, Hen[d]rick Vollenhoven, and Nicholas van Staphorst, members of the Holland Land Company, are also on the list of members of the Pennsylvania Population Company, as are also the names of Mr. T. Cazenove, J. Vollenhoven, and Pieter van Eeghen. The latter was made trustee of the Holland Land Company title on 24 September, 1824, and on 25 September, 1825, reconveyed the title to Wilhem Willink, Hendrick Vollenhoven, Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, Wilhem Willink, Junr., Walrave van Henkelom, Jan van Eeghen and Gerrit Schimmelpenninck, as shown on page 340.

The price to be paid for the land (499,660 acres) was to be three shillings fourpence per acre, the six per cent. of allowance for roads not to be included in the estimate ; and the money to be paid as fast as required ; with a provision in the contract that out of the money advanced, he should hold four thousand and sixty-seven pounds for fees and expenses of surveying ; three thousand eight hundred and ninety-two pounds fourteen shillings for fees of patenting the tracts ; two thousand six hundred and fourteen pounds ten shillings to pay to the Receiver of the Land Office General for thirty acres of excess or overplus land in each warrant ; and nine hundred and seventy-eight pounds for interest on the purchase money to the State since the day of application.

Judge Wilson, on his part, seems to have turned over to the Holland Land Company temporarily, as security for the faithful performance of his covenants, a lot of three hundred and three warrants held by him, taken in the names of Herman Leroy and Jan Lincklaen ; subject to being returned on stipulated conditions being complied with, and covenanting on his part that he would get and deliver to the Company a receipt from the land office for the payment of the purchase money for the 499,660 acres of land stated in the contract ; that he would have the lands run off, and cause the surveys to be returned, and patents to be duly issued and delivered to the Company for the same.

In accordance with this agreement surveys were made, and patents for the most of the tracts were made prior to the year 1800 to all the trustees before named representing the Holland Company ; and subsequently for some tracts in the name of Wilhem Willink, Hendrick Vollenhoven, and Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, who had survived Nicholas van Staphorst, Christian van Eeghen, and Pieter Stadnitski.

The patents conveyed the title of the Commonwealth to the land to the grantees subject to the usual reservation of one fifth of all the gold and silver ore that might be discovered thereon deliverable at the pit's mouth.

In consequence of the death of three of the trustees, above indicated, an act of Assembly was passed on the 31st day of March, 1823, authorizing Wilhem Willink, Hendrick Vollenhoven, and Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, the surviving parties, and the survivor of them to grant and convey all the lands, and all the interest and titles attaching to said lands in this Commonwealth, to any person or persons whatsoever, though such person or persons should be aliens, either absolutely or in trust, upon such terms and conditions as to them or the survivor of them may seem fit; and authorizing such grantee or grantees, though aliens, to hold and convey such lands within the State upon the terms and conditions of the grant made to them.

In conformity with this act of Assembly, which was probably passed to provide for this individual case, on the 24th day of September, 1824, Wilhem Willink, Hendrick Vollenhoven, and Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck made a conveyance of all their lands and interests growing out of the same, situate in the State of Pennsylvania and north and west of the rivers Ohio and Allegheny and Conewango Creek, to Pieter van Eeghen, of the city of Amsterdam, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, in trust that he should immediately reconvey the same to the said Wilhem Willink, Hendrick Vollenhoven, and Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck, together with Walrave van Henkelom, Jan van Eeghen, Wilhem Willink, Junior, and Gerrit Schimmelpenninck (Rutger Jan's son), and on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1824, Pieter van Eeghen made a reconveyance of the lands and interest deeded to him in trust as aforesaid, to the above-named seven parties, who held the title and represented the Holland Land Company in Pennsylvania until the 23d day of December, 1839, when all that remained of the concern in Erie, Crawford, Warren, and Venango counties was conveyed to H. J. Huidekoper, who had made a contract for the purchase of the same on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1836, at the price of \$178,400, — the contract embracing some small interests acquired by the

Company in the course of its dealings in Otsego and Chenango counties in the State of New York and in Berkshire County in the State of Massachusetts.

Having shown in a brief way the chain of title of the Company to its lands in northwestern Pennsylvania, from its inception from the Commonwealth down to its final vendee, I go back to notice the legislation which gave it encouragement to buy, and to the conditions of settlement attached to the sale to it of the lands in question, which latter, owing to subsequent events, led to a protracted controversy between the Commonwealth and the Company, and between the latter and intruders on its lands, in which conflict the result was finally favorable to the Company.

An act of Assembly passed the 11th day of February, A. D. 1789, recited "That whereas the empowering of aliens to purchase and hold lands, tenements, and hereditaments, within this Commonwealth would have a tendency to promote the public benefit, not only by inducing large sums of money into this state, but also by inducing such aliens as may have acquired property, to follow their interest, and become useful citizens: Be it therefore enacted that, until the first day of January A. D. 1792, it shall and may be lawful for every foreigner or foreigners, alien or aliens, not being the subject or subjects of some sovereign state or power, which is, or shall be at the time of such purchase at war with the United States of America, to purchase lands, tenements, and hereditaments within this Commonwealth and to have and to hold the same to them, their heirs, and assigns, for ever, as fully, to all intents and purposes, as any natural born subject or subjects may or can do."

The foregoing act having expired on the 1st of January, A. D. 1792, was by an act of the 8th of March, A. D. 1792, extended for three years after the latter date and to the end of the session of the Assembly next ensuing.

This extension includes and more than covers the date of the Company's purchase through Judge Wilson.

The act of Assembly of the 3d of April, 1792, in subjection to which the Holland Company purchase was made, after reciting in its preamble that the most valuable lands within the purchase made from the Indians in the year 1768 had already been taken up, and that settlers were discouraged from purchasing the remaining inferior lands at the then established prices, proceeds to fix the price of land east of the Allegheny River included in the purchase of 1768 referred to at five pounds for every hundred acres thereof, and for land included in said purchase lying north and west of the Rivers Ohio and Allegheny and Conewango Creek, to persons who will cultivate, or cause the same to be cultivated, improved, and settled, at the price of seven pounds ten shillings for every hundred acres thereof, with an allowance of six per cent. for roads and highways.

In regard to these latter lands the act of Assembly contained the following important proviso, viz: "That no warrant or survey to be issued or made in pursuance of this act for lands lying north and west of the Rivers Ohio and Allegheny and Conewango Creek shall vest any title in or to the lands therein mentioned, unless the grantee has prior to the date of said warrant, made, or caused to be made, or shall within two years next after the date of the same, make or cause to be made, an actual settlement thereon, by clearing, fencing and cultivating at least two acres for every hundred acres contained in one survey, erecting thereon a messuage for the habitation of man, and residing or causing a family to reside thereon for the space of five years next following his first settling of the same, if he or she shall so long live; and in default of such actual settlement and residence, it shall be lawful to and for this Commonwealth to issue new warrants to other actual settlers for the said lands or any part thereof reciting the original warrants and that actual settlements and residence have not been made in pursuance thereof, and so often as defaults shall be made for the time and in the manner aforesaid, which new grants shall be under and subject to

all and every the regulations contained in this act. Provided always, nevertheless, that if any such actual settler or any grantee in any such original or succeeding warrant, shall by force of arms of enemies of the United States, be prevented from making such actual settlement, or be driven therefrom, and shall persist in his endeavor to make such actual settlement as aforesaid, then, in either case, he and his heirs shall be entitled, to have, and to hold the said lands, in the same manner as if the actual settlement had been made and continued."

In pursuance of the contract hereinbefore referred to, the Hon. James Wilson for Messrs. Leroy and Bayard on behalf of Wilhem Willink and others heretofore named, paid to the land office of the State on the 21st day of August, A. D. 1793, the sum of thirty-four thousand eight hundred and sixty pounds, specie, being the purchase money for 464,800 acres of land situate on the north and west side of the Rivers Ohio and Allegheny and Conewango Creek, in (then) Allegheny County, granted to them by 1162 warrants of 400 acres each, as is shown by the original receipt given therefor now in my possession.

When it is recollected that in 1792 Crawford County was wholly abandoned for a time on account of Indian invasions, and that in the summer of 1793 another general stampede took place on notice being given by a friendly Indian chief of impending danger, it will readily be seen that the taking out by the Holland Land Company of 1162 warrants, each one representing a tract of land to be settled upon within two years, was an enterprise involving a great deal of labor and risk. Indian forages attended with destruction of life were rife as late as the year 1795, when finally the treaty of General Wayne, made on the 3d of August of that year, and ratified on the 22d of December following, removed one of the impediments to western emigration.

Grave questions soon presented themselves as to the condition of the Company's title in view of settlements interrupted

or omitted in consequence of the Indian hostilities, and as to what, if any, further efforts the Company was obliged to make in that direction under the excusing provisions of the law.

On the 16th of December, 1797, the Board of Property drew up a formula for the obtaining patents where the settlement had been complied with, and also, under the advice of Mr. Jared Ingersoll, the Attorney-General, a form to be used for obtaining the Commonwealth title where the circumstances, adverted to in the law, made the omission of settlement and residence justifiable.

The patents issued to the Holland Land Company prior to 1800 were of the latter class, the instrument setting forth the exculpatory hostilities; and to distinguish them from the other kind of patents, they were designated as "prevention patents."

A new Board of Property in the year 1800 having refused to grant patents under the precedent established by the former Board, on the 2d of April, 1802, the Legislature passed an act to settle the controversies arising from contending claims to lands north and west of the Ohio and Allegheny rivers and Conewango Creek, and the judges of the Supreme Court were ordered to devise an issue for trying sundry legal questions set forth in the act.

The judges devised a feigned issue as required in the form of a proceeding by the Attorney-General *vs.* the Grantees under the act of April, 1792, and, after public notice to all interested, that if they would appear they might be heard, Justices Yeates, Smith, and Brackenridge assembled at Sunbury on the 25th of November, 1802, and impanelling a jury proceeded to try the points of law submitted to them by the Legislature.

Messrs. J. Ingersoll, W. Lewis, and A. J. Dallas, counsel for the Holland Land Company (notified of the proceedings), in a courteous note declined to take any part in the trial or pleadings, because they considered the abstract questions proposed for decision by the Legislature would leave untouched

and undecided the great essential part of the controversy. See 4 Dallas's Rep. 237.

At the September term of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Tench Coxe (see 4 Dallas Pa. Rep. 170), the Holland Land Company had entered a rule directed to the secretary of the Land Office, to show cause why a mandamus should not be issued to him by the court compelling him to prepare and deliver patents to the Company for the lands for which warrants were held by it under the act of 3d of April, 1792.

In support of its application for the mandamus the Company showed what it considered strong legal and equitable grounds why it should be granted. The main object of the sale to it, the replenishing of the State treasury, had been accomplished by the Company paying into it a sum of over two hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars. It was not until a year or two after the taking out of the warrants, say the years 1794 and 1795, that deputy surveyors could be prevailed upon to risk the making of the necessary surveys to locate the warrants. In 1795 a general agent had been appointed to superintend its affairs, and a large store was built at Meadville and a sum exceeding \$5,000 was disbursed.

In 1796 companies of settlers were invited, encouraged, and engaged; ample supplies of provisions, implements, and utensils were sent into the country; the expense of transporting families was liberally advanced; a bounty of one hundred acres was given for improving and settling each tract, and a further sum of \$22,000 was actually disbursed. In the year 1797 a sum of about \$40,000 was further expended in promoting the same objects, including payments on contracts for settlement and quieting adverse claims.

In 1798 mills were erected, roads were opened, and other exertions made at a charge of not less than \$30,000. In the year 1799 the sum of \$40,000 and upwards was expended in improvements and settlements, in the salaries of its agents

and workmen in opening and repairing roads, and in patenting 876 tracts of land; and showing that by the close of the year 1800 about \$400,000 would have been expended in all in the enterprise undertaken by it. The Company claimed the Indian hostilities existing until the year 1796 met the case provided for in the act of 1792, that should excuse the warrantees from the prescribed conditions of settlement and improvement; notwithstanding which an active and substantial effort in that direction had been made by it.

The case was elaborately and ably argued by the attorneys on both sides. Chief Justice Shippen was of the opinion that the state of hostility and danger shown to have existed after the taking out of the warrants was a sufficient legal excuse for non-performance of settlement and improvements, on a reasonable and fair interpretation of the law under which the grant was made, and that the Company was entitled, on the showing it had made, to its patents.

Justices Yeates and Smith, holding that the hostilities shown only deferred, but did not excuse, a subsequent performance of the conditions, and non-concurring with the Chief Justice (they being a majority on the bench), the rule for a writ of mandamus was dismissed.

We reach next in the progress of events the case of Huidekoper's Lessee *vs.* Douglass, tried at the April term of the United States Circuit Court of Pennsylvania in 1805 before Marshall, Chief Justice, Washington, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, and Peters, District Judge. In many quarters great interest was felt in the result of this trial. Many cases of ejectment were pending, which would probably be governed by the ruling of the Court in its construction of the law of 1792. Judges Washington and Peters had disagreed in a case before them, that they might have the benefit of a decision of the Supreme Court to guide them at the final ruling of the same.

A comprehensive statement of what were supposed to be the true points in controversy was carefully drawn up, and

argued by E. Tilghman, Ingersoll, Lewis, and Dallas for the plaintiff, and by McKean (Attorney-General of Pennsylvania) and W. Tilghman for the defendant. (See 4 Dallas Pa. Rep. 392.)

Chief Justice Marshall, who delivered the opinion of the Court, subjected the law of 1792 to that searching analysis characteristic of his mind. He showed that the inconsistency of the law came from the Legislature having used common terms to two classes of subjects, to which subjects common terms could not be applied grammatically, and without creating confusion as to the intent of the law. Getting at the sense of the law by applying to each subject that which would rationally belong to it, he made one part of it apply to a settler who had gone onto land, and made his settlement a stepping stone towards getting a warrant for the tract, and other expressions in the law apply to those who, having paid the purchase money, and taken out warrants, were required to make a settlement afterwards unless excused by circumstances expressed in the law.

The exculpatory section of the law was as follows: "Provided always, nevertheless, that if any such actual settler or any grantee, in any such original or succeeding warrant, shall, by force of arms of the enemies of the United States, be prevented from making such actual settlement, or be driven therefrom, and shall persist in his endeavors to make such actual settlement as aforesaid, then, in either case, he and his heirs shall be entitled to have and to hold the said lands, *in the same manner as if the actual settlement had been made and continued.*" This latter clause the Chief Justice showed would have no significance whatever, if, as the Commonwealth's attorneys claimed, the warrantees were bound to persist in endeavors while foreign hostilities existed, and when they ceased were then bound to make the settlement originally required of them.

Under this ruling the case was submitted to a jury and a verdict rendered for the plaintiff.

The decision was accepted by a portion of the State judges from conformity with personal opinions, and from conviction of its propriety ; and submitted to with good grace by others because it was provided in the United States Constitution that the national courts should have jurisdiction in controversies between a State and the subjects of foreign powers. Yet some of the contemporaneous judges, and later ones, chafed at the thought that a decision of the national court should dominate over that of a State court in the construing of a provincial law. But as one of the State judges naïvely said, what could the State courts do when, if they put a man into possession one day, the national courts could turn him out the next ?

To an unprejudiced mind the case under consideration would seem to be an eminently fit one to be determined by the federal court.

In 1793, when the Company made its purchase, a State, like an individual, was subject to court jurisdiction, but at the close of the year, by an amendment to the national constitution, it was enacted that the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state. Here, then, was a change in the extent of legal redress allowed to one of the parties. A State stands on its dignity ; nothing less than another State can compel it to submit to the arbitrament of law. But a State that stands on its dignity should always exhibit the highest principles of honor when dealing with a weaker party. That it may not thus govern itself, is suggested by the clause in the national constitution which, among other restrictions, prohibits a State from passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts, and its capability of doing wrong is more plainly shown in the blot that now rests upon the State of Minnesota, which it is to be hoped the sober second thought of its citizens will soon remove.

If a State might not violate a contract by legislation, it

would not be proper for it to do it by action. The relation of the State and the Holland Company was that of vendor and vendee. The State had declared at what price and on what conditions it would sell its West Allegheny lands. The Company purchased a large number of warrants, paid the price into the State treasury, and accepted the conditions. The State had specified upon the happening of what adverse circumstances the full performance of the conditions would not be demanded. The Company showed a vigorous, faithful effort at performance, and the actual happening of the adverse circumstances which it claimed should exempt it from further effort. Some of the best lawyers and judges in the State thought the view of matters taken by the Company was the correct one. Other judges very honestly thought that the requirement of settlement was only postponed and not released by intervening hostilities; while a third class on the bench talked flippantly of confiscation and reclaiming the lands by the State; this latter doctrine was a popular one with the unscrupulous elements in society. The State had replenished its treasury once by a sale of these lands; if it seize and resell them and fill its treasury again, all the inhabitants from the farm to the forum would in one sense be benefited by it. Contention was growing every day more violent between parties settling under the Company and parties settling adversely. Members of Assembly got their bias from their surroundings, and it is possible that even judges might not be free from similar influences. What, then, could have been fairer than for the State to have turned the whole question over to the federal judiciary, composed of men of eminent legal ability and free from any suspicions of partiality?

The Commonwealth hesitated and temporized; on the 20th of March, 1811, an act was passed relative to compromises between intruders and the warrant-holders validating the same, and declaring that if the improvement and residence had been made and kept up as required by the act of 1792, though after the limit of time specified in the law, the same

would be accepted by the Commonwealth and make perfect the title to the land so settled on. The act provided for service of any civil process on the agent or attorney in fact of the Holland Land Company, the Pennsylvania Population Company, and the North American Land Company or other warrant-holders; and also declared that if a warrantee on or before the first day of June, 1813, should give a deed for 150 acres of land to any settler who might have entered and made the improvement and kept up the residence required by the act of 1792, then the Commonwealth would cease to have any further claim to said tract. The time was extended in 1817 and again in 1818, extended to April, 1819.

As early as May, 1800, in the case of *Morris Lessee vs. Neighman* (4 Dallas Rep. 209), it had been decided by Judges Yeates and Smith that a warrantee did not forfeit his rights by not making a settlement within two years from the date of his warrant, and if he did, the Commonwealth alone could take advantage of it by issuing new warrants in a form prescribed by law. This decision was to some extent protective to all the land companies, many of the intruders on their lands wishing to self-appropriate their surveys and settlements for a time abandoned without the trouble or expense of a vacating warrant.

The Holland Company seems to have relied firmly on the decision in its favor by the United States Court. It claimed to have complied with its covenants so far as it could under the circumstances; and that it was legally released from obligation to do anything farther to perfect its title by the happening of hostilities as specified in the Act of Assembly. If it was right and had performed its contract, the Commonwealth could not make legally any new requirements by *ex post facto* legislation. For the Company to make concessions was to acknowledge itself in default, to weaken its title, and to involve itself in a great readily foreseen amount of trouble and expense.

Some of the occupiers of its lands had gone on them inde-

pendently and were designated in rustic dialect as "squatters." Others had gone on under agreement with the Company to make the required settlement, for which, in addition to the help given them, they were to receive one hundred acres of the land gratuitously, with the privilege of purchasing more at \$1.50 per acre. Some of the latter were true to their contracts, while a portion repudiated their agreements and set up personal claims to the entire tract in opposition to the warrantee.

The Company kept its faith with those who were honest, compromised with those who proved to be reasonable in their demands, and contested titles in court with those who were disposed to fight and controvert things to the bitter end.

Such conflicting views and actions of men who were neighbors produced an unpleasant state of society.

The State courts, with a little natural bias to the weaker side, held the scales of justice with a pretty even hand, ruling each case as it presented its exceptional facts to the application of general principles. No law ever enacted in Pennsylvania led to so much litigation, or called for such elaborate consideration on the part of the bench and bar, as the one in question, and any one curious to see what different constructions can be put on the same words by able logicians and jurists can find out by reading through the reports of decisions of cases arising under the Act of 1792.

In the course of time, the confusion and clash of power that would arise from conflicting interpretation of State laws by the national and State courts induced the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States to adopt, as a rule for its future action, that in construing a State law, it would follow the construction given to it (if any) by the highest judicial tribunal of the State itself. This did not necessarily imply that the U. S. Supreme Court would recede from any decision it had already made, but simply that it would in the future follow where the highest court of a State had preceded it in giving construction to a State enactment.

This new attitude with regard to State court decisions, and the diversity of views held by the judges then on the bench, revived the flagging hopes of a set of men, who might perhaps not unjustly be characterized as land pirates, urged on by some lawyers by no means destitute of ability, who were to make a combined attack on the warrant-holders, and get compensation for so doing by a division of the spoils. This enterprise, which had nearly matured and about which vague hints had been thrown out, was nipped in the bud by the act of April 3, 1833, which dispensed with the settlement and improvement required by the act of 1792, and authorized patents to be issued wherever lands had been surveyed and paid for, with a proviso that neither the law nor the patents issued under it should have any effect on suits pending or titles resting on settlements made under the original act.

I recall no case after this of conflict of the Company title with that of a party claiming under a vacating warrant, except the suit of Sweeny et al. *vs.* Sheffield, tried in 1845, reported in 1 Barr's Rep. 463, in the trial of which I took part. The warrant title was sustained by showing a settlement of sufficient length to comply with the law before the vacating warrant was taken out, and the prior settlement was held to inure for the benefit of the warrant-holder, although the evidence which should show a relation between the warrant and the settlement from lapse of time had been lost.

I now turn away from the history of this long controversy, having aimed to state it with all the brevity compatible with a comprehension of it, and shall refer as concisely as I can to a few of the largest derivative titles from the Holland Company, leaving the smaller ramifications to be pointed out in a supplement to this history, which, if able to accomplish it, I may add for the benefit of lawyers or those who have occasion to trace the chain of title from the Holland Company down to the proprietors of the land at the present time.

I confine myself in writing to the four counties of Erie, Crawford, Warren, and Venango. And, as some of the same

Dutch capitalists were interested in the Pennsylvania Population Company as well as in the Holland Land Company, I shall place on file with the Crawford County Historical Society an abstract of the former company, to show when it was dissolved and its affairs were wound up.

The Pennsylvania Population Company lands, so far as I shall refer to them, were situate in Erie and Crawford counties. They are easily recognized by the numbers of the tracts. South of the triangle in Erie County, the population numbers run from 391 to 621, and in Crawford County from 632 to 843, while the Holland Company numbers in Erie County (in District No. 1) run from No. 1 to 159, and in Crawford County from No. 1 to 236 (being District No. 2).

In the year 1810 Judge William Griffith of New Jersey and John B. Wallace, Esq., of Philadelphia made a contract with the Holland Company to purchase its entire body of lands west of the Allegheny River for the sum of \$180,000, the title to remain in the Company until paid for, and the parties to have a common agent to attend to sales. The following year (1811) Messrs. Griffith and Wallace made a contract to buy out the interest of the Dutch gentlemen interested in the Population Company for \$60,000. The title to an undivided moiety of this purchase was vested in William Griffith, in trust for the use and benefit of Mr. Wallace.

In 1816 Mr. Griffith sold out his entire interest in the concern to Maurice Wurts of New Jersey and William Wurts of Philadelphia, and in the year 1818 Mr. Wallace and the Messrs. Wurts made partition of the lands and contracts, and arrangement was made with the Holland Company by which the Messrs. Wurts got deeds and held title to their lands in severalty. The Messrs. Wurts paid off some creditors in lands, and in this way a large block was transferred to John Day of New York and William Meredith of Philadelphia, in trust for some parties in England. It is through this channel that we find the name of Messrs. Day and Meredith and Messrs. Price and Ferguson on our record.

Mr. Wallace retained his interest for some years, when, finding himself unable to discharge the purchase money remaining due, the lands lapsed and fell back to the Company, which still held the legal title to them in its hands.

About the year 1821 Mr. Wallace, having some other interests in Crawford County, moved out with his family from Philadelphia and resided for some fourteen years (1835) in Meadville. While here he was elected to the Legislature, and was very influential in getting laws passed and appropriations made for the making of the canal through the western part of the county, a measure which was then considered a cardinal point in its future prosperity.

LAND OFFICES

The Holland Company kept the office of its general agency at Philadelphia. Of its first general agent, Mr. Theophilus Cazenove, who acted for it from its organization until his return to Europe in A. D. 1799, very little is known. He was succeeded by Mr. Paul Busti, a native of Milan in Italy, who made a very satisfactory agent for a quarter of a century, down to the time of his death, on the 23d of July, 1824. Both of these gentlemen have been complimented by having towns named after them in New York.

The father of the writer of these notes was bookkeeper in Mr. Busti's office, and an inmate of his family for several years before coming to Meadville, and often expressed his appreciation of the hospitality there received. Mr. Busti had no children, and was succeeded by John Jacob Vanderkemp, Esq., who was a native of Leyden in the kingdom of the Netherlands, and who was at that time bookkeeper in his office. Mr. Vanderkemp retained the situation until the affairs of the Company were finally wound up. To this general office financial reports were made annually from local offices at Buffalo and Batavia in New York, and Meadville, Pennsylvania, with such practical suggestions as experience might dictate. In this section residents at different points, such as Linesville

in Crawford County, Pleasantville in Venango County, Columbus and Sugargrove in Warren County, and Union Mills in Erie County, were employed to show lands to emigrants, receiving a commission therefor whenever a sale was effected.

Soon after the war of 1812, a Mr. Augustus Sacket was employed by Messrs. Griffith and Wallace to stimulate emigration from the East, and he effected some exchanges of Western lands for lands in Berkshire, Mass., and in Connecticut, an operation which proved in the end more troublesome than profitable. He also induced some Eastern men to purchase a quantity of land on credit, with a view of reselling it. It was in this way that in 1817 Captain Gad Peck settled at Centerville, and Jared Shattuck, Esq., at Meadville, a long list of lands taxed to them jointly being found on reference to the county treasurer's books at that time. Though they succeeded in making many sales, the enterprise on the whole was not successful, and a portion of the lands thus contracted for reverted to the Company.

The agents of the Company at Meadville were Samuel B. Foster and Alexander W. Foster, jointly, for the years 1796, 1797, 1798, and part of 1799; Major Roger Alden for the years 1799 to 1804, and H. J. Huidekoper from the first of January, 1805, to the closing up of the Company's concerns by the sale in 1836.

It is difficult to realize now, amid general wealth and development, the poverty of the rural districts in the first quarter of this century. Many persons are still living who can recollect when a large portion of the people of Meadville used a decoction of roasted rye as a substitute for coffee on their tables. From 1820 to 1834 the wages of a hired man were about nine dollars a month. In 1831 oak wood could be bought for sixty-two and one-half cents a cord, and hickory wood for eighty-seven and one-half cents, delivered. The facilities for transportation were very limited, and in 1824 whiskey, the most convenient commodity for exporting, was only worth twenty-five cents a gallon. Exchange was not to be had at

home, and bank bills in circulation showed various grades of depreciation.

With regard to assessment of taxes, the experience of the Holland Company was one common to all such organizations. To place the burthens of society on one's immediate neighbors is not a gracious thing for an assessor to do. To put them on a non-resident land-owner would draw out little protest from any quarter save from the subject of the imposition. It was a possible thing at times to find upon the duplicate of the collector a farm with a good improvement upon it, estimated at no higher value than a tract of untouched woodland by its side. The large taxpayer found some offset to this in what may be called financiering. Money was scarce, and a large part of the common currency consisted in orders of the Commissioners on the county treasurer. These the merchants took at a discount, and were glad to realize for them in cash what they had allowed for them in goods. So they sold them to those who could use them at face value in the payment of taxes.

In "Western Annals," page 725, several companies, including the one I am writing about, are described as being organized to speculate in lands in western Pennsylvania. That word "speculate" has a *good* and a *bad* signification. All hope of a future reward for present action is in some sense speculative. The merchant speculates in a good sense when he hopes to make a living profit by purchasing goods to be re-tailed over his counter. The operator in Wall Street who excites and depresses stocks alternately, to prey on the misfortunes of others, is speculative in a *bad* sense. I have never found anything in the management of those who composed the Holland Land Company which would induce me to characterize them as speculators in an *opprobrious* sense.

We have seen that in the first stages of its existence it advanced large sums for traveling expenses and for provisions and agricultural implements for the accommodation of purchasers, and that it gave a gratuity of one hundred acres of

land to whoever would make a legal settlement on one of its tracts.

Though it dropped the gratuity after 1805, its contracts always required a house to be built within a twelvemonth and eight or ten acres of land to be cleared within two years from date, which requirements helped in the development of the country.

It gave long credit, generally eight years, for the payment of the purchase money, and where an honest effort to pay was indicated, this time was often doubled and sometimes trebled by indulgence. When money was scarce it facilitated payment by taking cattle which had to be driven over the mountains to Philadelphia to find a market. It bought its lands at rates open to all and sold at local prevailing prices. It never withheld any land from market to enhance the value of the residue, with some few exceptional cases based on the quality of the land.

The applicant was free to select on the hill or in the valley, to take farm land or timber land at his option. When the vast prairie lands of the West were thrown upon the market by the government at almost nominal prices, a reduction was made in prices by the Company, and a substantial discount allowed for cash in hand. Under this system the western part of Erie County settled up very rapidly with an enterprising people of higher ambition than those who led the van in frontier life, and this section of country secured a fair share of westward-bound emigrants.

In this accelerated improvement of the country the local agent found his reward for a long period of anxiety and care. The affairs of the Company required visits to be made at least quarterly to the counties of Erie, Warren, and Venango, generally on the weeks when court would be in session. They involved going often at the most inclement season of the year, and for many years this had to be done on horseback, papers and clothing having to be carried in saddle-bags, then so commonly in use. The journey was attended, especially through

the wilderness to Warren, with dangers from vindictiveness created by the litigation of titles I have referred to, and from broken bridges, floods, and, in winter, snowdrifts hiding a road full of roots, and mud holes of which it is difficult to give an adequate description. The whole situation required nerve, great powers of endurance, a subjection of self to a strong sense of duty, and further, in business transactions a well-balanced judgment to regulate sympathies in one direction, with proper regard to proprietary interests in another.

This exciting, chaotic, perilous phase of life found its opposite in the systematic order of the land office, where a neatly kept journal and ledger recorded the transactions of the year, the latter balanced to a cent and the annual results reported to the general office in Philadelphia.

From the ledger each individual account was posted into a land book, the most ponderous book probably ever in the county, being two feet wide and six inches thick. Every page had a printed caption for the name of the settler, the number of the tract, and the district where located; it had also eighteen columns of vertical rulings, with printed headings to show the page of original entry in the journal, the date of sale, date of payment, acres given as a gratuity, acres sold to be paid for, acres to be cleared, time allowed for clearing, price per acre, amount of purchase money, rate of interest, terms of payment, amount received on principal, amount on interest, amount remaining due on principal, also on interest, quantity of land still unsold in tract, and a column for miscellaneous remarks. This omnium-gatherum book represented the *ne plus ultra* of itemized accounts.

But it is nearly half a century since the Holland Land Company wound up its affairs in this region, and I close my narrative with some comments by Mr. O. Turner, the historian of the Holland purchase in the State of New York, on its aims and management, with whose statements I entirely concur from long personal familiarity with the subject — condensing the quotations I give. Mr. Turner remarks (page

426) of all that (business) men leave behind them, there is nothing that affords better tests of their characters and motives than their private correspondence. It is here that in all the familiarity and confidence of private friendship a necessary mutual reliance is indulged in. Men are prone to throw off all disguise and disclose the real motives by which they are governed. Few opportunities could be as ample for applying this test as those the author has enjoyed connected with the entire agencies of the Holland Company, having had free access to the great mass of correspondence between its general and local agents. And from such evidence he is prepared to say few enterprises have ever been conducted on more honorable principles than was that which embraced the purchase, sale, and settlement of the Holland purchase. In all the instructions of the general to the local agents, the interest of the settlers, the prosperity of the country, were made secondary in but a slight degree to their securing to their principals a fair and reasonable return for their investments. "In the entire history of settlement and improvement in our widely extended country, large tracts of the wilderness have nowhere fallen into the hands of individuals — become subject to private or associate cupidity — where that aggregate result has been more favorable, or advantageous to the settlers."

To which I may add, in conclusion, the history of the Company is but a repetition, perhaps, of a common experience in life. It was encouraged at first to purchase a wilderness and put its money into the State treasury. This was an acceptable thing to do. When it sought reimbursement out of the property so acquired, it incurred both professional and popular opposition, as large associations are apt to do. Keeping the even tenor of its way, with fairness of purpose and integrity of action, it can safely intrust its record to the hands of the historian.

The original lands purchased from the State of Pennsylvania by the Holland Land Company are entered in its books as "Lands of the First Purchase." Those acquired from the

Pennsylvania Population Company are entered as "Lands of the Second Purchase."

DISTRICTS

These were designated by the names of the deputy surveyors who made respectively the surveys in them, and also by numbers.

District No. 1, called "Rees' District," was wholly in Erie County, Pa.

Holland Land Company, Nos. 1 to 159.

Population Company, Nos. 391 to 621.

District No. 2, called "Power's District," wholly in Crawford County.

Holland Land Company, Nos. 1 to 236.

Pennsylvania Population Company, Nos. 632 to 843.

District No. 3, called "Stokely's District," was eighteen tracts in Venango County, sold to Benjamin B. Cooper of New Jersey.

District No. 5, east of the Allegheny River, called from surveyor, "Wm. P. Brady's District." Of this 174,000 acres sold about 1813 to the Lancaster Land Company.

District No. 6, called "Nicholson's District," was part in Erie County, chiefly in Warren County, Pa.

District No. 7, called "McDowell's District," partly in Crawford, Warren, and Venango counties.

N. B.—The numbers of the Holland and Population companies must not be confounded with those of Donation districts in some of the counties.

GENEALOGY OF HARM JAN F

		<p>Jan Amnes Huidekoper. Born Harlingen, Friesland, 1681 or 1698. Died Berlikum, Fries- land, 1746.</p>	<p>Anne Jans Huidekoper of Harlingen land. Hinke Pieters D</p>
	<p>Anne Jans Huidekoper. Born Harlingen, Friesland, 1730. Died Hoogeveen. Drenthe, 1799.</p>	<p>Married Harlingen, March 3, 1725.</p> <p>Fokje Pieters Oldaans. (Oldaens or Ondaan.) Born Died 1770.</p>	<p>Pieter Jans Old (Oldaens or O Born Harli Friesland, 16 Married Nov. 2 Rykje Jacobs Tj</p>
	<p>Married Vries, April 5, 1775.</p>		
<p>Harm Jan Huidekoper. Born Hoogeveen, Drenthe, Holland, April 3, 1776. Died Meadville, Pa., May 22, 1854.</p>		<p>Harm Jan Wolthers. Schulter of Vries, March 21, 1722, to 1775.</p> <p>Married April 13, 1738.</p> <p>Anna Christina Ketel.</p>	<p>Lambert Wolthe Schulter of March 3, 16 March 21, 17 Born 1668. Died Vries, D. May 31, 1735 68 years old. Johanna Aleida. Born 1673. Died Sept. 13, Major General Ketel.</p>
	<p>Married Meadville, Pa., Sept. 1, 1806.</p>	<p>Gesiena Frederica Wol- thers, Born Vries, Drenthe, Jan. 29, 1741. Died Hoogeveen, May 24, 1813.</p>	
		<p>Andrew Colhoon. Died Carlisle, Pa., May 8, 1794.</p>	<p>John Colhoon. Died Middletown, Cumberland Co., Pa., Sept., 1757.</p> <p>Rebecca</p>
	<p>Rebecca Colhoon. Born Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 15, 1779. Died Meadville, Pa., Oct. 22, 1839.</p>	<p>Married Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 12, 1777.</p> <p>Andrew McDowell. Born Ireland. Died Cumberland Co., Pa., 1778.</p> <p>Esther McDowell. Born 1752. Died Carlisle, Pa., June 12, 1795.</p>	
			<p>Sarah Shanklin. of Port Lewis, De- laware. Died 1788.</p>

HUIDEKOPER AND REBECCA COLHOON

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ns. { Jan Oldaans. (Oldaens
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097. {	Jacobus Tjessema. Born Jan. 9, 1629. Died 1671. Married Dec. 15, 1655.	{	Johannes Tjessema. Born 1591. Died 1636.	{	Tjesse Tjessema. Born 1560.	{	Tjesse. Born 1530.
es. {	Elizabeth Paulus Bo- gaard. Born Dec. 15, 1635. Died Feb. 3, 1692.	{	Paulus Bogaard.				
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II

HUIDEKOPER¹

HARM JAN HUIDEKOPER, founder of the Huidekoper family in America, eldest son of Anne Huidekoper and Gesiena Fred-
erica Wolthers, his second wife.

Born at Hoogeveen, Province of Drenthe, Holland, April 3,
1776; sailed from the Helder, Holland, in the Brig Pru-
dence, Aug. 12, 1796; arrived at New York, Oct. 14, 1796.

Married, Meadville, Pennsylvania, Sept. 1, 1806, *Rebecca Colhoon*,
second daughter of Andrew Colhoon and Esther McDowell,
his wife; (born, Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 15, 1779; died, at "Pomona,"
Meadville, Pa., Oct. 22, 1839).

Died at "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., May 22, 1854.

Issue :

ANNA APPOLINA,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Aug. 14, 1807; d. "Po-
mona," Meadville, Pa., July 30, 1808.

FREDERIC WOLTERS,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Oct. 2, 1808; d. "Po-
mona," Meadville, Pa., Sept. 12, 1816.

ALFRED, 1810-1892. (Vide infra, p. 2)

EDGAR, 1812-1862. (Vide infra, p. 4)

ANNA, 1814-1897. (Vide infra, p. 7)

FREDERIC, 1817-1892. (Vide infra, p. 8)

ELIZABETH GERTRUDE,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Jan. 8, 1819.

¹ Compiled by

FREDERIC WOLTERS HUIDEKOPER and
FREDERIC LOUIS HUIDEKOPER.

ALFRED, second son of Harm Jan Huidekoper and Rebecca Colhoon, his wife ; b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., March 21, 1810 ; m. Meadville, Dec. 4, 1834, *Catherine*, third daughter of Arthur *Cullum* and Harriet Sturges, his wife (b. Meadville, Pa., Sept. 17, 1812 ; d. Meadville, April 22, 1888) ; d. Meadville, Jan. 13, 1892.

Issue :

REBECCA COLHOON,

b. Meadville, Pa., Oct. 2, 1835 ; m. Meadville, Pa., Aug. 22, 1859, *George Bond*, eldest son of George William Bond and Sophia Augusta May, his wife (b. Boston, Mass., Aug. 12, 1834) ; d. Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass., Dec. 23, 1880.

Issue (surname BOND) :

Alfred Huidekoper,

b. Roxbury (Boston), Mass., July 8, 1860 ; m. New York, Jan. 25, 1896, *Louise van Beuren*, second daughter of John William *Davis* and Mary Louise van Beuren, his wife (b. New York, Feb. 15, 1865).

Issue (surname BOND) :

Mary Louise,

b. Morristown, N. J., Aug. 26, 1897.

George Gorham,

b. Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass., Aug. 1, 1862 ; d. New York, Dec. 11, 1887.

Rose May Cracroft,

b. Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass., May 8, 1868 ; m. Roxbury, Mass., April 3, 1893, *William Jones Romaine*, only son of Samuel Brower Romaine and Clara Robins Jones, his wife (b. New York, Feb. 15, 1865).

Issue (surname ROMAINE) :

Lawrence Bond,

b. Morristown, N. J., Oct. 13, 1900.

Mabel Huidekoper,

b. Germantown (Phila.), Pa., Jan. 4, 1875 ; m. Morristown, N. J., June 7, 1900, *Charles Noyes*

Loveland, second son of George Loveland and Julia Lord Noyes, his wife (b. Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 26, 1872).

Issue (surname LOVELAND):

Rose Cracroft,

b. Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 28, 1903.

EMMA CULLUM,

b. Meadville, Pa., Jan. 31, 1842; m. Meadville, Pa., Sept. 17, 1866, *Oreste Antonio Nicolo Cortazzo*.

Issue (surname CORTAZZO):

Katerina Frederica Alexandra Renée,

b. Paris, France, May 1, 1868.

ARTHUR CLARKE,

b. Meadville, Pa., June 15, 1845; m. Meadville, Pa., Sept. 21, 1869, *Frances Louise*, eldest daughter of William Reynolds and Julia Eliza Thorp, his wife (b. Meadville, Pa., Nov. 2, 1846).

Issue:

ALBERT REYNOLDS,

b. Meadville, Pa., Jan. 18, 1871.

EARLE COLHOON,

b. Meadville, Pa., Jan. 31, 1872.

EDITH ELLICOTT,

b. Meadville, Pa., April 28, 1880; d. Meadville, Pa., Feb. 20, 1887.

ANNETTE VAN EEGHEN,

b. Meadville, Pa., July 3, 1852; d. Meadville, Pa., July 16, 1886.

EDGAR, third son of Harm Jan Huidekoper and Rebecca Colhoon, his wife, b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., May 30, 1812; m. Meadville, Pa., June 28, 1838, *Frances*, eldest daughter of Judge Henry *Shippen* and Elizabeth Wallis Evans, his wife (b. Lancaster, Pa., March 23, 1818; d. "Hill Home," Meadville, Pa., May 29, 1897); d. "Hill Home," Meadville, Pa., Sept. 9, 1862.

Issue :

HENRY SHIPPEN,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., July 17, 1839; m. Germantown (Phila.), Pa., Oct. 26, 1864, *Emma Gertrude*, eldest daughter of Thomas Wallis *Evans* and Annie De Costa Yard, his wife (b. Germantown, Pa., Sept. 18, 1840).

Issue :

GERTRUDE,

b. Germantown (Phila.), Pa., Oct. 12, 1865; m. Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1890, *Edmund Munroe-Smith*, second son of Horatio Southgate Smith and Susan Dwight Munroe, his wife (b. Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1854).

Issue (surname MUNROE-SMITH) :

Gertrude,

b. Easthampton, Long Island, N. Y., June 6, 1891.

THOMAS WALLIS,

b. Germantown (Phila.), Pa., Feb. 2, 1870.

FREDERIC WOLTERS,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Sept. 12, 1840; m. Meadville, Pa., Jan. 22, 1867, *Anna Virginia*, only daughter of Fitz-James *Christie* and Elizabeth Anna Johns, his wife (b. Erie, Pa., Dec. 23, 1843).

Issue :

GRACIE,

b. New York, July 5, 1872; d. New York, July 6, 1872.

FREDERIC LOUIS,

b. Meadville, Pa., March 8, 1874.

REGINALD SHIPPEN,

b. Meadville, Pa., May 24, 1876.

HERMAN JOHN,

- b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Nov. 28, 1843; d. St. Paul, Minnesota, Oct. 21, 1868.

EDGAR,

- b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., March 10, 1845.

GERTRUDE,

- b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Aug. 2, 1846; m. Paris, France, Aug. 17, 1870, *Frank Wells*, second son of Charles Bartlett Wells and Maria Louisa Binney, his wife (b. Boston, Mass., Oct. 11, 1842).

Issue (surname WELLS):

George Doane,

- b. Cleveland, Ohio, June 27, 1872.

Edgar Huidekoper,

- b. Cleveland, Ohio, June 27, 1875.

Elizabeth Huidekoper,

- b. Boston, Mass., June 4, 1878.

Robert,

- b. Boston, Mass., Nov. 30, 1880; d. Longwood (Boston), Mass., March 2, 1883.

ELIZABETH,

- b. "Hill Home," Meadville, Pa., July 17, 1851; m. "Hill Home," Meadville, Pa., June 21, 1883, *Henry Purkitt Kidder*, son of Thomas Kidder and Clarissa Purkitt, his wife (b. Boston, Mass., Jan. 18, 1823; d. New York, Jan. 28, 1886).

RUSH RHEES SHIPPEN,

- b. "Hill Home," Meadville, Pa., May 3, 1854; m. Media (Delaware Co.), Pa., March 15, 1874, *Anne Preston*, eldest daughter of Joseph Roberts *Morris* and Arabella Ashmead Darlington, his wife (b. Media, Pa., May 18, 1855); d. Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 17, 1901.

FRANK COLHOON,

- b. "Hill Home," Meadville, Pa., Aug. 22, 1857; m. Worcester, Mass., June 13, 1882, *Caroline Cutler*, eldest daughter of Calvin *Foster* and Anna Louisa Gage, his wife (b. Gorham, Maine, Sept. 1, 1859); d. Providence, R. I., July 26, 1890.

Issue :

HERMAN JOHN,

b. Paris, France, July 20, 1883; d. Boston, Mass.,
March 15, 1893.

ROSALIND,

b. Worcester, Mass., May 29, 1885.

PRESCOTT FOSTER,

b. New York, Jan. 31, 1887.

ANNA, second daughter of Harm Jan Huidekoper and Rebecca Colhoon, his wife, b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Nov. 5, 1814; m. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Aug. 15, 1839, Rev. *James Freeman Clarke*, second son of Samuel Clarke and Rebecca Parker Hull, his wife (b. Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810; d. Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass., June 8, 1888); d. Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass., April 2, 1897.

Issue (surname CLARKE):

Herman Huidekoper,

b. Meadville, Pa., Oct. 15, 1840; d. Boston, Mass., Feb. 15, 1849.

Lilian Freeman,

b. Boston, Mass., June 4, 1842.

Eliot Channing,

b. Boston, Mass., May 6, 1845; m. Boston, Mass., April 4, 1878, *Alice de Vermandois*, daughter of William *Sohier* and Susan Cabot Lowell, his wife (b. Boston, Mass., March 17, 1850; d. Boston, Mass., Nov. 16, 1901).

Issue (surname CLARKE):

Susan Lowell,

b. Boston, Mass., Feb. 14, 1879.

James Freeman,

b. Boston, Mass., March 1, 1881; d. Boston, Mass., March 18, 1884.

Anna Huidekoper,

b. Boston, Mass., July 7, 1883.

Elizabeth Lowell,

b. Boston, Mass., May 3, 1887.

James Freeman,

b. Boston, Mass., May 14, 1889.

Cora Huidekoper,

b. Meadville, Pa., Feb. 9, 1851.

FREDERIC, fourth son of Harm Jan Huidekoper and Rebecca Colhoon, his wife, b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., April 7, 1817; m. New York, Nov. 10, 1853, *Harriet Nancy*, fifth daughter of Henry Sturges *Thorp* and Julia Ann Parker, his wife (b. New York, Sept. 13, 1830); d. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., May 16, 1892.

Issue:

LOUISA,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Aug. 30, 1855; m. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., May 5, 1880, *Winthrop Hoyt Perry*, third son of Oliver Henry Perry and Harriet Hoyt, his wife (b. Southport, Conn., Sept. 20, 1854).

ELLEN ELIZABETH,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Nov. 14, 1856; d. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., July 30, 1861.

ANNA JULIA,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., July 30, 1858; d. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Sept. 4, 1893.

WILLIAM FREDERIC,

b. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Aug. 27, 1862; d. "Pomona," Meadville, Pa., Aug. 17, 1883.

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