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COMMODORE OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, U. S. N.

Born Aug. 20, 1785; Died Aug. 23, 1819

From a Photograph taken by the late Oliver H. Perry, oldest grandson of Com. Perry. The original is a portrait painted by Jarvis for Hon. James DeWolf and is now owned by Mrs. Junius Spencer Morgan, great niece of Com. Perry.

# The Perrys of Rhode Island

AND

TALES OF SILVER CREEK;

THE BOSWORTH-BOURN-PERRY HOMESTEAD

Revised and Enlarged from a Lecture before the Ondawa Chapter of the  
D. A. R. and their Guests of the S. A. R., at the Public Library,  
Cambridge, N. Y., April 13, 1909

BY

REV. CALBRAITH BOURN PERRY, D.D.; S. A. R.

Author of "The DeWolfs"

---

*ILLUSTRATED*

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NEW YORK  
TOBIAS A. WRIGHT  
PRINTER AND PUBLISHER  
1913

To my Compatriots of the S. A. R., the D. A. R., especially to the Ondawa Chapter of the D. A. R., Cambridge, N. Y., before whom much that follows was addressed in a lecture, the Benjamin Bosworth Chapter, Silver Creek, N. Y., and to the Society of the War of 1812,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

by the author trusting that they may inspire the younger generation to emulate the unselfish devotion to their Country, in Peace or War, a devotion sanctified by prayer and faith in GOD which characterized so many of our American Ancestors.



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The House now standing and built by Commodore O. H. Perry upon the site of the  
"Old Perry Manor House" in which he was born



THE "PERRY MANOR HOUSE," SOUTH KINGSTOWN, R. I.

In which were born Com. O. H. Perry, his father, Capt. C. R. Perry, his Grandfather, Judge Freeman Perry, in which his Great Grandfather, Benjamin Perry, by whom the house was built, died in 1748. From a sketch paid for the late Rev. G. B. Perry, D. D., who was born in the house, and preserved by his daughter Miss Emily B. Perry, Hopkinstown, Ky.



# A FOREWORD

GIVING THE SETTING OF THE FOLLOWING STORY

---

ON the western shore of Rhode Island, between the town of Wakefield and the summer resort now called Matunack, on a day in September, when Nature was clothing herself in Autumn red, a venerable man was closing a quiet but long and useful life. The prevailing dress of the children and grandchildren and friends who were gathered about him and the "thees and thous" mingling in their subdued and gentle utterances gave evidence that most of them were of that religious adherence which both claimed and exemplified the name of the "Society of Friends." Through the open windows came salt breezes and the splash of waters beating upon the neighboring beach of the Narragansett Bay, accompanied by deeper tones of ocean waves which lashed the rocks of Point Judith. A few fishermen's cottages lined the shore, where now throngs gather to promenade by day or to sit and watch the moonlit sea from the hotels of Narragansett Pier, Matunack, and Tower Hill. Tall Lombardy poplars threw around the homestead deep shadows amid which the dying Patriarch had often watched his children and his children's children at their play. In the little office which had been built for his use and added as a right wing to the house now reigned an unwonted ominous stillness, resembling and suggesting the silence which prevailed in the little adjacent burial ground where the low and simple stones giving only names and dates according to the custom of The Friends, marked the graves of the old man's parents, who years before had fled from the persecutions of the Plymouth Colony to find a refuge and larger freedom in "Providence Plantations." In the course of time they had been followed and joined by other families escaping from

heavy fines, or the whipping post, or whipping at the cart tail, or even the cutting out of their tongues.

To this peace-loving Quaker, friends and neighbors were accustomed to refer their disputes. They seldom questioned his decisions. This good old man, Judge Freeman Perry, now lay in a corner chamber, overlooking his one-storied office. In this same room where he lay dying he had been born eighty years before. Probably in this room he witnessed and watched the death of his father, Benjamin Perry, who built the house where he fled to Roger Williams' refuge for the persecuted. His older brother, Samuel Perry, had fled hither from Sandwich, Mass., a few years before and had built his house on the adjoining farm. From another home in the neighborhood, that of Oliver Hazard, Judge Perry had taken to wife Mercy Hazard. For their sons and daughters when grown and married, it would appear from old deeds, Judge Perry had built homes on the broad acres of this ancestral farm. Judge Perry's house, enclosed by a stone wall and a zigzag "Virginia rail fence" with arched gateway, was called "The Perry Manor House," so designated in the Judge's will and so named, not because of large dimensions or stately halls, but because it was the father's house—the family homestead. Even after the Judge's children had scattered and had made homes for themselves, they loved to return and have their children born in the old homestead. Hither the Judge's son George Hazard brought his wife, probably from Whitestone, Oneida Co., N. Y., to give birth to his oldest son, John Christopher, and a few years later to give birth to his youngest son who became a wellknown priest in the Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Gideon Babcock Perry, familiarly known as "Boanerges" because of his power as a preacher. In this same room was born to the Judge another son, Christopher Raymond, who preferred to the quiet settled life of his ancestors, a soldier's career and a "life on the ocean wave." While a prisoner on the North of Ireland in the home of her uncle at Newry, he first saw an Irish lassie, Sarah Wallace Alexander, who when she came to America years later, became his wife. She happened to come in the same ship of which he was mate and which took them to Philadelphia. To Dr. Rush of that





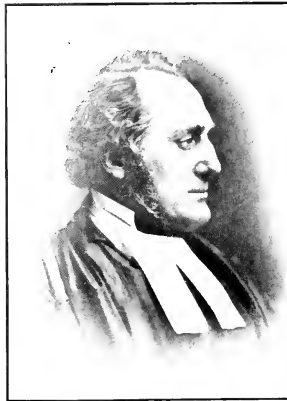
Emily Bailey Perry



Mary Ely Perry



Rev. Henry G. Perry, L.L. D.



Rev. Gideon Babcock Perry, D.D., L.L. D.



Abby Brown Stewart Perry



Oliver Hazard Perry, M. D.

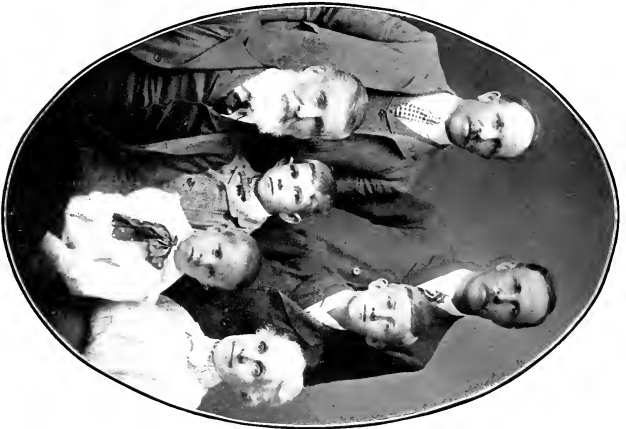


Freeman Willis Gaylord Perry

THE FAMILY OF REV. DR. GIDEON BABCOCK PERRY, PLAYMATE IN CHILDHOOD AND FIRST COUSIN OF COM. O. H. PERRY



**EDWARD QUIMBY PERRY**  
 Oldest son of Edward Hawes Perry  
 BORN AUG. 22, 1894



**GEORGE HAZARD PERRY, M. D.**  
 MANHATTAN, KANSAS

BORN AUGUST 5, 1839; DIED APRIL, 27 1911

Great grandson of Judge Freeman Perry and grandson of Dr. George Hazard Perry, uncle of Com. O. H. Perry. Mrs. Helen Howard (Ferrand) Perry. Their eldest son the late Rev. George Hazard Perry (at the right) and their youngest son Edward Hawes Perry (at the left) and three grandchildren.



**GEORGE HAZARD PERRY, (FIFTH IN LINE)**  
 Oldest son of the late Rev. Geo. Hazard Perry  
 BORN JULY 24, 1890



city Miss Alexander had been entrusted for guardianship. He approved the marriage having received assurances that during Perry's voyages his wife would be lovingly cared for in his father's home. This promise was faithfully and generously fulfilled. Thus it came to pass that Christopher Perry's oldest son, Oliver Hazard, the "Hero of Lake Erie," was born in this same room. Here, too, his brother Raymond was born to become a naval officer. Other children and grandchildren shared this room as their birthplace before the death of the grandfather in 1813.

In this historic room of many births and deaths the old man was peacefully dying. Through its open windows entered salt breezes from the water, and from the fields the rustle of the thick-leaved rhododendrons, which to this day make the old farm aflame with their summer blossoming. The salt air and the sound of the waves splashing on the shore may have sent the old man's thoughts across the water to where his son Christopher, assisted by his grandson Oliver, had supervised the building of ships for his country's defence. He may have recalled the day when this son Christopher astonished him by appearing in the gay uniform of scarlet and gold of the "Kingstown Reds" answering his country's first call for defenders in 1776, and becoming the first one of the Quaker family to break away from its traditions of non-resistance. In his reminiscences the old man may have lived over again his days of anxiety when this same son languished in the loathsome "Prison ship *Jersey*," or in more healthful and happier surroundings was held as a prisoner-of-war at Newry, on the northern coast of Ireland, where he first met his future wife and whose son Oliver Hazard had recently been commissioned to enlist men and to build a fleet at Lake Erie to co-operate with the army in resisting the attacks and checking the advance of the British.

Whether these thoughts were or were not in the old man's mind they intruded into the death chamber, disturbing its stillness by a murmur of suppressed and excited voices whispering startling tidings. Little imagination is needed to see the proud Scotch-Irish mother of American heroes draw near to the bed and gently bending over him, to whom she had been

as his own daughter, with suppressed emotion and trembling voice saying, "Dear father good news has just come from Oliver, he has won a great victory on Lake Erie, capturing the British Fleet." The old man received the happy triumphal announcement with the quiet satisfaction that became a Quaker, expressed his gratification and with his dying breath added "Oliver was always a good boy." His last moments were made happy by knowing that his grandson had faithfully and successfully discharged his duty and by the still higher happiness of simple trust and steadfast hope in God. This Christian assurance is beautifully expressed in the opening words of his will. This is one of the lessons which may be learned from the following story.

It should never be forgotten that Oliver received his military training from his handsome, brave and chivalrous father. The father's almost continuous absence from home had left the boy to receive his early impressions and influences from the gentle and noble old grandfather and from his high spirited but devout mother, who descended from a line of Scotland's heroes. From such considerations biographical writings gain value and importance and genealogical research works out results among which may be included the new study of Eugenics. The man who had been "always a good boy" was moved in the flush of victory to "give God the glory," beginning his official report to the Secretary of the Navy:

"Sir, it has pleased Almighty GOD to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this Lake."

This form of report is not so customary in our navy of today and may be credited to the influence of a Christian home. In that home were brought up two brothers of whom one prepared for a signal victory by calling his fleet to prayer. The other made his fleet in the harbor of Japan to so observe the LORD'S Day that it profoundly impressed the Japanese nation, which at that time proscribed the Christian religion which now it welcomes and honors. The "good boy" of good and godly ancestry was "father to the man" who after his victory, returning to his disabled flagship *Lawrence*, sadly viewing its bloody deck crowded with the dead eagerly inquired about the







MRS. MARGARET MASON (PERRY) LAFARGE  
Of Newport, R. I.

Oldest dau. of Dr. C. Grant Perry and wife  
of the late John LaFarge the great artist

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY  
Of Elmhurst, Long Island  
Born June 13, 1842; Died 1913

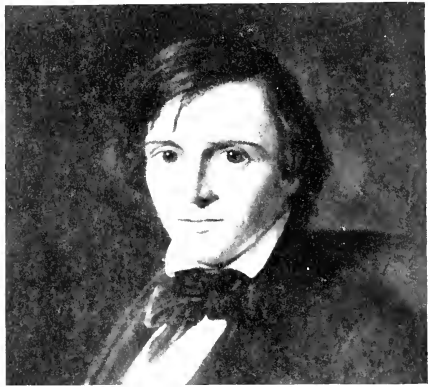
Oldest son of Dr. C. Grant Perry  
the oldest of Com. O. H. Perry's  
grandsons.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY LAFARGE  
Of Seattle, Wash.

Son of John and Margaret (Perry)  
LaFarge and great grandson of  
Commodore O. H. Perry



MRS. FRANCIS SERGEANT (PERRY) PEPPER  
Youngest daughter of Christopher Grant Perry



CHRISTOPHER GRANT PERRY, M. D.  
Of Newport, R. I.

Born April 2, 1812; Died March 5, 1854  
Oldest son of Com. Oliver H. Perry. From painting by Staigg



THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY  
Of Boston, Mass.

Younger son of Dr. C. Grant Perry



WILLIAM PEPPER, M.D.  
Of Philadelphia, Pa.

Eldest son of the late Dr. William  
Pepper, LL.D., provost of the Uni-  
versity of Pennsylvania and Mrs.  
Frances S. (Perry) Pepper, youngest  
child of Dr. C. Grant Perry; a great-  
grandson of Com. O. H. Perry.



REV. JOHN LAFARGE, S. J.

St. Aloysius Rectory, Leonardtown,  
Md. From a photograph, 1901, be-  
fore he had taken Holy Orders; great-  
grandson of Com. O. H. Perry.



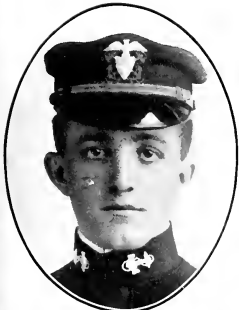
Medal presented to Commodore O. H. Perry  
by the U. S. Congress



OLIVER HAZARD PERRY LAFARGE  
In fancy costume  
Bearing striking resemblance to his great  
grandfather



CAPTAIN OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, U. S. N.  
Of Andover and Lowell, Mass.  
Born Feb. 23, 1815;  
Younger son of Commodore O. H. Perry



LT. RANDOLPH PERRY SCUDDER, U. S. N.  
Son of Henry Blatchford Scudder  
and Mrs. Anne Randolph Scudder; a  
great-grandson of Com. O. H. Perry



MARSHALL SEARS SCUDDER  
Of North Yokima, Wash.  
Capt. of Co. E., Wash. Vol. son of  
Henry Blatchford Scudder and Mrs.  
Anne Randolph (Perry) Scudder  
daughter of Capt. Oliver O. Perry.



ELIZABETH MASON PERRY  
Born Sept. 15, 1810; Died  
Only dau. of Com. O. H. Perry, and  
wife of Rev. Francis Vinton, D. D.,  
Vicar of Trinity Church New York.



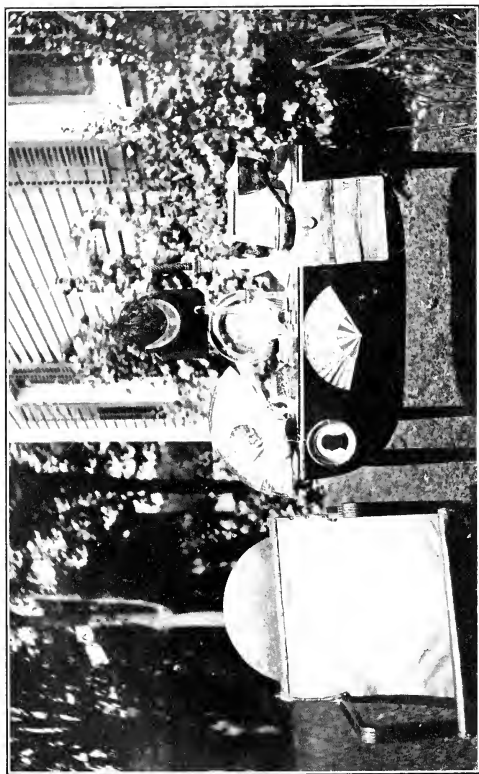
safety of his little brother Alexander, who had fearlessly fought at his side and receiving from his brave surgeon assurance of his brother's safety and congratulations on his own survival and success, replied: "It is owing to my wife's prayers that my life is spared; I know that she has been praying for me today." It was only a few years after his victory that the hero of Erie far from home and friends lay dying in a foreign land. It is of the last illness of the man who began as "a good boy" that it is recorded (O. H. Perry and the War of 1812 in Newport): "During his illness, his courage and patience never forsook him, and not long before his death he said: 'Few persons have greater inducements to make them wish to live than I, but I am perfectly ready to go if it pleases the Almighty to take me.'"

From the home where such men were born and bred, the reader will be led in the following story across Narragansett to its eastern shore. There in the town of Bristol was "The Mount," the homestead of Captain James DeWolf, who provided money for the building of war vessels in his shipyard under the supervision of Christopher Raymond Perry and his son Oliver, and who largely contributed to the successful issue of the War of 1812, through the many privateers sent out at his own expense. In his stately home was held one of the first celebrations of the victory of Lake Erie of which the Centennial Celebration is this year widely observed. In that home of Captain DeWolf, his beautiful daughter Marianne became the bride of Commodore Perry's brother, next of age, Captain Raymond Perry, U. S. N., whose son James married the heiress of Silver Creek, the home of the Bosworths, Bourns and Perrys. To tell the story of this "Silver Creek House," the oldest house now standing in the town of Bristol, was the motive and purpose which led to the writing of the following pages. The branch of the family of Christopher Raymond Perry, who made this house their home, is represented by the largest number of those who are living to perpetuate the family name.

The writer trusts that his readers and specially those who are chiefly interested in the two families which were earlier associated with Silver Creek will not complain that the purpose to briefly tell the story of an old homestead and its heirlooms

has by the encouragement and requests of friends grown and enlarged. What is here offered to the public seems to be justified by its appearance in this centennial year of the victory won on Lake Erie, by the commemoration of it September tenth, 1913, at Put-in-Bay, the scene of the battle.





#### FAMILY TREASURES OF SILVER CREEK

Exhibited as illustrations of the Lecture delivered at the Public Library, Cambridge, N. Y., before the Ondawa Chapt., D. A. R.  
 Old "Botark" (Chair), Gen. Washington's favorite seat when at Mrs. Varnum's, and table from Mt. Vernon, gift from Washington family to Com. O. H. Perry, after victory on Lake Erie.

#### ARTICLES ON THE TABLE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

Front Row: Silhouette of Judge B. Bourn; Mrs. Varnum's Fan; "Patty Varnum (Diman), her Sampler, 1789."  
 Second Row: Mrs. Bourn's Fan; Mrs. Varnum's Patch Box; Crown for Hair, gift of Mrs. Kate (De Wolf) Dodge; Decanter and Wine Glass, Judge Bourne's; Wine Glass, C. Pickney's of Maryland; Wine Glass, Gen. Nath'l Greene's; Miss Martha Dinan's Sugar Bowl.  
 Back Row: Mrs. Martha (Prince) Bourn's Plate, (about 1693; Queen's-ware Candlestick, used at Mrs. Varnum's Feast for Washington; Silver Creek in Frame of "old Walnut."  
 Above: Mrs. Hope Bourn's "Kerchief Bag.



# THE PERRYS OF RHODE ISLAND

AND

## TALES OF SILVER CREEK;

THE BOSWORTH-BOURN-PERRY HOMESTEAD

---

"Silver Creek," the home of the speaker's boyhood, his mother's home, and that of her ancestors, is the oldest house still standing in Bristol, R. I. It was built the year of the town's settlement, 1680, by Deacon Nathaniel Bosworth, and has never passed from the possession of his direct descendants. It stands, in Bristol phrase, "just across the Bridge," on the main street or highway that leads from Bristol, through Warren and Barrington, to Providence. A few rods beyond the house, the road branches to the left, following the shore of the picturesque peninsula of Papposquash. The semi-circle of Bristol Harbor thus made has often been compared to the Bay of Naples, so blue are its waters, so regular and graceful its outlines, so gorgeous its sunsets. Beneath the street at the "Bridge" flows back and forth with the changing tide, through the "bridge holes," a creek which has its rise at "Reynold's Pond." It winds with many turnings through the farm on which the old homestead stands, almost encircling it.

In the old deeds in Bristol's town records, this creek is simply termed the "North Creek," in distinction from the "South Creek," which formerly flowed into the harbor opposite Walker's Island, near the "Love Rocks." The present generation of the family living there have known no other origin of the name "Silver Creek" than that, on a beautiful summer night as the full moon made the smooth waters of the creek like a silver mirror, their mother gave to it this name. Neither Mrs. Perry nor her own beautiful mother and her aunts, who all were born and died

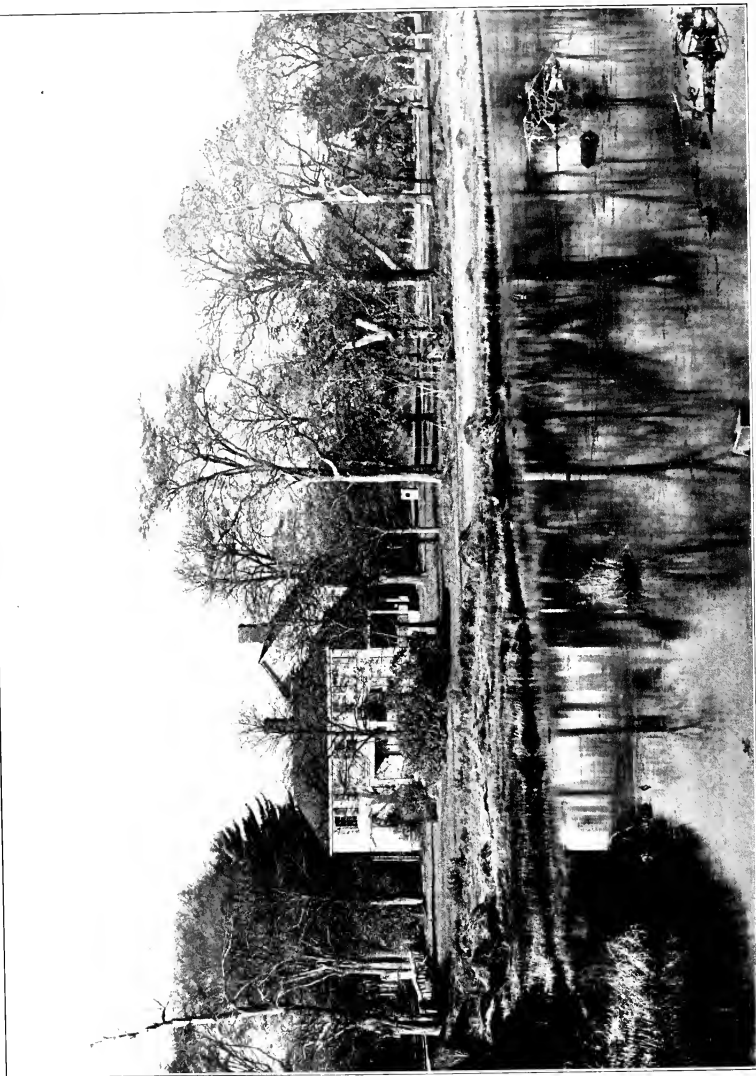
there, seem to have known any earlier origin of the name. But information kindly furnished by Miss Lucy Bosworth of the Town of Silver Creek, N. Y., a direct descendant of the old Deacon Bosworth, who laid the foundation of the old house, seems to establish beyond question a much older and most interesting origin of the name, found in the following history :

On a moor in the vicinity of the Town of Bosworth, or Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire, England, was fought that memorable battle which resulted in the death of the last of the Plantagenets, and in the coronation by Lord Stanley of the victorious Earl of Richmond the first King of the Tudor line. Here it was that Richard, in the words of the great dramatist, gave the command, "Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth Field" (Rich. III., Act. V., Sc. 1). It has always been an accepted tradition among the American Bosworths that they were descended from the family on whose estates the battle was fought, and from which it received its name in history. Through (or near) the battle field runs a stream called from ancient times Silver Creek, which gave this name to the vicinity. Accordingly, old parish records make mention of "Bosworths of Silver Creek." There seems to be no reason to doubt that the old Puritan builder of the home in the virgin forest on the shore of Narragansett Bay named it from his boyhood's home.

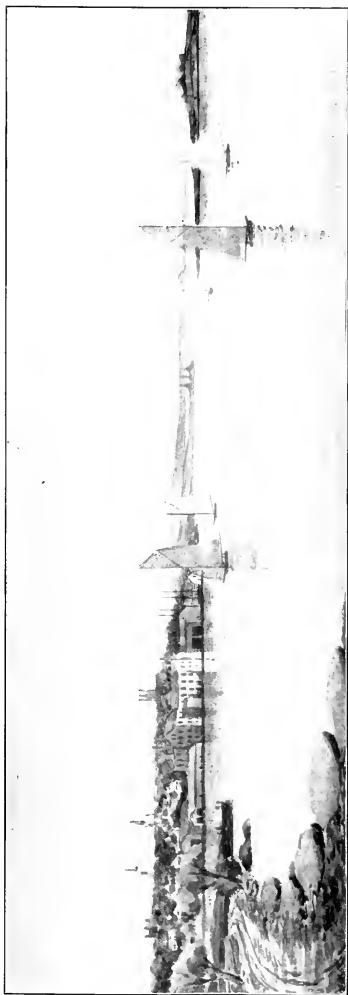
The tribe of Indians who once roamed the forests of Western New York have handed down a tradition that there came from New England a civil engineer by the name of Bosworth. He is believed to have been Major Benjamin Bosworth, the ancestor by descent from whom so many of the family are Sons or Daughters of the Revolution. He surveyed the locality where now stands upon Lake Erie's shore Silver Creek, the thriving town of Chautauqua County. The young surveyor is believed to have named the settlement for both his Bristol home and the more ancient home of his English ancestors.

More peaceful, though less dramatic than the history of the stream, its English name-sake, incarnadined with the blood of English kings, is the story of Silver Creek, Bristol. At low tide, it runs, a somewhat sluggish, shallow stream, laying bare the broad borders of brown salt grasses which are dotted here and there with patches of brighter purple of the marsh rosemary,





By permission from "Picturesque Bristol"  
VIEW OF JAMES DE WOLF PERRY ESTATE AT "SILVER CREEK."



BRISTOL HARBOR FROM PAPPOSESQUAW ROAD,

From Water Color Sketch by Mrs. F. S. Pratt



where countless "fiddler crabs" scurry to their subterranean burrows which everywhere puncture the muddy banks. Fisherman and farmer alike held in high esteem these broad flats or marshes. The former captured the "fiddlers" as tempting bait for "tautog" or blackfish. The latter's gleaming scythe mowed down the salt "mash grass around the crik" to furnish clean and wholesome bedding for their stock. At high tide the waters often reach the bright green banks of grass that border the brown flats, reflecting in their silver surface the tall trees, beneath whose shade the children of nearly a dozen generations have played—where tender vows have been spoken—some, alas, to be broken, causing the old gnarled roots to be watered with tears as briny as the waves of the blue Narragansett that from here can be seen flowing to mingle its waters in the broad Atlantic. When that ocean has been in angry mood, sweeping into Bristol Harbor and lashing it into a fury of white-capped waves, the usually peaceful waters of Silver Creek have so far overflowed their banks as to fill the cellar and dash even against the walls of the old house, far as it stands from the banks. One of the high *Ailanthus* trees (tho' in those days called simply "taller trees," with no suggestion of "the tree of Heaven"), bore in its trunk a deep scar, a marvel of my boyhood. Dear old "Aunt Betsy Bourn" would point to it, and tell of the sloop which, carried on the crest of a great wave into the "door yard," struck the tree, inflicting this wound on the trunk with bowsprit. This occurred in that great September gale which Oliver Wendell Holmes has immortalized in his verses which lament the loss of his "Sunday breeches." The family, alarmed by the violence of the storm, managed to construct a raft and embarked from the second story windows and reached refuge from the storm with their good friends and neighbors in the old Reynold homestead.

Upon the green banks of Silver Creek, in early spring—

". . . . . a host of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beside the trees,  
Fluttering and laughing in the breeze,"

form a wavy ribbon of gold and green along the whole course of the stream. A thousand golden blossoms were gathered at one cutting by Mrs. Perry, aided by her youngest son, yet so many were left that "All the nodding daffodils woke up and laughed

upon her." A little later, the withering daffodils gave place to a starry ribbon of Poet Narcissus. In mid-summer, clumps of tall tiger lilies lift high their scarlet bells, above the fragrant grass and nodding rushes, at the roots of the overshadowing trees. A "gravel path," between straight, prim borders, of sweet old-time flowers, led from the creek to the old green front door, with its huge lion-head knocker. The path then turning to the right, led to the arched gate-way. Over the arch clambered a wealth of the "old matrimony vine," beneath the garlands of which for some two centuries and more had passed the bridal procession of successive generations.

It is recorded that Edward Bosworth embarked from England in the "Elizabeth Dorcas" in 1634, and being sick unto death and ready to die as the ship neared the port of destination, was carried on deck that he might see "Canaan, the promised land." Shortly after, he died and was buried in Boston. He left a widow and three sons. The youngest son, Nathaniel, lived first in Hingham, later in Hull, and in 1680, with its first settlers, came to Bristol, which was at that time a part of Plymouth Colony. In a clearing of the forests in which, until the death of King Philip their chieftain, four years earlier, the warwhoop of the Wompanoags had resounded, Mr. Bosworth built that portion of Silver Creek homestead which now forms its old parlor and the little library leading out of it, and possibly the chambers above. Souvenirs of the aboriginal possessors of the soil are the stone hammers, axes, and pestles which the plowshare of Mr. James DeWolf Perry turned to the surface. Of the original company of settlers of the town, Nathaniel Bosworth seems to have been the religious leader. Ere his home was completed, he had gathered his fellow-townsmen there for worship. Picking their way on the stepping stones placed in the creek, they came to sit on the deep wainscoting of the yet unplastered room for their "Sabbath Day Meeting," and if tradition speak true, listened in different spirit from that which now clamors for "shortened services and still shorter sermons," for they remained until a low tide permitted their return. The old whitewashed beam beneath which were uttered the Deacon's fervent prayers and exhortations still extends across the ceiling. In later days it was ceiled with the more ornate Colonial decoration. In 1683 a building committee



was appointed, consisting of John Walley, Nathaniel Reynolds, Nathaniel Bosworth, John Carey, and Hugh Woodbury, "all leading men of the town" (Prof. Munroe's History of Bristol), to erect a meeting house. In 1687 the Congregation was organized as "The Church of Christ of Bristol," when Nathaniel Bosworth and John Carey were elected its first Deacons. Only three years did Deacon Bosworth survive to exercise the office, which he had so well merited, dying in 1690. It was not long before the Bosworth Household was divided in religious faith, for at the first Easter election of St. Michael's Church, then known as the Church of England, Jabez Howland and Nathaniel Bosworth were chosen Wardens. The latter was grandson of the Deacon. The former a son of an elder Jabez Howland, the first Town Clerk of Bristol. The name of the elder Howland is inscribed upon a fly leaf of a book still preserved in Silver Creek, printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, entitled "A Conccent of Holy Scripture," most quaint in text and illustrations. The tomb stone of Mr. Howland's wife witnesses to her being the "first interred in St. Michael's Churchyard." We fear that in those days the return of a member of the Bosworth family from the Puritan fold must have sadly disturbed the Puritan calm of the family. Bitter was the controversy that then raged, the more so, probably, because the Rev. James McSparran, a former minister of the Congregationalists in Bristol, after being made a Priest by the Bishop of London, had added to his work on Warwick Neck the charge of the struggling St. Michael's congregation. St. Michael's vestry were soon in prison for refusing on conscientious grounds to pay their part of maintaining the Puritan faith. In these happier days of laboring for Christian Unity, we see the Congregationalists' grey gothic tower and the brown-stone spire of St. Micheal's rise in friendly witness to the Christian Faith.

Deacon Bosworth's daughter Mary never married, but continued to sit in "the separate gallery provided for women" in the Meeting House, and to teach as Bristol's first school-marm in a room of the old homestead. Therefore, not only may the fine granite Church of the Congregationalists look back to the old Silver Creek homestead as its "first American Ancestor," but so also may the more recent beautiful public school building which has been given the town by Colonel S. P. Colt, and which stands

on the site of the old Meeting House, now removed and used as the Town Hall.

For more than half a century the house at Silver Creek continued to be a Bosworth home. On the death of Deacon Bosworth it became, probably, the home of his son Bellamy and his wife Mary Smith.

Which of the old Deacon's sons continued during the next two generations to live at Silver Creek with their spinster sister Mary, the schoolmistress, remains doubtful. The eldest, Nathaniel, did not come with his father to Bristol, but died in Hull. Of Jeremiah, Joseph and Edward we have no record, although the last named and youngest would have been just of age when his father came. He probably accompanied him to Bristol, and the name of his second wife, Elizabeth Easterbrooks, has a very Bristol sound. John lived and died in Barrington. It is believed that he was a farmer, and that he was the ancestor to many of Bosworth blood in that vicinity. Accounts are conflicting in regard to the residence of Bellamy, the ancestor of the succeeding generations of occupants of Silver Creek with whom our story is chiefly concerned. The Pittston Mss. says of him: "He came to Bristol with his father; he purchased a new farm there on which he lived until his death." While the records preserved by the Bristol Bosworths say that at the time of his marriage his father built him a spacious mansion on the lot at what is now the corner of Hope and Oliver Streets, in which he lived until his death; that it was occupied by his descendants until it was demolished in 1894, when the bricks from its walls were distributed among his descendants and treasured as family relics.

It is probable that Bellamy's oldest son Benjamin, although born two years before his grandfather Deacon Bosworth's death, resided at Silver Creek during his married life with Ruth Lower, whom he married in 1718, for it is known that it was the home of his daughter Ruth. Both her descendants and those of her two brothers, Samuel and William, have always regarded it as the home of their ancestors. There is no question that she was living there during her short married life of three years with her first husband, Nathaniel Church, the grandson of the old Indian fighter. At Silver Creek no doubt young Shearjashub Bourn wooed and won this pretty blue-eyed widow of twenty-

three, and after his marriage, April 19, 1747, purchasing of the other heirs their rights in the homestead (Prof. Munroe, History of Bristol), caused it to become the no less celebrated Bourn homestead. As Ruth's parents lived to see their Bourn grandchildren, it was probably the home of the combined family of Bosworths and Bourns until Mrs. Benjamin Bosworth's death in 1758. Miss Hannah Church, the only child of Mrs. Bourn by her first marriage, continued to live with her mother and step-father until the day of her death, thus forming a connecting link between the old first defenders of the town and the transplanting of the old Bourn family from Sandwich to Bristol. She no doubt treasured with special affection the little rocker that descended to her from Colonel Church, her great-grandfather, and which still holds its place of honor in Silver Creek. Some of us remember the ruins of the great chimney and wide fireplace of Colonel Benjamin Church's home in Bristol, in front of which this chair rocked in the days of the old conqueror of King Philip and the Wampanoags.

The Bourns, who now became identified with Silver Creek, were of as distinctly Puritan blood as were the Bosworth family into which Shearjashub had married.

Richard Bourn, the first American ancestor, on emigrating to New England, seems to have first lived in Lynn. He and Edward Perry, who will appear later on these pages, were of the fifty men who came in June, 1637, to the Cape Cod town of Sandwich, which had been settled the third of the preceding April. The manuscript chart arranged by Mary Bourn of Sandwich, August, 1802, says of this Richard Bourn: "Being a man of talents, he thought it his duty to preach the gospel to the Indians, not only to those about him, but also to tribes many miles distant without any temporal reward."

From the oration of the Rev. N. H. Chamberlain (a native of Sandwich), delivered at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that historic town, we gather the following interesting details of his work: "Richard Bourn was easily chief missionary on the Cape. He seems to have had a general oversight of the Indians from Middleboro to Provincetown. He began his labors about 1658, and his lands lay along the Mahomet river on the north side from what is now Bourndale to Buzzards Bay, with an additional

right to take 1,200 herrings yearly. He was ordained pastor of the Church at Mashpee about 1670, the Apostles Eliot and Cotton assisting at his ordination. In his report made to Major Gookin from this town, September 1, 1674 (the year before King Philip's War), he names twenty-two places where Indian meetings were held with an attendance of about 500. Of these, 142 could read Indian, and so read Eliot's Bible; 72 could write, and nine could read English. These praying Indians increased in the eleven years following to 1,014, and there were in his limits 600 warriors. These he controlled by his just and Christian behaviour to both Indians and English, who always took his advice in land sales between them as long as he lived. The Bourns, as the record shows, had a habit of freeing their slaves. So great was the Indian's regard for the Bourn family, that as late as 1723, long after his death, when a Bourn child was prostrated by an appalling disease, said by physicians to be incurable, the Indians came with medicine men and their incantations, the mother submitted her child to their simple remedies, and it was made whole. . . . Justice has not yet been done to our great Sandwich missionary to the Indians." Mr. Chamberlain quotes from Amos "Our Old Mortality" as follows: "The fact is that Richard Bourn, by his unremitted labors for seventeen years, made friends of a sufficient number of Indians naturally hostile to the English to turn the scale in Plymouth Colony and give the preponderance to the whites. He did this and it is to him who does that we are to award honor. Bourn did more by the moral power he exerted to defend the old Colony than Bradford did at the head of his army."

Richard Bourn died in 1632. He was twice married. The Chart by Mary Bourn gives only the name of his second wife, Ruth Winslow, widow of Jonathan Winslow, and daughter of William Sargent, whom he married in 1677. The Chart itself, however, calls attention to the fact that as Richard's oldest son Job had a son in 1666, Richard Bourn's children could not have been by his wife Ruth, but must have been by a former marriage. The notes of the late Mrs. Shearjashub Bourn state that it is believed that his first wife, the mother of his children, was Bathsheba Hallett, daughter of Andrew Hallett, Sr., of Yarmouth, and that his second wife died without issue in 1713.

The present town of Mashpee, a few miles from Sandwich, the scene of Richard Bourn's missionary labors, is still an Indian reservation for the remainder of the Mashpee tribe. Although no "full bloods" survive, some have traced their Indian ancestry sufficiently to be eligible to admission to the Government School at Carlisle, Pa. Richard Bourn not only devoted his life to this work, but it is still in part supported by a provision of his will. A persistent Indian tradition claims for him a martyr's crown. It is believed he was killed by some drunken Indians and that his faithful followers buried his body beneath the Church. The present building upon the same site is then his "Shrine." The tradition is corroborated by the fact that in spite of the zeal of the people of Sandwich in studying and garnishing the tombs of their ancestors, "no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day."

Of this fine old Preacher's four sons, the second was named Shearjashub, "the remnant shall return," expressing his father's hope of returning to England before his death. Shearjashub married Bathshua Skiff. Husband and wife lie buried in the old Sandwich Burying Ground, not far from the fine Melatiah Bourn monument. The inscription reads "Shearjashub Bourn, Esq., died March 7, 1718, in the 76th year of his age. He was a virtuous, righteous and merciful man, and a great friend of the Indians. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Near by lies a grandson, Captain Richard Bourn, of whom Miss Bourn says in her chart: "Being an officer, he distinguished himself at the taking of Fort Norridgewock, District of Maine, but lost the honour by being called Richard Brown in the History of the Siege."

Shearjashub and Bathshua (Skiff) Bourn were blessed with six children. Their four daughters were named Mary, Sarah, Remembrance and Patience. Their two sons were Melatiah and Ezra. Ezra, the younger, married Martha Prince, daughter of Samuel Prince by a first wife, Martha Barstow. Martha Prince was a granddaughter of Elder John Prince of Hull, and half sister of Rev. Thomas Prince, Pastor of the "Old South" Church of Boston. Ezra and Martha were married by Rowland Cotton in Sandwich the night of December 27, 1698. Mrs. Jerome Holway of Sandwich, a descendant of Richard Bourn, who has furnished

much valuable information to the writer, writes of Ezra Bourn: "He was a noted man of Sandwich, being for many years Justice of the Pleas, for the County, and serving as representative for the Town." His son Joseph was liberally educated, and was his great-grandfather's successor as Pastor of the Church at Mashpee. He (Joseph) married Hannah Fuller. They had no children.

Of this honored couple, Ezra and Martha Bourne,\* whose virtues, like those of Ezra's father, are set forth in the Epitaphs at Sandwich Burying Ground, the youngest son, Shearjashub, married Ruth Bosworth, heiress of Silver Creek, thus making it to become a Bourn home no less historical than it had been in the days of its Bosworth owners.

This son, whose name, Shearjashub, has been frequently a family name almost to the present day, and not nearly so singular as that of his cousin, Mahershalalhashbaz Bourn, graduated at Harvard in 1743. He soon after removed to Bristol and taught school. Why the Harvard graduate sought this little town one cannot say, unless drawn thither by the charms of the pretty widow Church—although, for that matter, Bristol could never have lacked charms of its own. With teaching, young Bourn united the study of law. He attained such eminence at the bar that at the time of his death, in 1781, he had for a number of years been Chief Justice of Rhode Island. A souvenir of his college days is an old copy of Ovid. From his name upon the fly-leaf, followed by the date 1739, it would seem to have been used by him in his freshman year, but inscribed in a maturer handwriting, a fine old Italian script, is written "Shearjashub Bourn, Hic jure possidet, 1737." Investigation and conjecture alike fail as to the writer of this earlier inscription. Young Shearjashub's

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\*The oldest relic of this family is two pewter plates which were once the property of Mrs. Martha (Prince) Bourn. As she did not die until four years after her son's marriage to Ruth Bosworth Church, they may have been used at Silver Creek during her lifetime, but it is more probable that they continued part of the frugal furnishing of the Bourn home in Sandwich until at her death, her son, then the head of the family at Silver Creek, inherited them. An old family Bible of the Bourns, which, like the pewter plates, was exhibited when this lecture was delivered, records that Martha Prince was born March 16, 1677, at ten o'clock in the morning, and was married to Ezra Bourn in 1693, dying in 1751.

grandfather and namesake, Shearjashub, was dead a year before the book was printed in London, 1719. The carefully penned line may have been by some instructor who fitted the young Shearjashub for Harvard, thus certifying the ownership of the book to his pupil in stately classic phrase.

Fortunately, Shearjashub's son Benjamin leaves no doubt as to right of possession in his day. On the inside of the cover, over the signature "Benjamin Bourn, 1771," are these dire and damning threats:

Hic liber est meus  
 Testis est Deus  
 Siquis perdatur  
 Per Collam pendatur.

which might perhaps be freely translated:

This book is mine,  
 God is my witness;  
 Whoever purloins it  
 By the neck shall he hang.

Souvenirs of the early married life of Shearjashub and Ruth (Bosworth) Bourn are yellow newspapers, dated 1749, giving specimens of the columns over which our forefathers of ante-Revolutionary days pondered at their morning coffee. Although it be thought that meals of that day were not gulped down in the hasty manner of our day, yet exceeding small must have been the cups, if the news items were not run through long before the coffee was consumed. This old Boston "News Letter," yellowed by more than a century and a half, is a sample of the first newspaper printed in America, founded in 1704, and fifteen years later boasting of a circulation of 300. Copies of the Boston Gazette and the Boston Evening Post in the same file bear date of the same year, 1749. Garner and Lodge's History of the United States tells us that of the thirty-seven newspapers in circulation in the thirteen colonies, at the outbreak of the Revolution, fourteen were published in New England and only four in New York. "The contents of the whole thirty-seven would scarcely fill a dozen pages in one of our modern dailies, and their combined circulation did not exceed a few thousand copies. Not one of them was a daily—magazines and other periodicals were not even thought of." The date of one of these Boston Gazettes pre-

served by Chief Justice Bourn is March 21st, the latest dispatches from New York are dated March 6th; from Philadelphia, February 28th, while the latest London "news" bears date December 2nd. It must long have ceased being "news" in London ere read in the Boston "News Letter" of April 6th—think of *news* four months old!

The most exciting of Domestic news is the account of a recent Town-meeting in Boston, occupying all of the first page, with a long list of elected officers from the "Hon. James Allen, Esq., chosen Moderator" down to the "Cullers of Staves and Scavengers." The writer can recall similar town meetings held in Bristol in the early seventies, and the desire of Prof. E. A. Freeman, the English historian, during a visit to the United States, to be present at one of the last remains upon the earth of the pure democracy of the time of ancient Athens.

The last of the four pages is filled with advertisements sounding strange to our ears, such as the following: "To be sold a likely negro boy, seasoned to the country, about twelve years old; inquire of the Printer," or "Run away from her Master, Richard Smith, a negro woman named Diana. She had on when she went away a homespun gown with a patch on the corner of another sort." The ladies would linger over such quaint announcements as: "Shalloons and Ratteens—Fustians and Tam-mies—and yard wide and seven eights checks; Kersies, Duffles and Gamblets," "French Necklaces and Ivory combs and just imported from London a large assortment of English Hoop skirts." Boston ladies had already departed far from the simplicity of their Mayflower ancestors. But the picture thus called up of the hoopskirted and richly attired dames of 1747 has a gruesome shadow cast upon it by the advertisement which follows: "To be sold a Sett of second hand shrouds almost new."

Shortly after the young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Shearjashub Bourn, were filing away—fortunately for our perusal—these infrequent papers, they became occupied in more absorbing events. Martha, their first child, was born to them August 15, 1748. Shearjashub, Jr., followed December 4, 1751, and on the ninth of September, 1755, was born their youngest, destined to be the most distinguished of the family, Benjamin.



Benjamin Bourn, after being prepared by the Reverend Mr. Townsend, the Congregational minister of Barrington, entered Harvard as his father had, where, says his biographer, Mr. Bullock, "He graduated with distinguished honours in a class many of which became eminent in their day." Like his father, he began with school-teaching, abandoning it to study law in the office of James M. Varnum, Esq., better known later as General Varnum, Washington's Adjutant General. "Varnum," writes the Hon. Nathaniel Bullock, "was the most able advocate of his day."

Mr. Varnum's wife, Martha, or "Patty," and her widowed sister Hope, Mrs. Benjamin Diman, were two of the "Four beautiful Child girls" of Warren, famous for beauty. Their sisters were Elizabeth, who married Dr. Peter Turner of Newport, and Abigail, who married Moses Turner. They were daughters of Oliver Cromwell Child, who is believed to be a direct descendant of the Lord Protector of England by his granddaughter, Margery Haywood (some manuscripts give it Howard). She was born 1673 and became the wife of John Child, born 1672. The fact that they named their ninth child Oliver and their tenth Cromwell seems to corroborate this tradition of descent. Their son John was the father of Cromwell Child of Warren, R. I., and grandfather of the "Child girls" of our story. The Cromwellian blood may account for their Revolutionary ardor and indomitable spirit. It cannot be learned at what time young Bourn became acquainted with the pretty sister-in-law of his legal instructor. Nor has any record of their marriage been found. Mrs. Shearjashub Bourn was informed that they were married June 2, 1781, but she could not find authority for this date, and considered it "merely a guess." Probably during his legal course, Bourn became enamored of the young widow. The booming of the cannon of the Revolution soon summoned teacher and pupil to more stirring duties. Mr. Varnum, commissioned a General, was appointed on General Washington's staff, and because of his handsome face, always beaming with amiability, and his spirit and dash, his ready wit and brilliant conversational powers, he was called by Washington the "Light of the Camp."

Young Benjamin Bourn had his "baptism of fire" even before his enlistment, when the British shot rattled around and into Silver Creek home, for on the 17th of October, 1775, the Bourns

looked out of their parlor window upon British ships at anchor in the harbor. The fleet consisted of the *Rose*, the *Glasgow*, and the *Swan*. The Commander, Captain Sir James Wallace of the Royal Navy, demanded of the town forty sheep. The town's spokesman, Colonel—later Lieutenant Governor—William Bradford, a doughty descendant of William Bradford of the Mayflower, asked time for parley. The British commander haughtily and grudgingly granted it, but within an hour, without further notice, began a lively bombardment of the hapless town. Bourn, crouching behind the low wall along the water's edge as he ran across the bridge, joined the crowd of defenseless citizens on the wharf. Meanwhile, plucky Captain Symeon Potter, from the head of the wharf had hailed the *Rose* and been rowed out to her in the hottest of the fire. The result of the conference with the British captain is thus related in the "Newport Mercury" of the day, by Mr. LeBaron Bradford, a son of the Lieutenant Governor: "Seeing themselves reduced to this dreadful dilemma of two evils, the town Committee reluctantly chose the least by agreeing to supply them (the British) with forty sheep at the time appointed, which was punctually performed."

During the bombardment, "a goodly number of shot, shell, bombs and carcasses" had been showered on the unhappy town. One ball with more zeal for total abstinence than was prevalent at that time "entered Finney's distillery house, and passing through three hogsheads and barrels of rum spilt their contents."

A local rhymester makes light of the bombardment as follows:

"Another truth to you I tell  
That you may see they levelled well;  
For aiming for to kill the people,  
They fired their shot into a steeple.

They fired low, they fired high,  
The women scream, the children cry,  
And all their firing and their racket  
Shot off the topmast of a packet."

But notwithstanding this scorn of British marksmanship, and although the same poet continues in rather limping lines:

"Neither was any person hurt  
But the Reverend Parson Burt;





MRS. JULIA (BOURN) JONES  
Born July 15, 1799; Died Jan. 9, 1842  
Daughter of Judge Bourn



HON. BENJAMIN BOURN, M. C.  
Born Dec. 9, 1755. Died Sept. 17, 1808  
Mem. First U. S. Cong. & U. S. Dist. Judge



MRS. HOPE (CHILD) BOURN  
Born April, 1759; Died Aug. 7, 1811



MRS. JULIAS (JONES) PERRY  
Born March 22, 1816; Died June 23, 1898  
Granddaughter of Judge Bourn and wife of James  
De Wolf Perry



MRS. B. T. BOURN  
Born May 26, 1797; Died June 10, 1884  
Daughter of Judge Bourn



PARLOR AT "SILVER CREEK,"

BUILT BY DEACON NATHANIEL BOSWORTH, 1680.

In which was held the first Public Worship of Bristol, R. I.



And he was not killed by a ball,  
 As judged the jurors one and all,  
 But being in a sickly state,  
 He frightened fell, which proved his fate,"

it was chronicled in the "Providence Gazette": "No inconsiderable damage was done to the Church, the Meeting House, the Court House, and several dwellings."

Miss Martha Diman used to indicate a spot in the wall of the northwest bedroom, where shot had lodged during the bombardment. Her niece, Mrs. Perry, always ready to credit her "Aunty's" beautiful traditions, unquestioningly accepted the tale, but Aunty's half sister, Aunt Betsy Bourn, would emphatically dismiss such stories with "La! Julia, some of Martha's poetry." In later years, during repairs to the house, the plaster was removed, and Mrs. Perry insisted on being present. Five balls smaller than any now shot from cannon rolled to her feet. She gave one each to her five sons.

Bourn soon sought fields of warfare more serious than was Bristol's harbor when entered by Wallace. Bidding his parents at Silver Creek farewell, he enlisted in 1776, and was made quartermaster of the Second Rhode Island Regiment. A letter which seems to be the first written from the camp, to his father, in whose handwriting it is filed "B. Bourn to S. Bourn, 1776," reads as follows:

"BANNISTER HOUSE,  
 Monday Morning.

—'d Sir:

Yesterday I waited with impatience for Frank and never have heard one word till just now, when I was told that he is at head-Quarters. I shall go presently and send him home. I can't tell yet how I shall like the military Life. But fancy it will be agreeable, there is nothing at present marrs my happiness. But the reluctance my mother showed at my Departure. I dined yesterday with Coll. Babcock who says he shall write to the Assembly to have my pay increased . . . should be very glad if you would attend . . . second the motion but I imagine it will be more feasible to obtain another Commission. The Commissions were not fill'd at the Committee.

My duty to my mother and love to all.

"B. BOURN."

The dots represent portions torn from the margin. In the first instance no doubt the word was "honored," the formal way he addressed his father, according to the custom of that day. A postscript is added, "I cant tell yet what I shall want but if I tarry a bed will be necessary. B. BOURN."

If Mr. Bourn had already been captivated by the fair widow Diman during his study of law in the office of her brother-in-law, the love affair may have found some opportunities to ripen during the war. The Varnum home was in Greenwich not a great distance from Bristol, and correspondence of Mr. Bourn at this period with Governor Greene, Colonel Timothy Pickering and others indicate that his duties often required his presence in Rhode Island. But as no mention of a wife occurs in the letters, it is probable that their marriage bells rang in close harmony with the rejoicings for Peace. Their oldest child was born in 1783. Two years before this event the Bourn family had an opportunity of viewing from their windows a great gathering to welcome the victorious Washington.

In passing through Bristol in 1781, when the citizens received "The Father of his Country" with an escort of mounted horsemen, and strewed flowers and evergreens in his path (Prof. Munroe's History), he addressed the citizens at the "Bridge," within a stone's throw of Silver Creek. It was probably at this time that Mrs. Varnum made for Washington a great feast which she loved frequently to describe in her old age. Mrs. Varnum was a skillful cook, and practiced her art to her dying day. She had frequently entertained Washington and his generals when sharing the hardships of the camp with her husband. Washington was very fond of her husband, his young Adjutant General, and he was not insensible to beauty in woman. Mrs. Varnum, who was then at the age of twenty-five, was in the zenith of her far-famed beauty. Her miniature upon the portrait pin—so much worn in that generation—does her scant justice. Her husband's miniature pin was of finer workmanship. It was destroyed in the burning of Mr. Charles Varnum Perry's house in Bristol. Fortunately Mrs. Perry had had it photographed for the Rhode Island Historical Society before the original was destroyed. Mrs. Varnum, as described by those who remembered her, might have stepped out of a bit of Dresden china. Her husband loved to



boast that he spanned her waist with thumbs and fingers of his two hands in helping her mount her horse, which she rode as well as any soldier of them all. A peppery, fiery little woman she was when roused, and often expressed herself in some strong terms. In old age at Silver Creek, bent nearly double, her eye would still flash as she said to her niece, Mrs. Perry: "Judy dear, never forget us, and those Britishers." In Glasse's "Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy," published in London, 1786, and inscribed upon its title page "Martha Varnum's Book," the first book on cookery published in English, she doubtless found many of the recipes for that famous feast prepared for Washington. Ladies of that day, although they may have had "skillful help" or well trained darkey slaves, would not entrust to them the finishing touches to an important feast, but with their own deft fingers would stir the salad dressing, fill the tall "whip glasses" and season toothsome dainties and desserts, before putting the last touches to their own toilets, and adjusting the last "patch," looking in the mirror in the lid of such a tiny "patch box" as is still preserved as the rarest of the souvenirs of Mrs. Varnum's toilet articles.

As she prepared the choicest dainties for the feast, Mrs. Varnum would remember with pride that Washington had entrusted to her the entertainment of Lafayette on his first arrival from France. The friendship between the gallant Frenchman and the Bourn and Varnum families had fine opportunity to ripen when Lafayette occupied winter quarters (1778) at the home of Silver Creek's next neighbor, Mr. Joseph Reynolds, now the home of his descendant, Judge John Post Reynolds. The pickle dish used at the entertainment of Washington, as well as the queensware candlestick which held the waxen taper that shed its soft light over the brave faces of that day, were reverently preserved at Silver Creek as they are still by Mrs. Perry's sons, and so also is the old "botark"—the leather rocking chair, Washington's favorite seat.

Eight months after this visit of Washington to Bristol, Cornwallis surrendered, and although Peace was not declared until two years later, the war was virtually over.

The only sketch of the life and character of Judge Benjamin Bourn, who became a very prominent and potent factor in the

history of his native state in the years succeeding the Revolution, is contained in Prof. Munroe's "History of the Town of Bristol." It was written by Mr. Bourn's talented and admiring pupil in his Law Office, the Hon. Nathaniel Bullock, himself a distinguished member of the Bar and a relative of the Bourns through the Bosworths. It was prepared for a book never published—a second volume of Wilkins Updike's "Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar."

"On leaving the army," says this sketch, "he resumed his studies and soon commenced his professional career at Providence, where he rapidly established an enviable reputation for probity and talents. He was not only patronized as a faithful, sound lawyer, but became popular as a man and as a sagacious statesman, at a time, too, when popularity was no deceptive indication of merit." From a later paragraph, which begins "On taking his seat upon the Bench Judge Bourn removed to Bristol," it would seem that Providence was considered his home for many years after his marriage, yet from anecdotes told by his youngest daughter and dates of his letters much of his time, perhaps the summer holidays which have gathered there the family in later generations, must have been spent at Silver Creek. His first child and only son, Benjamin, was born Nov. 30, 1783. The date of his removal to Bristol is fixed by his "appointment of U. S. District Judge on the death of Judge Marchant in 1796." Previous to this date all his four children had been born excepting the youngest, Eliza Turner Bourn, better known in later years as "Miss Betsy Bourn," who was born the year after he had permanently moved his home to Silver Creek. His second child, Sophia, died at the age of sixteen, said to be a very beautiful girl and of so sweet a disposition that she was universally loved and her early death mourned. Julia, his second daughter, the the only child who married and so continues the tale of Silver Creek, was born in 1790.

"At the age of thirty-four," Mr. Bullock's sketch informs us, "Judge Bourn was elected a member of Congress by an overwhelming majority, in opposition to the whole force of a party that had recently controlled the State. He continued to be returned a member of that body till he received the appointment of District Judge. While serving in Congress he displayed the rare combination of talents for business and talents for debate.

He spoke but seldom, and never without marked effect. . . . In his politics Judge Bourn was a decided Federalist, stood high among the illustrious men of that party, and maintained intimate correspondence with Hamilton, Pickering, Sedgewick, Ames and others. Some of this correspondence is preserved in the family archives.

"He had a mind naturally strong and so disciplined by education and habit that his powers were ever at his command. His conceptions were remarkably quick, clear and comprehensive, his language at the Bar chaste and appropriate, his utterance full and rapid, and yet perfectly distinct. . . . He was far from phlegmatic in temperament. . . . A severe conflict on an important question would kindle up his mind with burning ardor, flash across his animated countenance, making every feature eloquent.

"In his person he was above the common height, well proportioned, athletic, corpulent. The whole contour and outline of his noble visage gave assurance of no ordinary man. In his high forehead, broad Ciceronian face and dark, bushy brow, shading an eye vivid with expression phrenologists would have discovered strong and moral and intellectual capacities. There was a certain dignity in his countenance which at first glance gave it a cast of sternness, but the repulsive aspect vanished the moment he spoke. Of dress he was negligent almost to a fault, yet his manners were always such as bespoke a gentleman. His conversational tact, facetiousness, and other companionable qualities made him the favorite guest wherever he went, the nucleus, delight and life of every social circle."

"From the time," says Prof. Munroe, "that Mr. Bourn went to reside at the home of his ancestors the old house rang with voices of the lawyers who made the Rhode Island Bar illustrious." Space does not permit following further details of the career of Representative Bourn during the time he represented Rhode Island in the First Congress in Philadelphia, then the Nation's Capitol. It was not then the custom, as it is now, to establish homes at the Seat of Government. Mr. Bourn's family appears to have remained in Providence where his mother and sister, Mrs. Varnum, kept open the old Bristol home. So at least it would seem from the following letter, dated from Providence, by his step-

daughter, Martha Diman, Jan 2, 1792. It is given with its childish thought and spelling and old-time formal address:

"Dear Sir

My mamar desire I sit down to inform you our family is well. . . . Benjamin is up by sunrise and gets his grammar Lesson and goes to school by 8 o'clock. The school committee assembled at Mr. Lea's school and Parson Hitchcock told Benjamin that he must be as good A man as his papar and A better writer which raised Benjamin's vanity very much. . . . Mr. Bourn (this probably refers to Judge Bourn's brother Shearjashub) came from Bristol and says your marmar never enjoyed her health so well for this three years."

About the same date Mr. Bourn wrote the following letters from Philadelphia to his wife, which show that while firm and dignified in public life he was by nature warm and affectionate and that absence required by his duties in Congress was a trying self-denial to both himself and his wife:

"My Love

It is now 20 days since I have heard a syllable of you; had I been equally silent you would have complained," etc.

On the previous New Year's eve he had written:

"My Dearest:

This being New Year's eve I may with a little anticipation wish you a happy New Year and I wish I could confirm it with a kiss, but this must be postponed until March, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and all our little ones, in which I promise myself no small satisfaction." Then he proceeds to tell her he is about to send by Col. Barton, "setting out for Providence," eighteen spoons; that is, six large table, six dessert and six tea. "They came cheap and so I bought them."

In a letter dated Philadelphia, April 27, 1796, after his usual complaint, "I have not received a line from home since Martha's letter of the 5th inst.," he humorously adds a sentence which reveals the impatience with which the wife yearned for his return. "Col. Dexter arrived today and has informed me of your resolution to get another husband if I do not expedite my return. Let

me entreat you to have a little patience for our session is drawing to a close and I shall be at home in less than a month, I hope." Here, too, he tells her of purchasing "at the auction of the Spanish minister's furniture a dozen of chairs at eight dollars each. "The price is monstrous and you must sell some of them; six are sound and six are not so; one of them was much injured by the porter &c.

"The Chairs are superb but they cost so much I shall not be able to execute the remainder of your commission respecting Tables &c." This probably refers to the chairs which have been always prized by the family, not only for their fine pattern, but because also, as Mrs. Varnum and Miss Betsy Bourn always said, they were of the original chairs in which the first Congress sat in Independence Hall. Although the receipt from the Spanish minister, preserved among the papers, proves the purchase of them from him, the two accounts are not at all irreconcilable, for the chairs of that first Congress of the identical pattern were known to have been sold and widely scattered until gathered in Independence Hall at the Centennial in 1876, and the Spanish minister was as likely to have purchased them as any other.

But the most ideal affections remain unclouded only in fiction and the wife of Cromwellian descent and fiery spirit was not likely to be free from those suspicions and jealousies almost universally engendered in her sex by prolonged absence. The following quotation is thought worth recording to show how one whom his contemporaries loved to call "The Just Judge" could deal with firmness, yet with wit and wisdom, frankness and patience with such a woman's whim:

"PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 12, 1792.

My Dear:

I have heard of your thirst to retaliate if the story you have heard of my courting a country girl should be confirmed. Now lest you should be in a hurry to put the threat in execution I beg you to believe me when I assure you there is no truth in the Story and that I remain as entirely yours as when I left you. A young lady came here with a petition to Congress and brought an Introductory Letter to me; the Petition was presented and I was placed on the Committee, to whom it was referred. This occasioned

necessary several interviews on the subject of the petition, but I beg you to take the word of an honest man as you would wish to live an honest woman nothing has passed between this young lady and myself that ought to give the least pain to the heart or can produce any excrescences upon the head. Your confidence in my veracity will remove the first, your touch and your sight will disprove the existence of the latter. The assurances will I hope prevent your resorting to the law of retribution, a law you know very odious to us men & one to which no women ought to have recourse unless in cases of very *palpable proof* nor even then without the most *urgent necessity* and as I hope to carry a smooth Forehead not disfigured with any unnatural excrescences I most devoutly pray you may not be impelled by such urgent necessity but that you will continue to exhibit an example of patience & forbearance until our personal intercourse in March next when I am determined to convince you how entirely and affectionately

I am yours for life

B. BOURN."

"P. S. Col. Burton left here yesterday morning by whom I sent a letter &c."

Of course it is not improbable that the wife's accusation in the letter to which this is an answer and which is not preserved may have been only in the same spirit of banter as the above reply. But even so, Judge Bourns' letter may furnish useful hints in dealing with family discords when serious, hints of methods vastly superior to the prompt recourse to the Divorce Courts, now so popular.

On the death of Judge Bourn, in 1808, at the age of fifty-two, his widow lived at Silver Creek with their three surviving children. Their beautiful and accomplished daughter Sophia had died three years previously. The only son of the Judge and Mrs. Hope Bourn had been prepared for his father's profession, graduated from Brown University and was admitted to the Bar and practiced law at the age of twenty, five years before his father's death. But the practice of law did not suit his impetuous, adventurous spirit, and at the time of his father's death he was a dashing, gallant young Lieutenant in the Navy, "brave, gallant, chivalrous, beloved of his fellow-officers and a beau at Court," writes his





JOHN HOWE, ESQ.,

BRISTOL, R. I.

Business Partner of Abel Jones of Silver Creek

BORN JULY 5, 1783; DIED MARCH 14, 1864.

From the original portrait by J. R. Lambdin (1861),  
in possession of Dr. H. M. Howe.





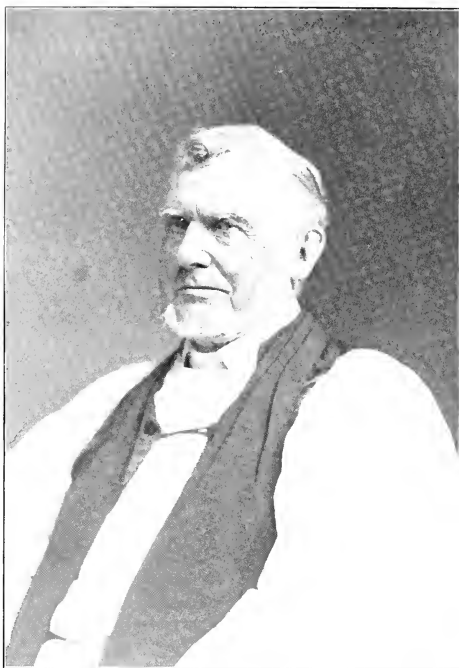
MRS. LOUISA (SMITH) HOWE

Born April 25, 1789; Died April 21, 1834

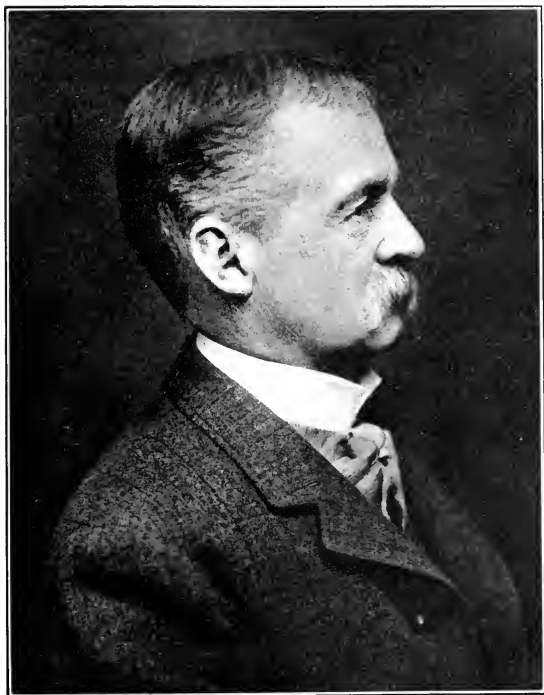
Daughter of Ruth Bosworth, the great-great-granddaughter of Deacon Nathaniel  
Bosworth of Silver Creek, Bristol







THE RIGHT REV. MARK ANTHONY DE WOLFE HOWE, D.D.  
FIRST BISHOP OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.  
Consecrated Dec. 28, 1871.  
BORN APRIL 5, 1808; DIED JULY 31, 1895  
Grandson of Ruth Bosworth the direct descendant of  
Deacon Nathaniel Bosworth



HERBERT M. HOWE, M. D.

Of Philadelphia, Penn. oldest son of Bishop M. A. De Wolfe Howe  
and grandson of John and Louis (Smith) Howe





REV. REGINALD HEBER HOWE, D. D.  
Rector of the Church of Our Saviour, Longwood, Brookline,  
Mass. (since 1877.) Son of Rt. Rev. M. A. De Wolf Howe  
and Elizabeth Marshall; a direct descendant of  
Deacon Bosworth of Silver Creek





niece, Mrs. James DeWolf Perry. Possessed of great physical beauty, he was as quick to captivate the gentler sex as he was to resent with challenge any affront from his own sex. He died at the early age of thirty-six, unmarried, while on naval duty in the Mediterranean. The Italian Countess to whom he had just become engaged survived him but a few months, dying broken hearted at the loss of her gallant lover.

The only souvenir of this early death and romance is a set of tiny cups and saucers with silver spoons marked with "J," which the Countess sent to his little niece, Julia Jones, after being told how his niece had proved herself of kindred spirit with her brave and adventurous if reckless lover. The young naval officer, standing on the wharf before starting on his last voyage, had teasingly told his little niece that if she would jump from the wharf he would send her from Italy anything she wished. As reckless as the uncle whom she idolized and implicitly trusted, she leaped to be deftly caught in his strong arms. To his demand for her choice of reward she replied, "Oh, ever so many pretty colored kid slippers." True to his promise and with characteristic disregard of the practical, he sent her a trunk full of slippers of every hue but all of the same size! His sister, Mrs. Jones, as practical as her brother was heedless and noted for her charity, soon had all the children of the town walking about with feet gorgeously arrayed.

The more durable gift of the Countess, the little tea set, the same Julia Jones, at eighty years of age, brought to her namesake and granddaughter on her second birthday, by whom it is lovingly preserved in the cabinet made for it by her uncle, William Wallace Perry.

It is necessary to return to the marriage of Julia Bourn, the Judge's daughter, by whom alone his line is continued and who has already been referred to as Mrs. Jones.

In the old historic town of Concord, Mass., the loquacious guide always directs the visitor's attention to the "Old Jones House" and the cannon ball imbedded in its walls at the Battle of Concord. At the time of this story dwelt there Elisha Jones, a descendent in the fifth generation (see Table of Jones descent, Vol. II.) of that "Rev. John Jones," who was born and ordained a preacher in England and arrived in New England, October 2,

1636, with the Rev. Mr. Shepherd and Rev. John Wilson and resided in Concord ("History of Concord"). Elisha's two children were Abel and Mary. The latter became Mrs. Nathan Barrett, whose son, Edwin S. Barrett, was prominent in the founding of the Sons of the American Revolution, of which society he was President at the time of his death. Abel Jones at the age of eighteen attracted the attention of a wealthy Englishman, who gained his parents' consent to take him home to England and educate him, promising to return him later well educated and with a moderate fortune, which promise he faithfully fulfilled. Under what circumstances Abel Jones met the fair heiress of Silver Creek, Julia Bourn, is not known, but on June 20, 1811, she became his bride. Their short married life was ideal. A great student, he had no taste for the brilliant society in which he was nevertheless proud to have his wife shine as an acknowledged beauty and accomplished woman. He allowed no other than himself to escort her to the courtly entertainments of the day. Returning to his loved library, he never became so absorbed in his books as to forget the hour at which the last minuet would have been danced. He would close his volume and hasten to bring back his queenly and accomplished wife.

To this marriage one son was given and named Abel. He died in infancy.

Mr. Jones, studious though he was, had not neglected to husband and increase the small fortune he had made in England. The beautiful point of land jutting out into Bristol harbour known as "Point Farm" he stocked with English Southdown sheep. His correspondence gives evidence of his pride in them and his industry in their high breeding. He also became a partner of Mr. John Howe, who had become a kinsman of his wife by marrying a daughter of a Ruth Bosworth of a younger generation than the Ruth who inherited Silver Creek. Together they invested in lands in the West. A portion of these is now occupied by a part of the City of Chicago. In the summer or early autumn of 1815 the partners journeyed to the West to inspect their property. A few months later Mrs. Jones, from her window at Silver Creek, saw Mr. Howe leading a horse with empty saddle into the yard. With a great cry of grief the young wife anticipated the sad tidings. Far from home and never to see in this life the

little daughter for whose anticipated birth he was hastening back, he had died on his way October 1, 1815, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. On the second of the following March was born the fatherless babe and named in baptism Julia Sophia, after her mother and her mother's beautiful sister Sophia, who had died in her youth.

Mrs. Jones after this spent her winters in Providence and her summers in Bristol. In both places her daughter, while yet in her teens, became an acknowledged belle, as did also her mother. From the famous old boarding house kept by Miss Easton they went to entertainments in the stately drawing rooms of their friends the Iveses, Browns, Dorrs and Dorrances, Allens and Richmonds to be surrounded by admirers and suitors, the daughter by college students and young tutors, the mother by leading men of the day.

In those days the famous Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the time a tutor in Brown University, and one of the younger friends of Mrs. Jones, wrote in the album of Julia Jones, who was then a child, verses which ended with the line "And if you will grow a little, dear, perhaps you may be my wife." The humor of these words was enjoyed when in a few years the child Julia grew and towered above him who was diminutive in size, though standing high among men.

Mrs. Jones, treasuring the memory of her young husband and centering her affection upon the one surviving child of their happy marriage, for years resisted all entreaties to exchange her widow's weeds for a second marriage veil. Among her persistent lovers who became her lifelong friends was Judge Burgess, the father of the first Bishop of Maine, and of the first Bishop of Quincy, and grandfather of the writer's dear friend and co-laborer in Baltimore, the late Rev. Robert H. Paine, and of the present Bishop of Brooklyn. Another who made repeated offers of his hand was Bishop Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern Diocese. A letter written by the good Bishop to Mrs. Jones, preserved many years in a secret drawer of Mrs. Perry's writing desk, showed that he could press with the same ardor and simplicity which mark his sermons, the affection he held for this noble woman. But although she refused—as the letter bore evidence she had done before—they remained most devoted friends through

life. A diary kept by Mrs. Jones during a journey when she formed one of a party who accompanied him in his visitations through the northern part of his Diocese and into Canada, indicates the aid given to him by Mrs. Jones' common sense (a Bourn trait), and by her active Christian labours and charities. One of the sweetest friendships of her daughter Julia (later Mrs. Perry) was with Bishop Griswold's daughter, Mrs. Harriet Morton.

Both Bishop Griswold and Judge Burgess were widowers when suitors for the hand of the fair "Widow Jones," and, like her, eventually married a second time. She resolved and frankly declared that if she ever married again it would be after the marriage of her daughter. Yet to the first request for her daughter's hand she did not consent. Bristol was at that time and for many years afterwards the summer resort of many delightful Cubans. Like the Guiteras family and General Gonzales, many were exiles because they had struggled to free their country from the Spanish yoke. From them the writer had learned from his boyhood to sympathize with this patriotic effort. Among his favorite playmates was one of the Angoula family, who has become a distinguished citizen of the Cuban Republic. And one of his highly prized relics is a little Cuban flag and the letter enclosing it, from his friend and fraternity brother, Gonzalo de Quesada, who, a few years later, was appointed the first representative to our country of the Cuban Republic. "I think," writes Senor Quesada, "that our triumph is at hand, and when Cuba is free then I shall go to grip my old friend and brother and talk about the great fights. You know that I have kept you always in my memory."

One of the handsomest and most cultured of the Cubans in Bristol in Mrs. Jones' time was Pio Campazano, between whom and her daughter a strong attachment developed. Too true to the honorable traditions of his race to ask the hand of the daughter without first obtaining the consent of her mother, he received from Mrs. Jones a kind but firm refusal. She loved her Cuban friends, and perhaps none more than young Campazano, but the good judgment of the Bourns and her Puritan bringing up made her fear an alliance involving such differences of race and religion. The rejected and disconsolate lover returned to his own

country, married very happily, and became president of one of Cuba's chief seats of learning.

The young belle, broken hearted, or at least believing herself to be so, gave herself for a time without heart to a round of gayety among those who eagerly but unsuccessfully sought her hand. About this time a young man entered the counting house of his grandfather, James DeWolf, in Bristol. His father he could barely remember, his mother had married a second time, not altogether happily, and he had been educated by his grandfather, and now came to live at "The Mount," as the old homestead of Captain DeWolf was called. To the heart of the young girl not wholly recovered from her first love, the handsome but sad face of young James DeWolf Perry appealed more than the merry faces of her many lovers. This courtship, ending in marriage, resulted in making Silver Creek the home of the family which has been the last to occupy it.

Before turning to this conclusion of our narrative, and to the American lineage of this family, we add here the closing events in the life of Mrs. Julia (Bourn) Jones.

Having kept her resolve not to marry before her daughter, she yielded to the persistent suit of her lifelong friend, General Albert C. Greene, United States Senator. The Greens had always been on intimate terms with their relatives, the Perrys, and also with the Bourns. Mrs. Perry in her girlhood had been attached to the handsome young son of General Greene by his first wife, the "Willie" Greene for whose tragic drowning she mourned as if for a brother. She was intimate with his sisters, three of whom later became Mrs. Richard Greene, and the two Mrs. Larned. The descendants have inherited the friendship and have maintained Silver Creek associations. A granddaughter of General Greene, the daughter of Mrs. Russell Larned, became the wife of Mr. Charles T. Dorrance of Providence, the writer's dear friend from their college days. "Miss Kitty Larned" became Mrs. Maxwell Greene, while the nephew of Mrs. Dorrance, Rev. Albert C. Larned, named for his great-grandfather, the Senator, is today the curate of old St. Michael's Church in Bristol. A souvenir of this traditional friendship between the Greens and Bourns is a glass goblet, apparently of Venetian glass, which was buried by General Nathaniel Greene with his silver in his garden

when he joined the Revolutionary Army. It was thus honored because at that time it had already been a century in the Greene family. Later it was given to Miss Betsy Bourn by one of her Greene cousins.

Mrs. Greene, formerly Mrs. Jones, lived but a few months after her second marriage, dying very suddenly by a stroke of paralysis.

During the years of Mrs. Jones' widowhood, although she and her daughter Julia were at the noted boarding house of Miss Easton in Providence in the winter time, the old homestead at Silver Creek rang with their laughter in the summer days. Julia, the one grandchild of the family, was the pet of her great Aunt Patty Varnum and of her Aunts Martha Diman and Betsy Bourn. It was at this time she heard from their lips the stories of the old home, which in later years she in turn handed down to her children. A representative of another branch of the Bourn family spent her summer holidays at Silver Creek during these years. A niece of Judge Bourn, his brother Shearjashub's daughter, Mrs. Thomas Fales, or, as in her fine old age we love to distinguish her from her daughter-in-law, "Madame" Fales, was a favorite cousin of Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Fales' daughter, Mary, or "Polly" Fales, was brought up and educated as though she were an own sister of her cousin Julia Jones. In their later years, these cousins loved to tell their children merry tales of their girlhood. The unfailing good nature of Polly Fales was proof against the teasing of her cousin Julia. Polly, fair, fat, and *not* forty, but sweet sixteen, betrayed no resentment even as she sank in the ooze of the jelly-fish with which Julia had lined her bed. To her cousins' shouts of laughter, she probably responded with some atrocious and ridiculous pun, such as amused the younger generation. They entertained one another, alternately propounding conundrums with such answers as "Can't you see K.?" (Kentucky) or "Massa-choose-it." Or they collaborated poems such as the following tragedy of a fish in Silver Creek which had been maimed by a larger and more voracious one:

"Mistress fish was mortified  
To view her husband's profile,  
And vexed was she with Mummychaug  
For making him to so feel."

It must not be forgotten that in her brother Thomas, the second of Madame Fales' three children, was a more serious exponent of Mrs. Jones' family affection and generosity. In later life he was known as that devoted and saintly priest, for many years rector of the Episcopal Church in Waltham, Mass., and as editor of the "Christian Witness."

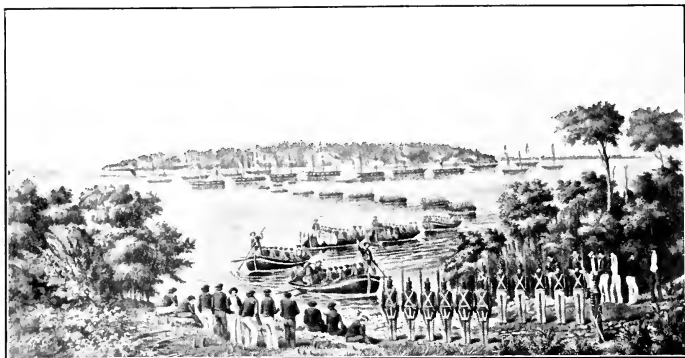
When, shortly after Mrs. Perry had breathed her last beneath her mother's portrait in the parlor of Silver Creek, her last murmur being "Dear mother"—then faintly adding the name of her little daughter, "My Juphey," Dr. Thomas Fales, on entering the old parlor, lifted his eyes to that same portrait, and exclaimed with tears: "The noblest Saint of GOD!" It recalled the story often told her son by Mrs. Perry, that when the little "Tommy Fales" sat by the great fire in the wide chimney at Silver Creek gazing dreamily into it, Mrs. Jones roused him with: "Tommy, what are you thinking about?" Then she added instinctively: "I think I know—that you would like to grow up a clergyman." No reply was needed except his yearning, expectant, uplifted eyes, which she met with the words, "And you shall be." True to her promise, she bore the expense of his education. Dr. Thomas Fales married Miss Nelson, a true helpmeet. They had no children. His sister Sophia died unmarried. But the charming Polly Fales was won by a Maryland physician, Dr. Joseph Chaplain Hays. In their home at Hagerstown, they had two handsome sons, John and William, and a beautiful daughter, Julia, bearing the name that had been so loved and honored at Silver Creek. Mrs. Hays, loved by all who knew her, lived to see her daughter Julia the wife of Chief Justice Richard Alvey of Hagerstown, a noted member of the Maryland bar, and to be the revered grandmother of many children. Mrs. Alvey still survives her mother and her husband, happy in a family, both numerous and talented, and in her turn she is a beloved grandmother.

It is time to call the reader's attention to the last of the three families which have successively occupied the old Silver Creek homestead, namely, the Perrys, whose home it has been for more than half a century. The American history of this family begins at the old town of Sandwich on Cape Cod whence, the family has spread through many states of the Union, and into Nova Scotia. The Perrys of Rhode Island have descended from two brothers

who came from Sandwich and settled in Kingstown, R. I. From Benjamin, the younger of these two brothers, descended James DeWolf Perry, whose marriage to the granddaughter of Benjamin Bourn links the name Perry with the names Bosworth and Bourn in the history of Silver Creek. As this year is to be marked by a commemoration of the Perry victory on Lake Erie, some introductory account of the family as resident in Sandwich, to which town the Bourns have already been traced, may be of interest not only to those who derive name or descent from the Perrys, but also to the general reader.







BURIAL OF OFFICERS SLAIN  
PERRY'S VICTORY, LAKE ERIE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1813  
From picture of L. B. Chevalier



Monument erected in Japan to Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, U. S. N.  
Unveiled by his Grandson Rear Admiral Frederick Rodgers, U. S. N.

## The Rhode Island Perrys and Their Origin

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Edward Perry, the first American ancestor of the "Rhode Island Perry family," was a member of the Society of Friends (commonly called Quakers), who were proscribed and persecuted by our Puritan forefathers. It would be interesting to know the relations, whether friendly or otherwise, between him and his fellow-townsmen, the preacher, Richard Bourn. The intermarriage of their descendants two centuries later is recorded on these pages. Perhaps Sandwich was more liberal than most Puritan settlements. Certain it is, as proved by contemporary records, that Friend Perry, notwithstanding his Quaker convictions, both thrived and prospered in that community and was held in general esteem, and appointed to many offices of trust. He moreover won the hand of a Puritan maiden "of high degree," Mary, daughter of Edmund Freeman, the Lieutenant Governor—some time acting Governor—of Plymouth Colony. He succeeded in persuading that dignitary, his future father-in-law, that the marriage ceremony, although performed in the Gubernatorial mansion, should conform to the simple Quaker rite. Governor Freeman, as a magistrate, had been commanded by the General Court to perform the ceremony. This departure from Puritan forms of religion was so offensive to the lawmakers of Plymouth, that Perry was annually condemned for many years to pay a fine, the largest, except one ever imposed in the Colony. The house in which this marriage was performed, the home of Governor Freeman, was standing, although in a somewhat ruined condition, in 1884, when a photograph of it was obtained by Mrs. E. R. Smith. A diligent search of English records by Mrs. Smith, the most industrious of Perry genealogists, failed to fix with certainty the English ancestry of Edward Perry. It has, however, been generally held in all branches of the family that he was a son of Edmund Perry, of Devonshire, a family of distinction still

well known in the west of England and in Ireland. Several facts seem to corroborate this family tradition of a Devonshire home. The description of the crest of the Coat of Arms (as given in authorities on heraldry) of a Walter Perry of Devonshire, exactly corresponds with the crest on the seal worn by Capt. Christopher Raymond Perry, who was an officer in the American Revolution, the grandson of Edward, and the father of Commodore O. H. and Commodore M. C. Perry. In those days, the business of designing coats of arms for the "newly rich" had not been established. The seal descended to Major Raymond H. J. Perry, an officer of the Civil War, but was lost. Fortunately, Major Perry's mother had already had engraved an exact facsimile, except that the letter R of the monogram of C. R. P., by a slight turn of a line, was altered to a B upon the hitherto blank white topaz of the seal of Captain C. R. Perry's second son, Raymond. It was the mother's gift to her younger son, writer of these lines, by whom it is still worn.

Moreover, Mrs. Smith, granddaughter of Captain Christopher Perry, informed the writer that her uncle, Commodore M. C. Perry, after the signing of the treaty with Japan, was entertained by a member of the Perry family, Lord Gosford, in Ireland, who claimed relationship.

On the early records of Sandwich appear the names of Sarah Perry, a widow, and Ezra, Edward, Margaret and Deborah Perry. The last four are believed to be children of Sarah, the widow of an Edmund Perry of Devonshire. This relationship cannot be proven conclusively from the records, but it is implied in several entries. Ezra Perry is appointed "exequitor of the Estate of Sarah Perry." Family tradition supports this inference from the records. Dr. George Hazard Perry, who at the time of his recent death was probably the oldest surviving descendant of Edward Perry, writes that it "was so generally held in the time of his grandfather," George Hazard Perry, a great-grandson of Edward Perry of Sandwich. Mrs. Smith writes in her notes: "Ezra, Edward, Margaret and Deborah seem to have been possessed of both education and property, and to have belonged to the very best class of emigrants—to have been among the gentry, and they all seem to have married in this country into families holding a similar rank."





HON. ROBERT BORDEN

Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada; Descended from Edward Perry of Sandwich  
through his daughter Mrs. Peace (Perry) Mumford

Through the courtesy of the  
State Dept. of Canada



**SIR FREDERICK BORDEN**

As Presented at Court when Knighted

Former Minister of Militia in the Laurier Government of Dominion of  
Canada, a grandson of Dr. Perry Borden, and descended from  
Edward Perry of Sandwich through his daughter  
Mrs. Peace (Perry) Mumford





From notes of the venerable Halsey Perry Clarke, a very diligent and accurate student of family records, it appears that "in an address written in 1689 Edward Perry says: 'I have been in the Province of New England fifty years.' This fixes the immigration of the Perry family in the year 1639. Edward was born in 1630, so that he was but nine years old when he came; it is probable that he was the youngest of his family."

Ezra Perry, believed to be the older brother of Edward, was born 1625, and died October 16, 1689. He married February 12, 1651, Elizabeth Burge (or Burgess). A very complete and extensive genealogy of his branch of the family has been compiled by his scholarly descendant, Prof. George Adelbert Perry, now a teacher of classics at the Hoosac Boys' School. He is the father of the distinguished writer and Professor Ralph Perry, head of the Faculty of Philosophy of Harvard University. As it is purposed to soon publish his valuable work, its lines of descent are not included in this volume. To this line, the scholarly late Bishop Perry of Iowa belonged, the first American bishop of Perry name. The first bishop of descent from Edward Perry is the present Bishop of Rhode Island.

Margaret Perry was the second wife of Edmund Freeman, Jr., son of the Governor. Her husband thus became a brother-in-law of her brother, Edward Perry. The first wife of Edmund Freeman, Jr., had been Rebecca Prince, daughter of Governor Prince of Plymouth Colony, and granddaughter of Elder Brewster. A daughter by this first marriage, Rebecca Freeman, married Ezra, son of Ezra and Eliz. (Burgess) Perry.

Deborah Perry married May 9, 1654, Robert Harper, of a family of famous Quaker preachers. One of their children, Stephen Harper, married the widow of his cousin, Edward Perry, Jr. These marriages and intermarriages corroborate the note of Mrs. Smith, and strengthened the predominance of Perry blood and Perry traits in the family.

Edward Perry, unlike his brother Ezra, who seems to have belonged to the established religion of the Colony, was, as we have seen, a Quaker, but under the demure habit and demeanor of his sect he must have possessed an indomitable will and some of the fighting spirit that has characterized his descendants. At the age of forty-six he published a "Warning to New England," a

series of woeful visions and wrathful prophesyings against the sins of his day, disclosures which may surprise those who are accustomed to look back to the Puritans for example of all godliness of living. We are not surprised that the stern Puritans fined him fifty pounds, a small fortune in those days, for such words as the following, contained in his "Warning":

"The Voice that called unto me: Blood toucheth Blood, and Blood for Blood. The Word spoken: O, what lamentation shall be taken up for New England to countervail or equalize Abominations in drunkenness, swearing, lying, stealing, whoredoms, adultery and fornication, with many other Abominations, but above all Blood, Blood, even the Blood of My Children, and servants which by cruelty and cruel hands have been shed in the midst of her." A terrible arraignment of the Assembly of the Saints!

In 1665 he was again fined for writing "a Railing Letter to the Court of Plymouth." In the year 1658-60 Edward Perry's fines amounted to eighty-nine pounds, eighteen shillings and seventeen head of cattle—it is to be remembered that at this time five pounds was a considerable fortune. Edward's fines were the heaviest imposed in the colony. The fine that came nearest to that of Edward Perry was that of Matthew Allen's, eighty-six pounds, seventeen shillings and sixteen head of cattle. Robert Harper was fined forty-four pounds, house and land and nine head of cattle; William Gifford, whose son married Edward Perry's daughter, was fined fifty-seven pounds, nineteen shillings, one-half of house, one-half of his pigs, and fifteen head of cattle. The fines of other Quakers ranged from one pound to forty pounds.

Notwithstanding these persecutions, Edward Perry seems to have stood well in town affairs. He does not appear in the list of freemen, 1643, as he was probably not then of age. He was on the grand jury, 1653; Surveyor of Highways, 1657-58 and in 1674; was elected Recorder of Deeds, 1674; grand juror again, 1667; in 1666 appointed to act for the town in time of trouble with the Indians; 1682 appointed to settle town boundaries; 1687 chosen Town Commissioner. In 1680 he and his brother-in-law, Edward Freeman, Jr., were appointed to act in behalf of the town in regard to division of certain lands. All the whales caught in

the harbor were bought by three men, they paying sixteen pounds per whale, Edward Perry and three others to be judges of the whale before it was cut into, and to determine the share of each man. He was chosen and elected to many other town offices, showing that his fellow-townsmen highly regarded him as a man, regardless of the magisterial views of his religion.

Edward Perry's will was dated December 29, 1694, and proved April 12, 1695, thus approximately fixing the time of his death. That his wife survived him appears in the following entry, made in the Journal of Thomas Story, "5th month, 2nd day, 1704": "We had a meeting at Mary Perry's, she being ancient and sick and not able to go to the meeting house." In view of this record of his stormy life, it is not surprising that at least two of his children sought refuge in the "Providence Plantations" of Roger Williams. Samuel, the oldest son, established himself upon a farm on the western shore of Narragansett Bay, in what later became the township of South Kingstown. The younger brother, Benjamin, soon followed Samuel's example, and built a home for himself upon a farm adjoining his brother's. It is this "Perry homestead" which is honored and frequently visited as the birthplace of Benjamin Perry's distinguished great-grandson, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. We shall see later that the original house built by Benjamin Perry, and in which his children, grandchildren and oldest great-grandchildren, including the hero of Lake Erie, were born, has been replaced by a later farm house built partly on the same foundation by Com. O. H. Perry himself.

To Benjamin Perry and his wife, Susannah Barber, were born twin daughters, Mary and Susan, and two sons, Edward and Freeman. As our story follows the history of the last of the four, we must briefly dismiss the other three, referring our readers to the notes in the Perry genealogical tables in the second volume. Mary and Susannah married brothers of the name of Stedman, and had each a number of children. Only a few Stedman lines have been traced by the writer through the kindness of the late D. W. Manchester, a descendant of Mary Perry Stedman and of his brother Mr. J. A. Manchester of Cleveland, Ohio.

Benjamin's oldest son, Edward, married Dorcas, daughter of Nicholas Gardner, and had a daughter, Susannah, and two sons,

Benjamin and George. Like his younger brother, he became a judge, and in the neighboring town of Richmond, R. I., built for himself a house which, during the occupancy of his son George, received the name of the "George Perry Inn," being a place where public meetings were held. His distinguished descendant, Mr. Halsey Perry Clarke, the venerable and revered town clerk of Richmond, welcomed the writer of these pages to this beautiful old home with cordiality and old-time courtesy. The following tribute to his memory appeared in the Providence Journal at the time of his death, written by Charles E. Perry :

"There are some lives so quiet and yet so useful, so void of spectacular display and yet of such value to the local community, and incidentally to the world at large, that in the great hustle of the day they are liable to be lost sight of.

"Such, perhaps, was the career of Halsey Perry Clarke, who died in Wyoming, R. I., last Sunday, after rounding ninety honored years, every one full of usefulness, not one of which bears a stain. For fifty-six years he was town clerk of his home town, and during all that time his work was done quietly, faithfully, honestly.

"Peace to the ashes of a man who did his duty as he saw it, who scorned bribes, laughed at threats, and died an honest man."

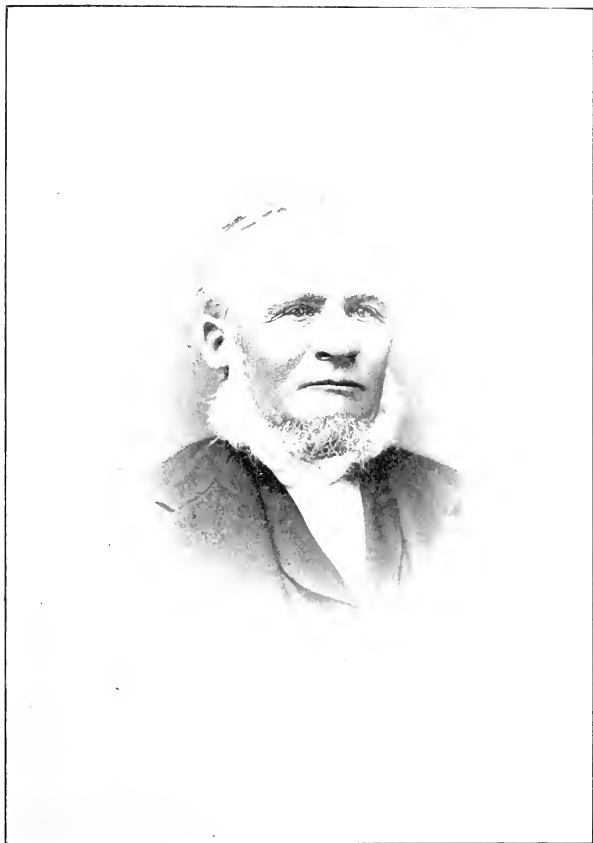
To Mr. Perry Clarke and to his daughter, the oldest of eight children, the widow of the late Ira Wilbur of Providence, the writer owes much help in preparation of these pages.

Judge Freeman Perry, the younger of Benjamin Perry's two sons, and the youngest of all the many grandsons of Edward Perry of Sandwich, lived in the old "Mansion House" built by his father, Benjamin, on the old Perry Homestead. To this homestead he brought his bride, Mercy, daughter of his neighbor, Oliver Hazard. The Hazards had long been one of the wealthy and highly honored Quaker families of the Narragansett country or western shore of Rhode Island. Mrs. Freeman Perry's mother was Elizabeth Raymond. As it will account for many of the Perry family names of the present day, it may be well to mention that Oliver Hazard's parents were George Hazard and Penelope Arnold, his paternal grandparents Robert Hazard and Mary Brownell, and his maternal grandparents were Caleb Arnold and Abigail Wilbur. The Arnolds were a very old Welsh





THE GEORGE PERRY INN  
Richmond, R. I.  
Home of the late H. Perry Clarke



HALSEY PERRY CLARKE

BORN AUG. 9, 1818

More than fifty years Town Clerk of Richmond, R. I. Grandson of Judge Edward Perry,  
the brother of Judge Freeman Perry





family. Mrs. Smith's extensive notes on the family traces Penelope Arnold back in direct line to Ynir, the King of Gwentland, who was in turn descended from Cadwalader, King of Britain, who was slain in battle about A. D. 700, and who built Abergavenny Castle, afterwards rebuilt by Hamlet ap Hamlet, a portion of the walls of which are still standing. This Ynir of Gwentland by a daughter of Gurgan, King of Glamorgan, had a son, Meiric, who succeeded his father on the throne, as did his son, Ynir Vichen, who married Gladice, daughter of RhysGoch ap Meinech, Lord of Istradyw. From this third King, the descent in generations is as follows: Generation 4th, Carador ap Ynir Vichan, Lord of Gwent; Generation 5th, Dyfnwall ap Carador, Lord of Gwent, who married Joyes, daughter of Hamlet ap Sir Druce, Duke of Balladon; Generation 6th, Systal ap Dyfnal; Generation 7th, Arthur ap Systal; Generation 8th, Meiric ap Arthur; Generation 9th, Gwilliam ap Meiric, Esquire, who married Jane, daughter and co-heir of Ivor, Lord of Lys Taly-hout; Generation 10th, Arholt ap Gwilliam; Generation 11th, Arnholt ap Arholt; Generation 12th, Roger Arnold, the first of the family to adopt the family surname, then just beginning to be customary in Wales. He married Joan, daughter of Sir Thomas Gamage, Knight, Lord of Coytey; his son (of the 13th generation), Thomas Arnold, Esq., inherited from his father Llanthony in Monmouthshire. It is from the second son of this Thomas of Llanthony, Richard, who removed into Somersetshire, that the descent now continues. From Mrs. Smith's many biographical pages of the later descendants, our space permits only our giving in order Mrs. Freeman Perry's grandmother Arnold's descent, as follows: Richard Arnold (of the 15th generation), the eldest son of the above Richard of Somersetshire, was Lord of the Manor of Bagbeare, Dorsetshire, a house still standing in 1870. According to his will (proved 1595), he is buried "in the parishe Church of Milton in the Ile called JESUS' Ile as we goe to the tower."

His second son, Thomas (16th generation), resided at Chis-elbourne. By his first wife, Alice Gully, he had six children. His daughter, Joanna, married William Hopkins, and their descendant was the first admiral of the American Navy, Ezekiel Hopkins. William, the youngest son of Thomas and Alice Gully

Arnold (17th generation), born June 24th, 1587, set sail from Dartmouth with his wife, Christian, daughter of Thomas Peake, Esq., of Somersetshire, and landed in New England June 24, 1635. He was associated with Roger Williams in purchase of Mooshansick (afterwards Providence), where he came to reside April 20, 1636. Their son, Benedict Arnold (18th generation), and Damaris were married December 17, 1640. Their oldest son, Benedict, was born February 10, 1642. Of the birth of their second son, Mrs. Perry's great-grandfather, the following is the quaint record in the elder Benedict Arnold's handwriting: "Our second son we name Caleb, he was born 19th December 1644 about 8 o'clock in the evening. We named him Caleb in memory of that worthy Caleb which only accompanied Joshua into ye land of promise of all yt came out of Egypt."

The daughter, Penelope, of this last named Caleb, and his wife, Abigail Wilbur, was the wife of George Hazard, and the mother of Oliver Hazard. We have been led to this long digression not only to gratify those Americans who may have ambition to belong to Societies of Royal Descent, but chiefly to show, as of special interest, the Celtic strain of blood which three generations later was strengthened by the mingling of noble blood of Scotland and Ireland.

Our space does not permit, even in so condensed a form, Mrs. Smith's interesting accounts of the other families whose blood entered into the veins of the Perrys. But we must note, in passing, that although the Perrys and Hazards were of Quaker noncombatants, some of their fighting blood may have come from the Raymonds, through whom that name, in combination with that of the Christopher family, was transmitted to be used as a frequent family name. Elizabeth Raymond, Mrs. Mercy (Hazard) Perry's mother, was the daughter of Joshua Raymond and Elizabeth Christopher. The latter was the daughter of John and Elizabeth (Mulford) Christopher.

Joshua Raymond, who is buried in the old burying ground on Raymond Hill, New London, Conn., had a son, John (Mrs. Oliver Hazard's brother), who is believed to be the Lieutenant John Raymond of Captain Chapman's Company, which took part in the Battle of Bunker Hill. His son, William, was a Lieutenant in the Revolution, was taken prisoner and died (unmarried) at Halifax,

1778. Joshua himself was a son of an elder Joshua, of whose wife Mercy, the daughter of James Sands of Block Island, the legend concerning Captain Kidd is told in Calkin's history of New London. This Joshua was the son of a still older Joshua, whose wife was Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Nehemiah Smith and Ann Bourn. Ann Bourn's sister married John, the oldest son of Gov. William Bradford of Plymouth. This oldest Joshua Raymond was the first of the family to settle in New London, purchasing land of Uncas (1668) and having another portion by grant. He was a cornet in Captain Palmer's Company of troopers. In 1675 his land (now corner of Parade and Banks Streets, New London) was fortified against the Indians, he becoming Commissary.

His father, Richard Raymond, who seems to be Mrs. Hazard's first American ancestor, received a grant, 1636, at Winter Island, Salem. He was part owner, and probably master, of "the good Ketch called the Hopewell of Salem," of thirty tons. He removed to Norwalk, Conn., and later to Saybrooke.

Having now seen how old and influential was the family into which Judge Freeman Perry married, we return to his personal history.

Judge Perry lived a quiet, but useful life on the old Perry homestead, highly esteemed by the community, which is indicated by his positions of public trust. He was President of the Town Council in 1776-81; Auditor of Public Accounts, 1780; Assistant Secretary of General Assembly, 1781. He died a venerable and venerated man of eighty-one years of age, and lies buried on the old homestead by the side of his wife and his father and many others of his family. So far as is known he remained a member of the Society of Friends to the time of his death. That he died in Christian faith and hope may be gathered from the reverent beginning of his will, dated 1810, proved 1815: "Almighty GOD the Creator and Disposer of every good gift as well in Heaven as in earth, and in his wonderful and SUPERLATIVE wisdom and power hath provided a way through our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for all repenting sinners to enter eternal life, and who among his many mercies hath pleased to bless me, v. Freeman Perry, Yeoman." . . . Then follows the bequests to his children, very simple and unpretentious. His "cyder mill and cyder press" to his son, Christopher Raymond; his carpenter and

joiner tools to George Hazard; a feather bed to his granddaughter, Miriam Watson; all his books treating upon physics and surgery to his grandson, George Hazard Perry; his surveying instruments to his grandson, Freeman Perry. He had, during his lifetime (1792), deeded a part of his farm to his oldest son, Dr. Joshua Perry. The following year he deeded ten acres of the same to his son, Christopher Raymond. By the will he leaves the remaining part of the farm "with my mansion house where I now live" to Christopher Raymond.

The Providence Patriot of October 23, 1813, pays this tribute to his memory: "Judge Perry was born in his father's house, in which he resided all his life, dying in the room in which he was born, and was buried on the estate \* \* \* Friday, October 23rd, the Honorable Freeman Perry, aged 81 years, grandfather of the gallant Commodore Perry. He was upward of twenty years Judge of the Court for Washington County, and for many years President of the Town Council of the Town of South Kingston. Such was the impartiality, honesty and integrity of this venerable man that for many years he was almost invariably called on as arbiter in the settlement of differences among his townsmen, and his decisions were generally acceptable. He lived to hear the name of his offspring sounded with the loudest applause and has calmly given up his spirit into the hands of GOD who animated it."

The judge's wife had died years before him. He was survived by only a few of his children.

Judge Freeman Perry and his wife, Mercy Hazard, gave to their first-born son the name Joshua, taking it from the Raymond side of the house. Their second son was named Oliver Hazard. He lost his life in the element over which his distinguished nephew and namesake in later years rode to victory. A third son, four years younger than Joshua, was Christopher Raymond Perry, born, like his brothers, in the old Perry homestead. Nothing is recorded of his early boyhood. It was probably uneventful; the healthy life of a country boy, one of a large family, brought up by godly Quaker parents and the pet of his Quaker grandfather, Oliver Hazard, who lived on a neighboring farm.

The romance and tragedies of his life began at the breaking out of the American Revolution, when he was but a lad, having





FRANK MARION BARKER, M. D.  
Of Waukeegan, Ills.

Great-grandson of Mrs. Martha (Perry) Willard daughter of Joshua Perry, M. D.  
Surgeon 1781 Col. Church's Battalion and the older of Commodore Perry's two uncles.



ARTHUR HAMILTON WATSON  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
Son of Rev. Elisha F. Watson



REV. ELISHA FREEMAN WATSON  
BORN OCT. 23, 1817; DIED JAN. 6, 1900  
Grandson of Mrs. Susan (Perry) Watson daughter of  
Judge Freeman Perry and aunt of Commodore O. H.  
Perry.



BYRON SPRAGUE WATSON  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
Son of Arthur H. Watson





been born in 1760. In spite of his Quaker blood and upbringing, he responded, like many others of his age, to the call of his oppressed country. He enlisted in the "Kingstown Reds." His first shedding of human blood was not on a battlefield. On a neighboring farm resided an old Quaker named Simeon Tucker. The patriotism which stirred the hearts of many of his neighbors of like faith had not overcome his convictions, opposed to war and bloodshed. Therefore, when Colonel Maxon, at the head of a foraging party of Revolutionary recruits, of whom Perry was one,\* came marching down upon the old man's farm, demanding some of his sleek cattle for maintenance of the Continental Army, the placid Quaker stoutly refused. After ineffectual argument, the Colonel, whether nettled beyond endurance or desiring to teach a lesson that would deter others from refusing support for the army, gave the command "Fire!" but, it is said, added in low tones: "Aim over the old man's head." Perry, probably in his excitement not hearing the warning, fired with fatal accuracy. The old man fell dead. Some insist on adorning the tale with Perry's leaping on the wall and firing a second shot. The soldiers bore the lifeless body to the farm house, and, placing it on the door-step, cried to the wife: "Here's your husband." If true, it certainly was a rough way of "breaking the news." They then fled to South Ferry. An enraged crowd of relatives quickly gathered and pursued, but too late to overtake them. It was the privilege of the writer to stand on the wind-swept pasture at Perryville (now Matunack, R. I.), the scene of this tragedy, with the sweet-faced, grey-haired great-granddaughter of the old Quaker. In the golden glow closing an autumn day, as the creeping shadows gathered chill around us, she pointed out the rock where he fell, and the dark-red, unusually prominent spots of iron stain in the granite which folklore held to be the congealed drops of the old man's blood. No cloud of harbored wrath gathered on the placid brow of the narrator as she gave quietly and sensibly an authentic account of the encounter of our two great-grandfathers. Not so peacefully is it spoken of even to this day by some fierce perpetuator of the feud. Weird details are added,

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\* Mrs. Robinson (Hazard Gen.) in giving a fervid and somewhat inaccurate account of this occurrence, calls Perry a captain at this time, which, on account of his youth and inexperience, seems impossible.

quite in keeping with mediæval legends. A strange and fierce sequel did actually come near causing further bloodshed nearly a century later. At the breaking out of the Civil War, about 1860, a recruiting officer visited this Narragansett shore when the words, "We are coming, Father Abraham, with a hundred thousand more," were filling the air with their martial notes. The officer, in asking volunteers, in order, probably, to adorn his speech, referred to a visit of his grandfather to this same locality at the breaking out of the Revolution to requisition supplies for the army, and mentioned the unfortunate shooting of an old Quaker. An angry farmer slipped from the group of listeners and, returning with loaded gun, muttered fiercely: "That Quaker was my grandfather, and let this grandson of Colonel Maxon add another word about him and a bullet shall avenge his death!" He was not permitted to carry out his threat. A few years ago he was surviving as an octogenarian. He and others who kept alive the feud insisted on adding to the sufficiently grim story the legend that Christopher Perry, having in horror deserted his company and shipped before the mast, never ventured to return to Kingstown, but was ever after haunted by the avenging wraith of the old Quaker, until one night, rushing madly on deck from his bunk, and slipping from the hands of his mates, who tried to restrain him, he plunged with a wild yell into the stormy waves, which had been lashed to fury by a sudden gale. This story was credited by many, in spite of the fact that young Christopher became Captain Perry of the Navy, married, and returned to the old homestead, to bring up a large family of children, among whom was Oliver, the hero of Lake Erie. The town is proud of having been the birthplace of this hero. It is less proud of this specimen of modern folklore.

Young Perry's life continued to be sufficiently romantic without such legendary embellishments. The feud could not have remained so fierce in South Kingstown as the stories indicate, for the forgiving widow of Simeon Tucker, the old Quaker, in due time laid aside her widow's weeds to become the bride of the very Colonel Maxon at whose rash command her first husband fell.

Whether as a result of this first experience in the army or because, as Griffis states ("Life of Matthew Calbraith Perry,"





SARAH WALLACE ALEXANDER PERRY

The mother of Commodore Perry of Newry, Co. Down, born in Loughbrickland, Ireland, great granddaughter of Colonel James Wallace, Laird of Dundonald, a "Signer of the Covenant," and a direct descendant of Sir Richard, Uncle of Scotland's hero, Sir William Wallace.



CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER RAYMOND PERRY, U. S. N.

Born at South Kingstown, R. I., Dec. 9, 1760; Died June 8, 1818

A soldier of the American Revolution, twice made a Prisoner. Father of Commodore O. H. Perry and of Com. M. C. Perry and of Raymond, of Alexander and of Nathaniel, all of the Navy; Father also of the wife of Commodore George Rodgers and of the wife of Dr. William Butler a Surgeon in the Navy.



p. 4), "The service not being exciting, he volunteered in Captain Reed's Yankee Privateer. His second cruise was made in the *Mifflin*, Captain G. W. Babcock—the *Mifflin* was a one-decked uncoppered 'bunch of pine boards' in which patriotism and valor could ill compete with British frigates of seasoned oak. Captured by the cruisers of King George, the crew was sent to the prison-ship *Jersey*. The boy endured the horrors of imprisonment in this floating coffin for three months, when he managed to escape."

So soon as he had sufficiently recovered his health, Perry enlisted in the U. S. man-of-war *Trumbull*, Captain James Nicholson, and took part in the engagement, June 2, 1780, with the *Watt*, which Griffis pronounces "the severest naval duel of the war." In the same year, the young man enlisted for the third time, and in a privateer was cruising in the Irish Sea, when he was taken prisoner a second time and carried to Newry, County Down, Ireland. Here, with several young mates in captivity, he was placed in charge of an officer of the English army and enjoyed treatment in great contrast with his life on board the *Jersey*. One day in the barracks the young prisoners were idling their time, not unhappily, when a daughter of the commandant, with several companions, ran into the room, not expecting to find it occupied. They quickly retired with blushing cheeks and apologies. But the retreat was not so prompt but that young Perry caught the mischievous glances of a pair of Irish eyes. The face was partly hidden by a mass of raven black hair reaching almost to the feet of the tiny maiden. As the door closed upon the transient vision, Perry, turning to his companions, exclaimed in tones of admiration: "There was a girl I'd like to marry!" Allowed to go out on parole, he lost no time in forming a friendship with the young Scotch-Irish lass, Sarah Wallace Alexander, and with her favorite cousin, William Baillie Wallace. In the disguise of an English sailor, after eighteen months' imprisonment, he made his escape to the island of St. Thomas, and thence to Charleston, S. C., and found that the war was over.

The sea did not relinquish its charm for him. Neither, perhaps, did the bewitching face. For the next year found him a first-mate on a vessel bound to Ireland. At an Irish port, the captain of the merchantman called his young officers together and

announced that he should expect unusual gallantry during the remainder of the voyage, for a young lady, recently left an orphan, was to be taken to relatives in Philadelphia. What was Perry's delight and surprise to see tripping over the gangplank the fair Scotch-Irish girl, whose glance had captivated him during his imprisonment. She was accompanied by a friend of the family, a Mr. Calbraith, and his son, Matthew Calbraith. It may well be believed that the young people did not lose the opportunity of the many weeks then required for a sailing vessel to cross the Atlantic. Nor did Miss Alexander fail to attach to her the lad Matthew, for whom she was to name later one of her famous sons. This friendship was matured in later years, for when Mr. Calbraith had become a prosperous Philadelphia merchant, he visited her in her Rhode Island home.

When the vessel docked at Philadelphia, the celebrated Dr. Rush came aboard with the sad intelligence of the year of plague in that city, and the death of all Miss Alexander's relatives. Dr. Rush had promised her uncle, Mr. Cummings, on his deathbed to take care of his niece until she could be returned to other relatives in Ireland. Then it was that young Perry announced their engagement, assuring Dr. Rush that she would receive a hearty welcome from his father, Judge Perry, who was abundantly able to give her a happy home when he himself was on sea duty. The kind-hearted doctor, however stern when occasion required, gave them a wedding at his own house, and sped them on their bridal tour to Kingstown, where a great wedding feast awaited them at the home of the devoted grandfather, Mr. Oliver Hazard.

Such is the pretty romance as told the writer by his cousin, Mrs. Smith, whose mother, Mrs. Commodore George Rodgers, was the daughter of this Scotch-Irish bride. Mrs. Rodgers revered her mother's memory, and was said to have inherited her beauty. The writer can well believe it, as he recalls his delight in childhood in watching his "Aunt Rodgers" as she stood before one of the tall mirrors of Silver Creek, letting her raven locks fall almost to the floor, as she turned with flashing eye to address to him some bright word of affection. Mrs. Carson, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Butler, of South Carolina, who was the youngest daughter of Captain Christopher Perry and sister of Mrs. Rodgers, writes that her mother also inherited her mother's



beauty and sprightliness, and was thought to resemble her in character the most of all Mrs. Christopher Perry's daughters. From many tales told of Mrs. Butler, a mother of heroes of the Confederacy, she seems to have inherited a double portion of her mother's indomitable spirit. She was an octogenarian, and had suffered a slight paralytic stroke when the writer first saw his "Aunt Jane Butler" while visiting her daughter's home at Greenville, S. C. Even then he felt that he caught something of his great-grandmother's eagle glance when offering his arm to her on dinner being announced. Straightening herself to her full height, in a voice that might command a regiment, she said, "Yes, Calbraith, because you are a Perry; not because I need support."

We dwell upon the lineage and character of this remarkable woman whom Captain Perry wedded, because all accounts seem to confirm the words of William Elliot Griffis ("Life of Commodore M. C. Perry"): "It was a good gift of Providence to our nation, this orphan Irish bride, so amply fitted to be the mother of heroes." The same author's pages pay the following tribute to both parents from whom descend two Commodores and a long line of officers of both army and navy, of all ranks from generals and admirals to cadets and midshipmen: "The bride, though but sixteen years, was rich in beauty, character and spirit. The groom was twenty-three, a warm-hearted, high-spirited man, very handsome, with dashing manners and very polite. He treated people with distinction, but would be quick to resent an insult." So impressed were the communities in which Mrs. Perry resided by her spirit and its transmission to her brave sons and daughters, that shortly after the Battle of Lake Erie a teamster, driving into Bristol and meeting an acquaintance just north of Silver Creek, called to his friend, "Have you heard the last news from the war?" To a negative reply, for news traveled slowly at that time, "Why, Madame Perry has whipped the Britishers." "Madame Perry!" replied the astonished citizen, "You mean her son, Oliver." "Well, what's the difference? Everybody knows it's the old lady's spirit that did it." This conversation was related to the writer by William Bullock, one of the family which long lived opposite Silver Creek, and whose oldest brother had overheard the strange dialogue.

The Perry blood, although of Quaker strain, had shown fighting qualities from the time of brave old Edward Perry down to his descendant, Christopher, yet it may well be believed that this "mother of heroes" fortified it with the race-trait for which those of Keltic blood have been noted. She descended from a heroic race. She is often described as a "descendant of Sir William Wallace," who left no direct descendants. She was descended in direct line from Sir Richard Wallace of Riccarton (Richard's town), the uncle to whose home Sir William retreated after the "burning of the Barns of Ayr." Sir Richard was the elder brother of Malcolm Wallace, the father of the famous Chieftain, Sir William of Ellerslie. Mrs. Perry's grandfather, James Wallace, descended from Sir Richard through the Craigie Wallaces, and was an officer of the Scottish army who signed the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643. He resigned his commission some years later, and after a residence on the Continent, sought refuge from religious persecution in the North of Ireland. Mrs. Perry's family, although not of the Roman Catholic faith, took sides with the Irish in the Battle of the Boyne. They also "took part in the Irish Rebellion against the English invaders in the time of Cromwell." "Those nearest to her remember her handsome brown eyes, her dark hair, rich complexion, fine white teeth and stately figure." "Well educated and surrounded with the atmosphere of liberal culture, of high ideas of the sacredness of duty and the beauty of religion, she had been morally well equipped for the responsibilities of motherhood and mature life." (Griffis.)

William Bailey Wallace, her cousin, to whom allusion has been made already as the friend of young Perry in his imprisonment in Ireland, has left in his own handwriting notes written October, 1799, giving the genealogical descent of himself and his cousin, to whose marriage in America to "a Mr. Perry" he refers. This record tracing the descent back as far as their great-grandfather Wallace, and their great-grandfather Bailie, bears testimony to fighting blood on both sides of the house. A copy was kindly made for the writer by Mrs. Rhoda Wallace, the widow of the late Colonel Wallace of Dublin, of the British Army. Both Colonel and Mrs. Wallace, being cousins, were direct descendants



THE LATE COLONEL WILLIAM ROBERT WALLACE  
OF THE BRITISH ARMY

Son of the late Robert Wallace of Newry Ireland who like his cousin, Mrs. Christopher R. Perry, was the granchild of James Wallace of Loughbrickland, Ireland.



of the Bailey Wallace who was Mrs. Perry's favorite cousin, and her husband's friend in captivity.

Christopher Raymond Perry, having once yielded to the lure of the sea, never again became a mere "landsman." For some twelve years after his marriage he remained in the merchant service, trading in the West Indies and making many long voyages. The Judge, his father, was living on the old farm on which the grandfather, Benjamin, had built when he turned his back upon Plymouth Colony and the persecution which he there endured as a Quaker. Whether Christopher's family resided during this time with his father, or lived in one of the several houses which, according to old deeds, appear to have been built upon the broad acres of the homestead, is difficult to determine. It is, however, certain that the old farm house now standing was neither "the Mansion House" left to his son Christopher by the Judge, nor was it "the birthplace of Commodore O. H. Perry," as erroneously represented on postal cards and newspaper cuts. A family tradition recorded by Mrs. Caroline Robinson in her Hazard genealogy, that Commodore Perry was born in the house of William Rodman, during his parents' stay there after their marriage, has never been credited by the Perrys, nor by the older residents of Kingstown. That the old Mansion House which Captain Perry had promised Dr. Rush should shelter his family during his voyages stood until after the Battle of Lake Erie, is evident from the will of Judge Freeman Perry (dated 1810, proved 1815), which bequeaths to Christopher Raymond, his son, "my Mansion House where I now live." This is confirmed by the obituary notice of Judge Freeman Perry's death, in which it is declared that "after living to rejoice in the famous victory of his grandson on Lake Erie, he died in the room in which he was born." Ruins of the cellar and foundation still remain, back of the present building.

That Commodore O. H. Perry was born upon the old homestead, but not in the farm house now standing, seems to be sufficiently proved by a letter upon the subject written to Mr. John Gould Perry, then town clerk of Kingstown, by Mrs. E. R. Smith. Mrs. Smith, the untiring Perry genealogist, being a niece of Commodore Perry, had the advantage of knowing the facts from her mother, Mrs. Commodore Rodgers, and from other sisters

and the brothers of the Commodore. The letter is dated February 12, 1896. It is in possession of Mr. Howard B. Perry, the son and successor in office of Mr. J. G. Perry, and who kindly furnished a copy of it to the writer.

“No, Uncle Oliver was *not* born in the present house. He was born at his grandfather’s old homestead, which my mother said was called when she was a child ‘The Old Perry Manor House.’ He was born in a large front room twenty feet square upstairs. The present house Uncle Oliver built himself, so he could hardly have been born in it, for this I have the authority of my mother, my aunt and of my uncle, Commodore M. C. Perry, and also Mr. Edward Hazard, a lawyer of Providence and Kingstown. He wrote me that when Uncle Oliver came home after the battle he came to Kingstown and spent the day with his wife and children, Grant and Oliver, at Mr. Hazard’s father’s house—he said the old house was so out of repair that he was going to take it down, and build a small place for any of the family to come there fishing and hunting—keeping a tenant on the place. Mr. Hazard wrote that somebody in Kingstown had just built such a house—Uncle Oliver liked it, and Mr. Hazard’s father got the plans for him—if Mr. Edward Hazard is alive he will tell of this as he heard the conversation. After Uncle Oliver’s death, his widow sold the place, very much to the distress of her husband’s family, and indignation also—the old Perry burying ground being on it—if Com. M. C. Perry had been in this country he would have bought it himself—for a great number of years he tried most earnestly to do so—and was at last successful, to his great happiness, it now belongs to his daughter Mrs. George Tiffany, who has a place in Newport. I am *very* tired of contradicting this story.”

Mr. Jeffrey Potter of Matunac has recently made a careful examination of the timbers of the framework of the present house. He is convinced that the tradition is correct which asserts that the present house was in part built of material of the old Mansion. Some beams, therefore, of the present building may have been parts of the home in which was born the Hero of Lake Erie. Without question, the broad acres that surround it, where are “the green graves of his sires,” were his playground, shared

with his brothers nearest of age, and with his Perry, Hazard and Champlin cousins.

In June of the year 1798, when danger of war with France clouded the political horizon, Captain C. R. Perry was made post captain in the regular navy. He was placed in command of the U. S. frigate *General Greene*. He had short leave at home the following April. James Barnes, in his "Hero of Erie," writes: "When he joined his ship, young Oliver Hazard Perry, dressed in a new midshipman's uniform, was with him." It should ever be remembered that the naval training of the hero of 1812 began under command of his own father, an older hero of the Revolution, who had been twice a British prisoner. Nor should it be forgotten that his home and religious training had been under a mother in whose veins flowed the blood of the Scottish chieftain, Sir William Wallace, who five centuries earlier, "when he stood upon the scaffold, in the instruments of his torture, begged Lord Clifford to restore to him the Psalter which had been taken from him at his capture. \* \* \* Unable to hold the book in his chained hand, he asked a priest to open it for him, and, as he hung from the gallows, he continued to look on it with love and devotion. After he was taken down, and, still alive and sensible, disembowelled, his eyes remained fixed upon the Psalter until they closed in death." ("The Psalms in Human Life," Rowland E. Prothero, page 99.) So far as is known, it was Mrs. Christopher Perry who grafted on the stern strong stock of Quaker faith the Perry's love of the Prayer Book of the Anglican Communion, the communion known in her native land as the Church of Ireland, but in the land of her adoption "commonly called the Protestant Episcopal Church." To this Church, with few exceptions, the descendants of Christopher and Sarah Wallace (Alexander) Perry have been at least nominally attached, many of them having been devout and active communicants. Not a few have entered its priesthood, one of the present generation having been recently made Bishop of the State of Rhode Island, where his Quaker ancestor established the family. Many have followed the profession of Judge Freeman Perry, who not only wore the judicial ermine, but also was a practicing physician and surgeon, as were his oldest son, Dr. Joshua Perry, and his youngest grandson, Dr. George Hazard Perry. Dr. Joshua Perry

was also an officer of the Revolution, serving in 1781 in Colonel Church's battalion as surgeon. Whatever their profession, the stamp of Mrs. Perry's home training and of her religious character has been evident in the lives of many of her descendants to the third and fourth generation. Her sons and daughters were, so far as is known, upright in life, many of them and of their descendants being of devout Christian character.

A quaint contemporary publication testified that the most noted of the Perrys in the hour of his triumph acknowledged the Divine Author of all victory. A double acrostic on the name of the Hero of Lake Erie, printed upon silk, was given to the writer by the venerable Rev. William Brand of Maryland, in whose family it had been preserved from the time of his ancestor, who was engaged in the Battle of Lake Erie. Its closing lines are :

"Victorious Perry instant to his breast  
 In warm affection gallant Elliot prest.  
 Lull'd is the scene—when lo! the hero bows,  
 Owns the Almighty's arm and pays the grateful vows."

More direct testimony of the result of the religious training of Mrs. Perry is furnished in Griffis' "Life of Commodore M. Calbraith Perry." The author speaks of the Commodore's firm belief that "the Bible contained the will of GOD to man and furnished a manual of human duty." "It was his (Commodore Perry's) fixed habit," adds Griffis, "to peruse this word of GOD daily. Turning one day to the officer of the deck, Rear Admiral Almy, the Commodore said, 'I have just finished the Bible. I have read it through from Genesis to Revelation. I make it a point to read it through every cruise.'" The same author mentions "the Commodore's well-marked, well-worn Book of Common Prayer, from which in the absence of the Chaplain, he himself conducted the service on board ship." When in his New York home he regularly attended worship with his family at St. Mark's Church, from which church he was buried.

The writer can give his own testimony in regard to the devout influence of one of the next generation, the late Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, a vestryman of the historic St. John's Church, Washington. Whether in his home or at sea, or when commander of the Naval School, that "Chesterfield of the American Navy," as his fellow-officers delighted to call him,



always personally led a Bible class for the younger officers and men.

As might be expected from such antecedents and ancestors, members of the family have been chiefly distinguished in military service. All the sons of Captain Christopher Perry served their country in the navy. Of his three daughters, the two who married wedded naval officers. In all these, Perry, Rodgers and Butler lines of descent, were in each succeeding generation those distinguished for the brave spirit of adventure and daring of their race. Of these, the latest has sacrificed his young life in the most modern field of venture, Calbraith Perry Rodgers, the famous aeronaut, a grandson of Commodore M. C. Perry, and great-grandson of Captain Christopher Raymond Perry, whose tragic death is published while these pages are in preparation.

We return from citing these testimonies to resume our narrative. Oliver Hazard, the first-born of the romantic marriage of Christopher Raymond and Sarah Wallace (Alexander) Perry, born just a year after they were married, August 20, 1785, was already wearing a midshipman's uniform on his father's ship, the *General Greene*, when after a short leave of absence, in April, 1799, Captain Perry took command during a three months' cruise in the Gulf. Oliver at once had an opportunity of learning from his father that disregard for superior strength of the enemy which in later life he was to make memorable. As told in Barnes' "Hero of Erie," "a British seventy-four had fired a shot across the bows of a merchantman under the convoy of the American frigate. This being disregarded, the Englishman dropped a boat with an armed crew with the purpose apparently of searching the American brig. Promptly Captain Perry ordered a gunner to bring to bear a gun on the spar deck upon the boat.

"Handsomely now, my man," said Captain Perry, "and see if you can make a good shot of it."

"Am I to try to hit her?" asked the surprised gunner.

"If you can," drily replied the Captain. Perhaps fortunately for the future of American history the shot barely missed, but deluged the men in a shower of spray. Swinging about close to the American frigate, an officer of the man-of-war angrily demanded, "What ship is that?" "The United States frigate *General Greene*." "Why did you fire at my boat just now?" "To

prevent her boarding the brig under my protection, sir." "It is strange," said the Englishman, "if one of her majesty's seventy-four-gun ships cannot examine a merchant brig." "Not if she carried one hundred and twenty guns, if to the dishonor of my flag." This plucky and patriotic reply brought a prompt apology from the captain of the man-of-war, with a polite request to board the brig, to which Captain Perry gave assent, provided that the captain of the brig had no objection. But whether, as the author suggests, thinking "the game not worth the candle," or with that genuine respect which every Anglo-Saxon feels for bravery in one of his race, the Englishman sailed away without further molestation. Whether the author had authority for the exact wording of the conversation or not, he has evidently well interpreted the encounter.

The following year, 1800, the *General Greene*, manned by the same officers and crew, was sent to the waters about the Island of Haiti. Here young Perry had an opportunity of first taking part in action. At the same time his father anticipated his son Calbraith's later distinguished services to the Negro. While cruising off the Port of Jacmel, in answer to an appeal from the celebrated Negro chief, Touissant L'Ouverture, the *General Greene*, under Captain Perry, "assisted in the reduction of the fort, and after blockading the port, for some time, joined with her batteries in an engagement which resulted in the evacuation of the town by the enemy, and the surrender of the fortress and garrison eventually to the Negro Emancipator." ("Hero of Erie," by James Barnes, p. 16.)

So little has been written or known of the older generation of Perrys, that the writer has felt justified in dwelling at some length on the ancestry of the Perrys of later national fame. It would be quite beyond the limits of this work to follow in detail the well-known history and now famous deeds of either of the two Commodores, Oliver Hazard or Matthew Calbraith Perry. It is also unnecessary, because such superior pens as those of McKenzie and James Barnes and many others have written of the former, and William E. Griffis of the latter. The sons and daughters of the brave Captain and his Scotch-Irish wife will appear in the pages which follow, chiefly because their lives were connected with the second son, Raymond Henry Jones Perry,

born February 11, 1789. It is this second son who links the story of the Perrys with Silver Creek.

But the interest in the Perry name awakened this centennial year of the victory on Lake Erie warrants turning from the course of the narrative to make brief mention of other brothers and sisters of Commodore O. H. Perry, all of whom were connected with naval service. The third son, Matthew Calbraith, born April 10, 1794, shares above all others of his family his brother Oliver's prominence in American history. His first name, apostolic and honorable though it be, was not popular in the family, and he was known among them only by his second. Many of his namesakes have, therefore, borne the second name only. Griffis, in his life of M. C. Perry, states that the name spelt with a C is exceedingly rare. The change from the more common initial G to C is probably the Irish softening of a Scotch word, as in the Scotch name Ritchie to Richey or the word Loch (lake) to Lough. Arthur's "Derivation of Family Names" derives the name from two Gallic words, Gall and Bhreton—"Strange Breton" or "Low Country Breton." "The Galbraiths in the Gaelic" (says Griffis, Com. M. C. Perry, appendix, p. 431), "are called Breatannich or Clanna Breatannich, i. e., the Britons or children of Britons, once reckoned a great Clan in Scotland, according to the following lines:

Galbraiths from the Red Tower,  
Noblest of Scottish Surnames."

The Falla dhearg or "Red Tower" was probably Dumbarton, that is, Dun Bhreatain, or stronghold of the Britons, whence it is said the Galbraiths came.

All the sons of Captain C. R. Perry died young, except Matthew Calbraith. His diplomatic victory at Japan came so many years after the Battle of Lake Erie that Commodore M. C. Perry has frequently been written of as the nephew instead of the brother of O. H. Perry. He was in fact a brother, only six years Oliver's junior.

M. C. Perry at the age of fifteen, in 1809, was a midshipman in the navy. As Oliver had the privilege of being trained under a veteran, his own father, so Calbraith had the honor of learning war under the American hero, John Rodgers, on board the

famous *President*. Three years later Commodore John Rodgers' brother, Commodore George Washington Rodgers, was to win the hand of Perry's sister Ann. In after years Perry's oldest daughter, Sarah, was to marry Robert Rodgers, son of his commander on the *President*. The naval service of 1812 was thus quite a family affair. Griffis gives a spirited description of the engagement in which the lad Perry received his baptism of blood. Within sixty minutes of the arrival of the news of the declaration of war, the squadron consisting of the *President*, the *United States*, *Congress*, *Argus*, and *Hornet*, about one-third of the whole seaworthy naval force of the nation, moved out into the ocean, June 21, 1812. The next morning the *President* overtook the *Belvidere*. Commodore Rodgers, desiring the honor of firing the first shot, took his station at the starboard fore-castle gun. While it sent the first shot of the war, Calbraith Perry, a mere stripling, "stood beside, ready, eager, and cool." After a few more shots, when the prize seemed almost secured, a bursting gun sent the Commodore flying in the air, to descend on the deck with a broken leg. A fragment inflicted also on young Perry his first wound. From that hour to the day when, at Japan, he matched his brother Oliver's victory with one of the greatest victories of peace, though with pointed guns and indomitable will, Calbraith Perry's career forms a part of American history, and can be only briefly summarized in these pages.

The bronze tablets on the base of the fine monument erected to him in Touro Park, Newport, record in order the most famous of his many services to his country. The titles are as follows: "Africa, 1843," commemorating his command of the African squadron to co-operate with Great Britain in carrying out the Webster-Ashburton Treaty to abolish the slave trade. It was during this expedition also that he performed a great work as "missionary and civilizer in Liberia," the location of which had been selected by him. For these services he received the thanks of Bishop and Mrs. Payne, and of many other missionaries, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. "Thus like his father, who aided L'Ouverture against Rigaud, he did service to the African Negro, very fitting for descendants of Quaker ancestors," The second tablet is entitled "Mexico, 1846." It commemorates his transportation of heavy ship's guns to the naval battery at





JANE SLIDELL

Wife of Com. M. C. Perry and daughter of John Slidell and Marjorie Mac Kenzie



COMMODORE MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY, U. S. N.

"The Opener of the Ports of Japan," a younger brother of Commodore O. H. Perry, "The Hero of Lake Erie," and the third son of Captain Christopher R. and Sarah Wallace Alexander Perry, born April 10, 1794; died March 4, 1858







JANE PERRY

Daughter of Com. Matthew Calbraith Perry and Jane Slidell, and  
wife of John Howe







CAPT. MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY  
Son of Com. Matthew Calbraith Perry and Jane Slidell



HARRIET ELIZABETH TAYLOR  
Wife of Capt. Matthew Calbraith Perry





SARAH LAWRENCE PERRY

Wife of Frederick Winston Merrell and daughter of Captain Matthew Calbraith Perry  
and Harriet Elizabeth Taylor









REAR ADMIRAL FREDERICK RODGERS, U. S. N.  
Of St. James, Long Island  
Oldest living descendant of Commodore M. Calbraith Perry



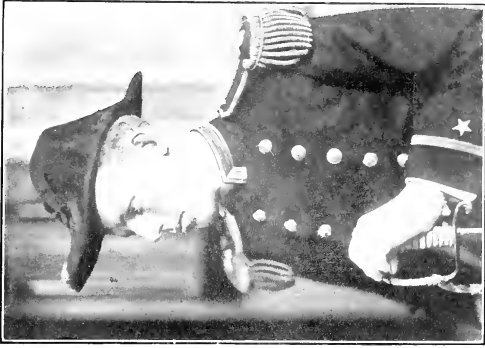
CAPTAIN CALBRAITH PERRY RODGERS, U. S. A.



**LIEUT. JOHN RODGERS, U. S. N.**  
 Son of Admiral John A. Rodgers



**REAR ADMIRAL JOHN A. RODGERS, U. S. N.**  
 Of Havre de Grace, Md.  
 Son of Col. Robert and Sarah (Perry) Rodgers and Grandson  
 of Com. M. C. Perry and Com. John Rodgers



**JOHN FORSYTH MEIGS, Jr., U. S. N.**  
 Ensign U. S. Navy. Son of Jane Perry Rodgers and John  
 Forsyth Meigs, great-grandson of Com. M. C. Perry, U. S. A.  
 and Jane Slidell, great-grandson also of Com. John Rodgers,  
 U. S. N. and Minerva Dennison, and grandson of Sarah Perry  
 and Robert S. Rodgers, of Sion Hill, Harford Co., Maryland.





TESTING ENGINES BEFORE FLIGHT

**CALBRAITH PERRY RODGERS**

SON OF CAPT. CALBRAITH PERRY RODGERS, U. S. A. AND A GREAT GRANDSON OF COMMODORE M. C. PERRY AND  
OF COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS

The noted aviator who lost his life at Pasadena, Calif., April 3, 1912



Mexico. The two remaining tablets represent scenes in the signing of the treaty with Japan. Commodore Calbraith Perry's religious habits have been already noted. He was of sterner type, more reserved, plainer of feature than his brothers. His military bearing and his countenance betokened his iron will and commanded attention, respect, and, when necessary, prompt obedience. Strict obedience was invariably required. At Plymouth, Mass., an old sailor who had served in the Japan expedition was asked by the writer to give his impression of Commodore Perry. "Waal," came the drawling reply, as his eye followed a long seam on the flooring, "I'd say if a man walked straight on that crack he'd get good squar' treatment, but if he got off of it, th' Lord ha' mercy on him!" Such the Japanese found him to be. It won their lasting respect and gratitude. They are the first nation in history to have erected a monument to one who was practically their conqueror. To unveil this monument, they called on his grandson, Admiral Fred Rodgers, who was at the time in command at a neighboring Chinese port.

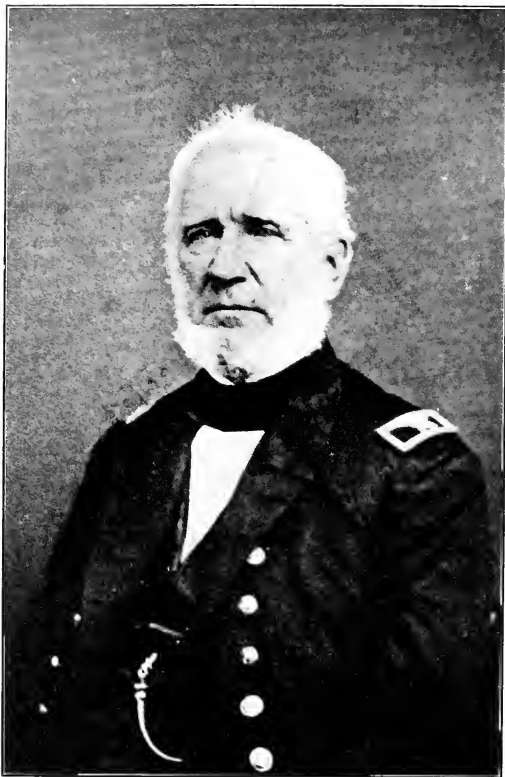
Calbraith Perry's sense of duty was inflexible, especially in cases where personal affection might have swayed his judgment. Griffis quotes from one of Perry's fellow-officers that "The Commodore was not a genial man socially. His strong characteristics were self-reliance, earnestness of purpose and untiring industry." But the same witness does him justice when he adds, "Yet under this austere exterior which seemed intent only on the performance of cold duty as duty, he had a kind and gentle nature in domestic life." One, who in her childhood knew him, writes: "Children loved the big and bluff hero; as a friend he was most true and constant." We are told in the same biography by Griffis that at home he was fond of making his children laugh and of entertaining them by playing on his flute the liveliest of tunes. He was very loving and loyal to his devoted wife, Jane Slidell, one of the most beautiful women of New York, noble and stately in her bearing, and somewhat reserved. Others emphasized the sterner side of his character, the writer, who in babyhood had been affectionately held in the arms of his great namesake and great-uncle, delighted to hear his mother tell that the Commodore had returned from one of his long cruises, and on arriving too late to catch the last Brooklyn boat to his home at the Navy Yard,

shed tears of disappointment that he must wait till the following day to greet his beautiful wife and charming children. From his home on Thirty-second Street, New York City, where he spent his later years, and died, his body was borne with military honors to St. Mark's Church and interred in the burying ground of that church. In his last illness he expressed to Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton, his nephew by marriage, his desire to be buried beside his father, mother and brother. Accordingly his body was later removed to Newport. Griffis writes: "The two brothers, Perry of the Lakes and Perry of Japan sleep in GOD, near the beloved mother on whose bosom they first learned the worth of life, whose memory they worshiped throughout their careers, . . . on the beautiful Island Cemetery at Newport which overlooks aboriginal Aquidneck, the City and Isle of Peace."

Their younger brother, James Alexander, has been made known to the public in the great painting by Powers in the National Capitol. The painter, using the license of an artist in his desire to portray the bravery of Perry, has been guilty of historical inaccuracy which does scant justice to the prudence of a good commander. The Rev. Dr. J. DeW. Perry distinctly recalls a conversation with Dr. Usher Parsons, Perry's surgeon at Lake Erie, who survived to take part in the ceremonies of the unveiling of the Perry monument at Cleveland, O. The venerable doctor testified that Perry was not guilty of the imprudent folly of so exposing himself to the shot of the enemy, and that his brother Alexander did not accompany him in the boat, for the Commodore's first inquiry on returning to the *Niagara* was for his brother Alexander, whom he was delighted to find alive. This account was corroborated by members of the family. The Commodore's son, Captain Oliver, frequently criticised the representation of his father in full uniform, such as no officer would wear in action. The rough and tattered shirt worn on the occasion was then in possession of the family. As no portrait of Alexander existed, Powers visited Silver Creek and took a sketch of William Wallace Perry, who now resides there. From that and from one which he took of Raymond Vinton, he painted the face of the young hero. These boys, then about the same age as Alexander Perry was at the time of the battle, were said by living members of the family to resemble him.







COMMODORE STEPHEN CHAMPLIN, U. S. N.

Born Nov. 17, 1789

Sailing Master of *Scorpion* at the Battle of Lake Erie, and fired the first  
and last shot of that Battle.

Son of Mrs. Elizabeth (Perry) Champlin, and first cousin of Com. O. H. Perry



MRS. FRANCES HARMON (FOLSOM) PRESTON

Wife of Thomas J. Preston and great great granddaughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Raymond (Perry) Champlin, aunt of Commodore O. H. Perry, who as the bride of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, was the first of the Perry family to be married in the White House and become "The First Lady of the Land," and whose daughter Ruth Cleveland was the first child to be born in the Presidential Residence.



The great love which his brothers and sisters had for Alexander, the "young hero of Erie," is evidenced in the frequent appearance of his name in the next two generations. He was voted a Sword of Honor by Congress, the youngest person to receive such honor. A few years after the Battle of Lake Erie he sacrificed his life in attempting to save the life of a sailor.

So little has come down to posterity of this attractive and prominent figure in the battle scene, that the following letter to his brother Raymond, full of boyish high spirits and brotherly affection, is given in full as a souvenir of his short but heroic life:

U. S. Ship Java,  
Naples Bay, Aug. 26th, 1816.

Dear Brother:

I am now writing to you in the steerage, surrounded by a score of jolly Mids and scarcely know what I write you. We are as happy as the day is long. All we want to make us completely so is to see our friends and relations and to be in America to visit the pretty objects that it abounds with.

But we have no scarcity here, there is a-plenty of girls, but the devil of it is we can't speak the language, however I am now learning French and am in hopes to be able to talk with Sally when I get home. I am not living a poor Mid's life now, but more like a post Capt. for brother Oliver has been good enough to take me to sup with him and I can say I live as high as any post Capt. in the squadron, brother O. has been everything to me that a kind brother could be, and I am in hope some day or other to be able to show gratitude towards him. I received your kind letter by the *Octavia* that arrived from Gibraltar a few days since. I am happy to hear that you had enjoyed yourself well on those beautiful Plantations you speak of, I don't know how you could content yourself so long in the city, for I have always had an Idea that it was a dirty hole. I am sorry to say that I have not received a letter from your wife but am in hopes that there is a letter somewhere in the Meditteranean for me.

Tell all hands to write me and to furnish me with answers to the following questions

The ladies,  
The Genteelmen,  
Stephen Champlain,  
What he is doing?  
Is he open to get married?

And tell him to write me.

I shall remain out here until I will have something more to carry home than I brought out, for it would be hard for me to return without accomplishing anything after remaining out here so long. I should not pretend to give you any detail of Naples until some future period for we see nothing but palaces reared over the tops of other palaces and orient magnificence trampled under foot and under folly. If you write me, direct the letters to the care of the Consul at Gibraltar, you shall hear from us at Messina next week, we shall sail the first fair wind. Make all hands write me and remember me to your wife and son and all our relations and friends. Adam one of our mids is mixing up a supply of mull wine and the wind has shifted and appears to promise us a pleasant passage. If you have an opportunity I wish you would send me a few books when brother O. goes home which will be very soon. I don't know what I shall do for the want of books to read. Believe me to be your sincere and affectionate brother,

JAMES A. PERRY.

R. H. J. PERRY.

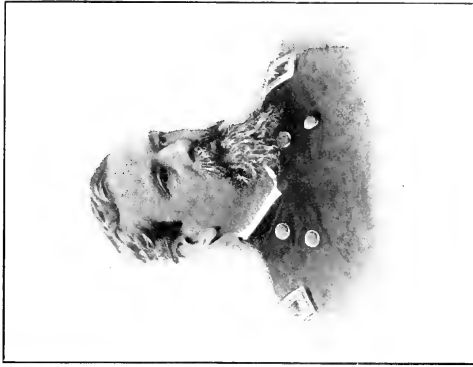
The youngest son of Captain Christopher R. Perry was born November 27, 1802, and named Nathaniel Hazard. Seventeen years the junior of his brother Oliver, he was only a boy at the breaking out of the War of 1812. He died at the age of thirty. His short life was spent in an era of peace in the United States, and lacked the opportunities for special military distinction which three of his brothers attained. The wooing of the sea, however, was as irresistible to him as to the rest of the family and he entered the navy and served his country honorably as a purser in the navy. He married Miss Lucretia Mumford Thatcher, who





CAPTAIN NATHANIEL HAZARD PERRY. U. S. N.  
YOUNGEST SON OF CAPT. CHRISTOPHER R. PERRY, U. S. N.  
Born, Nov. 7, 1802; Died, May 8, 1832





BRIG. GEN. ALEXANDER JAMES PERRY, U. S. A.

BORN DEC. 14, 1828; DIED MARCH 26, 1913  
At the time of his death the oldest member of his family  
bearing the Perry name and the last male of his generation.



CAPT. JOHN ADAMS PERRY

U. S. ARMY

Son of General Alex. J. Perry



CAPT. ALEX. WALLACE PERRY

U. S. CAVALRY

Son of General Alex. J. Perry



long survived him as a sweet old lady, known and loved among the Perrys as "Aunt Lucretia." Their one son, General Alexander Perry, U. S. A.,\* retired, living at Washington, D. C., the only surviving grandson of Captain Christopher R. Perry, has during his lifetime maintained the best traditions of the Perry family, which are being carried down into the next generation by his two sons, Captains in the United States Army (John Adams and Alexander Wallace), while his oldest daughter is the gifted wife and assistant of one of the most distinguished scientists of the day, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, Sc.D., LL.D. The youngest son of Mrs. Christopher R. Perry was said to most resemble her of all her sons, in both appearance and character.

A number of letters written by his grandmother Perry, and by his father, in possession of General Alexander J. Perry, owned by him, are kindly contributed to these pages. General Perry's own birth is announced by his grandmother in the following letter to her son:

"NEW LONDON, December 15, 1828.

My dear Nat:

I have great pleasure in congratulating you on your wife's safety, and informing you of the birth of a fine boy on Thursday, the 11th inst. Lucretia is uncommonly well. The baby is one of the largest and handsomest children I ever saw of his age; this is not merely the opinion of a weak fond grandmother exulting over the first born of her favorite son, but said so by *everyone* who has seen him. . . .

Your affectionate and tender mother,

SARAH PERRY."

Another of her letters, dated New London, November 5th of the same year, is of special interest as having a reference to the celebration of the victory, which this year's centennial anniversary, 1913, recalls:

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\* These lines were written before the recent and greatly lamented death of the General in this centennial year; the last of the nephews of Com. O. H. Perry, and the last of his generation except the three surviving daughters of Mrs. Jane (Perry) Butler.

"My dear Nat:

An opportunity occurring to send to Boston, I embraced it and write in the hopes Calbraith may find a conveyance for our letters. I have been made happy by the receipt of your letters of the 10th and 14th of Sept. Your dear wife is well, as her letter which accompanies this will inform you. . . . I was much gratified, my dear son, that you recollected me and wrote me on the tenth of September, a day we must all be allowed to look upon with pride and exultation, tho' now, alas, blended with sorrowful recollections; it was kept up with the unusual zeal and parade, in Newport, this last anniversary. Your appropriate quotation from Burns delighted me, that too recalled some mournful reminiscences, sad but pleasant to my heart. I regret I did not give you those books to take with you, they have visited every quarter of the world and returned in safety. You know the great value I have for them, as the first gift of your lamented brother O. H., and when I am done with them you will take care of them for my sake as well as his, so that now I give them to you. . . . Capt. Rodgers and Ann send their love. We all hope to have good news to give you next month.

Believe me your affectionate mother, SARAH PERRY."

The books referred to are Burns' works in four volumes, carefully treasured by her grandson, General Alexander J. Perry, in excellent condition. Space must be taken for a brief extract from one letter written his devoted mother by Nat, her "favorite son." Its affectionate reference to the five baby boys newly arrived, is to the birth in his absence of James DeWolf Perry and Alexander Perry, sons of Raymond, Raymond and George, sons of his sister Ann (Perry) Rodgers, and Calbraith, son of Commodore M. C. Perry; so writes his son, General Perry.

The letter is dated the U. S. Ship *Erie*, February 27, 1828, two years before his marriage. It reveals in its few sentences the amiable, happy, affectionate young fellow, always thoughtful of others, as all who remembered him described him. "I have this morning filled a small box there, six pairs of silk stockings for yourself, only two pairs are black; a dozen pairs of long gloves to be divided between Sally, Ann and Jane Butler, and three bundles of short gloves. Three Turkish purses, one for Capt.



EDMUND FREEMAN PERRY AND WIFE

Born Nov. 6, 1875

SON OF MRS. SARAH (RODGERS) PERRY AND GREAT-GRANDSON OF  
CAPT. CHRISTOPHER R. PERRY, U. S. N.



MRS. SARAH (RODGERS) PERRY

Born Jan. 8, 1831, Died June 28, 1901

DAUGHTER OF MRS. COMMODORE GEORGE RODGERS





MRS. ANN MARIA (PERRY) RODGERS

Born Nov. 10, 1797; Died Dec. 7, 1856

Wife of Com. George Rodgers, U. S. N., and daughter of Capt. Christopher R. and Sarah Wallace Alexander Perry. Her sons and grandsons have gained distinction in the U. S. Navy and Army





Rodgers, one for brother Raymond, and one for Sam Greene. I also send some Italian music, that which is printed is it. Have the goodness to give it to Ann Slidell with my compliments. The other music, which is written, is Spanish. Tell Sally to give it to Miss Lee, and say when I come home, I will teach her the different dances.

Give my love to Raymond. I am very glad his health is so much better, and hope the next vessel that arrives will bring a letter from him.

I long very much to see and kiss all those five boys you talk so much about. There are so many strangers coming into our family nowadays I can hardly keep the run of them. Kiss them all for me, and give my love to all the family. That you, my dear mother, may be restored to the enjoyment of perfect health, is the sincere prayer of your

Affectionate Son,

NAT."

Of the three daughters of Captain Christopher Perry, sisters of Commodore O. H. Perry, the eldest was named for her mother, and in spite of some amusing stories told of her eccentricities, died a well-loved old maid, remembered as "Aunt Sally." The second, Anna Maria, born November 10, 1797, married, as already noted, Commodore George Washington Rodgers, of the Navy. With much of her mother's beauty, she inherited her proud bearing and that indomitable spirit which passed down to her children. Her visits to Silver Creek were looked upon as great events from the time when the old stage-coach first brought her to Bristol and Mrs. James Perry, a young mother, welcoming her in her husband's absence, hastened to find the latter, with the exclamation, "James, the handsomest woman I have ever seen has just called, and I know it must be your Aunt Rodgers. Hurry and we will go down to the hotel and bring her home." Probably more than any other branch of the Perry family, she and her children in after years most frequently visited the Silver Creek Perrys or were visited by them. The writer recalls, among his earliest recollections, a visit made by the brave, dashing Captain George Rodgers, U. S. N., when he brought out of his trunk a toy horse with silver trappings and a Mexican saddle, as he returned

from service in that turbulent country. The stateliness of his brother, Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, has been already alluded to, an honored memory in naval traditions. In the other arm of the service was the handsome, popular younger brother, Captain John Rodgers. Counted with their double cousins, who came of the marriage of Sarah Perry (daughter of Commodore M. C. Perry) to the son of Commodore John Rodgers, they helped to form a roll in military service such as few, if any, families can display, for of the next generation of Mrs. Ann Perry Rodgers' family are the names of Admiral Raymond Perry Rodgers, Colonel Alexander Rodgers, Captain Thomas Slidell Rodgers, Lieut. Com. C. R. P. Rodgers, Lieutenant Raymond Rodgers Neilson, and the late Guy Rodgers, U. S. N.

Of the other branch who are grandsons or great-grandsons of Commodore M. C. Perry are Rear Admiral Frederick Rodgers (retired), the late Captain Calbraith Perry Rodgers, U. S. A., and Rear Admiral John A. Rodgers, and of the next generation Midshipman John F. Meiggs, U. S. N.

James DeWolf Perry carefully preserved records of the family, and was especially fond of his Aunt Rodgers and her sons. Among papers left by him were found the following notes in his own handwriting:

"Colonel Rodgers, the grandfather of Captain George Washington Rodgers, commanded the famous Maryland line during the Revolution. His sons were John Rodgers, U. S. N., who fired the first gun in the War of 1812, and Commodore George Washington Rodgers, who for gallantry during the War of 1812 received a sword from his native state and a vote of thanks and a gold medal from Congress."

It was this latter who, with his fresh laurels, won the hand and married, in 1815, the beautiful Ann Maria Perry.

"Of the sons," the notes continue, "George Washington Rodgers, U. S. N., Fleet Captain of Admiral Dahlgren's squadron, after noble participation in the attacks upon Charleston, was killed while commanding the Monitor *Catskill* in an attack upon Fort Wagner, Morris Island. His sword is deposited in the Athenaeum of Hartford, Conn. Christopher Raymond Perry Rodgers, U. S. N., who was Fleet Captain of the squadron during

Dupont's capture of Port Royal and attack upon Charleston, also captured Fernandina and St. Mary's, and joining the land force, he commanded a battery at the siege of Pulaski. Alexander Perry Rodgers, U. S. Infantry, gallantly fell, mortally wounded, while leading the forlorn hope of his regiment in the storming of the Chapultepec during the Mexican War.

"John Rodgers served gallantly in the late (Civil) war, but was disabled and transferred to the Quartermaster's department."

To this honorable roll of the older sister's descendants who were "Boys in Blue" may be added a roll of equally heroic "Boys in Gray," who were sons of the younger sister, the sixth child of Captain C. R. Perry, Jane Tweedy, born June 26, 1801, married as a young girl, to a surgeon of the navy, Dr. William Butler, of one of the oldest and most distinguished of South Carolina families. Her whole life was spent in that state. Dr. Butler, of Columbia, S. C., the oldest son of General M. C. Butler, thus writes of his grandmother: "I remember Grandmother Butler well, indeed, and she was a most loyal and devoted mother and wife, and had born to her seventeen children, fourteen of whom she reared. . . . Grandmother was very intelligent, independent in her manner and speech, and a remarkably well-read woman. She was a very genial and attractive old lady, and every one looked up to her. Her grandchildren were devoted to her, and those that remember her revere her memory. She was proud of her family and most loyal and devoted to her husband's family, and a most enthusiastic southerner."

Of her sons in the Confederate Army, the best known was General Matthew Calbraith Butler, later a general of the U. S. Army in the Spanish War. After the close of the Civil War, he was elected to the United States Senate, where he sat next his friend and comrade, Senator Wade Hampton. They were two commanding figures of the Senate. Senator Butler's dignity of bearing and fervid but frank speech always commanded attention in the Senate chamber, and recalled the dignity and firmness of the Perry uncle for whom he was named. The dash, grace and winsomeness of his youngest brother, Captain Oliver Nathaniel, recalled traits of the two Perrys who fought side by side on Lake Erie. Both had lost a limb in the Southern service. When Captain O. N. Perry, still wearing his Southern gray with one empty

sleeve, visited Silver Creek, almost as soon as peace had been made, his gentleness, manliness and handsome face dispelled all prejudice and lingering enmity of the recent conflict, and he was received with open arms and loving hearts by his Bristol cousins. Of Mrs. Butler's large family only three daughters survive, Mrs. Judge Robt. Rutherford, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Carson.

Raymond Henry Jones Perry, the second son of Captain C. R. and Sarah W. Perry, brings us back to our story of Silver Creek. He was born February 11, 1789, four years the junior of his brother Oliver. Oliver had received the advantage of his father's training. Raymond, like his brother Calbraith, served under the brave old warrior, Commodore John Rodgers, on the *President*. As a mere lad he took part in some of the hard-fought battles which fell to the lot of that famous ship. Through Raymond the Perrys are connected with the last of the four old New England mansions which are linked with the story of Silver Creek. This mansion was a beautiful home on the Mount Hope lands, built by Captain James DeWolf close to the homestead of his father-in-law, Governor William Bradford, a descendant of the Plymouth Colonial governor of that name. After a sad story in its later days of deaths and misfortunes, it was burned, and now lies in ashes. At the time of our story it was kept up in what was at that day great magnificence. "The Mount" and "Linden Place," the beautiful mansion built by James' nephew, General George DeWolf, in 1811, now the home of his grandson, Col. S. P. Colt, were "show places" of the old town. Few families contrast more strongly in character and tastes than the Perrys and the DeWolfs. Yet they had one common bond of union, their devotion to the sea. From the sea, as captains of ships and later as "merchant princes," the DeWolfs wrested their fortunes, as the Perrys won their honors.

Almost from the time of their mysterious first American ancestor, Balthasar DeWolf, the independent old settler of Lyme, Connecticut, who, like Edward Perry, defied authority, though in a different line, and when fined for "smoaking in ye street," silently paid his fine, lighted his cigar in the presence of the Court and walked into the street, the DeWolfs have conquered the seas with indomitable spirit, and it may be said at times with equal defiance of law. No foundation can be discovered for the



MRS. JANE PERRY BUTLER  
WIFE OF DR. WM. BUTLER. U. S. N.  
Born June 26, 1801, Died July 11, 1875



MAJOR GEN. MATTHEW CALBRAITH BUTLER  
U. S. Senator from So. Car.  
Born March 8, 1836. Died April 14, 1909



MAJOR MATTHEW CALBRAITH BUTLER, U. S. A.  
His wife Mrs. Margaret Harding (Howell) Butler and their son Matthew Calbraith



F. W. P. BUTLER, M. D.  
Columbia, So. Car.  
Eldest son of Maj. Gen. M. C. Butler



CAPT. OLIVER NATHANIEL BUTLER, C. S. A.  
Born Sept. 4, 1844; Died April 12, 1877  
Youngest child of Mrs. Jane (Perry) Butler







MRS. EMMALA FRANK (BUTLER) STONE

Born Dec. 11, 1839

Widow of the late Andrew J. Stone of Texas one of the three surviving nieces of Commodore O. H. Perry



MRS. ELSIE WRAGGE LOWNDES (BUTLER) CARSON

Born July 28, 1842

Wife of Charles A. Carson of Greenville, So. Car. an youngest daughter of Mrs. Butler and youngest of the three surviving nieces of Commodore O. H. Perry



COL. GEORGE BUTLER, C. S. A.

Born Oct. 24, 1822; Died Jan. 21, 1871

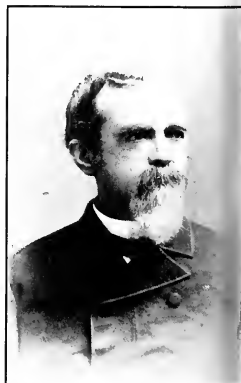
Oldest son of Mrs. Jane (Perry) Butler



SERGT. THOMAS O. L. BUTLER

Born April 20, 1840; killed at Gettysburg July

3, 1864. 2nd So. Car. Cavalry C. S. A.



COLONEL WILLIAM BUTLER, C.

Born April 15, 1831

CHILDREN OF DR. WILLIAM AND JANE TWEEDY (PERRY) BUTLER

Of whom only three daughters, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Carson are living





**CAPTAIN JAMES LEONTINE BUTLER**

BORN SEPT. 28, 1832; DIED FEB. 20, 1866

Fifth child of Mrs. Jane (Perry) Butler and grandson of Christopher R. Perry; organized and commanded in the Confederate service, the first regiment of the Cherokee nation.



**JAMES BUTLER BUSHYHEAD**

Son of Dennis and Eloise (Butler) Bushyhead



**THREE GENERATIONS OF THE PERRY-BUTLER FAMILY  
OF CHEROKEE INDIAN DESCENT**

Mrs. Eloise Perry (Butler) Bushyhead of Tahlaquah, Okla.  
dau. of Capt. J. L. Butler and great niece of Com.  
O. H. Perry. Mrs. Frances (Bushyhead) Gibson.

James Knox Gibson born April 28, 1912.



**DENNIS WOLF BUSHYHEAD**

BORN MARCH 18, 1828; DIED FEB. 4, 1898

Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation; son of  
Rev. F. Bushyhead (Oo-nah-dah-tah).







**RAYMOND PERRY RUTHERFORD**  
Of Chicotah Oklahoma  
Youngest son of Judge and Mrs.  
Rutherford



**ADELYN RUTHERFORD**  
Born Aug. 24, 1905  
Daughter of Raymond P. and  
Ednam M. L. Rutherford



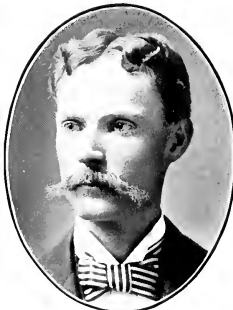
**ETHLAND ELISE DOWD**  
Daughter of Mrs. Andrew Scales  
Dowd, and Granddaughter of Mrs.  
Rutherford.



**JUDGE ROBERT BEAL RUTHERFORD**  
Born Feb. 21, 1833; Died March 16, 1902



**MRS. SARAH WALLACE (BUTLER) RUTHERFORD**  
Born May 1, 1837  
The oldest of the three surviving daughters of  
Mrs. Jane (Perry) Butler, and only nieces  
of Com. O. H. Perry



**HON. SAMUEL MORTON RUTHERFORD**  
Of Muscogee, Okla.,  
Oldest son of Judge and Mrs.  
Rutherford



**MISS HELEN KENNEDY RUTHERFORD**  
Daughter of the Hon. S. M. Rutt  
Photographed when Sponsor of  
hama Div. of United Confedera  
union.



MAYOR THOMAS BOTHWELL BUTLER

Of Gathway, So. Car.

Who has been member of the legislature and National Elector of So. Car. Son of Dr. Pickens P. Butler and grandson of Mrs. Jane (Perry) Butler, and great nephew of Com. O. H. Perry



THE LATE PICKENS PIERCE BUTLER, M. D.

Born March 24, 1834

Fifth son of Mrs. Jane (Perry) Butler



popular belief that the DeWolfs were descended from a race of pirates. The existence of the legend is some indication of character. The Nova Scotia branch of the DeWolf family tell and transmit a story equally characteristic that when Noah landed on Ararat he was surprised to meet a party of DeWolf ancestors, who, being questioned, calmly explained: "Did you ever know a DeWolf to lack ships? We had just launched one in time to ride the flood." Captain James DeWolf began to win fortune as an old-time sea captain such as his father was before him. The father had in his youth served under his brother-in-law, Captain Potter, in a privateer, the *Prince Charles of Lorraine* in the war between Great Britain and France. James DeWolf had seen service in the Revolutionary War and was twice taken prisoner. His wife, Nancy Bradford, was of no less sturdy stock. She was the great-great-great-granddaughter of the old Colonial Plymouth governor, and each intervening ancestor had seen military service. Her mother, Mary LeBaron, was the great-granddaughter of the mysterious "nameless noble man," Dr. Francois LeBaron, immortalized by Miss Austin. Among her direct ancestors were also Lieut. Francis Griswold and Richard Warren of the Mayflower. With such traditions, the Perrys and DeWolfs would have much in common. In social and business relations they had no doubt been brought together before the Battle of Lake Erie. "None, says Prof. Munroe (History of Mount Hope Lands), "seconded more heartily the measures which brought about the War of 1812 than Mr. DeWolf." His wife's kinsman, Governor Bradford Prince, writes he became the third wealthiest man in the United States, a great merchant, a ship-owner, and manufacturer, besides taking great interest in agriculture on his beautiful place at the Mount. Like most of the merchants of Rhode Island, he had from the beginning favored resistance to Great Britain during the troubles that involved the States in the War of 1812. The late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, gave to the Rhode Island privateer in the conflict of 1812 as much credit as he gave to the regular army and navy. Of a great number of these privateers, Mr. DeWolf was owner or part owner. The most famous of them was the Yankee, which netted Captain DeWolf "a clean profit of more than a million dollars" (Munroe). The fame for speed of the *MacDonough* led the

U. S. Government to entrust the building of the *Chippewa* to Commodore O. H. Perry, in Captain DeWolf's shipyard in Warren, the cost of building being advanced from Mr. DeWolf's private purse. It is not surprising, therefore, that Captain DeWolf, enthusiastic over a victory in the struggle in which he had made large ventures and amassed a fortune, received the Perrys with open arms. A great entertainment was arranged at the Mount, to celebrate the victory on Lake Erie. The Perry brothers, Oliver, Alexander and Raymond, were the guests of honor. This ball at the Mount must have been given about two months after the Battle of Lake Erie, and when Raymond had recently received his commission as lieutenant, for a letter to his mother describing the ball, is dated "Nov. 28th, off Bristol harbor." The letter so characteristically reveals his devotion to his brothers and his unselfish admiration of them, while it hints at the budding of a tenderer passion for a fair daughter of the DeWolf mansion that we give the more interesting portions of it.

"Alexander left me day before yesterday in Providence. He received the attention due to his gallantry, everyone was anxious to be introduced to the young hero of Erie. My father was on board this evening, on his way to Newport, where he says it will be necessary to visit often. I cannot express how much satisfaction it is to see him so much pleased with his appointment; he is in excellent spirits. Every one in Bristol seems anxious to serve him: the DeWolfs are wrapped up in his interests. The female part of the family talk much of the pleasure of your society as soon as you can join them. The house is a very good one and stands in the best part of the town.

"Mary Ann DeWolf is a charming girl, and I have reason to believe *very much my friend*. We went to a pleasant ball two weeks since in honor of Oliver. The house was brilliantly illuminated and over the entrance was the appropriate motto: 'Don't give up the Ship.' I was received with more politeness than all *my vanity* could flatter me I deserved, but I was next brother to the greatest man in our country. Of Commodore Rodgers I have little to say, only that he is wonderfully polite. . . . I think our cruise will be pleasant. . . . I will write the girls, but this is for them, too.

Your affectionate son, "RAYMOND."





LIEUT. COM. RAYMOND HENRY JONES PERRY, U. S. N.  
BORN FEB 11, 1789; DIED MARCH 2, 1826  
Son of Captain Christopher Raymond Perry U. S. N. and brother next of  
age to Commodore O. H. Perry





MARIANNE DE WOLF  
WIFE OF CAPT. RAYMOND H. J. PERRY. U. S. N.  
BORN APRIL 14, 1795; DIED 1834.





HON. JAMES DE WOLF

BRISTOL, R. I.

BORN MARCH 18, 1765 : DIED DEC. 21, 1837.

From a Painting by Dr. H. M. Howe, copied from the original by Thompson, in possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, of New York.





MRS. ANN B. (BRADFORD) DE WOLF

1770-1838







DRAWING ROOM AT "THE MOUNT."  
In which was celebrated (1813) the "Perry Victory on Lake Erie."





HARRIETT DE WOLF

BORN SEPT. 27, 1835: DIED AUG. 13, 1888

Granddaughter of Hon. James De Wolf and niece of Mrs. Raymond H. J. Perry.  
Her wedding to Gen. Loyd Aspinwall (1856) was the last distinguished  
gathering at "The Mount"



It is not surprising that between the handsome young Lieutenant of genial manners and affectionate, sunny disposition, and Miss DeWolf, already famed for her beauty; love at first sight led speedily to an engagement. In this he followed the example of his parents, and in turn has been followed by not a few of his descendants. In less than a year from their meeting at "The Mount," for the celebration of the Victory of Lake Erie, the same drawing-room was thrown open for their wedding, in the sunny month of May, 1814. The room was one of the most beautifully decorated and furnished apartments of that day. DeWolfs and Perrys gathered in great numbers where Washington, Lafayette and many other distinguished men of the day had been entertained. Great crystal chandeliers scattered the rays of wax tapers upon a rarely beautiful assembly, and the background was furnished by walls painted by hand with scenes from Paul and Virginia, the story so popular in that day. In arched panels were representations of Mr. DeWolf's many slaves toiling in his extensive Cuban sugar plantations. These decorations and the rich furnishings of the room retained their brilliancy for more than a century and a half after this Perry-DeWolf marriage, and Captain DeWolf's children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren frequently gathered to join first in stately minuettes and contradances then in the gallops, polkas and waltzes of later days. The last of the many noted weddings for which the hospitable doors were thrown open was that of General Loyd Aspinwall to the beautiful Harriette DeWolf, daughter of William Bradford DeWolf, the youngest brother of Mrs. Raymond Perry.

In the war-clouded days of Lieut. Perry's marriage, there was probably brief space for bridal tour or enjoyment of honeymoon. On the 22nd of April previous to his wedding, he had, according to naval records, been ordered "from Newport to Lake Champlain." August 15th of the same year, 1814, he was still at the Lake, as appears from a letter of that date directed to him there by John Russell, giving a graphic and humorous description of conditions at that period of the war. Mr. Russell writes:

"From present appearances there is little chance for the safety of Seabrook, Stonington, or New London, or even the Fleet, apparently safe as they were thought to be. Ad. Cockrane

has in the Sound two 92s, 6 Frigates . . . . bomb and other vessels to the number of 15; with a considerable number of troops, etc. It appears to be his object to attack the strong fort on the Groton side, in the rear, and at the same time to destroy Fort Griswold on the N. London side with his shipping. The fate of this expedition is of course within the womb of events; but this much is certain, that whatever is to be done will be done quickly. The squadron on the Chesapeake seems to be playing a warfare of tricks and gambols—one day running up the Potomac, then the Patuxent—then running down again, like the Nursery tale:

'Now we go up, up, up,  
Now we go down, down, downy,' etc.

Our Bay Fleet is pretty orderly—it respects the fishermen, and lets some of the Coasters go free—others it burns, and stops all neutrals from entering in or out of the harbour.”

On the occasion of Lieut. Perry's wedding his brother Oliver wrote to him the following letter:

“Newport Thursday  
Mornng

Dear Raymond

Accept the warm congratulations of your affectionate brother who hopes your happiness may equal your goodness of heart and own anticipations. Can you defer your departure so as to pay us a visit. I should like much to see you—to your excellent wife say that Mrs. Perry and myself will soon have the pleasure of seeing her.

We returned last evening fatigued beyond measure. I would otherwise have gone to Bristol this day.

Your aff. Brother

O. H. PERRY.”

It was probably about the time of the wedding that Capt. Christopher Perry's family moved from South Kingstown to Bristol, R. I., occupying a house on or near the Northwest corner of Church and High Street, a “very good part of the town,” as Raymond wrote his mother. It would appear from the same letter that at this time Capt. C. R. Perry was appointed to the

office of Collector of the Port of Newport. He retained the office till his death. Therefore, while the family resided in Bristol, he was obliged to make "frequent visits to Newport," until, for greater convenience in transacting his business, he moved his family to that city.

Miss Betsy Bourn remembered Mrs. C. R. Perry in this Bristol home as "ordering her family about like a commander of troops, a rather fiery, peppery old lady."

February 4, 1815, Raymond Perry was ordered from Newport to Charlestown, Mass., under command of Commodore Bainbridge. On April 1st he was again ordered to "Newport for duty at that station." On September 12th of that same year, 1815, their first child was born and named James DeWolf, for the Senator, his grandfather. A month later, October 24th, as shown by the naval records, Perry was granted a twelve-months' furlough. This seems to have given him his first opportunity for any extended enjoyment of family life with his young wife and their boy. But a letter from his father indicates that at least some portion of this time was spent in command of one of his father-in-law's privateers. The letter is affectionate, but shows that the old veteran does not hesitate to give positive advice to one of the five sons whom he had trained in the naval service.

"9 o'Clock Dec. 27th 1815.

My Dear Raymond

One of your Sailors was here this evening who informed us that you will sail on Sunday and that you wished us to send your things up by him on Friday. your wish shall be complied with; but will you not come and see your good mother before you go to sea? Your good brother I expect will be here next day after tomorrow and I am sure he will be glad to see you before he departs for the Mediterranean. I am informed that you take in the *Balance* only 12 men before the mast. This number is not sufficient for a vessel of her size. Sixteen is not enough, and is less than what is generally allowed out of New York.

Yours affectionately

C. R. PERRY.

P. S. I will write in the morning by mail."

Professor Munroe, in the History of Bristol, gives the following account of Captain DeWolf's grim humor in naming the *Balance*, the vessel mentioned in the foregoing letter. The *Yankee* was the first and most famous of the privateers sent out by Captain DeWolf of which Prof. Munroe says: "In three years she had taken more prizes than any other American privateer ever captured, . . . and she had sent into Bristol a round million of dollars as the *profit* from her six cruises." Of her first cruise Professor Munroe says:

"After a cruise of one hundred and fifty days the *Yankee* came leisurely into the harbor; but not alone. On one side was a fine brig of about 210 tons—the *Shannon*. She was laden with cotton, and with her cargo sold for \$67,521. The Letter of Marque schooner *Alder* sailed on the other side. . . . . When the cargo of the *Shannon* was sold, Captain DeWolf found that his losses received at the hands of the British cruisers had been entirely made up from the sales of the prizes captured by the *Yankee*. Accordingly when the *Shannon* was again ready for sea, he rechristened the vessel and gave it the name of the *Balance*. The next vessel sent in was renamed the *Prize*, and the next, the *Remittance*."

June 8, 1818, Commander Perry's brave old father died. Fourteen months later occurred the death of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. On the latter event Commodore Charles Stewart wrote to Commander Raymond Perry as follows:

"I beg leave to offer you my condolence on the melancholy tidings of yesterday which conveyed to us the lamented death of your gallant brother. In this national loss our common country has sustained you will feel the additional affliction of being separated from an affectionate brother endeared to you by his private virtues and his public worth. In this early bereavement of our gallant brother officer the national service has sustained a great loss, he however left an invaluable example for the service's profit & I trust the nation will derive consolation for the recent loss by your sustaining a career in future so brilliantly commenced by your late brother.

With my best wishes that this may be your lot I pray you accept my unfeigned condolence and assurance of my high consideration and respects.

CHS. STEWART."



This letter, which possibly carried to him the first tidings of his brother's death, must have reached Raymond Perry while he was in the Mediterranean, in command of the U. S. Brig *Spark*, doing good service in the "Barbary War."

Commodore O. H. Perry died at the early age of thirty-four, far from home and his loved ones. He was buried on the Island of Trinidad. It was not until 1826 that his remains were brought to Newport, their final resting place. Six Commandants of the Navy in a great procession of officers of State, Navy, Army and Judiciary and those of his native city bore the body of the dead hero to the tomb. "The funeral car, followed by the relatives of the deceased Hero," the few brothers and sisters still spared to the widowed mother, is thus described by the Newport Mercury of that day:

"It was made to resemble as nearly as possible the boat or gig in which the gallant Perry left his sinking ship during the Battle of Erie—painted black and elevated on carriage wheels. On its stern appeared the name of the flagship *Lawrence* with thirteen stars above it, and standing at the prow a golden spread eagle. The car was surmounted by a canopy supported by four ornamental pillars, the whole covered with black velvet richly fringed. Twenty-four golden stars around the top of the canopy represented the several states. The canopy was ornamented with rich sable plumes. . . . The funeral ceremonies are allowed to have been the most imposing and effective ever witnessed in this state." Verses which follow the notice appropriately begin with these lines:

"'Tis well—'tis right. He should not sleep  
 Upon a foreign strand,  
 Beyond the wild and mournful deep,  
 But in his native land."

A succession of deaths in his family, added to other disappointments which Captain Raymond Perry experienced in his later years, may have given the expression of sadness which appears in his portraits. In 1817 a second son was born to him and named after him, but the babe lived only a short time. The following letter from his brother-in-law, James DeWolf, Jr., was written at that time:

“Dear Raymond:

Just as I was about to answer your favor of the 26th Ulto, to express my joy that God has been pleased to give me another little Nephew, and that my dear Sister was doing well, I am informed by your letter of the 2nd Inst that the Dear Child is taken from you. I mourn, but not for him; he sleeps in the Arms of Jesus; it is for you and my Dear Sister that I mourn, and hope you may both be comfortable, the sad news has very much affected my Julia, and she is very desirous to be with Mary Ann, but I am afraid it will not be in my power to leave here until my Father returns.

With much love to Mary Ann and other friends,

I remain, Dear Raymond,

Your affectionate Brother,

JAMES D'WOLF, JR.”

Mr. James DeWolf, Jr., the oldest son of the Hon. James DeWolf, was a devout Christian and a cultured gentleman who represented the United States in France during the First Empire. A piece of old Empire furniture, brought by him from France at that time, formed part of the furnishing of the old Silver Creek parlor, and is now owned by the writer. Mr. DeWolf married Julia Post of New York, noted for her beauty, which she retained in old age, as the writer can remember, and which her daughter, Mrs. Robert Cutting, inherited.

As already mentioned, the brave old father, Christopher Raymond Perry, was called to his rest June 8th, 1818. His body lies in the family burying ground at Newport, near his son Oliver, in whose fame he had lived to rejoice. In 1819 Captain Raymond Perry was ordered to the Mediterranean in command of the U. S. frigate “*The Spark*,” where he did good service in the Barbary War.

Among the sad letters of these years of deaths and disappointments, a little scrap of sailors' fun is preserved, and is here given as an incident of this voyage.

“Raymond H. Perry, Esq. U. S. Navy  
Mediterranean

By the Politeness of Capt. Davis    To the Care of Mr. Henry,  
American Consul, Gibraltar.

Capt. Perry will oblige  
C. A. Davis by purchasing  
for him in Leghorn or any-  
where aloft *Views of the*  
*Antiquities of Rome* and  
those of Pisa & Florence

---

Capt. P. may as well go to the D——  
as to meet C. A. D. without having done as  
above requested.”

It must have been while his ship was in the blue waters of the Mediterranean that Captain and Mrs. Perry's only daughter was born, and named for her grandmother, DeWolf; Nancy Bradford.

That the latter years of Captain Perry's life were somewhat clouded has been already intimated. There has been a family tradition among the Perrys that the two families, the DeWolfs and themselves, became somewhat estranged. They were families of very different types, ambitions and temperaments. The Perrys, while ambitious to excel and gain honor in the discharge of their duties, retained a certain simplicity and sturdiness inherited with their Quaker blood, and were especially averse to all extravagance and ostentation. A characteristic illustration of these traits is a reply of Captain Oliver H. Perry, son of the Commodore, to his cousin, James DeWolf Perry, at a family dinner at the Captain's Bristol summer home. “Oliver,” said the Bristol cousin, “where is that set of silver which Congress presented your father, and why do you not keep it on your side-board?” The reply came promptly: “Safely packed in the side-board drawer, James. I do not care constantly to be reminded that the best part of me is underground.” This answer expressed the modesty of Captain Perry, and his dislike of any display all the more, because he had inherited both the fine bearing of his

father, and many of his noblest qualities, as he showed first in the navy, and after his retirement in his successful career as a manufacturer.

Like their first ancestor, most of the Perrys were of a deeply religious nature, and their conduct showed strong self-control. The DeWolf character, as a rule, was not marked by the same self-control, and like the children of many wealthy men, Senator James DeWolf's sons, after their father's death, rapidly depleted their inheritance by lavish expenditure. Their almost regal manner of living did not accord with the pay of a Lieutenant-Commander of the navy. The glamor of the Lake Erie victory had dimmed, and the younger brothers of the hero had no such opportunities as he had for gaining distinction and its rewards. These contrasts in the means and the manner of living must have been felt, yet it is evident from the two letters which follow that if Mrs. Perry were imperious in disposition and of uncertain temper, and if the two families were not in complete sympathy, yet Captain Perry and his wife were an affectionate couple, and the two families enjoyed each other's society. The first letter is also interesting, in showing that union of strong family affection with frank, sometimes stern, insistence on duty, which has already been spoken of as characteristic of Commodore M. C. Perry.

"U. S. Ship Cyane,  
13th Nov., 1819.

My Dear Raymond:

Lt. Nicholson was on board yesterday and informed me that he should leave this week for the Mediterranean, and although you have not written since your departure, I cannot let so good an opportunity pass without scratching you a line. Marianne arrived in town the day before yesterday with your two lovely children. I have not yet seen her because I am unable to leave my chair, owing to an injury I received in jumping a fence after a deserter. She is in very good health and visits mother tomorrow, who is staying with Ann. . . . My Jane was delivered of a fine girl this day fortnight (this was Sarah, who later became Mrs. Rodgers, of Havre de Grace). Nathaniel has applied for a Purser ship, and will doubtless obtain it this session. Commodore Rodgers has entered most warmly into his interest.

This Ship will be ready for sea in a few days—her destination is unknown; 'tis probable she will not sail until the meeting of Congress or until something definite is concluded on in relation to Spain.

I am happy to inform you that Ann was last night Nov. 4th safely delivered of a fine boy. (This was Christopher R. P. Rodgers, who grew to be one of the finest of men.) We have heard nothing of Alexander since you left us, and begin to feel some uneasiness about him. You, however, have by this time learnt something of his present residence. I would most earnestly recommend his returning in the first public vessel that leaves the Mediterranean.

It is presumed here that you have the *Spark* if you do not allow your anxiety to see your family to induce you to give her up. She will probably return to this country ere long, when you can have an opportunity of being with your family and at the same time retain your command. Service for old Lieutenants is getting daily more difficult to be obtained, and so good a command ought not to be thrown away.

Mrs. DeWolf and Frank are also in town and in good health.

Yours affectionately,

M. C. PERRY."

Raymond Perry's letters subsequent to his taking command of the *Spark* are addressed "Captain Perry."

The following letter from Mrs. Raymond Perry likewise bears testimony to the cordial relations which then existed between the two Rhode Island families:

"New York, Jan. 5, 1820.

Dear Raymond:

You charge me with neglect in not writing you; it is true I have not written as often as an affectionate wife should, particularly as I have two lovely little ones to give interest to my letters, and I have the pleasure to inform you of the arrival of three of your brothers and the marriage of your sister Jane to Dr. William Butler of the Navy Yard, a very amiable man and much beloved. We were all at the wedding and very happy as we all mutually enjoy ourselves in each other's society. We

returned to the battery in the Commodore's barge, and a band of music to attend us which was truly delightful. . . . Yesterday Calbraith gave us a dance on board the *Siam*. I took little James with me and as your brother stepped on the deck of the ship he gave orders for the boatmen to push off, which our boy repeated with such an air of command as excited the delight and admiration of the sailors. . . . I believe I have never mentioned to you my conquest of an *old* German Baron. He took me at first to be your brother's widow. Captain Rodgers laughs at me and says he thinks I shall bear a conspicuous part in his writings. . . . Imagine my disappointment the night your brother Alexander arrived. I had been in bed but a few moments when the pilot announced to my brother an arrival with Lieut. Perry's passengers. Scarcely remembering any other Perry in existence but yourself I lay in breathless expectation and put my baby from my arms with the thought of being clasped in those of my beloved Raymond. The agitation of the moment cannot be expressed and perhaps never felt again, for the future is too deeply buried for anticipations, but I still hope, and may we shortly surely meet.

Prays your affectionate

MARYANNE."

Lack of space forbids further quotations from these interesting letters collected and arranged by Captain and Mrs. Perry's great-grandson, Mr. Robert S. Perry. But this much has been felt to be due in order to bring before the reader this noted family group, which deserves the more prominence because these pages are written at the beginning of a year when so many as possible of the descendants are likely to gather to keep the centennial anniversary of the victory won on Lake Erie.

Little has been preserved of the events of the remaining years of Captain Perry's life. He died at an early age like all his brothers, except that one who lived to add lustre to the Perry name by opening the ports of Japan. The Naval Record states that in 1820 Captain Perry was ordered to New York; in 1821 to Charleston, S. C. In the next year, 1822, his son Alexander was born. In 1823 he was "ordered to the West Indies if services are required." Later in the same year he was ordered back to

New York. The next year he had two months' leave of absence. In New York City, at the age of thirty-seven, he entered into rest, March 2, 1826.

That he was highly esteemed and loved by his commanders and by his comrades in the Navy is shown by numerous letters of noted officers under whom he served, such as Decatur, Rodgers and Bainbridge and by affectionate, often playful, letters of comrades of his own age and rank. The writer of these lines well remembers the visit to Silver Creek of that fine old veteran Admiral Stringham, who came there to find his old commander's son, Mr. James DeWolf Perry. During that visit he told with much emotion the love and esteem which he felt for Captain Perry, under whom he had served as a midshipman. This oldest son, J. DeWolf Perry, removed his father's body to his own family burial lot in Juniper Hill Cemetery, Bristol. To an adjoining lot he removed the bodies of his wife's ancestors, Judge Bourn and his wife and children. This lot was purchased by Judge Bourn's last surviving daughter, Miss Betsy Bourn, who now lies buried there.

Captain Perry's widow some few years after her husband's death, married General William Hyslop Sumner, of East Boston. He was a man of commanding presence, of great wealth, and had taken a very conspicuous part in building up that portion of the great Massachusetts capital, and had written its history. It was such an alliance as appealed to the pride of the DeWolf family, and it was celebrated by a brilliant wedding at "The Mount." In her second husband's ungovernable temper, Mrs. Perry met more than a match for her own. Of her three children, the two younger remained with her, but her eldest was brought up by his grandfather DeWolf, for whom he had been named, and as already recorded in these pages, he was taken at an early age into his counting house in Bristol.

Of these three children of Lieut. Raymond Perry and Maryanne (DeWolf), the daughter, Nancy Bradford, after her marriage to Robert Lay, lived in Geneva, N. Y. They had no children. After her husband's death she returned to Bristol and spent the remaining years of her life with her brother, Alexander Perry, who at that time lived in one of the several houses built by Senator James DeWolf as residences for his children. This

house was, during Senator DeWolf's lifetime, the home of his youngest son, William Bradford DeWolf and his beautiful wife, Mrs. Mary (Soley) DeWolf. Alexander Perry married Miss Lavinia Cady Howe, who, like himself, was of DeWolf descent. Miss Howe was one of the five daughters of George Howe of Bristol, the uncle of Bishop M. A. DeW. Howe. In this picturesque homestead on High Street both Alexander Perry and his sister Nancy died. Years later, preserving as an old lady the softened beauty of her youth, Mrs. Perry died. From this home a daughter, Josephine DeWolf Perry, married Wilson Gardner and accompanied him to his ranch near Hugo, Colorado. Elizabeth Marshall, the youngest daughter, was married to William Hodgkinson from this house, but lived only a short time, preceding her father to the grave. The oldest daughter, Marianne Perry, named for her beautiful grandmother, still lives in the old home, gracefully dispensing the gracious hospitalities for which it has been long known. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Perry's only son, William Sumner Perry, was named for Mr. Perry's stepfather, General Sumner. This son, after his marriage to Ida L. McKesson, of New York, lived for a number of years in that city, and in later years has resided on Staten Island, attending to business in New York. Two married daughters of this union are Mrs. Guy B. Delafield and Mrs. Van Lear Woodward; the two sons are Alexander Perry and George Clinton McKesson Perry. To the untiring zeal of the former of these the writer owes great assistance in preparing these pages. He resides at the Engineers' Club in New York, and is a member of the Sons of the Revolution, Colonial Wars, St. Nicholas Club, and Society of 1812.

To James DeWolf Perry, the oldest son of Raymond and Maryanne (DeWolf) Perry, this story now returns, to resume the history of Silver Creek. Mrs. Sumner, after a few troubled years during which she doubtless recalled and more fully appreciated the gentle and affectionate disposition of her first husband, met her death July 14, 1834, with a true Christian resignation, showing a humbled and chastened spirit. Her body was placed in the great gloomy DeWolf vault at the Mount. During her lingering and distressing illness she learned that her first-born son was in love with Julia Jones, the heiress of Silver Creek. She entreated Julia to give her the happiness of knowing before







ALEXANDER PERRY

Of Bristol, R. I.

Born May 4, 1822; Died Nov. 9, 1888

Younger son of Lieut. Com. Raymond H. J. Perry, U. S. N. and  
nephew of Com. O. H. Perry

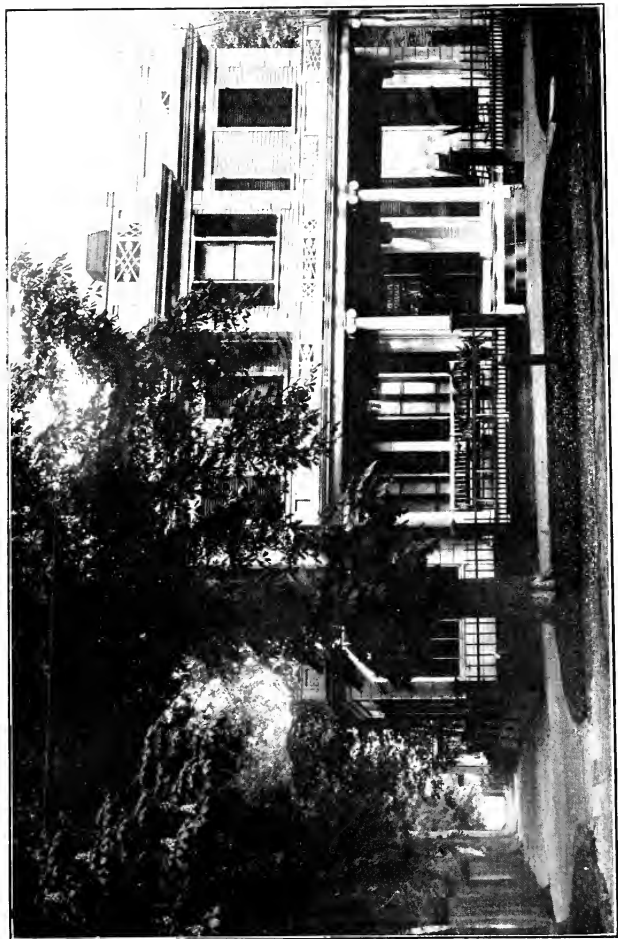


MRS. LAVINIA CADY (HOWE) PERRY

Born Jan. 2, 1831; Died Jan. 21, 1902

Wife of Alexander Perry of Bristol, R. I. and great-granddaughter  
of Mark Anthony De Wolf and of Cromwell Child





ALEXANDER PERRY'S RESIDENCE

BRISTOL, R. I.

The present Residence of Miss Mariamne De Wolf Perry



her death that her son's offer of marriage was accepted. Even if the young girl, only nineteen years old, had fully made up her mind, her mother was not ready to give her consent. She was not, however, so resolute and immovable as she had been in discouraging her daughter's marriage to a Spanish lover. She frankly confessed that if she felt sure young Perry had inherited his father's amiability she would readily consent, but she feared the DeWolf temperament, though some of her most intimate friends were of that family, and she regarded Captain James DeWolf with great esteem. Others of the Bourn family, being of more pronounced Puritan type, looked with much less favor upon the alliance. Julia's aunt, Miss Betsy Bourn, would often recount to us how the family at Silver Creek would watch from the windows to see Senator DeWolf pass on his way to Washington in the old state family coach, drawn by four white horses. (This coach is still preserved by his great-grandnephew, Hon. S. P. Colt.) They criticised what they considered ostentation, contrasting his pompous outfit with the "Republican simplicity" in which Judge Bourn started for his seat in the first U. S. Congress, climbing up into the old stage coach dressed in sombre drab, and leaning on his whalebone cane. But objections and obstacles were finally overcome, and on the second day of March, 1836, James DeWolf Perry and Julia Jones were married in old St. Michael's Church, Bristol, by the Rev. John Bristed, who had succeeded the venerable Bishop Griswold as Rector. The bridal couple did not at once make their home at Silver Creek, as members of the Bourn family were still living there. The youthful pair began their married life in the "Charles DeWolf House," on Water Street, at the foot of Constitution Street. Many years later this house was sold, and after some years took fire and burned to the ground. Before this house, beneath the great trees which bordered and shaded the sidewalk, the old-fashioned gig of Captain James DeWolf was often standing, for he was in the habit of stopping there on his way to and from his office, to exchange greeting with his grandson and the young wife whom he learned to dearly love. With her blooming youth, his aged but handsome form presented a pleasing and picturesque contrast. He dressed in the elegant short clothes and silk stockings of olden time, his intelligent and handsome face was sur-

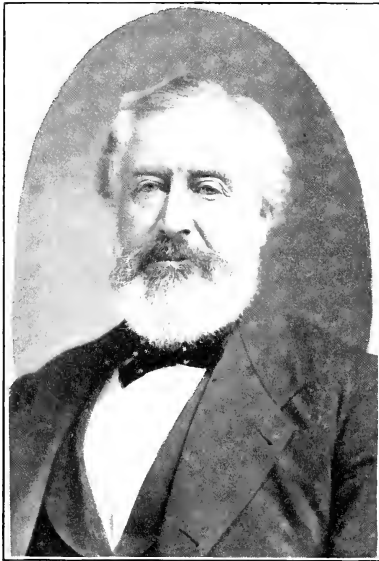
rounded with snow-white hair, gathered and tied behind in a queue.

The two standing beneath the pillared portico of the old Colonial Mansion formed a picture which the neighbors loved to look upon and to recall in after years. In this house were born the first three of the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Perry. In the meantime the diminished family of Judge Bourn still made their home at Silver Creek. The Judge, as has been seen, had long before been gathered to his fathers, in the full vigor of manhood. Three years later, 1811, his wife, Mrs. Hope Bourn, was laid by his side. His youngest daughter, Miss Betsey Bourn, was the only one bearing the name who remained in the home. The only other occupants of the house during the winter months were the Judge's stepdaughter, Miss Martha Diman, and the widow of General James M. Varnum. The former devoted herself to her loved beds of old-fashioned flowers and painted their dainty beauty until confined to her room by rheumatism when she passed away in the old home a few years after the Perry family moved into it. Mrs. James M. Varnum, the only survivor of the earlier generation in the old homestead, was still able to prepare the toothsome dainties for which she had been famous at the great open fireplace, before which she sat in the evenings, knitting baby stockings for the first-born of her great-great Perry nephews, Raymond Perry, then in "the Charles DeWolf Place." Upon the energetic practical Miss Betsey Bourn fell the chief burdens of the household of Silver Creek. Later after Silver Creek became a Perry Home, she resided in the town of Bristol, noted for her deeds of charity and active work among the poor. She also returned to the old home to die under the loving care of her niece, Mrs. Perry.

Mrs. Jones, the only other living member of the Silver Creek Bourns, continued to make her home during the winter months in Providence. Having been faithful to her resolve not to lay aside her widow weeds until her daughter Julia married, she now yielded to the most persistent of her suitors and became the wife of General Albert C. Greene. General Greene not only came of a distinguished family, but had himself won honor in state and country. As Senator from Rhode Island he sat in the same chamber with Webster, Clay and Calhoun. Like his famous cousin, General Nathaniel Greene, he was a Perry by descent,







JAMES DE WOLF PERRY  
Oldest son of Capt. R. H. J. Perry  
Of Silver Creek Bristol, R. I.  
BORN SEPT. 12, 1815; DIED SEPT. 9, 1876



JULIA SOPHIA JONES,  
WIFE OF JAMES DE WOLF PERRY  
BORN MARCH 22, 1816; DIED JUNE 23, 1898.



from Mrs. Rest (Perry) Mott, the youngest of the daughters of Edward Perry, of Sandwich. Mrs. Jones' family and his own were also related, and Julia Jones had been brought up on terms of intimacy with the Greene family, and the early death of the young and promising "Willie Greene," the General's only son, Julia had mourned over as for her own brother.

The intimacy between these families has been continued in later generations, as shown in other pages of this volume. Mrs. Charles T. Dorrance and Mrs. Maxwell Greene are both granddaughters of General Greene, while his great-grandson and namesake, Rev. Albert C. Larned, who has been a curate of old St. Michael's Church, Bristol, adds another to the list of the many preachers of the Word who have descended from the Quaker ancestor, Edward Perry.

On the death of Mrs. Julia (Bourn) Greene, Mr. James DeWolf Perry and his family moved into Silver Creek, which his wife had inherited and so the old "Bosworth Place" that had for many years been the home of the Bourns, became one of the Perry homesteads.

Mr. Perry, who now became the head of the house at Silver Creek, mingled the blood and combined the traits of diverse races. His love of lavish hospitality, his impetuous nature, his changeable moods and his quick temper soon giving way to amiability, showed descent from DeWolf stock and may also have been due to his association from early youth exclusively with his mother's family. Yet in many respects he was a typical Perry. His keen sense of humor, his intense sensitiveness, his quickness to resent insult or slight, his strong family affection and equally strong friendships were all traits of his father's family. The sorrows and misfortunes that clouded his later years caused his friends to see in his face something of the same haunting expression of sadness that so many have noted in the portrait of his father. Yet like others of his family, when entertaining friends, he could throw off care and be the merriest of hosts. He enabled Silver Creek to still keep up its reputation of throwing open its doors to friends, many of whom were distinguished in the state, as when a welcome was given at the close of the war to his friends, Generals Burnside and Richmond, and all the town streamed through the old house to welcome them.

Anxieties of later years no doubt hastened the progress of a disease to which many of his DeWolf relatives had fallen victims, and soon after returning from a happy visit with his wife and several sons to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, he died very suddenly in a chamber of the old home which Deacon Bosworth had built in 1680. The notices of his death in the papers of that day contain many loving tributes testifying to the esteem in which he was held as a sincere Christian, a public-spirited citizen and a warm-hearted friend. What he was to those who knew him may be learned from the obituary notice written by his talented kinsman and friend, Bishop M. A. DeW. Howe.

"There is probably no citizen of Bristol whose sudden removal would have caused a deeper impression of surprise and regret. Mr. Perry has passed his whole life in this town and has been universally accounted one of its most intelligent and influential men. And in various offices of trust in Church and State he has enjoyed the tokens of public confidence and has justified the reliance placed in him by an exemplary fidelity to his representative duties which it would be difficult for any to excel. . . . Mr. Perry was a man of ready and judicious mind not without the culture derived from well selected books. He wrought with and amongst his employees with an energy and diligence which few of them could equal. In the negotiations of business Mr. Perry was distinguished for great exactitude.

Mr. Perry believed and felt all he said, and for its assertion he was ready if necessary to suffer.

He was a true friend and constant, through good report and evil report, and as prompt to do a service as he was to resent an injury.

Mr. Perry was a gentleman. The hospitalities of his house he administered with an ease and a generosity of welcome which made his guests unconscious that they were not at home, and in the social circle to which he belonged his lively conversation and ringing laugh and genial face were contributions to the common stock of enjoyment which will be long and sadly missed.

Mr. Perry was a devoted member of the church. For many years (twenty-five) he superintended the Sunday School

of St. Michael's and served as Warden of the Parish. In Diocesan and General Conventions he has been an honored deputy. His own affairs were never so engrossing as to induce his refusal or neglect of office in which he might serve God and benefit mankind. 'He walked with God' and so sudden was his departure that we are fain to say of him: 'He was not, for God took him!'"

Mrs. Perry survived her husband many years. She continued to live quietly at Silver Creek. As an octegenarian she still preserved her light step and bright smile. She never lost sympathy with the young who sought her to share with them joy or sorrow. She was seldom kept from services in her well loved Trinity Church at Bristol, with which both she and her husband had become identified in their later years. With great power of endurance she took long journeys to visit her married sons in their several homes. In the summer of 1898, she returned to Bristol after a month with her son James in Philadelphia, preceded by a month's visit in Johnstown, N. Y., to her son Calbraith. The June roses welcomed her back to the old home. She seemed in her usual health, but a slight cold quickly developed into a more serious illness. Her sons were quickly summoned. Her son Calbraith brightened her dying hours with the news that in order to come to her he had left a little son but three days old who was to be his namesake. Her granddaughter Frances, added to her joy by announcing her engagement to Dr. Merriman, who was at that time Mrs. Perry's attending physician. After receiving her last communion from the hands of her clergymen sons she yielded her soul into God's hands with Christian confidence, dying as she had always wished surrounded by her five sons, in the old parlor of Silver Creek, hallowed by the prayers of her ancestors, her dying couch placed beneath the portrait of her mother. Raising her eyes, as if some vision of them were given her, she murmured with her dying breath, "Dear mother, my Juphie, my Oliver," the names of her two children who awaited her beyond.

The tale would seem incomplete without some further mention of those five sons, of whom four still survive to love the old home, and to cherish tender memories of its past. Raymond, the oldest, named for his grandfather Perry, continued the military

traditions of the race. In his life, romance and tragedy mingled as they have in the lives of many of his ancestors. As of the five brothers he alone has passed from earth, his life is briefly recorded.

Major Raymond Perry possessed, in a great degree, that combination of impulsive kindness of heart which made him many friends and the intrepidity often to rashness and quickness to resent insult, traits which have been recorded of his Perry ancestors. As a mere boy he heard that call of the sea to which so many of the family have responded. As his parents were unwilling to have him leave home while so young, he planned to run away. This plan was changed and defeated by his father, who took him to Boston and placed him in charge of an old-time captain of the *Canvas Back*, one of the "clipper" sailing vessels of that day. He froze his feet "rounding Cape Horn," landed on the West Coast of South America, and started for home across the Isthmus of Panama, where the mule he rode sunk out of sight beneath him in the mud. When sufficiently recovered from the Panama fever which he took in crossing the Isthmus, he tried to be satisfied with a mercantile life. He served as a clerk in Providence and then in Detroit. Too restless for such quiet employment, he undertook several enterprises, until his love for the sea led him to make a second voyage from which he returned as mate of the ship. Before starting he had told his mother he would bring to her some gift that no one else would be likely to obtain. He fulfilled his promise by robbing a Chinese temple of one of its ancient gilded idols. A sailor boy's easy conscience may have been silenced by fancying that he was aiding the mission cause in a somewhat Old Testament method. His ship sailed in time for him to escape the penalty of being boiled in oil as decreed in great red posters offering large reward for the arrest of the offender. At the beginning of the Civil War his military blood asserted itself. Again his parents were loath to part with their oldest son, but when his brother James was sent to the "Point Farm" where his grandfather Jones in peaceful days had herded his sheep, to tell him of his father's consent, like Cincinnatus he tarried not to unyoke his oxen, excitedly threw down the pitchfork with which he was storing hay in the barn, and hastened to Silver Creek to pack his things and enlist in a



Rhode Island company of artillery for what was then supposed to be the short time required to bring the South back into the Union. Later in the war he enlisted in more congenial service in a regiment of New York cavalry. Pages could be filled with his hair-breadth escapes; his visits to his Hagerstown cousins as the blues and grays played hide and seek, alternately capturing and leaving that old town; of the month in which the family was in mourning for him after receiving through their old friend General Burnside the news from his commanding officer of his death by yellow fever, and then as suddenly having their grief turned to joy because a faithful comrade-in-arms had refused to abandon him when his name had been placed upon the dead roll, and yet dared not to report this disregard of physician's decision until the recovery of the patient was complete. Daring captures he made of Confederate officers, gaining permission to take with him a few chosen men instead of the larger number assigned him. At the close of the war he was brought in touch with a wholly kindred spirit in the recklessly brave General Phil. Sheridan. Appointed by that commander military chief of police in Galveston, by his love of fair play, by his absolute incorruptibility by bribes, he made enemies among those who had drawn no sword in the country's defence, but were anxious to make what profit they could from her distress. Men of this class won the title of "carpet baggers." Although brought up a Northerner of Northerners in sentiment, he so protected the city from such harpies and from ruffians that when he retired from the office, the merchants of Galveston presented to him a gold medal with a letter of esteem and gratitude. But like many of his name he made implacable enemies, as well as devoted friends, these enemies determined and combined to ruin and be rid of him. During those troublous times, Major Perry had shot for disorder and disobedience a man who was notorious for evil in Galveston. It may have been a shot as inconsiderate as that which his great-grandfather fired at the luckless Quaker, or as the blow which the hero of Lake Erie under provocation gave an insolent under officer, and thereby felt bound to accept his challenge, although he showed his bravery and nobility of character on "the field of honor" by not firing his own pistol. Major Perry was exonerated by his good friend and superior officer, General Sheridan. After his

return to Rhode Island and to a farmer's life, Major Perry was sent as Consul to San Domingo, frankly told that there might be need of military service in connection with the proposed annexation of that island. Discovering that contrary to the agreement to be observed while plans for annexation were maturing, gold was being exported and that large tracts of land in the island were bought by speculators in the States, he presented his protest to the President of the Black Republic. The reply was that if he knew his own interests he would best please his own government by winking at the violation of the agreement. A thorough supporter and at that time admirer of the administration, Major Perry indignantly reported to Washington, and receiving no answer, without waiting for leave to return, proceeded to that city to protest in person. Using a soldier's bluff and direct methods instead of following the devious paths of diplomacy, Major Perry could not get a full and fair hearing; he indignantly resigned and returned to his farm in Bristol, R. I. Some of the Senators, however, had heard and believed his reports of crooked methods in promoting the annexation of San Domingo, and had resisted the policy of stifling these reports and of hiding the facts. Prominent among these Senators were Sumner and Schultz. Schultz, an old soldier, knew and recognized Perry's military services and appreciated his present position. In the troublous times which followed, when charges were brought against President Grant to defeat his re-election, Major Perry was invited and urged to give his testimony of facts which had been kept out of sight in advocating and attempting annexation of San Domingo. These facts were very discreditable to some who held high office and had large political influence. The result was that two detectives in the employ of the United States Government appeared in Providence with papers written and dated at Washington requiring the arrest of Major Perry on the charge that he had committed murder in Galveston. The Governor and Attorney-General could not prevent execution of the papers, but warned the detectives that they had undertaken a hazardous errand, and that Major Perry was not a man to be easily dealt with in such a manner. Meanwhile Perry was warned by his friend the Mayor of Providence, and given opportunity to disappear. On the contrary he saw that his pistols were in order



MAJOR RAYMOND H. J. PERRY, U. S. V.  
Born Oct. 2, 1836; Died March 22, 1903  
Oldest son of James DeWolf and Julia (Jones) Perry



MRS. FRANCES RAYMOND (PERRY) MERRIMAN  
Born Sept. 26, 1869  
Only child of Maj. R. H. and Frances L. (Blake) Perry  
and her daughter Lavinia Merriman of Bristol, R. I.



and composedly continued his farm work. One of the detectives consulted his own safety and returned to Washington. The other persevered, but proceeded with caution. Concealing his purpose, he drove in a buggy to Perry's farm, and inquired with assumed interest about his fine breed of horses. Perry, having had experience as Chief of Police in Galveston, at once suspected who the man was and what was his errand. He invited his visitor to remain and take luncheon with him, at the end of which, while sitting at the table, he dared his guest to proceed and to accomplish his purpose. The offer was prudently declined. No time was lost in asking for his horse and taking his leave while his host, trying to conceal his amusement, extended to him his utmost courtesy and hospitality. Years later they met in Washington. Perry obtained certified copies of the papers relating to the case. They were issued and signed by the President's private secretary, who appears to have acted in this matter without the consent or knowledge of the President, thinking that by kidnapping Major Perry, and getting him out of sight and hearing, he could both do a good turn to the President in the campaign for his re-election, and also avenge an old grudge of his own against Perry, who had opposed and defeated him in some of his schemes to advance his own interests in the annexation of San Domingo. President Grant could not have demeaned himself to take part in this trick, but it is one of the many instances in which he was too trustful and too easily made use of by his friends and associates.

This bit of history is here preserved and recorded as of some interest and value, throwing a side-light on times and conditions of the "reconstruction."

Major Perry's last days were not free from the shadows that had flecked the sunshine of his life. As he weakened in mind and body he was tenderly cared for by his youngest brother in the old home. He left but one child, his daughter, Frances Raymond, who in turn has left an only daughter, Frances L. Merriman.

While the oldest brother was in the field, the brother next of age, James DeWolf, had already graduated with honors at the University where his great uncle, Benjamin Bourn, had graduated so brilliantly many years before. He was the first of all the

descendants of Christopher Raymond Perry to choose the more peaceful pursuit of a pastor in that church to which many a Perry had been so faithful in the hour of battle. He began his seminary course at Berkley Divinity School, Middletown. At the end of the first year he left to teach a private school in Bristol, and being ordained Deacon by Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, became his assistant at Grace Church, Providence, 1861-3. He finished his theological course at the Philadelphia Divinity School, being at the same time assistant to his kinsman, the Rev. Dr. (later Bishop) M. A. DeW. Howe, at St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, 1863-4. Then he was given the first charge of his priesthood, which he received of Bishop Clark in 1864, and became assistant to the venerable Dr. Taft in St. Paul's Church, Pawtucket, R. I. While there he met and won as his bride Elizabeth Russel Tyson, of New Bedford, Mass. (born in Baltimore, Md.), like himself of Quaker lineage. In the old home at Silver Creek their boy, the first grandchild in the family, was born and named Robert Swain Perry, after a kinsman of Mrs. Perry and her playmate in childhood on the island of Naushon. This oldest grandson of the family, now a successful business man of Philadelphia, president of the Harrison Bros. Co., won the heart of Hattie Smith, a playmate and sweetheart of his boyhood. Their oldest son, the oldest of three manly boys to continue the Perry name, was born at Silver Creek, making the ninth generation to be born there in direct line from his ancestor, old Deacon Bosworth, who built the house. The next grandchild, born in Germantown, was named Julia Bourn for her great-grandmother and the little aunt whose early death had cast a shadow of sorrow on the old home. In later years on "the white bridge" that spanned the Creek, "Will Thurber," of Plymouth, of old Pilgrim stock, won the hand of this fourth "Judy" of the four successive generations in which a Julia had brightened the old home. Before the birth of these children Dr. Perry had accepted a call to Calvary Church, Germantown, Pa. For forty-five years he remained its faithful pastor. He saw it grow in numbers and in strength until the old stone church which had been repeatedly enlarged to provide for the increasing congregation gave place to the beautiful church building which now occupies the site, with its rectory adjoining, and its substantial school and parish buildings. When three score

years and ten he resigned the charge of the parish, much to the regret of his loving flock, who elected him Rector Emeritus and made provision for the remainder of his life. His present life is not one of idleness, nor does he desire it to be. His work in both pulpit and parish, his duties as President of the Standing Committee, as warden, and instructor of the Deaconess House, on administrative boards, and committees and other work, with which he is entrusted, make his life a busy one, except at such time as his married children can persuade him to give to them some portion of the time which they are always claiming, that they may have their father's presence in their homes. He has lived to see them all happily married and has taken grandchildren on his knee in the family circle of each. His second daughter, Elizabeth Russel Tyson, the wife of Russel Hubbard, has her home in Philadelphia, while Mrs. Thurber, already mentioned, and her youngest sister Emily, Mrs. James Russell, live in Milton and Matapan, two neighboring suburbs of Boston. He has lived to see his second son, James DeWolf, made Bishop of his native State, Rhode Island.

Born in his father's rectory at Germantown, Pa., October 3, 1871, Bishop Perry graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1891, and from Harvard University in 1892, in which year he entered Cambridge Divinity School. After graduating in 1895, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Whitaker in his father's parish church and became assistant to the Rev. John Brooks at Christ Church, Springfield, Mass. In 1896 he was made a priest by Bishop Lawrence, and the following year accepted a call to the rectorship of the important parish of Christ Church, Fitchburg, Mass. After a very active and laborious ministry there he was called in 1904 to St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Conn., from the rectorship of which Bishop Lines had been recently advanced to the Episcopate. In New Haven he met and on January 2, 1908, married Miss Edith Dean Weir, daughter of Professor John Ferguson Weir, head of the Department of Art in Yale University. The daughter has inherited her father's talent, but in her coming to preside over the beautiful Episcopal residence of Rhode Island, in the State of the military and militant Perrys, it is interesting to note that her own family in earlier generations had Colonial and military associations. Her paternal grandfather was for

about forty years the professor of drawing at West Point. He painted the "Landing of the Pilgrims" in the Capitol at Washington, and one of his pictures hangs in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Rev. John William French, her maternal grandfather, was elected from the rectorship of Epiphany Church, Washington, to the chaplaincy of West Point and the chair of ethics. Through this grandfather and grandmother she also, like her husband, comes of Colonial stock, being related through them to Governors Dudley, Hinckley and Bradstreet.

In old St. John's Church, where his great-grandmother Jones had been a prominent worker in the days of Bishop Griswold and during the rectorship of her dear friend, Rev. Dr. Crocker, Bishop Perry was consecrated, January 6, 1911, by the venerable Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D.D., Presiding Bishop. His former instructor who had ordained him to the priesthood, Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., the gifted Bishop of Massachusetts, preached the sermon. On the following Sunday at the first confirmation administered by Bishop Perry the unusual sight was presented of a Bishop assisted in the service by his father and his uncle. His first born bears the name of the old Rhode Island Senator, James DeWolf, being the fifth of that name in direct line.

These pages are not a suitable place for any extended autobiography, even were such worthy of the place. In justice, however, to the searchers into family records who may come after, it is perhaps due that the writer should briefly record the places in which he has had the privilege of making his home. The third son of James DeWolf and Julia (Jones) Perry, Calbraith Bourn, graduated from Brown University in 1867. He was a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, of the Grand Lodge of which on the nomination of his friends of the Delta Charge he was elected President in 1887. He graduated from the General Theological Seminary in 1870, and returned to fulfill a promise made long before to Bishop Clark of Rhode Island to devote himself to mission work in his diocese. Under the direction of the Bishop the work was begun as an associate mission in a small house on Snow street by three college and seminary friends, the late Rev. Robert H. Paine, at the time rector of St. Mary's Church, East Providence, and the two deacons just ordained at St. Stephen's Church, the late Rev. Freeborn Coggeshall, S.S.J.E., placed in charge of







REV. JAMES DE WOLF PERRY, D.D.

RECTOR EMERITUS OF CALVARY CHURCH, GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Grandson of Lieut. Raymond H. J. Perry and oldest great nephew of Com. O. H. Perry



ROBERT SWAIN PERRY, JR.



WARD TYSON PERRY  
(Oldest son, at Lehigh University)



ROBERT SWAIN PERRY  
(Oldest child of Rev. James De Wolf and  
Elizabeth (Tyson) Perry)



MRS. HARRIET A. (SMITH) PERRY



JAMES DE WOLF PERRY  
Entered (1913) Naval Academy, Annapolis





MR. WILLIAM B. THURBER AND MRS. JULIA BOURN (PERRY) THURBER AND CHILDREN

Children from left to right

Richard Bourn

William Schuyler





RT. REV. JAMES DE WOLF PERRY, D.D.  
BISHOP OF RHODE ISLAND  
Second son of Rev. James De Wolf Perry







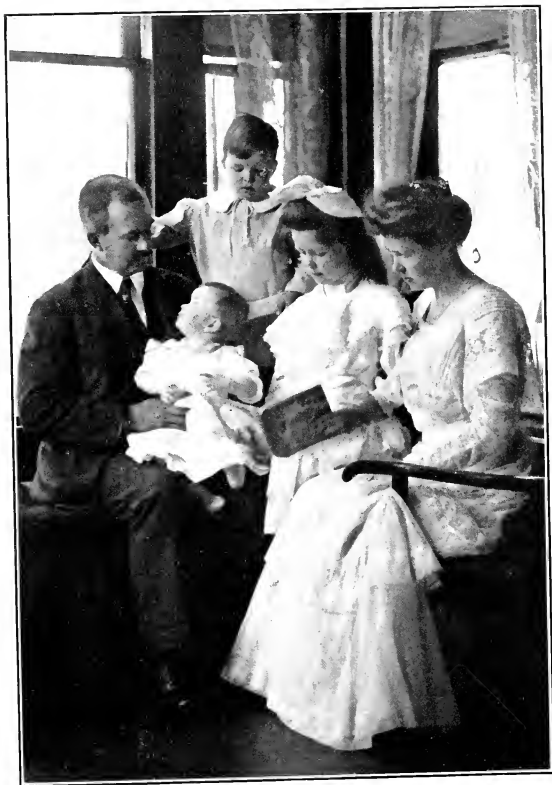
MRS. ELIZABETH R. (PERRY) HUBBARD AND CHILDREN

John Perry  
Born, October 26th, 1903

Russell Sturgis  
Born, Sept., 8th, 1901

James DeWolf  
Born, Dec. 7th, 1906





JAMES SAVAGE RUSSELL OF MATTAPAN, MASS., AND  
MRS. EMILY TYSON (PERRY) RUSSELL  
Daughter of Rev. James De Wolf Perry D. D. and their children



a mission in Elmwood, and the writer placed in charge of St. Gabriel's Mission upon "Smith Hill." This latter work has been recently reorganized under Bishop Perry as St. Paul's Church. During the short existence of the Associate Mission it had the honor of entertaining as guests the first fathers who came to establish in America the work of the English Order of St. John the Evangelist. These visitors, the venerable founder and first Superior, Father Benson; Father O'Neil, who devoted his later years to heroic work in India, and Father Pullan, who has recently accomplished so much in Russia in the cause of church unity, were cordially welcomed by the Bishop of Rhode Island while the Order was excluded from other dioceses. Their first spiritual ministrations were in St. Stephen's Church, Providence, and in the associate missions. Mr. Perry, on the breaking up of the Associate Mission, soon sought a more congenial theological atmosphere and accepted a call with his seminary friend, Rev. Joseph Richey, to the associate rectorship of Mount Calvary Church, Baltimore, Maryland. In this position he remained for about seventeen years. On the death of Mr. Richey he continued the same happy relation with the new rector, his former associate in Providence, Rev. Robert H. Paine. During the rectorship of Mr. Richey the great English sisterhood of All Saints' Sisters of the Poor was established in Baltimore, which still maintains there the mother house of the sisterhood in America in the beautiful convent built for them under the direction of Mr. Paine. Both Mr. Paine and Mr. Perry were made Associate Priests of the order.

Soon after Mr. Perry's ordination in 1872 by Bishop Whittingham, there was entrusted to Mr. Perry's special charge, in addition to his duties at Mount Calvary, the oversight of the Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, Orchard Street, Baltimore, for the special accommodation of the colored people.

A marble chapel for their use was purchased and presented by a family which had proved beyond a question its devotion to the cause of the South. Mount Calvary vestry undoubtedly deserves the credit of first meeting officially on Catholic principles the question of the equal rights of all Christians, in the House of God, when on the motion of the devout Dr. Samuel Chew, seconded by the great and eloquent member of the

Maryland Bar, Bernard Carter, Esq., with the words: "Gentlemen, let us give our religion precedence over our politics," it was voted there should be no racial lines observed in the free seats of Mount Calvary Church. The score of colored communicants before many years exceeded three hundred. The chapel was enlarged for their accommodation, and day schools, an orphanage and a community of Colored Sisters was established. It was Mr. Perry's privilege to receive the first Sister of African blood to take her vows in the Anglican Communion. A new chancel was adorned with gifts of carved oak, marble and jewelled bronze, memorials given by Southern ladies to the faithful "mammies" of their childhood, and others donated wholly or in part from the scanty savings of the colored people, such as the stately red granite columns supporting the chancel arch to Rev. Mr. Webb, the first Negro priest ordained in Baltimore, and to their well-beloved Mr. Richey or the Oliver Hazard Perry Vinton Chantry to the young priest who had laid down his life in their service. This experience of St. Mary's led Mr. Perry, after a short rectorship elsewhere to yield to the persuasion of Bishop Quintard of Tennessee, and the energetic Bishop of Southern Florida, then Dr. Gray, rector of the Church of the Advent, Nashville, to become Archdeacon in that Diocese, and Warden of Hoffman Hall, a training school for colored negro candidates for the ministry. This hall was then building, and on the recommendation of Mr. Perry and his colleague, Dr. Eccleston, had been located by the Commission on Work among Colored People, near to Fiske University, in order that its students should share the advantages offered to colored people in that institution. In later years, Mr. Perry has been rector of St. Andrew's Church, Schroon Lake, of the historic church St. John's, Johnstown, and of his present charge, St. Luke's Church, Cambridge, all three in the Diocese of his beloved bishop and long time friend, the venerable Bishop Doane.

During his rectorship in Schroon Lake he met at Boradaile, at the home of her uncle, George W. Daw, Esq., his wife, Antoinette Jones, and their marriage has been blessed with a daughter, Julia Jones, and a son, Calbraith Bourn. The latter was baptized in the old historic church built by Sir William





MRS. ANTOINETTE (JONES) PERRY  
Wife of Rev. Calbraith B. Perry



CALBRAITH BOURN PERRY, Jr.  
Only son of Rev. Calbraith B. Perry





REV. CALBRAITH BOURN PERRY, D. D.  
Rector of St. Luke's Church, Cambridge, N. Y.  
Third son of James De Wolf and Julia (Jones) Perry; greatnephew of  
Commodore O. H. Perry



JULIA JONES PERRY  
Only daughter of Rev. Calbraith B. Perry



Johnson, but the baptism of the former was so closely connected with the early traditions of Silver Creek that the account which appears in the Bristol *Phoenix* at the time of the ceremony seems to find a fitting place in these closing pages of Silver Creek's story. It is given in a slightly abbreviated form:

“A BAPTISM OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

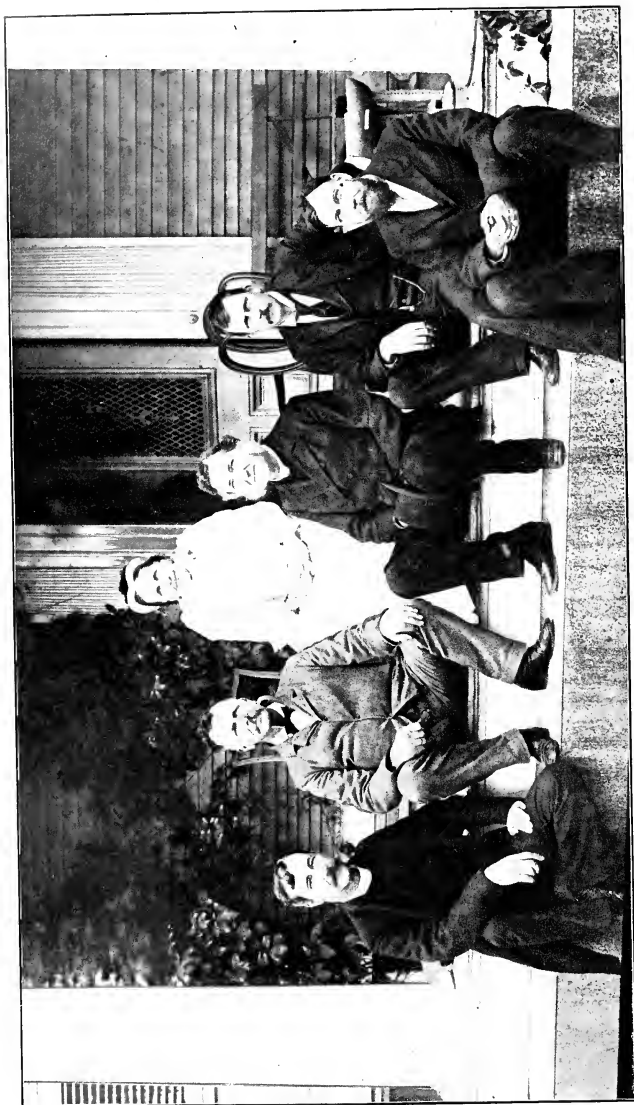
“The baptism of the infant daughter of Dr. Calbraith Perry on Wednesday, September 16, 1896, at Silver Creek, the home of her grandmother for whom she was named, Julia Jones, was performed with so many historical associations that it deserves a record among the many striking events in the history of the old town. The parlor at which the guests were gathered was that in which the first religious service held in the town was conducted, by Deacon Nathaniel Bosworth, who built the house. He was the direct ancestor of the little girl baptized. Chairs in which guests were seated were a portion of the set with which the Continental Hall, Philadelphia, was furnished, having been purchased by the Hon. Benjamin Bourn, the baby's great-great-grandfather, he and his brother-in-law, James M. Varnum, being prominent figures in Revolutionary days. One chair in the room was the property of Captain Church, the conqueror of King Philip. But the most interesting relic connected with the christening was the marble slab with the silver font upon it, before which stood the Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D., assisted by the Rev. Calbraith B. Perry, D. D., in baptizing the little one. The marble had been used as the altar in old St. Michael's Church. Having been removed in making new arrangements for the chancel, it was returned to Mrs. Perry as the daughter of the donor, Mrs. Jones, by whose brother it had been brought from Italy. At this altar, the venerable Bishop Griswold officiated, and all subsequent rectors of St. Michaels until the present one. Before it the Julia Jones of that day was married to the late James DeWolf Perry. The silver font bearing the inscription ‘the gift of Isaac Royall to St. Michael's Church in 1747’ was used at the baptism of Mrs. Perry herself and of four of her five sons who surrounded her on this occasion. The guests, although confined to relatives and a few intimate friends, represented to a large extent the

families that had figured in scenes in the old house during the two previous centuries. The wife of Mr. Charles T. Dorrance, who was the baby's godfather, is of the family of General Greene. The godmothers were the grandmother and Miss Frances R. Perry. Bishop Griswold, who so often stood at the altar, was represented by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. H. M. Gibson. The daughter of the late presiding Bishop, Rt. Rev. Benjamin Bosworth Smith was present. Of the grandmother's relatives, Mrs. Bach and her daughter were present. On her grandfather's side the Perrys and DeWolfs and Bradfords were well represented, among them being Mr. LeBarron Bradford, Mrs. Colt, her daughter, Mrs. Frank DeWolf, her granddaughter, the Baroness de Levay, Miss. M. A. DeWolf Perry, Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Pratt and others. Altogether it was largely representative of old 'Pilgrim' families in a very old Colonial house, and the baby was said to both behave and look worthy of the occasion."

The two younger sons of Mr. and Mrs. James Perry have for the greater part of their lives made their home in Bristol, most of the time upon the old farm at Silver Creek.

Charles Varnum, who received his name for his mother's great "Aunt Varnum," after marrying in early youth Miss Isabelle Trotter, the daughter of that earnest churchman and strong, fine character, the late Andrew Ramsay Trotter, became connected with the industry which was built up upon Mr. Trotter's inventions in the manufacture of India-rubber. This industry, "The Bristol Rubber Works," of late years under the leadership of Col. S. Pomeroy Colt, one of the Bristol DeWolfs, has become the chief industry of the old town. In this industry Mr. Charles V. Perry has been employed for many years. He was interested and active in building Trinity Church, the parish of which his greatly beloved brother-in-law, Rev. William Trotter, was Rector, and where the sons of Mr. Charles Perry, one after another as choir boys, have assisted in its beautiful music. In late years he occupies a family pew in old St. Michael's, where both his father and his father-in-law many years served on the Vestry. On the old homestead property during his mother's life, Charles built a commodious house for his large family. A few years ago this was burned





THE LAST REUNION AT "SILVER CREEK."

MRS. JAMES DE WOLF PERRY.

MAJOR RAYMOND H. PERRY.    REV. JAMES DE WOLF PERRY, D.D.

REV. CALBRAITH B. PERRY, D.D.

WILLIAM WALLACE PERRY.

CHARLES VARNUM PERRY.



THREE GENERATIONS

Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D.  
Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D.  
James DeWolf Perry  
Born, Nov. 24th, 1908



FOUR GENERATIONS

Mrs. Julia (Jones) Perry,  
Mrs. Elizabeth (Tyson) Perry  
Mrs. Julia Bourn (Perry) Thurber,  
James Perry Thurber  
Born June 7, 1895





to the ground. Since this misfortune he and his family lived in a rented house in the town. The oldest of his six sons, named for his maternal grandfather, Andrew Ramsay, married Miss Annie Frances Race of Providence. Their home is in East Providence. From boyhood he has held a position in one of the oldest insurance companies of Rhode Island. The two daughters, Mary and Eleanor, live with their parents.

William Wallace Perry, the youngest son, is a civil engineer. This occupation has led him into many parts of the west and southwest. While in Arkansas he was joined by his mother and his brother Calbraith, the latter taking charge of St. Andrew's church, Mammoth Springs, of which William Wallace Perry was vestryman. William lived at Silver Creek during his mother's later years, giving to her devoted and loving care, and in doing this often sacrificed attractive offers of work. After her death he married Miss Susan Turner of Bristol, his rector's wife's sister. They live in the old home, Silver Creek, inheriting its traditions and preserving its memorials.

Gradually and gracefully the old homestead has yielded to the inevitable changes wrought by the corrosion of time, teaching the lesson that long life incurs the penalty of enduring losses and experiencing changes. The blue waters which lapped the shores of the bay when Deacon Bosworth made in the native forest a clearing in which to lay the great oaken timbers of the old house are as blue in their color and as musical in their rhythmical movement, but from the house they are cut off and partially concealed by the intervening railroad, which a little more than half a century ago came to disturb the tranquil neighborhood and to displace the old lumbering stage-coach. Many of the old trees, having shaded nine generations, have suddenly fallen into severe storms, or, with bowed heads and broken limbs, have gradually yielded to decline and decay. Like the generations which they have sheltered and shaded, "the wind passeth over them and they are gone, and the place thereof shall know them no more." Of the two old spreading walnut trees planted by Abel Jones, one is still standing, the other a few years ago, seeming to stand as firmly as its fellow, was violently struck by a strong gale and laid prostrate along-side of the old house which, as if in mercy and tender

memories, in falling it left unharmed. This tree stood near and overhung the old well-curb where generations had slaked their thirst from a cool and unfailing spring which still flows. Beneath the spreading boughs of this survivor of the past, some years before it fell, on a happy day in mid-summer, four generations were represented in the persons of Mrs. Perry, the Julia Jones of early days, her son James' wife, Elizabeth Russell, their daughter, Julia Bourn Thurber, who held in her arms her handsome curly headed boy, James Perry Thurber. A snap-shot picture taken of them as they stood together beneath the tree is preserved as a precious legacy. In the peacefully folded hands, the bowed head, the chastened yet happy face of the great-grandmother, was a reminder of the promise that "at evening time there shall be light." In the younger grandmother, stored with strength and health unabated, and abounding in energy and activity, having a loving, generous nature which delighted to bestow itself upon all who knew her, was nothing to intimate or forebode that before many years were passed that vigorous life, rich in ministries of love, would be crushed beneath the wheels of a carelessly driven automobile, leaving in sorrow, but a sorrow not without hope, those by whom she is loved and lost awhile.

To the old home with all the sacred memories which have been built into it or have gathered around it, to those who have passed from it into the Father's House of Many Mansions, and to those who, lingering on earth, continue to love it, to them all, be Rest and Peace.

If the spirit of the old memories which these pages have been written to embalm shall inspire to noble deeds and holy living, some who still live or may hereafter live, the writer's purpose has been attained, and answer has been vouchsafed to prayers offered in Silver Creek, from the time of the good old Deacon, its builder, followed by those of the old "Just Judge" and those of the loving grand-mother who was the last to breath out beneath its roof the spirit which returns to God who gave it.

## A P P E N D I X

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### Brief Table of Pedigree of Com. O. H. Perry

In the absence of the Perry Genealogical Tables, to appear in Vol. II, the following brief table showing the direct descent of Commodore Perry may serve to make more clear the relationships of members of the family appearing in the foregoing story.

It may also be of some service in testing the accuracy of many who claim, often no doubt innocently, if incorrectly to "have a grandfather who was a brother or own cousin of Commodore O. H. Perry."

1. **Edward Perry** of Sandwich, Mass, (Plymouth Col.), b. (probably) Devonshire, Eng., (circum) 1630; d. Sandwich, 1695; m. 1653, **Mary Freeman**.

Children: Dorcas, Mary, Samuel, Deborah, Sarah, Peace, Edward, Rest, Benjamin.

2. **Benjamin Perry**, b. (circ.) 1677; d. Sept., 1748; m. Oct. 11, 1727, **Susannah Barber**.

Children: Benjamin (d. in infancy), Edward, Freeman, Mary, Susannah.

Note:—Judge Edward Perry was the ancestor of the Perry-Clark family, etc. The sisters m. brothers by name of Stedman. Susannah, ancestress of the Manchesters of Cleveland, etc.

3. **Judge Freeman Perry**, b. Jan. 23, 1733; d. Oct. 10 (15), 1813; m. 1755, **Mercy Hazard**.

Children: Joshua, Oliver Hazard, Christopher Raymond, Elizabeth, Mary, Susan, George Hazard.

Note:—Only the children of these brothers and sisters of Christopher R. (Com. Perry's father) could be "own" or first cousins of Com. Perry. Of those who married, Joshua had no male descendants; Dr. Barker of Illinois is descended from his youngest dau.; Elizabeth m. Stephen Champlin and their son, Commodore Stephen Champlin was sailing master at Battle of Lake Erie and fired first shot, Susan m. Elisha Watson, her grandson was Rev. Elisha Watson of

Rhode Island. George Hazard Perry left numerous descendants; a son was Rev. Dr. Gideon Babcock Perry of Hopkinsville, Ky. (whose dau., Miss Emily, still resides there); other descendants were the late Dr. Geo. Hazard Perry, Manhattan, Kansas, the Perrys of Rockford, Ill., etc.

4. **Captain Christopher R. Perry, U. S. N.**, b. Dec. 4, 1760 (1); d. June 8, 1818; m. Aug., 1784, **Sarah Wallace Alexander**.

Children: Oliver Hazard, Raymond H. J., Sarah Wallace, Matthew Calbraith, Anna M., Jane T., J. Alexander, Nath. Hazard.

Note:—Of these only four brothers and two sisters married. Oliver Hazard (see next number); Raymond m. Marianne DeWolf and was father of the Bristol, R. I., Perrys; Mathew Calbraith, "the opener of ports of Japan, m. Jane Slidell, from whom descend Mrs. Merrill, the dau. of his only married son and the Rodgers, Belmont, Hone and Tiffany families; Nathaniel H., m. Lucretia M. Thatcher, and their only child was the late Gen. Alexander Perry, the last nephew of Com. Perry. Of Christopher Perry's daughters two married: Ann, Mrs. Commodore George Rodgers, whose descendants are well known in Naval circles, and Jane, Mrs. Dr. Butler, three of whose living daughters are the last surviving nieces of Com. Perry, but it is a numerous and honored family of the South.

5. **Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, "the Hero of Lake Erie,"** b. Aug. 20, 1785; d. Aug. 23, 1819; m. Feb. 11, 1811, **Elizabeth Champlin Mason**.

Children: Christopher Grant, Oliver Hazard (d. infancy), Oliver Hazard, Christopher Raymond (d. unm.), Elizabeth Mason.

Of these only two sons and the daughter married, of all of whom there are living descendants. There are three grandsons only living since the recent death of Oliver Hazard, oldest son of Dr. C. Grant Perry. They are Thomas S. Perry, son of Dr. C. Grant, Oliver Hazard Perry of Lowell, Mass., son of Capt. O. H. Perry, U. S. N., and Raymond P. Vinton, youngest son of Mrs. Elizabeth (Perry) Vinton. Mrs. LaFarge, Mrs. Pepper, Mrs. Scudder and Miss Gertrude Vinton, are the surviving granddaughters of Com. Perry.

## The Wallaces and Craigie-Wallaces of Scotland and Ireland

The Scotch ancestry of Mrs. Christopher Raymond Perry, neé Sarah Wallace Alexander:

1. **Sir Richard Walys** of Riccarton, (circum) 1240. (Note A of Notes at end of these tables.)
2. **Adam Wallace.**
3. **Sir Richard Wallace** of Riccarton. (Note B.)  
A brother of Malcolm Wallace, Laird of Ellerslie, whose son, Sir William Wallace, was the famous Scottish chieftain, b. (circum) 1270-4. Executed at Smithfield, Aug. 23, 1305. Sir William left no direct descendants.
4. —, name seems not ascertained.
5. **John Wallace** of Riccarton (who is described in the several authorities consulted by the writer as the grandson of the above Sir Richard). He married **Margaret**, daughter of Sir John Lindsay of Craigie, a districh of Kyle-Ayrshire. (Note C.)

“John Wallace’s son Adam Wallace was designated as of Craigie” (Renton’s Scottish Tartans, Edinburgh—Tartan experts).

Thus was established the Craigie-Wallace Branch of the Wallace Clan. Of the Craigie-Wallaces was Col. James Wallace, Laird of Dundonald, and an officer of the British army until on signing the “Scotch Covenant” he was exiled. He was the great-grandfather of Mrs. C. R. Perry.

### DESCENT OF MRS. PERRY FROM COL. JAMES WALLACE, LAIRD OF DUNDONALD

Collated from a MSS. Family History by William Bailey, Wallace kindly copied and sent the writer by Mrs. Colonel Wallace of Dublin.

1. **Col. James Wallace**, a "Signer of the Covenant and Commander of one wing of the Army of the Covenant," b. 1610; d. in Holland, 1678. (Note D.)
2. **James Wallace** settled at Loughbrickland, near Newry, County Down, Ireland.
3. **James Wallace**, "established in business by his father at Loughbrickland" (MSS. Family History of William Bailey Wallace), m. — Ingram.

He had a son, William, the uncle of Mrs. Perry, with whom she lived after being in childhood left an orphan (see next table for his descendants), and three daughters; one of whom married Hamilton Corbett of Bracebridge, and their only son went to America; a second married a Mr. Cummings, and soon after marriage, with his wife went to America, living in Philadelphia, dying there "the year of the great plague." The third married a Mr. Alexander, of this marriage a daughter was born, Sarah Wallace, early left an orphan and becoming a member of her Uncle William's family at Newry, later becoming the wife of Captain Christopher R. Perry, U. S. N.

4. **William Wallace**, b. at Loughbrickland, Feb. 1, 1829 (O. S.); d. Newry, Feb. 22, 1793; buried in Newry Churchyard; m. March 7, 1760, **Eleanor Baillie**, b. Castleblayny, April 1, 1740.

Besides two children who d. in childhood, the family in which Mrs. Perry spent her childhood consisted of the following:

5. **William Bailey**, b. Nov. 9, 1763 (Note G); James, b. Nov. 13, 1766; d. 1794; Alexander, b. Feb. 10, 1769; Robert, b. Jan. 5, 1771; Charles, b. Feb. 6, 1773; Sarah Anne, b. Feb. 14, 1775; Eliza, b. March 21, 1778.

## NOTES

NOTE A. The first Wallace known lived during the reign of Alexander, King of Scotland (d. 1242). (Mrs. Smith's notes).

Sir William Wallace was of Anglo-Norman descent (Am. Encyc). The name Wallace is derived from the Latin Wallensis, which has its

parallel in the Anglo-Saxon name Welsh. The Surname *Waleis* was common in England about 1300, when Henry *Waleis* was Lord Mayor of London. The name arises in the thirteenth century in Ayrshire and Renfrewshire, which bordered on the old Welsh Kingdom (*Brenton's Scottish Tartans*). The name *Wallace* or *Wallys* was prominent in connection with that of *Walter Fitz-Alan*, appointed Lord High Stewart (hence the royal name and descent of the Royal *Stewarts*) by *David*, First of Scotland. (*Mrs. Smith.*)

NOTE B. The old Baronial House of *Riccorton* (corrupted form *Richard's Town*), was a famous resort of *Sir William Wallace*. It was with his Uncle *Sir Richard* at *Riccorton* that he took refuge after the burning of the *Barns of Ayr*. The house is now entirely destroyed, its site occupied by the *Farm of Yardside*. The only memorials remaining are a mantel piece of the dining room hall, placed in the *Manse*, and the trunk of the old pear tree which tradition says was planted by *Sir William Wallace*, carefully preserved in the garden. (*Mrs. Smith.*)

NOTE C. *Craigie*, district of *Kyle*, bounded on the North by the Parishes of *Riccorton* and *Dundonald*. The last remains of its ancient castle, long the home of *Craigie-Wallaces*, were removed during the last century. (*Mrs. Smith.*)

NOTE D. On signing of the *Covenant*, *Col. James Wallace* resigned his Commission in the *English Army* and with *General Baillie* commanded the *Army of the Covenant* at *Pentland Hills*. After the decisive defeat of the *Army of the Covenant*, *Colonel Wallace* under sentence of outlawry and confiscation escaped and finally established his residence at *Rotterdam*. On a threatening demand of *Charles II* on the *States General* to expel *Col. Wallace* he voluntarily left to relieve the *States* from the result of their refusal to surrender him.

In this course he was joined by "Mr. *Robert Macward* and *Mr. John Brown*, Ministers." Whereupon the *States General* issued the following document: "The *States General of the United Netherlands* to all and every one who shall see or read these presents, health. Be it known and certified that *James Wallace Gentleman*, our subject for many years inhabiting this State, lived among us highly esteemed for his probity and submissiveness to the laws and integrity of manners and therefore we have resolved affectionately to request and hereby most earnestly do request all *Kings, Republics, Princes, Dukes, States, Magistrates* and whoever else, our friends and all that ever see these presents that they receive the said *James Wallace* in a friendly manner whensoever he may come to them or resolve to remain among them, and to assist them with their counsel, and help, and aid . . .

Sealed with our seal of office and signed by our Secretary in our Assembly this sixth day of the month in the year 1677."

In a few months Col. Wallace returned to the Netherlands and died at Rotterdam, 1678. "He was a trusted leader among the Covenanters and one of the most distinguished." (Mrs. Smith's notes.)

NOTE E. Dundonald, Kyle Co. Ayr, 5 m. from Kilmarnock. In its ancient castle Robert II of Scotland and his successors frequently resided. James V of Scotland granted Dundonald and the lands attached to it the Craigie-Wallaces, by whom it was held until 1638 when the Laird of Dundonald sold it to Sir William Cochrane, whose descendant, Admiral Lord Cochrane took his title from it on being elevated to the Peerage as Earl of Dundonald. (Mrs. Smith and Am. Encyc.)

NOTE F. "My father was much attached to his sisters yet they all married contrary to his wishes and were all unhappy." . . . "One married a Mr. Alexander. They are all long since dead, leaving one daughter who was taken home and educated by my father. She many years ago went to America where she is well and happily married to a Mr. Perry." (William Bailey Wallace's MSS. Family History.)

The Earl of Elgin is head of one branch of the "Royal Bruces." A Baronetcy of Stenhouse was created in 1629 and of Downhill in 1804. (Renton.)

When in 1883, the author of this volume, on the invitation of the late dear old Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart., Member of Parliament and head of the last named branch of the Bruces, went from the charming Rectory of his brother-in-law, Rev. Baghot de laBare at Prestbury, to visit him at Downhill in the North of Ireland, near Coleraine, there were many Alexanders living in the neighborhood. A visit had been arranged by Sir Hervey for the writer to visit the venerable Bishop Alexander of Derry whom Sir Hervey believed to be of the same family as Mrs. Perry's father, but a succession of storms interfered with the plan.

NOTE G. Of the cousins with whom Mrs. Perry's youth was spent, William Bailey was her favorite playmate and companion. Biographies of the two Commodore Perrys mention this William Bailey Wallace as the friend of young Perry during his imprisonment in Ireland.

William Bailey Wallace, Nov. 28, 1792, was married by the Rev. John Usher of Clontary, to Miss Rhoda Banks, daughter of Percival Banks of Ennis, Co. Clare, at the home of Col. Clark in Clontary. William Bailey Wallace had been apprenticed to an eminent attorney of Dublin and in 1785 had been admitted Attorney in King's Bench, Dublin.

The children of William Bailey Wallace and Rhoda (Banks) Wallace were as follows:

William, b. March 11, 1794; Percival Banks, b. April 27, 1795; Mary Anne, b. Aug. 13, 1795; Rhoda Elnora, b. Oct. 3, 1797; Emily, b. Oct. 21, 1799; Robert Alexander, b. on Summer Hill, Jan. 27, 1801; Henry Charles, b. Aug. 6, 1805.

Of these, the youngest but one, Robert Alexander, married his first cousin, Elizabeth Banks, a sister of the late Sir John Banks, who died "a



dear old man a few years ago, over 90 years of age." Their children were: Rhoda M.; Emily E.; Percival Wallace, who died unmarried in America and the Rev. William Bailey Wallace, an honored and muchbeloved priest of the Church of England, prominent in the Catholic Revival.

The first named of the above, Rhoda, married her cousin, the late Colonel William Robert Wallace of the British Army. He was son of the late Robert Wallace of Newry, a younger brother of William Bailey Wallace (see table iv). He was a cousin also of the late Sir Arthur Wallace, the son of William Bailey Wallace's oldest son William. For 37 years after their marriage, Colonel and Mrs. Wallace lived on Castle Ave., Clontary, nearly opposite the old home from which her grandmother Banks was married to William Bailey Wallace. It was during these years that Mrs. Smith in compiling the pages from which so much of this book is drawn was in frequent correspondence with the Colonel and his wife. In later years, both while her husband was stationed in Dublin and since his death, Mrs. Wallace continued her kind aid to the writer.

Their sons are William Templeton, who some 20 years ago took up farming in New Zealand, where he still resides; Robert Alexander, who lives in Canada; Henry Percival Banks, who was in the Y. P. O. Dublin, but died some years since at P. M.; Charles Edward, married and has two sons living at Capetown; Malcolm James, also married and lives at Saskatoon, Canada, and has one little girl.

Now that Mrs. Wallace's only daughter, Mrs. Langran, has gone with her own little daughter to join her husband at Saskatoon, all Mrs. Wallace's living children are separated from her by wide seas and she is living with her sister Emily at Rathmind, Ireland, 9 Castlewood Ave. Of Mrs. Christopher Perry's other cousins, brothers of William Bailey, James served in the army of India under Lord Cornwallis, in which country, writes William Bailey, "he died in 1794, from the effects of fatigue at the taking of Pondicherry, aggravated by the climate;" Alexander, after a voyage to America, also served in India under Cornwallis and was present at the taking of Serayapatam, but at the time of his brother's writing the family record, commanded a merchantman.

Charles became a Surgeon of the British Army. He was serving on the *Invincible* when Lord Howe gained his victory over the French, April 2, 1795, and was Surgeon on the *Amphitrite* at the time of his brother's record.













