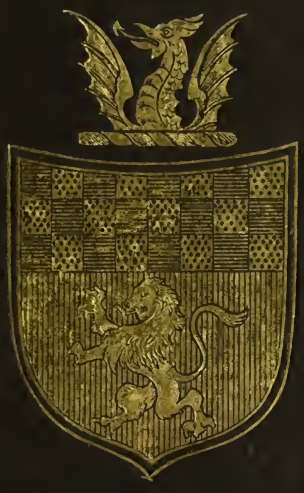

REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE FOR MY CHILDREN

REMINISCENCES

OF MY LIFE

For My Children

BY

ANNIE CROWNINSHIELD WARREN

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ILLUSTRATIONS

Introduction

AS their title implies, these Reminiscences of her Life were written by Mrs. J. Mason Warren for the benefit of her children, in order that a record of certain family events and facts might be preserved permanently for a younger generation, to whom they might otherwise have been lost altogether, or at best have become indistinct memories, dimmed by increasing years.

They were begun shortly before her death and when she was already approaching her ninetieth year, at the suggestion of her son, Dr. John Collins Warren, as well as at the earnest request of her daughters, who were unable to recall many circumstances of family interest, not only of her early life in Salem, but of the later years spent in Boston. Their completion was prevented by the illness which preceded her death, on the 27th of February, 1905, and the Reminiscences conclude with a description of the journey taken from Rome with her husband, whose failing health at that time had already given his family and friends grave cause for alarm.

Annie Crowninshield was the youngest daughter of Honorable Benjamin Williams Crowninshield of

Salem, who married Miss Mary Boardman, also of Salem. She received the name of Anstiss Williams at her baptism; but as she greatly disliked this, it was changed when she was still a child to that of Anna Caspar. She was however known throughout her life as Annie and after her marriage invariably signed herself Annie C. Warren. She was born on September 19, 1815, *at the home of her parents on Derby Street, a delightful example of one of the old Salem houses, which in recent years has become the property of the Old Ladies' Home. Another of the Crowninshield residences, close by on Derby Street, was demolished to make room for the Salem Custom House. Her father also owned a farm, including an agreeable country house, at Topsfield, near Danvers, which has more recently become the property of the heirs of the late Thomas W. Pierce.*[1]

Amid these scenes and the associations of a large circle of relatives and friends, belonging to those families who composed the high-bred and aristocratic society of Salem during the early part of the nineteenth century, the first days of her youth were passed. Later, these were varied by life in Boston, where her father owned a large house at the corner of Somerset and Beacon streets, and occasionally by visits to Newport and to Europe. Mr. Crowninshield was

[1] See Appendix, note 8.

for many years a member of Congress, and was Secretary of the Navy during the Administrations of Presidents Madison and Monroe. Descriptions of this period have been given in greater detail in the letters of her mother, published privately in 1905,[1] *in the preparation of which she took an active interest and to which the present Reminiscences may be said to serve, in a sense, as a companion volume.*

From her father Mrs. Warren inherited a love for the beautiful, which her visits to Europe and her occasional residence in Rome only served to increase. From her mother she derived those more gentle and delicate characteristics, that fondness for home and family and its surroundings and the domestic side of life, which appear in the letters of Mary Boardman Crowninshield. In her character were blended many qualities which were distinctive and unusual, and which endeared her to those who could fully appreciate them. Her extreme delicacy of taste and feeling, almost foreign in its expression, was an elemental part of her nature. Her great interest in the little things of every-day life, as well as an acquaintance with the affairs of the world, gave to her mind a peculiar and rather unlooked-for characteristic. The effects, also, of her early studies and education in lit-

[1] Letters of Mary Boardman Crowninshield, 1815–1816. *Edited by Francis Boardman Crowninshield (her great-grandson).*

erature showed themselves at all times in her appreciation of poetry and the works of the best writers. Her memory was remarkable, and served to increase the charm of her conversation and her manners, which, to those who were admitted to her intimate acquaintance, possessed all the grace and elegance of an older school now fast disappearing. Such were some of the details which composed an individuality that was at once strong and delicate; determined, and yet easily swayed by sentiment and affection; filled with humor, yet capable at times of a gentle melancholy; one in whom light and shadow and the varying forces of human nature seemed unexpectedly to combine in an harmonious union, that was at once responsive and filled with dignity.

Her marriage in 1839 *to Dr. J. Mason Warren, the son of Dr. John C. Warren, threw her even more constantly than when she was a child into the society of men of Letters, Politics, and Science. Such statesmen as Webster and Everett were constant visitors at her father's home, or at the house in Park Street,*[1] *where she and her husband lived afterwards for many years. Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Lothrop Motley, James Russell Lowell, Agassiz, Longfellow, Thomas G. Appleton, and a host of others were among the*

[1] *No.* 2 *Park Street, subsequently remodeled into an office building.*

brilliant figures of a society in which she lived for more than half a century.

As her years increased and, one by one, those who had so conspicuously formed the life about her passed away, she withdrew into an intimate family circle which, rather than society, had always been her chief interest and concern; and to a younger generation she has herself left the memory of that period in which she lived, as well as of her many delightful qualities. These Reminiscences of her Life, therefore, are now published by her children, as a token of their love and affection.

C. G.

REMINISCENCES

Of My Life

March 1901

I WAS born September 19, 1815, on Derby Street, Salem. My parents were Benjamin Williams and Mary Boardman Crowninshield. My brothers and sisters were Elizabeth Boardman, Mary, Benjamin Varnum, Francis Boardman, George Caspar, Edward Augustus, and Lucy Ann.

My father's parents were Mary Derby and George Crowninshield. He had two sisters, Mary and Sally; and five brothers, John, Jacob, Richard, Edward, and George, the last being the owner of the barge Cleopatra. Mary married Mr. Nathaniel Silsbee. Sally married Mr. John P. Rice (their daughter was Sarah Sherman).

My mother's parents were Mary Hodges and Francis Boardman. She had two sisters: one, Elizabeth who married Mr. Nathaniel Bowditch, the great astronomer, and died one year after her marriage,

in consumption ; the other, Sally, who married Mr. Zachariah Silsbee: so that my father's sister and also my mother's sister were married to Silsbees who were brothers.

My mother also had a brother Francis, who married Miss Mead. She died early, leaving an only child, a daughter Mary, who was given to the care of my mother. This daughter married Mr. Phillips and was the mother of Mrs. George H. Mifflin.

Of my father's family I personally knew but little. His parents died before I was born. The brothers were in partnership with their father, and continued the business after his death, being engaged in mercantile affairs. During the War of 1812 they were very active and became famous in privateering and had many experiences with their ship America. The business was changed by the retirement of John and Richard. Edward died young. Jacob, Benjamin, and George continued the business. Richard made a mésalliance with an uneducated Irishwoman, and was probably never legally married. His son Richard was implicated in the murder case of Captain White. Although this was very distressing to my father, for his brother's sake, there had never been any recognition of that family by the others, and they were unknown to us and comparative strangers.

John married a cousin, was the father of those

who lived in Andover, and, having lost his money, my father left at his death a large trust property for their support. George was young, handsome, and active in the War of 1812. His famous yacht Cleopatra won him a world-wide reputation, at home and in Europe, where he became very intimate, while crossing the Mediterranean, with the Bonaparte family during their stay at the island of Elba. All the crowned heads visited this wonderful boat, which was furnished in regal style. On his return to Salem George died very suddenly[1] of heart disease at an early age. He received many valuable souvenirs from the Bonapartes, which different members of the family now possess. A snuff-box which Bonaparte himself had used was given to him by the sister Pauline, and my son Dr. J. C. Warren now has it.

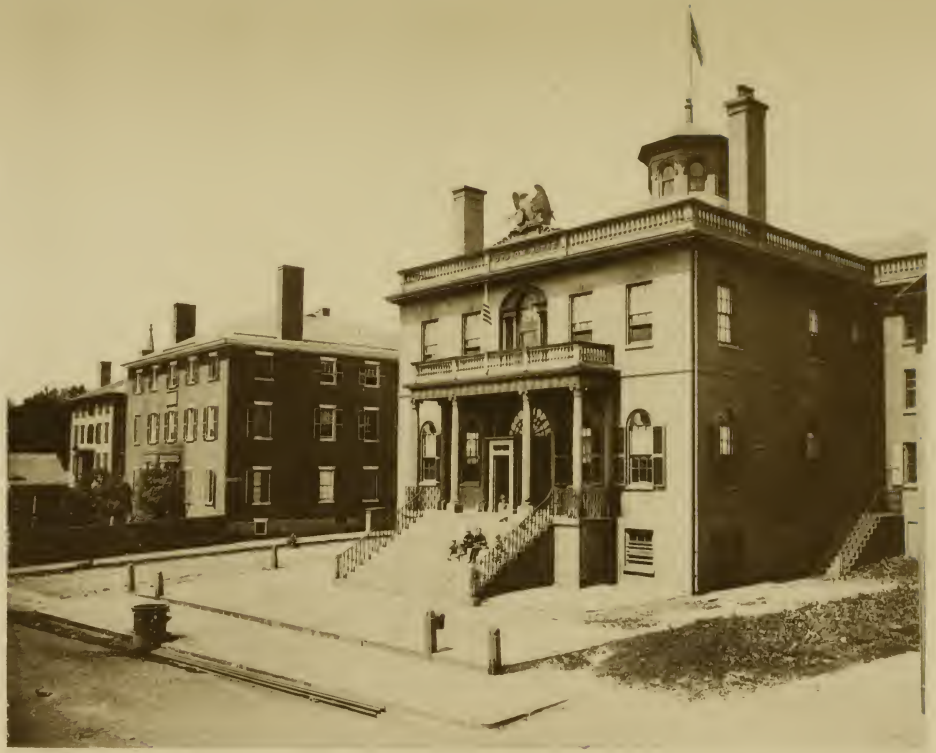
Jacob and my father (Benjamin) entered political life. Jacob was made Secretary of the Navy under Jefferson's Administration, but declined on account of his health, and died soon after, leaving four children, — two daughters and two sons. The oldest son, Jacob, married a Miss Schuyler of New York, and was the father of the late Rear-Admiral Arent Schuyler Crowninshield. The second son, William, went abroad for pleasure, and was accidentally drowned while crossing the Mediterranean in his

[1] Novmeber 26, 1817.

travels. While in Paris he purchased many valuable works of art for my father, one being the clock representing the motto, "*C'est l'amour qui fait passer le temps*," which is now in my possession.

My father was the guardian of these children, who were orphans, their mother dying before their father; consequently the daughters became members of our family. Although my mother had already a large family to manage, having eight children to care for, she did not hesitate to take the eldest, Sally, into her household. She was a very handsome and attractive girl, with a large fortune, and soon became engaged to a promising young man, Mr. Richard S. Rogers. One of my earliest recollections was her wedding at our house in Derby Street. I was probably about four years old. I remember being fitted to a little white frock and a pair of bright red shoes. I was held tightly by my Grandmother Boardman during the ceremony, and told not to speak a word. Nevertheless, the pinching of my new shoes made me say in a loud voice, "Grandma, my shoes hurt my feet."

Mary, the other daughter, and sister of Sally, lived with a friend of my mother's, a Mrs. Hosmer. She married Mr. William Putnam Endicott of Salem, a descendant of Governor Endicott. These ladies were very dear to us, and were always addressed as



Cousin Sally and Cousin Mary, and were most kind and devoted to me through their lives. I lived very often when a child at their homes, and they were very fond of me. I passed a whole winter with Mrs. Endicott at her Danvers home when my mother was in Washington, later in life. My mother had a kind and benevolent disposition, and was never tired of doing for others. She also had a distant relative who came and lived with us, named Susan Mead. She thought that perhaps she would assist in looking after some of us. She was a great beauty, and soon became engaged and married a Captain Whittredge of Salem.

My brother Edward, being only fifteen months younger than myself, was my constant companion. We had a sister younger than he, named Lucy Ann. When we all had whooping-cough, I was sent to stay with my grandmother, who made a great pet of me.

My Grandmother Boardman lived on Pleasant Street, directly opposite the arched-gate entrance to the Common. Her treatment of whooping-cough was to give me gin-and-sugar in a tumbler, with a spoon to sip it with, and the lumps of sugar made it very nice, I thought. My little sister was treated by my mother's physician, Dr. Treadwell, with prussic acid, and it was thought it was given in too large quantities, and she died. I was taken from my grandmother's and went home to see her as she lay

on her bed, dressed and motionless. I asked why she could not speak to me, and was told she was "dead" by the nurse. "What is that?" I said. I was then told that everybody died. I said, "Shall I die?" I have never forgotten the cloud that hung over me for days, and indeed ever since. I remember well the gloom and sadness of her funeral, as I heard the church bells and saw the carriages as they passed my grandmother's house to the old burying-ground.

The only other association I have of those infant days was being burned in my bed with a warming-pan. My cousin Sally (afterwards Mrs. Rogers) was to share it with me, and she, being afflicted with a swollen face, had her part of the bed warmed, and I was forgotten by the maid, and my leg badly burned. Also I remember preparations for a grand ball, which was to take place. It was the custom to have the floors of the dancing-rooms chalked. An artist was employed to draw appropriate designs in black and white crayons, a large one in the centre representing Terpsichore, the Goddess of Dancing, and the others, in the corners, musical instruments. Of course, they were soon disfigured, but gave a very pretty effect at the beginning of the party.

The house was a very large one. There was a front on Derby Street opposite the Crowninshield Wharf, and I well remember seeing the old historical Prize

Ships lying there at anchor. Leading to the front door was a long flight of steps with a grass-plot each side of the entrance, where my brother Edward and I played together. I remember a Sunday evening when the Rev. Dr. Bentley, a distinguished and remarkable man, and preacher of the East Church, was present. He was very fond of doughnuts, which were especially prepared for him. There were two long parlors on each side of the entrance, and the ballroom had a red velvet paper with gold stars, which was thought very wonderful, as the like had never been seen in Salem. Across the hall was an elegantly furnished drawing-room. The house had a street on each side of it, with entrances. Besides the rooms already described there were others, for more common use, such as the dining-room, library, etc.

The family was a very large one in those days, as my mother had eight children and two young ladies about the ages of my eldest sisters. These were Sally Crowninshield and Susan Mead, of whom I have previously spoken. This is all I can remember of my life in Derby Street. I was always a great deal with my grandmother. The house which she lived in was large, and had been arranged to accommodate two families; and her daughter Sally, who married Mr. Zachariah Silsbee, occupied a part of it. She was a great beauty, with a madonna face,

her figure not graceful, though tall. My mother however had much grace, as well as beautiful arms and hands. The children of each family became very intimate, and we were like brothers and sisters.

At about this time I was sent to a school kept by a man, and with much older girls. I was, I think, about seven years old, and I remember how distressed I was on my seventh birthday, when told by my brother Frank that I must throw away all my dolls and was no longer a child!

At the school, I was placed with my cousin Mary Silsbee, afterwards Mrs. Sparks, and she taught me to write my name, which I remember was dated 1821. Still I could not really write yet; but could read, and I soon began to study the Latin Grammar. In 1822 my father bought a large, handsome house in Essex Street, directly opposite the Market House, which was set back in a square.[1] It had a carriage entrance, and this opened into a large yard extending to a back street and including a garden, prettily laid out, with a summer house at the end of it. Here my brother Edward and myself, with one cousin, Sarah Silsbee, passed much of our playtime. My mother took great pleasure in the garden, and always accompanied us on our walk at sunset, on summer evenings. Next door to us was a family, the

[1] See Appendix, note 7

Ashtons, consisting of four maiden ladies and a brother (a widower), with his daughter, all living together. They had a very beautiful garden next to ours, but much larger, and with many rare flowers. We were much pleased whenever we heard a call, over the fence that separated the gardens, from one of those ladies, who were enjoying their evening walk, asking us to come in and join them. These ladies would often come and pass an evening with us, and when my mother returned the visit she took me with her.

At that time there was no way of warming the houses except with wood-fires in the rooms and stoves in the halls; so it was the custom to have foot-stoves made of tin, like a box with holes in the top, and set in a wooden frame. Then a little door opened on the side to put in a pan of red-hot coals from the wood-fires. The Misses Ashton had several in their parlor, and immediately one would be offered to a visitor. The brother was fond of exercise, and in winter kept a huge pile of snow in his yard which he shovelled from one spot to another each morning, taking an early hour before breakfast, much to the annoyance of his neighbors.

Some years previous to this, I think, my father must have begun his public life as Secretary of the Navy in Madison's administration: therefore, my

mother and two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, went to Washington for the winters.[1] This was accomplished in my father's private carriage; driving to Providence and taking the steamboat to New York, carriage and all; and thence, slowly, they reached Washington. My sisters, being yet in their teens, were left in Philadelphia at a French Boarding School. My brother and myself were left in Salem, and my grandmother closed her own house and moved to ours in Essex Street. My cousin Sarah Silsbee always passed the winter with us, as she was of the same age as myself. Her mother had a large family and was a great invalid. In consequence, my mother was most kind and attentive to all the children. In fact, we were almost like one family, and brothers and sisters, instead of cousins.

At this time I was promoted to a new school kept by Mr. Thomas Cole, and my cousin Sarah and I went together to it, twice a day, two sessions. It was of a high order, a private school under the management of a committee, and limited in the number of its pupils — I should say about thirty scholars. Every quarter there was an examination, and the committee came to hear the recitations. Great attention was paid to Mathematics, and two whole days, Tuesday and Friday of each week, were

[1] See Appendix, note 1.

given up to that study. Books on Algebra, Geometry, Euclid, and Colburn's Arithmetic were used. Our other studies were of a high order also: Sunday, at home, Butler's Analogy for our Monday's lesson, then Paley's, Stuart's Philosophy, Hedge's Logic, and many others I cannot now recall. Regular themes were required each week, and always a sketch of the Sunday's Sermon. We were all required to be in our seats when Mr. Cole arrived, and as he entered the room there was "*Silence*," then we all rose in our seats, and remained standing till he reached his desk. He then read Prayers. A chapter from the Bible was selected, and each one read a verse aloud. Then began recitations of the different classes.

I was at this school until I was fifteen years of age. My mother was very ambitious for me to excel in my studies, and took great pains to have my French attended to. This was taught by a French lady, Mlle. Giraud. She gave me lessons at 8 o'clock in the morning before going to school, as she was very busy; but she also had evening hours for conversation, and made us write French letters, as a very important part of our study.

During all this period of my life, from seven years to fifteen years, I had a very happy time. My father had a large farm, of at least one hundred and fifty acres, in Topsfield, and here were passed all our

vacations, with my cousins the Silsbees.[1] This farm was carried on by a foreman[2] and the house was kept in readiness for us at any and all times. It was only 8 miles from Salem, and consequently we were often there, and my father and his friends would go there for the day. We had carriages and horses in abundance. My mother was very fond of the country, and took great pleasure in her garden. But we as children enjoyed the barn filled with hay, and the cows in their stalls. Our cousins the Silsbees were always with us as boys and girls — in fact, my cousin Sarah and I were like sisters and so considered by all, as she was always invited by my cousins and aunts whenever I was, as if we could not be separated.

Music and Dancing-School were not omitted in my education. I took music-lessons of a funny little woman, Miss Mallet. For dancing, a M. Labouche, a Frenchman, came from Boston every week and had classes of different ages. He came on Wednesday and had afternoon lessons in Hamilton Hall, and another lesson on the Thursday morning following, as he could not remain longer. At

[1] See Appendix, note 6.

[2] John K. Cole, familiarly known as Captain, and later as Deacon Cole, of Boxford, an active and highly respected citizen of that town, and member of the Massachusetts Legislature of 1861.

afternoon lessons we were in our best clothes, and our mothers came with us. In the morning it was an undress affair and confined to exercises only. At the end of the term we had a public exhibition. I was considered the best dancer and danced the shawl dance with two other girls. Then there was the gavotte danced with a boy. I danced with John Putnam, in a white muslin dress with many rows of light blue satin ribbon on the skirt, which greatly pleased me, as I could see myself repeated in the mirrors which ornamented the hall. This Hamilton Hall was a most celebrated place, and was the scene of many brilliant parties before my time. My sisters and cousins had constantly been there. Tickets were given out for the dances, and when the band opened the ball, the Manager would call out: "No. 1, a Lady," and she stepped out to meet "No. 1, a Gentleman." In this way every one was sure of a companion, although it must have been embarrassing as to your fate in the selection of a partner.

I must not forget to tell you of our Thanksgiving. It was the custom of all well-to-do families to have their kitchens filled with groceries and provisions of every kind. My grandmother — my mother being in Washington at that time — would usually station herself in the kitchen and oversee the distribution of the food provided. Crowds of poor families filled

the streets and the entrances to the yards of the rich ones. Everybody had a turkey or a leg of mutton, and groceries of all kinds, — a bag of flour, sugar, meal and corn. This was continued throughout the day before Thanksgiving, and the evening also. I well remember my sisters and their cousins Sally and Mary Crowninshield all going in disguise to my aunt Nathaniel Silsbee's (my father's sister) and telling a most pathetic story, and they were not discovered until, having received their presents, they burst into laughter and enjoyed their joke. Then followed the dinner the next day, or sometimes an evening party with games, such as *blind-man's-buff*, and other noisy frolics, joined in by old and young. This occurred in turn at each other's houses.[1]

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[1] *Thanksgiving Day,*

26 Commonwealth Avenue.

Dear Annie, — My mind has been so full of a Thanksgiving Day of the old, old Salem days, in which you are always before my vision, that I *must* tell you about it. It was at our house for the evening. All the Silsbees, Williams, Zacks, Crowninshields, and Cousin Mary and Cousin Sally, and their belongings were there. The front drawing-room had its big wood-fire (the back one, where the Elders were, being closed for the supper-table), and we younger folk were in the parlor with another bright fire, and the big folding doors all open, making one room, practically, of the whole.

Well, they were all clustered around *you*, the young ones. And you were in a big armchair in the *parlor*, and small I, being about

My intimate friends at this time were of course my cousin Sarah, and next Eliza Pickman (daughter of Mr. Dudley L. Pickman and sister of Mrs. Richard S. Fay), Caroline Saltonstall, Martha Derby, and many others. At the Pickmans' house Sarah and I were frequent visitors and would make visits

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7 years old, was curled up at your side with your arm around me, and you were telling stories to which all listened with delight. My dear, it is all so vivid to me that I could not help sitting down to tell you all about it. I see it all. And you and I and Caroline Pickman are the only ones left of that gathering!

And that dear, old, beautiful home where so many noted men and gatherings have been, in the days of Clay and Webster and many more (dinners for 50 in those drawing-rooms) is now going to ruin, nobody living there! I drove last summer around the old Crowninshield place in Danvers, where Uncle George used to be so much. It is a beautiful place, beautifully kept. Did not Aunt Maria come from there!

I hope I have not tired you, but I could not resist the desire to *outpour* to you, for I know old memories are dear to you.

I hope you can read my writing, but my hands cannot do what they used to in this line.

So many pictures rise before me now of your Father and Mother, both in the Salem and Boston homes, and how kind and affectionate they were to me!

I hope you have had a happy Thanksgiving Day. I only wish I could do as much in bringing my family about me as you do.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGIANA C. SALTONSTALL.

(Mrs. Saltonstall wrote this letter in regard to Thanksgiving at Salem about four years before her death in 1901.)

there of a week at a time. Mr. Pickman was a great sufferer from gout, and, in fact, was a cripple as regards moving from his chair. He greatly enjoyed the young people and we enjoyed our visits there. I especially remember the Sunday evening tea at Mrs. Sanders's, the grandmother of Eliza and Catherine Pickman, and the children of Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall and Mrs. Nathaniel Saltonstall. Mrs. Sanders, the mother of these ladies, was a most cultivated woman, and much interested in the cause of the Indians, and was always lecturing us as young people on this topic, as well as giving us good advice on many other subjects, and it was a great pleasure to be one of the guests at her Sunday evenings.

My friend Martha Derby and I were much together. She was a relative as well, her father and mine being first cousins. Her uncle, Mr. Richard Derby, lived in Boston. He married a very beautiful woman, and they had a handsome house on Chestnut Street. They had no children, and entertained a great deal. Their Christmas dinners were grand occasions, and to one of them, Martha had the privilege of inviting me. We went to Boston accompanied by her mother and sisters. This was a great event. I remember the stage-coach calling for me, and I was put into it with great care, in a new dress for the occasion, and after reaching

Boston I went to my Aunt Rice's (my father's sister Sally). They lived in Colonnade Row, now Tremont Street, and their house was where the property known as the Evans House stood in later years. It was a handsome house and beautifully furnished, and contained fine pictures. The next day was Christmas, and I was sent by my aunt's maid to the dinner in a new green silk dress with a scarlet plaid ribbon sash. The hostess, Mrs. Derby, was dressed in pink cashmere, with a trimming of chinchilla fur, a deep band on the bottom, and a small cape of the fur about the shoulders. This impressed me as very elegant. At the dessert I was greatly excited to have at our plates *turn-overs*, as they were called, of pastry, with our initials on them and mince-meat inside. After the dinner came games and dancing. I returned to my aunt's, having had a splendid time, and the next day was taken by Martha Derby to the house of her sister, Mrs. John Rogers.

I must say here that this lady was a celebrated beauty. As I recall her, I feel that I have never seen her equal since. Nor am I alone in my opinion. Her very name fascinated me — *Sarah Ellen Derby*. She was tall and graceful, with beautiful coloring, and such truly golden hair as one rarely sees. I was there a long time, seeing her beautiful home, which

even then I appreciated, and was to walk back to my aunt's alone — my first walk alone in Boston; and never can I forget my feelings on a cold winter's day, with ice and snow in the streets. I attempted, after passing down Park Street, to reach the opposite side of Colonnade Row. I was nearly blown into the air, and felt I could never reach what was later called the Evans House on Tremont Street. How very different it all was then! Between Winter and West streets was a place called Washington Gardens, which was, I think, a kind of menagerie. How little did I dream then that most of my after life would be passed in Park Street as my future home!

My set of girls were fond of acting plays at Mrs. E. Hersey Derby's, in South Salem, a widow lady with three grown-up daughters, Marianne, Caroline, and Emily. Being the youngest of our set, they took great pleasure in acting as our managers. Their house was very suitable — a large wooden building with a circular front, giving a very impressive effect, with a large garden attached to it. One of the eldest wrote the programmes and coached us for our parts. These plays were usually in French, and my part was impersonating a Mlle. D'Orgeville, a fashionable *grande dame*. This family of Derbys was not so nearly connected with us as were the John Derbys (parents of Martha). A fascinating

LE SORTILEGE NATUREL,

OR THE

"CONJURING BIRD,"

WILL BE PERFORMED

ON EVENING,

AT MRS. J. CROWNINSHIELD'S.....Derby Street

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES.

1st. LE SORTILEGE NATUREL.

Mde. de Grammont, - -	*Miss S. A. Silsbee.*
Eugenie & Julie, her daughters,	*E. White—L. Crowninshield.*
Mlle. D'orgeville, - - -	*A. Crowninshield.*
Elise, her sister, - - -	*M. Derby.*
Gabrielle, Caroline, Sophie, friends of Julie, -	*M. A. Brown, E. Lander, M. W. Crowninshield.*
Justine, (waiting maid) - -	*A. G. King.*
Janette, (an old servant) -	*C. S. White.*

2d. LE VILLAIN CHARMANT, OR THE UGLY BEAUTY,

A DIALOGUE, BY

Claudine, - - - - -	*A. G. King.*
Lucette, - - - - -	*L. Crowninshield.*

3d. LES PETITES COUTURIERES, OR THE LITTLE NEEDLE WOMEN.

Mde. Valcourt, - - -	*Miss A. Crowninshield.*
Louise, Leonore, Sophie, her children, - -	*E. White, A. King, L. Crowninshield.*
Charlotte, their friend, - -	*M. Derby.*
Poor Woman, - - -	*C. S. White.*
Jacqueline, Margotton, her children, -	*R. Forrester, S. Howes.*

and handsome family were all the daughters — Sarah Ellen, with whom I visited when she was Mrs. Rogers; next came Mary Jane, who married Mr. Ephraim Peabody, who became preacher at King's Chapel; then came Laura, who first married Mr. Arnold Welles, and after his death, Hon. R. C. Winthrop. My friend Martha never married, and died many years since, as have all my early companions. Not one is now living.

At that time in Salem there were many beautiful women. I must recall the three Miss Endicotts. First was Eliza, not so beautiful as her sisters, but the very essence of style; her figure faultless and her grace unequalled, and one of the most capable of human beings. Nothing that could be done did she fail in, from needlework to house decorations, and she made herself most efficient at wedding-parties, giving valuable aid with her exquisite taste. She became Mrs. Augustus Perry. Martha, the next one, was very beautiful, and lovely in her character, as well as in appearance. She became Mrs. Francis Peabody. The youngest, Clara, was pretty and pleasing, but had not the great beauty of her sister Martha. She married Mr. George Peabody, and her grand-children are the present Clara E. Sears, Fanny P. Mason, Mary C. Endicott (who married the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P.), and William C.

Endicott, Jr., their mothers being Mary, Fanny, and Ellen Peabody. All these ladies were of my sister's age and set.

In the family of Judge Putnam were several handsome daughters. The eldest, Louisa, married Mr. Joseph Augustus Peabody. She was most distinguished for her graceful walking. I remember being called to run to the window quickly to see her sail by on Sunday in her beautiful clothes, as she passed on her way to church. She was the mother of Mrs. Prescott and grandmother to Mrs. Roger Wolcott. Then Elizabeth, a sister, thought very handsome also, married Mr. John Amory Lowell of Boston. Her descendants are Mrs. Dr. Sprague, the Arthur Lymans, and heirs of Mr. Augustus Lowell, who married Miss Kitty Lawrence, daughter of Mr. Abbott Lawrence. The youngest sister Sarah married my brother, Francis B. Crowninshield. She was very blond and celebrated for her beautiful voice and singing. Mrs. Josiah Bradlee and Mrs. Francis Bacon and the late B. W. Crowninshield were her children. Miss Catherine Pickman, afterwards Mrs. Fay, and Miss Anne Saltonstall were of the set of my brother's wife. Miss Saltonstall died an invalid, unmarried. Her younger sister Caroline was my friend.

I must not forget to mention my cousin, Miss

Mary Silsbee, afterwards Mrs. Sparks, as she was thought very handsome and much admired; also my companion and cousin, Sarah Silsbee, of a younger set, a great beauty, and married to Mr. Willard Peele of Salem.

Last, but not least, were my two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary. They were amongst the belles of Washington society, where they passed many winters. Elizabeth was always thought to have the most beauty, with her deep blue eyes, lovely complexion, and slight, graceful figure. Mary, perhaps with more regular features but not so lovely, had a more dignified manner.

My father, having been Secretary of the Navy under Madison and Monroe, was now member of Congress for many years.[1] My mother and sisters always went to Washington every other winter — that was during the long session of Congress — as the journey there and arrangements for the younger children at home made it difficult for her to go yearly. I had never been taken there, but it was proposed to me to choose whether to go the coming winter, or to pass it with my cousin Mrs. William Putnam Endicott. On my grandmother's death there was no one to see to the house during my mother's absence. It was represented to me that

[1] See Appendix, notes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

there were no schools in Washington and I should have no friends and companions and no occupation or amusement: so I naturally decided to pass the winter with my cousin Mary Endicott.

The journey to Washington then was very long and usually made in my father's carriage, with horses from New York. My parents would go to Providence first, and then take a steamboat to New York, and from there by land in their private carriage. At this time I was, I think, about twelve years of age, and my mother being ambitious for my education, took me from Mr. Cole's school in Salem, to be placed at Mr. Emerson's school in Boston — that being thought the finishing touch for a young lady. This was not to be done until after my visit to my cousin, so I passed that winter with her, it being about the year 1827. I had a very happy time, as my cousin was in every way devoted to me. She then had only one child, William C. Endicott, who became Secretary of War in Cleveland's First Administration. They then lived in Danvers, — a very pretty farm and good house. I recall a ball given there, and enjoyed very much arranging the house for it with Miss Eliza Endicott, of whom I have already told, as well as of her great taste in decorations. My cousin Sarah Silsbee was often invited to be my companion, and we enjoyed

very much amusing ourselves in the beautiful little summer house in the garden. It was two stories in height, and going upstairs to an upper chamber gave us great pleasure, as it seemed a miniature house for us with our books and sewing. Outside were several carved images on the top of the roof. It has recently been purchased by Mrs. William C. Endicott (Ellen Peabody), daughter-in-law of my young playmate, and transported to another country seat not far away.

At that time it was very much the custom to get up parties to go to Boston to the theatre. I remember the pleasure we had, on a party of perhaps one dozen and more of our intimate friends, at the Tremont House — then a most elegant and comfortable hotel — and attending the theatre, having supper afterwards, and passing the night and returning the next day to Salem. A young actor called Burke, more often "Little Burke," at the early age of twelve to sixteen acted the prominent parts in Shakespeare's plays, and all the world was rushing to see and hear him. I was the youngest of the party, and I feel now it was most kind of them to have taken me. The visit to the theatre, the supper at the hotel, was a dream to my young and unsophisticated life. The first theatre I had ever been to previously was in Salem, a year before this. A new

theatre had been built in Barton Square — the first and only one, I think, in Salem. My mother was absent in Washington. My grandmother presided at our home to take care of us. My second brother Francis was to take my cousin and constant companion Sarah Silsbee, who always passed the winter with us when my mother was away. The play was called "Sweethearts and Wives." We passed the afternoon dressing ourselves in any kind of article we could find in the drawers of my sisters, but were told we were not to be in fancy costume, and reluctantly laid aside our finery and went in our daily dresses.

In the summer of that year, 1827, my eldest brother Benjamin graduated from Harvard and with high honors, having a part at Commencement. My cousin Mary took me to be present at the ceremonies of the graduating class. We were no sooner seated in the Chapel than my mother and sisters appeared by our side, returning from Washington where they had passed the winter, and reaching Cambridge just in time for the exercises. My brother Benjamin was a most promising young man. He was of great personal beauty, and was frequently called the Apollo. Added to this, he was of most fascinating and agreeable manners, stood high in his studies, and was a great favorite in his class. In the year following

his graduation he was taken ill with typhoid fever, and died after many weeks of suffering, on his birthday, January 26, 1829, aged 21 years. His illness was long, and as few, if any, capable nurses were to be had, all the different members of the family took their share in watching by his bedside. My Aunt Silsbee, my father's sister, was then head nurse, and my uncle Frank Boardman, my mother's brother, never left him night after night.

My father had passed the winter alone in Washington; but when Dr. James Jackson of Boston, in consultation with Dr. Treadwell of Salem (our family physician), had given up all hopes of his recovery, my father was called home from his post in Washington. Unfortunately, he arrived too late, for my brother had died only a few hours before he reached Salem. The journey at that season was an almost impossible one. On reaching New York there was no boat to go between New York and Providence, and therefore no way of reaching home. But as he was a friend of Commodore Vanderbilt, he chartered a special steamboat for him; and my father (the only passenger) made the voyage in safety to Providence, thence by stage-coaches to Boston, and finally Salem. His grief was most heart-rending; but all that friends could do in speaking of my brother's fine character and personal attractions

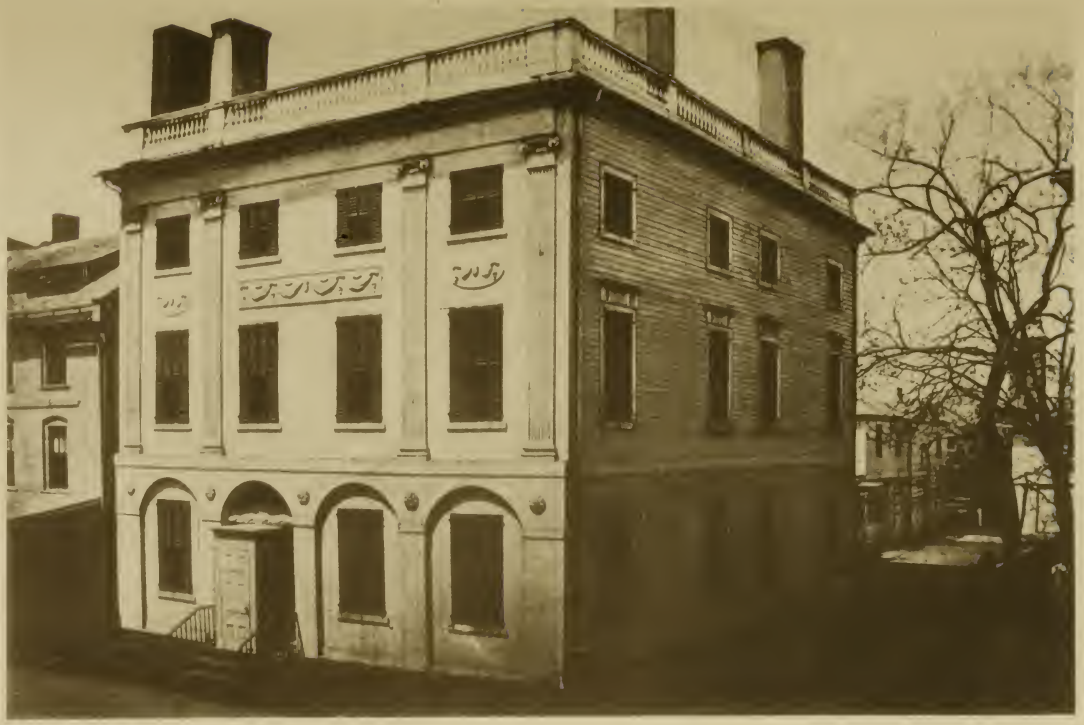
was freely offered him. The funeral took place at our house in Essex Street, and was attended by nearly all his classmates and friends. The papers were filled with notices of his death, and poetry and prose expressed all that was most gratifying to my parents.

I well remember the visit of La Fayette to Salem in 1825, previous to my brother's death. The procession passed my grandmother's house on Pleasant Street. Unfortunately it was a rainy day, creating much disappointment. Also soon after this followed the celebration at Bunker Hill in honor of the new monument, when Mr. Webster's famous speech was made, and the never-to-be-forgotten words were heard by thousands, "Let it rise! Let it rise till it meets the sun in his coming. Let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit."

My mother made a great deal of my youngest brother Edward. He was very handsome, with his bright blue eyes, curly hair, and lovely complexion, and naturally she was very fond of him, so he was to be taken to the historic celebration. I can almost see him now, seated on the box of the carriage beside the coachman, as he was placed there in a new suit of clothes with silver bell buttons adorning it. I was sent to pass the day with my grandmother. I felt very much the disappointment, when

told I could not go. When our birthday came there was a great difference in the way of noting it. Mine came in September. Edward's came in February, and he always had ice-cream for his dessert at dinner, a rare and dainty mouthful in those days, — while mine passed unnoticed. These little attentions were most depressing for me, and I kept, to comfort me, a little piece of paper in my bureau drawer, headed: "Unkind things mamma and Edward say to me." However, my mother was not negligent of what was for my real good, because she was most ambitious for me in all my education.

I have often wondered, as I look back, why I was not spoiled by the attentions and kindness I received from all my aunts and cousins. Both of my aunt Silsbees, one my mother's sister and the other my father's sister, treated me with great affection and interest. I was always called for, to come and dress their hair and make caps and turbans for any festive occasion. Turbans were in great demand in those days, professional hair-dressers were unknown. So I was considered very skilful in arranging and draping them. Then I made them long visits at intervals — and my cousins Sally Rogers and Mary Endicott claimed me almost as their own child. My grandmother was very indulgent and kept me well supplied with pennies, which I usually spent at the



confectioner's shop of John Simmons, cream cakes being my special delight, and which I was always glad to share with my cousin Sarah Silsbee.

I must not omit to speak of the famous Gibraltar candy, which was made by a Mrs. Spencer and brought to our houses in a cart driven by her, with one horse, she being dressed in a quaint sunbonnet. They were in shape large and thick, and wrapped in paper twisted at one end, and were truly delicious. Mrs. Spencer came from England, and was said to be of noble birth. After her death her son returned to England and inherited his title, and became Sir Thomas Spencer, which was not unexpected.

One of my foolish doings I must mention: I had been christened Anstiss Williams, being the name of my father's grandmother. I was called by my family always Annie, but very frequently by strangers and when spoken to in disgrace called by the formal name "Anstiss," with often an exaggerated pronunciation, as *Anstriss*. This gave me great mortification as I grew older. At that time Mr. Richard S. Rogers, who married my cousin Sally and who also made a great pet of me, was a member of the Legislature in Boston, and offered to have my name changed legally to Annie.[1] I then had to choose a middle name, and after many romantic ones sug-

[1] Changed by Act of General Court, dated March 12, 1830

gested by my sister Elizabeth (afterwards Mrs. Mountford), I chose Caspar, a family name. So it was legally changed, and done with much less formality than it could have been later. I think my mother did wrong to allow me to have it done, and I have very much regretted my folly since.

My father had frequent visits from the friends he met in Washington. I recollect distinctly when Mr. John Quincy Adams with his son George came and passed a night. At the breakfast-table the next morning his son George did not make his appearance at the appointed hour, and Mr. Adams said, after some delay, "I must summon my son George." This puzzled me and I was wondering if that meant a punishment. Then another friend was General Dearborn, who lived with his family in Roxbury. Both his wife and daughter Julia were most interesting people. The latter became an intimate friend of my sister Elizabeth. Mrs. Dearborn was a very intelligent person, and on one occasion I spoke of some one as being old, and she replied, "My child, no one is *old* but Satan."

Opposite our house on Essex Street lived Dr. Holyoke, not then a practising physician, as he was very old, and lived to reach his one hundredth year. I used to watch him, every morning, come to his front door with a dark green velvet cap on his head

to read his thermometer hanging outside. After his death, the house was altered into a cabinet furniture store, and was occupied by a firm much known for their good taste and work, Kimball & Sargent.[1] They made many pieces of furniture now in my possession, my large mahogany wardrobe with long mirror, and the four-post bedstead. Afterward the firm was known as Israel Fellows, which was equally well thought of.

The houses in Salem were of course very cold, furnaces not being thought of. A large stove in the centre of our hall, and wood-fires in our parlor, hardly made us comfortable. The snow was often so high in front of our houses that arches would be cut through it to get to the street. Coal was not used at all, and I remember the first effort to have hard coal burned in our parlor. The setting of the grate to hold the coal not being understood, we suffered still more, with no fire at all. Speaking of fires brings to my mind the alarm for fires given by ringing all the bells that could be reached; this at night as well as day, at which all the household rose, and the gentlemen of the family took fire-buckets and bags and ran with the crowd. My mother always said, that at the sound of the bells, it was not to know where the fire was, but where was I? — as I was terrified beyond

[1] No. 199 Essex Street.

words and was taken from my bed and held by my father in his arms. And perhaps, after all, the fire would be in Danvers, miles away. The sound of bells has to this day held a terror for me, remembering the funeral knells in my childhood at the death of any one, and the alarms for the fires. Not even Washington's Birthday at this date (1904) has made me forgetful of my early associations of the sounds and the ringing of the church bells.

My father's life in Washington was a long one. He was made Secretary of the Navy in 1814,[1] which office he held under Madison's Administration, until 1818, when he resigned.[2] My mother was on most intimate terms with Mrs. Madison. During that time a Dutch artist, a Mr. Vanderpool, came to this country to paint the portraits of the President and Mrs. Madison. My father was invited to have his portrait painted at the White House by this same artist, and my mother was afterwards painted by him at her own residence. These portraits are now in the possession of my niece Mrs. John Quincy Adams, as they fell to the lot of my brother George, her father. My father was in 1823 elected to Congress, and he continued to be reëlected till 1831,

[1] See Appendix, notes 1 and 2.

[2] My father served three years with Madison and one with Monroe.

which was longer than any one had then held the position.

After resigning as Secretary of the Navy, he was elected to the State Legislature,[1] and in 1819 was a candidate for Governor. My mother was very ambitious for her children, particularly in their education, and evidently she thought Boston would offer the younger ones greater advantages. She therefore planned for me to go to Boston to a then popular school kept by Mr. George B. Emerson. So it was arranged that Miss Caroline Saltonstall, my friend and companion, should join me, and that we should be together in Boston in order to attend that school. Accordingly a place was engaged for us to live in, under the care of three maiden ladies, the Misses Stocker, who kept a very private boarding-house. This was situated in Colonnade Row, now Tremont Street, and was very near to my Aunt Rice, who lived where the Evans House afterwards stood.[2]

We were very happy together, and enjoyed our school days, although it did not compare with the school in Salem kept by Mr. Thomas Cole. However, the studies were easier and of a lighter kind. Saturday was always devoted to a recitation of poetry, selected from the old English poets, in

[1] See Appendix, note 4. [2] Now No. 175 Tremont St.

which the whole school took part. I remember my first lesson was Gray's Elegy. It was very long for one lesson, and the first half had been for the preceding lesson before I was at the school. The last half was for this Saturday. So I had a double part to learn, which I did, and was pleased to be complimented for it. The book from which these poems were taken was called "Studies in Poetry," and to this day I have it by me on my table and in it written my name, with the date, *June* 8, 1832. I can at this day repeat some of the pieces I then learned — Cowper's Address to his Mother's Picture; also from Milton's Paradise Lost. In this class, if a person failed to join in, when the nod of Mr. Emerson's head pointed for the next one to take up the lines, she lost her place, and the fortunate girl was placed above her, so that all were ambitious to reach the head of the class. One young lady had held it for a long time and never failed her lines. To her surprise and that of all the class, one day, he said, "Wrong," and passed it to the next, who repeated it in words the same, but gave a different accent in pronouncing it, to which Mr. Emerson said, "Correct," and she took her place at the head of the class. The line of the poetry was from Goldsmith's Traveller: —

"And Ni-ag'-a-ra stuns with thundering sound."

When passed to the next, she pronounced it —

"And Ni-a-ga'-ra stuns with thundering sound."

This young lady was Miss Fanny Appleton, afterwards Mrs. H. W. Longfellow. The other was a very good and correct scholar, but had no idea of the difference to the ear of the way of reading it. She seemed crushed at losing the place she had held so long, and it seemed unjust for Mr. Emerson to have counted it an error. Miss Appleton was a great favorite of Mr. Emerson, and I think it was a case of favoritism. I remained at this school two years, leaving at seventeen years of age, with the rest of my classmates. My most intimate friend was Mary Bowditch, afterwards Mrs. Epes Dixwell; then Mary Warren, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Dwight; Miss Lucy Nichols, afterwards Mrs. Ingersoll Bowditch, and many others. I must not forget Anne Francis, afterwards Mrs. John E. Thayer, who was very devoted to me, which I appreciated, being a stranger coming from Salem.

It was while I was at school that my father bought the house in Boston at the corner of Beacon and Somerset streets. It belonged to Mr. Hodgkinson, who had married a Miss Hinckley. Her father had built the house, and the one adjoining was built at the same time, I do not know whether by him or

some one else. It was a very superb residence and filled with beautiful furniture, mirrors and statues. Miss Hinckley, who lived with her father, was an only child. She had a romantic and tragic scene in a love-affair with her music-teacher, an Italian. He fell in love with her when they were living at some apartment house while this house was building. One day, having urged his suit and been refused, on entering the house he shot himself at her feet.

After occupying the new abode she married Mr. Hodgkinson, a very charming young Englishman several years younger than herself. Her father dying, she inherited this beautiful home.

I suppose, having a family (and she being of very retiring habits), they decided to sell this house for economy. My father moved into it after retiring from public life, and in 1831 left Salem, with many regrets at parting with his friends and associations.

Mr. Hodgkinson was a very fascinating person. I saw a good deal of him while we were moving into Somerset Street. I was still in my room at the boarding-house and at school, but in leisure hours was at home, Mr. Hodgkinson being very fond of me. He purchased a house at the corner of Tremont and Winter streets, at that time all those houses opposite Park Street being private residences. Many

years afterwards he removed to England. I was in Europe in 1855, when at a table d'hôte dinner at a hotel in Zurich, with my husband, a gentleman rose from another part of a long table, and as he passed my chair whispered in my ear, "Miss Crowninshield that was" — and rapidly passed on, leaving me in a wonder. What did it mean? After leaving the table, in a hall where many of the guests were congregating, this gentleman came to me, introducing himself as the one who admired *me* and my *emerald earrings* so many years ago. I did not recognize him, his appearance seeming much older, but his voice and agreeable and fascinating manner brought him vividly before me.

Mr. Hodgkinson had a daughter who married Mr. Edward Bangs, and her son Reginald married Anna, daughter of Ellen Anderson, who was the daughter of Mrs. William Amory, née Sears.

The architecture of this house, now my father's, was of the highest order, and all the decorations in exquisite taste. My father bought many of the articles of furniture, all the sofas, chairs, mirrors, and draperies of the two drawing-rooms. These were on the right as you entered. A long hall with a circular staircase took you to the next floor. A dining-room (very large) was on the left as you entered, and behind it were the back staircase, pantries and

butler's room for serving the table at dinner. Upstairs, on the first floor, was a music-room with folding doors, which led to my mother's bedroom; also a small but very pretty library, with a fireplace under the window, and a beautiful large bookcase occupying one side of the room, the opposite side having a door leading to the music-room. This room was my favorite spot where I studied my lessons. The lower hall had marble columns on each side as you passed to the staircase, and between them were placed busts in marble, of some of the Presidents.

The marble mantelpieces were Italian and very beautiful. One in the dining-room had two columns of white marble, and in the centre a carved head of Medusa with snakes. The drawing-room mantels were supported by Caryatides, and in my mother's chamber one was a mass of beautifully carved butterflies, with garlands of flowers; and so delicate was the carving that no servant was ever allowed to clean it, and so my sister Elizabeth and I took care of it. We rubbed a special preparation of soap all over it carefully at night, and in the morning we washed it over with very delicate brushes, like soft toothbrushes, and so kept it clean. This was the most difficult mantel to take care of. The doors of the rooms were of rich, solid mahogany, and the handles were of cut glass, which sparkled like dia-

monds. The curtains of the drawing-rooms were of India satin damask, one of them having the long curtains *blue*, with festooned draperies of *yellow* damask, and the other reversed, long curtains *yellow*, with *blue* valence. Altogether the house was quite palatial, and later when we added the beautiful oil paintings selected by my brother George in Europe, it was a pleasure to be there. Yet my father had many fine pictures besides these paintings, and the china and silver were also very handsome, as well as his collection of clocks, and I might add watches; as he had all varieties, from a musical one that belonged to his brother, who owned the Cleopatra's barge, and who bought it in Europe, to one which could be used by a blind man, which he in his declining years slept with around his neck, to know the hour if waking at night. In fact, he was always adding to his treasures, as he could not resist buying any and every thing that tempted him.

Our summers were passed mostly in town, and our visits to the farm in Topsfield were less frequent, being so far away, and to be reached only in our carriage. It was thought very important to be in town the two last weeks in August. In those days Commencement at Harvard took place that month, and all the Southerners who had their boys at Harvard came to Boston to attend the exercises; so that many

of the families remained in town to entertain their Southern friends. My father, having been so much in Washington, had many friends among the families of the Middletons, Pringles, and others. My father and mother and Mr. Harrison Gray Otis of Beacon Street, the Ticknors, and many others gave a series of dinners, dances, etc., at that season, and all felt that that was the gay time in Boston, and that every one should be there prepared for the gaiety. Amongst other guests I remember Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens and Fanny Kemble.

However, I remember that we passed the early part of one summer at Newport. We had engaged rooms at a Mrs. Hazard's boarding-house, and I recall this visit for two reasons. First, because of the following circumstance: I have forgotten to mention that in my school life I had had a fever, I don't know what it was called, but I was at the Misses Stocker's boarding-house, and had two doctors (Dr. Jeffries and Dr. James Jackson) for consultation. I was delirious and my hair was all shaved except a little in front, and after my recovery I had to wear caps like those of a baby, fitting close. While I was at Newport bathing in the salt water my hair grew in the most wonderful manner, and I could very soon leave off my caps. Another interesting event was, that while there my sister Mary met Dr. Charles Mifflin, who

fell in love with her, and she later became engaged to him and was married the following winter. The wedding took place on January 1, 1835. My mother said that she also had been married January 1 (1804) and had had a most happy life.

This wedding recalls to me a most beautiful scene. My cousin Sarah Silsbee (who was always at our house in the winter from Thanksgiving Day to Fast Day) and myself were the two bridesmaids. Mr. Philip van Rensselaer, a friend of Dr. Mifflin, and another gentleman whom I do not recall, were the groomsmen. All branches of the family were present, and Rev. Dr. Lothrop, then the pastor of Brattle Square Church, performed the ceremony. This took place in the lower drawing-rooms; and upstairs the music-room and my mother's room, which were connected by folding doors, served as the supper-rooms. Her bed was removed, and a long table was placed through the two rooms with seats for all. The bride cut the cake, and all were gay and merry. The next day they left Boston for their future home in Philadelphia.

I cannot now recall the exact order of things that suggest themselves to my mind. I must mention my " coming-out " into society, which was the winter that I was seventeen years old. At that time it was not made an event of such importance as it is

by the young ladies of to-day. My first ball was at Mrs. John Amory Lowell's, who lived in Bedford Street. My dress was of white muslin, made in the house, by our seamstress, and I wore a wreath of pink rosebuds in my hair, which was yet very short. I felt contented with my costume, and enjoyed myself.

My brother George, after graduating, went abroad with his intimate friends, Lothrop Motley and Lewis Stackpole. My father gave him permission, "carte-blanche," to buy him valuable paintings. This he did, and when in Italy he was very successful. There were six or seven very beautiful ones, some of them pronounced originals. In any case he had certificates to that effect. The one which I inherited was "Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl," by Guido Reni, and bought at the Zampieri Palace in Bologna, which was the School of Guido. I have the certificate signed by the Academy, which seems to bear testimony of its truth.

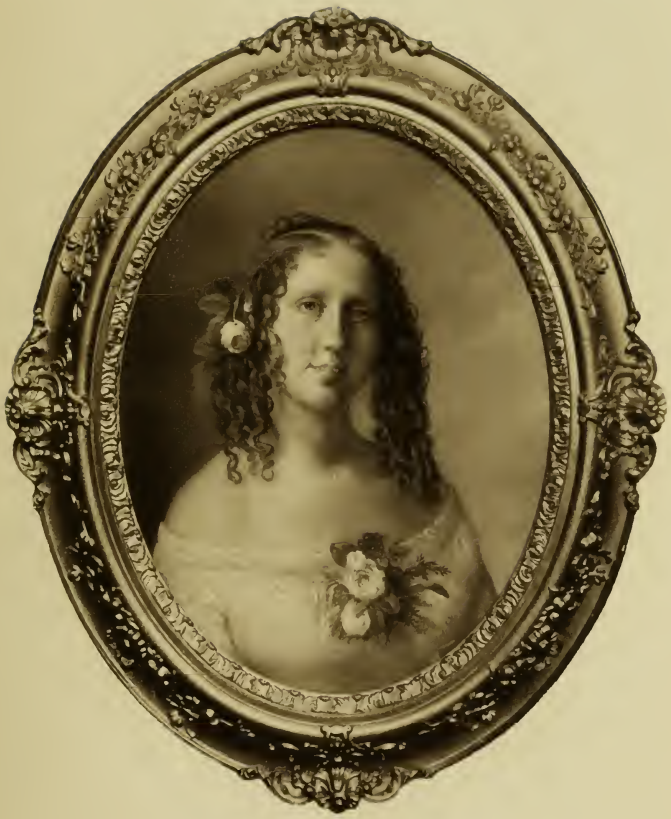
I should have mentioned that just before leaving Salem my brother Francis became engaged to Miss Sarah Putnam, a daughter of Judge Putnam, and they were married very soon after. She was a blonde with a lovely figure and the smallest waist ever seen, and was celebrated for her fine voice, her singing being very much admired. My brother was educated as a lawyer, and he followed my father to Boston.

My brother George, on his return from Europe, after a year or so became engaged to Miss Harriet Sears, daughter of Mr. David Sears, who was a very distinguished gentleman of Boston and lived in Beacon Street in a beautiful house, which is now the property of the Somerset Club. This club took its name from the location of my father's house, corner of Beacon and Somerset streets, which house they bought after my father's death, an event which I am now anticipating.

Mr. and Mrs. Sears and their family went abroad, and my brother joined them later, and he and Miss Sears were married in Paris, and remained there for some time. I am writing from memory, and regret that I cannot give the exact dates of all these events, but suffice it to say, they all occurred between 1831 and 1839.

During this time my sister Mary (then Mrs. Mifflin) lived in Philadelphia, and I went there with my mother and father to visit her. My father had bought her a house on Chestnut Street, and my mother was to superintend the furnishing of it, in which I took an active part, which I was especially delighted to do as I had a decided taste in such matters. It was arranged that my mother should remain longer, to be there at the birth of the first child, and my father and I were sent home. On our way, we

were to remain in New York to meet the steamboat to Providence. My cousin Jacob Crowninshield was living in New York, as he had married a Miss Schuyler, a very charming woman. He had taken me to his home to dine, leaving my father at a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Mann — where he always stayed when in New York. Just at twilight, while he was watching for my return on the high steps of the entrance, a sailor who had rushed into the house to find, as he hoped, a bar for drink, was pushed out by the servants, and he fell against my father, knocking him to the sidewalk. This happened just as I was returning with my cousin, and we saw a great crowd collected, and making our way into the parlor, discovered a man on the sofa in great suffering, and to our horror found it was my father! He was taken to his room, and the prominent surgeon of the day sent for. He arrived shortly, and after examining the patient said he had received a compound fracture of the elbow. Here was I, all alone, no nurse provided, and told that I was to take care of him. Leeches were first applied, the arm being terribly swollen, and then I must put on hot applications after the leeches had finished their work, to keep up the bleeding. I was naturally very timid, and being left alone on this occasion, I passed a night that I shall never forget.



It took a long time for news to reach my mother in Philadelphia, and a Sunday intervening, it seemed as if she would never come to us, and indeed several days did elapse before she came. After a short visit she went back to Philadelphia, and in due time my father and I were sent to Boston. The surgeon was most devoted, and I have made every effort, as I write these notes, to recall his name, but in vain. I had the care of my father for weeks, dressing him and putting his arm in a sling, etc. Girls now-a-days do not do such things! My father eventually recovered the whole use of his arm.

At this time I was still occupied with studies. The young ladies in those days were not so given up to society. I took music lessons, attended classes of lectures in poetry by Mr. Richard Dana, he reading Milton's Paradise Lost, Goldsmith, Cowper, and others, with his own criticisms.

My most intimate friend in Boston was Elizabeth Welles, the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Welles, living in Chestnut Street. I saw less of Mary Bowditch than when at school, but Mary Warren I saw often. She had a French class in the evenings at her house, with Mlle. Giraud for French conversation. Her brother Sullivan was then in college, but I saw him frequently, and he was a constant visitor at our house, and being musical would come and sing to us, a

favorite song being "Oh, ken you the lass of the bonnie blue een?" which was very complimentary to me.

My mother wished me to take singing lessons, although I was utterly devoid of any voice. I had Mr. Paddon, a famous teacher, and he brought a favorite pupil to assist him in his efforts to teach me, by name Charlotte Cushman. She afterwards became the celebrated actress. Many years afterwards, when she was at the height of her fame, I was in Rome, and meeting her often in society, I determined to introduce myself to her, and approached her saying, "Do you remember your old music teacher, Mr. Paddon?" and then asked her did she recall her visits to me as Miss Crowninshield, for I was then known to her as Mrs. Warren. She did remember it all, and this brought about a very agreeable intimacy the rest of our winter in Rome.

To return to my young days, I must not forget my old friend William Lee, who was always most devoted to me. He belonged to an old family with whom my parents had always been intimate in Washington, and his father and sisters were much valued by my own family. He was the "Beau" of our set, and Elizabeth Welles and Mary Ann Sullivan also shared his attentions. Miss Sullivan and I were the best dancers at Papanti's Dancing School,

having taken lessons of him from our school days, when he was in a private house in Mt. Vernon Street, till he presided in the new hall on Tremont Street. This hall became "The" hall for all assemblies and cotillion parties almost to the present time, and is now often referred to as the best floor for dancing then known. I believe it has not been equalled since

During all these years I had often heard Mary and Emily and Sullivan Warren speak of their brother Mason, who was studying medicine in Paris. He returned home and brought a miniature of my brother George, painted in Paris by D'Aubigny, for my mother. He called, leaving his card, but we were not at home, and it was not till many months after this, one Saturday evening, at the Hotel at Nahant, where the dances were given, that Sullivan and Mason came from Boston for one of these dances, and I was introduced by Sullivan to his brother Mason.

My father had recently bought a cottage at Nahant, which was built by Mr. Bennett Forbes, who had sold it at auction. It was new and furnished very completely, a charming little house, and my sister Elizabeth and I enjoyed taking possession of it, for it was like a little baby house, after our Boston home. Therefore we were usually at the hotel dances. From this time Mason and I met

often, and in the following autumn, November 1838, we became engaged, and were married on the 30th of the April following, in 1839. We passed that summer in my father's house in Boston, and then took rooms at the "Albion," corner of Beacon Street and Tremont Street, now occupied by Houghton & Dutton. During that autumn my father bought two houses just built and next to each other, in Pemberton Square, one for me and the other for my sister Mary, Mrs. Mifflin, who was now a resident of Boston.

I must not forget to speak of the pleasure and enjoyment we all had in my sister's beautiful little girl. She was named for our sister Elizabeth, who was the companion of Mary, and naturally had a right to the name. I made many of the dresses that welcomed her into the world, and went to Philadelphia to cut and make her second set of dresses, as I always had a taste in that accomplishment. So we were all most anxious to bring her to Boston to reside permanently with us. She seemed much like a younger sister to me, and was more often at our own home than with her parents; and as other children were added to the family, her mother gave her to her aunt Elizabeth. She was remarkably handsome; and a young woman who painted miniatures came to our house in Beacon and Somerset streets to

paint her picture. I held her in my arms for all the sittings, and the picture is now in possession of her grandson Gardiner Greene Hammond.

Our visit to Philadelphia had other attractions, as Dr. Mifflin's family were charming people. His mother had foreign blood in her veins, and was aristocratic and fascinating. She was very entertaining, and enjoyed a good story. She used to tell of my father's first call upon her after my sister's marriage to her son. My father was very exact in all things, and particular that everything should be placed even and straight. So, accordingly, he was seated on one side of the fireplace, and Mrs. Mifflin on the other, and having viewed a rug not laid straight between them, he said, "Madam, will you allow me to even your rug?"

My mother was never happy till my sister with her child — only an infant — came to live in Boston. They first occupied a house owned by my father in Mt. Vernon Street, opposite Louisburg Square. This troubled my mother, as she objected to the steep hill, as her horses were restless, and she so timid. She was anxious to have her nearer our own home. So my father bought the two adjoining houses in Pemberton Square which was very near by. This was not thought a very favorable situation for a young doctor, so my husband had his sign,

with his name and address, placed on the outside of a shop at the corner of Tremont Street and Pemberton Square. We moved into the house about a year after our marriage. My daughter Mary was born January 26, 1841. My mother died on October 5, 1840, after a rather long illness, with much suffering of pain, and some organic trouble of her liver. I was with her constantly, as a nurse, till my marriage. She was only 62 years old, but seemed much older than one at that age would now appear. Her hair, though long and thick and of a brown shade, was a little white in front; but it was all combed back, and a very heavy, thick *frisette* of false hair in curls was tied round her head. I was her hair-dresser, and *crêped* and curled the hair to make it become her. She had a fine physique, and was very tall and stout, but not fat, with beautifully shaped hands and arms. She was devoted to those in her charge, and had a truly lovely and disinterested disposition, doing all in her power to help and assist others.

Dr. Warren's mother died the following June, so my children never had a grandmother.

My second child, a boy, was born May 4, 1842, named for his grandfather John Collins Warren, and on August 22, 1843, another boy, named Mason, for his father, was added to the family circle.

My husband's health having been always deli-

cate, he was advised to take a vacation in the summer, and accompanied by a friend, Francis Appleton, he went abroad for a few months. They sailed in the spring of 1844. I, with my three children, was to pass the summer at Newport. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Dwight, and I had engaged rooms in a private farmhouse very near the beach used for sea-bathing and owned by a Mrs. Perry. We had a pleasant summer, and in August I went to Boston to meet my husband on his return. He had sailed, on his outward voyage, in the *Europa*, and it was the year that Boston Harbor had been frozen solid. I shall never forget the gloom and despair the day he sailed, caused by his leaving us. His father and Mr. Appleton's father had arrived to take them to the steamer, and later I with my little daughter Mary, just three years old, went to the roof of our house, where there was a little room, as it were, with seats having an uninterrupted view of the harbor, and we could see the smoke of the steamer steaming far away. It was terribly sad, and it took me many days and sleepless nights to recover from it. My daughter, all her life, never forgot seeing the smoke of the steamer as it sailed out toward the ocean.

In the mean time a fine old Colonial house on Park Street, owned by Governor Gore, had been

purchased by Mr. Frank Gray, a rich bachelor. He built a handsome residence for himself, and left a lot of nineteen feet for a small house. Dr. Warren's father, fully desirous to have his son near to him, purchased the lot and built a house for us, which had already been planned by the architect, Mr. George M. Dexter, and we were to move into it that autumn, after the return of my husband from his visit abroad. We enjoyed this change very much, and my husband, who always looked at the bright side of life, said it was *better* than Mr. Sears' beautiful house on Beacon Street, as it looked out on the Blue Hills in front and the old Granary Burying-Ground in the back.

My brother Edward's marriage took place in the month of January following mine, in 1840. He married Caroline Welch, a very handsome young lady. She was a very lovely woman, and we were all much attached to her. My brother was a remarkably handsome young man. They had three sons. Edward, the eldest, died of smallpox contracted in Boston. The second boy, Frank, was attacked by an illness during the Civil War, in which he took part, and died soon after. The third, Frederic, is now an artist, and lives in New York. Their mother married again (Mr. Howard Payson Arnold), and died in a consumption of long date, a number of years later.

Very shortly after, being well satisfied and pleased

in our new home, my baby named Mason became ill from teething, and after a fall from a high seat in the nursery, struck his head, and from that time symptoms of dropsy on the brain developed, and he died in April. In 1846 another daughter came to us, and at that time my father presented me with the cottage at Nahant. It was owned by my brother George, who had built it and laid out the grounds, planted a hedge, and had occupied it for two or three summers. But as his son Caspar was not well there, he and his wife decided upon a visit abroad, and my father purchased the house from them and presented it to me.

This gave me great pleasure, as I had always loved Nahant, and had not been there since my marriage, making Boston my summer home, only occasionally passing a few days, either at Nahant at my father's cottage, or at Brookline where Dr. Warren's family lived. When this new baby, who was named Rosamond, was a month old, I took possession of my new cottage at Nahant. This was in the month of August. There I have passed almost every summer of my life since. Once I went to New London, and three times I was in Europe.

A daughter Eleanor, known as Nellie, and in a few years another daughter, Annie, were added to our family.

In 1851 my father died very suddenly at the age of seventy-nine years. He had, for the last years of his life, been a sufferer from heart trouble, angina pectoris. The day of his death he left his house in company with Dr. Mifflin, who was devoted to him, and went down town to attend to some business, and while standing on the steps of some building, awaiting Dr. Mifflin's return to him, he fell, striking his head on the steps, and all was over. Though this was not unexpected, it was a great shock to me, as I had received a note from him that morning early, enclosing some money for me to give to a poor woman. I had asked it from him at dinner on the previous Saturday, for some of the family always dined with him on that day.

Since my mother's death in 1840 he had had only my eldest sister Elizabeth to be both a housekeeper and companion to him. She was the only unmarried one left of the children. She was the eldest child, a remarkably handsome woman, and of very intellectual tastes. During her Washington career she had many admirers. One I recall was a Mr. Obregon,[1] the Mexican Minister. He was desperately in love,

[1] Mr. Pablo Obregon, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Mexico to the United States, presented his credentials to this government Nov. 18, 1824. Mr. Obregon died at the Mexican Legation in Washington, Sept. 10, 1828.

and as she did not reciprocate his love he shot himself. This was very shocking.

She was deeply attached to a young and very attractive Englishman named Percy Doyle to whom she became engaged. He was the attaché to the English Minister to this country, Sir Charles Vaughan. When Mr. Doyle returned to England his father would not consent to the marriage, and he never returned. My sister passed a very sad life, but after my father's death she became acquainted with an English clergyman, Rev. William Mountford, a Unitarian in doctrine and of much culture. He wrote many books, and was devoted to Spiritualism, which was much believed in by my sister. She finally became engaged, and they were married soon after my father's death. She lived in a house in Chestnut Street, and had as a part of her portion of my father's estate his cottage at Nahant. Unfortunately her fortune was wasted by the person who took care of it, and she became greatly embarrassed. She died after thirty years of married life when she was nearly eighty. Mr. Mountford lived but a short time after her death.

In 1851, on Thanksgiving Day, November 26, my fifth daughter arrived. This event was quite agitating to me, as my house was very small. As I had no boy to take his father's name, we decided to give

her the same initials, and selected the name of "Julia Mason," to be given her at her christening. This was done; but a few days later, we received the news of the death of Mrs. Jonathan Mason, a very intimate friend, whose first name was Isabella, and we wished so much that we could have chosen this name for her, as the initials would be nearly the same. We consulted the clergyman, Rev. Dr. Vinton, who said he had done his part, and our lawyer said any name given so early would be considered legal — so we adopted it, and she was always known as little "Bell."

About this time Mrs. Dwight, my sister-in-law, was going to Europe with her husband and one boy (Tom), she having recently lost two children. She was very anxious that we should consent to have our eldest daughter Mary go with her, as she was of her son's age and his playmate. Although it would have lessened the cares of my family at this moment, we declined; yet, notwithstanding our crowded house, we invited my nephew (Benjamin Mifflin) to come and stay with us. His mother was going with her family to Europe, but did not wish to take this boy from his school, and as he was at the same school as my boy Collins we asked him to come and be a companion to him. Mrs. Dwight still urging us to send my daughter Mary to Paris to be in her care, we con-

sented, and that year she went with a friend of ours to join her aunt. She was placed at school in the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, where she remained about a year. During that time she became very homesick and was anxious to come home to us.

The following summer at Nahant my little Bell, a most interesting and healthy child, was taken ill with cholera infantum and lived only three days, and at the same time her sister Annie, a little older, was also ill, but recovered after a long illness. This sad event, added to Mary's absence, made me most anxious to go abroad to bring her home. I, too, had never been in Europe, so in the following May my husband told me one day that he had taken our passages on a Cunard steamer (the *America*, I think), and that we, with our son Collins, were to go and bring Mary home. Ben Mifflin had previously joined his mother abroad. My sister, Mrs. Mountford, had no children, and she had begged to have my three little daughters, Rosamond, Eleanor, and Annie, pass the summer with her at Nahant, as we were to return early in October.

We went first to London, and our friend and banker Mr. Russell Sturgis engaged a delightful suite of rooms for us at a hotel in Regent Street known as Maurigy's Hotel, quite small and almost like a private house. Mr. Abbott Lawrence was our

Minister there at that time and a great personal friend of ours, and he showed us many attentions. I remember going to a reception at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts'. She afterwards married an American much younger than herself. We passed a delightful month in London, and then went to Paris. Here we met our dear child again, and also my sister Mrs. Mifflin and family. Her daughter, Eugenia, was of about the same age as mine and they were great friends. They had been under the care of a French family, both having been taken away from the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, as they were not happy there. We took Mary away, after a few weeks in Paris, and she travelled with us in Switzerland and returned home to Boston in October.

Our return on the steamship *Europa* was most fortunate, for on arriving in England Dr. Warren wanted to take return passages on an American line of ships, and would have engaged our passages on the *Arctic* but for my great desire to come in the English Cunard ship *Europa*. He acceded to my earnest appeal not to choose the American ship, as I was very timid on the water. So we sailed in the *Europa*, and on arriving at Halifax — as in those days all the steamers stopped there — we received the news that the *Arctic* had been lost and only thirteen passengers saved. These had been picked

up and brought to Halifax, and were put on board our vessel to reach Boston.

Many of the passengers on the *Arctic* were friends of ours whom we had met while travelling in Switzerland. The description of the scene from those who were saved was awful. The ship sank very slowly but inevitably, and the scene was heart-rending. Money was scattered all over the ship, and all were reckless of their possessions. One young lady was inconsolable. It gave me much gratification that my *obstinacy* had saved us all. This was the second time in my life that I had persuaded my husband to take my advice, and that our lives had been saved in consequence. The first occasion was at the time of the railroad accident at Norwalk previous to this.[1]

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[1] The accident referred to occurred on the 6th of May, 1853. Dr. Warren had taken his wife and son and nephew — Benjamin Mifflin — to New York, on the occasion of the meeting of the American Medical Association. The party returned to Boston on the day in question, on the morning train. This was composed of an engine, baggage-car, and five passenger-cars. No Pullman cars existed at that time.

Dr. Warren's family were seated in the centre of the central car in the train, and not, as was usually his custom, at the head of the car. In passing over the bridge at Norwalk, the train went through an open draw. The baggage-car, which was used as a smoking-car, and two passenger-cars went to the bottom of the river. The rear portion of the third car rested on the rails, so

Before leaving London it was very gloomy and sad, — as the cholera had been raging there, and funerals were to be seen everywhere on the streets. We were glad to leave, and felt we never wished to return. Yet, how little do we know our fate! For in less than a year from the time we arrived home in October, we found ourselves actually returning to Europe.

Dr. Warren's health had not been improved, and he was advised by some of his family, especially his sister Mrs. Dwight, to try a winter in Rome. We were, in the summer of that year, as usual, at Nahant; but my husband decided it was best for him to try a winter in a warmer climate; so it was arranged for him to leave Nahant in August and sail that month to avoid the September gales. We took with us our son Collins and two of the younger children, Rosamond and Nellie, leaving Mary, who had just returned with us from Paris, to be with her aunt Mrs. Mountford, which she was much pleased

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that Dr. Warren and his family were able to escape by walking through the rear of the train.

There were sixty people killed in this accident, including Dr. Peirson of Salem, and several other physicians returning from the meeting of the Association.

It was Mrs. Warren's desire not to sit at the head of the car that led to the safety of the party, as the person who sat there was found to be among those killed.

to do; and the youngest child (Annie), only five years old, was to go with her nurse to the Misses Brown, who were relatives and friends of their father. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan Warren were to live, during our absence, in our home at 6 Park Street, as they would be near Dr. Warren's father, who lived alone with only a housekeeper, his second wife (who was a Miss Winthrop) having recently died.

This visit proved to be a very sad one. On reaching Paris we travelled to Dijon in a private carriage which was placed upon the train. This was very agitating, not being very steady, and what with that fact, fear, and the torments of the fleas, which nearly ate me up, I was not very happy. On reaching Geneva, I took Collins and our courier (leaving Dr. Warren and the two girls at Geneva), and went to Vevay to place Collins at Sillig's School, where we had already engaged his place. I passed a night and the day following there, and returned to Geneva; as there were boys from Boston there (some of the Curtis family), Coll felt very satisfied to be left at school. We left Geneva the next day in our carriage and started by "post"[1] for Rome, which we reached early in November, and had an apartment in the

[1] Dr. Warren purchased from Mr. James C. Davis in Paris an English post carriage with rumble behind for the courier and driven by a mounted postillion. This was sold on reaching Rome.

Piazza di Spagna at the corner of the high steps leading to the Trinità de' Monti.

Mr. Hooker was at that time our banker, and there were many friends from home that we knew there. We had a French teacher for the children. It was a very cold winter, and snow and icicles were to be seen around the fountains, and ice on the streets. It was a source of much amusement to the Italians to see our children sliding on the ice, as they could hardly stand on it. The children had a very happy winter, and I recall Nellie's eighth birthday there on the 16th of December, when she much enjoyed coaxing presents from all about her. Having for a long time admired a little bonbon in a confectioner's window, opposite our apartment, and gazed earnestly at it, she was called in, and it was presented to her by the owner. As we were almost daily customers at the shop, they took a great interest in Nellie. It was, however, a very sad winter for me, as my husband's health did not improve. It was finally decided by his physician that it was best for him to leave Rome, and accordingly we decided to attempt it. Dr. Warren suffered much from a neuralgic pain in his hip and leg, and finally could only lie in a horizontal position. Through the kindness of our friend and neighbor from Boston Mr. Josiah Quincy, who kindly offered to accompany us, and

also Dr. John Gorham, a cousin of Dr. Warren, who had for some years lived in Rome, we decided to make the journey. We had a spring mattress made, to be placed in a carriage across the seats, and then with Mr. Quincy and myself occupying the other two seats, and Dr. Warren on the mattress, we started on our long journey. The children with maid and courier followed us in another carriage. We were to reach Civita Vecchia, and then take a steamer to France and reach Paris. This was accomplished, I remember.[1]

[1] After spending the spring in Paris and leaving for England, Dr. and Mrs. Warren and family reached home in the early summer and went to the estate in Brookline of Dr. Warren's father, who had recently died. Here he soon recovered his health.

THE END

APPENDIX

Hon. Benjamin Williams Crowninshield[1]

Note 1. — James Madison, *President*, 1813–1817. Benjamin W. Crowninshield of Massachusetts, Commission as Secretary of the Navy dated Dec. 19, 1814.

Note 2. — James Monroe, *President*, 1817–1821. Benjamin W. Crowninshield continued from Madison's Administration until Oct. 1, 1818, when he resigned.

Note 3. — Presidential Elector, 1820.

Note 4. — Massachusetts House of Representatives 1821 and 1823.

Note 5. — United States House of Representatives, Dec. 1, 1823 to March 3, 1831. Member of the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st Congresses. Defeated for 22nd Congress.

18th Congress.

Dec. 1, 1823 — May 27, 1824, 1st Session.
Dec. 6, 1824 — Mar. 3, 1825, 2nd Session.

[1] Essex County Registry of Deeds, Salem, Mass.

19th Congress.

Dec. 5, 1825 — May 22, 1826, 1st Session.
Dec. 4, 1826 — Mar. 3, 1827, 2nd Session.

20th Congress.

Dec. 2, 1827 — May 26, 1828, 1st Session.
Dec. 1, 1828 — Mar. 3, 1829, 2nd Session.

21st Congress.

Dec. 7, 1829 — May 31, 1830, 1st Session.
Dec. 6, 1830 — Mar. 3, 1831, 2nd Session.

Benjamin W. Crowninshield, Salem.

Defeated by Rufus Choate for 22nd Congress.

Dec. 5, 1831 — July 16, 1832, 1st Session.
Dec. 3, 1832 — Mar. 2, 1833, 2nd Session.

The following records also appear in the Registry of Deeds, Salem.

Note 6. — On September 5, 1821, Daniel Estes deeded to Benjamin W. Crowninshield a farm in Topsfield containing 100 acres more or less.

Note 7. — On April 8, 1822, Ezekiel Hersey Derby deeded to Benjamin W. Crowninshield the house on Essex Street No. 204, opposite the Market.

Note 8. — On April 18, 1832, Benjamin W. Crowninshield deeded to his niece Sarah G. Rogers, wife of Richard S. Rogers, this same house with the land for the sum of $10,000.