Welch Genealogy

ERRATA.

Page 9. married October 4, 1651, should be December 4, 1651.
February 24, 1652, should be 1652–3.
Page 21, Probate Record, 433, 19 and 422, 111, should read
Book 433, page 19.
Book 422, page 111.
Page 32, Thomas Gatcomb Welch should be Francis Gatcomb Welch.
Page 43, February 15, 1795, should be February 15, 1794.
Page 53, death of William Stackpole is August 9 instead of August 10.
Page 57, Roxana Stackpole Dabney should be Roxana Dabney Stackpole.
See page 41 for statement about Jackson. Over "whose" write William Stagpole, and ward 8 instead of 9.

INDEX.

Persons of Surname WELCH.

Surnames other than **WELCH**.

JOHN WELCH, FIRST IN THIS COUNTRY.

John Welch, first in this country, married Elizabeth White, daughter of John White of Boston, joiner.

(Charles A. Welch has found somewhere a reference to the honored father of John Welch, Christopher Welch, of Plymtree, Devonshire, England, husbandman.

(At one time Charles A. Welch supposed that John Welch, first in this country and master of the "Sea Flower," was the son of Christopher Welch of Plymtree, Devonshire, England. This was an error. Christopher Welch was the father of John Welch, one of the marines of his Majesty's ship, the "Success," had a wife, Elizabeth, lived in Boston, and died in 1744.)

John Welch, first in this country, lived on Prince street, Boston; paid taxes as follows (see vol. 1 of Reports of Record Commissioners): page 91, for 1687, two shillings; page 134, for 1688, and page 170 shows that he was an inhabitant of Boston. His first child, John, was born in 1682. (See Ninth Report of Record Commissioners, page 159.) He was therefore here in 1682.

His children were:

I. John Welch, born July 22, 1682, married Hannah Phillips January 23, 1706.

II. Thomas Welch, born January 9, 1686, married Elizabeth Rogers December 1, 1709, and had a son, Thomas, born October 17, 1712.

III. Elizabeth Welch, born June 3, 1689, married Lieutenant Wilkinson.

IV. Rachel Welch, born January 12, 1693, married John Vaughan May 20, 1717.

V. Susanna Welch, born April 29, 1696, married Edward Eades July 15, 1714.

VI. William Welch, born September 18, 1698, married Deborah Webb June 4, 1723.

VII. Benjamin Welch, born June 9, 1701.

VIII. Ebenezer Welch, born January 27, 1704, married Susannah Allen August 10, 1732, and had a son —

1. Ebenezer Welch, born April 16, 1733, and a son —
2. Hezekiah Welch, born August 26, 1734.

In Suffolk Probate Records, libro 18, folio 305, May 1, 1714, is the will of John Welch, mariner.

His wife, Elizabeth, appointed executrix.

The will is dated July 14, 1704, and is as follows: —

Recites that he is bound out on a voyage to sea and knowing the uncertainty of life, etc., makes his last will.

> "I do hereby will, give and bequeath unto my beloved wife, the use, improvement and income of all and singular my estate, housing, lands, goods and chattels, debts, and money during the time of her being my widow, vizt.: so long as she shall remain my widow. I also give unto her, my said wife, one third part of my estate at her own disposal forever.
>
> "Item. I do will and order that when my youngest child shall arrive at the age of one and twenty years or day of marriage, my estate shall be equally divided among all my children that shall then be living, to each of them part and part alike, excepting such part thereof as is before bequeathed to my said wife vizt: one third part as aforesaid and I do hereby nominate, ordain and appoint my said beloved wife, Elizabeth

Welch sole Executrix of this my last will and testament and do revoke all former and other wills by me formerly made whether by word or writing.

"In testimony whereof I have to this my present will set my hand and seal the 14th day of July 1704.

"In the third year of her maj^tees Reign &c

"JOHN WELCH [SEAL]

"Signed and sealed, published and declared by said John Welch to be his last will and testament in presence of

"DANIEL TURELL,
"SAM'L GREENWOOD,
"JOHN GREENOUGH."

Turell was at one time a selectman of Boston.

John Welch, mariner, died in 1714.

Elizabeth is spoken of in deed recorded libro 29, folio 116, dated February 8, 1714, as his widow.

In the archives of the General Court at the State House, vol. 63, pp. 154–156, is the following: —

"To his Excellency, Joseph Dudley Esq. Captain General and Governor in Chief of Her Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England & the Hon the Councill & Representatives in General Court Assembled: The petition of John Welch of Boston humbly showeth: That the petitioner was impressed as Commander of the Sloop Sea Flower sent by this Court in the year 1704, as a Packet boat to England & had the misfortune to be taken by the French near the Lands End of England & carried into France whereby your petitioner with his son

(Thomas) (chief mate of the said Vessel) & a servant were not only deprived of their liberty for a considerable time, but lost their clothes, books & instruments besides their time, so that your petitioner has sustained more than 100£ damage, by being taken in the public service as aforesaid & has as yet no consideration for his said service & loss, nor would at this time have troubled this Honorable Court with his petition but that he has been a great part of his time since disabled by sickness from providing for his family, which are numerous & chargeable. Your petitioner therefore humbly prays Your Excellency & Honors to take the premises into your favorable consideration & grant him such allowance for the services & damage aforesaid & for hire of the said vessell (whereof your petitioner was part owner) to the time she was taken, as in your wisdom shall seem meet & as you have been pleased in your justice to grant to others in like circumstances. And your petitioner as in duty bound shall ever pray &c.

JOHN WELCH.

"Boston, May 31, 1710.

"In House of Rep. June 16. read & committed.

"Resolved that there be allowed & paid out of the public Treasury to the petitioner in behalf of himself & the rest of the late owners of the Sloop Sea Flower for the hire of said sloop the sum of 48£ & for wages of petitioner, his son & servant Robert Harloe 18£ 18s.

"Consented to.

"J. DUDLEY.

"Sent up for concurrence.

"In Council — June 19, 1710. Read & not concurred to the 48£ for hire. Government having paid

the full cost of the vessel, but agreed to 18£ as gratuity to petitioner for self, son & servant.

"Sent down for concurrence.

"In House of Representatives, June 20, 1710. Read & concurred.

"(The Sloop Seaflower taken up July 4, 1704.

"John Welch Commander entered July 4 at 5£ mo

"Thomas Welch mate entered July 4 at 3£–10s mo)."

In the Suffolk Registry of Deeds, libro 21, folio 1, is a deed dated March 30, 1702, from Edward White, cooper, son of John White, joiner, John Welch, mariner, and Elizabeth his wife, daughter of John White, Edward Martyn of Boston, merchant, and Sarah his wife, another daughter, Samuel Warkman of Rhode Island, housewright, and Martha his wife, a daughter, Mary Robertson, a daughter, widow, and Thankful White, spinster, to Jeremiah Belcher, conveying 200 acre farm and 10 acres of salt marsh in Rumney Marsh, Boston, and 7 acres meadow in Malden.

April 27, 1702, Suffolk Registry, libro 24, folio 131, is a deed from the same, except Mary Robinson, to Mary Robinson of a house and ground, same in which John Robinson lived, formerly in possession of John White, in Boston, bounded north-east by the highway to Charlestown ferry "over against the house now in possession of John Welch . . . being 36x38½ feet. Also one garden plot next above those now set off to John Welch and Edward White up to the end of house lot set off to Samuel Warkman. Said plot being 67 feet by 38 feet, with privilege of pump and an alley 4 feet wide to be up through

John Welch's & Edwd White's garden plots to s'd Robinson's garden," etc.

February 8, 1714/1715, Suffolk Registry, libro 29, folio 116, is a mortgage from Elizabeth Welch, widow of John Welch, mariner, 120£ to Edward Martyn, one-third part (see will) in her husband's estate bounded southwest on the street leading to Charlestown ferry (Prince street), northwest by lands of Augustus Linden, southeast by land of John Greenough, 38½ feet broad and in length from front to low water. Condition of this mortgage was 65£ and interest to be paid August 8, 1716. Recorded March 23, 1714, and discharged August 9, 1739, by Sarah Martyn, executrix of Edward Martyn.

ESTATE ELIZABETH WELCH.

(Widow of JOHN WELCH, first in this country.)

September 7, 1753, Suffolk Probate Records, libro 48, folio 389, William Welch, shipwright, was appointed administrator of estate of his mother, Elizabeth Welch. By her inventory she owned a house and wharf in Boston, appraised at 76£. Also that John Greenough was her tenant.

July 5, 1755, Suffolk Registry, libro 88, folio 72, William Welch, administrator of Elizabeth Welch, widow, by virtue of power given him by the Great and General Court April 26, 1755, to convey all the real estate of said deceased, conveyed to Thomas Brewer and Timothy Thornton dwelling house and land under and belonging to the same at the north part of Boston, bounded southwest on highway leading to Charlestown ferry, northwest by land of Joshua Hemmingway, southeast on land of heirs of John Greenough. Is 38½ feet wide, and runs from the street down to low-water mark. Also a piece of garden near the preceding land bounded northwest with the alley or highway, southwest by land formerly of Mary Robinson, southeast on land of heirs or assigns of John Greenough. Breadth at upper end 23 feet, at lower end 22 feet, and 60 feet long. Dated July 5, 1755, acknowledged before John Phillips, justice of the peace, and recorded February 19, 1756.

For deed to William Welch see Suffolk Registry, libro 56, folio 151, dated June 5, 1729. Land on south side Leverett street, west part of Boston. For assignment of mortgage (51–36) see libro 85, folio 218, dated January

10, 1746. For deeds from William Welch, and from him and his wife, Deborah, see Suffolk Registry, libro 85, folio 98, dated February 8, 1754; libro 85, folio 219, dated August 2, 1754, and libro 86, folio 263, dated April 4, 1755.

In Suffolk Probate Records, libro 59, folio 349, October 30, 1761, John Allen, blacksmith, was appointed administrator of William Welch.

JOHN WELCH, MARINER.

(Son of JOHN WELCH, first in this country.)

John Welch, 2d, mariner, born in Boston July 22, 1682, married, January 23, 1706, Hannah Phillips (born September 7, 1690) daughter of Thomas Phillips and Hannah, his first wife. Thomas Phillips was son of Nicholas and Hannah (Salter) Phillips (married October 4, 1651), and was born October 19, 1667.

A daughter of Nicholas and Hannah Phillips, named Elizabeth, born February 24, 1652, married Thomas Grosse, and her daughter Abigail, born October 25, 1677, married Joseph Shippen August 5, 1702. He was a Quaker, and after their first child was born they went to Philadelphia to live.

Margaret Shippen, who married Benedict Arnold, was born June 11, 1760, and was the daughter of Edward Shippen, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, born in Philadelphia February 16, 1729, who was the son of Edward Shippen, the eldest child of said Abigail and Joseph, and was born in Boston, July 9, 1703.

John Welch died before 1715.

Boston deaths, 1700 to 1800, examined and no record found. His widow, Hannah Welch, married Thomas Chamberlain August 18, 1715.

The children of John Welch were:

I. Mary, born August 1, 1709.

II. John Welch, born August 19, 1711.

In Suffolk Probate Records, libro 24, folio 479, is the will of Thomas Phillips, dated December 25, 1725, proved May 9, 1726, which is as follows: —

> "I give & bequeath to my granddaughter Mary Welch when she shall arrive at the age of 21 years,

or day of marriage, whichever shall 1st happen, the sum of 500£ & in meantime her mother Hannah Chamberlaine to have the use & improvement thereof for her own support & maintenance.

"I give & bequeath to my grandson John Welch, when he shall arrive at the age of 21 years the sum of 400£, and my will is that his mother Hannah Chamberlaine aforenamed shall have the improvement thereof to enable her to perform my contract with his master, to whom he is bound an apprentice."

July 8, 1728, Suffolk Probate Records, libro 26, folio 341, is guardianship Mary Welch, a minor, aged about 19 years, daughter of John Welch, late of Boston, deceased.

"have named, ordained & made, my cousin, George Pemberton of Boston, to be my Guardian, with full power & authority for me & in my name & my use, to ask, demand, sue for, recover, receive and take into his possession & custody all & singular such part & portion of estate as accrues to me in right of my father aforesaid, or which by any other way or means whatsoever doth of right appertain to belong to me. And to manage, employ & improve the same for my best advantage & profit during my minority & to do all & whatsoever may be necessary in & about the prem ises, as fully & effectually to all intents & purposes as I myself might or could do personally, being of full age, praying that he may be accordingly accepted in the same power & trust."

In the 28th Report of the Record Commissioners is the marriage of a Mary Welch to Richard Billings October 17, 1728.

JOHN WELCH, CARVER, THIRD IN THIS COUNTRY.

John Welch, carver, born August 19, 1711, married, January 9, 1734, Sarah Barrington, granddaughter of George Robinson, carver (born March 30, 1658), and had one son, John Welch, born September 11, 1735. She died in 1736, aged nineteen years.

His second marriage, October 29, 1741, was to Dorcas Gatcomb (born February 23, 1723), Rev. John Webb officiating. She was the daughter of Francis and Rachel Gatcomb (born Goff, first husband William Partridge), who were married August, 1721.

Rachel Partridge was born in 1701, and tomb 59 in Granary Burying Ground, in which many of the Welches were buried, is marked "Francis Gatcomb."

Francis Gatcomb was born in Wales in 1693, and died in Boston in 1744, his will being dated June 27, 1744, and proved August 17, 1744.

His daughter Abigail married William Winter. This William Winter had a son, Rev. Francis Winter, whose name appears in the Harvard catalogue, class of 1765. Julia E. (daughter of Francis B.) Winter, born in Boston October 27, 1836, married, April 11, 1861, Albert A. Folsom, born in Exeter, N.H., September 13, 1834, who was for some years superintendent of Boston & Providence Railroad.

By his second wife, who died before 1752 (but of whose death there is no record), he had two children, Dorcas Welch, born about 1742, and Francis Welch, born about 1744.

His third marriage (of which there is no record) was before 1760, to Elizabeth Hall, daughter of Hugh Hall and Elizabeth Pitts (who were married October 31, 1722). She (Elizabeth [Hall] Welch) died April 26, 1790, aged sixty-four years, and the Suffolk Probate Records of the distribution of her estate, book 90, page 740, show that she left nine children, Hugh Hall, Elizabeth, Samuel, Benjamin, Sally Green, Martha Veassey, Nancy Edes, Susannah Brown, and William Welch.

William Welch was granted administration on her estate, and Samuel Welch of Providence and Peter Greene of Boston were sureties on his bond.

September 26, 1744, John Welch was appointed guardian of his son John (Suffolk Probate Record, book 37, page 257), a minor about nine years old, to receive what came to him from his great-grandfather, George Robinson, who by his will, dated August 17, 1737, proved August 31, 1737, bequeathed to John Welch, son of John and Sarah Welch, his "History of New England" and part of his estate. Said will is recorded Suffolk Probate, 33,271.

September 17, 1756, he was appointed guardian of Dorcas Welch, a minor over fourteen years old, and of Francis Welch, for what came to them from their grandmother Rachel Gatcomb, whose will, dated October 25, 1752, was proved November 24, 1752. She left Dorcas and Francis Welch each a silver can and silver "porrenger" and part of her estate.

In the history of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts by Oliver Ayer Roberts is recited that John Welch, carver, was recruited in 1736, fourth sergeant in 1740, ensign in 1751, lieutenant 1754, captain in 1756. He was also captain in the militia.

In 1736 his name is given as subscribing 15£ towards

the fund for erecting a workhouse. It was completed in 1738, and stood on Park street "contiguous to the Bridewell."

In 1776, the General Court having ordered a draft as a reinforcement for the Continental army at or near New York, the selectmen of Boston executed the order December 18 and 19, 1776. Two hundred sixty-nine persons were drafted, of whom a number were members of the Artillery Company, John Welch (1736) being one, and as his name is not marked as having paid the fine of 10£ for a substitute, he must have been drafted. No persons were exempt except Quakers, clergymen, teachers, and undergraduates of Harvard College, Indians, negroes, and mulattoes. All the others, if drafted, must be in readiness to take up arms at any time or send some one in their place. Term, three years.

Captain Welch was chosen constable in 1743, excused; a tithing man in 1746; collector of taxes, 1747; assessor in 1750, excused; clerk of the market in 1736 and 1752, and scavenger in 1737 and 1754. (It was customary to elect gentlemen as scavengers, who would not serve, and exact a fine from them.)

May 2, 1733, the selectmen executed a lease to John Welch of Boston, carver, of wooden shop or building called number 9, in Boston, fronting on Dock square; it was on the north side of the square; the consideration was 20£ per annum.

His residence was on Green lane, now Salem street. October 10, 1739, he re-leased number 9 and leased number 8 for five years at 60£ per annum, and number 9 was again leased by him in 1744.

John Welch gave up his shop in 1758, and his name disappears from the records, except, July 12, 1758, fifteen

beds were carried to his house by order of selectmen "for the use of the king's troops now in Boston."

It was John Welch who carved the codfish which, with public honors, was lately transferred from the old to the new hall of the representatives in the State House.

He died February 9, 1789, aged seventy-eight years.

The "Independent Chronicle" of Thursday, February 12, 1789, gives a notice of his death on the Monday before, and says the funeral is to be at his home at West Boston, on the 12th at 4 P.M. His tomb is on the Tremont-street side of King's Chapel Burial Ground, marked "John Welch Tomb."

He left a widow, and administration on his estate was granted to Thomas Welsh. Suffolk Probate, book 88, page 148.

In the inventory of his estate a coat of arms is mentioned.

In the "Independent Chronicle" for April 16, 1789, is the following: —

> "All persons indebted to or that have any demand on estate of John Welsh, late of Boston, carver, deceased, are requested to bring in their accounts to the subscriber, in order for settlement."
>
> THOMAS WELSH, Administrator.
>
> Boston, April 15, 1789."

In the "Independent Chronicle" for August 6, 1789, is the following: —

> "The Commissioners appointed by Hon. James Sullivan, Esq., Judge of Probate for County of Suffolk, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the Estate of John Welsh, late of Boston, Carver, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give

notice that six months are allowed for the creditors to bring in their claims and prove their debts and that they will attend said business the first Thursday in the next, and five succeeding months from six to eight o'clock P.M. at the American Coffee House, State Street, Boston, July 29, 1789."

(John Welch (son of John Welch, carver, and his first wife, Sarah Barrington), born September 11, 1735, was at Latin school in class of 1744.

(Charles A. Welch supposed that John Welch, the son of the carver by his first wife, Sarah Barrington, was the John Welsh who afterwards became grand secretary of one of the grand lodges of Massachusetts, and whose death and funeral is recorded on pages 16 and 17 of this book.

(This John Welsh, who died February 13, 1789, was the son of John Welsh, ironmonger, and left descendants. He was probably of the Charlestown family.

(John Welch, the carver's son, may have been the John Welch who died at Surinam in 1770. He is stated to have been formerly of Boston, but no age is given, and there is no record of him in the Massachusetts Probate Records.)

John Welsh, Jr., was recording grand secretary of one of the grand lodges of Masons in Massachusetts in 1785, first mention of his name as grand secretary being June 24, 1785.

See Proceedings in Masonry, 1789, pages 355, 312, 316, 317, 319, 320, and 321, as follows: —

Page 312: At meeting Massachusetts Grand Lodge in ample form at Charlestown on special occasion January 8, 1784. Present, John Welsh, Jr., Grand Clerk, Thomas Welch, S.G.D.

Page 316 : At special meeting Massachusetts Grand Lodge at Masons Hall, March 31, 1784. Present, John Welsh, Jr., G.C.

Page 317 : John Welsh, Jr., one of committee "to see if this Grand Lodge can be better accommodated with a room."

Page 319 : September 2, 1784, John Welsh, Jr., Assistant Secretary, at meeting Massachusetts Grand Lodge in ample form convened at the Exchange Tavern, State street.

Page 320 : At meeting Massachusetts Grand Lodge in ample form convened at Bunch of Grapes Tavern, December 2, 1784. Present John Welsh, Jr., Assistant Grand Secretary.

Page 321 : At meeting Massachusetts Grand Lodge, January 19, 1785, in ample form convened at Bunch of Grapes Tavern on special occasion. John Welsh, Jr., Grand Secretary.

John Welsh, Jr. died February 13, 1789, and in Proceedings in Masonry, 1789, page 355, is the following : —

> "Massachusetts Grand Lodge assembled on special occasion at the Bunch of Grapes, Boston, February 16, 1789. A deputation from Massachusetts Lodge consisting of the R.W. ; Master Brother Scollay, S.W. ; P. T. Brother Bradford, J.W. ; P. T. Brother Freeman, Ernestly requesting this Grand Lodge that the ceremonies of masonry be observed at the Funeral of our deceased Brother John Welsh, Jr., late Grand Secretary and Secretary to Massachusetts Lodge, whereupon, voted that Brother Welsh be buried with the honors of Masonry and under the direction of this Grand Lodge. On motion Voted that a Com-

mittee of 3 (Brother Scollay, Bartlett and Freeman) be chosen to conduct the Procession and that the same Committee be requested to invite the Modern Grand Lodge under the direction of the R. W. Brother Cutler.

"Also Voted that the same committee make application to the General Selectmen for the use of Faneuil Hall on the solemn occasion. Adjourned till first Friday March.

"JNO. JACKSON,
"Gr. Secy."

In the "Independent Chronicle," Thursday, February 19, 1789, is the following: —

"Last Friday resigned this life after a lingering illness, which he endured with a becoming patience and fortitude Mr. John Welsh Jr. whose amiable disposition endeared him not only to his near connections and friends, but to his numerous acquaintances; those who knew him best, esteemed him most, and by them it may be truly said, his death is sincerely lamented. His remains were respectfully entombed yesterday afternoon; The Brethren of Free and Accepted Masons, both Ancient and Modern, attended the funeral, in due form, preceded by a band of musick playing a solemn dirge."

The "Independent Chronicle," dated February 26, 1789, says, "All persons indebted to the estate of Mr. John Welsh Jr. late of Boston, deceased are requested to make payment to the subscriber and all that have any demands on said estate are desired to exhibit the same to John Welsh Administrator to said estate. Boston, Feb. 24, 1789."

The same paper, dated April 2, 1789, has the following: —

> "The Commissioners appointed by the Hon. James Sullivan Esq. Judge of Probate etc. for the County of Suffolk to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Enoch Hopkins and John Welsh Jr. late of Boston, in said County deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that six months are allowed by the said Judge, for creditors to bring in their claims and prove their debts and that they will attend on said business the third Thursday of April and the five following months from six till nine o'clock of the evenings of said days, at the Green Dragon Tavern kept by John Woart. Boston March 30, 1789."

In Suffolk Probate Records, case No. 19,238, is the settlement of the estate of John Welsh, Jr.

Administration was granted to John Welsh (shopkeeper) February 23, 1789, and on March 24, 1789, upon application of John Welsh, administrator of estate of John Welsh, Jr., decreed that there be allowed as necessary to the upholding the life of Jane Kilby Welsh, an infant child of the deceased of six years of age, the sum of 15£ out of the implements and furniture of the deceased to be taken according to the appraised value in the inventory according to the law in that case made and provided. — James Sullivan, Judge Probate. In 1821, book 273, folio 113, Suffolk Deeds, Jane Kilby Welsh and others, heirs of John Welsh, merchant, conveyed a piece of property bought by said John Welsh in 1809 on Scott's court. No record appears of this child, Jane Kilby Welsh, except, in will of John Welsh, who died in 1812, she is spoken of as his

grandchild and has a one-seventh interest in residue of his estate.

In the Boston Directory of 1789 are only five Welchs: William Welch, slop-shop, 41 State street; Jonas Welch, miller and chocolate grinder, Prince street; Hezekiah Welch, shipwright, Pitts lane; John Welch, ironmonger, Union street, and Thomas Welch, physician, Sudbury street.

WILLIAM WELCH, SON OF JOHN WELCH, CARVER, AND HIS THIRD WIFE.

William Welch, son of John Welch, carver, and his third wife, born about 1760, married Elizabeth Jarvis, and lived on Franklin place in 1827–1832 when he died, aged seventy-two. His widow continued to live there until her death in 1838.

The settlement of the estate of William Welch is case No. 29,997 in Suffolk Probate Records.

October 8, 1832, administration was granted on said estate to John Welch, who recited in his petition that he was the only child and heir of William Welch, merchant, deceased. Widow resigned her right to administration. He owned real estate valued at $106,000, including house and land 14 Franklin place.

About September 10, 1838, Elizabeth, the widow of said William Welch, died, and said John, her sole heir at law, was appointed administrator. Case No. 31,948, Suffolk Probate.

DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM WELCH, SON OF JOHN WELCH, CARVER, AND THIRD WIFE.

John Welch, the son of William Welch, was born and married Elizabeth Hunt.

Lived for a time in Oxford, Me.; afterwards at the corner of Beacon and Mt. Vernon streets.

He died, and in his will, proved January 6, 1851, number 37,090 Suffolk Probate, he gives tomb 18 in Chapel Burial Ground, marked "John Welch" on granite slab, to his wife and five of his sons, and tomb marked "Hugh Hall" in Granary Burial Ground (bought by his father from heirs of Hugh Hall) to Wilson J.

The will of Elizabeth Welch, widow, was proved August 23, 1852.

She left the Welch coat of arms to her son John Hunt Welch, and on his decease to eldest son of Wilson J. Welch.

His (John Welch's) children were:

I. William F. Welch, who married Abigail Cousins of Maine in 1841. His will, proved in Suffolk county, December 7, 1852, shows that he left a widow and children; speaks of his wife's brother, Humphrey Cousins. In the widow's allowance, Suffolk Probate Record, 433, 19, his widow is mentioned as Abby D. Welch, and in 422, 111, his minor children are mentioned as Eliza Hunt Welch and Sarah C. R. Welch.

Sarah R. Welch married Frank Winsor Denison, and died leaving a child, Adna T. Denison (of Mechanics Falls, Me.).

II. John Hunt Welch, was at Latin school in 1827, was in Harvard, class of 1835, married Elizabeth Trull

June 15, 1837, and left no children. His will was proved in Suffolk Probate, October 11, 1852.

III. Wilson Jarvis Welch, April 5, 1842, married Elizabeth Fearing Thatcher of Boston, and left at least four children :

A. Elise, who married Charles C. Read, who lives in Cambridge, but is a lawyer in Boston.

B. Emma, who married Charles W. Leonard of Newtonville (of firm of Holden, Leonard & Company, woolens, 72 Lincoln street, Boston) ; has three boys.

C. Marie Eldredge, who married Marcus Morton, a lawyer in Boston, and lives at Newtonville ; has two children, a boy and a girl. Marcus Morton is the son of Chief Justice Morton.

D. Wilson J. Welch, who went out West.

IV. George W. Welch, who died unmarried.

V. Thomas J. Welch, was at Latin school, 1837, married Mary Elizabeth Adams in 1850, and died December 28, 1872. Suffolk Probate, case number 53,563, administration granted on his estate. His widow was Mary E. Welch, and his children —

A. Elizabeth Augusta, born married Daniel Goodnow (in business in Tremont building, Boston) lives in Newton, Chestnut Hill avenue, and has children.

B. Anna Cora, born January 15, 1856 ; in an asylum (in 1899).

C. Abbie Louise, born January 2, 1858 ; single (in 1899).

D. Thomas Francis Welch, born August 18, 1859, machinist and hardware manufacturer, Sudbury

street, Boston; has a child, Eliza Hunt Welch, born about 1886.

VI. { Harrison Gray Otis Welch (so called in his father's will) or —
Harrison S. Welch (as named in partition 663, 233 Suffolk Deeds —

born married Elizabeth Jane died October 28, 1865, in Cambridge, and his three children were Lizzie Foster Welch, born October 23, 1857, John Henry Welch, born March 5, 1859, and Wilfred M. Welch, born April 27, 1864.

In Suffolk Registry of Deeds, book 663, folio 233, is the partition of estate of John Welch. The warrant from the probate court is dated December 12, 1853, and the partition is dated December 26, 1853, and recorded with Suffolk Deeds May 22, 1854. In it $\frac{1}{6}$ is set off to Thomas J. Welch, $\frac{1}{6}$ to George W. Welch, $\frac{1}{6}$ to Edward D. Sohier and Charles A. Welch, trustees under will of William F. Welch, $\frac{1}{6}$ to Harrison S. Welch, $\frac{1}{6}$ to Wilson J. Welch, and $\frac{1}{6}$ to the legal representatives of Elizabeth Welch, deceased.

DORCAS WELCH, DAUGHTER OF JOHN WELCH, CARVER, AND SECOND WIFE.

Dorcas Welch, daughter of John Welch, carver, and his second wife, Dorcas (Gatcomb), married Oliver Greenleaf, born in 1737, and had five children:

1. Joseph Greenleaf, born died in 1816.
2. George Greenleaf, born died February 7, 1818.
3. Oliver Cromwell Greenleaf, born about 1790, bookseller, of the firm of West & Greenleaf, whom the courts and lawyers patronized. He went constantly to the theatre, where Charles A. Welch saw him frequently, but never in a box. He died in 1843, leaving his sister Ruth as his sole heir. No. 33,836, Suffolk Probate.
4. Dorcas Greenleaf, who never married.
5. Ruth Greenleaf, who died in 1853, unmarried, and left the residue of her estate to be equally divided between John P. Welch, Henry Hovey Welch, and Gardner R. Welch, sons of John N. Welch of Charlestown, formerly of Boston.

FRANCIS WELCH, REFUGEE.

Francis Welch (John, carver,[3] John,[2] John,[1] mariner), son of John Welch, carver, and his second wife, Dorcas Gatcomb, born in Boston in 1744, was at Latin school in 1754, married Susanna Renkin (or Rankin), daughter of Benjamin and Susannah (Noyes) Rankin, married August 7, 1740. Susannah Noyes, born June 15, 1705, was daughter of John Noyes and Susanna Edwards (married March 16, 1699), and Susanna Edwards, daughter of David and Mary Edwards, was born October 29, 1676.

Francis Welch died in London, England, December 7, 1790.

Mrs. Welch died in Boston April 15, 1806, about sixty years old.

The children of Francis and Susannah Welch were:

I. Benjamin Renkin, born 1771, died 1772.

II. Benjamin Renkin, born 1773, died November 1798, in Havana.

III. Sukey, or Susannah, born 1775, died 1775.

IV. Francis Welch, born August 30, 1776, died April 27, 1867.

V. John Noyes Welch, born December 10, 1780, died July 10, 1855.

Francis Welch, a freemason, was, December 27, 1765, present at a celebration of Feast of St. John the Evangelist at Bunch of Grapes Tavern in Boston.

Wednesday June 24, 1767, was present at celebration of Festival of St. John the Baptist at Grey Hound Tavern in Roxbury. September 11, 1767, was at a special Grand and General Lodge assembled at the British Coffee House

in Boston, on account of death of Right Worshipful Jeremy Gridley, Esq., grand master of Masons in North America.

December 30, 1767, being day kept for celebration of Festival of St. John the Evangelist, the same was duly observed at Bunch of Grapes Tavern in King street, Boston, Francis Welch being present.

November 18, 1768, was present at Grand and General Lodge held at British Coffee House in Boston; again, November 23, 1768, as steward at the instalment of John Rowe, and a dinner the same day at Concert hall and a procession.

June 24, 1772, Festival of St. John the Baptist. The same was celebrated at house of Thomas Bracket, the King's Arms Tavern, on Boston neck. Francis Welch present.

See Proceedings in Masonry, Boston, 1895, appendix, pages 419 and 421.

He seems to have received a degree in the Masters' Lodge in 1766. He received his master's degree April 1, 1768.

Charles A. Welch, grandson of the refugee, has the refugee's picture painted in England by Earle, also a copy of it by H. C. Pratt of Boston. The original went with Frank Welch, grandson of John Noyes Welch, and son of Benjamin Welch, to Nebraska, where Frank Welch was grand master of Masons, and also, at the time of his death, was the sole delegate in Congress from the state of Nebraska, and during the latter part of February, 1879, in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States appropriate memorial services were held, at which time several addresses were delivered.

At a meeting held September 13, 1878, at Masonic Tem-

ple, Boston, Charles A. Welch, grand master, announced that the object of the meeting was the performance of suitable Masonic funeral services over the remains of Hon. Frank Welch, past grand master of Masons in Nebraska, a delegate in Congress and distinguished citizen of that state.

He died September 4, 1878; the body was brought by a delegation of Masons from Nebraska to Boston, and C. A. Welch, grand master of Masons in Massachusetts, buried him at Forest Hills Cemetery, September 13, 1878. His widow, on his death, gave the above-mentioned picture to Charles A. Welch.

FRANCIS WELCH, MERCHANT, FIFTH GENERATION IN THIS COUNTRY.

Francis Welch (Francis, refugee,[4] John, carver,[3] John, mariner,[2] John, mariner[1]), merchant, born August 30, 1776, married, October 4, 1803, by Rev. J. Freeman at King's Chapel to Margaret Crease Stackpole (daughter of William Stackpole), who died May 2, 1830, aged 46. Francis Welch died April 27, 1867, aged 90 years 7 months 27 days.

Mrs. Welch was born in 1784.

They lived first on Derne street, then on Federal street, then on Devonshire street, then on Milk street, in the Stackpole house, so called, then in one of two brick houses next below the Stackpole house on Milk street, then on Sumner street, afterwards called Mt. Vernon street, next door but one to the rear of the State House, and then on Louisburg square, where he died.

He entered Latin school in 1786, aged 10 years, and lived, when a young man, at the house of Doctor Oliver Noyes on Change alley, running from State street, formerly King street, to Faneuil Hall square.

He was made a Mason in Old Colony Lodge, Hanover, Benjamin Whitman, master, and received his first and second degrees, August 21, 1797, and his third August 21, 1797, previous to going abroad. This lodge was removed to Hingham, where it now is. November 26, 1800, he became a member of St. John's Lodge, Boston, and his signature to the by-laws is easily recognizable. He was in the procession to lay the cornerstone of the original Masonic Temple on Tremont street in anti-Masonic times.

The children of Francis and Margaret Crease (Stackpole) Welch were:

I. Francis Welch, born August 7, 1804, died August 13, 1804.

II. Margaret Stackpole Welch, born October 1, 1806, died December 10, 1886 (p. 29).

III. Francis William Welch, born November 5, 1808, died November 28, 1899 (p. 30).

IV. Harriet Welch, born October 9, 1810, died March 28, 1891 (p. 32).

V. Edward Minchin Welch, born February 6, 1813, died November 19, 1831 (p. 33).

VI. Charles Alfred Welch, born January 30, 1815 (pp. 33 to 35).

VII. Joshua Huntington Welch, born April 17, 1817, died February 26, 1845 (p. 35).

VIII. Theodore Welch, born May 26, 1818, died February 25, 1819 (p. 35).

IX. Caroline Maria Welch, born March 26, 1820, died October 14, 1897 (p. 35).

X. John Holker Welch, changed by Legislature April 8, 1835, to Edward Holker Welch, born May 20, 1822 (p. 36).

XI. Benjamin Wisner Welch, born September 26, 1823, died June 11, 1825 (p. 36).

The first, fifth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and eleventh were unmarried.

II. His second child, Margaret Stackpole Welch, married, August 25, 1830, Joseph Mansfield Brown, born October 10, 1802, died in New York February 8, 1857, and had two children by him. After his death she married, in 1869, James Thorndike Winchester of New York, and had no children by him.

Her two children by J. M. Brown were:

1. Joseph Mansfield Brown, born August 17, 1831, graduated at Boston Latin school in 1849, and from Harvard University in 1853; served in the Union army during the War of the Rebellion (1861–1865) as first lieutenant, captain, and major, and was brevetted lieutenant-colonel; married Mary Virginia Royston of Baltimore, Md., February 15, 1866, and had three children, of whom Francis Welch and Mary Virginia died in infancy, and Joseph Mansfield Brown, born October 16, 1868, died at Washington November 8, 1882, at the age of fourteen.
2. Margaret Stackpole Brown, born September 18, 1832, and married Felix B. Kennedy of New York, and had issue:

   Mary Pauline Kennedy, Lady Superior, Order of the Sacred Heart.
   Edward Kennedy, deceased.
   Duncan Kennedy, deceased.
   Margaret S. Kennedy, deceased.
   Felix V. Kennedy, deceased.
   George S. Kennedy, deceased.
   Maud Kennedy, deceased.
   Fanny Arnold Kennedy. She became a Catholic.

III. Francis William Welch (master mariner) was at Latin school in 1819, married, October 9, 1839, Mary Anne Humphrey, daughter of Benjamin and Orient Turner Humphrey (whose maiden name was Turner). He died November 28, 1899. She died in Paris, August, 1885.

His three children were:

1. Marianne Humphrey Welch, born July 15, 1840, married, October 18, 1865, Charles Dwight (born May 6, 1842), Harvard University, 1861, son of William and Eliza A. Dwight, daughter of Judge Daniel Appleton White of Salem. He served throughout the Civil War. She had one son, Wilder Dwight, born April 20, 1868, now living in San Francisco, and married, September 11, 1895, to Marie C. Freybrodt. They have one son, Charles Dwight, born December 13, 1896.
2. Margaret Crease Welch, born February 10, 1843, married, November 5, 1879, at Paris, Antoine Le Roy de Lecluse, and had no children. Her husband died January 8, 1892. She lives on his estate at Neuilly le Real, near Moulins in the District of Allier, France.
3. Francis Gatcomb Welch born August 1, 1848, married Jane Mariot Wilson May 10, 1870. They were divorced, and his wife married Charles Tasker Howard, but had no issue by him. Howard died February 3, 1902.

The children of Francis Gatcomb Welch were:

a. Margaret Hayes Welch, born February 27, 1871, at Berlin, Prussia, and married Joseph S. Fay, 3d.

b. Francis William Welch, born August 5, 1873, at Heidelburg, Germany; married to Ruth Hayes February 14, 1900.

c. Edward Holker Welch, born September 1, 1875, and died May 29, 1890.

d. William Mariot Welch, born November 22, 1876.

c. Hamilton Wilson Welch, born November 5, 1878.

Francis Gatcomb Welch has for many years dropped the name "Gatcomb."

IV. Harriet Welch (the fourth child of Francis Welch, merchant), born October 9, 1810, married, December 24, 1833, Rev. John Charles Phillips, son of John Phillips, first mayor of Boston, and brother of Wendell Phillips. His mother was Sally (Walley) Phillips. Harriet (Welch) Phillips died March 28, 1891. (See the settlement of her estate, case No. 87,065, Suffolk Probate Records.) Her husband died November 1, 1878. (See Suffolk Probate Records, case No. 62,127.)

Their children were:

1. Margaret Welch Phillips, born July 12, 1835; married, April 21, 1858, to Alfred B. Hall, and had no children. Died January 25, 1902.
2. John Charles Phillips, born in Boston October 31, 1838, married Anna R. Tucker, daughter of Alanson Tucker and Martha (Robeson) of New Bedford. He died March 1, 1885. Suffolk Probate, No. 73,052.

His children were:

a. John Charles Phillips, born November 5, 1876.

b. William Phillips, born May 30, 1878.

c. Anna Tucker Phillips, born April 25, 1880.

d. Martha Robeson, born February 1, 1882.

e. George Wendell Phillips, born November 22, 1883.

John Charles Phillips, son of Harriet (Welch) Phillips,

received a large fortune by will of William Phillips, proved in Suffolk Probate June 9, 1873.

3. Emily Susan Phillips (third child of Harriet (Welch) Phillips), born June, 1843, died August, 1845.
4. Harriet Phillips, born May 31, 1846, died May 8, 1848.
5. Miriam Walley Phillips, born May 28, 1849, married William Herbert Rollins April 26, 1882, physician, and has no children.
6. Anna Dunn Phillips, born October 15, 1850, married Francis H. Williams, September 25, 1891, physician, and has no children.
7. Caroline Crowninshield Phillips, born July 13, 1852, married, June 1, 1876, Charles N. Talbot (son of Charles N. and Charlotte Talbot), and died April 26, 1878, leaving one son, Charles Nicoll Talbot, Jr., born April 25, 1877.

V. Edward Minchin Welch (the fifth child of Francis Welch, merchant, born February 6, 1813, died November 19, 1831, in his junior year at Harvard College. He was 18 when he died, wrote poetry, etc.

VI. Charles A. Welch (sixth child of Francis Welch, merchant), born January 30, 1815, married, August 20, 1844, Mary Love Boott, daughter of Kirk Boott and Anne (Haden) Boott. Kirk Boott was born in this country, served in the British army in Spain. His wife was a daughter of Thomas Haden of Derby, and Sarah (Wallace) Haden. Mrs. Welch was born in Lowell, October 4, 1823, and died March 29, 1899, at 18 minutes of 11 A.M. at Cohasset.

Charles A. Welch, when living in Waltham, was made a Mason in Monitor Lodge, Waltham, having

been initiated April 22, 1861, junior warden 1865, senior warden 1866, master 1868–1869, deputy grand master of Grand Lodge 1878–1879–1880, grand master 1878–1880, and subsequently a member of board of directors.

He was for many years president of Lewis wharf, also president of Long wharf, also of Social Law Library, and director in Third National Bank of Boston. Sole partner with Edward D. Sohier from March, 1838, to November 23, 1888, when Mr. Sohier died.

Edward Dexter Sohier, born April 24, 1810, married Hannah L. Amory, February 16, 1836. He was son of William D. Sohier, grandson of Edward Sohier and great-grandson of Edward Sohier (son of Edward S. and Rachel (Stille) Sohier), born in St. Martins, Island of Jersey, December 27, 1724.

The children of Charles A. Welch and his wife:

1. Charles A. Welch, born July 30, 1847, married, December 27, 1869, to Emily Blagden Phillips, daughter of George W. Phillips, son of first mayor of Boston. Emily's mother was Emily W. Blagden, sister of Rev. Dr. Blagden.
2. Francis Boott Welch, born January 21, 1849, died January 30, 1849.
3. Francis Clarke Welch, born January 18, 1850, married, December 15, 1880, Edith Thayer, who was daughter of Frederic W. Thayer and Maria Wilder (Phelps) Thayer, born February 9, 1857.

The children of Francis Clarke Welch and his wife:

a. Francis Clarke Welch, born October 12, 1881, died September 10, 1886.

b. Edward Sohier Welch, born January 27, 1888.

c. Charles Alfred Welch, born December 25, 1900.

4. Eugenia Donaldson Welch, born May 24, 1855, died December, 1855.

5. Ralston E. Welch, born April 30, 1856, died April 13, 1869, at Georgetown College, Georgetown, D.C.

VII. Joshua Huntington Welch (seventh child of Francis Welch, merchant), born April 17, 1817, died February 26, 1845, an engineer till his health failed.

VIII. Theodore Welch, born May 26, 1818, died February 26, 1819.

IX. Caroline Maria Welch, born March 26, 1820, married, January 15, 1840, Edward A. Crowninshield, born in Salem February 25, 1817, son of Benjamin W. and Mary (Boardman) Crowninshield. He died in Boston February 20, 1859. Their children were:

1. Edward Augustus Crowninshield, born January, 1841, died July, 1867.

2. Francis W. Crowninshield, born May, 1843, died May, 1866, from the effects of wounds received in the Civil War. He was lieutenant in Second Massachusetts Volunteers.

3. Frederic Crowninshield, born November 27, 1845, married, October 24, 1867, Helen Susette Fairbanks, daughter of William Nelson Fairbanks and Augusta (Reed) Fairbanks. They had three children:

a. Helen Susette Crowninshield, born at Paris July 28, 1868, married, September 18, 1895,

Carl August De Gersdorff, and has three children:

(1) Josephine, born in New York June 18, 1896.

(2) Alma, born November 25, 1897, in New York.

(3) Caspar Crowninshield, born March 10, 1901.

b. Edward Augustus Crowninshield, born at Rome, Italy, April 7, 1870.

c. Francis Welch Crowninshield, born at Paris June 24, 1872.

Edward A. Crowninshield, the husband of Caroline M. Welch, died in Boston, February 20, 1859, aged forty-one years, and Mrs. Crowninshield married, December 22, 1869, Howard Payson Arnold; she died October 14, 1897, and her will was proved November 4, 1897.

X. John Holker Welch, name changed by legislature April 8, 1835 (c. CXLII.), to Edward Holker Welch, born May 20, 1822, became a Catholic and then a Jesuit, and is now (1902) at Georgetown College, D.C.

XI. Benjamin Wisner Welch, born September 1, 1823, died June 12, 1825.

JOHN NOYES WELCH, SON OF FRANCIS WELCH, REFUGEE, AND BROTHER OF FRANCIS WELCH, MERCHANT.

John Noyes Welch, son of Francis Welch, the refugee, born December 10, 1780, married Lydia H. Rand May 9, 1804, Rev. Samuel Stillman, D.D., officiating. She died November 18, 1825, and he married, April 19, 1827, Mrs. Eliza Newman. He died July 10, 1855.

His children were:

I. Benjamin R. Welch, born December 9, 1806, was at Latin school 1819, died August 12, 1837, at Bath, Me. He married, April 28, 1831, M. E. A. C. Prescott, daughter of Benjamin Prescott, a physician, and died leaving a widow and one child, Frank Welch, born February 13, 1835, delegate from Nebraska to Congress, grand master of Masons in Nebraska. Frank Welch, accompanied by a delegation of Masons from Nebraska, was buried September 13, 1878, at Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston. He left one son at Latin school, Boston, who died young in New York state.

II. Henry Hovey Welch, master mariner, married Caroline Bigelow and had one child, born July 16, 1841, who died May 11, 1859.

III. John Porter Welch (treasurer Fitchburg Railroad), born November 13, 1808, at Latin school 1819, married, May 1, 1834, Ruth Stetson, daughter of David Stetson (born July 7, 1769) and Sarah L. Stetson (born January 1, 1773).

Ruth (Stetson) Welch died April 3, 1837, and he married, October 7, 1846, Emeline G. Skinner, born April 14,

1820, daughter of John and Hannah Skinner of Charlestown. He died January 3, 1860. By his first wife he had a daughter, Ruth Stetson Welch, born August 2, 1836, who married, October 11, 1855, Francis Thompson, son of Charles and Nancy Thompson, born March 29, 1826, who died August 30, 1885. She died March 31, 1900.

Francis Thompson and Ruth S. Thompson had two children.

A. Mary Catharine Thompson, born September 15, 1856, who married Harrison G. O. Colby, a commander in the United States navy, April 20, 1881, and has a son:

Francis Thompson Colby, born February 13, 1882.

B. Ruth Stetson Thompson, born June 4, 1859, married, April 25, 1888, Charles Edward Cotting, born August 2, 1856, and had a son:

Charles Edward Cotting, Jr., born May 15, 1889.

John P. Welch, by his second wife, had two sons:

1. Charles Paine Welch, born August 20, 1847, was in the navy, but resigned from ill health, and is still living (1902) in California.
2. William E. Welch, born November 11, 1848, died July 22, 1893, of consumption (of which his parents died) at Elizabethtown, N.Y. He was brought up under the care of Charles A. Welch, after the death of his parents, and was at one time partner with Francis C. Welch.

IV. George Edwin Welch married Elizabeth Waddelton, daughter of John Waddelton of New York, and their children were:

1. Frank Welch.

2. George Welch.
3. Elizabeth Welch.

V. Gardner Rand Welch, born married, September 6, 1843, Sarah B. Frothingham, daughter of James K. and Harriet Frothingham.

STACKPOLE FAMILY.

James Stackpole was born in 1652, married Margaret Warren, daughter of James and Margaret Warren, who came from Berwick, Scotland.

He lived in Dover, N.H. (which included what is now Somersworth, Dover, Rollingsford, Madbury, Lee, Durham, and parts of Newington and Greenfield), probably near what is now South Berwick.

He kept a public house, and had six children. By the inventory of his estate he owned three acres of land besides his house.

He died in 1736, and was buried on a hill back of his house, where many of the first four generations of American Stackpoles are buried.

There was laid out to James Stagpoole, July 16, 1702, twenty acres in Kittery.

He was said to be a courageous, honest, industrious, and moderately prosperous private citizen.

Philip Stackpole, son of James Stackpole, married Mary received into the church March 15, 1729. She died, possibly, September 24, 1792, aged 101 years.

He died in 1761.

He was a member of the first School Board of Somersworth, N.H., July 2, 1734, and was in 1754 chosen to take an inventory of the parish.

He was also an overseer of the poor and his will is dated August 25, 1761. In it, *inter alia*, he gives two acres of land to his son James. It was proved September 30, 1761.

James Stackpole, son of Philip, born March 15, 1729, at South Berwick, Me., married Elizabeth Pierce, who was born in Dover, N.H., May 17, 1717.

He lived in Somersworth, N.H., and had eight children. The date of his death is unknown.

His wife was daughter of Benjamin and Hannah Pierce of South Berwick, Me. (Benjamin Pierce was descended from John Pierce of Watertown, Mass., "a man of very good estate.") He enlisted April 7, 1748, in a company commanded by Captain Job Clement, as a guard for Rochester and Barrington, N.H. Their third child was William.

William Stackpole (s. James,[3] s. Philip,[2] s. James[1]) was born at Somersworth (now Rollinsford), N.H., October 19, 1746; married, October 3, 1776, Ann Parker, a widow, whose maiden name was Jackson, daughter of Thomas Jackson, whose name appears in the Public Records December 19, 1776, among those of whom a draft was made for the Continental army as a resident of Boston.

Ann Jackson was in 1807 sixty-three years old, and must have been born April 3, 1744, and thirty-two years old when married to William Stackpole. Her sister married a Colonel Hanfield of the British army.

William Stackpole went to Harpswell, Me., about 1766, with his brother James, and lived there till about 1773 or 1774; thence he went to Thomaston, Me.; then he and James, being carpenters, got out the frame of a house and he went with it to Boston, where he remained. December 19, 1776, he was a resident of ward 9, Boston; August 28, 1781, he was a retailer on King, now State, street, Boston and was licensed to sell tea December 12, 1781.

In 1790 his household consisted of four white males over sixteen, one under sixteen, and eight free white females.

He was then a wholesale wine dealer.

He died December 3, 1813, of gout in the stomach, aged sixty-seven years.

Mrs. Stackpole died May 18, 1807, aged sixty-one years.

They were buried in tomb 77, Granary Burial Ground, marked "Jackson," with a helmet and coat of arms upon it.

Mrs. Stackpole had by her first husband, Parker, three children: Samuel, George, and Susan.

The latter, the others having died, lived with Francis and Margaret Welch, and married James Dalton, cashier of Tremont Bank, and left issue by him.

William Stackpole left a large property in real and personal estate.

He lived on the corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, the latter once called Joliff's lane.

The lane has since been widened into a wide street and continued to Summer street, including what was formerly Theatre alley.

The land is now occupied by the United States Post Office building, having been sold by C. A. Welch, acting in behalf of his brothers and sisters, to the United States.

The house in which Mr. Stackpole lived was built by William Brown, who sold it February 25, 1729, for £2500 to Jonathan Waldo, who bequeathed it to his daughter Anne Waldo, who married Edward Tyng January 27, 1731. A daughter of Tyng's married Charles Ward Apthorp, who conveyed the estate in 1774 to Joshua Winslow, and he bought an addition in the rear, on Joliff's lane, of John Tucker.

The administrator of Winslow's estate, Duncan Ingraham of Concord, sold it in 1790 to William Stackpole, who lived there until his death. It was still farther increased by purchases, and in 1801 Mr. Stackpole bought the land east of it, and in rear of Milk street, of Samuel Bass, and some land adjoining on Milk street was bought by him and Moses Wheeler.

The land on Milk street was set off on the division of the Stackpole estate to Margaret Crease Welch, wife of Francis Welch, and they lived there until about 1822, when it became a public house, kept at one time by William Gallagher, who died as early as 1834. Probate Record, libro 179, folio 146.

By the division of William Stackpole's real estate (see Probate Record, May 9, 1814), it appears that he owned, with Moses Wheeler, first, land bounded south on Milk street 62 feet; west by land and garden of Stackpole 59 feet 6 inches; north by land of deceased 57 feet; east by land of Wheeler 67 feet. Two thirds belonged to Stackpole. Second, two thirds of an estate on State street. Third, the Mansion House estate on Milk and Devonshire streets, valued at $14,250. Fourth, land bounded east by Joliff's lane. Fifth, land bounded west by house and land of Stackpole 120 feet and north in part by a passageway to Water street in which the estate had a right. Sixth, house and land on Market square, valued at $12,000 (Bight Tavern). Seventh, old store on State street.

The third estate was set off to Margaret Crease Welsh.

In Shurtleff's History of Boston, published in 1871, p. 659, William Stackpole is mentioned as one of the noted merchants of a past generation.

William Stackpole left five children:

I. Nancy Davis Stackpole, born May, 1777, married John M. Stillman February 15, 1795. By him she had five sons, all of whom died unmarried:

1. William Augustus Stillman, born May 24, 1795.
2. John Stillman, born June 25, 1796.
3. George W. Stillman, born November 19, 1797.
4. Samuel Stillman, born September 2, 1799.
5. Frederick Stillman, born July 16, 1801.

She married, January 18, 1815, in Boston, John Holker, a widower and Frenchman, who came to America about 1787, as consul general from France. He was no doubt of English descent. He died in 1820 in Clarke county, Virginia, and was buried in Winchester, Virginia. Mrs. Holker died June 18, 1857, in Virginia, where she owned a farm, having lived at different times in Boston, Baltimore, and Virginia.

Her only child by Mr. Holker was Anna Maria Adelaide Holker, born September 22, 1816, died March 20, 1875, at Long Branch, near Millwood, Clarke county, Virginia. She married Hugh M. Nelson, born October 20, 1811, who died August 6, 1862, having been a colonel in the Confederate army during the Civil War.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were:

(*a*) Nancy Adelaide Nelson, born August 18, 1839, died March 5, 1877, single.

(*b*) Hugh Mortimer Nelson, born October 31, 1847, married Sally Page Nelson, daughter of George Washington Nelson of Warrington, born July 4, 1866.

Their children are:

(1) Nannie A. Nelson, born January 13, 1886.

(2) Hugh M. Nelson, Jr., born October 26, 1889.

Hugh M. Nelson still (1902) lives near Millwood, Virginia, on his farm, and owns real estate on Washington street, Boston, which came from his great-grandfather, William Stackpole.

II. Sarah Crease Stackpole, born September 11, 1778, married, May 2, 1799, in Boston, Hon. Edward St. Loe Livermore; died October 4, 1859, in Lowell.

She was his second wife, and he was the son of Samuel and Jane (Brown) Livermore, born April 5, 1762, in Portsmouth, N.H., and died September 15, 1832, in Tewksbury, now a part of Lowell, Mass. He had been a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of New Hampshire and a member of Congress from Massachusetts from December 9, 1807, till March 3, 1811.

They lived at one time on west side of Devonshire street.

DESCENDANTS OF SARAH CREASE (STACKPOLE) LIVERMORE, DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM STACKPOLE.

The children of Sarah Crease Livermore and her husband were:

1. Edward St. Loe Livermore, Jr., born February 12, 1800, in Portsmouth, N.H., married Hannah G. Brown, died December, 1841. See below.*
2. Elizabeth Brown Livermore, born June 2, 1804, in Boston, died August 16, 1888, in Lawrence, single.
3. William Stackpole Livermore, born June 24, 1805, in Boston, died February 2, 1822, in Tewksbury, unmarried.

* 1. Edward St. Loe Livermore, Jr., married Hannah Gore Brown June 21, 1828, in Methuen, Mass. She was born March 9, 1804, in Pittsfield, N.H., and lived in Portland, Me. He died March 24, 1842, in Lowell. His children, born in Lowell, were three:

(*a*) Sarah Jane Livermore, born May 20, 1830, married George H. Beale, November 15, 1848, in Lowell. He was born in Monmouth, Me., November 15, 1825.

The children of George H. and Sarah J. (Livermore) Beale were three:

(1) Edward Livermore Beale.

(2) Arthur William Beale, married, November 8, 1886, in Portland, Ann Scott Fowler.

(3) Harry St. Loe Beale.

(*b*) George Williamson Livermore, born April 7, 1833, died January 2, 1836, in New York.

(*c*) Elizabeth Brown Livermore, born January 6, 1833, married Henry Lewis Gregg, October 3, 1860, in Portland, died July 21, 1883, in Portland, and left no children. This Henry Lewis Gregg lives in Hudson, N.Y. He was born January 2, 1838, in Andover.

4. George Williamson Livermore (son of Edward St. Loe Livermore), born January 17, 1807, in Newburyport, died August 26, 1830, in New Orleans, unmarried.
5. Grace Ann Livermore (daughter of Edward St. Loe Livermore), born June 1, 1809, in Newburyport, died December 13, 1812, in Boston.
6. Arthur Brown Livermore, born June 11, 1811, in Boston, died April, 1825, in Tewksbury.
7. Ann Grace Livermore, born December 24, 1812, in Boston, died June 7, 1856, in Lowell.
8. Caroline Livermore, born in Boston, October 5, 1814, married Josiah G. Abbott, July 18, 1838, in Lowell.

He was the son of Caleb and Mercy (Fletcher) Abbott, born November 1, 1814, in Chelmsford, and died June 2, 1891.

His wife Caroline died September 17, 1887. He was a lawyer and a judge in Boston, member of both houses of Massachusetts Legislature, and member of Congress, 1875–1876.

The children of Josiah G. and Caroline (Livermore) Abbott, were eleven:

(*a*) Caroline Mercy Abbott, born April 25, 1839, married George Derby April 19, 1869, having been previously married to George Perry, who had deceased.

Mrs. Derby died May, 1872, and left a daughter, Caroline Derby.

(*b*) Edward Gardner Abbott, born September 29, 1840. Harvard, class of 1860, Captain 2d Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, May 24, 1861. Killed at battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862. He was unmarried.

(*c*) Henry Livermore Abbott, born January 1, 1842. Major in the 20th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. (See Harvard Memorial Biography for lives of his brother and himself.) A brigadier general by brevet, killed at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He was a classmate of his brother, Harvard, 1860, and unmarried.

(*d*) Fletcher Morton Abbott, born February 18, 1843. He is unmarried. Captain in 2d Massachusetts regiment.

(*e*) William Stackpole Abbott, born November 18, 1844, died May 6, 1846.

(*f*) Samuel A. B. Abbott, born March 6, 1846, Harvard, class of 1866, married, first, Mary Goddard, second, Abby Frances Wood, October 15, 1873, in Providence, R.I., and married subsequently, in 1896, Maria Dexter. His children, born in Providence, R.I., were four:

(1) Helen Frances Abbott, married to Maurice Washburn.

(2) Madeline L. Abbott, married to John Ames.

(3) Francis Abbott.

(4) Caroline Abbott.

(*g*) Sarah Livermore Abbott, born May 14, 1850, married William P. Fay, October 12, 1870, and had three children:

(1) Richard Fay.

(2) Katherine Fay.

(3) Edward H. Fay.

(*h*) Franklin Pierce Abbott, born May 6, 1852, Harvard Law School, 1876.

(*i*) Arthur St. Loe Abbott, born November 6, 1853, died March 28, 1863.

(*j*) Grafton St. Loe Abbott, born November 14, 1856, married, September 29, 1900, Mary Adams, granddaughter of Charles Francis Adams of Quincy, and daughter of the present Charles Francis Adams. They have two children.

(*k*) Holker Welch Abbott, an artist, born February 28, 1858.

9. Henry Jackson Livermore, born in Wheeling, Va., June 5, 1816, married, in Lawrence, September 1, 1853, Susan Hurd Homer, born May 19, 1829, in Amesbury, Mass.

He died February 2, 1874, and their children were:

(*a*) Edward St. Loe Livermore, born August 3, 1854, died , 1890.

(*b*) James Homer Livermore, born August 6, 1855, died September 12, 1856.

(*c*) Henry Livermore, born August 10, died August 13, 1856.

(*d*) James Homer Livermore, born June 29, 1858, married Agnes Rose Boyce, April 23, 1883, in Portland, Ore. She was born August 18, 1863, and they live in Portland.

e. Arthur Dorr Livermore, born December 27, 1860, died November 21, 1863.

f. Henry Abbott Livermore.

g. Grace Livermore.

10. Sarah Stackpole Livermore, born July 12, 1819, in Tewksbury, married John Tatterson, and died March 18, 1895, in Lawrence. No children.

11. Mary Jane Livermore, born August 2, 1821, in Lowell, married Daniel Saunders of Lawrence, a lawyer, October 7, 1846, and died May 4, 1898, at Lawrence. Daniel Saunders was born October 6, 1822, and was at one time mayor of Lawrence. Their children were:

a. Charles Gurley Saunders, born October 3, 1847, Harvard, class of 1867, admitted to bar in Salem in 1870.

b. Mary Livermore Saunders, born June 19, 1849.

c. Frederick Abbott Saunders, born June 14, 1855, died September 14, 1869.

d. Ann Grace Saunders, born April 7, 1857.

e. Edith St. Loe Saunders, born February 24, 1865.

WILLIAM STACKPOLE THE YOUNGER.

III. William Stackpole the younger was born December 31, 1779, married, January 13, 1803, Nancy Hodgdon, a widow, daughter of Joseph Lewis of Dedham, born September 12, 1774, died July 28, 1822. He was a lawyer, and died in Louisville, Kentucky, August 11, 1822. Alexander Hodgdon, her first husband, married her October 6, 1793.

She was born September 12, 1774, and was nineteen years old when Hodgdon married her. He was fifty-six when he died, in Dedham, August 12, 1797. Hodgdon went to sea when young, and Charles A. Welch, Jr., has his sea chest, which C. A. Welch found in his father's garret.

Caleb Cushing once told me that most young men in Essex county went to sea in his younger days.

Hodgdon seems to have held during his life some public offices.

William Stackpole was a Freemason, and January 5, 1802, delivered an address before the Masons, and a committee was appointed to wait on him for a copy.

He became a Mason February, 24, 1801, at St. John's Lodge, Boston; initiated master Mason, January 5, 1802. He was at Harvard, class of 1798.

The children of William Stackpole the younger were six:

1. William Ames Stackpole, born August 14, 1804, died March, 1832, unmarried, in New Orleans.

William A. Stackpole, who died in New Orleans, was often seen by Charles A. Welch in his younger days; a good-hearted fellow of great personal strength. Some

lawyer in New Orleans insulted him when a witness, and he consulted Samuel Livermore (a son of Edward St. Loe Livermore by his first wife, a lawyer quite eminent there, who left his library of French law to Harvard College), and Mr. Livermore advised him to catch the man where there were no witnesses and get his revenge, and it is said that he followed the advice.

This Samuel Livermore was dining with Captain Lawrence and others when the "Guerriere's" challenge came into Boston; they went out with an unprepared crew, Livermore as chaplain. Lawrence was killed and Livermore's arm cut, but he never alluded to it. Samuel Livermore died at Florence, Ala., unmarried, aged forty-seven. He had a sister, a preacher, perhaps a little eccentric. I have seen both when a boy.

2. Grace Hanfield Gurley Stackpole, born in Boston February 26, 1805, married George Atkinson of London, at Charleston, South Carolina, April 4, 1832. She died October, 1872. Mr. Atkinson died before his wife.

3. Joseph Lewis Stackpole, born December 28, 1807, married Susan Margaret Benjamin, March 15, 1837, and died July 20, 1847, from a railroad accident. His wife died April 24, 1896.

His children were:

a. Joseph Lewis Stackpole, born March 20, 1838. A.B., Harvard University, 1857; LL.B., 1859. Served through the Civil War; September 2, 1861, captain 24th Massachusetts Volunteers; July 2, 1863, commissioned by President Lincoln major, and judge-advocate; April, 1865, brevetted lieutenant-colonel; married, March 3, 1863,

Martha Watson Parsons, granddaughter of Chief Justice Parsons, and had children:

(1) Elizabeth Virginia Stackpole, born January 14, 1865, married, January 26, 1899, George S. Howland, and lives in Paris.

(2) Alice Stackpole, born June 6, 1866.

(3) Joseph Lewis Stackpole, Jr., born January 19, 1869, died 1873.

(4) Joseph Lewis Stackpole, Jr., born November 16, 1874, married Katherine, daughter of Francis Coen Brown of Chicago.

b. William Stackpole, born April 27, 1842. He and his brothers were under guardianship of J. Lothrop Motley, the historian, who married their mother's elder sister. (See Suffolk Probate, libro 354, pages 74, 75, 76.) Died unmarried August 10, 1901.

William Stackpole.

["Transcript," August 10, 1901.]

Mr. William Stackpole, a native of Boston, and practically all his life a resident of this city, died yesterday at York Beach, Me., where he had been spending a few weeks. He was fifty-nine years of age, and was born in April, 1842, his parents being Joseph Lewis and Susan Margaret Stackpole, both of whom are deceased. Mr. Stackpole prepared for Harvard at the Boston Latin School and was graduated from that college in the class of 1863. Among his classmates who remained life-long friends of Mr. Stackpole were Dr. J. Collins Warren and Roland C. Lincoln.

After being graduated, Mr. Stackpole went into the cotton business, from which he retired some twenty-seven years ago. At one time he was in partnership with the late Walter Dabney, well remembered in business circles. Mr. Stackpole never again entered active business life, but spent his time between this country and Europe, two of his favorite places on the other side being Cannes and Nice, where he spent considerable of his time. He was an ardent lover of the rod and line, and was one of the charter members of the Monument Club of Buzzards Bay. Other organizations to which he belonged were the Somerset Club, the Country Club, and the Eastern Yacht Club. He was never married, and is survived by two brothers, Henry Stackpole and J. Lewis Stackpole, both being intimately identified with business interests in this city. The funeral will be held from Mount Auburn Chapel next Tuesday at noon.

c. Henry Stackpole, born June 10, 1846; married Elizabeth Value of Elizabeth, N.J.; he is a broker in Boston.

Their children are:

(1) William Stackpole, born June 2, 1877, Harvard, 1898.

(2) Edith V. Stackpole, born February 8, 1880.

(3) Henry Stackpole, born September 23, 1881, died August 1892.

(4) Priscilla Stackpole, born November 15, 1885.

(5) Susan Margaret Stackpole, born April 1, 1889.

(6) Grace Stackpole, born June 9, 1891.

4. Frederic Dieman Stackpole, born in Dorchester January 1, 1809, died young.

5. Roxana Stackpole, born January 13, 1813, married, May 27, 1835, in London, Frederick Dabney, born August 2, 1809.

Mr. and Mrs. Dabney lived for a long time at Fayal in the Azores, where he was vice-consul, and died December 29, 1857.

She died in Boston, February 26, 1887.

Their children were:

(*a*) Frederick Dabney, born February 15, 1836, died next day.

(*b*) William Stackpole Dabney, born December 26, 1837, died January 30, 1838.

(*c*) Frederick Dabney, born August 5, 1839, died March 27, 1840.

(*d*) Lewis Stackpole Dabney, Harvard University, 1861, born December 21, 1840, in Fayal, married, April 22, 1867, Clara Bigelow (daughter of Chief Justice George T. Bigelow of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and Anna S. (Miller) Bigelow). Mrs. Dabney died in Paris October 16, 1899, while travelling.

Their children were:

(1) Frederick Lewis Dabney, born May 5, 1868, married, 1901, Elizabeth Fay, daughter of Henry H. Fay; has one son, Frederick Lewis.

(2) Caroline Miller Dabney, born March 13, 1874.

(3) Clara Bigelow Dabney, born December 6, 1877, died January 3, 1879.

(4) George Bigelow Dabney, born October 10, 1880.

(*e*) George Stackpole Dabney, born November 25, 1842, died September 3, 1900, unmarried.

(*f*) Walter Dabney, born October 30, 1844, in Fayal, married, November 24, 1874, Harriet H., daughter of Charles Larkin.

He died December 20, 1899. His wife was his executrix, January 29, 1900. He left one child, Susanna Rich Dabney, born October 7, 1884.

(*g*) Frederick Dabney, born August 9, 1846, at Fayal, died July 24, 1892, married a widow, Mrs. Vesin, daughter of Gillieu, of Philadelphia.

From 1871 to 1874 he was Assistant United States Attorney at Boston in the United States Court.

See Harvard Class Book of 1866, printed in 1896. He died July 24, 1892, and his wife in 1889.

h. Arthur Dabney, born July 10, 1848, died November 12, 1848.

i. Alfred Stackpole Dabney, born February 22, 1850, married February 3, 1881, Tina Shelton Sears, daughter of Frederic R. Sears and Albertina (Shelton) Sears, and their children were:

(1) Grace Stackpole Dabney, born October 29, 1881.

(2) Alfred Stackpole Dabney, born July 31, 1885.

j. Grace Stackpole Dabney, born April 13, 1853, died July 1, 1854.

6. John W. Gurley Stackpole, born October 7, 1816. His parents died when he was five years old, and he was brought up by his aunt, Mrs. Livermore. In 1848 he married Mrs. Emmeline (Dabney) Patterson. She was born in Fayal in 1811, and died in Boston, February 28, 1885. She was a sister of Frederick Dabney, who married Roxana Stackpole. He died in Paris, June 11, 1875, and left three children:

a. Frederick Dabney Stackpole, physician, Roxbury, born in Pomeroy, Ohio, July 19, 1849, married Katharine C. Osgood of Roxbury, June 8, 1892, who was born in Philadelphia. They have no children. He graduated at Harvard University in 1873, at the Medical School in 1878. He died December 26, 1899, and his wife was executrix.

b. Emmeline Dabney Stackpole, born in Pomeroy, Ohio, married Thomas St. John Lockwood of Roxbury, October 14, 1890, and has two children:

(1) A. Dunbar Lockwood, born October 19, 1891.

(2) Grace Stackpole Lockwood, born July 10, 1893.

c. Roxana Stackpole Dabney, born in said Pomeroy, single; now residing in Boston.

GRACE HANFIELD (STACKPOLE) GURLEY, DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM STACKPOLE, FIRST IN BOSTON, AND SISTER OF WILLIAM STACKPOLE THE YOUNGER.

IV. Grace Hanfield Stackpole (daughter of William Stackpole, Sr.), born 1782, married, in summer of 1800, John Ward Gurley, son of Rev. John Gurley, who went to Yale College, New Haven, was admitted to Suffolk bar in 1789. (See account in print of his leaving college, etc.)

He was killed in a duel at New Orleans, March 5, 1808, while Attorney General of the state of Louisiana. His wife died in New Orleans in 1804, and left an only child :

1. Anna Maria Gurley, born in 1801, married, February 12, 1817, Joseph Grafton, born May 11, 1782, was major in United States army, and afterwards Surveyor of Customs of the port of Boston. Major Grafton died in Boston March 24, 1861 : his wife June 3, 1851.

He was the son of Joshua and Lydia (Masury) Grafton, who were married in Salem in 1776. Joshua died June 11, 1786, and his wife January 8, 1796.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grafton were :

a. Henry Dearborn Grafton, captain in United States army, born in Boston, November 12, 1817, died in Davenport, Iowa, April 13, 1855. He was a graduate of West Point and had a son.

b. Joseph Grafton, born in Boston, September 7, 1819, married Elizabeth Remsen of New

York city, September 19, 1849, and had no children. He was thrown from his carriage and injured permanently, and died in 1900.

c. John Gurley Grafton, born in Boston, February 4, 1823, and died in Paris, France, November 29, 1895, unmarried.

d. Edward Clarke Grafton, born in Boston. Entered navy as midshipman in 1841. Lieut. Grafton was flag officer of the frigate "Minnesota" when the "Merrimac" tried to raise the blockade, and took an active part in the engagement that followed; in 1866 was commander of the "Gettysburgh" of North Atlantic squadron. He died in New York city January 24, 1876. He was never married.

e. Charles Chapman Grafton, D.D., Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, born April 12, 1830. Studied law in the office of Sohier & Welch; afterwards went into the Episcopal Church and was at one time Episcopal clergyman at the Church of the Advent, Boston.

f. James Ingersol Grafton, born June 16, 1841; was at Harvard in 1862; captain in 2d Mass. Volunteer Regiment. Killed March 16, 1865, at battle of Averysboro, N.C.

g. Maria Josephine Grafton, born July 8, 1833, married, January 28, 1857, Charles Henry Minot of Boston who was a son of John Minot and Calla Smith Minot, and ninth in descent from George Minot, the emigrant. He was born January 11, 1819, died February 7, 1900. Mrs. Minot died July 12, 1893.

Their children were:

(1) Joseph Grafton Minot, born January 13, 1858, married, June 10, 1890, Honora Elizabeth Temple, daughter of Thomas Lindall Winthrop.

They have a son:

(*a*) Joseph Grafton Winthrop Minot, born October 17, 1892.

(2) Grace Josephine Minot, born September 19, 1859, married, May 12, 1886, Francis Inman Amory, son of William and Anna (Sears) Amory, and they have three children:

(*a*) Mary Josephine Amory, born June 27, 1887.

(*b*) Charles Minot Amory, born December 6, 1889.

(*c*) Francis Inman Amory, born May 16, 1895.

(3) Charles Henry Minot, born November 9, 1862. At Harvard in 1886. Died November 30, 1887.

5. Margaret Crease Stackpole (daughter of William Stackpole, Sr.), born in 1784, died May 2, 1830, married, October 4, 1803, Francis Welch. (For their descendants see page 29 of this book.)

BOOTT FAMILY.

Kirk Boott of Derby, Eng., a market gardener, born March 31, 1732, died June 17, 1776, aged forty-four years three months, of gout in the stomach.

He left a widow and seven children. The widow died in Derby, December 20, 1802, aged sixty-nine, having been born February 13, 1733. Her son Kirk contributed to her support, he having become a man of property in Boston, Mass.

Their children were:

I. James Boott, who married Miss Wilson and had three children, who died young; afterwards married a Miss Farren and had five children. He was an auctioneer, and colonel of the Longboro militia. He died January 27, 182(2).

II. Kirk Boott, came to Boston, Mass., about December 5, 1783. (See *infra* for his descendants.)

III. William Boott, called by his family Pilkin.

IV. Frank Boott.

V. John Boott, a market gardener.

VI. Eliza Boott, nicknamed Blouse, sometimes called Betsey. Kirk, Sr., of Boston corresponded with her.

VII. Nancy Ann Boott, who married late in life.

There was a John Wright of England who was a particular friend of Kirk Boott, Sr., of Boston. He had also a cousin Kirk Boott.

II. Kirk Boott, Sr., of Boston (son of Kirk Boott of Derby, Eng.) was born in Derby , but left it January 16, 1783, went to London, and June 13, 1783,

arrived in Boston in ship "Rosamund," Captain Barnard, from London.

He left Derby on account of business misfortunes, and was very successful in Boston; lived at one time (1798) in a brick house bounded east on Sudbury street, south on Alden's lane, and north on Hawkins street.

He afterwards built and lived in what is now the Revere house. This hotel consists of his house and covers his garden, which extended along Bulfinch street.

He was for a long time one of the firm of Boott & Pratt, the latter the father of George W. Lyman's wife; he married Mary Love, born in Scotland June 4, 1776, and brought to Boston when three years old by her father, a shipmaster. She died in London in 1856.

Her will was probated in Suffolk county, Mass., February 2, 1857. Mr. Boott died in Boston about the beginning of the year 1817, his will being probated January 20, 1817.

His children were nine in number, born in Boston:

1. Frances Boott, born May 9, 1786, married Rev. William Wells, who with his wife lived in Cambridge, and died there.
2. John Wright Boott, born May 3, 1788, died March 7, 1845, single. In 1817 he was senior partner in firm of Kirk Boott & Sons.

His will is recorded (Suffolk Probate, book 143[2]–187).

The house now Revere House was dwelt in by him, and C. A. Welch, when engaged to Mary Love Boott, dined there in 1844.

3. Kirk Boott, born October 20, 1790, married Ann Haden of Derby in England, and died April 11, 1837. (See page 64 for his descendants.)
4. Francis Boott, who must have been next younger

than Kirk, was at Latin school, 1802, Harvard, 1810, was a physician, and lived in London; married Mary Hardcastle and had six children, one of whom, Francis H. Boott, married his cousin, Eliza Haden Boott, daughter of said last-named Kirk Boott. Francis Boott died in 1863.

5. Mary Boott, married William Lyman, died and left no children.
6. James Boott, born March 19, 1797, died in England in 1850, single. His will was allowed in Suffolk Probate Court, May 27, 1850.
7. Eliza Boott, born , married Edward Brooks of Boston, and had two children:
   a. Edward Brooks, born , died August 1, 1850, single.
   b. Francis Brooks, who married, first, Mary Chadwick, by whom he had no children, and second, Louisa Winsor, by whom he had six children.
8. Ann Boott, married Robert Ralston of Philadelphia and had three children.
9. William Boott, born , died May 16, 1887, in Boston, unmarried, and left his property to his nephew, Francis Brooks of Medford. (See will, Suffolk Probate, No. 77,770.)

Kirk Boott, the father of Mrs. Welch, was born October 20, 1790, in Boston; entered sophomore class of Harvard, the class which graduated in 1809, but did not graduate; went to Rugby school, England; afterwards received a commission in the English army, September 25, 1811. He was lieutenant in the 85th, the Duke of York's regiment, under command of the future Duke of Wellington. He was present at the capture of San Sebastian, the pas-

sage of the Bidasso, the passage and battle of the Nivelle, the passage of the Nive, the siege of Bayonne, and the passage of the Garonne.

His regiment being ordered to America, he resigned rather than fight against his native country; went to Sandhurst in 1815, and studied engineering; left the army in 1817, and having been married to Ann Haden of Derby (who is described as an ideal English lady) returned to this country; was engaged with Patrick Jackson, Nathan Appleton, Warren Dutton, and Paul Moody in the founding of Lowell in 1821 and 1822.

Lowell was incorporated in 1826.

Mrs. Boott died June 12, 1869, she having removed, on her husband's death (which occurred April 11, 1837), to Cambridge, and then to Boston.

The children of Kirk Boott and Ann (Haden) Boott, were six in number:

1. Kirk Boott, born October 29, 1819, graduated at Harvard College, class 1839, married, September 5, 1878, in New York, Helen Frances Miles, had one child, Kirk Boott, born at 208 Warren street, Roxbury, November 2, 1879. He died April 23, 1879. (See will, Suffolk Probate Records, 512, folio 59.) The mother and child live in Paris, France.
2. Sarah Anne Boott, born March, 1821, married Francis H. Jackson, son of Dr. James Jackson, June 1, 1842. He died July 5, 1873. (See Suffolk Probate, No. 54,237.) She died December 13, 1886 (see Suffolk Probate Record, book 586, page 68) and left two children:

a. James Jackson, born February 23, 1843, married Rebecca Nelson Borland, 1878, and had three children. He died April 14, 1900.

His children were:

(1) Madeline Jackson, born July 22, 1878, married George C. Lee, Jr., and had two children:

(*a*) George Cabot Lee, born December 10, 1899.

(*b*) James Jackson Lee, born November 20, 1900.

(2) James Jackson, born April 21, 1881.

(3) Rebecca Borland Jackson, born December 30, 1883.

b. Elizabeth Cabot Jackson (child of Sarah Anne (Boott) Jackson), born June, 1844, married Henry Winsor, Jr., December, 1865. Henry Winsor, Jr., died August 28, 1894.

3. Mary Love Boott, born October 4, 1823, married, August 20, 1844, C. A. Welch, died March 29, 1899. (For their descendants see page 33.)

4. John Wright Boott, born May 9, 1825, died single September 5, 1884. (Suffolk Probate, No. 72,098.)

5. Eliza Haden Boott, born February 18, 1826, married her cousin, Francis H. Boott, September 28, 1854, and is living in England (January, 1902). (For descendants, see *infra*.)

6. Frederic Boott, born February 16, 1829, married Helen Ruggles of Fort Dodge, Iowa, and left one son, Frederic Kirk Boott, who married and died . Both Helen R. Boott and her son had deceased before 1888. (See Suffolk Probate.)

The children of Eliza Haden Boott and her husband, Francis H. Boott, were:

a. Mary Emily Boott, born November, 1855, married August 20, 1876, Frederic L. Maude.

b. Francis D. B. Boott, born April 19, 1857, died in 1888.

c. Annie Ellen Boott, born May 24, 1858, single.

d. Hugh Hardcastle Boott, born August 8, 1859, married Caroline Case.

e. Kirk Boott, born November 21, 1860, died March 10, 1861.

f. Ethel Sophia Boott, born May 30, 1863, single. There were twins, born in 1862, who died a week after their birth.

HADEN FAMILY.

Thomas Haden of Derby, Eng., born September 22, 1761, a physician, married Sarah Wallis, and died January 27, 1840, his wife having died April 25, 1819. They left seven children:

1. Charles Haden, born 1784, married Emma Harrison, and had five children.
2. Richard Haden, born 1787, married Elizabeth Broderick, and had six children.
3. Henry Haden, born 1791, single.
4. Frederic Haden, born 1800, single.
5. John Clark Haden, born 1804, married, first, Annie Omerad, second, Sarah Main, and had by her four children.
6. Sarah, born 1788, married James Oakes, and had five children.
7. Ann, born 1788, married Kirk Boott, and had six children (pp. 64, 65, and 66). They were twins, and C. A. Welch has their pictures as children.
8. Mary Rebecca Haden, born 1795, married James Vivian, D.D.; was his second wife and had no children.
9. Harriet, born in 1803, married Frederic Adolphus Leman, and had nine children.

Frederic Adolphus Leman was educated as a barrister and was called to the bar, but gave up the law and bought and ran a biscuit manufactory in London, and had nine children.

a. Frank Haden Leman, died unmarried.

b. Sarah Leman, died unmarried.

c. Henry Bellis, died unmarried.

d. George Keene Leman, married Jenny Strausch, and had children:

(1) Jenny H. M. Leman, married in Massachusetts, George N. P. Mead, physician, son of George Jackson Mead. He has lived in Everett and Winchester, Mass., since.

She was born in England, January 26, 1860, and has had two children:

(*a*) George Jackson Mead, born 1891.

(*b*) Doris Neva Mead, born 1896, died November 10, 1900.

(2) George Charles Leman, born June 1, 1861.

(3) Neva Emily Leman, born August 5, 1862, married Eric Houghton James, and had three children:

(*a*) Heather Houghton James, born September 10, 1896.

(*b*) Winsome Bridget James, born October 21, 1897.

(*c*) Philip Douglas Houghton James, born November 25, 1899.

e. William Leman, unmarried.

f. Emma Leman, married William May, and had six children.

g. Harriet Leman, unmarried.

h. Frederic Leman, unmarried.

i. Fanny Octavia Leman, married Ramson Moore Cuthbert, and had no children.

C. A. Welch knew Mrs. Vivian and Mrs. Leman, having visited them with his wife in England. Mrs. Leman was then a widow. Charles A. Welch dined with Doctor

Vivian, who drank like an Englishman, and then attended some religious ceremony.

Thomas Haden of Derby, has a brother, Rev. John Haden, D.D., who was Vicar of Wolverhampton, and had a large family.

Sarah Haden, an aunt of Mrs. Welch, and twin sister of Mrs. Anne (Haden) Boott, married James Oakes. They were both dead when Charles A. Welch and his wife were in England.

Her children were:

1. James Oakes, who married Marion Mills, and had no children. When Charles A. Welch and his wife were in England and visited the Oakes' place in Derbyshire, he was dead, but they saw his wife, who was very deaf, but a great traveller.
2. Sarah Ann Oakes, single, died January 13, 1901.
3. Margaret Oakes, who was Doctor (afterwards Lord) Playfair's first wife; he was afterwards twice married. The last wife, who survived him, was originally Miss Russell of Boston.
4. Thomas Oakes, single.
5. Charles Oakes, who was married and had five children, three sons and two daughters.

KIRK BOOTT AND HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

READ BY JAMES B. FRANCIS, MAY 5, 1887.

A FEW months since I learned that a letter had been received by a member of the Boott family of Boston, from the Rev. George R. Gleig, an Englishman, making inquiries about the late Kirk Boott, with whom he was associated in the British Army. As anything relating to Mr. Boott could not fail to be interesting to the members of the Old Residents' Historical Association, I ventured to write to Mr. Gleig, asking for information relating to him, and have received the following letter in reply.

BYLANDS, WINCHFIELD, HANTS,
9th of April, 1887.

Dear Sir, — I have delayed replying to your letter of 12th of March, in the hope that I might be able to find out for you some scraps of knowledge bearing on the early education of my old comrade, Kirk Boott. I am sorry to say that I cannot trace his career farther back than the period in which he joined the 85th Light Infantry, nor follow it beyond his retirement from that regiment. I am still prosecuting my inquiries, and should they bring me any information worth transmitting I shall not fail to send it on.

By way of preface to what follows, I must tell you that prior to the year 1813, the 85th, though an excellent fighting regiment, was so torn by factions among the officers, that the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, after trying every other plan for restoring concord among them, made up his mind to disperse them all through different regiments in the service, and to bring in a set entirely new, from the colonel commanding down to the youngest ensign. To be selected as one of this body of young men was a great compliment. It showed that in the regiment from which they were moved into the 85th they had been well thought of, and in this compliment Kirk Boott and I equally shared. From what regiment he came I never enquired, but we joined the 85th at Hythe in Kent, on the same day, he, I think, as a lieutenant and I an ensign.

We went with the regiment to Spain, and on the 19th of August, 1813, landed at Passages. He was present at all the actions of which I have given an account in "The Subaltern," viz.: the capture of San Sabastian, the passages of the Bidaossa, the battle of the Nieve, and the Nivelle, the latter lasting four days, the passage of the Garonne and the siege of

Bayonne. He, like myself, was too young an officer ever to be entrusted with a separate command, but he was a gallant soldier and a great favorite in the corps. He was, moreover, remarkably good looking and one of the best billiard players I ever saw.

The 85th being ordered to America, Boott, like a good patriot, refused to accompany it. He left us before we began our march to Bordeaux; he embarked at Passages for England. What became of him afterwards I do not know. I returned with the 85th to England in May, 1815, and after serving with it a year or two in various home stations I also retired from the army.

I see that in your sketch of him you state that he studied at what was then our staff college, the senior department at Sandhurst; it may have been so, but I never saw or heard of him after bidding him good-bye in the camp under the walls of Bayonne.

This letter will, I fear, be of little use to you. I do not like, however, to leave yours any longer unanswered, and will supplement my story with further details, if at a future period I obtain further information.

It is evident to me that Kirk Boott exhibited the same energy in civil life that he did as an officer in the British army. He really was a very fine fellow. Sincerely yours,

G. R. GLEIG.

JAMES B. FRANCIS, Esq.

I learn from other sources that Mr. Gleig is now in his ninety-first year, and is a prominent Episcopal clergyman, and was chaplain-general of the British army from 1844 to 1872.

I found in the library of the Boston Athenæum, "The Subaltern," referred to in Mr. Gleig's letter, as containing an account of the actions in which he and Mr. Kirk Boott were engaged in Spain and France. Mr. Boott was about twenty-three years old when he joined the 85th Light Infantry as a lieutenant, in May, 1813, with Mr. Gleig, who was about seven years younger. As Mr. Boott's experience in the British army must have had an important effect in fitting him for the position he subsequently held in Lowell, I have made some extracts from "The Subaltern," giving an account of it.

The 85th Light Infantry landed at Passages, in the north of Spain, about ten miles from St. Sabastian, Aug. 18, 1813. The siege of St. Sabastian, occupied by the French, was then in progress. On the night of July 24th, an attempt had been made to take the place by assault, which failed. The siege, however, was not abandoned, and the 85th Light Infantry was ordered to take part in it.

An additional force of artillery having been provided, on the morning of August 27, the batteries, consisting of sixty pieces of artillery of eighteen to sixty-four pounders and twenty mortars, opened fire, which was continued to the evening of the 30th, when two breaches

in the rampart had been made. In front of the rampart was the river Gurumea, which was fordable at low tide. Noon of August 31 had barely passed when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given for the forlorn hope of the storming party to advance. Silent as the grave, the columns moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches and the others followed in quick succession, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper, insomuch that in the space of about two minutes the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on. The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular, to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire, so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear rank to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect, and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in height, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance or the other succeeding in driving them back. Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner, but here too, the obstacles were almost insurmount-

able, nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as perhaps had never been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, while all told with fearful exactness among the enemy. This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes when all at once an explosion took place such as drowned every other noise and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing or established themselves on the summit, but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated them. It exploded when three hundred grenadiers, the *élite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced, insomuch that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards.

The state of stupefaction into which they were thrown at first, did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout the troops sprang over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes, which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed, till finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town.

To reach the streets they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy; and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; they were literally driven from house to house and street to street, nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased. Then, however, the governor, with little more than one thousand men, retired into the castle, whilst another detachment of perhaps two hundred shut themselves up in a convent.

As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately there were few females in the place, but of the fate of the few which were there I cannot even now think without a shudder. The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces, wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who on the contrary controlled the officers ; nor is it by any means certain that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.

Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which one after another took fire. The morning of Aug. 31 had risen upon St. Sabastian, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight it was one sheet of flame, and by noon on the following day little remained of it except its smoking ashes. The houses being lofty, like those in the old town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first some attempts were made to extinguish it, but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered was how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till at last houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority.

The spectacle which then presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Now you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches around his head, and then dashing them against the wall ; then another, more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud exclamations, which in an instant was tapped and in an incredibly short space of time emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries or deep moans of the wounded, and the uninterrupted roar of flames, produced altogether such a concert as no man who listened to it can ever forget.

Of these various noises the greater number now began to subside as night passed on, and long before dawn there was a fearful silence.

Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army. Of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago many had expired, and the very fire had almost wasted itself by consuming everything on which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers, and even that was soon heard no more.

The besiegers lost about twenty-five hundred men, and the besieged about three thousand, besides nine hundred, the remains of the garrison, prisoners of war.

Various marches, skirmishes, and rest in winter quarters, occupied the time until Feb. 23, 1814, when they arrived before the city of Bayonne, which was strongly fortified and garrisoned by about fifteen thousand picked men of the French army under the command of General Thouvenot; the main French army under Marshal Soult being in the immediate neighborhood. The city was regularly invested, and the siege soon after was commenced. About midnight of April 11, intelligence arrived that the allies were in possession of Paris, and that Bonaparte had abdicated. This of course put an end to the war, and a flag of truce was sent into the city with the information. General Thouvenot refused to credit it; he had received, he said, no official communication from Marshal Soult, his immediate commanding officer. Under these circumstances no proposals were made on either side to cease from hostilities. Three days after, at three o'clock in the morning, we were waked up by heavy firing, and found that a desperate sortie had taken place, and in less than a quarter of an hour we were hotly engaged in action. A terrible fight was kept up until daylight, when the French were driven back into the city, losing upwards of a thousand men, the allies losing about nine hundred.

Soon after this General Thouvenot received an official order, which he considered himself bound to obey, and an armistice followed which ended hostilities, and on the morning of the 28th of April the white flag of the Bourbon was hoisted over the ramparts of the city. On the 8th of May the regiment struck its tents and commenced its march to Bordeaux, from which port it sailed for America, where it took part in the actions near Washington and subsequently in the battle of New Orleans.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD "STACKPOLE HOUSE."

[FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE.]

ALL sensible people believe with the poet that it is well for even good things to pass; and I am certainly not one of those who hold that the present can offer nothing to compare with the blessings our fathers enjoyed. Still, there are so many pleasant associations connected with the good old days that I think it well to recall them, even if distance does lend enchantment to the view, and robes the three-hilled city in an azure hue.

And, as memory goes back forty years or more, the old Stackpole House, on the corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, looms up as a type of the old residences of the men who lived in a grander way and with ampler hospitality, as Longfellow puts in, than some of us do now. It was originally built as a mansion house for the Stackpole family. It afterwards passed into the possession of the late Francis Welch, who also occupied it as a dwelling house.

The year that it became a hotel I do not know exactly, but it must have been about sixty years ago, for it had had two landlords before it was made famous under the direction of the late James Walker Ryan. He took possession of it about the year 1840, and among my earliest recollections is a souvenir of the first visit of Charles Dickens to the United States. This hung in a gilt frame in the bar-room, and read as follows:

TREMONT HOUSE, Twenty-fifth January, 1842.

My dear Sir, — Thank you for the box of cigars. I was really pleased to have received them, and have begun upon them with infinite relish and satisfaction. Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. JAMES RYAN.

Another autograph that at one time adorned the same place was this extract from Dryden: —

"As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The Word 's a weathercock for every wind."

This was signed "Daniel O'Connell, M. P.," and was written before the dark days which showed the "Liberator" the emptiness of all human honors.

As I first remember it, the Stackpole House was a delightful old place. The noble front yard, with its giant horse-chestnut trees, was a pleasant spot to dream away a summer afternoon in. The broad porch, with seats on either side, offered facilities for smoking and tippling ale in the shade that would have pleased Thackeray, who, like Martin Luther, loved all creature comforts. The hall was roomy, with doors leading to the right and left, and the stairway, with its massive balusters and short flights of steps, with wide landings, afforded opportunities for rest that in these days of elevators have quite disappeared. A spacious window met the gaze of the visitor as he entered and looked upward, and it gave a cheerful light that is not found in many hallways nowadays. On the lower floor was the dining-room, with windows looking on the yard and Devonshire Street, and opposite was the bar-room, with two spacious kitchens, and the servants' quarters in the rear. Above were rooms for private parties, and what was once the large double parlor, with folding doors, was reserved for public dinners and banquets. All these rooms were spacious and high-studded, with open fire-places and mantelpieces with quaint, old-fashioned designs. Those were the days of garrets, and this house had an attic that would now be accounted a great waste of room. It was dim, and its furthest recesses very dark. My youthful imagination filled it with all sorts of hobgoblins and ghosts, which I gathered from a tolerably well supplied library of old books. From this place a short flight of steps led to the roof, the upper part of which was enclosed by a solid balustrade, and lightning rods shot up here and there with a prodigality in which the solid men of Boston at one time delighted. From here, until gigantic buildings began to obstruct the view, there was a good outlook over the city at all points. The cellar extended under the whole of the house. There were no basement kitchens, but in the western corner was a wine cellar with deep arches, in which "Joey Ladle" could have taken the best vintages through his pores.

The liquors were good in those days, as the merchants in the vicinity fully realized. To the well appointed bar-room would come Frank Skinner, who was noted for the quantity of liquor he would take for one drink. Indeed, it is recorded that on one occasion mine host Ryan, who was anything but a mean man, remarked, after the merchant had filled a tumbler to the brim with brandy: "Mr. Skinner, I have not yet gone into the wholesale business." Bluff, handsome Harry Horton, who was built on a Websterian model, was also frequently seen there, and George W. Blackburn always took his

early dinner at the Stackpole. Late dinners had not then come in. And what meals were served there! There were no baked meats, funeral or otherwise. All joints and fowl were roasted before the fire, and old black Susan, until she became incapacitated by age, used to display the perfection of Southern cooking. But Ryan was a famous cook himself, and his only superior in the preparation of a bird supper was "Gus" Taft, who still bears his honors without a rival. Long may he wear them!

A lunch was always served to the patrons of the house at 11 o'clock A. M. each week day, and on New Year's Day there was a grand spread, at which liquors and meats, and salads which the host could mix to a charm, were free to all comers.

After the theatre, a choice assembly of wits and *bons vivants* would gather at the Stackpole, especially after the old Federal Street Theatre was reopened by Oliver C. Wyman, who married Miss Powell, the daughter of one of the early managers of Boston, a most estimable lady, who died only a few years ago in Roxbury. John Brougham, then in the prime of his manhood, Tom Placide, Humphrey Bland, John Gilbert, Stevens, who was the husband of Mrs. H. Marion Stevens, not much of an actor, but a very gentlemanly fellow, and others of the company would make their appearance; and Edwin Forrest, when he played a star engagement and set the gallery and pit wild with his performances of "Jack Cade" and "The Gladiator," would come in when the play was over.

To digress a little, it may be said that Miss Wagstaff, a pretty actress who married "Count" W. P. Fettridge — the man whose name was identified with the manufacture of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" — and Mrs. W. H. Smith were enrolled among the actresses at the Federal Street Theatre, which stood on the spot now occupied by Messrs. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton's gigantic warehouse. I have seen "Beauty and the Beast," the "Fair One with Golden Locks" and other extravaganzas as I never expect to see them acted again, at this playhouse. Bland and Brougham subsequently opened the Adelphi, a little box of a theatre, at the corner of Court street and Cornhill, where their first productien was a burlesque, by Brougham, entitled "Cher Ryan d'Affairs Tar," a peculiar name, which, deciphered, meant "Cherry and Fair Star."

To return to our mutton chops, which were always particularly good at the Stackpole, — of the real old English sort, — Jim Riddle and Ned Riddle, and father of George Riddle, were among the practical jokers who frequented the Stackpole. They were good auctioneers, and could knock down a man with a joke as quickly as they could any article with a hammer. Dick Berry, who afterwards fell into disgrace and went to California, was also one of the jovial fellows

who made time pass right merrily at the same place. Samuel Lawrence, who also passed under a cloud, the younger brother of Amos, Abbott, and William Lawrence, was an occasional guest in the dining-room of the house. He had quite as aristocratic a bearing as his elder and more famous brother, Abbott, although he was an easier man to approach.

Dr. Valentine, one of the best of mimics, who gave excellent monologue entertainments, always put up at the Stackpole; and T. D. Rice, more familiarly known as "Jim Crow" Rice, the first impersonator of negro character in the world, were nearly always guests at the Stackpole; and a water-color portrait of the last mentioned was one of the pictorial attractions. It long since passed into the possession of a New York manager as a gift from the present writer. Robert Hamilton, at one time stage manager of the old National Theatre under William Pelby, was another patron. He was an educated Scotchman, and the author of several plays. I used to fly from him because he always insisted upon examining me in regard to my studies. He used to put some tough questions, which I dodged as best I could. Ball Hughes, the sculptor, was another man I tried to avoid, because he had a big walking-stick which he persisted in saying he could put down my throat without hurting me. I admired, however, the red-hot poker pictures he used to make for me on the covers of cigar boxes. They were wonderfully artistic in their way.

J. W. Ryan.

THE STACKPOLE HOUSE.

This long celebrated hostelry is doomed. For one hundred and thirty-nine years its strong brick walls and tiled roofs have defied the winter storms and the summer heats; but to-morrow the hand of business progress will fall heavily upon its venerable form, and soon prostrate it in the dust, thus removing another of the ties that connect the present with the past. Every Boston boy who has reached his threescore years and ten will recall it in connection with reminiscences of his early youth, and tell of father and grandfather, dead long and long ago, who remembered the Stackpole House when it was in its glory.

The Stackpole House faced toward Milk Street, and the land in front, fifty-eight feet on Milk Street, belonged to it. Joliffe's lane, now Devonshire Street, was quite narrow, and the lot ran back down the lane one hundred and thirty-six feet. The lane has been widened since, and dignified with the name of street, and this widening has taken away the green strip that intervened between the gable and the lane.

It was William Brown who built the house in question, but at what precise date is not known. The first record is his sale of his brick house on Joliffe's lane, Feb. 25, 1729, together with the lot of fifty-six feet front on Milk Street, and one hundred and thirty-six deep, for £2500, to Jonathan Waldo. No doubt the price was currency, not sterling. In the next fifty years it changed hands several times. Mr. Waldo's daughter married Edward Tyng, and Mr. Waldo gave her the house. The Tyngs were a well-known Boston family. The reporter of the "Massachusetts Reports," a record of judicial decisions, was of them. The present Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, is of the family, and Stephen H. Tyng, Jr. Edward Tyng and his wife advanced in years, and in due season their daughter married Charles Ward Apthorp of New York, and the house came to them.

In the year 1774 Mr. Apthorp conveyed the estate to Joshua Winslow. The latter was its owner during and after the Revolutionary War. He bought, on Joliffe's lane, more land from one John Tucker, and increased the size of the estate. Subsequently to Mr. Winslow's decease, his administrator, Duncan Ingraham, of Concord, Mass., conveyed the estate to William Stackpole.

William Stackpole thus came in possession of the property in 1790. He was a man of considerable enterprise, and John Tucker being now dead, and the Tucker estate in the hands of the guardians of Nathaniel Tucker, Mr. Stackpole bought more land from them. He widened Joliffe's lane, which, by the way, was then sometimes called Pudding lane, and not unfrequently, in common parlance, Black Jack's alley, from an old colored man who lived in some part of it. There are persons living who may remember when one or the other of these appellations was common.

There had been at some unknown previous time a tannery just back, where now is a stable. Mr. Stackpole purchased this property in 1801, and added it to his possessions; and still increasing in riches, probably, in 1810, with Moses Wheeler, he bought the land lower down on Milk Street, on which there are now several brick stores, and other land. Mr. Stackpole resided in the house till his death, in 1813, and the fine old building has ever since been known by his name.

When Mr. Stackpole's estate was divided, there fell to his daughter, Mrs. Margaret C. Welch, the wife of Francis Welch, the house and lot in Joliffe's lane, the Stackpole House, and Mr. and Mrs. Welch resided therein till about 1821 or 1822. Business houses began to encroach on the vicinity, and Mr. Francis Welch, now some forty to fifty years of age, found it convenient to remove to a more quiet location. Mr. Welch was a man of note in the generation that has just departed, and died, full of honors and years, in the city of Boston, in the month of April, 1867, aged nearly ninety-one, having long survived his wife, the former Miss Margaret C. Stackpole. This branch of the Welch family is well known in this community to-day, one of them a prominent member of the Suffolk bar, and another one of the clergy.

After Mr. Welch left it, in 1821, the Stackpole House became a famous restaurant, and continued so till the glories of Parker's and Young's modern saloons threw it into the shade, and the thunder of wheels all day long destroyed its quiet and filled its parlors with dust. William Gallagher, whose good dinners and select parties many Bostonians will recollect with pleasure, kept there many years, and the social memories of anniversary dinners and festal occasions will long keep in mind the name of the Stackpole House. But as for its material presence, its glory is departed, and the sun of August will look upon uptorn foundation stones that have not seen the face of day for nearly a hundred and fifty years, — five whole generations.

Francis Welch, Esq., whose decease we mentioned yesterday, was a man of original and marked character. Fortunate beyond most men, he had the rare happiness of uninterruped and vigorous health

throughout a long life, counting more than ninety years, and sunk to his rest at last as calmly as a child drops to sleep.

Bred a merchant, he earned the credit of unblemished integrity and utter fairness of dealing. His word was his bond, and during the latter half of his life he watched over the interests committed to him with sturdy fidelity and a vigilance as untiring as if every dollar had been his own. In social life also he meant all he said, and if his action ever varied from his word, it was in doing more than he had promised.

Of spotless private life, his religion consisted in an honest purpose to deal justly with others and use rightly the powers God had given him, rather than in any value set on religious forms, though for these he always cherished the profoundest respect. Independent in judgment, positive in opinion, tenacious almost to obstinacy, and, although a thorough gentleman, frank even to bluntness, he feared not the face of man. When a hasty bluntness had wounded any man's feelings his apology was always more than mere words.

Though he passed his life in active business, and enjoyed, in his early years, only limited advantages of education, he was yet widely read in the history of his own country and most others, and in the lives of all eminent men. Indeed, there were so few subjects he had omitted that he might fairly be called a well-read and thoughtful student.

Long past his threescore years and ten when the war broke out, he entered with hearty zeal into the national struggle. Like most men of his age, those whose memories ran back to our earliest history, he was hotly and most devotedly patriotic, and would have shed his blood and given his life as readily as did his grandson for the nation whose years counted exactly one by one with his own.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE STACKPOLE HOUSE.

BY THE REV. INCREASE N. TARBOX, D. D.

[From the "New Englander" for October.]

All who have been familiarly acquainted with Boston during the years of the present century will remember well the "Old Stackpole House," as it has long been called, standing on Devonshire Street, midway between Milk and Water streets. This antique structure is now no more. The costly and splendid post-office building has risen over the spot where it stood. When the Stackpole House was built upon this spot, more than 140 years ago (in 1729) Boston, as com-

pared with its present extent, was only a large village. Here was an open territory, with arrangements for a choice, aristocratic, half-country residence. It stood, as we have said, midway between Milk and Water streets, but looking toward Milk Street, and with an ample dooryard in front. Anciently, Devonshire Street did not exist. A narrow lane, starting out at nearly right angles from Milk Street, sometimes called Joliffe's lane, and sometimes by the more plebeian designation of Pudding lane, ran along upon that side of the building, occupying a part of what has since been Devonshire Street. For sixty years after this house was built it was not known by its modern name. Different families, in the last century, and in the present, have occupied it for a longer or shorter time, — the Waldos, the Tyngs, the Apthorps, the Winslows, the Welches. In the latter part of the last century, Mr. William Stackpole, a wine merchant, purchased the property, and though he occupied it with his family only a short time, as compared with the whole term of its existence, yet somehow he fixed his name upon it, and it has since been known by no other. Undoubtedly, in his day, there was a certain gayety about the old mansion — a fulness in the tides of life that ebbed and flowed around it that made a deep impression upon the "Young Boston" of that generation.

Fifty years ago the waves of business began to roll up from the North End and invade the region where this old family residence stood. In all our great cities a process of this kind is perpetually going on. The tides of trade move steadily forward, carrying with them a great army of plain work-a-day people, and the rich, fashionable, aristocratic folks are certain to retire before this onward movement. For many years after the Stackpole House ceased to be a genteel private residence, it was used as a fashionable restaurant, where the gay and lively Bostonians found good cooking, and where they used to assemble and unbend in festive cheer. Thirty or forty years ago this house was to the then citizens of Boston something like what the Parker House is to-day. But by degrees the business of this part of the city became more rough, noisy, tumultuous, and fashion began to retreat from this place, even as a house of entertainment. The building descended still lower in the scale of being. It was put to meaner and meaner uses as the years rolled on, until at length the ancient house and its surroundings were of the coarse kind. Its glory had departed. The tide of festive joy that had long broken around it had gone never to return. During the last year of its existence, while it stood, as we have described it, empty and deserted, revealing to those who passed by its ancient halls and stairways, trodden by the generations of the dead, its antique chambers and curious finish, its thick walls built up in Puritan honor, to

endure, its quaint old rooms where many had been born and many had died — in this broken and half dilapidated state, it was a most common circumstance to see some elderly Bostonian lingering in front of it, musing over this wreck of the past, and calling up the memories of other days — pointing out perhaps to some stranger, or younger friend, what was so full of old and pleasant associations to him. Before turning away from the building itself, it may be well to pause and remember how far back among the roots of our New England history it reaches. It was twenty-five years old at the breaking out of the French and Indian war. It was forty-six years old when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. The house was built the year after Cotton Mather died, and three years before Mather Byles commenced his unique ministry at the Hollis Street Church. It was eleven years old at the time of Whitefield's visit to Boston.

There is one singular fact connected with the history of this celebrated old mansion. In the transfers that have been made of it from family to family, as the years have passed on, in three separate instances it has gone to a daughter of the previous owner, and has been occupied by her in her married state, so that the new name was only her married name. When this fact is taken into account, it will be seen that the house has remained much more nearly in the same family line than might appear at first from the large variety of names. There is lying before us on the table, as we write, a little old manuscript sermon, very yellow and dog-eared, which was preached in one of the rough hill towns of eastern Connecticut in the spring of 1796. The manuscript is about six inches long and four broad, in its outer leaves, but some of the inner pages are much smaller — not more than three inches square. It was written just when a ministerial crisis had arrived. The good parson was in want of paper, and when he set himself to his work of preparation for the Sabbath, he had to do the best he could under the circumstances. He gathered together such fragments of paper as he found lying about — some letters lately received, and some broken scraps on which he had made rough drafts of letters, to be sent in reply, to be copied afterward in more dignified and shapely forms. He stitched these together, small and great, and made him a little book of 44 pages, though many of these pages were already considerably covered with writing. In inscribing his sermon upon these leaves he sometimes wrote across the old writing and sometimes around it, and so he finished a very tender and affectionate sermon, from John xv., 24-27, and went up the next Sabbath morning to the top of a high and rocky hill, and in a small, old-fashioned, square meeting-house, with high galleries and without any steeple, he preached it to a congregation of plain farming people; but of this same congregation since that day have come several men who have

filled large places and are not unknown to fame. The first sentence of that sermon reads as follows: "This chapter is a continuation of Christ's farewell sermon to his dear disciples, whom he had chosen out of the world to bear witness to the truth of his divinity and religion."

But when we penetrate through the sermon and decipher the writing underneath, we discover that there was a crisis in the life of this good minister far more severe and trying than any occasioned by the lack of writing-paper. These leaves, thus hurried together, reveal the outlines of a correspondence which had caused anxious days and sleepless nights in that plain old parsonage house among the hills. A son from that household was in Yale College. Two years before he had gone there and was now midway in his college course. He was a specimen of manly beauty, such as one is not often permitted to see; and when he appeared at New Haven he occasioned no little commotion among the young people of that place. The writer has it on the personal testimony of a most worthy and venerable lady, who, after living out nearly her fourscore years in that beautiful city of her nativity, and leaving behind her children and grandchildren, has now for many years been dead, but who, at the time this student from eastern Connecticut came to college, in 1794, was in the full glow of youthful life and beauty. Her emphatic testimony, in her own words, was: "He was the handsomest young man that ever trod the college green." The same language might have been used respecting him that was used to describe another young man, many, many generations ago. "But in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty; from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him." This handsome youth was the first-born son in this quiet old parsonage house, and his father and mother loved him as fondly as David loved Absalom. But, as in the case of Absalom, so now his beauty was for a snare unto him. Such attentions as he received, such flatteries as were lavished upon him, might have wrought mischief with almost any young man just coming forward in like conditions into life. Transferred, as he was, from a home of exceeding quiet to the temptations of a college and a city, these flatteries wrought mischief with him — turned him away from his studies, in which he might have shone, and at length involved him in trouble with the college authorities, as well as with merchants, tailors, etc. The interior and underlying correspondence in this old manuscript sermon is all about this student at Yale. Some of these letters are easily deciphered in part or in whole, while others are so broken that the sense cannot be made out. Dr. Dwight had then just commenced his presidency of Yale College, having been inducted into office in 1795. The first writing discoverable in this manuscript is the draft of a letter to be sent to the president. It is addressed to "Rev.

Timothy Dwight, New Haven." [The first words are missing, but afterward it runs thus]: —

"Could you see it consistent to give him a dismission from college, I should be glad, as it will save me some expense which will be needless for him, and which I need; for his debts are crowding upon me, and it is with difficulty I can settle those already contracted. Rev. and dear sir, I find it very hard to support my son any longer in college, and he having an intention of contributing to procure something toward settling debts contracted, being at a great distance, and as I would like to see him, I am led to think it best to request a dismission for him from being a member of your college. I wish to have a formal interview upon this subject with you, dear sir, but seeing no way for it, I am pressed to present my request, by writing, in confidence of your wisdom and goodness. Hoping you will do the thing which is best, I am, yours."

Next follows a letter from a highly injured and indignant tailor. At the end of seventy-seven years, from the time this epistle was written, letters of the same general import, we are sorry to say, are still going from that goodly city to various parts of our broad land.

"I have an account against you for tailor work done for your son ———, last summer, to the amount of about forty-eight shillings, and which I was promised should be paid me last September, and I have not yet received one farthing of it. But I am in want of the money, and don't know how to wait long for it; and, indeed, I cannot. It has been a disappointment to me waiting so long. I must put the account into the hands of an attorney soon, if not settled. Yours, etc."

And here is the draft of the letter of the father in reply. You can see in it the plain, honest, hard-pressed pastor, living on a small salary, straitened now on every side in his endeavors to educate his growing family. This boy at Yale is the oldest; but other children, sons and daughters, are coming forward, and he wishes to give them all good advantages for education. In fact, as years passed away, three sons from this household went into professional life, and two daughters became the wives of distinguished ministers. But let us hear the letter: —

"*Sir:* — You wrote me that you have an account against my son. I would inform you that I know nothing of it in particular, but shall make payment of it as soon as possible. I hope you will wait until I come down to New Haven, which I expect will be in June."

Then there is a draft of still another letter, written to some one to whom money was owing, but who evidently is not so indignant and peremptory as the tailor was. The draft reads as follows, and from some internal evidence was very likely addressed to the steward of the college: —

"As to the debt due to you from my son, I will give due attention to it, and as I am disappointed at present in respect to money, it is probable I shall be at

New Haven or send in the course of the summer, and if so, I will endeavor to settle it. I would wish, sir, to have you, if you will, take the care of some things in college, that belong to my son, disposing of them to as good advantage as you can, except the articles of bed-clothing, which I do not wish to be disposed of. I would be glad, sir, if you would make some inquiry in respect to things left by my son and take care of them."

Then we have the form of still another letter, written apparently to some one in New Haven, to whom all these letters were to be consigned in a package, and who was to distribute them. This letter bears a distinct date, open and visible, as some of the others do not. It was written "May 24, 1796," and is as follows:—

"*Dear Sir*, — I have four letters, requesting the favor that you would deliver them as soon as may be with your own hand, and should the President signify to you a complyance with my request in respect to my son, that you would be so kind as to write me."

[The rest is cut off.]

Some of these letters were written with the hope and expectation that the boy might be honorably dismissed from college, and might come home. But the boy was involved in such trouble with the college authorities, as many others before and since have been, that he was not to be honorably dismissed, but was to be suspended or rusticated. With this disgrace upon him, the young man, with his proud and high spirit, could not bear to go back to his father's house, and to his old companionships, and so, while the father is waiting anxiously for news from New Haven, and is hoping to see his son, word comes that the dear child is suspended, and, what is still more trying, that he has disappeared. And so, as the tradition runs, the grieved and stricken father mounted his horse, and in those days of early summer, when the birds were singing and the fields were green, took his long, sad and solitary way over the hills, some fifty or sixty miles, to New Haven. On reaching the place and making inquiries, he concludes, from such information as he can gain, that the boy has gone to a town in western Massachusetts, where reside some relatives or intimate friends of the family. So again the father starts on horseback, and slowly makes his way up to this town, a distance from New Haven of some seventy miles. When he reaches the place, weary with his long and anxious journey, the sorrowful news awaits him that his truant son has been there, but has gone to seek his fortunes in Boston. But none of these things can exhaust or weary a father's love, so on he goes, this time a journey of some one hundred and twenty miles, to reach the city of Boston. There he finds the truant boy, and in his kindness, and being disposed to make the best of a bad case, he falls in with his son's entreaties, allows him to remain and helps him to secure a place as a student in one of the best law offices at that time

in the city. The head of that house bore an honored name then, and that name is still in high repute in Boston and in the land. With this arrangement the father went home, having made a circuit of between three and four hundred miles.

The rusticated student set about his work here like one who had a character to retrieve. So far did he gain upon the good-will of the college authorities in those years, that in 1799 they conferred upon him the degree of A. M. and his name will be found in the triennial catalogue of Yale, in the list for that year, of the *Honorarii et Alibi Instituti*. He thus obtained his degree of A. M. two years earlier than in the ordinary line of things. Had he gone on regularly in his college course, he would have graduated in 1798, and would have taken his A. M., according to usual custom, in 1801. The fact that it was conferred upon him as it was seems to be good evidence of a general diligence in his law studies.

As the story used to run, it happened one night in those years between 1796 and 1799, a fire was raging somewhere in the vicinity of the Stackpole House, and the fine-looking student, by a kind of accident, turned out of the crowd and took the steps of the old mansion as a good place to see the fire. A pair of eyes happened to be looking at him out of the window, that had seen him before. The door was opened, and the student was politely invited to walk in and look from a window where he could see the fire to still better advantage. This was the real beginning of an acquaintance that ripened into marriage. The marriage took place in the summer of 1800. Meanwhile the law studies had been completed, and the student had opened for himself an office in Boston, and was expecting to make this the place of his residence and business.

But in 1803, during the first term of Jefferson's presidency, the immense territory called by the general name of Louisiana (of which the present State of Louisiana is only a small portion), was purchased from France. Our young lawyer succeeded, through the aid of friends, in obtaining from Jefferson the office of district attorney for this territory, and his place of residence was to be New Orleans. In November, 1803, he left Boston for that distant city — how distant in those days! — and as soon as he could make suitable arrangements for living his wife followed, with their little daughter, then two years old. Here everything seemed to promise for him a brilliant and successful career. There was much in his fine looks and style to captivate the people of that new southwest, and he rose rapidly in business, in wealth, in reputation. But in 1804 his wife died suddenly of the fever of that country, and the little girl, after a time, was sent back to her relatives in Boston. At her return she was probably not far from four years old — old enough to remember her father, from whom she was to be now

strangely separated, after such experiences of toilsome journeying as do not often fall to the lot of a little child. So the months passed on — the little girl now in Boston prattling of her father, and of the sights she had seen in her southern life, and her father most busily occupied with the duties of his place. The business of the office had now so accumulated that the lawyer had with him, besides other help, a younger brother, who might assist him in his work, and at the same time study his profession. The income was so large that the District Attorney of Louisiana was enabled to live in such state as might seem becoming to a United States officer. He had servants, fine horses, and carriages, and was wont to appear abroad in the streets of the city with such show and equipage as to attract the admiration of that gay, half-creole population. He was rising in popularity. Office, honor and wealth seemed to open naturally before him. Flattering reports of his success and of his prospects reached his friends at the North, and his good father was cheered and rewarded for all his patience and toil.

But New Orleans was then what it has been since, a place of wild and ungoverned passions. Its code of morals was exceedingly corrupt, and its whole style of life showy and half fantastic. It was easy for such a man as our district attorney to feel that when he was among Romans he must adopt the style of the Romans. He had not the moral courage to carry down to that place the simple lessons of virtue, truth and right which he had learned in the quiet home of his father, or under the teachings of President Dwight and his coadjutors at Yale College. *Honor* in that city meant something exceedingly different from what was called honor among those plain Connecticut farmers that sat under his father's preaching. From the very nature of his life, from the exposures of his office, he was subject to continual frictions and irritations. The temper of men about him was hot and jealous, ready to take fire at a word, and what was needed to quiet them was a calm, just spirit, ever seeking after the true and right. Time had passed on until the year 1807. In a quarrel that had arisen with a certain man with whom he had some public business transactions, the district attorney received a challenge to fight a duel, and under what he deemed to be the pressure of the southern code he promptly and foolishly accepted it. His brother, who was in the office with him, knew in part, but not exactly, what was passing. He was troubled, anxious and watchful, fearful of violence, but not knowing exactly in what shape it might fall. His lodging place was not in the same building with his brother. Rising in the early dusk of a March morning, and looking out into the street, he was astonished to see his brother's carriage driven rapidly by, with his brother in it half-muffled in a cloak. Suspicion at once flashed upon him as to what

was going forward. The carriage had disappeared. But he took it direction and hurried on if possible to reach it. He came up with it, after a long and weary race, outside of the city limits, and just in season to behold a horrible sight. The duel had been fought, the seconds and witnesses were standing round, and his brother lay prostrate upon the ground, bleeding to death. He died upon the spot, and was buried the next day in the Protestant burying ground, where his ashes still lie, though his grave is entirely undesignated, and cannot now be found.

The little girl, thus left an orphan, was among kindred who would kindly care for her, and who would abundantly provide for her wants. After growing to years of womanhood, she married, and not long ago died, leaving behind her, in the city of her birth, a goodly number of descendants. Were we not justified in our opening sentences in saying that human life, in its unfolding, often moves in channels so strange and abrupt that no novelist would ever be likely, in the operations of his fancy, to follow them or to conceive anything of the kind. The several portions of our story were at first so far asunder that it did not seem they would ever come together, and yet, now that the story is told, all will agree that they are but parts of one whole.

The Stackpole House, as we have said, is no more, but the old parsonage house in eastern Connecticut, where he whose singular fortunes we have traced was born, is still standing in the same rustic quiet as of old. The birds of the air still sing about it, and build their nests in the trees. The cattle and sheep graze peacefully upon the neighboring hillsides as though this world had no trouble and sorrow. The meeting-house still stands upon the top of the rocky hill — not the same, but on the same spot — and the people from the scattered farmhouses still gather there Sabbath by Sabbath, to worship the God of their fathers. Life follows death, and death follows life in endless succession.

CHRONOLOGICAL.

William Stackpole, the owner and occupant of the house that bore his name, was born in 1744. He married Ann Parker, nee Jackson. Their children were:

1st, — Nancy Davis, born 1777; married Samuel Stillman, son of the Rev. Dr. Stillman; she bore him several sons, who all died unmarried. In 1813 she married John Holker, first French Consul-General to this country. Mr. Holker was of Scotch descent; his father, having espoused the cause of the Stuarts, was taken prisoner at the defeat of Culloden, but escaped from the Tower to France, where he entered the service of Louis XV. Their only daughter, Adelaide, married Hugh M. Nelson, of Virginia, who died while major in the confederate service. An only child, a son bearing the same name, now survives, owning property in Boston transmitted to him from his great-grandfather Stackpole.

2d, — Sarah Creese, born 1778; married, 1799, Edward St. Loe Livermore. Mr. Livermore was appointed by Washington, United States District Attorney, was afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and represented the North Essex district, Mass., in Congress from 1807 to 1811. Their children now surviving are: Elizabeth Brown, unmarried; Caroline, wife of the Hon. J. G. Abbott, of Boston; Sarah Stackpole, wife of John Tatterson, of Southbridge, Mass.; and Mary Jane, wife of the Hon. Daniel Saunders, of Lowell.

3d, — William, born 1799; married Nancy Hodgdon, nee Lewis; graduated at Harvard, studied and practised law. He did much to improve the breed of horses, owning the celebrated trotter, "Blue," and several fine racing and hunting horses. He was about the only if not the sole person who kept and rode after a pack of hounds in this vicinity. He, as well as his wife, died suddenly of fever in the West, leaving several children, all minors at the time: William, who died unmarried; Grace H. G., married George Atkinson, of the Inner Temple, London; J. Lewis, married Susan M. Benjamin; Roxana, married Frederick Dabney; J. W. Gurley, married Emeline Patterson, nee Dabney; and Frederick, who died young.

4th, — Grace Handfield, born 1782; married, in 1800, John Ward Gurley, first United States Attorney for Louisiana [see reminiscence of the Stackpole House, by the Rev. I. N. Tarbox, D. D.]. Their

only daughter married Major Joseph Grafton, U. S. A., who served with distinction on our northern frontier in the War of 1812; they left a daughter who now survives, and several sons, some of whom still survive.

5th, — Margaret Creese, born 1784; married, 1803, Francis Welch [see notice of Stackpole House; address by the Hon. N. B. Shurtleff, and obituary by Wendell Phillips]. Of their children, Margaret S. married J. Mansfield Brown; Francis W. married Mary Ann Humphry; Harriet married Rev. John C. Phillips; Edward died while member of the senior class of Harvard; Charles A. married Mary L. Boott; Rev. J. Holker, of the Society of Jesus; J. Huntington died unmarried; Caroline M. married Edward A. Crowninshield; Margaret S. married for second husband J. T. Winchester; Caroline M. married for second husband Howard Arnold.

Eight of the great-grandchildren of William and Ann Stackpole served in the Union armies during the Rebellion, in grades from Lieutenant to Major commanding a regiment, and one in the navy as Lieutenant commanding. Seven of above are recent graduates from Harvard. For Edward Gardner Abbott, Henry Livermore Abbott, James Ingersoll Grafton, and Francis Welch Crowninshield, see Harvard Memorial Biographies, they having fallen on the field, or died of wounds there received. Major J. Lewis Stackpole, Major J. Mansfield Brown, Capt. Lewis Stackpole Dabney, and Lieut. Fletcher M. Abbott survive.

NOTE. — During the occupation of Boston by British troops, two sisters of Mrs. Ann Stackpole married English officers, one a Colonel Handfield; of the other, name forgotten.

FRANCIS W. WELCH.

BROOKLINE, May, 1880.

EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE.

EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE, the subject of this sketch, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., April 5, 1762. He was the son of Samuel Livermore, a former chief justice of New Hampshire, and his wife, Jane, the daughter of the Rev. Arthur Browne, and was of the sixth generation in lineal descent from John Livermore, who emigrated to America in the bark "Frances," which sailed from Ipswich, England, during the year 1634.

John Livermore settled first in Watertown, Mass., where he lived until 1665, when he removed to Wethersfield, Conn. From Wethersfield he went to New Haven, where his name appears in the town records as one of the signers of the fundamental agreement of the Colony of New Haven. In 1670 he returned to Watertown, where, after having filled many offices of trust, he died in 1685. His wife, Grace, died and was buried in 1686, at Chelmsford, where visitors to the old rural graveyard may still see an ancient, moss-covered stone "erected to her memory by her dutiful children."

Samuel Livermore, the great-grandson of John Livermore, inherited from his uncle, Nathaniel, the homestead in Watertown, now known as the "Lyman Farm," in Waltham. His wife was a daughter of Deacon Brown, of Boston. He was "much trusted in municipal and church affairs," and died at the age of seventy-one years, in 1773, leaving four sons, all of whom became distinguished men.

Samuel Livermore was born in 1732. At the age of twenty he was graduated at Nassau Hall in New Jersey, and afterwards read law with Judge Trowbridge, at Beverly, Mass. Soon after being admitted to the bar he settled in Portsmouth, N. H., where, in 1759, he married Jane, the daughter of the Rev. Arthur Browne.

Arthur Browne was the first Episcopal minister settled in New Hampshire. He was born in 1699, in Drogheda, Ireland, and was a son of the Rev. John Browne, archdeacon of Elphin, a descendant of the Scottish family of Brownes of Coulstone. He was educated for the ministry at Trinity College, Dublin, and was ordained by the Bishop of London. In 1729, under the auspices of the "British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," he was sent as missionary to Providence, R. I. On his way thither he landed at Newport, where he remained about a year in charge of Trinity

Church. He then went to Providence, where he was settled for several years as rector of King's — now St. John's — Church. In 1737 he was called to St. John's Church of Portsmouth, N. H., of which he remained rector until a short time before his death, which occurred at Cambridge, Mass., in 1773, while he was on a visit to his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Winwood Sargent. He was a man of great learning, and of a genial and benevolent disposition. Upon one occasion, as he was dining at the house of Governor Wentworth, where he was a frequent and welcome guest, he was ordered by the governor to perform the ceremony by which the maid-servant Patty, became the governor's wife, Lady Wentworth, — an incident which has since been celebrated in verse by Longfellow. The silver tankard which the governor took from the table at the conclusion of the ceremony, and gave to Arthur Browne, is still in the possession of his descendants.

Samuel Livermore soon became a successful lawyer, and was appointed attorney-general for the province, and king's advocate in the courts of admiralty. In 1765 he removed to Londonderry, N. H., and in this town was born his son Arthur, who became a justice of the Supreme Court, chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas of New Hampshire, and member of Congress. About the year 1765 Samuel Livermore began the settlement of Holderness, in Grafton County. Of this place he was one of the original grantees, and he eventually became by purchase the owner of about one half of the township. There, on the banks of the Pemigewasset River, in 1769, he fixed his permanent residence, and lived in almost feudal state until his death. It is said that "he possessed but little less than absolute power over the inhabitants, his superiority of character adding to the influence he could naturally command from the extent of his possessions." The huge house which he built there is still known as the "Old Livermore Mansion," and is now used for the Episcopal Seminary for the diocese of New Hampshire. After the breaking out of the War of the Revolution, he was made State's Attorney-General, and was several times a delegate to the Continental Congress. In 1782 he was appointed chief justice of the State. He was a member of the convocation for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, under which he was a representative in the first Congress, and later, a senator for nine years. He was for several years president *pro tempore* of the United States Senate. In 1803 he died, and was buried at Holderness, in the shadow of the church which he built, and which he had for many years supported. He and his wife were noted for their loving charities.

Edward St. Loe Livermore received his early education at Londonderry and Holderness, where his father's chaplain, the Rev. Robert Fowle, was his tutor. He studied law at Newburyport, in the office of

that distinguished jurist, Chief Justice Parsons. Upon being admitted to the bar he began the practice of law at Concord, N. H., where he soon attained to a high position in his profession. Here, while still very young, he married his first wife, Mehitable, the daughter of Robert Harris, Esq. She died at the age of twenty-eight years, in 1793, leaving five children, all of whom are now dead. She was a highly educated, refined and agreeable woman.

Judge Livermore's eldest son by his first marriage, Samuel, was educated at Harvard College. He was a friend of Captain Lawrence of the "Chesapeake," under whom he served as a volunteer chaplain in the celebrated sea-fight with the British frigate "Shannon," in which he was wounded and taken prisoner. He afterwards practised law in New Orleans, where he amassed a considerable fortune. He was the author of several treatises upon different branches of the law, which are still referred to as authorities. At his death he left to Harvard College his library of some thousand volumes, which was then the richest in America in works relating to the civil law. His sister, Harriet, was widely known and respected as a traveller in the Holy Land.

Soon after the death of his first wife, Mr. Livermore removed to Portsmouth, where, in a short time, he became distinguished in professional and political life. He was appointed by President Washington, United States District Attorney, an office which he held until 1798, when he was made Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. In 1799 he married Sarah Creese, the daughter of William Stackpole, a distinguished merchant of Boston. She has been well described as "a woman of sweet and amiable temper, with an entire absence from her character of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness." Her consistently Christian life and deportment warmly attached to her all who knew her or came within the sphere of her gentle, winning influence. Well might be said of her,

> "None knew thee but to love thee,
> None named thee but to praise."

She survived her husband many years, and died at Lowell, Oct. 5, 1859.

In politics Judge Livermore was a zealous Federalist, and took an active part in public affairs; but, although he lived at a period when party feeling was intensely bitter, his gentlemanly and courteous bearing and the urbanity of his manners gave him much personal influence even with his political opponents. After a faithful discharge for a few years of his duties as judge, he resigned his position upon the bench and resumed the practice of his profession.

In 1802 he took up his residence in Newburyport; where he soon

became a leading citizen, and was chosen to represent the town in the General Court of the State. "His course there was so wise and judicious that he was chosen to represent the North Essex District, then so-called, in Congress." On the 22d of December, 1807, Congress, upon recommendation of President Jefferson, passed the famous Embargo Act, which was intended "to countervail Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, and the British orders in council." Judge Livermore took an active part in the debates of the House upon the passage of this Act, and, later, used all his endeavors to have it repealed. Upon this subject he made in particular one very forcible and eloquent speech which won for him many laurels.

In 1811, after having served for three terms in Congress, he declined a re-election, and soon after removed from Newburyport to Boston, where he lived for some years a quiet life, taking no active part in public affairs. In 1813, at the request of the town authorities of Boston, he delivered the annual oration upon the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. This oration was delivered at the height of the War of 1812, and about a month after the sanguinary combat off Boston Light between the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon" frigates, in which his son Samuel was engaged. The details of this combat being as yet unknown in Boston, there was naturally among the townspeople a feeling of great anxiety to learn the fate of their friends and relatives on board the "Chesapeake," and this feeling was probably not unmixed with bitterness toward those who had involved the country in what many believed to be a causeless war. It was, therefore, with the apparent sympathy of his hearers that Judge Livermore criticised most severely the action of the American Government which led to the war, — which he believed unnecessary, and which had brought so much misery and suffering upon the whole country, but especially upon the New England States, — while he paid a deserved tribute of praise to the gallantry and patriotism of the navy, whose exploits reflected so much lustre upon the American arms.

Soon after the close of the War of 1812, Judge Livermore caught the so-called "Western fever," and took his large family to Zanesville, Ohio, which was at that time looked upon as the "far West," with the intention of settling there. The comforts of civilization had not yet spread through that part of the new world. It was before the days of railways, and the long and tedious journey from the East had to be performed in carriages suited to the rough roads of the country. Judge Livermore and his family could not bring themselves to submit to the many deprivations and hardships necessarily attending a residence in the West at that time, and they therefore soon returned to Boston.

About 1816 Judge Livermore, desirous of passing the rest of his

days removed from the bustle of city and political life, bought, far out in the country, in the town of Tewksbury, a quiet home farm of about two hundred acres, called the "Gedney Estate." The mansion house upon this estate was beautifully situated at the confluence of the Merrimack and Concord rivers. Standing at an elevation of from forty to fifty feet above the water, it commanded a distant and lovely view of both the streams. Back of the house, upon the opposite side of the Merrimack, rose Dracut Heights, looming up as if to shield the spot from the north wind. The house itself was a large, old, rambling building, and the tradition is, that all its beams and woodwork were prepared in England and brought to this country for a Mr. Brown, who bought the estate about the middle of the last century. However this might be, it was certainly a lovely old mansion, a fit residence for its new owners, who brought to it high culture and breeding. Some of the older residents of the goodly city which has since sprung up about it may still remember the house as it then stood, with the lawn in front bordered on one side by a long avenue of Lombardy poplars, — and may also remember the hospitality which made it so well known in the country about.

For many years Judge Livermore had associated with men prominent in letters and in politics in this and other countries, and had taken an active part in the political transactions of the times, so that, being endowed with a comprehensive memory, he had at his command a large fund of anecdotes, and his conversation was agreeable and instructive to all with whom he came in contact. When he bought the Gedney estate in Tewksbury, he called it "Belvidere," — a most appropriate name for so beautiful a place. Until 1826 the nearest place of public worship was about two miles from "Belvidere," at Pawtucket Falls, where the Rev. Mr. Sears, a Presbyterian minister, preached for many years, and here the Livermore family became constant attendants.

When the Merrimack Manufacturing Company was organized, a church was built for the benefit of Mr. Kirk Boot, his family, and other Episcopalians connected with the manufacturing establishment. At the first church meeting of the new parish, a pew was kindly placed at the disposal of Judge Livermore. He, with his family, continued to occupy this pew until his death, and it is still occupied by his eldest daughter, the only member of the family who now lives in Lowell. The first clergyman installed in this church was the Rev. Theodore Edson, the beloved pastor, who still fulfils his duties with unwearied zeal, not unmindful of the exhortation of St. Paul to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Judge Livermore lived to see a large and flourishing city grow up around the lonely spot he had selecled for a quiet home, and to gather

round his fireside neighbors who would have graced society in any city in the world. He died at "Belvidere" on the 15th of September, 1832, at the age of seventy years, and was buried in the old Granary Burying Ground in Boston. He left seven children by his second marriage, four of whom are still living, viz.: Elizabeth Browne Livermore, who lives at Lowell and is unmarried; Caroline, the wife of Hon. J. G. Abbott, of Boston; Sarah Stackpole, wife of John Tatterson, Esq., of Southbridge, Mass.; and Mary Jane, wife of Hon. Daniel Saunders, of Lawrence.

Judge Livermore, although of a quick and hot temper, was a just, hospitable, upright man, with

> "a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity."

The poor man never turned from his door empty-handed, or the afflicted without sympathy. He died in the sure hope of the resurrection of the dead and a life to come. "The memory of the just lives with the just."

Boston, Sept. 14, 1879.

BOSTON WHARVES.

Interesting Personal Recollections of Them Sixty Years Ago.

[*Written for the Saturday Evening Gazette.*]

An esteemed correspondent has called my attention to an article in a late Boston Sunday paper, entitled "Boston Wharves Sixty Years Ago," and he requests me to give my personal recollections of what Boston wharves were at that time.

It opens up a wide field for illustration. Sixty years ago our wharves were the pride and boast of Boston commerce. One who was familiar with them at that period would not recognize in the wharves to-day the slightest resemblance, except in name, to those of the past.

Sixty years ago Sea Street from old Fort Point Channel, Broad Street, India Street, its entire length, Commercial Street, its entire length, up to Charlestown old bridge, formed a continuous mercantile marginal highway or water front. There was scarcely a break at any intermediate point, and vessels loaded and discharged directly on the avenue.

Long Wharf, of course, is the oldest of the great wharves, by record — it having existed in Colonial times. There were smaller wharves at the South End known then to commerce, but few north of Long Wharf.

India Wharf was the first of the large wharves built after the Revolution. Then came Central Wharf, built just at the close of the War of 1812. India Wharf was properly named, for on this wharf were located the principal firms engaged in the India trade, which even then had obtained great proportions.

Central Wharf, at the time of its completion, was the longest wharf or landing pier for ships in the world. The dock was a corporation, but the stores were owned individually. On this wharf, up to about 1840, were the warehouses and counting-rooms of Boston's wealthiest merchants. It had a double dock,

south and north, extending to the water front on India Street, and six decades ago there was rarely a time when both docks were not filled with sailing vessels, from the East Indiamen, at one end, to the New York packet schooners, at the other.

It was on this wharf that Col. Thomas H. Perkins had his counting-room. Then came Healy, William F. Weld & Co., Whitney, William Eager, Worthington & Co., Iasigi & Goddard, Robert C. Hooper, Stanton, Fiske & Nichols, Blake & Co., John Tyler & T. W. Sears, and others. It was the central point for our then great European trade, particularly that from the Mediterranean, and also for the West India trade.

Long Wharf needs no historical account. It extended then from the channel to Broad Street. No. 1, Long Wharf, sixty years ago, was the building now standing at the corner of Chatham Row and State Street. Brimmer's T Wharf was a sort of side issue to Long Wharf, and yet it was in its day a prominent wharf.

Commercial Wharf as it was in later years was hardly known in 1835. It was first called Granite Wharf from the fact that the block of stores erected thereon was the first of wharf structures to have a granite front.

Mercantile Wharf was *not* where the present Quincy Market is. It was where the Mercantile Wharf Block now is. It extended on Commercial Street from City Wharf to the Baltimore Packet Pier; beyond, going north, was Philadelphia Packet Pier, and the next beyond this, Eastern Packet Pier.

City Wharf was a part of the grand scheme of the elder Quincy, in 1824, when he contemplated building the market and laying out North and South Market streets. It was sold by order of the city government in 1852, for $400,000, and Josiah Quincy was the purchaser. For more than twenty-five years it was the best paying piece of property in Boston. The city of Boston gave a lease of it to individuals for twenty years, in 1832. This lease during the crisis of 1836–37 fell to the Market Bank which held it up to the time of sale. The water front on Commercial Street, from Long Wharf to Commercial Wharf, was filled up long before Atlantic Avenue was dreamed of. If these personal reminiscences are acceptable I will continue them.

FRANKLIN.

THE RIPLEY SCHOOL.

[The following paper was read by Hon. Sherman Hoar at a meeting of the Citizens' Club on Thursday, March 12, 1891. It is an exceedingly interesting contribution to the history of the early days of the town.]

If, some sixty years ago, someone had left the stage coach at the corner of Ripley lane, now Pleasant Street, and the Great Road, now Main Street, and had gone down the lane, to the house now occupied by Mr. James H. Ellison, he would have come to the "locus" of the Ripley school. If the stranger had entered the front door and had been ushered into the small room to the left thereof, he would, in all probability, have found in it a tall, stout man, nursing a foot swollen with gout and possibly reprimanding a small boy for the — to him — inexcusable fault of making an erroneous conjugation of a Latin or Greek verb. The stranger would have noticed that this man was quite bald, having little hair on the top of the head other than one long lock, which, brushed up from behind and over the scalp, acted as a poor substitute for the absent growth thereon. He would also have observed that he was before a strong-willed, aggressive person, possessed of a temperament in which mildness had but little part.

If the visitor, however, had continued his journey through the house, if he had gone up-stairs and entered the family nursery, he would have come upon an entirely different picture. There he would have seen a lovely, motherly woman, of native elegance and simplicity of manner, seated in a chair, rocking a baby's cradle with her foot, knitting children's socks with her fingers, while with her voice she at once corrected and encouraged a small boy in his Virgil, — a task she could easily perform, as she knew almost the whole of the Æneid by heart.

The two persons upon whom the stranger would have been looking would have been Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ripley, at work in Mr. Ripley's school for boys, a school which was very famous in its day and which is but little known about by the present generation in our city. It was Mr. Ripley's school, as I have said, started by him soon after he

became the minister of the First Parish in Waltham and before he was married; and yet the fame of the institution has rested largely on the fact that there Mrs. Sarah Bradford Ripley taught and exerted the wonderful influence of her sweet and womanly character.

Mr. Ripley was a descendant of some of the best families of Concord, Mass. His father was old Dr. Ripley, for years the minister of the First Parish there; his mother was the widow of that William Emerson who was the chaplain of the little army at the "Old North Bridge," and the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. From his father, Mr. Samuel Ripley inherited a respect for, if not a love of learning, and a disposition which was as generous as it was unfortunately severe. Both father and son belonged to that class of persons, very common in their day, by whom harshness and exact justice were deemed synonomous terms. The surviving scholars all speak of Mr. Ripley's severe cast of mind, and yet Mr. Emerson and many others bore willing witness to the real kindliness of his heart. It was a curious mixture that existed in his nature. He gave Mr. Emerson the money with which to obtain a foreign education; he taught, advised, and helped that poor mill-boy, whose fame is to-day one of Waltham's treasures; he would put himself out in more ways than one to help d comfort the old widow of his predecessor in the Waltham pulpit, and yet the boys called him "Old Rip," and the neighbors felt afraid of him.

Mr. Ripley came to Waltham in 1809. The parish and the town were then "one and inseparable," and at a town meeting held on the 24th of August, of that year, Mr. Ripley was elected pastor of the First Parish, to succeed Dr. Cushing. He was ordained on the 22d of November, in the same year, and at the feast then given by the town there was furnished rum, wine and tobacco enough to satisfy the most royal tippler of to-day. In 1815, during Mr. Ripley's ministry, the first church bell ever used in Waltham was hung, and in 1822, the little family foot stoves, theretofore the only warmth-givers used in "meeting," gave way to the great stove, marking the first attempt in this town to warm the meeting-house in cold weather — I say attempt, advisedly.

In 1839, Mr. Ripley resigned his pastorate, and his parish ceased to exist as such in 1840. He continued to preach occasionally in another church in Waltham, until, in 1846, he moved to Concord. There he lived in the famous "Old Manse," until he died very suddenly on Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 24, 1847.

Mrs. Ripley wrote of his sudden death in these words: "His own affectionate heart was spared the pain of parting." She evidently knew that his seeming severity was but a mask.

About 1812, Mr. Ripley, then unmarried, bought the large tract of

land now owned by Mr. Ellison and built thereon the present Ellison house. At that time, however, the present beautiful lawn was not so extensive, for at one corner, on Main Street, stood a hotel, with all the accompanying out-buildings and stables. Mr. Ripley's salary at that time was about $700 a year, to which fact, if we remember that he was a town official, we may perhaps trace the origin of Waltham's present plan of half-paying her public officers. Thinking he needed more money, Mr. Ripley started his boys' school. Its purposes were to increase Mr. Ripley's income and to fit boys for Harvard College, from which institution Mr. Ripley himself had been graduated. After Mrs. Ripley came to Waltham, boys who had been suspended, or, as it is often called, rusticated, from Harvard, came under the care of the family, though most of such youths did not board in the house, but at the Townsends', in the house now occupied by the Misses Townsend and Mr. Beal. I am informed that if houses could talk the Townsend house "could a tale unfold," which would tell of many a midnight lark on the part of its youthful inhabitants.

The school was only fairly prosperous during its first years ; indeed, its real prosperity, as well as its real fame, dated from the day, in 1818, when Mr. Ripley married Sarah Alden Bradford of Boston. For twenty-eight years thereafter, largely because of Mrs. Ripley's intellect and character, the school grew and flourished ; and it did this, though the woman who was mostly responsible for its growth, had to entirely manage the domestic end of the establishment, to raise and educate seven of her *own* children and one that she had practically adopted, and to care for and counsel her younger brothers and sisters after her mother's death.

Mrs. Ripley was born in Boston on the 31st of July, 1793, and was the eldest daughter of Captain Gamaliel Bradford, a famous sea-captain of his day. The Bradford family frequently visited Duxbury, where many of their relatives lived, and there the daughter met Alba Allyn, the child of the Duxbury minister and afterwards the wife of the Rev. Convers Francis, of Watertown. These two girls studied together, read together, and together explored the woods and swamps of Duxbury for flowers and animal life. To the period of this friendship may be traced the beginning of that wonderful knowledge of literature, languages, philosophy, history and botany, which made Mrs. Ripley famous in later years, and during it began that correspondence, already published, which, for variety of topics and increasing simplicity and beauty of style, is truly wonderful.

When Mrs. Ripley came to Waltham at the age of twenty-five, she was thoroughly acquainted with the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian languages and their literature, although there was not then a first-class Latin, Greek, or Italian dictionary in existence in New England.

At that time she was also a profound student of philosophy and natural history. Having inherited from her father that instinctive love for mathematics which was so often found in the old school of sailors who knew not logarithms, she not only thoroughly understood algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus, when she came to Waltham, but she was said by Dr. Bowditch to have been one of only three persons in America who could follow the close mathematical reasoning of La Place's " Méchanique Céleste " in the original.

Nor was this wonderful mental equipment all that this fair lady brought to her new home and its duties. During her girlhood her father had been often absent from home on long voyages and her mother's health had been very delicate. These circumstances gave to this eldest daughter, as she grew up, a large share in the care of the family of six children, the three youngest of whom became to her as her own, clothed, cared for, and taught almost entirely by her alone. She gained from such experiences of girlhood a valuable domestic training. On one occasion during her maidenhood, she wrote Miss Allyn as follows: —

"I have been so busily engaged since mother has been at Duxbury, in mending old clothes and making cambric bonnets, that I have not had time to read, write, nor scarcely think, except about my work. . . . In the daytime while I sit at work, Daniel reads some entertaining book to me. Dear Alba, we go through the same routine of business here, — wash Monday, iron Tuesday, etc.; no variety except of books. . . . What would you say if I were to tell you I have begun five different books at once. . . . I am reading Juvenal, a Roman Satirist. . . . I have undertaken to instruct the little ones this winter and now begin to realize what has been your task for a year or two past. . . . Some sweet ingredient is each day mingled in my cup. For all these blessings I cannot be grateful enough to kind friends and to Him who has given me these friends."

This letter shows the life Mrs. Ripley led before coming to Waltham and the spirit in which she led it. She washed, ironed, made cambric bonnets, taught the children, was read to, studied Juvenal, and thanked God for it all. Could a country minister, on a small salary, trying to run a boys' school, have found a better helpmeet or one more perfectly fitted for her task? From the letter just read is gathered how the power was acquired, which in later years enabled Mrs. Ripley to tend the baby, sew, and teach school, all at the same time.

When Mrs. Ripley married, she moved directly to Waltham and began her duties with the active management of a household consisting of her husband, herself, and fourteen schoolboy boarders, — a method of spending the honeymoon not much sought after to-day.

From that time until she moved to Concord neither her body nor her mind had much time for rest, and yet she was the perfect personification of cheerfulness, activity, and contentment.

The interior arrangement of the Ripley house ought now to be considered: On the first floor, Mr. Ripley's study and the dining-room occupied the part of the house to the left of the hall-way, and the family parlor and sitting-room the part to the right thereof. Mr. Ripley's study was a small room with book-shelves on two sides, a fireplace and closet on a third side, and a desk and some pictures on the fourth side. Mr. Ripley's tall desk stood out from the wall in front of the closet and fireplace, and, standing up before it, he worked at his lessons or his sermons. The other desk was seldom used except by unfortunate lads whose habit of not preparing their lessons was terribly expiated by their being obliged to work out their salvation under Mr. Ripley's personal supervision. In this room the historical ruler played havoc with sedentary habits and here also occurred a scene which endeared Mr. Ripley forever to at least one boy in his school.

Mr. Lewis Stackpole, the father of the late customs appraiser, when at the school, lost his father and mother quite suddenly and was left without means to continue his education. Going to Mr. Ripley's room to tell his instructor that he must leave the school, he was not a little surprised to hear the stern old man say, "I 'll see you as far as the college, Lewis, and you need n't worry or hurry about the pay." Later, in this same room, young Stackpole, after he had been a graduate from college, came to see Mr. Ripley about the note given for the tuition and board at school. Mr. Ripley got the note out of his pocketbook and quietly putting it into the fire, remarked, "No young man ought to begin life saddled with a debt." Some years later Stackpole paid the debt. A pretty good sort of man, this stern old teacher!

The dining-room, in which the boys and Mr. Ripley ate, was not a large room and it was not an altogether agreeable room for the boys. Mr. Ripley's sternness, if it did not take away the boys' appetites, at least repressed the lively spirit which at meals is a great aid to digestion. I am told by one scholar that Mr. Ripley was actually rude in his roughness to the boys at table; but I doubt the accuracy of my informant's memory, for another tells me that Mr. Ripley was scrupulously nice in his table manners. The latter says, that when Mr. Ripley went away to preach he would say, "Wife, have —— or —— carve to-day. Don't have the meat spoiled through poor cutting by those country fellows," (perhaps referring to my relatives from Concord). He evidently had a certain fondness for good living. Mr. Ripley was a great eater, but he was also extremely sensitive in

regard to this characteristic. He 'd order a dozen slices of toast, eat them all up, and then say to the boy next him, " How dare you eat all my toast, sir!" But if he still wanted more toast himself, the scold was omitted and the old gentleman spoke more like this : " I see you 've eaten all my toast up, John ; still if you wish for more you can order it." John always knew enough to give the order, though he never was fool enough to take the toast so ordered.

The parlor on the other side of the hall was not often used ; it was for state occasions; while the sitting-room behind it was the living room for the Ripley family. There Mrs. Ripley had the older " rusticated " students recite to her; there her kind, motherly heart arranged little tables and chairs for the few very small boys who needed her protection from the tricks of their elder associates. To this room, one Sunday, came an old minister on exchange for his after-dinner nap. He laid down on the lounge, first putting his false teeth on the mantelpiece. Imagine his horror when he awoke to go to afternoon service, and found his teeth gone, abstracted by a mischievous boy. Mrs. Ripley, however, always equal to any emergency, made the good man a substitute set of wax, and he got through the afternoon without his congregation discovering his loss. The teeth were found afterwards in the fire-place, and the culprit paid the penalty to Mr. Ripley, though Mrs. Ripley's love of real, live boys made her eyes twinkle whenever she told the story, which I am informed she did frequently.

From the back corner of the house in which the dining-room was, ran two wings or Ls, one to the north and one to the east. The north wing had in it the kitchen down-stairs, and the school-room up-stairs, taking up practically the whole of the second floor. In the school-room the boys studied and recited to Mr. Ripley, and sometimes in later years, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and to Miss Elizabeth Ripley, a daughter of Mr. Ripley. Mrs. Ripley, the great teacher of the school, gave her instruction in the sitting-room, in her own room, in the dining-room, out under the trees on the lawn, and even while sitting, shelling peas, on the short flight of stairs which connected the second story of the main house with the school-room story of the north L.

The second story of the main house was occupied by the family, with the exception of one room in which some of the older or rusticated boys slept. Mr. Charles A. Welch, who, I lament to say, was a rusticated student, slept in this room on the second floor of the main house, and he tells how Mrs. Ripley used to come to his room to teach him German while he taught her Spanish, in which he was very proficient, — another instance of how Mrs. Ripley got the greatest possible amount of value out of every moment of life.

The third story of the main house was the boys' story. There were

in it three rooms, one, a sort of wardroom in which stood two rows of boys' beds, with the little wash-stands and bureaus between them; and the other two, small rooms in which two or more of the older boys sleep. One of these smaller rooms was known as "the sweater." It had no window to the open air and being directly under the roof, deserved well the name given it. In it on one occasion hung the hammock in which slept the son of Commodore Bainbridge, U. S. N. The boy desired to sleep as the men on his father's vessels slept, and Mrs. Ripley, who loved to humor boys in innocent matters, let him.

The east L had a woodshed, with lattice-work front for the first story and a bedroom in the second story. In the middle of the woodshed stood an old pump, and in the floor of the bedroom directly over the pump was cut a hole through which the pump was raised when it was desired to clean or repair its lower end. In the bedroom above lived for many years our good townman, Mr. Charles Dix, who then worked for Mr. Ripley. Mr. Ripley had a rule that all the doors of the house should be locked at 9 P. M. This would have prevented evening excursions among the boys, had not their native genius and Charles Dix come to their rescue.

The rusticated youths were forbidden visiting Cambridge by the college authorities, but in spite of such orders and the early hour at which Mr. Ripley's door was locked, they continually did visit Cambridge. How they managed the Cambridge end does not concern us. How they managed Mr. Ripley's closed door does. The boy, C. A. Welch, who got up the plan of action, tells me that he used to sneak out of the house in the early evening and go to the hotel and hire a conveyance to Cambridge; that he used to return about two in the morning and going up to the lattice of the woodshed, pulled on a string which passed through the lattice, up through the pump hole and into the bedroom where its other end was attached to Charles Dix's toe. One pull and down came Dix to open the door in the lattice and let the boy in. This plan worked very well until one cold night when Mrs. Ripley, fearing Welch might be chilly, sent her husband with an extra blanket to his room. An empty bed led to investigations which prevented further escapes.

As the Ripley children grew up the elder ones helped in the family arrangements. Elizabeth, the eldest, taught, and Mary (now Mrs. Simmonds) assisted in the domestic management of the household.

Mr. Ripley desired to protect his children from the gaze of the people visiting their sons, and so he had a door cut through from the front entry to the stairs leading to the boys' rooms and the schoolroom,—a flight of stairs entirely separated from the family part of the house and formerly only reached from the front hall by going through the dining-room on the first floor, or a bedroom on the second floor.

Of the boys who at one time or another went to this school or were "rusticated" there under Mr. or Mrs. Ripley's care there exists no complete list. A fairly full and correct list does exist and from it I will take a few names : —

Luther Clark, John Clark, James Ellison, Lewis Stackpole, Joseph Bennet, well known as a lawyer; John Joy, Charles A. Welch and his brother Francis; Francis Boot, Mr. Arthur T. Lyman's brother-in-law; Antoine Garcia, two of the Dabneys, George Bemis, Henry Lee, now of Lee, Higginson & Co., of Boston ; Edward Everett, Jr., Alfred Dunkin, brother of the late Mrs. Adams; Ben Hunt, the famous collector of books in Philadelphia; Geo. W. Miners, Alden and Edward Clark, James and Henry Hobbs, Edward and Henry Milliken, the latter the well-known benefactor of our hospital; Henry Durant, William E. Bright, one of Waltham's best citizens; John Spooner, Stephen Cabot, Senator Geo. F. Hoar, George M. Brooks, the present Middlesex judge of probate; George Lowell, William Winter, Caleb Curtis, Samuel Tuckerman, Abbott Lawrence, Edward and Paul Revere, Henry Parker, Edward Fiske, and William and Arthur T. Lyman.

In the spring of 1846 the school at Waltham was closed. Some boys went to Concord with the Ripleys and lived there until the college examinations, and then the last of the school-teaching came for both the husband and wife. Mr. Ripley died in about a year and a half, while Mrs. Ripley lived until the summer of 1867, when she also fell asleep.

When the Ripleys left Waltham, Mr. Ripley gave his library to the Rumford Institute and it formed the basis of our present Public Library. This library always had been at the disposal of his parishioners and friends; and, although the townspeople felt a little afraid of the lender, they could not resist the opportunity offered to borrow from his small but well-selected stock. Mr. Ripley was known in Waltham as a regular attendant not only upon church but upon fires, and his advice upon such occasions was freely given, whether sought or not. He was also a leading Mason and was violent in his denunciation of the anti-Mason movement and its promoters.

Mrs. Ripley's letters have, as I have said, been already published, and I know of no more interesting or elevating reading. They tell of her love for nature, for flowers, and for the lichens which she used to gather on Prospect before she got the family breakfast. They tell of the fawn, which put its nose in her hand in Prospect Wood in 1844. They speak of her reading books on all subjects and in numerous languages, and of her domestic cares and love of her children. One of them tells us of her reading Pindar and Mather's "Magnalia," and then goes on like this: "Another Saturday night finds my page

unfinished, it is twelve o'clock and I have just made the last preparation for the Sabbath, that I, as well as my four-footed brethren, may enjoy comparative leisure for one day at least, if it can be called leisure to rise at half-past six, wash the babies before breakfast, look after the tidiness of fifteen boys and walk half a mile to meeting under a burning sun."

These letters discuss Greek poetry, English, Spanish, Italian, German, and French literature, mathematical and philosophical problems, and they recite, side by side with such discussions, the plans for Phœbe's new gown, the hopes of the successful issue of baby's back tooth, the pleasure taken in the daughter's intelligence, and in that daughter's beauty and usefulness, and the fun derived from some boyish freak on the part of a student. Surely, such letters could only come from the pen of a woman almost perfect in heart and mind, and, you would almost say, in body. Mrs. Ripley's mind and character were the elements in her which impressed people. She was a little careless of her dress and gave almost no attention to her personal appearance. Still, Mr. Emerson has written that, "as she grew older, her personal beauty, not remarked in youth, drew the notice of all." Dr. Hedge once described Mrs. Ripley as follows: "A figure somewhat exceeding in height the average stature of woman, motions quick and angular without being exactly awkward, a face not physically fair nor yet plain, but radiant with intellectual and moral beauty, a constant play of expression, eyes charged with intelligence, quick gleaming from speaker to speaker as the cup of social converse went 'round, — such is the image she has left in my memory."

During her whole life Mrs. Ripley was subject to attacks of acute indigestion and to nervous headaches, and yet, though much of her work had to be done when she was in poor condition, her ailments, which might have been called chronic, seldom kept her from her duties. She wrote in 1833 to a friend : —

"The journal of one day would serve for all: the morning spent in hearing recitations; the afternoon in the labors of the needle or the horrors of indigestion; in the evening the old machine refuses any further service, unless it be to take a part in the village gossip."

While we are considering Mrs. Ripley, it may be well to mention that she was the wife of a country minister and that to all her other labors, had to be added the duties of making and receiving calls, of attending sick beds and of performing all those innumerable little offices which fall to the lot of a minister's "better half."

One of Mrs. Ripley's pupils writes me as follows : —

"Although, at the time, Mr. Lyman's little ponds, in which he liberally allowed us to splash on summer afternoons, and the magnificent beef, from his herd of polled cattle, frequently appearing on our

dinner table, were, to a lot of semi-worthless boys, the substantial attractions of Waltham; now, after fifty years, there remains in our memories the net result of our residence there, 'a possession forever,' the sweet, gracious, and dignified presence of Mrs. Ripley, like a family portrait by Copley or Sir Joshua Reynolds, revealing to us, what was the real privilege and distinction of the school.

"Mr. Emerson somewhere says or quotes that 'on a spring morning every man's sins are forgiven.' So felt the boy conscious of many delinquencies, coming to recite his lesson to that gentle lady. And if, in the sands of his life, there was any vein, streak or oasis of anything better, her eye was always quick to recognize it and her wisdom and quiet tact careful to keep it prominent."

One of Mrs. Ripley's daughters says that her mother "did not attempt to enforce any discipline in the school, but she told the boys that whenever they behaved badly when they came to the school, the next morning they would not find her there," — a caution which produced excellent results.

Let me now close my paper by reading the following about Mrs. Ripley from the pen of Col. Henry Lee, of Lee, Higginson & Co., who, if he owes his own character and attainments to Mrs. Ripley, will be a worthy argument for her powers as long as he lives: —

"The wife of the minister of a large country parish whose parochial labor she shared, the mother of a large family, the mistress of a household increased by boarding scholars, neither the heavy exactions of parishioners, or importunate maternal pains and anxieties, nor household economies faithfully attended to, served to exhaust her; she still found time and strength to devote to two or three schoolboys preparing for college, or more advanced students rusticated for idleness and academic misdemeanors. And what a wealth of thought and feeling she poured out for these pupils! Illumined by her clear intellect, the knottiest problem was disentangled; embellished by such a lover of learning, the driest subject was made interesting. The veriest scapegrace was reduced to thoughtfulness, the most hopeless dullard caught a gleam of light, her faith in their intuitions and capabilities lifted them and shamed or encouraged them to efforts impossible under another instructor; for she did not merely impart instruction; she educated all the powers of the mind and heart. Many scholars now eminent can date their first glimpse of the region above, their first venture upon the steep path, to the loving enthusiasm, the cheering assurances of this inspired teacher and friend. They who fainted or strayed without fulfilling her confident predictions must look back with astonishment at this brilliant period of their lives and regret that her influence could not have extended over a longer period."

Waltham thinks highly of her fame as a nursery of manufactures and inventions. The prizes the renown of some of her sons, and she loves to dwell on their prowess in arts of war and peace. She ought not to stop there, but should also wreath in garlands of respect and affection the memory of the gentle lady who was the mistress of the Ripley School.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE

OF THE

NEW BOSTON POST OFFICE.

OCTOBER 16, 1871.

The Procession, Ceremonies at the Post Office, and Remarks of Hon. N. B. Shurtleff.

The corner-stone of the new Post Office and Sub-Treasury Building was laid with appropriate and imposing exercises to-day in the presence of a distinguished company, including the President and his Cabinet, with other invited guests, among whom were large numbers of Post Office employees in this country and Canada.

The President and his suite were waited upon by the City Committee at the St. James Hotel at 9.30 A. M., and were soon afterward joined by Governor Clafflin, the Council and aids, and other State dignitaries. The heads of Government offices in and around Boston were also present in considerable number.

At ten o'clock the President entered the gentlemen's parlor, where an informal reception took place, Hon. E. R. Hoar, Hon. Henry Wilson, Collector Russell, Ex-Governor Stearns of New Hampshire, Senator Sawyer of South Carolina, Governor Clafflin and Lieut.-Governor Tucker, and others taking the opportunity to pay their respects to the national Chief Magistrate.

In the ladies' parlor, Mrs. Grant and her daughter also received those who desired introductions, and the line of ladies who availed themselves of the privilege was nearly an hour long, besides being eminently respectable.

At eleven o'clock the entertainers and their guests entered carriages at the door of the hotel, the National Lancers, Capt. O. H. P. Smith, being in waiting to escort them to the line of procession forming on Columbus Avenue. The President of

the United States and his Honor Mayor Gaston occupied the first carriage; Vice-President Colfax and his Excellency Governor Clafflin, the second; Postmaster-General Creswell and Alderman Little, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, the third; Secretary of War Belknap, Secretary of the Navy Robeson, and Lieut.-Gov. Tucker, the fourth; Hon. Ginery Twichell, Chairman of the Postal Committee of Congress, and Senator Cattell of New Jersey, the fifth; Senators Wilson of Massachusetts and Sawyer of South Carolina, the sixth; Generals Haven and Ingalls, and Mr. Mullett, Supervising Architect in the seventh; Generals Babcock and Porter and Colonel R. G. Usher in the eighth; Admiral Stedman and General Benham in the ninth; officers of the Swedish frigate "Josefine" in the tenth; Hon. E. R. Hoar, Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Alpheus Hardy, and Dr. G. B. Loring in the eleventh.

State and city officials occupied the carriages that followed. The carriages containing guests were each accompanied by a member of the city committee.

The cortege left the St. James at a quarter past eleven, and proceeded directly to Columbus Avenue.

The ladies of the presidential party, to the number of forty-four, soon after took position to view the procession, on a grand stand, erected by the city committee on Franklin Square, facing Washington Street.

The President reached the Common at about 12.45, and was loudly and repeatedly cheered. The whole route was crowded with people anxious to obtain a view of the President and the distinguished gentlemen with him.

Along the route of the procession the citizens had made a liberal display of flags and bunting in honor of the occasion.

On Columbus Avenue the decorations were quite general. The residence of C. Langmaid, No. 359, had a neat glory of flags, inclosing a portrait of President Grant, over the portal, with the inscription, "By the sword he seeks the calm repose of Liberty."

The residences of Messrs. Leatherbee and Alderman Rich, Nos. 381 and 383, were very gracefully festooned with strips of red, white, and blue bunting, and the residences of Messrs. Atwood and Knight, Nos. 414 and 416, and Mr. Henry, No. 430, were rendered very attractive by festoons of flags fastened

with shields, and also by a good display of the emblems of the Masonic fraternity.

The following is the extremely interesting historical address delivered by Hon. N. B. Shurtleff immediately preceding the placing of the box with contents within the corner-stone: —

A few words in relation to the site of the new edifice for the accommodation of the Sub-Treasury and the Post Office, the corner-stone of which you have assembled to see laid with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation and other illustrious personages, and also a brief account of the postal arrangements which have in past times existed here, have been deemed proper for this occasion.

The spot on which we now stand and which has been selected for the building demands our first attention. Like all parts of our ancient metropolis, it has its own peculiar history, and somewhat interesting associations dating back nearly two and a half centuries. The time allowed on an occasion like this, however, will not permit more than a cursory mention of a few of the principal facts, which will give a general idea of what have been the immediate surroundings of the place in times that have passed, and, therefore, your attention will not be wearied with extended details.

In the olden time, in the early days of Boston, the peninsular part of the town was very irregular in the form of its water border, extensive coves and inlets indenting its rugged shores at various points, and the outpourings of springs finding their tortuous ways to the contiguous river and harbor through numerous water-courses. In this very neighborhood once flowed and ebbed the tide waters within one of these remarkable conformations, which sent its branches northward and southward, covering a large extent from Water Street to Summer Street, and extending from the old Springate, just west of us, over Devonshire Street (the Pudding Lane of our fathers) through Water and Central streets, and the ancient Oliver's Dock, under Mackerel Bridge, to the sea. Here, on what was marsh land, only fit for tan vats two hundred years ago, and where the surroundings were creeks and bogs, you now place the corner-stone of one of the most solid and substantial structures of our flourishing city.

When the lands were laid out to the early settlers of the town,

some of the principal men had their lots assigned to them very near to this. It is the oldest part of the town. Directly south of it was the old Fort Street, so called because it was the way that led to the Fort, which was commenced in May, 1632, and on the north was a portion of the old Springate, the way that led from the spring to Oliver's Dock. Both of these names were subsequently changed — probably for some good reason — the one to Milk Street and the other to Water Street. On the west, where the building will have its front, was Pudding Lane, subsequently called Jolliff's Lane, and sometimes Rowe's Lane and Black Jack Alley, and finally, about the year 1784, when the streets began to have new names, it was designated as Devonshire Street, the name it now bears. This large lot formerly extended to Bath Street, which once, on account of the business conducted there, was known as Tanners' Lane; but in 1763 it was reduced in size by the laying out of the present Congress Street, formerly known as Dalton's Lane, taking its name from Capt. James Dalton, who gave the land to be used as a public highway.

The large lot was originally granted to John Spoor, and from him it passed to a Mr. Nicholas Willis about the year 1648, who obtained the whole estate reaching from Devonshire Street to Bath Street, for the sum of sixty-six pounds lawful money, a price which, with the present valuation, would not now purchase a portion of the land only two feet square. In those days Mr. Spoor and his immediate successors had the privilege of wharfage on the creek that flowed into Oliver's Dock, and of the fresh and sparkling water of the Governor's spring, that flowed so freely and so purely and so coolly from the adjacent Springate.

It may be curious to know who were the immediate neighbors to Mr. Spoor, the ancient proprietor of the present post-office lot, the first ever purchased in Boston for postal accommodation. A little to the west, on the highway to Roxbury, now Washington Street, was the possession of Gov. John Winthrop, nearly the same as the estate now owned by the Old South Society.

Here was the Governor's house, on the site of South Row, the Governor's garden at the corner of Milk Street, and the Governor's spring, already alluded to, at the bend in Spring Lane, early known as the Springate. Just across Devonshire Street

dwelt Mr. William Hibbens, one of the most noted of the early magistrates of the town, but perhaps better known to us of modern days as the husband of Governor Bellingham's sister Ann, who, having, perhaps, more intelligence and less discretion than her neighbors, was hung as a witch on Boston Common in the year 1656. Other neighbors of Mr. Spoor were Elder Thomas Leverett and his soldierly son, John, the Governor, who lived just over the creek near State Street, which before the Revolution was known as King Street, and still earlier as Water Street. At the northerly end of Pudding Lane was the old meeting house where John Wilson, the teacher, and John Cotton, the pastor, dispensed religious instruction; and all along the old highway from State Street to the Governor's lot, and backing upon the same lane, were the abodes of the famous Capt. Robert Keayne, the earliest commander of the Artillery Company; Henry Webb, who made the princely gift of his estate to Harvard College, and Goodman James Oliver, the excellent Elder of the First Church. On lots within the sound of voice dwelt Robert Reinolds, the cordwainer; John Stevenson, the shoemaker, — he whose widow married William Blaxton, the first English settler of the peninsula; Nathaniel Bishop, the currier; Elder James Penn, the beadle; Francis Lyle, the surgeon-barber; Thomas Grubb, the leather-dresser, and Arthur Perry, the tailor. Thus, we see, in a very small compass were located the principal craftsmen of the infant colony, — men who possessed the necessary resources for the nursery of a prosperous town, the municipality of New England.

Mr. Willis, the successor of Mr. Spoor, died about 1650, and the estate passed to Deacon Henry Bridgham. In the Deacon's family it remained many years, until, by divisions and subdivisions, it passed to other owners too numerous for the present mention. In course of time it was occupied by some of the most distinguished townsmen of their day. One old brick house, constructed with massive walls in true baronial style, stood near the line of Devonshire Street, very near where the entrance of the new edifice will present its very imposing architectural ornaments. This, the mansion house of Mr. William Brown, one of the opulent merchants of his day, was built about the commencement of the last century, and sold by him to Mr. Jonathan Waldo on the twenty-fifth of February, 1729, who

gave it to his daughter, the wife of Mr. Edward Tyng. This part of the Post Office estate passed down to owners, one after another, until, with other land, it became the possession of the noted patriot, Joshua Winslow, whose administrator sold it by public auction, in the year 1790, to Mr. William Stackpole, a wealthy merchant, to whom it was conveyed by deed dated May 7 of the same year.

Other land was bought by Mr. Stackpole of various persons, and the estate became greatly enlarged. After the decease of Mr. Stackpole his estate was divided, and that at the corner of Milk and Devonshire streets became the property of Mrs. Margaret Crease Welch, a daughter the wife of the late Francis Welch, whose heirs conveyed their rights to the United States. Other estates were also purchased by the Government in order to make the lot of suitable size and shape for the intended building. These estates have been designated as the Rowe estate, on Water Street, because it formerly belonged to Mr. John Rowe, and more recently to the heirs of Mr. Joseph Rowe; the estate of the Merchants' Insurance Company, also on Water Street: the Speakman estate, owned by Mrs. Mary Jane Quincy, situated on Devonshire Street; and the Goddard estate, on Milk Street, formerly owned by Dr. John Fleet and Mr. Ebenezer Niles. To attempt to describe more particularly these old estates would be very wearisome; and although much might be said of interest concerning the events that have transpired in the old Stackpole house, and its neighbor, the old Julien house, the present would not be the proper occasion for such reminiscences.

But before leaving the subject of this site, it should not be forgotten that Franklin, the great Bostonian, was born in the old house in Milk Street, a few rods distant, and that the mansion houses of the patriotic James Bowdoin and Robert Treat Paine were on the opposite side of Milk Street.

It may be more agreeable, perhaps, to turn from this dry subject and revert to the early postal arrangements of Boston. In the early days of the American Colonies the postal system was very simple. Letters were brought from across the seas by shipmasters and passengers, and were distributed here in the best manner that the times allowed by storekeepers and travelling traders; and it is very probable that the only mail bags for many years were simply leathern pockets or well wrinkled boot

legs. No regular mails, or post riders, or post offices were known till several years after the arrival of the Plymouth Pilgrims and the Massachusetts Puritans. It was not until the year 1639 that the Colonial Legislature took any steps in reference to postal matters. On the fifth of November of that year the first attempt to establish an office in Boston was made, by the passage of the following order by the General Court, held in Boston: —

"For p'venting the miscarrige of letters; & it is ordered, that notice bee given that Rich'rd Fairbanks his house in Boston is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the seas, or are to bee sent thither, are to bee brought unto; & hee is to take care that they bee delivered or sent according to their directions; & hee is allowed for every such letter a 1d., & must answere all miscarriages through his owne neglect in this kind, p'vided that no man shal bee compelled to bring his letters thither, except hee please."

How the General Court could be induced to place such confidence in Mr. Fairbanks is a wonder to those who know that he had been disarmed by the Court two years before because he belonged to the sect called Opinionists, who were seduced and led into dangerous errors by the opinions and revelations of Mr. John Wheelwright and Mrs. Ann Hutchinson; and yet this same Mr. Fairbanks who had held the responsible office of town hog reeve, was allowed by the same authority to sell wine and strong water. How long this publican was allowed to exercise his function at his house, which was not far from the northerly corner of Water and Washington streets, is not known; but it is a matter of record that on the sixth day of January, 1673–74, the Court took action on the subject of postal pay in the following words: —

"Whereas the publick occasions of the country doe frequently require that messengers be sent post, and as yet, no stated allowance settled in such cases, it is ordered by this Court & the authority thereof, that from henceforth every person so sent vpon the publicke service of the country shall be allowed by the Treasurer after the rate of three pence a mile to the place to which he is sent, in money, as full satisfaction for the expense of horse & man; and no inholder shall take of any such messenger or others travayling vpon publicke service more

then two shillings p' bushell for oates, and fower pence for hay, day and night."

Notwithstanding this increase of pay, the postmen neglected their duties, and the merchants began seriously to complain; so much so, that on the first of June, 1677, the General Court took action as follows: —

"In answer to the request of several merchants of Boston, declaring that they have heard many complaints made by merchants and others that have binn sencible of the losse of letters, whereby merchants with their friends & imployers in forreigne parts are greatly damified, many times letters are throune vpon the exchange, that who will may take them vp, &c., therefore humbly desire this Court to depute some meete person to take in & convey letters according to yr direction, this Court judgeth it meete to grant the petitioners request herein, & haue made choyce of Mr. John Hayward, the scrivener, to be the person for that service."

Mr. Hayward seems to have succeeded in giving satisfaction, for in June, 1680, he was, on petition, continued in office. By the order of Court it appears that important improvements were made at that time, for the postmaster was required "to receive in letters and take care for the sending of them to the owners according to superscription," and that "all masters of ships or other vessels doe, vpon their arrivall, send their letters that come in the bagg to the said Post Office, except as they shall particularly take care to deliver with their owne hands; and that said Hayward, or postmaster, be allowed for euery letter one penny in money, and for euery packet of two or more two pence in money." Here is seen the first rudiments of penny postage and of letter carriage, and also evidence that mail-bags were then in use in vessels. Thus, under the Colony Charter, postal matters began to assume some considerable system under the power of the General Court. On the repeal, however, of the Colonial Charter, this power was lost to the Legislature. On the arrival of Sir Edmund Andros in Virginia, in 1692, a patent was laid before the Virginia Assembly for making Thomas Neal Postmaster General, and Andrew Hamilton Deputy Postmaster for British America; but although the Assembly passed an act in favor of the patent, it had no effect, probably on account of the difficulty to carry it into effect, in consequence of the dispersed situation of the people.

In this condition the postal matters continued until the year 1710, when the British Parliament made an attempt to encourage the trade to America, and to increase postal facilities. Indeed, the storekeepers did their best for keeping up a post office in Boston, and on the establishment of the Boston *News-Letter*, in 1704, John Campbell was appointed postmaster, an office that he held until 1719, when William Brocker was appointed to succeed him. The newspaper publisher was generally the postmaster, the position being very desirable on account of the facility which it gave for circulating the papers. On the removal of Mr. Campbell he continued his paper, and his successor, Brocker, set up the Boston *Gazette* in connection with his post office, but he was superseded, in a few months, by Philip Masgrave, in 1719. The act of Parliament, which took effect on the 24th of September, 1711, was entitled, "an act for establishing a General Post Office for all her Majesty's Dominions, and for settling a weekly sum out of the revenues thereof for the service of the war, and other of her Majesty's occasions." Provision was made for a general letter office and post office in London, and for other chief letter offices in Scotland, Ireland, North America, and the West Indies. One office was to be kept in New York, and others in convenient places in each of the provinces and colonies. The rate of postage was one shilling for single ship letters from London, two shillings for double, and four shillings for those weighing an ounce; for letters within sixty miles of New York, four pence for single, and eight for double.

On the death of the Postmaster-General for America, in 1753, Dr. Franklin and William Hunter were commissioned to succeed him; and from this time an improvement in postal matters was discernible. The custom of passing the mail bag around from house to house and from store to store was superseded by the post-rider, and after a while the mail coaches were established, running, however, with very little frequency, and with almost a snail's pace.

It would be of very little use to give in detail the names of the persons who served as postmasters under the act of Parliament of the year 1710. Suffice it to say that in the days of the Revolution, Tuthill Hubbard acted in that capacity in Boston, under Benjamin Franklin and John Foxcroft, who were the last

Deputy Postmasters for North America, under foreign appointment. Hubbard was succeeded by Jonathan Hastings, who was continued in the office of postmaster after the establishment of the Department of the United States Government. Mr. Hastings remained in office until the year 1809, when he was succeeded by Aaron Hill, who held office until 1829. Other postmasters were: Nathaniel Greene, in 1829; William Hayden, in 1849; George W. Gordon, in 1852; Edwin C. Bailey, in 1854; Nahum Capen, in 1858; John G. Palfrey, in 1861; and William L. Burt, the present incumbent, in 1867.

For most of the time previous to the Revolution, the office was in that part of Washington Street formerly known as Cornhill, between Water Street and the street now known as Cornhill. On the second of October, 1714, the post office under Mr. Campbell was destroyed by fire, and for several years after this time the office was in Newbury Street, a short distance south of Summer Street, in the present Washington Street. During the siege of Boston in 1775 and 1776, the office was removed to Cambridge, but was returned to Boston in April, soon after the evacuation of the town by the British troops. Mr. Hastings had his office on the east side of Washington Street, near State Street. He subsequently removed to State Street, having his office where Brazier's Building now is, at the corner of Devonshire Street, originally the site of the first meeting-house erected in Boston. Mr. Aaron Hill, on accession to office in 1869, removed the establishment to the Exchange Buildings, the large edifice more generally known as the Exchange Coffee House, on Congress Street. On the first of January, 1846, he removed to the building at the easterly corner of Water and Congress streets, which was designated as Merchants' Hall, and in which for many years was kept by the Topliffs the Reading Room and Merchants' Exchange, and for a very short time a market. Here the office was kept until the death of Mr. Hill, which occurred in 1829, and his successor, Mr. Greene, removed to the Old State House at the head of State Street, where the office remained until the 1st of January, 1844, when it was removed to the Merchants' Exchange Building on State Street. Here it was allowed to remain until the 5th of March, 1859, when Mr. Capen took possession of the stone building at the corner of Summer and Chauncy streets. The office was moved

back to State Street on the 4th of June, 1860, and back again to Summer Street in the fall. On the 14th of December, 1861, the office was returned to its old quarters in State Street, and there it has remained, with now and then an improvement of the premises, until the present time.

During the long period of time since the establishment of the first office until the present time, the Government has not owned a Post Office building in Boston, but has been a tenant, and subject to the tender mercies of, fortunately, accommodating landlords. May the time soon come when the new edifice will be completed, and Boston enjoy the privilege of a properly constructed and arranged building for the Sub-Treasury and Post Office.

Much might be said of the difficulties of transmitting correspondence in the olden time, and of the tardy and infrequent transmission of mails; but, fortunately, a system now exists, and is constantly receiving improvements, which has remedied the defects of old arrangements, and has given to the present generation most admirable facilities, which in Boston can be brought to high perfection only when the new building shall afford the means and accommodations.

OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE.

The Origin and "Confession" of the Founders. — The Six "Desecrations" in its Varied History. — Sale of the Building in 1876 and its Recent Uses.

From Boylston Street there is an apparent obliquity in the beautiful spire which rears itself to the westward against the sky. Can it be, a worldling might say, that this symbolizes any obliquity in the Orthodox Old South, or that, on such foundations as form its base, the finger does not venture to point straight heavenward? Certain it is that in the history of that ecclesiastical organization there have been odd and crooked events, and it is strange enough to read now in the "confession," which is its corner-stone, such words as these, to which pastors and members since 1680 to the present day have all assented: "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated into everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death," and "much less can men not professing the Christian religion be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, and the law of that religion they do profess; and to assert and maintain that they may is very pernicious, and to be detested."

It perhaps would not be thought wise to print and circulate this confession to-day as was done in 1841 by Bros. Cutler, Armstrong, and Sampson, under the authority of the church; yet are not Mr. Gordon and his flock as much literally bound by it as was Rev. Samuel Willard and the congregation which gathered in the old Cedar Church on

Mme. Norton's Land in 1680?

Nevertheless, the Old South, or Third Church, was formed by the liberals of the day, by seceders from the stricter brotherhood of the First Church. Whether it was civil or religious

liberty these seceders sought may well be questioned. Up to 1669 the right of citizenship in Boston belonged only to church members; that is, those persons who, having obtained assurance of election, or, as we should say, having "experienced religion," were admitted to full communion, after having agreed to the covenant and confession, and thence to civil rights. What an extraordinary effect the application of such a text would have upon municipal politics to-day! The step which twenty-nine persons took on the 12th and 16th of May, 1669, to establish a new church, was really the first step taken in New England toward civil liberty, as it was founded on the platform of full rights and privileges to all baptized persons "not scandalous" of life, because they bore the burden of taxation and were liable to impressment in war. This bold and revolutionary stand was met at first by our gentle forefathers with denunciations from the House of Deputies, by great disturbances and the imprisonment of parties who had ventured to form a new church assembly, and who abstained from the authorized worship.

It was rather owing to the pressure of numbers, than to any change of convictions, that the little band finally obtained permission from a new House of Deputies to set up their own tabernacle. For by this period many members of the churches of England and Scotland and others had settled in the town, and young persons had grown up who often preferred not to become church members. The time had gone by when it was safe to punish and fine them for even asking what was now grudgingly granted, first by the council, and then by the selectmen.

And so, in 1670, the New Meeting House with two stories and spire was built on "the parcel of land situate, lying, and being within the Limmetts of Boston Towne," deeded by Mary Norton, April 1, 1669, to her assured friends, Savage, Davis, Usher, Rawson, Hull, Oliver, Scottow, Trewsdall, Raynsford, and Elliott, and their associates, heirs, and successors for "assembling themselves together publiquely to worship God . . . and for noe other intent, use or purpose whatever." The meeting house was surrounded with butternut trees, and stood nearly opposite School Street. Rev. Thomas Thacher, who at fifteen years of age was so conscientious that he would not go

to an English university, as his father wished, because he could not sign the necessary religious subscription, came to America in 1635, and after having practised both medicine and theology, was called to be

The First Pastor

of the South Church. He was a worthy and learned man, but his chief merit in the estimation of that patient and persevering generation was his "copiousness in prayer" (alas! poor little Puritans). The church speedily became one of the most considerable in the country. Mr. Thacher was a hater of Quakers, and contributed much to the efforts made to relieve the province of that sect.

It must be remembered that our forefathers did not in their day have to deal with the quiet and gentle Quaker of the modern type, but that they were then moved by the Spirit to walk about the streets and to enter the churches and testify with blackened faces, with uplifted voices, and sometimes, as was the case with Deborah Wilson and others, "naked as they came into the world." Mr. Gordon would probably not be blamed for instituting strong measures to punish or prevent such an intrusion into his aisle of a Sunday morning.

Good Samuel Willard, however, who was appointed Mr. Thacher's colleague before the latter's death in 1678, and ruled alone for twenty-two years from the South pulpit, was a great and shining reproach to the madness of his day,— the witchcraft craze, — and stood out so stoutly against it that he was "cried out on" by several witches, and probably nothing but the fact that three of the judges of the infamous tribunal — Stoughton, Sewall, and Winthrop — were members of his parish, and that his own character was so illustrious, saved him from danger. One of the witches who accused him afterwards concluded he was mistaken in the person. It was during Mr. Willard's ministry that the South Church was "desecrated" by the enforced occupation of the Episcopal church at alternate hours, under Gov. Andros. This, for so it is styled by Dr. Wisner, pastor of the Old South half a century ago, was the first of the cycle of "desecrations" of the Lord's house, of which, looking backwards with the eyes of the founders, we may count six, including that now recorded on the granite tablet on the front of the building.

Willard, dying in 1707, was succeeded by Pemberton and Sewall, father of Judge Sewall, at first a colleague of Pemberton, and afterwards senior pastor until his death in 1769 at the age of eighty, which brings us almost to the Revolutionary period. A great event during Sewall's ministry, which led to a revival of religion and to the addition of eighty communicants to the Old South Church alone, was the

Celebrated Earthquake of 1727.

It is rather startling to be reminded of this event in our own era of monstrous buildings. Should the phenomenon be repeated in modern Boston, with its eight and nine story structures of stone and brick, there would be a pretty general wreck and destruction and a loss of life that would leave a considerably reduced number of human souls to submit themselves to religious exercises. For in the modest structures of the day, "movables, doors, windows and walls, especially in the upper chambers, made a very fearful clattering, and the houses rocked and crackled as if they were all dissolving and falling to pieces." It was not a very worldly-wise proceeding, for a large building, humanly speaking, was not a particularly safe resort; but the next night the meeting-house was crowded, and the people's excited feelings were stirred up by vehement appeals to repentance from the pulpit.

Under Sewall's pastorate the present building which we call the Old South was erected in 1729 and occupied in 1730, the congregation meantime meeting in the house of the Old Church. It was characteristic of the times that Dr. Sewall prayed with the workmen before they began the demolition of the old structure, and equally so that pious observers noted that, in going on with the building which succeeded it, during the outside work the workmen were never once hindered by foul weather. There was a double tier of galleries on three sides, on the fourth side a great "tub" pulpit and sounding board, and the floor was covered with square pews. Among the names of the pew-holders on a plan of 1730, there occur those of Kilby, Bromfield, Brattle, Goffe, Pemberton, and Holyoke, along with those still common among us, like Oliver, Winslow, Walley, Loring, and Savage. There now soon occurred the great revival under

Whitefield, who came to Boston in 1740 and preached not only in the churches but on the Common, because no building was large enough to hold those who desired to hear him, and no license was then required therefor. It is stated rather incredibly, considering the size of the town, that twenty thousand persons attended his farewell sermon at that place. One hundred persons joined the South Church, and it is recorded that there was

Only One Backslider

among them, which looks like more solid and thorough work than is usually effected by such extreme means. Certain it is that no such apparent religious influences ever were brought to bear on the community before or since. The general look and carriage of the people were changed. "Tippling houses were deserted, vicious associations broken up; and the great mass of the community for a time mainly attentive to the concerns of their souls."

Mr. Sewall had as colleagues Mr. Prince, Mr. Cumming, and Mr. Blair. Mr. Prince was the collector of the famous Prince Library, which he bequeathed to the church at his death. It was left with criminal negligence for more than thirty years in boxes and barrels in a room under the belfry of the meeting-house, without care and attention, whence it was rescued by the efforts of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1814, and it is now deposited in the Public Library. Dr. Prince was one of the most pious men of his day, but it marks a certain progress in the present time that a particular instance of his piety in prayer is rather shocking than exemplary to a modern reader; for when the French fleet was thought to be threatening Boston in 1740, while Dr. Prince was fervently praying in church that the dreaded calamity might be averted, a gust of wind arose. The reverend gentleman paused, looked round upon the congregation with a hopeful smile, and then proceeded to supplicate the Almighty that *that wind* might save the country from conquest and popery. A tempest followed, the French fleet was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia and the Duc d'Anville and his lieutenant committed suicide — owing to Dr. Prince's prayer! Princeton (named for Dr. Prince) may still consider this reasonable doctrine and good Christianity, but to most men's minds

in the nineteenth century, it savors of the Old Testament rather than the New, though Mr. Longfellow has made some ringing poetry out of the incident.

Mr. Bacon and Mr. Hunt were colleague pastors in 1771, but the former soon resigned, and Mr. Hunt was sole pastor until his death in 1775. Taking an impartial and purely historical standpoint, now came what to the eyes of many of its members was

Another Desecration

of the South Church. The Revolutionary meetings, the gathering of the "rioters" who took the tea from the East India Company's vessels, the turbulent assembly which met to denounce the Boston massacre, were all undoubtedly abhorrent to the larger part of the proprietors and congregation of the South Church, belonging to the better classes, who regarded such a use of God's house as irreverent, even more than they deplored it as disloyal. At that time, with the exception of a few leaders, and even of these the chiefs, Hancock and Adams, were not regarded altogether with respect by their contemporaries, the lower classes were the active movers in the disturbances, and when the evacuation took place, it has been said that it was as though Beacon Street and the Back Bay were deserted by their inhabitants and the city left to the rest of its population.

Mr. Hunt, happening to be on a visit in Brookline, got shut out when the gates were closed, and died in Northampton during the siege. Now came the third desecration, the use of the meeting house as a riding school for Burgoyne's cavalry, probably not so shocking to the congregation who now worshipped in other houses as though the "holy place" had not been long associated with political as well as religious uses. The chief allegation of wantonness against the British has been that they used some of Dr. Prince's papers to kindle their fires. But as the Old South proprietors had treated them for years as rubbish, and continued to do so for years afterward, this was not to be wondered at. This accusation of wanton destruction in the Old South and other meeting houses was made with bitterness by a pastor of the Old South sixty years ago, who repeats the slanders of the Revolutionary party, that while there was plenty of fuel in the town, the soldiers burnt parts of churches out of

mere malice. Original records were even more accessible to him than to us, which not only prove a very bitter dearth of fuel in 1775–76 in Boston, but that the most rigid regulations were enforced by Gen. Howe to prevent the destruction of any but the oldest and most superfluous buildings, or parts of buildings, and that the rules of military necessity seem to have been almost punctiliously observed. Boston was not deserted, but occupied by her own inhabitants, and among the ladies who witnessed the manege of the British officers from the gallery of the Old South, fitted up for their accommodation, were those of many families of its proprietors and leading people of the congregation.

After the Evacuation,

the Old South people used the deserted King's Chapel, in their turn "desecrating" the walls of the "established church." Nov. 2, 1783, under Rev. Joseph Eckley, who had been called to the pastorate, the meeting house was reopened. Mr. Eckley inclined toward Unitarianism, and perhaps had he lived longer the Old South might have drifted along with the First and other Congregational churches into liberality of creed and practice. But Mr. Huntington and Dr. Wisner, his successors, were men of the old school, and while the sister churches of the communion were sadly recognized by them as having departed from the faith of the fathers, the Old South braced up, and has since continued to stand rigidly upon the ancient foundation.

The fourth great "desecration" in the Old South (called so, though the name has been used for convenience, only in 1817 when the New South was built in Summer Street) was brought to light in 1860 by Mr. Joseph Ballard, long a member of the Old South, but who was constrained to bring suit against the society because he found that the trust funds left for the use of the poor by many benevolent persons had been diverted from their original intentions, and were held and handled as the general property of the society. He could not induce the proprietors to take any notice of that state of things, which had existed since the beginning of the century, and was obliged to resort to law, finally establishing, January, 1867, after seven years and a half of litigation, by the decree of court, the trust,

to be paid over to the ministers and deacons to be administered as originally prescribed.

Mr. Stearns followed Dr. Wisner, and then came thirty years of the prosperous and pleasant ministrations of genial Dr. Blagden, whose cheerful temperament veiled his grim doctrine. Of course the good doctor was conservative and Whig in politics, but he loved his neighbors, and his neighbors loved and respected him.

The fifth "desecration" of the Old South came when the proprietors asked and got leave to sell the estate given by Mme. Norton, "for noe other intent, use or purpose whatever" than for the site of a house for the worship of God. It was a bare majority that voted to do this unnecessary thing; unnecessary, because when this permission was granted them in 1874, the society was rich enough to complete the new church building on the Back Bay without this sale, and the minority earnestly contended for the use of a "down town" church like Trinity in New York. Leave to lease had already been granted to the United States as a post-office after the fire of 1872.

The Sale of the Building

at auction, June 8, 1876, to be removed within sixty days, the frantic efforts made to redeem it, the hard front of the society, proceeding on the most rigid business principles, granting no delay, the "Oak Hall" interlude when G. W. Simmons & Son hung out their banner on the tower as saviors of the Old South, having bought the right to hold the building seven days, the meetings, subscription papers, and final purchase by Mr. Kidder and Mrs. Hemenway and others, are fresh in many minds.

But the sixth and last "desecration" of the Old South was certainly committed when the society insisted upon the insertion in the deed of sale of a condition that the meeting house erected on Mme. Norton's trust "publiquely to worship God" should not be opened for any purpose on the Sabbath! The condition was afterward annulled by act of Legislature.

The amounts spent on litigation in these affairs have been enormous, and the story of the Old South, from the ecclesiastical standpoint, it is seen, has its obliquities! Dropping out a century or so, a pious well wisher connects Thacher, Willard,

Pemberton, Sewall, and Prince and their excellent works and holy lives straight with good Dr. Manning and Mr. Gordon and their flock, and wipes out a pretty queer intervening slate.

The New Old South has a splendid building at the corner of Dartmouth and Boylston streets, and supports the Hope Mission Chapel. Mr. Carr presides over the organ, and an excellent choir supplies a fastidious congregation with music. But the old meeting house, whose historical associations even are confused by the variety and incongruity of its recent uses, is a temple of the diorama, and the old Spring Lane Chapel is a hive of busy trade and manufactures.

PHILIP VENN.