FAMILY MEMORIAL

The Winslows of Boston

Isaac Winslow
Margaret Catherine Winslow

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOLUME V

Boston, Massachusetts
1837?-1873?

TRANSCRIBED AND EDITED BY ROBERT NEWSOM
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, IRVINE
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“Benjamin Lundy deserves the high honor of ranking as the Pioneer of direct and distinctive Anti Slavery in America” – “Born in Sussex county New Jersey, Jan 4th, 1789 of Quaker parents, he injured himself while yet a mere boy, by excessive labor on his father’s farm.” Leaving it at the age of nineteen, he learned the trade of a saddler at Wheeling Virginia, and that place being a slave trading thoroughfare to the S West, he gained an insight into the cruelties and villanies of slaveholding. In 1815 while living with his wife and children at S’Clairsville Ohio near Wheeling, he organized an association known as the “Union Humane Society,” whereof the first meeting was held at his own house and consisted of but five or six persons. Within a few months its numbers were swelled to four or five hundred, and included the best and most prominent citizens of Belmont and the adjacent counties. Lundy wrote an appeal to Philanthropists on the subject of slavery printed in 1816. Short and simple as it was, it contained the germ of the entire Anti Slavery movement. He also contributed to a weekly journal called the Philanthropist. He then edited in Mount Pleasant a monthly, “The Genius of universal Emancipation,” afterward published and printed in E Tennessee by his own hand, under threats of personal violence. In 1824 he removed to Baltimore, speaking of forming societies on his way, visited Hayti in 1825, after which, having lost his wife he travelled Eastward, and converted to his views Wm. Lloyd Garrison† and many others; was nearly killed in Baltimore by a slave trader, – journeyed to Texas and Mexico, with a view to colonizing negroes and also to Canada. Removed his paper to Philadelphia where his property was destroyed by a mob; migrated with his children to La Salle Co Illinois, – republished his paper, but died of fever Aug 22 1839. “This closed one of the most heroic, devoted, unselfish courageous lives ever lived on this continent.” Greeley “Am’n Conflict” published 1869.§

* The first four pages of this final volume contain genealogical information in quite a large round hand. Evidently the notes here were intended to serve as labels for four family portraits then in possession of Isaac’s or Margaret’s family and previously mentioned and/or described. These were of Col. Benjamin Pollard, his wife Margaret (daughter of Edward the Sheriff, Joshua Winslow (son of Edward the Sheriff) and Edward the Sheriff himself. The notes are not here transcribed. The following four leaves have been cut out of the bound “Album,” as it is labeled on the front cover.

† Probably Margaret intended to quote exactly and extensively from Greeley, but this is where exact quotation ends. Much of what follows is condensed and edited from Greeley’s account.

‡ William Lloyd Garrison (1805–1879). She has trouble spelling Lloyd both here and below. Margaret appears to be wrong in crediting Lundy with Garrison’s abolitionist beliefs, though he did persuade him to collaborate on the Genius of Universal Emancipation. It isn’t clear why Margaret underlines his name, but possibly because of some associations with the family. In 1835 Garrison was almost lynched in the streets of Boston and spent a night for his own safety in the Leverett St. Jail next door to the Winslows. He was moreover very close to another very important Abolitionist, Wendell Phillips, brother of Benjamin Pollard’s classmate at Harvard George William Phillips (above, IV, 161).

§ (Hartford: O. D. Case & Co., 1865). As Greeley himself tells us in a footnote, his account was condensed from that of Thomas Earle’s 1847 biography (115n.).
Family History. 1828.

This Mr Lundy who wrote a note of thanks to my Father for aiding him in the Anti Slavery cause, then in its infancy and extremely unpopular in this country. – is thus mentioned in my Mother’s Journal of April 1828.—

 Apr 3rd. “A Mr Lundy, a Quaker, was here in the evening. He came to get Mr Winslow to subscribe to a Paper for the Emancipation of Slaves, which is to be printed in Baltimore.” He staid all the evening and gave us a long account of what had been done to favor the plan.” –

It is not unlikely that Aunt Henrietta and my Uncle Blanchard also privately contributed to this object, as they were always warmly interested in the Anti Slavery cause, and also their dear friend Miss Cotton, afterward Uncle Bs second wife. Dr Channing also might have aided this Baltimore philanthropist, for he early took high courageous ground in the matter, although never actually joining the Antislavery Society in Boston formed under the leadership of Wm Loyde Garrison, about this period or a few years later. Could any one have then foreseen the terrible struggles and dissentions, ending in a bloody civil war of four years duration, to which this humble movement was the prelude, how astonishing would have seemed the truth of those words, “Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth.”† Not upon those who shewed, at the risk of fame, fortune, and life, the awful evils of Slavery to the Nation, – rests the blame of that costly struggle which terminated them; – But the blood of their country is upon the heads of those who persecuted those early Prophets, and endeavored to quench the truths which, timely heeded, would have saved all that crime and misery which War never fails to bring in its train. It was to prevent war that the Peace loving Quakers early arrayed themselves against Slavery, which is in itself a prolonged War waged on the poor and defenceless.

Philanthropic subscriptions. A duel in Washington averted.

1828

Apr 5th “BPW tells us that there has been much excitement in Cambridge about President Kirkland. He resigned his place partly from indifferent health, but partly in consequence of some improper remark made by the Committee respecting his inattention to his duties. All the students however, the Professors and almost everyone else seem to think he has been ill treated. The Students subscribed for five pieces of Plate, as a token of their regard for him.”‡

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* It was already being published. The Wikipedia article on Lundy at http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Benjamin_Lundy says that in 1828 he traveled on foot through the Eastern states giving speeches. I believe it was during this trip that he first met Garrison, whose collaboration began the following year.

† A frequent misquotation of James 3: 5: “Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!”

‡ According to the University’s own web site, Kirkland was indeed beloved, but came under fire from the Corporation for fiscal laxity. He had in 1827 suffered a stroke. http://www_president.harvard.edu/history/14_kirkland.php. He died in 1840.
Ap 7th. “Our BPW went to pass a part of his vacation with some of his classmates at Portsmouth and Exeter. He there saw the Houston girls and had several walks with them.”

Ap 14th “Two ladies of the “Fragment Society”* called to collect my annual subscription. This society was formed to clothe the poor out of the waste pieces thrown aside by the Rich. –A very good idea, and it might be carried into the departments of food and fuel, especially now when there is ten times the waste in households, that existed at the period mentioned.

Ap 17th “Mrs McKeige and her Granddaughter Mary Cockburn came here to stay a few days, as she is breaking up housekeeping. Her daughter, staying with the Misses Ross in Mt Vernon St, came in the evening to see her.”

Ap 19th “Mr Winslow dined with Richard D Tucker’.

” 21st “Margaret and Mary Cockburn went to a Miss Easton’s school – Mrs McKeige’s french school being no longer kept. They take lessons in French and Italian of Miss Emma Dégen[?].”

Ap 23rd “Two ladies called on Henrietta B about an infant school for the children of laboring mothers;– a good thing”.

“Everybody is talking of the insulting conduct of Russel Jarvis† in Washington toward Secretary Adams son of the President. People every where seem much enraged at Jarvis; Adams being in his Official duty at the time.”

April 25th “E Pickering and Henrietta B went to see old Trinity Church once more before it is pulled down.”‡

Ap 30th “Mrs McKeige and daughter left for Providence, R.I. Mary Cockburn remains with us.” This same day while the famous Methodist preacher Moffitt§ was declaiming on the platform of an unfinished meeting house at the North End at the ceremony of laying the corner stone, the platform gave way and a large number of people were precipitated into the cellar – One life was lost, and many persons were badly injured.” This Moffitt was much run after in Boston and throughout the Country.– He was an eloquent man but not it was said a very sincere one. It is reported that his wife once exclaimed to him on occasion of some domestic grievance “Eh! Jonnie, Jonnie, if a’ the folk kenned ye as weel as mysel, ye’d nae be sae muckle run after.”

May 1st My Mother mentions “an elegant new Packet Ship,– “the Boston,” fitted up to run between Boston and Liverpool, as “being visited by hundreds of admiring citizens.” Boston

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* Founded 1812. There is a useful history at [http://oasis.lib.harvard.edu/oasis/deliver/~sch00585](http://oasis.lib.harvard.edu/oasis/deliver/~sch00585).

† Russell Jarvis, a newspaperman and partisan opponent of the Adams presidency. It was John Quincy Adams II who started the affair through some ill-chosen remarks made at the White House during a levee at which Jarvis appeared with some friends and family. The context included the President’s opposition to dueling. Jarvis responded by attempting to pull young Adams’ nose some days later in the Capitol Rotunda, which is the incident referred to here, and a scuffle ensued, followed by a great deal of the absurdity that can always be expected when the honor of gentlemen has been questioned. No duel ensued, but both Houses of Congress got involved and there were extensive investigations and hearings, but without significant issue, and the affair gradually lost steam. It is detailed in Samuel Flagg Bemis, “The Scuffle in the Rotunda: A Footnote to the Presidency of John Quincy Adams and to the History of Duelling,” *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, Third Series, Vol. 71, (Oct., 1953 - May, 1957), 156-166.

‡ The original building, built in 1734.

§ Unidentified.
was then a Merchant city – not as it is now a depot of the factories; although the rich perhaps were already striving to make it so. But as yet, “her Merchants were Princes – her trafickers the honorable of the earth.”* Honorable in character, liberal in taste and in beneficence, enlarged in culture and enterprising in intercourse with all other nations. From the time she became a Manufacturing Caste city her policy grew narrow, her courage turned to cowardice, her enterprise was checked, and she became the passive tool of a Slave holding Oligarchy, crushing down at its haughty bidding every movement of independent thought, every act of far sighted and intelligent citizenship.– To this Caste-tyranny two Merchants would not submit, Henry Lee and my Father.

May 1828 — The terrible cough increases\(^5\) so much that my poor Mother can no longer head her frequent dinner parties, or receive evening company.– She has fever turns\(^6\) at night and has to keep her bed till noon the next day.– So my Father determined to arrange his multifarious affairs for a journey; but, as it seemed impossible for him to leave at that time, it was settled that my Mother should as soon as possible, be removed into the country. A boarding place was obtained for her at Mrs Allen’s house in Newton, and the household was to be superintended by Mrs Warren an old nurse and domestic; but as she then “went out nursing,” she could not “make it convenient to come,” and Miss Thomas was invited to head the table during the absence of my Mother and Aunt Henrietta, who was to accompany her into the country.

Meanwhile the Diary continues the same account of people coming and going, continually; – a fire on the roof which came near unhousing us all; Repairs and renovations proceeding about the place as usual every spring; Strangers arriving and departing; young folks frolicking, &c, &c, as for instance “Boys had a serenade this evening”— May 24th “Young Clarke,§ our Benjamin’s “Chum” at Cambridge dined here – William Pickering joined them after dinner, and they had a grand bout of it.” Mentions at the same time a terrible thunder shower during which a Painter was killed in Elm S’ while at his work on the window of a house there.

May 28th My Mother speaks of Pres’t Adams having “signed the dreadful Tariff bill, there has been such a fuss about”

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\* Isaiah 23: 8: “Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth?”

\† The shift into the present tense is striking, and no less so for its being transitory. (Margaret returns to it, below, V, 23.) It may be simply that as Margaret reads her mother’s journal she feels herself reliving days that she vividly remembers and wants to hold onto (she was about to turn sixteen at this time and was within two years and two months of losing her mother), or she may more self-consciously be using a narrative technique (employed by Dickens and Carlyle among others) to convey a sense of immediacy and suspense.

\‡ OED: An attack of illness, faintness, or the like; also, a fit of passion or excitement. Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: a disordering spell or attack (as of illness, faintness, dizziness).

\§ James Freeman Clarke (above, IV, 137 and n.).

\** Salmon Portland Chase (1808–1873), He was a U.S. Senator from Ohio and a Governor of Ohio, U.S. Treasury Secretary under Lincoln and nominated by him as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court,
May 30th “Consul Jarvis & daughter of Leonard Jarvis from Vermont Mr & Mrs Duncan of Haverhill, Henry Willis, E Chase, B Winslow the elder, E Pickering and boys all here to tea and evening.”

Brother* “Isaac parades as Captain of the “Winslow Blues” and dined with “the Ancient and Honorable” at Faneuil Hall.” “Boys go to a party given by Helen Pearce at her Aunts Miss Russel.” “Consul Manners here, giving a ludicrous account of dinner given to Daniel Webster by the Tariff party.”

June 7th “Br† Isaac leaves for N York.” “My old friend Mrs Bartlett here to pass the night.” — “Son John here often to see our BP.”

June 16th “Death of Dr Shattuck’s wife. Sorry for him, he will feel it very much.”

June 17th “This place[“] (Newton) [“]is much pleasanter than I expected. There are pleasant views from some of the windows, and over them are trained roses and honeysuckles. There will be plenty of Cherries and Currants here, and some Peaches. Also we have abundance of good milk – The air is cool and sweet, and the people[“] (of the house) [“]are very kind and attentive and clean. We were rather dull at first, but shall soon feel at home; I think I already feel rather stronger and better than I did. Mr and Mrs Allen are gone on a short excursion for a few days. Their daughter Anne takes charge of the family till their return: She generally resides with her Aunt Anne Bent in Boston and tends the shop there.”‡

This Miss Bent was a relative of Mrs Henry Ware Jr,** and was a very fine woman much esteemed in Boston. Our former nurse “Nabby Tower” knew her very intimately, and through her my Mother probably heard of the place, as “Nabby” was then living with Mrs Ware.

in which capacity he served from 1864 to 1873. Chase Manhattan Bank was named after him. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1826, moved to Washington, D.C. sometime thereafter, and did not enter politics until 1830. Margaret is mistaken in identifying him as Elizabeth’s uncle. They were first cousins, Elizabeth being the daughter of Salmon’s uncle (also Salmon). Since Margaret is not quoting from her mother’s journal when she characterizes Chase as an “Uncle,” she may simply be misremembering the relationship, which the journal may have failed to specify.

* I.e., Margaret’s brother.
† Although “Br” falls within the quotation marks, certainly it is Margaret’s brother, again, who is meant.
‡ It would be another five or six years before a railway connected Newton and Boston.
§ Ann Middleton Allen, later Mrs. Nathaniel Tracy. She was Herman Melville’s illegitimate (and secret) half sister. For more on her and the Allens (including Ralph Waldo Emerson’s lodging at Mrs. Allen’s a few years later), see Philip Young, “Small World: Emerson, Longfellow and Melville’s Secret Sister” *The New England Quarterly*, 60 (1987), 382-402. I am grateful to Michael Egan of Gibbstboro, NJ for leading me down this path.

** Above, IV, 29,
A Mr and Mrs Standfast Smith board here, for the benefit of Mr S’s health: They
have been here two summers Mrs S is a very sociable woman and converses well;
but is rather too free and easy in her manners to suit my notions. She came up into
our bedroom uninvited and without being even introduced to us.

June 18th I walked this afternoon up and down the garden path. We took tea with Mr and Mrs
Smith in Miss Allen’s parlor – she had some company a pretty Miss Bent who is staying with
her, two Miss Lovells and their brother, and Mr Barnard a Collegian, who is acquainted with
our Benjamin at Cambridge. I was very much disappointed at not hearing from home.

June 19th A fine clear cool day. I walked about half a mile was rather tired, but on the whole
felt the better for it. We went, in the evening, into Mrs Smith’s parlor to return some of her
visits. While there I received a package of letters from home, written by Mr Winslow,
Edward and little Margaret, with some papers and Pamphlets – All well at home. What a
comfort!

June 20th Another walk today, over half a mile. I feel much better for walking. W Pickering
and our Thomas came out and took tea with us, or rather Milk. They had been to see
E Chase at Watertown, but she had gone to Boston. They brought us all the news from
home and we were quite glad to see them. They went away loaded with roses and
honeysuckles, and with plenty of milk bread and butter internally.

Sat 21st Henrietta and I took a long walk, and were resting on some stones in a fine wood not
far from the house when we heard the rattling of wheels and the Stage came in sight. We saw
two grinning faces which proved to be those of George and Margaret. They brought us
some papers, a Yam, some English cheese as a present for Mr Smith who is an Englishman,
– and better still, the information that

\begin{center}
8 \textbf{Elliott’s falls. A ride back to Boston with a dull horse. Mending clothes for washing day.}
\end{center}

\textit{Journal Newton 1828}

all the family were well, and went on as comfortably as could be expected. The children were
delighted to see us and to have a run in the Country – They are to stay over Sunday.
The children have been all over the neighborhood, or at least three or four miles of it.
Newton is very pleasant – It has so fine a prospect; so many hills, valleys, and woods, The air
is clear and cool, though rather too bracing. Mr Winslow and brother J P Blanchard came
out in a chaise to see us. We all took a long walk to Elliot’s falls named so from a factory
built there by General Eliot.\footnote{Simon Elliott. The falls are in the town of Newton Upper Falls on the banks of the Charles.} It must have been a delightful place before the factories were
built, some parts of it are pretty now. This was a long walk for me, and I had to stop and rest
at a tavern kept by Mrs Allen’s son, about halfway between her house and the falls. Mr
Winslow and Joshua returned to town in the evening. I hired a horse and Chaise for
nine shillings, and took George and Margaret into town. We had a very dull horse,
and it took us two hours to get home in a broiling sun in our faces all the way. I
occupied myself in mending the clothes for tomorrow’s wash, and putting things a little in
order Miss Thomas did not return from her school to dinner, on account of the heat; but I
saw her before I left town, and thanked her for her kind attention to the family. I saw that
she was tired of being housekeeper and that the folks were tired too. So I thought it best to
engage old “Ma’am Miller” \footnote{Simon Elliott. The falls are in the town of Newton Upper Falls on the banks of the Charles.} (the one who was with aunt Pickering so long) \footnote{Simon Elliott. The falls are in the town of Newton Upper Falls on the banks of the Charles.} to come and
overlook* things in the kitchen. Eliza Pickering dined with us and told us how things had gone on under Miss Thomas’ direction Mr Winslow drove me out in the Chaise and we reached Newton about half past eight. Mr W staid all night. A delightful evening with a bright moon shining, and the air

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1828 Journal</th>
<th>Tuesday, June 24th</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>sweet with roses, honeysuckles, and clover. Mr &amp; Mrs Smith, Anne Allen and Nancy Bent came to see us in our room. Mr Winslow went to town this morning in the 7 o’clock stage. We heard of the death of young James Perkins, the husband of Eliza Callahan. Our brother† Benjamin Winslow was with him on a journey, and had a dreadful time with him. He was taken with convulsions. Mrs P and his Mother were sent for, but he was insensible when they arrived, and died soon afterward.‡</td>
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25th The Misses Lovell here with their brother and Uncle Mr James Lovell. The eldest Miss Lovell played the flageolet§ very prettily, and Miss Nancy Bent accompanied with her voice.

26th Cold raw and cloudy, but the East wind is milder than in Boston. A dull day for the country. Henrietta played a game of chess with fellow boarder Mr Smith, which lasted more than an hour. His wife was in a fidget to get him into his own room to see Parson Ripley who had called on them. Mr and Mrs S came in again to see us in the evening. To my great joy I received by the stage letters from my dear husband and little Margaret.** There was also one from Mrs McKeige to Margaret which she sent me to read.

27th We were very much disappointed at not hearing from home this evening, and still more so at not being able to get a chaise to go to town, as we depended upon going this afternoon. Mr and Mrs. Smith went to town this morning. We met them returning in the evening as we were taking our walk,—they came into our room afterward and condoled with us on our disappointment.

28th†† We tried again today to get a chaise, but were again disappointed. So Henrietta made up her mind to go to town in the Stage, as there are some things there to be attended to. Mrs Smith dined with me, as her husband was too sick to come down stairs, and as we each should have dined alone, we thought it best to join company. Henrietta came out alone in the Stage. I expected some of the folks out with her. She said the day had been dreadfully hot in Boston.

It was excessively hot this morning, but a thunder squall and one or two showers came

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* Here of course meaning oversee, not disregard.
† Brother-in-law.
‡ Isaac describes the death in greater detail below, V, 16.
§ A type of fipple flute, related to the recorder and predecessor of the tin whistle, which has replaced it.
** Below, V, 16.
†† See below, V, 17 for a letter from Margaret’s mother on this date.
up and cooled the air. While I was writing down the occurrences of the two last days in this Diary, I heard voices close by the window, and behold! our Edward and Aunt Pickering stood before me. They had just come from Boston and had made a short call at Watertown. They brought me the good news that all were well at home. They then walked to the Falls and returned here to tea, at which we gave them fine strawberries and cream. They returned to town about nine o'clock, and must have had a pleasant ride in, as it was moonlight.

Mon 30th These three of four days we have had frequent thunder showers which have prevented me from walking, as the grass is so wet. We went to visit Mrs Smith in her room in the evening. Mr S is better, but appears yet very feeble.

July 1st It is very hot weather, and has been so for a week past. Miss Anne Bent the elder is staying here for a few days with her sister Mrs Allen. Today as I was busily copying this Journal in our parlor, which is on the ground floor, I looked up at the window and there appeared a large full face under a small leather cap, staring at me. It proved to be our BPW. He had taken a long walk of seven miles from Cambridge. It was the first time he had visited us in our new abode. He brought us some books and wild honeysuckles. While we were at tea, there came on another thunder squall and shower. – About nine o'clock after the rain subsided he accepted the offer made by young John Lovell of being taken in his Chaise two miles on the way back. The offer was very civil, but nevertheless BP was a long time getting home as it was so dark.

11 Sightseeing with visitors. 4th of July.

Newton 1828

July 2nd – Rather cooler and looks as if we should have one day without rain. Elizabeth Chase and her brother William Waldo were here yesterday morning. She invited me to ride with her to General Hull’s† place at Newton about three miles from us, where little Benjamin D Winslow is boarding for the benefit of his health and eyes. I have been expecting E Chase all day, but she has not made her appearance; some mistake about it, I suppose. – Miss Bent and the Allens are gone to an Ordination in Newton. We received this morning a paper, and some notes from George and Margaret. George wants to spend the 4th of July at Marblehead with the son of my old friend Mrs Bartlett. I wrote him to take care and not to shoot himself, gunning, or get drowned.

3rd E Chase and her brother Samuel Waldo here in the afternoon — We all went to see the upper falls, about a mile and a half from here, a pretty romantic place! At half past seven, the stage stopped at our gate, and out stepped Mr Winslow, Miss Thomas, little Margt and little Frank W, having dropped Eliza Pickering at Mrs Norse’s§ in Watertown; on hearing which, E Chase and brother left for that place. The rest of the party are to stay with us over the 4th. George, they say, has left today for Marblehead – The other boys, Edward, Thomas, Benjamin, Arthur and William Pickering, Charles Ward and others are going tomorrow on a sailing expedition down the harbor, with musical instruments, &c.

† Gen. William Hull (1753–1825). He spent his final years in Newton, but was of course deceased before Margaret’s mother’s stay there. Evidently his home had become a boarding house.

‡ Half-brother.

§ Almost certainly Margaret has just left out the second loop on an initial capital “M” and Morse is intended. See above, IV, 154.
Friday 4th Today Mr Winslow took Mr Allen's wagon and drove Miss Thomas and myself to see young Benjamin D Winslow at Mrs Hickman's, General Hull's place. Mr W and I also called on Mrs T.C.Amory at a Mr Bracket's on the opposite side of the way: Had a delightful ride and afterward sat down with our own party to dinner, Mrs Allen having many of her own relations with her. After dinner Mr W went with some of her party to the falls. E Chase and Mrs Pickering rode over from Watertown to see us, and then came B Winslow and his three daughters Amory, Catharine & Lucretia

12 A long walk and almost lost in the woods. Brief trip to town. “Bossy wiped his mouth on little Meg.”

from Mrs Hickman’s. – After tea Mr W, Miss Thomas, Henrietta little Marg' and I took a long walk of three miles – Miss T thought we had lost our way in the woods and became much frightened, especially as it lightened and thundered. I was pretty tired.

July 5th Mr Winslow, Miss Thomas and little Frank Winslow went early to town in the Stage. In the afternoon, Henrietta Little Marg' and I took a long walk through a beautiful wood to the Baptist Pond — found some wild honeysuckle and lilies, both very sweet.

July 6th Warm but pleasant air. – While I was writing this journal, about eleven o'clock, in marched Isaac and George. They had walked out from Boston, nine miles, in two hours and a half –. Isaac returned only a week since from a journey in N York State to the Kaatskills. On the way he stopped at Mr Theodore Barrell’s house at Saugerties on the Hudson River – had a very pleasant time, and was quite smitten with some of the young ladies there.” He had, while in NY city, been supposed to admire Miss Masters, the young lady mentioned in my Mother’s letter to him, quoted in my Father’s little Memoir of her. She was very highly educated and of serious principles – She afterward married a Mr Wilbur. “Isaac and George dined and took tea with us, and then walked back to town. After tea we had a walk, and then Henrietta and Little M went out to see the cows milked, and the calf have his supper Bossy wiped his mouth on little Meg.”

July 7th I went to Boston in the Stage to mend up the clothes &c for the wash – Found E Pickering preparing to head the table for some company; Judge Pike, Mr Tremaine & Son of Halifax invited but only the Judge came. I did not wish it known that I was in town, so took my milk, bread and butter up stairs. Mrs Warren has arrived, and Maam Miller is to go to Eliza Pickering’s – After getting all things in order, I took the afternoon Stage to Newton and found Henrietta and little M on the road to meet me

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* The widow of Isaac’s early co-worker and early supporter, Thomas Coffin Amory (1767-1820). Above, II, 97, and see also below, V, 16.

† Originally called Wiswall's Pond and since the late-nineteenth century called Crystal Lake – So named when the pond became a source of commercial ice cut from it and the ice dealers came up with the name “Crystal Lake” for marketing purposes, according to  
http://www.ci.newton.ma.us/Election/NewtonHighlands/documents/Crystal_Lake.pdf. An 1855 map shows it still being called Wiswall's Pond, and the name Baptist Pond did not become official until 1880, but evidently was in use long before that.

‡ Still at the time of writing the usual spelling of Catskills.

§ It will be recalled that the Barrells in the Winslow circle were Sandemanians, some in England and some in New York. Isaac later married Abigail Elizabeth Barrell, though I don’t know if she was among the young ladies he was smitten with during this visit.
8th Fine day but very high wind. Little M is sitting by me writing to

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>July 8th</td>
<td>Had a walk in the evening to a wood back of the house.</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 9th</td>
<td>Rained violently all day – thunder and lightning in the morning – and a squall at noon – but cleared up pleasant in the afternoon. Samuel Waldo and E Chase were here in the afternoon, – they took little M to pass the night at Watertown. After they were gone, B Winslow and sister Pickering came to see us – Went in to see Mr &amp; Mrs Smith in the evening.</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 10th</td>
<td>Fine cool Nwester after the rain. Henrietta and I took some clothes to a washerwoman, living about a mile distant. Mrs Smith’s brother, Mr Head and his wife came to dine with them. We heard of two deaths, those of Mr Wolcott of Connecticut, Uncle by marriage to the Waldos; and old Harry Hill aged 92. E Chase brought little M home, and took me to ride all round by the falls and Factories. Called at General Eliot’s former place, now quite shabby – Mr Frost our former tenant lives there and keeps a shop – He has Alice with him, the Asylum girl who formerly lived with us. I promised that Marg’ should visit them tomorrow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 11th</td>
<td>Mr Frost came with his wagon and took Marg’ home with him. Just afterward a thunder squall came up – but it cleared in the afternoon. Mrs Allen’s girl Louisa came running in to tell me that Marg’ was at the gate on horseback – We were quite frightened and thought she was alone, But Mr Frost had come with her, walking by her horse, two miles – She went back the same way, and staid there all night.” I remember this visit very well, and the romantic old place bordering on the river, overhung with venerable trees – The horseback ride was delightful, but the sleeping with old Mrs Frost in a dingy bed and a low smoke dried dingy room was not quite so agreeable. Quite a contrast to the stately Morse mansion at Watertown. On the following morning I was glad to return to Mrs Allens. “[“]Very fine cool day after the thunder shower. Marg’ got home at breakfast time Mr Frost left her on his way to town. At eleven o’clock we took a long walk of two miles to see a beautiful pond and prospect making four miles altogether; a good walk for an invalid; I was rather tired. On our return we found Charles Ward and our BPW who had come out in a chaise; while at tea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun July 13th</td>
<td>“another Chaise arrived with John Pickering and our George in it. The two latter staid all night. Mr &amp; Mrs Smith came in to see us in the evng I took the boys’ chaise with little M and John Pickering to drive me, and went all round from the lower to the upper falls, stopped at Mr Frost’s, and there joined Henrietta B and George who had crossed the fields in a shorter direction to meet us. This afternoon John George and Marg” went to walk in our favorite wood leading to the Baptist Pond. After tea the boys went into town.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Henry Hill (1737-1828) brother of Hannah Hill Quincy, great-grandmother of Benjamin Pollard Winslow’s future wife, Mary Timmins Quincy Hill.  
† I. e., to her mother at Newton, not to Boston.
Mon July 14th “It began raining last night and the rain continues today. We were to have given up our lodgings here, and Mr Winslow was to have come in a carriage to take us home, “bag and baggage”. Our month is up and Mrs Allen has engaged the rooms to Mr Wells and family. But it was so rainy that I had given up all thoughts of going, – when, behold! in the afternoon, in the midst of a shower up drove a Boston hack, and out jumped Mr Winslow and Miss Elizabeth Breeze from Newport R.I. She came from there with Mrs Thatcher our neighbor. The weather continued so bad that Mr W concluded to stay all night. Mr & Mrs Smith came into our room, and we had a pleasant evening.

Tues July 13th “The weather was a little better this morning and we all set off after breakfast, for home. We parted unwillingly from Mrs Allen’s family and from Mr & Mrs Smith. After a long ride, and stopping many times to shew Miss Breeze the country, we arrived at home about 12 o’clock. it rained again in the afternoon. Our Margaret was quite unwell when she got home, owing to eating too many cherries and taking cold. I had to give her medicine she was quite feverish, and was not well for two or three days.” (Moral by the transcriber)—

Little M should have learned that if we takes the sweets of life immoderately, the bitter will be sure to follow. What is “moderately?”— says many a little M, – and the question is hard to answer save by example.

15 Calls and visits after returning home. BPW visits his chum Clarke at Newton.

Home again.

July 16th Fine morning but cloudy at noon. Miss Thomas called to see us. C Ward and Wm Pickering here in the evn’g to see our BPW who is at home from Cambridge for a six weeks vacation. They had some music together. Eliza Pickering and Elizth Chase made us an afternoon call, but did not stay to tea.

Thurs 17th Fine morning, but had a shower in the afternoon. E Pickering, E Chase, Mrs Bradford and B Winslow Senior called — E P went in to Mrs Thatcher’s to see Miss Breeze – She came here again to tea, E Chase having returned to Watertown – Little Mary Cockburn also took tea here, and Helen Pearce and a Mr Prescott were here in the evening. Mrs Warren went home to day – She has been staying here the last week.

Fri 18th A fine morning – I called at neighbor Thatcher’s to see Miss Breeze, and then went down to the warm salt water bath at Craigie’s bridge. Tea drinking at E Pickering’s in the evening consisting of – Mrs Tom Haven of Phil’a, Miss Breeze of Newport, Miss Deblois, sister of neighbor Thatcher, Mrs Hudgens, B Winslow Sen, Henrietta Blanchard and myself.

Sat 19th Our BPW took a chaise & went to Cambridge, Watertown and Newton. He visited his chum Clarke at old Dr Freeman’s* – brought us some currants

Sun 20th – Uncle Davis and E Pickering’s boys here at meeting, also Miss Breeze and Miss Deblois. Miss Breeze went with Henrietta to drink† at Pickering’s. Mr Winslow went to Mr Emerson’s near the Mall, to call on his niece Miss Foster daughter of Robert Foster from Maine.

21st Call from two of the Simpsons – Had Miss Foster & Mrs Emerson here to tea. Mr Winslow took them down to see the Mass”ns Hospital.

* James Freeman, James Freeman Clarke’s step-grandfather after whom he was named and who for all intents and purposes brought him up. The venerable Unitarian minister was sixty-nine at the time. And see above, III, 137 and IV, 6.

† Tea, presumably.
22nd Call from E Chase who came in from Watertown to visit her aunt Wolcott lately come to reside in Boston. Heard that Mr Gould the latin School Master has resigned his place, and will travel in Europe with a son of Francis Oliver. W Pickering returned from Exeter and brought us letters from the girls.

23rd Very hot – E Pickering and Mary Cockburn here to tea – They went with Mr W, Edw, Henrietta, myself and Little M to see Maelzel’s exhibition of automaton figures and the burning of Moscow; very ingenious mechanism!

### 16 Letters to and from Margaret's mother while she was at Newton. “A good opportunity to leave something in writing” (for our survivors).

Before proceeding with the Journal, I copy one or two letters written to and by my Mother during her stay in Newton. The first is from my Father dated “June 26th – 1828 – Boston.”

“...I now send two newspapers, a letter from our little M, and a few sheets of good paper. I hope the latter will be improved by writing to your Aunt [“] (Hodge) [“] and to Margaret. It is a good opportunity to leave something in writing; which should never be neglected. – Not that I think you are very sick; – but in health or sickness, it is well to think we must all go, – and in such case memorials are of great value to our near friends.–

I want you also to call on Mrs Amory at Mr Brackett’s opposite Mr Hyde’s.‡ For some years I have felt as if we were really ungrateful for former attentions; – and I told her you would call when I went to see her after Linzee’s§ death.

Our little girl has been at her aunt Pickering’s for two days, but called today as she went to school. I was down there[“] (at Aunt Pickering’s in Barton St near Craigie’s bridge) [“]last evening – Had the Miss Phillips’ to escort. Br B W also was there. He had a very trying journey with Mr P:** The Mrs P’s,[“] (his mother & wife), [“]got there 3 or 4 hours before he died: but he had no recollection after 12 o’clock and did not recognize either of them. Br B seems to have managed very well, and had everything prepared and fixed. It seems that he and Mr P had stopped merely to water the horses, and that Mr P went to lie down, fell asleep and was never really awake again, although he was able to take medicine, &c. The first Doctor who came did not think there was any danger, but about 4 o’clock as B W says, – he fell into convulsions or spasms which were truly dreadful, as all the muscles of the face were at times distorted.††
The “Stayner” has come today—[“] (a vessel I suppose curious! that my Father should afterward have a grandson so named.) [“]I hope we may get arranged this week. Yesterday the wind changed suddenly to N East, and such a whirlwind of dust I hardly ever saw. It is now quite cool – Ma’am Miller does very well, and Sally seems contented to have her. With regards to Henrietta

I am, dear Margaret

Yours truly & aff’ly – I.W.[“]

Probably my Father’s wish as expressed in the foregoing epistle induced Mother who was, herself, averse to correspondence to write the letters to her children from which, in less than two years after this date, he made the extracts recorded in the manuscript entitled “Recollections of a Mother,” which has ever since been so precious a legacy to his children. Although it is my intention to make that record an appendage to this family History, – yet the letters may more appropriately be inserted here.

[“]Newton June 28th, 1828.†

My dear husband,

I expected to hear from you on Thursday evening, and should have been much disappointed had I not received a line. But I owe you many thanks for the good letter you sent me with little Margaret; ________. She says, “Father seems to me to be very dull; ________ This remark of hers, and the tone of your own letter made me fearful that the idea might not be wholly without foundation, as your considerate kindness would prevent your letting it appear to me. But with me you must recollect, a mere idea that anything affects the health or happiness of my family causes my imagination to run so much further than the truth, that I am uneasy, and it has a worse effect upon me than the whole truth would have. Your observation on the propriety of people’s leaving memorials behind them which survivors would read with interest, led me to fear that you might be indulging melancholy feelings.

I wanted to go to town that night; but Henrietta will tell you all our disappointments about getting a horse and chaise. I hope however, you are now more cheerful. The week after next, I expect, God willing, you will spend with me, according to promise. I think that Isaac must be home before then. – We will pay our visit to Mrs Amory together. – It is too far to walk, and we have to pay someone to go some distance for a Chaise, with much doubt of obtaining one.

Mrs Smith is ill in bed today – She and her husband went into town, and she supposes that she made too much exertion. They heard in Boston that the Mrs Ps’ bore their affliction with calmness and resignation; They give our brother B Winslow much credit for

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* Isaac Stayner Winslow (b. 1836), son of his son Isaac and Elizabeth Barrell Winslow.

† See above, V, 9 for her journal entry on this date.
his management, and express great feeling for his kindness and attention to them all; they
think he did everything that could possibly be done in such a case. : Henrietta will tell you
how pleasant the new hay is, and every thing out here, and that we have found a beautiful
walk in the woods, which I want to shew you. Adieu for the present, with love to the boys
and all inquiring friends. Kiss little Meg for me, and accept the sincere affection
of your faithful friend
Margaret Winslow.

To Margaret Catharine Winslow – aged 12 years.

I was much pleased, my dear girl, – to receive your affectionate letter, which you say,
was written for our amusement. It is very grateful to a Mother’s heart to receive marks of
duty from her children; but much more delightful to find that duty fulfilled from affection;
for when the performance of our duty arises from love to our Maker and our friends, we feel
a greater satisfaction and pleasure in performing them, than when we offer

them as mere duties or matters of necessity.

I am glad to find that you are so happy at Aunt Pickering’s of which I had a
doubt. But I am also glad to find that, in the midst of amusement you have not forgotten my
requests that you should practise your music, and take breakfast at home, – as by this plan
you will see more of your Father than you would do otherwise. I am much pleased to find
you so attentive to his looks; it shews you love him; as indeed you ought for, next to your
Heavenly Father, he is the best parent a little girl ever had, and the best friend you ever can
have. He is the best of men and the best of fathers’ – and loves you all. – I know you are
sensible of this, and that you will try, if God should spare his and your lives, to devote your
time and attention to make him as happy and comfortable as is in your power. This hope
gives greater comfort to your Mother’s heart, than any which this world can afford. I am
sorry you think him dull, and hope this is partly in your own imagination; but the time will
soon arrive when we shall be at home and cheer him up. He is so good and disinterested,
that I fear he makes a sacrifice of his own comfort for my advantage.

I am glad to hear that Mrs Miller does so well, and that she and Sally agree so
well together. I see by Mrs McKeige’s letter that she thinks you improved in French and
writing. She seems inclined to settle in Philadelphia and looks forward to your paying Mary
Cockburn and herself a visit there, but I think this will not be for sometime.

Aunt Henrietta has gone to town to day to put all things in order – I should
have written you by her, but expected to have seen you myself. It is very pleasant out here
now; the new hay smells delightfully. We had a charming walk last evening in a beautiful
wood, Aunt H will tell you about it, and we will shew it to you when you come out again.
Give my love to poor Edward and tell him I am very sorry his hand continues so sore. If the
poulitics won’t answer, he had better see the Dr about it. I must now close this as I mean to
write to your Father & George. Give my love

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Letter from Margaret's mother to her son Isaac in New York about his planned trip to England.
Her anxieties both worldly and religious.
Letter to Isaac Winslow Junior, while in New York,

["Newton, June 21* – 1828.

My dear Son,

I have been so very unwell, and so busy in removing to the country, that I have not had leisure to answer your nondescript sort of a letter. – But the inclination you express to visit England with your new friends makes me fearful that you might leave the country without receiving a line from me; –and in that case it would be a long time before I should hear from you.” (Ocean Steamers & telegraphs were then undreamed of)

“As you have often expressed a wish to visit England, it is better you should do so now, than after you have settled down in domestic life, – if Mr Masters can introduce you to any mercantile houses and throw any business in your way to pay expenses. Having a friend and companion with you, you will go under greater advantages now, than perhaps you would at any time. —— But if you could be contented to remain at home with your friends, and gain a living in a humble quiet way, it would be far the most agreeable to my feelings, and would, in the eye of reason and religion, be far better than running all the hazards of a long voyage, such as sickness, shipwreck, and all the numerous dangers to which you will probably be exposed.” (A voyage to Engd then, was thought more of an undertaking than one round the world is now) ["]But I feel assured that a kind overruling Providence is every where with us, and that those who trust in his Fatherly care— and protection are equally safe in every place”.

(Here the Christian evidently struggles with the Mother for mastery.)

["]I thought you would have come to bid us Adieu and to add to your wardrobe for so long an absence – your Aunt Henrietta thinks you may want that “pair of shirts” you threatened to purchase” —(A hit at Isaac’s rather proverbial economy.) [”I little thought when I talked with you at my chamber door the night before your departure, that it would be so long before we met again. My health is so precarious that I can calculate on nothing here. We may not meet again; but all events are overruled by that Almighty Power who knows what is best. The most healthy of us may lie down at night and never open our eyes to the light of another day. But He takes us at the best time for our own happiness, and those who fear and trust him he will protect. We may be thrown into many situations where the help of Man is of no avail, or cannot be had. But God is all powerful to save, if we apply to Him. This, my dear son, – you will think “quite a sermon”; but the time may come when you will read it with interest. I sincerely pray that your mind may be led to the consideration of a future existence. Whether that is happy or miserable depends much on the state of mind and disposition which we cultivate in this life, and on obedience to God

* Note that this letter was written a week previous to the last quoted. For the corresponding journal entry, see above, V, 7.
as taught in the Scriptures. But most of all remember, that love and gratitude, for all His bounties and blessings – is most acceptable to Him.

At home they all remain much in the old way. Miss Thomas is keeping house for them till Mrs Warren comes. I find this place very pleasant, and think I am rather better. Write me before you leave N York. Tell your Mother and consequently your best friend, whether there is any truth in the report about which you were quizzed at home. I wish to hear what observation you have made of the characters of the young lady and her family, and what is your standing with them. Write all this and more – to satisfy the anxious affection of your Mother’s heart

22 More about Miss Masters and the failed romance. Constant visitors.

who looks forward to the domestic happiness of her children as the greatest comfort she can receive after all her care and anxiety for them,

Aunts H B and E P, – Miss Thomas, Little Marg’ and the boys, I know, would unite with me in love and good wishes. Embrace every opportunity to write us wherever you may be; therefore I shall conclude this by assuring you of the love and good wishes of all friends, and especially those of your

aff’t Mother, M Winslow. [”]

The “young lady” was the before mentioned Miss Masters of NY – her father was an old and esteemed correspondent of my Father’s, – of the firm of “Masters & Markoe” one of the old race of honorable “merchant princes”.– Miss Masters was a very fine girl, but somehow the match never came off as has been mentioned. She afterward married a Mr Wilbur of NY. It was said that Mr Masters looked favorably upon Isaac’s attentions, for he had much regard for my Father; but whether said attentions were ‘particular” and if so, whether the young lady approved, tradition saith not. At all events he did not go with Mr Masters to England as had been proposed, but returned home about the 1st of July, as Mother records in her Diary at Newton.†

Throughout the summer the Diary continues the same account of constant visitors at the house strangers – gatherings of the young folks, including my own school mates, musical parties of “the boys” and excursions abroad which it is wonderful that my Mother had strength or spirits for.– July 24th [”]we have a tea drinking for Miss Breeze, and some musical friends of mine, and two strangers in the evening. [”] “The girls[”] Mother says, “gave us some music on the Piano, and “the boys” gave us a serenade from the garden with flutes and Horn – more noise than music.” She mentions the weather as being very hot till the 25th when there was a thunder squall.

23 Expeditions with Miss Breeze. Onboard the USS Independence. Little M’s musical friends.

and afterward a beautiful evening, which tempted her to go with a family party to hear music on the common; but she was much fatigued after it. “Mr Winslow on our return took us all,

* A common mid-nineteenth century euphemism for sexual or romantic attention, though generally of an honorable kind.
† Above, V, 12.
with his usual kindness and generosity, in to Mrs Nichols confectionary shop, and treated us to Ice Cream and a little rest which was as good.”

They then take Miss Breeze to Quincy and to Charlestown Navy Y’d where they go on board the old Independence commanded by Capt afterward Commodore Smith thence to Chelsea over the bridge and home by one of the uncomfortable little crowded old ferry boats which used to run there before steam was in fashion – they were worked by horse power, then home by a long walk up through the North End as Causeway S was hardly passable at night, being all rough ground, surrounded by water, and intersected by little foot bridges of rude construction.

Then another expedition is taken to Newton & Watertown and a neighbor party is attended at Mrs Thatchers – all these gayeties are for the entertainment of Miss Breeze – and a breezy time she seems to have made in the family.

Two of my young musical friends mentioned above were daughters of Judge Thatcher of Lubec Maine, and the youngest Emily was quite pretty, – I had lost sight of them for years, but oddly enough at the close of our war of the Rebellion, 1865, when cousin John A. Winslow now “Admiral Winslow,” was receiving a sort of ovation in Philadelphia, for sinking the rebel pirate “Alabama,” This very Emily Thatcher turned up as one of the wealthiest and most patriotic ladies of that city, the wife of a Mr S and the head of the soldiers’ sanitary societies &c then flourishing there – She called upon cousin Kate and made many inquiries about our family. She said her elder sister Mary was dead. The other friend was a Miss Bradlee, descended on her mother’s side from the family of Geo Wentworth of Portsmouth N Hampshire. She also married and wandered away from our sphere; – as did many other of our young neighbors and friends, once so intimate at our house and interwoven with the various “flirtations” of that time. Some reappear at distant intervals encountered as it were by chance, speaking to or of us as among the pleasant but far off things of the past;– being now even as we are ourselves of another world and era. And such is life.

[written sideways bottom to top at the left margin]

X Note – Mother says in her diary – our BPW went with little M to call on the Miss Thatchers – Benjamin went onboard the vessel in which they were to return home Judge T was very polite to him and invited him to come to Lubec.


At Home. Leverett S’ Boston.

* Another unexpected shift into the present tense.

† The USS Independence was the first ship of the line in the U.S. Navy, launched in 1814. By 1828 she had been partially decommissioned and was part of the navy’s reserve fleet. She was radically refitted (and recommissioned) in 1837. She was not finally decommissioned until 1915.

‡ Typically, a team of two horses walked on a so-called treadwheel (or, later, a treadmill) that drove a paddle wheel.

§ Originally part of Eastport at the northeasternmost corner of the state, on the ocean.

** An underlined space here apparently intended to be filled in later.

†† Mrs. John Ancrum Winslow.
Aug 1st Mother has a gentleman’s dinner party, all strangers. Then they have another “Breezy” party, a tea party this time, with Mrs Capt Smith, on board the Independence, E Chase being of the party; – all got caught in a shower coming home, & EC staid at our house all night. Aunt Henrietta meanwhile had gone to Portsmouth to see the Houston’s who were forbidden at that time to visit Boston. She also went to Exeter. Then there is again a “Breezy” tea party at our house, including the Naval Officers of the “Independence”, B Winslow Sen & his daughters, Mrs Pickering, E Chase &c, &c – and so they go on. All this time Mother is without a cook, – that article beginning to be scarce in the market, – and having to get on “by hook by crook” in domestic matters; which increases one’s amazement at her energy, in such a state of invalidism as she really was. “Then “Harriet Sparhawk arrives with Henrietta from Portsmouth, “to stay at our house,” and a long “stay” she generally made of it;– but she was a very amusing genial person, and so was welcome to all the young folks. Br BPW and she were special friends and cronies, always in the frolicking way. She was an adopted daughter of Dr Jarvis, at one time, a wealthy physician of Boston, whose wife was a Sparhawk and Aunt to Harriet. The late Consul Jarvis of Weathersfield, Vermont, was the son of this Dr Jarvis, and was brought up with Harriet as her brother. She was a very original person,– naive and witty, – always ready to give or to receive a joke, and possessed of indomitable cheerfulness and good humor; but indolent and undisciplined; with a great taste for reading and considerable miscellaneous information, yet coming out with it by snatches, in the most unexpected way.– She was good hearted in the extreme, to the necessitous who fell in her way, although left with small means, and those, secured to her only through my Father’s exertions, as may have been before mentioned in this History.* At one time she received a poor deaf & dumb child from his dying mother & cared for him till he also was taken from the world.

25 On the Canal boat.

Aug 1828 Journey to N Hampshire & Vermont

All these family and social exertions, however, did not conduce to secure whatever benefit had been gained to my Mother’s health by her removal to Newton. – A journey, therefore, was resolved upon, by my Father, to visit his friend Mr Samuel Sparhawk of Concord NH, Consul Jarvis of Weathersfield Vermont, and other friends who might be in the line of his proposed tour. Elizeth Chase, who was eager for any excitement, desired to be included in the arrangement at her own expense: And, after sundry preparations, Aunt Henrietta being left housekeeper, with H Sparhawk as her companion, my Father and Mother, E Chase and myself, to my great delight; for this was my first journey, –set off on the 15th of August for Lowell, in the canal boat;† Aunt Pickering and George accompanying us to that place. This old “Middlesex Canal” was esteemed a great work then, and the passage of the locks is a most interesting experience for travellers, to say nothing of the pretty rural scenery which bordered its banks. Mother’s account of the journey is as follows.

Aug 14th “We are now about setting off on a Journey to N Hampshire and Vermont. We are, tomorrow, to take the Canal Boat to Lowell; E Pickering and our George will go

* Above, IV, 55.
† Margaret has forgotten that she has told us of an earlier journey (above, IV, 145), many of the details and incidents of which appear to have been conflated with this one. We were told that the previous trip went only so far as Lowell.
with us as far as Lowell, stay there two days, and then return to Boston. Mr W, E Chase
Marg’t and I shall continue on, by Stage, to Groton, Keene, &c.”

I remember well the delight of this sail on the Canal with my playfellow of merry
mood to share it with me, and to get out at the locks and watch the boat coming slowly up
from a deep well as it were, or else to stay on board and ride in her between those narrow
walls up to the shore level again and be once more an inhabitant of the earth with all its
verdure and loveliness. There were romantically secluded “passes” thickly fringed with
bushes and overhanging trees, – and there were, I am bound to say, clouds of overhanging
mosquitoes also, who demonstrated the effect of country air in a charming fresh appetite for
city passengers. Then carrying these attentive natives

| 26 | Margaret’s recollections of the scenery and passengers. |

some distance with us – we would emerge into a wide stretch of sunny meadows broad
orchards, and cultivated fields, with a quiet farm house here and there, lying lazily and
tranquilly in the noon day heat, as did the cattle which grazed around them. Then a village
would come into sight, with its unfailing steeple and its clustered dwellings, white, red, and
black, struggling hither and thither, like sheep around their shepherd. And the lazy slow
sliding boat, its lazy horse and equally lazy driver leisurely tugging along the side path of the
quiet canal, all, seemed in keeping with the scene and with those pre-railroad eras of rural
peace and simplicity, when the noisy snort and whistle which hourly whisks into the country
a sample of city smoke and bustle, – were as yet unknown.

Nor were the Canal boat passengers less objects of interest in their various
quaintness of dress and grouping. The plain farmer in his best Sunday suit, and Ma’am in her
spruce “English print”, returning with bundles and baskets, and small leather trunks from
their visit to “a darter in Boston”: “number thirty seven, Boston, she lives, Sir, – and has
abaout the handsomest house as ever you see.– Her husband is a Carpenter, and a real clever
young man I guess, and keeps her real comfortable. They’ve got a mahogany burow and a
real gilt looking glass in their best room, and mean to have a piece of carpet some time when
he’s rich enough, – and I guess he will be, afore long. –He’s a well to do chap, that’s a fact,
and means to go ahead, I guess.”

Then there were some country girls with bright new ribbons on their straw bonnets,
going up to the new factories at Lowell, sitting stiffly in the cabin and looking gravely about
at the boat and their fellow passengers, and now & then taking a munch out of their big
covered baskets in a shy constrained manner, as if afraid to eat afore

| 27 | Continued. Her father’s pocket book left behind. |

town folks. – And there were anxious Mothers always calling out to “Ezechi-el and ‘Siah’
and “Amanda Anne” to be careful and not git drowned over the side of the boat. And there
were rough but clever looking young men with sunburned faces and bare red arms, their

* Margaret rather quickly interrupts her mother’s account with her own. Even without the questions I have
raised about Margaret’s perhaps conflating the details of two different trips or about her not remembering that
she has already told us about some of the incidents she reports here, it stretches credibility to think she could
remember conversations of forty or so years ago with the specificity she will exhibit here. I suspect she is
drawing on her reading and conventional representations of country people as well as on her own no doubt still
vivid recollections of the journey.
checked shirt sleeves rolled up above the elbows, – who were “working their passage”, (with long poles) - fending off . *at the locks, - and making themselves otherwise useful: and there was the important “captain” with his regular crew of two men and the horse boy, – and lastly our own group, not the least amusing to the others, I dare say. First My Father’s rather stout figure and comely benevolent face, beaming kindly on all the women and children in the boat, while he distributed among them slices of the huge watermelon which was, in the season, always an accompaniment of his long skirted olive colored great coat and blue cotton umbrella, – both ready for public or private accommodation on every emergency. –Then my Mother, a slender delicate woman with the fatal hectic bloom upon her wasted cheek, but with motherly eyes of cheerful interest in the fresh joyousness of the boy and girl who frolicked about the boat, – an old fashioned boy & girl, not a young gentleman and young lady. Add to these the somewhat careless but healthful buxomness of our comely Aunt, and the sparkling elegance of the heiress-cousin who accompanied us, – and the outline sketch of our own party is complete.

Our pleasure however, was somewhat dampened for a time by a sudden discovery of my Father’s when stopping at Medford that he had left his pocket book, and of course the wherewithal for our entire jaunt – at home. After many searchings in pockets behind and pockets before, he thought it necessary, to the exceeding discomposure of my Mother, that he should leave the party, and return by stage to Boston. But just then we children, sobered greatly at the prospect of so sudden a termination to our journey, saw him accosted by a shabby looking man, at the Medford landing.

28 Peter C. Brooks saves the day. Lowell.

and presently he returned with the joyful news that he had borrowed “the needful” and that we could all go on to Lowell “Why, George”! exclaimed I, as the boat moved off. – “did Father get the money from that shabby looking man at Medford”? “Yes, Meg! That shabby man as you call him, is one of the richest merchants in Boston.” “Is he?” said I in amazement; “what’s his name”? “[Peter C Brooks, answered George – and he’s able to buy this whole boat, if he wanted to, and the Canal besides, perhaps”’ – [‘Well he looks dreadfully shabby,’] said I – “What an old coat he had on!”[‘] “Yes and hat too” said George, “and so has Father very often. But that’s nothing! Every body knows he’s Peter C Brooks, and every body knows Father too, though he isn’t rich like Mr Brooks” – Modern boys would have said “Brooks” or “old Brooks” but George had been better taught.

I do not know how soon Father returned the money, nor whether Mr Brooks charged him interest upon it; –but I do know that he made us all very happy by the loan of perhaps twenty dollars or so, – and I only wish that this poor rich man could have known how much good he did us.†

Well at Lowell we arrived, after more than seven or eight hours’ passage in the Canal boat, including locks & landings I know we set off about 8 AM and did not reach our destination till near tea time. We all went to Colburn’s old Mansion House, the back of

† Paul Goodman, “Ethics and Enterprise: the Values of a Boston Elite, 1800-1860,” American Quarterly, 18, No. 3 (1966), 437-51 discusses Brooks at several points and notes that he was indeed rumored to be Boston’s richest man in the 1840′s (439). Brooks had his home in Medford, so Isaac’s happening upon him there was less unlikely than might at first appear.

* There is a numeral “2” above “long” and a “1” above “fending” with no obvious relationship to the caret after “off.” And we have seen these same mysterious notations above, IV 158.
which looked directly on the rapids of the Merrimac, foaming over rocks, and romantically bordered with a thick growth of trees & shrubbery – It was a lovely scene bounded by the green shores of “Dracut” on the opposite side, then quite a retired country place: Now a noisy city.

George and I were down by the river side that very evening, – he throwing sticks & stones into the rapids to see them rush down and whirl about in the eddies, and I gathering flowers & shells.

Yes actually I gathered cockle* shells from the banks where now grim factories raise their prosaic walks, and dams choke up the turbid dirty water, which then leaped from its blue transparency into flecks of snowy foam upon the rocky ledges, – sparkling and dancing as if its youth among the mountains had not been forgotten, nor as yet yoked to dull and heavy labor – among those jarring engines which torture out all its sweet life among them.

Then we amused ourselves by peeping cautiously into the “Masonic Hall,” a large empty room in the Hotel, where that mysterious fraternity held their meetings and where their yet more mysterious badges were said to be concealed; – but we searched for them in vain. The next morning, we went out with Father to see the embryo city for which busy excavation and fillings up were being made by men and horses: a great manufacturer or speculator who seemed to be concerned therein, pointing out to my Father the sites of future factories, and of cottage lots for the operatives, – and declaiming upon the advantage of manufactures to the country; and the expected purity of Lowell in particular from all old world corruptions of a factory town:– This peroration was I suppose not wholly sympathized in by his hearer; for my Father was a strong Antitariiff man, and did not believe in the immaculate purity of a manufacturing population, nor in the advantages of corporate monopolies to N England or the country at large. This however, was, by me at least, little understood at that time. I only thought that they were making a very ugly looking place of the village and hoped they would not spoil the pretty rapids too. However, George and I had a very happy time of it, and it was very hard to have him go back to Boston which he did with Aunt Pickering on the next day by Stage. Father, Mother, Elizabeth Chase and “little Meg” leaving Lowell for Groton that same morning. Such travelling! in those hot crowded stages, nine inside, besides children lapped not in Elysium† certainly – and sundry men outside with the Driver – or Captain as he was in air and importance.

* Clam shells.
† Webster’s 3rd Unabridged offers to hold protectively in or as if in the lap: Cuddle, Nestle. The phrase “lapped in Elysium” is all over the place in the period and derives from Milton’s A Mask or Comus (1634, ll. 256-57): “Who as they sung, would take the prison’d soul, / And lap it in Elysium.”
PM arrived at Keene.” A whole day’s stage journey from Lowell! only think!— “Staid at Keene till twelve the next day – hired a private carriage and took a Gentleman in with us – a Mr Dow who proved a great amusement to E Chase, as Mr Hunt had been at Lowell.”

(E Chase turned every body into fun girl-like, as she was) “Arrived at Bellows Falls 6 PM – The river was very low; but the ride was a beautiful one and the scenery very fine. Mr Nat Tucker’s house stands delightfully situated below the Mountain just at the head of the bridge. He called on us in the evening and brought his daughter his wife not being well. The house at which we put up was on the Vermont side of the falls, and a very good one. In the night we had a violent thunder squall and rain, which made the ground so wet that we could not walk much about the place – but in the morning we went to see a fine prospect from a church on a hill, walked on the bridge to see the curious rocks and round holes in them, and called at Mr Tucker’s house, where the stage picked us up. We then rode 42 miles through various small towns, and arrived at Weathersfield V just before dinner. Consul Jarvis sent to the tavern and insisted on our going to his house where we were very hospitably received, and where we staid all night. Next morning, after an early breakfast, we set off in Mr Jarvis’ carriage for Hanover to attend commencement at the college† there, accompanied by Mary & Elizth Jarvis, and a Miss Brazier governess to Mr Jarvis’ younger children. We left little Meg at the Consul’s house till our return.” Poor Meg! – this was a hard trial for her, in a strange house, with strange, rude, wayward, quarrelsome children, a crick in her neck and a heavy cold – and Mother far away. I remember it well as one of the grievous but merciful preparations for a far greater grief to come. “We arrived at Hanover about 4 PM – They were speaking in the Meeting House and we went immediately over there; – heard one of the Collegians delivering a Poem. We found some difficulty in getting a lodging as the Hotel was full; – However we found a poor one in a private family, and in the evening went to an Oratorio in the Meeting House – music pretty fair considering how few instruments or voices there were. – We met there Elizabeth Sparhawk and her brother Thomas (who was in the graduating class of the college)‡ and were introduced to Captain Greene to whom she is engaged. After the music was over we all returned to our lodgings, where the girls and beau had a frolic and made a great noise. There was a Mr Bartlett and two Mr Morris’ with them. We met Mr John Dow again at Hanover much to the amusement of E Chase. There was a Miss Mellen and Miss Tucker, Mrs Kent’s daughter staying at the house – They joined us, – which made it very pleasant”

Aug 20th “This was Commencement day, and about 10 o’clock we all went to the Meeting House to hear the exercises. – There were a number of young men who performed, but very few good speakers. We got home to a late dinner. In the evening we went to the President’s leveé. It was a great jam. We were introduced to Professor § who gallanted us to the President’s.– All the respectable people of the place and all the strangers were there, quite a crowd! – The next morning we went again to the church – It was the PAB day – and we

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* Probably grave sites in ancient Abenaki burial mounds. Bellows Falls is also the site of numerous Indian petroglyphs.
† Dartmouth.
‡ I cannot tell if this is Margaret’s addition or her mother’s parenthesis.
§ A blank here evidently meant to be filled in later.
heard a great many boys speaking, and the Valedictory oration. We left the church about
12 M and called on Mrs the Professor’s wife, from whom we had invitations to a
large party in the evening –


“We then returned to the Meeting House to hear Professor Hall pronounce an oration on
the advantage of the Arts and Sciences to the comfort and happiness of the people. It was
pretty good considering it was nothing new. E Chase was very much disappointed, as she
had taken a fancy to the Gentleman, whose acquaintance we made in the Stage. He appeared
a sensible man and we expected too much. We left Hanover at 2 PM after a lunch or early
dinner, and arrived at Weathersfield about 8 PM. We stopped at Windsor both going and
coming, – where we saw a fine garden with trees loaded with plums. The wife of the owner
had had a tomb built in the garden in which her daughter was laid who died at the age of 16;
She visits her every day It was a small building above ground.

Aug 22nd Weathersfield – The girls had a small party here at Consul Jarvis’ house. There were
two Mrs Morris’ and their sister Miss Morris, Dr Leonard Jarvis, his wife and daughter from
Claremont, who with ourselves & E Chase, E Sparhawk & brother and Capt Greene and the
Consul’s family made quite a number.
23rd Saturday – The girls and their beaux rode to Bellows’ Falls to call on Miss Morris who is
staying there. Consul & Mrs Jarvis the children, Mr W, myself & Margaret walked over the
Consuls’ large farm to see some very tall large Pine trees, also some fine sheep† and cattle.
24th Sunday – Mr Winslow held meeting up in our chamber, and all the family attended.[“]
(This was remarkable, because the Consul was not a believer in Christianity and did not
allow the Bible to be read by any of his children. Perhaps this meeting was blessed to them,
as some of them afterward became quite religious.) [“]In the afternoon all the party crossed
the river to Claremont where Dr Leonard Jarvis had a beautiful place. All passed the evening
there. Mr W, myself & little M staid all night.

Aug 1828 Journal.
25th Monday. Dr Jarvis took us in a curious basket carriage built like a cradle to Claremont
Village, where we again met the Consul’s family and took leave of them. They brought along
E Chase, E Sparhawk & brother, & Mr Greene. We took the Stage for Concord – the two
young men followed us in a chaise– Arrived at Concord at 11 PM after a long hot ride of 52
miles – a fine moonlight evening. Not wishing to disturb Mr Sparhawk’s family at so late an
hour we all went to a Hotel – E Sparhawk went home early next morning.
26th Tuesday afternoon we took tea at Mr Sparhawk’s and next morning set off to see the
Shaker village of Canterbury and Lake Winnipiseogee.‡
27th We hired a Barouche and a Chaise. The Barouche contained E Chase, E Sparhawk,
Abby Humphreys, David Stark* and Captain Greene. Mr W myself and little M went in the

* Another blank intended to be filled in later.
† It will be remembered that Consul Jarvis was along  with David Humphreys a very early importer of merino
sheep to the States. Above, IV, 162n.
‡ Winnipesaukee today, but Margaret’s mother’s is indeed the usual spelling at the period.
Chaise. We arrived at Canterbury to a late breakfast but very good, served by the Shakers – visited all their buildings, farms, &c, and bought some of their manufactured articles. Mr W found the horse he had taken at Concord, good for nothing – so left him at Canterbury and hired another of the Shakers for the rest of our journey. Got to Meredith about 5 PM, had a poor kind of lunch or dinner, saw Mrs Hoyt[“] (Mrs McKeige’s daughter) [“]for an hour, then went on to Sentir Harbor.† The road for the first six miles was very good; but the rest of the way was up and down treacherous hills at the risk of our necks.” (Mother was not an experienced traveller–. What would she have said to a railroad descent from Mt Washington, the Sierra Nevada, or the Alps.)- “It was after nine o’clock and quite dark before we reached our destination. Found tolerable accommodations and civil people at the inn.

28th This morning we all took a ride over the worst stony road that ever was called one” (what would she have thought of those in Palestine, &c)

Friday Aug 29th

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stopped at the Shaker’s village and there had breakfast. You have no idea how neat and clean every thing is there. We remained at that place till about 11 ½, having started from C at 6 o’clock.

1828. Journal

Arrived at Merideth at half past two – took a slight refreshment – called on Mrs Hoyt, (E McKeige that was, you know, who lives there) and continued our route to Sentir Harbor, where we arrived at 9 o’clock. Stayed there all night. –Next day went on top the Red Hill. It is a “tremendous fatiguing job.” [“] (this expression probably caught from Father) – [“] Mother attempted it, and got up about a quarter of a mile, but had to go down again. We took E Sparhawk, (her beau engaged) Mr Greene, Mr D Stark staying at Mr S’s and Miss A Humphreys doing ditto with us. The ladies and Mr Stark were on horseback; myself, Father & Mr G on foot – beg their pardon for not mentioning them first; – It was in the heat of the day and it was terrible. They say there are bears, foxes and lynxes in the Mountain; but fortunately we met none. Cousin E Chase when she heard it said, “O! I should admire to be eaten by a bear; it would be so romantic. The Hill or Mountain is only 500 feet high. However I believe I may be mistaken; I am not by any means certain about the height. It was two miles to go up it and two miles to go down” (singular coincidence that! Little Meg!) [“] The view was splendid on the top; – but it was not a clear day, and we could not see it to advantage. We came home‡ the next day. O! I forgot: the view of Lake Winnipiscogee is beautiful – It is a great many miles in extent, I forget how many. The folks took sail on it in the afternoon. I did not go – Mother would not let me; but I went into water in the evening in it. – We got home night before last. I am sorry for Aunt P’s accident; but glad there was no harm done. George ought to have answered my tender letter to him. You dearest Aunt cannot say but what I have been a very good correspondent with you. This will be the 6th or 7th letter I have written to Boston. Father has occasional twitches in the back – Mother a headache sometimes mornings, occasioned by wind.§ Cousin E C no appetite for breakfast, from getting up late I suppose. Otherwise we are perfectly well and happy, only Papa is in a fidget to be going home. We shall start I think

1828

Letters about our Journey to V’t and N Hampshire.

Tuesday next, – stop at Pembroke, Andover, Haverhill and several places, so that you need not expect us till Friday or Saturday – Father’s Mother’s Cousin’s and my love to you and all the folks at home. Good bye. I suppose we shall not receive another letter, as you will not know where it will find us. I think I shall not write another to B, as we are coming home so

* Though in fact the page continues Margaret’s letter to her Aunt Henrietta.
† She is. The summit of Red Hill is at 2,030 ft. The present-day trail head is at about 700 ft., and the level of the local lake is about 500 ft.
‡ I.e., back to Concord, not back to Boston.
§ Ambigious. Gas or breath may be intended. But given Margaret’s mother’s consumption, not to mention that headache is an unusual accompaniment of gastrointestinal gas, the latter seems more probable.
soon. Come to think of it, we may be home Thursday. Once more, good bye. Your affectionate niece

Margaret C Winslow. 

The following letter from brother Edward, directed to me at Weathersfield V, will show how matters were going on at home.

Boston Aug 17th 1828
Sunday morning.

My dear Sister,

As we are of course without a meeting this morning, and as I have been writing some advertisements, — and for this purpose collected together with some difficulty an old inkstand a stump of a pen and this sheet of paper, having after shaking off the dust, ascertained that it was white, — it occurred to me to write either you or Mother; but this will do for both. Besides you were so attentive in writing me when absent, that I could not forget you when on your travels. Aunt Pickering and Br George arrived yesterday[”] (from Lowell)[”]after a very warm and dusty ride. — According to her account you had a pleasant sail up and a fine time at Lowell. It is a pity Father did not take more stores.— The two crackers and the cheese must have been a small pattern* among so many. Tell Mother that her unruly “boys” behave very well this morning. Ben and Wm Pick have gone with Aunt P to Mr Lowell’s† meeting. All the rest are at home, but it is very quiet, since Tom has put down the Horn. Your good Aunt H. I suppose stays at home[”] (from Dr Channing’s church

and her brother’s boarding place Miss Cotton’s, where she usually dined on Sunday) — “to make the pudding.” (What a sacrifice! Dr Channing for a pudding!) “Success to her exertions say we.” Mundane boys!

“You have been absent so short a time that I cannot tell you much news. Uncle Ben and your brother Edward drove out to the Railroad house[”] (Quincy)[”]on Friday afternoon, where we dined, and afterward went up to see the encampment of the Rangers. The President‡ J.Q. Adams‡ “arriived about 4 o’clock and reviewed them. There was an immense crowd, perhaps 3 or 400 Chaises and Carriages, but the best of the whole was the ride in the evening, as we were glad to get out of the noise and dust, and the evening was so pleasant. We stopped at Mrs Andrews[”] (in Dorchester) “about an hour, and should have called upon Sarah Thayer, but she had dined with us the day before, and had, I believe, remained in town.

I am sorry to tell you Margaret, that your little black kitten has departed this life. She was executed in the way the Turks execute their slaves, by being tied in a bag and projected into the water, which operation was performed last evening by Ben,” (always the one to

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* OED offers a possible sense in this context: U.S. A quantity of material sufficient for making a garment; a dress length. The latter would be a figurative use here, and Edward might have meant a small quantity for the purpose of the job (of feeding so many). And see below, V, 94.

† Most likely Charles Russell Lowell, Sr. (1782-1861). From 1806 until his death, he was Pastor of the West (Unitarian) Church at 131 Cambridge Street (a short distance from the Leverett St. house). Father of James Russell Lowell.

‡ “J.Q. Adams” written under “The President” and no doubt is Margaret’s editorial insertion.
undertake disagreeable jobs shirked by others) “I believe he had no particular desire to do it” (probably not) “but he was recommended to it by all, – and the vote was very strong against poor Kit.

Tell Father that either Isaac or I will write him tomorrow when the Gen Jackson and the Pocahontas have landed their cargoes. The first vessel is from Uncle Josh” (Santa Cruz) “But we have not yet got the letters as she is at Quarantine. Tom says Mrs Loring, wife of his former Master” (Fairbanks & Loring hardware business) (boys had Masters then) “died night before last.

I cannot write more as meetings are out. I suppose you will hardly be able to read this, but you & Mother must make it out between you. – Yr affte Brother Edward.

38 The journey concluded.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 30th</td>
<td>“Very hot – Staid in doors all day at Mr Sparhawk’s Charlotte† Stark and little Frank Winslow[”] (staying with her during his vacation) came over from Dunbarton to see us, also Henry‡ Stark</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sun 31st</td>
<td>Attended Mr Sparhawk’s meeting morning &amp; afternoon a very hot day.” (Mr Sam Sparhawk though one of the most excellent and exemplary Christians who ever lived, had been excluded from the Sandemanian Church in Portsmouth, consisting chiefly of Mr Humphreys’ and Mr George Sparhawk’s families, on account of some insignificant doctrinal difference with Mr H, and at this time conducted service in his own family, as did my Father in ours) “In the evening Mr Winslow, Mr Sparhawk, E Chase, E Sparhawk and myself made a call on Mrs Kent and her daughter; they had invited us to tea the evening before, but we declined. We had a pleasant call and some water melon for refreshment.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept 1st</td>
<td>Monday extremely hot – but about 5 PM when rather cooler Mr Winslow hired a Chaise and drove little M and me over to see Mrs Stark at Pembroke,§ and intended to take the Stage from there to Boston. We left E Chase at Mr Sparhawk’s –as she is going to visit her Uncle Chase at Hopkinton seven miles from Concord. After our arrival at P, we had a thunder squall, and it rained all night.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept 2nd</td>
<td>We left Mrs Stark’s about 7 AM in the Stage for Haverhill. Arrived there about 2 PM and dined at the tavern. After dinner, we called on Mrs Duncan formerly Mary Willis – Mr D was very polite and took Mr W out to shew him the town, (I did not go as it kept drizzling.) They called on Mrs Bartlett and her daughters (Mother &amp; sisters of Mrs Consul Jarvis) who urged our taking tea and a bed there; but we declined. Mr Duncan called on us in the evening, and again next morning as we were setting off in the stage for Boston at 8 AM.</td>
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39 The busy social life of Boston resumed. “Young Angier.”

* St. Croix.
† Most likely David’s older sister, Charlotte (1799–1889). She never married and lived on the old homestead. Like her brother, she is buried in the family cemetery in Dunbarton.
‡ Another of the siblings. Born 1795.
§ Probably Sarah McKinstry Stark (1767-1839), wife of Caleb Page Stark (above, IV, 71n.). According to the Stark family tree at [http://www.nh.searchroots.com/HillsboroughCo/Manchester/stark.html](http://www.nh.searchroots.com/HillsboroughCo/Manchester/stark.html), she died at Dunbarton, whereas her husband spent the last years of his life in Ohio: “In 1828 he was postmaster of Pembroke NH. By 1830 removed to Ohio, to prosecute the family’s claims to lands granted for military service, where he died 26 Aug 1838 [in Oxford OH].”
Home Again

Sept 3rd We passed through Andover without stopping, and arrived at home in a smart shower of rain, 2½ PM, just as the folks were sitting down to dinner. Found all safe and well, and so ends our journey of nearly three weeks, and we return to our home duties and usual routine.

Sept 4th “Here we are entered on our old dull pursuits. It is three weeks to day since we left Boston. While we were absent Mr Gosler a German, old Mr Arnot a Scotchman & his nephew, a Mr & Mrs Ryan from N York, Mr & Mrs Edward Wilkings from Fayetteville NC, and Judge Pike of Halifax, with his daughter and niece have been in town – The two latter staid with Henrietta at our house. To night Mr & Mrs Ryan here to tea. E Pickering & Miss Thomas called to see us – Our BPW in from Cambridge, and his Chum Clarke with him.”

Sept 5th Friday – Mr & Mrs Ryan dined here – also Mr Hicks from S’ Croix, Robert Manners, and B Winslow Sen’ dined here., Amory & Cath’ Winslow, M’ Beibier[?], a German who played delightfully on the flute, while Mrs Ryan played the Piano and sang. E Pickering & boys & Edw D Winslow here during his vacation from Hartford all passed the evening with us.” One would think that all this could not be “dull”; but I suppose poor Mother meant the household cares from which for these three weeks she had enjoyed a refreshing vacation.

The same kind of life goes on all this autumn – Friday dinners & evening gatherings every week, besides innumerable comings & goings ‘between whiles”. Harriet Sparhawk stays on and on, is sick, has Dr Shattuck & Aunt Henrietta nurses her – Boys come & go on shooting excursions & otherwise – E Pickering & boys & Edw D Winslow here. The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Willis to Mr Kinsman, Elizth Chase being bridesmaid to her, and all “the boys” invited, – seems to have been “an event” of note. “Boys got home late” says the Journal. “Brought a nice parcel of Cake with them to dream on.”

Oct 1st “Little M commenced going to Mr Bailey’s school in the basement of Old South Chapel, Spring Lane.” A Lieutenant Foster of Halifax and a Captain Lockheart from the W Indies are mentioned among visitors at the house Elizth Chase went to reside with her Aunt Mrs Wolcott in Franklin S’.

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† Another term for a mustard plaster, which is a poultice of mustard seed powder spread inside a protective dressing and applied to the chest or abdomen to stimulate healing. Called a “blister” because they were capable of raising blisters where applied.

‡ Rev. Joseph Angier (1808-71). He was a Unitarian clergyman in New Bedford and Milton, Mass. A footnote to a letter from Ralph Waldo Emerson to Robert Marion Gourdin concerning Angier says that he “was well known in his own class for his beautiful tenor voice.” His brother John was Emerson’s classmate (Harvard, ‘21) (The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Ed. Eleanor M. Tilton [New York: Columbia U P, 1994], 10: 44n.).
Brother Isaac parades as Captain of “the Winslow Blues”– Thomas as private in the “N England guards.” The former company had a supper after Parade at the Marlborough House – and Isaac hearing that a French Gentleman was staying there, invited him to join them. This gentleman proved to be the Duc de Montibello, son of one of Napoleon’s Generals, travelling in this country for pleasure and information. A few evenings afterward Isaac being out, – we were sitting en famille at home when there was a ring at the door, and a hackman announced the Duke of Marlborough. “Shew his Grace in” said my Father affably. And a slender courteous, smiling young man was ushered into our plain little parlor, where he made a call of half an hour, my Father conversing with him in such French as he commanded He came to acknowledge Captain Winslow’s polite attention at the supper, and coming from the Marlborough House the Hackman had conferred upon him a higher fame than even that of his father. My Mother’s Journal relates the affair as follows.

Oct 14th [“]Oliver and Thomas Sparhawk were here in the evening. We had after they were gone, a visit from a great man, no less than the Duke de Montabello of France and a friend with him. The reason we were so honored was that Isaac, as Captain of the “Winslow Blues” paid these gentlemen, being strangers who had put up at the Marlborough House, – the compliment of inviting them to take wine with the “company,” who were celebrating their anniversary by a supper there. Isaac happened to be out, and we were quite astonished at the visit, as he had never mentioned the incident to us. However he soon came in, very luckily.[”]

Oct 25th Mother says – “Three gentlemen waited on Mr Winslow this evening to endeavor to persuade him to stand as a Candidate for Congress, but he staunchly stood his ground and refused, for which I was very thankful.”

Among the strangers at our house, a Mr Lockheart is mentioned. I wonder if he was any connection of Sir Walter Scott’s son in law!† — Usual family gatherings, dining, teadrinking & calls. BPW in often from Cambridge – Little M taking music lessons of Mr Spear and French & Italian lessons of Miss Dégen. Thomas at home with a very badly hurt knee from a fall across one of those long tailed trucks which were then used in Boston, and which in loading, sloped down to the doors of the warehouses or stores, often right across the sidewalks. This truck started just as Tom stepped upon it, and threw him on his knee.

Dr Shattuck attended him for many weeks,‡ and once when he probed the wound it looked so ghastly that Aunt Henrietta fainted at the sight of it and, this was a rare occurrence with her.

* Louis Napoléon Auguste Lannes, 2nd Duc de Montebello (1801-1874), son of Jean Lannes, 1st Duc de Montebello (1769–1809), a close friend of Napoleon’s as well as one of his most talented generals.

† John Gibson Lockhart (1794–1854), also Scott’s most important early biographer. There seems no reason to suppose any connection between the two men other than the coincidence of their surname.

‡ A month later (at Thanksgiving) he was still in pain and unable to walk. But by January 10th of the new year he is able to make calls. Below, V, 46.
Mr Canda, an old soldier of Napoleon’s exiled under the Bourbons, is mentioned as visiting us with his French wife and two pretty little girls, who danced for us. And a Mr Bonfils, who set up a French boarding school to which Amory & Catherine Winslow were sent, also had letters to Father. Mr & Mrs Candá kept a dancing school to which I went. She was a very ladylike person—evidently of good social position. Then there was a Mr & Mrs Francis introduced to Father by Mr Manners the British Consul as very needy and my Father & Mr M got up a subscription for the family—while Mother procured clothes for the children. She was an Englishwoman, but the husband was a Frenchman and his real name was Thoreau. He had been of high rank, but had become Preacher to a new sect called “Anti Satanic,” and had gone to Canada leaving his wife and four children in Boston.

Nov 19th† “Sent the clothes we had been making to our incognita‡ Mrs Francis—and she called to thank us—It snowed a little, and was very raw and cold. The poor woman had only a tippet,§ over her gown. I gave her my black broadcloth Cloak made of the wool of Consul Jarvis’ merino sheep** and a present from him. Her landlady came in the evening and had two hours conversation with Mr Winslow about the money which Mrs Francis owes her for board and which she cannot afford to lose, being poor herself.” Mrs F is going to N York and her husband is to meet her there.”

“Nabby Tower, Thomas’ old nurse came to see him while he was laid up,—and many others daily visited him.

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<th>Year</th>
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On Thanksgiving day Nov 27th Mother writes, “Isaac returned from Vermont.” “Miss Thomas, Uncle Davis, B Winslow Sen, and a Mr Cother of S’ Croix here to dine. We had about thirty persons here in the evening. —Mrs Newell, Mrs Charles Winslow Miss Russel, Miss Ayres, Miss Thomas, Helen Pearce, E Chase, Amory and Catherine Winslow, Quincy Hill, Mrs & Mary Bradford and E Pickering. The gentlemen were, Robert Manners, Mr Foster & Mr Cumberland, English folks, —William Waldo, Charles Ward, Oliver Sparhawk, Mr Delius, Arthur, William and John Pickering, Russel Bradford, Benj D Winslow, little Frank W and Augustus Hudgens, and little Charles Winslow. Thomas sat on the sofa with his feet up, as he could not stir, the girls all went and talked to him, but poor fellow! —he was in too much pain to enjoy anything: Cannot put either foot to the ground, having acute rheumatism in the other knee. The young folks all danced by the Piano, and then went in to supper. —After the ladies retired, the Gentlemen sat drinking and singing at the table till almost twelve o’clock —The ladies were very indignant at their want of gallantry.”

Only the week before my Mother had her usual Friday evening gathering of a dozen or more visitors, besides our own family. Yet speaking of my brother TSW and his

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* Above, IV, 153.
† Margaret begins again here the practice of beginning each line of a quoted passage with an opening quotation mark.
‡ Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: one who is appearing or living incognito.
§ Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: a shoulder cape of fur or cloth often with hanging ends worn esp. by women or by men as a garment of office. So here, a cape that only covered her shoulders.
** See above, IV, 162n.
sufferings, she says, “He has to be lifted like a child from the bed to the sofa – He looks very
sick, and the Dr thinks he has something of a rheumatic fever. It takes all my time to wait
upon him, though he is very quiet and patient.” This Hostess & Benefactress, making with
her own hands, pantaloons and other garments for the children of a stranger, this watchful
nurse and Mother was far gone in a wearing consumption – her transparent temples and thin
hands daily shewing more plainly the blue veins beneath, as I well remember, – the hectic
cheek growing more and more hollow, – the slight figure more fragile – the throbbing heart
more rapid in its audible pulsations.

44 “every reason for gratitude to that Holy Being. . .”

Close of the Year.

But the wheels of busy life never stopped or paused, though their mainspring was
strained to its last tension during this and the short remaining seasons of her existence.

December of this year is mentioned as being remarkably mild & pleasant – no snow
and no frost in the ground; many of the days quite like spring even to the last of the month.

This year was one of much political excitement between the federalists and
Democrats, which ended in the election of Gen Jackson as Pres’’ of the United States. Then
there was also a contest for the office of Mayor of Boston. Josiah Quincy resigned, and
Harrison Gray Otis was chosen.

There were a good many failures in business, and a singular transaction in regard to
the fitting out of a piratical ship by Cabot & Co, an American firm in S’ Thomas, the
governor of which island offered a large reward for the apprehension of parties concerned.
The affair made quite a stir in Boston at the time, but was soon hushed up by money &
influence.

My Mother closes this Diary of the last year but one of her life as follows – The
extract has been copied into my Father’s little book called “recollections of a Mother,” but I
repeat it here at the close of the next year she was too weak to write its valedictory.

“So ends the year. –It is past; with all its pleasures, and all its pains and troubles. But
we have every reason for gratitude to that Holy Being, who has through the last year made
the blessings and comforts we have enjoyed so many and so great, that the light troubles we
have met with are lost in oblivion. What is in store for us in the coming year, He only
knows, – and He will order it for good to all who trust in Him, – and O may I be enabled to
say – Thy will be done.”

45 Weather. Comings and goings.

1829 Last year of my Mother’s Life & Journal.

Jan 1st “Very dull weather. It looks and feels very much like snow. We have been as yet free
from any, and till the last three days it had’ been warm as spring. These three last days of
Dec 1828 have been very cold, but the weather is now moderating Eliza Pickering has
invited a little party for this evening, who are to have a little dance in her little room, Barton
S’House)- Henrietta is down there assisting her. All our family went to the party except Mr
Winslow – I was afraid to venture. A Miss Haven of Dorchester niece to Mr Cook was
there. She is called quite a Beauty. The young folks did not get home till late. Henrietta staid
all night. John Bartlett here to see BPW but was disappointed. Rain in the evening –

* The word has been corrected, but not legibly. May be “has.”
Jan 2nd Rain turned to snow and sleet, cold and damp. Margaret Houston came to see us notwithstanding; HB returned home before dinner. Thomas Sparhawk called in the evening, and John Bartlett again to see our BPW, but he was gone to Charles Ward’s.

Jan 3rd Cleared off cold, about three inches of snow on the ground. M Houston dined here and had quite a frolic with our BP, he pretending that she wanted to kiss him. He escorted her in the evening to Mrs Chapman’s (Bowdoin Square) where she is staying.["] (Mr Houston would not let his daughters stay at our house though they were constantly there off and on. —

Jan 4th Clear and very cold. Eliza Pickering, her boys, and Oliver and Thomas Sparhawk came here to meeting. C Ward here in the evening. We had some music.

Jan 5th M Houston and Lucy Chapman called – They were going to spend the afternoon with Miss Thomas. Our BPW went with them and made a dreadful noise there. John Bartlett dined here.["] (This “dreadful noise” must have been reported by the young ladies, for surely it could not have been heard all the way from Miss Thomas’ boarding house at that time I believe in Hancock S’, though she moved very frequently.)

[“]Edward D Winslow left us for Hartford college.*

Jan 7th We had Consuls Jarvis and Manners, Robert Manners, Capt Moore (Master of an English Packet Ship) Mr Heilbron, Mr Johnson, and B Winslow Sen to dine, also E Pickering & A little Miss Coffin to tea. Our BPW took a ride to Cambridge. Isaac went to a ball at Mr Halls –

Jan 8th Snow and rain together. M Houston called She is going this evening with the Chapmans to a party at old Mrs Parkman’s. The Goodwins, Mrs Pickering and our Edward went to the theatre Our BPW returned to Cambridge this afternoon; vacation being over Took his trunk and went in the Stage, on account of the rain.

Jan 9th Raining and freezing on the trees, which will look very handsome when the sun comes out. We did not expect any company for this Friday evening on account of the rain and ice; but the rain stopped about 6 PM, and Helen Pearce, Miss Dégen and Miss Easton appeared. Soon afterward came Mrs Newell with Oliver Sparhawk and a Mr Payne with them,["] (nephew of Gardiner Greene:) [“]then Wm Pickering and a Mr Bird whom Edward had asked to play chess with him; so we mustered quite a party notwithstanding the weather.

Jan 10th Clear and cold. The trees and grass on the Common look like cut glass covered with Diamonds – the Sun bringing out all the Prismatic colors, so I am told. People are flocking there to witness the beautiful sight; even our trees look very handsome. Amory and Catharine Winslow called. They have gone to a French boarding school, kept by Mr Bonfils. Edward, Thomas and BPW went with Mr Haven to Mrs Pickering’s.

46  And more of the same. An ice storm’s beautiful result.

Journal 1829.

47  Death of General Jackson’s wife.

Journal 1829.

* Washington College (Trinity College since 1845). It seems to have been informally called Hartford College owing to its location in Hartford, CT. See below, V, 67. It was founded by an Episcopalian, but from the outset prohibited any religious tests for students or faculty.
Sun 11th Clear and very cold – The ice still on the trees. Uncle Davis O and T Sparhawk, E Pickering’s boys, Benjamin D Winslow and little Augustus Hudgens here at meeting. The two latter and T Sparhawk dined here. Henrietta, M Houston, and our Thomas went to hear Dr Channing.

Heard of the death of General Jackson’s wife. Singular that she should die just as he is chosen President! It seems intended to impress him with the uncertainty of all things and thus to repress his ambition. She is said to have been a clean[?] woman, although vulgar in manners and appearance. Ice remained on the trees till the 13th. Rained again on the 14th. On the 15th the weather became very warm with a complete thaw – continued wet but colder till the 19th when it cleared for a day or two and snowed lightly on the 21st. Again clear and moderate until the 28th when about three inches of snow fell, and this was all there was during the month. The last day or two quite cold, but not extremely so.

Jan 16th [“]Friday we had Helen Pearce, E Chase, Amory & Cath W, and their Father and brother, M Houston with Mr & Mrs Goodwin E Pickering and her boys, Sarah Thayer, Wm Waldo, Thos Sparhawk Charles Ward, BPW and his chum James Clarke and Samuel Clarke. Mr Winslow, HB and EP had called at Mrs Pomeroy’s and invited that family with their guest Miss Alsop of Conn” but they had an engagement.

Jan 19th Isaac set off for Concord NH on business.

M Haven went to the theatre with our Edward. Thomas, BPW & our Margaret also went. BW Sen hired another box and took his daughters, his sister Hudgens and her son, Miss Hunt & Elizabeth Chase. Henrietta went to watch with a sick person, Mother of a Mrs Smith with whom she once boarded. Lots of callers, EP, E Chase, Helen Pearce, MH, Lucy Chapman, Mrs Oliver Mrs Pomeroy – Miss Alsop.

Our old domestic Nabby Tower called.

48 A large Friday evening party. Miss Alsop, a rival belle. Great expectations.

Journal 1829

Jan 22nd “Our Edward, Eliza Pickering, E Chase, Helen Pearce, M Houston Miss Hunt, B Winslow Sen, Arthur & William Pickering all went to a ball at the Norfolk House Roxbury.

23rd Friday. Fine day but a little cool. We are to have quite a time this evening:——Partly as a compliment to M Houston partly to return some of the civilities the boys have received, and partly to celebrate in anticipation of our Margaret’s birthday, last not least, to notice Miss Alsop daughter of Mr Winslow’s old friend and companion in Italy – we have invited a

* Several words on this portion of the page are smudged, but this is the only one the reading of which is difficult.

† The Winslows had very little good to say about Jackson or the Democrats. (Although see below, V, 55.) Rachel Donelson Robards Jackson, born Rachel Donelson (1767–1828), was accused by the supporters of John Quincy Adams during the campaign of being a bigamist, which may have been technically true many years earlier owing to the failure of Rachel and her first husband to finalize their divorce. But the legal problem had been resolved in 1794. Undoubtedly the stresses of the campaign contributed to her death, but she had other trials to contend with (including the death in 1828 of her sixteen-year-old son) and she had had heart problems at least since 1825. There is quite a full account of her life and death and the national sensation that followed at http://www.firstladies.org/biographies/firstladies.aspx?biography=7.

‡ Probably James Clarke’s older brother (1806-97).

§ Elizabeth, daughter of Isaac’s old friend met while in Italy, Joseph W. Alsop, above, III, 19.
number of young people for a supper and dance. Margaret Houston came down early to curl our little M’s hair.” (astonishing that this should have been permitted) [“]then went back to dress and return with the Chapmans and Goodwins. Joshua P B came to see us just before the party assembled, but soon made his escape from “the scene of vanity” as he considered it. B Winslow Sen was manager and acquitted himself very well. We mustered from 40 to 50 ladies and gentlemen, and had three pieces of music. The evening passed off well and they seemed to enjoy themselves. It would be too great a task to enumerate all who were here. We all got to bed about 1 o’clock. Young Clarke, our BP Winslow’s Chum staid all night with him.

I must here mention that Miss Elizabeth Alsop, who no doubt was present on this occasion with her friends the Pomeroy’s, became a frequent visitor during this winter, and was quite a rival belle in the family, to M Houston, Kate Winslow and the elder ones, Helen Pearce, Elizabeth Chase, &c. It would be funny if one could describe the flirtations, and piques and rivalries, to say nothing of deeper feelings exhibited or concealed among all these young people, whose subsequent lot in life was so different from that which they then dreamed of and perhaps hoped for. This very party had undercurrents probably

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<th>49</th>
<th>Little M’s thirteenth birthday. Comings and goings.</th>
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<td>Journal 1829. Leverett S*</td>
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of many such hopes and desires, fears and jealousies, which the lips white with suppressed emotion would now smile at, in pity or incredulity. “Sic transit” passions “mundi”

Jan 24 [“]We are very busy getting in order, after last night’s frolic. William Pickering called in this morning. He says that all the folks he saw after he left the house express themselves very much pleased with their evening’s amusement. His mother sends for our boys to come down there this evening, as the Winslow girls and Mr Houston Miss Tilden and Miss Lindsay are going there to tea. Our BP went and waited on M Houston from Mrs Goodwin’s.

Sun 25th Fine weather, clear & moderate. Uncle Davis, Eliza Pickering and her boys, Oliver Sparhawk and little Augustus Hudgens were here at meeting. Before it was quite done, M Houston called in. She had been to Mr Lowell’s who is shorter than we are. She heard I was sick in bed with a bad cold. Oliver Sparhawk and little Frank Winslow dined here. Henrietta went out to meeting. A young Mr Snelling, an acquaintance of Isaac’s, called this afternoon. He was asked to the party, but did not come. He is the son of my old neighbor and acquaintance Mrs Samuel Snelling in Hawkins S’, when we were married.

26th Quite a warm day. Eliza Pickering called. Isaac, Edw & M Houston Mr & Mrs Goodwin, George & Margaret went to the theatre. Thomas and Wm Pickering went to a Mr Gould’s singing school. Mr Winslow spoke to him to instruct the boys.

27th “This is our little M’s birthday – she has commenced her teens. Dear child! may she continue as good and as happy as she is now”– (Motherly partiality! but too pleasant a partiality not to copy.) [“]M Houston spent the day with us. Our Margaret treated the folks in the evening with Blanc mange.† A drizzly wet day, grew cold toward night and began to snow. Edward went with M Houston home to Mrs Chapman’s in a snow storm. Not far for her to walk. We are all to be invited to Mrs Goodwins for Thursday.

* Margaret’s variation on the proverbial saying *sic transit gloria mundi*. How quickly pass the passions, like the glories, of the world.

† A sweet dessert usually made with milk or cream and sugar thickened with gelatin or cornstarch, set in a mould and served cold. Common flavorings are vanilla and almonds.
Jan 28th
Journal 1829. Leverett St.

Clear and cold – about 3 inches of snow fallen, the first of any consequence this winter. We heard that Joshua’s wife* is very sick with a violent pain in the thigh, which they fear is “White swelling,”† as she once had it in her arm. Mr George Hunt also is dangerously ill. He has had two fits.

29th Clear and cold. The snow makes the air very chilly. The Miss Pomeroy’s and Miss Alsop called – also M Houston Lucy Chapman and Mrs Goodwin to invite us for this even’g to her house E Pickering, E Chase. Miss Thomas, and Henrietta B were there Edw waited on the latter home early, as she was to watch again with Mrs Smith’s mother.

Friday 30th E Chase called with Mary Bradford – EC was going to dine with Eliza Pickering. Henrietta went shopping to get a frock for Margaret, and then to see Timmins – found her sitting up and rather better. But George Hunt lies in an insensible state. He had fifteen convulsion fits yesterday. Henrietta watched again with Mrs Smith’s mother. Our party this evening consisted of Mr & Mrs Goodwin, M Houston E Chase, E Pickering & boys, the Winslow girls, their father & brother Wm Waldo, Mr Gosler and Mr Bird. Our BP in from Cambridge. Our late Mayor Mr Quincy‡ has it seems accepted the Presidency of Harvard College.

Sat 31st Clear but very cold. George Hunt died yesterday. Henrietta went to Miss Cotton’s to offer to make mourning for the funeral. GH was husband of Margaret Cotton, and second cousin to my Father. He has left two children, a son and a daughter. Mr Winslow dined with Mr Francis Oliver. Miss Coolidge called Thomas & BPW went to their Aunt Pickering’s in the evening.

Feb 1st Sunday. Clear and cold. E Pickering & boys, Uncle Davis and Thomas Sparhawk here at meeting. Arthur P dined here– his mother and brother here again in the evening – also M Houston Lucy Chapman, BW Sen and a Mr Leaver agent of the Halifax packet. We had some music MH & Lucy Chapman sang & stayed

Feb 2nd Mr Winslow’s Birthday. 55 today! A good looking fellow for his age! – Mrs Kinsman called this morning. Began snowing at dinner time. Quite a snow storm evening, nevertheless all went to Mrs Andrews’ in Winter Street and winter weather. M Houston going there to stay – Henrietta went in a carriage. E Pickering, E Chase, the Phillips &c there. Boys all came home in the snow.

Feb 3rd Snowing early but cleared up at noon. About 4 inches fallen which added to that already on the ground makes tolerable sleighing. H B went to see Mrs Hunt who is much overcome at the death of her husband – also to see Timmins who is better. M Houston called. Thomas and Wm Pickering went to a cotillion party at Gigon’s, the French dancing master. B W Sen and daughter there.

* Joshua Blanchard’s wife Timmins (formerly widow of Mr. Hill).
† Tuberculosis of a major joint, frequently the knee, and potentially fatal.
‡ Josiah Quincy III (1772–1864). He was President of Harvard from 1829 to 1845.
Feb 4th Clear and cold. Had a call from Mrs Duncan, formerly Willis – Also a Mrs Lakin sister to Dolly Chase who once lived with me, came for assistance. And the woman where Mrs Francis already mentioned, had boarded, to see if she could get what Mrs F owed her. M Houston dined and took tea here. Thomas and Wm Pickering went to their company meeting[“] (N England guards) [“]Mr W called at Mrs Wolcott’s and there met Miss Alsop and the Miss Pomeroys – They are all coming here again next Friday evening to my discomforture.† Our BPW came into town this evening. Foolish fellow! as he will have a tremendous cold walk back to Cambridge.

Feb 5th Fine clear day, but extremely cold. I bought our Margaret a new Mazarine blue‡ stuff§ dress. Miss Howe has made it quite in the fashion, and she has gone to school as proud as a little Turkey cock.” (This wasn’t quite so “good” in little Margaret.) “Isaac went to a ball at Mr Benjamin Rich’s – Edward and Thomas to Mrs Pickering’s where E Chase and M Houston had been spending the day. Miss Thomas here and George went home with her, as all the other beaux had disappeared.

Fri 6th Weather rather moderating. Our Friday evening party consisted of the Pickerings, BW Sen, C Ward & a Mr Bacon, Miss Alsop – E Chase, M Houston and Mrs Bradford, Our BP in town.

52 A snowballing sleighing party to Quincy and the Greenliefs. 18 unexpected visitors.

Journal 1829.

Feb 7th “Last of the sleighing – snow going fast – So the young folks got up a sleighing party to Quincy; Mr W, E Pickering, Little M and I went with them in a hack. –The rest of the party in an open sleigh; viz, Miss Alsop and M Houston who had dined here, our Thomas” (flirting, it was said with M H and Miss Alsop alternately an arm round each, that was the report at least) “Edward, B.P.W. Arthur & William Pickering, B W Sen and son, and little Frank E Chase, Amory and Catharine Winslow. Stopped at Mrs W Stetson’s in Dorchester, & went to see the new Church in Quincy a handsome stone building, while B W Sen went to a boarding school in Q for his daughter Lucretia to join the party. We in the hack went on meanwhile to Mrs Daniel Greenliefs to prepare her for so large a party, as she only expected a few of us.– She was somewhat alarmed by the number, but we did very well, considering! Mr W was the most troubled of any body; he is always so afraid of giving people trouble. But they gave us tea, nuts and apples, and Mulled wine in abundance. The young people played cards and had a pretty good time. On the way home they stopped a few minutes at the R road Hotel and got some whiskey punch:” (Oh temperance note Apostles!) “and arrived at home at a quarter before eleven o’clock, very late hours for Saturday night and sober folks.”***
I remember this sleigh ride very well, and Father’s horror at overwhelming poor Mr & Mrs Greenlief. But the party had rolled up like a snow ball from 6 or 8 to eighteen without his being aware of it, and I believe he wanted to go to a Hotel, but Mr & Mrs G would not permit it. They had expected a Hack full at any rate, they said, and both were very good natured and hospitable after the first surprise was over. They were very old friends of my Father Mother and Aunt Pickering,

but these surprise sleighing parties must have been trying to Country larders, well supplied as they usually were; yet markets & shops were inaccessible on emergencies, in those days, and 18 persons are a large addition to a country tea table.

Feb Sunday 8th "["Foggy & warm – Snow melting very fast. Uncle Davis, E Pickering & boys, and Oliver Sparhawk here at meeting. The latter with Wm P and little Frank dined with us. Mr Winslow gave the boys tickets for an oratorio at Boylston Hall Edward Thomas and Ben P went with M Houston and Miss Alsop in the even’g. E Chase was there but she went with Dr Gardiner* and his wife. Mr W also hired a carriage for them, as it rained and blew tremendously.

Feb 9th Fine day after the rain– Snow all gone. HB went to the funeral of old Mrs Pearce with whom she has been watching. Isaac had some of his military folks here on business. Edward and Thomas at their Aunt Pickering, where E Chase and Miss Alsop were taking tea. Mr Winslow went to see Miss Thomas at her boarding house, and was introduced to one of her fellow boarders a Mr Kenrick† of Newton who keeps a fruit and flower garden there, and is Representative to the State Legislature. He is nearly 70, but Miss T thinks him very intelligent, though singular in some of his notions. He thinks the clergy a sort of hirelings who make a trade of religion.

Tues 10th Miss Thomas and M Houston called – they are both to attend a party at Miss Andrews’ this even’g. MH is still staying there, but is going today to help Mrs Goodwin make a dress for a ball at Mrs Rollins’ E Chase is also going to this ball, and is having a silver muslin‡ which cost 6 dollars a yard; O Extravagance.§

11th Miss Thomas brought her friend Mr Kendrick to dine with us. HB and some of our boys went to meet M Houston, the Andrews, and a small party at Miss Phillips’ in our street. BPW in till 11 PM– 3 fires in the night 4 stores burned in Dock Square, one in Broad St, and an alarm at the South End.

12th Colder – Mr W dined with Richard D Tucker. Several callers here. M H Mrs Newell and Miss Harris, daughter of Dr Harris of Dorchester.

* John Sylvester John Gardiner (1765–1830), rector of Trinity (Episcopal) Church.
‡ Probably a garment (as a gown) made of muslin (Webster’s 3rd Unabridged).
§ No irony here. $6 would have been about $140 in today’s dollars using CPI.
FEB

Fri 13th Clear but cold – M Houston dined here and a Mr Jewry supercargo of a small Schooner which came into Boston. He got into difficulty here, was sick and in Prison, and my husband as usual visited him and settled his affairs. Good soul! but that remark is superfluous. Our evening company were MH Miss Alsop, Miss Harris, [“] (she was a very nice unaffected girl), [“]Mr & Mrs Duncan from Haverhill Miss Lucy Chapman, the Pomeroy, E Pickering, Amory & Kate W – these all took tea here. In the evening came Mr Bird, Charles Ward and the Pickering. Our BP in town. Fires again last night and in the evening. The former was in Charlestown and proved a terrible calamity for a woman and three children were burned to death – also a man was killed in the fire on Broad St, and another was smothered in a vessel which took fire last week, thus making six persons who have lost their lives by fire within a week.”

It would take too much space to continue writing down all these daily comings & goings – The foregoing may serve as a specimen of the winter. I shall therefore make only occasional extracts from the journal.

Edward Lawson of Halifax and Miss Alsop come to stay with us, and have “grand frolics” together as he also has with Elizth Chase.

More fires supposed the work of incendiaries, and a night patrol was established. Mr Goodwin’s house was robbed and then set on fire. Also a barn near the Norfolk House where some of our young folks were dancing at the Assembly held there every fortnight. This fire endangered the Hotel.

Feb 20th Edward went to NYork by Stage and got caught in a snow storm near Providence which detained him there for some days and he was a whole week getting on to NYork by land through tremendous snow drifts; the stage passengers having often to get out and hold up the sleigh stage or help drag it out of the drifts. They were covered with frozen snow and icicles. A most uncomfortable journey, but they made a good deal of fun out of it, as Edward wrote afterward.

Journal 1829.

Feb 20

Here the storm was very severe. It began about 7 o’clock in the evening of the 20th and blew a gale. About a foot of snow had fallen before bed time. BPW in a sleigh with two or three other young men and they had to get out twice on the way and push the sleigh through the drifts.

21st Cleared off cold; but doors and windows were all blocked up with snow. Drifts in, some places 20 feet high – Many country roads impassible. afterward the weather became extremely cold and piercing but only for a day or two, as a thaw came on the 26th putting the streets in a frightful condition – then the last day or two of February came cold and slippery weather. Much the same ongoings in the family as recorded March came in with milder weather until the evening of the 5th when a heavy rain turned to snow with a NE gale, drifting excessively and the storm continued for two days making up for the fine open weather of Jan and the early part of February, and putting the streets into a very bad condition. Pretty fair sleighing in the country when the drifts got beaten down. On the 4th of March the nation was astir with General Jackson’s inauguration as the Federalist and Democratic parties were still excited and bitter against each other, the latter extolling him to the skies and the former decrying him with great indignation. Mother’s journal says Mar 4th

“This day is the Inauguration of General Jackson as President of the United States...
B. Guns were fired last night at twelve o’clock and at daylight this morning. There is to be a great dinner at Fanueil Hall. Isaac was persuaded to take a ticket by his Uncle BW who is Marshall on the occasion. He afterward induced our Thomas and Arthur Pickering to go also. Note This is a curious instance of the facility with which most people are drawn to countenance even a disapproved cause when it is successful, for our generation were supposed to be on the Federalist side, although my Father was not the wholesale opposer of Jackson that many others were. On the 8th Mother says, “All the men in high glee at receiving the President’s message. They are anxious to know what he will do for the commercial interests of the country.”

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**56 The weather an obstacle to socializing. A defalcation by a London banker. At Margaret Fuller’s. Ralph Waldo Emerson’s ordination.**

**Journal 1829**

**March 5th.** “Notwithstanding the snow storm and sloshy walking, we had a dinner party consisting of Mr Richard D Tucker, Mr Joseph Tilden, Mr Francis Oliver, Mr James Hall, Mr White, Mr Trueman and B Winslow Sen. In the evening the children had a little puppet theatre on which some of the boys have been exercising their genius. Little Frank W here.

**Fri 6th** The storm continuing, our Friday evening party was small.” Cleared up on the 7th with fine moderate weather but horrible walking. A complete thaw and rain on the 12th carried off most of the snow, and then the weather became colder. An incident recorded by the Journal of March 9th is curious, as shewing how uncommon were at that time the defalcations in business which are now unhappily such every day affairs, as scarcely to attract a passing notice.

**Mar 9th.** “Robert Manners called in the evening on business with Mr Winslow. It seems there has been a great hue and cry after a man by the name of Robertson who was a partner in some great London Banking House. After applying to his own use more money than he ought to have done he absconded, and a great many people concerned, – have been trying to apprehend him. Vessels were sent in all directions; but he got off safely in a vessel loaded with salt for Havanna. However some people here have sent and apprehended him and he is now in NYork. It has made a great stir here and in New York also.

**11th Mar 10–**a gathering at E Pickering’s of the Goodwins, Chapmans, MH, boys &c

**11th** At Miss Margaret Fuller’s Cambridge a party to which Amory & Cath W went, Thomas, Arthur Pickering, & BPW. Thomas had been in the morning with Miss Alsop & Miss Coolidge to the ordination of Mr Emerson at Dr Ware’s Church North End.† note Probably Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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**57 A large Friday evening party with dancing. Commencement of Miss Wilby’s School.**

**March 1829.**

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Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli, generally known as Margaret Fuller (1810–1850), closely associated with Emerson and James Freeman Clarke. She met Clarke at about this time. It seems quite possible that Clarke’s friendship with BPW was the route by which the Winslow circle intersected with hers, and I would guess also that Clarke was among the guests at her house on this occasion. The Fuller house was and is at 71 Cherry Street, Cambridge, a National Historic Landmark.

Indeed, Emerson was ordained at the Second Church in Hanover St. on March 11th by Henry Ware, Jr. (1794-1843), for more on whom, see above, V, 6. As a descendant of William Moody (c. 1632-97), father of Rev. Joshua Moody (Edward the Sheriff’s father-in-law), Emerson was a distant cousin of the Winslows.
Had letter from Edward at Philadelphia – thinks he shall go to Baltimore.

**Fri 13th cold**  Company day – we had a great muster this evening. Miss Alsop and the Miss Pomeroyts, E Chase & Mrs Mary Bradford, Helen Pearce and her Aunt Miss Pearce, with Miss Williams and Miss Dégren, M Houston with Mrs Goodwin and Miss L Chapman, Miss Bradley, Little M’s friend, Amory & Catherine Winslow and their Father & brother, E Pickering & her boys, Robert Manners, Charles Ward, and a Mr Payne, Mr Goodwin Mr Pomeroy, Mr Bonfils and a Mr Leaming from Philadelphia Mrs Waldo and our own boys at home made up the party which did not break up till eleven o’clock. The young folks danced by the Piano and seemed to enjoy themselves. Mr Manners had dined here with a Mr Jewry.

**Sun 15th** Clear but very cold & windy – good walking; snow & ice mostly gone. E Pick’g & boys, Uncle Davis, Oliver Sparhawk & little Augustus Hudgens here at meeting O Sparhawk & Wm Pickering dined here. Our George with his Aunt Pickering. H B went to Dr Channings meeting and dined as usual at Miss Cotton’s Brother J P B came in the evening to say that she would stay all night with his wife who is suffering much pain. Our BPW waited on his cousin MH from Mrs Goodwin’s to take tea here, Arthur & William Pickering here in the evening.”

17th  My Mother mentions the commencement of Miss Wilby’s school since so famous in Boston. The Wilby’s were neighbors of ours in Greene St just round the corner from Leverett St, and the younger children had been my schoolmates at Miss Thomas’s school. The father was an Englishman and attended S’Paul’s church where he made a great deal of trouble, as he did also in his own family. His wife was a most excellent amiable woman, and tried to bring up her children well behaving toward her good for nothing husband in the most exemplary way, till he at length went off and left her to maintain herself and children by teaching and taking in needlework. The Journal says – “We received a printed paper specifying the Miss Wilby’s were about commencing a school for the instruction of little girls. They are very much reduced. Their father failed and became intemperate and has now gone to Havannah — I pity poor Mrs Wilby and her large family.” (Aunt Henrietta knew her also, and esteemed her much, as a truly Christian woman.)

“Three inches of snow fell this evening.”

58 Timmins continues ill. Whist and “segars.” Bulwer’s *The Disowned*. Mr. Balfour now a Universalist. BPW and Mr. Alexander, Miss Randall, Miss Fuller.

<table>
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<th>March 1829</th>
<th>Mother’s Journal 1829</th>
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<tr>
<td>Cold 18th</td>
<td>Henrietta went again to see Timmins who continues very sick and suffers much pain. M Houston and Miss Alsop dined here Our BP in from Cambridge to make calls with the Winslow girls and went with them to his Aunt Pickering’s. Our Thomas had a whist party of young men in the North parlor – they had oysters, wine, and segars*† – note I think I have said‡ that my Father encouraged or at least permitted these gatherings in his own house, that his sons might not be tempted to seek more questionable amusements abroad.</td>
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[“]M H sent to Exeter for a copy of Ave Maria or the Portuguese Hymn which we all like very much. – We had a letter from our Edward by Mr Heilbron who saw him in Baltimore –

* Above, V, 54.
† A common spelling at the period.
‡ Above, IV, 138.
he was about to set off for Washington. Mr Francis alias Theareau† is also there, and writes that he is doing well and hopes to pay off his Boston debts.—

20th. Helen Pearce here to dinner – She read aloud to me some of the novel just out called “The Disowned” (Bulwer's)† Continues very cold. M Houston and Arthur Pickering here to tea. E Pickering & son William in the evening – Our BPW played a fine second on the flute to M H who sang by the Piano. W P also assisting. Helen Pearce, E Pickering, Arthur P and our Thomas played Whist. Mr Balfour called to see Mr Winslow. note This was the Scotch preacher, a sort of Sandemanian, whom we, at one time, used to go over to Charlestown to hear. He had at this time changed his views and become a Universalist,‡ and was settled over a Society of that persuasion in Charlestown. This was thought almost equal in those days to becoming an infidel. He & my Father always talked a great deal of theology together.

Journal 21st “Very cold – More little January than March. A good deal of snow and ice on the ground. A number of callers here. Arthur Pickering & Catharine Winslow just after breakfast – then Eliza Pickering, then M Houston; and Mrs Andrews. Then came Mrs Manners & daughter Our BP in town – went to meet the Winslow girls, a Miss Randall and Miss Fuller at the fashionable lounging place, Alexander’s painting room” note (What a history in all those names!) The future Portrait Painter of Celebrity§

Edward returned from Washington and Philadelphia.
Journal. March 1828. Leverett St Boston
the wife of the Marquis D’Ossole,† of world wide literary celebrity, the future wife of Governor Cummings‡ of Utah, and the future wife of the hero of the Kearsage§ – [((Who could guess all this of that morning’s group? – Who can guess the far higher destinies wrapped up in many a familiar group around us always?)

Journal. “While I was sitting after dinner with my back to the window, reading, – I heard a slight noise, and looking up saw our Edward’s face peeping in from the outside. He had that moment returned. He has been as far as Washington, and seen all the great folks there, except President Jackson; to have seen whom, would have detained him three days longer, and he could not afford the time. In Philadelphia he went to see Aunt Hodge, and found her much better in health than when we were there. He brought home some music for our Margaret, some Caracitures, and some glass toys. H B went in the evening with brother JPB to stay with his wife, – Miss Cotton who was to have been with her, being taken sick herself. Joshua has a bad cough and was going to take some medicine for it.”

23rd She mentions hearing the death of John Cotton’s son brother to Solomon who had also died of consumption.

24th “E Chase & M Houston dined here Amory & Cath’ W called in the afternoon. EP and her boys were here in the evening. All talking about the Boston belle Miss Marshall and her engagement to Mr Wm Otis, which his family do not like” March continued very cold from the 14th to the 28th when the weather moderated and the snow melted fast. But the icy foundation remained till the first part of April.

Fri 27th [“]Miss Harriet & Charlotte Stark, &, their cousin Miss Hazon§ from Pembroke came to our Friday evening party with Leonard Willis at whose Father’s house they are staying. E Chase & M Houston here; also Miss Phillips and her brothers, E Pick’g & her boys, B W Sen, Wm Waldo, Mr Kent of Concord NH[”][this was the stepfather of Ellen Tucker,** Eliz Sparhawk’s friend, and 1st wife of Ralph Waldo Emerson -] [“] also Robert Manners and Lieu’ Hensley from Halifax.

60 Harriet Stark to visit some weeks. Her father the Major’s unexpected visit. Margaret Houston returns to Exeter. Samuel Waldo’s death.

Journal Last of March. 1829.

“Heard of the sudden death of Dr Gorham†† – He is much lamented as a very skilful & humane Physician, a kind husband & father, and a benevolent man.” [“]Arthur Pickering & our BP deserted our party to attend one at Dr Randall’s.”

† While on assignment for The New York Tribune in Europe, Fuller in 1846 met the Italian revolutionary Giovanni Angelo Ossoli (1821-50), a disinherited marquis. They had a child and may or may not have been married.

‡ Misspelling of Alfred Cumming (1802-73), who was appointed by President Buchanan in 1857 to succeed Brigham Young as Governor of the Utah Territory. He married Elizabeth Wells Randall in 1835. Her letters to him have been edited by Ray R. Canning and Beverly Beeton as The Genteel Gentile: Letters of Elizabeth Cumming, 1857-1858 (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Library, 1977).

§ Likely a misspelling of Hazen.

** Ellen Louisa Tucker (1811-31) met Emerson in 1829 and they married that same year. She died of tuberculosis shortly thereafter, and her death profoundly affected Emerson’s faith and his path to Unitarianism.

†† John Gorham (1783-1829), professor of Chemistry at Harvard Medical School.
29th Speaks of “our TSW going with Miss Alsop to Mrs Hurds[“] (Susan Oliver) [“]an old acquaintance of mine. She has three daughters, two married, & one at home.”

30th At 11 o’clock AM a carriage arrived with Miss Harriet Stark & her boxes and bundles – She came to stay a few weeks with us – Miss Joey[?] Minot favored us with her company, and to crown all, Major Stark* came uninvited to add to our delightful dinner party.” Note. (the latter and his daughter Harriet were generally at strife, open or secret – probably this increased the pleasure of “the dinner party.) “In the afternoon Miss HS went with her sister & Miss Hazon to take tea with E Pickering, and afterward to the theatre, from which she did not return till near 12 o’clock Charlotte Stark is to stay with E Pickering.”

“Our B PW home for a fortnight’s vacation.”

April 1829.

So passed the winter; and early in April M Houston returned home very reluctantly to Exeter after passing three months among her friends and cousins. She was much missed, but Miss Alsop continued to enliven the Fridays evening parties and then came some gatherings to celebrate the engagement of Elizabeth Chase, the chief Belle and Heiress of the family, who thus finally frustrated the hopes of more than one admirer, and who from that time cooled off in a considerable degree from her early friends and associates. Her brother,† Samuel Waldo was in a declining state, and several of the male members of the family watched with him off & on through the Spring. He died the 7th of May. Mother writes that my brother Isaac had watched with him the night previous, and that he had a pretty quiet sleep – but on the next evening, my Father being present, he passed away as so many of his family had done in the last stage of consumption.

61 Melancholy death of George Washington Adams reported.

Spring of 1829. Extracts & events.

He was an indolent but amiable man full of dry drollery and quiet jokes: Very plain in person and unpretending in manners like all the Waldos except Frank, of whom I have before spoken.‡ Elizabeth Chase his half sister continued at her Aunt Wolcott’s in Franklin St, where her fiancé Dr Howard and his family visited her. Miss Helen Pearce departed to Philadelphia with a married cousin Mrs Lieutenant Edson, formerly Miss Soley. The Soleys, Dégens, & Pearces were all connected, and usually came to our Friday receptions. The failure of Mr Rogers took place about this time, and my father was much interested for the family, having had one of the sons (John) in his compting room. They were connected with the Derby’s – and my mother writes naively – “Mr W called on Mrs Derby mother to Mr Rogers who failed the other day – She knew Mr W very well when he was a young man. But she told him he was so altered she should not have known him again. This seems very strange, as he looks remarkably young for his age, and most people who have not seen him for some time say that he alters very little.”

Journal. May 2nd. “We heard to day the melancholy intelligence of the death of George Washington Adams, son of our late President.§ In a fit of insanity he threw himself

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* Above, IV, 70.
† Half-brother.
‡ Above, IV, 35, 150-51.
overboard from the steamboat “Captain Bunker”* on its passage from Providence to N York. Several causes are assigned for this act. One is an early attachment to a lady who afterward married his brother– Another is a natural irritability of temper and disappointment in public life in consequence of his Father’s impolitic loss of public esteem; Perhaps many things combined may have led to this dreadful determination. What must be the feelings of his bereaved parents! O ambition! this is thy work! What are all earthly honors now,– to those afflicted hearts! It seems that ex Pres’ Adams had sent for his son to come on to him.

62 Her mother’s last birthday.
1829 Politics of the Year.

May 9th Mother writes, “All the male folks with Ben Winslow Sen at the head of them are writing tickets† for the choice of Representatives. The Railroad question is to be agitated this session.” This I suppose was the Charter for the Lowell Railroad corporation supported by the manufacturers, who about this time began to establish that corporation system which with some important benefits has also introduced some gigantic evils into the country of which we are just beginning to be aware. My Father was from the very commencement opposed to all these class interests and monopolies, and perhaps his “Anti-tariff” opinions took action from this time forward.

In the previous month April 25th, my Mother’s notice of her 52nd and last birthday on earth, – was as follows.

“This is my birth day. I have, through the goodness and mercy of Providence, completed my 52nd year, and have been surrounded by numerous blessings and comforts. Although my health has been impaired for the last few years, I have still enjoyed a great portion of that blessing, and have not suffered as many others have; for which I ought to feel the greatest thankfulness. I have had my feelings much excited this morning by a note and present from my little M, whose affection has given me the greatest comfort. May she long be spared and be a blessing to all her friends.”

Note. The writer cannot insert here the too partial expressions of a fond devoted Mother, who had ever expected to give all which a Mother could give to her children, without exacting, scarcely expecting any return on their part. I can only record this day, as she did in her precious little note of acknowledgement, as “one of the happiest in my life.”— But I humbly hope through Divine Mercy to behold one yet more blessed: her next birth day in Heaven.

63 Earthquake in Spain, Real Estate in Jamaica Plain, and a new dress and an old one for Margaret.
1829

On the 13th of May my Mother mentions hearing of a “most dreadful earthquake in Spain – a thousand people said to have perished, and many towns & villages to be destroyed.”‡

* Jack Shepherd, Cannibals of the Heart: A Personal Biography of Louisa Catherine and John Quincy Adams (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1980), reports the ship as the Benjamin Franklin. It was commanded by a Captain E. S. Bunker.

† Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: “a sheet of paper bearing the names of candidates for office (as of a political party or faction) and usu. used as a ballot.”

‡ March 21, 1829 at Torrevieja, some 20 mi. down the Mediterranean coast from Alicante.
May 18th The Diary says – “Mr W took E Pickering, H Blanchard and myself in a carriage to Brookline and Jamaica Plain to see some houses” note (perhaps my Father thought of taking one for the summer for sale or to be let on account of my Mother’s health.) [“]We saw two One of them belongs to old Mr Higginson and is vacant – The other to Mr Sewall whose family now occupy it. We went in and saw old Mrs Sewall and Mrs Head and daughter who were visiting her.” It seems, however, that if there was a plan for going into the country, it was changed for that of a journey, for the Diary says under date of May 21st [“]E Pickering and our Margaret went out shopping and bought me a new drab colored silk for a dress and some lace for a cap, as we talk of a journey to Connecticut. I am also having a dress made of a nice thick silk that belonged to my Grandmother.” Note – This dress was afterward made up for me when I grew old enough to wear it, for my dear Mother was soon called to put on other garments than these last robes of her Pilgrimage on earth. It was, if I remember, a sort of mixed gray and black Pongee or silk camlet* somewhat like those just come again into fashion; only with a lustrous silvery sheen like a mackerel’s back; It was a very handsome material, and dear to me from my remembrance of this period in my early life when I first saw it on my Mother. It must have been very durable, if it formed part of the wardrobe of my great Grandmother Pollard. It was made for her in the form of a Sack and petticoat† like the Brocades, of which we have one only remaining at present.

May 22nd “Mr Sumner the deputy sheriff called here this morning to make inquiries respecting the Pollard family as he is composing some History of this city or its first settlers.” Note, This was the father of Senator Sumner‡ who has since become so distinguished in Congress. I think he lived at this time in Hancock St.

“Miss Elizabeth Chase, –her beau Dr Howard, Eliza Pickering and her son Arthur, William Waldo and old Mr Manners all dined here.” Our Edward dined out. This dinner was rather an awkward sort of business. None of the party felt at ease. It was embarrassing to Elizabeth, as she was introducing her intended to her relations, embarrassing to him in being so introduced, and embarrassing to us considering all things to receive him in such a light. But the introduction dinner is over, and I desire to be thankful’ “In the evening we had Lucy Chapman and her brother, old Charles Knapp and the Pickering boys.
23rd “A little party at E Pickerings. Our M and her friend Sarah Bartlett, our BP – George, and the three Winslow girls were there.
24th EP, her boys and Uncle Davis, Oliver Sparhawk and his cousin Andrew Sparhawk were here at meeting. O Sparhawk and little Frank Winslow dined here. Very warm all the week Quite hot today.

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* Pongee and camlet are distinct textiles, but both are woven fabrics that can be made of silk. Pongee was originally Japanese, but has also been made in China; camlets were originally European.

† An alternative to the one-piece dress, a loose-fitting bodice and separate skirt.

‡ Charles Pickney Sumner was sheriff of Suffolk County from 1825 until his death in 1839. His son Charles (1811-74) is perhaps best remembered for the savage beating he suffered at the hands of Preston Brooks on the floor of the U.S. Senate. He graduated from Harvard a year behind BPW and is said to have been close friends with James Freeman Clarke. Both father and son were strong and early voices for Abolition.
25th Another very hot day. We are busy preparing for our journey. We expect to set off day after tomorrow for Connecticut.

27th Election day – our BPW in town. The boys all going to dine with their Uncle B W Sen. Eliza Pickering and Eliz th Chase are here to bid me goodbye. Good bye also to this Journal, as I shall not take it with me."

On her return, however, my Mother gave an account of her journey as follows.

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|      | Journey to Connecticut and New York —

May 27th [“]Mr Winslow and I with little Margaret set off from here at 1 PM in a hack for Earl’s tavern where we took the stage for Worcester, and arrived there at half past nine to pass the night. The next morning we took a walk to see the town which appears a very pleasant one. We met old Mr Gardiner Chandler* In the street. He seemed surprised to see Mr Winslow so far from home. We called to see young Mrs Clarendon Harris,† Sarah Thayer’s sister. She and her Mother Mrs Thayer were there staying with Mrs Harris.

May 28th We left Worcester about 11 AM and arrived at Northampton about 10 PM, where we passed the night. Next morning early after breakfast we took a walk to see the place which is very pleasant, has fine streets and many fine trees. Afterward Mr W took a carriage to Mt Holyoke with myself, little M, and a Mr Hicks, our fellow traveller from Boston. I went as far as the carriage road extended within 60 feet of the summit. The rest of the party ascended to the summit. The prospect was very fine from where I stood, but they say it was much more extensive from the summit. I attempted to go up part of the way, but found it was too steep and slippery. Mr Hicks and Margaret caught a beautiful butterfly which we kept for some time. We rode back in another direction along the banks of the River, a very pleasant ride. We got back to a late dinner and it had begun to sprinkle before we arrived. While we were at dinner little M and I were sitting near a window in the drawing room of the “Mansion House”, and both of us at the same moment saw a ball of fire descend into a large Elm tree close by, in front of the house, and at the same instant there was a large explosion as of a cannon fired at our ears. Mr Winslow who was in the Entry came in at the noise, thinking that the window had blown in. The people of the Inn said they saw the lightning descend the lightning rod of a church about one hundred yards distant from the house. We heard afterward that two men were killed by the same thunder storm, some twenty miles from Northampton.” Note. – I well remember the incident here described, and the conversation preceding this explosion which as an instance of my Mother’s mode of treatment toward me, I will relate here. There were few travellers, I believe, in the Hotel which was a small old fashioned but pleasant

* Probably Gardiner Leonard Chandler (1768-1840).
† Charlotte Thayer, daughter of Arodi and Mary Thayer, had married in 1823 Clarendon Harris, proprietor of a bookstore in Worcester who later sold wallpaper there.
House called the Mansion House. There was no one in the upstairs parlor or drawing room, which, if I remember opened on a Piazza – and when we went up after dinner, I began playing on a little old Piano which stood open, quite fearless of the lightning as I had been taught to be. My Mother was watching the vivid flashes and echoing thunder among the Hills, and after a little she called me rather gravely to her side at the window and said – “Don’t play any more just now my dear – I had rather you would not.” “Why mother,” exclaimed I – “are you afraid of the lightning?” “No dear” she answered. “We are safe in God’s hand now, as at all times; but this is a solemn manifestation of His power - Sit down with me and listen to His voice in the thunder.” So we sat in silence; and had we both been taken then and there to God’s presence by the awful flash which followed, it would have been in the calm and trusting Christian faith which my Mother’s looks spoke even more plainly than her words. Would that all young persons were thus dealt with in the hour of real or even of imaginary danger. How many unnecessary and unreasonable terrors might be avoided, yet leaving a sense of the Divine right to take us from life, but only in love and Wisdom: Only in the time and place and manner which he judges best for our present and eternal welfare, and of that of all with whom we are connected, or, who may be affected by the event.

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Journey to Connecticut June 1829.

May 30th [“]Dull damp day. Mr Winslow took me and Margaret in a chaise to visit Round Hill academy, which appears to be a fine Institution.* The head master was engaged but his assistant Mr Watson of Boston shewed us the buildings. The view from the windows is superior to anything I ever saw. Below is the town and valley, with Mt Holyoke for a background, and the Connecticut winding far away, bordered with fertile farms and beautiful country seats.

We left Northampton about noon, and arrived in Springfield at 5 PM – Took a walk to the Arsenal or Gun Factory;† the road leads up a long hill and on top are four large white buildings and a pretty church; all surrounded with finely kept grass plats and red walks made of the iron dust closely rolled and trodden in till they are as hard as stone. Every thing inside is astonishingly clean and in order, especially the large building where the finished guns are arranged, and the view from the hill is fine. Afterward we walked through the town which is small but contains some very pretty houses. As there was no public conveyance to Hartford and they charged enormously for a private carriage, we had to pass Sunday in Springfield. Mr W and Margaret went to one of the churches in the morning, and we took a walk in the afternoon but if we had not found some fine large Bibles and two volumes of

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* Then a celebrated boys’ prep school in Northampton.

† The Springfield Armory (now the Springfield Armory National Historic Site), which since the Revolution had been used to store arms and since 1794 manufactured them for the U.S. Government. It was the target of Shay’s Rebellion in 1787. By 1829, some modern manufacturing techniques had been introduced—such as a lathe that automated the manufacture of rifle stocks with great precision—although the “Springfield rifles” of the period were still old fashioned flintlocks.
June 1st – We set off at 5 AM for Hartford and arrived there about 10. Sent to
Washington College about a mile from Hartford for our nephew Edward D Winslow. He
came and continued with us all the time we staid in Hartford. The day was too cold for me
to walk out, but he took his Uncle and cousin to see the College including a library, Cabinet
of Minerals, Greenhouse, Gardens, &c – In the evening he took M to see some figures called
Androids, formerly in Boston.

| 68 The Asylum for Deaf-mutes at Hartford. Julia Brace (and Laura Bridgman). Middletown and a
visit with the Alsops. |
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<td>Journey to Connecticut.</td>
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| June 2nd “Took a long walk to visit the Asylum for deaf mutes. The exhibition of their
acquirements was a wonderful and interesting sight. Among the pupils is a girl named Julia
Brace who is deaf, dumb, and blind. A pitiable object! but she can both knit and sew,
threading her needle with her teeth. She finds her way all over the house by smelling the
doors and walls – By the same acute sense she can select her own clothes from those of the
other pupils, even after they come from the wash. She is about fourteen years of age, and a
charity scholar, being the child of a very poor woman.” Note. I remember this girl at the
Hartford Asylum; but she was not nearly so interesting as the celebrated Laura Bridgeman of
the Boston Asylum – Julia was plain and had a disagreeable expression of countenance, and
her figure was that of an old person, if I remember rightly. I believe she was far inferior to
Laura in appearance, disposition, and intelligence.|

June 3rd [“]We arrived in Middletown last evening about 6 PM, and passed the night at the
tavern – This morning Mr W called on Mr Alsop†† to see if there were any letters for us
directed to his care, and in a very short time Elizabeth Alsop came running to see us at the
Stage House. Her father drove up in a little carriage with a black servant, and they insisted
that we should get in and come directly to their house. As we came in sight we saw Mrs
Alsop at the gate waiting to receive us. All the family seemed so glad to see us and shewed us
so much Hospitality that we felt quite at home in a short time. Mr Alsop and Mr Winslow

* Josephus (37–c. 100), also known as Yosef Ben Matityahu and Titus Flavius Josephus, first-century Jewish
historian. The eighteenth-century English translation of the works by William Whiston was widely published
and very popular in the English-speaking Protestant world, especially among those interested in the Jewish and
Roman contexts of the early Christian church (as were of course the Sandemanians).
† From the mid-eighteenth century, a term for automata resembling humans.
‡ Originally the American Asylum for Deaf-mutes, now The American School for the Deaf, in West Hartford.
http://www.asd-1817.org/page.cfm?p=429. Founded in 1817, it was the first primary and secondary school to
receive State aid, in 1819, and the first to receive Federal aid the following year.
§ 1807-84.
** Laura Dewey Lynn Bridgman (1829–1889), a pupil at the Perkins School for the Blind. Dickens writes about
his visit with her in 1842 in his American Notes. She may have been Julia’s superior in looks and other qualities,
but it was Julia who inspired Samuel Gridley Howe to attempt Laura’s education. See Elizabeth Gitter, The
Imprisoned Guest: Samuel Howe and Laura Bridgman, the Original Deaf-Blind Girl (New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux,
2001).
walked on after us. They are old friends, but have met only once before, since they were in Italy together some 30 years ago.

June 5th After a very pleasant visit of two days at Mr Alsop’s house, we left Middletown for New Haven this morning about 9 o’clock and arrived about 3 PM, where we received a note from George Apthorpe saying that Mrs McKeige had secured lodgings for us at the house.

| 69 | Reunited with Mrs McKeige and her family. To New York City.


and New York.

where she was boarding. He called in the afternoon to see us and shortly afterward came Francis & Mary McKeige. Little Mary Cockburn had run over the first thing to see Margaret, with her bonnet in her hand, too much in a hurry to put it on. Soon we all set off for Mrs Perres lodging house where Mrs McKeige is, who seemed very glad to see us, and we were, before night, comfortably settled in our rooms there. Mr W, Mrs Mc & Margaret went to walk round the town, and the McKeige girls soon followed with some of their College beaux of whom there seem to be plenty. I was not very well and rather tired so did not go, which I afterward repented, as it rained all the rest of the time we were in New Haven.

June 6th Hard rain all day. Nevertheless Mr W and Margaret went with George Apthorp* to visit the college† including the Library and the Cabinet of minerals said to be the best in the United States.‡ It was presented to the College by Mr George Gibbs.

7th Sunday. Still showery – Margaret went with Mrs McKeige to church and Mr W with George Apthorp to the College Chapel. In the afternoon it ceased raining and I took a short walk to see the best part of N Haven “the Green”, the Church, the fine street with trees on each side, and the burying ground which is very prettily arranged with trees and monuments. I also went to engage lodgings for Miss Thomas at a house where Mrs McKeige had boarded when she first went to N Haven, but I could not walk far, it was so damp.

8th We left N Haven this morning at nine o’clock, in the steamboat U States for New York. The day was very damp and foggy, and there were not many people on board. Margaret and I both felt a little sick – We arrived at New York in a hard shower, and took up our lodgings at a Mrs Reese’s boarding house, Broadway. It was recommended to us by Mrs McKeige, who staid here herself when in N York.

9th Margaret and her Father walked out to see the City – I went with them as far as the Battery and Castle Garden.

| 70 | NYC friends and relations. Return voyage. Seasick. All well back in Boston.

Journey to Conn. & N York, June. 1829.

TUES

June 9th Brother John D Winslow found us out, and hired a Barouche to take us to the outskirts of the City where the “Bowery” used to be.§ We also went to see a pretty little

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* Originally written *Apthorpe*, but the final *e* appears to be struckthrough.

† Yale.

‡ [http://www.peabody.yale.edu/collections/min/minhist.html](http://www.peabody.yale.edu/collections/min/minhist.html)

§ This is puzzling, since the Bowery is not a place, but a street, and has always been where it still is.
Green House, and Mr W and Margaret went to Niblo’s garden* but I did not go there – it being too cold a day for me. Mr Ryan called and took Margaret home to dine with his wife, and afterward a drive to Long Island. Their driver lost his way and they did not get back till after we returned at 10 PM from Mrs Marston’s where Mr W and I had taken tea. We had become quite alarmed about them, especially Mr W, who was a little nervous before.

**Wed June 10**
Mrs Ryan’s father & brother, the Oakleys called to see us, also Dr & Mrs Bartlett, (Editor of the Albion)† with whom we afterward passed the evening. M and I went to some shops in the Arcade. We had intended leaving for home today but there was no boat till Thursday.

**Thurs**
The “Fulton” whose turn it was to sail, had been detained by the Fog – so we took the boat “Chancellor Livingston” for Providence about 4 PM – M and I were both rather sick, passing Point Judith.‡

**Fri June 12**
Arrival at Providence about one PM. Mr W W had three ladies under his care besides ourselves, viz Mrs McLean, Miss Codman, and Miss Russel. He met Mr. Hurd on board and got him to help him. There were about one hundred passengers and nearly all were sick, the wind being NE and the sea very rough. None of the ladies came on with us to Boston except Miss Russel, who took the stage at Providence, dined at Attleboro,§ and arrived home about half past eight in the evening, finding all well, for which we have great reason to be thankful. Our Journey has occupied just about a fortnight and one day over.

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* A pleasure garden bounded by Prince, Houston, Broadway and Crosby Streets. At this time it featured an open-air “saloon” that staged musical entertainments.
† Above, IV, 78.
‡ At the entrance to Narragansett Bay.
§ Not quite halfway between Providence and Boston. Evidently it was not just Miss Russell, but the whole party who took the stage and dined on the way back to Boston.
** Above, II, 133, IV, 44.
†† There were two Davises in the class of 1829, George Thomas Davis (1810-1877) and Jonathan Thomas Davis (1810-1885). The Memorial never identifies which of these was BPW’s particular friend, but it was certainly George, who was a close friend and distant cousin of both Clarke and Margaret Fuller (and, given his surname, likely a cousin of Ben’s as well). See the letter from Fuller to Davis quoted below (V, 106n) that mentions “Ben Winslow.” Davis became a lawyer and journalist and served in the Massachusetts Senate (1839-40), the U.S. House of Representatives (1851-53), and the Massachusetts House of Representatives (1861). Clarke says of him, “He was the most brilliant of men in conversation, and was so regarded through life by all.
my little friends and schoolmates. And some of the modern domestic afflictions about cooks seem to have begun, for frequent changes are now mentioned, some leaving suddenly just as company have arrived to stay &c– No great wonder perhaps, for with such a family and so many coming and going the work could not have been trifling. The names are still American* however — no foreigners had as yet been introduced Mrs Oliver, Abigail Badgely, Axey Knowles, Martha Morrill, &c, &c.

In July Miss Harriet Sparhawk arrives on a visit — the 3rd of this month was so cold that many people had fires kindled, also on the 4th & 5th when the Journal records — [“]Still cold & raining — We had a fire in the back parlor again, and I was very glad of a foot stove.† On the 4th our Thomas and Wm Pickering attended a dinner given by the N England guards at Savin Hill — Edward went on a gunning expedition. MCW went to the Common with little Augustus Hudgens — and afterward dined in Beacon S’ with Mrs Osias Goodwin.[”] BPW & George there in the evening Mr Erving dined with my Father; Sarah Thayer, Aunt Pickering & son John took tea with my Mother

72 Albert the manservant leaves to work on a farm. The family’s habit or “picking up” people to be hosted and entertained. A party at Dr. Randall’s.

Home doings July 1829.

July 1829 Cold weather. So passed the rainy & cold 4th of July, 1829 — one of the chilliest ever recorded in the Journal. A fireside party at home — A disagreeable cold N Easter abroad! This weather had continued for a week but changed on the 6th of July with a S Wind, and became warm about the 10th of the month. On the 6th Miss Thomas set off on a journey to New Haven where my Mother had engaged board for her, having relinquished school keeping in which she had made a small competence to live upon. Our man servant Albert Jewell who had been with us for nearly a year left us for a place in the country probably to work on a farm, as that was then the ambition of New Englanders, in order to become owners themselves in due time. On the evening of the 7th after a little tea party at Aunt Pickering’s, we had a curious supper party at home, illustrating the “picking up” habi† of the family. Our BPW and James Clarke, BW Sen returning from Aunt Pickerings with Miss Harriet Sparhawk, our own boys of course, and Mr George Channing§ with whom my Father had been taking a walk, and whom he had brought home to supper.

7th Mother mentions being able to make calls upon the Simpsons Mrs Charles Winslow, Mrs Oliver and Miss Hurd, Mrs Pomeroy Mrs Torrey[?]** and her mother Mrs Warren of

who knew him. His memory was prodigious, and he quoted in conversation innumerable passages from all authors, – grave or gay, lively or severe, – and he increased the interest of these quotations by his own delight in them.” Edward Everett Hale, ed., James Freeman Clarke: Autobiography, Diary and Correspondence (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, the Riverside Press, 1891), 36.

* See above, IV, 133.

† A small box with a pan for hot coals to warm one’s feet. They were popular not only in homes, but also with travelers. Some models were heated with oil and a wick, like lamps.

‡ Meaning probably the family’s habit of picking up people they felt free to bring home to be entertained at the house with little or no notice.

§ Possibly George Gibbs Channing (1789-1881), a brother of William Ellery Channing and an uncle of William Henry Channing (BPW’s classmate at Harvard) and like them both a Unitarian minister.

** Possibly Toney.
Plymouth, Mrs Osias Goodwin, Mrs Doane and Mrs Thatcher, a pretty good batch of calls for an invalid to make in one morning!

9th All the members of both families, ours and Aunt Pickering’s except my Father and Mother went to Mrs Eben T Andrews at Dorchester, an annual fruit & bowling party – very pleasant! Arthur Pickering absent on a trip to Halifax N.S.

10th Our usual Friday evening party at home; but part of the evening Wm Pickering & our BPW went to one at Dr Randalls’ house in Winter St where they had been invited some days since.

| 73 | BPW declines to participate at Commencement. Judge Wilde’s loss of his son to suicide. |

July 1829.

On the 15th of July the Journal says “Our BPW left Cambridge for a six weeks vacation till he graduates at Commencement. He does not wish to take a part in the exercises, not having confidence enough to speak in public. What he will choose for his future profession is uncertain; he has not decided himself upon any. Arthur Pickering who returned today from Halifax by the way of Eastport, William P, Charles Ward and our Thomas all went out last night to visit him at old Holworthy† in which the Seniors live and have a last good time at Cambridge or “spree” as they call it. On the 16th Thomas goes with some of the New England guards to Lowell and Chelmsford – Arthur and Wm Pickering are both out of employment, the business principals of their firms having failed. “Very bad times for young men,” Mother writes; – there being a great many failures just now. Elmsmere‡ McKeige is at this time tormenting my Father and distressing his mother by running in debt and careering§ generally.

On the 17th Mr & Mrs Masters (firm of Masters Marcoe** & company[]) arrive from N York and have to be called upon and invited to the house Mr M came to the Friday evening gathering, and next day with Mrs M and others to dinner. Also another dinner party on the 21st, of strangers and gentlemen. On the 23rd my Father had an affection†† of the back to which he was subject – my Mother thought it originated in a strain which he contracted by lifting his sister Mary at one time when she had a fit – He was confined to the house for some days – visited by his friend Mr Erving who was constantly dropping in at all times to dinner or tea or to make a call. George and the Pickerings return from a shooting excursion sunburnt and “looking horridly.”

26th Judge Wilde one of the gentlemen who dined with us on the 21st and a great friend of Uncle B W, Sen, lost his son in law by a terrible suicide yesterday twice attempted. He had been disappointed

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* Dr. John Randall (1774-1842), father of Elizabeth Wells Randall (above, V, 58).

† Holworthy Hall was founded in 1812. It is currently one of Harvard’s dormitories for first-year students, but during its first fifty years was occupied almost exclusively by seniors.

‡ Again, more likely Ellesmere (above, IV, 163).

§ Careening would work here as well, but I believe I’ve read this right. Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: “to go, drive, or run at top speed esp. in a headlong or reckless manner.”

** Misspelling of Markoe.

†† Here in the sense of medical complaint or malady.
July. 1829. At Home.

Edward to board at Norfolk House. At Aunt Pickering’s with the fascinating Miss Randall and her friend the scholastic Miss Fuller.

in business, which was supposed to be the cause – he left a wife the daughter of Judge Wilde and five children at the east ward – being absent from his home at the time. It was said that he had a salaried situation, but left it in the hope of doing better. This reminds one of a certain tombstone inscription said to run thus “This man was well; wished to be better; took physic and died”.† Both are sad commentaries and useful lessons.

The latter part of this month witnessed a flight from the old nest for “good and all” of my brother Edward – He went to board at the Norfolk House for the remainder of the summer, intending to go to a French boarding house in town the following winter, in order to improve in that language. Soon after moving out to Roxbury, he was obliged to take up his old quarters with us for one night as on the 30th of July after a few days of warm dry weather a violent rain came on with immense hail stones some as large as Walnuts and terrific thunder and lightning, doing a great deal of damage everywhere Edward being prevented by the storm from going out of town, passed the night at our house. Next day, however, instead of being cooler, was intensely hot and the air did not cool till midnight when a northerly wind sprang up, bringing cold and cloudy weather for the 1st of August.

August came in with another heavy rain PM and evening, preventing my Mother from going to a little party at Aunt Pickering’s where the much talked of Miss Randall was to make her appearance with Amory and Catharine Winslow. I went however, and was almost as much fascinated with the young lady as the rest of the family, especially with her singing which was remarkably soft and sweet. In person she was rather under than over the middle height, her figure soft and rounded, her face of the cherubic order surrounded by short brown curls, her eyes soft and drooping, her complexion clear but not brilliant, rather inclining to paleness like the tea roses of a conservatory. Softness in fact was her chief characteristic – yet she talked very intellectually in sympathy with or imitation of her scholastic friend Miss Fuller who was her constant companion. Neither however were too intellectual to despise‡ the manly attractions of Wm Pickering who amused himself by pretending to be learned with the scholar and devoted to the beauty, although far from being deeply smitten with either. For as Milton says of man a saying equally applicable to woman,

Thus, in all generations, Shall seldom gain, through her perverseness;
“Whom he wishes most, The Lover is not loved;” But shall see her gained by a far worse:

† The usual form in the period is “I was well – wished to be better – Took Physic – and Died.” It was also generally said to be the epitaph (at his own request) of an Italian count. When it appears in medical literature it is usually as an example of hypochondria, although Margaret’s interpretation is sounder.

‡ Probably Margaret meant to say neither was so intellectual as to despise his attractions.
The loving seeks a Lover,           Or if she love, – withheld by parents,” &c, &c.*
And each is shunned by other.”

Mother’s Journal

Aug 2nd “We heard to day that the marriage of Mr Doane, Episcopal clergyman of Trinity Church to Mrs Perkins, widow of James Perkins Jr, is certainly to take place in October.

Aug 3rd Our brother Joshua Winslow has written from S’ Croix WI that he hopes to make us a visit this year.[”] note (He never came being afraid of our climate) [”]Mr Winslow, our Isaac, Henrietta B and E Pickering went to hear a woman named Fanny Wright† hold forth as she has been doing throughout all the States, doing as much mischief as a woman can do with her tongue. for it is said she speaks against all laws, human and divine.” note This was written before the times of woman’s rights and the march of intellect. My Mother adds concerning Miss Wright [”]It is said that she has a good figure, an intelligent countenance, and a fine voice.

Aug 6th Eliza Pickering and H.B went to take tea with Miss Cotton where there was a society meeting for the discussion of religious subjects. – this evening the subject was infidelity‡– and Miss Wright’s opinions were severely handled by Mr Tuckerman and others.”

Aug 8th Our Isaac got caught in a violent thunder squall this afternoon on his way home in the steamboat, from Nahant. He saw the lightning strike the water all around the boat.

76 Comings and goings. Mary Hudgens’ fall. Helen Pearce engaged. Mr. Erving’s untimely visits. Journal 1829. Leverett St.

Aug 10th Little Frank Winslow went to visit with his aunts at Dunbarton NH. Mr W took Eliza P – little M and myself in a carryall§ to Cambridge Brighton &c. We stopped at Winships garden and he gave us a liberal supply of flowers; also called at the Norfolk House and saw Robert Manners – our Edward was in town and we found him at home when we returned. On our way in, we called upon our cousin Mary Blanchard.

11th Heard that Mrs Hudgens had a bad fall coming down Mr Gardiner Greene’s steps – where she had been making a call. B W Sen and daughters are going to pass a week at Exeter. They came here to take letters for the Houston girls. E P, H B and the young folks all gone to hear music on the common Meanwhile a fire broke out in Union S¶

12th I went shopping and to get a Navarino bonnet** for little M– Afterward we called to see Mary Hudgens whose face is cut badly. Edward Arthur P and our George out shooting – brought home some birds to make a pie of, and Edward came here to eat it.

* These lines on the right-hand side are from Book IX of Paradise Lost. I cannot identify the lines that Margaret quotes at the left of the page.
† Frances Wright (1795–1852). Born in Scotland, she became a U.S. citizen in 1825. She was a freethinker and outspoken feminist and abolitionist and involved in many progressive causes. An associate of Robert Owen, she gave the first public address by a woman to an audience of both men and women at Owen’s utopian community at New Harmony, Indiana, in 1828.
‡ Almost certainly it is religious infidelity (unbelief) that is meant and not unfaithfulness in marriage.
§ Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: “a light covered carriage having four wheels and seats for four or more persons and usu. drawn by one horse.”
** William T. Davis, Plymouth Memories of an Octogenarian (Plymouth, Ma.: Bittinger Brothers, 1906):

I associate an old lady by the name of Johnson, who I think about 1830 occupied one or two rooms in the Jackson house, with a bonnet called the Navarino bonnet, which had a great run for a time
13th We heard of Helen Pearce’s engagement to Dr Ostrander* of N York. Mr W again took a carryall and went to Newton with H B Little M and myself. Visited Mr & Mrs Standfast Smith and Mrs Allen with whom I boarded last summer.

14th I went with Edward to call on Mrs Barrell daughter of Judge Ward who noticed him in Washington last winter. Several strangers here to dine and in the evening. Also Helen Pearce and her niece little Miss Guisinger,† Charles Ward E P & boys, &c at our usual Friday gathering.

15th A violent thunder storm about 4 AM – struck in N Allen S’ just back of us. Our B P W went to see his classmate Richardson‡ at Watertown.

17th Mr Erving here before we had finished breakfast. This is the 4th time he has come at that untimely hour. He has persuaded Mr W to accompany him to Plymouth and Duxbury tomorrow. Heard of the death of Dr Freeman’s sister in law Curtis at Newton.

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77 Mr. Erving and Mr. W. plan a trip to Plymouth, possibly to buy the old Winslow estate at Marshfield. The old John Winslow estate, “Plain Dealing.”

Journal. Summer of 1829. Visit of my Father to Plymouth.

Aug 19th. “Rainy day yesterday – so Mr W and Mr Erving postponed their visit to Plymouth – Today being fine they set off in the stage at 3 AM for Duxbury.” note I find among my Father’s correspondence some suggestions of a purchase by Mr Erving of the old Winslow estate at Marshfield toward which he seems to have been favorably inclined at one time. It was offered for sale on extremely low terms, I think about $1500 (fifteen hundred dollars)§ and my Father who had long wished for a country resort of some kind especially since the health of my Mother had declined, and whose family proclivities endeared to him the abode of his first ancestors, would probably have rented it of Mr E, – being unable or deeming it unadvisable to withdraw from his always slender capital the means for a personal ownership of the estate. This was one of the many instances of self denial, in consideration of his duty to others, and of the apparent will of God, with which my Father’s life abounded. I presume this expedition was made with a view to investigation of the premises by Mr Erving, but as the scheme was never carried out, they probably were thought undesirable property for investment. In fact Mr Daniel Webster who afterward purchased a large portion of the estate is said to have deeply involved himself by the needful improvements and buildings upon it,

among females everywhere, old and young…. The battle of Navarino, which secured Greek independence, was fought October 20, 1827, in which the Turkish and Egyptian navies were destroyed by the combined fleets of England, Russia and France, and so great an interest was felt at that time in Greek affairs that some ingenious originator of fashion invented a bonnet made of paper resembling cloth, and of the prevailing shape, with a crown a little turned up behind, and a front, which entirely concealed the face and chin from a side view, to which in order to attract attention and sales he gave the name of the battle. Every woman bought one, and every woman wore one, the streets were full of them, and in the meeting houses they were in their glory. But alas, they were fair weather bonnets, and like the feathers of a rooster, wore a most bedraggled and flopping appearance when exposed to the rain. The fashion was short lived, and went out like that of hoop skirts, as rapidly as it came in, while the world still wonders what became of them. (120-21)

* Ferdinand W. Ostrander, M.D. (1804-95). Licensed in 1828, he practiced in Brooklyn.

† Above, IV, 161 (where the name is spelled Guisinger).

‡ George Washington Richardson, A.M. (d.1886).

§ About $35,000 today using the CPI.
not to render the place commodious for a modern summer resort. Then at the period of my Father's visit, there was no railroad to Plymouth, and the communication with Boston would have been rare and difficult for a business man, so much occupied as he was. Besides Marshfield was, after all, not the residence of our own ancestor John Winslow. His estate of Plain Dealing, afterward occupied by Governor Prince and now by the Hedge family is about 1 mile and ½ north of Plymouth near Steart's Hill. “Steart's Hill,” says Russel's Guide to Plymouth, — so called by the first planters, is directly below the farm now owned by Mr. Barnabas Hedge on the sea shore, and is supposed to have been named from Start's Point, a place near Plymouth Eng. The house of Gov. Prence (or the John Winslow house) “stood a little south of that occupied by Mr. Hedge, and the place was called “Plain Dealing,” which name extended, it is believed to Kingston line. It would seem desirable to revive this ancient name of a place which was owned at different times by several distinguished men among the first planters.” My Father in his “Family Record” says — John Winslow moved from Plymouth to Boston in 1656 – being then 60 years old,” (his wife Mary Chilton probably about 54 or 55.) “Judge Mitchell states that all John’s family came to Boston with him except two daughters Mary & Anne.” Mary was married in Plymouth to Edward Gray, whose tombstone is the oldest now remaining in the Plymouth burying ground, date 1681. It is on the summit. “This Gray bought of his father in law, John Winslow, the Plymouth estate called “Plain Dealing,” and sold it to the Colony in 1662 for 95£ — when it became the residence of Govr Prince; — after his death it was bought by Mr Southworth, from whom Dr Shurtleff of Boston his son the Mayor descended. John Winslow also had a house and garden in new or North St Plymouth, in which street Gov Edward Winslow lived, also Josiah Winslow his brother.” So far the “Family Record.”

In the summer of 1868, my brother Edward and his wife Elizth my brother George’s widow Ellen, and I visited Plymouth, and took a drive to the Hedge place at “Plain Dealing” The present house is much like one of our suburban residences of the plainer sort, comfortable, neat, and unpretending. Mrs. Hedge gave us some apples from one of the old trees on the place, the seeds of which I planted at Jamaica Plain, but nothing came of them. The situation is very pretty, quite near the sea, yet rural, with little knolls and dells, brooks, groves, orchards, & meadows around. It was extremely quiet and retired, yet within easy reach of the town, the railroad, and of many pleasant walks and rides — There are beautiful ponds, brooks, and woods all around Plymouth, and the town itself, although some persons would call it dull, was to me pleasing and full of interest.

Mr. Erving an “oddity.” Comings and goings.

Journal resumed – Summer of 1829.

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2. Apparently an early spelling of Starts Hill (and spelled thus in Russell's Guide as quoted below).
4. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, Sr. was mayor of Boston from January, 1868 to January, 1871.
Aug 21st – “Just as the bell rang for dinner Mr Winslow made his appearance. This was an unexpected pleasure to us, as we did not look for his return so soon. He left Mr George Erving at Plymouth whence he is going to Philadelphia to spend the winter if he does not alter his mind, which he is very apt to do – being an oddity.” The “Oddity” however liked my Mother very much –, she always spoke her mind to him, and perhaps for this very reason he admired her. I have in my possession quite a remarkable letter which he wrote to my Father at the time of her death the ensuing winter which I shall insert in its proper place. It seems almost to deplore his unbelief in the principles which he must have seen that she as well as my Father so unselfishly revered and endeavored to carry out. He hated pretension to goodness, and that she certainly had not.

22nd “The old Quaker Mr Hanford dined here” – (note) he has been mentioned before as a frequent visitor, but I do not remember him particularly. My Father always liked the Quakers and talked much with this one upon religious subjects. “Edward D W arrived from Hartford to pass his vacation with us, and the Winslow girls returned from Exeter where they have had grand frolics, they say. Brought lots of love for all of us, from Eliza, Margaret, and Ellen, also letters to some of us, Brother Joshua Blanchard and his wife Timmins came and spent the evening with us. She is much recovered from her lameness, walks upright, and continues perfectly well in her mind, all which we have great reason to be thankful for. Had a considerable party this evening, mustered as it were, by accident.”

23rd Sunday. “Uncle Davis, Andrew Sparhawk, Eliza P and her son John, besides Edw D W who is staying with us and our own family at meeting. Our Edwd has gone with Arthur P to Scituate on a shooting trip – and Isaac to Nahant, so we did not have meeting in the afternoon. Little M went with her Aunt P to Dr Lowells. In the evening I took George and went to see Mrs Mary Bradford who has been quite sick but is better. Afterward had some sacred music.

80 Preparations for BPW’s Graduation.


Preparations for celebrating Commencement at Cambridge.

“A warm cloudy day; we are preparing for commencement,” getting a few things for a lunch at Cambridge.

† It will be recalled that she had had to be hospitalized for a mental illness in 1823 (above, IV, 91).

‡ August 22nd in this year was a Saturday, so this was not one of the Friday evening “usual gatherings.”

§ Margaret resumes her intermittent practice of beginning each line of a quoted passage with an opening quotation mark.

“Harvard Commencements at this period were extended two- or three-day affairs, civic occasions often attended by people from Boston with no immediate family graduating. There is a long account of the 1829 ceremonies by President Josiah Quincy’s daughter Maria Sophia first published many years later in The Harvard Graduates’ Magazine, 26, No. 104 (1918), 575-83. http://books.google.com/books?id=-5AABAAAAMAAJ&pg=PA575&dq=harvard+commencement+1829&hl=en&ei=K5jlS-LOPIWwswPFqs3RCw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=1&ved=0CBcQ6AEwAA - v=onepage . It includes this editorial insertion:
and I have not been for thirty years before. Isaac came back from Nahant this morning, and Edward & Arthur P returned from Duxbury, having also visited the old Winslow mansion at Marshfield Our BP went to Cambridge and returned in the afternoon.

25th Tuesday This is a fine day,— cool E wind. Two Misses Haven of Philadelphia called this morning — they are going back tomorrow — they are in mourning for old Mr Andrew Cunningham their stepmother’s father, who has just died. E Pickering and E Chase also here. The latter informed us of the dangerous illness of James Sullivan Mr William Sullivan’s eldest son. It will be a great loss to his family, for he is said to be the best of the sons. Edward Winslow the elder arrived today from the south by way of New York and Newport. We had him and his son Edward Davis W, B Winslow the elder and our Edward all to dine with us, so we were pretty full of Uncles and Nephews” Note. It must have been a pretty substantial dinner to make the Uncles and Nephews all full. “Eliza P also came to tea.”

26th Wednesday. “A fine cool day for Commencement. Mr Winslow took a carriage in which I went with him, his brother Edward, Eliza P, our Margaret and the provisions to Cambridge about 9½. Stopped at the Meeting House door and Edward W Sen, EP, and our M got out to hear the exercises, while Mr W and I rode on, with the prog* to B P W’s rooms at the college called Holworthy.” Note (some one had, in fun, told Mother that it was called “Old Worthy.”) “I staid there most of the day. After he had deposited E P and M in the meeting house, old Edward came to the rooms; then he and Mr Winslow took a long walk.

Commencement at Harvard
Journal
Aug 1829.

and afterward went again to the Meeting House. I amused myself with laying out a side table with Ham, Tongues, Crackers, cheese, fruit, &c, of which the people partook as they came in one after another, when the exercises of the day were over. Besides our carriage party there were BW the elder and his son Ben, and his daughters Amory and Catherine, — Mr Clarke and Mr Davis, our B’s classmates; also Clarke’s Father, Mother, and Sister, and some young ladies with them. Then came Edward D Winslow, and Arthur William and John Pickering all of whom partook of my collation. Meanwhile Mr W and his brother EW took a snooze in the bed room. Afterward they went with little M and myself to Parkman’s building where tables were laid out for 500 persons, the President and Governor† officers of the College, Tutors, Graduates, &c: The tables looked very nice. We went up to see the Chapel and reciting room in the second story of the building: after which Mr W and I called on Mrs Newell who lives in a pretty little box surrounded by a small garden. We returned to our party and tried to get a carriage, as we had dismissed the one we came out in. But we could

[The Commencement programme is here inserted {i.e., within Ms. Quincy’s ms.}, with notes on the “parts” of William Henry Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Oliver Wendell Holmes — “amusing” — and others. Dr. Holmes’s poem is not to be found in his printed works. His class secretary defined it as “a humorous and characteristic poem, the chief objection to which was its brevity.” Another chronicler, the Rev. George Whitney, of Roxbury, wrote of it: “Instead of a spiritual muse he invoked for his goddesses the ladies present, and in so doing he sang very amusingly of his ‘hapless amour with too tall a maid.’”]

The day’s exercises appear to have lasted from some time in the morning to 4 p.m., when the attendees proceeded to the large reception described by Margaret’s mother below. The next day’s ceremony centered on the Phi Beta Kappa initiation and was likewise attended by a broad audience from the community.

* Provisions. And see above, IV, 146n.

† Levi Lincoln, Jr. (1782–1868), who was Governor of Massachusetts 1825-34.
not easily procure one, so concluded to walk home by the Craigie’s bridge road, and got home about 8 PM – BPW, EDW, Arthur and William P all went with the Winslow girls to Miss Fuller’s to pass the evening. I was pretty tired when I got home. We found our Edward waiting for us He could not go out to Cambridge as his partner Charles Ward was very sick. 

**Aug 27th** Another fine cool day. Edward D W, our George, and the Pickering boys are all gone to Cambridge where there is a Poem and an oration to be spoken. Our BP came into town this morning, but went directly back to Cambridge and then came driving in again PM to go with Wm P to a drill of the N England guards. 

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>82</th>
<th>Comings and goings.</th>
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<td>Continuation of Journal. August 1829.</td>
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Little M and little Miss Guisenger went down to Edward’s store and he took them out to the Norfolk House to hear a band of music Mr W went out in “the Hourly” and walked home with them. Edward W the elder took his trunks and went out there to board, for the summer.

**Aug 28th** A fine clear cool day. Our M went down to see her Aunt Pickering who is not well. BP went out again to Cambridge to bid farewell and get his things together. He returned to town about eleven o’clock. In the evening young Phillips, Benjamin’s classmate was here to see him, also Wm Pickering, Capt Seaver of the Halifax packet and a nephew of his. Ed D W had gone with his Uncle Benjamin to visit Amory and Cath who are staying out at Mrs Hickmans – Our Edward dropped in and then went down to Aunt Pickering’s and walked out to the Norfolk House with his Uncle Edward.

**Aug 29th** Cloudy and raw East wind, looks like a storm gathering. Miss Ayers and Miss Wilde daughter of Judge Wild here to call this morning. Thomas and George both came home sick. I had to dose them. Edward the elder and his son Edward D dined here – BW the elder here to tea. E D went down to his Aunt Pickering’s for our M and both got a wetting, as it rained. Cool enough this last week for a fire.

**Sun 30th** Fine day rather warmer. Uncle Davis, E P and her boys here at meeting – latter again in the evening – also George Channing who helped the boys sing sacred music.

**on 31st** A very fine day. EDW returned from the Norfolk House where he passed the night. Benjamin P, Thomas and William Pickering all went out to encamp near there with the N England guards. George and John Pickering went out to see them pitch their tents, Eliza P, Margaret and I walked over to see Mrs Buttrick, daughter of Mr Sam King, at Leechmere Point.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>83</th>
<th>A grand military review on the Common and a reception at Leverett St.</th>
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<td>September – 1829.</td>
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**Tues 1st** A fine day and a grand military review on the Common We have been all the morning employed in arranging the tables for the entertainment of Captain Isaac Winslow’s company the “Winslow Blues.” At one o’clock after Parade the Company is to march to our

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* An hourly stage from Boston to Roxbury started in 1826.
† George William Phillips, with whom BPW lived during their rustication and see above, IV, 161.
‡ Misspelling of Lechmere Point, which was at the end of Craigie’s bridge on the Charlestown and Cambridge side of the Charles. It is now the site of the Lechmere Canal Park.
house and have a collation of Ham, Beef, Chicken, bread, cheese, fruit &c. E Pickering and our Margaret walked up to see the Parade on the Common. By some misunderstanding Isaac’s company were not allowed to quit the line till nearly 3 PM, so that they had but an hour to eat the lunch which to the men was really a dinner. Isaac came home himself first to receive them, and his lieutenant marched them down in order with their drums and fifes. After a little maneuvering they were commanded to ground arms in our front grass plats and were dismissed from the ranks. They then went to work washing their hands and faces in numerous basins outside of the house after which they came in to lunch. They made the most of their time in dispatching the prog – and sang two or three songs, and then were all called to fall in, and were marched off by Captain Isaac Winslow to the common for a sham fight and other maneuvers. While they were here, we had a number of heads out of the windows to look at them and they made a very handsome appearance on the grass in front of the house, and behaved very well throughout their stay. After they left Mr Winslow went with Eliza P, Margaret and myself up to the old Hancock House to see the show of troops. Mr W left us there and went to “the Store” ["] (that is his compting house) ["] We were joined by Mrs Hudgens & son and our George. Our Edward and Arthur P took tea with us – Also young Davis one of Benjamin’s classmates. Capt I Winslow came home quite late, he had been on his feet from six o’clock in the morning and I was afraid he would be sick – also the young N England guardsmen, who had a fatiguing march in from Roxbury, but did not parade on the common and I was glad they did not; it was so hot –

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<th>Journal</th>
<th>September 1829 — —  Leverett 3rd</th>
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<td>3rd Brother Joshua Blanchard and his wife Timmins, Miss Mary and Anna Cotton took tea with us. Eliza Pickering came to meet them. After tea they all went to a society meeting at the house of a Mr Seaver corner of Staniford and Cambridge Sts. Mr W Henrietta and Arthur Pickering went with them. The question to be discussed in this meeting is “Whether the obscurity of the Bible is not the reason, why its precepts do not have more influence upon the minds &amp; hearts of its readers.” It seems that very few persons were present at the meeting, and Mr Winslow, nothing loth, had to take up the argument with brother Joshua – One or two others spoke a little. Our Edward drank tea here, and went afterward to see Helen Pearce at Miss Russel’s before he took the eight o’clock “Hourly” out to the Norfolk House. All the boys had been invited to Miss R’s but would not go.</td>
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<tr>
<td>4th Eliza Pickering and Helen Pearce went with us to see the new Hotel called the Tremont House,* just finished. I was disappointed with the interior, which has a narrow contracted appearance compared with the exterior of the building, being divided into small entries and rooms except the drawing and dining rooms which are handsome. We met there our cousin Benjamin Pollard† whom I had not seen for some time. Mr W came to meet us with a stranger Mr Andrews of New York whom he took home to dine with us. Helen Pearce also returned with us to dinner. We found Wm Waldo here and our Edward but the latter went down to dine with his Aunt Pickering. – All the boys went out in the afternoon to play bowls at the Norfolk House; BP went out to see the Winslow girls at Newton and to stay all night with James Clarke. Isaac waited on Helen Pearce home and Mr W went home with his sister</td>
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* Above, II, 49 and n.
† Above, IV, 47.
Eliza Pickering, none of the boys having returned till late from Roxbury – Edward went out there to sleep as usual.

**Journal**  
Visit to Nahant.

**Sept 4th** – Being a fine morning we concluded to make our long projected trip to Nahant. Accordingly Mrs Pickering and son Arthur, H Blanchard George and Margaret walked over to Foster’s wharf and embarked in the Steamboat. I took a carriage with bundles and handbox™ and rode to the wharf – Mr Winslow came down to see us off but did not go with us. The wind freshened up and we had rather a cold blustering time of it. After we had deposited our things at Rice’s† and bespoken our dinner we sallied out for a walk among the rocks – some of the party fished from the rocks catching a few Perch,‡ some Flounders and Sculpans§ – We all caught great appetites for our dinner which was excellent. At tea time we were surprised by the addition of Mr William Lawson and Isaac to our party; they came down in the afternoon boat, Mr L having just arrived from N York on his way to Halifax. Soon they all adjourned to the bowling alley and amused themselves till dark.

**Sept 8th** A very cold blustering day, cloudy and stormy – Impossible for me to put my head out of doors – very unfortunate for our Nahant visit, we had waited 10 days for some warm pleasant weather, to come here. Eliza Pickering and our Margaret contrived to buffet the weather for a walk and got a book from the little Nahant Library. The other folks amused themselves bowling in the Alley, and in the evening Isaac and Mr Lawson played chess with a chessboard made out of a sheet of stiff paper and chessmen carved out of raw potatoes and carrots – thus they contrived to pass away the time with plenty of fun and frolicking.

**Sept 9th** Still blustering but not so cold as yesterday. We took a walk over the rocks intending to go to “Swallow’s Cove” and “Spouting Horn” but it was too windy and we went to see if the Steamboat got in, so as to go home in her, (she did not come yesterday on account of the storm). Mr Lawson, Isaac, Arthur Pickering George went on board when she arrived. But Mr Winslow having driven a Carryall down for us, E Pickering, H Blanchard, Little M and I rode up with him to town, Stopped for a lunch and to rest the horse at Lynn, and arrived home about dinner time, just after Mr Lawson and the boys had finished theirs – Found an invitation from Misses Phillips to meet some New Orleans ladies at their house – so Mrs Pickering, Henrietta Margaret and I went there to tea. Mr W and our BP came there in the evening – Mr Lawson went to the Italian Opera.

**Sept 10th** Rather warmer and very pleasant. Uncle Davis called in while we were at breakfast. I made an engagement to meet Mr W at Betsey Lecain’s boarding house, to call on Mr & Mrs

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™ Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: “a usu. cylindrical box of pasteboard or thin wood for holding light articles of attire (as ruffs, collars, hats).”

† Said to be the first public house of any account at Nahant, its proprietor was a Mr. J. Rice.

‡ Perhaps white perch, which is not a true perch, but of the bass family. It is found in coastal waters.

§ Misspelling of *sculpins*. 

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Bowman and some ladies from New York who are staying there. They were all out, but in the afternoon they came to see us in a carriage; Mr & Mrs B a Miss Smith and our old acquaintance Mr Darby. They then went to Bunker Hill, The Navy Yard, Cambridge colleges, & Mr Lawson who had been introduced to them, went also, and called on them in the evening, being much taken with pretty Miss Smith and her sister. Isaac also called on them and came home with Mr Lawson. H B passed this day with Mrs Perkins, daughter of Mrs Lakeman† with whom she formerly boarded. E Chase called and presented me with a cap which she had made for me. Edward W the elder dined with us and afterward went to take tea with his sister E Pickering. Our BP rode with his Uncle B out to see Amory & Catharine at Newton. Margaret returned this morning to school, after 3 weeks’ vacation. Sept 11th Today warmer. Had a call from Mrs Warren of Plymouth and her daughter Mrs Torrey[?]. In the evening our Edward brought his fellow boarder Mr Lang to tea; he has been here several times. W Pickering also brought a fellow clerk at Mr Lord’s a young Mr Callender, and we had a Mr Riley and Robert Manners. Mr Lawson went to a party at Mrs Samuel Appleton’s. Ed W Sen dined here as he does nearly every day. Sept 13th Sunday – Mr Lawson staid at home to our meeting. E Pickering & son John Uncle Davis, Oliver and Andrew Sparhawk also here. EP and her brother Edward came in the evening. Some of the boys rode with BW Sen†

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<tr>
<th>87</th>
<th>Flexible Sabbatarians.</th>
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<td>Sept 1829.</td>
<td>Sunday keeping.</td>
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out to Newton. Wm Lawson and Isaac, EDW and our BPW in a Carryall[“] note (My father, although far from being a bigotted Sabatarian would never ride on Sundays lest his example should lead others to do it, and this, as I think I have before observed, even although it was his only leisure day and my Mother’s health required it. He always occupied the afternoon in visiting poor relations, old Sandemanian friends, or other objects of Christian sympathy whom he had no time to see on week days. But in this as in other things – theatre going, card playing, &c he did not choose to control the consciences of young people around him, after they were of an age to judge for themselves. This freedom if it did not produce a religious atmosphere in the family, at least kept it free from one of cant, restraint, formalism, or hypocrisy. Sunday was any thing but a day of gloom in our house. There was perhaps more going and coming than usual. But the heads of the family my Father, my Mother, Aunt Henrietta were all sincerely and consistently religious in principle and conduct, and young people very early realize this important fact. With me, for one it overbalanced many perhaps irreverent ongoings during our Sunday meetings by “the boys.” Yet I must say that, in the education of a family, it seems as if a more sacred tone might be given to “the Christian’s perpetual Easter”,‡ without making it other than a day of innocent happiness, freedom, and social intercourse. This was I know the earnest wish of my Father’s heart; but it is not easy to carry out such ideas in an extended circle, many of whose members are without or beyond the control of a single mind, however desirous of their true welfare. At all events to be successful, such a plan should be begun when children are quite young, and with the earnest

* Or possibly she means Derby? Above, V, 61.
† Above, IV, 78.
‡ At this period, “perpetual Easter” was a common characterization of Sunday, though I cannot locate an origin of this phrase.
self-denying co-operation of parents and older relatives. Now every thing of this nature is devolved upon Ministers and Sunday school teachers: Poor substitutes these for what should be the holy influences of a Christian Home:

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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>A Cotillion in the south parlor at Leverett St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1829</td>
<td>Leverett St</td>
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<tr>
<td>Journal</td>
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</table>
| Sept 17th | "["Began fine yesterday. Mr Wm Lawson sailed for Halifax in the packet ‘George Henry’; he is a fine young man and we shall miss him very much. We hear that Helen Pierce is to be married in about three weeks and E Chase in about a month. All of us went to a tea party at Mrs Willis’ in Purchase St. Amory and Catharine told us while making a call here this morning that they had just returned from their Aunt Perkins’ wedding – She was married by Dr Gardiner at the North Church, Trinity Church of which Mr Doane is Rector not being quite finished."

18th Edward Winslow one and two dined here and with EW3 were at our Friday evening party, In the South parlor where the carpets have been up ever since Isaac’s military reception they got up a Cotillion by the Piano, and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Our company, besides the Edwards 1, 2, & 3 and our own boys, consisted of EP and her boys, B Winslow the elder, his daughters, and Miss Foster and Miss Lee, a fellow pupil at Bonfils’ school, Miss Bradley and Miss Coffin, M’s school friends, Mr Coffin, who called for his daughter, Miss Foster’s father, and old Mr Frazer of Duxbury."

One of the early celebrations of the Boston Horticultural Society took place this month at the “Exchange Hotel” A dinner with the tables adorned with fruit and flowers very tastefully by Mrs Cooke of Dorchester and her niece Miss Haden[?] or Haven. The Journal says “a great crowd went to view the tables – Edward took our Margaret there from school – and BPW and EDW escorted a whole body of young ladies — the Misses Lee, Foster, Randal, Hill, and Amory & Cath’ Winslow. Edw D Winslow left us at 9 oclock this evening to return to his studies at Hartford college. Heard of Charles Miller’s death in N York, where he had resided for 20 years in consequence of a fatal duel with the son of old Dr Rand of Boston. William Howe, son of the Sandemanian Howe, has just lost a daughter of 19 by

89 Hearing of deaths and illnesses. Margaret’s mother finally meets Miss Randall. James Clarke’s sleep-over.

RAND, ——, AND CHARLES MILLER. At Dorchester Point (now South Boston), Mass. In 1801, on Sunday morning, with pistols. The first, a son of Dr. Isaac Rand, an eminent physician of Boston; the last a grandson of Rev. Ebenezer Miller, D. D., a clergyman of great learning and ability, of Quincy, Mass.

Both were citizens of Boston. Rand (I think) was of his father’s profession; Miller, a successful merchant. The cause of the affair was Miller’s attentions to a young lady. The late
consumption. We hear also of the dangerous illness of Mr John Cotton, and Mr Willis’ eldest son Frank.”

Sept 22nd “Our M and some of the boys passed the evening at Miss Foster’s where A & C Winslow, Miss Lee, Miss Randall &c were BP’s classmates Clarke & Davis, also W Pickering drank tea here & went; The boys escorted the young ladies home. Edward, Arthur P, his mother, & HB had all gone out in a Carryall to take tea with Mrs Andrews.

Sept 24th “HB, the Winslow girls, their Father and Uncle Edward all down at E Pickerings to tea – called in here on their way back. The girls say their Father & Uncle acted more like boys than their nephews did – All took leave after paying their respects to Mrs Warren my old domestic who has just returned from the country – She is an old acquaintance of Edw & BW the elder, they having been lads like our boys when she first lived with us.

Sept 25th Our Edward had his bedstead carried from here to Monsieur Bertaux a Frenchman with whom he is going to board this winter.

Sept 26th HB, Margaret and I went down to E Pickering’s, Barton S’, to tea. The Winslow girls, Miss Lee, and Miss Randall were there. This is the first time I had the pleasure of seeing Miss R, though I have heard a great deal of her. She has a very pretty face, but a bad figure short and rather clumsy. She appears to me something of a Coquette, which I am very sorry to see, as BP seems much pleased with her. I am afraid she will give him trouble. She, sang and played on the Guitar very prettily, and afterward played chess with Wm Pickering. The young folks had some waltzing by BPW’s flute – Mr Winslow & Edw BP & George, and Ben D Winslow* were all the beaux. I got quite out of breath coming home to Leverett St.

Governor Eustis of Massachusetts (at that time a physician in practice) was on the ground as surgeon. Rand was accompanied by a brother; Miller, by Lieutenant Lewis Warrington, who was subsequently a post-captain in the United States navy, and was distinguished in the war of 1812. Rand was the challenger. Two shots were exchanged. Miller discharged his first pistol in the air, and then asked his antagonist “if he was satisfied.” The reply of Rand’s second was in the negative. Miller — who had frequently amused himself with the pistol with the officers stationed at Fort Independence, and who had acquired great reputation as a marksman — then said: “If I fire again, Mr. Rand will surely fall.” The parties resumed their position, and at the word fired. Rand was shot through the right breast, and died upon the spot.

A gentleman who was at Fort Independence at the moment of the duel, and who, with three or four others, immediately after it jumped into a boat and rowed to the Point, informs me, that when he arrived Rand lay dead upon the beach, alone, with an empty pistol near him; that he was gayly dressed; and that he saw Mr. Withington of Dorchester (who, as coroner, came with a jury) take Miller’s acceptance of his challenge from his pocket. This gentleman remarks, that a fishing-vessel was at anchor off the Point, and that some three or four hundred workmen, officers, and soldiers were at the Fort, but that, as far as he was ever able to ascertain, the reports of the pistols were not heard by a single person among them all.

Miller departed Massachusetts on the very day his antagonist fell. He was indicted for murder in the county of Norfolk, but was never tried or arrested. The indictment against him was missing from the files of the court as early as the year 1808 or 1809. His home, ever after the deed, was in New York, where his life was secluded, though in the possession of an ample fortune. He lived a bachelor. He died in 1829, leaving an only-brother. (333)

It seems that either Rand the duelist or, perhaps more likely, his brother was Edward Rand, Isaac’s “old Boston acquaintance … son of Dr. Rand on Boston,” and whom he had happened to meet while in Naples in 1796 and who had recently been released by Barbary pirates (above, III, 29).

* Benjamin Davis Winslow, son of uncle Benjamin.
Sun 27th Eliza P & her boys, our Edw & Andrew Sparhawk here at meeting. Our Edw dined here – Also James Clarke – he went with BPW to some meeting in the afternoon

and returned here to stay all night. Oliver Sparhawk was also here to day and told us his Father is better: he had been dangerously sick, but has now gone to Portsmouth. Edward went to Dr Channing’s meeting PM with his Aunt Henrietta and our M drank tea at Miss Cotton’s and went with her Uncle Blanchard to a meeting for the poor. He brought her home at 9 eveng. Wm P and Thomas at Dorchester. Thomas took tea at Dr Harris’ the minister. Arthur P here in the evening

Sept 28th Clarke still here dined and slept – Mr W, HB &EP went to see Mary Blanchard at Roxbury. Margaret and I went shopping. Mr Apthorpe brother to George Apthorpe here at tea. BW the elder had a fall and hurt his foot badly.

Sept 30th A very fine day after the rain. Great review of Militia on the Common. Isaac, Thomas and BP all turned out in their uniforms. BP had a slight bayonet wound, and some gunpowder in his face – All came home at night wet, dirty and tired. Mr Thomas Smith from S America here in the evening on business with Mr Winslow – also EP, her son Wm and Edw W the elder, just returned from Portsmouth and Exeter where he saw the girls[“] (Houstons) [“]Margaret and Ellen were at Lieutenant Long’s in Portsmouth. Eliza at home. All sent love.

Oct 1st Fine clear but cold day – We took possession of our South parlor for the winter. Sarah Harris of Dorchester called and brought me some flowers in the forenoon. – Harriet Stark called in the afternoon – She is on her way to Washington with Mr Hill and family of Concord NH – she asked us if we had any commands for the south or President Jackson whom she means to visit. Mary Hudgens came in while she was here and they had a great deal to say to each other. H Stark gives us a bad account of the health of Mr Samuel Sparhawk who has removed from Concord to his brother’s farm near Portsmouth for the winter being very feeble.

Note – This excellent man, one of the purest and most consistent Christians who ever lived, had been involved in a theological difference of opinion with his friend and co-leader in the Sandemanian church of Portsmouth, Mr Humphreys. – This according to the strict literalism of that society upon unity of opinion caused Mr Sparhawk’s separation from all religious and even social communion with his nearest friends, not on his part, but on theirs; from a conscientious mistake of certain scripture texts.– This occasioned him a severe and lifelong affliction, which added to his faithful application to duty as Secretary of State in N Hampshire and Cashier of the Bank of Concord for many years, and his constant exertions for his family, his connections, his townsmen, and everyone whom he could serve or benefit, wore down his naturally delicate constitution, and after much suffering, terminated his life some few years after this period – From Portsmouth however he removed with his family to Brookline near Boston, being then placed under the medical care of Dr Jackson for two years. He then took possession of a tract of land which was an ancient
“crown grant” to the family, – situated in Conway NH; had a house built upon it, and settled there in 1832, but died about two years afterward, the climate being probably too severe for him. He was buried in a little family grave yard on his estate, still left sacred and unmolested, although the farm, and that of his brother next to it, have both passed into the hands of strangers. His family resided there for about eight years after his death, and his eldest son Oliver, – was buried there, together with his brother George and several members of his family. Afterward Mr S Sparhawk’s family removed to Kittery Maine and then to Amesbury Mass, where his son is a Physician,—

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<th>92</th>
<th>Samuel Sparhawk continued.</th>
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<td>Digression – Mr Samuel Sparhawk.</td>
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worthy of such a father, in heart and principle.

His Character

The character of this early friend of my Father, with whose family my Grandfather was also connected both by his first marriage and by a close religious sympathy in the Sandemanian Society, – is illustrated by a few anecdotes related to me by his daughter, my dear sister in law and love, Elizabeth, wife of my brother EW He united with the church in Portsmouth of which his father had been an “Elder” at the age of fifteen, and from that time was one of its most serious and earnest members, until the separation above mentioned took place, on account of a difference of opinion, I think, concerning “the two natures of Christ.” He was a reverent and constant student of the Scriptures, and his whole life was guided by their precepts, as he understood them. He devoted himself to his widowed mother and fatherless sister, and was the reliance of all his family connections in Portsmouth and elsewhere. In 1803 or 4 he married Elizabeth McKinstry, whose father had been a surgeon in the British Army and had left Boston with Gen Howe at the time of its evacuation only to be buried on George’s island in the harbor, as he died on board the fleet* – his widow and family were carried to Halifax among the Sandemanians, but most of them afterward returned to this country – three daughters married here, Mrs Stark, Mrs Willis and Mrs Sparhawk of Concord NH

The latter, although not equal to her husband in mind and character, was a woman of considerable reading and intelligence, and made him a domestic and Hospitable home. It was the constant resort of a large circle of connections, and the shelter of all who needed one, besides being the source of unfailing aid for Townsfolk and neighbors.

In the yellow fever panic at Concord of 18——† Mrs S made with her own hands nourishing articles for the sick, and Mr S went fearlessly among them to help and to comfort all who needed.

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<th>Samuel Sparhawk continued.</th>
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<td>Mr Samuel Sparhawk</td>
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Another instance of quiet heroism is mentioned of him while a resident of Concord. The State prison at that place was filled with rough and desperate criminals who contrived a revolt against their janitors‡ and assembled in the yard of the Prison with such a threatening

* Above, I, 123.
† Probably intended to be filled in later.
‡ Here probably in the sense of doorkeepers or turnkeys.
aspect that none of the Jailers dared to go in among them. The Prison Directors were sent for and assembled in council, but were equally daunted and non plussed. At length Mr S quietly offered to go unarmed among them, and to the horror of the Directors was locked in, while they looked through the gratings as at one thrown to wild beasts in their cage. Calmly and quietly he moved among the fierce frowning men, speaking a few words to one, and another, and another; – the frowns released as he passed, the fierceness melted away, the rebels laid down their threatening weapons of heavy tools, and when the gates were opened, the whole mass submitted to their keepers and returned to work as usual. Equally great was the confidence placed in Mr S by the Bank Directors of Concord and by the State authorities of N Hampshire, and in the long years of his service in both departments, that confidence was never deceived. He was selected to represent the State, among others, at the time of Lafayette’s visit to America, and was one of the N Hampshire delegation who dined with him at the grand banquet on Boston common and were commissioned to invite him into N Hampshire.

Mr S was, in politics, a federalist; but seldom took any active part in them, except at the time of Gen’l Jackson’s election to the Presidency; which, with all the old Washington party, he strongly opposed; foreseeing the corruption which has ever since prevailed in the Democratic party whenever they have attained power and place in the local or general councils of that nation, and especially in N Hampshire, led by Isaac Hill’s democratic paper.

94 Weddings of Miss Helen Pearce and Miss Elizabeth Chase.


October. The principal events of this month were the two weddings of Miss Helen Pearce and Miss Elizabeth Chase, both heiresses and orphans, both in some sort wards and protegees of my Father. The former was to be married at the house of her Aunt Miss Russel in Walnut S’ – the latter at that of Mrs Wolcott in Franklin S’ both at that time rather aristocratic houses of the old style. For these weddings there was considerable preparation in the matter of dress for our plain ways, and both my Mother and Aunt Henrietta rather dreaded the occasions, but thought it incumbent on them to be present. Neither of the marriages proved very happy ones, I believe.’

Oct 7th “We had† notes of invitation this morning to attend Miss Helen Pearce’s wedding which is to be at 10 AM tomorrow – after which she receives her friends and leaves town with Dr Ostrander for Providence, at twelve; thence for N York and Philadelphia – Her niece, little Sarah Guisenger, is going with them to Philadelphia, and our Thomas as far as N York for a trip of business and pleasure combined.

Oct 8th A fine day – We were early in a bustle dressing and getting ready for the wedding: a very awkward hour for it – 10 o’clock in the morning! Eliza Pickering called in a carriage for us at a quarter before ten – Mr W, Henrietta, Edward and Thomas, Little M and I all went; We were ushered up to take off our things in Miss Russel’s chamber; and then into an

† A query posted on a genealogical forum includes the information that Helen “died in 1831, 4 days after giving birth to her second son, Russell Winslow Ostrander. She was also the mother of Charles Ostrander b. 1830,” as well as that “Helen died in St. Louis, and was buried in Louisville KY.”

http://genforum.genealogy.com/ostrander/messages/541.html

‡ Margaret resumes her intermittent practice of beginning each line of a quoted passage with an opening quotation mark.
assemblage of about thirty ladies, young and old, in the front drawing room. The folding doors of the back drawing room were soon opened, and in came the bride Miss Helen, Champaign, Ardell, Pearce and her Bridegroom Dr Frederick Ostrander (who had previously been at our house) his brother who was groomsman, and four Bridesmaids, Miss Williams, Miss Homer, Miss Soley, and another (Miss Adams) whose name I have forgotten. Mr Potter, clergyman of S’Paul’s performed the ceremony, and old Mr Homer, her Uncle, gave her away. She looked very pale but soon recovered. Every thing went off very well, and so did the cake of which there was a short pattern to give everyone a taste of course none to carry home.

95

A little brooch.

Journal

First visit of my brother Thomas to New York.

Soon after we got home young Mr Soley came here in a chaise to take Thomas and his trunk to the stage, where he met the bridal party – Dr Ostrander’s brother and two of the bridesmaid’s went on to N York with them. Quite a party altogether.

In the afternoon we received cards for another wedding, that of Miss Elizabeth Chase and Dr John C Howard on the 14th, Madam Howard’s birthday – She sent cards for a supper at her house, though the wedding is to be at Mrs Wolcotts’ – the Bride is to receive calls at her own new house in Tremont Place at 12, on the 17th & 19th.

Oct 12th Edw Winslow Sen’ sailed for Charlestown. I bought a small pearl brooch with Mr W’s hair and mine, and initials on the back for H Blanchard perhaps she will value it some day.”

Note. After 43 years, I remember as well, going with my Mother to purchase this little brooch, as if it were yesterday. – Many years after her marriage, Aunt Henrietta gave it to me, and there is a curious incident connected with it which bears on the subject of faith so strikingly, that it ought to be recorded. In wearing it on one occasion, it was lost in the fields back of our place at Woodside Roxbury, – and I was greatly grieved, not for the thing as a trinket, but for its precious memories. – I had rambled a long and circuitous way through meadows, woods, & fields:- the grass was high, and the little brooch, about half an inch in length, was much more unlikely to be found than “a needle in a bundle of hay”, or a needle in acres of hay – Yet in answer to the simplest request (for love’s sake,) it was restored as wonderfully as if it dropped from above; – and ever since, although invisible to other eyes, its inscription to me has been, for great things and for small, (if innocent and right,) “Ask and it shall be given you.”

Oct 13th “I gave Henrietta the little pearl pin with Mr W’s and my hair in it, and our initials, “I and MW” – on the back – she seemed pleased with it.”

* Presumably either Margaret or her mother is drawing attention to Helen’s several middle names with these underlinings and commas.

† Meaning portion. See also above, V, 36n.

‡ Misspelling of Ostrander.

§ She is writing therefore in 1872.

** Matthew 7: 7.
Thus three dear names are associated with the little keepsake and the condescending, 
ininitely condescending, fatherly love of God with whom there are no little things where 
love is concerned.

Oct 14th [“A very fine day; – the great, the important day when Miss Elizabeth Chase 
is to give up liberty and become a Matron, to leave the name of her Father and take 
that of Howard. The wedding, the supper and the whole thing are so utterly uncongenial to 
my feelings, that I would avoid them if I could.” This was said as a mother, and as a woman 
disliking all parade, fashion, and show. But now that she and so many are gone who attended 
that wedding both bride and bridegroom included, now that events have shewn that “beauty 
is deceitful and favor is vain”, and that in the long run “The woman who feareth the Lord 
shall be praised”; * my dear Mother must or will look very differently upon all things. Blessed 
be God who disappoints our wishes so often for our true happiness. 

“Not what we wish but what we want

Let Wisdom still supply:

The good unasked, in mercy grant, –

The ill, thought asked, – deny.”†

Note – “We all commenced “rigging” for the wedding about 5 PM – Margaret called at Mr 
Berteaux to see her brother Edward who had promised her a ring for the occasion – he went 
with her to purchase it. About half past six the carriage came, and in it rode Mr W, 
Henrietta, I and little M. E Pickering and Mrs Bradford had another carriage –. The 
Pickering boys and ours walked to Mrs Wolcott’s Franklin Place, where we found, Mrs 
Sargent and sons – Dr Gardiner and wife, Dr and Mrs Lowell, Mrs Wainwright, Mr 
Winthrop and Frank & William Waldo, also our brother B W, Sen, Mr Winthrop and Mr 
Howard Sargent were groomsmen, and the Miss Howards were bridesmaids.” (note I think 
but am not sure that there were two more) I know they all, to my childish eyes looked very 
magnificent as they rustled in with their silks and satins and laces – The bride and groom 
both very handsome, and

Hints of the eventual unhappiness of the marriage.

Note – setting out in life with every advantage of youth, fortune, good position in, society, 
friends, and a pretty, well furnished home to go to. Alas! What are all these, without “the one 
thing needful”?‡

* Proverbs 31: 30: “Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”

† Attributed to C.M. Merrick and much anthologized, it appears as Hymn 289 in James Martineau, ed., *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home* (London: Longman, Greene, 1859). Margaret slightly misquotes the last stanza:

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts supply;
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

‡ Luke 10: 42.
Journal – “Dr Lowell performed the marriage ceremony, after which we had we had coffee, cake, and wine handed round. About half past eight we all rode to Madam Howard’s house in Chesnut’s, where we found Dr Lowell’s son and daughters and some young men acquaintances of the Miss Howards. – In about half an hour after our arrival, the folding doors of the drawing room were thrown open, and a very magnificent supper table appeared, served in handsome style, at which we all, sat down; and the occasion proved more easy and sociable than we had expected.” (Note One of the toasts by young Sargent was – “The Chase is over, the Deer† is ours.”)

[“]After the supper was over, an immense Plum Cake was placed on the table, which was cut up in style by Mr Howard Sargent, and handed down in plates. –Afterward I assisted Mrs Howard in putting up large pieces for every person to take home. Our Edward was not present at all, and Isaac did not attend the supper – having hurt his eye, which was quite painful; so he returned home from Mrs Wolcott’s. The rest of us got home about eleven PM–

So ends this eventful night, and I cannot realize that Eliz[th] has deserted us all, and thrown herself into the arms of strangers. – But she is married now, and so rest all the pretentions, coquetties and heart burnings of her contending admirers. – The family with whom she has connected herself are respectable. – May she be happy, and may they prove as kind to her as her own would have done, had she permitted them to do so.”

The family were kind and excellent; especially Madam Howard and her daughters Mrs Sage now widow of Dr Wayland, and the present Mrs Dr Bartol both lovely women. But the marriage itself was, a sad one.

98 Parties for the newly married couple. Visit from Mr. Loring of the Hartford Asylum.

Journal
Oct 1829
Fri 23rd “We are very busy to day preparing for an invited party to meet the new married couple. Madam Howard and her sister Mrs Sargent declined coming, so the wedding party consisted only of Dr Howard, his bride, and two sisters, and his cousin Howard Sargent; We had also Misses Jane and Frances Simpson and their brother, Mr and Mrs Osias Goodwin, Miss Chapman and brother, Mr and Mrs Kinsman, Mrs Mary Bradford, Mrs Hudgens, Mrs Pickering and her three boys, Amory & Catharine W and their father. – These were the invited guests. The volunteers‡ were Mr & Mrs Dixon and Miss Penhallow and a Miss Hazenly with them, Miss Lee[“] (fellow boarder of Amory & Cath at Mr Bonfils’ school) [“]Frank & William Waldo and our Edward. This was the whole of our party and it went off better and more sociably than I had expected. Our Thomas still absent, and we hear to day he has gone to Philadelphia.

Sat 24th A fine warm day – This month the weather has been very fine though generally cool for the season. Young Mr Angier a classmate of BPW’s dined here – Also Mr Loring a deaf and dumb young man, who was very attentive to us at the Hartford Asylum when we visited it. He is wonderfully intelligent and answers all questions by a little slate book which he carries about with him.[“] (Note. This young man son of Elijah Loring of Boston, afterward

* Surely a misspelling of Chestnut.
† “dear” is written under “Deer” to make sure no one misses the pun.
‡ Probably referring simply to people who are always welcome at the house, those who of their own free will take part in an entertainment, as opposed to those who have been specifically asked to participate (the invitees).
married a deaf and dumb daughter of Dr Sharp the Baptist minister. He is now deceased.)

[“...Young Angier stayed after dinner and sang two or three songs for us accompanying himself on the Piano – He sings sweetly; I was much pleased to hear him.”]

Note: This exquisite singer died 1871 – BPW attended his funeral with several of his old classmates.

This month Thomas Sparhawk came to Boston and attended a course of medical lectures during the winter. He often came with his brother Oliver to our Sunday meeting.

99 More parties for the newly married couple.

Excerpts from Journal.

Oct
1829[“...The month closed with a violent NE rain storm just as our Thomas arrived by way of Middletown Conn where he had been to visit the Alsops and where Miss Thomas[“...]
(afterward Mrs Houston 4th []), “was staying. BPW & Wm Pickering walked down to Nahant in the storm.”

Nov 3rd Aunt Pickering had a party for the bride Mrs Elizth Howard. Aunt Henrietta assisted her to prepare for it in her house at Barton St near Craigie’s bridge. My mother managed to go down there for an hour or two after tea – She says “there were about thirty five to forty people there – Howards, Goodwins, Chapmans, Simpsons, Winslow girls Miss Lee & Randall; – the Phillips, Andrews, Mrs Bradford Charles Ward &c, &c. They had a rather stiff time some of the people being strangers to each other, and some meeting who did not wish to meet

Amory Winslow was quite ill for some weeks at Mr Bonfils’ school and was attended by Dr Jeffries and Aunt Henrietta was with her a great deal – And my father met with a serious accident by striking his eye against the stick in a flower pot as he stooped to lift it from the ground. Uncle Blanchard’s wife suffering much with neuralgia – Cattie Winslow & Miss Lee often at our house, sometimes staying all night. BPW begins to visit at Miss Callahans’ –

Nov 13th Journal says “William Pickering and our BP went by invitation to Miss Callahan’s – where they had some music with their flutes, Quincy Hill playing on the piano. Mrs John Callahan was there, and Cath’ Winslow Miss Lee, Timmins Blanchard, Miss Cotton, and Mr & Mrs Doane”. Another evening all were at Miss Cotton’s.- On the previous Wed, Nov 11th, there had been a dedication of Trinity Church, which she, who was so soon to be laid there, -(the first new tenant of its tombs,) thus mentions;

Nov 11th “Great doings today at the new Trinity Church in Summer St, – which is to be consecrated or dedicated, and all the rich and fashionable world will be there. I have not seen it since the walls were up; but they say it is a very elegant and noble church, the handsomest in the city.

100 A rice pilaf.

Trinity Church Dedication.

Nov
1829.

Dr Gardiner the Rector is to preach a sermon, Mr Doane the assistant minister to read, – and Bishop Griswold† to be at the head of the whole. They will have some fine music

* A serious walk of about fifteen miles if they were starting from Leverett St.

† Alexander Viets Griswold (1766–1843).
Hymns and Anthems made for the occasion. The Miss Callahans are all busy about “this glorious day for the Church,” as Miss Clifford Callahan calls it. In the evening Mrs John Callahan Quincy Hill, Catharine W, her father, Miss Lee, Mrs Pickering & boys, and our TS and BPW are all going to the theatre. Box taken by BW Sen’t.” Theatricals in the morning and theatricals in the evening, some people would say. My Mother would not let me go to either.”

The first snow of this severe and, to my delicate Mother very trying winter, fell Nov 14th, but did not lay long –

Journal “Catharine W, Miss Lee, our BPW and his classmates Clarke and Davis who called here first, all at E Pickering’s evening.” On the 19th there was “a smart frost”, and the 20th was quite cold, and the weather continued very chilly – On the 26th another flight of snow with rain and hail in the interim. “Sun not out ten times during the whole month.”

On the 19th Journal says – “Our Edward dined here. Invited him to eat Pilau† an East India dish made of chicken and spiced rice. I made it for Mr Winslow to put him in mind of old times, as his mother and mine used to make it for Aunt Malbone when she came from Newport.” “Edw planted some tulips & hyacinths for me.” (never for her to bloom.[)]

20th “Our Friday evening party.” – “BW Sen, his son Ben D and daughter Cath’e and Miss Lee; – Mrs Timmins Blanchard and her daughter Quincy Hill, and Miss Anna Cotton, with brother JP Blanchard. – Mrs Mary Bradford, E Pickering and sons, - a Mr Roberts, and young Ingalls; son of Dr Ingalls, who came with BW Sen – This lad was formerly a schoolmate of our George. They had chess, music, and dancing.”

Note This is one of the last entries in my Mother’s hand writing – The remainder of the Journal is copied from her rough draft, by the

| 101 | Changes and intimations of mortality. |
| Transcript of Journal. | Last Thanksgiving – 1829. |

different hands of the family. – The beautiful writing of my brother George‡ appears first, and describes my dear Mother’s last Thanksgiving day on earth as follows

Nov 26th “Cold and raw, with a drizzling rain, which turned to sleet and snow in the evening. Our dinner party consisted of BWSen his three daughters Amory, Catharine, and Lucretia, also Miss Lee. OldMrs Sam Winslow, her son Charles and his two eldest children, Old Uncle Davis and brother Joshua Blanchard, Edward and George were absent, the former dined out of town -- the latter at his Aunt Pickering’s -- but all were here in the evening, with EP & her boys, Mrs Hudgens & son, William Waldo, and Robert Manners. Arthur and Wm Pickering and our Thomas appeared in fancy dress, as they were going out to a fancy ball at Zebeda Cook’s in Dorchester. Arthur dressed like an old Physician of the last century, William like an English Jockey, and our Thomas as a Highlander, in plaid and plumed bonnet, in which he looked very well. They staid here with the girls about two hours, and then went to the ball — Afterward we had a supper in the front North parlor. So ended

* No doubt because her Calvinism disapproved of the Episcopalian and the professional theater’s love of what she would have seen as vain show. So she is one of the people who would say, “Theatricals in the morning and theatricals in the evening.”
‡ More usually, pilaf or pilau.
‡ Margaret had, it will be remembered, inserted a letter of her father’s as copied by George at the end of the previous volume, above, IV, 170.
Thanksgiving for the year. Two out of last year’s party are married, E Chase, and Helen Pearce and one, poor Sam Waldo has departed this life. No one expected these events; but so changes come upon us every year.”

Note A change, indeed, came the ensuing year, when the warm and hospitable heart of all this circle beat no more in Motherly sympathy with their every joy and sorrow. One of her last pleasures was to hear that Ellen Houston was to pass the winter in Boston; but little did she dream that in her and Quincy Hill, she saw the future wives of her youngest sons; – or that another Elizabeth than her of whom she had dreamed, was to be connected with one of her elder ones, and was to become a blessing to her whole family. Events all unexpected indeed at that time, to them as well as to her.

Excerpts from Journal Dec 1829.


The 3rd of Dec Journal says that my Father attended Dr Tuckerman’s* and Uncle Blanchard’s free church meetings on “the new land” near what has since been called Causeway S’, where they hired a room to preach for poor people who could not afford to hire seats in Churches or to dress well enough to go to them. This was the beginning of the free ministry for the poor – and Uncle Blanchard always a hard worker in every benevolent enterprise was one of Dr Tuckerman’s most earnest supporters. December set in cold and stormy after the 10th – On the 12th there was a severe gale which broke several windows in the Leverett S’ house, and the Journal mentioned that as the sixth Saturday on which bad weather had occurred. It was, however, rainy, damp, and chilly, rather than sharp, frosty, or snowy, throughout the month generally. This was bad weather for my Mother, and she mentions several times being quite unwell, so as to retire early to her room even when company was at the house – a most unusual thing for her.

Nevertheless the parties went on, and the young people frolicked as was their wont. My brother Tom had returned from the south and again took a prominent part in the family gatherings. The 4th of Dec, we had for our extempopre Fri’ eveng guests B W Sen son & daughters, Miss Emily Lee and the Miss Randalls with their friend Margaret Fuller, the Miss Fosters and their father Wm Foster, a Miss McGill of Connecticut, E P and four boys, Lieut Whitlock of the American Navy – Lieut Hertsell, English Navy, Mr Waldron, Mr Leaming of Phil’a, Mr Laing and Ch’ Ward, these with nine of our own family made a gathering of thirty, dancing music and fun generally, with many flirtations in the corners & window recesses.

6th Another gathering at Miss Callahan’s – Mother begins to suspect something about “Quincy Hill.” On the 7th a party at Miss Randall’s – BPW goes instead, to visit Sam Clarke† at the Hospital.

103 A new family tomb at the new Trinity Church. Edward saves a boy from drowning. Mr. Winslow overlooked on return from a trip to Plymouth to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the landing at Plymouth Rock. Dec 1829.

* Joseph Tuckerman (1778-1840). His ministry for the poor or city mission was known as the “Ministry-at-large.”

† Probably James Freeman Clarke’s older brother.
“Thomas Smith here at dinner, tea &c several times – going to S America. Consults Mr W on business” many others doing the same, come & go at the house.

Dec 16th Journal says – “Brother Joshua P Blanchard told me that they have given us a new tomb (No 2) under Trinity Church in exchange for an old one and that the remains of our friends have been removed into it”

N B – This tomb was relinquished by the heirs of Joshua P Blanchard in 1872, and the remains, including those of my Mother, Mr Houston and Charlotte Thomas his fourth wife, were transferred to my Father’s lot at Forest Hills.†

17th Lucretia Winslow ill with rheumatic fever at Miss Callahan’s.

18th Our Friday dinner party consisted of Consul Manners and his son, Capt Seaver of the British packet ship, Captain Johnson of the English army, son of a baronet, Mr Moore an Englishman, Judge Wilde, B W Sen’ and our Edward. In the evening we had Mrs E P and her boys, Miss McGill Wm Waldo, B D Winslow & sisters, Mrs Bradford and a Mrs Hayward.

Several times mention is made of James Clarke dining, taking tea & sleeping at the house as if quite one of the family. A Mr Heath one of BPW’s friends, a fine singer, is also mentioned as coming one evening to the house.

20th Edward saved a boy from drowning under the ice in Frog Pond, Boston common.‡

21st – B W Sen, Edward Robert Manners and Wm Pickering by my Father’s invitation, take a carriage to Plymouth, to attend the 200th anniversary celebration of Forefather’s day, (reckoning by Old Style).§ It was celebrated with great ceremony on the 22nd. – The party returned on the 23rd, but without my Father whom they carelessly missed at Quincy. He, however, took the Stage home, and of course paid the bill for the carriage. My Mother was much annoyed at their behavior to Father,

104 Changes in the practices of Christmas celebrations.

Dec Christmas in Boston under Puritan influences, 1829.

on this occasion, which otherwise would have been a very pleasant one. I believe RM and WP were chiefly to blame.

25th Christmas Day. H B made Christmas minc’d pies in remembrance of old times. This day, now becoming celebrated more and more every year, in the European fashion, was then

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* As we learn below (V, 135), the relinquishing of the plot occurred (as Margaret must have felt, providentially) in April, just a few months before the great fire of November 9 in that year that burnt 65 acres and 776 buildings, including Trinity Church (which had been dedicated in 1829—above, V, 100).

† In Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

‡ Not the only good deed recorded of Edward. Some ten years later, he came to James Freeman Clarke’s assistance as Clarke recorded in his diary in a moment reminiscent of Mr. Pickwick:

April 7, 1841.

I came near being knocked down yesterday by a drunken truckman for interfering to protect his horse, which he was beating with a club. I immediately went to the police court for a constable to have him arrested, but could not find the judge. I then met Edward Winslow, who undertook to see the owners of the truck, and have the man properly rebuked. (Autobiography, 159-60)

§ Commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. The date of December 22nd is actually the date of the landing in New Style. The Old Style date was December 12th. Currently, the celebration occurs on Dec. 21. 1829 saw the 209th anniversary of the landing, not the 200th.
no Holyday at all, in New England. The few Episcopal Churches in Boston, – old North, St Paul’s and Trinity were open and thinly attended;– and on Christmas eve or Christmas day among the less strict Episcopalians, the members received company consisting of their relations and intimate friends, exchanging and giving to children and domestics, and to the poor, some comparatively unexpensive presents. – But no schools, shops or offices were closed among the citizens generally, and the children’s gifts were “New Year’s” not “Christmas presents.” Our maternal ancestors, Grandmother Blanchard and great Grandmother Pollard having kept the day, however, my Mother usually had some of the family to dine in a quiet way. This year only Aunt Pickering and her boys, who with our Thomas and BPW went in the evening to a small party at neighbor Coffin’s in Chamber S’. Perhaps our Puritan fathers went too far in excluding altogether the celebration of Christmas. There certainly is something very interesting in the thought of such an event as that of the birth of our Lord being remembered at once over nearly the whole world. But the show and expense of costly gifts and entertainments, of church forms and decorations, or of lip worship while the life is worldly, cannot be to Him acceptable, more than the dissipation and drunkenness which so often disgrace the season in lands calling themselves Christian. Every day is a Christmas to the true Christian. Every morning he is born anew unto Christ and Christ to him. Every day he hears and strives, as much as in him lies, to fulfil the Angel song of Bethlehem, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to man.”

Dec 1829

1st Arrival of Ellen Houston from Exeter.

During the latter part of December I was confined upstairs with a feverish cold or bilious turn and as I slept with my Mother who insisted upon taking me into her room, I always feared that the care and exposure in cold winter nights of attending a sick child might have hastened the attack which carried her off. All the families of our circle seemed to have an invalid member this winter. Amory had just recovered, Lucretia was ill, Wm Pickering had some trouble in his ear and Augustus Hudgens had the measles. Dr Shattuck must have given doses to his heart’s content.

Mrs Bartlett my Mother’s early friend was in town Dec 25th and saw my Mother for the last time – Her son John a medical student in Boston was frequently at our house being very fond of my brother BPW – the daughter Sarah sometimes visited me – when she came to stay with her relations Mrs David Thatcher and Miss Deblois, our neighbors in Green S. The last day of December Ellen Houston arrived from Exeter to stay at Mrs Chapman’s for the winter, her father not permitting her to stay at our house. BPW went to meet her at Newburyport; for all our boys were brought up much more gallantly in respect to “waiting upon ladies” than are young men now. Ellen had not been in Boston since her father moved to Exeter three years before, when she was about fifteen years of age.

Journal Dec 31st† “About 7 ‘oclock PM in marched Ellen Houston Lucy Chapman and BPW – Ellen had arrived between 5 & 6 PM at Mrs Chapman’s and came over here immediately

† Margaret resumes her intermittent practice of beginning each line of a quoted passage with an opening quotation mark.
after their tea. Ellen is very much grown and altered; is a very pretty girl and looks very much like her mother and her sister Eliza. Isaac and Edward who are going to the Bachelor’s ball this evening, both came in to see Ellen after they were dressed for that occasion, as they did not go till 9 o’clock—”

### 106

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<td><strong>Last of the Fridays gatherings. A “rout,” with music and dancing.</strong></td>
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The arrival of a new and agreeable young cousin was the signal for fresh parties, the commencement of which took place at our house on New Year’s night and is thus described by my Mother in her rough diary again copied in the clear and beautiful hand writing of my brother George.

“New year’s day – all bustle, wishing each other “happy new Year”. It is a fine day, a little colder than it has been. Presents going out and presents coming in.”

This was also a great day for the Boston lamp lighters, the watchmen and Chimney Sweeps, and the Newspaper carriers all of whom went from door to door in their respective “wards” with sheets of printed poetry for which they expected to receive a small contribution from the citizens – A pile of silver “ninepence” (12½ cents) always lay on our parlor table New Years morning; – and the front door bell rang from time to time throughout the day for these remembrances. Some citizens gave more, some less, according to their inclination or ability; but altogether quite a sum must have been picked up by “the trades” on this Anniversary.

“Journal– “We are to have a rout† this evening among the young folks, it being Friday evening, and New Year also, and in consequence of Ellen Houston’s arrival. Our Margaret went down stairs to day after a week’s confinement – Two of her schoolmates came to bring her little presents and to receive some from her. Augustus Hudgens now recovered from the measles, here to get his new Years present. Charles Ward called; The young men were all out to day in New York style making calls on the ladies who treated them with cake and wine. Our party this evening consisted of Amory and Catharine Winslow, two Miss Chapmans and Ellen Houston. Miss Randall Miss Fuller, Miss Coffin and a Miss Symmes who is staying with her; – E P and sons, Mrs Hudgens Uncle Davis, B Winslow & son, young Chapman, James Clarke Mr Angier and our boys – Music, dancing, &c.‡

* About $3.00 using the CPI, but ten times that when measured against the wages of unskilled workers such as these, so a significant sum to, e.g., a newspaper carrier.

† OED: “A company, assemblage, band, or troop of persons.” *Webster’s 3rd Unabridged*: “a fashionable gathering.”

‡ This is the last mention of Miss Fuller and almost the last mention of James Clarke. We know from other sources, such as Clarke’s autobiography, and also the fact that Clarke read the Lord’s Prayer at Margaret’s father’s funeral (above, IV, 7) that he and BPW remained lifelong friends. BPW was a parishioner and leader in Clarke’s church. He composed a hymn in his honor on the occasion of Clarke’s fiftieth birthday in 1860 (*Memorial of the Commemoration by the Church of the Disciples, of the Fiftieth Birth-Day of Their Pastor, James Freeman Clarke, April 4, 1860* [Boston: Prentiss & Deland, 1860], 34-36), and they would have met also at the frequent reunions of the class of 1829. But BPW certainly lost touch with Fuller and the other ladies mentioned here. There is a brief mention of him in a letter by Margaret Fuller to George T. Davis on December 29, 1829 (so just a few days before this party) in Robert N. Hudspeth, ed. *The Letters of Margaret Fuller* (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1994), 6, 159: “Ben Winslow walked with me today he was arrayed in a cloak with those long tassels and yellow lining I believe; I thought his drapery became him pretty well but the more fastidious Amelia says he looks frightfully. ‘Maria saw Ben at church and was struck by his fine countenance’ she made divers inquiries concerning his manner, character and disposition thereupon=” Hudspeth says,
Another musical gathering at our house on Sunday evening the 3rd of January, a theatrical party on the 4th under the auspices of B W Sen, a concert at Mr Bonfils on the 8th, a Tea party at Aunt Pickering’s, and occasional parties given by others with whom “the boys” were acquainted, kept up the excitement almost constantly among the young folks. Yet the Journal of Jan 17th says “I went down stairs to meeting, after having been confined up stairs for ten days, and came up again after meeting was over.”

18th Snowed last night raw and cold. Several inches of snow fell.

19th Cold but clear. Margaret gone to school to day first time for a month since her sickness. I am going to venture down stairs again It being nearly a fortnight since I was taken sick.

Mrs Sam King, Eliza P and Ellen H called –

20th Rainy and chilly – I went down to breakfast and stayed down, but the weather was so bad no one called. I sent a carriage to Mr Bailey’s school for Margaret. Mr Winslow dined at the Tremont House with an Insurance Company to which he belongs, and staid till 8 PM – He brought us some of the cake and confectionary which they had. Thomas Smith was here in the evening, playing chess with our Isaac. Thomas and BPW went down to E Pickering’s to play whist with William who is still at home with that trouble in his ear.

21st Mrs Warren my old domestic called to see me – Her sister Mary Valette has become a Swedenborgian.” Mrs Chapman called with Ellen H and invited our boys and the Pickerings to a small party at her house. Our Thomas and BPW went in the evening.

22nd Raw cold morning – too cold to snow. Miss Thomas called to see us AM Ellen H, Robert Manners and our Edw dined with us, I did not go in to dinner, After dinner Edwd beat RM two games at chess. E Pickering also here afternoon and evening. Our Friday gathering

in addition to these, consisted of two Miss Doanes, two Miss Chapmans, Miss Coffin and her cousin Miss Symmes, Miss McGill and her father, our boys and the Pickerings Wm Waldo, Charles Ward and Sydney Doane. The latter has been studying medicine abroad and has attended all the principal Hospitals in England, Scotland, France and Italy. – All staid late, and I came up stairs before the party broke up – Mr W also up stairs with a kink in his back.[]

On the 23rd my Mother says “I have taken up a fresh cold and was so sick with a violent pain in my side and chest as to be obliged to go up stairs before dinner and was very sick all night – Had to put a blister on.” [“]A young party at E Pickering’s this evening. Ellen H & I believe Quincy Hill there.”

“Maria is probably Elizabeth Randall’s sister” (161 n9). Amelia is most likely Catharine Amelia Greenwood (whom Fuller would address in a letter of October 17, 1830 as “My dear, amiable, arrogant friend” [Hudspeth letters, 13]).

* Above, IV, 29.
24th Sunday – “Our George taken sick last night. EP & boys Uncle Davis and Miss Thomas came to our meeting – Ellen Houston and our Edward also here afterward – came up stairs to see George and me.”

25th “Cold – snowing fast. I feel a little better and George also. Dr Shattuck called in the afternoon – left George and me well dosed. John Rogers who lately failed[“] (son of the late Daniel Rogers) [“]here in the evening – also Mr Heilbron I did not see them.

26th Fine clear cold day – About 4 inches of snow fallen – enough for sleighing. Ellen H dined here. Catharine Winslow called, says her sister Amory is again very sick with a cold and fever – Miss Lee also sick at Mr Bonfils’ boarding school.

27th Our little Margaret’s birth day. She completes her 14th year. A raw, cold dull day – feels like snow – only too cold to snow. George is better but my cough is bad and I have two blisters on.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>109 Roast turkey for Margaret’s birthday. Planning meals around washing and ironing days in the days of wood fires in the kitchen. Misery of extreme cold.</th>
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<td>Jan 1829.</td>
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Ellen Houston called- also B Winslow Sen’ to see me. He has been sick himself – says his daughter Amory is better. Miss Thomas here. Snowed in the evening – but cleared off at night.

28th A fine winter’s day – not much snow on the ground. Isaac set off for New York with Mr Heilbron. I did not sleep at all last night and got up late this morning – Mrs Mary Bradford called to see me – Also Miss Wentworth and her niece Miss Bradley, but I did not see them. Ellen H called in, and our Edward and Arthur Pickering dined here on roast Turkey and apple pudding – Margaret’s choice for her birth day; but she could not have it yesterday being ironing day[“] Note (Washing and ironing days in the days of open wood fires, had to be seriously consulted in the marketing – Washing day was a day of “picked up” dinner, hashes or minces warmed over after the great boiler was taken off, or on the coals of the hearth. Ironing day, the dinner was always a boiled one, because the irons had possession of the hearth and coals. Three or four large iron pots were hung on the huge “crane” over the blazing wood with meat and various vegetables in them corned beef or pork, beets, carrots, parsnips, or “greens,” according to the season. Washing & ironing was, besides, a giant work in such a family as ours, as may easily be conjectured even without flounced skirts and elaborate shirt bosoms.["] “Uncle Davis called in the evening to see me. A very clear but cold night. I am afraid Isaac will have a severe time in the Steam boat. I hope they will not get frozen up in the Providence river.”

29th “An extremely cold day, rather cloudy – My chamber is so cold, I am going down stairs in hopes of finding it warmer”. (Note The miserable contrivances then known for fires, no doubt hastened my Mother’s death, as she kept increasing the terrible cough which racked her delicate frame night and day, – quickening also the already hurried action of the heart from which she had long suffered[“] – Our Friday evening party consisted of Ellen Houston, Lucy Chapman Miss Wilde and Judge Wilde, BW Sen, his son & daughter Cath†, all the Pickerings our Edward, Lieutenant Hertzell† and James Clarke, with all our boys except Isaac.

† Error for “1830.”

† Above, V, 102, his name is spelled “Hertsell.”
The end approaches for Margaret’s mother.

Last Chapter: My Mother’s last illness.
February 1830.

The Friday evening party of Jan 29th was the last of those oft mentioned and pleasant gatherings under my Mother’s sympathizing eye and the last time of her appearance in the family circle except on Sunday 31st when she came down stairs to “meeting” or divine service in our parlor. The extreme cold of Jan 30 and 31st, the ther 4 below 0, no doubt increased the disease which was rapidly bearing her from among us. She was no longer able to leave her chamber, and although a fire was kept there night and day, it scarcely tempered the piercing air which congealed our breath almost around the hearth itself. Dr Shattuck’s old fashioned remedies of blisters and calomel,* while inflicting needless suffering, — also diminished Nature’s already weakened powers of resistance, and she sank exhausted in the threefold conflict. Nevertheless the sufferer exerted herself to the last. She brought up this Diary in rough draft to the 3rd of February, and these are the last words penned by her hand.

Feb 1 Monday. Snowed last night – Near a foot of snow fallen, It was too deep for Margaret to go to school. Indeed she wanted to stay and tend me as I was quite sick – Never slept for four nights together. I was in a nervous state with an oppression at my lungs;

Tues 2nd A dull cloudy cold day – Meg gone to school – I had Dr Shattuck to see me yesterday, and in consequence am now most murdered with a great blister on my chest. This is Mr W’s birthday, 56.[”]

On the 3rd Isaac had returned from N York and the Journal is copied by him to this date. A few family visitors are mentioned, and he then says

“Here ends the record of events in Mother’s own handwriting – Nothing therefore is recorded until the 6th of Feb’y when she desired Margaret to continue the Journal in rough. (It is however copied in Isaac’s hand until the 13th, which terminated the earthly existence of her who alone had made it of interest, and whose death will now conclude this Record.

111 Goodbyes. The end.

Journal

Feb 7th Sunday

By MCW. – My dear Mother’s illness much increased, and this evening she had great difficulty of breathing. Dr Shattuck came and ordered another blister on her back – She left off opium that night and did not sleep at all, as had been the case for a week — Monday she was relieved from the shortness of breath but was quite low – She got up about 11 AM, and passed the rest of the day in short broken unquiet dozes in her armchair by the fire. Aunt H and I mended the clothes for the wash, and when Father asked her if she would like to do it, she replied that we must all learn to -do without her now. In the evening Edw brought her some nice Havanna oranges. She was much pleased with his attention, as she always was with the least kindness from her children. On the 10th my Mother appeared better, but on the 11th and 12th she relapsed and was evidently sinking fast. Yet even to the last she rose and sat in her chair, seeing her friends, and holding long conversations with her

* Mercury chloride, used especially in the eighteenth century, but also into the nineteenth, as a laxative, emetic, and disinfectant. It was, of course, highly toxic.
family, which are recorded in my Father’s little memoir of her which will be appended to this Journal.

After taking leave of all, one by one, as they came up stairs to see her, all her sons, her brother, her niece Ellen Houston and others throughout the day and evening of Feb 12th, she at length laid down for the last time about eleven o’clock, and fell into a quiet sleep from which she never awoke, passing away like an infant upon its Mother’s breast, so that we scarcely knew the moment when she ceased to breathe. But between one and two o’clock on the morning of the 13th, her sons, her husband her daughter, and her sisters Aunts Henrietta and Pickering who watched with her, looked upon the face of one who had passed “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.”

“Requiesca in pace – Resurgat in Gloria.”†

112 “Recollections of a Mother.”

Closing Chapter. Memoir of my Mother. 1830

In a little Manuscript called “Recollections of a Mother,” which my Father, soon after her death, wrote out and copied in his own hand no less than six times, in the midst of all his business and other avocations, and of which he gave a copy to each of his six children, – may be found the following notices of her life, death, and funeral. Some extracts from it have been already given in this record; but I now copy it in full.

“Recollections of a Mother.” by IW.

Preface.

“In addressing you, my dear Children, on the recent death of your late Mother, and in copying from her letters and other writings the most interesting of her remarks, my intention is to keep alive in your memories the full force of that maternal affection, – which, at first exclusively confined to your temporal welfare, at a later period became combined with a deep interest for your Lasting happiness in that future state of existence which has been revealed to us in the word of God, – and in the hope of which the pain even of parting with her children seems to have been accompanied with the consolatory hope of a reunion with them and others who love and trust in God, – at the times of the restitution of all things. —— This combined feeling has, it is plain to see, been felt and appreciated by every one of the family. A consciousness of this love for you all could not fail, as it has not failed, to excite in you deep emotions of grief at the separation from this true friend which it has pleased God should take place and to call forth those feelings of sorrow which, on occasions like the present, is a tribute called for by Nature and which Religion forbids not, when she permits us to “sorrow,” – but “not as those without Hope”.‡

113 “Recollections of a Mother” continued.

Memoir continued.

Preface.

* These lines conclude each of the five stanzas of Henry Hart Milman’s much anthologized hymn “Brother, thou art gone before us.” Dickens heard them quoted in a sermon he heard in Boston in 1842 and recorded in his American Notes.

† Rest in Peace, rise in glory. Margaret has omitted the final “t” in “Requiescat.”

‡ A very common nineteenth-century rendering of or allusion to 1 Thessalonians 4: 13: “But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.”
"The hearts of all of us at a moment like the present, – melted with the tenderness of grief, feel as if these powerful emotions were sufficiently strong to enable us to regulate in coincidence with them all our future actions and desires, both in regard to things of the present life and that which is to come. – we feel as if even the duties we owe to friendship and affection, the innocent enjoyments of life, nay the very sustenance necessary for our support, were all so many unfeeling intruders into the sanctity of the Mourner.

But sorrow whether intense or mild, like other strongly excited affections of our nature, - passes away. –It is the law of that nature, that the mind should be as actively engaged in relieving itself from oppressive feelings as that the body should exert itself to throw off the weight which presses it to the ground. In the midst of the darkest gloom, it is on the search for some glimmering of light. It finds a consolation at first in feeding on the very grief which appears to devour it. It brings to view associations once the most agreeable, now the most painful, – and thus finds a sort of melancholy yet not ineffectual consolation in the contemplation of happiness departed and joys never to return. It finds also relief in the habitual cares of life; Its every day duties must be discharged, its daily wants satisfied. Nature never stops in her course. The sun rises and sets. The occupations of society proceed as usual: Our friends and families require the accustomed attentions: The wounds of sorrow which at first are pained with the slightest touch, become gradually able to bear the usual sanitary* applications. – Every day the restoring influence of Nature carries forward the healing process. Time at length

**Recollections of a Mother** continued.

Memoir of my Mother Preface and remarks. 1830

cicatrizes† the wound, and we again take our part in the movement of society which always continue to exist, though of it to us a most important part has disappeared. All this is as it should be. It is the law of God that we move onward. It is His will that the duties of life be performed. And the Christian, under whatever pressure of affliction though with an aching heart, feels an additional stimulus to increased exertion – to supply the place and perform the duties of the friend who has been taken away

Our danger then is not that the excessive emotions of grief will always continue, but that the effects which ought to be produced by the deaths of even our nearest friends will subside.

“As from the wing no scar the sky returns
The parted wave no furrow from the keel, –
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death,
Een with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O’er those we love we drop it in their grave.”‡

And thus the costly price paid, as we may suppose, for the improvement of the living, may as regards us, – be paid in vain.

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* A common if erroneous form of sanitary.
† Causes the formation of a healing scar.
‡ Edward Young, *Night Thoughts* (1742-45), Night I.
You, my children, will at once be called back to the active occupations of life. – The concerns of society of which you are a part, will again interest you. You will again participate in the innocent enjoyments of life. You will, I hope, form attachments stronger and more interesting to you than even filial affections, but not stronger than the affection of a Mother to you. This is natural and proper. This is what she herself would have wished.

But in all this, forget not a Mother’s love. Forget not that it was her dying prayer that all her family might find the true path, – and her dying hope that, through the merits of the Redeemer we should all meet in a renovated world. Forget not that the love of God in you as in her, will continue beyond the grave, and that the inconstant and imperfect affections of earth, – for but a faint copy of Divine Love, is the most entire human affection, – may be perfected in the new Heavens and the new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.

Do I wish in this address to represent your deceased mother as a pattern of female excellence, or as at all superior to others of her sex? — This, be assured, is by no means my desire. It is not because she was superior to other mothers but because she was like them that I wish you to feel in a salutary and lasting manner the whole force and beneficial effects of maternal love. There are many thousands of Mothers who love their children as intensely as your Mother; who have exercised greater self denial than our friend has been called to; whose interest for the present and future welfare of their offspring has been equal or superior to hers for you. Could we look into the hearts of Mothers we should see an exuberance of maternal affection in them all. But none of these are your mother. This powerful feeling of maternity is not directed to you. Not one of the most kind hearted or susceptible among them can have a Mother’s affection for you. None but a parent in all the vehemence of paternal grief could exclaim even of an ungrateful and rebellious child “Would God I had died for thee, my Son, my Joy.”

It is not then, my dear children, because your Mother was different from other mothers, that I call your attention to the recollection of all that now remains of her, – but because her affection if weak toward others, was strong toward you.

and because the keeping in memory that affection, by frequent reflections upon that which I am about to record for your future benefit, may soften your hearts, and lead you as she desired into the true path of Divine Wisdom “whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace.” That path a direction to which is to be found in the revealed word of God. That path which, terminating in the new Heaven and the new Earth, commences in the present state, and which to those who walk in it has the promise of the life which now is as well as that which is to come. Her ardent wish was that a portion of this divine wisdom might be given to you all; that enlightened by this celestial guest, warmed by the paternal love of God which is constantly exhibited to mankind in all his dispensations toward us, you

* Proverbs 3: 17.
may see Him in every thing within and without us, in His works as well as in His word, equally conspicuous in the physical as in the moral world."

“The great Creator condescends to write
In beams of inextinguishable light
His names of wisdom, goodness, power, and love,
On all that blooms below or shines above,
To catch the wandering notice of mankind
And teach the world, if not perversely blind,
His gracious attributes and prove the share
His offspring hold in his paternal care.
If led from earthly things to things divine
His creatures thwart not His august design,

117 “Recollections of a Mother” continued.

Extract from Cowper's “Hope”.

Then praise is heard instead of ravishing pride
And captives cavil and complaint subside.
Nature employed in her allotted place
Is handmaid to the purposes of grace;
By good vouchsafed, makes known superior good,
And bliss not seen, – by blessings understood.
That bliss revealed in Scripture with a glow
Bright as the covenant-ensuring bow
Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
Of sensual evil, and thus Hope is born.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all
That men have deemed substantial since the fall.
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use;
And while she takes as at a father’s hand
What health and sober appetite demand,
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.

Hope with uplifted foot set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her etherial birth,
On steady wings soars through the immense abyss
Plucks amaranthine† flowers‡ from bowers of bliss,

* As the headline on the following page explains, what follows is an extract from William Cowper’s “Hope” (1781). Slightly misquoted. The stanza divisions have been introduced, probably by Isaac.

† Amaranth, as OED explains, is An imaginary flower reputed never to fade; a fadeless flower (as a poetic conception). So “amaranthine” here means undying.

‡ “joys” in the original.
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here
With wreaths like those, triumphant spirits wear.”

These recollections of a Mother are written as I have before said, not with a view of flattering the vanity of the living by inflated eulogiums of the dead, nor to hold up your Mother to your view as a model of human excellence.

Remarks on reasons for writing.

They are written that the warm affections of the mother may be kept alive in the breasts of the children. They are written that when the effervescence of grief subsides, the salutary impressions which accompany it may not subside also; They are written that the death of their Mother may not be to her children in vain, and that the costly lesson at least to them, may turn to some account.

_________

“Stricken friends
Are Angels sent on errands full of love; –
For us they languish and for us they die,” †

They are written that this new and interesting lesson of mortality in the death of a loved friend may teach us in a more striking and affecting manner than can be done in the ordinary instances of mortality, on how frail a tenure is placed our own and the lives of our yet surviving friends. They are written in the hope that the fond solicitude of an anxious and affectionate mother, accompanied as it is in the present case with her death, may, in the language of the Psalmist, teach us all “so to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom,” ‡ and thus to become possessed of that Hope which, we humbly trust, was the portion of your departed Mother.

Characteristics.

For, if the concentrated affection which she bore to her own family, especially in the early part of her life, excluded that extended regard which characterises others, and which is so amiable a trait in the human heart, yet was she, by nature too sincere to affect a feeling which she had not, and thus she at least avoided the display which is sometimes, though perhaps unintentionally, connected with it: always with the affection of it. This sincerity was accompanied by a plainness of speech which in many cases was far from acceptable; yet was it so little intended to give offence, that nothing, –

Characteristics of my Mother.

– especially in the later years of her life, – caused her greater self blame than the infirmity as she considered it, of speaking her mind too freely. I have known her apologize to a domestic whose feelings appeared to have been hurt by a hasty though by no means severe reflection. Disliking every thing like servility or flattery, she was perhaps too much inclined to slide into

* An eighteenth- and nineteenth-century variant of eulogy.
† Young, Night Thoughts, Night III.
‡ Psalm 90: 12.
the opposite extreme. But if so, this trait was accompanied with such an habitual regard to
truth, that, in our twenty nine years of intimate intercourse, I do not recollect a single
instance of the contrary in even the slightest degree.

And if she did not flatter others, neither did she flatter herself by an over estimate of
her own talents, virtues, or disposition; and without any professions of humility, – it is, I
think, plain, that her hopes of acceptance with God were founded not at all on the idea that
she was a worthy receiver, but that He is a gracious and benevolent Donor. This appears
in a letter of 1828 to a near friend, when, alluding to the death, by the consequences of
intemperance, of a person well known in society, she says, “The loss considered as a loss is
nothing. But the reflection that must arise as to his future state can bring no consolations
with them. Yet how can we tell? We know not the hearts of others. He may have deplored in
secret his habits and at times struggled against them, and we know that the mercy and
goodness of the Deity are without bounds. After all Mr. was not worse than the rest of us,
but we are all in the hands of God. He will do right, and in that there is safety. May we all be
able to trust in Him who will order every thing for good to those who do so trust. I hope I
have this trust, I am sure I have no other.”

Your Mother’s entire and grateful dependence on God as the giver of all good
without the least reference to herself as a recipient will appear in the following extract from a
letter

### “Recollections of a Mother” continued.

Digression – Henry’s illness.

to one of her sons in 1824.” (My Father then copies a part of the letter to my brother Isaac
which has already been inserted in the account of his journey to the South in April of that
year.” Afterward he writes,–

“The reference which is here made to a ‘late event in the family’ leads me almost
necessarily, my dear children, into a digression on the circumstances of the death of our
beloved Henry which took place on the 29th of July, 1821, three years before the date of the
above letter, he being then within a month of the completion of his sixteenth year.” (He was
born August 26, 1805) “[The poignancy of your mother’s grief at this deprivation was
increased by the amiable character, sweet disposition, and prepossessing appearance of this
beloved child. Such was his native gentleness of disposition from infancy, that I do not
recollect a single instance of disobedience in the course of his short life, nor one in which it
was necessary to administer any other correction than that of the mildest nature. As he

* Above, IV, 115-16, the loose sheet that had been pinned to p. 117 so as to fall between it and p. 114 and that
transcribes a letter from Margaret’s mother to her brother Isaac dated Boston, April 27, 1824. It concludes with
a paragraph of religious guidance and indeed refers to the death of Henry:

You have now, my dear Son, been carried so far in your tour in health and safety. I hope you feel
grateful to a kind Providence for all his care and the numerous blessings bestowed upon you.
Remember that your life is in his hands, and that you have now arrived at that age when the
knowledge of right and wrong makes you awfully responsible. You know not how anxious I feel for
your future fate. The late event in our family … ought to impress our minds with the uncertainty of
all human blessings. We know not how soon we may be called before that Holy Being of whose care
and kindness we have been so unmindful. To see you deeply impressed with a sense of the
importance of applying to Him for all benefits,— and of looking upon Him as a kind Father who is
able to do more for you than any earthly friend, – would convey more heartfelt happiness than you
can possibly imagine to your aff’re Mother, M W.
approached manhood the same gentleness of temper, courtesy of manners and innocent vivacity, with increased agreeableness of person characterised him. These, combined with the kindest feelings of regard to his friends and others around him, an unaffected wish to promote their happiness, a disposition to improve his mind by constant application to reading and to render himself useful by diligence and attention in business, with a remarkable tact in judging what was best and most fitting to be done in the little circle in which he moved, these traits altogether rendered him as interesting a child as ever parents were blessed with.

121 “Recollections of a Mother” continued.

Henry’s death.

His disorder which was the yellow fever though not known or even suspected to be so till after his death, confined him at home only a few days. He suffered little pain during his sickness, only a worrying restlessness and uneasiness, especially on the day before his death. During this period he was visited with a slight alienation of mind, but retained throughout the whole of his sickness his marked character of docility and mildness. In his wanderings of mind, his remarks were either of a playful cast or such as indicated the fullest love and confidence in his friends. On Sunday morning the fourth day of his illness after a night of apparently profound repose and when encouraged by our own hopes as well as by the expectations of the physician in supposing the crisis favorably passed, we found by the hardness and quickness of his breathing that death was fast approaching, and in a short time he gently fell into the last sleep, without a sigh, a struggle, or a groan.

Grievous as was this dispensation of divine Providence to us all, it was peculiarly so to your Mother. It was equally heavy and unexpected. One of the fairest and most promising of the flock was taken. She was not till then aware how completely her children made part of herself – how the self love of Parents may be extended in their offspring. She was stunned rather than grieved. stupefied rather than pained. Deriving little or no consolation from the still numerous family which surrounded her, little from the sympathy of many sincere friends who felt for her loss, and as I then thought, little from a trust in the wisdom and goodness of God in which she has since so entirely confided, she surrendered herself to all the pangs of unavailing regret, like Rachel refusing to be comforted,* and disposed to exclaim with Jacob, “I will go down to the grave

122 “Recollections of a Mother” continued.

Memoir.

My Mother’s views and feelings upon the occasion of Henry’s death.

with my son, mourning.”† The intenseness of her feelings on this occasion evinced how completely she had identified herself with her children; but at that time the Giver of these and all her other blessings was apparently not enough considered, and if by her lips the divine wisdom and goodness were not impugned, – I then supposed that in her heart she

* Matthew 2: 18: “In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.”

† Genesis 37: 35: “And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.”
saw in this disposition only the sovereign and irresistible power of God unmixes with that mercy which visits us with afflictions but for our own good. May you and I, my dear children, apply the present affliction as well as all others which we may be called to undergo, so that our minds may be turned to the divine wisdom.”

In a note to the above, my Father remarks, “The perusal of your Mother’s letters on the deaths of her Mother and Sisters in 1814 and 1816 have induced me to change this opinion – She had more of submissive feeling than I was aware of; – but the excess of her grief on the occasion of Henry’s death required time to enable her to conquer it by superior motives.”

[“]This heavy stroke was, as she herself supposed, a chief cause of her constitution, naturally delicate, being undermined. Nor could she for some time, even when alone with me, converse on this subject without a renewal of the painful feelings to which it gave birth. But blessed be God! that by slow degrees she began to look more to the first Cause and less to second causes, to consider the Giver as well as the gift; to see the Divine character as one of Mercy as well as Justice; to realize that He does not willingly afflict the children of men, and to feel that trust in the Divine mercy which, though seldom the subject of her conversation, seemed so strongly to influence her opinions and feelings in the latter part of her life.

123 “Recollections of a Mother” continued.

Thus a few weeks before her death, instead of declining to enter into any conversation on the subject of her son’s death, she opened the matter herself to her daughter, narrating to her all the circumstances and her own feelings on that occasion, concluding with her entire acquiescence in and resignation to the will of Providence under this great trial, and her hope, through the mercy and goodness of God and the redemption from death which is in Christ Jesus, — of meeting him in a happy and glorious state of existence, to part no more. She then added that she had increased your father’s trouble at that time by persisting so long in the indulgence of her grief; — “but,” said she, — “I trust that I am now more resigned to this trial. I feel convinced that it was all for the best; and I hope that I am now able to say to our Heavenly Father “Thy will be done.””[†] To meet this beloved son hereafter, was, she said, one of her most pleasant anticipations in the prospect of death, and added, “I was not, in my affliction, grateful enough for the endeavors of friends to comfort and sustain me, nor to God for the many blessings with which I was surrounded.”

Reference is then again made by my Father to letters from which extracts have been made in the earlier part of this History; He says — “That a deep and proper sense of our dependence on God had now in a great measure become her habitual feeling will appear by a letter she wrote her son on the report, though an erroneous one, of a contemplated matrimonial engagement.”

— She means, I believe, her present trial—her approaching death—as her reference to “this trial” a few lines down makes plainer. If so, we can infer from all this what has not yet been made explicit, that Margaret knew “weeks before her death” that she was very probably dying, though we learn below that even four or five days before her death she had not “given up all hope of recovery” (below, V, 126).

† In the letter that follows and much else in her father’s text, Margaret resumes her intermittent practice of beginning each line of a quoted passage with an opening quotation mark.
“I hear Miss ________ is a very fine girl, and combines the rare qualities of high accomplishments with religious principles. These are a good foundation for permanent happiness. A person acting under their influence will always do her duty in every situation of life, and endeavor to make those around her happy. It is only on such that any dependence can be placed. Would that we were all more deeply impressed with a sense of our dependence on that Divine Being whose children we are! We should then exhibit our love and gratitude to Him by doing all in our power to secure and increase the happiness of all around us, and by so doing should secure our own, here and hereafter.”

“We thus see that, in regard to your dear Mother, the intensity of maternal love, – which, like all instincts too strongly indulged, is apt to neutralize other affections, and especially to divert them from their Highest Source, – became gradually controlled and enlarged. It began to partake of that love which regards the Giver more than the gift. – Thus only can it overcome that innate selfishness so intermingled with the best affections of our nature; affections which too often in the intercourse of the nearest friends, regard our own happiness rather than their welfare. Happy indeed is the state of man when divine love is combined with human love to control and purify it. That in the case of your Mother these were latterly to a considerable degree so combined may be inferred from a letter to a loved daughter in June 1828.”

(This letter has been already copied on a previous page in the account of my Mother’s stay in Newton Therefore I shall not insert it here.)

“In a conversation with this daughter she observes “I have never taken much interest in the great world; – The happiness to be derived from it has not been an object of my desire or solicitude; but I fear I have been too entirely taken up in the little world of my own family,–

Qualified and connected as was this strong affection however, yet was it still your Mother’s marked characteristic. In another letter to one of her sons she says, [”] – (as perhaps before quoted,)† –

“I must now close this epistle, in which you will find enough to criticise, if the affection that dictated it, being appreciated by the receiver, – does not prevent. The full extent of that affection you can never fully comprehend, till you are yourself a parent; and then not the affection of a Mother.”

* Above, V, 18-20.
† Part of this extract has been given above, IV, 168.
Come we now to the closing scene of your dear Mother's life, which terminated on Saturday Feb 13th, 1830.

The weakness of body which had been induced by the racking severity of her cough in all of January, and which was also accompanied with great difficulty of breathing, – became very alarming of the 7th of Feb'y, so much so as to lead us to consider her situation very critical, attended as was the cough with an almost entire sleeplessness for a fortnight before her death. This symptom was very distressing; as, sleep to her was not merely a refreshment, but seemed more than to most persons an absolute necessity to sustain her debilitated constitution. It was indeed both food and medicine. The loss of it produced a strong nervous excitement, not amounting to alienation of mind, but to a difficulty of arranging and combining her ideas upon subjects which required much and long continued thought. This she observed in regard to secret prayer which she had long practised, – finding that if she attempted it at any length, her mind became in some degree confused and her ideas disconnected, especially four or five days before her death. On ordinary subjects not requiring much exertion of mental power, she continued in possession of her faculties to the last. She seemed fully sensible of her critical situation, and yet not to have given up all hope of recovery. On the Wednesday before her death she said to her youngest son George, “I have now been an invalid for three years and if it be the will of Providence that I should be taken away, I have no doubt it will be for the best. I feel anxious about my boys, lest they should get into habits of dissipation; but if you seek the approbation of your Maker and trust in Him, you cannot go wrong. You have an excellent Father, for which you ought to be thankful, a better no children ever had – I hope you will all love him and love each other”

“On the 12th of February,” says our little M in her account of your Mother’s last days, – “seeing me looking with anxious tears at her altered appearance as she sat half dozing in one of her uneasy slumbers, she suddenly brightened up and exclaimed, “Ah, my poor little girl, I shall not be long with you, but you will have good friends to take care of you – Your Aunt knows my notions in regard to the education of girls, and I know you will do what she wishes. Remember all I have said to you about your conduct and behavior in life. I feel confident that you will do what you think would be agreeable to me. Try to comfort your father. Be a good affectionate daughter and make up my loss to him. He has always been good to me, and he is the best of fathers and deserves all the care and attention which it is in your power to bestow on him.

especially be kind, affectionate, and obliging to your brothers and do all you can to promote their comfort and happiness.”

“Being there left alone with my dear Mother she warmly embraced and prayed fervently over me; – Her prayer was so low that I could hear little of it, but the few sentences I caught, expressed perfect resignation to the Divine will, and almost joy at the idea of a
future secure from separation from her beloved children, whose loss she felt unable to endure, had they been first removed.

When she ceased praying, she said in a very faint voice, “I can’t talk much, but you will recollect what I say.” She then kissed me several times, and ended by giving me some directions about her ring, pocket book, &c – This was my last private interview with our dear Mother, and those embraces were the last I ever received from her.”

On the same day, the last of her earthly existence, – a few hours after the parting interview with your dear sister, she had an interesting conversation with one of her sons, who was not at this time residing under our roof; – telling him that she did not expect to continue long, inculcating on his part kindness and forbearance to all the family. “She had,” she said, “loved all her children with an equal warmth of affection, and she hoped they would repay it by loving each other” This conversation was abruptly terminated by the entrance of the Doctor.

The last interesting interview which she had with any of her family was toward evening about eight hours before her death. It was with another son who, owing to frequent absences and other causes had held less confidential intercourse with her than would have been desirable to both. The conversation lasted nearly

half an hour, and is a striking instance of the strength of that maternal affection which can counteract the most extreme weakness of mind and body: A mothers love strong even in death.

‘Her conversation,’ says this son, – ‘was interesting and solemn. There was no wavering of the mind, no lapse of the memory, no trembling of the hand for the last time clasped in mine. The connection of ideas was perfect, and her language singularly striking and impressive. While it breathed words of the warmest affection, it was replete with salutary and useful admonitions.’ – She intimated her fears, – from his silence on the subject of religion, – that this important concern had not received much of his attention. She also thought he had taken less interest in his family than she could have wished. – On his replying that the defects of character which she had pointed out, he should by the blessing of God endeavor to remedy she replied quickly, – ‘That’s right; nothing can be done without His blessing’; and when her son observed that a constitutional reserve combined with other circumstances had hitherto kept him from a more open communication than he should have liked, on the subject of religion as well as other interesting matters, she said ‘God is merciful and if it is His will that I may be spared, we shall, I trust, be no longer strangers.’

After a violent fit of coughing she resumed in a low and nearly inaudible voice; adverted to the death of our dear Henry, and dwelt strongly on the importance of secret prayer and supplication for Divine assistance and support in all the varying circumstances of life especially in those of temptation, sorrow or distress.

Then, she seemed to feel it impossible, in the exhaustion produced by her cough, that her life should be prolonged much further, – and pointed out a friend who, she thought, could and would assist her son in his endeavors to find out the will of God in his future course.
She had, she said, fervently prayed that her family might find the true path. She had indeed formerly hoped that she might live to see her family settled around her, and her sons connected with religious women who would make them happy. – In conclusion she said, 'Be, my son, as a wife to the bereaved husband, a kind son brother, and friend, and a useful member of society. Exercise Christian charity to all, and do all the good in your power'. She had now, she said, bade adieu to all hopes of earthly things, and trusted that through the merits of the Redeemer, we should all meet in a better world."

This was the closing scene of the life of your dear Mother. After brief partings with several of her friends who, one by one, went up stairs to take leave of her, she fell into an uneasy doze, broken by occasional fits of coughing, till about 11 o’clock, when she lay down and sank into a quiet sleep, from which, about 1 AM, she passed into the sleep of death, without a groan or a sigh, or a struggle. Her sisters Blanchard and Pickering, and her immediate family were all who witnessed her departure. Her sons, with the exception of the one who boarded out, were all around her bed, and the Sunday following,† all assembled with their father and sister beside her sleeping form, to write down these recollections of a Mother departed.

130 “Recollections of a Mother” continued.

My Father’s closing remarks.

The circumstances accompanying the life and death of your Mother are neither novel nor extraordinary. They furnish no striking incidents for the Novelist or the Historian. The scene of death bed separation though new to many, if not all of you, – my children, – is witnessed every minute of time at some point or other on our globe; – and generally it is accompanied with more of mental and corporeal suffering than fell to the lot of our dear friend. The lives of many have been clouded with more vicissitude, – with greater afflictions and deeper sorrows than your Mother ever experienced. were these cases known to us, much sympathy ought to be felt, and much instruction might be had by comparing the circumstances of others with our own. – But by no effort of the imagination can the grief or suffering of others be made our own. Hence the lesson of morality taught us by the death of a near friend cannot be inculcated with equal force and effect by the death of hundreds whom we know not. Other lessons coming also near home it will probably be your lot sooner or later to receive. –Sooner or later as it pleases Him who gave us life, must that life be yielded up;

* Difficult to know with which of her fours sons other than George this interview was held. Edward and Benjamin Pollard may appear to be the most likely candidates as each had had “frequent absences,” Edward because he boarded out and BPW because he had been at Harvard. The latter also was moving in religiously liberal circles. But some remarks previously made by Margaret about Isaac, the eldest brother, make him perhaps the most likely son to have been thus singled out: “being of a reserved temperament, and of a timid undecided will, rather overawed by my Father's energy of character, … he shrank from free filial intercourse both with him and even with our most devotedly attached and indulgent Mother” (above, IV, 108). And see also the letter to Isaac from his mother of April 27, 1824 (above, IV, 115-16) as well as Isaac's reply, in which, speaking of her religious advice, says he likes to “keep those subjects like most others indeed, to myself, thinking, however, frequently upon them” (IV, 117). And see also the letter from Margaret’s mother to Isaac of June 21, 1828, which she says contains “quite a sermon” (above, V, 20-22).

† I.e., the day following her death.
for He has a right to resume* it when and how He sees fit. The hand which writes these lines, the head which dictates them, and the heart which now feels a parent’s love for his children, must also cease to write, to think and to feel. He also in the course of Nature must submit to the stroke of “that death which has passed upon all men for that all have sinned.”† When, as will probably be the case, you follow his remains to the grave, may you be consoled as he now is with the reflection, that, – in the words of your dear Mother,— “God takes us at the best time for our own happiness.” And may you feel that your father has no other or better trust than she had, the trust in Him “who taketh pity on them who fear Him,—

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on those who trust in His mercy.”‡ With her I can only say, “I hope I have this trust; I am sure I have no other.”

May your consolation then be that, notwithstanding the many many imperfections of both parents, – they humbly rest in the hope of a blessed resurrection through Him who is “the resurrection and the life.”§ “As by man came death, by man also came the resurrection from the dead.”** That this may be your hope in life and in death is the ardent wish and earnest prayer of — Your affectionate father.[†]

On the evening of Feb 13th my cousins Eliza and Margaret Houston arrived from Exeter, and stayed with us till near the following April; – their Father having given his consent in this time of affliction for them to remain with their now only surviving Aunt. Both were much affected on finding that they arrived too late to see my Mother alive; as she had always shewn a strong affection for these children of her favorite sister and early companion. Many others of our family friends, acquaintances and relatives came to offer sympathy or assistance, and quite a large number attended the funeral services, which were written by my Father, and read by my Uncle J P Blanchard on the afternoon of Feb 16th, after private prayer by our Father with our own immediate family in the morning, at the bedside of our beloved sleeper. His Sunday services had also been adapted to the event, and in every way he endeavored so to impress the hearts of those around him, especially of his children, on this touching occasion, as to lead them into the path of Religion which he had early chosen for his own eternal portion.— — — — — — — —

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Services at the funeral of my Mother
Feb 16th 1830.

* OED: “To reassert possession of (something which previously belonged to one but which was given or granted to another).” This sense is now rare.
† Romans 5: 12: “Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.”
‡ Psalm 103: 13: “Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.” Or Psalms: 33: 18: “Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy.”
§ John 11: 23.
** 1 Corinthians 15: 21: “For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.”
J.P. Blanchard read 1st the six last verses of the 4th chapter 2nd Epistle to the Thessalonians; and the 15th Chapter 1st Epistle to the Corinthians,† – after which he read the following Address.

Address.

Every day we are reminded of our own mortality by the death of our friends, our neighbors, or our fellow men. – Society continues to exist; but the individuals of which it is composed, daily disappear from among us, and one after another drop into the silent grave, the house appointed for all living.

When not immediately acquainted with those who thus leave us, our feelings are little excited, and our mental impressions only too easily effaced. But when we ourselves are the sufferers, – when the eye of tenderness and love, the voice of truth and friendship, and the features of kindness and affection have all passed away, how strongly do we then realize the extent of this great evil in our world. The dying, individually, may, by the prostration of disease, or, if able to receive them, by the consolations of religion, be enabled to pass calmly from the world and from all which has interested them in it. But the living, we who mourn over our departed friends, we must and do feel what language can very imperfectly express.

Death severs the closest ties, – dissolves the most intimate of earthly connections. Sooner or later the mourner follows the mourned, and we all return to the dust from which we were taken. Of each of us, as of the friend whose loss we deplore, will it, before long, cease to be affirmed that we are.

It is natural as well as profitable then, on occasions like the present, to pause a little from the busy pursuits of life, and to contemplate the remains of those who, but a short time since, were possessed of life and thought, and sense and affections like ours; – who were associated with our joys and our sorrows, our cares and our anxieties, our hopes and our fears: It is well for us to anticipate the period fast approaching when we also must bow our heads to the universal conqueror, and become subject for a time at least to his all subduing power.

Job 14. 2, 12. Man cometh up like a flower and is cut down. However aged, he is yet of a few days and full of trouble. He fleeth as a shadow and continueth not, and shall not be raised out of his sleep till the heavens are no more.‡

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* There is no fourth chapter of 2 Thessalonians. Probably she means the first epistle, in which case the verses cited are those that are the chief source for belief in the “Rapture.” 1 Thessalonians 4: 16 is quoted below, V, 134.

† All about the Resurrection and a favorite text for funerals and Easter services.

‡ Job 14: 1-12: “1: Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. 2: He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. …12: So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.”
Eccles 9-5-6 9-10 12-7 The dead know not any thing. Their love, their hatred, and their envy have perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun.*

There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave whither thou goest.†

The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit (or breath) shall return unto God who gave it.‡

In the Old Testament, the word of divine truth thus confirms our natural impressions of the darkness and coldness and silence of the grave, the last dreary and desolate mansion appointed for all living. The dark and lowering cloud of mortality, blackening and deepening as we advance toward the ocean of Eternity extends its thick shades to the verge of the horizon. We all enter the obscure mist and are seen no more; and the eye of reason in vain attempts to pierce the midnight gloom in which all within is shrouded.

But in the new dispensation to the eye of faith, a bright and celestial gleam of light is visible under the dark canopy.

Thanks be unto God that “now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of those who sleep.”§

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Services.

The triumphant Messiah has left the grave and –

– “As by man came death, – by man also came the resurrection from the dead.”**

“As sin reigned unto death, so will grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord,”††

The body “Sown in weakness, shall be raised in power; sown a natural body it will be raised” (not merely a body, or an uncompounded spirit) but “a spiritual body.”‡‡

Through the gloom of death the second coming of Jesus is discerned, and “the times of the restitution of all things spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.”§§

“The sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings.”***

* Ecclesiastes 9: 5-6: “For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.”

† Ecclesiastes 9: 10: “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”

‡ Ecclesiastes 12: 7.

§ 1 Corinthians 15: 20.

** Again, 1 Corinthians 15: 21.

†† Romans 5: 21.

‡‡ 1 Corinthians 15: 43-44.


*** Malachi 4: 2.
“Jesus the reigning Messiah who is the resurrection and the life shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.”

With this long expected guest, do Christians look for the accomplishment of prophecies yet unfulfilled; for “the new Jerusalem into which nothing entereth that defileth”;† for “the new Heavens and the new earth in which dwelleth righteousness;”‡ for that blessed period promised to man, when “the name of God shall be great among all nations, – and incense and a pure offering shall be offered thereunto from the rising to the setting sun.”

When “men shall not hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of the Lord, but the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea;”§ and when “His Kingdom shall come and his will shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven.”**

Interments of herself and family.

Your Mother†† was buried in the Pollard tomb under Trinity Church, being the first new tenant of the new tombs built there in 1829. The old wooden building having been taken down, all the remains in the old vaults were carefully preserved and removed to the new building. The persons buried there were – your Mother’s grandfather – Sheriff of Suffolk Co, and 1st Col of Boston Cadets –

Benjamin Pollard, who died Dec 26th, 1756 – born 1696.
Susanna Winslow (his wife’s sister) – Ap 3rd 1786 – born 1731.
Margaret Pollard (his wife) – March 25th 1814 – born 1724.
Susan Blanchard (his granddaughter) Aug 17th 1814 – born 1784.
Peggy Savage Blanchard (his daughter) – Dec 5th 1815 – born 1753.
Kitty Pease Houston (his granddaughter) – Sept 26th 1815 – born 1780.
and her infant son
Margaret Winslow (your mother) – Feb 13th 1830 – born 1777.

Afterward by request of his daughters, the remains (removed from Exeter NH) of John Houston (husband of Kitty or Catharine Pease Blanchard) – and Charlotte Thomas Houston (his 4th wife) who died in Boston, 18th May, 1849.

Also two premature children of Benjamin P and Mary Quincy Winslow.

P.S.‡‡ All these, except some indistinguishable remains of the two first and the two last, were removed to Isaac Winslow’s lot 576, Forest Hills Cemetery, April 24th 1872 – and Nov

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* 1 Thessalonians 4: 16.
† Revelations 21: 27: “And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth.”
‡ 2 Peter 3 13: “Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”
§ Isaiah 11: 9.
** Matthew 6: 10 (the second line of the Lord’s Prayer).
†† It appears that this document was written by Isaac, but it is not clear if it was appended to his “Recollections of a Mother” or was prepared separately. I would guess the latter and that Margaret deemed it appropriate to be inserted here.
‡‡ Evidently written by Margaret (because after her father’s death).
10th & 11th of the same year the solid granite structure under which they had lain so long, was utterly destroyed in the great Boston fire. 

My Uncle Joshua Pollard Blanchard lies near his 2nd wife Mary Cotton, in lot 613 Forest Hills.

The remains of Mr Houston and Charlotte his 4th wife are in the right hand corner of my brother Edward Winslow lot 577 – where also those of my Uncle Benjamin Winslow were interred in 1863.

My Mother’s remains were laid at my father’s left hand, a little in advance, at the foot to the large Oak tree: – those of the others at the left hand of Henrietta Winslow his second wife, except the small box containing the remains of Catharine Houston and infant, which is in front of the stone bearing their initials.

On a departed wife. From an Elegy in “Christian Songs”°
partly altered by IW.

“Hushed in the grave, – life’s busy dream
Disturbs no more thy breast, –
Nor empty joys which, substance seem,
Conspire to thwart thy rest.

Nor sin nor anxious cares invade
That land of long repose,
Where mortals rest in death’s calm shade,
Released from human woes.

We hope that heavenly life once more
Shall warm this mouldering clay; —x
New light to these closed eyes restore, –
The light of endless day.

Hail glorious day of lasting rest!
Fraught with unfading joy, –
When heaven and earth, renewed and blest,
Yield bliss without alloy.

O bright millenial morn, arise!
To thee, – to us, — — to those
Who, expecting Jesus from the skies, –
In this blest hope repose.[”]

* Above, V, 103.
† John Glas, “Elegy V,” Christian songs : to which is prefixed, the evidence and import of Christ’s resurrection, versified, for the help of the memory. (Perth: R. Morrison, 1784), 138-39. This elegy is the one Margaret has identified as her father’s favorite, above, IV, 6. Isaac’s revisions (including omitted stanzas and brand new ones) are so extensive as to constitute a complete rewriting.
Although we cannot suppose that the body which decays and is resolved into its original elements will ever be restored, there is every reason, both from Natural analogy and Divine revelation, to believe that a germ from it will, sooner or later, expand into the spiritual body.*

“Thou sowest not that body which shall be: But God giveth to every seed its own body.” 1 Cor 15th Chap.†

“O fool‡ to judge that He who from the earth Created man, – cannot his form restore. The scattered elements from every shore Call back and clothe with a celestial birth. See from its sheath the buried seed break forth; – Blade, – stalk, – leaf, – bud, – and now the perfect flower, Changing and yet the same, – and of His power A token each; — — and art thou counted worth Less than the meanest herb? ——— Changed from the dust, And little lower than the angels made. — More changed by sin, – to death itself betrayed, Yet heir of Heaven by an immortal trust, — Doubter unwise in reason’s narrow school, — Well might the great Apostle say — “Thou fool.” [†]

Yet reason is not opposed to Revelation upon this or any other subject; – and if any doubter of the latter, ever in his or her hour of tribulation, longs for a hope which is there, as Christians think, revealed by The Divine word, let such consider from what we came into existence: – and who would ever have dared to conjecture the development of such a being as man, especially in his highest grade of bodily and intellectual power, from a globule? Not to speak of the far less wonderful developments of the Animal, Vegetable, and even Mineral creation, the last of which would be a startling and incredible miracle to us, if our own eyes did not continually attest the result; – though the process is equally hidden with that of the future germination, from, perhaps, a minute globule, gathered and preserved by invisible hands, when the outward seed decays. How soon this process takes place after death, probably depends upon conditions; as does the germination, development, or change of every substance and every mental quality with which we are acquainted.

* It is difficult to know whether this is Isaac’s note or Margaret’s as it carries on the intense interest in the question of “the spiritual body” that both have manifested. (Above, IV, 129-31). But I believe it is Margaret’s.

† This is whole page appears to be a continuation of the note on the preceding page. The quotation is 1 Corinthians 15: 37-38: “And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.”

‡ This sonnet, inspired by 1 Corinthians: 20, is by George Lunt (1803-85). See his Poems (Boston: Cupples, Uppham and Co., 1884), 261. I have found it anthologized as early as 1851, sometimes under the title “Resurrection.”
Lines by Edward Winslow, partly altered by his father:
In memory of a Mother’s request to a daughter not to forget her.
Feb 13th 1830.

1
“Forget thee mother? – No! that spell
Of grief forbade, when thou wast not.
Remember what thou saidst? – full well:—
Ne’er be that last request forgot!
O that thy voice, thy gentle call,
Deep sunk in filial hearts may be!
And treasured there by each, – may all
   Remember thee.

2
Yes! every heart will still renew
And keep the treasures of the past; –
That kind, that mother’s love review,
Which even lingered to the last.
That last fond look! and ever still,
Those last kind words so worthy thee! -
While life remains, we surely will
   Remember thee.

3
At the calm hour of rest, when night
Her sable curtain draws o’er all,
Our happiest dreams till morning light,
Will be of thee, — will thee recall: –
Thee shall we meet in woodland bowers,
Or, walking by some tranquil sea,
We shall through all the silent hours,
   Remember thee.

4
’Tis Spring; – fast fly the rolling years; —
Winter retreats, - his reign is past: —
Spring, emblematic Spring appears,
Like that, to gladden Man at last.
Again the flowers she loved will spring, -
Again be robed each shrub and tree; —
And nature’s voice will ever bring
   Our thoughts to thee.
“Tis summer; – Twilight over all
Has spread the mellow hues of even,
And soothing sounds our thoughts recall
From earth to thee, from thee to heaven.
When all is hushed below, above, –
When eve’s fair star is shining free, –
In that calm hour, with peaceful love
  We think on thee.

“Tis autumn now, – and every dell
That summer decked is cold and drear:
The wild winds sweep, and sadly knell
The requiem of the dying year:
All nature feels its withering power; –
The fallen leaf from every tree, –
The gathered fruit, the faded flower,
  Resemble thee.

“Tis winter; – yet his dreary reign,
Cold pallid face, and deathlike sway,
But a brief time their power maintain; –
They fly as comes the length’ning day.
So pass the shadows of the grave, –
Before the morning light they flee;
May He who has all power to save,
  Remember thee.

And when our race of life is run, –
The last look cast on all below, –
On all we love, – earth, air, and sun, –
When ebbing life shall faintly flow, –
With the last pulses of the heart,
In its last throbblings, – then shall we
In hope to meet and never part, –
  Remember thee.”

Letters on occasion of my Mother’s death,
to and from my Father.
From Mr Samuel Sparhawk, then quite ill at Portsmouth, NH

Portsmouth Feb 21st. 1830.

“My Dear Sir,

Although incapable of much exertion either bodily or mental, I cannot forbear expressing the sympathy we feel for you on the present melancholy occasion. The sorrowful event, though we knew your dear wife had been for some time in a weak state, was wholly unexpected to us. I have often thought that the separation of a married pair by the death of either of the parties, – where any thing like the affection and harmony exists which ought to, – is one of the severest trials which human nature is called to endure; indeed it has often proved more than it can endure; yet it is what most of us must, sooner or later, experience.

I hope, my dear friend, you will be supported and comforted by the gracious hand of Him who makes all things work together for good to them that love Him, and who can administer comfort under the sorest trials and calamities that can happen to us..”

This was the language of an experienced Christian, who had, through many trials and sufferings, himself sought and found the consolations here pointed out. But singularly enough, two professed unbelievers in Christianity wrote my Father in nearly the same strain, shewing, I think, that all men have, by the very constitution of their nature, to resort in times of trouble to the same source, however they may affect to despise it — One of these persons was Consul Jarvis of Weathersfield Vermont; the other was Mr Erving who wrote from Philadelphia a remarkable letter expressing much esteem for my Mother, and bringing forward the very hopes and consolations of that religion which he could not embrace, as “a compensation.”

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to my Father in his bereavement. The latter says in his reply “Dear Sir, – I acknowledge with much satisfaction your kind and friendly letter of Feb 25th. The sympathy which you express in the affliction I have been called to partake of is very grateful, because I know it is sincere; and though it is unreasonable because unnatural to expect our friends to feel on such occasions as we do who stand so near to our departed friends, it is neither unreasonable nor unnatural to feel a confidence that our friends sympathize with us in those events of life beyond the control of human power, – in which the little we can do is to participate in and thus alleviate that sorrow of which time generally, but in many cases Hope presents the only effectual alleviation.

There is a good deal in your doctrine of “compensation.” In my own case, as regards the blessings of life only, – the compensation has been so immeasurably above the services rendered or the obedience performed, that not a murmur against the dispensation of Divine Providence ought to exist, if not only the blessing of a true friend is withdrawn, but also the other blessings of many remaining friends, – health, – competence, -peace, – a sound mind! — — Are not these, gifts rather than “compensation?” – gifts calculated to call forth the best feeling of our nature, gratitude; – and will not gratitude to that Being who throws far and wide his blessings, not to a few only, but to all mankind, – lead us to hope for

* Without the letter we cannot be sure, but it seems likely that Erving had used the word in the sense of a moral or spiritual reward or feeling or sense thereof, whereas in the letter that follows Isaac uses it in the sense of payment for value received or service rendered, which is rhetorically effective if somewhat perverse.
circumstances where that feeling will have a more ample scope in which to expatiate. If
placed in these circumstances, is it “compensation”? In the language of, I think, Dr Franklin,
“Can we expect to be rewarded by a rich Prince or Nobleman, with a magnificent palace and estate, because we have given
to one of his children, a cup of cold water?”

For myself, I prefer the opinion of my late wife, – “trusting to the goodness of the Donor, – not at all to the merit of the recipient”. – We love those who are dependent on us, more than those on whom we depend. Hence, as I take it, the love of Parents to their children is greater than vice versa; – and though both you and I were tenderly attached to our respective fathers, – I apprehend that their love to us was greater than ours to them.

Hence I reason, that if God dispenses so many blessings to man in this state, – not necessaries merely, – but every thing to gratify the senses and enlarge the mental faculties, – and that from a mere regard to the happiness of man here, — this goodness will certainly induce Him to enlarge the sphere of human happiness hereafter by an enlargement of the capacity of enjoyment, whether mental or corporeal.

Yet it does seem as if, – at least in many cases, your theory of compensation is founded in truth, and I suspect it is only in reference to the state of things visible, that you mean to apply it. For, according to your doctrine, “we know nothing of what is to be”. But we who believe that the Maker of the world has been at least as thoughtful as were Lycurgus* and other Legislators in leaving some directions for the benefit of after generations, also believe on this ground that “Invisibilia non decipiunt.”† By things seen, we judge the things unseen, and think that we shall not be deceived therein,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly & faithfully

Isaac Winslow”

There are interesting letters on the death of my Mother from Miss Harriet Sparhawk, from Mrs McKeige, Mrs Alsop of Middletown Conn. Mrs Helen Ostrander, late Pierce, – Mrs Ochiltree Florida, Miss King of N Carolina Judge Potter of Portland, David Lewis of Philadelphia an eminent Quaker merchant, and Thomas Masters of the firm of Masters, Marcoe & co, N York. The latter was father to the young lady with whom my brother Isaac

* The very ancient and quite possibly merely legendary legislator of Sparta, who was responsible for the austere and militaristic reforms embodied by the term “Spartan.” Legend has it that, having created his laws, he decided to visit the oracle at Delphi to make a sacrifice and consult the Oracle. But on the eve of his departure he gathered an assembly and demanded that all the citizens and nobles swear to uphold the laws he had given them until his return. He made his trip, was told by the Oracle that his laws were exemplary, and was never heard from again, leading to the natural supposition that his disappearance was intentional and had as its goal to force the Spartans to obey his laws for all time.

† The things unseen do not deceive us (with the implication that things seen often do). Edward Young (the author of “Night Thoughts,” a favorite poem of Isaac’s, had painted in his garden against a wall a depiction of an alcove with a bench in it. So skilful was the representation that only upon approaching it very nearly would a visitor realize the deception and be able to read this motto, also painted upon the wall.
was so much pleased during his first visit to NY – and was a very upright Merchant and truly Christian man. His letter contains these words, –

“The breach made in the domestic happiness of an endeared family circle by the death of a wife and mother, is indeed most afflicting. In this world I conceive there is nothing to which we can turn for consolation. We are compelled to realise that here we have no continuing city, and exhorted to seek one to come;” – even an heavenly where friends meet to part no more.

The consolations of religion alone in such circumstances support the soul from sinking. These I trust you have found to sustain you, and that you have by divine grace been enabled to say “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.”

“In the view of the glorious and happy change which a prepared soul makes from time to Eternity, – there is no room left for overmuch sorrow. It imparts its own consolations, and permits us only to weep over the desolations of those who remain, and are still exposed to the trials and cares of this life.”

Miss Harriet Sparhawk writes thus from Portsmouth NH

Feb 17th 1830

Dear Sir,

You and your family are in affliction. Such an event as this, teaches us how little it is in our power to give or receive consolation. – It is grateful to some to speak much and often of their departed friends. – To others it brings such a flood of grief that they avoid mentioning them. For my own part I think that in time every event in which they were concerned or bore a part becomes endeared to us, and there is a melancholy pleasure in retracing every action. I have many kindnesses of Mrs Winslows to remember and shall always cherish her memory with gratitude. I know how much all her family must be affected, for I know how much she loved them.

The extract you made from Mrs W’s diary must be consoling to her friends. I do not doubt, as I have said before, that Mrs Winslow thought a great deal of a future state; and as you very justly observe “Religion of the heart is of infinitely greater importance than the religion of the lips.”

My Uncle Edward (father of Admiral John A Winslow) writes from Charleston SC as follows – Speaking of the letter from my brother George which announced my Mother’s death, he says,

“While I accord most fully and respond to his estimate of the virtues of his Mother, it is to me a melancholy source of satisfaction, retracing an intercourse with her of thirty years, to reflect that not a trace of coolness has ever existed between us, but on the contrary, there are a thousand little incidents and instances of uniform kindness evinced on the part of the lamented deceased during my early life, indicating an affectionate and sisterly solicitude for my future welfare, the recollection of which cannot be obliterated.

* Hebrews 13: 14: “For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”
† Job 1: 21.
And since I became settled and have taken upon me the cares and duties of life, the same consistent course has ever marked her conduct towards me and mine from the moment when Mrs E W’s family first visited the North till my son Edward left Boston in the fall of last year. – At a period too, of much personal trial of feeling, when I removed my two eldest to the North, her maternal care of them when they were in want of absolute necessaries, I cannot forget; since which time my children have been almost forced through the influence of her Motherly care, to lose the remembrance of their other home in the realization of all that makes Home valuable, in your Hospitable dwelling.” Believe me ever

“Your affectionate brother
Edward Winslow.”

From Joshua Winslow (father of Commander Francis Winslow,* USN, who died of yellow fever off Key West, Florida, during the war of the Rebellion, 1863.)

S’Croix, March 25th 1830

Your letter, my dear Brother, – with Isaac’s of Feb 20th were not unexpected announcements of the decease of your lamented wife. Your previous letter of the 10th had prepared me for them, and I first learned the sad reality in “the Albion” of Feb 20th. I had supposed that she had outlived the tendency to lung complaints; but such is the trying nature of our native climate, that if these are once seated, nothing but change of air can be of service. I can easily conceive of the suffering from having felt the same symptoms myself. Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult to bear than want of sleep, When deprived of it long, the restlessness and anxiety which

supervene, make the suffering almost intolerable. But there is a termination to all earthly sufferings, and it must be a great consolation to you that her departure was so tranquil and easy, as also that the state of her mind with regard to the future, was so satisfactory. This must be of great service to all her children with whom I sincerely sympathize in the severe loss they have experienced. I hope and trust you all will find consolation in the true source. I think as we advance in life, our attachments become stronger to the few with whom we are connected by the strongest ties, and that we feel much more the rupture of these, than of briefer connections in our early days. Habit strengthens our attachments – We become necessary to each other, and a great void is left by separation, which time only can fill. It is, however, a great consolation if we can feel that we have not been neglectful of our duties to those who have departed; but that we have contributed so far as weak human nature will allow, to their welfare comfort and happiness, while united to them in this world.

I little thought when I left home, that so many melancholy changes would occur before my return.” (Note Return, he never did.) “Indeed my own state of health was at that time so precarious, that I might well have expected to be called hence first of all. But

* Still “little Frank” in 1830, when he was only eleven or twelve years old. He died in fact in 1862.
through the mercy of Providence I have been preserved, while many are deceased who were apparently well when I arrived here.

I always liked the unaffected frankness of character of your late wife; which when joined to the Christian humility that, as you observe, appears in the papers she has left, must be a source of consolation to you all. I am with best wishes for you all

Your affectionate brother Joshua Winslow.

The last letter from which I shall make extracts is from my Uncle John D Winslow residing in New York, to my brother George in Boston, Feb 26, 1830.

“My dear Nephew,

The event which your letter announced, was not altogether unexpected. On your poor Mother’s last visit to N York her appearance, – during my long absence from her, had undergone such an alteration that it required some effort of self command to avoid shewing my surprise. To you and the rest of the family who were in daily intercourse with her, the inroads of disease were probably less apparent. I know, as in the case of my own Mother, we become accustomed to the debilitated state of a near connection, and the alteration in looks is so gradual as to become almost insensible to us. In this manner the blow, as you say, always falls with severity.

What is the peculiarity, my dear George, which impedes us from realizing this ultimate consummation of our being in respect to ourselves, and even to friends who seem to hold their lives by the frailest tenure? This event always at hand, and inevitable in the sequel? – We shall go to the dead; - they will not return to us. Sometimes when I sit down and reflect upon these realities, – upon my own preocupation, and upon that of mankind in general, old as well as young; – when I call to mind the pursuits, passions, and frivolities which so exclusively engross us; – the avarice, ambition and pleasure seeking of such an evanescent existence, -- in sober truth it seems as if we were all stark, staring mad.”

[“]Such an event as the death of a parent, and that a Mother, – judging from my own experience, will probably be an epoch in the lives of you all. It is commonly one of the first calls of young people to that feeling of isolation of which they have so many reiterated experiences in their future career through the world. The wound, although it admits many lenitives,* and though its severity will, surely be assuaged by time, yet leaves a great void which, however we may reconcile ourselves to it, – we almost daily realize.

With my kind regards to Aunt Henrietta, and affectionate remembrances to all the rest, I am, my dear nephew, – with much sympathy in your affliction, – Your Uncle

J. D. Winslow.

* Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: “a means of mitigation or alleviation.”
I have now carried down the “Family History” begun by my dear Father, – for a period of near thirty years, viz' from his marriage to my Mother in 1801, to the time of her death in 1830. During this interval, the young family of which she had taken charge at her entrance into the home of my Father's lately deceased Mother in Hawkins S', had grown into life, gone abroad, settled, married, and become the parents of adult children all of whom, as is shewn in my Uncle E Ws letter from Charleston, S.C, – continued to make her home their constant resort like their Parents before them. In the midst of these, her own children had now come forward into life; but although many little romances and some serious attachments had occurred in this circle of young people about her, none of them had as yet assumed an independent position, or taken upon themselves the serious duties of life.

But the next ten years of our Boston life from 1830 to 1840, brought with them momentous events in our generation: events common indeed, to every generation; but of which the form and complexion influenced not only our whole lives, but those of the descendants for whom, if they ever stop to cast an eye upon these pages our Family History is written. And let them remember that our History and theirs are one. Whatever they are in character or circumstances, they have been at least partly made, by the characters and circumstances of their Ancestors; And as these are not “past and done with,” but present now with God, in whom is our only true life, – and as all will be reproduced hereafter, to explain and justify His dealings with us, and with all connected with us now or hereafter, it is plain that even setting aside family regard, we ought to value these memorials as part of God’s great revelation of Himself to man.

If my life is spared and health suffices, I may supplement at some future time the foregoing pages, with a more particular account of the incidents to which I refer. But lest the opportunity should not be granted me, I will here state that several weddings occurred in the family within a few years after my Mother’s death.

The first was that of my Uncle Benjamin Winslow to my cousin Eliza Houston. He had seen a great deal of her during the six weeks of her stay at our house after the funeral, and in the summer of 1830 he followed her to Exeter, and urged his suit very perseveringly until, notwithstanding the disapproval of all her friends and the bitter opposition of her father, she consented to marry him. He was a handsome man, young both in appearance and character, although really twenty years her senior, and with daughters grown up and entering into society, who required all his means and attention. They were married in Portsmouth NH, Feb 8th 1831, in presence of my Aunt Pickering, my brother Edward, Arthur Pickering and my cousins Benjamin D Amory and Catharine Winslow, all of whom returned with the bride and bridegroom to Boston. The latter took his bride to board in Colonade Row, * where he and his two elder daughters already were residing, and disliking

* Colonnade Row was designed by Bullfinch and built 1811-12 on Tremont St. running from the south corner of West Street to the opening of Mason Street.
Exeter as she did it was pleasant to be near Aunt Henrietta and all her friends in Boston, though not pleasant to be separated from her sisters, and under her father’s displeasure. However, she was a great deal at our house, and the girls also. Catharine was very pretty and lively and her younger sister Lucretia after she left boarding school was also much admired—Their brother Benjamin was at that time very amusing, and all made my Uncle’s rooms a pleasant visiting place, after our Friday evening parties had ceased with the life of her, who gave life to them. Very different was our home after her departure, at least to me during that first year of bereavement.’

My Father to Aunt Henrietta Blanchard.

Yet gradually, as my Father had said, the duties and pleasures of life again seemed to absorb those who had mourned for a time, no doubt sincerely, but transiently. My brothers went abroad into the world of travel and of business, and soon began to interest themselves in other than home connections. And even at the very hearthstone, new ties were forming, very dear and blessed to me afterward, but which seemed, when first made known to me, almost to banish, as it were, the loved image which still lingered there, to my longing fancy.

In the spring of 1831, my Father first mentioned to me his contemplated marriage to my Aunt Henrietta Blanchard who had, at his earnest request, assumed the headship of his household after my Mother’s death. How faithfully and self-denyingly she performed this office, at the sacrifice of time, and health, and intellectual tastes, and favorite religious associations,† may be seen in the Manuscript written by me soon after her decease in 1858,—entitled “Recollections of a second Mother,” which I purpose to append to these volumes.‡

The marriage took place at our house in Leverett St on the 16th of June 1831; Dr Gannett, colleague of Dr Channing, of whose church Aunt Henrietta had long been a member, performed the ceremony, and all the family connections were present. Every one seemed to think the marriage a natural transition from the position held by the parties toward each other, and they themselves, besides a high esteem and sincere attachment, were influenced to the step, I know, by their habitual regard to what they conceived to be the welfare of all around them, and, so far as they could perceive after earnest seeking, the apparent will of God. To all around them, especially to me, the event, as I have said, proved a blessing. – I trust it will be so to them hereafter.

My brother Isaac to Miss Abby Barrell.

The third wedding in the family was that of my brother Isaac, who after establishing himself in business at New York became intimate in the family of Mr Theodore Barrell, a family who formerly lived in Boston, and before the revolution were connected with the

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* After “departure,” the script is in pencil, later inked over (in a different color ink and new quill), but under “bereavement” (in ink) had been written “motherless existence” in pencil.

† She has often been mentioned as going to listen to Dr. Channing, and as early as 1824 was identified in the family as a “Channig-ite”—i.e., a Unitarian (above, IV, 114).

‡ But evidently never did.
Sandemanian society there. An Uncle of Mr Theodore Barrell owned the fine estate where
now stands the Mclean Asylum at Somerville as I think my Father mentions in his Pre-
Revolutionary reminiscences Mr Barrell was well connected and had at one time been
wealthy, but was at this time living in the village of Saugerties about † miles up the
Hudson river, on a reduced income, with his wife and three daughters, the eldest having
married an Italian gentleman, Mr Massa, by whom she had two children, all making a part of
Mr Barrell’s household.‡ Mrs Barrell was from Barbados, and her sister Mrs Benjamin,
afterward Mrs Judge Landman, was the Mother of Mrs Lathrop Motley.§ At the marriage of
my brother Isaac to Abigail Elizabeth, second daughter of Theodore Barrell, which took
place at Saugerties Nov 3rd, 1832, this young lady, afterward the distinguished wife of the
Historian of “the Dutch Republic,** and US minister to England, was one of the
bridesmaids, and returned under the care of my brother Edward to Norwich Conn where
her mother then resided. I was also present at this wedding in the little Episcopal Church of
S, and came down the Hudson with all the wedding party to N York, where we staid for a
few days, and then left the bride & groom to the company of her sister and our brother
T S W, who had established himself in N York with my brother Isaac, under the firm I & TS
Winslow, Commission Merchants. They all went to a private boarding house for the winter,
and the bride did not come to Boston till the ensuing summer, so that none of the family
became acquainted personally with her, except my brother Edward and myself. She appeared
quite an invalid, even at the time of her marriage, and has been so ever since.††

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Children of my brother Isaac Winslow and
Abigail Elizabeth Barrell

From the marriage last recorded, sprang nearly all the family descendants now living in New
York, or who have been born in that vicinity— viz’

Margaret Elizabeth Winslow born Oct 18th, 1833.
Isaac Stayner born May 29, 1836, married Kate Everson Sept 10th 1862.
  Children
    Isaac Everson, born Nov 8th —— 1865.
    son Stayner Barrell born June 3rd 1872 — died Aug 12th 1872.
George Blanchard born Aug 11, 1843. married Maggie Chapin Ap 3rd 1865
  Children
    (  Albert Stayner born Feb 25th 1866
    (  George b Jan 17th 1868 ____________died Aug 11th 1869

* Mentioned above, IV, 91, as where Uncle Joshua Blanchard’s wife Timmins was hospitalized for a time, but
  not by Margaret’s father.
† A small blank here evidently meant later to be filled in. Saugerties is about 90 miles north of the city as the
crow flies.
‡ Recall that we have been told about Isaac’s visit in July of 1828 to the Barrells in Saugerties and that he “was
quite smitten with some of the young ladies there” (above, V, 12).
§ Mary Benjamin, who in 1837 married John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877), historian and diplomat.
†† But appearances evidently were deceiving; she did not die until 1890.
Marriage of my Brother
Benjamin Pollard Winslow, to
Mary, Timmins Quincy Hill.

My brother B P W’s acquaintance with Quincy Hill commenced, as has been recorded, before the death of my Mother, – and was facilitated by various meetings arranged by their mutual cousin Amory Winslow at her Father’s rooms and elsewhere, until it culminated in an engagement about the winter of 1830-31. BPW however, having relented* from the profession for which my Father had sent him to college,† was not in a situation to marry. And Quincy Hill, having been kept out of her share of her paternal grandfather’s property and neither her Mother or the Miss Callahans being able to make it good to her, was equally situated in respect to worldly affairs. “Love, Hope, and Beauty,”‡ therefore, constituted the only possessions, and indeed prospects of the devoted lovers, who nevertheless contrived to subsist upon these for two rapt years of daily intercourse, (with the unimportant addition of certain grosser aliments imbibed at the separate houses of the otherwise ethereal pair.)

“Love, Hope, and Beauty” however, being, at the end of these two years, discovered to be too airy a nourishment for permanent use, it was thought desirable to supplement these by three less romantic but more enduring possessions, entitled by the vulgar, “food and raiment, and pretty good clothes.”§ So, by the kind permission of the ruling powers at 13 Leverett St’, these six deities of youthful worship were combined unto one, and the shrine of domestic happiness was created in the best spare chamber of our old mansion, on the 27th of December, 1832.

* Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: “to make a determined resistance.”
† He was intended to become a physician (above, IV, 43.)
‡ Perhaps a reference to the poem of this name by Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802–1838). There is also a well-known and much reproduced (even in the nineteenth century) allegorical 1627 painting by Simon Vouet depicting “Father Time Overcome by Love, Hope, and Beauty” that might have been in Margaret’s mind.
§ 1 Timothy 6: 8: “And having food and raiment let us be therewith content.” Margaret is no doubt referring also to a joke she assumes her readers will be familiar with, though I can find her quotation turning up only much later in “Salvation: A New Evangelical Monthly, III, (1901) in an article exploring possible revisions to the King James version, where the writer, taking up the case of the word raiment, says that “Revision yields nothing, unless garments be a clearer term than raiment, for the common people: an amendment by the Revisers that might have been suggested by the humble profession reported of a certain woman, that all she wanted in this world was “food and raiment, and (pretty good) clothes.” (266)
The wedding took place in Trinity Church between 10 and 11 AM and the ceremony was performed by Mr Croswell, Rector of Christ Church. It was attended by the immediate relations only, as the parties wished it to be quite private. The bride was dressed in a brown silk travelling suit and bonnet, as the pair were to leave in the 12 o’clock stage for Providence, thence to proceed next day to Norwich Conn, where Mr & Mrs John Callahan and daughter were expecting to receive them. My brother Edward, then boarding at Miss Betsy Lecain’s stood up as Groomsman and I as bridesmaid: Uncle Blanchard the bride’s stepfather gave her away, and the event is recorded in his Diary as follows. –

“1832. Dec 27th. Benjamin P Winslow married to Mary, Timmins, Quincy, Hill, daughter of my wife L.C.T Blanchard, at Trinity Church at 10¼ oclock AM by Rev Dr Croswell; I gave her away.”

The young couple returned from Norwich about the 10th of January and took up their residence at my Father’s house in Leverett St Boston, where the bride received her callers, and where her Aunts constantly visited her though quite a distance from their house in Washington near Beach St. At the present date 1873 – one only of those ladies survives, one only of all the elder generation who witnessed that marriage, and many then young, have already followed or preceded them to the house appointed for all living. Even the generation following theirs, Love Hope and Beauty of a younger race, then unborn and unthought of, have contributed their quota to the great procession ever marching from the cradle to the Altar, from the Altar to the Grave. — And even the very Altar itself, and the graves beneath it to which we followed the bridal and the funeral trains are now mingled in ashes.

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(By the great fire of Nov 9th & 10th, 1872, the whole of Trinity Church, except the massive Tower and West wing, was laid in ruins. The remains of my Mother and her family had, on the previous spring, been removed to Forest Hills, so that she may be said to have occupied it during its whole existence, its first tenant and one of its last.)

Thus the wheels of active life, its pursuits, interests, and enjoyments began once more to revolve around our hearth stone. Our “Love and Beauty,” I am bound to say, made themselves very pleasant inmates in our old Homestead, and in due time a very youthful Hope§ was introduced who still further enlivened it. After two disappointments,** another Hope appeared, just on the verge of our declining life in Leverett St whereof I must

* William Croswell (1804-51), rector of Christ Church 1829-40.
† The bride, as has been noted, was descended from Capt. John Callahan. She was also the descendant of the first Quincy to come to America (hence cousin to all the New England Quincys, the Sewalls, and Adamses), including Col. and Judge Edmund Quincy (1681-1737), Solicitor General of Massachusetts Samuel Quincy (1735-89), as well as Maj. Daniel Gookin (1612-87), who along with the Rev. John Eliot championed the “Praying Indians” during King Philip’s War, which he also chronicled in an important history of the War, though not published until 1836.
‡ Above, V, 135.
** The two premature children mentioned above (V, 135) buried in Trinity Church, but not removed to the family plot at Forest Hills.
postpone the particulars to another volume if such should ever be permitted me. * Meanwhile a fifth, sixth, and seventh marriage occurred, in which that Homestead had a part, besides innumerable loves and flirtations which will never be recorded on earth. Cousin Margaret Houston came there in the summer of 1833 to prepare for her marriage to Mr Alfred Haven of Portsmouth, NH, which took place that year at her father’s house in Exeter. – My cousin Catharine was married thence † Oct 18, 1837: her sister Amory being also with us after the failure of her father; and there came in the summer of 1839, June 10 the bride of my brother Thomas S Winslow on their wedding trip from N York. X Several births occurred in the family between 1833 and 40: — many business disasters among our own friends and throughout the whole community. Political agitations began to shake the country, between slavery propagandists and Anti Slavery Reformers. In short, these ten years were crowded with events and interests far too numerous to be recorded in the small space which remains for the present volume.

X

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X

my cousin Benjamin D Winslow also married 1838 to Augusta Barnes in Burlington N Jersey – He died Nov 1839 – leaving one son.

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The descendants of the marriages here mentioned are as follows,

Children of Benjamin Pollard Winslow, and M T Quincy Hill.

William Henry Winslow born April 8th 1834
married Oct 26th 1862 to Elizabeth Kempton

Their children
Kenelm born Aug 10th 1863.
Willard ” Ap 1865
Marion Quincy Oct 1868
Florian Thouron Mar 1872
called Harry

Erving Winslow born Nov 19th - 1839 married to Miss Kate Farran 1861
Son Erving Quincy, born March 1863. – died Aug 14, 1863.

Thomas S Winslow married to Miss Maria Eaton June 10th 1839
Daughter Olivia born May 29 – 1840
married Jan 12th 1871 to Mr George H Gould.

TSW married (second wife) Adelia E Conant May 27th 1842
Daughter Adelia Isabel, born Nov 4, 1853.

* The new “Hope” was Erving Winslow (1839-1922). But no new volume was written, even though Margaret would live for almost another two decades.

† I.e., from Leverett St.
Catharine Amelia Winslow married to John Ancrum Winslow
Oct 18. 1837.

Son Ancrum born 1838
           Chilton Rhett born July 1840 died Aug 7 – 1872 –
Randolph — born died
Fanny Amory born died
Mary Callahan born
Herbert born

Randolph married to Kate Eveleth
son Eveleth born

Margaret Houston married to Alfred W Haven
1833

Daughter Catharine Margaret, born Sept 5th 1834
Son Alfred Houston "
Daughter Eleanor Balfour "
   Elizabeth Winslow July 16 1840 died 1866
   John Houston "

Benjamin Davis Winslow married to Augusta Barnes
1838
died 1839

Son George Doane born 1839

Reminiscences of Life in Leverett S' from 1830 to 1840

It was during these ten years that we had the tableaux and the fancy dances, the theatre,
concert, and Home parties in winter, – (strangers still coming and going) the rides and
lionizings,† the journeys and excursion in summer, of which our, successors have heard such
glowing accounts, as to have drawn forth many wishes that they had been of our generation.‡
It is true, our regular Friday evening receptions had not been renewed and in general, our

* The ditto sign here meant to stand for “born,” not the date on the line preceding, which was evidently inked
in later.

† Probably meaning parties at which there was a guest of honor who was treated as a celebrity or perhaps
meaning parties in honor of a celebrity.

‡ Since Margaret is now (in 1873) recounting the events of an evidently happy period thirty to forty years
before, it must be the case that her nephews and nieces and cousins have already heard many stories from that
time.
domestic life was more quiet than during my Mother’s life time, its chief entertainment being to assemble in the afternoons and evenings for reading aloud. Yet whenever any of the absentees returned for a time to our circle, or when strangers were to be especially noticed, — the round of family sociables began anew, both at our own house, and often at the rooms of my Uncle Benjamin and my Aunt Pickering, although both were at board. My cousin Frank Winslow then in the Navy, came home from an Ocean cruise, with John A W, also in the Navy and the Pickerings from the Western prairies to mingle in the family life and to extend the family acquaintance. My Uncle Benj’nm and his daughters, my Aunt Pickering and her sons each brought friends, strangers, or fellow boarders to introduce into the family meetings, some of whom, as Mr Hach, an estimable young German, and others, became habitues of our hearth stone. Music, whist, round games, chess, conversation, dancing, varied the usual quiet of our domestic reading parties, and of the solitary or united studies carried on in “the back parlor” by my Father, and sometimes by Father and daughter, before the nine o’clock supper partaken with hungry relish by all the family except “Aunt H,” as we continued to call her. The twilight hour by the parlor fireside, or in my Father’s chamber during his long confinements with Gout, — was devoted to the entertainment of young master Harry;* and his broken words “now, Danpa, pease to inspain”*, will perhaps some day recur to his recollection, with a tender thought of those early days, and a desire to transmit their influences to his children, and perhaps his children’s children, even to the third and fourth generation.† May God in His mercy grant it!

Summary and Reflections.

To the old nest also, were brought the little fledglings of other and newer homes. In the old cradle which had rocked us all, slept at times little daughters of the New York and Portsmouth families, and, as they grew older, little feet pattered about the halls and stairways, where we had long ago played “hide and seek.” To it, as to “an Ark” of refuge,‡ came also their elders in time of trouble, and found an ever ready shelter, — until at length heavy troubles of our own, from which there was no one but God to shelter us, — drove us forth from that dear old “Ark,” and finally scattered all but one from the blessed rooftree§ of Home.

Those ten years also may be said to have formed the character and determined the destiny of nearly all the then young people of the family. My brothers Isaac and Thomas, as I have said, began the business and family connections in N York which have stamped their circumstances and characters ever since, and those of their descendants. My brother Edward

* William Henry Winslow.
† An inversion of sorts of the Old Testament formula that first appears in the Ten Commandments, indicating how far down the iniquity of one generation will be passed along; here it is the virtues, or at least the pleasant influences, that it is hoped will be thus far passed down. I cannot fail to notice that I am the fourth generation down from young master Harry, nor that I am hopeful that these same influences may pass even unto the fifth generation, that of my children, Cat and Andy.
‡ Noah’s Ark was often referred to as “the Ark of refuge.”
§ Webster’s 3rd Unabridged: “the highest horizontal timber in a roof and the receiver of the upper ends of the rafters, or metonymically, simply roof.”

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taking up his residence in a fashionable bachelor boarding house, and entering into fashionable society, in a measure, though, thanks be to God, not permanently,* gave himself a worldly bias, which I have never ceased to regret; so important to our true happiness is it, early to seek that wisdom which is most fully given then. So true is it, that “they who seek her early, shall find her;”† find her in all her joy, her loveliness, her lifelong truth and fidelity, her overcoming might, – her everlasting strength; her boundless beneficence for time and for Eternity.

Faithful to daily plodding duty in my Father’s Compting room, my brothers Benjamin and George supported him in his many business trials, and chiefly in the great trial of 1839-40,‡ which drove us from our beloved Boston Home. Thus they prepared the way for their own moderate success in business, and for a respectable position in society, which was all their Father ever desired for his children.

Meanwhile, as I have said, my cousins William and John Pickering went out to try their fortunes in the then “far West,” now one of the most populous parts of Illinois. John A and Francis or Frank entered the Navy and cruised to various parts of the world, and my cousin Catharine or Kate Winslow, after her father’s failure, entered a family in Virginia as governess until she was married from my Father’s house to her cousin John A, now Admiral Winslow, of “Kearsage§ and Alabama” fame. Her father and his wife, my cousin Eliza were, for a time during his second troubles and embarrassments, inmates of our house, as also was his daughter Amory. Sad months were those and very anxious ones to my Father –

But still more distressing ones followed when, in the disastrous mercantile years of 1837 to 1839, my brothers in N York leaned toward their subsequent failure,** and finally when his own courage and strength of mind gave way under the heavy burdens bearing him down on every side – Then came the crisis which compelled a separation from the responsibilities of business, and a search after a new and more economical home in the country. But a few extracts from BPW’s and my Uncle Blanchard’s record books, and perhaps from one or two letters, must sum up this volume of my Family History.

J.P.Blanchard’s Record 1833.

* He eventually married Elizabeth Sparhawk, and as has been previously noted (above, IV, 15) the U.S. Census of 1880 lists Margaret as living in his household in Boston.
† Proverbs 8: 17: “I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.”
‡ The great “Panic of 1837” led to a depression from which the country did not recover until 1842 or ’43. In the fall of 1839, following a slight recovery, there was a further severe contraction in the U.S. economy that is no doubt what Margaret is referring to.
§ Misspelling of Kearsarge.
** One of the few pieces of evidence I have found of their business in New York is a bill enacted by the 26th U.S. Congress in 1840 (HR 270) “For the relief of Isaac and Thomas S. Winslow” indemnifying them in the amount of $754.91 (almost $20,000 in today’s dollars using the CPI) “for duties exacted from them upon a quantity of gin, which was improperly landed by the custom-house officers from the brig Amphritite [surely a misspelling of Amphitrite], on the first day of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, at the port of New York, and which was destroyed by fire a few hours thereafter, before the same was entered at the custom-house, and while in the custody of said officers, and upon which the insurance against loss by fire was prevented by the irregular conduct of said officers.”
“June 21 – Entry of President Jackson in Boston – Procession &c,”

Note This was a great event to the Democratic Party who had elected him, and the very noisy demonstrations which they made, were rather disgusting to the Federals or Whigs as they now began to be called; who were or thought themselves a much more respectable portion of the community, and certainly the vulgar element of American politics then began rapidly to develop itself. That element which comprises rum shops, “Tammany rings,” “Repeating voters”, foreign dictatorships, &c, resulting in the domination of Slavery, the war of the Rebellion, and since then in the corruption of all city, state, and general officials.

Great Meteoric Shower of 1833.

In my brother Benjamin’s Diary under date of Oct 20th 1833 this entry occurs. Letter from TSW (N York) with information of birth of a daughter to Mr & Mrs IW Jr – 12 o’clock night of 18th Oct.† Nov 13th same year, he records the remarkable meteoric shower‡ so widely spoken of, as follows. “At 3 AM thousands of beautiful Meteors appeared in the N West for an hour, like bursting and scattering stars or superb rockets. Their trains formed a network, they were so numerous”. The N York Evening Post said, – “Many superstitious people in the country looked on this as a portent of some great calamity about to befall the city; An unusually small number of country people attended the market this morning, although the weather was so fine – Others made as much haste as possible to dispose of their commodities, and get into the boat again to Jersey or Long Island.” The Shower was seen even as far as N Orleans – In Richmond Virginia it continued for two hours, and a slight fire alarm in the Armory having previously called out many of the citizens, it was extensively witnessed; some people would say, as a prognostic of the war which desolated that city, more than thirty years afterward, when her own citizens fired it, upon the eve of its surrender to the Northern troops. “Everyone,” says the Richmond Gazette, “had an opportunity of witnessing a scene of Nature which never before was displayed in this part of the globe, and which probably will never appear again. One ball of fire from the zenith appeared to be eighteen inches in diameter, and it lighted for several seconds the whole hemisphere. During the continuance of this remarkable spectacle, a hissing noise in the air was plainly heard, and several reports resembling the discharge of a pistol.”§

* After about 1830, Tammany Hall, affiliated with New York City’s Democratic Party, controlled electoral politics in the city until its influence was much diminished by the arrest of “Boss” Tweed in 1872. But it remained dominant in New York Democratic politics until the mid-twentieth century.

† Margaret Elizabeth Winslow.

‡ The Leonids are an annual meteor shower lasting several days and peaking in mid-November. The “storm” in 1833 was indeed spectacular and led to the first accurate account of their cause, when it was realized that they are caused by the earth passing through a region of the solar system filled with material associated with comets (in the case of the Leonids, the comet Tempel-Tuttle). Weather, moonlight, and city lights interfere with viewing, but in 1833 the moon was new on November 11, and city lights, of course, were virtually non-existent. But the intensity of the showers is highly variable and rather unpredictable, everything depending on how dense is the portion of comet’s debris field which the earth happens to pass through.

§ Margaret is much mistaken. This account, originally published in the Virginia Gazette in Richmond on April 23, 1803, describes the April Lyrids of thirty years before. All of the accounts from which she quotes excepting her brother’s and that from the New York Evening Post, but including this one from Richmond, appear in an article on “Shooting Stars” in The Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences, ed. Daniel Drake, M.D., Vol.
A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says he first saw it at 4½ AM and it continued till 6 AM (daylight). “From a point in the Heavens about fifteen degrees S Easterly from the zenith the meteors,” (he continues) “[“]darted to the horizon at every point of the compass. Their paths were described in curved lines, similar to those of the parallels of longitude on an artificial globe. One in the N East was heard to explode with a sound like that of a distant sky rocket. The time from explosion to the hearing was about twenty seconds which give a distance of about five miles – It left a serpentine cloud of a bright glowing color which remained visible for about fifteen or twenty minutes. Millions of these meteors must have been darted in this shower.”

Professor Olmstead in a communication to the New Haven Herald, wrote as follows;

[“]To form some idea of the Phenomenon, the reader may imagine a succession of fire balls resembling sky rockets, - radiating in all directions from a point in the heavens near the zenith and following the arch of the sky towards the horizon, leaving after them a vivid streak of light, and usually exploding before they disappeared. The balls were of various sizes and degrees of splendor; some were mere points, but others were larger and brighter than Jupiter or Venus, and one was judged to be nearly as large as the Moon. The light was usually white, but was occasionally prismatic, with a predominance of blue”*. The next morning in Boston the sun rose red in a mist which hung over the town like smoke. Lightened, rained and blew hard the ensuing evening.

This meteoric shower was seen by my Aunt Pickering from the North window of her house at the corner of McLean and Chamber S" now a Hospital.

Dec 9th Mr Theodore Lyman elected Mayor of Boston. A violent storm on the 8th Much damage to shipping and at the wharves. Also another Dec 17th and yet another Jan 27th – in fact a very stormy winter – also a very depressed one in the business community – Many calamitous failures, and universal scarcity of money.

Jan 30th Last duel ever fought near Boston – the parties Hooper of Mass and Jones of N Carolina – fought in Providence but quarrelled in Boston. Brother Edward knew all the firsts and seconds of the affair.

Birth of my Father’s eldest Grandson.
and first visit of his granddaughter.

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* It is not at all clear what Margaret’s source is here.
Notwithstanding the Meteors, the Storms and the failures of 1833-34 – Master William Henry Winslow appeared in undisturbed serenity, asleep by the side of his pretty young Mother of nineteen on the morning of April 8th 1834. His birth thus recorded by the happy young Papa, not yet 24 years of age.

April 8th 1834 “Son Wm Henry born at 10 minutes past 1 AM – His mother having been ill only about three hours – Mr Alexander physician Mrs Allen nurse. Remarkably favorable circumstances, and by Divine Goodness both my dearest wife and child appear in the fairest way to get through this perilous time in safety. In my hurry to run for a coach to bring the nurse and Dr, I tore my best coat up to the collar.” – (Note, “Thus begin with parental joys, parental losses also; – more rents going out than coming in, – unless filial love makes all up to them. Reader, please apply the moral.)

Young Master Harry was a precocious gentleman in the conversational line, if the following extract of a letter from his Mama to my Father then at Newport, gives an accurate report of him.

“Meg wishes us to write, my dear Father, though she has related all the important events which have taken place since you left. I was very much obliged for your love, as also the baby. He is very good, talks faster than ever, and almost takes care of himself in this hot weather. He is lying on the floor, and, as well as he can, sends many kisses to all.”

This letter was dated July 16th 1834 – and the conversational genius on the floor had attained the ripe age of three months and eight days exactly.

Aunt Henrietta and Aunt Pickering accompanied my Father in this excursion to Newport, undertaken for the already failing health of the former, and during their absence we had a visit of long duration from Miss Burgwyn of N Carolina, daughter of an old correspondent of my Father, whose family had been much at our house. She remained after their return home, and then we had also a visit from my brother Isaac, his wife and infant prodigy or prodigess, Miss Margaret Elizabeth Winslow, who ought to have written as her cousin talked, at the age of three months. “Poeta nascitur” etc.*

1834
Family Births.

1835
In September of this year 1834 Mrs Alfred Haven introduced a young lady into the family who was named for her grandmother and mother, Catharine Margaret. And in the following summer she was brought to pay us a visit – saluting her cousin Henry with the admiring exclamation, “How b’ack his eyes is”! A letter, soon after she was taken home, says, “Miss Kate has quite gained all our hearts by her gentleness and good nature. She has become quite acquainted with all of us, and was much more funny and amusing than when she first came.”

1836 – This year opened with the birth of another little Leverett S’-baby. – BPW’s daughter, a premature child, who lived only 2 hours; and this was followed in July 1837, by a son, whose brief existence terminated in a similar manner. Aunt H and I were absent at Framingham when this last event took place; it was thus announced to us in one of my Father’s characteristic letters.

My dear Daughter,

Boston July 17. 1837

* Poeta nascitur, non fit: a poet is born, not made.
I suppose your brother Ben will have written you that his wife was rather unexpectedly confined yesterday. The child (a boy) lived about two hours, – and having lived, – I think it fair to judge, – is or will be one of the redeemed company. Thus the parents, – by a change of terms, may say with Cowper in his apostrophe to his Mother’s picture,

Higher far my proud pretensions rise  
The son of parents passed into the skies,*

in the present case

Parents of Children passed into the skies.  
I say “is or will be”; for I doubt much whether the commonly received opinion of the soul passing at once (that is the souls of those who trust in God) – into a state of happiness, – may not be true in regard to infants, “those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adams”

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† Romans 5: 14: “Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam’s transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come.”
‡ Mark 12: 25: “For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven.”
§ Luke 15: 7. “I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.” “Men” is indeed the word used in the Geneva Bible.
** I.e., “Q,” BPW’s wife, Quincy.
much. I have just returned from putting the little thing into our tomb:” (under Trinity Church where the former child was laid)”The child was very thin and died of weakness.”

Meanwhile a grandson to my Father had been born in N York Isaac Stayner Winslow at this time more than a year old. He had been brought to Boston quite sick the previous summer, his mother also being very ill for a long time at our house, nursed by Aunt H, a wet nurse and her baby being also there, besides brother Isaac, Miss Charlotte Barrell, and little Mag.*

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Business Depression of 37-38–and 39

In regard to the distressing state of business about this time my brother George writes to his cousin Ellen Houston (afterward his wife[]), as follows; His cheerful, hopeful, active spirit is plainly shewn in the words — “I see you are much troubled about the Major’s unfortunate affairs: It is now, under all the circumstances of the case, taking the best turn, not only for himself, but for all concerned. We are all doing all that we can for him.

In the commercial world things are in a terrible state; failures every day – Whitwell Bon & C the great auctioneers, Livermore and Kendall a great wool House Freeman, Cobb, & Co, dry goods, Grant & Seaver; James Vila, &c, &c John Bradford I am very sorry for; he is a very worthy man and has, as you know, a large family. To quit any fears you may have about us I will only say, that if all who owe us, (and it can hardly be that all should go,) were to fail, it would not cause our failure, nor, so far as we can judge, that of Isaac and TSW; but it is almost impious to say so: We can only hope that human prudence may be accompanied by a dependence on the divine will.”

Nevertheless that Will, holy and just and good, ordained a chastisement heavy and bitter even for the Christian who had taught his children to seek and serve it. The calamities of 1837-38 so shook the mercantile community that the most cautious and moderate were crippled in their resources and prostrated in their reasonable expectations of profits. In such a state of things, the too anxious if not too conscientious mind of my Father was sure to be affected. He dreaded to risk by too long a delay of insolvency the small properties of widows and single women in his hands, and he reasonably relucted from taking such a step after forty years of unbroken mercantile credit,

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Birth of Erving Winslow – 1839.

And family afflictions.
to the grief of his sons, and the injury of his large dependent family. The conflict nearly destroyed his reason,† and soon after the birth of another grandson in his house, Nov 19th

* I.e., Margaret Elizabeth Winslow.
† This is the second reference to a breakdown or near breakdown on Isaac's part, the other having occurred above, V, 162, where Margaret has told us that “his … courage and strength of mind gave way under the heavy burdens bearing him down on every side.” It should be recalled, however, that 1837 is the year in which Isaac most probably began to write the Memorial in earnest. We cannot know if this coincidence is mere coincidence or if the writing of the Memorial was undertaken perhaps because the constriction of trade gave Isaac more time in which to work at it or perhaps because it was felt to be therapeutic. If the latter, it seems to have been successful, for there are few signs of mental problems in the work that followed.
1839, in the midst of sickness and sorrow, it was apparent that the twenty four years of our sojourn in the dear old Leverett St “Ark” (for so some of the connections had named our Patriarchal home) must be forever abandoned,* with all its associations of youth and manhood, of joy and grief, of life and death. A Home it had indeed been, with that fulness of meaning which seems now daily decreasing among us, with the disappearance of that sacred altar of Home, the cheerful fireside, the gathering hearthstone; now banished before the blank “register” of modern civilization.

Around that Hearthstone of our childhood’s Home, how many faces still cluster, whose earthly semblances have passed away or wholly changed their aspect. The then old to us, the middle aged, the young, the child, the infant! Kindred and friends, Visitors and strangers! – The genial simple feast, the song, the jest, the tale, the merry dance and merrier laughing game, lighting up blooming cheeks and, sparkling eyes with glee, – alternate these with touching scenes of slow decline or sudden separation, of tearful sobs, and broken prayers, and last farewells. Beside the marriage festivity and the rejoicing parents welcome, – appears the still, shrouded form, lying mute among the mourning circle around. And while the light laugh dies upon my ear, the solemn Patriarchal prayer ascends from a true heart to Heaven, and the words float forth which shall at length unite “all the home voices in eternal strain,”† – where our true Home may be;–

“Blessing and Honor, Glory, Power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.”‡ Amen and Amen.

[This and the following page were pasted together at the corners, no doubt by Margaret shortly after she wrote them. Separating them reveals that they contain a much-corrected and revised draft of the first nine stanzas of the poem “The Old Home,” the final version of which begins on p. 172. Margaret probably had begun actually to compose her poem on these pages, but when she realized her first draft would be rough and need revision, she pasted these pages together, used other sheets (now lost) to write her poem, and then returned to make a fair copy. Pages 170-71 are therefore not here transcribed.]

* It is unclear if Isaac did actually declare himself bankrupt or insolvent. The fact that the family evidently moved to quite a comfortable house (probably in Roxbury and what is now the separate town of Jamaica Plain), as suggested by the poem on the various family Homes that follows, raises the possibility that he may have been able to stop short of that, perhaps by selling the Leverett St. house.

† Perhaps she is thinking of the hymn “The strain upraise of joy and praise,” which contains the line “This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty loves: Alleluia!”

‡ The final stanza of the hymn “Thou, God, all glory, honor, power,” based upon Revelations 5: 13: “And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.”
The Old Home. Childhood.'

A sunny morn of May! –
Along the now close thronged and busy street
Where dingiest walls and tramp of dusty feet
Have thrust fair Nature far from man away, –
Then blossomed gardens sweet.

Where stretches, range oer range,
The City’s realm of brick – green pastures smiled,
And sleek haired Kine† to pastoral dreams beguiled
The sauntering schoolboy, – wisting‡ not the change
Which greets his children’s child.

Rippling and sparkling blue
The river rolled, and lashed its pebbly beach, –
While calm beyond, curved round the misty reach
Of distant hills, receeding soft from view,
Yet love-linked each to each.

Till with capricious turn
The stream re-mingles in the marts of trade
Where at its quay the rocking mast is swayed
And eager youthful eyes white sails discern,
On Ocean’s rim displayed.

O’er peaceful scenes like these
Gaze six fair faces, radiant with the glow
Of Youth, and Hope, and Change; –while tottering slow,
Old age – and Infancy on parent knees.

To the new Homestead go.

A Homestead fair and bright
Where tree and flower and childhood joyous grew
Beneath a kindly nurture; – where the dew

* The poem is hardly great poetry, but has its moments and is interesting as Margaret’s best attempt to convey the sweeping changes that the family and neighborhood experienced during their residence in Leverett St. It also makes poignant if mysterious reference to the heartaches of young lovers, “inward chains that bound us” and “passions wildly raging,” all of which makes me wonder about the things her narrative has left out.

† An archaic plural form of cow.

‡ OED labels wist, meaning to know, as “pseudo-archaic,” even though it is first recorded in 1580.
And sunshine of a Christian love and light,
   Each day and hour they knew

   So, in blithe healthful sport,
And laugh and shout of innocent boyish glee,
With mimic shows, and structures strange to see
Passed on those childish ages, long yet short
   To yearning memory.

   The skyward soaring kite,
The football race, – the plunge at summer noon, –
The skate, the course when winter, o’er too soon, –
Braced every nerve to guide the downward flight
   Beneath the clear cold moon.

   Within, – the storied lore
Of voyagers afar, – or fireside game, –
Or marshalled hosts of infantry, to maim
With the small cannon’s mimicry of war,
   In noise, and smoke, and flame.

   Ah! careless blissful days! –
Who can recount in age those early joys, –
All childish griefs forgot, – nor feel, like boys,
Again the magic of those eager plays,
   Unmatched by manhood’s toys!

The Old Home. Youth.

Forward! Onward! – Ever changing,
Childhood into youth has grown:
Past, its active restless ranging; –
Youth doth all its sports disown.

Changing too the scenes around them, –
Pebbly strand and river blue; –
Now imprisoning walls surround them,
Closing all things from their view.†

Gone the sweet breath of the clover
Cropped of yore by banished kine; –

† The pebbly beach across the street from the Winslows and behind the City Jail had begun to be filled in by 1835 for use as a railway terminus receiving trains from the Charlestown and Cambridge side of the Charles.
Many a garden bloom is over, –
But, old Homestead, – not quite thine.

Thus though childhood’s hills no longer
Childhood’s sunsets no more greet
Gazing eyes, – yet magic stronger
Draws toward home their willing feet.

Summer moons, through vines oe’r drooping,
On fair faces softly smile;
Youth and maiden there are stooping, –
Whispering Willows list, the while.

Or, from song and dance withdrawing
In the casement’s deep recess,
Low voiced tones are earnest pouring
In the ear of Loveliness.

Yet full oft, mid jest and laughter,
Hid by sparkling lip and eye,
Beat sad hearts, no more thereafter,
Leaping with Hope’s pulses high.

Who, of all the friends around us,
Watching steps which seemed so fleet, –
Dreamed of inward chains that bound us,
Faltering souls and failing feet?

Smiling on the gay flirtation,
Gazing on the merry game,
Could they guess the future station
Of each cherished household name?

Would those hands and hearts be severed,
Joining now in careless mirth? –
Like the strangers who endeavored
Home to image, round our hearth.

Far o’er Oceans would they wander?
Farther still from Hope and Heaven?
Or the paths of Wisdom ponder, –
Seeking Peace where Peace is given?
Yearningly if this they questioned,
Sadly taught in Life’s stern school, –
We the thoughtless, yet unlessoned,
Masking played the madcap fool.

Actors on the curtained staging, –
Feigning parts, we little dreamed
Of the passions wildly raging, –
While so fair the outward seemed.

So passed on Youth’s changeful morning, –
Sunshine, rain, – and storm and calm.
So, still deaf to other warning,
Its own wounds pierced, – and found their balm.

The Old Home. Manhood.

Years wing their never ending flight; –
Youth’s skies still narrowing on the sight; –
But wide expanding pavements feel
The rattling of life’s busy wheel: –
And Warehouse piled with goodly store
From many a fair and foreign shore.
The hiss of Steam, just mingling, strange
With canvassed masts, where stretch yon range
Of busy Quays, – or Iron road
From whirring Spindle, Reel, and Loom
To deck the City’s humblest home, –
Each, all proclaim wealth’s breathless race,
The manhood of our native place.

Thick throng – around that little spot
Where tree, and flower, and verdure dot
Yet undisturbed, the dusty way, –
Each lingering gazer to repay, – –
Close and more close, the encroaching crowd
Of mortared walls and workmen loud,
The creaking dray and laboring team,
Successors of our childhood’s dream;
Those pastures green! that river blue! –
Could e’er such visions have been true?
Those distant hills, our fancied heaven, –
Had they in dreams alone, been given?

Even thus had Youth’s fair fancies fled.
Dear forms were mingled with the dead; –
Hearts warm with love had long grown cold,
Clasped hands would ne’er again enfold;
Feet that with ours the dance had trod,
Roved far o’er sea, – or Prairie sod:
Where youth and maiden whispered low,
New infant prattlers tottering go; –
Where laughed the girl in frolic wild,
Comes, sobered now, the matron mild; –
And, flirting follies cast aside,
The fop leads home his new made bride.

Now, launched on trade’s tumultuous sea,
Full many a human bark must be
Or anchor dragged, or stranded soon,
Or foundered fathoms deep, ere noon; –
And he who, – long their pilot true,
The rescue dared, – had perished too,
But one strong bower
* endured the shock,
Fixed to the ever lasting Rock.*

In that fierce wave and awful blast,
To stranger hands, the Old Home passed; –
Yet rallying brave, – the shattered crew
Near one stout heart together drew; –
And when the Pilot of our bark
Rode safe; – he steered a new found “Ark.”

Retrospection.

No dream were those fair hills! –
We saw them now around us. – – – – – Near they seemed
When our new Ark first rested on their slope,

* Although clearly a reference to the crisis of the family business and sale of the Leverett St. house, it is not clear exactly what “perished” here means. Probably it refers to the demise of the business following an attempt by Isaac to rescue it and tells us that it was the everlasting rock of his religion that enabled him to pull through.
The expanse of heaven above them; near and real
When joyous eyes, from city vapors cleared,
Looked forth upon their freshness: – Nearer now
As still toward Sunset’s ever golden gates
Our onward feet remove; – soon soon to rest
Where, forest crowned, they fringe the horizon bright,
With winter’s twilight glow. — — —

Again a Home
Rises recalled before me; — Fairer far
In wealth of bounteous Nature, – in the joys
Of Nature’s earliest taskwork, Eden toil,
Man’s first pure pleasant labor, – than the old
The earlier home of childhood: Fair in scenes
Of varied loveliness, – wide field and wood,
And outstretched meadow green, the eye which led
As to its brink, where Ocean blended blue
With the pale vault of heaven; – or rounded swells,
Or rocky heights, gay fringed with vine and flower,
Or shadowy dells of verdure soft and deep,
Lured to the amber West; to Isles of light
That gently followed toward his realm of bliss
The glorious sun descending.

So, toward him,
Our sun of childhood’s nurture, – turned the feet
Which roved oe’r sand and land; – though in their turn,
Givers of seed and harvest, still they sought

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The central light of Home: – And thither came
New brides and manly sons, – and friends yet spared,
From other homes returning. — — — Merry bands
Of children played with joyous household dog
Beneath the spreading Elms, – or watched his sport
In brook or woodland pond, – or, clambering rocks,
Exulted in the rural castle reared
By skillful hands, – or sat the prancing steed,
Or reined the humbler donkey. – Eager arms
Flung wide the barn yard gate to watch the pail
Receive its foamy whiteness; – Eager feet
Ran fast to strew the scattering corn or grain
For all the feathered flocks, and eager eyes
Searched orchard, field and wood for hidden stores
Of nut, and fruit, and flower.

Nor Autumn’s chill
Nor winter snows deserted left the Manse
Of blithe and frequent guests. – Around the board
Where yet our white haired Patriarch reverent prayed,
New England’s glad Thanksgiving feasts were spread
As in our earlier home. – There youth and age,
The matron and the maid, – from One who filled, –
As kind, as dear, – the long deserted seat
Of careful Motherhood which once was hers
Who shared our childish mirth, – to youngest rogue
With festal frolic wild, – all gathered round
The bounteous meal, or by the blazing fire
In bonds of kindly kinship: ——There the song,
The tale, the toast, the jesting as of yore
Beguiled the evening hours, – till gliding sleigh

Perchance, if winter had assumed his reign,
Bore them, warm cloaked and hooded, to their homes,
With merry chime of bells. — — — — — — —

But, change once more!
Change ever, in this world’s kaleidoscope
Of strangely shifting hues! ———The shades grow dark
Across the sunlight of that fair abode. –
Illness and Age crept on; till, sapped at last,
That brave old Oak beneath whose sheltering branch
So many a sapling sprung, – swayed at its root, –
Stretched forth to Heaven its feeble arms, —— and fell,* –
An awful blank around it. — — — Then sharp blades
Of keenest suffering laid another tree†
Prone by his prostate trunk, – and they who clung
Around their stem as human hearts will cling,
Lay perishing and torn. – The might of Home, –
The shelter and the stay had passed forever.

And passed that Home as well.‡
A fair bright dream, like those of childhood’s hours, –
Such is its image now: – “The place thereof
Knows it no more”, § – nor forms of many a loved,

* Referring no doubt to Isaac’s death in 1856.
† Most probably referring to the death of Aunt Henrietta in 1858.
‡ Suggesting yet another move or rather perhaps moves, as it is implied that with the deaths of Isaac and Henrietta the family circle was finally broken and dispersed. I do not know when BPW and George left Isaac’s household.
§ Psalm 103: 16: “For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.”
Whose seats on earth are void. — Yet live they still,
Live always; — Live in that pure quickening life
Which raised from earth the bleeding heart to love
And bound to new supports; — that central link
Of past and present, and the great to come,
That bond of Spirit-thought which spans all space; —
That chain electric from God’s throne above,
Where life and death are one.

182

Age. Last Home.

So, mid these hills
Of beauty, — close around me now, —
Earth fair, and Heaven all cloudless and serene, —
I grateful stand; — my song, of love divine,
High as the arching blue, and reaching wide
As wheels the Sun’s bright car from East to West.
Shall goodness cease when one weak faltering tongue,
Life’s praises o’er, — lies mute in yonder turf? —
Or shall it tune the old home strains anew
With angel harmonies, when on the Eternal Hills,
All wanderings o’er, — all tempests safely past, —
Our last bright Home we hail.

[This is the last page of the bound album upon which Margaret has written. The page following has been cut out, and there are after that two bound blank leaves. The remaining pp. are inserted loose leaves in the order in which I found them when the manuscript came down to me. The first (183), on a different stock of lined paper, has writing on the recto only; the remaining four(184-87), on what appears to be the same stock of paper as the album and also to have been cut from a bound album, are written on both sides. But given their unifying theme of “peace,” these pages evidently were considered by Margaret as a unit and fitting close to her portion of the Memorial.]
Haste from the confines of the world
From farthest realms unknown,
Haste to the flag of Peace unfurled
And shout to see Wars’ monster hurled
Beneath he rightful throne.

But ere the Prince of Peace with power
To all your hearths can come,
Brothers, make every heart His tower,
His temple, sacred from this hour,
His pure and holy home.  

M.C.W.

note written in 1872.*

From the Peace of 1814-15 to the war of France England & Austria against Russia, (or “the Crimean War” as it was called) in 1853-4, – (about 40 years) occurred the longest general peace which Europe ever saw. The Philanthropic Peace Societies,† believing that the world had outgrown war, – held a Peace Congress at Brussels in 1851‡ as a sort of preliminary to the “Congress of Nations” which they thought (like Henry 4th§) might be formed to settle all difficulties. Alas for their hopes! Since then four of the most destructive wars have occurred, ever known in the world. The Crimean, the Sepoy, the Austro Prussian, and the Franco Prussian wars, besides our own four years of the Southern rebellion! – not to mention the Communist rebellion in France, the short Italian and Spanish revolutions, the Abysinian struggle with England, the Mexican S American, W Indian Chinese and Japanese revolutions, – all destroying millions upon millions of men within the last twenty years.

written to please Uncle Blanchard.

* We were told above (V, 156) that Margaret was then writing in 1873, so we may assume that this poem was written earlier and not originally conceived as a close to the Memorial.

† In which her uncle Joshua Pollard Blanchard, as we have noted above (IV, 49n), played a leading part. It is odd that his very important role in these organizations is not mentioned. Was Margaret herself not a pacifist? Or did she feel that her uncle’s lifetime of work in the cause had come to nothing, and therefore the less said the better? What was her father’s attitude towards his brother-in-law’s pacifism? The Sandemanians were certainly inclined that way, but also believed that it was every Christian’s duty to serve and obey the secular powers that be, including the call to military service. The fact that the following poem was written, as we learn on the page following, “to please Uncle Blanchard” hardly clarifies the question. Is the implication that it was written to please him, but not her (nor her father)?

‡ See the note below regarding Elihu Burritt.

§ Based upon the memoirs of Maximilien de Béthune, duc de Sully (1560–1641), it was for long widely believed that King Henry IV of France (1553–1610), whom Sully had faithfully served as his most trusted adviser, had conceived a utopian “grand design” that would unify Europe. But the design was much more Sully’s than Henry’s.
Flag of Peace.

“Hush’d was the strife on Gallia’s† shore,” but the exordium which ought to have begun this is as follows‡

The Kings first care (Henry 4th of France)- was to put an end to the religious disputes, which had so long distracted the Kingdom —— Soon after he concluded peace with Spain upon very advantageous terms – This gave him an opportunity of restoring peace, order and justice throughout his dominions, of repairing all the ravages occasion’d by the civil war, and abolishing all those innovations which had been made, either to the prejudice of the prerogatives of the crown or the welfare of the people. His schemes of reformation indeed he intended to have carried beyond the boundaries of France. He imagined that the European powers might be formed into a kind of Christian Republic, and that this Republic might be maintained in perpetual peace, by bringing all their differences, to be decided, before a Senate of wise disinterested and able judges — But if he really had such a design he was prevented by death from attempting to execute it – “He was stabbed in his coach by one Ravillac on the 12th of May 1603.” See Sully’s memoirs

† I.e., Gaul, or France.
‡ Although only the final sentence of the prose introduction that follows is in quotation marks, this “exordium” is entirely taken from the article on “France” in the 3rd (1798) edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica, though Margaret has made extensive cuts. It is hard to tell if she actually means to pass off this language as her own or if that would matter very much in any case inasmuch as it merely provides an historical introduction. That she puts the phrase “Henry 4th of France” (which is not from the encyclopedia in parens suggests she has just been careless, since parentheses are her, as well as her father’s, usual instrument for marking editorial insertions. But the last sentence’s being in quotation marks, as well as the pointer to Sully’s memoirs (as though the quotation were from him and not the encyclopedia), perhaps suggests otherwise.

§ The stanza numbers are very faintly pencilled in.
Hush’d was the strife on Gallia’s shore
Two hundred years ago
Where rending hearts and homes no more
Gleam’d red with fratricidal gore,
Or rang with shrieks of wo.

Past was the slaughter of “Jarnac,” *
The rage of “Montoncoué”, †
Oh hap’ly past the siege, the sack
The demon yell, the fierce attack,
Which spared nor Knight, nor boor.

Bartholomew ‡ had wrapp’d in shame
His ghastly gory night
A tombstone mark’d the fiend like name
Which fired that hell begotten flame
In Europe’s blasted sight.

* Her race of tyrants thrice accurs’d,
Lay mouldering by her side,
The Leagur’s § bigot bonds were burst,
And feuds of blood, by hatred nurs’d
Sank in oblivions tide.

Then dawn’d the brightness of a day,
Not yet advanc’d to noon,
When safe beneath great Henry’s sway,
The Vine clad hills of Gallia lay,
Blest with his heavenly boon; –

That boon of peace which brighter seems
From Henry’s gracious hand; –

* Battle of Jarnac (13 March 1569).
† Misspelling of Moncontour, as in the Battle of Moncontour (October 3, 1569).
‡ Not referring to an actual Bartholomew, but to the St. Bartholomew’s Day massacre in 1572, which chiefly targeted French Hugenots and was so named because it began on August 23, 1572, the eve of the Saint’s feast day.
§ A reference to the Catholic League, which played a large part in the French religious wars and was dedicated to the destruction of the Hugenots.
And through the gloom of ages beams, –
O’er all the darken’d land.

7

Now safely o’er the dewy mead,*
The Shepherd leads his flock:
The herdsmans steer no longer bleed,
By those who trample on his need
And all entreaties mock.

__________________________

* The infamous, Catherine de Medicis of whom Voltaire says Chacun de ses enfans, nourri sous sa tutelle,
Devint son ennemi, des qu’il regna sans elle.†

186

8

Once more the husbandman in peace
Strews wide his harvest hope, –
No tyrants bid his labors cease,
No warriors crush his fair increase, –
On every sunny slope.

9

Again the housewife smiles with joy
Her cottage-lord to greet; -
The mother, fearless, clasps her boy:
The rustic maiden hastens coy
Her trysting Love to meet.

10

But fruits of peace not now should spring
On Gallia’s shore alone!
Oer many a land, her new made King
Sought wisely, gloriously to bring
The blessings of his own.

11

That gentle influence, long forgot
By Europe’s parching plains,
Those dews which brighten every spot, –
Mercy with truth that changeth not,

__________________________

* I.c., meadow.

† Margaret uses the French spelling of Catherine de Medici (1519–1589), consort of Henry II and mother of several children who became kings and queens, including Henry III, who ruled at the time of the massacre. She was widely believed to be responsible for the viciousness of the massacres. The lines declare that each of her three sons, raised under her guidance, turned against her as soon as he could rule without her. The lines (from Voltaire’s “La Henriade”) appear as an epigraph to a chapter of the historical novel dealing with this period The Queen’s Poisoner (1841) by Louisa Stuart Costello, and possibly it is from that novel that Margaret got these lines.
And love which never feigns,

12
United in one Christian faith,
Link’d in one Christian lie, –
No more to work each others scathe,* –
States “side by side,” great Henry saith
“All Europe now shall lie”. †

13
He saith; but Asreal‡ spreads his wings
And bends his bow of gloom; –
Abroad, the fatal scroll he flings,
His mandate from the King of Kings,
And Henry seeks the tomb.

14
Not then were nations to achieve that bright angelic plan; –
not then, could Europe’s thought believe,
Nor Europe’s war-crushed heart receive,
This brotherhood of man.

15
But Europe since, – baptiz’d in blood, –
Two hundred years hath seen,
Of plague, and famine, fire and flood
Foul train of War’s insatiate brood,
Voracious, gaunt, and keen.

16
And now, no monarch’s voice hath hush’d
Their clamoring cries to rest; –
The million brows such deeds have flush’d, –
The million hearts those crimes have crush’d, –
Make bare the Manly breast.

* To work (or do or make) scathe is an archaic expression meaning to do harm.

† I.e., those “dews” of mercy, truth, and love are united in one Christian faith and lie in one (particular) Christian—Henry IV. The mixed or at least awkward metaphor (dews that lie) might mislead the reader into thinking that something about a Christian falsehood is here asserted. Likewise, the final two lines assert that all European states shall henceforth lie side by side in unity, not that they are about to start fibbing.

‡ Misspelling of Azrael, one of the names for the angel of death, derived from Arabic.
They bare the breast, they nerve the arm
Of nations, for a blow,
Which in its Justice strong, but calm,
Shall sound o'er earth a wide alarm,
And lay their tyrant low.*

* Odd concluding lines to have been endorsed by pacifists like Burritt and Blanchard.