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106 Last of the Fridays gatherings. A "rout," with music and dancing.

January Family gatherings. Last month of Friday receptions  
1830—

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.

Jan 1  
Friday —

"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." <sup>note</sup> 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<sup>†</sup> 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.<sup>‡</sup>

\* 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 3<sup>rd</sup> 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,

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## Margaret's mother's worsening illness.

Jan 1830.

Another musical gathering at our house on Sunday evening the 3<sup>rd</sup> of January, a theatrical party on the 4<sup>th</sup> under the auspices of B W Sen, a concert at Mr Bonfils on the 8<sup>th</sup>, – 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 17<sup>th</sup> says – “I went down stairs to meeting, after having been confined up stairs for ten days, and came up again after meeting was over.

18<sup>th</sup> Snowed last night raw and cold. Several inches of snow fell.

19<sup>th</sup> 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 –

20<sup>th</sup> 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.

21<sup>st</sup> 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.

22<sup>nd</sup> 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

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Journal.

Jan 1830

in addition to these, consisted of two Miss Doanes, two Miss Chapmans, Miss Coffin and her cousin Miss Symmes, Miss M<sup>c</sup>Gill and her father, our boys and the Pickerings W<sup>m</sup> 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 23<sup>rd</sup> 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.”

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“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.

24<sup>th</sup> 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.”

25<sup>th</sup> “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<sup>[\*]</sup> (son of the late Daniel Rogers) [<sup>[\*]</sup>here in the evening – also Mr Heilbron I did not see them.

26<sup>th</sup> 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

27<sup>th</sup> Our little Margaret’s birth day. She completes her 14<sup>th</sup> 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.

<p>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.</p>
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Jan 1829.\*

Ellen Houston called- also B Winslow Sen<sup>f</sup> 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.

28<sup>th</sup> 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<sup>[\*]</sup> 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.”

29<sup>th</sup> “An extremely cold day, rather cloudy – My chamber is so cold, I am going down stairs in hopes of finding it warmer”. (<sup>Note</sup> 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<sup>e</sup>, all the Pickerings our Edward, Lieutenant Hertzell<sup>†</sup> and James Clarke, with all our boys except Isaac.

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\* Error for “1830.”

† Above, V, 102, his name is spelled “Hertsell.”



~~Last Chapter.~~ My Mother's last illness.  
February 1830.

The Friday evening party of Jan 29<sup>th</sup> 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 31<sup>st</sup> when she came down stairs to "meeting" or divine service in our parlor. The extreme cold of Jan 30 and 31<sup>st</sup>, 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 3<sup>rd</sup> 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 2<sup>nd</sup>** 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.[<sup>P</sup>]

On the 3<sup>rd</sup> 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 6<sup>th</sup> of Feb'y when she desired Margaret to continue the Journal in rough. (It is however copied in Isaac's hand until the 13<sup>th</sup>, which terminated the earthly existence of her who alone had made it of interest, and whose death will now conclude this Record.

**Journal**

**Feb 7<sup>th</sup>  
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 10<sup>th</sup> my Mother appeared better, but on the 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> 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 12<sup>th</sup>, 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 13<sup>th</sup>, 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."†

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**"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".‡

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**"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

Memoir of my Mother Preface and remarks.

1830

cicatrizes<sup>†</sup> 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.”<sup>‡</sup>

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

\* 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.

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**“Recollections of a Mother” continued.**

Memoir continued. Preface &amp; remarks.

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 she was your Mother. Because her affection if weak toward others, was strong toward you.

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**“Recollections of a Mother” continued.**

Reflections and Remarks.

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

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\* 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,

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“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,  
 From fading good, derives, with chemic art,  
 That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.

Hope with uplifted foot set free from earth,  
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,  
 On steady wings soars through the immense abyss  
 Plucks amaranthine<sup>†</sup> flowers<sup>‡</sup> 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.

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

<sup>‡</sup> “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\* on the dead, nor to hold up your Mother to your view as a model of human excellence.

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“Recollections of a Mother” continued.

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 affectation 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, –

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“Recollections of a Mother” continued.

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-<sup>xxx</sup> 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

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“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 29<sup>th</sup> 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’te 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.

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**“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

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**“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 unmixed 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.

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

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“Recollections of a Mother” continued.

Extracts from her letters.

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 enlarge 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,–

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“Recollections of a Mother” continued.

Closing Scenes.

There is as much danger in having the affections absorbed in this, as there is in too strong an attachment to the world in general.”

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,)<sup>†</sup> –

“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 13<sup>th</sup>, 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 7<sup>th</sup> 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

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**“Recollections of a Mother” continued.**

Last interviews

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 12<sup>th</sup> 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.

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**“Recollections of a Mother” continued.**

and conversations.

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

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"Recollections of a Mother" continued.

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.

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"Recollections of a Mother" continued.

Her death.

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.

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**“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;

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\* Difficult to know with which of her four 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 13<sup>th</sup> 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 16<sup>th</sup>, 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 16<sup>th</sup> 1830.

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\* *OED*: "To reassume 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 1<sup>st</sup> the six last verses of the 4<sup>th</sup> chapter 2<sup>nd</sup> Epistle to the Thessalonians;\* and the 15<sup>th</sup> Chapter 1<sup>st</sup> 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

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Services.

ourselves; – 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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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.”\*\*\*

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\* 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.

§§ Acts 3: 21.

\*\*\* 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”:<sup>†</sup> for “the new Heavens and the new earth in which dwelleth righteousness;”<sup>‡</sup> 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;”<sup>§</sup> 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<sup>††</sup> 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 1<sup>st</sup> Col of Boston Cadets –

Benjamin Pollard, who died Dec 26<sup>th</sup>, 1756 – born 1696.

Susanna Winslow (his wife’s sister)” Ap 3<sup>rd</sup>–1786 –born 1731.

Margaret Pollard (his wife) —“March 25<sup>th</sup> 1814 – born 1724.

Susan Blanchard (his granddaughter) Aug 17<sup>th</sup> 1814 – born 1784.

Peggy Savage Blanchard (his daughter)– Dec 5<sup>th</sup> 1815 – born 1753.

Kitty Pease Houston (his granddaughter) – Sept 26<sup>th</sup> 1815 – born 1780.

and her infant son

Joshua Blanchard (his son in law) Ap 26<sup>th</sup>, 1826 – born 1751.

Margaret Winslow (your mother) – Feb 13<sup>th</sup> 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 4<sup>th</sup> wife) who died in Boston, 18<sup>th</sup> May, 1849.

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

P.S.<sup>‡‡</sup> 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 24<sup>th</sup> 1872 – and Nov

\* 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).

10<sup>th</sup> & 11<sup>th</sup> 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 2<sup>nd</sup> wife Mary Cotton, in lot 613 Forest Hills.

The remains of Mr Houston and Charlotte his 4<sup>th</sup> 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.

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On a departed wife. From an Elegy in “Christian Songs”<sup>†</sup>  
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; —<sup>x</sup> (note)  
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 millennial 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.

**note** X 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.\*

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“Thou sowest not that body which shall be: But God giveth to every seed its own body.” 1 Cor 15<sup>th</sup> 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.” [”]

**Note on  
the future  
life as  
revealed by  
Nature**

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 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 13<sup>th</sup> 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.

5

'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.

6

'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.

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7

"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.

8

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 throbbings, – then shall we  
In hope to meet and never part, –  
Remember thee."

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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 21<sup>st</sup>. 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 25<sup>th</sup>. 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

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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 necessities 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”

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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.”† x x x x x x x x x x x x

“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.”

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Miss Harriet Sparhawk writes thus from Portsmouth NH

Feb 17<sup>th</sup> 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.

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\* 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 25<sup>u</sup> 1830

Your letter, my dear Brother, – with Isaac's of Feb 20<sup>th</sup> were not unexpected announcements of the decease of your lamented wife. Your previous letter of the 10<sup>th</sup> had prepared me for them, and I first learned the sad reality in “the Albion” of Feb 20<sup>th</sup>. 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

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\* 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.

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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 preoccupation, 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

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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.

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\* *Webster’s 3<sup>rd</sup> Unabridged*: “a means of mitigation or alleviation.”

Closing Chapter.  
Concluding remarks.

I have now carried down the "Family History" begun by my dear Father, – for a period of near thirty years, viz<sup>t</sup> 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<sup>t</sup>, 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.

Family marriages from 1830 to 1840.

My Uncle Benjamin and cousin Eliza Houston.

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 8<sup>th</sup> 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 Colonnade Row,\* where he and his two elder daughters already were residing, and disliking

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\* 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.\*

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## 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 S<sup>t</sup> on the 16<sup>th</sup> 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.

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## 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

\* 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 3<sup>rd</sup>, 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<sup>t</sup>

Margaret Elizabeth Winslow born Oct 18<sup>th</sup>, 1833.

Isaac Stayner born May 29, 1836, married Kate Everson Sept 10<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Children

Isaac Everson, born Nov 8<sup>th</sup> ——— 1865.

son Stayner Barrell born June 3<sup>rd</sup> 1872 — died Aug 12<sup>th</sup> 1872.

George Blanchard born Aug 11, 1843. married Maggie Chapin Ap 3<sup>rd</sup> 1865

Children

( Albert Stayner born Feb 25<sup>th</sup> 1866

( George b Jan 17<sup>th</sup> 1868 \_\_\_\_\_ died Aug 11<sup>th</sup> 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.

\*\* *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, 3 vols. (New York: Harper & Bros., 1855).

†† But appearances evidently were deceiving; she did not die until 1890.

( Thomas Lathrop Mar 27<sup>th</sup> 1870 \_\_\_\_\_died June 27<sup>th</sup> 1872  
 ( son Reuben Moffatt, Aug 11<sup>th</sup> 1872  
 Theodore Barrell, born Mar 9<sup>th</sup> 1848 died Dec 28<sup>th</sup> 1851.  
 Interred in Greenwood Cemetery LI – as are all the above children deceased.  
 Florence Ellora, born Oct 2<sup>nd</sup> 1852.

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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 relucted\* 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 S<sup>t</sup>, 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 27<sup>th</sup> of December, 1832.

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\* *Webster's 3<sup>rd</sup> 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 27<sup>th</sup> Benjamin P Winslow married to Mary, Timmins, Quincy, Hill, daughter of my wife L.C.T Blanchard, at Trinity Church at 10¼ o'clock AM by Rev Dr Croswell; I gave her away.”†

The young couple returned from Norwich about the 10<sup>th</sup> of January and took up their residence at my Father's house in Leverett S<sup>t</sup> 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 S<sup>t</sup>. 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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(<sup>note.</sup> By the great fire of Nov 9<sup>th</sup> & 10<sup>th</sup>, 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<sup>§</sup> was introduced who still further enlivened it. After two disappointments, <sup>\*\*</sup> another Hope appeared, just on the verge of our declining life in Leverett S<sup>t</sup> 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.

§ William Henry Winslow (1834-1909).

\*\* 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.<sup>X</sup> 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.

[written sideways bottom to top at left margin]

**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 8<sup>th</sup> 1834  
married Oct 26<sup>th</sup> 1862 to Elizabeth Kempton

Their children

Kenelm born Aug 10<sup>th</sup> 1863.

Willard ” Ap 1865

Marion Quincy Oct 1868

Florian Thouron Mar 1872

called Harry

Erving Winslow born Nov 19<sup>th</sup> - 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 10<sup>th</sup> 1839

Daughter Olivia born May 29 – 1840

married Jan 12<sup>th</sup> 1871 to Mr George H Gould.

TSW married (second wife) Adelia E Conant May 27<sup>th</sup> 1842

Daughter Adelia Isabel, born Nov 4, 1853.

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\* 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 5<sup>th</sup> 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<sup>t</sup> 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,<sup>†</sup> 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.<sup>‡</sup> 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 Ben<sup>n</sup> 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;<sup>\*</sup> 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.<sup>†</sup> 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,<sup>‡</sup> 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 rooftop<sup>§</sup> 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

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\* 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 3<sup>rd</sup> Unabridged*: “the highest horizontal timber in a roof and the receiver of the upper ends of the rafters, or metonymically, simply roof.”

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.

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Mercantile and Political events.

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 26<sup>th</sup> 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”<sup>\*</sup> “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.

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### Great Meteoric Shower of 1833.

**Birth of  
1<sup>st</sup> Grand  
child to  
my  
Father, in  
N York,  
Amity S<sup>t</sup>.**

In my brother Benjamin’s Diary under date of Oct 20<sup>th</sup> 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 18<sup>th</sup> Oct.<sup>†</sup> Nov 13<sup>th</sup> same year, he records the remarkable meteoric shower<sup>‡</sup> 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.”<sup>§</sup>

\* 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

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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<sup>ts</sup> now a Hospital.

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

Jan 30<sup>th</sup> 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.

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

VII, Second Hexade, Vol. I (Cincinnati, Ohio: E. Deming, 1834), 368-84. It is an unlikely volume to be in her possession.

[\\* It is not at all clear what Margaret’s source is here.](http://books.google.com/books?id=gtpXAAAAMAAJ&pg=PA368&lpg=PA368&dq=%22Account+of+a+r+emarkable+exhibition+of+Shooting+Stars,%22&source=bl&ots=WPjwc8Oni-&sig=NDu-698_Rec392Y]oRdDRy6x0yU&hl=en&ei=8Z31S5KJKoXwsQPQteSHBQ&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result& . To complicate matters further, although Deming’s article contains the account of Professor Olmstead below, it does not identify it as a communication to the <i>New Haven Herald</i> as Margaret does. Both Deming and Margaret may be drawing upon a common, but unidentified source.</p>
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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 8<sup>th</sup> 1834. His birth thus recorded by the happy young Papa, not yet 24 years of age.

**April 8<sup>th</sup> 1834** “Son W<sup>m</sup> 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 16<sup>th</sup> 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.\*

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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<sup>t</sup>-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.

Boston July 17. 1837

My dear Daughter,

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\* *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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1837. Letter of IW on the future state of Infants.

transgression.”<sup>†</sup> They have no associations connected with the body as Adults have. All our associations of good and evil, – of sin and forgiveness, of happiness and peace are necessarily connected with the body, – and by no human reasoning can they be dissociated so as to preserve a sense of identity. Hence the Scripture doctrine of the resurrection of the body seems to me perfectly consonant to the natural notion of sameness or identity hereafter. May not the opinion of the Roman church on this point, be the Scriptural one? – viz – that such children pass at once to what they call “the Beatific vision.” That is, as I understand it, into the Divine presence, and that they become “the Angels which are in Heaven.”<sup>‡</sup> Blessed indeed! But far less so than those whose sins are forgiven through Christ's imputed righteousness. “There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner who repenteth, than over ninety nine Just.” (not “just men” as our translators have rendered it) “who need no repentance”.<sup>§</sup> – Can those who need no repentance be others than infants and children who have not committed actual sin? These sinless natures are indeed made happy; but far less so than sinful natures who by the Divine Spirit obtain the victory over the Devil within.”

Br BPW says, under same date, – Leverett S<sup>t</sup> July 17<sup>th</sup> 1837

“I was reading to Q at 3 AM and at five the child was born. She \*\* is doing well; Has an excellent nurse, but feels our disappointment very

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\* William Cowper, “On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture” (1709).

† 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 19<sup>th</sup>

\* 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 S<sup>t</sup> “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 are not here transcribed.]

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\* 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 o'er range,  
 The City's realm of brick – green pastures smiled,  
 And sleek haired Kine<sup>†</sup> to pastoral dreams beguiled  
 The sauntering schoolboy, – wisting<sup>‡</sup> 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, receding 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-arch[aic]," 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.<sup>†</sup>

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

---

\* A predecessor of soccer, not American football.

† 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.

175

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?

176

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?

178

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 oe'r 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,

x bower  
 bow anchor  
 of a ship.

But one strong bower<sup>x</sup> 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.”

179

### 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 o'er sand and land; – though in their turn,  
 Givers of seed and harvest, still they sought

180
-----

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

181
-----

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<sup>†</sup>  
 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.<sup>‡</sup>

A fair bright dream, like those of childhood's hours, –  
 Such is its image now: – “The place thereof  
 Knows it no more”,<sup>§</sup> – 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,<sup>†</sup> believing that the world had outgrown war, – held a Peace Congress at Brussels in 1851,<sup>‡</sup> as a sort of preliminary to the “Congress of Nations” which they thought (like Henry 4<sup>th</sup>)<sup>§</sup> 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 Abyssinian 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.

For Burritt's Citizen\* May 3, 1851 Vol. 8 No 28

## Flag of Peace.

“Hush'd was the strife on Gallia's<sup>†</sup> shore,” but the exordium which ought to have begun this is as follows<sup>‡</sup>

The Kings first care (Henry 4<sup>th</sup> 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 12<sup>th</sup> of May 1603.” See Sully's memoirs

1<sup>§</sup>


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\* *Burritt's Christian Citizen* was published in Worcester, MA from 1846 to 1851 by Blanchard's close friend Elihu Burritt (1810–1879), also an ardent pacifist and anti-slavery activist. He had been trained as a blacksmith, but became a prolific writer and leader of the organizations Margaret has mentioned. The Peace Congress in Brussels was held in 1848 (not 1851 as Margaret has it), and a second congress was held in Paris presided over by Victor Hugo the following year. It was attended by James Freeman Clarke, who writes about it thus:

On the whole, the Peace Congress probably did just as much good as any man could reasonably expect. The effect of these meetings is often exaggerated. To bring together those who hold certain opinions, by means of a convention, does not necessarily increase the number holding such views. Indeed, if violent, weak, or extreme opinions are expressed, the convention may injure the cause instead of helping it. The members, however, are seldom aware of this; they enjoy each other's sympathy, and mistake the sentiment of the meetings for public opinion.

(Edward Everett Hale, ed., *James Freeman Clarke: Autobiography, Diary and Correspondence* [Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, the Riverside Press, 1891], 172.) Hale believes his account was intended as a communication to his parishioners back in Boston, who would have included Benjamin Pollard Winslow and perhaps others in the family circle. Clarke's gently skeptical account perhaps lends credence to the view that Margaret and perhaps BPW too would have viewed their uncle's pacifism as naïvely idealistic and a case of preaching to the choir, which would have run very much against Clarke's more pragmatic philanthropic grain, which always ran towards achieving tangible results. And Clarke was no pacifist.

† 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 3<sup>rd</sup> (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 4<sup>th</sup> 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.

2

Past was the slaughter of "Jarnac,"\* \*  
The rage of "Montoncour",†  
Oh hap'ly past the siege, the sack  
The demon yell, the fierce attack,  
Which spared nor Knight, nor boor.

**\*note – In fact Henri quatre became  
establish'd on the throne of France in  
1597 254 years ago.**

185

2

3

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.

4

\* 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.

5

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; –

6

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 Huguenots 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 Huguenots.

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 herdsman's 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

3

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!  
O'er 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.e., *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”.†

187

4

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.

17

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.