

REMINISCENCES

BY

ELIZABETH BOOTH,

OF

NEW CASTLE, DEL.

AUTHOR OF

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.



NEW CASTLE, DEL:

PRINTED PRIVATELY, FOR THE FAMILY.

1884.

“Jesus seeks the sad and sorrowing,  
Those who mourn his grace to prove;  
From their sin and woe relieving,  
Folds them in his arms of love.  
Helpless wanderers, outcast sinners;  
Him their Rock and Refuge prove.”

“To their souls Himself revealing,  
They with faith and joy receive;  
In the depths of sacred feeling,  
Evermore enshrined to live,  
Till when life's exchanged for glory,  
Jesus they, unveiled, receive.”

## INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE endeavored to comply with the wishes of some of my friends in recalling scenes of my past life and those who were associated with me. I have principally to depend on memory, for those who, a few years ago, could have given me information on many subjects are now, alas! no more. As these pages are intended only for the family and relatives, I have confined myself chiefly to such history and little incidents of relations and friends as I could recollect, aided by some letters which had been carefully preserved by my dear mother. Letters of Mrs. E. Lees, my mother's sister, were always valued and received with pleasure by her and the family. I feel I have very imperfectly executed my task, and am conscious there is a vein of sadness running through most of these pages. But how could it be otherwise, when memory brings before me the days that are past, and friends who were then around me, whom I shall meet no more.

E. BOOTH.

NEW CASTLE, February, 1875.

AND Memory--pray, what art thou?  
Art thou of pleasure born?  
The rose that gems thy pensive brow,  
Is it without a thorn?

—*Henry Kirk White.*

Dear mansion of my home! once occupied by the loved ones who dwell no more on earth. As I look around, memory brings to view those dear, familiar faces, whose smiles brightened the passing hours of life. It must have been about the year 1794 or '95 that my father purchased and removed to this house. I distinctly remember my mother taking me a short distance in the country, when a child, to visit an aged couple, **Mr. and Mrs. Finney—who were former occupants of this house—at their residence, since called the Hermitage.** Mr. George Read afterwards resided here, and his son, Mr. William T. Read, was born here. My sister Maria and brother James were born before the removal of my father and family to this house. Between the birth of my sister Maria and myself were three children, who died in their infancy—two by the name of George, and a little girl called Anna. According to my early recollections, our household was composed of father, mother, sister Maria, brother James, myself, brothers William and Joseph, my uncle Rev. Robert Clay, rector of Immanuel Church, New Castle, and my uncle Joseph Booth, who pursued the tanning business; Maria

Boggs, my father's niece, and Hetty Bowman, who some years afterward became the wife of Dr. Henry Colesberry. It was about the year 1804 that my father pulled down the old kitchen and added back buildings to the house. Our mansion was the abode of peace and plenty, "given to hospitality." My uncle Curtis Clay, and his family; uncle and aunt Berrett and family; aunt George Booth and family, etc., from Philadelphia, were frequently visitors here. My mother's brother, Mr. George Clay, according to my childish recollections, must have been a very eccentric personage. He gave all the children nicknames: mine was Zibbet, and my cat he named Huncamuika. Both my uncles, Mr. Robert Clay and Mr. Joseph Booth, were very fond of and very indulgent to the children of the family, often treating us to cakes, confectionery, etc. My paternal grandfather, Mr. John Booth, married Mary Rogers, daughter of Nicholas Rogers, of whom I know nothing more than the name. I suppose my grand parents died before my birth, for I never remember to have seen them. My mother was the granddaughter of Judge Jehu Curtis, whose tomb may be seen in Immanuel Churchyard, bearing an epitaph written by his friend, Benjamin Franklin. His daughter (my grandmother), Ann Curtis, was married to her cousin, Sator Clay, February 2, 1740 or '41. My mother, Ann Clay, their ninth child, was born July 2, 1759, and married to my father, Mr. James Booth, at New Castle, on the 5th of May, 1785. My father was seven years older than my mother, and was born February 6, 1753.

I must not omit to mention my faithful nurse, Sally Meekimson, who came into the family about the time of my birth, which occurred on the 20th of April, 1796. I have always felt grateful for her affectionate interest, her Chris-

tian example and the many prayers I feel assured she offered for me. I remember some of the hymns she taught me, which are still among my favorite ones. She possessed no learning or worldly wisdom, but she was "made wise unto salvation." There is no situation in which Providence places us, however humble, where we may not do good and benefit some. She remained some years in our family, and nursed my brothers William and Joseph. She afterwards lived with her daughter, Mrs. Yard, in Philadelphia. Her death was caused by a cancer in the breast. Her sufferings were great, and at one time, visiting her, she said she was not able to talk to me, but begged me just to sit where she could look at me. She retained her affection to the last.

My early companions and playmates were chiefly Ann Van Dyke and my cousins Mary and Sophia Booth, their sisters Nancy and Sally (now Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Prestman) being a few years older. Oft we played in the yard of our dear old homestead, but our favorite ramble was along the bank of the Delaware, below the town. There we would amuse ourselves for hours under the old willow trees. In the evening we frequently assembled and entertained each other with tales, composed as we went along—not as exquisite as Scott's or Dickens', but savoring more of the marvelous of the Arabian Nights, and which served to please and amuse. Well I remember the school of my childhood, and the desk placed in the large, old-fashioned chimney-place at which I sat to write my first copy of strokes. Time has long since demolished the old house, and another building occupies its place. Many pleasant hours my companions and I spent together—not, I suppose, without alloy, but the agreeable recollections only remain.

Sweet, happy days of childhood,  
 From care and sorrow free,  
 When hope is ever smiling,  
 And life flows joyously.

When blithesome little footsteps  
 Tread lightly o'er the flowers,  
 And roses bloom around them,  
 Amid the vernal hours.

When loving arms of parents  
 Protect from every harm,  
 And voices kind and tender  
 Sooth every slight alarm.

When on the faithful bosom  
 Reclines the weary head,  
 And o'er their balmy slumbers  
 A mother's care is shed.

Sweet, happy days of childhood  
 O, might they ever be!  
 But ah! Time's rapid current  
 Wafts on to Life's great sea.

But there's a Friend and Guardian,  
 When parents must depart,  
 Whose love is still unfailing,  
 Who bears us on His heart.

Who o'er life's sea will guide us  
 With kind, unerring care;  
 With needful good provide us,  
 Protect from every snare.

Then let the young hearts trust Him,  
 And take Him for their friend;  
 For He will ne'er forsake them,  
 But love them to the end.

It was in the fall of 1805 I was first sent to school in Philadelphia, and staid with Mrs. Ann Moore, whom I was taught to call cousin Nancy. Her maiden name was Bolton. Her father lived in Chestertown, Md. After his death she resided with my grandmother Clay, in New Castle. I have always heard her spoken of as very lovely in person and mind, and a life-long friendship was formed between her and my mother. While quite young she went to her friends in Savannah, Ga., and there was married to Mr. Moore. She afterwards became a widow and returned to the North. I recollect the day she came to New Castle to my father's, and my childish wonder as to who she might be, when I found she was going to stay at our house. The remainder of her life she spent in Philadelphia. I knew her well, having subsequently spent months at a time under her roof, and a more faultless character I never knew. Intelligent, amiable, pious and pleasing in her manners, she gained the esteem and love of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. In 1806 she was married to my father's brother, Mr. George Booth. He was my tutor in Philadelphia at the time alluded to (1805). He taught a young ladies' school, and had a very happy manner of imparting knowledge, so that it was rather a pleasure than a task to attend to his instructions. I was particularly fond of the study of grammar, and, being rather taciturn, my father used to call me "the silent grammarian." I had a sincere regard for my uncle, both as my instructor and relative. His manners were bland and amiable, and his nature sympathetic. When young he was thought to be pious, but, unfortunately, was led away from the good path by the influence of evil company. In the latter years of his life, however, I think he gave evidence of being a sincere

Christian. The preaching of Rev. Dr. Brodhead, then of Philadelphia, whose ministry he attended, was of great benefit to him. He wrote out from memory Dr. B.'s Sunday evening lectures, which were shown to him after my uncle's death. He seemed affected, and said he did not suppose there was anyone in his congregation who could write so beautifully. He had a poetical talent, too. I have seen some excellent religious poems of his. The last year I was blessed with his instruction I staid with my aunt, and he was tutor in the house to Frances Lewis Bolton (cousin to aunt Booth), familiarly called Fanny Bolton, for whom I formed a most sincere and ardent attachment. Our pleasures were the same; we studied together, and she led me to attend on the ministry of one that was blessed to us both, the Rev. Dr. Staughton, a popular Baptist clergyman. The first sermon I heard from him was on Sunday evening, on the immortality of the soul. It made a deep impression on my mind. It was our greatest enjoyment to attend staidly on the services in his church. I was at that time between thirteen and fourteen years of age. Fanny was the model of truth and virtue, pleasing in appearance and kind and winning in manner. Sad was the time when I had to leave her, but it was some compensation that she visited me in New Castle, before her return to her friends in Savannah. In 1810 I wrote the following acrostic on her name, but, it seems, left out her middle name of Lewis:

“ Fair is her form, her mind serene ;”  
 Religion there chose her abode,  
 And in her breast delights to dwell ;  
 Nature has formed her soul for God.  
 Cease, then, ye sinful passions ; cease.  
 Entice ye not her soul to stray.  
 Say not that in this world is peace ;

But in the realms of endless day,  
 O there, indeed, is perfect bliss ;  
 Love, peace and joy forever dwell.  
 There may her brightest hopes repose  
 On scenes that so much earth excel.  
 Not all below can please the soul so well.

She was married, not long after her return to Georgia, to Mr. Richardson, a merchant of Savannah, and visited the North a few years later, when I had the pleasure of meeting her in Philadelphia with her little daughter Frances, whom she taught to call me cousin. On September 12, 1816, the anniversary of her birthday, I presented her with another acrostic :

Friend and companion of my early youth,  
 Receive the tribute of my humble lays ;  
 Accept these lines, inspired by love and truth—  
 Not formed by flattery, and not fond to praise.  
 Could I depict the virtues of thy mind,  
 Expressed in outward air, or form, or face,  
 Soft as the moon, whose lustre, sweet, refined,  
 Looks on the evening hour with mildest grace.  
 Even could I justly paint, yet I would not  
 Withdraw the veil humility bestows.  
 I deem the lowly, scented violet  
 Sweeter than all the gaudy tulip shows.

Respected, loved—in all that Heaven can give,  
 In every blessing mayest thou still abound ;  
 Calm be thy hours as music's note at eve,  
 Hovering in dulcet harmony around.  
 And may that God who can all good impart  
 Reside within the temple of thy breast,  
 Direct the noblest wishes of thy heart,  
 Soaring from earth, in heavenly climes to rest ;  
 O, mayest thou there with joy at length arrive,  
 Near to Heaven's King in endless bliss to live.

It was the last time I saw Fanny. Mr. Richardson afterwards built a very elegant house in Savannah, and I was told by a friend that on one occasion, when she was showing some visitors the different apartments, all very handsome, she took up a Bible and said: "I value this more than anything else you have seen." She died after a short illness, in what year I cannot exactly now ascertain.

I must now revert to my earlier years, and relatives in New Castle. The society there was intelligent and refined. The families of Messrs. Johns, Van Dyke, Read and Riddle were at that time most prominent, not omitting my father's and afterwards my brother's and brother-in-law's, Mr. James Rogers, who was, at the time to which I refer, a young lawyer in the town, originally from Milford, Sussex county. Aunt Caldwell, my mother's sister, resided there. Her first husband was Mr. Robert Booth, my father's brother. She afterwards married Mr. Caldwell. In middle life she very much resembled my mother. When her elder daughters grew up the society of her house became very attractive. She herself was also intelligent and agreeable. Her health became bad, and it was supposed the air of Philadelphia would be more beneficial to her. Accordingly they removed there. She had one daughter by her last husband, Elizabeth Caldwell, a pretty, interesting girl, who was a prey to that insidious disease, consumption of the lungs, and died when she had just attained to womanhood. Her mother some years later fell a victim to the same disease. She died July 5, 1826.

My father, in the character of son, brother, husband and friend, had few equals. In his youth he was assistant in a loan office with Mr. Richard McWilliam, who was very fond of him. On one occasion, his son having displeased

him, he determined he should never inherit his property, and wanted to make it over to my father, but this he steadily refused. His filial duty was remarkable. In an old letter I have seen he mentions providing in various ways for his father's comfort, and says: "If my father would prefer living in town" (it seems he lived a short distance in the country) "I will rent a house for him here." He was generous also in various ways to his brothers and sisters, who were less successful in life than himself. To the poor he was always bountiful, not only with regard to their necessities, but even to their wishes. He literally fulfilled the precept, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." In private, as in public life, he was a man of strict integrity, dignified, yet courteous in manners—a gentleman of the old school; deservedly beloved in all circles, both of the rich and the poor.

Since writing the above I have found a letter from my father to his father, Mr. John Booth, which expresses so much lovely filial affection and duty, not exhibited in words only, but in action, that I must transcribe it. I suppose he was then attending court, as it is dated at Dover, January 11, 1791:

"MY DEAR AND HONORED FATHER:

"A few days ago I received a letter from George (his brother) in which he mentions that you were desirous of living in town rather than in the country, as it would contribute to your satisfaction, by being more among your children and acquaintance. I am sorry that it was never mentioned to me before, for without a moment's hesitation I should have spoken to you and urged you to come to town. Why did you never inform me? Every opportunity you

afford me to promote your satisfaction or happiness increases my own, and I hope and believe that to contribute to your welfare will always be one of the greatest temporal felicities I can enjoy. If it will be agreeable to reside in town, I entreat that you will do it; my house is always open to receive you, and entirely at your command. But perhaps that would not be perfectly agreeable to you. Do, then, rent a house, when and where you please; and I will cheerfully take every step in my power to render you comfortable and happy. Josy Boggs' will be empty in the spring, and perhaps would suit you; if so, you can rent it, or if he desires to sell it I will endeavor to purchase, rather than you should suffer any disappointment, for I not only feel it my duty but my inclination to do all that I can. I have always considered that, next to my God Himself, I owe every comfort and advantage to my parents, to their kind care and their education and instruction. I feel myself happy, then, that I have it in some measure in my power to show to you, my kind and indulgent father, some gratitude for your affectionate and parental care of my youth; and after everything I can do, I shall always feel myself under obligations too great to repay—obligations of gratitude that will never cease but with my life. To every one of the family I would be happy to render any services or afford them any assistance. How much more, then, do I owe to you? I got to this place on Monday evening last, after a very pleasant ride, and have been tolerably well, except being troubled with a cold, which is now better.

“I am your affectionate son,

“DOVER, January 11, 1791. JAMES BOOTH.”

I deem the sentiments here expressed do more honor to my father than the high position he held in the State, inas-

much as the virtues of a lofty mind and the sensibilities of a dutiful, tender and affectionate heart are superior to any external advantage. The following lines must have been addressed to my mother shortly after their marriage, but they bear no date:

“To his beloved—not Nancy Clay—not Nancy Booth—nor sister—nor even wife; too feeble; language affords no adequate name; to her whose mind comprises in tender union, dignity, virtue and love; to her its own correlative words greeting the emanations of a faithful heart.

“Written by J. BOOTH.”

Reading this some years ago, I wrote underneath the following: “How beautiful this tender tribute of affection from my father to my mother. It was written with a pen-ell long, long before my birth; and now I have retraced it with pen and ink; otherwise the lines would soon be illegible. I have watched the dying moments of each, and held the hand of each ere it grew cold in death. Blessed spirits, are ye looking down on me now? Farewell till we meet in glory everlasting.

“July 4, 1857.

ELIZABETH BOOTH.”

My father was appointed to the office of Chief Justice of Delaware about the year 1804, by Daniel Rogers, Esq., then Governor of the State—the father of the gentleman to whom, a few years afterwards, his daughter was married.

From what I can learn respecting my grandmother Clay, she must have been a woman of strong intellect and agreeable conversation. She possessed a business talent, enabling her to manage her property well and support her family during the revolutionary war, but was destitute of that extreme sensibility and tenderness of feeling that characterized my



mother. It might have been from the circumstances in which she was placed. The vine that has no tree to entwine around shoots forth beyond, with a stronger stem. She was at that time a widow, her husband, Sator Clay, having died in 1767. As no goods were imported for some time previous to the war, articles of clothing were expensive and often difficult to obtain, and frequently people cut up what they could spare in the household to make garments. I have heard my uncle Robert relate a little incident that occurred at his mother's table. A gentleman who was dining there wore a coat made of curtain calico, on which was imprinted figures of geese. One who sat near clapped his hand on his friend's shoulder, exclaiming: "I have caught a goose." I have often regretted that my grandmother's house was destroyed in the fire of 1824. I would like to view again the room my mother once showed me, where my grandmother used to sit to read and write and adjust her accounts; and the large attic room, called Mount Racket, where the children were allowed to play and make as much noise as they pleased. Among my very earliest recollections was my mother taking me with her to visit Mrs. Read, the wife of the Hon. George Read, signer of the Declaration of Independence. I think she must have been a widow then. She was a sweet, delicate-looking lady, extremely neat in her dress, with a narrow ruffle round her white muslin cap. She did not very long survive her husband. Her mansion was also consumed by fire. Mr. Read's death was quite sudden. He was at Immanuel Church on Sunday, apparently in health, and died the following Tuesday.

I will transcribe a part of a funeral sermon delivered by my uncle Rev. Robert Clay, rector of the church:

"The years of our late respected friend are come to an

end, and he is gone the way whence he shall not return; and may it not be truly said that his hoary head was a crown of glory, and that it was found in the way of righteousness? Funeral panegyric has been so much abused that it has in a measure destroyed its own purpose. Extravagant encomium by bearing marks of fallacy has rendered even the truth suspicious. But on the present occasion, without going beyond its bounds, may we not say that our late valuable friend possessed all those qualities which endeared him to society and to his family. His kindness and benevolence were great and extensive. They were the ornament of his other virtues. As a husband, a father, a brother, a master and a friend, he was singularly indulgent, tender and affectionate. From his abilities and his uniform and zealous attachment to the cause of his country, he was often selected by the people to represent them in conventions and Congresses. He was a delegate in the General Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and at all times he did honor to his appointment, by performing his part with judgment, activity and ability. Not to enlarge upon the character of our late valued and much esteemed friend, let it suffice briefly to say that uprightness and candor shone in him with peculiar lustre. He was a person of strict and inflexible integrity, and an eminent example of virtue in his life and conversation, as well as fixed and unshaken in his Christian principles. The State beheld in him an example of industry and economy, and in his late appointment of Chief Justice of this State he was just, without rigor, and merciful, without partiality. He filled the first offices with an assemblage of illustrious virtues. He was an honor to this town and one of the greatest supporters of this church, and, by his steady and conscientious at-

tendance every Sabbath, has left a noble example, worthy of the imitation of all who believe that to support public worship is to support the cause of order, morality and religion: It hath pleased his blessed Master, after a short illness (for he attended at the house of prayer last Sabbath, apparently in good health), to dismiss him from his employments, labors and trials here, and call him to that 'rest which remaineth for the people of God;' for we doubt not, at the end of the days, he will stand before his Judge with exceeding joy, and be received with a 'Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' And let those who are more particularly interested in this dispensation of Providence reflect that 'man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards;' that in this imperfect state it is difficult to enjoy so great a blessing as uninterrupted prosperity, and therefore if we do not solicit adversity we should not express impatience under it; that a God of infinite goodness governs the world; that He never extends the cup of affliction to his children in displeasure, but in love, for the perfection of their graces; that to the righteous there is a most consoling promise that the tear of sorrow shall be changed into waters of joy; that 'all things shall work together for good to those who love God;' that we are required to put our trust in the Divine mercy in affliction, assured that the Lord will be a present help in the time of trouble, and if she who, by this stroke of Providence, is reduced to a widowed state, hath reason to hope the partner of her life obtained salvation, let her reflect that death to him was gain; that he was not smitten to death in her absence, but in his last moments received her kind offices. And let not any of us hear this call of Providence in vain. Let us not depart from this house unimpressed

with a sense of our mortality; unresolved, with the exemplary and virtuous Job, patiently and preparedly 'to wait until his change shall come.' The fear, the love of God shall possess our souls, and we shall regard ourselves only as strangers and pilgrims here, having 'no continuing city; and therefore seek one that is to come.' "

To this tribute to the character of Hon. George Read I add one to his widow:

Among those of our deceased friends whose remains we have lately attended to the mansions of the silent grave, amidst a numerous concourse of assembled friends, was our aged and much lamented sister, Mrs. Read, who had long sojourned among us, and who was a respectable member of this church. Endowments of mind and traits of character such as were hers, endear her memory to us; for in regard to our departed sister it is impossible to speak with justice, without speaking well of her. Though a woman's department in life is, in general, less extensive than a man's, yet it is as important. Through every stage it has its duties, its virtues, its usefulness in full as great perfection as ours. If a uniform endeavor to give dignity to this department, in real humility and meekness, too; if to govern and improve the sensibilities of the heart; if to lift the affections to the Father and God of all in a constant flow of piety and gratitude; if to cherish the sweet emotions of conjugal love, of parental tenderness, of unconfined goodwill—if this be a woman's glory, such many of them attain to. How far our much esteemed lady was endued with such female excellence, and in what degree she expressed it in her deportment, we may refer to all who were acquainted with her. Industrious, prudent, mild, affectionate, friendly, benevolent, compassionate and unaffectedly pious, she lived

satisfied, calm and easy in herself, looking upon the things of this world no otherwise than was consistent with her preparation for the life of a better. Her declining state of health during several years, and at last grievous sickness, which defeated all the power of the healing art, she bore with a distinguished equanimity and patience. Resigned to Heaven's disposal, willing to leave this world, and trusting for salvation and felicity in the merits of her Saviour Jesus Christ, she parted from her afflicted friends, and is gone to her 'Father and our Father, to her God and our God.' In the meantime, let us respect the virtues and cherish the memory of our deceased friends. Let us dwell on what was amiable in their character, imitate their worth and trace their steps. By this means the remembrance of those we loved shall become useful and improving to us, as well as sacred and dear."

My uncle Mr. Clay had a fine voice, and read the service of the church extremely well. He was an amiable man, kind and affectionate to his relatives, and beloved by them all.

Of my mother's early life I know but little. I have often heard her speak of Mr. Theodore Maurice, an English gentleman, who was intimate in the family, and took a particular interest in advising and instructing her. He was very particular in regard to the conduct of young ladies—their delicacy and their morals; advised her not to read Shakespeare, for though he acknowledged there were many beauties in his works, there was much that was objectionable. This is certainly true in a measure, but his works are, perhaps, more prized now than at that time; and Bishop Cox, of New York, said he could select passages from Shakespeare that would do to lay by the side of the prayer book and Keble's Christian Year.

Mr. Theodore Maurice returned to England, but we have his portrait now, hanging in our dining-room. Among my mother's early friends was a young lady to whom she was very much attached, and whom she represented as being lovely and interesting—Miss Letitia Thompson. She died young, and was sincerely mourned by my mother. I have seen her tomb in a family burial-place of Mr. Finney, who formerly occupied the house which afterwards was purchased by my father. It was situated at the north side of New Castle, but it has shared the fate common to private burial-grounds. The field has fallen into other hands, and there is no trace of graves or monuments left. The remains may possibly have been exhumed and interred in some more suitable place, but I never heard of it. This was also the case with a burial-ground attached to a house still standing, formerly—before my time—a Quaker meeting house. There, inclosed by a railing, were my father's brothers buried; probably his father and mother. I recollect, years ago, reading the names on the tombstones, but memory fails as to the individuals. There also was my youngest brother Joseph buried, and my sister's first son James Rogers; but the body of the latter was subsequently disinterred and buried in Immanuel Churchyard. No vestige is now left; the field has long since been ploughed up and grain planted there. I have often wondered my parents suffered it to be so.

In regard to Mr. Finney, I have understood he was in very comfortable circumstances, if not wealthy, but sold some property and was paid in Continental money, which soon became valueless, and so was reduced almost to poverty. His two daughters were elegant women, and, as a gentleman said, would have graced General Washington's

levee. Mamma has often pointed to the old-fashioned window seat in our front parlor where Miss Finney and her admirer used to sit, and the large closet containing part of our library, which we commonly called the book closet, where Mr. Finney's sister used to sit to read and write. If old walls could speak like the old chairs in "Pickwick," how many interesting tales they could tell! I heard an anecdote related of Bishop White, of Pennsylvania. A man called upon him who had been indebted to him for some time, and paid him in Continental money. As it was then legal, the Bishop could not refuse to receive it, but in the prospect of its soon becoming worthless, he thought it a dishonest act, and called aloud to his servant, as the man was going down stairs, to take care of the silver spoons. When I was a child I recollect seeing this Continental money lying among old papers in our garret. After the marriage of my mother she must have remained some time at my grandmother's, for my sister Maria, her eldest child, was born there February 27, 1786. Their first house was that on Delaware street, where my brother James was born, and where he afterwards was married and resided. I was born in our old family mansion, where I have lived, except a few years' interruption, all my life. Many a play and romp we children, as we were then, had in our old nursery room—Maria Boggs and others associated with us. William T. Read often joined us, being a little younger than my brother James. Often as I lay awake in the morning have I amused myself with the curtains surrounding my bed, on which was depicted the figure of Washington in a chariot drawn by horses. Near him were two figures, one holding a flag with stripes, the other a trumpet. Before him was the temple of fame, and also a person in it with a trumpet.

Another personage was Benjamin Franklin; one near him was holding this label, "Where liberty dwells, there is my country."

The only recollection I have of my aunt Mary—or Polly, as she was usually called—my mother's elder sister, was as I sat by her side in the nursery, caressing and playing with me, and repeating "those immortal lines of English literature" which have served to amuse past generations:

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To draw a pail of water;  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.  
Fly away Jack—fly away Jill.

And then their marvelous disappearance and return filled me with wonder. Simple childhood! easily pleased and as readily made sorrowful. The first husband of my aunt was Mr. Porter. They lived on a farm near Staunton, about nine miles from New Castle. I know not how long they lived together, but I believe he died suddenly and left her in the possession of a handsome estate. Not long after she became a widow she was addressed by Major Foreman, and, after much irresolution, finally accepted him, against the approbation and earnest persuasion of her friends, who had every reason to believe her money was his chief object.

My mother was fond of writing, and amused herself and her friends, both at the time and afterwards, with the following drama, the facts of which are literally true. It bears no date, but must have been written before the year 1800, for my aunt died in 1801. Major Foreman was represented as *Major Fribble*; my father and mother as *Mr. and Mrs. Management*; my aunt Mary or Polly as *Mrs. Credulous*; aunt Caldwell (at that time Booth), *Mrs. Meanwell*; Mrs. Johns, *Mrs. Truworth*.

# FORTUNE HUNTER:

A DRAMA.

## SCENE 1.

The Race Ground. Enter Major Fribble, with several gentlemen on horseback.

First Gentleman: Well, Major, who is fortune likely to favor to-day; what horse—Diamond or Silverheels—think you will win the race? But did you hear the news?

Major: News? Why, what has happened? What news?

First Gentleman: The best news in the world for a bachelor and a bankrupt. Mr. P—— has died very suddenly, and has left, it is said, about £100,000. Now, as you are an artful dog, you must set all your wits to work to gain the widow. I know that you can swear she is brighter than Venus, and that you love her to distraction. So away this moment; lose no time, lest some person steps in before you.

Major: What! must I go in this dirty trim? Here have I been on the turf these three days, and have not had time to change my clothes. However, I will trust to my address and the soft flattery of my tongue. So good-bye to

A DRAMA.

25

you. I'll clap spurs to my horse, and away to my charming Dulcinea; nor will I leave a stone unturned, and through fire and water will I go, to be master of her fortune.

[He then gallops off and never stops until he arrives at the widow's.]

## SCENE 2.

The farm house belonging to Mrs. Credulous. The Major arrives, his horse all in a foam. He dismounts and gives a loud rap at the door. Miss Friendly looks out of the window.

Miss Friendly: Bless me, Mrs. Credulous! whom have we got here? An admirer, I'll lay my life; but he is a dirty, shabby looking fellow; therefore pray discard him.

[Enter Major Fribble.]

Major: Major Fribble, madam, at your service. I hope you will excuse my visit and the motive of it. Fame had spread abroad your virtues and powerful attractions. I am informed of the death of your husband, and I come to console you and to beg of you to think no more of the dead, but to turn your thoughts upon the living. In this dirty trim I have ventured to approach you. The violence of my passion must be my apology, for upon the wings of love have I come to you.

Mrs. Credulous: Sir, you surprise me. I am not used to be accosted in this manner. Your dress and address are really disgusting. Go your way, and leave me to my retirement and to the enjoyment of my own reflections. To mention anything of love is but insulting me, and your behavior, upon the whole, is very disagreeable. My heart and mind correspond with my outward dress. The one is clothed in sadness, and as the other is the garb of mourn-

From the earliest days of their marriage, cousin Eliza Clay (after Anthony), with her husband, Mr. Robert Clay, were frequent and welcome visitors at my father's. She was pleasing in appearance, tasteful in dress, sprightly and attractive in her manners, and soon became a general favorite. Years afterwards she has spoken to me of the happy hours she spent in our family, when my mother and she used to sit in the little entry above stairs in our dear mansion with their sewing, while my uncle Rev. Robert Clay read aloud some entertaining book. On one occasion she accompanied him to church in Wilmington, and after service he introduced her to the rector, Mr. Clarkson, as Mrs. Clay. He, supposing her to be uncle Robert's wife, asked him afterwards where he met with that lovely creature. She was very fond of me, though I was then too young to appreciate or recollect it. I was thought a very pretty child when about two, or between two and three years of age; but that dire disease, the smallpox, soon despoiled me of my beauty. I have often heard my mother (or ma, the appellation I always gave her, and will now, as I write of her) relate a circumstance which made a deep impression on my mind. I was so ill that scarcely a hope was entertained of my recovery. Ma left the room for a short time, to endeavor to compose her mind for the event of my departure. On her return she noticed a piece of lamb on the dinner table, and, as if directed by Providence, she took a small piece and put it to my lips. I sucked in the juice. She then gave another, and from that time I began to revive. I suppose it was the crisis of the disease, and I was sinking from exhaustion. It was not the practice of physicians to administer stimulants, as they do now. It was the will of my Heavenly Father that I should be spared and continued

longer in this state of being—this checkered scene of good and ill. May it not have been in vain for myself and others!

It was about the year 1804 or '05 that aunt Booth, some time previous to her marriage with uncle George Booth, was ill at our house of nervous fever. Her hearing was so acute that even the rustling of a silk dress in the room distressed her. She was so weak and low that it was feared she could not survive. She was unable to speak, and her attendant, Mrs. Turner, put a feather before her nose, while all were watching around her. There seemed to be no breath to move the feather, and Mrs. T. exclaimed: "Poor thing! she is gone." After her recovery aunt B. told us that, though unable to speak or move, she was perfectly sensible of all that was passing around her, and heard Mrs. Turner's exclamation. Many years were added to her life, for which her friends were thankful.

In my youthful days, before traveling by railway was invented, we used to make trips to Philadelphia in my father's carriage. It was nearly a day's journey. We would have been incredulous if anyone had told us we should ever be able to go to Philadelphia in the morning, spend a thousand dollars in shopping—if we had it to spend—or visit half a dozen friends, and return home to tea. As it was, I used to enjoy those journeys in the carriage. We started after breakfast, my father and mother, my sister or one of my brothers, and myself; reached Chester to dine, spent an hour there to refresh ourselves and feed and rest the horses, and then proceeded to Philadelphia, where we usually arrived late in the afternoon. My father was very careful of his horses, and would not travel fast, from a humanity of disposition that was manifested to all the animal creation. Returning from Philadelphia, we generally stopped at the

"Practical Farmer," twelve miles above Wilmington. Mrs. Truitt, the mistress of the mansion, gave us a tolerably good dinner, but her pastry we might have thrown a half dozen yards in the air, and it would not have been broken by the fall. In our visits to the city we staid sometimes at aunt Booth's or uncle Berrett's, husband of my father's sister Betsy, or, properly, Elizabeth; but mostly, at that time, at my uncle Curtis Clay's. His house was in Chestnut street, near the corner of Seventh, south side of the way. A board yard was at the corner, where now it is densely built up, and stores now occupy the site of his house. It is said that at the time of my uncle Curtis' marriage with Miss Margaret Wood they were the handsomest couple in Philadelphia. There was no trace of beauty in my early remembrance of her. She had been a hopeless invalid for years, her mind and memory gone. Her disease was contracted in a ball-room, it was thought, from being long in the cold and then being overheated in dancing. But her husband's kindness and affection was unvarying from that time until her death. A nurse was provided to attend her, and everything bestowed to make her comfortable.

During these visits to the city my father and mother took me more than once to visit an aged Quaker lady, aunt Betsy Rogers. She must have been my father's aunt by marriage, the wife of his uncle, for his mother's maiden name was Rogers. She used to address my father and mother as Jimmy and Nancy, which seemed very odd to me. Extreme neatness and order were apparent in her house. She had one son, Thomas Rogers, a well-looking young man. Some time after our last visit we were informed she died suddenly, while sitting at the dinner table.

A very pleasant place we young people were fond of vis-

ing (and the older ones, too), was at the farm house of aunt Peggy Booth, widow of my father's brother Thomas Booth, near the town of St. Georges. It was an agreeable ride of twelve or thirteen miles in our carriage to set out in the morning and return in the evening, though sometimes we staid longer. The two daughters were kind and attractive and pleasant in manner, and drew frequent visitors to the house. Margaret was pretty and much admired; Betsy was not so handsome, but both were intelligent and agreeable. They had arrived at womanhood at the time of my first recollections of them. They frequently visited at uncle Berrett's in Philadelphia, and there I often had the pleasure of meeting them. Betsy was united in marriage to Mr. Joseph Roberts; resided in Middletown a while, but all finally came to New Castle, and were quite an acquisition to the society there. After a few years, however, they removed to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Roberts still lives, but her sister is no more.

Being so much younger than my sister Maria, I recollect but little of her early life. I suppose it was spent mostly in the retirement of our quiet town, except her visits to Philadelphia, when she staid at my uncle Curtis Clay's, and, I think, went to school for awhile. I distinctly remember her teacher in New Castle, who taught a young ladies' school in a room adjoining the court house, now used as one of the public offices. Under Mr. Dana's tuition she became noted for her elegant penmanship. Two or three books of selections from different authors were exhibited in our family. They were shown on one occasion to a gentleman visiting at our house who taught a school for young ladies. He admired them so much that he begged leave to take them to show to his scholars, saying he would return them soon; but

he never returned them. My sister grew up to be very handsome. A scene now presents itself to my mind, as she stood in the parlor by my brother James, who had just returned, at the time of vacation, from Princeton College. I was admiring her beauty, and the thought passed through my mind: James will never marry, for he will never meet with one as lovely as his sister. He, too, was handsome, with a fine expression of countenance. My sister was as much admired for the virtues of her mind and the artless sweetness of her manners as for her beauty. There was a large circle of young ladies at that time in New Castle, some of them very pretty and others exciting admiration more for sprightly, agreeable conversation than for personal appearance. There were frequent visiting and evening parties. Sister Maria had many admirers. There were two from Philadelphia and two from Maryland who were visitors at our house, but she did not seem inclined to accept anyone, until Mr. James Rogers offered himself. He possessed many excellencies of character, and met with the approval of father and mother. In the meantime my brother continued at Princeton, pursuing his studies. Among ma's intimate friends were Mrs. McWilliam, Mrs. Miller and her daughters, of an early date. Mrs. Johns was a particularly valued friend—a lady of much worth, intelligence and piety; pretty in appearance and sweet in manners. Mrs. Thomas was another esteemed friend, though different in character from Mrs. Johns. She possessed great strength of mind and decision of character—a woman of energy, but of kind and tender feeling, always ready to serve her friends in sickness or in health. Ma was very fond of reading aloud, and, when she met with anything that pleased her, would share the pleasure with Mrs. Thomas by reading

it to her. She continued her friendship to our family as long as she lived. I find among ma's papers the following lines on the receipt of a candle from Mrs. Johns, who was a good housekeeper, and sent it as a specimen of those made in her family. It was a dipped candle, which explains one of the lines, "In vain I dip and dip again."

TO MRS ANN JOHNS.

[Dated December 2, 1813.]

Your candle burned with brightest light,  
 But only lasted for one night.  
 Oh! give me one to light my day,  
 To guide me through my dreary way,  
 Or give instruction to my mind,  
 That I the purer light may find.  
 In vain I dip and dip again:  
 I would reform—'tis all the same,  
 Give me one spark, one ray of light,  
 To make my candle shine more bright;  
 My works, as yours, would merit praise,  
 And shine through all my future days.

These lines, though simple, were pleasing to the eye and ear of friendship, "since trifles make the sum of human things," and much of our happiness or discomfort flow from them. How often a kind look or a smile cheers the heart, while an irritability of temper or a harsh word bows down the spirit.

Full many a word at random spoken  
 May wound or heal a heart that's broken.

My sister's marriage took place on the 16th of April, 1807, in the northeast parlor of our old mansion. There was a large circle to witness the ceremony, but I cannot call to mind those besides our own family except uncle Slater



Clay, Mr. T. W. Rogers and Mrs. Anthony. It was then the custom in New Castle, a day or two after a wedding, to have a party of married ladies, with their husbands, to tea; and, a short time after, a company of the single ladies—which custom was duly observed. The union of my sister with Mr. J. Rogers promised to be a happy one, nor was that hope disappointed. The sun of prosperity shone on them during a long course of years, with as few sorrows as are incident to human life, for clouds and shadows must sometimes obscure the brightest days of this mortal state.

A year after this my brother James graduated at Princeton College. My father and mother went to Princeton to be present on the occasion, and took me with them. I was then about twelve years of age. The scene was new to me, and I was quite delighted, though I was too young to appreciate the college exercises of the day. My brother delivered an oration, if I remember correctly, on novel reading. Mr. William Meade, of Virginia, afterwards Bishop of that State, delivered the valedictory address. His sweet and touching voice was peculiarly suited for that allotment, and as I sat in the gallery and looked over the crowded audience I saw tears flowing from many eyes. That sweet voice I have since heard in the pulpit in Philadelphia, but it is now hushed in death. In the evening my father, mother, brother and myself were invited to Mr. Richard Stockton's to tea. As our carriage drove to the door his beautiful daughter Miss Mary Stockton, with graceful aspect, waited on the steps to receive us. The scene is vivid now in memory, though so many years have passed. Her relatives from Burlington, Mrs. Griffith and her daughter Miss Susan Griffith, and some of the college students, were there. Miss Mary Stockton was very graceful and sprightly in her man-

ners. She took a great deal of notice of me and quite won my heart, as she did those of some of the students. She took me in her lap and fixed my hair according to her taste, taking some of the pins out of her own hair to put in mine. Those pins I kept for a long time as precious relics. It was either that evening or the following one I was present at a ball given, I believe, by the students. In the course of the evening Mr. Thomas H. Skinner, then quite a youth, invited me to dance with him. I was at that time very fond of dancing, and accepted the invitation. Mr. Skinner became a distinguished Presbyterian minister, and was for several years pastor of the church in Arch street, Philadelphia. One morning after service a lady of my acquaintance introduced me to him, and said, as he shook hands with me, "She says she has had your hand before." I replied: "Yes; at a commencement ball in Princeton." "Ah!" said he, "those were my young and foolish days."

My brother James chose the law as his profession, and went to a law school in Litchfield, Conn.

An event took place a little later that threw a deep shade of sorrow over the family, especially over my mother's heart. Joseph, her youngest darling son, was called from this vale of tears

To milder skies and brighter plains,  
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

He was a lovely boy of nine years, beautiful in appearance, with dark, beaming eyes, expressive of all that was good and amiable. He was piously inclined, and before he could write taught himself, from newspapers, to make letters after the form of printed ones, and frequently wrote little stories, contrasting good and bad boys. One evening he seemed to be in a talking mood, and said what he would

give each of the family. His uncle Rev. Robert Clay he would give a beautiful church, and make everybody come and hear him preach. Naming each one, he allotted something for them. But my sister's first son, little James, about eighteen months old, he said he would take with him to a beautiful palace in the sky. This was two or three weeks before he was taken sick, and it is remarkable little James survived him but a short time. One of the last things he wrote in his little book was a verse from Dr. Watts' "Hymns for Children:"

Why should I say 'tis yet too soon  
To seek for Heaven or think of death?  
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
And I this day may lose my breath.

His illness was short. My father was attending court in Dover, and was sent for. The day before he died, as I was sitting beside his little bed, some one asked if he knew me. He turned to me and said, "Yes; it is Libbie," a name by which he always called me. It was too much for me. I was tenderly attached to him. I sobbed and cried and left the room. He died August 6, 1809. Ma had lost three children before, and no doubt felt deeply, but this was the severest blow, the most poignant sorrow, and cast a shade over many years. But it was blessed to her spiritual welfare. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." It led her soul from the vanities of earth to seek a better portion. The conversation and letters of uncle Slator Clay, an eminently pious man, were a source of much comfort and instruction to her. The following reflections were penned by her a few days after the death of Joseph:

NEW CASTLE, August 10, 1809.

My blessings are many. I have drank of the cup of

joy; that of affliction is now offered. My dear son Joseph Booth departed this life August 6, 1809. Ere long I hope to be with him, and oh! God, in the meantime prepare me for a seat in Thy blessed mansions. Let this heavy affliction, which Thou wast pleased for some wise purpose to send upon me, be the means of drawing my affections from this world towards a better. Give me Thy grace and Thy assistance, which, united with my earnest endeavor to become truly good, may render me acceptable in Thy sight, and fit me for immortal life.

"Oh! Lord, since it has pleased Thee to call my child out of life, give me, I beseech Thee, fortitude of mind under this my affliction. On opening the Bible after the decease of my child, the 25th psalm was the first that was presented to my view.

"Unto Thee, oh! Lord, do I lift up my soul. Show me Thy ways, oh! Lord; teach me Thy paths; lead me in Thy truth, and teach me; turn Thee unto me and have mercy upon me, for I am afflicted. The troubles of my heart are enlarged. Oh! bring Thou me out of my distress. Look upon mine affliction and pain, and forgive all my sins."

I make some extracts from two letters of my uncle Rev. Slator Clay, written a little after the commencement of the war with England. We were, as he observed, from our situation on the river Delaware, very much exposed to the incursions of the British fleet, and many persons felt so much alarmed that they moved all their most valuable things and what household goods they could spare some distance in the country. Some of our gunboats were lying below the town, and the officers frequently visited in New Castle.

"MY DEAR SISTER: I was in Philadelphia the beginning of this week and drank tea with Eliza (Mrs. Anthony)

After making the usual inquiries respecting our New Castle friends, she informed me that Mr. Booth and yourself were expected in Philadelphia perhaps this week, so that I am uncertain whether this will find you at home. I have been frequently under much concern respecting you. The precarious situation you are in, the many alarms you must necessarily experience and the anxiety consequent upon your exposed situation to the incursions of the enemy's fleet, must make you very uneasy. Well, my dear sister, shall I spiritualize the subject? I know you want to hear something of the Redeemer, and of the way of salvation through Him. We dwell in a world that lieth in wickedness. We carry about with us a body of sin and death. Temptations surround us on every side, and a thousand snares beset us wherever we go. We are engaged in a spiritual warfare, and consequently have spiritual enemies to contend with. They are potent. 'Principalities, powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world,' are combined against us. But fear not. The Captain of our salvation has promised to make us 'more than conquerors.' I write thus because I believe you are engaged in this spiritual warfare.

" Then let our souls march boldly on,  
Press forward to the Heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

" May the Lord prosper you more and more. May you be faithful unto death, and finally receive a crown of life.

" We enjoy our usual health. Jehu is to be ordained on Sunday next. George is with us, out of employ, owing to the blockade; no business doing in the custom house. He talks of spending the summer with Ann. My wife joins in love to Mr. Booth and yourself, etc. Robert, I hear, is

well. May he enjoy a thriving soul in a healthy body. I don't forget Sarah Caldwell. May the Lord bless her and all her household. I hope Maria, your daughter, is well. My love to her.

" Your truly affectionate brother,

" SLATOR CLAY.

" Saturday evening, June 5, 1813."

I give another letter from the same :

" MY DEAR SISTER : Your long and instructive epistle I received and perused it with attention and, I trust, profit. I shall endeavor to answer it, so that through the Divine blessing you may also derive some benefit from what I write. It is with this view that I put pen to paper. My dear sister, it is not upon common and ordinary topics that I wish to correspond. Time is too precious to trifle away upon indifferent subjects. Eternity is at hand, and 'the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.' These considerations induce me so to write, that we may be mutually admonished and edified. I rejoice that your mind appears to be diverted from the objects and pursuits in which you acknowledge it was formerly too much engaged. What cause for gratitude to the 'Father of lights,' through Jesus Christ, if, by the illuminating influences of the blessed spirit, the delusive lustre of earthly things is so darkened, by a comparative view of that glory which shall be revealed, as to engage us earnestly 'to press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling.' You are not singular, my dear sister, in the difficulties you meet with in your Christian course. Good resolutions, you say, are impeded. This is the common lot of all who set out in earnest for the kingdom of Heaven. Even those who have progressed far in the divine life have reason to say 'the good that I would, I do not ; but the evil that I would

not, that I do. Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, has truly delineated the difficulties, snares and temptations by which we may expect to be assailed when entering on and progressing in the way to Heaven. Not that we all meet with the same trials. No; as the Lord is pleased to diversify His gifts of providence and grace, so likewise does He deal with His people in the difficulties they meet with in their Christian warfare. Some are carried on silently and smoothly, meeting with but few adverse occurrences, whilst others are tried to the uttermost, and are sometimes ready, through despondency, to give up all for lost. But let us not be dismayed. 'The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.' Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. I am sorry to hear that religion is so much on the decline at New Castle. The town has long been highly favored in gospel privileges. They have had 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' with little apparent advantage. But what shall we say? 'Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God that giveth the increase.' It is our duty to use with diligence the appointed means of grace, considering them only as means, looking above and beyond them to the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift, by Whose agency alone they are made effectual for the conviction, conversion and salvation of sinners. By grace we are saved through faith, and that not of ourselves. It is the gift of God. We have nothing we can call our own but guilt, pollution and misery; therefore not unto us, oh! Lord, but unto Thy name, be all the glory for any good that is found in man. I write thus freely because I believe to you religion is an acceptable theme. If I did not believe this to be the case, I should not write as I do. Happy would it be

If all our relations were like minded. How is it with Sarah Caldwell? May the Lord give her a right understanding in all things necessary to her eternal welfare.

"Mr. B. has informed me of his father's illness. If his mind is stayed on Jesus, he shall be kept in perfect peace, and though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. If he be able to read, tell him to look into the 6th psalm. He will there find consolation. Jehu has set out on his missionary expedition, visiting the vacant churches in this State. I expect his return in about three months. He has preached in this city and country with acceptance, but popularity ought by no means to be a minister's aim. 'If I yet pleased men,' says the apostle, 'I should not be the servant of Christ.' My paper admonishes me that it is time to conclude. May the Lord bless you and yours. From your affectionate brother,

"SLATOR CLAY.

"PHILADELPHIA, July 26, 1813."

When my uncle Slator was a young man, I have heard my mother say, he was very proud and haughty; but after he became pious he was entirely changed in this respect, and as I remember him his countenance and manner were expressive of holy meekness and humility, so that a stranger might be impressed with the truth that he had "learned of Him who was meek and lowly in heart." He went to the Bermuda Islands (I know not for what purpose), and remained there for some time. I believe he taught a school, but whether he entered the ministry while there I cannot say. A sketch of his life may be found in Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit." His son Jehu, of whom he writes, was for many years an acceptable minister in the Swedes' Church of Gloria Dei of Philadelphia, be-

loved by his congregation, and indeed by all who knew him, for the excellence of his character and his amiable and unaffected manners. Uncle Slator's grandson, his daughter Ann's son, Dr. J. C. Hepburn, has been for some years a missionary in China and is now in Japan, and to his other labors has added the valuable one of preparing a Japanese dictionary. Uncle Slator was rector of the Episcopal Church in Evansburg, Pa. Ma had not very long the privilege she so much prized of his conversation and letters. He had finished the work the Master had given him to do in an extended and useful ministry. He left his affectionate and mourning friends below and entered his heavenly rest.

“ Then, secure

From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,  
He slept in peace—say, rather, soared to Heaven,  
Upborne from earth by Him to whom 'tis given  
In his right hand to hold the golden key  
That opes the portals of eternity.  
When by a good man's grave I muse alone,  
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,  
Like those of old on that thrice-hollowed night,  
Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly bright;  
And with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,  
Says, pointing upward, that he is not here;  
That he is risen!”

“ Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

It was in 1814 I lost my friend, Ann Van Dyke. She was the companion of my childhood and of more advanced youth. We were much in each other's society; we walked together and read together. She was fond of poetry and music, and used to play a song written by me and adapted

to one of her familiar tunes. Our favorite ride was to Wilmington, in order to walk up the river Brandywine and enjoy its pleasant and romantic scenery. Her fond parents were tenderly indulgent, and her father, who was very refined in his manners, took great pains to cultivate her mind and external graces. She was not handsome, but of comely appearance and lively, pleasant disposition. In her affluent home was everything to make life desirable, but all could not save her from sorrow and disappointment. Her health gradually declined. An artist was in New Castle at that time and took the likeness of several of the family. Her father wished her to have hers taken, but she declined. However, she afterwards consented. I was visiting her one evening, when she asked me if I wished to see her likeness, though in an unfinished state. We went up stairs into the painting room, and as she held the candle I looked from her pale face toward the picture. She said, with the greatest composure: “ I did not wish to have my likeness taken, but I overheard my father say to the artist, ‘ I want to have her portrait, for I fear she will not be long with us.’ Then I made no more objection.” Thus she passed calmly away. Her affliction was the means of leading her to her Saviour, Who alone can give that “ peace which passeth understanding.” In some reflections which she penned she says “ that which had been her greatest cross proved to be her greatest blessing.” The following thoughts written after her death, but without date, will best express my feelings on that sad occasion: “ Oh! my friend, what throbs of mournful recollection move my heart when I review those scenes where many a happy hour we passed together. In youthful pleasure there we roved, unconscious of the speed of time. We gathered roses fair and lovely. My friend, like them,