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HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES
OF THE
M^CCULLOUGH S,
AND
THEIR COLLATERALS,
BY
ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures, happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!"

PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY.

PHILADELPHIA.
1860.

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M'FARLAND & THOMSON,
PRINTERS,
311 Walnut Street.

186623
MAY 26 1983

DEDICATION.

TO ALL MY KINDRED WHO SHALL COME AFTER ME,
CAPABLE OF APPRECIATING MY MOTIVE
IN THIS
RESCUING FROM OBLIVION
THE HISTORY AND PERSONAL TRAITS OF OUR COMMON
ANCESTRY,
IS THIS VOLUME AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, February 8, 1860.

PREFACE.

The Authoress would ask the indulgence of friends for any defects which may be apparent in the following pages. Whilst in some respects it has been a pleasant task, yet it has been written during a period of feeble health, and on that account has occasioned no small fatigue.

It could not be expected that an individual who *abhors neutrality*, should write on any subject involving great principles, in any other way than strongly; this may be sufficient to account for the expression of her own opinions on subjects about which even a family, who are united in the main, may yet differ as she thinks.

Intending this little volume only for her family connections, (as it contains private letters,) she closes with the expression of the hope, that there may be found some of its members possessing so much of the spirit which venerates "*Antiquity*," as shall ensure its preservation when both they and she shall have been "gathered to their fathers."

S. McC.

Philadelphia. April 23, 1860.

REMINISCENCES.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Now thing have struck the mind of the writer as more extraordinary than the fact, that so many otherwise intelligent people should be perfectly willing to remain in ignorance of their own origin and ancestry. Persons who will spend months, perhaps *years*, in diving into ancient lore, which, though interesting indeed, and not to be despised, yet has no immediate connection with themselves, will often be found ignorant of the *maiden* name of their grandmother. And if you go a generation further back, and inquire, "Where did your father's grandfather originate?" will perhaps wonder at the question, and reply, "Somewhere from the old country, I believe, but as that is a matter in which I never felt the least concern, I did not take the trouble to inquire whilst my father lived, and I would not give a button to know, as it is not likely that the dis-

covery would add any thing to *my* fortune." For all such mercenary and sensual creatures the writer entertains the most sovereign contempt. A man who makes *money* his god, is no less a brute than is he who makes a god of his appetites; in fact it is chiefly that the former may minister to the latter, that it is valued and prized by such.

Another reason why some are ignorant (indeed wilfully) of their genealogy is, that in the search they may find something to pull down their lofty pride. They would fain persuade others that *they*, at least, are descended from grandees, and perhaps in casting the eye of memory back a little, they can easily descry the form of a little old woman sitting near the chimney corner, tugging hard at her spinning wheel; and this kind hearted old creature they, *even they*, now able to ride in their carriage and livery, were taught to call "*granny!*" Or worse than this, in their summer drives perhaps the stupid coachman will take them past (all undesigned by them, however,) the veritable blacksmith shop where *granddaddy* once so busily struck his anvil, all arrayed in due form in his leather apron; and these young

ladies, just from boarding school, never forgive their *pa* for bringing up a reminiscence so painful, and one which, had the young cadet been by their side, would have ruined their fortune for life.

In this republican country, these feelings should be held in deserved contempt. Are we not all kings? Are not *we* the sovereign people? Who is there in these United States that can trace back to nobility? And what right-minded man would if he could? From whom are we all descended? Who does not glory that he can count his genealogy from the Anglo-Saxons? the noblest race of men on the face of the earth! Men, tired of British rule and oppression, determined to set up for themselves—to be *themselves* kings! Blessed be God, that just when this spirit of oppression rose to a point beyond endurance, a door opened where, the chains being taken off, men could go free. This Western Continent opened wide its arms to receive these indomitable spirits—this race of heaven-constituted kings—and for one, the present writer glories that she belongs to that hardy and self-reliant race! Like others of a similar spirit, her ancestors fled from monarchial and priestly persecu-

tion, from their native soil. That they were numbered amongst the Non-Conformists in those days of bloody and tyrannical oppression, she considers honor far greater than had they, by the mere accident of birth, been the oppressor upon the throne. This spirit of unbending adherence to the dictates of conscience enlightened, is that which constitutes true nobility of spirit, and confidence in a higher arm than that of flesh. Is it no glory to be found in company with such men as Richard Baxter, John Bunyan, and a host of others, who "counted not their lives dear unto them," who were "ready to go to prison and to death," rather than to surrender great principles? Then it will be seen, as we proceed, the McCULLOUGHs have no cause for shame. Dearly as the writer loves the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States—holding with all low churchmen that "Episcopacy is necessary to the *perfection*, yet not to the *existence* of the church"—yet had she lived in the days of Laud and his associates, gladly would she have left home and country, and have taken refuge amongst the despised Non-Conformists, and in this she is convinced that a large proportion of those who belong to

this moderate section of our Episcopal Church, would have taken the same ground. What a privilege, then, that through the stern piety of our ancestors we, their descendants, are not only occupying a *soil* of freedom, but have, as our portion, the higher privilege of selecting a spiritual home for ourselves! *Here*, no religion is established by law—all are tolerated. Some of us have returned to the church of our forefathers; others, holding the same creed, prefer other forms; all have, blessed be God, been preserved from the blighting heresies which, in their zeal to get as far as possible from the persecuting church of the mother country, many have fatally embraced in Unitarianism, and the many other *'isms* which shut out the distinctive doctrines of christianity, most decidedly held in her thirty-nine articles.

If it be inquired what was the special incitement or stimulus to the present undertaking, the answer will be found in the following discovery, made on the nineteenth of April, 1858: Some eight years previous to this period, Miss Eliza Ritchie, (now Mrs. Robert Rogers,) granddaughter of Mrs. H. Ritchie, an old family friend, of New Castle, Delaware, our native

town, informed our Aunt Eliza that she had met in the house of her Aunt Newall, of Philadelphia, a Mr. McCullough, of the city of New York, who, finding that she (Miss R.) was from New Castle, remarked to her, that he had in his family a traditionary account that relatives on his father's side were buried there. She replied, "there is still in the place a family of that name." Subsequently to this, she informed our aunt of the fact, as has been stated. The latter had at once her curiosity excited, but was unable to learn more of Mr. Me., save that he was a shot and lead merchant of New York. The subject was dropped for years, during which time our aunt died, never having been able to satisfy her curiosity in regard to it. But in April, 1858, the present writer being on a visit to a cousin, Mrs. Dr. Van Vranken, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, the latter suggested the propriety of endeavoring to find out Mr. Me., and settling the question whether he was connected with us or not. The writer went to New York, sought out his place of business, had the pleasure of an interview, which resulted in identifying him with the family as the son of William Reynolds McCullough, of whom she

had heard her father speak. He had been a sea-faring man, of rather roving disposition, and had, as it was supposed, died at sea before any of the present generation was born. During the interview above mentioned, Mr. Me. stated that he was an infant when his father died, he having been absent some time at sea. In the year 1805, two sailors came with the intelligence that he had lately died at Cape Francis. This was the last they ever heard of him, and from this circumstance, and the mother living in the city of New York, the McCullough side of the family seems to have been lost sight of by her whose maiden name was Bird, the mother of whom did not, on account of disparity of age, or some such reason, like the match. But letters of this Wm. R. McCullough, now in the possession of his son, seem to exhibit him as a kind, generous husband. They are written to his wife, and show a frankness and good-will so frequently found in the sailor character. We are more particular in insisting on *this*, as it serves to heighten the mystery which is attached to his character, as it seems now conclusively proved, that at least fifteen years after his family thought him dead, he made his

appearance at Rose Dale Farm, five miles from New Castle, at the house of James McCullough, an uncle of the writer. This will be seen by reference to the letter of this uncle, which we will presently subjoin, for, soon after the above visit to New York, the writer addressed to this uncle, then and *now* living in Missouri, a letter, telling him of this new-found cousin, and asking him for a genealogy of the family. This we give as follows:

COTTAGE GREEN, MISSOURI,
September 16, 1858.

DEAR NIECE:—At your request, I will proceed to inform you of the genealogy of our forefathers, gained from my father's mother, who came over from Ireland, and lived in our family to an advanced age. In relating to me the legendary tales of old Ireland, amongst others, she told me that our ancestors came from Scotland—and, I would suppose, during the reign of Charles II, at the time of a severe persecution of the Presbyterians for non-conformity. It appears that the whole clan left Scotland and settled in County Down, Ireland, as the name there is very numerous, and I do not

recollect of ever seeing or hearing of a Scotchman of that name. Our forefathers consisted of David, William and James, Elizabeth, (afterwards Mrs. Maffet,) and one other sister, who settled in North Carolina, who, from some cause, was lost sight of. David, and James (my father,) and Robert Maffet and wife, with my grandmother, emigrated to this country somewhere about 1765. My Uncle David, and Robert Maffet, settled in Philadelphia, and my father in Delaware. David was a sea captain, and traded to Ireland, in bringing over passengers, and on his last return trip, he and my father were wrecked on the coast of Wales, and lost their ship. During the war of the Revolution, Captain David McCullough commanded the Rattlesnake sloop-of-war, and did good service to his adopted country. His family consisted of four daughters, Peggy, Phæbe, Jane and Sarah, also a son, William. They left Philadelphia for the South about the year 1795, and on arriving at Savannah, Capt. David lost his life by a stroke of the sun, Peggy, his eldest daughter, was married to a Mr. Mears, Phæbe to a Mr. Pollard, and Jane to a Mr. Elliot. Sarah was married to a Mr. Jones,

and went to Savannah, Georgia. William, who became a sea captain, was inclined to be unsettled; the last of his time I saw or heard very little of him. The last time I saw him was when we lived at Rose Dale farm, somewhere about the year 1823, at which time his circumstances appeared to be rather low. I have understood that he was then married and had one child, but never heard anything further of them. If you have seen John Pollard, (his nephew,) he is as much like him as possible. In relation to the genealogy on my mother's side, they were English; (her maiden name was Eves.) The family settled in New Jersey, at a place called Pennington. My uncles James and John left Jersey and came to Delaware. John Eves, my grandfather, had one son, John, who went to sea, and was never heard of afterwards; also, three daughters, Jane, Betsy and Susan. Betsy deceased when she grew up a young woman, and Susan married John Bail, a relative of Matthew Kean. She had one son, who died a maniac. My mother's grandmother, on her mother's side, was the celebrated Granny Lewdon, who was a Quaker preacher. She lived to the advanced

age of 108 years, and had a numerous progeny. I do not recollect her, being young. She was, I have been informed, rather masculine, very active for her years, and rode on horseback to the last. Her habit was to make frequent circuits among her children and grandchildren. She would stay no longer than she thought herself useful. I recollect seeing her hat, which was a broad brim, with a very low crown, of a dark color, and of the very best beaver. Mrs. ~~Elizabeth Kean~~ was a Lewdon; another branch of them (Jeremiah Lewdon) lived at Christianna Bridge, Del. Now, my dear niece, I have informed you of all that I can recollect of our ~~ancestors~~ that are "gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns," and as for myself, I stand, I trust, ready to follow them. I am now in my 74th year, about the same age that my father attained, though still active, and enjoy excellent health, and had made up my mind to pay you all a visit, but as it has so ~~turned out~~ turned out that I am much disfigured by the operation on my cancer, that I shall decline it.
* * * I remain your affectionate relation,
JAMES McCULLOUGH.

This David McCullough referred to in the above, was the grandfather of James McCullough, of New York, and William, the *sea captain*, his father, John Pollard, now living in the city of Mobile, is the son of Phœbe, sister of the above William, with whom the writer first made acquaintance during the summer of 1832. This was his first visit to his Northern relations. He spent the summer in New Castle, the cholera having then first made its appearance in the United States. He seemed also to be looking for a wife, but the belles of New Castle being rather hard on Southern institutions, he turned away in disgust, and in a year or two afterwards paid us another visit, bringing his wife and baby with him. From the latter we had a visit recently, a man of five-and-twenty. Desiring to get all the "light on the subject" which could be obtained, the writer addressed a letter to John Pollard, to ascertain if he could explain the fact of his uncle W. R. McCullough being alive *fifteen years* after his wife thought him dead. It seemed probable that he had deserted his wife, and ended his days with his sister in Mobile. In reply, Mr. P. says, "that his mother being dead, he can say nothing, and

that from an older brother and sister all he can learn is, that his Uncle William followed the sea, was married in New York, which marriage did not meet with the approval of the father's family." This incongruity between the families may have been the cause of the desertion of his wife by Wm. R. McCullough, for it seems that such desertion certainly took place. After the reception of uncle's first letter, finding that his statement did by no means tally with that of Mr. James McCullough, of New York, another letter was addressed to him as follows: "Uncle, you are certainly mistaken; the person whom you refer to must have been John Maffet, (another cousin who had been long lost, and just then made his appearance.) We all remember *him* coming to New Castle at that time." To which suggestion the following is a reply:

COTTAGE GREEN, MISSOURI,
January 5, 1859.

DEAR NIECE:—"From your letter of the 22d I have a right to infer that you suppose, from my advanced age, having passed three score and ten, that it necessarily follows that my

mind has become imbecile, but I assure you that it is by no means the case. I am now, in almost every respect, the same as when you saw me last, (nineteen years ago,) with the exception of my hair becoming gray, and the loss of my teeth, and my face being disfigured by the cancer. My eyes are still good, and I read without specks. In reference to what I have stated in my former letter, I know it to be strictly true, and for fear I may have made some mistake, I will make a further statement" [He here recapitulates the substance of the former letter, only adding that Captain David Maffet, then a young man, was with his uncle, David McCullough, and *also* commanded, in the subsequent war of 1812, a privateer called the Rattlesnake, which was captured by the British, he remaining in Dartmoor prison until peace was declared in 1815.] "My uncle's (who is mentioned in a former letter as having lost his life at Savannah by a stroke of the sun,) eldest daughter, Peggy, paid us a visit in Delaware, and from her we learned these particulars. Now for Cousin William McCullough. My first recollection of him was when I was a very young man. I think he must have been ten

years my senior. He was on a visit to my father's when we lived at Bloomfield, (two miles from New Castle,) before we moved to New Castle, which was in the year 1797. He was very fond of gunning, and was a good shot on the wing, but had his face somewhat burnt with powder, and, as I stated before, John Pollard, whom you must have seen, is as much like him as possible. As to my mistaking *John Maffet* for him, that could not be possible. John Maffet was my age, and the last time I saw him was, I suppose, that time at your father's, (referred to in my letter to him.) At the time Cousin William McCullough was at my house at Rose Dale, he was on his way up from Baltimore. You must not suppose, when I said that his circumstances were low, that I inferred it was from dissipation, but from the fact of his borrowing from me some clothes. I do not recollect of his ever sailing out from Wilmington. I never saw his wife. I believe that at that time he lived in Baltimore, or New Orleans; I do not know what ever became of him afterwards."

This uncle is the only one we have living. He left his farm, near Newark, Delaware, in the autumn of 1840, purchased land in Marion

county, Missouri. Of his children we will hereafter speak. Before dismissing the subject of Mr. McCullough, of New York, we remark that his mother died in 1829, and there seems reason to believe that she never felt entirely satisfied of the fact of her husband's death. By the good providence of God, her sons, of whom she had two, not only prospered in the world, but the surviving one is blessed with a good wife, who has been the mother of fourteen children, eleven of whom are now living, and we trust will be spared to comfort their parents' declining years. Mrs. McCullough was a Miss Alida Lansing, of Lansingburg, New York. Wonderful, indeed, is it, that our friend and relative should find, so late in life, a large and respectable family of kindred on his father's side, the *very existence* of whom he was before ignorant.

CHAPTER II.

It is now the design of the writer to give a history of this her family on the paternal side. First, then, to begin with the McCulloughs. Then will follow as much as can be gathered from the maternal or grandmothers' side. From the foregoing letters it would seem that Scotia's soil was our original home, at least as far back as can now be traced. The mother of our two grandfathers (for our father and mother were first cousins) the individual from whom our uncle gained his information, as far as can now be ascertained, had a family consisting of three sons and two daughters, viz: David, James and William, Elizabeth, and one other, who was lost sight of. The two former of these sons, with their widowed mother and two sisters, came to this country at the above named period, leaving their brother William behind, who subsequently settled in the county of Norfolk, England, and married Sarah Warnes. This William was our paternal, and James our maternal grandfather. From their brother David was descended William, and the sisters Phoebe, Peggy, Jane and Sarah;

this William being the father of Mr. Mc., of New York, of whom we have said so much. Phœbe, as we have stated, became Mrs. Pollard, of Mobile. Of Peggy's (Mrs. Mears' descendants,) nothing is now known. Jane married a Mr. Chisholm. He died, and left her with one son. She afterwards married a Mr. Elliot, some of whose family have been seen in the South by our Cousin Margaret Maffet. James, the father of the writer's mother, had the following sons: John, James, and William, who came to his death by eating castor beans; Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Jackson; Mary, our mother, who married her Cousin James, son of William, who, as we have said, settled in the county of Norfolk, England; Susan, who married Abraham Eves, her second cousin. James, from whom the foregoing letters were received, married Delia Pennington, of Maryland, who died some fifteen years ago, leaving five children, viz: James Thomas, at this time practising law in Elkton, Maryland; he has buried two infant boys, has five children living, three girls and two boys; Andrew, who died in California in 1849, leaving a wife and two children, who reside in Missouri; Cordelia, now Mrs.

Anderson, who has four children; Frisby, married to a Miss E. Randolph, who has one child, has lost one, Ann Jane, the eldest daughter, Mary Amelia, the youngest; William, the youngest son; the three last still single. Mrs. Jackson, sister to the writer's mother, had one daughter, afterwards Mrs. Samuel M. Stuart, all of whom have long ago deceased. Our mother, Mary, was married on the 10th of October, 1804, and gave birth to twins, Mary Jane and Louisa, July 17th, 1806; then William, then a short-lived infant, then the writer, then Annabella, then another male infant, who lived but a few days. Our mother died 26th April, 1820; our father April 4th, 1836. We have stated that Aunt Susan married Abraham Eves. She became the mother of two daughters and one son. One of these daughters alone survives, Eliza Jane. She is now the wife of Dr. Ray, and is living in Meadville, Mercer county, Pennsylvania. She has three children living; a few years ago, lost three in one week by scarlet fever. Her mother (Susan) died in 1826, of consumption; her father (Abraham Eves) in 1832, of Asiatic cholera. Thus far the genealogy of our maternal grandfather—now for

the paternal side. William, as has been already stated, settled in the county of Norfolk, England. His children were as follows: David, James, William, Edward, Margaret, (afterwards Mrs. Cranness,) whose two sons came to this country, married, and have since deceased; Sarah, (afterwards Mrs. Darnley;) Eliza, who came to this country in 1818, and who is the aunt referred to in the first chapter; Uncle Edward came over about the year 1802; our father about 1795. Now for the maternal grandmother's side. It can be traced back as far as "Granny Lewdon." Her maiden name is unknown. John Eves was the father of her granddaughter, our grandmother, whose name was Jane. He and his brother (whose family were English Episcopalians,) left Jersey, where they had at first settled, and came to Delaware a short time before the Revolution. These two brothers, it seems, purchased land two miles from New Castle, on the river, and the Bloomfield farm house was commenced by him. His brother settled on the adjoining farm, which is still in the Eves family. This farm afterwards came into possession of our grandfather, who married his daughter, and settled there about 1785. There is still to be seen on

one of its sides marks of a cannon ball, made during the Revolution by a British vessel from the river.

Then on the side of our paternal grandmother: her maiden name was Warnes. Our father has often spoken of his uncle John Warnes, celebrated for good bacon, for which the county of Norfolk is famous. Aunt Amy was his wife, who made their nephew so comfortable in their home at Swanton, that he loved to recall these youthful days. He had also an Uncle Dack, who married his mother's sister. This, our grandmother lived to a very advanced age. But to this we will refer hereafter. It is sufficient for the present. We have traced the family down on both sides to our own father and mother. From Granny Lewdon down to the great grandchildren of our parents, ten in number, these are seven generations, as follows:

- 1st. Herself.
- 2d. Her daughter, grandmother's mother.
- 3d. Our grandmother.
- 4th. Our mother.
- 5th. Our sister, Mary Jane Farr.
- 6th. Our sister's *married children*.
- 7th. Their children.

CHAPTER III.

We will now proceed to give, as far as we have been able to collect it, a history of their characters and occupations, together with that of the collateral branches of the family—particularly the Maffets, some of whom figured largely in Revolutionary times. We have not been able to ascertain whether our grandfather's sister, Elizabeth, was married to Robert Maffet *before* or *after* coming to this country; but are inclined to the belief that it was previously. Their descendants were, Mary, afterwards Mrs. McCrea; Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Latimer; Jane, afterwards Mrs. Kirkbride, subsequently Mrs. Bond; David, John, Hugh; Sarah and Margaret, neither of whom married; the latter is the only one still living. James has grandchildren and great grandchildren now living in this city, named respectively Snowden, Lawson, Welsh and Bell. The grandchildren of David are settled in Valparaiso, and number at least seventeen; their father's name was David also; he is now deceased; was a military character, and person

of goodness and note, having, for his valiant services, several honorable titles conferred upon him.* Mrs. Latimer's family are all gone. Of David Maffet the elder, we remark that he figured largely in the war of 1812. From "Coggeshall's American Privateers" we quote the following: "The Privateer Rattlesnake, Captain Maffet, captured the British ship Lapwing, and after divesting the prize of her armament, transformed her into a cartel for prisoners, and sent her to Falmouth, England." "It was at this place that I became acquainted with Captain Maffet of the brig Rattlesnake. He had recently arrived from his northern cruise, and had made many captures—one, the transport *Mary*, from Sicily, bound to England; this vessel was afterwards recaptured and sent to England. His conduct to the British officers who were his prisoners is greatly extolled—(p. 198.) Captain Maffet commanded a privateer from the commencement to the close of the war, and was always active and vigilant. In the early part of the war he commanded the *Atlas*"—(pp. 219, 220.) In the volume before us he is mentioned in several other places. His family

* See Appendix.

have a picture of his capture, when in the Atlas, of two British ships. He has been dead now about sixteen years; was brought to his grave by a cancer in the face, which disease also occasioned the death of his mother many years before. Captain M. was Master Warden of this port at the time of his death, and in token of respect the shipping was at half-mast. From the Boston Sun of that date we copy the following:

"Another Revolutionary Hero gone.—The Philadelphia papers bring us the death of another Revolutionary hero, the brave and noble old sailor, Capt. David Maffet, lately the Senior Warden of Philadelphia. The deceased was through the whole Revolutionary War, from the cabin boy to the commander; many a hard tug he had with the enemy, and many a wreath of victory graced his brow. After the peace, he resumed the more pleasant duties in the command of merchant vessels, and was known as a prudent sailor, skillful navigator, and competent merchant, by being entrusted with some of the largest vessels and most valuable cargoes; and though his voyages were the most intricate, he always succeeded. In the breaking out of the

late war, he resumed his wonted revolutionary patriotism, and in one or two encounters with the enemy, though of superior force, he was conqueror; and, it is believed, that at one time he captured two vessels in the same action, either of them powerful enough in arms and men to beat him off, but the old sailor was not thus to be vanquished.

“At the close of the war we find him on the coast of Norway, with his fine brig, the Rattlesnake, where he, in company with the brig Scourge, Captain Nicoll, of New York, made a dreadful havoc among the enemy's convoy, and it was supposed the property captured and destroyed amounted to upwards of a million sterling; the number of vessels captured was between thirty-five and forty. After leaving Norway, the Rattlesnake proceeded to the Bay of Biscay, where, for some time, she was the dread of the enemy's commerce, capturing and destroying a vast quantity of property; but unfortunately, our hero was taken by a very large force, and spent, as many other Americans had to do, a year or two in Dartmoor prison. He was exchanged, and at the peace, the State of Pennsylvania, appreciating his patriotic life,

gave him a commission as Warden, which he retained until his death. So long as the memory of a patriot of our revolution is recollected, so long will old David Maffet's name be responded to by his surviving countrymen."

Jane, his sister, (Mrs. Bond) died in 1825. Two only of her children survive, Mrs. Lea, of Wisconsin, daughter of her first husband, (Kirkbride,) mother of a large family, and Mrs. Van Vranken, of New Brunswick, with whom Margaret Maffet, her aunt, (and the last of that generation of Maffets,) resides. Mrs. V. V.'s husband is Rev. Samuel A. Van Vranken, and one of the Professors in the Theological Seminary of Rutgers's College, in that place.

Having thus traced the history of the original family who came from Ireland, and glanced at that of Elizabeth Maffet's descendants, let us come more closely home. James, the writer's father, came from his father's roof in Norfolk, over to this country when about seventeen years of age. What had been his employment previously we know not, but like the sons of small farmers there, at that day, he had comparatively few advantages of education. He therefore completed his studies at Newark,

Delaware. He had very little patience with those who were slow to learn and understand, and boasted that he "had just sense enough to know that he was ignorant." Appreciating, as he did, the advantages of education, it was a matter of regret to him that his own had not been more perfect. He was able, however, by natural quickness and application, soon to master the science of navigation so as to command a vessel, to which, from cabin boy and sailor, he was soon promoted. About 1815, he left the sea. According to his own account, he was hard and exacting with his sailors. At this time he knew not the grace of God, and his position as master of vessel gave his naturally determined will plenty of scope. We have heard him express his surprise that his cousin accepted him, as she was gentle, lady-like and amiable, whilst, though possessing a heart full of affection, he was at this time, in his own estimation, a rough sailor. Our mother died in April, 1820. Some years previously to this, our father being tired of the sea, entered, with his brother Edward, into business in New Castle. From the birth of her twins our mother had poor health, from the fact of her nursing

them both; and when the present writer was but a few years old, her father sent to England for his sister Eliza, to take charge of his family. We will never forget the sensation caused by her arrival. Such an event was not so common then as now. Her English wardrobe attracted great attention, particularly a *great steeple cap*, of the finest thread lace, made in bands of inserting and puffings, one above another, each one going up smaller to the top. Then she had a quantity of silk spongers, to wear with white skirts. The first gaiter boots we had ever seen, she brought; scissors, pins, needles without end, evidently thinking, that in this wild country, she might never get more. Many years did it take her to get naturalized, and when speaking of England, delighted to call it "my country." Our father took great delight in teasing her about the old habits, and now obsolete customs of their native county, particularly the ludicrous miscalling of the names of some of the localities, but she would always insist that he made it out worse than it was. When he thought her *too lofty* in her ideas, he would select out the worst part of his history, and remind her (referring to his

once being cast away at sea,) "that the time had been when he had but *one shirt* to his back, and was glad to eat out of an iron pot." Our mother died about eighteen months after Aunt Eliza came. The latter took her place in bringing up the family, but had English notions of authority and subjection not exactly suited to those who had imbibed somewhat of the independence of their ancestors. The writer, for one, was kept in complete subjection, and knew nothing of self-respect or self-reliance until after her father's death, when, by changing her home, set up for herself. She is perfectly willing to admit, however, that apart from her love of governing, this aunt was an excellent woman, naturally smart, generous, and affectionate. She outlived her brother twenty years, and died at the residence of *our* brother, in April, 1857, near Elkton, Maryland, where, in the Presbyterian ground, she lies buried. Our Uncle Edward, her brother, already referred to, died in December, 1824, of erysipelas, the result of a cold, taken during the fire, to which we will again refer. This was the only sickness he had ever experienced. He was probably thirty-five years of age at this time; never

married, was a great politician, and a great churchman, though never a communicant. If there was anything he detested, it was what are called "revivals." Reading his Bible, noting down the text, *quietly* giving alms to the poor, shrinking from all noise and parade in religion, seemed to mark him as of the Quaker stamp.

"Charitable lists—

Those trumps, which told The public ear,
Who had in secret done the poor a benefit,"

were his abomination.

In the above, allusion has been made to the great fire in New Castle, which happened during our childhood. It was on Monday, April 26, 1824. We were in school, and at three o'clock was heard the (to us) unusual cry of fire. Without waiting for leave, all simultaneously rushed out, down Read's alley, as it was called, when it was discovered that Mr. Bowman's board yard was on fire, and that it originated in an old shanty called "Riddle's stable," through two little boys, John Roberts and Dick Riddle, making a fire to warm some pups. The wind blew fiercely, and soon each neighbor

feared for himself. "That whole side of the street must go," said one and another, but we hoped to preserve the western side, on which our own home was. This was *owned* by the writer's father, as well as a large store, full of goods, which he occupied; also, its adjoining hotel, together with two storehouses full of grain, all these latter on the *river* side. Soon the flames reached these. It was now evident that they were devoted to destruction. All was confusion. Fire apparatus was hardly to be found. From Wilmington soon came help. Each did his best—but the flames continuing to spread, soon crossed the street, and before night we were houseless and homeless; so were most of our neighbors. This whole property had been purchased by our father of James Gardiner, of Philadelphia, and paid for in annual instalments, the last of which had just been paid. \$100 of this Mr. G. kindly returned as a present. *No insurance had been made.* On that memorable night the writer and her younger sister slept at Mr. Moody's. The whole town was in an uproar. The next evening we first met our father at the hospitable table of "neighbor Sawyer," and in so much distress as

not, for some time, to see us. That evening we two younger ones went with our Uncle James, now in Missouri, to Rose Dale farm, where we spent a week. We soon learned that our kind "neighbor Sawyer" had offered us a part of his house, so in we went, and, child like, were delighted with the novelty. But we had now to experience straits such as we had never before known. In these quarters we were suffered to live, *rent free*, for one year, when, by getting nineteen hundred dollars of the amount collected in Philadelphia for the sufferers, and other help, our father put up his store and dwelling house. But he never recovered, in a pecuniary sense, this shock to his fortune. Recognizing, however, as he did, the "hand of God" in this sorrow, (for he was now a devout christian,) he was able to bear up under it, and to feel that it was "all right." Though his *property* had "taken wings," yet his *credit* stood firm till the day of his death. For ten years previously to his decease, he was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, where he labored until near the close of his life as a faithful teacher in the Sunday School. He was subject for many years to the gout, which he had inherited from

his father. Our mother's father, also, was a martyr to it. Great chalk-stones came from *his* knuckles. The sickness which ended the life of our father was a combination of gout and dropsy.

It seems that our mother's father first settled on the Bloomfield farm in 1784; then moved into New Castle, where he, for some years, kept the Public House; that he was a member of the Legislature about 1795, and that he afterwards went back to the farm again, where he died, as we think, in 1810. His son James, our uncle, from whom we have gained these particulars, sold this farm soon after his death, and purchased Rose Dale. The old farm, during our grandfather's time, was the summer resort of many *city cousins*, as well as strangers. He owned several slaves. Old Peter and Mary are well remembered by older members of the family. His brother David brought over some horses of a fine breed. "Silverheels" and "Roset," a descendant, are both remembered. Fruit of all kinds abounded, and was liberally dispensed. No *evening* parties were known in those days, but to go in gigs, chairs, or sleighs, take tea, and return early. It seems that this

grandmother was given to scolding, for we have often heard it said, that when her husband was wearied out, he would put up his hands, and with a nervous scratch of the head, cry out, "Oh Jenny! Jenny! do let's have peace at breakfast!" With all this, though, she had a kind heart, and when children, it was the delight of the twins to go out and spend Sunday there, and they were sure to be sent in by her in the chair on Monday. One of the slaves above referred to was named Phœbe. She was a simploton. At grandfather's death, she and her infant, Cæsar, fell to the share of our mother. The boy, partaking somewhat of the simplicity of his mother, could with difficulty be taught to read. Great pains were taken with him, and his master intended to manumit him at eight-and-twenty, but the poor fellow was afflicted with the rheumatism, which, reaching the heart, carried him off. One morning, before day, he was found dead on the kitchen floor. Our father made a great funeral for him, and had all the respectable people of color invited. The young colored girl who found him dead was a bound servant. *She* readily took instruction, became pious, afterwards married the Rev.

James Priest, who is still living in Africa with her. He is a missionary of the Presbyterian Board.

To return now to our father's side of the house. The husband of the elder of the twins, Mr. John Farr, in 1834 paid a visit to his native country, England. During this visit, he went to see our father's mother, in Chelsea. We quote from his letter: "I went to see your grandmother. I found the old lady in a greater state of comfort than I had expected, and what is remarkable, she had been restored to her hearing again—as *suddenly restored* as it was lost years ago. Her eye-sight is gone, and she is bed-ridden, except as she sits up to have her bed made. I just arrived at their dinner hour, but the old lady was so overcome by the announcement of my name, that for several minutes she was unable to speak, but continued sobbing. She finally recovered, and asked me many questions about her son, daughter, yourself, and our children. At the name of *Edward*, she burst into tears, (thinking of her son Edward, who died in 1824.) I was much pleased with the conversation I had with her. There was a resignation and thankfulness that are not

often found in people so aged, and a spirit of piety that was peculiarly pleasing. They pressed me to go again, when they would invite her son William (our father's brother) to come. The old lady said she would sit up on the occasion. I promised to go and spend some hours with them, and apprise them of it, that he might be invited, when I intend taking some good book, which she can hear them read to her. They were particularly anxious in their inquiries about Charles (Cranness,) and whether he ever received the box containing his mother's clothes, and also the old lady's ring, which was sent for Eliza. I could not answer them on these subjects. I had some recollection about the mother's box, but what it was, did not enable me to answer their inquiries with satisfaction. I wish you would reply to this, and say whether Charles did receive the box, or your Aunt Eliza the ring." After this, Mr. Farr paid her the visit designed in the above statement. The letter is lost which contained the account of it, but we distinctly remember that the old lady was "fixed up" to receive him. Amongst other old family items, she had on her bed a quilt of *one hundred years*—an heir-

loom, we suppose. It must have been soon after this that this grandmother deceased. (Aunt Margaret Cranness had died some years before,) as reference is made to her death in a letter from the Uncle William referred to just now. He speaks of her as a great burthen to herself and his sister, Sarah Darnley. He says: "You must agree with me that she was a good mother to us all." He, like other members of his family, was a martyr to the gout. He says in his letter: "Some of the joints of my fingers are four inches and a half 'round." He adds: "My youngest son, William, is a cripple, and goes on crutches, occasioned by a fall, and, I fear, will be so forever. To know what I have suffered would make the heart of any one bleed, if they had one of a Christian. I conclude, desiring that Father, Son and Spirit may remain with you all, and at that day when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, that we shall see one another again, as we cannot expect to meet in this world." This letter was addressed to his sister Eliza, so often referred to. Its date is May, 1838. Another letter from Aunt Sarah Darnley, is dated two months later. She says: "I have had great difficul-

ties to contend with since I last wrote, which made me defer writing, hoping that the Lord would see fit to extricate me from them, but He still thinks proper to try me a little longer. May He give me grace to bear patiently whatever, in His wise Providence, He has allotted for me, knowing that 'in this world we must have tribulation.' And oh! that I may feel it 'good to be afflicted,' and that every trial may be sanctified to the good of my immortal soul, and be the means of my living nearer to God. I suppose that Annabella (Mrs. Clark) is married by this time. I wish her every happiness this world can afford, both spiritual and temporal. Give my best love to sister Eliza; I hope she is well. Brother Willam is but poorly."

In comparing the above dates with that of the death of our father, we have concluded that there could not have been more than a year's difference between his mother's decease and his own. She must have died in 1837, one year after him. We have been particular in stating that the two diseases, gout and cancer, have taken off several members of our family. Mrs. Maffet and her son David both came to the grave by the former. Uncle James has

been twice operated upon for it. Aunt Eliza had a disease greatly resembling it. Both grandfathers, three sons of him on the paternal side, viz: father, uncles David and William, had this painful inheritance. Our maternal grandfather was a martyr to it; great chalk-stones came from his knuckles. We well remember the immense velvet boots, which we kept long after his death. They were worn by him, and lined with wool to make them soft and comfortable.

Does it not seem strange, that when taken into consideration that our father and mother were first cousins, none of our immediate family should have inherited these diseases? Still, the practise of thus intermarrying cannot be too severely reprobated, as, even if the diseases are not invariably entailed, physical or mental infirmity is generally the result.

CHAPTER IV.

In this chapter we insert the only letters of our mother now in our possession. It is quite probable that many such were lost at the fire referred to, as it occurred about four years years after her decease. These contain but little value, save that they are memorials of the past, and were written by one of whom the writer has but a very indistinct recollection, being at the time of her death but a young child. They were written shortly before our father gave up the sea.

NEW CASTLE, *May*, 1814.

MY DEAR JAMES:—I should have written you ere this, but have been waiting to see the Doctor (McCallmont,) to ask him about papering the parlors. He says he is quite willing it should be done, but he says the coiling shall not be painted. He also wishes John Alexander to do it: I suspect he owes him. I wish you would ask him whether I may depend upon him to do it; if not, perhaps I may get some person from Wilmington. If he will do it, let me know when he will come down. Edward says he

wishes you to get him some sugar. Mr. John Eves has buried his wife. She was delivered of a fine son on Tuesday evening, and was taken very ill the next morning, and died in a few minutes. The doctor thinks she must have broken a blood vessel in her head. The little babe is still living, and appears to be a fine child. She has left four children: poor little creatures! How I do feel for them and their disconsolate father!

The children are all well. I, myself, do not feel so well as I did; I believe I have caught a little cold. Jane Bond has got a son, and calls it David Maffet; she is very well. I have nothing more to say, but request you to let me hear from you soon.

I remain your affectionate wife,

MARY McCULLOUGH.

P. S.—I have enclosed the size of the room; John Carson measured it for me; he says the person you get the paper from can tell you how much it will take.

The Eves children referred to in the above, were distant connections. Many a May Party have we attended with them from the house of

their grandmother, Mrs. Crow, who took care of them from their mother's death. Two of them married Gillespies, (brothers,) and left the place.

We now subjoin the other letter, written just before our father gave up the sea.

MAY 18, 1815.

MY DEAR JAMES:—I send with this a bundle of clothes. It contains four shirts, four pairs nankeen pantaloons, three cravats, three pocket handkerchiefs, two pairs stockings. I wish to know if you don't want some butter put up to take with you. It can be had here at present for eighteen cents per pound. Write, and let me know, and I will get it for you. I should like to know if you mean to come down and see us, and when? I want you to get me a large water bucket; our girl let the large one fall, and broke it, and there is not one to be had in New Castle. Two or three of your shirts want new ruffles; get the cambrie, and I will have them done. If you intend to get anything for sea shirts and sheets, you had better get it, and the children can help make them."

From this letter we learn how poorly supplied

were the stores of our native town half a century back. The fact is, that there was then very little communication with the city. This was before steamboats were regularly employed on the Delaware. A packet then plied between Philadelphia and New Castle twice or thrice a week, and to go to the city was quite an event. Now, by the railroad, the city can thus frequently be visited in a day. Then, also, all gentlemen wore shirt ruffles; *bosomed shirts* were things unknown. Our father particularly prided himself in a nicely ironed shirt, with a handsomely plaited ruffle; and before he felt the need of devoting his early Sabbath hours to the task of instructing the young, *hours* were spent in beating his coat and pantaloons on a line in the yard, and seeing that Kitty had his boots nicely polished for church—for we think, that even then, he neglected not the outward forms of religion. Our mother's death was made, in the hands of God, the main instrument of his "effectual calling." Soon after this, was family worship instituted by him, and of the prayer meetings held in the church he became and continued an active leader. Candor and straight-forwardness were his peculiar traits,

the exhibition of which did not fail to give pain to some, but at the same time proclaimed a character upon which all could rely. At the time of his death, only his eldest daughter (Mary Jane) was married. This happened on the 15th of February, 1826. Her husband, Mr. John Farr, was a godly man, actively useful in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in this city. Of him and his family we will speak further on. Louisa, twin with the former, was married in December, 1839, to David Grantham Nivin, farmer, living near New Castle, Delaware. Annabella H., our youngest sister, married in December, 1838, the Rev. William J. Clark, (Episcopalian,) of Philadelphia. After the death of our father, our brother continued his business for a few years. Aunt Eliza still remained with him after his sisters had all left. Of herself the writer will weryly say, that a desire to render herself independent, a longing for the city, together with a determination to place herself under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, caused her to take the decided step, for a timid girl, of leaving her home for the purpose of engaging in the instruction of the young in Philadelphia. *This step formed her character, not only by*

throwing her upon her own resources, but opening to her (placed as she was by it, under teaching so enlightened) the wonderful mysteries of that book of books, the Bible. In the house of Mr. Farr, her brother-in-law, she has found, for more than twenty-one years, a home of comfort, for which she desires to be ever thankful.

Before closing this chapter, we desire to say something of the families of each of these sisters, save that of the *first*, which we will reserve for a separate, and the closing chapter. *First*, because of its size; *second*, because its history on the Farr side can be traced further back;* and *last, but not least*, because, for nearly half her life, she has had her home under their roof.

Louisa Nivin has had five children, viz:

Mary Gottrude,
James McCullough,
Louisa,
Edward Farr,
Julia.

These all reside with their parents, on their farm, two and a half miles from New Castle.

Annabella H. Clark has lived in various pa-

* See Appendix.

rishes of which her husband was at the time Rector. These have all been either in Pennsylvania or Maryland. At one time Mr. C. was proprietor of a large boarding school, in Georgetown, D. C.—has now a parish in Kent County, Md. This sister has been the mother of five children, viz :

William James,
Charles Heber,
Edward Benjamin,
Mary Louisa,
Annabella Farr.

The last two named are still little children. Our only brother (William) has, since the death of his Aunt Eliza continued to keep house, but has never married. He still resides near Elkton. He and Mrs. Nivin are Presbyterians, but as we were trained to go alternately to the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches in our youthful days, it may be said that we *were brought up to both*; until 1827 these two churches were on a footing so christian-like and united, as never to be open at the same time. *Then* the dividing wedge entered by the Episcopalian Minister setting up a new Sunday School, on his own distinctive principles. Our

father and family went with the Presbyterians, (save Aunt Eliza,) though he had, like many others, up to this period communed at *both tables*. The present writer went with him of course, and at eighteen became a member of that church; but having been from childhood conversant with the Episcopal Church, what wonder, that under preaching so powerful, eloquent, and instructive, she should find a spiritual *home* of joy and peace?*

Others were, in a great measure, by their marriage connections, drawn into the Episcopal Church; *she*, because *there was the place* where a new and glorious light dawned upon her. But not only of Dr. Tyng, but of each of the other three which she has had, it may be truly said, that just as they claimed for themselves "the right of private judgment" in this matter, so willing were they to concede that right to others.

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER V.

Having completed the history of our own immediate family, for the reasons given in the previous chapter, we now proceed to give that of the Farris. Mr. John Farr, our sister's husband, came to this country in 1816, and commenced his business (that of a chemist,) on a small scale at first. To this he had been apprenticed by his father to a Mr. Francis Clator, of the city of Lincoln, in the year 1805, for, and in consideration of the sum of seventy pounds, lawful money, which was paid at the outset, as the receipt of Mr. C. for the same is on the back of the indenture now before us. Here he was to serve for six years. Of this document we copy the first few lines: "This indenture witnesseth, that John Farr, of his own free will and good liking, and by and with the consent of his father, Edward Farr, of Callow, in the parish of Legsby, in the county of Lincoln, farmer, &c."

So far was an apprenticeship in that country and at that day looked upon as a disgrace, that large sums had to be paid for it, and a business

of this profitable kind could be acquired in no other way. The date of Mr. Farr's going to London, where he spent many years, in the employ of Mr. Tebbs, is to us unknown. But of his conduct and character in that employ, the following letter of introduction, (written we suppose before his coming to this country,) will be found quite satisfactory. This is undated.

LONDON.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have great pleasure in committing to paper such testimony of your character as I think, on many occasions, may prove useful and acceptable to yourself.

For the many years I required your assistance, your conduct and ability were such as to merit my warmest approbation, and I have not the smallest doubt that the same rectitude of principle will be ever evinced by you through life, under all circumstances and in all situations; wishing you your health, and every possible success in your views and undertakings,

I remain, my dear sir,

With respect, yours, very sincerely,

GEORGE TEBBS.

For some years after coming to this country, Mr. Farr was associated with Abraham Kunzi, a Swiss. Though an accomplished chemist, Mr. K. was not very congenial; still, he regarded Mr. F. as his best friend, and greatly lamented his death. They dissolved partnership several years before the death of the former. Mr. Farr then associated with him Mr. T. H. Powers, and his own nephew, Mr. William Weightman. Mr. Kunzi soon followed his old partner to the grave.

Soon after Mr. Farr's arrival in Philadelphia, he made application for boarding at the house of Abraham Martin—still living, and of Sunday School memory. With this gentleman, or rather his wife, the McCulloughs had long been acquainted, and a circumstance which we are now about to relate, will show on what slender and apparently trivial circumstances the destiny of individuals seem to hang. After Mr. Farr had seen Mr. Martin, and had made arrangements for boarding with him, he went to Mr. M.'s door, and being unaccustomed to the bell, gave it a pull so hard that a nervous lady inside gave a loud scream, and when they opened the door she and all the company were in such a titter,

heightened, perhaps, by the sight of his small clothes and foreign appearance, that he naturally took offence, and left the house, intending never to return. The ladies, of course, felt mortified, and it coming to the ears of Mr. Martin, he immediately set out in quest of the offended, and by sufficient apologies induced him to return. This fact we desire to state with emphasis, as upon it depended, in all probability, the subsequent one of our sister's acquaintance with her excellent husband; much of the comfort and many of the advantages of her immediate family; the future training, nay, the *very existence* of her numerous children! Let others carp and quarrel with this doctrine as they may, it is the writer's joy to sit under the shadow of its comforting branches, and to gather precious fruit for life's weary pilgrimage; which, apart from such consolatory assurance, would be a weary travel indeed. In fact, between this and *blind, uncertain chance*, she can see nothing! Years after this, our sister, then in her fourteenth year, was brought to see—by a visit to Mrs. Martin—for the first time, her future husband. This visit was again repeated when in her sixteenth year. The writer then accompanied her, being a little

child. Her first recollection of him is that he then seemed as *old* as he ever afterwards did; he was never youthful in his dress, was always grave, though at times a vein of humor could be discerned. He had now been in the country several years—between him and Mr. Martin there sprang up a close intimacy; “Brother Martin” and “Brother Farr,” with others of a like spirit, were indeed a band of “brethren in Christ.” Soon after the above named period, (1822,) Mr. Farr manifested a more than usual interest in this our elder sister; this being reciprocated on her part, they were married about four years afterwards. This event took place, as will be seen by reference to dates, more than two years after we had lost our property by fire; still, that reduction in her means did not change his affection for her. He was now thirty-four years of age, she but nineteen. Fourteen children were given them; one of which died in infancy; another, their second son, died under circumstances peculiarly painful, which we will presently relate. Twelve are still living: *five* of these are married, *four* of the others grown up, the *three* remaining ones still minors. At the time of their father’s death

he was Warden of St. Paul’s Church, a post he had occupied for thirty years. He died in the triumphant exercise of that faith which had sustained him through life. His remains lie in the family vault in St. Paul’s church yard. His funeral sermon (copies of which his children possess) was preached on the Sunday succeeding his death, by his pastor, the Rev. Richard Newton, who mourned as for a brother. Intending to refer to this subject again, we now give the list of his children, according to their respective ages. To the name of each of those who are married, we will also subjoin the names of *their* children in the same order.

Mary Ann, married Fitzhugh Coyle, of Washington city, January 27, 1847; one child, Mary. Edward, drowned at New Castle, Delaware, aged eighteen.

Maria Louisa, married William H. Trotter, of Philadelphia, September 15, 1850.

Children—Mary,

Nathan,

Louisa, (died in infancy.)

Edward,

Helen.

Emily, married J. J. Gilliams, of Philadelphia, January 19, 1854.

Children—John Farr,
Susan.

James McCullough, married Annie Dunton, of
Philadelphia, April 16, 1857.

Child—John Farr.

Helen — died when a year old.

Julia, married James M. Leslie, of Dundee,
Scotland, on May 16, 1855.

Children—James M., (died in infancy.)

John Farr,

Edward.

Annabella, or 'Belle,

John,

William Wilberforce,

Helen,

Gertrude,

Kathleen, or Kate,

Caroline. This last was an infant at the time of her father's death. All had been baptized save this one. It occurred to her mother to have this rite performed in the chamber of death, by the side of the father's corpse. A note having been sent to their Pastor, he replied as follows :

I will be at the house of mourning about eleven o'clock, which will probably afford time

to perform the melancholy rite to the last of our lamented brother's stricken flock. I am glad that the subject has occurred to our sorrowing friend, and that this course has been adopted in reference to it. Very affectionately yours,

RICHARD NEWTON.

Just five weeks before the death of Mr. Farr, was celebrated the wedding of his eldest daughter. Thus suddenly was the house of feasting turned into the house of mourning. The family at this unexpected moment, was deprived of him who had been their stay and staff. He was a special care-taker of his children. It was his custom when any of them had committed a serious fault, first to chastise the offender, then to take him aside privately, reason with him, and conclude by praying with him. The following extracts from a letter to his eldest daughter, then at boarding school, bearing date August 16, 1838, will show the deep interest which he took in the welfare of his children :

We have been anxiously looking for a letter from you for the last ten days. We feel very

anxious to know how your health is, and how you are pleased with your school, your studies, your teachers and classmates. We hope all is agreeable, and that you are making good progress in your studies, especially in your grammar and music. I hope by this time Rebecca Reeves has become reconciled to her school, and happy. If she is not, you must try and prevail upon her to become so. I suppose you will expect me to give you some family news, in which, I doubt not, you feel interested. Edward and Louisa are still at New Castle, and Emily joined them on Wednesday last, when James came home. Little 'Belle has been quite poorly until the last two weeks, since which, she has been a good deal better, and talks about "Maime Ann" sometimes, and says "she is gone away." Your friend, Emma Pennock, has not returned home yet, so that I have no message from her. Your Aunt Annabella has not returned home yet. Your Ma went down to New Castle last week to bring James home, and * * * * returned with them, and staid at our house until to-day. You know her character is not the best for good behaviour; yet, she seemed to improve the last day or two, and had she

staid longer, I hope it would have been still better. Miss Allen (her Sunday School Teacher) inquired very kindly after you last week, and was surprised to learn that you had gone to Bethlehem. I hope you will profit by your Sabbath exercises, under Mr. Kummer, and progress in knowledge of the Bible, until you become savingly acquainted with its contents. Your Cousin William Weightman has not returned, (from England) nor have we heard from him since he left. Your Ma, and Aunt 'Bella unite in love to you, from

Your affectionate father,

JOHN FARR.

It may be proper to state here, that whilst the family homestead at New Castle was not broken up, which it was not until several years after the death of our father, our aunt and brother continued to welcome these young nephews and nieces. 'Aunt Eliza was very fond of children, and, like most others, as she advanced in life, became more indulgent to them. The following letter, written by Mr. Farr to his two oldest boys, was sent to them whilst on one of these visits.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20th, 1844.

DEAR SONS—I yesterday received Edward's letter, and we were gratified to find you were well and enjoying yourselves. You have had a large share of what is called enjoyment for the last five or six weeks; indeed, I think I may say your whole lives have been largely sprinkled with enjoyments. In the midst of them I fear you do not think much of Him to whom you are indebted for them all: yet when they are past, and you enter again upon your regular daily occupations, you are, both of you, old enough to raise your hearts in grateful acknowledgements to the bountiful Giver of all your mercies, which I pray you may both be inclined to, by God's Holy Spirit. Mary Ann reached home in safety, and all the rest are now at home except John, Julia and William, who are coming home to-morrow, you will then be the only ones absent, and we wish you to return home on *Wednesday* or *Thursday* of next week, at the latest. I hear something of your success in fishing and shooting, but we have not yet seen any of the fruits of your labors—if we do not see any before you return, we shall expect you to bring some with you.

In regard to money, if I were to send you some by mail, it would cost you double postage, and as you are now brought to your last week, you can't need much more; you may ask your uncle to advance you fifty cents, and as much more as will pay your passage home. This I think will be sufficient, unless you have got anything on credit; in that case, I wish he would pay it, and let me know what it is, including your washing, &c. I am happy that we are all in the enjoyment of good health, and have nearly got the house in order again. I suppose it will be fully so before you return. Your Aunt Sarah, I presume, will return with you, if not before; whenever she is tired she had better come home. I know not that I have anything special to communicate further, except that our prayers are offered for your safety and safe return, and a caution that you should avoid all dangers.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN FARR.

Thus did these children spend their summer vacation, partly at New Castle, as we have seen, and partly at their Aunt Louisa's, whose resi-

dence, as we have before stated, is near that town. "Uncle Nivin" was a favorite with these boys—they had a wide scope for play there. But a sad scene was now before them. Amongst other pleasures, they had been accustomed to bathing in the Delaware, at New Castle. One Saturday evening, August 16th, 1845, when the moon was shining brightly, (being at the full,) the boys, Edward and James, thought they would bathe. Leaving the house, and Aunt Eliza busily engaged in setting out a table-with fruit, to refresh them before retiring to bed, (which had always been the custom during summer time in our house,) they went down to the steamboat wharf for the purpose. The boat lay there; between it and the wharf there was a strong current; into this, with all the thoughtless inexperience of youth, Edward plunged. It proved too strong for him, and notwithstanding his cries, and all the efforts of persons on board the boat, he was soon beyond their reach. Terror-stricken, James, who had not yet plunged in, ran for help, but all in vain. Known by every body in town, the whole place was soon in confusion; much sympathy was excited. His parents were

happy at home that night, knowing nothing of the sad catastrophe. The family at New Castle, and several of his young sisters, were overwhelmed with grief. Who could tell his parents? Our kind neighbor, Mrs. Hetty Ritchie, (mentioned in the second chapter,) accompanied by our brother William, James and these sisters, left before daylight in that very steamboat, and arrived by five o'clock the next morning at the house. The scene at home, when these sad tidings were brought, can be better imagined than described. Edward's body was not found for three or four days; a reward was offered, and on Wednesday, at the mouth of a creek, thirty miles below New Castle, it was discovered, but greatly disfigured. During these sad three days every token of kindness and sympathy was expressed by our friends. His father not appearing at his class on Sunday, as usual, inquiry was made for him, and it might with truth be said that the congregation of old St. Paul's, as one man, "mourned as for a brother." The body was buried in a quiet way, the family only being at the funeral. During these melancholy three days, the Bible was the only comfort of those

who were thus afflicted, and the quiet, calm submission of Mr. Farr was a beautiful example to all around. The following lines were composed by Edward's teacher, Rev. C. W. Thompson, on hearing of his death, who, before going into the country, had spent a last evening with him.

"I MEET THEE NO MORE."

When I last felt thy pressure, young friend, as we parted,
There was hope in thy bosom, and health on thy brow;
Thou wast circled around by the gay and warm-hearted,
Who smiled with thee then, and who weep for thee now.
We parted in hope of a joyous meeting,
When time to the landscape should summer restore;
I return not, alas! to renew the fond greeting,
'Mid these scenes of probation, I meet thee no more.

I was with thee in many a bright happy season,
In labor and gloom, I was still at thy side;
And I learned then to love thee, for many a reason,
Which the mingling of spirit with spirit supplied.
Years saw us united in friendship unbroken,
The sky of our feelings no vapor came o'er;
And must I believe that our last word is spoken?
Ah! *here 'tis* too sure, that I meet thee no more!

Of the days yet to come thou wast ardently dreaming,
In the "gay hues of fancy thou sawest them shine;
'Mid the warm hopes that wait upon youth, little dreaming
Those days and those pleasures should never be thine.

In the freshness and bloom of thy life's early hours,
Death came, unrelenting, and knocked at thy door;
Thou art gone from us, dear one, cut down like the flowers,
'Till the dead rise for judgment, I meet thee no more.

But oh! may thy grave give a lesson of warning,
To those who are careless, and heed not their doom;
And tell them that even in youth's sunny morning,
Their steps may be treading the verge of the tomb.
While yet it is day may they seek their salvation,
Since soon, e'er they think it, the day may be o'er,
And they be prepared, when they close their probation,
To meet where the blessed shall sunder no more.

C. W. T.

The accompanying lines, wonderfully adapted, were also found on the bureau of a nurse, who lived at that time in the family. It is not known who composed them; possibly she did, as she was well educated.

The morning dawned in brightness,
With health and joy, on thee,
The evening found thee lifeless—
A wreck upon the sea.

The king of terrors lurking
Beneath the treacherous wave,
Vain was thy cry for succor—
No hand was near to save.

Death wrapt the rolling billow
'Round thy defenceless head—

The foaming wave thy pillow,
The mighty deep thy bed.

Then fare thee well forever,
We leave thee in His care,
Who marks the falling sparrow,
And numbers every hair.

There is an eye unslumbering
Intent upon our way,
Each passing moment numbering,
Whom winds and waves obey.

This death by drowning was the *third* which had happened in this family. A few years afterwards, there occurred a *fourth*. The first, the father of Mr. Farr, on the 28th April, 1818, two years after *his* coming to this country. Then, some eight years afterwards, Edward Weightman, his only sister's eldest son. Then, *his son*, Edward; also, Mr. Farr's brother, Thomas Timberland, who came to this country from England, in 1845. This brother met with his untimely death on the 27th of November, 1847, eight months after he himself was numbered with the dead. His large family, which he brought to this country, are all living still in this city; some of them are now married.

Of Edward, of whose melancholy death we

have here given the particulars, we would further remark, that he had just finished his education, had excellent talents, and was in every way promising. Though he had not yet professed religion, we may hope that his religious training was not without its effect upon his heart and conscience. About eighteen months after his death, his father was called to follow him. This (Mr. Farr's) death was occasioned by a disease induced by his being bled. His arm mortified, and he was in a few days a corpse. Living, as he did, the habitual life of a christian, death could not come and find him unprepared. When asked how he felt on this subject, he said, "I have no concern about it.

'I wish to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.'"

Of Mr. Farr's valuable character, as given by one who knew him well, we will speak on a future page, previous to which we will insert portions of letters received from two eminent ministers, who had, at various times sustained to him the endearing relation of Pastor. We insert them in this place, as they both have reference to the great affliction which the parents had sustained in the death of Edward.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
October 1, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—My heart has been much in advance of my pen, for truly did I feel for you, under the Lord's hand, laid heavily on your house. I could not but say, when I heard of the visitation which so suddenly brought you all to mourning, "Alas! my brother! I am distressed for thee, my brother." I know how your hopes rested on your first-born son. But in writing to you, I am in no perplexity for a topic of consolation. You have, for many years, been a learner in the school of Christ, and, I trust, in the grace of God, as having long since taught you a lesson suited to your present wants. In general, He passes by, not in "the whirlwind, nor the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the *still small voice*." He meets Jacob in a vision of mercy and peculiar favor, and shows him a ladder from earth to heaven, or, in a dream, to assure him against his fears, or, in the form of one wrestling with him all night. But again, He comes in clouds and darkness, and hides from the patriarch the mystery of His dealings, when He takes Joseph from him, and lets him mourn in his gray hairs for more

than twenty years, without a word of explanation. Sometimes the Lord meets His people in the outer courts of the temple, but again He retires behind the veil of the most Holy place. Sometimes His voice is tender and inviting, and then he seems to speak in majesty and power, and seal up His words in awful stillness. But through all, He is the same God, and He is, too, a covenant God. Whether Jesus go to Bethany, to the house of Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus, in the familiarity of a friend, to share the quietness and peace of their family, or keep at a distance, when told "he whom thou lovest is sick," or stand by the grave of the departed brother, He is the same; the same both in His power and His love. What He means by his mode of dealing, sometimes He shrouds in deepest night; He lets us walk in darkness and mourn, as though he cared not for us. But who can fathom His wisdom and love? How deeply He hid Himself from Job, and yet said the afflicted patriarch, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." He commands Abraham "to take his son, his only son Isaac, whom he loved, and offer him for a burnt offering," without a word of explanation. He

leads the patriarch three days' journey to the mountain, and lets him make his altar, and put on wood, and bind his son, and take the knife, and lift his hand for the bloody sacrifice, when the voice from heaven calls, "Abraham! Abraham! stay now thine hand!" Oh how faithful is He, when He seems to be trying us most heavily! How precious a lesson is that of faith, and yet how hard to learn. But learn it we must, if we would walk with God. If we learn it not by the quiet lessons of the word, He may teach us by trials, but though these may "for the present not be joyous but grievous, afterwards they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness." My dear friend, God has come nigh you and your house, and though you may have been long learning His ways, He comes now with a strange countenance, and it may be a forbidding one, and you are fearful. But know Him still as your covenant God. "Be not dismayed," says He, "I am thy God." Jesus comes to you in the ship, and though the waters are troubled, and you may faint in heart, yet fear Him not; He will give you a calm, and then you shall know Him in His love. Your son he has taken, as we trust, to Himself;

a son, in whom He had given you a very precious jewel—but if He give you His grace, you may praise Him for what He does. I know, too, how keen are the feelings, and how deep the wound in a mother's heart. But Jesus has heavenly balm. I am sure you have gone with your wife, and all your house, to the Lord, and bowed to His will, and sought His grace.

With these extracts we here reluctantly break off, as the other part is mutilated and torn.

From Rev. Dr. Tyng, the writer received a letter some time after the sad event, from which she makes the following extract:

"I have often thought of the great sorrow which has befallen Mr. and Mrs. Farr. God is able to make all grace abound upon them, and, I trust, has poured His rich consolations into their wounded hearts. How much we have to bear before we are taught to live by faith on Him, and to rest in simple, joyful hope upon His promises and favor. Assure them of my ever abiding affectionate sympathy with them, and interest in all that concerns them. When I shall be able to see any of you is always a

subject of doubt. My engagements and cares are very pressing and confining. The field around me is great. I trust it will be the will of God to make me a blessing to souls in it. I hope my friends pray for me, that I may be made steadfast, and immovable in those great and blessed principles for which I have been long contending, and which are dearer to me than my life."

Then, on hearing of the death of Mr. Farr, the same kind friend addressed to the bereaved the following:

New York, *March 3, 1847.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have just heard of your peculiar sorrow, that while I am now writing, the body of your truly beloved husband lies by you unburied. The intelligence has deeply affected me. Mr. Farr was a man of pure gold. His relations to me, from our first interview, were those of a faithful and sincere brother. From the day he first welcomed me to your house, in Hamiltonville, eighteen years ago, till we parted last, he was always the same, uniformly kind, considerate, and generous to a degree that I have never seen surpassed by any.

I loved him with grateful, sincere affection. He stood by me when I had the opposition of many, with heart, and voice, and money, ready to hold me up, and sustain my ministry to the utmost of his power. His character was singularly open, pure, and attractive. His great wisdom and peculiar judgment gave him extensive influence. Your dear husband has left a legacy better than silver and gold, in the love of God for him, and the assurance of Divine protection over all belonging to him. God be very gracious to you and your fatherless ones.

Ever your affectionate friend,

STEPHEN H. TYNG.

Those, the reader will perceive, are only extracts. In order to show that the righteous are held still in remembrance by their fellows, we here subjoin a further extract, written by the same hand, from his weekly "Letters on Sunday Schools," now being published in the "Protestant Churchman," of New York city: "I have constantly before me very blessed illustrations of such fidelity and usefulness, whom education, piety, and industrious preparation have combined to give great efficiency

for their work, and whose earnest and religious habit and character have made them most attractive and popular among the youth before them. I have seen Bible classes, both male and female, in which there was a constant pressure of attendance, and an outward desire to become partakers of the benefits there received, just as earnest. An intelligent, earnest, and instructed teacher, with a mind and heart engaged in the blessed work thus undertaken, believing in its value and influence, and determined to carry out that influence with the Lord's blessing and Spirit to the utmost, will always be popular and always efficient. Scholars will be punctual and happy, and God the Saviour will never be found slack in His promise of a blessing from heaven upon His word. He will sanctify them through His truth. Such teachers make their mark in the history of the church, and are held in abiding remembrance. An eminent instance of this was John Farr, of Philadelphia. He was a native of England, and a chemist of practical wisdom and success in business. He was one of our Bible class teachers at St. Paul's; a model of a Sunday School Teacher. Truly spiritual, thoroughly

evangelical, deeply earnest, never wearied, always attractive, he made his class to be considered by young men an invaluable privilege. God blessed his labors with increasing manifestations of divine grace and power. Young men, now energetic and active in their maturity, in every class of the work of the church of God, would to-day rise up and call him blessed. I have no doubt, if all who found the Saviour under his earnest, constant fidelity, were called to stand together as witnesses for him, more than *one hundred* young men would appear to testify for him before the Lord. And yet, I speak only of a portion of his labor in this cause. Who can estimate the full result for them, for the church, for the world, of such labors as his? Yet never, perhaps, was there a christian man more unpretending, unobtrusive, or simple-hearted than he. He has long since entered his rest in the Saviour's glory."

THE END.

APPENDIX.

Third Chapter.—David R. Maffett—His titles were as follows: Knight of the Order of the Sun of Lima; Major of Artillery; Aid-de-Camp to the President of Chili; Post Captain in the Chili Navy; and Actual Captain in the Port of Valparaiso, 1827.

Fourth Chapter.—We here insert an extract from a letter received from Rev. Mr. Spottswood, New Castle, Delaware, in reply to our inquiry—"Is the date of our parents' marriage upon your church books?" This was written subsequently to what we state as our reason for uniting with the Episcopal Church, in this city. "Your father was elected an Elder of the Presbyterian Church in 1830, and appears on the records as having been present at all the subsequent meetings of the session until 1836, when his name disappears. The presumption is, that he died during that year. He was an active and useful member of the session, and some notice of his death ought to appear on the records, but in that day no attention seems to have been paid to such matters. On the books appears the following entry: 'January 7th, 1810, bap-

tized Sarah McCullough; also, Annabella McCullough. July 6th, 1834, appears first as communicants, the names of Louisa McCullough and Sarah McCullough: also, Annabella.' "It is pleasant to know that all the daughters of your father are members of the church—no doubt through the instrumentality of his training, and answers to his prayers. It would have been a yet more pleasing circumstance, if all his children could have seen their way clear, to hold fast to the communion of which he was such an honored and useful member. But I have no doubt you will meet him in that bright world in which there are neither Episcopalians, Presbyterians, nor Methodists, nor Baptists, but only those 'who love our Lord Jesus Christ in truth and sincerity.'"

Fifth Chapter.—We here insert a list of baptisms, marriages and deaths, which was taken from the Parish Records of Loughton Church, by W. Weightman, who came to this country in the autumn of 1827:

1623, Sept. 23—Robert Ffarre, baptized.

1629, July 26—Edwardus Filius Johannes Ffarre, baptized.

1657, March 30—Robert, son of Edward Ffarre, baptized.

1658, Dec. 15—Robert, son of Edward Ffarre, buried.

1662, Sept. 14—Ann, daughter of Edward Ffarre, christened.

1681, June 9—John Ffarre and Joanny Louby, married.

1684, April—Joan, daughter of John Ffarre, baptized.

1686, Feb. 17—Joan, wife of John Ffarre, buried.

1688, Sept. 11—Mary, daughter of John Ffarre, baptized.

1688, Sept. 25—Mary, daughter of John Ffarre, buried.

- 1689, March 3—Helen, wife of Edward Ffarre, buried.
 1689, Sept. 28—John, son of John Ffarre, baptized.
 1692, Nov. 13—Joseph and Mary, son and daughter of John Ffarre, baptized.
 1692, Nov. 15—Joseph and Mary, son and daughter of John Ffarre, buried.
 1694, March 20—William, baptized.
 1696, Dec. 2—Edward Farr, buried.
 1697, March 14—John Farr, son of John, baptized.
 1703, March 2—William Farr, buried.
 1711, April 27—John Ruston and Mary Farr, married.
 1713, May 5—John Farr and Ann Buinton, married.
 1714, August 7—John, son of John Farr, christened.
 1716, April 1—John, son of John Farr, buried.
 1717, May 14—John Piecock and Mary Farr, married.
 1721, March 11—Mary Farr, widow, buried.
 1722, April 2—Thomas Farr and Martha Stoddart, married.
 1724—Sarah, daughter of Thomas Farr, christened.
 1726, May 11—Robert, son of Edward Farr, do.
 1728, August 9—Thomas, son of Thomas Farr, do.
 1728, Nov. 5—Ann and Elizabeth, daughters of Edward Farr, christened.
 1728, Nov. 27—Elizabeth, daughter of do., buried.
 1730, Feb. 7—Mary, daughter of Edw. Farr, christened.
 1733, April 3—John Russling and Elizabeth Farr, married.
 1733, June 14—John, son of Edward Farr, christened.
 1733, Oct. 29—John, son of Edward Farr, buried.
 1734, Dec. 24—Michael, son of Edward Farr, christened.

- 1735, Aug. 3—John, son of Thomas Farr, christened.
 1736, Jan. 30—Thomas Farr, of Whitesworth, buried.
 1739, Oct. 29—Edward, son of Edward Farr, christened.
 1742, March 15—Ann, daughter of Edward Farr, buried.
 1745, Nov. 21—Robert Jee and Sarah Farr, married.
 1753, Feb. 26—John Woodruff and Mary Farr, do.
 1763, Jan. 12—Elizabeth, wife of Edward, buried.
 1764, Feb. 12—Martha Farr, widow, buried.
 1766, Dec. 17—Elizabeth, daughter of Edward and Sarah Farr, christened.
 1768, Dec. 18—Mary, daughter of Edward and Sarah Farr, christened.
 1772, Aug. 16—Edward, son of Edward and Sarah Farr, christened.
 1776, March 12—Edmund Huntsman and Mary Farr, married.

The attentive reader will not have failed to observe that the *orthography* of the name of this family underwent an alteration about the close of the seventeenth century. Those who examine this document carefully will perceive that it is by no means a *regular genealogical account*, but refers to various branches of the family. Edward Farr, the grandfather of the children of the present family, is not mentioned in it. This is proved by the fact of his marriage, which took place in 1785. By comparing the previous with the following list, (not only of his marriage, but of the birth of his children,) this will be at once shown :

- 1785, May 10—Edward Farr and Ann Ward, married.
 1786, March 8—Robert, son of Edward Farr, born.

- 1788, Aug. 29—Edward, son of Edward Farr, born.
1791, Oct. 10—John, do. do. do. do.
1793, Sept. 29—Ann, (afterwards Mrs. Weightman) do.
1795, Jan. 30—Michael, son of Edward Farr, born.
1798, March 13—Thomas Timberland, born.
1797, April 19—Ann, wife of first named, died.
1818, April 28—Edward, the father, was drowned.
1835—Michael, fourth son, died.
1842, May 18—Robert, eldest son, died.
1847, March 1—John, third son, died.
1847, Nov. 27—Thomas T., youngest son, was drowned.

see
pages
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and
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