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Hall, Caroline Wells (Healey) "Mrs C H. Hall"

Ohio; the story of an old house.

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THE STORY OF AN OLD HOUSE.



Died.

At 34 Chambers Street, Boston, June 23, 1891, HANNAH BARKER OTIS, aged 75 years.

At 34 Chambers Street, September 10, 1891, MARY OTIS, aged 86 years.

THERE are many persons now living to whom "34 Chambers Street" has stood for years as the "House Beautiful"; and for their sakes, as well as because its story is unique in these days, and because the light of the dear old walls died out with Mary Otis, I am going to write about it.

This house was built in the year 1800, by George Washington Otis, of Scituate, who had come to Boston to seek his fortune. He was the son of Joshua Otis and Mary Thaxter. Mary Thaxter was the daughter of Major Thaxter of Hingham, a woman of remarkable energy and accomplishments, as strong a Tory as her father. She was a woman of great intellectual strength, and well known throughout the eastern part of the State for her charming conversation.

Such towns as Hingham, Plymouth, and Barnstable bore a very different relation to Boston in those days from that now recognized. Many of the wealthiest citizens of the State resided in the farming towns and exercised a proportionate influence. The first Josiah Quincy was not a Boston but a Braintree man, and the Otises of Scituate as well as the Thaxters of Hingham were widely known. No need to tell a New England people that the Otises were strong patriots, sturdy in defence of their rights ; but Major Thaxter, who had been an officer in the royal army, gathered the draperies of his bed into a gilded crown and slept under it as long as he lived. The tester still survives to authenticate the story. His daughters, however strong their own inherited Tory sentiments might have been, married men of the new *régime*. The older, Sally, was the wife of Major Pulling, an active patriot, one of the "Boston Tea Party," and the man who hung out the lantern in the old North Church as a signal for Paul Revere. They lived under the shadow of the church at the North End, and Major Pulling was immediately suspected of the act.

His house was searched by the British troops, but his plucky wife hid him under a wine butt in the cellar, and after the unsuccessful search was over the couple escaped in a small boat to Nantasket Beach. Here in a hut Mrs. Pulling's first child was born. In her old age, and she lived to be over 90, she was fond of relating these early experiences. In her flight she had tied various bulky pieces of silver around her waist under her clothing, and she would give an amusing account of the effect her strange figure had upon the sailors who helped her into the boat.

Mary Thaxter was married at seventeen to a husband only twenty-two; and when her son was born, she was still young enough to insist upon his being named George for the king. Joshua Otis was a great wag. He had been expelled from Harvard for some daring caper, — not half so grave, I feel sure, as many of those which dishonor its undergraduates now-a-days, — and before his wife was strong enough to enter the old church, warmed only by a few coals here and there in foot furnaces, he took the baby to its christening, promising that it should receive the name of George; he kept his promise, but had that of Washington added, which quite changed its significance.

Joshua Otis, who was a second cousin of James Otis, “the Patriot” and “Flame of Fire,” was a witty, handsome man, but without energy or application. His family had always been among the first in Scituate; and after his marriage he continued to live on his estate as a gentleman farmer, but could do little for his children. George, who was the oldest son, came to Boston to push his own way at a very early age. He was married before he was twenty-three, and bought land and built a house before he was twenty-five, by his own unassisted efforts. He deeply felt the want of a college education. To that, every New England boy of condition then felt himself entitled. He determined that his own children should have the very best. All his connections had been educated people. Mary Thaxter had four brothers who were physicians. Dr. Robert Thaxter of Dorchester was George’s own cousin, as were also Dr. Gridley and Dr. Ezekiel Thaxter, and Dr. Benjamin Cushing’s mother. Dr. Frank Thomas of

Scituate was a cousin further removed. In South Scituate there had been a Dr. Otis for three successive generations.

George Otis was born in the very midst of the Revolution, in the year 1776, and although the father was still living as a gentleman on the old place at Scituate, the son could do nothing better than to apprentice himself to a carpenter. As every member of the old Plymouth Colony had been required to qualify himself for manual labor of some sort, it is not likely that this was as heavy a cross as it would be to an ambitious young man of to-day. With his coming of age he became a builder, or housewright as it was then called, a business which in those days united the function of the architect and builder for all works, not of a monumental or public character. He built many first-class residences, among others several on the slope of Beacon Street; and the house he built for himself, when he was twenty-five, still shows that he had forgotten none of the traditions of his ancestry. Quite early in life he became established in the lumber business under the firm name of Otis & Thaxter, their wharf being off Leverett Street; and for many years in later life he was Surveyor General of Lumber for the city, an office to which he was appointed by Mayor Quincy. He died in 1857.

Chambers Street has had a curious history. George Otis lived on Pitts Street when he first married, in 1798, but so well had his intelligence and industry been rewarded that he bought a block of land running from Chambers Street nearly to North Russell Street, where, in 1800, he finished this fine old-fashioned house with its large garden. Chambers Street had been cut through the old Chambers farm. No. 34, which



now represents the lot purchased by George Otis nearly a century ago, was a part of this farm; and as the Otis estate has never been divided, it may be said to have had but three owners in two hundred years! It never passed by deed out of the Chambers family till 1794, when it was sold to the man from whom George Otis bought it. It was then, and has been ever since, in spite of the crowding of recent years, an exceptionally healthful location, always catching a cool breeze from the river in the hottest days of midsummer.

When George Otis moved from Pitts Street, there were but two houses near his new abode,—that occupied by the Henchmans as a druggist's shop for more than a century, on the corner of Cambridge Street, and the Prince mansion where, I believe, our former Mayor Prince was born, and which stood, surrounded by its garden filled with horse-chestnut trees, lilac, and hawthorn, directly opposite. Before 1805, however, Mr. Otis must himself have built two fine brick houses, still standing opposite the head of Allen Street, and one of these was occupied by Dr. Charles Lowell when he became the pastor of the West Church. Then the grand old brick house was built by Thomas Dennie, on the corner of Allen, with a terraced garden running close to Poplar Street; the Dyers, the Simonds, and old Deacon Greeley followed, and twenty-five or thirty years after, I remember the street close set with the dear old wooden houses, standing endwise to the street, each in its own green lot, which once made Boston so dear to us all. The old "Harrison Gray Otis" estate, whose fine mansion, standing on the corner of Lynde and Cambridge streets, still peers up Han-

cock Street, as if rising on tip-toe to overlook the shabby row of one-story shops now built in its beautiful front yard, then reached sidewise to Chambers Street, and backward towards Green. The quaint wooden houses were at last replaced by tidy brick blocks, occupied at first by some of our best families, now generally used as lodging houses, and soon, perhaps, to be turned into offices.

How much the windows of No. 34 have seen! Sitting behind their Venetian blinds its inmates must often have heard the exquisite voice of Martha Parker echoing from the opposite house, a voice which perfectly trained might have rivalled that of Jenny Lind.

Twelve children were born to George Otis. There were nine girls and three boys. Eight of these children belonged to Abigail Cleverly of Quincy, to whom he had been married probably by Dr. Howard of the West Church in 1798. She died in 1816, and Mr. Otis was married a second time, in 1818, to Hannah Leavitt Waters, by Dr. Coleman, in Hingham. By this second marriage he had four children. Two of the girls died in infancy, and the second son was lost at sea at the early age of twenty-nine. Seven girls lived to more than middle age in the house where they were born, and the second wife died there in 1880 at the age of ninety-three.

Only one of the girls married, and she, whose sweet, Madonna-like face I well remember, was married by Dr. Lowell to Frederick William Greenleaf in 1844, and he, dying in the old house at the early age of thirty, is yet famous the world over as the Harry Wadsworth of Edward Everett Hale. Perhaps so short a life has never left so deep a mark.





Of two of the sons I must say a little more. George Washington, Jr., his father's oldest child, was born in 1800. He was prepared for college by the famous Master Staniford who kept the best school for both sexes at the West End. George entered Harvard when he was only fourteen and graduated in 1818. Among his classmates were Sidney Bartlett, Samuel Barrett, Tasker Swett who married the daughter of Joseph Coolidge, and Dr. Farley of Brooklyn. He studied medicine with Dr. John C. Warren, and in 1821 sailed for Liverpool which he reached in twenty-one days! He studied in London and Paris for nearly two years, attending the lectures of Dr. Abernethy, and in 1823 opened an office in Bowdoin Square.

He was early connected with the Massachusetts General Hospital, and he and Dr. Winslow Lewis, before the establishment of the Medical School at Harvard, opened a private class for medical students which included Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In 1841, he was appointed superintendent of the United States Marine Hospital in Chelsea, but was removed for political reasons in 1843. He then took a house in Chelsea, where he remained until his death in 1872. At the beginning of his career Dr. Otis had a large practice. Much was then expected of a physician who had been to London and Paris. It was a privilege which few shared. Dr. George had a high reputation for learning, and was said to be the best read man in his profession, but he had inherited from Joshua Otis a certain inertia with which his own father had probably small sympathy, and much preferred study to practice. He was a skilful surgeon, which should in that early day have made him a rich man. To the very last he was a stockholder in the

Boston Athenæum and an omnivorous reader. He was actively interested in the Unitarian Church, and the settlement of his classmate, Dr. Barrett, over the Chambers Street Church was largely due to his influence.

He married, later than most men, Susan Munroe, born of an old Boston family, and left two daughters now married in California.

George Otis was born in 1800; his youngest brother James, a quarter of a century later, in 1826. One was the oldest the other the youngest of the large family at No. 34. James was christened by Dr. Charles Lowell in the parlor of the old house. According to the prevalent custom, Dr. Lowell brought Mrs. Lowell and the young James Russell with him. The whole party stayed to tea, and the future poet and diplomat was mounted in a high chair and arrayed in a blue gingham "tyer" which his mother had brought in her pocket.

George had been educated entirely at private schools; James went through the public, which indicates a marked change in the habits of the community. He graduated from the Boston High School at the age of fifteen. His father offered him a college course, but he was active and ambitious, and bent upon work. He entered the well-remembered counting-room of Capt. Benjamin Rich, the day after his graduation.

When Capt. Rich retired, James became book-keeper for Minot & Hooper. Here he became acquainted with a friend of his employers, Capt. Macondray, who, having made a fortune in China, had been living in easy retirement at Dorchester. When the gold fever broke out, the captain had met

with serious losses. He decided to go to California, and desired the assistance of a younger man. At this time, James Otis was active in the Mercantile Library Association, and the constant companion of M. P. Kennard, James T. Fields, Warren Sawyer, and Daniel Haskell.

His employers now recommended him to Captain Macondray, and a partnership was formed, in Boston, which included a brother-in-law of John M. Forbes. Under the name of Macondray & Co., this firm still exists, being, at the end of over forty years, the oldest business firm in California. At the age of twenty-three, James Otis sailed for San Francisco, by way of the Isthmus; and so great was the success of the new firm, that when, at the end of three years, the terms of the partnership expired, he was able to return to Boston, with what he considered a fortune.

After a year's absence, he returned to California, and, later, re-entered the firm, being for many years previous to his death its head.

In 1858 he married Lucy, the oldest daughter of Capt. Macondray. The respect which was everywhere felt for him, as one of the most prominent citizens, made him by turns Supervisor or Alderman, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Presidential Elector for Lincoln's first term, and finally Mayor of the city for two years. In 1875, just before the expiration of this mayoral term, Mr. Otis died. He is still remembered as a most conspicuous figure in the history of the State. Every traveller hears his name. He was an active member of the Unitarian Church; and during the war, both as an individual and as representing his firm, contributed largely to the

Union cause. His business called him often to China and Japan, and the house in Boston was decorated from rafter to cellar with the beautiful products of his journeyings. He left six children, still living in the State of his adoption.

It will be seen that after the father's death, in 1857, the family at No. 34 was a very remarkable one; the widow and five daughters lived on in the old home. Only one of the sisters had married; Caroline, who had married Frederick Greenleaf, lived in Worcester, and, with her, her sister Adeline; but a few years later both of them returned to the homestead, and eventually both died there; thus Caroline was born, married, and died in the same house. She survived her husband twenty-two years, dying in 1872.

In 1860, less than three years after the father's death, the first break in the family was caused by the death of Sally, the third daughter, who passed away after a long and most painful illness, borne with inspiring fortitude. She had been for many years a teacher in the West Church Sunday school, having a class of young ladies, some of whom still survive to bear testimony to her conscientious instruction and striking personal refinement. A few months later she was followed by Abby, the oldest daughter, whose summons was as sudden as that of her sister had been prolonged. These deaths made a profound change in the family life. Both had been among the most high-spirited of the sisters, and Abby in especial had been the life of the family. She was musical and witty, and a favorite with people of all ages. One of her bright sayings is still often quoted: In the corner of the entry has long stood a tall, eight-day, Willard clock;

high up on a ledge on one side is kept its key, while on the corresponding ledge on the other side is the key of the family burial vault on the Common; "Time and Eternity," she called these keys; and often since then have these words come back with startling significance as one after another of the family has left time behind and passed onward into eternity.

When Mrs. Otis died, four single daughters survived her. Four years later, Adeline died suddenly. She was a person of beautiful character, having an unusual combination of great spirit and ready wit, united with rare gentleness and warmth of affection: —

"The sweetest woman ever Fate,
Perverse, denied a household mate."

She had been entirely devoted to Caroline and her son ever since the death of Mr. Greenleaf, living with them in Worcester for many years. Dr. Joseph Sargent, of Worcester, said that Mrs. Greenleaf's son was the only child of two mothers, — alluding to Adeline's maternal devotion to him.

Jane was the youngest daughter. She had been the beauty of the family, and much given to society, in her earlier days. She had a pleasant, amiable disposition, and was passionately fond of flowers. For many years she devoted herself to the failing strength of her aged mother. When Jane died, in 1887, there remained only Hannah and Mary.

One of the most striking features of the family life, for more than ninety years, had been the free hospitality, which continued uninterrupted throughout the lives of all the

inmates. They were people of limited means. They rarely went anywhere, and shrank from visiting. But no people ever had more company. Mr. Otis and his wife were extremely hospitable, and his children followed the example. Every one who came to the house must remain for a meal or a visit. Early in the century, company was continuous ; not in the way of stated entertainments, but cordially welcomed into the routine of family life. Their out-of-town relatives were numerous, and No. 34 was the family headquarters, — a fashion more conducive to cordial and enduring friendship than the more ceremonious intercourse of the present day. Never was there more dainty housekeeping or more careful cooking. When, at last, the "light went out," and the whole burden had lain for five years upon the shoulders of a woman over eighty, it would have been difficult for the most critical eye to have found a flaw.

I had known the Otises well, in my earlier days. We were united in our devotion to Dr. Charles Lowell and Elizabeth Howard Bartol. We were united in the Saturday class, the teachers' meetings, the Wednesday night discussions, the old sewing circle, the Sunday school blessed by the sainted presence of Helen Loring and superintended by her brother, Boston's well-known lawyer. Later we were united at Mrs. Loring's house in work for the Freedmen. Passing through Boston in the spring of 1887, just after Jane's death, I renewed our broken intercourse, and for the first time became an inmate of the family, and saw once more the orderly life, the open-hearted welcome, and the serene faithfulness that had distinguished many households fifty years ago. Until

Mary's death in September, 1891, it remained my Boston home, the one place to which I could go, as to a mother's house, without an invitation, sure of a welcome. I was there in June, a little while before Hannah's death. In all the ninety years of its occupation the old house had remained without change. As the family diminished in numbers, several things might have been done to make it more convenient, but Mary thought it was hardly worth while; "it would not be wanted much longer." With that fatality so often remarked in similar cases, a good deal *was* done in the spring of '91. Hannah had been ill all winter; a new hall bedroom was fitted up on the same floor as her sunny chamber. On the second story a partition was taken away, leaving a beautiful hall, in which some of the old-fashioned furniture was prettily displayed. The window was a perfect bower, for a wistaria of many years' growth flung its arms right and left, waving long purple banners on the air. And more than all, a handsome new front door replaced that which had opened and shut for ninety years with cordial good-will.

These things Hannah never saw. She was free from pain, happy and at rest, but not able to move about. I shall never forget the pleasure she took in the various flowers that I brought to her in June. That they came from the gardens of old friends or well-known persons such as Dr. Hedge, and the Hollands, Hoars, and Emersons of Concord, added to their attractions. She was the least known of her family. No life more secluded was ever led, but no woman was ever more modest, sweet, and disinterested. Not a day of her in-

valid life, which lasted for upwards of twelve years, but cheered some other life ; and her own burden was never heavy while she could lift the burden of another. One day she fell asleep and never woke. God spared her all the pain she would have felt, had she known she must leave Mary alone. I hurried back to relieve the surviving sister's pressing cares. Then I saw, for the first time, what a fountain of beneficence flowed from No. 34. Endeavoring to shield Mary all I could, I kept myself in the way of callers, and it was strange how impossible it seemed, to those accustomed to "Miss Hannah's" bounty, to believe that she was dead. On the day of the funeral, I found an old colored woman breakfasting in the kitchen, who had enjoyed that pleasure, at Hannah's order, every Wednesday and Saturday for seventeen years ! Never would Hannah consent that any one should go "empty away"; an old-fashioned virtue worthy of record. As we turned away from the old "Common" burying-ground I felt that Mary would not long survive her sister. As we entered the house she paused for a moment before the new front door : "Hannah never saw it," she said ; "it was made for her to be *carried through*." As long as anything remained to be done Mary's strength held out, but Hannah's long illness had been a severe strain upon her. Day by day she took up her old cares, resumed her reading late at night, and slept, she said, like a baby.

At last it became necessary to call in a physician. She had taken "a little cold," she said ; "it was nothing." On Tuesday night she gave her usual orders. She promised to stay in bed the next day because the doctor desired it.

At eight o'clock she took up her pen for the last time, and in the beautiful, clear script that "Master Staniford" had taught her, and with a hand that did not tremble, recorded the hour when she had taken, and was next to take, her medicine. In a little over twenty-four hours she had joined the large congregation of her kindred. The light of the "House Beautiful" had gone out!

I shrink from portraying such a character as hers, and in doing it, I shall quote largely from the words of her surviving nephew.

Her outward life was very uneventful, and remarkable for its evenness and steadfast devotion to the duties which lay directly before her. To die in the house in which she was born eighty-six years before, in which she had lived without interruption, and to have had, in that long life, but two clergymen, is surely a unique experience in the Boston of to-day. Dr. Charles Lowell baptized her. She was the first child he consecrated after he became the minister of the West Church. Dr. Bartol gathered wild roses from his Manchester farm to be laid on Hannah's coffin, and Mary's heart throbbed with pleasure as she read the words that came with them.

She had never gone out of the State. The male members of the family had travelled widely, but Mary and Hannah went to Scituate to see their grandmother and their aunts, and to Worcester to see their married sister. It was they who "kept the home." Of Mary, her Scituate aunts used to say that she never was a child; "she had been born a little woman." She had a class in the Sunday school of the West

Church for thirty-seven years, and undoubtedly would have kept it till she died had not the school been closed for want of pupils. Between her and her last pupil there was a strong attachment. As a man of forty he came to her funeral.

Mary had no personal ambition. With powers that would have opened any way of life that woman ever entered, she asked for nothing but to be allowed to fulfil the nearest duty. She was extremely modest and was always ready to defer to the superior knowledge and ability of others. She showed a fine deference to the humblest claim made upon her, and all this without vitiating her own good judgment, which she steadily retained, and imparted if there was need. In the same spirit of self-surrender, she gave up the intellectual pursuits which were her chief pleasure, and for which her superior mental qualities eminently fitted her, for the common duties which pressed upon her from family and neighborhood.

From the time of her father's death in 1857, to that of her own, thirty-four years after, she practically managed the complicated affairs of an estate which has never yet been divided, keeping all the accounts for the eight heirs, besides her step-mother, receiving and disbursing all the income, attending to the letting of the houses and the repairs. At the same time she kept the household accounts and took charge of the home. In the earlier days she was mantua-maker for herself and her sisters, trimming their bonnets and cutting and fitting their underclothing. Until very recently she sat up until one o'clock in the morning, and sometimes later, reading. This was *her* time, after all the others were safe in bed. None of the men ever needed a



latch-key, for "Polly," as they called her, was only too glad of a real excuse to sit up late and let them in. "Many a time," says her nephew, "has she let me in, after the play or a party, waiting to hear whom I had seen and what I had enjoyed, and anxious to provide me with a midnight repast."

Her sense of justice was supreme; not four days before her death, when grief and weakness might well have excused her, she summoned her failing energies, to point out the unjust manner in which one servant was criticising another. Her disposition was remarkably even. Never for a moment did she drop the reins of her spirit. If she condemned, it was without impatience. Her liberality and hospitality were unlimited; the number of poor people whom she befriended through many years, with a limited income, was amazing; but this trait she shared in common with others of the family.

Had she been born in affluence, untrammelled by the constant demand of routine, her taste and ability could not have failed to distinguish her.

How did these sisters come to be the superior women that they were? Their mother died when Mary was only eleven, and Mr. Otis married a second time when she was fourteen. The second wife had her admirable traits, but there was little in her which could have contributed to the development of such characters. Many of us knew her well, for she lived until 1880 in the cloistered peace of No. 34. Perhaps it was due to the Thaxter and Otis families in Scituate that the whole family were trained so wisely. The girls must have come much under the influence of Mary Thaxter, their father's mother, who did not die till 1840, when she was ninety

years old. Her family were people of wealth and social importance. Her father's step-mother married the Rev. John Hancock of Lexington, the father of John Hancock who signed the Declaration of Independence. Mary Thaxter went often to the old Hancock House on Beacon Hill in her youth, and all her associations were uplifting. Mary Otis was named for her grandmother, and seems to me to have inherited many of her traits. Both had, Toryism apart, sound judgment and strong character. Miss Nabby Otis, one of George W. Otis's sisters, was a very accomplished woman: she was educated at the Derby Academy in Hingham, the great finishing school of the South Shore.

But, whatever the influences were, beyond the best schools that could be found, which matured the characters and imparted solid worth to the Otis sisters, certain it is that they were a most unusual group of women. One of the most striking traits in the whole family has been their united affection, and devotion to each other, without any distinction on account of the second marriage. Jane and James were as dear to the older ones as their full brothers and sisters, and George and Mary were as dear to them. There never was a breath of jealousy nor the slightest quarrel. Nor did any trying trait in the aged mother mar the sweet peace of the household. They never indulged in ill-natured gossip or scandal, and I think their personal dignity made them consider all sorts of small talk beneath them. No one could accuse them of spreading stories which had better be suppressed. They showed a rare discretion in their conversation, which was the more necessary, as they had known so

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well the private history of the older Boston families. They were a noble set of women, and, of them all, Mary was the noblest.

Edward Everett Hale spoke for us all at her funeral. His affection for "Harry Wadsworth" made the house in which he died sacred, and had opened the minister's eyes to the precious family life.

After Mary's death it was found that she had kept a journal for more than sixty years, and in it she had recorded the last sickness of every member of her family and had summed up the character of each. Hannah's death, scarcely eleven weeks preceding her own, formed no exception. We found also a folio of mathematical demonstrations prepared, when she was only thirteen, for some exhibition at Master Staniford's school. The friends of "higher education" will find no girl of thirteen capable of such work, now-a-days. Not a fault nor failure from one end to the other of its fifty pages. Her handwriting was always beautiful. At the age of thirteen it was perfect. It might have been copperplate, so steadily did her serene self-possession compel her pen.

In connection with this remarkable family there is still another point worthy of notice. No one ever heard any of the Otis family complain of poor servants! During the ninety years that the house has been occupied there never was any difficulty in filling the kitchen acceptably. The house is old-fashioned; water has still to be carried up and down; with the exception of a furnace and gas it has admitted no modern conveniences. How did it happen that servants came willingly

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to work in it? *First*, because all the women of the house were good housekeepers and knew what they had a right to require; and *second*, because here the servants found fair wages and a *permanent home*. The women came and stayed until they married. When they did so, there was always a North Country cousin or sister ready to take the vacant place, and who came to be fitted to her work before the old servant left.

In all modern discussions of the servant question this most important point is left out. Servants cannot be trained or become warmly attached to a family in six months, and the modern practice is, to break up the household every half year. Mary Otis ruled her servants as a mother might. She knew what they did with their wages; she watched over their shopping; she called them to share every household pleasure which they could comprehend. She was properly familiar with all their ways, knew their lovers and petted their babies, and upon this familiarity they never presumed. During the sad days of last June and last September, old married servants came back and shared the cares which the funeral arrangements made necessary, and they would accept no pay for their services.

Farewell, O dear "House Beautiful!" Before 1892 has ended, the stranger will sit within your gates, and the old clock in the entry, which for eighty seven years has ticked to the varying episodes of the family life, will look on other faces and scenes. I wish it need not be. Rather would I that your consecrated timbers vanished in a chariot of fire!

CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1892.

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