

de Clifton, and carried her great estates into that house, from which they passed to the ancient family of Knyvet, now represented in the Peerage by Baroness Berners. The only son of Sir Thomas and Lady Cayley was George, the sixth baronet. He sat in Parliament for Scarborough, and his portrait, as also that of his son-in-law and cousin, Edward Stillingfleet Cayley, of Wydale House, who represented the North Riding of Yorkshire, is in the large historical painting by Sir George Hayter, in the National Portrait Gallery, at London, showing the interior of the old House of Commons during the moving of the Address to the Crown, February 5, 1833. I remember, as a boy, meeting Sir George Cayley and his daughter Isabella, wife of Sir Thomas Style, Bart.; also Edward Stillingfleet Cayley, M.P., who was a tall and stately gentleman.* Sir George was a singularly gifted man; a lover of literature and the fine arts. He died in 1857.

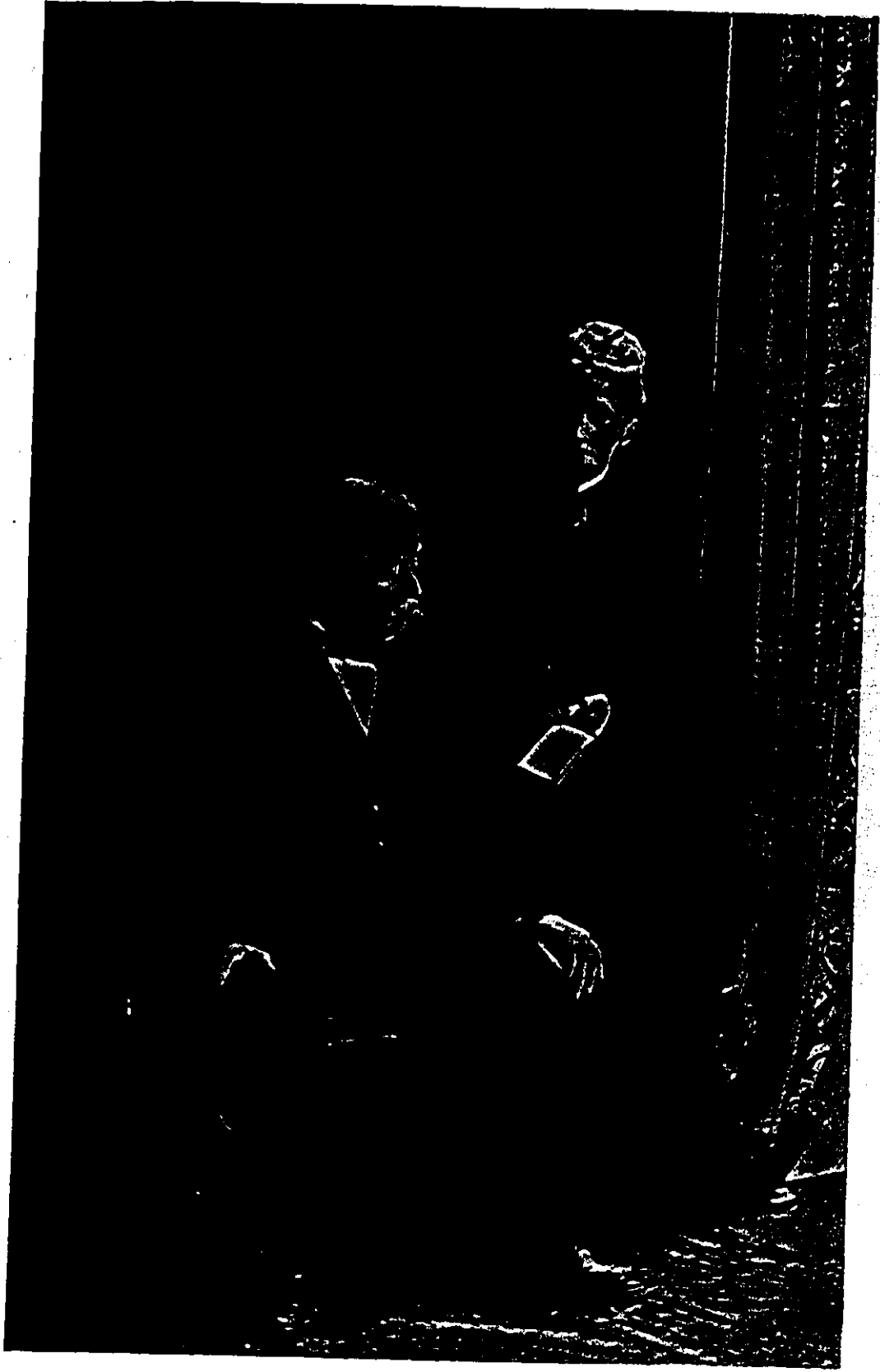
Of the children of Sir Thomas and Lady Cayley, the one most frequently mentioned in our old letters from England is "sweet Anne," their youngest child, who married at fifteen the Rev. George Worsley, and was mother of Sir William Worsley, Baronet, of Hovingham Hall, County York, of a family that goes back to the Conquest. Lady Cayley died in 1828. She was godmother to my dear and valued friend, kinsman, and correspondent, the late Edward Stillingfleet Cayley, Esq., of Wydale and Low Hall, County York, J.P. and D.L. Her great-great-grandson is the

* He took me one afternoon to see Parliament sitting. In the House of Commons I heard Palmerston, Disraeli, and Bulwer-Lytton speak; and in the Lords, Brougham and Derby and other orators and debaters. While here, a fine old gentleman—the Duke of Grafton—came up to our little corner and spoke to Mr. Cayley. I was introduced, and was immediately asked about the crops in America, and then he talked of corn and turnips and then of mangel-wurzel—things that didn't interest me at all, particularly in a place so novel and magnificent.



V.S. Casper.





Mr. Peter Symonds.



present Baronet, Sir George E. A. Cayley of High Hall, who married a niece of the Earl of Wharnclyffe. One of Lady Cayley's brothers is married to a daughter of Admiral Schley, U.S.N.

4. Jane Seton, married, in 1770, Sir Walter Synnot, Kt., of Ballymoyer House, County Armagh. This family possessed large estates and ranked among the most eminent of the gentry in Ireland, until dispossessed of all their lands by Oliver Cromwell. Colonel David Synnot, ancestor of Sir Walter, was Governor of Wexford in 1649, during the memorable siege. Seven brothers of this family sat at one and the same time in the Irish Parliament. Sir Walter Synnot was a distinguished and popular man in his day. He was High Sheriff of Armagh



MARY BERRY, 1790.

and Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment reserved for himself by Lord Charlemont, Commander-in-Chief of the Volunteer Army in Ireland in 1779. Lady Synnot died at Ballymoyer. In the little Episcopal church erected on the estate in 1821 there is a pretty window inscribed: "To the glory of God and in Memory of Jane Seton, wife of Sir Walter Synnot. Died June 3rd, 1803, Aged 58." I visited beautiful Ballymoyer in 1889, and was most cordially entertained by their grand-

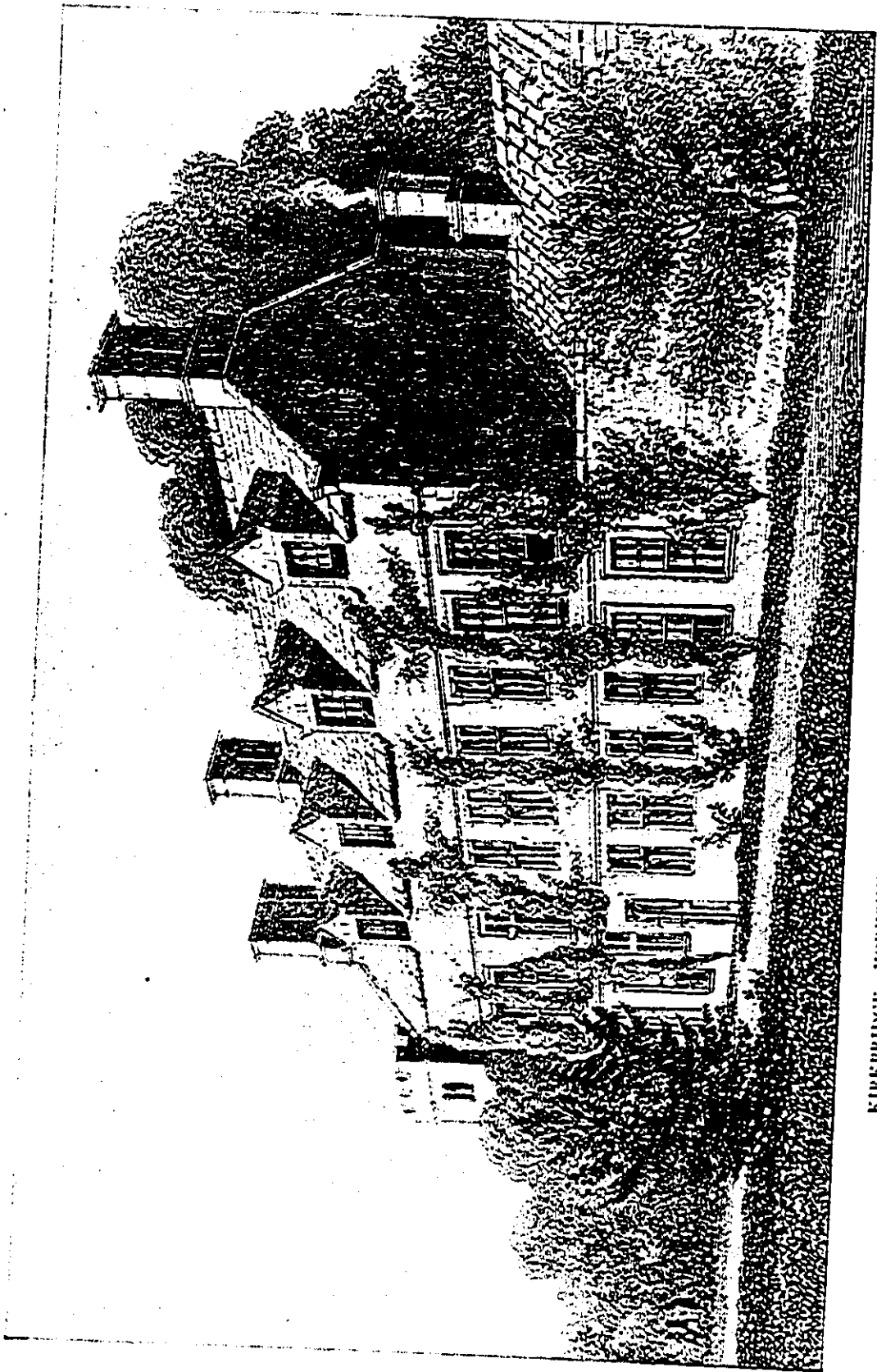
son, Mark Seton Synnot, Esq., J.P. and D.L. for County Armagh.

5. Elizabeth Seton, married Robert Berry, Esq., a nephew of Ferguson of Raith, and a distant kinsman of her own. He belonged to an old family formerly seated at Wester Bogie, in Fife. There was a baronetcy in the family conferred upon Sir Edward Berry, K.C.B., Rear-Admiral of the White, but extinct in 1831. Robert Berry was brought up with great expectations as the heir-at-law of his wealthy and childless uncle; but having no son by his marriage, and refusing to marry again, he was supplanted by his younger brother, William, who changed his name, and succeeded in 1780 to a large cash fortune and a fine estate called Raith, in Fifeshire. The only children of this marriage were those two distinguished ladies, Mary and Agnes Berry, so long the ornaments of London society, and the friends and correspondents of the celebrated Horace Walpole, afterward Earl of Orford. They were born at Kirkbridge, in Yorkshire, a lone but picturesque old ivy-grown house.* Their mother died in 1767. Writing long afterward of her death, Miss Berry remarks:

"Of my mother I have only the idea of having seen a tall, thin young woman in a pea-green gown, seated in a chair, seeming unwell, from whom I was sent away to play elsewhere. Of the excessive grief of my father and grandmother at her death I have no recollection; I think I must have been kept away from them. Of my own irreparable loss I had certainly then no idea, and never acquired a just one till some years after, when my father told us that my mother, on hearing some one say to her that I was a fine child, and that they hoped I should be handsome, said, that all she prayed to Heaven for her child was, that it might receive a vigorous understanding. This prayer of a mother of eighteen, for her first born, a daughter, struck me when I first heard it, and has impressed on my mind ever since all I must have lost in such a parent.

"From her death, however, dates the first feeling of unkindness and neglect which entered into my young mind, accustomed to nothing but the fondness of everybody about me. The first wife of that Lord Percy who

* It was the residence of Mrs. John Seton, with whom Robert Berry and wife lived during the first two years of their marriage.



KIRKBRIDGE, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND, BIRTHPLACE OF MARY AND AGNES JERRY.



lived at Stanwick had become, from her near neighbourhood to Kirkbridge, very intimate and very much attached to my mother. Lady Percy was in London at the time of my mother's death, but, on her return to the North, had stopped in York to see and to weep with my grandmother, who from my mother's death had taken care of her two children.

"I have even now the clear and distinct idea of a lady in riding habit, sitting leaning on a chair drowned in tears, and on my running up to her and calling her by her name, pushing me away from her, and avoiding looking at me, instead of taking me on her lap as I expected.

"The feelings of sorrow, of surprise, and mortification were the very first of that long series of wounds to a very affectionate heart, which everybody has to undergo in life, and which nothing subsequent has blotted from my memory."

The Berry sisters grew up with advantages of education, travel, and social intercourse which developed literary and artistic abilities of no mean order. Madame de Staël, says Lord Houghton, thought Mary "by far the cleverest woman in England." She merits the eulogium passed upon her by Lady Theresa Lewis, in the Introduction to the *Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry* which she edited in 1865:

"Miss Berry has more than ordinary claims to live in the memory of those to whom she was personally known. For an unusually lengthened period of years she formed a centre round which beauty, rank, wealth, power, fashion, learning, and science were gathered; merit and distinction of every degree were blended by her hospitality in social ease and familiar intercourse, encouraged by her kindness, and enlivened by her presence."

In 1844 Miss Berry published an edition of her writings in two handsome volumes.

Neither of the sisters married, although each had good and even brilliant offers. They figure among the members of English society satirized by Disraeli in *Virvian Grey*, as the Miss Otrantos. Their town residence, which now bears a memorial tablet to them, was No. 8 Curzon Street. Wilmot Harrison has an account of it and an engraving in his *Memorable London Houses*. The loving sisters died there at very advanced ages in 1852, sole survivors of two generations which had passed away. They lie buried amid shrubbery and flowers in the pleasant little graveyard of Petersham, "close to the

scenes which they had inspired with so many happy associations," says Lord Houghton, better known as Richard Monckton Milnes, in *Monographs, Personal and Social*. The inscription on their tomb is from the graceful pen of that Earl of Carlisle who, as Lord Morpeth, travelled in the United States many years ago, and left a sympathetic impression of himself on the New York society of the day. The goodness, beauty, and affectionate disposition of the Berry girls—her grandchildren—is often mentioned by old Mrs. Seton in letters to her son in New York.

6. Margaret Seton, married, in 1760, Andrew Seton, Esq., of whom hereafter.

7. Barbara Seton, married George Seton, Esq., of the East India Company's Service, who belonged to the Abercorn branch, and was a younger brother of Captain Sir Henry Seton, Bart., who served in America. Mrs. George Seton, when a widow, was in receipt of a small pension from the Company or the Government. They had an only child called Barbara, the "Bab" of our old family letters. Like her mother and all the rest of the Setons, she was tall and favored with natural talent, which was improved by education and intercourse with her cousins, the Berry sisters, who were early introduced into the best society by the Duchess of Northumberland, who had been a strong friend of their mother. A drama called the *Siege of Berwick* was written in the last century by Edward Jerningham, of which Horace Walpole, writing to Mary Berry from Strawberry Hill on Tuesday, November 14, 1793, says:

"George Cambridge was last night at the first representation of Jerningham's new play, and I was delighted to hear that it was received with great applause and complete success, being very interesting. The Baviad has been useful to it, for there is no love in it. Mr. Cambridge desired me to tell you that there was one deficiency in it, i.e., yr cousin *Miss Seton* should have played in it, for a Governor Seton, and his wife and two sons, are the principal personages."

Barbara—"Bab"—Seton married Mr. Bannister, a poor man, but of good family and well educated. They were last heard of as living at Honiton, in Devon, in 1838.

John Seton was alive in 1748, for he then wrote from London to Lord Minto—an honorary title as Lord Justice Clerk—about the business affairs of his son Andrew Elliot, who was settled at Philadelphia. He died before 1760.

III. WILLIAM SETON, ESQ., Representative of Parbroath. He was born in Scotland while his mother was on a visit to her family, on April 24, 1746, but passed his first years at Kirkbridge, in Yorkshire, England. He had received a good education, which was improved by travel and a knowledge of French and Spanish; for he went as a boy, probably with some older relative, to San Lucar in Spain. His brother-in-law, Andrew Seton, was already settled in New York, and by his persuasion William went there himself in 1763 and remained. At sixteen, with all the thrift and energy of the Scotch race, he was superintendent and part owner of iron works in New Jersey, and of property in the interior of the province of New York, designated in a family letter of 1766 the *Mohawk Lands*.

There was the strongest bond of affection between Mrs. John Seton and her son William. When his affairs got settled after the Revolution, and he had a comfortable fortune, he often begged his mother to cross the ocean and come live with him; but the fear of the sea in a long, and perhaps dangerous voyage, and the many ties that bound her to England kept her there. In one of her letters she speaks of the dutiful affection of her children and grandchildren, who all strove to have her make her home with them.

The most interesting among our family papers is a series—unfortunately a broken one—of long and well-written letters from Mrs. Seton to her son in New York. Few of

them, comparatively, have come down to us—one hundred and twelve in all, although the correspondence was, as she says, “most assiduous from his first going out into the world.” The letters are numbered only from 1784 to 1797, between which dates sixty are missing.

Many other members of the family in England wrote at different times to Mr. Seton, but hardly a dozen of their letters are left. During the Revolutionary War the coast of North America was infested by privateers, and many English packet-ships were captured. A number, too, were lost in other ways. After my great-grandfather's death, and the subsequent disarrangement of his son's affairs, innumerable letters and documents were lost or destroyed. I learn from a chance expression in a letter of my grandfather, William Seton, that he lost a trunk containing valuable letters and papers while travelling in Italy in 1788; and I have often heard my father lament the destruction in the great fire of New York (in 1835) of several cases of letters, papers, pictures, and heirlooms which were stored in a house down town that was entirely consumed. No inventory exists of the things that were lost. Only it is known, from Mrs. Seton's letters to her son in New York, that she sent him at different times an old silver tea set with the family crest on it; portraits of herself and husband, described as good likenesses, but in “old-fashioned frames which are very ugly”; a number of miniatures—“all my little miniatures”; a memorandum book containing scraps of her poetry and notes of her early and her married life—“my memorandum book may amuse you in your leisure hours, with melancholy reflections on the past, as they often take full possession of my thoughts and convince me that there is no permanent happiness in this world”; many drawings by Lady Synnot, portraits and fancy sketches; and, finally, “a large family Bible,” which Mrs. Seton wrote she valued most. Apart from purely domestic matters contained in these letters,

there are numerous passages which show the writer to have been a woman of very good education, and a lover of Nature in all its aspects. There are also many homely remarks in the way of advice, encouragement, or dissent, as when she sends her son seven pounds of Scotch snuff, but says: "I have heard, my dear William, that you take too much snuff. For God's sake take as little as possible, for nothing hurts the health so much and generally makes one look quite stupified. You cannot remember it, but taking too much snuff was the first thing that hurt your dear father, and that makes me the more anxious that you should avoid it"; or, after chiding him for being too lenient with certain friends who had borrowed money from him and never paid it back: "We must guard against the designing part of the world, who so often deceive the innocent and unwary." Writing in August, 1786, to her son about giving his boys a good education and putting them to business, she says that "otherwise they will be brought up to their ruin, for poor Gentry is, in my opinion, the most melancholy situation in life." But that money was no Ideal of hers is shown in another letter, in which she says: "May you long live to enjoy every happiness and blessing that this world can give, and may I ever be thankful for being the mother of such a worthy son, whose virtues and integrity give me more heartfelt pleasure than if you were posses't of *millions without that honesty and upright heart** that you are biessed with." In 1783 Mrs. Seton visited the Synnots at their seat of Ballymoyer in Ireland, and in a letter to her son, dated September 25th, she says that she waited to write to him—

"till I could tell you of my safe arrival last Saturday, after a dangerous passage of fifty hours from Park Gate, where I was weather-bound for three weeks, nothing but storms and contrary wind: but as we have always good with evil, I was happy with my companions—a Miss Clark whom I knew

* Original underlined.

in London and a Capt. Russell of the Navy, a very polite, agreeable, pleasant man who studied everything to make us happy; and after three days at Park Gate, the King's yacht arrived, commanded by Sir Alexander Schomberg, an old acquaintance of mine, who was a very great acquisition to our party; and if it had not been that I could not hear from any of my friends, I should have spent my time well enough for both our captains were polite, cheerful men, and Sir Alexander insisted upon our going his passengers, which we were very glad to accept of, as we had good accommodation and every attention paid us that was possible. But although I had the Lord Lieutenant's state-room, yet I found in it no charm to keep me from a head-ache, nor from being violently sick, which I was the whole time and never out of bed, nor could not taste anything, but really thought I should have died. Thank God, I am now quite well, and hope I shall be the better of my sea-sickness. I am happy with my dear Jenny, who met me at his brother's half way to Ballymoyer, from which place although I have dated my letter, I have not yet reached, nor don't leave this till Sir Walter comes for us whom we expect the end of this week, for at present he is attending the Assizes, as you know he is High Sheriff of the county, and is much esteemed and beloved by all who know him. When I get to their house I shall be quite happy, for they have everything comfortable on their own estate, and are much beloved in the county and are blessed with the finest children you ever saw. I shall remain with them till Mr. Berry's return to England, and then they have promised to come and fetch me; but I scarce think that I shall ever have courage to cross the seas again. I travelled to Park Gate in Sir Walter Synnot's chariot, which I was bringing over to him, so that I travelled quite easy, and Captain Russell that was my companion had been sometime upon the American station, and lately commanded the *Hussar** frigate so that probably you know him. He is a very polite, agreeable man."

Writing from Ballymoyer on May 20, 1784, to her son, Mrs. Seton says: "Summer is come upon us all at once, and this is now the most delightful weather that ever was, and has made this place beautiful beyond description, and I enjoy it much; for when it is not too hot I walk, and sit for hours in the sweet Glen † by the purling brook, contemplating the many vicissitudes of my life, and find that I have more reason

* This vessel was lost during the Revolutionary War, after leaving New York, in attempting to pass Hell Gate and get to sea by the Sound.

† Mr. Mark Seton Synnot, now of Ballymoyer, sent me a beautiful photograph of this shady spot, called the *Fountain in the Glen*, which was a favorite retreat for Lady Synnot to retire to and read.



FOUNTAIN IN THE GLEN AT BALLYMOYER, IRELAND.

to be thankful than most people, for I have had many blessings and am favoured with the best of children. Few women of sixty-five years can boast of pleasures—mine are exquisite. In regard to my children and grandchildren, I am happy beyond expression; and hope they will live to feel the same delight in theirs that, thank God! I have experienced in mine.”

Sir Walter's daughter Maria is often mentioned in Mrs.

Seton's interesting letters, and praised for her loving disposition, her beauty, her knowledge of French and Latin, music, drawing, painting, her graceful dancing, and other mental and social qualities. She died at seventeen, a little before the date fixed for her marriage with Colonel George Legard, the younger son of a Yorkshire baronet of old family :

The fairest rose in shortest time decays.—DRUMMOND.

Mary and Agnes Berry are constantly mentioned and always praised for their good looks, kindness of heart, and varied accomplishments. There is nothing in Mary Berry's Journal or in her correspondence published by Lady Theresa Lewis, about what to a young lady of fashion is one of the aspirations of her life—a Court presentation. Mrs. Seton briefly tells of it in a letter to her son, dated 29th February, 1792:

“We have been much alarmed on account of Sir Thomas (Cayley) who has been very ill, and is now determined on a journey to Bristol as soon as the weather will permit. It has been remarkably bad this winter, by which the dear Berrys have suffered much from the change of climate, for they came home to a very severe season, and have both been ill since. Thank God, they are now better and, since I wrote to you, have been presented at Court, as the circle they are in made it quite necessary. The Duchess of Argyle wished to have the pleasure of presenting them years ago, but Mr. Berry thought it would be attended with too great expense. Lord Orford, and other friends have, at last, persuaded them. Their dress was as plain as they possibly could make it, but it was very much admired. You see what trifles I write about to fill up my paper and make you acquainted with what is going on here.”

William Seton became a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce in 1768, the year of its foundation. In 1765 he had been elected an officer of the Saint Andrew's Society of that city, and in 1786, the year of its foundation, of the Saint George's Society. He was an importing merchant of European and India goods, with his place of business at what was then known as Cruger's Dock. The two brothers, Charles and John Wilkes, came out to New York

in 1780, with letters of introduction to Mr. Seton, and they settled there permanently. Charles, writing to Miss Berry in England, thanks her "for having introduced me to the most agreeable house in New York"; and Captain Ralph Dundas, R.N., writes of him on March 2, 1782, that "he is liked and esteemed by every one, and not spending less than six guineas a day." He also owned property in Nova Scotia, called in old letters the "Halifax estate," which has since become very valuable, being estimated at £600,000, and is occupied by Government buildings.

It passed out of his hands by the mismanagement and fraud of his agent there during and after the Revolution. Some attempts were subsequently made to regain possession of this property, but I have heard that the English authorities condemned Mr. Seton for remaining in New York, and not leaving with the Refugees on the evacuation of the city. At the beginning of the Revolutionary troubles

he was a member of the Committee of One Hundred elected May 1, 1775, to control the affairs of the city and county of New York. He was strongly attached by education, friendships, and family connection to the cause of the Mother Country in her dispute with the Colonies, but he never made himself odious by a fanatical loyalty. Although he lost some outlying property, he was not further molested when the American troops entered the city. He then became a citizen of the Republic, and the esteem in which he was held in the community, notwithstanding his previous record, was observed by a traveller of some distinction who visited New York in 1788, J. P. Brissot de Warville, in his *Nouveau Voyage dans les États-Unis*. He was a man of very generous



MARIA SYNNOT, 1796.

feelings, and it is for services rendered at considerable risk to himself that the French political economist and traveller, Saint Jean de Crèveœur, addressed to him the *Lettres d'un Cultivateur Américain* (1770-1781).* His business was ruined during the Revolution, and in 1779 he became a Notary Public—the last one under the royal government—and his silver notarial seal, engraved with the Seton arms, is preserved among our heirlooms. He was a friend of the unfortunate Major André, whose will he witnessed, and a particular friend



WILLIAM SETON'S NOTARIAL
SEAL.

and distant relative of the Hon. Andrew Elliot, Superintendent of the Port and godfather to two of Mr. Seton's sons. They both died in infancy. When Mr. Elliot returned to England, after the British evacuation of New York, he wrote a beautiful letter to Mrs. Seton about her son, whom he so loved and admired. During the Revolution armed packets ran be-

tween Falmouth and New York; but as early as 1783, as soon as the war was over, a line of packet-ships, five in number, was established to make monthly trips to the port of L'Orient in France. The Consul-General of France at New York had the direction of the enterprise, but the immediate supervision was intrusted to Mr. Seton, who was a travelled man and understood French. He was also one of the founders and the first Cashier of the Bank of New York in 1784, and would undoubtedly, but for political reasons,

* Crèveœur's *Life* was published by his great-grandson a few years ago; and in a copy presented to my brother, the author wrote: *Je suis très heureux d'offrir ce livre à M. William Seton, descendant de l'ami dévoué de mon bisaïeul.*

have been the first President. He founded about the same time the "great house of Seton, Maitland & Co." (at 61 Stone Street), and I gather from old letters and papers that the business of the firm extended to London, Hamburg, Leghorn, Barcelona, Malaga, and the West Indies—Saint Eustatius, Saint Croix, Martinique. After the Revolution, Mr. Seton's affairs began once more to prosper. He was very hospitable and entertained many distinguished people at his house in Hanover Square. Henry Dommert has this to say of him in his *History of the Bank of New York, 1784-1884*:

"He was especially fitted for the office of cashier of the bank by his sterling business qualifications, his diligent, precise, and methodical habits, and by an amiability and courtesy which made him very popular. His appointment as an officer of the bank, with General McDougal, the early leader of the 'Sons of Liberty,' and a distinguished officer of the Revolution, shows the esteem in which Mr. Seton was held by the liberal party at the close of the war."

My great-uncle, Samuel Seton, who died in 1869 at the age of eighty, retaining a tenacious memory to the last, wrote a long letter the year before his death, in which he told me many of his early recollections. Coming to the French exiles, he says of Talleyrand: "I remember him well, although I was but a child of five or six years. He was very intimate at our house, and we often of summer evenings sat out, at the door, on the stone steps, he taking me on his knees. A little French colored boy used to come with pop-corn, and we very often bought some, and while we eat it Talleyrand would encourage him to dance on the street and sing revolutionary songs. Talleyrand dressed in black, and wore knee-breeches and black silk stockings. He was fond of me, and wanted me later to be sent to him, in France, to be educated. One of his feet was deformed, and he limped a little. Sometimes when we sat there at early evening processions came past of French citizens, with banners and a large tree with colored apples, each with a motto attached, and they singing the

‘Marseillaise.’ This is all I remember of the ex-Bishop of Autun.”

Mrs. John Seton died on August 2, 1797, in her seventy-ninth year. I have read among the Seton papers at High Hall, the seat of the Cayleys, a beautiful and touching letter to Lady Cayley (Isabella Seton that was) from her brother, William Seton, in New York, in answer to one announcing the news of their mother’s death. How united, although separated by such distances—so much greater in those days than in these—the family had always been, is gathered from this passage of the letter: “Yes, my dearest Bell, I will continue to write to you, and to cherish the correspondence as the last links of that fondly affectionate happiness which our dear, departed parent enjoyed so much to behold and to contribute to.” In 1784 Mr. Seton acquired a small country place at Bloomingdale, several miles from what was then the city of New York, on the west side of the island of Manhattan, about where Seventy-eighth Street is now. In old letters it is sometimes called *Craigdon* and sometimes *Cragdon*. His mother, writing to him about it in that year, recalls an occupation of his boyhood at Kirkbridge in Yorkshire. “I am delighted that you have a garden to your house, as it will be the means of procuring you health, by the pleasure you will take in cultivating your fruits and flowers, in which you used to take great delight.”

William Seton married, on the 2d of March, 1767, REBECCA, eldest daughter of Richard Curzon, Esq., of New York. Mr. Curzon belonged to a very ancient English family, the Curzons of *Waterperry*, Oxfordshire. He was born in 1726, the only son of John, third son of Sir John Curzon (second baronet), who is erroneously stated, in Burke’s *Extinct and Dormant Baronetcies*, to have died unmarried.*

* This ancient family was seated at Kedleston as early as the reign of Henry I. It is said to be of Breton origin, and descended from Geraline,

Curzon of Parham Park succeeded in right of his mother, since Shirley's book was published, to the Barony of ZOUCHE *of Haryngworth*, created in 1308. Curzon of Kedleston, now the head of the family, was created a Baronet in 1641, and Baron Scarsdale in 1761. The heir to the title was raised to the Peerage in 1898, on being named Viceroy of India. His wife is an American.

Richard Curzon came out to New York in 1747, recommended to the Governor of the Province, and soon afterward married Elizabeth-Rebecca Beker, who had money. Her father was of a Dutch family, and lived near New York on a large grazing-farm which he owned. Mr. Richard Curzon had three daughters and two sons. Of the former, Rebecca and Anna-Maria married, successively, William Seton; Elizabeth married James Farquhar * of New York. Of the latter, Samuel died unmarried, and Richard (2) married Elizabeth Moale, of Baltimore, where he settled. Richard Curzon had three children by this marriage, one son and two daughters: Samuel, who died in Baltimore, of yellow fever, unmarried; (1.) Elizabeth-Rebecca-Beker Curzon, who married Samuel Hoffman, of Franklin Street, Baltimore, and had Samuel-Curzon Hoffman, who married Eliza Lawrence Dallam, by whom he had Richard-Curzon Hoffman and Henrietta McTier Hoffman; Sophia-Latimer Hoffman, who married Louis MacLane, of Delaware; Dora Hoffman, unmarried, was engaged to the

a great benefactor to the Abbey of Abingdon, in Berkshire, in which county the Curzons held land soon after the Conquest. Younger branches: Curzon, Earl Howe, 1821; Curzon of Parham, Sussex. Extinct branches: Curzon of Croxhall and Waterperry, Co. Oxford, and of Letheringset, Norfolk. Arms—*Argent*, a bend *sable*, charged with three popinjays *or*, collared *gules*, borne by Roger Curzon in the reign of Richard II. Sir John Curzoun bore *argent*, a bend *gules* bezantée, in that of Edward II.—EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY: *Noble and Gentle Men of England*, 1860.

* My father's cousin, the late General Farquhar Barry, of the Artillery Corps, U.S.A., a distinguished officer of the Civil War, was a grandson of this marriage.

gallant General McPherson, U.S.A., who was killed before Atlanta. (II.) Ellin-Moale Curzon,* married Samuel Poultny, and had Walter-Curzon Poultny, of Saint Paul Street, Baltimore, now living; Thomas Poultny, married and had issue; Eugene Poultny, married and had issue.

The Baronetcy of Curzon of Waterperry was dormant for two generations in the American branch. It is now extinct.



JOHN CURZON SETON. 1798.

William Seton, Esq., of New York, is what is technically called the Heir of Line of that once distinguished family. Henry-John Philip Roper-Curzon, Lord Teynham, is the Heir of Entail, his great-grand father, Henry-Francis Roper, fourteenth baron, having assumed, by royal license, the additional name and arms of

Curzon upon inheriting the estate of Waterperry, County Oxford.

An interesting book of *Travels in India and America One Hundred Years Ago*, by Thomas Twining, was published in London in 1893. The author was in Baltimore on May 5, 1796, and says: "Called upon Mr. Curzon. Singular particulars of his family"; and adds in a note: "My Journal does not state these particulars, and I have entirely forgotten them." I am sorry, but I have no doubt that they related to his right to the baronetcy.

* Ellin is a family name derived through the Norths, of early distinction in Baltimore.

By his first marriage William Seton had four sons and one daughter:

William, of whom hereafter.

James, of whom hereafter.

John, married a lady named Wise, and lived at a place called "Summerhill," near Alexandria, in Virginia. He was a handsome man, but of a melancholy disposition, which is reflected in his face. There is a portrait of him in the aristocratic St. Memin collection. He left, at his death, a widow and two daughters. The widow married a Mr. Gorham of Boston. Of the two daughters I find no mention after 1817. I have understood that they were defrauded of their property.

Henry, a Lieutenant, U.S.N., died young and unmarried.

Anna Maria, "a great beauty in society one hundred years ago, when New York was the seat of Congress, and gay with the first administration of Washington." She married, at eighteen (24th November, 1790), Hon. John Middleton Vining, of Delaware, a Senator of the United States and a very distinguished man. They had issue, two sons:

Benjamin, graduated from the West Point Military Academy in 1818. Appointed third Lieutenant of Ordnance, July 24, 1818, and Second Lieutenant of the First Artillery, June 1, 1821. Died while on duty at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, in 1822, unmarried.

William-Henry, a brilliant member of the Delaware Bar, a traveller and poet. Died unmarried. He was the last of his family.

Mr. Seton married, secondly, Anna Maria Curzon. This marriage with a deceased wife's sister could not be performed in New York, where the law of the Church of England was in force, but took place "on the 29th day of November,

1776, at Brunswick, in New Jersey," before a Presbyterian clergyman.

By this marriage he had:

Samuel,	} of whom hereafter.
Edward Augustus,	
Charlotte,	
Elizabeth,	
Mary,	
Rebecca,	
Henrietta,	
Cecilia,	

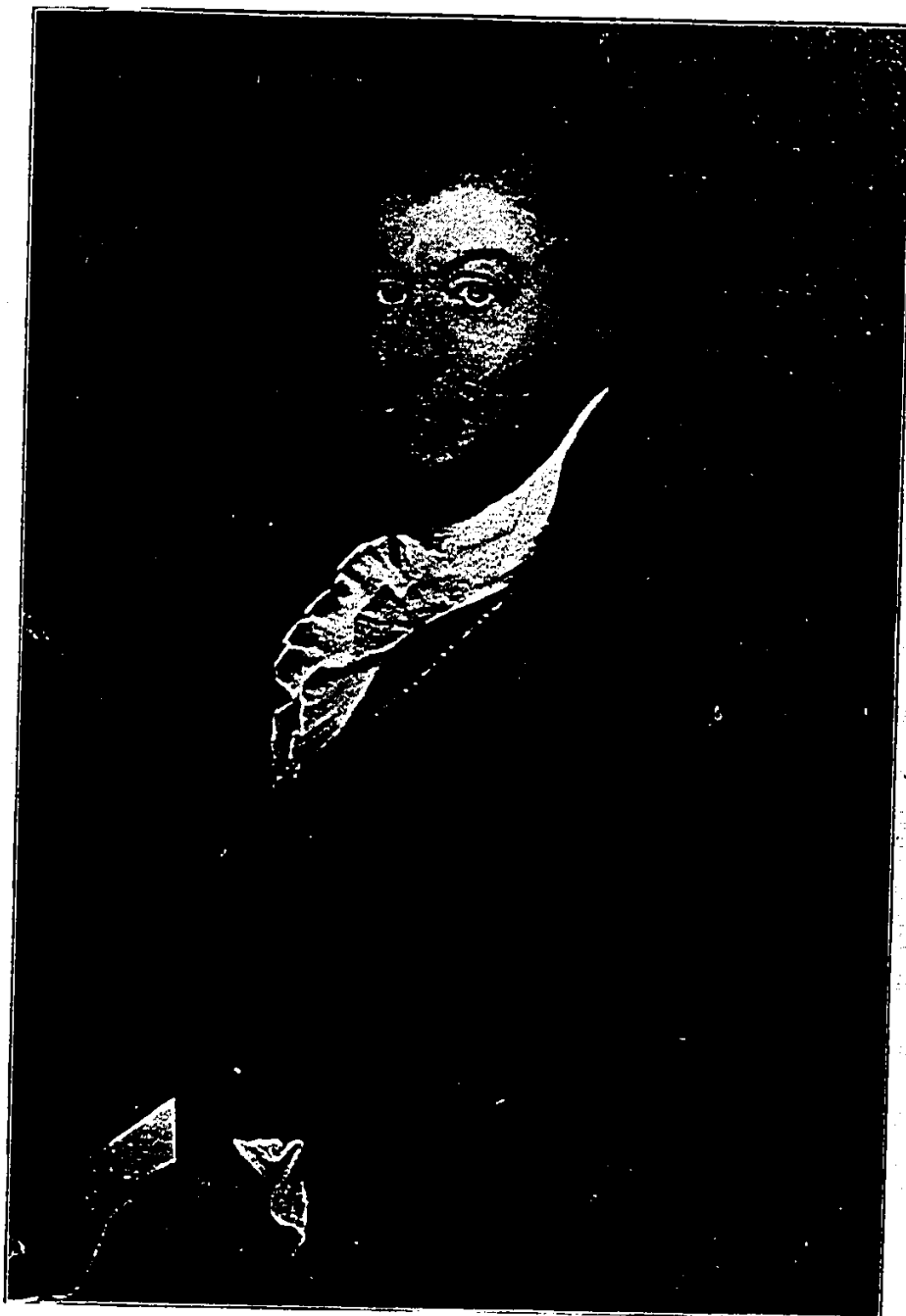
In a memorandum made by William Seton on July 15, 1791, he says of a family reunion, that they sat down, that day, fifteen to dinner, "and all, thank God, in perfect health, and passed a day together that filled my heart with the sincerest gratitude to that Omnipotent Being who has granted me the blessing of having such a family, not one of which has ever, to this day, given me the least uneasiness."

All his children were distinguished for their tallness and good looks.

William Seton was a large and handsome man of dignified presence and benevolent features, and extremely neat in his personal attire. My great-uncle, Samuel Seton, has told me how careful he was, in taking snuff, not to let any of it drop on his shirt frills or vest. His family have a good portrait of him, painted shortly before his death by that eminent American artist, Gilbert Stuart. Mr. Seton died at what, for his family, was an early age, on the 9th of June, 1798, and is buried in Trinity Churchyard.

I find among our papers the following brief eulogy of my great-grandfather, in a lady's handwriting, which looks as if it were a copy of an Obituary Notice in the newspaper:

"Died at New York on the 9th of June 1798, William Seton Esqr. in the 52d. year of his age, a native of Great Britain & a resident of America



Amos A. Phelps.
Amos A. Phelps, 28 Feb. 1796. —



for upwards of thirty years. From his earliest youth his time was occupied by pursuits of commerce in which he soon acquired and invariably preserved the fairest reputation—with the most persevering assiduity he combined the most generous conduct. Never addicted to Vice of any kind nor to Pride nor to Ostentation, his heart was replete with every Virtue, a real friend, and a friend to mankind his whole life was marked uniformly by sincerity of Heart, dignity of Manners, and Active Liberality of Mind. But alas he is no more! the destitute Orphan is deprived of its kindest Patron, the helpless widow, and the unfortunate of their best friend—his afflicted children of an indulgent & beloved Parent, and the Community of a citizen who gained and never lost their confidence and approbation, their affection & esteem, and one they will never cease to lament."

The following letter of his eldest son's wife to Lady Cayley, in England, gives some account of his death and of the family which I find nowhere else. Sir Digby Cayley showed me this letter and other "Seton Papers" at High Hall in 1861, but I am indebted for a copy of it to Mr. Cayley of Wydale.

(Elizabeth Seton to Lady Cayley.)

"NEW YORK, 6th July, 1798.

"My Dear Aunt Cayley,—We received your letter, number two, written to our dear father, the third of April last, and happy should I be were it in my power to offer you the kind, affectionate consolations contained in it. But, alas! we have every thing to lament and deplore, without one source of comfort but that submission to the Disposer of all events, which we know is our duty to make, even when our heart is rent with anguish. And how shall I rend yours, and what can I say to prepare your mind for the sad and distressing intelligence that our beloved, our best of parents is no more. You have heard of the melancholy accident he met with on the 25th of January, by a fall at his door, since which he has never been free from pain, and almost constantly confined to his room, except now and then riding to his country-seat for exercise, of which, unfortunately, he had never been in the habit of taking enough. His complaint increased rapidly with the warm season, and he so entirely lost his spirits as to think himself in danger some weeks before the event took place. He died on the 9th of June, after several hours of severe pain, but possessing his senses to the last; and with him we have lost every hope of fortune, prosperity, and comfort, and shall feel his loss irreparably.

"Perhaps there never was an instance of any person being so universally loved and lamented.

"Nearly five hundred people attended him to the grave, chiefly dressed in black, with every mark of unaffected sorrow. Those in the higher station of

life regretting a friend and social companion, the poor mourning a father and benefactor, always their resource in misfortune and assistant in every difficulty; and by us his children, who were accustomed constantly to receive his dearest affection and to look up to him as the soul of our existence, his loss will be forever severely felt and deplored. My dear William, who was his favorite and beloved child, his partner in business, and the one in whom he placed every confidence and trust, feels himself at once the provider and head of a numerous family. Rebecca is the eldest daughter unmarried, and there are six younger than herself; but our beloved father brought up his family in such harmony and affection, and they have such good and amiable dispositions, that if William can but make them some comfortable maintenance, we shall yet have hopes of domestic enjoyment when the family gets in some degree settled; but in these hours of sorrow I have not only my poor husband's spirits to support, but also to sustain myself: expecting every day the birth of another little dependent in addition to our son and daughter. How my William has gone through such severe trials and anguish of heart as our heavy loss has caused him, being the one particularly upon whom the weight of the blow has fallen, is only to be accounted for by referring everything to Him who gives us power to support those evils which every human being must endure his portion of.

"As yet his health has not suffered much, but his mind is in a state scarcely to be endured; for besides our family sorrow, the situation of our affairs with the French and the constant preparation for war makes every one uncertain how long they may be permitted to enjoy their homes, or what their future prospects may be. Our dear father unfortunately did not leave a will, which places my husband in a difficult and uncomfortable situation with respect to his property, which, though not very great, may with William's industry and unremitting care prove sufficient to maintain and educate a numerous family, if he can but collect and arrange it. But in these melancholy times everything is scattered and uncertain, and all we can do is to keep united, and contribute as much as we can to each other's happiness, of which, Heaven knows, we expect but little and have, until time which softens all things shall reconcile or rather accustom us to a change which is now the loss of all we valued most. My William's unremitting labor in the arrangement of the business of the House, which is very extensive, and the distressing confusion and perplexity of his mind at this moment, prevents his having the power to write to you himself, though he very much wishes it, but the constant expression of his affection and grateful remembrance of your goodness to him, when he was with you, have so familiarized me with the idea of your family, that I hope it will be a sufficient excuse for the manner in which I have ventured to write; and he anxiously wishes that you will from time to time have the goodness to let him hear from you, as everything which interests you will be interesting to us and to him particularly, who knows and remembers every branch of your family so well. When circumstances of hurry or necessity prevent his answering your letters,

I can promise that they shall not remain unanswered ; I am always happy to be his scribe, and should be particularly so in this case. Our father received a letter a week or two before his death from Lady Synnot, announcing the death of Mrs. George Seton, which was a very great shock to him, as likewise that of our grandmother : for though he could not again expect to see her, her letters and the certainty of her fond affection were his greatest pleasures. And in short he had no other gratifications than the happiness and welfare of all his numerous friends and relatives ; and although we who were in the constant enjoyment of his affections have reason most to feel his loss, there are many who sincerely participate our sorrow who only knew him for his virtues, and to you, my dear aunt, who so well knew and esteemed them I can not help again lamenting that the sad tidings should come from my pen. My William desires his affectionate regards to your self and Lady Synnot and Sir Walter, and the rest of the family, in which I beg leave sincerely to join, and remain

“ Yours most truly,

“ E. A. SETON.”

“ *To Dowager Lady Cayley, at Sir Walter Synnot's, Dublin, or (Ballymoyer), Newry, Ireland.*”

IV. WILLIAM SETON, ESQ., of New York, Representative of Parbroath. William Seton, eldest son of William Seton and Rebecca Curzon, was born at sea on board the ship *Edward*, on 20th April, 1768, as his parents were returning to America from a visit to England made shortly after their marriage. One of his sponsors at baptism in the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the 8th of May following, was William Magee, of London, whose proxy was John Alsop of New York. During his father's lifetime he was always known as William Magee Seton, or oftener as William *M.* Seton. I know nothing about Mr. Magee, except that he was married, had no children, was rich, and was not related to the Setons. On his death he left his grandson a legacy of £1,000, and one of £1,500 to his father. I suspect that he owed a debt of some kind to old Mr. John Seton, who was at one time, as we have seen, in business in London, and, like all the family, was generous and open-handed, almost foolishly so.

Young William was sent to England for his education when

he was only ten, and spent several years at a private school in Richmond, near London, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Rose. His vacations were kept with his relatives, and mostly with the Berrys. His beauty and sweetness of disposition, but without much application to his books, were often mentioned in letters to his father. The earliest letter of the boy which I find among our papers is one written to old Mrs. Seton, without year, but which I judge was about 1780. *Eton Street* should be *Eaton Street*. The Mr. Mann mentioned is probably James Mann, Esq., who married the eldest daughter of his cousin, Sir Horace Mann, M.P., a friend of the Berrys. Although the spelling of some words is poor, the writing is fair, and the composition of unaffected simplicity.

“ PIMLICO, ETON STREET, December the 21.

“ Dear Grandma :

“ I got to my Uncle's very well, he says he is very glad you sent me so soon, as I can spend two or three days with him, as I can't go to my Aunt Whittle till after Christmas day, for her two sons are both come from school, & there will be no room for me, till my Cousin Richard goes to Ipswich, where he goes a day or two after Christmas. I shall go to see my Aunt Whittle tomorrow if it is a fine day.

“ Mr. Mann was so good as to take me to see the House of Lords where I saw the King sitting upon the Throne with a crown upon his head, & I saw all the Lords dressed in their Robes & heard the bill read over to the King & answered by another man in French, but I only heard the last that was, *Le Roi dit* ; the King consents. I stood close to the King upon the lower step of the Throne, & I saw that famous man lord North ; but I think of all the lords I ever saw he was shabiest, he had on a nasty old brown coat & a blue ribbon & all the other lords was dressed in fine robes. & there were the Bishops & the Bishop of Glouster read Prayers a little before the King came in, which at first made me think it was a church but they told me it was the custom to read Prayers always before they went to business. I think the best looking lord that was there was lord Boston. he was quite a young man & a very good looking man ; & as soon as the King went into the robing room I went and followed him where I saw him take off his Crown. I went close to the crown which was a very handsome one. From there, I went St. James' Park, where I saw the King again in the state coach with eight Horses which was a very noble sight. I forgot to tell you there was four Ladies in the House of Lords. The duke of Cumberland was there & the Prince of Wales was not.

"The Post goes off here at eleven O'clock & that but once a day, which makes me in such a hurry, as you may see by my writing. Give my love to Peggy, for my letter must go directly to the Post.

"I am,

"Your affectionate grandson,

"WM. SETON."

William left school at sixteen, and afterward travelled for several years—sometimes alone, sometimes with one of the Curzons—in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain. His letters home and a Journal he kept are very interesting reading. Like many of his Scotch ancestors, he was devoted to poetry and music. He was a skilful player on the violin, and the possessor of the only genuine *Stradivarius* in New York a hundred years ago, which he brought from Cremona with the utmost care, never letting it out of his sight until he got back to America. He was a popular member in this city of the Columbian Anacreontic Society, and his beautifully engraved silver badge is now in our possession. He was in partnership with his father as one of the firm of Seton, Maitland & Company. On the 25th January, 1794, he was married, by Bishop Provoost, to Elizabeth-Ann Bayley, who was born in the city of New York on the 28th August, 1774, the younger of the two daughters of Richard Bayley, M.D., and of Catharine Charlton, whose father was rector of Saint Andrew's Church at Richmond on Staten Island. The facilities for female education were then few in her native city, but of such as offered she made a good use, and while still young learned music, French, and drawing. She was very fond of reading: her manuscript books, in which she made extracts from her favorite authors, show that they were chiefly serious writers, treating historical and religious subjects.

The Bayley family has made its mark in America as having produced Richard Bayley, M.D., who, after studying medicine under the celebrated Dr. Hunter in London, began life as staff-surgeon to General Sir Guy Carleton in New York, and

became the most eminent physician of his day in America; Elizabeth Seton, his daughter, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, and better known as "Mother Seton"; James Roosevelt Bayley, his grandson, first Bishop of Newark and eighth Archbishop of Baltimore.

The first of the family to come to the Colonies was William Bayley,* a younger son of the Bayleys of Hoddeston, in Hertfordshire, England, whose arms were *argent*, three torteaux—two and one, a chief *gules*. He sailed from Lynn Regis for New York in 1726. He was a gentleman of means and education, and came originally only on his travels, but falling in love with Susanna, the beautiful daughter of William Le Compte, or *Le Conte* as he always wrote it, of the French settlement at New Rochelle, New York, he married her and remained here. His wife's family is said, in Baird's *History of the Huguenot Emigration to America* (II., p. 75), to derive from Guillaume le Conte, who was born in Rouen, March 6, 1659, and died in New York in 1720. There is a family tradition that he was descended on his mother's or grandmother's side from the Barons of Nonant. He married, February 17, 1701, Margaret de Valteau, daughter of Pierre Joyeulx de Valteau, of the Island of Martinique, who died soon after, leaving one child, a son called William, born December 3, 1702.†

William married Anne Besly, of New Rochelle, and had two daughters, the younger of whom married, as above, William Bayley. Mr. Bayley had two sons by this marriage:

* Hackney coaches were first brought into use; in London, in 1634 by a Captain Bayley.

† There is reason to believe that he was married twice; and that his first wife was Grace, daughter of George Walrond, Esq., of the Island of Barbadoes, whose father, a distinguished Royalist commander in the Civil War in England, had been created in 1653, by Philip IV., King of Spain, Marquis de Vallado, etc. The title continues in the family, and is found among other "Foreign Titles of Nobility" at the end of Burke's *Peerage*.

Richard, born at Fairfield, Connecticut, about 1744,* and William, born at New Rochelle, August 8, 1745.

Richard Bayley married twice: first, in 1767, Catharine, daughter of Rev. Richard Charlton and Mary Bayeux, his wife. Mrs. Richard Bayley died at Newtown, Long Island, in May, 1777, leaving two daughters, the younger of whom, Elizabeth-Ann, married William Seton. By his second marriage, with Charlotte Barclay, June 16, 1778, daughter of Andrew Barclay and Helen Roosevelt, he had a large family of sons and daughters, of whom Guy-Carleton, born 1786, married Grace Roosevelt, November 4, 1813. Their eldest son, and Mother Seton's nephew by the half-blood, was the late Archbishop Bayley.

The married life of the young couple was very happy, and Elizabeth Seton more than justified the anticipations expressed in a charming letter from old Mrs. Seton on their engagement being announced. She endeared herself also to her father-in-law, to whom she immediately became a cherished object of hope and love. I can furnish no better proof of the confidence and affection in which she was held than the following letter:

“ NEW YORK, Feb. 28th. 1796.

“ My Dear Eliza,—I have found the book of my mother's which William wished to send to you, and with it I found certain letters preserved by the person to whom they were addressed, I trust from the fondest affection to the person by whom they were written. I believe no one but she has ever seen them, and as they lay open my whole soul at a moment of doubt, affection, grief, and every passion that could shake the human mind, they are only fit for the eye of an affectionate child, as ready to forgive the weakness of the parent, as to approve of any congenial sentiment that the various passions working upon a feeling heart may have created. You are the first of my children to whom I have submitted the perusal of them, and I request you will return them to me unsullied by the eye of impertinent curiosity. Let no one look at them. The parental affection I ever felt for my dear William, your husband, you will find strongly marked in every letter. This

* The church records and registers were burnt during the Revolution, hence the uncertainty of the date.

[A.D. 1794

will give you pleasure; but when I add that this affection has increased ever since, I think every page where I mention him will be doubly dear to you. That you may long, very long enjoy every blessing together, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate and fond father,

“WM. SETON.”

The young people lived at first with their father at No. 65 Stone Street, having for their immediate neighbors John



Your own E. A. Seton.

1794.

Wilkes, Cadwallader Colden, and Dr. Samuel Provoost, first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. In a letter of William Seton to his wife, written from Philadelphia in July, 1794, he says: “I showed my friends your portrait, and many agreeable things were said, for which I felt greatly flattered, but let them know that the artist, although a Frenchman, had not at all flattered you.” The miniature is encircled by a rim of solid gold, and behind, under a thick crystal, is a circlet of gold, within which, resting on a blue and gold enamel background, is a lock of her husband’s hair held together by a small clasp of pearls. In the larger circle around this is a delicate braid of her own hair. Not the painting alone, but the setting, is a perfect specimen of French good taste, which the accompanying illustration does not reproduce.

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Your affectionate son
Mr. Webster.



In the fall of this year Mr. Seton and his wife moved into their own house, No. 8 State Street, near the Battery, in what was then the most airy, healthful, and pleasant part of the city, also one of the most fashionable quarters. William Seton was the handsomest man in New York, and one of the few who was well connected in Great Britain and possessed the advantages of foreign travel. The portrait which we have of him, and which is here reproduced, is said to have been painted by Malbone; and he certainly was a rare subject for such an artist.

On the 3d of May, 1795, their first child, Anna-Maria, was born. Writing in 1796 to a friend at Paris, Mrs. Seton says of this child (who lived to become one of the pioneers and early heroines of Saint Joseph's at Emmittsburg):

"Respecting a certain pair of eyes, they are much nearer black than any other color, which with a very small nose and mouth, dimpled cheeks and chin, rosy face and never-ceasing animation form an object rather too interesting for my pen. Her grandfather Bayley will tell you that he sees more sense, intelligence, and inquiry in that little face than any other in the world; that he can converse more with her than with any woman in New York. In short, she is her mother's own daughter, and you may be sure her father's pride. So some little beings are born to be treasured, while others are treated with less attention by those who give them birth than they receive from hirelings. But often those who want the fostering, indulgent bosom of a parent to rest on, get cheerfully through the world, whilst the child of hope will have its prospects darkened by unthought-of disappointments. But there is a Providence which never sleeps."

Again, in 1797, she writes: "Anna-Maria is close beside me, and I will cut for you a lock of the beautiful hair that curls in a hundred ringlets on her head. She is one of the loveliest beings ever beheld." Mr. and Mrs. Seton visited Philadelphia in the month of May, 1796; and while Mrs. Seton, fatigued with the journey across New Jersey, remained with her friend Mrs. Julia Scott, *née* Sitgreaves, her husband and a sister went to visit the Vinings at their country seat, "The Oakes," near Dover, the Capital of Delaware.

(William Seton to his wife.)

"OAKES," NEAR DOVER, 15th May, 1796.

"It is very strange that people who have lived all their lives in a city should not know the way out. From the directions Mrs. S. gave us we went at least one mile and a half out of our way, and did not get to Chester until nine o'clock. The morning was remarkably fine, and nothing but my dear wife was wanting to make the ride one of the most delightful imaginable. We dined with old Mrs. Vining, at Wilmington (she would have accompanied us here had she received Mr. W.'s letter), and slept at night at the *Red Lyon*, which is upwards of forty miles from the capital. The entertainment was excellent, and we left at six o'clock in the morning precisely, and arrived here at five yesterday afternoon. Maria and her husband were just setting off to meet us, and most exceedingly glad to see us, but much disappointed at finding you were not with us; in fact they expected not only you but our darling Anna, and had prepared to receive us all. Their house is a most charming one, surrounded by beautiful and extensive woods, a garden that abounds with every fruit and flower, the situation quite retired and everything about it comfortable. Each moment that passes makes me regret more and more you are not with us. They are very pressing for me to stay, but I am still determined to start on Tuesday, and I hope you will be prepared to leave for New York on Saturday. Our horses go charmingly, and, if the road is good, I think we shall get back easily in two days and a half. Persuade Mrs. S. to wait for us, if you can, and do not omit to write to my father by the post."

New York at this time was a city of less than fifty thousand inhabitants, but there was good society and much gayety there. I reproduce a little article which appeared from my pen a few years ago, and will only add that the Assembly Balls of which I wrote were what the Patriarchs' Balls became at a much later date, only they were far more select.

"OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS' BALLS.

"WHIGS AND TORIES—HOW THEY DANCED TOGETHER.

"Mandeville Mower's interesting but comparatively modern Reminiscences of 'The Balls of Old,' in last week's *Home Journal*, show how present New York society has moved in untraditional directions. Verily, in the words of Horace, writing on the 'Art of Poetry':

"As forests change their foliage year by year,
Leaves, that come first, first fall and disappear;
So antique names die out, and in their room
Others spring up, of vigorous growth and bloom."

"I send copies of two printed invitations, found by me in one of the many drawers of a once elegant writing-desk, imported from France by my great-grandfather, in the last century :

... Commemoration Ball,
The honor of _____

Company is requested on Wednesday evening, the 22d
of February, to celebrate the Birth of GEORGE WASHINGTON,
President of the United States.

Managers :

James Farquhar,	William Seton,
James Scott,	Aquila Giles.

New York, 1797.'

"It is a stiff piece of white pasteboard card, five inches long by three wide. All the lettering and scroll border are conspicuously in red. The other is of same size and material, but the lettering and elaborate border are in plain black. It reads as follows :

... CITY ASSEMBLY.

ADMIT FOR THE NIGHT.

Managers :

James Farquhar,	W. M. Seton,
Jacob Morton,	J. R. Livingston,
Aquila Giles,	Will. Armstrong.

1797.

New York.'

"It is remarkable that five of these six names, most prominent in New York society one hundred years ago, are of Scotch origin. The first invitation was of a mixed or politico-social character, and the red scroll border is 'broken' at rare intervals—as if anything heraldic were a delicate subject—by tiny stars—in compliment to the chief of the nation, and by fleurs-de-lys in compliment, perhaps, to the France of the Bourbons which had passed away, but which Federalist gentlemen would still recognize, were it only in protest of the insolent Jacobin Citizen Genet and his faction in our country : for New York was, at this period, the refuge of many French *émigrés*—and these exiles were generally nobles. The second invitation was of a purely social character, and I discover in it one of the first faint efforts to introduce again to society the family arms of colonial days, and an attempt moreover to blend, in doing so, the two social elements—Patriots and Loyalists—which had been recently very much estranged from one another.

"Of these six managers the two recognized social leaders were Livingston and Seton, both descended from Scotch titled families ; but one the social representative of the victorious party, the other of the defeated adherents of the British government. Hence we find large gilly-flowers, the

well-known device of the patriotic Livingstons, at the four corners of the ornamental border of the invitation card, and a row of crescents, the equally well-known device of the aristocratic Setons on the upper line. In conjunction with these crescents are diminutive gilly-flowers, which strengthens the opinion that the design of the invitation card was deliberately meant to symbolize the social harmony which then began and has continued ever since.

"Although a modern writer on the condition of the colonies says bitterly that 'the upper classes were generally Tories,' I may add that those of them who remained after the Revolution became thorough Americans. Yet, whoever knows *la vie intime* of our most patriotic old New York families knows also that, discreetly hidden away from the public, there exists—merely as a matter of sentiment and purely from the social point of view—a certain pride in a Loyalist ancestor, or a quiet appreciation of some British connection in 1776; for it is undeniable that the Revolution introduced a new set of people into New York society, just as, later, Money introduced a still newer one."

A very sweet and enduring friendship sprang up between Mrs. Seton and her sister-in-law, Rebecca, who was born on December 20, 1780. She was a beautiful character, and I have no doubt but that, had she lived, she would have entered the Catholic Church too. Mrs. Seton, writing to a bosom friend in 1798, says of her: "Rebecca is without exception the most truly amiable young woman I ever knew, and does honor to the memory of my poor father [in-law] who was her director in everything. Her society is a source of pleasure to me, such as is altogether new and unexpected; for until I was under the same roof I always thought her an uninformed girl with many good qualities very much neglected. But I find the contrary every day."

The following letter to Rebecca is interesting:

"CRAGGDON, 3d August, 1799.

"I have often told you, my Rebecca, that I had determined never again to allow myself the enjoyment of any affection beyond the bounds of moderation, but, really, your loving letters, the remembrance of the past hours, and the thousand thoughts of you that strike me every day at this place, make it no easy matter to restrain my expressions when I write to you. I never busy about the house, or dress the flower-pots or walk in the garden, but you are as much my companion as if you were actually near me: and

last evening finding myself by the garden wall at the spot whereon we used to stand at sunset last fall, anticipating in our pleasant talk what we would do this summer, I was so struck by the recollection and the uncertainty of when I should see you again, that I had a hearty crying spell, which is not a very common thing with me, nor do I suppose would have happened but that I have ever since the first moment you left me had a strong presentiment that our separation was for a long while. My spirits, too, were very much depressed by a letter I received from Aunt Cayley, with a box containing the souvenirs of her mother. One is her old fashioned watch, which is for Mrs. Andrew Seton; another is the picture of our father, and is left to his eldest unmarried daughter, consequently is yours, my love. I suppose you remember the portrait; it was painted by Kamage, and sent to your grandmother in the year ninety. I am to deliver it in your own hands is the direction.

"How is my dear little Cecilia? Write me every particular; but not if it hurts your chest, for I know you have many to write to, and I would receive no pleasure from your letters if I thought you were in pain while writing. Heaven preserve my dear Rebecca, and restore her to her affectionate sister,
E. A. SETON."

And as a specimen of Rebecca's style, I subjoin the following, written to Elizabeth from Dover, in Delaware, while on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Vining:

"Dec. 27th, 1799.

"I retire from the bustle of company to devote some time to my ever dear sister. It seems an age since I heard from her. Why is she so long silent? A letter from Aunt Farquhar mentions your being at the theater, so that you are well; I shall therefore expect to hear from you soon. You must feel in a measure lost without the girls, after being with you so long, and quite quiet, no doubt, for they must have made a great uproar. I have had many letters from them since their return to Brunswick, and they write in perfect ecstasy at the happy hours they passed at home, which delighted me. My little Anna must have grown almost out of my recollection. Pray don't let her forget her godmother. What are your plans for New Year's day? Do you all dine together as usual? John is still in Baltimore, and mentioned in his last letter that if I had the wish to go on to New York this winter, or thought I could stand the weather and bad roads he would willingly escort me. But really, dear sister, it would be madness to attempt such a thing. There are so many inconveniences attending a like journey in the depth of winter, that much as I desire to see you all I will give it up and remain here until spring. The affectionate attention of the family prevents me from regretting I am absent from home—at least as much as I otherwise would. We now and then have little family parties, but do not live, as in New York, in a continual round of dissipation. My Cecilia has

improved most astonishingly since you saw her. She has grown quite tall and rosy, and shall not, if I can help it, lose anything by being kept away from school. She reads charmingly, is now going through the 'Economy of Human Life,' and can hem a handkerchief. It is an occupation for me to teach her. She is always talking of Anna. Remember me with affection to all the family.

Your loving sister,

"REBECCA SETON."

The following letter to Lady Cayley from Mrs. Seton gives many little particulars of the family:

"NEW YORK, December, 1799.

"My first letter was written from Wall Street, from which we were driven by the yellow fever. My William was the only one of the family who suffered in the least; which, as it is so numerous, was almost a miracle. We did not dare to venture to town as inhabitants, until the first of November, when we removed immediately to the family house in Stone Street. My husband, with the general consent of the family, sold the greater part of the furniture, as most of it had been in use ever since my father's* first marriage, and we have abundance of our own since we were married. The things that were not sold were valued by competent judges, and the plate was divided.

"Mary and Charlotte, the two girls next Rebecca, are placed at an English boarding-school established in Brunswick, State of New Jersey, about thirty miles from New York; and the two younger girls passed the winter at home, where Rebecca and I taught them spelling, reading, and writing, until her health made it impossible to give them the necessary attention. When Mary and Charlotte returned after their spring vacation, they took Harriet with them to school, and Cecilia, the youngest, accompanied Rebecca. She is a very delicate child, and one of the most amiable little creatures in the world. Samuel and Edward, whom my father used to call his little pillars, and always had one on each side of him at table, are the most promising lovely boys that ever were, and have a marked elegance and grace in their appearance and manners that distinguishes them from any boys of their age I ever saw, and a sweetness of disposition unequalled. They are under the care of the Rev. Mr. Bowden,† in Cheshire, State of Connecticut; and although we hear from them once a week we are very sorry to have them so far from home; but it is inconceivable how difficult it is to educate children in our city, although it is the reservoir of people of all nations, and you would suppose from its being one of the

* Her father-in-law's.

† Dr. John Bowden, a clergyman born in Ireland, was long the principal of an Episcopal academy in Cheshire, and later a professor in Columbia College, New York City.

capital cities of America it could command any thing. The general want is good schools, and many families that can not part with their children are really suffering from it.

" Brother James and his family are at present in the country, that is, five miles from town. He has lost a lovely boy, five years of age, this spring, at the moment of the birth of a daughter. John and his two little daughters reside in Virginia. Henry is in the American navy, a lieutenant on board the *Baltimore* sloop-of-war.

" Mrs. Vining remains in Delaware. She has a fine family of boys, and enjoys better health than formerly. Aunt Seton * is very happy in Albany, in the society of her three daughters; two of whom presented her, each, a second grandchild but a few days ago, and she hourly expects to hear that Mrs. Chancellor has also increased the number. I think, my dear aunt, I have given you a pretty good account of us all, except my own three sweet children, who I can *reasonably* assure you are not surpassed by any. My Anna-Maria is the very model of all we could even wish for; and perhaps my change of life may be one of her greatest advantages, as it has altered her young mother into an old one, better calculated to watch the progress of her active little mind. William grows so wonderfully like his grandfather, that you would scarcely believe it possible a child could be so much like a parent; and appears to have as many traces of his disposition and manners as he has of his features. Richard, our youngest, is, if possible, lovelier than either. I am his nurse, as I have been to all the others, and although he is able to stand up and lay his head in my bosom, I can not find courage to wean him yet.

" Your kind confidence in my good qualities, my dear aunt, is very flattering and grateful to me—particularly if I may hope that it has been communicated from the pen of him whose good opinion I so much valued. I can never lament the season of youth; for that of middle age is much more desirable and lasts much longer, particularly if it properly prepares the way to honorable old age, and accumulates such materials as will make that happy. All my leisure hours have that aim; and if the point anticipated is never reached, it certainly occupies the present moments to the best advantage, and if 'their memory remains' it will be a source of the greatest pleasure. I am not yet five and twenty, but the last year has made both William and me at least ten years older. In order to give you a more perfect idea of what we are like, we forwarded to Mr. Maitland, a few months ago, an engraving of us both to be sent to you. They are good likenesses, but disfigured by the dress of the hair. If ever you go to London, you will see at Mr. Maitland's a portrait of our father, the greatest likeness imaginable, copy of one done by an eminent artist, of the name of Stuart, who made his appearance in this city a few months previous to his death. †

* Margaret, wife of Andrew Seton, of whom hereafter.

† A few months before Mr. Seton's death.

It is precisely what he was, as well in feature as in figure. The original is in our possession, and is all to us but himself, from its uncommon resemblance. This is altogether a family letter, and of such length that I will defer to my next many little communications you might wish for. It is necessary you should know something of every individual of the family in America, that you may be better able to trace us in idea, until some fortunate chance may bring us nearer to you, or you to us; but I fear the immense ocean between us will be an everlasting barrier to a meeting I so much desire. My William says he will add a few lines, if it is only to acknowledge the receipt of an affectionate letter he received from you on the 4th of August, many months after it was written."

Early in the year 1800 William Seton's affairs became embarrassed, and he found himself involved in difficulties which he was not able to surmount, and before two years were over he had lost his fortune. He found in his wife a woman of indomitable energy and a support in all his trials.

(Letter from Mrs. Seton to Mrs. Scott in Philadelphia.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 3d, 1800.

"My Dearest Julia,—I write only to wish you a Happy New Year and to tell you, if the news of our misfortunes have reached you, that you must cheer up as I do; Hope the best. My Seton is in a distress of mind scarcely to be imagined; partly from the shock he has received, which was altogether unexpected, and partly from the necessity of immediate statement of accounts, etc., which is necessary for his personal honor and the satisfaction of his friends. The directors of the banks and all the principal merchants, even those who were concerned with him, recommended and strongly advised his suspension of payments as soon as he had received Mr. Maitland's * letters. You may suppose how much it has cost him, both in mortification and the uncertainty of the event. What is to become of his father's family, heaven only knows, for his estate has the first claim because he was the principal partner. For himself he could immediately be in a better condition than before; so great is the confidence in his integrity that he has had three offers of money to any amount he would name, but he has determined to leave every thing at a stand still till the partnership is expired next June twelve months. For the girls I must use economy, and

* Mr. Maitland was the head of the London branch of the firm. The loss of the island of Texel of a ship carrying a large amount of specie from Amsterdam, to relieve the distress in that quarter, was the immediate cause of the failure in England, and this brought after it that of the house in New York, which, moreover, had lost considerably by the French spoliations.

in case of unnecessary demands appeal to their reason. Dear, dear Julia, how long I have been tired of this busy scene ; but it is not likely to mend, and I must be thankful for what may remain from the ruins of Wall Street.

“ Yours most truly,

“ E. A. SETON.”

(Lady Cayley to Elizabeth Seton.)

“ N. 3., September ye 16th, 1800.

“ My Dearest Niece,—It is now a long time since I wrote to you ; only having wrote once since I received yours by Mr. Ogden, who I did intend to have sent a letter by on his return from Hamburg, but from my not knowing when that was ye time slipped away, by my being at Scarborough, before I was aware of so much being gone, and I fear now there is no chance of his carrying this to you ; but I am resolved to take ye chance and write to you while in my power, for when I have crossed ye water I can never be certain of my letters reaching you.

“ I hope you have received my number two, that answered yours by Mr. Ogden, ye contents of which did indeed grieve me so much as to have it seldom out of my thoughts ever since ; being interested for you all as if children of my own, and ye unluckiness of affairs having gone so wrong makes me constantly anxious to know how you support it and what my dear William contrives in this sad change of things. I wrote to Mr. Maitland to know how affairs really stood, and by his answer I understood ‘ both houses were to go on for three years longer, if your friends in New York agreed to the same things those in London did,—but that the whole effects of the industry of former years would be quite lost,’ which is indeed a most cruel case and must affect him and you all extremely, requiring great fortitude of mind to support ; but I doubt not that your religious minds induce you to submit without repining to what you are conscious was no fault of your own in any respect ; and as these great events in life (when they do not arise from our own misconduct) never happen but for some good purpose, we must endeavor not to repine, but turn our thoughts to what advantage we can find in them as regards our happiness in ye next world ; as ye want of success in this world’s affairs has been to many ye first of blessings in that respect. I will therefore hope that neither of you are unhappy about it, and that your dear and amiable William has kept his health through all these tryals, and fallen upon some plan to give a sufficiency to all his numerous charge, which I own I am anxious to hear and long much for a letter from your dear self to tell me. I have been ever since February last on a visit to my dear Anne Worsly. They would then make me go with them to Scarborough, where they were going to spend ye summer for their eldest son’s health, who was ordered sea bathing for some months together. Scarb’ro is a very romantic place, where a great deal of company goes all ye summer to bathe, and is gay in assemblies, plays, etc. ; but people may either go to them or not, which makes it very pleasant ; and as we were

sometimes quiet and sometimes gay, according as our friends were there or not, we found it very pleasant ; and I only left it four days ago to set out for Ireland on a melancholy occasion ; to comfort my poor sister Lady Synnot, who has just lost her eldest daughter in a consumption which began but this spring. She suffered dreadfully, poor soul, to ye very last, and my sister never left her a' moment, which has so exhausted her, by adding such fatigue to distress of mind, as to make her very ill. She has so charming a feeling heart as makes her delightful to her friends. She was so fond of your dear and amiable father that we never dared tell her of his death till ye end of last winter, when ye hearing of it half killed her. And she was so affected at what she supposed only his silence, that she wrote letter after letter, pouring out ye affections of her heart to him, which her husband kept without her knowing it, and when she did know it, she grieved they had not gone—even for you to read, that you might have known how fondly she doated on him, and by it become acquainted with her, and thought that now she should be always a stranger to you. This I tell you to give you some idea of her amiable mind, for she is a most charming woman ; if you knew her you would doat on her as I do.

" I set out from Brompton yesterday, and expected to be at —,* ye sea-shore that I embark from, ye night after to-morrow, and as I can not either cross ye sea or leave my sister this winter, I shall spend it in Ireland. Therefore, as I trust you will get this and write in time for my hearing from you while there, you must direct to me at Sir Walter Synnot's, Mountjoy Square, Dublin.

" I only wish I could witness my dear William's and your felicity, which I picture to myself is charming, imparting you strength to stand ye shock of all adversities while blessed with each other and your darling babes. Farewell, may Heaven ever bless you with peace and health."

In November, 1797, Mrs. Seton, with a few other society ladies, founded the first charity organization in New York, and probably in the United States. The hundredth anniversary of the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children was celebrated in 1897 with much *éclat*. She had been strictly brought up in the tenets of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and became a particular favorite of the Rev. Mr. (afterward Bishop) Hobart. One of Dr. Hobart's daughters, Rebecca Seton Hobart, was a godchild of Mrs. Seton, and after marrying Bishop Ives of the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Carolina, became a Catholic with her husband.

* Name illegible.

Dr. Bayley was Health Officer of the Port of New York, and lived near the Quarantine building on Staten Island. He died there of ship-fever, contracted in the line of duty in 1801. The following is his daughter's memorandum of his short illness and death:

“September 5th. 1801.

“On the 10th of August in the afternoon my father was seated at his dining-room window sipping his wine: composed, cheerful, and particularly delighted with the scene of shipping and manœuvring of the pilot-boats, etc., which was heightened by a beautiful sunset and the view of a bright rainbow which extended over the bay. He called me to observe the different colors of the sun on the clover field before the door, and repeated and exclaimed; ‘In my life I never saw anything so beautiful!’ After tea I played all his favorite music, and he sang two German hymns and the ‘Soldier’s Adieu’ with such earnestness and warmth of manner, that even the servants observed how much more cheerful he was than any evening this summer before. At ten he went to his room, and the next morning when breakfast was ready, his servant said he had been out since daylight and had just returned home. He took his cup of tea in silence, which I was accustomed to, and went to the wharf and to visit the surrounding buildings. Shortly afterwards, he was sitting on a bench of the wharf, his head resting on his hands, exposed to the hottest sun I have felt this summer, and looked so distressed as to make me shed a flood of tears. The umbrella was sent and when he came in, he said his ‘legs gave way under him,’ went to bed and became immediately delirious. Young [Joseph] Bayley, who has been one of his family for fourteen years and to whom he was exceedingly attached, was with him and capable of executing every direction; but neither opium nor any other remedy could give him a moment’s relief, nor could he ever lie still without holding my hand. ‘All the horrors are coming, my child, I feel them all’; this and other expressions and the charge he gave me of his keys convinced me that he knew the worst from the beginning. No remedy produced any change for the better, and the third day he looked earnestly in my face and said: ‘The hand of God is in it, all will not do,’ and repeatedly called, ‘My Christ Jesus have mercy on me.’ He was in extreme pain until about half-past two Monday afternoon, the 17th, when he became perfectly easy, put his hand in mine and breathed the last of life. He was taken in his barge to within half a mile of the graveyard of Richmond, where he was laid by his faithful boatman. Neither the sexton nor any of the people dared approach. Mr. Moore* of the Island, performed the service.

* This was Dr. Richard Channing Moore, who for twenty years officiated on Staten Island. In 1814 he became Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia.

" In Memory of
 DOCTOR RICHARD BAYLEY,
 of New York,
 Who after practicing the various branches of his profession
 With unwearied diligence and high reputation
 For thirty years in that city,
 Projected a plan, and for five years conducted the
 Operations of a Lazaretto on this Island.
 Intelligent in devising and indefatigable in pursuing plans
 Subservient to the cause of Humanity
 He continued to guard the Public Health with
 Persevering Industry.
 And in the midst of dangers to perform with
 Invincible fortitude the hazardous duties of Health Officer.
 Until in the discharge of this important trust
 He was seized with a Malignant Fever, to which he fell
 A Lamentable Victim,
 And thus terminated a life of great usefulness,
 On the 17th August, 1801,
 AGED 56 YEARS.'

" My father is buried on Staten Island, in Richmond church-yard, close
 to the church on the east side. The above inscription is on a white marble
 tablet raised a few feet from the ground.—E. A. S."

In September, 1803, William Seton, accompanied by his
 wife and eldest daughter, went on a voyage to Italy for his
 health, which he hoped would be restored by the mild and
 beneficial air of Pisa. Mrs. Seton kept an interesting Journal
 during her absence, but as it has been published, I will say
 no more, except that her husband died at Pisa on Tuesday
 morning, December 27th.

(Elizabeth to Rebecca.)

LEGHORN, Jan. 3d. 1804.

" My Dearest Rebecca,—I have been looking over the account of our
 voyage which I had written you to the last day of the past year, and as it is
 probable that Captain O'Brien will sail in a fortnight, and I may be with
 you before that opportunity reaches Boston, and my letters get from there
 to you, I think it best to take it to New York myself; for if it is God's will
 that I do not see you again, I would not wish that the melancholy scenes of
 sorrow I have passed through should come to your knowledge. You will all
 feel enough at hearing that our dear William is gone—gone stretching out

his arms to the Saviour, rejoicing at the moment of his release. Our passage here was as comfortable as we could expect; but the thirty days passed in a Lazaretto on the sea-shore, exposed to a succession of heavy storms very unusual to this climate, and in a large room always cold and filled with smoke, added to the confinement, and the regulation of not allowing even a physician to feel his pulse (for whoever touched or came within some yards of us were subject to the same quarantine), was more than he could bear. And eventually, after having been many nights bolted in with the assurance that he would die before morning, he was carried out and put in a coach that took us to Pisa, a ride of fifteen miles, which, with pillows, cordials, etc., he bore much better than we expected. Two days before Christmas he was confined to his room with the last symptoms of consumption. He found no comfort but in having his door shut and me on my knees by his bedside, night and day, to help him in his prayers. Christmas day he continually reminded himself of his Redeemer's birth, and hoped so much that he might be called that day. At about twelve o'clock of Monday night the agony came on, and he bid me close the door and darken still more the room. I did so, and remained on my knees holding his cold hands and praying for him till a quarter past seven, when his dear soul departed gently from the mortal frame without a struggle. I heard him repeatedly follow my prayers, and when I ceased a moment, continued saying, 'My Christ Jesus, have mercy,' and told me to tell all his dear friends not to weep for him, that he died happy and satisfied with the Divine Will. After he was dead I brought little Anna into the room to pray with me by his side. The terror of his complaint (which they here look upon with as much dread as we do the yellow fever) was great in the house, but his body was at once conveyed to Leghorn, where he was buried in the Protestant cemetery, with the attendance of our clergyman, the consul, and the Americans and English of the place.

"Here I anxiously wait, my dear sister, for the day of sailing. The Filicchis do all they can to ease my situation, and seem, indeed, as though they could not do enough. From the day we left home we have met with nothing but kindness, even in strangers. My husband's sufferings and death have interested so many persons here, that I am as kindly treated and as much attended to as if I were in New York. Indeed, when I look forward to my unprovided situation, as it relates to the affairs of this life, I am the more touched by their tenderness. Anna says, 'Oh, mama! how many friends God has provided for us in this strange land, for they are our friends before they know us.' But for all this, these three months have been a hard lesson—pray for me that I may profit by it. Richard is at Cadiz, and I believe does not know of our being here, as he has performed a long quarantine in consequence of his having been at Malaga while the plague was there.

"Tell my dear friend, Mr. Hobart, that I do not write because the opportunity is unexpected, but that I have a long letter I commenced on

board of ship to him, and that I am hard pushed by these charitable Romans, who wish that so much goodness should be improved by a conversion (I once overheard, 'if she were not a heretic she would be a saint!'), which, to effect, they have even taken the trouble to bring me their best-informed priest, Abbé Plunket, who is an Irishman. But they find me so willing to listen to their enlightened conversation, and learned people liking best to hear themselves, I have but little to say, and, as yet, keep friends with all as the best comment on my religion. I think I may hope to be with you on Ash-Wednesday, not within God's house, but in spirit."

William Seton's modest tomb is next to Smollett's. I have given a picture of the cemetery which my father brought from Leghorn sixty years ago. While in Italy, Mrs. Seton and Anna were much befriended by a noble and exemplary Catholic family named Filicchi. Chevalier Philip Filicchi had travelled in the United States in 1785-86, and become a friend and correspondent of William Seton (1), who had successfully made interest to have him appointed the first American Consul-General to Tuscany and neighboring parts.

Doubts and prejudices were gradually dispelled from Mrs. Seton's mind, and after returning to New York in June, 1804, she and her children were received into the Catholic Church on March 14, 1805, after a severe struggle with herself, and after encountering the most intense opposition of her family and friends. She was compelled by their scornful behavior to leave the city and retire to Baltimore in an almost destitute condition. Her godmother, a rich and childless widow, Mrs. Startin, who had made her will in her favor, destroyed it when Elizabeth became a Catholic, and left her large fortune to another. In 1809 Mrs. Seton and companions, including two sisters-in-law, Henrietta and Cecilia, removed to Emmitsburg, in Frederick County, Maryland, and there founded, at Saint Joseph's, the first house of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. Mrs. Seton died on January 4, 1821. Her dream had come true. "8th November, 1803. In Gibraltar Bay—A Dream. Was climbing with great difficulty a mountain of immense height and blackness, and when

near the top, almost exhausted, a voice said: 'Never mind, take courage, there is a beautiful green hill on the other side, and on it an Angel waits for you:''

Through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God (Acts xiv.).

Her *Life* has been admirably written by the late Rev. Dr. White, who made it one of the most interesting and edifying works in the Catholic literature of America. It has gone through several editions, and continues in constant demand.*

William Seton left five children at his death:

William,	} of whom hereafter.
Richard,	
Anna-Maria,	
Rebecca,	
Catharine,	

Other children of William Seton (I):

I. JAMES SETON. Born in New York, 28th August, 1770. One of his sponsors in baptism was James Seton, of Edinburgh, for whom he was named. His father obtained for him a commission as Ensign in the English Army early in 1782. He was then sent off to England and placed at school in Richmond—an old letter speaks of General Sir Henry Clinton and Colonel Crosby having been to see him there, and how well they treated the little man—and on September 2, 1782, he had already drawn £54 of his pay. Through the influence of Lord Percy, an old friend of hers, Mrs. (John) Seton obtained for him a long leave of absence from his regiment—the Seventy-fourth—then at Halifax, Nova Scotia, under Colonel John Campbell, so that he might continue his studies. He returned to New York in a few years and enjoyed himself in society, where he was very much liked,

* Her life has also been written in French by Mme. de Barbercy, with the title, *Elizabeth Seton et les Commencements de l'Église Catholique aux États-Unis*. It has been translated into German and Italian.



JAMES SETON, OF NEW YORK.

being remarkably handsome and intelligent. A letter from Joseph Hadfield, an Army agent, dated London, 9th June, 1795, says: "You are a lieutenant on full pay from the beginning of September last, and are entitled to lieutenant's half-pay on the reduction of the corps." Such a military system has fortunately long passed away. James continued, as I see by receipts, to draw his money from England for

many years. Finally he resigned from the service and renounced his allegiance, becoming a citizen of the United States. At the beginning of the War of 1812 he was offered the rank of Major and a position on the staff of General Van Rensselaer, who commanded the New York Militia, and who wrote to him rather foolishly (in view of subsequent events): "We shall make a figure before Niagara on horseback!"

He married, March 20, 1792, Mary Gillon Hoffman, daughter of Nicholas Hoffman, of New York, and Sarah Ogden, and had issue. Mary Hoffman was descended from Martinus Hoffman—born 1640, died 1671—who emigrated from Sweden to America, and settled at Shawangunk, an Indian locality in Ulster County, New York, which was afterward called Hoffmantown. He was armigerous, and founded a well-known old American family, which has made good alliances and given some distinguished public men to the State. James Seton was prominent in society. His portrait is among the gentlemen in the water-color painting (now in the New York Historical Society) of the "Interior of Park Theatre, November 7, 1822." It is of exceptional interest for the social life of New York, seventy-five years ago. He had one son and four daughters, of whom the three youngest died unmarried. Alfred Seton, his son, was of an ardent and adventurous spirit. In speaking of an association formed in New York about 1830, to assist in an expedition to the Far West, Washington Irving, in the Introductory Notice to his interesting *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, says:

"One of the most efficient persons in this association was Mr. Alfred Seton, who, when quite a youth, had accompanied one of the expeditions sent out by Mr. Astor to his commercial establishments on the Columbia, and had distinguished himself by his activity and courage at one of the interior posts. Mr. Seton was one of the American youths who were at Astoria at the time of its surrender to the British, and who manifested such grief and indignation at seeing the flag of their country hauled down. The hope of seeing that flag once more planted on the shores of the Columbia, may have entered into his motives for engaging in the present enterprise."

Alfred Seton married Frances Barnewall, of a fine old family. I remember him well forty years ago, when he lived on his beautiful place at Westchester. His grandson and namesake is Alfred Seton of New York and Tuxedo, who married Mary Louise Barbey, daughter of Henry Barbey and Mary Lorillard, and has issue. His granddaughter, Laura Seton, married a Prussian officer and gentleman, Von Kettler, and has issue. She died in Germany in 1898.

Mary Seton, daughter of James Seton and sister of Alfred (1), married Henry Ogden, Esq., of New York, and had issue.

II. SAMUEL-WADDINGTON SETON. He was born in the city of New York, January 23, 1789. His godfather and sponsor in baptism was Joshua Waddington, one of the Directors of the Bank. After receiving a good education he made a voyage to China as supercargo in 1807. He was engaged to be married to a virtuous and beautiful young woman, only daughter of a clergyman; but when he returned after an absence of two years, he was told she was dying. He hastened to the house, which was at a considerable distance from New York, travelling all night on horseback, and was married at her bedside next morning. As he said to me, sixty years afterward: "We were spiritually wed on earth—I kissed her chaste lips once—she died that afternoon—we shall meet in Heaven." He was a very handsome and courtly gentleman and much sought after; but he mixed no more in society, dressed like a Minister, and continued faithful to his first and only love:

For when a soul to soul is truly wed
There is no ending of the honey-moon.

—SETON: *The Pioneer*.

Samuel Seton became prominently connected with public education, and "his peculiar tact and skill in management, as well as felicity and beauty of illustration in his addresses, made him very popular, and pointed him out as peculiarly



J. W. Seton.

fitted for the position of Agent and Superintendent of Public Schools in New York City." His philanthropic zeal was not confined to the schools, but extended to all the poor and helpless within his reach. He was a fertile and a tasteful writer, both in prose and verse, mostly for the young. "He was also," says another obituary notice, "singularly effective in his addresses to the young, mingling information impressed with the quaintest and most humorous of illustrations with passages of the most touching pathos. His dying request breathed the spirit which had pervaded his life of over four-score years, 'Bury me among the children,' and accordingly his grave was made in the centre of the children's plot in Greenwood Cemetery, over which a monument was erected by the Public School teachers of the city." The portrait I give is one taken in his seventy-fifth year, and engraved in Bourne's *History of the Public School Society of the City of New York*, and is a good likeness. He died on November 20, 1869. He left me at his death an elegant Louis Quinze writing-desk, which had been imported by his father a century before, a statuette of Benjamin Franklin, and a copy of the first Catholic Bible published in the United States (1790).

He had this peculiarity, that he read a chapter of the Scriptures every morning, first from the Protestant and then the same from the Catholic version.

III. EDWARD-AUGUSTUS SETON. He was born in Hanover Square, New York, on 25th April, 1790, and became a great favorite in society, because (as a very old lady once described him) he was so aristocratic-looking. Like many other adventurous young Americans, he went to the great Southwest Territory to settle. Married rather late in life, at Opelousas, Louisiana, and had an only son, a Lieutenant in the Confederate Army, who was killed in battle before Richmond in 1862.

When a young man of twenty he went to visit Mrs. Seton

at Emmittsburg, and made a large water-color sketch of the Sisterhood as it appeared in 1810. On his return to New York, he copied it carefully in oil. The sketch and painting came into my possession from my Aunt Catharine, to whom he gave them; but the latter, which was a finished production, was accidentally destroyed by fire some years ago. A steel engraving had fortunately been made of it. Edward-Augustus Seton had considerable talent for drawing and painting. He was a great reader and much given to study.

IV. ELIZABETH SETON. Born in New York, 7th April, 1779. She grew up as all her sisters, very handsome, and was her father's favorite daughter. He had a copy made by Gilbert Stuart himself of the original portrait painted for his eldest son, and gave it to her on her marriage in Trinity Church, New York, in 1797, to James Maitland, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient and noble Scotch family, which had already in past ages been connected with the Setons. There were five children of this marriage, of whom:

1. William Seton Maitland, a Captain in the U. S. Army, was lost at sea while returning from Florida, where he had been engaged in the Seminole War (1836). A lake discovered by him in (Orange County) Florida now bears his name. He died unmarried.

2. Benjamin Maitland, married Frances Latham, of an old English family, and had issue, twelve children.

3. Rebecca Seton Maitland, married Benjamin Porter, Esq., and left issue, Hon. Robert Hobart Porter, who for many years was President of the Board of Charities and Corrections of the city of New York. He married Annie Metcalfe Dwight. Their children are: (1) Henry Hobart Porter, Jr., who married Catharine Porter, of Boston, and has Dorothy Dwight Porter and Margaret Seton Porter; (2) Francis Dwight Porter; (3) Seton Porter.

V. CHARLOTTE SETON. Born in New York, May 1,



E. H. Stone

1786. Married Gouverneur Ogden, Esq. The founders of this family were two brothers, John and Richard Ogden, who emigrated from England to this country in 1640. Their descendants have been prominent here in politics, in com-

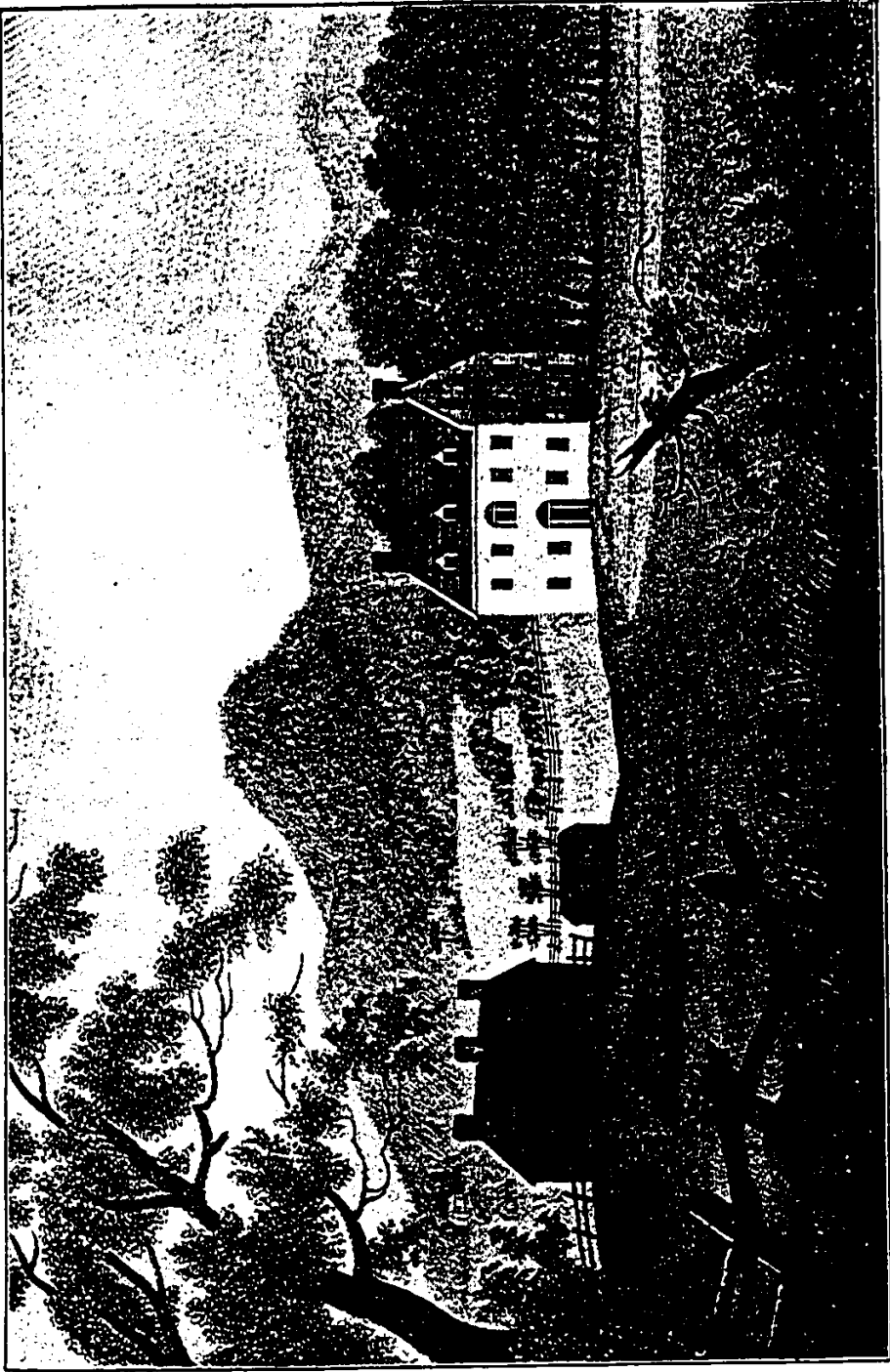


MARGARET SETON PORTER.

merce, and in the learned professions. Gouverneur Ogden was sixth in descent from the original John Ogden. He studied law, and became a partner of Alexander Hamilton. Having with his brothers purchased an extensive tract of land—sixty thousand acres—in Northern New York, they went there with their family in 1807. The property was at that time mostly a wilderness in Saint Lawrence County, abound-

ing in game and wild Indians. The now large and important city of Ogdensburg was named for them. Gouverneur Ogden erected a fine mansion on the river. It was accidentally burned down in 1840, but the ruins show what was the size and imposing aspect of this old landmark. Gouverneur Ogden died in 1850, and his wife in 1852. They are buried in Oakwood Cemetery, at Troy, New York, leaving numerous descendants, of whom Mary Seton Ogden married George Usborne, Esq., whose eldest son, Captain George Usborne, of the Royal Navy, is now Harbor Master at Queenstown, Ireland; Henry Vining Ogden, Esq., married Caroline Briggs, and has issue: Henry Vining Ogden, Jr., M.D., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and two daughters. Gertrude Gouverneur Ogden married John Gordon, Esq., of the Lochinvar or Kenmure branch of this great Scotch family, which is of the Seton blood centuries ago, although retaining the old Clan name. Their children are Thomas Gordon, unmarried; George Ogden Gordon, married Alice Bradford, a lineal descendant of William Bradford, first Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, has no issue; John Gordon, married (1855) Rosalie, daughter of Colonel Murray, of the Royal Engineers, and has issue two daughters; William Seton Gordon, of New York City, married, 1880, Mary Roebuck, niece of the Right Honorable John Arthur Roebuck, M.P., and has four daughters.

VI. REBECCA SETON. She was born in New York on December 20, 1780. Was baptized by Rev. Dr. Benjamin Moore, who was then an assistant minister of Trinity Church. In a Memorandum of Mr. Seton's about his children, he is careful to state the fact of their being baptized, and to say by whom. Rebecca was of a sincerely religious turn of mind, and entered into all the pious thoughts and practices of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Seton. The letters that passed between them are many and beautiful. The Journal, which I have already men-



SAINT JOSEPH'S SISTERHOOD IN 1810.
(From a painting by Edward Augustus Selous.)

tioned, was written by Elizabeth Seton for Rebecca, and was meant to be kept private. It was surreptitiously printed in 1817 by an Episcopal minister at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, to whom it had been lent. He gave it the title of *Memoirs of Mrs. S . . . Written by Herself. A Fragment of Real History.*

Rebecca died of consumption on July 8, 1804, shortly after the return of Mrs. Seton, who says, in a Memorandum of her death, that a few moments before she died: "We spoke a little of our tender and faithful love for each other, and earnestly begged that this, begun in Christ on earth, might be perfected by Him in Heaven"; and two years afterward, when Mrs. Seton was a Catholic and at Emmittsburg, she wrote in what she called her *Dear Remembrances* about her return to New York from Italy, and says:

"A thousand pages could not tell the sweet hours now with my departing Rebecca. The wonder at the few lines I could point out (in her continually fainting and exhausted condition) of the true Faith and service of our Lord. She could only repeat: 'Your people are my people, your God my God'; and every day my delight to see her eagerness to read our spiritual Mass together until the Sunday morning of our last Te Deum, at the sight of the glorious purple clouds in which the sun was rising, and her tender thanksgiving that we had known and loved each other so closely here, to be reunited a moment after in our dear Eternity."

VII. HENRIETTA, better known as HARRIET SETON. She was born in New York on December 27, 1787, baptized by Rev. Mr. Moore. She grew up exceedingly beautiful, and was engaged to be married to — (whose name I prefer not to give); but accompanying her sister Cecilia to Baltimore in April, 1809, who was to join Mrs. Seton, she also remained there and journeyed to Emmittsburg with the party that went to found Saint Joseph's Sisterhood. Her prolonged visit, and the fear that she, too, would turn Catholic, made — break their engagement. Henrietta has left a Memorandum in her own handwriting, which says: "I formed

my first resolution of becoming a Catholic on the 22d of July, Saint Mary Magdalene's day, in the little chapel on Saint Mary's Mountain. On that day the pastor of two happy souls I was ardently attached to, offered up the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass for my conversion.

"September 24th. Day of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Received my First Communion. On the same day made a renewal of my baptismal vows, and was entered in the Sodality of the Sacred Heart. Hour of adoration, seven o'clock in the morning. On Tuesday, the 25th, made my second Communion, and was entered in the Sodality of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Mrs. Seton briefly completes the narrative in her *Dear Remembrances* :

"Harriet's last communion on the Feast of the Expectation, 15th. Dec. 1809. 'All peace and love,' she said; 'Hear the beating of His heart in the garden of Gethsemane. See how they scourge Him! Oh, my Jesus, I suffer with Thee. Why will they not bring Him to me? My Jesus, Thou knowest that I believe in Thee, I hope in Thee, I love Thee.'"

She died on December 23, 1809, and was buried under the spreading branches of an oak-tree, a few hundred yards from the Community house and school, in ground which had been chosen for a graveyard. She would, doubtless, have joined the Sisters had she lived, and the blessed inmates of Saint Joseph's have always considered her one of their own.

VIII. CECILIA SETON. "Born the 9th August 1791 in Hanover Square, New York, baptized the 3rd Sept. 1791, by the Rev'd. Dr. Moore, sponsors—Louis Simond, Anna-Maria Vining and Mrs. Wilkes, wife of Israel Wilkes." *

Cecilia grew up a lovely child; and, as the youngest, she was the pet of the family. Her mother died when she was only a year old, but two years later she found a second mother in her brother William's wife. The first of the many notes and letters which I have found passing between Mrs. Seton and her sister is this one:

* William Seton's *Family Memorandum*.