(To Cecilia Seton.)

"19th. Nov. 1802.

"Let your chief study be to acquaint yourself with God, because there is nothing greater than God; and because knowledge of Him is the only one which can fill the heart with a peace and joy that nothing can disturb."

When William Seton went to Italy, never to return, his little sister Cecilia was taken into the family of his next brother, James Seton. Rebecca Seton, when dying, had recommended her with special tenderness to Elizabeth, who says, in a letter to her of October 8, 1805: "You are to me my dearest child. I never attempt it or can express the sentiment of tenderest love that lies in my heart for you." She is described at fourteen as one whose attractive face and form added graceful charms to a most sweet disposition. Even at this age, from what she had read, she often expressed "the amiable and pious wish of living one day in a Convent." In January, 1806, she was taken with pneumonia, and during her illness was constantly visited by Elizabeth, to whom she confided her wish to become "a member of the Church." There exists a beautiful letter from the Rev. Mr. (afterward Bishop and Cardinal) de Cheverus on the subject, written from Boston to Mrs. Seton, who had evidently consulted him as to her own line of conduct. Cecilia recovered from her illness, and was publicly received into the Catholic Church on the 20th of June, 1806. It is needless to say that she suffered very bitter opposition from her family, nor will I expose again the cruel letters that were written to her on that occasion and afterward. She never fully recovered from her illness, and her health declining, in 1809 it was decided, after many entreaties, to let her join Mrs. Seton at Baltimore, and with the rest of the party she went to Emmittsburg. She expired, the first Sister of the new Community to die, on the 29th April, 1810.

Mrs. Seton, writing of her death to a friend, says: "A

happier, more consoling departure than she took you cannot imagine. She was innocence and peace itself. The sisters lie in a wood inclosed, hard by our dwelling. Every day the hands of affection and love do something to adorn the sacred solitude"; and in *Dear Remembrances:* "Cecilia's gentle death the 29th of April, 1810. Her burial. The children gathering wild flowers."

Descendants of Andrew and Margaret Seton.

ANDREW SETON, Esq., of the branch called Seton *of Barnes*, married in England, in 1760, Margaret, daughter of John and Elizabeth Seton, of whom above. They came to this country in 1773, settling first at Brook Haven, Long Island, afterward in Brooklyn. They and their children are very frequently mentioned by Mrs. Seton in her letters to her son William at New York. Andrew was a Loyalist during the Revolution, and a party of armed patriots crossed the Sound in whaleboats from Connecticut one stormy night in 1776, and sacked and burned his house, and drove his wife and children barbarously out into the snow and cold, where they nearly perished. They would have murdered Andrew if they had found him at home. It was after this that he

MARGARET SETON, WIFE OF ANDREW SETON, 1807.

removed for safety to Brooklyn. At the end of the war he went with his family to Florida, and died in 1794. Margaret died there in 1818, aged eighty, and is buried beside her husband in the old cemetery at Fernandina. They had a large family of children, of whom Peter, the eldest, is often mentioned in our family letters, and always as a gallant young fellow and a general favorite. He was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, but found it hard to get along on his pay; was on some admiral's flagship, "which put him to a great expense"; was in a hot engagement with the French, but came out unwounded; wanted to go to the East Indies; visited his relatives in London:

"Peter has been in London some time and seems very well pleased with his situation. He forwarded me a parcel from his mother containing a very pretty worked handkerchief, done by her daughter Isabella, for which tell her I am much obliged tho' sorry she put herself to the expense. I wrote to her and sent Andrew's miniature to Peter's care, so that she will no doubt receive it. Her letter was dated last October." *

On February 7, 1795, Mrs. Seton writes to her son:

"My sister Robertson . . . . sent me a letter she had from Peter Seton, dated Madras Roads, 24th July, 1794. He writes in very good spirits, and they were going upon an expedition against the Mauritius, where he expects to have his share of plunder, for he has no doubt of success."

Peter died soon after this at the Cape of Good Hope, and the last mention of him in Mrs. Seton's letters is to say that his servant had rifled his effects and made off with all that he could carry.

MARY SETON married John Wilkes, of New York, and left issue. One of her sons was the late Admiral Charles Wilkes, who is remembered as the Commander of the United States Exploring Expedition.

ISABELLA SETON married Robert Henry, of Albany, New York, and had a large family. Their distinguished son was

* From Mrs. Seton to William, in New York, February 27, 1791.

the Hon. Charles Seton Henry, born November 29, 1799. He went South in 1820, and joined the Savannah Bar. He became a Judge of the Supreme Court and President of the Georgia Historical Society. Died in 1864.

CHARLOTTE SETON married John Vernor Henry, of Albany, New York. One of her grandsons is Guy Henry, U.S.A. This distinguished soldier was a general officer in the Civil War, afterward a great Indian fighter, and is now a Brigadier-General in the Regular Army, a Major-General of United States Volunteers, and has been Military Governor of Porto Rico. He married, first, Frances Wharton, of Philadelphia (sister of Mrs. Lucy Wharton Drexel, of New York), and has a son, Thomas Lloyd Henry, and a daughter, Sarah, who married Lieutenant James Benton, U.S.A., and has a son, James Webb Benton. General Henry married, secondly, Julia McNair, and has two sons: Guy Vernor Henry, Lieutenant U.S.A., and William Seton Henry.

WILLIAM DALRYMPLE SETON, born in 1774, was a bold and enterprising young man. He followed the sea in the merchant marine, and on one occasion fought his ship so well against a French privateer that he was given a handsome silver punch-bowl, bearing the following inscription: "Presented by the President and Directors of the New York Insurance Company, to Capt. Wm. D. Seton, as a testimonial of the high sense which they entertain of his gallant conduct in defending his ship, the *Northern Liberties*, against the French Privateer, *Malantic*, of superior force, in the Bay of Bengal, 13th December 1799." On the bowl were also engraved the Seton arms and a picture of the fight. He perished on his ship the *Marion*, which foundered in mid-ocean in 1804, going from New York to Leghorn. Was never married.

CHARLES SETON, born in Brooklyn in 1776. As a boy he was cared for by his uncle, William Seton, of New York, and early manifested intellectual and social abilities,

combined with a love of travel and adventure. At an early age he went as supercargo to the Cape of Good Hope, and on his return to America, by way of Europe, visited Paris and London, where he met his cousins, the Berrys. His miniature was painted in Paris in 1811. Speaking Spanish fluently, he went into the lumber business at Fernandina, Florida, where he built a large house and lived with his mother, whom he tenderly loved and cared for. He was a man of ability and force of character. In 1813 he took an active and prominent part in repelling an attack on the town by a large body of organized filibusters from Georgia, who were successfully beaten off, but Mr. Seton received a ball in his body which he carried until his death at Fernandina in 1836.

CHARLES SETON, SON OF ANDREW AND MARGARET SETON, 1811.

"He was a man much loved and respected by all who knew him." He married, in 1812, Matilda, daughter of George Sibbald, of Philadelphia, of the Sibbalds *of Balgonie*, in Fifeshire, Scotland. They had two sons and four daughters, of whom only one son and one daughter left issue.

GEORGE SETON, son of Charles Seton and Matilda Sibbald, born December 2, 1817. He was a decidedly handsome man, and popular. He was purser for several years before the Civil War on a steamer plying between Charleston, South Carolina, and the Saint John's River, Florida. Married his cousin, Caroline Sibbald. During the war was a Captain in the Quartermaster's Department of the Confederate Army. After the war he purchased property at Sharptown, Wicomico County, Maryland, and died leaving a son and daughter. His widow lives on the estate with her children:

1. CHARLES FRASER SETON, representative of Andrew and Margaret Seton, who puts forth some claim to be the rightful heir to the Earldom of Dunfermline.

2. MARY (MAY) ISABEL SETON.

MARGARET SETON, daughter of Charles Seton and Matilda Sibbald, married Colonel Lewis Fleming, of Hibernia, Florida, whose father, George Fleming, came out from Ireland in 1785, and got a grant of land from the Government.* He married, in 1791, Sophia, daughter of Francis Philip Fatio, who had settled in Florida in 1771. A sketch of this lady's family was published by the late Mrs. Susan L'Engle, who was connected with it, and who says: "The Fatio family was originally from Palermo, in Sicily, but becoming involved in the

* The founder of the noble and ancient family of Fleming, which rose to great distinction in Great Britain, and long enjoyed peerages in Scotland and in Ireland, was Archambauld, a knight of Flanders—hence surnamed *Le Fleming*—who went with the Conqueror to England and was rewarded for his services by several manors in Devonshire and Cornwall, of which he is found possessed in 1087. One of his descendants attended Henry II. in the invasion of Ireland and obtained several lordships there. From him came the Barons Slane, one of whom, Christopher Fleming, was created Viscount Longford in 1713.

The Scotch Flemings held the lands of Biggar and Cumbernauld. Sir Robert Fleming, lineally descended from the original settler in Scotland, was created a peer of Parliament as Baron Fleming in the fifteenth century, and in 1606 John, sixth Lord Fleming, was made Earl of Wigton.

civil discords of that country, they removed to Milan and Venice, in Italy, and finally to Switzerland. The name has varied in its spelling. I find it sometimes written Facio, sometimes Faccio, and sometimes Fazio; but, later, the present spelling *Fatio* was adopted very generally."

The children of Colonel Lewis Fleming and Margaret Seton were numerous. I will mention only two.

1. CHARLES SETON FLEMING was born at the Panama Steam Sawmills, of which his father had charge as Agent and Manager for the owners, on the Saint John's River, in Duval County, Florida, on the 9th of February, 1839. He was a valiant young officer, and was killed in Virginia during the Wilderness campaign, June 3, 1864, while in command of his decimated regiment. He died unmarried. An interesting *Memoir* of Captain Charles Seton Fleming, of the Second Florida Infantry, C.S.A., was published at Jacksonville, Florida, in 1884. On June 3, 1893, his remains were removed from the battlefield where he fell to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, and rest with unsullied honor among many thousand heroes of the doomed Confederacy.

2. HON. FRANCIS PHILIP FLEMING. When a young man he served in the Civil War as First Lieutenant in the First Florida Cavalry, C.S.A. After the war studied law and became an eminent member of the Bar. Was Governor of his State from January, 1889, to January, 1893. Married, May 23, 1871, Floride Lydia Pearson, daughter of the Hon. Byrd Pearson, a native of South Carolina and a prominent member of the Florida Bar. Was a Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. Her mother was Elizabeth Legere Croft, of South Carolina. The children of this marriage now living are:

Francis Philip Fleming, Jr., born January 23, 1874. Is very handsome and intelligent, and a partner in his father's law firm.

Charles Seton Fleming, born August 24, 1875.

Elizabeth Legere Fleming, born November 5, 1881.

Charles Seton Fleming was educated at the famous Virginia Military Institute, and promptly responded to the President's call for troops at the outbreak of the late war with Spain. Was an officer in the First Florida Volunteer Infantry. He is a young gentleman of promise.

Children of William Seton and Elizabeth Bayley.

ANNA MARIA SETON. She was born in New York on 3d of May, 1795, the eldest child of this marriage.

The first letter of Mrs. Seton to her daughter is dated 3d May, 1803, Anna's eighth birthday, and was accompanied by a manuscript book of extracts. It is worthy of all praise.

"3rd May, 1803.

"My Dear Daughter,—This book was begun when I was fifteen, and written with great delight to please my father. Since I have been a mother, the idea of continuing it for my children's instruction and amusement, as well as to give them an example of a good means of adding to the pleasures of study and assisting the memory, has been one of my favorite fancies; but fancy only it is, for in pursuing that train of reading which would afford extracts for the book, I find the soul unsatisfied and turning with anxiety to those subjects you will find fully dwelt on in your largest book. Works of imagination, and even the wonderful productions of science, carry the thoughts but to certain confines; those indeed that examine the beautiful orders of creation are more suited to fill the mind that is making acquaintance with their great Author. But when the acquaintance is already made, the soul filled with this immensity and only separated by the wall of partition is fully busied in guarding against surrounding danger or in searching all the strengthening means this world affords, where alone it finds its refuge. In short, the portion of time the mother and mistress of a family can afford for reading is so precious, that she finds the necessity of dwelling on 'the needful,' and I must leave to you, my love, to finish what I have begun. And recollect, as a mother's entreaty, that you give some time in every day—if it is only half an hour—to devotional reading, which is as necessary to the well ordering of the mind as the hand of the gardener is to prevent the weeds destroying your favorite flowers."

Anna Maria accompanied her parents to Italy, as I have elsewhere said, and is often mentioned in Mrs. Seton's Journal. The only thing I possess of my dear and pious young aunt, whom I never saw, are a few notes in her handwriting, a lock of her hair, and an image of Our Lord kneeling in the Garden with the emblems of the Passion around Him, painted on a small slab of alabaster and given to her by one of the Filicchi children at Pisa. She was ever after known in the family as *Annina*, the Italian diminutive of Anna. She was received into the Church with her mother, and made her first Communion in Saint Peter's, New York, on the feast of her patron saint, July 26, 1806, and was confirmed at Saint Joseph's (Emmittsburg) on 20th October, 1809, by the Right Rev. Bishop Carroll. Annina was of a sweet and tender disposition, singularly pious and devout, and beloved by all who knew her. She was on a visit staying with some friends in Baltimore in January, 1810, and from there wrote the following letter, which breathes all her pure and affectionate heart:

"To the Dearest of Mothers: Union in Eternity with Him.

"My Most Precious Mother,—No letter! well, my Jesus, Thy will be done. O my mother, my dear mother, what shall I say? all uncertainty. I know not what to think; but, O my mother, pray, do pray for that dear soul. I can not tell you how much I loved her; she is as it were the subject of all my prayers and sighs.* Oh, how much I love you! You are my dearest, and soul's dearest mother. I have a question to propose to my mother, and you alone shall decide. The girls are going to have an Exhibition, and they wish me very much to be in it; but I do not wish to have any part in it. They begged me very much, and still I refused. Well, they begged me again. At last I said: Well, whatever mother says. Do not you think I had better not act? but whatever you say. Most precious, dear mother! it has been a long time since I have received a little word from my mother. If you can, do write me a little word and tell me your opinion.

"Your ever-loving and affectionate child,

"ANNA-MARIA."

On her return to Saint Joseph's Anna caught a cold, which ended in rapid consumption. Her mother kept a journal of

* Her aunt, Henrietta Seton, then recently dead.

her last illness and death, which is very touching, ending with these words, which may not be understood by all, for they belong to "the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven," which God has hidden "from the wise and prudent," and revealed to "little ones":

"After Mass how many, many most fervent acts and aspirations to Jesus! what cheerfulness of her dying countenance! how sweetly she applied her now speechless mouth to the crucifix! what a cry of joy to all around her! amidst so many precious signs I will ever remember this act of gratitude and thanks to Jesus:—the arms stretched forward to Heaven with inexpressible energy and a look piercing even to Him on high, and an effort of the lips to cry and express—what is known only in Eternity. Oh, mother, mother, give a thousand thanks all your life—every day of this life, until you meet with her again."

Anna died, after receiving the habit as a Sister of Charity, on March 12, 1812, in her sixteenth year.

The *Dear Remembrances* end with Annina's death: "The last clasp of her hands and look to Heaven, when she was asked *if she was not grateful for the goodness of our Lord to her?*"

REBECCA SETON. She was born in New York on July 20, 1802. The youngest child of the family.

She made her first Communion at Saint Joseph's on Christmas Day, 1812. When between ten and eleven years old, she fell one day on the ice where she was playing, and was picked up a cripple for life. In the month of October, 1815, she was sent to Philadelphia to be under the treatment of an eminent surgeon; and although some of her mother's friends asked to have her with them, she begged to stay with the Sisters at the Orphan Ayslum, because "it reminded her of Saint Joseph's." The following letter to her mother, coming from a child of thirteen, is remarkably well written, and reveals her simple little heart:

"ORPHAN ASYLUM.

"As I soon expect to hear of an opportunity, I must write to my own mother to tell her with what joy I think of the day I shall once more be in

her arms. I am sometimes almost lost in thought, and am as overjoyed as if I were actually with you; but I hope to see my thought soon come true. Oh, my mother, what a day that will be: my heart gets too full when I think of it. I must tell you, to comfort you, how much better I am than I was. I have been to 'Aunt' Scott's twice; she took me riding in her carriage—I do not know how far—to the Museum, the Bank of Pennsylvania, Bank of the United States, the Water-works, and I do not know where else; but what was better than all, Sister Rose took me to the Poor-House. You must know what a coward I am, as you have experienced me. I do not dare to think of my own sufferings after having seen theirs; though Sister Rose tells me I have seen but the least part of them. There is one poor woman up in the incurable ward named Peggy (ask Sister Susan, she will tell you whom I mean); she told Sister Rose: 'Sister Rosy, I forgot to tell Mr. Roloff the main thing yesterday.' 'Well, what was it?' 'That I had no tobacco' (speaking softly). However, I had happily just spent nineteen cents in getting tobacco and snuff to carry with me. But I wanted very much to get out of the place, for as we were going up-stairs we met a person who behaved very cross to us, which made me very much afraid for fear we should meet with another one. When we got out, believe me, my own mother, I really felt as if I were in Paradise. There was another poor creature there who had three holes burnt with caustic in her side. She said that during the time it was burning her, she could think of nothing but the Wounds of our Jesus, and actually did not feel the pain of it. I also saw old 'Queen' Agnes, just woke out of a sleep, and quite loaded with old watch-seals, and beads, and chains, and I do not know what all. Sister Rose told her there was a great many people died nowadays. In great surprise she said, opening her eyes wide, 'Has any died to-day?' 'No.' Then Sister Rose says, 'Agnes, are you afraid of death?' 'No.' 'But would you like to die?' 'No, that I wouldn't: I think it a terrible thing that a body must be put in a pit. I am afraid they would put me in alive.' 'Oh, but Agnes, you know that does not hurt the soul.' 'I don't know.' Then Sister Rose said, 'Agnes, this little girl's mother knew you when you used to be in the hospital at New York.' 'Who is she? I don't remember her.' 'Mrs. Seton.' Then inquiring earnestly, 'Is she dead?' 'No.' Then looking me full in the face—'She is a pretty girl.' Sister Rose says, 'She is going to be good.' 'She looks as if she would be.' I thought to myself, you have a fine taste! They all appeared glad to see me. I believe I have told you all my things here but one. Agnes missing Sister Susan, asked Sister Fanny, 'Where was the pretty sister (meaning Sister Susan), not the religious one (meaning Sister Rose), is she gone home to get married?' 'Oh, no, Agnes,' says Sister Fanny, 'we don't marry.' 'I don't like that at all,' she answered. Oh, my mother, how I long to be with you; but yet a little while. I think it is time to bid you farewell. Ever your own child.

"BEC."

She was the favorite sister of her brother William, and her only regret was to die during his absence—he was in Italy—but many affectionate letters passed between them. These are her last:

"ST. JOSEPH'S, April 5th, 1816.

"My Dearest Brother,—We received last night your most dear letter of January, and could have cried together to think that you have not received our letters. But be assured, dearest Willy, we will write you every opportunity we can hear of. Last Sunday one year was the memorable day we parted with you, two o'clock it was as the bell rung for silence—silence it was with us. Mother can not speak of it to this day without starting tears which mine answer. The spring is so far advanced that we already hear the turtle dove cooing, which sits on the tree over Annina's grave. We think perhaps, it may-be the one we bought from Jim, and mother let go off her hand."

"ST. JOSEPH'S, April 8th, 1816.

"My Own Darling Brother,—We received two more letters from you again to-day, and are too sorry that you do not get ours. I think it impossible but you will sometime or other receive them. I am going to Mr. Duhamel's as usual, but I would be twice as happy were you there. I have Dick, and that is a great deal. I anticipate much pleasure; Miss Polly so kind,—Sister Susan so kind. You would have laughed just now had you seen old Clem receive his new Easter coat. 'A-ha!' he said, 'my good Mother Seton!' So much pleased. I hope you will not fail to give us a little description of these times in Italy. Mama tells us they are so beautiful. I would so much wish to join in your pleasures, which must be very great, never having been there before: but that great ocean between us, and Mediterranean Sea, put me out of all such thoughts, but I trust, my darling brother, we will meet in another land where there will be no seas and oceans to separate us. I think I am daily getting better both as to my limb and health. I hope and trust, if it please God, I may live to embrace you once more. That is my earnest desire, it revives me to think of it. It seems almost like a dream, that I have a dear brother, and one who loves me so dearly, so far away. Farewell, my dear, dear Willy. I scarcely know where to stop. Ever your most loving and tenderly attached sister. BEC.

"P. S.—I pray for you and our best friends, the Filicchi family, every day in Mass, and also when I go to Communion. Pray, if it be our dear Lord's will, I may live to see you once more."

She did not live to see him. Rebecca died a Postulant in the Order of the Sisters of Charity, November 3, 1816.

MOTHER CATHARINE SETON, 1870.

The last words in her mother's Journal of her illness and death are:

"'Think only of your Blessed Savior now, my darling,' I said: 'To be sure, certainly,' she answered, and said no more, dropping her head for the last time on her mother's breast."

CATHARINE SETON. She was born in the city of New York on June 28, 1800. Her youth was passed at Saint Joseph's, where she remained until her mother's death. A few years later she travelled extensively in Europe with her brother William, who was in the Navy, enjoying a long leave of absence. She was well acquainted with French and Italian, and refused, from her unwillingness to depart from the conditions laid down by the Church for mixed marriages, an offer from the handsome and brilliant widower, then British Minister to the United States, Mr. Stratford Canning, afterward the celebrated Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, Ambassador at Constantinople. Miss Catharine Seton was noted at that time for her beauty, wit, and social accomplishments. There is a large correspondence between herself and her brother William, which we value and preserve with loving care.

Mother Catharine Seton, only surviving child of Mother Seton of blessed memory, died at the Convent of Mercy, in Madison Avenue, corner of Eighty-first Street, New York, on April 3, 1891. She was one of the first to be received into the Order of Mercy when it was established in New York by the late Archbishop Hughes, and at the time of her death was the oldest member of the Community.

A biographical notice of Mother Catharine says:

"Her life in the community was almost exclusively devoted to the care and instruction of the poor, and to the spiritual consolation of prisoners. For twenty-five years she was a constant visitor to the Tombs. No one probably ever acquired such influence and control over the thieves and robber class of New York. Though complete reformation was seldom the reward of her zeal and prayerful labors, she was able to prevent much evil and inspire much good in the minds and hearts of this dangerous and

apparently irreclaimable class. They came to her for years to seek her advice and guidance; they endeavored to make her trustee and executor for their wives and children, so implicit and unbounded was their confidence in her. She would be called to the parlor to meet at the same time some relative moving in the best circles, and perhaps some unfortunate whose steps to the convent door had been followed by a detective.*

"Beginning her life with the century, she labored steadily in her chosen work till the infirmities of age made it impossible to continue her active exertions. Her judgment was always clear, and the late Archbishop Bayley, her kinsman, always entertained the highest respect for her advice. In her younger days she had known almost all the notabilities of the country, and was a special favorite of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

"Mother Catherine was also one of the last links connecting the Catholics of the present day with the days of Archbishop Carroll, whom she saw and remembered. 'The long line of eminent Priests and Bishops from the days of Flaget, Cheverus, Du Bois, Bruté, England, and Hughes, was familiar to her."

RICHARD SETON. He was the younger of the two sons of William and Elizabeth Seton. Born in New York, on July 20, 1798. His birth is thus mentioned in a letter of his mother to a friend, Mrs. Julia Scott, in Philadelphia, dated 31st August, 1798:

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* The experience of the Sisters in the [New York] city prison, or Tombs, would fill volumes. Malefactors of every country and degree have there claimed their ministrations. Numbers have been converted, of whom some died true penitents, and others have become useful members of society. In reclaiming these, Mother Mary Catharine Seton spent the greater part of her active life as a Sister of Mercy. She even took the trouble, at her somewhat mature age, to keep up by study her knowledge of modern languages, that she might be able to instruct or console the prisoners of all nations whom she encountered in this awful abode, which she did to the great comfort of many a poor foreigner. . . . This good woman is loved and venerated by thousands, in the prisons and outside of them; she is truly the prisoners' friend, and in that capacity has inherited strange bequests. Once a trunk, supposed to contain clothing for the poor, came to her by express from Philadelphia. Its contents were pistols, jimmies, and other burglars' tools, with one suit of clothing, the dying legacy of a noted burglar whom Mother Seton had made many efforts, not unsuccessfully, to reform. It was all he had, and he sent the trunk with a good heart to his only friend and benefactress, Mother Seton, "to remember him by."—*Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*, Vol. III., pp. 170–172.

Your Dear Brother.
Richard B. Seton.

"My pains are all over, and I have one of the loveliest boys to repay me that my fond imagination could have formed—not a little additionally dear to me for having the name of Richard Bayley, which softened by Seton at the end, are sounds that very much delight me and are the promise of much future hope and comfort. But I was so terribly ill that every exertion was necessary to save me. The dear little son was, for some hours, thought past hope: and the mother within one pang more of that rest she has so often longed for, but which Heaven, for good purposes has again denied."

Richard grew up a worthy young man, and tenderly attached to his family. His love for his brother was remarkable, and the most affectionate letters passed between them as long as they lived. He was a fine musician, and inherited his father's *Stradivarius*, on which he played with great taste. He was also good with the flute and flageolet. He was handsome and over six feet two inches tall, but of a restless disposition, ever wanting to roam the world. He went to Italy and to the West Indies, and finally found his way to Africa, where a colony for colored Freedmen, called Liberia, had recently been founded under the protection of the American Government. One day in 1823 the following announcement appeared in a Boston paper:

"Died on board the brig *Oswego*, June 26th, on her passage from Cape Mesurado to St. Jago, Richard B. Seton Esq., of Baltimore, late United States Assistant Agent at Monrovia, aged 26 years."

The following letter to Richard's brother is from that saintly man, Father (afterward Bishop) Simon Bruté, and breathes the tenderness and piety of his heart, for Richard had been one of his pupils at Mount Saint Mary's College:

"MT. ST. MARY'S, Sunday Evening,
"7th September, 1823.

"My Dear William,—Mr. Egan has informed us of the fatal news and the extreme affliction in which he left you and your good Kitty. Bear, I may almost say, with a few lines from your poor Bruté. Of consolation he will attempt no other but the continual motto of your dear mother: 'He is all—all in all!' I was yesterday at her grave—wished you were. Saw the wildness of the three graves—of the five; then saw Heaven—as we should so easily, in faith, and told them your heart of old and of now. I

did, for you both, and me. I spoke to some of the Sisters. Mr. Hickey will have done so to all. I saw tears—he more. O mother! Friday I said here the Mass of community for him, speaking a few words to the boys and to the young men. I noted what you told me of his kind remaining with that unfortunate colony. I said my hope of his last fervent remembrances of our Lord, of his mother and holy sisters, Rebecca, Anna; and of his best moments for him, near them—and with yourself. Ah! I witness—O my God, my God! To-day I recommended him in town—mother ever so loved there. My William, bear with a devoted friend, and say, vouchsafe, say, to your beloved and forever so dear, so truly respected sister, what you may for me. Be blessed both. 'He is all! all in all!'

"S. BRUTÉ."

The Rev. Jehudi Ashmun, who sailed for Africa in 1822, to take charge of a reënforcement for the Colony of Liberia, says of Richard Seton in a letter to his sister Catharine, of December 28, 1823:

"To your dear brother I well may acknowledge my extensive obligations. He found me a solitary white man on this secluded coast; and from a spontaneous movement of generous feeling, offered to become my companion. He found me depressed with affliction, burdened with care, and wasted to the weakness of childhood, by half a year's sickness. Too disinterested, alas! he offered to stay and supply more than sickness had deprived me of. His open, undisguised character, the simplicity of his manners, and the native kindness of his heart, had won, perhaps, further on the affections of our black people than any other Agent had ever done in so short a time. I have heard from them no other objection to Mr. Seton, but that he was a white man; the only fault which, with some of them, unfortunately, is held unpardonable."

V. WILLIAM SETON, ESQ., of New York, Representative of Parbroath. He was the second child, but eldest son of William Seton and Elizabeth Bayley. Born in the city of New York, November 25, 1796. He died there January 13, 1868. When he was but two years old his mother writes of him, "William is still more like his grandfather Seton, and as sturdy and saucy as ever."

He and his brother were students at Mount Saint Mary's College, Maryland, which is not far from Saint Joseph's Sisterhood, in the Valley, and on May 27, 1810, their mother writes to a friend:

"If you could breathe our mountain air and taste the repose of the deep woods and streams! Yesterday we all, about twenty Sisters and children, dined at our grotto in the mountain, where we go on Sunday for the divine office. Richard joined his mother's side, but William contented himself with a wave of his hat and a promise of seeing me afterwards; and going home he followed in a part of the wood where he would not be seen, and gave such expressions of love and tenderness as can come only from the soul, but always unobserved, and never forfeiting his character of being a man. They are two beings as different as sun and moon; but William most interests poor mother. In the afternoon Catechism he was asked if his business in this world was to make money and gain a reputation, or to serve God and use all his endeavors to please Him. 'My business, sir, is to do both,' answered William, with a tone of decision."

Well, my dear father never made money, and never tried; but he gained a reputation—the reputation of an honest man and a friend of the poor; and fifty-two years after this letter was written, the last time I ever spoke to Archbishop Hughes of New York, on some occasion when he was stopping at the American College in Rome, he said to me: "Robert, your father was the *justest* man I have ever known." What particular circumstances may have caused that distinguished prelate to form so favorable an opinion, I do not know; but I do know that my father's defence of his religious principles, and of the Irish Catholics—sometimes at great risk to himself—during the Native American and Know Nothing years, may have had something to do with it.

In another letter, written to a friend on June 4, 1810, his mother says:

"William is the boy of hopes and fears. Reading some lines in an almanac the other day of the whistling of a sea boy in the main-top shrouds: 'That's your sort,' he cried, 'I'm your man'; and always talks of roving the world; but yet has great ideas of being a gentleman in everything, without knowing that a gentleman without a penny is but a name. However, as his gentleman-notions make him a fine fellow, I trust it will all turn out well, for a more loving and tender heart can not be imagined."

In 1815 and 1816 he was with the Filicchis in Italy, where he acquired the Italian language; and I may here say that he also spoke French and Spanish fluently. Of his

journey from Bordeaux he writes to Father Bruté, an ardent royalist, on August 26, 1815: "I reached here without any accident, although I was pretty often cheated on the road; indeed, I have been uncommonly fortunate. On arriving at Marseilles, Madame de Saint Césaire received me into her house as her son, as she was pleased to call me, and we parted in tears. The French marshal * permitted me to cross the Var, although the same day he had refused other foreigners. From Genoa I traveled in company of an English gentleman to Leghorn, where I was received with the utmost kindness by Mr. Filicchi." In 1817 President Monroe made him a Midshipman in the Navy; and in 1818 John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, notified him of his appointment to the rank of Second Lieutenant in the First U. S. Infantry with orders, if the appointment were accepted, to report to General Ripley at Pittsburg; but he wrote to his mother—he loved the sea so well—"I would not give up my Warrant for a Captaincy in the army; I would have no objection to the order, however," with allusion to active work against the Indians which a soldier might expect out West. His parting from his mother was very sad, and from his companions at college, by all of whom he was much liked for his manly disposition and readiness to defend the weak against the strong in

* Fifty years after this my father, in telling me of his early days, described his interview with Marshal Brune, who was murdered a few weeks later at Avignon, during the White Terror. Although strongly dissuaded from trying to approach him and full of trepidation at the stories told of his brusqueness and ill-temper, he went boldly up to headquarters and asked to see him, saying that he was an American just arrived by way of Bordeaux, and travelling for the first time alone. The marshal received him very politely, ordered refreshments, and made him sit down for half an hour and talk of America—of republican America, of which he spoke with enthusiasm; for he had always remained republican at heart, and although he served the empire, he would never accept a title from the emperor. Finally he dismissed his visitor with many kind words, and sent an officer of his staff to escort the young democrat across the lines.

the disputes that will occasionally arise among all schoolboys. His mother writes to him in Boston on February 16, 1818:

"Young White came to see me the other day, and told me that there was a little boy at the Mountain who said, now William Seton was gone he could never have any more pleasure, for he loved him better than anyone in the world."

The following letters to his mother reveal his inmost heart:

"*Independence*, Friday, Feb. 27th, 1818.

"My Dear Mama:—I arrived here three days ago, after traveling night and day. The day before yesterday I reported myself to the Commodore, and obtained permission to remain on shore for that evening. The next morning I reported to the fighting Captain Downs, and obtained permission to remain a day longer. To-day I have reported to our First Lieutenant Rose for duty. My introduction was rather unpleasant, for I was ushered into a court-martial sitting on a brother midshipman for disobedience of orders. At New York I heard of Uncle Wilkes' death. Charles is a midshipman in our ship. The Commodore received me very kindly, also Mr. Sullivan, and Bishop Cheverus * with the heart of a brother, or rather of a father. He desired me to tell you that Mrs. Wally had quite recovered of the fever, and also her daughter, who had been attacked by the same disorder. He asked me to remember him affectionately to you. Commodore Bainbridge said that he had known Grandpapa Seton and Papa intimately. He is a fine man. I am so anxious to know what I have to do, that my head is quite confused. The post goes every day, so that I shall never want opportunities to write. For the present I conclude, as we are only allowed three candles and a half per week. We are twenty-two midshipmen on board, many of 1818. Remember me affectionately to Mr. Dubois, Mr. Bruté, Mr. Hickey, and all whom you know I love."

"Boston Harbor, March 4th, 1818.

"My Dearest Mother—Again I attempt to write you from this noisy house. Indeed, it is a very difficult thing to find a fit moment, surrounded by twenty-four midshipmen, each endeavoring to say, sing, and do what he can in order to beguile the tedious hours, for we are to all intents and purposes imprisoned about three hundred yards from the shore, which I have not visited since my arrival. Next Sunday, however, I hope to revisit our dear Bishop Cheverus, whose truly affectionate and tender kindness I shall ever gratefully feel. I forgot to tell you in my last that in passing through New

* He was the first Bishop of Boston. He returned to France in 1823, where he died a cardinal-archbishop.

York I could not see Sister Rose, she being out when I called; Sister Cecilia, however, and some of their little family, I saw. If I could judge by myself, no earthly pleasure should take me from you: but our cases are widely different. At times my feelings so far overcome me that I can not restrain the outward expression of them; happily for me, our apartment is so dark that we can not see without candles at mid-day. Our duty is very easy. The drums beat up hammocks at half past seven o'clock, and to quarters at nine. During the day we have our different watches: sometimes two, sometimes four hours. At night the same; but as there are many of us, we only keep a regular watch every third night; but we may be turned out at any hour, night or morning, to go ashore, and then must not leave the boats on any account. Last night was my second night watch; I kept from twelve to two."

"BOSTON HARBOR, March 25th, 1818.

"Dearest Mother,—Just ashore on liberty. I received last Wednesday your first letter of the 10th of March, inclosing one from our Dick. I can not tell you with what pleasure I perused both; joy to know he was safe arrived and pleased with his situation, and delight in the love of my dearest one. Yet your gentle reproach was not unfelt; could you for a moment doubt my affection because I did not write as I promised from every city? You know my heart too well to think me indifferent. Could I ever be happy without your love? No, my beloved mother, this world would be a desert without you. Let me know something more of our darling Kit when you write again, and do let that be soon. Every day when the purser brings on board the letters, I almost devour them with my eyes to see if there may be one for me; but alas, so often disappointed—one of your letters must have been lost when the mail was robbed. We have rigged our ship, but there is no prospect of getting to sea just now, except in one of the frigates. I have written to Washington to obtain a berth in any that goes. I have seen Uncle John's widow; she is very kind, and invited me to come there whenever I am ashore. Our good Bishop and Charles Wilkes desire to be affectionately remembered to you. Remember me to Mr. Dubois and all at the Mountain; also to those around you, for you know I sincerely love all that love my mother."

"U.S.S. *Macedonian*, BOSTON HARBOR,
"July 21st, 1818.

"My Beloved Mother,—Your letter of the 10th instant came the day after Mr. Barry's, and I am happy to tell you that I received my orders to the *Macedonian* frigate almost at the same moment your dear letter was handed me. My desire has been so great to get to sea that you can't wonder at my being rather elated at the prospect of so fine a voyage. The ship will go round Cape Horn into the Pacific as high up as Columbia River, and higher if the captain chooses, but so far she is ordered. We will cruise in

MOTHER SETON, 1820.
The Sisterhood in the background.

the Pacific two years, visiting all the important cities on the western coast of North and South America, together with the islands visited by Captain Porter, where we will see savage life in its true state. It will be, in fact, one of the most interesting voyages ever made from this country. I long to hear that you have perfectly recovered from your late illness; if not, do, dearest mother, let me know it, and I will use every endeavor to come to you. It would be a great satisfaction to me, indeed, to pass a little time with you before so long a voyage. The ship will not sail before the last of September or the beginning of October, in order to meet the season for doubling the Cape; some say she will not sail till November. Charles Wilkes and several of my friends from the *Independence* have just been ordered to the *Guerrière*, which is expected to sail to-morrow, and several others to this ship. I am quite comfortable here, living in the wardroom of the *Java* until our ship is ready to receive us. If Andreuze returns, remember me affectionately to him, and also to all my friends, particularly to Mr. Dubois, Mr. Bruté, and Michael Egan."

"BOSTON, August 29th, 1818.

"My Dearest Mother,—I should have written sooner, but we have had a very busy time of it fitting out ship. Now we have hauled her out into the stream and are almost ready for sea, wanting only our powder (of which we take one hundred and sixty barrels) and some small articles which we take on board in the course of next week, when we shall drop down near the Light and wait for sailing orders, which the officers think we shall receive in two or three weeks. The *Macedonian* is a most beautiful frigate, pierced for fifty (carrying forty-eight) guns; more completely and handsomely fitted out than any ship that ever sailed from this or perhaps any other country. She has thirty midshipmen and eight lieutenants, all clever fellows; our captain, a fine man, the same who was first-lieutenant of Captain Porter in the cruise of the *Essex*. Oh, my beloved mother, if God spares me to see you after my cruise, what a happy moment I anticipate! But, alas! it is so far off; and to think that I leave you unwell will cause me to quit port with a heavy heart; but He who directs all will bring this voyage to a happy end, and me to your dear arms. Tell Kitty to write me a long letter before I go, it will be such a time before I shall hear from you after we sail. Bishop Cheverus, I suppose, has written you; at least he said he would, the last time I saw him. Doctor Matignon is dying."

"U.S. Ship *Macedonian*, BOSTON,
"Sept. 18th, 1818.

"My Dearest Mother,—I received yesterday your dear letter just as the ship was preparing to get under way; all hands called to send up top-gallant yards, and unmoor ship, a stiff breeze blowing. Before night I must bid adieu to the United States. I think the most proper place to direct your letters will be to Valparaiso, in the province of Chili.

"My beloved mother, could you see my heart you would find nothing there but your dear self and those beloved beings who center in you. My heart is full, but I must endeavor not to let disheartening thoughts intrude at such a moment. I must be on deck at my station directly, so I can say no more. May God bless you, and grant we may meet again. I will write by every opportunity. The pilot takes this. Adieu. Your own WILLIAM."

"VALPARAISO, March 13th, 1819.

"My Dearest Mother,—I wrote you on our arrival here by an English brig bound to Rio Janeiro, since which no opportunity has occurred. This goes by a Nantucket whaleman. God speed his passage, bring him safe home to his wife and little children, and this letter to my beloved mother. How much I envy the captain his prospect of a speedy return home! I do assure you that night and day my thoughts are constantly with you and my dear Kit. Sometimes in my night-watch I imagine the *Macedonian* safely arrived in the United States, and welcomed into Boston by the thundering guns of the old *Independence*. No delay; from Boston I post it to New York, shake hands with our friends there, then on to Philadelphia. Here I debate a moment whether to go by steamboat to Baltimore or take the stage through Lancaster to Gettysburg. The latter route is ever dear to me in my remembrance, having traveled it in such sweet company. At Gettysburg I take a private conveyance and arrive with a beating heart in Emmitsburg—then to St. Joseph's. The scene there may be *felt*, not described. Afterwards comes the meeting my dear companions at the Mountain: my friends Mr. Dubois, Mr. Bruté, Andreuze, Egan, etc., all are remembered and loved. Thus I pass many a tedious watch, or rather watches which would otherwise be tedious without these pleasing thoughts, glide away almost imperceptibly, and I rejoice to find myself four hours nearer to my happiness. Oh! my dearest mother, may God yet grant us the blessing to meet again and find you well. Don't be tired of life before I can see you once more; recollect, the cruise will be half over by the time you receive this. I have been on shore very little since our arrival, and we are now about to sail again in a few days. It is said that we only wait the return of Judge Prevost, of New York, an American Commissioner in these parts. He arrived here in the British frigate *Andromache* a few days ago, and went to the city of Santiago, about ninety miles from this place. We have passed our time here in scrubbing up the old ship and painting her. We exulted to find that the *Andromache* could not compare with us, either for neatness of rigging, decks, guns, etc., or beauty of model; so that we bear the bell in this harbor, as I fancy we can anywhere else. We have also given two splendid balls, which were attended by all the fair of Valparaiso, and our Consul and Lady Cochrane have given several to our officers on shore. Upon the whole, we have passed our time rather agreeably in Valparaiso. We now sail for Callao, the seaport of Lima. The midshipmen of the *Andromache* tell us that there the fogs are very heavy morning and even-

William Seton

ing, and the middle of the day almost insupportably hot, so that I'm inclined to wish myself there and off again. From there I believe we shall go to the Galapagos islands, directly under the Equator, uninhabited except by wild fowl, both of the land and sea species in immense numbers, together with seal, sea-lions, and other amphibious animals, also great numbers of land and sea turtle; the land tortoises weighing, many of them, from three to four hundred pounds, and will carry a man on their backs without any apparent exertion. One of them we had in our ship, given to us by the captain of a whaler who arrived shortly after we did. The tortoise was small of its kind, but I have frequently seen our little midshipman riding him about the gun-deck without the creature altering its pace in the least. They are all black, with feet resembling an elephant's, and rather a hideous appearance, but afford such delicious eating that green turtles are not looked at when these are to be met with. At these islands we shall remain some time to strip ship and have a complete overhaul of rigging, spars, etc., and to repair and refit every thing. They say that our going to Columbia River is now unnecessary, as Judge Prevost has already received possession of the settlement from the English for the United States. I forgot to tell you that we are going to California, but upon what business I can not exactly say. I hope to give you some day a full account of all our wanderings. I look forward to the end of this cruise with hope and anxiety; hoping to find all well, yet anxious, very anxious for the health of my dearest mother and sister. May God preserve you and grant us a happy meeting. As for myself, I have not known a moment's illness since I left you—thanks to Him who has protected me. I need not tell you to pray for me constantly. I often say a Hail Mary for you. When you write to Baltimore remember me to all our friends there, to Mr. Harper, Mr. Barry, the Chatards, and the rest who have been so kind to me. Don't forget to present my respects to Sisters Sarah, Ellen and Rosaline; I can not now think of any one with indifference whom I have ever seen with you, those particularly whom I know you love. Remember me also to my friends at the Mountain if you have an opportunity—to Mr. Hickey, Doyle, G. Elder, E. Elder, Heyden, etc. I shall endeavor to write to Richard if I can by this occasion. I will begin a letter at any rate, if I have to finish it another time it will be the longer. Remember me most tenderly to him."

"U.S.S. *Macedonian*, VALPARAISO BAY,
"April 12th, 1819.

"My Dearest Mother,—I write to you in haste by a ship bound to Rio Janeiro. We have made a short trip to Coquimbo in order to pass away time, and were very hospitably entertained by our Consul and the inhabitants. The city lies about three degrees to the northward of Valparaiso, and is pleasantly situated on a plain at the foot of the Andes, about a mile and a half from the sea-shore. The port, or place of anchorage, which consists of a battery of three or four pieces of cannon and five or six huts, is nine miles

from the city, and completely land-locked for small vessels, and affords excellent shelter. It is a pleasant ride from the port to the city, and the manner of riding still more pleasant, as the horses are always galloped. We entered into the custom with spirit, you may depend, and put them to their speed the whole way to the city, where we had been invited by our Consul to a ball, which was attended by the Governor and other distinguished persons of the place. The city is much handsomer than Valparaiso, and contains many churches and convents, and one or two fine squares. In point of cultivation it forms an agreeable contrast to the barren hills of this place. We remained there but three days, when we bent our course again for Valparaiso, where we are still. It is said we wait here to know the event of Lord Cochrane's attack on Callao, our captain, from motives of delicacy, not wishing to be present at the time it is made. I have had an opportunity of witnessing some of the extraordinary customs of the country in Holy Week. The day before yesterday being Maundy Thursday, all the Catholic ships in harbor wore their colors half-mast, and their yards a cock-bill or in a zigzag, careless position, expressive of mourning, and in the evening a stuffed effigy of Judas, with a sword by his side, was hung at the jib-boom ends. On Good Friday they amused themselves by keel-hauling, beating, shooting, ducking and concluded at night by burning him. To-day, about ten o'clock, they squared yards, mast-headed their flags, and all fired salutes. To-morrow will be Easter. Oh, my beloved mother, what scenes does this happy day bring to mind! But, alas, they are past. Heaven grant they may return; we can only hope it. Do, my beloved mother, use every means to preserve your health and my dearest Kitty's. I know you will, it is only yourself I fear you may neglect; you know how much my happiness depends upon it. God bless you, and our dear Kit and Richard—a thousand loves. Remember me affectionately to all."

When he wrote the following letter his mother was dead.

"*Macedonian*, OFF BOSTON LIGHT,
"June 19th, 1821.

"My Beloved Mother,—At last my fondest wishes appear on the point of being realized, and happiness, like a star from behind the clouds of a dark and stormy night, seems breaking on my view. But, alas, the horizon is not yet clear—and my poor, trembling star, how easily overclouded. You may imagine how anxiously I wait your first lines. The last I received from you was dated in May, 1820, one year and more back; and what great changes one year may produce, I fear to think on. Do write quick, and let me know how you are—let me know all. Kiss Kitty for me, and remember me to our friends at the Mountain. I shall keep my long stories until we meet: in fact, I feel too wild to say more.

"Ever your loving,
"WILLIAM SETON."

NATHANIEL PRIME.

A few years later, 1826, my father was a Lieutenant, and made cruises in the West Indies, on the coast of Africa and in the Mediterranean, always respected and always admired, for he was a remarkably smart and handsome officer.

On Thursday, July 17, 1832, William Seton was married by the Rev. Father Varela to Emily, daughter of Nathaniel Prime, Esq., and Cornelia Sands. He soon after resigned from the Navy. Mrs. Seton was born in New York on June 26, 1804, and died in the south of France, on November 28, 1854. We had gone to Pau for her health.* Her father was a distinguished character, and for those days a very rich man. My father might have said to my mother with *Bassanio:*

> "Gentle lady,
> When I did first impart my love to you,
> I freely told you all the wealth I had
> Ran in my veins: I was a gentleman."

Nathaniel Prime, the fourteenth of a family of fifteen children, came of that good old New England stock which, before the middle of the seventeenth century, had settled on and spread inward from the shores of Massachusetts, founding self-governing communities and raising the province to prosperity and renown among the thirteen American Colonies sprung from that mighty people which was beginning to encircle the world:

> "And England sent her men, from men the chief,
> Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
> To plant the tree of life—to plant fair Freedom's tree."

The first of the family who appeared in this country was Mark Prime. He settled between September, 1639, and January, 1644, at Rowley, Essex County, Massachusetts. Na-

* My dear mother was an excellent musician, and spoke French and Italian. She had visited Europe with her father in 1826. To have made the Grand Tour in those days conferred, in the United States, a certain distinction upon the traveller.

thaniel was born there on January 30, 1768, in the house, still standing, which his father erected in 1753 on the land assigned to his ancestor between the dates given above. Young Prime, like many other New Englanders—or *Yankees*, if anyone like to call them so—went to New York in April, 1792, well equipped by education and native abilities to make his fortune, and in 1798 founded, and was long the head of the "historic banking-house of Prime, Ward & King"—a firm which remained in existence for more than one hundred years. He was a gentleman born, and used a seal—of which I have an impression before me—of the Prime arms: *Argent*, an eagle's leg erased à-la-cuise *sable*, armed *or* with his initials underneath, N. P. There is in the Temple Church, London, a small but handsome monument (now removed to the gallery), with an elegant Latin inscription, to Sir Samuel Prime, Knight, son of Samuel Prime, Esq., of Suffolk, England, the county from which the original settler in America came, and father of the late Richard Prime, Esq., of Walberton House, Sussex, J.P. and D.L.; Member of Parliament for West Sussex, 1847 to 1854.

Nathaniel Prime was a student of Shakespeare, and a treasured memorial of my grandfather is a set of Shakespeare's works in twelve volumes, published at New York in 1817 by Henry Durell. It is one of the earliest American editions of the dramatist, and contains the autograph of Nathaniel Prime, who gave it to my father, from whom I received it.

Mr. Prime married, in New York, on June 3, 1797, Cornelia, daughter of Hon. Comfort Sands, a distinguished patriot, who had been a friend and correspondent of Washington. He was President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The Sands family was also originally from New England. The founder, James Sands, or Sandys, was born in England in 1622, and, tradition has it, was a native of Reading, in Berkshire, and descended from Lord Sandys of the Vine. He landed at

CORNELIA SANDS.
(Mrs. Nathaniel Prime.)

Plymouth, Massachusetts, before 1642. Died on Block Island, March 13, 1695, and is interred there. "Captain James Sands commanded the New Shoreham Company in King Philip's War, and his house was turned into a fort and garrisoned by him." The Sands, like many other New England families, moved gradually toward New York, and *Sands' Point*, Long Island, and *Sands Street*, Brooklyn, commemorate some of their migrations and possessions. The wife of Comfort Sands, mother of Cornelia, wife of Nathaniel Prime, was a daughter of Wilkie Dodge and Mary, daughter of Thomas Hunt, of Hunt's Point, Westchester County, New York. Mrs. Sands died in New York, January 24, 1795. Her pall-bearers were representative men in the community, and show as goodly an array of old New York names as can be found anywhere: "William Seton, J. C. Shaw, Robert Lenox, Henry Cruger, Anthony L. Bleecker, Isaac Roosevelt, William Maxwell, and William Constable." It is noticeable that these eight names are either of Scotch (5) or of Dutch (3) origin, although the Sands connection was all of English descent.

Nathaniel Prime bought the house No. 1 Broadway in 1810. This historical mansion, which had been the British headquarters during the Revolution, and the scene of important military councils and of innumerable festivities, was torn down a few years ago, and its site is now occupied by the Washington Building. Mr. Prime "lived there many years, and saw his sons and daughters intermarry with the first families in New York," says Walter Barrett in his *Old Merchants*. He died on November 26, 1840, and is buried in the Prime vault beside the picturesque Episcopal church of Saint Paul, in East Chester, New York.

Of the three sons of Nathaniel Prime, the second one, Rufus, was the most distinguished. He was born at 42 (now 54) Wall Street, New York, on January 28, 1806, and

was named for the statesman Rufus King, whose third son, James Gore King, was the junior partner in the banking firm. He was a graduate of Yale College; was familiar with several languages, travelled extensively, and had cultivated literary tastes. He was an original member of the famous Union Club of New York, founded in 1836, and belonged to the most fashionable set in society. On October 16, 1828, he married Augusta, daughter of William Lambe Palmer, Esq. —at one time a Captain, Eighteenth Light Dragoons, in the British Army—and of Augusta Grenville Temple, daughter of Sir John Temple, Bart., H.B.M. Consul-General to the United States, a gentleman of an old English family which produced the well-known statesman of Macaulay's *Essay* and of the reign of Charles II. Rufus Prime was a handsome man of refined appearance and of a liberal turn of mind. He died at his country seat near Huntington, Long Island, on October 15, 1885. Of his sons, one, Colonel Frederick Prime, of the Engineer Corps, U.S A., was a brilliant officer —a No. 1 graduate of West Point—now on the retired list. Served in the Civil War. The other, Temple Prime, Esq., at one time Secretary of Legation to The Hague, is a scholar and a quiet country gentleman, living at Huntington, Long Island, of whom I may say, as was said of a certain character in *Lothair:* "He had an ancient pedigree, and knew everybody else's."

WILLIAM SETON (3) died in the city of New York, January 13, 1868. He was buried in the cemetery at Mount Saint Mary's, Emmittsburg, Maryland.

Mr. Seton had seven children who grew up, besides two —one of them George—who died in infancy:

William, of whom hereafter.

Henry, Major, U. S. Army. Born in New York. Was a Lieutenant at eighteen in the Twenty-sixth Rifle Battalion, Commandant the Duke of Wurtemberg, in the Austrian

Henry Seton.

Willie Seton.

Act. 14.

Army, in which he patriotically resigned his commission to serve in our Civil War. Was a Captain, and on the staff of several general officers. Was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army in 1866, and has served with the Fourth U. S. Infantry against the Indians on the frontier; and in the Santiago campaign. Married, April 27, 1870, Ann, only child of Major-General John Gray Foster, of an old New Hampshire family,* a distinguished officer of the U. S. Army, who served in the Mexican War; was in Fort Sumter at the bombardment, in 1861, and commanded a military department during the Civil War. His wife was Elizabeth Moale, a lady connected with all the best old Baltimore families.

Henry Seton had two sons:

John, who, after studying some years at Mount Saint Mary's College and visiting Europe twice, died at Emmittsburg, Maryland, on November 8, 1897. Is burried in the Mountain Cemetery.

William, born July 11, 1873. A graduate of Seton Hall College. A promising young man. Has studied Medicine and taken his degree.

Robert, born August 28, 1839. Educated at Mount Saint Mary's College. Studied Theology and Canon Law in Rome, 1857–67, graduating with honor from the *Accademia Ecclesiastica.* † Was named, in 1867, a Prothonotary Apostolic. Is Rector of Saint Joseph's Church, Jersey City, New Jersey, since 1876. Took his degree of Doctor of Divinity at the Roman University of the *Sapienza;* is an LL.D. of Nôtre Dame, Indiana, and a

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* His first American ancestor was "William Foster who settled in Ipswich, Mass., in the year 1635."

† A History of *La Pontificia Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici*, in which my name appears, was published in 1889. I received a copy from the author, Monsignor Procaccini di Montescaglioso.

Trustee of Seton Hall College. Published a pamphlet on *The Dignity of Labor*, which has been widely circulated, and a volume of *Essays* in 1882, on historical and miscellaneous subjects, of which a European critic wrote to a friend that "it must have been composed by a man who lives in a library, or who carries a library in his head." The author lives, it is true, among his books; but his modest collection can hardly be called a library. His essays, lectures, and magazine articles have all been composed during the leisure hours that a clergyman of methodical habits can generally find even in the midst of sustained and active work. Hence he will only say, with an old English poet:

> My mind to me a kingdom is,
> Such present joys therein I find,
> That it excels all other bliss
> That earth affords or grows by kind.
>
> —SIR EDW. DYER (1550–1607).

Emily, a pious and amiable young lady, who received her education at the *Sacré-Cœur* in Paris. She had good offers of marriage, which she refused, because she would have liked to enter a convent. I have a photograph of Pius IX., which he gave her on September 9, 1861, as she was preparing to make a spiritual retreat, and under which he wrote: *Dominus ducit te in solitudinem ut Loquatur ad cor tuum.* She died at Rye Beach, New Hampshire, September 26, 1868.

Elizabeth. Educated at the *Sacré-Cœur*, in Paris. A sunshiny character and a clever writer.

Helen. Educated at the *Sacré-Cœur*, in Paris. A nun in the Order of Mercy. A good French scholar and musician. She teaches in her convent.

Isabella. Educated at the *Sacré-Cœur*, in Paris, and at the *Trinità dei Monti*, at Rome. Married, April 19, 1870, Thomas Jevons, Esq., a brother of the late distinguished writer, Professor William Stanley Jevons, a cousin of Sir

Geo Seton Jones.

Henry Roscoe, M.P., and a grandson of the celebrated historian of *Lorenzo de' Medici* and *Leo the Tenth*.

The family of Jevon, now Jevons, is of Welsh extraction, deriving from Jevan ap Jorwaerth. The *s* was added to the name—merely for the sake of euphony—by my brother-in-law's grandfather, Thomas Jevons. The earliest known ancestor is Sir Richard Jevon, of Sedgely Hall, Staffordshire, England, who lived in the fifteenth century. This old country mansion, which is visited by members of the family as their *Cunabula Gentis*, was inhabited some years ago by "a community of Jesuit Fathers, who received me very politely, and showed me the place," writes one who went there. The arms are: *or*, a torteau between three saltires *gules*.

The children of this marriage are:

1. Reginald Jevons;
2. Thomas Seton-Jevons;
3. Ferdinand Talbot Roscoe Jevons; and
4. Marguerite Jevons.

They all give proof of that love of study and literary talent which they inherit from their family on both sides.

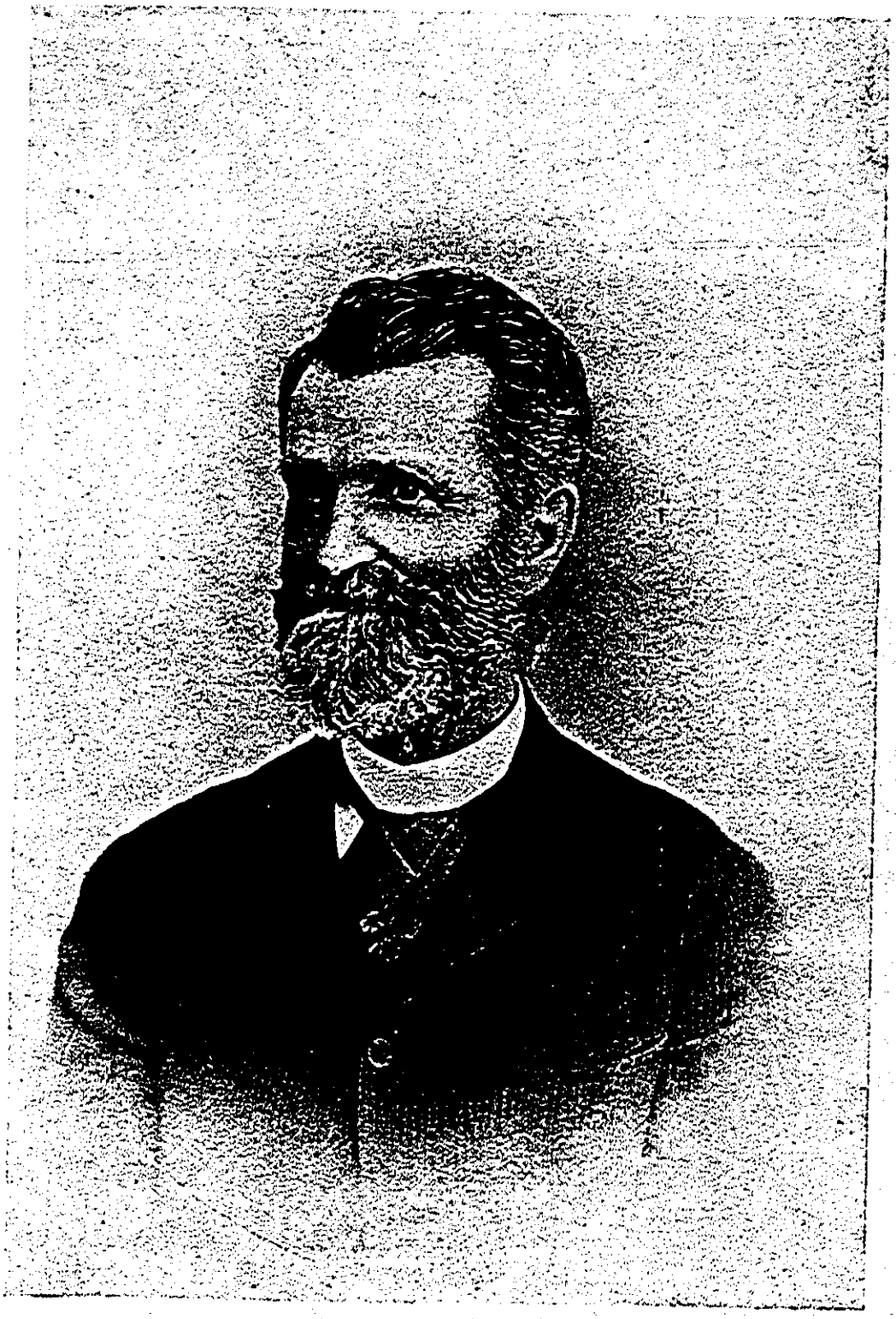
VI. WILLIAM SETON, ESQ., of New York, Representative of Parbroath. Was born in the city of New York at 22 Bond Street, then a fashionable quarter, on January 28, 1835. One of the first students at Fordham College when the Jesuits took it. Passed afterward to Mount Saint Mary's, Emmittsburg, Maryland, with his two younger brothers. Has travelled extensively in Europe, and speaks French and German fluently. Is also a good Latin scholar. Studied Law and passed his examination for the Bar. The Civil War breaking out just then, he never practised, but answered President Lincoln's earliest call for troops in 1861. Was a First Lieutenant and afterward Captain in the Fourth New York Regiment U. S. Volunteers, and was twice severely wounded in the battle of Antietam, where the official report says that

"he acquitted himself with great gallantry." After recovering at Cragdon from his injuries, he was appointed Captain in the Sixteenth Artillery during Grant's campaign against Richmond. After the war he began a life of study and literary occupation, becoming favorably known to the public by several works of fiction: *Romance of the Charter Oak* and *Pride of Lexington* (historical novels); *Rachel's Fate, and Other Tales;* and *The Pioneer*, a poem which won the admiration of William Cullen Bryant. After a few years he abandoned the line of fiction to devote himself to the study of Natural History, making for a long time yearly visits to Paris to meet there the most learned men in their special branches. "Mr. Seton's name is rapidly becoming well known in Catholic circles as that of one who is doing much to popularize the discoveries of natural science in the sense of putting them into clear and interesting English, free from ultra-technicality," says one writer. He is a frequent contributor to the *Catholic World*, a monthly periodical issued in New York, and has recently published a small scientific work entitled *A Glimpse of Organic Life, Past and Present.*

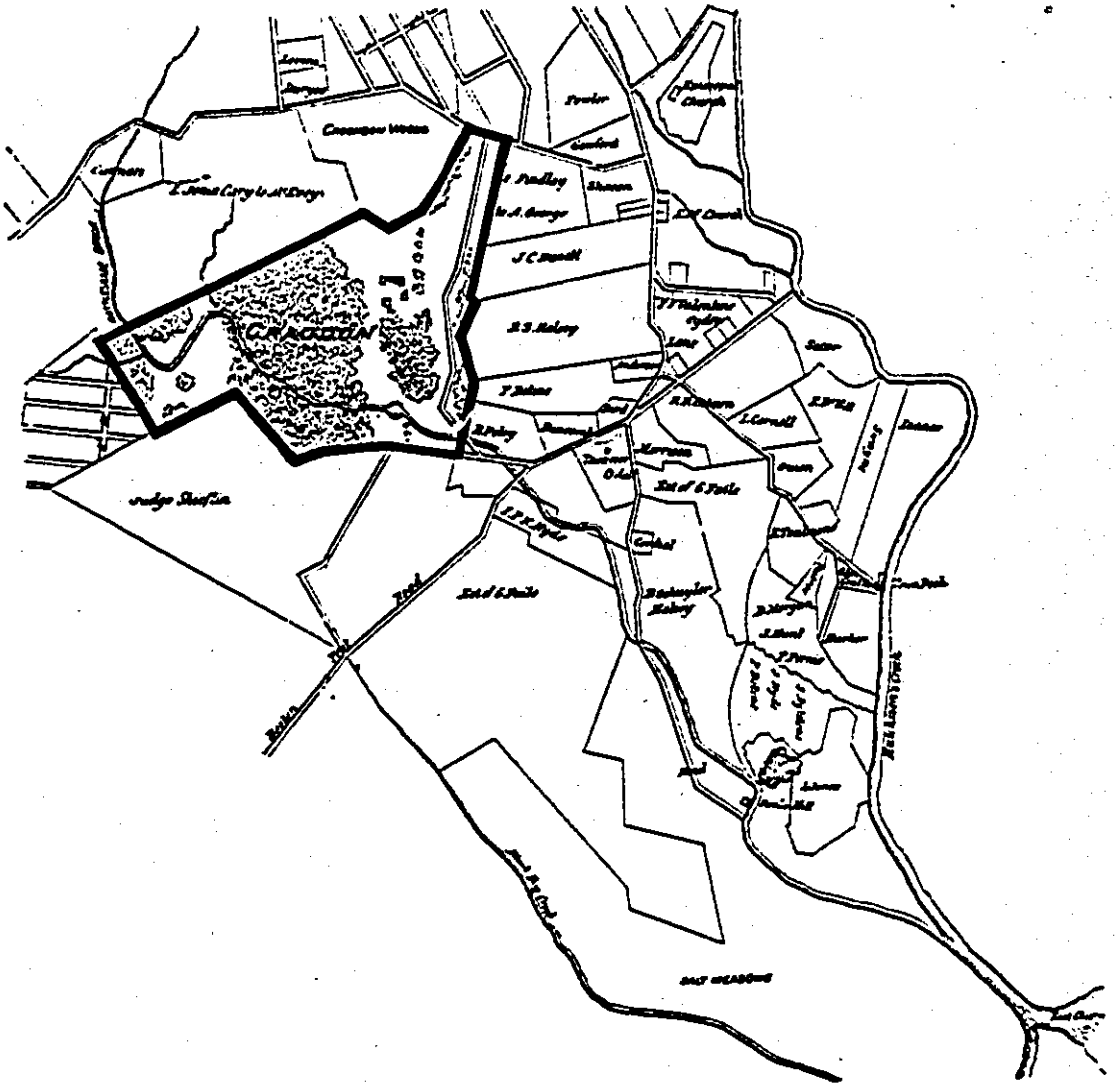
Mr. Seton is a member of the *Loyal Legion*, a patriotic society composed of officers who fought in the Civil War, and an LL.D. of Mount Saint Mary's College. He married, January 3, 1884, Sarah Redwood Parrish, a convert to the Faith, belonging to an old Philadelphia family, and had one son, *William*, who died an infant. Mrs. Seton died in 1895. One of her ancestors founded the Redwood Library at Newport in 1747, the second public library in the American Colonies.

Of William Seton it can be said, without flattery, that he is—

> A man of letters, and of manners too;
> Of manners sweet as virtue always wears,
> When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.
>
> —COWPER.



William Seton.



PLAN OF CRAGDON AND OF EAST CHESTER VILLAGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

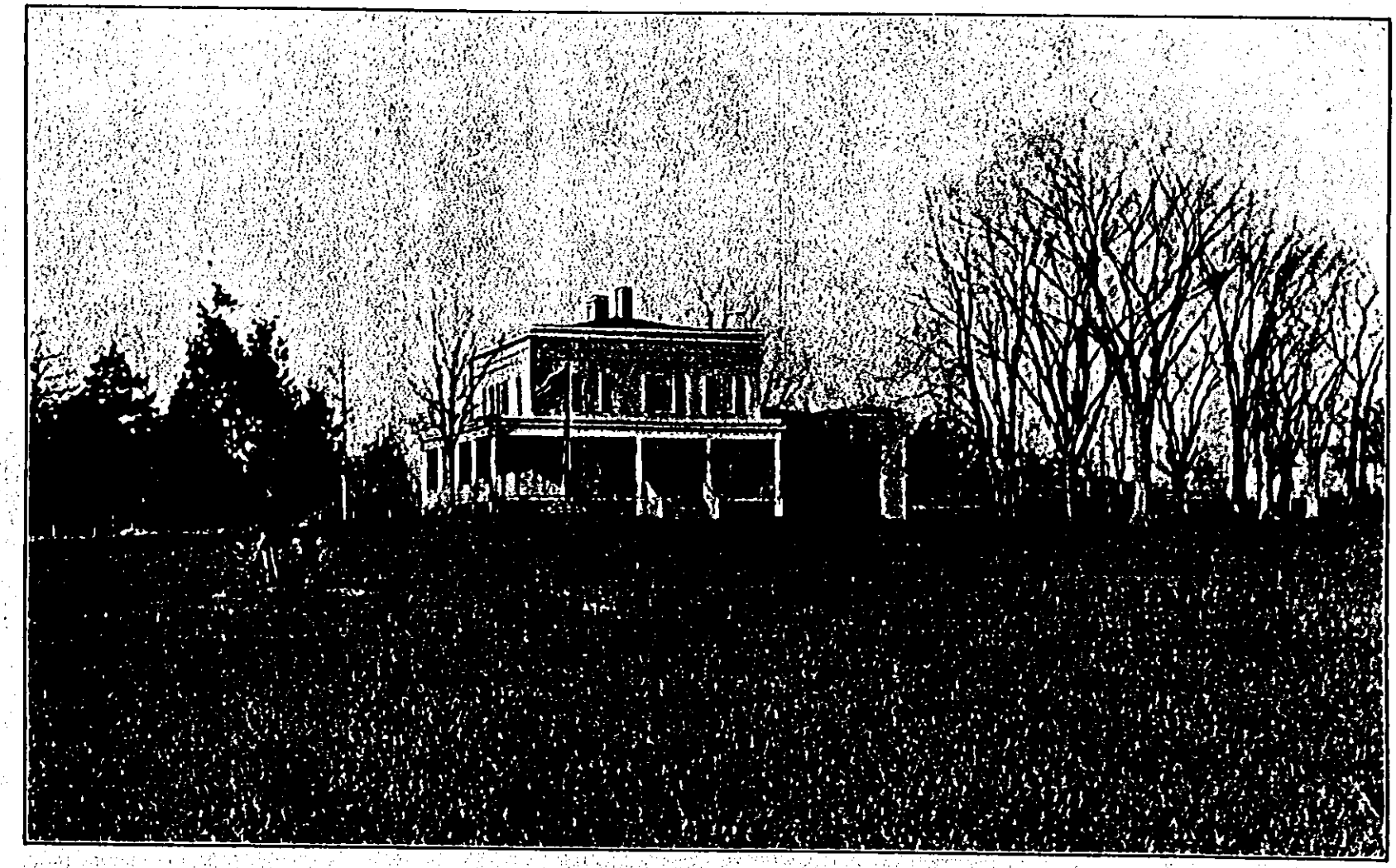
CRAGDON, NEW YORK.

My earliest recollections, which go back fifty-five years, are of our life at Cragdon, in Westchester County, New York. This small but beautiful estate came to us from our mother. It was on high ground, and completely overlooked the village of East Chester.

It contained only a little less than two hundred acres, but it was kept like a park, and my father might have said, as in the inscription of Lord Chancellor Seton at Pinkie House, that his dwelling was erected *Non ad animi, sed fortunarum et agelli modum:* "Not in the dimension of his tastes and wishes, but in the measure of his fortune and his grounds." The place was originally called *The Cedars*, from the number of these trees growing wild there; but my father named it *Cragdon*, partly because his grandfather had had a place of this name on Manhattan Island fifty years before, and more because it was so appropriate, the situation being high, and part of the trout stream that ran through the grounds being bordered by many big rocks, among which grew the spreading beech and other trees fantastically shaped or pushed out of the perpendicular and leaning over the water. This stream was originally known as Rattlesnake Brook, because, according to the Town Records, a general beating up its course from sunrise to sunset was ordered some time in the last century, and a great number of these reptiles were killed, and the breed exterminated in that locality. My father's favorite tree was the elm, and next the larch, and he had many of them planted

about his grounds. As children, we gave fancy names to certain dear spots: Mother's Walk, Paradise Wood (from the number of wild-flowers), Turtle Woods (full of land tortoises), and the Island of Happy Delight, at the head of the upper pond, where we held our picnics in summer. Other names of earlier date, each with some story attached, were Wolf's Cave, Cold Spring, the Falls, and Pulpit Rock.

We had a French governess in the house; and private teachers—among them a Professor of Columbia College—came up from the city so many days in the week. One of the sayings of my father which made an indelible impression on my mind was this, that if there wouldn't be much money—divided among seven—to leave us, we should certainly have the advantages of the best education. We were brought up in aristocratic seclusion. Our ancient Scotch descent, our gentle English connections, and the social superiority of our family were made familiar to us from childhood; while the heirlooms and miniatures, and old letters with armorial seals upon them, would be tangible witnesses of our association with other lands and other ages. We had therefore something to look back upon with a justifiable sense of pride. Our nearest visitors lived miles away: at Throgg's Neck, around Fort Schuyler, at New Rochelle, at Rye, at the Van Cortlandt Manor. Mount Vernon did not yet exist. Our only railroad station was William's Bridge, three miles distant, which my father used to say was quite near enough to a gentleman's house; and he usually preferred to drive the twelve or fifteen miles down the old Boston post road, through West Farms and Harlem, to the city. Like all the Colonial families, my father had a stock of old Madeira. It had been brought to New York by his grandfather in 1790. Some of it passed into other cellars later, and was drunk as the "Seton Madeira" at that famous dinner given to the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia by Mr. Grinnell in 1872, in his house on Fifth



THE MANSION HOUSE AT CRAGDON, 1850.

WILLIAM SETON, 1850.

Avenue, corner of Fourteeth Street. The late Cardinal (then Archbishop) McCloskey, who was a guest, spoke to me once about the inestimable flavor of that wine. In winter the village people of East Chester were allowed to come to our skating pond in the evening and enjoy themselves. My father would even have bonfires made for them on the rising ground above it. When our own icehouse was filled, the villagers were permitted to cut and take all they wanted for themselves.

The only way of heating the rooms of our house was by open fireplaces. Stoves were considered a vulgar abomination, and steam-heating had not been introduced. In the parlors, dining-room, and library only Liverpool coal, as it was called, was used, and in the upper chambers and bedrooms only wood was burned. The fire here always seemed brighter and pleasanter to me, because the hickory and chestnut and beechwood logs and the hemlock cones came from our own place. Electric lights and gas and lamps were unknown in those days, and our only light at night was from wax candles in sconces and silver candelabra, and flat-bottomed silver bedroom candlesticks. One must be able to look back over half a century to know how different life was in a country house then to what it is now. There was good fishing, and great duck-shooting on the Sound, and my father was much given to these sports. Our boathouse was at Reed's Mill, on East Chester Creek, where there was a large patch of salt meadows belonging to the Cragdon Estate. When spring returned, the pleasure of our walks about Cragdon is indescribable. My mother and I would generally go out together, and she would take one side of the path and I the other, and our joy would be to count up the number of flowerets each had seen at that welcome season. It was after one of our walks of this kind together that my dear mother took the bunch of wild-flowers I had gathered for her, and going to New York next day, had

a first sitting for the miniature portrait which, as a surprise for me, she had painted with them at her bosom, as in the illustration:

> The loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
> And they first feel the sun; so violets blue,
> So the soft star-like primrose drenched in dew,
> The happiest of Spring's happy, fragrant birth.
>
> —KEBLE.

A particularly vivid recollection of my early days is about sacks of meal and flour and potatoes and barrels of apples from our place, that my father sent down during the Famine to a relief ship in New York, that was loading for Ireland. One thing strikes me at this time, more than fifty years afterward, because I contrast it with the growth of our national spirit and the awakening of our people to their destiny. We were the only house around which either had a flag or ever thought of raising it. This was always done on Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July, and Evacuation Day. In fact, the only American flag, except the one we owned, that I remember seeing then was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where I sometimes went with my father, who was one of the founders of the Naval Lyceum there. Our Fourth of July fireworks used to gather the villagers to our front lawn, which was free that evening to all.

Cragdon was sold a few years ago.

The following article, which appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, September 5, 1898, is from the pen of Mr. Edward N. Vallandigham, by whose kind permission I reproduce it here:

"A COUNTRY LANE IN TOWN.

"BEAUTY OF A LITTLE-KNOWN THOROUGHFARE OFF THE BOSTON ROAD —A SUGGESTED TRIP FOR PEDESTRIANS.

"Since the Seton Lane has become a thoroughfare of New York city, it seems likely soon to be civilized out of its rural charm. Already, indeed,

THE SKATING POND AT CRAGDON.

EMILY PRIME (MRS. WILLIAM SETON).

one fork of the lane, the larger and once much the wilder, has been greatly damaged in the name of civilization. Two years ago a wheeled vehicle could barely pass the lane at some points, because of the dense shrubbery that grew along each side and met in the middle. Last year much of this shrubbery was ruthlessly hacked away, but Nature, long absolute mistress of the lane, made haste this spring to repair the damage, and although carters hauling wood can still drive through the lane without losing their heads or their hats, the place has really taken on again much of its wild beauty. Those who would see this rural thoroughfare before civilization takes a new and fatal grip, will do well to make haste, and, as the geography of Seton Lane is known only to dwellers in the region thereabouts, a word or two of direction may be of use to intending explorers.

"Standing high up on a grassy bank that overlooks the Boston Road, and upon the left as one proceeds towards Boston, is a weatherbeaten brownstone mile-post, which says that the spot is fifteen miles from New York. The stone itself and the region northward for about half a mile along the Boston Road are now, as a matter of fact, within the city limits. A few rods below the stone, on the same side of the Boston Road, and almost exactly opposite pole No. 628 of the long-distance telephone line to Boston and the East, is the entrance to the larger fork of Seton Lane.

"Any person with the historic instinct, and some slight acquaintance with local history, standing at the entrance to Seton Lane and looking up and down the Boston Road, can hardly fail to please himself with visions of what must have been going on thereabouts when the Republic was young, and even earlier, in colonial days. Two miles below is quaint little Bronxdale, with its rival inns, one of them redolent of old coaching days, and kept by the man whose father established it in the first decade of the century. Half a mile above is East Chester, with an immense old coaching inn, that stands on a spot which has been the site of a public house for nearly two and a quarter centuries. Not far beyond is the charming old St. Paul's Church of East Chester, wrested from the Presbyterians by the Episcopalians, thanks to the aid of a royal Governor, and used during the Revolutionary war as a hospital for wounded soldiers. Within sight of the old church is the country house where John Adams used to visit his son-in-law, and whither that son-in-law was brought a dripping corpse, found drowned hard by in East Chester Creek, the crooked stream that figures magnificently in the river-and-harbor bill as Hutchinson River.

"Seton Lane itself hardly needs the glamour of historical interest to enhance its charm. Its longer fork, perhaps half a mile in length, runs for a few rods almost at right angles to the Boston Road, to a deserted homestead, and then, taking a sharp turn, plunges recklessly down hill, between banks of ever-increasing height, until it reaches the edge of Seton Brook. Shut in between the shrubbery banks of the lane, the explorer hears, without suspecting the cause, a muffled roar of distant railway trains converging