







# RECORD

OF THE

# GOLDEN WEDDING

OF

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D.,

AND

ISABELLA GRAHAM BETHUNE DUFFIELD,

CELEBRATED BY THE FAMILY

AT THE

HOMESTEAD IN DETROIT,

September 11, 1867.

"The Golden Dial of our home,  
To-day, marks fifty years."

COMPILED AT THE REQUEST OF THE FAMILY BY THE ELDEST SON,  
FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

1867.



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BINDING  
NUMBER } 260  
OF 1398.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
- TO  
"WILL" AND LOUISE,  
THE ONLY ABSENT ONES,  
BY THE  
ENTIRE FAMILY.



SIMPLY as a day, the 11th of September, 1867, "so cool, so calm, so bright," was absolutely perfect, and the moon being full, and rising early, the night was as perfect as the day.

"It was just such a day as this," said the groom, "that we were married fifty years ago;" and those of us who knew the extent of his weather-wisdom, could trust him on this point, when we could not trust others.

This morning, it is reported that father did not take his triple observation of the thermometer, barometer, and dew-point weathercock, nor take his noon walk in the garden. His various grapes and multitudinous pears must, therefore, for this once, take care of themselves. What are all the trees in the garden, compared to the "family tree," which on this occasion puts forth all its leaves and branches, and covers itself with golden fruit?

Henry with Fanny, and the baby "that belongs to the family," is the only one that has not yet flown from the old nest. George and Augusta, with Sam and Maggie and Ed, are here from the prairies of Illinois. Bethune brings in Mary, and "Georgie and Thunie Duff" from Grosse Pointe. Belle and the Doctor, with Morse and Duff, Bell, and Mamie Stewart, are also on hand from the Pointe, and all in good time in spite of patients and the State Fair. Sam makes a short cut through the garden, with Addie, and George, and Dan, and Babie Bell. All are present, save Will, whose old wounds have broken out again, and to whom

traveling is just now impossible. Great is the regret expressed that he and Louise, and Lulu and Willie, are thus prevented from sharing in our general joy. "If the telegraph could bring them bodily, they should be here yet."

While this conversation is going on in the parlor, let us slip off for a moment with "the Major,"\* into the study, and take a quiet observation of the groom, and the dear old bride.

You would not look for anything in the groom other than usual, either in dress or in manner, and you are not mistaken. "In accepting the situation" he has done all that could be reasonably expected of him, and, something more. The bride, however, has gone back to curls, and so much do they become her, that we only wonder she has not worn them always. Her dress is of fine black silk, trimmed with black lace seventy years old. In her cap are orange blossoms, mingled with autumn leaves, but it is evident that just at this particular moment she is thinking of anything but dress.

Few mothers can look back on such a history as her's. Well for her that the veil of the Future was only lifted day by day.

And now, Henry, as the youngest of the family, and as the duly appointed marshal and master of ceremonies, leads them into the parlor. They enter arm in arm, take their seats in the two great arm-chairs, and for a moment the silence is as the stillness of death. All eyes are on the bride, whose thoughts are still less of the present than the past. Father takes up the Bible. It is a book for all times and all places, but where will he open it for the Golden Wedding? Will he read the Golden Psalm?

Announcing neither chapter nor verse, he begins:

"Then went King David in, and sat before the Lord, and he said, Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?"

"And this was yet a small thing in thy sight, O Lord God, but thou hast spoken also of thy servant's house for a great while to come, and is this the manner of man, O Lord God?"

\* Henry M. Duffield.

“And what can David say more unto thee? For thou, Lord God, knowest thy servant.

“For thy word’s sake, and according to thine own heart, hast thou done all these great things, to make thy servant know them.

“Therefore thou art great, O Lord God, for there is none like thee, neither is there any God besides thee, according to all that we have heard with our ears.”

His heart, still full of praise to God, found yet further expression for it in the cxlvi. Psalm. Then followed a truly patriarchal prayer, for children and for children’s children, in which the most earnest petition of all others was for the absent one, entreating for him and for his, the best of all blessings, temporal and spiritual.

At the close of this prayer, Bell asked and received, on behalf of her son, George Duffield Stewart, a special blessing from father, as the first of the second generation who had borne his name.

We then united in singing, to “Old Dundee,” with a piano accompaniment by Addie, that beautiful hymn of Doddridge, which our Father and our Grandfather Bethune had long since selected as

#### OUR FAMILY HYMN.

O God of Bethel! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,  
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present,  
Before thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

Oh! spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father’s loved abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings, from thy gracious hand  
 Our humble prayers implore,  
 And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
 Our portion evermore.

The singing over, George, as the eldest son, presented the "Golden Wedding" ring, which he did in these words :

"Dear mother, as a testimony of our gratitude to God, and of affection for yourself, and as a further token of our abounding joy on this occasion, permit me to present to you this GOLDEN WEDDING RING, with the request that you will wear it on the same finger as the other wedding ring, during the remainder of your life. May your last days be your best days, until you enter that world where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

Putting the ring on her finger with a kiss, she kissed him in return, and then, with George leading, the children all joined in prayer for their parents. There are times when the thought that God "searcheth the hearts of the children of men," is a trouble to them, but now, when the heart was too full for utterance, how exceedingly pleasant and how great the relief of the thought, that there was no need of expressions

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer.

Then followed "The Children's Lyric" to the Parents, composed by Bethune. If poetry is the short hand of thought, it is also that of affection; and never did we more appreciate the value of verse, than when, with full eyes and faltering cadences, he read the following lines :

## I.

The golden dial of our home,  
 To-day marks fifty years,  
 And golden stars, from far above,  
 Drop down their dewy tears  
 Of light and love.

## II.

Of light and love ! for here still stand  
 Fast by the old hearth-stone,  
 The pair, who once in Love's bright land,  
 Away in years long gone,  
 Pledged heart and hand.

## III.

"Father" and "Mother," sacred words,  
 Still linger on our lips,  
 Altho' their moon its golden horn  
 Thro' silver cloudlets dips,  
 Weary and worn.

## IV.

Weary and worn, but youthful yet,  
 In life of heart and brain,  
 And fresh with every household grace ;  
 As meadows after rain,  
 Make bright their face.

## V.

And now, by silver sands they halt,  
 And o'er Life's silver sea,  
 The sun-burst of a golden day  
 Lights up their jubilee ;  
 While children pray,—

## VI.

That still their golden years may run,  
 And golden wisdom fall,  
 Like honey dropping from the comb,  
 Or fruit from sunny wall,  
 To bless each home.

## VII.

To bless and shield us, till the day  
 Our pinioned feet shall rise,  
 And tread with them the Heavenly coast  
 Beyond these golden skies,  
 In glory lost !

When the Poet had received his proper reward, in a kiss from the bride, copies of the Lyric, printed in gold, and enclosed in a broad gold border, and surmounted by a beautiful monogram of the Bethune and Duffield initials, with the Duffield coat of arms inserted in the centre, were distributed. Those for the bride and groom were printed on white satin

After this, the religious portion of the services was closed with the Doxology,

“ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

The tender solemnity of these services it is impossible to describe.

There was a depth of sentiment in them that at times was almost overwhelming. The solemnity of a funeral, without its gloom ; the sanctity of a sacrament, without its symbols. The Burning Bush could not have been very far off ; we all felt like taking the shoes from off our feet, for the ground whereon we stood was holy.

After a cordial interchange of kissing and congratulation on all sides, between the old and young, which was an immense relief alike to the mental and the physical system, the inexorable Marshal called us again to order, and said that the time had now come for the offering of presents. The first, the common gift of all the children, to be given by Bell, as the only daughter, and afterwards the several and successive offerings of the other children, to be presented in the order of their ages. Slowly the lid of the morocco casket is opened, and displays before the eyes of the astonished bride the GOLDEN RECORD, to which Bell gives the following interpretation :

Mother ! thy children bring thee on this day  
 A chain, whose every link is graven with thy praise,  
 The records of five decades in a noble life,  
 The records of their earliest, brightest, *darkest* days !

Thy children call thee blessed in this gift,  
 Marked tho' it be, with many a line of grief,  
 Pointing to hopes long buried,  
 Whose precious lives were brief.

Bless those whom God has left, mother,  
 That have cost a whole life's care,  
 And a covenant-keeping God we know  
 Will answer such a prayer.

In these thirty-two medals, mother sees at a glance her whole married life, and all her children and grandchildren,

living or dead. Each represents a member of the family, and is engraved with the name, date of birth, marriage or death. The three generations are indicated by the different sizes of the medals, in the order of the families. The medals representing the children and grandchildren who have passed away, are marked with a ring of black enamel, and that of Henry's baby, the youngest of the family circle, is specially distinguished by a pearl. The chain terminates with a locket to contain the miniatures of Great-grandfather Duffield and Great-grandmother Isabella Graham. To mother it is a golden record indeed, and we can well imagine that the hours she will hereafter spend over it, will not be few. Bell designed it, and we are inclined to think that none but a mother's heart, could have invented so appropriate a mother's record.

The hint of the Marshal was no doubt a wise one, for the children and grandchildren to offer their gifts in the order of their ages, but unfortunately for *his* order, the grandchildren did not "stand upon the order of their going," and the exact succession in which these presents were delivered, would puzzle the combined wisdom of the family to the end of time. However, we afterwards see them all arranged, under the Marshal's direction, in the north parlor, and find them many, and of various designs, all beautiful, many quite novel, not one inappropriate, and all offered in that spirit of love and harmony that ruled every affectionate and dutiful heart. Their manifold designs and great variety, as they henceforth appear, and re-appear, in the different uses for which they are intended, will long keep fresh before our eyes and within our hearts this memorial morning hour.

The last of the family gifts was a Bible to father, commemorating the recent united pulpit services of father, son and grandson, which was jointly presented by George Duffield, Jr., and Samuel W. Duffield, with the remarks by the latter, that

"As ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, partakers with you, as we trust, in the same blessed work, we can give you on this golden wedding day, no better, or more fitting gift, than the golden words of the Revelation of God."

To which Father replied with much emotion,

“There is none better, none more fitting, or appropriate, my sons. This Book is indeed more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold. Make it your chart through life, select from it all your themes of discourse, and arm all your preaching with a *Thus saith the Lord.*”

The cover bore the inscription :

PSALM CXXIX. 72, 127.

REV'D GEO. DUFFIELD, D.D.,

FROM

HIS SON, G. D., JR., AND GRANDSON, S. W. D.

TO COMMEMORATE THEIR

UNITED PULPIT SERVICES,

SABBATH, SEPT. 8TH, 1867.

MORNING,	AFTERNOON,	AND EVENING.
Matth. v. 8.	Exodus xx. 12.	Mark xii. 37.

On the other cover were the words :

PRESENTED AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING,

SEPT. 11TH, 1867,

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The family congratulations are now succeeded by those of the beloved Church of which Father has been the honored Pastor ever since 1838, inclosed in an envelope, on which was printed in gold,

MR. AND MRS. DUFFIELD,

was the following letter :

DETROIT, Sept. 11th, 1867.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D.,

DEAR SIR:—In behalf of our congregation, I am most happy on this auspicious occasion, to hand you the accom-

panying testimonial of their deep affection, and joyous sympathy with yourself and Mrs. Duffield, on this the fiftieth anniversary of your marriage.

As a feeble token of the endearing ties by which Pastor and people are bound together, I pray you to receive it, and with it our heartfelt congratulations, and earnest prayers, that the beneficent Providence, which has for the past half century, preserved and sustained you amid the toils, and trials, inseparable from your high calling, will still continue to watch over, and care for you and yours, for years to come.

With entire regard,

I am most truly and sincerely yours,

J. S. FARRAND.

Accompanying this letter was a pyramid of \$550 in gold pieces under a glass vase, which was brought in by Miss Mary C. Farrand, and at once assigned by the Marshal to a very conspicuous place on the piano.

Letters were then read from the following persons, all fraught with the kindest feelings and heartfelt good wishes, and formed a species of National congratulation, coming from all parts of the country.

Mr. Alanson Sheley, a member of father's Session, temporarily, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Pastor, Rev. Ed. Wright, and Session of the 1st Presbyterian Church of Stillwater, Minn.

Preamble and Resolution of the Common Council of the City of Detroit, Mich., a copy of which is given in the appendix.

John Wiegand, of Philadelphia, Penn.

George H. Hoffman, an elder of father's church, temporarily, in New York City.

Miss Mary C. Farrand, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Mary Post, 18 Waverly Place, New York City.

Also a letter from Mrs. Amelia M. Mason, of New York City, one of mother's bridesmaids.

Mrs. Abbe Cook, the only one who was present both at the wedding of 1817, and at the golden one.

Mrs. Ann S. Alexander, Carlisle, Penn.

Mrs. Dr. Myers, Carlisle, Penn.

Rt. Rev. Samuel A. McCrosky, Bishop of Michigan.

Mrs. Mary Ann Hubbard, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Margaret Fuller, Buchanan, Mich., an old Carlisle friend.

Mrs. Sarah Scudder, Boston.

Miss Carrie May, Maysfield, near Boston, Mass.

Hon. R. M. Blatchford, J. Miller McKim, Esq.

Miss E. Marshall, Framingham, Mass.

G. F. V. Lothrop, Detroit, Mich.

Verses by Mrs. Susan Dow, Detroit.

In the lull preceding the dinner hour, Mother surprised us all by calling us out according to our ages and presenting each one with her written diploma, or certificate of character.

The conception was novel, and the gift more precious than rubies. It was a certificate written out at length in her own hand, and assuring her children of her love, and her grateful and affectionate remembrance of their devotion to her through all the trials and sorrows of her long and chequered life. "Knowing all this," she says at the close, "I feel bound, on this the golden wedding day, to give my children this certificate of good behavior, which I do from my inmost heart; that they may show it to *their* children as an incentive to honor their parents, and to comfort *them* also (my own dear children), when wintry Time has shed his snows upon their heads." This beautiful diploma bore the author's signature, and her initials on a golden seal, from which flowed a blue ribbon, while on the opposite side was the photograph of her own dear face, smiling love and peace upon the children she thus has blessed.

The witnesses, as written above in her own hand, being, "My own heart," and "Thou God who seest me."

Mother, we thank thee, one and all, for this thy heart's best gift.

After feasting our eyes on the beautiful presents, and our hearts on the still more beautiful letters that accompanied them, the Bride suddenly assumed the character of "Grandma," and led the way to a bountiful dinner provided for the Grandchildren. Here the mothers shone out in all their glory, and though the fathers were permitted to get a glimpse of the little folks through the doors, and through the windows, yet it was very evident that they were entirely out-ranked in this department, and that Grandma was commander-in-chief. At least two of the grandchildren, Samuel W. and Maggie, so found it, who were born too early to come to that dinner, and were promoted to the next dinner, in the north wing, the dinner of all dinners ever served in that room before.

Could it be possible that after fifty years, Father and Mother were still in their old places, and that so many of their "boys" were once more together, to drop all other titles, and be addressed by their first names, as if they were still in their teens? But if any one supposes that either time or appetite were lost in the way of sentiment, they are greatly mistaken. There were too many good things on the table, that reminded us of old Pennsylvania times, for that, and we thought that full justice should be done in the premises.

Joy is a hungry passion, (?) and as at other wedding feasts, every one confessed to a better appetite than usual. Whether "the Major" remembered "hard tack" and his "quarter rations," at Chattanooga, we cannot say; but certainly he returned again and again to the charge, with unabated vigor, while in the matter of *pears*, he was positively sublime.

"To save time," as "the Major" suggested, but perhaps with an equal reference to the *pears* and *the grapes*, the literary entertainment commenced during the dessert, with some chapters from the

# Family Chronicles,

PREPARED A NIGHT OR TWO BEFORE, BY THE ELDEST SON.

## “ CHAPTER I ;

### “ OR, THE HOUSE AT GREENWICH.

“ Our good father and mother, who now enjoy the rare privilege of celebrating their golden wedding, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. John B. Romeyn, D.D., on the 11th day of September, 1817. The ceremony was performed in the evening at Greenwich, then a suburban village of New York, at the country seat of the bride’s father, Divie Bethune. Satins and thread lace having just then gone out of fashion, the bride was dressed in a silk skirt, with an over-skirt of India mull, and a broad flounce of elegant French needle-work, headed with a puff, and a broad bow of white ribbon at the side. The spencer was of thread lace insertion, and French needle-work; the dress high in the neck with demi-sleeves; the gloves, long white kid; the shoes, white satin; the bracelets and brooch, of pearls. She wore her hair high, with a coronet of orange blossoms, and everybody said, including Madame Barber, who got her up for the occasion, regardless of expense, that she looked very beautiful indeed. Tradition says that she was more pleased with the coronet of orange blossoms, than anything else, and we are inclined to think that the groom was of the same opinion. The bridesmaids were Miss Amelia Murray, afterwards Mrs. Judge John L. Mason, Miss Martha Coit, afterwards wife of Chief Justice Williams, of Conn., and Miss Sophia Duffield, a sister of the groom, and subsequently the wife of Mark Hodgson, Esq., Chester Co., Penn. Mrs. Mason is the only bridesmaid now living.

“ The groom was dressed in a suit of black broad-cloth, with

silk stockings and pumps; and according to the custom of the times wore fine cambric ruffles, white cravat, and standing collar. His hair was curled on both sides, and how he looked we may have a pretty good idea from his miniature still extant, and which very appropriately is this day worn by the bride.

“His groomsmen were the Rev. W. W. Phillips, D.D., so long pastor of the First Pres. Church, New York, Rev. John Knox, D.D., the well-known pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Church, and Henry Duffield, M.D., of Newport. All three of whom are now deceased. So are Dr. Romeyn, Dr. McLeod, Dr. Rowan, Dr. McCartee, Rev. P. N. Strong, Rev. Henry Blatchford, and many other ministers who were then present; and many other of the old merchants, and lawyers, and ruling elders of New York.

“The only survivors of that large and merry company are, so far as is now known, Mrs. Mason, Milford Blatchford, Esq., and Chancellor Mathews, of New York, and Mrs. Samuel D. Hubbard, of Boston, and Mrs. Abbe A. Cook, now present at the golden wedding. The bride has survived her father and mother, her only sister, and her only brother. The groom has survived his father and mother, two sisters and a brother. Yet strange to say, they were altogether the most delicate members of their respective families, and those who in all ordinary circumstances, might naturally have been expected to go the first. So we see “the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.” Those of their children and grandchildren who are the feeblest may take encouragement; those who are the strongest should be careful not to presume. The honey moon must have been a very pleasant one. We could tell a good many things that we have heard about their trip to Passaic Falls, and the daring leap of the bride over the Rapids; of their stay in Philadelphia at the house of Uncle McCartee; of the good time at Newport, Del., at Grandfather Duffield’s, where they had the warmest of welcomes, and eating and drinking, riding and driving, and sailing on the Christiana, in the groom’s clinker built wherry

to their heart's content; but we must make them tell the story themselves.

“Yet as all moons wax and wane, even the honey moon must come to an end, and accordingly we find the youthful pair leaving the hospitable mansion at Newport, and starting in their own private carriage for Carlisle, Cumberland Co., Penn., where father was settled as pastor of the old Presbyterian Church, as his grandfather, of the same name, had been settled before him.

## “CHAPTER II.

### “OR, THE TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE.

“On their arrival at Carlisle, they were received with great cordiality by the groom's cousin, Geo. A. Lyon, Esq., and remained as his guests, until by the friendly courtesy of Bishop McCrosky, Judge Wilkins, and others, then young students at Carlisle, who assisted them in receiving and disposing of their furniture, they were at length safely housed in the two-story brick on Lowther St. Compared with the log house just beside it on the corner, the brick house had decidedly the advantage, otherwise it was as plain and unpretending as could be well imagined. You would hardly be prepared by what you saw outside, for the beautiful, and valuable furniture inside. That upright piano, John Broadwood and Sons, maker, London, has a mission before it such as few pianos ever had; and its music will never die out of some hearts, until the songs of earth are exchanged for those of heaven. That high post bedstead, of such goodly proportions, with its carved pillars and peacock curtains, *had also its mission.*

“Three removes, it is said, are as bad as a fire; if so, you can readily imagine how complete a conflagration would be produced by three times three removes; from Carlisle to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to New York, and from New

York to Detroit. Of all the beautiful furniture of the two story brick house, made by Phyfe, of New York, and shipped to Carlisle, via. Baltimore, the piano and the bedstead are the only two witnesses left. The sideboard, indeed, with its dangerous array of port, sherry, and madeira decanters, to say nothing of cordials and brandy, at a very early period, found its "occupation gone" before the onward march of temperance; but the mahogany book-case, with its glass doors and well-filled shelves, and the sofa, one arm of which is still extant in the bride's portrait, were worthy of a better fate. The greater part of the dear old gilt and blue china, however, escaped the numerous ills to which china is heir; and like the Sybil's books, what still remains is more precious than the original set. Yet, among the survivors, you will look in vain for 'that sugar bowl of blue,' except as it still lives in the immortal verse of the Family poet, in Mother's album.

"But there was something more than furniture in that two-story brick. Scarcely had the married pair completed their first anniversary, when on the 12th of September, 1818, there was born unto them a son; who, forty years after, was certified of the same, by the Rev. W. R. Dewitt, D. D., of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who, even at that late date, had not forgotten the original strength of the historian's lungs.

### "CHAPTER III;

#### "OR, 'HAPPY RETREAT.'

"This was also a two-story brick house, where the family removed in 1820. Situated about one mile west of Carlisle, on the Pittsburg Turnpike, and half hidden at the foot of a shaded lane, in the midst of Lombardy poplars and English cherry trees, it seemed to be well worthy of its pleasant name. Here I first became aware of my own conscious existence, so far as memory serves me, in the laudable occupation of building stick houses, and covering them with grass;

to entice little birds therein, that I might put them with mother's canaries.

“ My first recollection of mother, is like the Virgin Mother, with a child in her arms; and so continually was this the case until I left home, and sat up in the domestic business for myself, that I can never think of her in any other attitude. The first recollection I have of father, is of a man in a red silk morning-gown, with a big Latin folio before him; but who would occasionally relax himself from study, so far as to play upon a certain instrument of four strings, operated on by a horse-hair bow.

“ My earliest recollection of ‘Thune,’ D. B. D., is that of a very determined baby, holding on by the balusters, and calling out to his Scotch nurse ‘Rosey,’ for his bottle. So early did his voice begin to yield him a livelihood, that he has continued *legally* in the business, (not the bottle, but the law,) ever since.

#### “CHAPTER IV;

##### “OR, THE BRACKENRIDGE HOUSE.

“ In 1823 the family had removed back to Carlisle, to the house owned by the widow of Judge Brackenridge; a house which I always think of as a hospital. Here, in 1825, mother heard of the last illness of Grandfather Divie Bethune. Here, in 1826, after a long and painful illness, the first Henry Martyn Duffield died. Here father opened the letter with the black seal, and found that he was no longer ‘Jr.’ Here it was, that the house at the foot of the alley burned down; and your chronicler first saw the big fire hook to pull down houses; and thereupon opened in haste the family Bible and began to read 1 Chronicles, chapter I., to keep the big hook from coming to our house. Here the house next to us *did* burn down, and the fire caught in the garret of our back building, and Mother stood at the head of the stairs with a

baby in each arm, saying, 'Let the house burn, if I only have all my children safe.' I tell you what, I thought at that moment, that I had the best and bravest mother in the world; and at a subsequent time, when Uncle George Bethune spoke of her when in trials, as towering above the rest of her sex like a queen, I remembered the fire, and was of the same opinion.

## “ CHAPTER V ;

### “ OR, THE MASON HOUSE.

“ A good thing it was for us all, when, in the spring of 1828, we moved a little way out of town, to the house on the hill, built by Dr. John M. Mason, and which was to the family what the old homestead on Woodward Avenue is in Detroit. Still even here we were not exempt from the arrows of the pale destroyer. It was from this house our first sister Joanna was buried. Even yet her dear, sweet face is so vividly in my memory, and so often and unexpectedly in day dreams and visions of the night, has it presented itself before me in times of trouble and anxiety, that I have sometimes been almost ready to believe, if such a thing was possible, that she was my guardian angel.

“ Thune and Will, and mother, and myself will never forget the stormy night, when father was down at prayer meeting, that we made believe that she was a little queen; how we bowed down to her in the gladness of our hearts, when mother was playing for us on the dear old piano. How royally she swayed her sceptre over us, and how her eyes shone and flashed like diamonds, and her whole face was lighted up by the radiance of heaven itself. We all think Henry's baby is beautiful, and so he *is*, and well worthy of the Class cup; but to me, perhaps, he is more beautiful than to any other of his uncles, because he has *her* hair,—and *her* eyes. One of the very first I expect to see in heaven is dear Joanna, but if I

trust myself to say a word more about her, I shall break down myself, and mother too. The memory of this dear sister may be one reason why I loved that place so much; but if I only had time to take those of you who have never been there up the long, green poplar lane, where we used to run races on glorious old Bob, and Mike and old Nell; into that orchard where were juicy rambos, black heart cherries, and wild plums; where we used to 'fight apples,' Indian fashion, and 'bumbees' by the old willow; where we had our 'summer seats,' and where, between the two rocks, in the midst of lilacs, we had our grove of worship, and used to hold our boys' prayer-meeting;—if I could take you into that garden, and show you the finest grapes and peaches in all the country round, and the trenches and boxes incident to a desperate attempt at cranberry culture; if I could take you into that famous barn and barn-yard, and show you the pigs, and the chickens and the guinea hens, and the old muscovy ducks, and the big turkey gobbler, and the peacock, to say nothing of pigeons and rabbits and squirrels, and the large array of canary birds elsewhere on the premises, and the smoke-house, and the ice-house, and the bath-house, and the chicken-coop, and the root house, all save the latter combined in one marvellous building, I am sure you would think it as rich a field for exploration as Herculaneum itself, and as great a paradise for boys as the modern Grosse Pointe. Poor old dog 'Corny' was indeed there in the field with the solitary poplar, barbarously murdered by John McCartney, who shot him for hydrophobia, to cure him of toothache; but then we had 'Toby' and Lion, whom, tail in hand, Will must have trotted after far more miles than I would venture to say.

“One scene among many others worthy of recall, was the molasses scene, in the front spare bed-room up stairs. I see it all now, (I wish a painter could.) A whole gallon of molasses, granted on one rainy day, to make into candy. The pans all greased for the taffy; the butter all ready to draw it, the pot over the fire in the open fire-place, boiling under mother's direction; Thune faithfully stirring, though personally roasting the while; Will carefully looking on, in

happy expectation, and baby creeping round, threatening mischief. But alas! 'there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.' In an evil hour, in mother's temporary absence, and contrary to Thune's most earnest remonstrance, your unfortunate chronicler, determined to 'make a blaze' and 'hurry up the candy!' A few pine shavings, *judiciously* (?) applied, *did* hurry it up, I tell you! Thune stirred like desperation, Will coolly suggested there 'would be a time,' and cast a sheep's eye at your humble servant. And a time there was! Over went the 'liquid sweetness' into the fire, heels over head went your unfortunate chronicler, to get out of the way of the explosion; but in doing so, over went the gallon of molasses behind him, in a great puddle, right in the middle of the Brussels carpet! and just at that awful moment mother appeared!

*Tanquam deus ex machina.*

And maybe we didn't get "sweetened" some, and a little more, but not with molasses! That day had a melancholy close, as we chewed the cud of bitter reflection instead of the candy.

*Moral* for all the grandchildren, "Don't boil your molasses too fast, or you'll miss your candy."

But it is doubtful whether this moral was heard, so great was the explosion of laughter, and so many the tongues immediately unloosened, to tell of further particulars and similar stories, that the rest of the chronicle was forgotten. A new attack was made upon the pears and grapes along the whole line, and had there been even so much as a single bottle of father's "unfermented wine" on the table, sour as it somehow happens generally to be, we hardly know what would have taken place.

The little folks looked on with astonishment, and some of those who were older seemed to feel that we were all children once more, and that there were no grandchildren: and so the further reading of the chronicle was most unfortunately suppressed by the historian, not for want of matter, but for want of time.

## The Literary Entertainment.

Dinner over, and thanks returned, the Marshal, in such sort of procession as he was able to command, rallied the family forces into the library. The first paper presented was on the Duffield Pedigree, and was introduced by father, with the following remarks:

“In starting out in life, I gave myself but very little concern about the past, or the future; as it was with the present I had to do, it was to that I principally devoted my attention. I had no thought of what my father had, or what property he would be likely to leave. My wants had always been met, and provided for, by his indulgence. I knew that he had given me a good education, I may say a thorough education, both literary and theological; and now it was for me to show that these advantages had not been conferred upon me in vain.

“I must also confess to very little interest or curiosity in reference to my pedigree. It used to amuse me sometimes to hear my sister, Sophia, telling of this and the other of my ancestors, but it was not a subject that I considered worthy of much time or study. Once when in the garret of old Dr. Samuel Duffield, of Philadelphia, I remember seeing my grandfather's ‘old wig,’ but the relic excited more of the ludicrous feeling in me than any other. Indeed I may say, that I had a sort of latent prejudice against genealogical investigation, which probably arose from a remark of old ‘Ruthy,’ a superannuated servant of my uncle, ‘that my great grandfather was nothing but an old Irishman.’ She evidently not feeling any particular admiration for this nation, induced the impression that the less I searched into that matter perhaps the better. Still as I grew older, and learned from time to time more of the history of the family, in this country, and on the other side of the water, I found some things that were worth preserving, and that may

possibly be still more interesting to my children. They will be found collected in the paper I am about to read."

"THE DUFFIELDS."

The surname of Duffield is of local origin, and derived from the township of Duffield, in the county of York, England. As early as 1315 we find a Richard de Duffield was bailiff of York; in 1348 a Thomas de Duffield, and in 1375 a Robert de Duffield, holding the same office. Some of them were ecclesiastics, like Nicholas de Duffield, rector of Bolter Percy, in 1327, and William Duffield, who in 1434 was made archdeacon of Cleveland, in the Cathedral Church of York. The name is variously spelt in the different register-books at Ripon, as Duffeld, Duffeilde, Duffylde, and Duffield. The clan of Duffields enjoyed great privileges connected with the Forest of Galtres, which extended from York to Aldboro, about six miles from Ripon, in the neighborhood of which city they continued to possess property for many generations.

By the certificate of the Ulster King of Arms of all Ireland, we find that the Duffield coat of arms is "entered to the name of Thomas Duffield, of Ripon, Yorkshire, and that a branch of that family of Duffields settled in Ireland, one of whom, — Duffield, was married to Mary, daughter of Charles Willington, of Ballymena, Ulster, in the county of Antrim, some time before the year 1720."

Rev'd William Duffield, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Doncaster, gives an account of a certain William Duffield who spelt his name Duffill, and whose children's names were George, William, John, Mary, and Henry. As this George Duffield, son of William, however, was born in 1727, we have not yet reached the precise link of connection between the Duffields of Ireland and those of America. But there are several circumstances that indicate very definitely something much more than a mere coincidence.

1. The George Duffield, of Salisbury township, Lancaster county, Penn., from whom we trace our more immediate descent, was born in Ireland, A.D. 1690.

2. He was born in Ballymena, Antrim co., Ireland.

3. His eldest son's name was William, from which, according to the well-known family custom, we may infer that the name of his father was William Duffield.

4. The names of three of his sons were the same as those of William Duffield, of Ireland, viz. : George, William, and John.

5. In signing his last will and testament, where the utmost accuracy was required, he spells it "George Dufel,"—though his children are named in the body of the will "Duffield."

6. He seems to have inherited the same family characteristic, which has continued down to the present time, of many sons, but few daughters.

The probable theory, then, of our family origin is—

1. That the father of George Duffield, born in 1690, was William Duffield.

2. That he, and other numbers of the clan Duffield, became Protestants and came over to Ireland in the times of the Puritans.

3. That this William Duffield and others of the same name, either directly or indirectly, derived their names, though of course not their descent, from Archdeacon William Duffield, who died and was buried in the Cathedral Church of York, A.D. 1452.

The Archdeacon "gave his soul to God Almighty, St. Mary and all saints."

The ruling elder of the Church of Pequa says, "I give, and recommend my soul to God who gave it me, and my body to the earth, to be buried in a decent manner, at the discretion of my executors."

George Duffield, the patriarch of Pequa, was a man in all respects well worthy to be the founder of a family. He was a Protestant at a time when men understood what Protestantism really was. He was a Calvinist, who loved Flavel's works so much as to bequeath them to his oldest son, in his will; and Ambrose's "Looking to Jesus" so much, as to present

it, in his own beautiful and clerly hand, to his grandson. He was a Presbyterian, and as such, believed in the parity of the clergy and preferred that form of government to every other. He was a man of education himself, and gave a liberal education to each of his four sons, who seem to have loved and revered him as a father in no ordinary degree. Nor was he less faithful and affectionate to "his well beloved wife, Elizabeth," with whom he must have lived long enough to have celebrated their "golden wedding," had they been so disposed; kind, amiable, and gentlemanly, in his deportment, always a man of his word, of the strictest integrity in business, a devout and contemplative Christian, you will look in vain for his name as a party to a lawsuit, or among the crowd of office-seeking politicians.

The tradition that still lingers in the church of Pequa, "that he was a man whom every one loved, and of whom all spoke well," we have every reason to believe, was not without real foundation. So true is it, that "a good man leaveth an inheritance to children, and to children's children."

His son, George Duffield, D.D., was a third son of the above, his first child born in this country, who was ordained at Carlisle, Pa., 55 years before myself, on the same day, of the same month, removed thence to Philadelphia and became pastor of the 3rd Presbyterian Church. He was appointed by Governor Morton, of Penn., on the 6th day of July, 1776, chaplain to the Pennsylvania forces, then tendered to Congress in the service of the cause of liberty; and served at intervals during the Revolutionary War as a joint Chaplain with Bishop White, of the Continental Congress. He was one of the most prominent framers of the Constitution of the American Presbyterian Church. His son, George Duffield, inherited many of the characteristics of his grandfather, both in personal resemblance and in his natural disposition, and character.

For further particulars in reference to our family genealogy, I refer you to the book of Record which George has

prepared, and which contains true copies of the following documents :

1. Printed account of the Duffields, of Ripon and Coverdale county, York, England, forwarded to me by Rev'd Robert Dawson Duffield, who seems to have taken more trouble to collect information about the Duffields than any other person of that name.

2. An extract from Sir Barnard Burke's visitation of the seats and arms of the noblemen and the gentlemen of Great Britain and Ireland.

3. The certificate of the Ulster King of Arms.

4. Letter from Rev'd R. D. D. Duffield.

5. Copy of the will of George Duffield admitted to Probate A.D. 1774.

6. List of William Duffield's descendants, furnished by Miss Mary Bell, of Hagerstown, Md.

7. Letter of Miss Mary Bell.

8. Letter of Prof. John Duffield, Princeton, N. J.

9. Letter from Rev. Richard Webster, the Antiquarian, formerly Secretary of the Presbyterian Historical Society.

10. Copy of the genealogical table of the family, as compiled and kept by me in the Family Bible.

To which Book of Record I have attached the following certificate.

I hereby certify that I have this day, Sept. 4th, 1867, compared the above with the records in my possession, and find them to have been correctly copied.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

DETROIT, MICH.

The document having been read, father concluded by saying :

"And now, my children, I have but a word more to say. Your mother and I cannot, in the ordinary course of nature, expect long to remain with you. As to death, either as to when or in what manner it is to take place, it is not a matter of anxious care or solicitude with me. I do not allow myself

to dwell upon these circumstances further than this, that I know they are in the hands of Infinite Wisdom, and of Infinite Love, and there I leave them. I only care to go steadily on and do the work of life to which I have been called."

Paper II. was then read by Mrs. Isabella Graham Stewart, and listened to with deepest interest from beginning to end. It was entitled

## THE HAMILTONS, GRAHAMS AND BETHUNES.

### A WOMAN'S CHRONICLE.

In gathering together what we know of our family on our Mother's side, we find the simple names of Hamilton, Marshall, Graham, and Bethune.

Without doubt, were we where all the records of these families have been assiduously kept, we would trace each, through its various ramifications, back to blood as "blue" as the most fastidious aristocrat might desire; but what would all this knowledge avail to us or our children, compared with the more important point of which we have authentic proof—that on this side of our family, also, we come of God's nobility—that by direct entail from our Mother, we are "heirs of the promises."

Our ancestors and ancestresses have been more careful to preserve their record as Christians, than as nobles.

From their love of the Covenanters, we have reason to believe, that Janet Hamilton, wife of John Marshall, was born of the blood of Andrew Hamilton, of Drumclough, who stood so staunchly by his Covenanting brethren. She was the great-grand niece of John Knox, of anti-popish memory, and "her father was an approved elder of the Scottish Secession Church, which he joined with the Erskines (Ralph and Ebenezer), and the traditions of the family carry the strain of sanctified blood farther back than records or memory of names enable us to reach."

Her's is the first generation whose letters we now possess. Her own, by their simplicity, perspicuity and pathos, show her to have been a woman of most superior education, rare common sense, a clear business head, and a heart as patient as it was tender and true.

Through her husband's injudicious endorsements for a visionary friend, the later years of her life were spent in somewhat straitened circumstances. Yet even then, she did not hesitate to take the infant son of her daughter and son-in-law, Isabella and John Graham, when the latter was ordered to Montreal, and from thence to Fort Niagara, which was at that time the very outskirts of American civilization. It is evident, from the correspondence of this mother and daughter, interchanged after the death of this little child, that he had been the legacy of Isabella Graham to her mother, Janet Marshall; and these letters breathe a spirit of reconciliation as well as submission to God's will, that would put to shame those who make idols of their griefs. No higher tone of piety, no more faithful, unselfish, steady adherence to the narrow way to which our Saviour points, can be found on any family record, than that of our great-grandmother Marshall. A woman fitted to shine in every circle of society, she still executed, in the quietest manner, such menial service as her straitened circumstances rendered necessary. The burden of her prayer seemed ever to have been,

Teach me my God and King,  
 In all things Thee to see,  
 And what I do, in anything,  
 To do it as for Thee.

A servant, with this clause,  
 Makes drudgerie divine,  
 Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,  
 Makes that and the action fine.

What wonder that in the hands of such a mother, the character of her daughter, Isabella, was moulded to almost perfect symmetry.

At the age of twenty-three, this, her only daughter, was

married to Dr. John Graham, who was at that time a widower with two sons, by a former marriage. If these facts were the source of any regret on her part, we can scarcely know, for although she confessed to "eating her pleasant things with bitter herbs," she elsewhere expresses her regard for her stepsons in this wise :

"Remember to give my love to my dear children. I reckon all that sprung from my dear Doctor mine, and though I did not suffer a mother's pangs for them, Heaven knows how equally I love them, with those who cost me dearer. Tell them I leave them a mother's blessing."

Upon these two sons was entailed what of private fortune Dr. Graham possessed. "The eldest, Samuel, after a career of honorable valor, attained the high rank of General of the forces in Scotland, and Governor of the Royal Castle of Sterling. James was arrested in his military career by receiving a shot through his body at the siege of Charleston, South Carolina. He, however, survived his wounds, and subsequently married a lady of that State."

As late as 1846, I remember meeting at tea, at grandma's, the brother of Mr. John Drew, formerly of Detroit, who had come out to the United States for a few months. This gentleman was the man of business of a Mr. Graham, who was the grandson of great-grandfather Graham, and sent by Mr. Drew a most affectionate letter to grandma, whom he called his dear Aunty Bethune. Mrs. Drew, who accompanied him, told me that this James Graham, (I think that was the name), was the son of Samuel Graham, and, I believe, had a title, but it really was so long ago, and we care so little about those sort of things, that I have forgotten exactly about it.

One thing I do remember, however, and that is, that after the lapse of more than half, perhaps three-quarters of a century of separation from his Scottish relations, he had not forgotten a lesson, which had evidently been well taught, *i. e.*, to show his regard to his father's step-sister whom he had never seen.

When Dr. Graham thus began life, as it were, anew, he

cherished a plan of settling in America, somewhere on the line of the Mohawk River, and was glad to relinquish his private, and not unremunerative practice in Paisley, for an appointment as surgeon in the 60th regiment (Royal American) British army, hoping, should he still desire to make his permanent home in the colony of New York, to dispose of his commission.

This somewhat vague, and far from well digested plan, was the first leading of Providence towards the establishment of great-grandma Graham and her descendants in America. In 1770, grandpa Graham died, in Antigua, leaving his wife, with three daughters and the prospect of the son that was born to her, not to him.

Her letter, written after this great sorrow, to her sister-in-law, Miss Margaret Graham, is one of those pitiful outcries which even God's dearest children utter, when thus suddenly bereaved. Yet while she was crushed to the earth, to yield up the life of her husband, the one great joy of her existence, she was permitted in time to know the peace of reconciliation, and the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, came and dwelt forever more within her heart.

From thence she took God at His word. In faith her orphaned children were cast upon Him who had promised to be "a father to the fatherless," and although she labored day and night for their daily bread, she was seldom burdened; her offspring were "the seed of the righteous."

Here is no place to recapitulate the life that grandpa Bethune has so faithfully depicted in his "Memoirs of Isabella Graham." A book that has lain by the Bible of many a saint of God—who took heart from this record of what He, who is ever ready to save, did for one poor widow, who trusted Him in this their day. And shall it not lay side by side with our Bibles, and those of our children? It is the simple story of a plain but chequered life, which was sustained and culminated in faith and prayer. You all know her good works, *tell* them to your children. At our own mother's knee we have heard many a tale that we must tell again, for were they put

on paper, they would lose their sanctity. It needs a mother's voice to hallow reminiscences that are too pure for criticism ; but most of all, show them how she looked down the stream of time, and pleaded, like Israel of old, that God would confirm His promises, and keep His covenant with her children, and her children's children, to the latest generation. Upon us rests the entail of His grace, and our children are by far the largest number of her descendants. Pray God that we may keep it in the blood, till the great day when we give an account of our stewardship.

Great-grandma Graham was the mother of five children, Isabella, Joanna, and Jessy, one son died in infancy, and the other, John Graham, was believed to have been captured by a French cruiser, and died as a prisoner of war in one of their prisons. Isabella married Mr. Andrew Smith, of New-York. Her only descendant, known to us, is Mrs. M. Bryson, now residing in Scotland. Jessy, a very beautiful woman, married Mr. Hay Stevenson, and died within a few months after her first confinement, leaving a son, who subsequently died without issue.

Our own grandmother, Joanna Graham, married Mr. Divie Bethune, in 1795, in the City of New York. We all remember Grandma Bethune, her small person, her peculiar ways, her long histories of that child of her heart, the New York Orphan Asylum ; and yet, how few of us knew her, and recognized, as we should have done, her extraordinary mental and moral force. Possessing great shrewdness and common sense, as well as a remarkable executive ability and judgment, there was sound reason for her generally believing her own way to be the best one. Intolerant of interference from those who had given but a one-sided view to acquisition of importance, she won for herself the reputation of imperiousness. Perhaps none of her granddaughters had more entirely her affection than myself, and, I can truly say, that she was indulgent, kind, affectionate, generous, and pains-taking, in her attentions to those whom she believed sincere. She was a thorough Scotch woman at heart, although she fiercely re-

puddiated the insinuation that she was not an American. "Was I not born at Fort Niagara, on the American side, too, and have I not lived here all my life, except just sixteen years?" Yet she would read aloud to her grandchildren who might be with her, such of Scott's novels as best developed Scottish character, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, &c., until some of us have been trained to feel that Scotland is the next dearest spot on earth after our own native land.

The life of Mrs. Joanna Bethune, which was published by Harper & Bro., in 1864, and purporting to be by her son, we grieve to say was utterly unworthy of the subject and the so-called author. The bald facts in the book are strictly true, but to have appreciated Grandma Bethune's character, one should first have admitted her faults, and then counted her virtues. Susceptible of flattery, and easily beguiled by all sorts of impostors, which was perhaps the result of her overweening devotion to public charities, of a hasty and imperious temper, she was nevertheless earnest in good works, patient in instruction, willing to make the greatest self-sacrifices for any charity in which she was engaged, and appreciative of the like in others, and having a remarkable facility for teaching the young.

She was withal a woman of immense personal courage.

Our mother has often told us of how, while she and grandma were driving through one of the less respectable streets of New York, they heard the shrieks of "Murder, murder," uttered in the most agonizing tones,—she called instantly to the footmen—"Stop the carriage, open the door." "Oh! Mrs. Bethune," groaned the man, powerless to resist. "Do as you are bidden," was all her reply to his feeble protest. In an instant the coach halted before a miserable tenement house, and grandma made her way through the crowd of men, who had gathered around the area window, where a tragedy was evidently being enacted. Singling out one she gave him the explicit command, "Go for a policeman," and then on she went into a low room where a gigantic and in-

furiated negro was holding his child's head back upon the table with one hand, while the other clasped a long butcher knife, just ready to cut the poor little creature's throat. His wife was senseless in the corner of the room. With a voice like a trumpet, and an eye that compelled obedience, she said, "Lay down that knife: let go of the child instantly." The huge brute cowered before the magnetic force of this frail and slender little woman, whose indomitable spirit knew no fear, and in a moment more the police came to the rescue, and led him manacled to prison.

Long before any other respectable man or woman's foot found its way into the Five Points, Grandma Bethune had been prospecting there. She gave the work her whole heart, and strength; but she frankly confessed that but for the Lord helping her, she would have flinched from this undertaking. In 1831 her prayer is recorded: "Blessed be God that he has put it into the hearts of some of his servants to make the attempt to reclaim the moral waste at the Five Points. Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom when God has purposes of mercy towards them, before many proud professors and formal hypocrites. But oh, my God, bless and further the work of education among the young. Let not race after race be trained to be rods in thy hand to visit our neglect upon our children, and children's children. May we soon see an edifice rising in that quarter where all the youth, from the babe to the youth of sixteen, shall be trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and witness them not departing from it when they are old." Has not this effectual fervent prayer been fully answered?

Grandma Bethune wielded the pen of a ready and forcible writer. Clear, explicit, concise, whatever she wrote, was always telling in its effect, and no more exquisite epitaphs were ever framed than some which are memorial stones in the chapel of the Orphan Asylum. There is one of an Israelite, and another of a soldier, whose dying bequests left their all to the institution. In the former it was tens of thousands, in the latter but a few dollars of back pay. Yet the

delicate tact and grace of the acknowledgment of their gifts has so commended itself to the hearts of all who read, that no city charity in New York has ever been so blessed with legacies.

Capable of the highest literary career, she was content to teach children, and she brought to the work no common patience, perseverance, and ingenuity. Her last pupil was her great-grandson, whom she taught to read, and though the task was somewhat complicated, by the childhood of youth in the one, and the childhood of age in the other, it was finally accomplished to the credit of both parties.

Her Scripture Lessons for Children, the Ten Commandments, the Life of Joseph, the Infant-school Hymns, etc., were the profitable results of her leisure hours. In her long life was no misspent time.

If her mother and grandmother had known the uses of adversity, Grandma Bethune was tested by that severer trial prosperity. She lived to the great age of ninety-three years. After four-score, her busy brain had so far worn away the pivot on which the compass needle of her soul had turned, that it was only in her dreams she "saw heaven and the angels going up, up, up, all the night long." These later years were labor and sorrow, and finally when justice to the institution, which she had so dearly loved and faithfully served, rendered the acceptance of her resignation as first directress of the New York Orphan Asylum absolutely necessary, the Board, with a feminine appreciation and taste that has no parallel, voted that the name of Mrs. Joanna Bethune, while living, be published *above* the names of the Board of Directors.

Each of these three ancestresses were women of great individuality of character, singleness of purpose, and faithfulness of heart, whose life illustrated in her turn, some sore trial, and some rare perfection. Yet in the end, God granted to each the prayer of Agur, "neither poverty, nor riches, but food convenient for her."

The *Bethunes* were men of science, adventure and enter-

prise. Centuries ago, they had been counted famous physicians, and so high was the appreciation of their peculiar ability in this profession, that the Isle of Skye actually makes free leases and gifts to provide for the adequate support of a Bethune, as resident physician there, and also for the proper scientific education of a son, or one of the name in each generation. Since the sixteenth century, the shrewd Scotch sense seems to have recognized that the practice of medicine was not alone a science, but also an art, and that this family were rarely gifted in this particular.

When Grandma Bethune found two of her grand-daughters had married physicians, she expressed the highest satisfaction, that the old profession of the Bethunes and Grahams was coming into the family once more. They were also men of enterprise, seldom rich, and having no great taste for trade, they nevertheless struck fearlessly out for new homes in the various unoccupied foreign possessions of Great Britain.

Our own grandfather was the son of a widow, of whose care, foresight, and self-sacrifice, he makes honorable mention. Her husband died when her little family of two sons and two daughters were all quite young. Agnes married Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, and her posterity are probably living at this day. Janet remained single, and died at a great age, over eighty, I believe.

George, who was a physician, and our own grandfather, Divie Bethune, then a youth looking forward to the profession of the law as his business in life, went to Jamaica 1789 or 90, where there is the record of other Bethunes having gone before.

Dr. George Bethune and his brother Divie settled in Demerara, but the pestilential moral atmosphere was so thoroughly distasteful to our grandfather, that at the risk of forfeiting his brother's affection he left him, and in 1791 came to New York City, at the age of nineteen, having only his education, and two willing hands with which to win his bread. In twenty years he had not only gained wealth,

which was of minor importance, but he had given tone and character, as well as system, and an active impulse to public benevolence, especially such charities as contemplated the spread of the gospel, and the conversion of souls. His personal liberality was of a quiet, undemonstrative kind. One-tenth of his income was devoted to the Lord, and it is odd, in looking over his private accounts, to see how promptly, even when a very young man, he disposed of a surplus hundred dollars, usually in sums of twenty-five, in every direction. An earnest Presbyterian, and a ruling elder in the churches of Drs. John M. Mason and John B. Romeyn, he, with John E. Caldwell, did more than any other laymen in the General Assembly to give character and force to the eldership in ecclesiastical bodies, and make it a co-operative power with the ministry of the church.

Withal, he was no sectarian, although by the most thorough courtesy he prevented any one from manifesting sectarianism at his expense. He was a finished English scholar, and in his writings, his prayers, his meditations, his hymns, and his correspondence exhibited a style simple, chaste, and fervent.

He had a marked taste for versification, which indeed quite ran in the blood on our mother's side. Great-grandma Graham, Grandma Bethune, and Aunt Jessy, all having a similar gift. But he never arrogated to himself the name of a poet.

In later years, his only son, our uncle, George Bethune, struck from his heart, as it were, a few such glowing verses, so full of the fire of genius, that the world named him indeed a poet. Our own father has often said that he never met with a man whose conversation charmed and benefited him more than Grandpa Bethune's.

In appearance, in his youth, he was brown haired, with deep blue laughing eyes, a tall fine figure, as the record says of so many of his predecessors, he was "a handsome stately man." In his later years, his white hair, his courtly presence, his noble face, and courteous bearing, made him a marked man, in a time when it was less easy to attract attention as a gentleman, than in these present days.

At the time of his death, and for years afterwards, there was an earnest desire that a proper biography of a life so replete with characteristics and incidents might be prepared; illustrating how noble and valuable a man, a Christian merchant could become, and showing what moral tone, what moral uprightness, what integrity, and what perfect honesty he exemplified to the men of his day. Alas, Uncle George and Grandma were so jealous of having the work *well* done, that it was never undertaken at all.

Great-grandma Graham summed up her testimony as to his character as a man, and a Christian, in words which were the judgment of a rarely just woman, and the simple truth. These were her words:

“He stands, in my mind, in temper, conduct, and conversation, the nearest to the Gospel standard of any man or woman I ever knew as intimately. Devoted to his God, to his church, to his family, to *all* to whom he may have opportunity of doing good, duty is his governing principle. Least upon his care under God, he nourished me with kindness; we have taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company.” Nearly half a century ago, and this mother and son both entered into rest. “One sepulchre contains their sleeping dust, and one monument is reared as a testimonial to two servants of Jesus Christ, the one a ruling elder in his church, the other a mother in Israel, who, like Enoch, walked with God, like Abraham obtained the righteousness of faith, and like Paul finished their course with joy.”

Divie and Joanna Bethune left three children.

Aunt Jessy, the eldest, who was the wife of Rev'd Robert McCartee, D.D., of New York City. She was the mother of eleven children, ten of whom survived her. A woman of fine poetic genius, pleasant temper, and most lovely Christian character. Twelve years ago she breathed her last.

Uncle George, his youngest child, was the son for whom both he and his wife had prayed, as did Hannah of old. Like Samuel, he was dedicated to the service of the Lord, “or

ever he had seen the light." To train up a son that he might preach the gospel of peace, had been the desire of their hearts, and from his birth, the burden of our grandfather's prayers had been, "Oh Lord, make him *eloquent*. Let him speak with power to those who hear him," and God did according as he asked. He gave him a tongue of fire; he granted him that subtlest of gifts, the expression of emotion, in such a mighty manner, as to make and control the emotions of others. Better is it that the Lord choose for us, that we fall into the hands of the living God, for this same eloquence was a two-edged sword; it gathered around him those who were charmed by his words; too often they "adored the priest and thought they worshiped God." "Like all prominent and powerful men, it was his lot to have the most devoted of friends, and to encounter the prejudices of many who either could not, or would not understand him, and who therefore often withstood him. The infirmities of such a man are more readily magnified, because they stand out in the lustre of those great gifts which elevate him above the common mass. His temptations, too, are of no ordinary nature, and when these are increased by the accidents of social position, wealth, public engagements, and large experience in the world, they afford fresh fuel for envious detractions, and make more work for his own repentance."

There is something so insidious in flattery, that many a time and oft, he was beguiled into the very outermost verge of the whirlpool of a gay and pleasure loving world, by some dear friend who loved him for his many gifts, for his genial, glowing, red-hot heart; his fearless independence, his rich and genuine humor and wit, that "cut, as well as shone." He was the idol of every coterie that it suited his somewhat fastidious taste to enter. "Inheriting the strong features of his Scottish lineage, with the especial traits of his mother, his temperament was ardent and impassioned, his intellectual faculties were quick, active, and keen, and with all this robust vigor were blended poetic gifts, oratorical powers, high ambition, and literary tastes, in similar versatility, har-

mony, and proportion. He was, indeed, "a many-sided man," but his foundations were builded upon a rock. No allure-ment of the world could take from him that precious trust, the sure hope of that new life which, in 1822, had come to him when he confessed the Lord Jesus Christ, under the ministry and guidance of our own dear father, for it was he who, under the providence of God, had taught this brilliant uncle of ours how to search into the depths of his own heart, how to know that greatest of mysteries, himself. Father! there are many jewels in your crown of rejoicing, but no purer gem can be found there, than he who then vowed himself to the service of Christ. Then it was he took for his own prayer, "Lord, pardon what I have been, sanctify what I am, and order what I shall be, that thine may be the glory, and mine the eternal salvation through Christ our Lord." After his death these words were again found in a small Greek testament that was his bosom companion; thus, through thirty years of labor, trial and temptation, he had constantly expressed his repentance, his consecration, his submission, his adoration, his faith, and his final hope.

When his dying father gave him this parting charge, "My son, preach the Gospel, tell dying sinners of a Saviour; all the rest is folly," he knew what a life work lay before him; and from thence he hid himself behind the cross, and called his hearers to its bleeding sacrifice.

This minister of God, this scholar, this poet, this orator, this warm, rich, genial hearted gentleman, who was a marked man in the nation, died the 27th of April, 1862, and with him passed away the last heir to his father's name.\*

Our own dear mother, Isabella Graham Bethune, fifty years ago, set out in life as helpmeet to our father, and both of whom we gather here to-day to honor, is all that is left of the blood of the Bethunes.

The wife of a clergyman, the mother of fourteen children, six of whom lie in the church yard at dear old Carl-

\* Dr. Bethune expired in Florence, Italy, within a few hours after the delivery of his last sermon

isle, and two sleep quietly upon the hillside of Elmwood, where father has prepared a sepulchre for us and ours; and but six of us remain.

Let us thank God for our mother, and for the line of mothers, that have each bestowed upon her some good gift, but most of all, that she learned, from her father's precept and example, "to take duty as her governing principle."

Her life has had its hard work, her sacrifices have at times seemed many and bootless. Now all that struggle and strain is over; yet, alas! with it has gone much of the strength and elasticity that has so long sustained her. On this, her Harvest Home, may we, her children, and her children's children, prove her reward.

Let us, therefore, "arise and call her blessed," for she has wrought wondrous things for us.

Paper III was then read by the Marshal, being the

## MILITARY RECORD OF THE DUFFIELD FAMILY,

BY GENERAL WM. W. DUFFIELD,

OF BELMONT, KENTUCKY.

The Duffields are pre-eminently a fighting race; as obstinate, strong-willed, and plucky a family as ever drew sabre, or handled musket.

The old retainers who rallied and fought under the banner of the silver doves, were rarely conquered, and still rarely surrendered. The cognizance upon their banner indicated the two prominent traits of family character. The silver dove, bearing the olive branch in the crest, and the escutcheon bears three snow-white doves upon its field, giving to the family the name of Dove-field, since corrupted to Duffield, are typical of a harmless and inoffensive race. But the device or motto, "Pro Deo, Amicis et Reipublicæ," is by no means dove-like or submissive, and seemingly at variance with the peace-

ful crest and escutcheon. The family history unravels the mystery and reconciles the apparent contradiction. It proves that so long as the Duffields were allowed to have their *own way* in all things, they were "harmless as doves," and in every respect worthy of their peaceful crest. But if their religion, their friends, or their native soil was molested, then their warlike motto was adhered to with stubborn tenacity or dogged courage. Far back as we can trace their history, they have ever been "enemies in war, in peace friends."

Our earliest history of the race dates back to 1470, when Edward IV. made his escape from the Castle of Middleham, where he had been retained as a prisoner by that sturdy king maker, Richard de Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick. The monarch, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales, reached the gates of York at midnight, and demanded admission. Woodville was a bold soldier in the field, but had a true soldier's dread of treachery and imprisonment. He urged pushing on to London. Why stay at York surrounded by those who wore the Bear and Ragged Staff, the cognizance of Warwick, to be again betrayed and imprisoned? But the king turned a deaf ear to such counsel, and would not be persuaded. He tarried at York until his friends rallied around them, and regained his throne. Had Lord Scales seen the Silver Doves, and read the motto upon the banner fluttering from the battlements, he would not thus have given timid counsel to his liege and king.

The lord of that castle had served with Edward in the war of the Roses, had fought by his side at the battle of Tonton, and subsequently fell in his defence at Barnet, stricken down by the fatal axe of Warwick. All honor to this true and tried soldier, Sir Richard de Duffield, Baron of Lingard. Let us ever cherish his memory, as the worthy progenitor of our line.

The family at this time were faithful followers of the House of York; and fifteen years afterwards Sir John de Duffield fell at Bosworth, in defence of the tyrant Richard III. During the civil war the Duffields fought on the Parlia-

mentary side. Charles Duffield was killed at the battle of Edgehill, where the Royalists were victorious, and Edwin Duffield fell at Newberry, where the cavaliers were defeated in 1642.

James Duffield commanded a troop of horse under William of Orange, and fell at the battle of Boyne, in 1690.

That portion of the family which emigrated to this country fought bravely on the Continental side, in the war of independence.

Lieutenant Edward Bogart Duffield, of Harper's Ferry, Maryland, was killed at Saratoga, in 1777, and Captain John Potts Duffield, of Snow Hill, Delaware, was wounded at Yorktown, Virginia, in 1781.

Our common ancestor, Rev'd and Col. George Duffield, served throughout the war of Independence as Colonel in the Pennsylvania line of the Continental army. While the army was in camp, and no enemy visible, he was chaplain, and preached the Gospel of "peace on earth, good will to men." But in the presence of the enemy he was Colonel, and "under fire" the Gospel of peace gave way "to the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

His wife also was the sister of a soldier, General Armstrong, Secretary of War under President Jefferson, and son of a soldier who had served bravely throughout the French and Indian wars, and who, as colonel, commanded the post at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and built the old church at that point, as a block-house and protection against Indian attacks. During the war of 1812, we find the Duffields again in the field. Surgeon John Duffield served with General William Henry Harrison. Lieutenant Henry G. Duffield went down in the last desperate charge at Queenstown Heights, and his cousin, Captain John F. Duffield, lost his left arm in carrying the battery, posted upon the key point, at Lundy's Lane.

Three Duffields served through the Mexican war, Captain John H. Duffield, of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. Colonel Campbell was wounded and captured at Cerro-Gordo. Lieutenant Samuel B. Duffield, of the same regiment, was

wounded at the Siege of Vera Cruz, and Lieutenant William W. Duffield,\* of the 2d Tennessee Regiment (Colonel Haskell), was wounded and captured at Coatyacolcoas, and subsequently wounded at Cerro-Gordo, in 1846.

During the recent rebellion the Duffields were divided. On the rebel side, Colonel Charles Duffield was killed at Corinth, Major Samuel T. Duffield fell at Malvern Hill, and Captain Edward Duffield died from wounds received at Pea Ridge. All these rebels, but brave soldiers, fell gallantly fighting on the wrong side: may they rest in peace.

On the Union side, Lieut.-Colonel William W. Duffield, of the 4th Michigan Infantry, and privates William Duffield and John Duffield, of Company A., in the same regiment, reached Washington in May, 1861. Lieut.-Colonel Duffield was subsequently promoted (September 14th, 1861), Colonel of the 9th Michigan Infantry, was appointed President of Examining Board, and published the third volume of "U. S. Infantry Tactics." In January, 1862, was assigned to the command of the North-western (23d) brigade; was appointed Brigadier-General, April 28th, 1862. In May, 1862, was designated commander of the forces in, and Military Governor of the State of Kentucky. In March, 1863, he resigned, having been disabled by two severe gunshot wounds, and been captured at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. He would be with you all, were he not confined a close prisoner by the recent breaking out afresh of an old wound, which prevents him from leaving his home in Kentucky. Private William Duffield was promoted a lieutenant, and was killed on the Peninsula during the seven days' battles. Private John Duffield was promoted sergeant, and died of wounds received at the same time.

Lieutenant and Adjutant Henry M. Duffield, of 9th Michigan Infantry, served with his brother, Col. William W. Duffield, and on his brother's promotion, was appointed Adjutant General of the brigade, and served as his brother's chief of staff while Military Governor of Kentucky. He first smelled powder at Lebanon, Tennessee, where nearly the whole of

\* The writer of this sketch

General John Morgan's force was captured, and was himself captured at Murfreesboro. On being exchanged, he served to the end of his enlistment, and with distinction on the staff of General Geo. H. Thomas.

On the mother's side, our present branch inherits a goodly share of fighting blood. Mrs. Isabella Graham's husband was surgeon of the Royal Americans, the 60th Regiment of the British line. Two of his sons served in the Napoleonic wars. Both survived the campaign and died among their kindred, one as a Major and the other as Brigadier General, Knight Companion of the Bath, and Governor of Sterling Castle. Two of his sons served in the Crimea with distinction, and one fell at the fiercely fought battle of Inkerman.

The Bethunes, too, are good fighting stock. Their great ancestor, Maximilian de Bethune, Duke of Sully, was a "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," and three of his descendants of the Scotch family of Beatoun fell at Culloden, fighting with Targe and Claymore, in defence of him whom they regarded as their lawful monarch, the lineal descendant of the Stuarts.

But of the whole race now living, none have inherited the family fighting-propensity to the same extent as the Rev. Dr. George Duffield, of Detroit, whose golden wedding we now celebrate. The mantle of his grandfather and namesake, the Rev. Dr. and Col. George Duffield, of revolutionary history, has fallen upon him.

Other Duffields, in former wars, fought only for friends and country, "*pro amicis et reipublicæ*," but his battles have been for religion and the right, *pro Deo*. When comparatively a young man, he fought out his presbytery on the question of regeneration. Single-handed and alone, he "stood in the imminent deadly breach," and routed them, "horse, foot, and dragoons."

The question of St. Peter's delegated authority, brought him in conflict with the Church of Rome. Other denominations felt the weight of his battle-axe, and at last the spirit of prophecy having fallen upon him, he encountered Stuart, and routed him more effectually and completely than his namesake was routed at Culloden. Verily, like David, he

has been "a man of war from his youth," and unlike some of his successors in the family, he has never yet been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. He has taken Samuel as his type, and his opponents have shared the fate of Agag, whom the prophet "hewed in pieces before the Lord."

God grant that he may long be spared, to be successful in many future battles for religion and the right, pro Deo, while the sabres of his sons defend his friends and country, amicis et reipublicæ.

This paper was received with great applause, particularly the closing part, which brought down the house and gave father the heartiest laugh of the day. On hearing it we regretted more than ever that "Will" could not have been with us. No one would have enjoyed it more.

The following fraternal tribute to John B. Romeyn Duffield was then read by Dr. Samuel P. Duffield.

#### IN MEMORIA.

The early years of boyhood are always clothed with a peculiar charm, especially when there is a companion nearly of your own age, who enjoys and sympathizes with you in the pleasures and trials of that age.

The subject of this sketch was well known as a brother to all of us; was dearly beloved as a son by those who now stand crowned with the glory of their riper years.

Three years my junior, he was mentally four years my senior; his mind possessed that peculiar potency which is derived from a clear conception, with tremendous power of concentration. No matter where he was, on the porch or on the roof of the barn, he could elucidate a problem, or translate a Greek fable, with an ease and precision, I have never in later years met with in any person of his age. His views were clear to the point, and anything once mastered was

called from the mind with perfect ease, and not thought of again, until the time came for its recital.

While there was freedom, and broad scope to his mind, his physique partook of the same character. Short and broad-chested, he was well endowed with muscular power, and has many a time successfully coped with boys greatly older than himself in the games and contests then in vogue. There was nothing small about him. As his mental capacity was large, and his physique well developed; so his heart was generous to a fault, always defending the oppressed, and never tormenting or injuring the unfortunate.

Many and many a time has he sympathized with me after having stood behind that old red chair, which, could it speak, would tell many a tale of classical sorrow when I was compelled to seek my room and go over the monotonous Greek verb. Fond of physical sport and excitement, he grew strong every day, until an epidemic, which came suddenly upon this city, took him as its prey, and laid him upon a bed of sickness, which, though not known at that time to be so, was ultimately the cause of his decease. Cut down just at the unfolding of manhood, suffering extremely from physical agony, still in his last hours that wonderful power of concentration of thought was manifest, and young though he was, he could bid pain defiance, and turn the mind to higher realms of existence. God *wearied* him by his sickness from this earth, and though gone to a brighter world, our hearts follow him in memory as in our circle of to-day, we imagine what he might have been, had he lived to gather here with us.

Death gazed at this flower with tearful eyes,  
 He kissed its drooping leaves,  
 It was for the Lord of Paradise,  
 He bound it in his sheaves.

Our mother gave in tears and pain  
 The flowers she most did love,  
 She knows she shall find *them all again*  
 In the fields of light above.

Dr. Morse Stewart was then called on for a speech, and responded in the form of a letter which was handed to father, and which he said was designed to be entirely private.

A poem entitled 1817-1867, was then read by the oldest Grandson, the Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, of Philadêlphia, Pa.

1817-1867.

That ancient monarch, Midas of the ears,  
When bathing in Pactolus it appears,  
Washed himself free from all that yellow look,  
(Whereof see Ovid's story in his book),  
That kind of golden leprosy, no doubt,  
Which any man does well to be, without.

Concerning causes of this strange disease,  
Read all the old philosophers you please—  
The fact remains, that gifts of golden touch  
Are not recorded as availing much,  
And that this most unlucky king of men,  
Was glad to give his present back again.  
A very foolish person—had he grown  
Where long Cape Cod stands up before the throne,  
Where every Yankee quickly understands,  
How cranberries can flourish on the sands;  
Where all one wants as stock-in-trade for life,  
Are three pine shingles and a Barlow knife;  
Where the dull babies who will have no wits  
Are stung by lank mosquitoes into fits;  
And where the boobies who survive the rod,  
Are *sure* to perish, fishing after cod;  
Where none exist but those who whittle down  
The world's brag cities, with their Boston town:—  
If Midas, then, had been a Yankee born,  
His prospects would have been far less forlorn—  
Good for a spoon, or else to round the Horn

This one exception only to the rule  
Your Yankee is too sharp to be a fool;  
And so, while trading all abroad in cash,  
At home he cuts a more extended dash,  
And helps himself to hurry off his work,  
By putting more upon each Treasury clerk,  
And stamping, upon paper of the best,  
The green of his rich prairies in the West.

— I think, however, that some time ago  
I spoke of Midas—I am rather slow

In reaching back to use him as I wish  
 And melt some dollars from his golden dish.  
 (The story, too, may seem to be but stuff,  
 Yet do I think it *dolorous* enough.)  
 Let it be then sufficient to assert  
 That Midas would have never come to hurt,  
 If, as a Yankee in these latter days,  
 He had employed his gift in other ways ;  
 For see how quickly such a man could make  
 The world his debtor for his money's sake.  
 He could have covered earth with deeds of gold  
 And made that common which for much is sold.  
 Yet he was wise enough in time to see,  
 How foolish such an enterprise would be.  
 We value most the things which are most rare,  
 Since common matters never need much care—  
 We set our China by, and use Queensware.

Into each life the golden days are shed,  
 As sunset clouds light up the crags ahead—  
 And each true life, filled in with layers of light,  
 Grows beautiful by years and ever bright.  
 The gold-mine prospects of the days of youth,  
 Are realized when dug within the truth ;  
 And nuggets, purer than Australian ore,  
 Are found as time goes onward more and more.  
 Years pass, days fade—the light of other eyes  
 May close below, but shines in Paradise :  
 Years pass, days fade—the step may then be slow,  
 But the long pathway stretches far below :  
 Years pass, days fade—a plain and short ascent  
 Unto those white, far palace-gates is bent :  
 Years pass, days fade—one knows not at what time  
 An angel, dropping swiftly from that clime,  
 May stand beside the pilgrim as he prays,  
 May bear him upward by celestial ways,  
 And lead him, from his last and longest pause,  
 Into the presence of the great First Cause.  
 Ah, better are such golden days of life,  
 Beyond the early buffets of its strife,  
 To him who keeps his wisdom—and his wife.  
 And blessed be those peaceful quiet days,  
 To her whose smile is as a golden haze  
 O'er all on whom she sheds such cheerful rays.  
 And thus we learn from days which yield so much,  
 The secret of the only Golden Touch.

Oh stormy moments that have long gone by !  
 Oh rough rude murmurs of an angry sky !

The storm has broken and the gentle blue  
 Of heavenly distance has been seen anew.  
 A glory—not of sunset—has been thrown  
 Calmly resplendent over all its own.  
 The clouds have fled away and left no trace  
 Of aught but sunshine on the ocean's face ;  
 And now the uncounted laughter of the sea,  
 Whose little waves are tossing merrily,  
 Greets, with approval of the enterprise,  
 A certain venture saved from angry skies.

The craft is old—and fifty years have passed  
 Since any sail was spread upon the mast ;  
 The craft is old, and yet good judges say  
 The timbers are all sound and right to-day.  
 They built their vessels then to stand the shock  
 Of anything less hard than granite rock.  
 And they expected, as a thing of course,  
 That time would bring additions to the force ;  
 And that this keel would need to carry through  
 Some passengers and freight—as well as crew.  
 The thing was well arranged—the ship has shown  
 That she can take whatever is her own.  
 The captain and his mate have managed so,  
 That no one can instruct them how to stow.  
 There have been changes, but their skill was such  
 That these will not be noticed very much.  
 And this indeed is true of each new thing  
 Which one or other thought it fit to bring,  
 For which they traded at some distant port,  
 Or which—as animals of every sort  
 Including sundry dogs and birds of mark—  
 Boarded them like some wandering Noah's ark.  
 All these new things which added to the freight  
 Were put in storage safely by the mate.  
 And here I think it better just to show  
 A few such items which I chance to know.

IMPRIMIS: *One great clock* was brought on board,  
 Stately and solemn as an English Lord.  
 I think it entered early in the cruise ;  
 At all events it proved itself of use.  
 By that big clock the sun itself is set,  
 He gets to noonmark by it even yet,  
 And makes an effort to be right, although  
 Often discovered to be fast or slow—  
 "Some fifteen minutes," say the ones who know.  
 The moon gave it her photograph. (The skill  
 Which took the likeness you can study still).  
 Old Time himself became quite gracious too,  
 And looks it up each night as good as new,

For coming day has never been too proud  
 To tell how he preceded her and bowed.  
 The altitude of this most vast concern  
 Was matter of some moment in *its* turn ;  
 But that was all provided for with care,  
 And now it stands as though 'twas always there.

ITEM : *One weather-glass, thermometers*  
 As many as a chestnut tree has burrs,  
*Rain-gauges* (dry as all such jokers are),  
*Barometers* (forever under bar),  
 And other strange inventions which have got  
 Tangled together in a motley lot.  
 This was a portion of the lading, found  
 Easy to hang, or tie, or nail around—  
 Thus one can comprehend why they abound.

ITEM : *Some score of pictures.* These the mate  
 Put round the bunks. ITEM : *Much dinner plate,*  
 Blue willow pattern. These were stowed away  
 In some quaint locker, *where*, I cannot say.

ITEM : *An instrument of music,* made  
 Not half so much for service as parade,  
 And yet on which the mate had often played.  
 This was ensconced near where the clock was set,  
 And stared it out of countenance—you bet !  
 I am informed by those who ought to know,  
 That it can stand a most uncommon blow—  
 A fact, however, which I rather doubt,  
 As it has evidently *flat*-ted out.

Its character is also somewhat bad—  
 'Twas far too *sharp* with all the *keys* it had ;  
 It used poor *chords* to tie up doubtful *notes* ;  
 And as to friends, I hear it wrung their throats.

Its face its fortune—thus it comes to pass  
 That beauty gone, it now depends on brass.

ITEM : *One man,* who came aboard the craft  
 Yet nearly was convicted by the draft.  
 This was a person by the name of "John,"\*  
 Whose proper station there is doubt upon.  
 Whether he milks the ship's cow forward most ;  
 Or slushes down the masts ; or makes the toast ;  
 Or shifts the ballast—all those dusty books !—  
 Or runs new grape vines over fresher hooks,  
 That men may see how gay the vessel looks :

*Which* is his rightful post one cannot tell.  
 The truth is this ; he does them all so well  
 That how the ship would sail if *he* were gone  
 Is a grave subject to be pondered on.

\* John Mosc—the Gardener and masculine Major Domo of all *out*-doors.

ITEM *This ballast!*—Surely one would judge  
 With such a load the vessel could not budge.  
 But yet she does sail on, and I have heard  
 That books *still come* and therefore have inferred  
 That by some process known but to himself  
 The captain *can* find space on every shelf.—  
 He next will store them nearer to the sky  
 Up where his "*pantalettes*"\* in order lie.

ITEM: *A thing* which neither knits or sews,  
 Although it makes good fine, and other hose.  
 Let it run on and feed it well with yarn,  
 And in a fortnight it would stock a barn!  
 Why this machine was ever brought aboard,  
 Costs more to answer than my wits afford.  
 Only, one reason seems to be so clear  
 That I may venture to express it here:  
 And it is this—the crew is very large  
 And certain things become a serious charge;  
 For instance, hose; especially when legs  
 Are longer than the most of mortal pegs,  
 And when the size thereof must be encased  
 Snugly, and with a careful fear of waste.  
 It then holds true beyond an earthly doubt  
 That this is what the mate has been about.  
 She has been *stocking* those, whom fate had locked  
 Out in the cold, and only slightly *socked*.  
 Well, this machine—it had to go on deck;  
 The cabin quarters nearly broke its neck.  
 The best of sailors, nothing does it harm;  
 It "*spins a yarn*" far longer than my arm.

ITEM: *Another fixture*, tried and true  
 And burnished up and kept to look like new;  
 A good home pet, a "*Singer*" like its name,  
 Whose song though docile never yet was tame.  
 It *hems* quite often—not to clear its throat  
 As some may think.—It collars any coat  
 As brave as a policeman, and displays  
 A thousand pleasant traits in pleasant ways.  
 It *runs* so much, that *stitches in the side*  
 Occur with frequency, and yet its pride  
 Would never let it stop until it died.  
 This too went up on deck and kept along  
 Day after day, with labor and with song.  
 ITEM: *A creature*,—yes I may say *two*,  
 For both were part of this Noachic crew!  
 The first was used to make the big ropes track;  
 Quite slow, and for that reason christened "*Mac*."†

\* *Pamphlets* are so termed by the aforesaid "*John*."

† A French pony—many years in the family.

This one survives—behold him ye who will  
 For by new titles he is active still.  
 Behold this "Hippopotamus" whose hide,  
 No whip can influence, however tried.  
 "Like unto oxen" still he "eateth straw,"  
 And such provision as you never saw—  
 And sleeps on saw-dust, contrary to law.

That other one—Old "Pete"—I name with pride:  
 True to his colors till the day he died;  
 A horse, good sirs, that take him where you would,  
 Did all you asked and more than all he could.  
 A brave, bright fellow, gallant to the last!  
 So let him rest in peace, his work is past!—  
 And if there be, beyond these lower spheres,  
 A country on whose plains he re-appears,  
 There may he roam, secure from any toil,  
 And crop rich herbage from a fruitful soil!

One ITEM more: In course of years there grew  
 Around the captain and his mate a crew,  
 Hard to be counted since they were not few.  
 A circumstance from which it came about  
 That most of those whom they could do without  
 Slipped off and went to sea, and now they meet  
 Here in the harbor, a good-looking fleet

Safe here in harbor after fifty years,  
 How fair and fresh this sturdy craft appears;  
 All freight well stored and all the crew well trained,  
 Before each took the vessel that was gained.  
 All hands have answered to the boatswain's call,  
 Thank God! the dear old ship still holds us all!  
 Together on the deck we meet at last  
 Gathered with gifts of price from out the past.  
 The grand old ship which holds such pleasant store,  
 Must still be freighted with some tokens more.  
 And they are here!

Accept them as of use  
 For the remainder of this noble cruise,  
 Although poor gifts!

Oh years which yet shall be  
 Come calmly on—pass over peacefully!  
 And when the long, long voyage ends at last;  
 When the brave anchor Hope is inward cast:  
 When they are hailed well out upon the stream,  
 And take His boat who comes but to redeem;  
 Then may the Captain as they near the shore,  
 Clasp the true hand he trusted in of yore,  
 And, stepping forward till they meet the Lord,  
 Say, with rejoicing, "We have come on board!"

D. Bethune Duffield, Esq., of Detroit, was then summarily called on for a speech, and responded greatly to the satisfaction of the entire family audience.

We cannot assume here to reproduce his remarks, which had a direct reference to the current exercises of the day, especially of the afternoon. He however remarked, that it was a matter of great satisfaction to him, and doubtless it was to all of us, to find in the record of our humble ancestry on both sides, so many noble characters, both male and female; so much of lofty virtue and high achievement. He had never before grouped these individual histories together in the line of family descent; hardly even so much as looked up into the family tree. But to-day we have had them presented to us gracefully and we should receive them gratefully. Examples of the sternest patriotism, of the highest Christian heroism, not only in the pulpit, but in the field; of the sweet charities that adorned the lives of many, whose hands we seem only yesterday to have loosed, that they might enter into rest, and of eminence in *all* the professions of life. He was surprised and inspired by this first family rehearsal of our departed ancestry, and of the rich fruitage of this family tree. But in view of the extreme richness and beauty of these high examples in our history, it becomes us, every one of us, to be upon our guard, lest there spring up in our hearts the noxious plant of unhallowed "family pride," with its poison blossoms of ancestral boasting. To him there was nothing so offensive, nothing that so quickly marred a character otherwise beautiful, as a vain parade of a departed lineage.

In those who claim to be Americans, and who profess a belief and approval of American Democracy, this trait of character is especially offensive; indeed, for such offenses there is no apology, no excuse. Let us see to it then, that we are not thus led away by temptation, as we behold this noble company of men and women whose blood we carry, passing in review before us, and so shame ourselves and one another, by sin of this sort. Let us remember that the virtues of these glorious men and women, were personally, and

only *their own*, and not ours. We have them not in our blood, they live not there, but only in the story we find in the great family Bible. Let none of us boast of any virtues, or any achievements, or any gifts, save such as we personally possess, and are fairly entitled to. And when *we* win such virtues as we have this afternoon heard of—among our honored ancestry, it will be found that family pride and boasting, will be the lightest and least of all our sins.

But let us rather cherish the memories of those dear saints, as fountains of holy inspiration; looking upon them as pure exemplars after whom we may fashion our own lives, so that we may be known by them hereafter, when we shall inquiringly repeat their names in “the land beyond the river.” And let those of us who are still out and wrestling among the waves of busy life, adopt the principle of our wise and beloved father, in this respect, and be true Americans, true Democrats, in the highest and purest sense of the word; and above all, true Christians, whose spirit is humility, and whose creed fellow-service to our brethren in the flesh, whether they be of high or low estate. Thus living and acting, it may be, that in the generations yet to come, *our* children, and children’s children, may take delight in setting our names also, on this golden record of our departed ancestry; and, perchance, associating our virtues and our triumphs, with the triumphs and the virtues of those beloved parents, whom we all this day delight so much to honor and to praise.

Bethune concluded his remarks, by suggesting that, inasmuch as some of the papers just read, possessed very much that was historically valuable, they be all committed to the eldest son, our elder brother, with the request that he would cause them, and so much of the day’s proceedings as he might think worth while, to be compiled and published for family preservation, in pamphlet form, as an appropriate mode of prolonging the pleasant memories of this golden day. This suggestion was unanimously adopted.

By the time “Thune” got through, it was evident we were

going to have a volunteer speech from mother. She looked it in her eyes. It was evidently swelling in her heart. I have not the least doubt that it was all present in her thoughts. Firm, full, and determined, she began to speak :

“The great love and honor I have received from my beloved children is almost too much for me,”—but with the very first sentence the sluices of memory lifted, and the rush of fifty years was more than she was able to stand, and the dear bride’s speech was not delivered.

The Marshal, however, gallantly came to her rescue. He said that, as the youngest of the family, he could not help feeling that, fair as was the past fame of the Duffields, their present prospects were equally encouraging. We had a minister to keep us holy, an engineer to keep us straight, a chemist to keep us pure, a doctor to keep us healthy, and *two lawyers to keep us honest.*

We had had a good day, a *great* day, and if anybody else could have a happier golden wedding than this had been, he would like to be on hand. But his duty, as Marshal, obliged him to say that, inasmuch as the north wing was being prepared for the great feast in the evening, the library would soon be wanted for the relatives and connections, and the literary entertainment must now give way to tea and coffee. And so the family circle dissolved, first receiving the benediction from father, and “now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

But the circle was at once enlarged, and reorganized with connections and a few intimate friends who were received socially to a supper. That supper will not soon be forgotten. It was just what was wanted to make a right transition to the evening. Supper finished, the family took their places in the parlors for the reception of guests generally; and by the time ten o’clock had come, it had numbered more than a

thousand. Everybody felt at home. Everybody felt that the old Pastor's house *was home*, and his friends, and the friends of the family from every circle and walk of life, thronged through the house, to offer the bridal pair their congratulations and their best wishes.

Our old citizens came to renew, and some perchance, to weep over the fading scenes of by-gone days. Young men and women, who had been both baptized and married by the venerable Pastor, pressed in to do him reverence.

The Honorable Common Council, as a body, presented themselves and their good wishes. Ministers, judges, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, laborers, clerks, students, boys and teachers from public schools, all were there; and a happier company of people than was then assembled, crowding the halls, wandering about the grounds under trees, illuminated by Chinese lanterns, and brightened by blazing lamps, we have rarely if ever seen or known.

And yet, numerous as they all were, they were every one cordially received, and hospitably entertained by the ladies of the Church, under whose bounty the tables in the dining-room groaned with festal fruits and solid fare. As the bride and groom sat in their two great arm-chairs, under the dear old flag, which, next to her dear old President, Mr. Lincoln, mother loves so devotedly, with her children gathered round her, we could not help thinking that she was just where she wished to be. And as we looked at the gilded eagle, under which the pair stood fifty years ago, when they celebrated their first wedding, and saw in his beak the wreath of Autumn leaves, with which he crowned their Golden Wedding, we were reminded of the words: "They that wait on the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

## APPENDIX.

*Preamble and Resolution adopted by the Common Council of the City of Detroit, on the tenth day of September, A. D. 1867.*

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God long to spare the life and continue the usefulness of one of our honored citizens, whose name has shed lustre upon our beloved City and State, and who is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding with the companion of his youth, and as it is ever appropriate to recognize private virtue, and public usefulness ; therefore,

RESOLVED, That, recognizing our gratitude and appreciating the long and useful services of REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D., that this Council will meet to-morrow evening, at 8 o'clock, in this Hall, and proceed to the residence of Rev. Dr. Duffield, to pay their respects to him and his estimable lady, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

A true copy.



Attest :

HENRY STARKEY,  
*City Clerk.*

PAUL GIES,  
*President of the Common Council.*



