

FANNIE ST. JOHN

A  
ROMANTIC INCIDENT

OF  
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY  
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AUTHOR OF "HORTENSE," "HEADLAND HOME," ETC.

I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times"

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To  
MY SISTER,  
WHOSE LOVE AND SYMPATHY HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE  
CHIEF BLESSING OF MY LIFE,  
AND TO WHOM I AM INDEBTED FOR MANY PORTIONS OF  
THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

A

## PREFACE.

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IN writing this little book, my main purpose has been to make known the rare goodness of heart of my grandfather, Captain GUSTAVUS FELLOWES.

The active and thoughtful benevolence shown by him to the children of a foreigner and a stranger, as herein set forth, was a characteristic of his whole life. Were it in my power, I would rear for him a literary monument which should outlast the Pyramids. What I could do I have here done. My book has at least the merit of

truth, and I cannot but hope that some hearts may be moved and touched by this record of a touching passage in a good man's life.

## FANNIE ST. JOHN.

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### CHAPTER I.

"He is lord indeed who is lord of the soil."

It wanted yet a half hour of sunset behind the Hudson Highlands, when a young explorer, who had strayed from his companions, wended wearily along, anxious to find the valley and the shelter of a human habitation before nightfall.

He had climbed one of the higher elevations bordering the County of Orange, where he stopped to gaze, enchanted by the beauty of as fair a landscape as mortal eye ever rested upon. A plateau of many acres in extent, girdled by a range of hills, lay before him. There were farm lands under the highest cultivation,—a homestead the face of which looked a hospitable welcome.

It was nearly surrounded by noble shade trees and luxuriant foliage of fruit and vine. The house fronted a beautiful lake, which bore upon its calm breast shadows of clouds and trees bathed in hues of sunset.

The well-stocked farm and adjacent sheds were in convenient proximity to a farm-yard filled with numerous broods of fowl of many sorts, and among them the golden-plumaged bird originators of the famous "Crevecœur" of our day. There were families of animals feeding or lazily chewing the cud after their kind. A little aside, nearer the garden, which was "wondrous wild, but beautiful, I wot," with its gorgeous belt of autumnal blossoms and beds of sweet-scented herbs, stood long rows of hives, denoting "the Home of the Bees," with plentiful woodbine trailing above, which furnished them sweets for their store.

Immense tracts of improved lands bounded the house domain on every side; stretching away were fields of ripening corn and bearded wheat, waving and undulating in

the sweet evening breeze, all ready for the reaper's sickle.

The thrifty farmer leaves no stone unturned. On a patch of stubble ground, hard by, active measures were already afoot for the coming season. A plough drawn by a team of superb horses was guided by a gentleman evidently the owner of the team.

On a chair fastened by a screw to the beam of the plough a small boy was seated. Enchanted with the novel carriage, he shouted and laughed in the highest enjoyment; now addressing his father in gleeful accents, again bestowing his entire attention upon a great mastiff that bayed and bounded along the fresh-turned furrow, answering so the gay challenge of his little master.

The exuberance of spirits evinced by the merry party was quite infectious, and the tired traveller was moved to advance and introduce himself without delay. He was greeted with a hearty welcome, and a mutual recognition took place between the farmer and the young man.

They had met previously in New York, and were delighted now to renew their acquaintance.

"I little thought," said the visitor, "while contemplating from yonder eminence the beauty and happiness of this rural scene, to find a nobleman ploughing his own land."

"And why not, my dear sir?" replied M. de Creve-cœur; "what more noble occupation? The instant I enter on my own land the idea of property, of exclusive right, of independence, exalts my mind. What should the American farmer be — for, although I am a foreigner, I have so thoroughly transplanted myself that I have taken root on this soil, — what should we be without distinct possession of the soil? It feeds us, it clothes us; from it we draw our best meat, our richest drink. The very honey of our bees comes from this privileged spot. No wonder we should thus cherish its possession. No wonder that so many Europeans, who have never been able to say that any portion of land was theirs, cross

the stormy Atlantic and face its perils to realize that happiness."

"And I suppose this is also your exclusive property," said the guest, playfully indicating the novel seat occupied by the child.

"Yes; that is my invention. It relieves his mother from some care and trouble while I have him with me, and the odoriferous furrow exhilarates his spirits and seems to do him good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted this practice. Can more pleasure, more dignity, be added to the primary occupation of man?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the visitor. "The father thus working to secure the well-being of his family is not inferior to the Emperor of China, ploughing as an example to his subjects. Sir, allow me to admire you as a philosopher."

M. de Creve-cœur bowed courteously in acknowledgment, and said, "The sun has gone down. Let me conduct you to the house and present you to my family."

"Thanks; I shall be glad of the opportunity of saluting the wife of one for whom I have so warm a regard," replied the young man.

The farmer unhitched the horses from the plough, and let them loose to seek their pasture. The boy leaped from his seat, and after the manner of boys, dashed off with his dog, when began a series of ground and lofty tumbling wonderful to behold. As they drew near the dwelling the mother and two children came forth to greet them.

"Madame Creve-cœur, this is my friend, Mr. Ellicott, whom I met last year in New York. And this, Mr. Ellicott, is my daughter Fannie, and this little boy the petit Louis. The eldest, Alex, you have already seen."

Suitable compliments were passed at each of the introductions, and the fair little girl with her light soft hair and blue eyes became at once the centre of interest to the young stranger. He thought the little maid very beautiful. Very sweet and musical her

voice in the low replies she made to her father's affectionate interrogatories.

"*Ma chere fille* Fannie, is supper ready?"

"*Oui, mon père; il est servi;*" and she pointed toward the door of the *salle a manger*.

The supper was excellent. Delicious cream, unimpeachable butter, and fragrant honey; fine bread, sweet and nutritious, and every reasonable delicacy to gratify the appetite of a hungry man, or to tempt one not an hungered.

The evening passed in delightful converse between the accomplished host and his young guest. Midnight struck before they were aware of the lateness of the hour; then Mr. Ellicott was conducted to the guest chamber and left to his repose. At early dawn the young man was awakened by the voice of his host under his window, and he went down to meet him.

After the morning salutations Mr. Ellicott remarked, "You are up betimes, Sir."

"Yes," replied M. de Creve-cœur; "I gen-

erally rise about that indistinct interval which, properly speaking, is neither night nor day. This is the moment of the most universal choir. Who can listen unmoved to the sweet songs of the robins uttered from tree to tree, and a thousand other voices of awakening nature? Come with me; I will show you my bees at their busy labor. They are even now sipping honey from the dew-laden flowers. In the lovely month of May I can count an hundred swarms of these industrious little gatherers of sweets."

Later in the day the delighted guest bade adieu to the quiet of this colonial Arcadia. None of these happy ones dreamed how soon the ruthless hand of war would plunder the wealth, destroy the harmony, and displace the tranquillity of the beautiful spot.

## CHAPTER II.

"The riches of the Commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

"For well she keeps her ancient stock,  
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim rock;  
And still maintains, with milder laws  
And clearer light, the good old cause."

IN Boston, nearly a century ago, at the corner of Harvard and Washington streets, stood a large house with a many-gabled roof.

The site of the mansion and grounds belonging to it occupied the space from Washington Street quite down to the water's edge. Those who were fortunate enough to be upon a social footing with the occupants of this house spoke of the elegance of its interior appointments, of the grace, amiability, and beauty of its mistress, the urbanity



of its master, and the genial hospitality exercised within its walls. This was the residence of Captain Gustavus Fellowes, whose name is a proud heritage to his descendants.<sup>1</sup>

At the age of twenty-one, Gustavus was already master and part owner of the ship that he sailed in, from Boston to London. He did many generous deeds in his day; was always the friend of the lowly and took the part of the oppressed. Love and reverence followed ever in his track. He caused to be built at Scituate several frigates for the French navy, which achievement brought him much renown. They were received with great joy by the French government, and also secured for him the warm friendship of General Lafayette, who was several times his guest during his second visit to this country.

He filled positions of trust, and was one of the City Fathers before the war. During

<sup>1</sup> Caleb Fellowes, a younger brother of Gustavus, was the founder of the Fellowes Athenæum in Roxbury.

the Revolution he was appointed commander of a letter of marque, and took an active part in all matters connected with his appointment. He also furnished money to the State for army outfits and supplies, for which he received payment in continental paper, a great many thousand dollars, which proved worthless. This scrip he buried at the foot of a tree in one of the malls on Boston Common, and payment was never demanded. This was patriotism!

When American ships in the English ports took for freight across the ocean the tea that furnished the celebrated Boston tea-party, Captain Fellowes refused the freight, and sailed into port with only ballast in his ship. His wife accompanied him upon the voyage.

She, too, was of heroic blood; and, when presented after her marriage at the Court of St. James, she was called the beautiful American, and received the homage of royalty. She was the only daughter of James Pierpont and Sarah Dorr, of Dor-

chester. Having the misfortune to lose both her parents in her childhood, she was left to the guardianship of her uncle Robert, and inherited conjointly with him the family estate in Roxbury, where stood the home mansion erected by her father, which was called in those old days "Pierpont Castle," more recently, however, known as the "Dearborn House." This mansion was remarkable for the magnificence of its structure.

It was situated in the midst of a large domain of park and wooded hills, and presented a picture of grandeur and stateliness not common in the New World. There were colonnades, and a vestibule whose massive mahogany doors, studded with silver, opened into a wide hall, where tessellated floors sparkled under the light of a lofty dome of richly painted glass. Underneath the dome two cherubs carved in wood extended their wings, and so formed the centre, from which an immense chandelier of cut glass depended. Upon the floor

beneath the dome there stood a marble column, and around it ran a divan formed of cushions covered with satin of Damascus of gorgeous coloring. Large mirrors with ebony frames filled the spaces between the grand staircases, at either side of the hall of entrance. All the paneling and woodwork consisted of elaborate carving done abroad, and made to fit every part of the mansion where such ornamentation was required. Exquisite combinations of painted birds and fruits and flowers abounded everywhere, in rich contrast with the delicate blue tint that prevailed upon the lofty walls.

The state rooms were covered with Persian carpets, and hung with tapestries of gold and silver, arranged after some graceful artistic foreign fashion.

The traditions of the princely grandeur of the ancient home have often been recalled at family reunions, but the old place has suffered many changes at the hands of its various owners, who, in attempting

modernizing, have destroyed almost every vestige of former magnificence.

How is fine gold become dim, —

"Here a temple in ruin stands,  
Fashioned by long forgotten hands :  
Two or three columns and many a stone,  
Marble and granite with grass overgrown.

### CHAPTER III.

"His head grows fevered, and his pulse  
The quick successive throbs convulse ;  
Or, if he dozed, a sound, a start,  
Awoke him, with sunken heart."

"Oh, thou wilt come no more ;  
Never, never, never, never, never !"

THIS recital of Monsieur M. St. John de Creve-cœur commences at the point of his reaching his paternal mansion at Ostend, after an absence of twenty-eight years, during which time he had resided principally in America.

"A few days after my arrival at Ostend," begins M. St. John, "I learned that five strangers had disembarked, in great peril, from a small wherry in which they had crossed the Straits of Dover, and landed at a village near by. On visiting these persons upon the shore, I found them to be

American gentlemen who had escaped from an English prison.

"I instantly took them to the house of my father, where we spared no pains to convince them that they had landed upon a hospitable shore; and, in order to revive in their hearts the sweet hopes of Fatherland, we dressed them in proper garments, and procured for them every succor needful to their situation, providing a carriage to take them to the *Orient*, an American vessel that we learned was about to sail from a neighboring port for Boston.

"Since my own departure from New York I had not been able to hear one word respecting my family, notwithstanding all the letters I had written them.

"This silence afflicted me deeply. I was often agitated by presentiments that some terrible mishaps had befallen them, and believed that all were lost.

"It should not be wondered at that my imagination carried me into excessive grief, when I suspected that the war was the

cause, preventing news of my wife and little ones from reaching me.

"Encouraged by the present favorable circumstance, I wrote to my wife, to the Governor of the State of New York, to the sheriff of the county; and I implored these gentlemen now my guests, in the name of the cause for which they had suffered so much, not only to take charge of my letters, but to send them to their destination.

"'Rest assured we will do so,' they said, 'as soon as we arrive; but we advise you to direct your communications to the care of Captain Gustavus Fellowes, who is a father among us, and a brave and noble man. Write to him, and believe we shall commend the carrying out of your wishes with as much zeal as you have shown in our interest.'

"I did as they advised, fearing, however, that a stranger — one who had never even heard of me, and so remote from the place to which these letters were addressed — would scarcely take so much trouble as to send them to their destination.

"Foreseeing the depreciation of paper currency, I sent to my wife a bill of exchange, thinking the amount in silver and gold might be more useful to her, and by a happy forethought made the order payable to Gustavus Fellowes, in accordance with their advice to put matters in this gentleman's hands. So we bade farewell, and they set sail in the *Orient* in the month of October, 1781.

"Months passed; not only had I the grief of not receiving any reply to my letters, but had not even the consolation of hearing of their safe arrival in Boston. My sorrow and embarrassment on this score were bitter in the extreme.

"In 1783, just eighteen months from the time of the sailing of the *'Orient*, I was appointed Consul to New York, where I arrived on the 19th of November of the same year, exactly five days before the English troops left the city, which had remained the centre of their power during seven years!

"As soon as I landed I sought my former acquaintance, of whom I eagerly inquired for news of my family.

"A presentiment that some fatal secret was about to be disclosed haunted me night and day. To a hurried question he replied, 'Your wife no longer lives. A stranger came and claimed your children, and took them we know not where.'

"This announcement of so terrible a calamity fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I should have fallen to the ground but for the support, at this instant, of my friend, Mr. Seyton, who had come to conduct me from the French vessel to his house. I accompanied him with difficulty, my mind being absorbed in the deepest sorrow.

"Permit me to draw a veil over this sad picture. Suffice it to say that in this accumulation of misery it was seventeen days before I heard that my children were in Boston, in the mansion of one whose name my informants did not know, but my mind instantly reverted to Mr. Fellowes, although

how he had become so much my friend, or by what means the children had been transported thither, I could not comprehend.

"It must be that in some constitutions the principles of life are so strong that even the most violent shocks are powerless to disunite them. In the midst of the losses with which destiny had overwhelmed me, I experienced a ray of consolation in knowing that my children — my precious little ones that had been so long the objects of my dreams, conjectures, and inquietude — were safe.

"I could not set out at once to seek them, as I ardently desired, not only on account of feebleness of health, but severity of weather. It was one of the most cruelly inclement winters that had been known for many years. The snow lay upon the ground to so great a depth as to prove an impassable barrier to such a journey. It would be vain to attempt to describe how much my intense impatience, in all these circumstances, augmented the anguish of my mind and pains of my body.

"As soon as the roads were passable, I set out to behold once more the dear remnants of my family, from whom the fortunes of war had so long separated me. I felt a great longing, also, to unravel this singular problem of humanity, and to press in my own the hands of that unknown friend, to whom I owed such extraordinary obligations.

"The nearer I approached to Boston, the more vividly my children were present to my mind, and now I seemed to see and recognize them; but such was the weakness of my nervous system, that I had not strength to enjoy, even in imagination, the happiness that destiny had in store for me. The desire to behold them again agitated me almost as much as had the fear that I had lost them forever.

"'Twas twilight when I arrived in Boston. Obtaining the requisite information respecting Mr. Fellowes's residence, I soon discovered the street, — the house in which breathed the beings dearest to me on earth.

"It was at this moment that the spirit of their mother seemed to smile upon me, and to rejoice that her children, from whom death had so cruelly separated her, in the midst of the terrors of war, were now about to regain a father who tenderly loved them.

"I knocked at the door, and inquired, with trembling lips, if this was the house of Gustavus Fellowes, and if the children were there. 'Yes; they were there.' I entered the parlor, and beheld my daughter seated by the side of the lady of the house, engaged in needlework. Scarcely had she looked on me when she grew pale, closed her eyes, bowed her head, and was as one dead.

"My dear Fannie!' cried I, embracing her; 'here is thy father, whom Heaven has permitted to see thy dear face again, after these years of separation.'

"Soon my little Louis came in, whom I recognized by his resemblance to his grandfather, for he was scarcely three years old when I was forced to leave him. I em-

braced him, pressing him again and again to my heart, and taking him on my knee, seated myself beside my daughter, who, having recovered, manifested the joy of her heart by her affectionate caresses, asking many questions of my misfortunes, of my sojourn in France, and of the commission with which I had been honored.

"I durst not ask a single question, fearing to diminish the precious emotions which the sight of these dear children inspired in me.

"A few days since,' said my daughter, 'in looking over the newspaper, I saw an article, dated London, announcing that a person bearing your name, and formerly a resident in the County of Orange, had just been appointed Consul to New York. The paper fell from my hands. I appealed to Captain Fellowes to enlighten my doubts. Imagine, my father, the joy of your daughter when assured that you still lived, and that it was indeed you to whom the article referred. I cut out the notice, and put it in

my portfolio. See, here it is; and to-day I behold and embrace you! Heaven be praised!

"My heart went out in silent thanksgiving to God for the happiness of this hour. I then addressed this new friend,—this brother, whom Providence had raised up to succor my children in their days of calamity. I pressed his hands with all the energy of deep emotion and gratitude. I saluted his worthy consort and kissed the children, for the whole family had assembled in the parlor at the news of the arrival of 'Fannie's father!'

"At seeing the evidences of the tender care with which my children had been treated my feelings could only manifest themselves in tears. I could find no words to express my heartfelt thanks. Overcome finally by the fatigues of the journey, exhausted by the sad pleasure, and painful remembrances which this scene had recalled, I retired to my chamber to recover from all these agitations.

"Early in the morning my children came to see, greet, and caress me. It was now four years since we had enjoyed this happiness, which would have been greatly enhanced could my dear Alex, who had been left in France, have shared it with us.

"And now what frightful details, what terrible descriptions my daughter gave me of all the evils to which our part of the country had been subjected during those hostile days,—of the death of her poor mother; of the burning of our house by the savages; of the destruction of our cattle and all the abundance with which I had left them surrounded. What pictures she drew of the sufferings and privations to which she and little Philippe Louis had been exposed at the house of a neighbor, who had likewise lost nearly everything by the war. Breakfast being ready, my children left me, and I soon followed them.

"What was my astonishment on entering the parlor to see my daughter seated upon the knee of Mr. Fellowes, who was tying up her curls.



"My mother," said Fannie, "always wore curls in this way, tied up with a ribbon."

"Mr. Fellowes observes smiling, 'This is my daily task. Fannie likes it, and I love to render her these services, though not quite in my line. We love her as our own. Since these children came, not a cloud has overshadowed the peace which reigns in our home. My wife and myself have perceived this for a long time, that in becoming more numerous, we have become more happy.'

"I can give but a faint idea of the harmony existing in this domestic circle.

"The good father watches over the cheerfulness of the family God has bestowed upon him, with the deepest interest. As soon as he perceives a shadow of gloom or sadness among the members of his household, an order is quietly given; the sound of the viol is heard; he leads them out and dances with them till serenity and gayety are restored.

"In the evenings, especially, these little parties are formed, to which the sons and daughters of the neighbors are invited.

"To this picture of domestic happiness we must add that of economy, order, neatness, and industry. Such is the family into the bosom of which Providence has conducted my children, and where I resided for several months.

"I said to Captain Fellowes one day, 'What induced you to undertake the perils of a journey, in the rigor of winter and in the midst of war, to carry to the family of a stranger letters from one of whom you had never heard until the arrival of your five compatriots? What motives could have induced you to pity my children, to befriend them in their unhappy situation, and to bring them here without knowing that you would ever be reimbursed for your advances?'

"There is nothing extraordinary in all this," answered he: "it was your generosity toward our unfortunate countrymen; it was the letters they brought me from you, the reading of which produced a singular effect on my soul. It was the trust you reposed in me in passing your letter of credit to my

order; it was a desire to return good for good.'

"'But my dear friend,' said I, 'the measure was not equal; what I did for those unfortunate Americans was simple and natural. I could do no less. I did not go out of my way. I did not travel, as you did, through the snow, across forests, one hundred and twenty leagues from my comfortable fireside.'

"'You did all that was necessary,' responded he: 'you took those brave men by the hand, you appeared to them like a tutelary angel sent to their assistance, you spoke their language, you had recently come from their country, and raised in their hearts anew the hope of seeing again home and friends. I cannot depict to you as they have done to me, the sudden joy, the intense delight, that your appearance on that foreign shore gave to their dejected spirits. You have returned to their fathers children whom they thought dead; to the wives husbands whom they had not heard

from in a long time; to our city five valuable citizens; to our country five brave officers — what could you do more?'

"The following is a transcription of the letter written to me by Captain Fellowes directly after the arrival of my children at his house. It was sent to England, and passed through I know not how many hands, until it was finally delivered to me seventeen days after the English had left the city of New York, when all the letters remained in the post-office. This cruel blank formed a space of nearly two years. I shall preserve the original of this letter as long as I live, and in my will have especially ordered my children to consider it as a most precious relic, — as an act of humanity and generosity, unparalleled, — as the ideal of a protecting Providence, to which two among them owe their preservation in this life, and I the happiness of having found them again: —

"'BOSTON, Dec. 11, 1781.

"'TO MONSIEUR DE CREVE-CŒUR:

"'I have received your letter of the 19th

of September, conveyed to me by the officers of the vessel *Protector*. The reading of it made so deep an impression on my mind, that I immediately took all necessary measures to obtain information of the state of your family, but my efforts were useless, the war having interrupted all communication. When I saw this I resolved to go myself to the County of Orange. I conferred with my wife, who approved the plan. "It is only just," said she; "the family of this poor gentleman is perhaps in affliction. The savages and the English, people say, have committed many ravages in those parts. Let us do for his family in America what he has done for our friends on the coast of Normandy."

"Seven days after my departure from Boston, I had the happiness of meeting on the borders of the Hudson River the Sheriff of Orange County, who as colonel of militia occupied with his regiment the barrack of Fish Kill. The letter that I gave him from you was the first intelligence he had received since you left the prisons of New York.

He asked me one hundred questions regarding your fate and that of Alex.

"Upon questioning the condition of your family, I learned of the death of your wife, the deplorable state to which your children were reduced, through the devastation of the savages, and the famine resulting from it. I shuddered with horror at the details. I resolved immediately to snatch them from this unhappy state and take them home with me. Happily, though the snow was deep, the paths were well trodden.

"The Sheriff approved my resolution, saying, "You cannot render better aid to my friend and neighbor St. John, since the destruction of the time has ruined our schools, and God knows how we shall instruct our children."

"From this moment I thought only of the means of transporting them to Boston as comfortably as possible, the subject of clothing being of special importance. Fortunately this want had been foreseen and provided for by my wife before my depart-

ure from Boston; for so great had been the destruction in Orange that not a piece of flannel, or any other material suitable for clothing, could be obtained. Since they are with us we have taken the same care of them as of our own little people — we have a girl and a boy of nearly the same age with them. They live in the most perfect harmony. If we give any preference, it is to your children, as they need it more, by having been more unhappy. My wife and myself have received them as children that we had lost, and had found. And if I should be so unfortunate as never to hear from you again, we should still continue to treat them with the tenderest care. Not knowing what your religious principles may be, we take them to church with our family, and they will offer to God the same worship with us. When you receive this letter will you inform us of your wishes upon this subject, and they shall be complied with.

“Before leaving the Sheriff, Mr. Woodhull, who had taken me to his house, I in-

quired what might have been the expenses of your children since the death of their mother, and offered to deposit forty guineas in his hands. He did not wish to receive them; and assured me that the sale of some estate, horses, and cattle, that escaped destruction, had proved sufficient to defray all expenses, which, judging from the deplorable state in which I found them, could not have been much. As to your plantation and lands, I advised him never to sell them without obtaining your consent. I received the amount of your bill of exchange, and shall employ it for the benefit of your children.

“I shall address to you a copy of this letter by every opportunity until I receive an answer.

“GUSTAVUS FELLOWES.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### FANNIE'S NARRATIVE.

"Both of them speak of something that is gone."

"We bow to Heaven that willed it so, —  
That darkly rules the fate of all,  
That sends the respite or the blow,  
That 's free to give or to recall."

"It was time, my father, that Providence should interpose, and cast a favorable glance upon my little brother Philippe Louis, and upon me."

"When Captain Fellowes arrived in Orange, we had neither stockings nor shoes, we were almost naked, and it was very cold. The other children in the neighborhood were in the same condition. Louis being the younger, realized less the unpleasantness of the situation, though he cried a great deal. But I could well recollect all your tender care, and that of my mother —

all her sweet cherishing love, how well I remembered it.

"Mr. D — and his wife, not being acquainted with the stranger who came to claim us, did all in their power to persuade us to remain. They succeeded in frightening Louis, who cried continually, and declared he would not go with the stranger. I said, 'I cannot be more unhappy than I am. Why would you keep us here? You have nothing to give us — you can scarcely provide for your own wants. Since this gentleman has come so great a distance to visit us, it is because he wishes our good. It is perhaps God who sends him.'

"I can recall the eagerness with which I entered the sleigh, because I was leaving the place where I had suffered so deeply.

"Captain Fellowes was obliged to take my little brother by force from the arms of Mrs. D —, where he was bitterly weeping; she also was in tears.

"Oh, my father how warm were the garments this good man brought us! How I

trembled when first I put them on! I have since learned that my dear adopted mother, who I think must have been inspired of Heaven, gave him the idea of bringing the clothing. You yourself, my dear father, could not have been more thoughtful than was this kind friend during the whole journey. The horses were fleet, and black Pomp drove us admirably: when we were crossing a wide river on the ice, which Mr. Fellowes knew would cause us alarm, he related stories to divert our attention. When we passed through Hartford, some friend asked him whom he had with him in the sleigh.

"They are two children that were lost, and that we have found. I take them to Boston, where my wife will soon make them forget that they have suffered."

"We reached Boston on Christmas Eve, and although sad and weary, the rejoicing and gladness with which we were received seemed to give a new significance to the sacred festival.

"I was immediately impressed to call

these people by the endearing titles of father and mother, and their children by those of brother and sister. Of all the days I ever shall see, in all the years to come, none can ever be marked with a whiter light than that Christmas time.

"The next day the friends of the family came and congratulated us, and while they made us relate all our misfortunes, compassion kindled in their faces. How happy I was with all these good people. I listened intently to all they said to console us. How great the happiness of being pitied, loved, of wearing soft raiment, of having something nice to eat when I was hungry, and especially of not having to fear any more the savages! Madame Fellowes has instructed me in many useful things, for she believes that the utility of life is not incompatible with its elegances. We have a new sister born eight months ago, and I was godmother to the little girl, to whom they have given my name; they have also called a vessel after me, which left two months

since for the coast of Brazil. How pleased I shall be to hail its safe return well laden with oil and other products of the voyage.

"When the babe is brought home from nurse, I intend to take her for my own little one, and have the exclusive care of her. My father I beg you to consider her as your own little daughter."

"I will with pleasure, my dear Fannie."

For some time the happy father remained with his children, and then returned to the duties of his consulate at New York.

## CHAPTER V.

"What care I how black I be,  
Twenty pounds will marry me."

IN 17— men and women were bought and sold even in Massachusetts. Singular anomaly, the "Cradle of Liberty" jogged by the foot of a slave! Hence everywhere the obsequious African—purloining, wheedling, yet devoted to the interests of "Massa." But Mr. Fellowes's servants, though coming under the head of chattels, were as free as any "white folks" in the commonwealth.

Dinah the cook was quite a character in her way,—autocrat of the kitchen, which was a marvel of neatness and order. It was as easy to see one's self reflected in each brass kettle and copper pan as in a mirror. The oaken tables were smooth and pure as slabs of white marble, and the floors, to use an old time phrase, "were clean enough to eat off of."

Pomp was coachman, butler, man of all work, and was in a small way fully equal to Paganini; his fiddle was always in tune and the bow well rosined. He was often called from less congenial occupations to make music for the little improvised dances which grandpapa — bless him — believed essential to the recreation of the young folks, and for that matter to that of the old folks as well; for in them he never failed to bear a part, and a very good part too. He was a most graceful and engaging partner.

Madame Fellowes was imbued with the good old-fashioned notion that young ladies should be thoroughly trained in all household arts, and brought to an understanding of every culinary possibility. Therefore each day the two girls, Fannie and Abigail, were called from their practice at the harp and the spinet, to play their part in the domestic regions. There Dinah reigned triumphant, while issuing orders as to the number of eggs, requisite for the pudding, or calling off the exact ingredients for the

composition of a delicious omelette, or giving practical illustrations of the dressing of chickens or the preparation of meats for the roast, or in the making of bread as light and white as snow flakes. The young ladies lent their deft and dainty fingers to the work, for the hour they were called upon to serve, with as much alacrity as though there were no other pursuit in life worthy of attention; and well they might, for what other is so worthy? Since the rise of civilization, cooking is the most essential profession. After creation, the souls and bodies of men and women are made from the cauldron of the cook. All hail to the witch who can concoct a stew at once delicious, nutritious, and digestible. The office of the cook is the most important of all things. Would it were better understood. But that can never be while ladies are disposed to regard it to be beneath their dignity, and to intrust the comfort of the household to the hands of some slipshod, stupid drudge, who scarcely knows her right hand from her left, and



who poisons the family piecemeal with her incompatible chemical combinations. Heaven save us from the self-styled cooks of the nineteenth century!

Dinah prided herself exceedingly upon the edibles that the young ladies turned out from oven or stew-pan; in her conceit, setting it down more to her own credit than to their aptitude.

Dinah had all the vanity of her race. She had one very gorgeous dress-up gown that was reserved for high days and holidays, — the high days being those on which a certain colored gentleman was wont to make his appearance at the house of Captain Fellowes. In fact, he came to court Miss Dinah, and she was nothing loth.

One afternoon the sable beau was seen approaching at rather an unseasonable hour, while Dinah was yet deep in the mysteries of her art. Determined not to be caught *en deshabille*, she bolted for a window that was open at the back of the room, and in attempting an exit stuck fast in the narrow

aperture, and was forced to accept the assistance of the grinning Sambo, to extricate her from the embarrassment of the situation. However, Dinah was not cured of her desire to be fine. She swept away in the fullness of her dignity, and shortly presented herself before the enamored Sambo, clad in her red and black changeable silk, in which she "fanned" round, rustling and delighted.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CHANCES AND CHANGES.

"Whom first we love, you know we seldom wed;  
Time rules us all, and life indeed is not  
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;  
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

"The lovely face with golden hair,  
Which seemed to thee a world divine;  
The graceful arms, the all to fair,  
I swear by truth shall all be thine;  
What doth appear  
On earth most dear,  
Is all a promise made below;  
When it hath slept  
It will be kept  
In the fair rose-life yet to blow."

FANNIE ST. JOHN was a picturesque blonde, with abundant hair of a rich golden color. Her eyes were of so dark a blue that they seemed almost black. Her eyebrows, darker than her hair, formed an expressive arch upon a forehead not too high for beauty. A fine, straight nose; thin, sensitive nostrils; a mouth not too small

for expression; teeth even and white; a rich Norman shape, with distinguished manners, and a mind of a high order, made her universally attractive.

After the fashion of those simple days, Fannie went with her adopted sisters to one of the public schools of Boston. It was taught by a young man whom we shall call Eustace, veiling under that pseudonym the name of one who lived a useful and honored life, and whose memory is fondly and reverently cherished by his descendants. He was a graduate of one of our colleges, a man of refined tastes, agreeable in person, and attractive manner. Nor was the difference in their years greater than ought to be between husband and wife. No one need be told that where there is no disparity of years or social position, the relation of teacher and taught is by no means unfavorable to the growth of the tender passion: Abelard and Heloise are a case in point. Who can wonder that a feeling softer than gratitude, sweeter than respect,

should have sprung up between the bright and blooming girl, and the amiable and cultivated young man who watched and promoted the growth of her mind; who can wonder that the teacher taught, and the pupil learned, more than was set down in the book.

When and where the "old, old story" was told, history does not record. Perhaps it was at one of the brilliant entertainments given by Nathaniel Fellowes, where the young teacher was an honored guest, as he was in all the best houses in Boston. In some pause of the music, some interval of the dance; at any rate the word was spoken, and Fannie, with blushing cheek and downcast eyes, bade her lover not despair. And thus the spell of the magician was thrown over their young hearts, and they inhaled the intoxicating air of that delicious passion which may sometimes bring sorrow in its train, but without which life is but a joyless waste.

The lovers could foresee no obstacle to

their union. Mr. Eustace had led the life of a scholar, and knew hardly more of the world than the fair young girl whose heart he had won. He was superior to any young man she had ever seen. He was universally respected, and there was not a father in Boston who would not have been proud to bestow his daughter upon him.

Fannie at once fled to her adopted mother and to her revealed her new happiness. Mrs. Fellowes, whose affectionate heart and fresh feeling made her give to her child the largest measure of sympathy, saw yet a lion in the path, and feared that in this case, as in many others the course of true love would not run smooth. And so it proved.

M. de Crèveœur had come before the world in the literary character of an American farmer, and had expended no small amount of time writing upon the theme; but in his heart of hearts he was a French nobleman, with the "blue blood" of his Norman ancestors coursing through his

veins. The thought of his daughter's marrying a Yankee school-master and passing her life in Boston was repulsive to his aristocratic spirit, and he resolutely set his face against the hopes and wishes of the lovers; vain were the tears, the caresses of the daughter; vain was the manly pleading of the lover. But still, he was a man of sense and had seen a great deal of the world. He knew that in America he could have no legal control over his daughter's action, and that the lovers, if driven to desperation, might marry without his consent, and that the tie would be indissoluble. He knew that he must rely upon Fannie's strong sense of duty, and that deference to parental authority which is an instinct in the French nature, and in which she had been reared. He therefore said to her: "My dear Fannie, Mr. Eustace is a good man, but he is not the man I would have you marry. It would not be a union in harmony with your birth and expectations. You are very young, and you have seen no young man but him.

Your attachment to him may be a strong and deep feeling, or it may be merely a girlish fancy. Time and change of scene will determine. I will take you to Europe, introduce you to my relations, give you the opportunity of mingling in the society of Paris, and of comparing Mr. Eustace with the young men in Europe, of a social position like your own. If, at the end of a year, your heart still clings to him, if you prefer him to any one else you have seen, if you desire to marry him, you shall come back and become his wife."

Fannie could not but acquiesce in the suggestion of her father, which was both kind and wise. He consented to allow the lovers a parting interview. With many tears, with many fond embraces, with mutual and fervent protestations of eternal fidelity, they took leave of each other.

M. de Crévecœur carried his daughter to New York, and one of her adopted sisters bore her company. They were the guests of the celebrated Aaron Burr, who was then in the full tide of his splendid career.

In the companionship of the beautiful Theodosia Burr, and the brilliant coterie which surrounded them, it is said that Fannie became reconciled to the inevitable.

Later she went with her father to France, where her arrival produced something of a sensation. Her beauty, her grace, her perfect command of two languages, the fact of her birth in the land of promise, America, attracted attention everywhere, and an atmosphere of admiration followed her. The natural result, which her father anticipated, followed. Amid the brilliant scenes of Paris, surrounded by graceful, accomplished admirers, the image of her Boston lover gradually faded from her heart. She made a marriage at once happy and illustrious, becoming the wife of Mr. Otto, an eminent French diplomatist, who negotiated the treaty of Amiens, and was sent by Napoleon to escort Maria Louisa to Paris.

His wife accompanied him to various European courts, and was distinguished as one of the most elegant, influential, and ac-

complished ladies in Europe. The father's ambition was gratified to the utmost in having secured so satisfactory an alliance for his beloved daughter.

Mr. Eustace did not so soon or so easily forget. His was one of those calm, grave natures which do not readily give or recall their affections. The wound to his heart bled long ere it was healed, but it did heal at last; for it is true that men die, and worms eat them, but not for love. Some years after, he married an amiable and estimable woman, who made him an excellent wife, with whom he lived many years of tranquil happiness. But the sweetness and freshness of the first love never came back to him; it never can come back! Did Fannie (Madame Otto), in her life of splendor and gayety, ever recall her Boston lover, and give to his image the tribute of a sigh? Who can tell. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and there is a joy that the stranger intermeddleth not with.

M. de Crévecœur, after his daughter's

marriage, lived in the neighborhood of Paris, devoting his time to literature and to the publication of his celebrated works: "Lettres d'un Cultivateur Américain," "Voyage dans la haute Pennsylvanie, et dans l'État de New York," etc.

Here he died full of honors and of years.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Oh how thy worth with manners may I sing."

"How shall I live, and work to match thy goodness?"

My life will be too short,

My every measure fail me."

OWING to a depression in affairs of business after the Revolution, Captain Fellowes disposed of his estate on Harvard Street, and having previously purchased a tract of land near Machias, in Maine, he there built and prepared the grounds of a new homestead, to which he removed his family about the year 1790, intending to make it a permanent residence.

Here he established a new field of commerce, sending out vessels in the warm season to the fisheries on the coast of Labrador, and in winter shipping their cargoes to the East Indies, in exchange for the products of that fruitful soil. At that time the greater portion of Maine consisted of vast forests of pine, hemlock, and cedar.

The place of abode of Captain Fellowes was a clearing beautifully situated on the Columbia River, — a lovely stream, whose banks were fringed with an unusual growth of mountain ash trees, under whose ample shade were walks, and arbors, and many a pleasant spot to make up the charm of out-of-doors life. It was almost a paradise while the summer lasted; but when the winter frowned upon them, and howled through the black forests, the scene was rude and dreary in the extreme. The ladies of his family, deprived of the society to which they had heretofore been accustomed, found the isolation almost too much to be borne.

During all this time a constant correspondence was kept up with Fannie St. John (Madame Otto). She deeply lamented the removal of the family to that remote portion of earth. "Oh! why did Pa Fellowes go to that deep-wooded country?" was her written exclamation of concern.

Her letters were of the most delightful

character, containing animated accounts of court life in Vienna, touching here and there upon important European topics, as well as affairs of private interest, and often accompanied with beautiful gifts, tokens of love and remembrance to the prized friends of her early years.<sup>1</sup>

At length, at the earnest request of Mr. Nathaniel Fellowes, Gustavus was induced to return to Boston, — Nathaniel being desirous of making one home with them for the remainder of his life. The family were soon reinstated in the old mansion at Roxbury, which was then unimpaired.

The brothers were not alike in disposition and character; in illustration of this I may mention an anecdote which tradition has handed down: —

Uncle Nat, as he was familiarly called, was one day giving an account to a few fa-

<sup>1</sup> These treasured letters were often lent to admiring friends for perusal. In the last instance they were misplaced and could not be found. Their loss was long and much regretted.

miliar friends of some of his manufactories that had just been put in operation. He was somewhat overstrained in his estimate of property, believing that much and great possessions made the man; that the employer was everything, the employee nothing. He detailed with more or less minuteness the number and capacity of his sugar mills in Cuba and elsewhere, while his brother Gustavus, who was listening to the account, said in a tone of dry humor:

"Nat, there is one of your mills you have forgotten to mention."

"No, I guess not: which one?"

"The one in which you grind the faoes of the poor."

Late in that autumn Nathaniel sailed for Cuba, to inspect his plantations, intending to return in early spring. That visit proved fatal. He was taken suddenly ill, and died in a short time after his arrival in Havana.

The will produced there after his death was not consistent with that which was left

in this country. It is said, that in order to gain the signature to this new will, the hand of the dying man was guided to its last feeble motion in signing the testament. Impugning no one, it is nevertheless true that the new will cut off all former bequests to his family. His nephew, who had long been his agent, fell heir to the whole vast property, with the exception of a legacy of some thousands to his brother Gustavus, which was never paid.

Being under Spanish law made it more difficult to proceed against the estate for restitution.

So it came about that he who had been the positive architect of this brother's colossal fortune was left comparatively destitute, failing to prove a just claim.

All these sorrows, following quickly on the sacrifice of the eastern lands, caused a decadence in the fortunes of the Fellowes family, rendering it necessary to give up the old mansion, and to take a less expensive residence; consequently the family



again removed to Boston, and went to occupy a dwelling in Hollis Street, that still remained to them from the wreck of their former possessions.

Captain Fellowes was now somewhat advanced, and his subsequent years were passed in exemption from all active business. He had been the patron and prime mover in the monetary interests not only of his brothers, but had founded the fortunes of many young men. He had earned repose, and in the sweet enjoyments of his family and social relations, he spent the beautiful autumn of his life. He was a man of most dignified appearance and address. His abundant hair was silvery white, and lay in close curls all over the noble head and around the high, intellectual brow. He had dark eyes of peculiar brilliancy, and on his cheeks there was the ruddy glow of health to the last. He died in 1816. So calm was his passing from earth that it might be said of him: "He was not, for God took him."

He sleeps in the old burying-ground at  
the foot of the Common on Boylston Street.

"When to the session of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes, new wail my dear time's waste."