

*Tales  
That Have  
the Rime of  
Age*

*— Our Family in the 1830's*

A Gift to my Niece Frances on her Fiftieth Birthday

By Jeanette Sergeant Ames Rice

1883

Edited by Michael Delahunt 1995  
Second edition 2008

*Tales That Have the Rime of Age*  
— *Our Family in the 1830's*  
*A Gift to my Niece, Frances on her Fiftieth Birthday*  
By Jeanette Sergeant Ames Rice  
March 4, 1883

Never publicly printed.

As edited by Michael Delahunt, ©1995 & 2008  
6254 East Pershing Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85254

[delahunt@artlex.com](mailto:delahunt@artlex.com)

### **Editor's note concerning the first edition**

End notes and illustrations are my additions. I've also added an epilogue, followed by acknowledgements, and a bibliography. Almost entirely, the other changes I've made to the original text have been grammatical — simply to clear away cobwebs — not to alter meanings, or tamper with the flavor of the original. Although parts of Jeanette's story now appear, to be frank, quaintly sentimental, these elements contribute to the reader's understanding of her life and times.

*Tales That Have the Rime of Age* is the title the author chose. She drew it from *Voices of the Night*, an 1839 poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Longfellow died during the time Jeanette was writing this memoir. "Rime" is an Old English word meaning hoar-frost or frozen mist. Longfellow used rime here in a transferred and figurative sense.

# Illustrations

FIGURE	PAGE
1. Photograph of Jeanette Sergeant Ames Rice, in 1884, a year after she presented <i>Tales That Have the Rime of Age</i> to her niece, Frances. Jeanette was born in 1822 or 23, and died at the age of seventy-eight, November 8, 1900. From a <i>carte de visite</i> in the collection of the editor.	1
2. Photograph of the Old Sergeant House “on the Hill”, also known as the Mission House, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, made in the 1890’s. From the collection of the Detroit Publishing Company. (Copyright permission must be secured.)	2
3. Diagram of Jeanette’s family in 1830.	3
4. Silhouettes of Jeanette’s parents, Dr. Erastus Sergeant Jr., 1772-1832, and his wife, Margaret Keeler Sergeant, 1780-1837. From the collection of Julia Delahunt Harrington.	4
5. Map locating places mentioned in the text.	7
6. Engraving of Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817, a cousin of Jeanette’s father. He was President of Yale University, 1795-1817.	8
7. Engraved portrait of Catharine Sedgwick, 1789-1867, American author, whose most renowned novel was <i>Hope Leslie</i> (1827). She was a cousin of Jeanette’s father.	8
8. Painting of Albert Hopkins, 1807-1872, a professor at and president of Williams College for forty-three years. He was a cousin of Jeanette’s father.	11
9. Painting of the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad between Albany and Schenectady used an engine known as the “De Witt Clinton.” In the early 1830s it hauled up to five stagecoach bodies on railroad wheels at 25 mph.	13
10. Photograph of Jeanette’s sister Mary Ann Sergeant, 1808-1863. From the collection of the editor.	14
11. Photograph of a bead chain made by N.C. Goddard, 1833. From the collection of Historic Northampton, MA. (Copyright permission must be secured.)	16

12. Photograph of Jeanette’s brother-in-law Reverend Samuel Newbury, 1802-1868. From the collection of the editor. 17
13. Photograph of the old Sergeant house, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, moved from its original hilltop location to the village of Stockbridge in 1926, restored in the 1930s, and as it appeared in the early 2000s. Between 1928 and 1933, landscape architect Fletcher Steele designed the Colonial Revival garden. (Copyright permission must be secured.) 18
14. Photograph of the “best spare room over the parlor” in the old Sergeant house, Stockbridge. From *Antiques*, March 1983. (Copyright permission must be secured.) 19
15. Wood engraving of the “Grand (Erie) Canal’s” aqueduct at Rochester, NY, 1830, published in the *Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, volume I, number 5, October 1830 21
16. Wood engraving of the “The Great (Leonid) Meteor Shower of 1833.” 23
17. Photograph of Reverend Samuel Newbury’s father, Samuel Newbury, 1781-1857. From the collection of the editor. 24
18. Photograph of Reverend Samuel Newbury’s mother, Tamasin Bishop, 1786-1854. From the collection of the editor. 25
19. Samuel Newbury’s leather-covered wooden chest, 7 x 15 x 9 inches. Its brass plate is engraved “S. Newbury.” Collection of the editor. 27
20. Wood engraving of “The Capture of Frances Slocum,” as it appeared in the *The Morning Republican*, Scranton, PA, Saturday, June 19, 1869, from *The Chicago Standard*. 29
21. Photograph of Frances’s brother, Egbert Starr Newbury, 1843-1880, made in Detroit in 1877. From the collection of the editor. 31
22. The ending of a letter<sup>1</sup> from Rev. Samuel Newbury, Council Hill, Clayton Co, IA, February 6, 1865, to Kate (or Kittie), his daughter Catherine Newbury Robb. Collection of the editor. 32
23. Undated photograph of Frances Newbury, 1833-1898. 34
24. Engraving from a photograph of Frances’s husband, John Judson Bagley, 1832-1881, Governor of Michigan, 1873-1877. From *Michigan as Province, Territory and State*, by Henry Utley and Byron Cutcheon, 1906. 35

25. Painting of Frances Newbury Bagley, 1833-1898, by Lewis Thomas Ives, made between 1872 and 1882, 54 x 36 inches. From the collection of the Detroit Institute of Fine Arts (F77.113); the gift of James K. Watkins Jr., George H. Watkins, John B. Watkins, and Margaret H. Watkins, in memory of Mrs. James K. Watkins. (Copyright permission must be secured.) 36
26. Photograph of the Detroit home of John J. and Frances Bagley, built in 1869. From the collection of the Detroit Historical Museum. 38
27. Photograph of the Bagley Fountain in Detroit in about 1922. 39
28. Photograph of the Bagley Fountain in 2007. 40
29. Close-up photograph of the carved surface of the Bagley Fountain in 2007. 40
30. Photograph of Henry Ford driving his first car, the “Quadricycle,” on the streets of Detroit on June 4, 1896, after having first invented and assembled it in a garage he rented at 58 Bagley Avenue. 41
31. Detail of the painting of Frances Newbury by Lewis Thomas Ives, made between 1872 and 1882. (Copyright permission must be secured.) 41
32. Photograph of Jeanette Sergeant Ames Rice, in 1884, a year after she presented *Tales That Have the Rime of Age* to her niece, Frances. Jeanette was born in 1822 or 23, and died at the age of seventy-eight, November 8, 1900. From a *carte de visite* in the collection of the editor. 43
33. Diagram of Frances Newbury’s family. 45



Figure 1. Jeanette Sergeant Ames Rice, in 1884, a year after she presented *Tales That Have the Rime of Age* to her niece, Frances. Jeanette was born in 1822 and died at the age of seventy-eight, November 8, 1900.



The Spring of 1883

My dear Frances:

As your fiftieth anniversary approaches I find the memories of fifty years ago thronging upon me, and am moved to comply with your oft repeated request that I write what I remember of our early family history. I do this the more readily as I am the last one left to tell the story.

My father, Dr. Erastus Sergeant, Jr., was the son of Dr. Erastus Sergeant [Sr.] of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and grandson of Reverend John Sergeant, first missionary to the Stockbridge Indians.<sup>i</sup> He was born in Stockbridge in the old Sergeant House “on the Hill”, March 18th, 1772. My mother was Margaret Keeler, daughter of Mr. Stephen Keeler, a custom house officer<sup>ii</sup> in Norwalk, Connecticut, where she was born January 29th, 1780. She was a granddaughter on her mother’s side of Dr. Joseph Pyncheon of Boston, Massachusetts. Her mother was Margaret Pyncheon.

Reverend C. D. Saunders married my father and mother in Burlington, Vermont, June 17th, 1802. My father graduated at Dartmouth College in 1792, and two years later, when he had graduated at Harvard Medical School, settled in the practice of his profession in Lee, Massachusetts, three miles from Stockbridge.<sup>iii</sup> He located upon a small farm of thirty acres, on the outskirts of the village where he took his bride, and where they always remained. The house was not large, but trees and shrubbery surrounded it. A fine apple orchard was on one side and a grove of cherry trees the other. The view was beautiful on every side and altogether it was a pleasant New England

home. On the back part of the farm was the finest maple grove in the country and in my day furnished delicious maple sugar and syrup, a great rarity. My father gave his entire time to his profession, hiring the farm worked, thereby raising nearly enough for the needs of the family. The home was three-fourths of a mile from the village, but as we always had horses for driving, did not mind the distance. My father was a man of fine physique, six feet tall, weighing two hundred pounds; he had prominent features, good complexion and brown eyes.



Figure 2. John Sergeant's home, known as the "Mission House," as it looked about 1890-1900 in its original Stockbridge location atop a hill known both as Eden Hill and Prospect Hill. The Sergeant family lived here until it sold the house in 1867.

My mother was a small woman, clear brunette complexion, black eyes and hair, regular features and pleasant expression. She was a woman of an immense amount of character. I never saw her angry or heard a nasty word from her lips, but she was firm, resolute and courageous. In our home life her slightest wish was law, not for compulsion, but because all loved her too well to be willing to wound her feelings by any act of disobedience. By her own innate strength and sweetness of character and disposition, she commanded the respect and love of all who knew her, and admiration as well. She was a well educated woman and possessed some literary merit, writing occasionally for publication, articles that were well received and of which my father was proud.<sup>iv</sup>



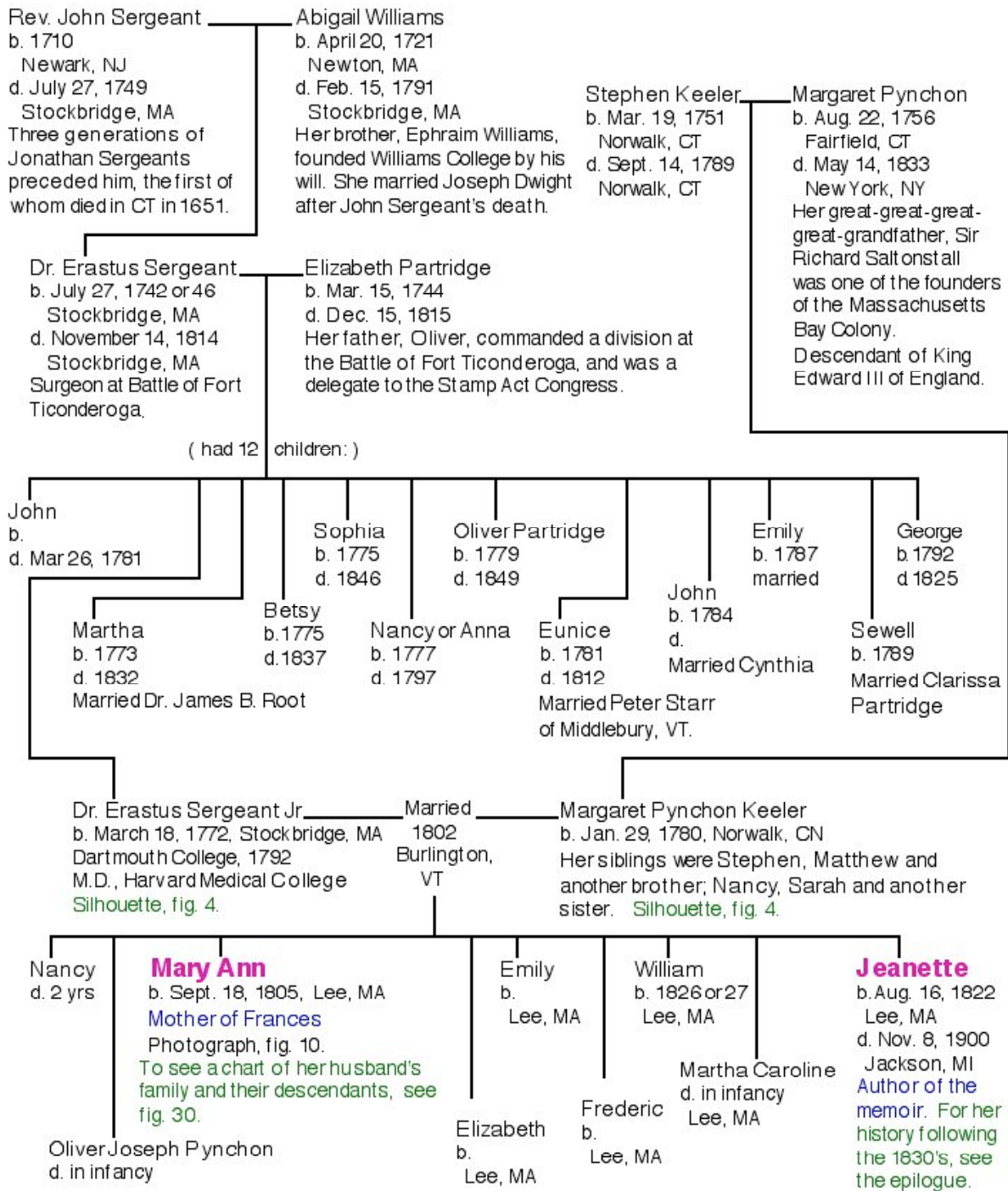


Figure 3. Jeanette's Family in 1830

But it was in her religious life that her character shone out most brightly. Her faith and trust in God were perfect — she never doubted, never wavered, took God at His word, believed His promises and shaped her life after the divine pattern. Such a life could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on the minds and hearts of her children. They were taught that in everything they must do right, that God required right doing and thinking and acting, and yet His infinite love and pity for His creatures was dwelt upon and the privilege of loving and trusting Him. Everything was carried to God in prayer and nothing too trivial to seek the divine guidance and direction. Do you wonder that *I believe in prayer?*

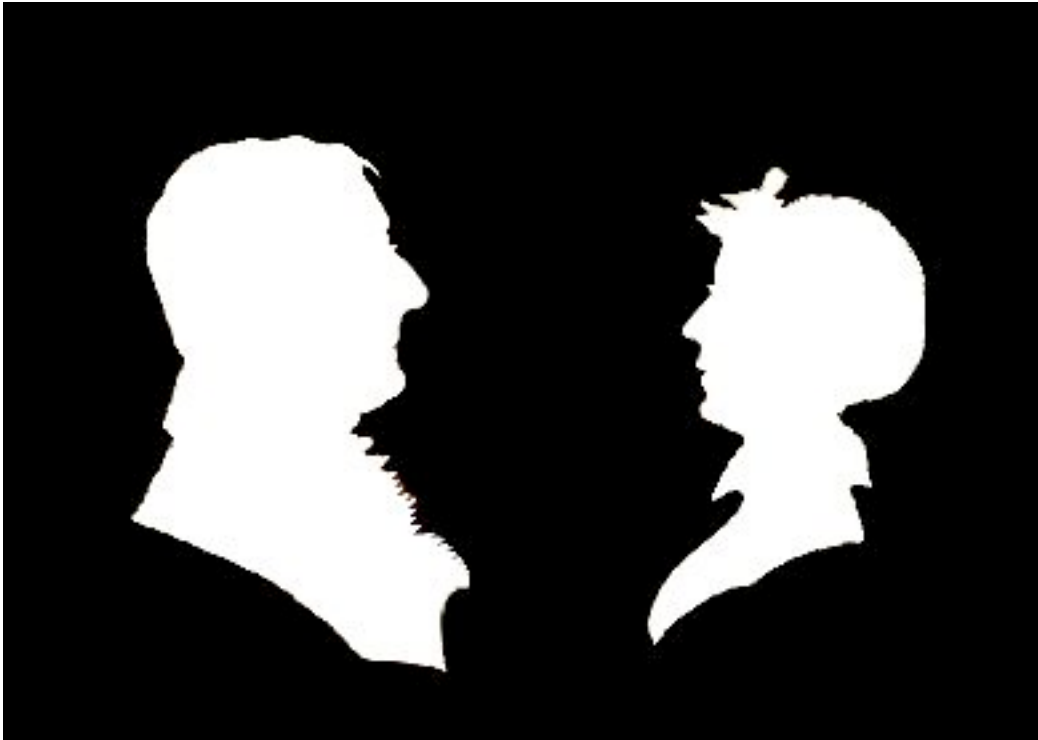


Figure 4. Silhouettes of Jeanette’s parents, Dr. Erastus Sergeant Jr., 1772-1832, and his wife, Margaret Keeler Sergeant, 1780-1837.

My father was a finely educated man, fond of scientific studies and an excellent linguist, being a proficient in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He could also speak in the Indian language readily. That was the tradition in the family. Before I could speak plainly he taught me Latin and Greek orally while sitting on his knee. He often said he intended at least one of his daughters to understand these languages. When I was nine years old I commenced the study of Latin grammar, even before I had taken up the English. Had he lived to direct my education, I might have fulfilled his wishes as I have always enjoyed the study of language. He was a man of fine conversational powers, always something

interesting to talk about, and a good story to wind up with, so his coming was the signal for a jolly time and was looked forward to. If I heard him come in after I had gone to bed I usually got up, and looked in through the door. Then he would give the signal for me to take my place on his knee. He never reproved me for getting up.

Our family circle was a pleasant one when all were at home. My three sisters — Elizabeth, Mary Ann and Emily — and the two brothers — Frederic and William. And I was just the “baby” — that was all — my odd sayings laughed at. I was always with those so much older. And I guess but for my sister Elizabeth’s determination to train me in the way I should go, I would have been spoiled altogether. I had always been a delicate child, not expected to live long, and I presume they were the more tender of me for that reason. My father one day looked at the “life line” in my hand and said I “would live to be sixty years old,” contrary to the expectation of all. His prophecy has been fulfilled and [at the age of 60 years and six months] I have now lived longer than any of my family.

I should speak of my father as a physician. He was thoroughly fitted for his profession and had great success in it. He was almost constantly away from home. The rides were long and tedious over the Berkshire Hills and the pay comparatively small. But he never refused to go to the homes of the poor when needed, and when some failed altogether to pay the doctor, he would say “Well, my children will never be any the poorer for my being kind to the poor.” He was one of the first physicians in the country to apply electricity to the treatment of disease and a great many people came to the house to take a “shock” as it was called.<sup>v</sup> My sister Elizabeth learned to “charge the machine” which was a large, square, wooden box, containing three glass cylinders or receivers. In some way, by turning a crank the electricity was generated, so that she could treat patients when my father was not at home. My mother also fitted herself to prescribe and give medicine in ordinary cases of sickness when my father was absent. He went all over the country to attend surgical operations, that branch being a specialty with him, and he was considered the best surgeon in that part of the state. He enjoyed perfect health, and was always ready to bear fatigue and exposure. Sometimes in severe epidemic diseases, he might be away for two or three weeks at a time, and home only long enough to change his linen. A man so untiring and self-sacrificing in his profession should have accumulated a fortune, but in those days even more than now, people were slow in paying the doctor. Then as now, any other bill would come first, and my father’s great fault was that he did not make them pay him when they were able. But he was the “beloved physician” and when his first and what proved to be his last sickness came, his old friends and employers would come and beg him to go just once more, saying “We cannot have any other doctor.”

When his strong constitution gave way it was final, and after lingering some two years in suffering, he quietly yielded up his life in full consciousness, in perfect submission to the divine will. His life work was done and well done.

Our every day home life was simple and quiet, almost pastoral. We always had morning and evening worship, which was no unmeaning service. The blessing was asked at the table, and at the conclusion of the meal all quietly kept their places until thanks were returned. Saturday night was strictly kept. Before sundown the evening meal was over, all work of any kind laid aside and everything made ready for Sunday morning. The evening was spent in studying the Sunday school lesson, and in reading and singing, in which all joined. My father played the bass viol<sup>vi</sup> and led the village choir for many years. My mother was a good alto singer.<sup>vii</sup> All the children sang, so we had quite a choir in our

own family. The evening would pass quickly and pleasantly. At nine, or half past, all would retire.

Sabbath morning we were up betimes,<sup>viii</sup> the morning duties quickly dispatched, and when the hour came, all that could go were ready for church, or rather “meeting” as it was called. My mother was unable to go for years and someone in the family always remained home with her. It often fell to my lot, much to my delight, and I usually spent the forenoon<sup>ix</sup> in reading some portion of the Bible to her. I remember once reading one of the Four Gospels [entirely] at one time. Those who went to meeting remained for Sunday school and afternoon service, which was the same as in the morning. Dr. Hyde always giving two good long sermons, and at noon, would frequently catechize the children to see if they had been properly instructed in the “Assembly’s Catechism.”<sup>x</sup> He was a very venerable man, dressed in the old style short clothes<sup>xi</sup> and a queue,<sup>xii</sup> which gave him a quaint look, but he was greatly revered by all. He graduated at Dartmouth with my father and settled in Lee as a minister the same year that my father did as physician. Dr. Hyde spent his entire ministry of over forty years there. He was as a father to his people. If anyone was absent from church Sunday morning they were sure to have a call from Dr. Hyde on Monday to see if they were ill — the idea of absenting one’s self from the house of God for any other reason being considered out of the question.

After the family returned from meeting about four o’clock, the principal meal of the day was served. It was simple, and composed largely of food prepared the day before, that no unnecessary time should be spent for the needs of the body. “The Sabbath was given for the cultivation of our spiritual natures” and should be used as such. When the meal was over we all gathered about our mother to repeat the catechism beginning with me, the youngest of the group. “What is the chief end of man? Man’s chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. What is God?” and so on.

After an hour spent in this manner, also having some child repeat the texts of the sermons and asking all who went to meeting what the minister preached about, we were allowed to take our books until the sun went down, when the Sabbath proper was over. We might go in the yard or for a quiet walk in the orchard. Sunday evening any little preparation necessary for Monday morning could be made. My mother sometimes took out her knitting. Occasionally a friend dropped in. But the evening was quietly spent, and usually closed by all gathering about the table for a good sing before “family worship.”

While this strict observance of the Sabbath may have been somewhat “Puritanic,” I wish to testify to the value of it in my life, and believe it was better for both soul and body than the usual way of spending it now. The earnest religious teachings of my childhood coupled with the consistent Christian lives of those about me, the spirit of love and harmony pervading the entire family life, have been as beacon lights guiding me amid the trials and temptations of later years, and through the skepticism and unbelief of these modern times into the quiet haven of *assured trust, rest and peace*, I have a legacy richer than all the world and enduring as eternity.

There was in all a family of ten children, four of whom died in infancy, two sons and two daughters. Nancy, the eldest, who died at two years of age and was a very bright, sweet child, as my mother often used to tell me. Oliver Joseph Pynchon, after my mother’s grandfather, and Martha Caroline, next older than myself. Your mother was the third child, next older than sister Elizabeth, of whom she was very fond. I must not omit to speak especially of this sister as she assumed the care of the family at sixteen years of age, in consequence of a dreadful accident happening to our dear mother, who was

thrown from a carriage, breaking one of her hips (when my youngest brother William was an infant) and did not take a step for two years, and was ever after unable to be much upon her feet. The active management of the household came of necessity upon this sister who was most decidedly a “woman of faculty” as Mrs. Stowe puts it.<sup>xiii</sup> There was nothing necessary to be done that she could not do or see to, from managing the little farm to the minute care of the household, governing the younger children, of which I was one, supplying their wants, nursing the sick, and when she could be spared, occasionally teaching the village school near our home. After my remembrance, in addition to her home cares, she was president of the sewing society in the village, had a sewing circle for little girls, and on Sunday taught a large “infant class” in the Sunday school, a new and then novel enterprise. She possessed great energy, perseverance and ingenuity, could imitate almost anything she saw that she wished to have. She did much for me in teaching me habits of industry, accuracy and perseverance. She also gave me my first lessons in writing, taught me to read writing of all kinds, and in many ways helped to give me a good start in life for which I shall ever feel grateful. I used sometimes to think her too strict, but I doubt not it was for my own good, and I now realize the importance of the principles and habits she inculcated.



Figure 5. Map locating places mentioned in the text.

She was a fine looking woman, rather tall, with fair complexion, brown hair and eyes, good features, a slightly Roman nose. As you were named for her, I've drawn her picture in this way for you. She was an aunt of whom you might well be proud. She refused eligible offers of marriage, one to go as a missionary to Smyrna,<sup>xiv</sup> in which her heart was much enlisted, because she would not leave the home where she was so much needed. The record of such self-sacrificing souls must surely be written above, where they will receive their reward.

The principal event of your mother's childhood was her going to spend a year with Grandmother Keeler in Norwalk, Connecticut, when she was but six years old. It was there she first knew John Knox,<sup>xv</sup> his father having married our mother's sister Martha for his second wife, and they all boarded with our grandmother. John was very near your mother's age and the children were fond of each other. He settled in Troy, New York, and married a very lovely and superior woman who was a daughter of Mrs. Sigourney (Mrs. Charles H. Sigourney).<sup>xvi</sup>

When my father went to Norwalk to bring your mother home, they came by way of New Haven in order to visit President Dwight,<sup>xvii</sup> who was a cousin of my father's. The visit made a great impression on your mother. It seems Mrs. Dwight rose early, leaving her husband asleep, and when he came to the breakfast table he addressed her with "Good morning Madame Dwight," in a precise dignified manner your mother always remembered.

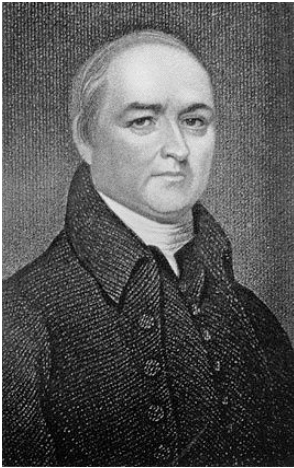


Figure 6. Engraving after a circa 1800 painting of Timothy Dwight IV, 1752-1817. He was a cousin of Jeanette's father, and the eighth president of Yale University, 1795-1817.

Figure 7. Engraved portrait of Catharine Sedgwick, 1789-1867, American author, whose most renowned novel was *Hope Leslie* (1827). She wrote many short tales, and several books designed to be helpful to persons of less-favored class. Among the books she wrote are *A New England Tale* (1822), *Clarence; or a Tale of Our Own Times* (1830), *The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man* (1836), *Live and Let Live; or Domestic Service Illustrated* (1837), *Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home* (1841), and *Married or Single* (1857).



I think your mother must have been quite a favored one in the family for she often made little trips and had a good time generally. She must have been a very pretty, bright, winsome child.

Miss Catharine Sedgwick,<sup>xviii</sup> a cousin of our father's was very fond of her and would invite her for long visits, taking her into her own room and bed, and when she would go her rounds among the poor she was always assisting, would take the little girl with her, thereby giving her lessons in practical benevolence. Miss Sedgwick was at this time keeping house for her brother Charles, in the old "Sedgwick Mansion" in Stockbridge. She was a noble, refined, cultured woman and your mother was very fond of her, naming your sister Kate for her.<sup>xix</sup>

When your mother was eighteen years old she was in poor health, so was sent to New York to Uncle Matthew Keeler, my mother's youngest brother, to try the benefit of a change. He spared no pains nor expense for her improvement, and in a few months sent her home with the bloom of health upon her cheek. I remember Uncle Matthew very well in those days. He was my mother's favorite brother; used to come to visit us and never tired in sending us beautiful things. A box from Uncle Matthew was sure to come every little while filled with useful as well as rare and costly things. He, at this time, was very wealthy, owning an elegant residence on Broadway, which was then the fashionable street for homes. He married a Miss Serena Howard, a most lovely woman, and his house was always open to receive those he loved. He was a very affectionate, generous-hearted man and we all loved him. My mother's immediate family all lived in New York. Her mother, Margaret Pynchon Keeler, at this time a widow, made her home with uncle Matthew. The oldest brother, Stephen and three sisters — Nancy who never married, Martha (Mrs. Knox), and Sarah (Mrs. Charles Bonticou) — all lived there at this time, so New York possessed many attractions, and my sisters used often to go there. My Grandmother Keeler died there when I was ten years old, at the age of seventy-seven, in full possession of her faculties.

When your mother was about nineteen years old she went to Middlebury, Vermont, to be with our good kind aunt [Eunice] Starr, our father's sister, and attend Mrs. Cook's boarding school for young ladies<sup>xx</sup>. After being in school for a while, she acted as assistant teacher for a time, a position she much enjoyed.

She remained in Middlebury four years and her return home after the long absence was a great event in the family. How well do I remember the day. She was more beautiful than ever and I was perfectly happy if I could be near her. On the other hand she made a great pet of me, took me under her special care, was always patient and kind, willing to help me in my lessons and work, (though I never did anything to be reprov'd for) and was always ready to give me a good time. My love for her amounted to worship almost and I hoped she never would leave home again. It was about this time I exacted the promise from her, one day when we were in the orchard together, that if she ever married and had a home of her own, then I might live with her. And sure enough, the promise was fulfilled to the letter, before very long too.

We needed her cheerful presence in the home, at that time especially. My father was in his last sickness, my mother's health was very delicate, my youngest brother, William, of whom I was very fond, was in Uncle John Sergeant's store in Stockbridge, and altogether it was sad and lonely in the little home. During your mother's stay in Middlebury, this same brother had fallen from a horse and broken his leg just above the knee, causing a very long weary illness for him and increased care in the family, so all

were tired and somewhat dispirited. Sister Elizabeth, with untiring patience and love, had stood firmly at the helm, but she needed help in guiding and managing the little craft and your mother came just in time to give cheer, hope and the necessary aid in the burden bearing.

We were in just this condition, when one day while at dinner a messenger came with a note addressed to Miss Mary Ann Sergeant, saying that if agreeable, Mr. Samuel Newbury would call at two o'clock. Accompanying the note were letters from Uncle and Aunt Starr, saying that Mr. Newbury had a special object in visiting Lee, and recommending him heartily as a Christian and a gentleman whom we would do well to receive. My sister had met Mr. Newbury in Middlebury during his last year in college, so they were not altogether strangers. The import of the note and letters was understood, and all was excitement in the little household for we realized that it might mean a great deal to all of us — a crisis was approaching. At two o'clock the gentleman came and spent the afternoon. Then he came again and again, and so urgently did he press his suit, that the young lady soon gave an affirmative answer.

Now the most amazing part of all came. He wished to be married in a month and take his wife with him when he returned to his "home missionary" field in southern Ohio. How could it be done? A *bride* ready in a month to go a thousand miles from home? But sister Elizabeth was always ready for any emergency. Uncle Matthew was written to at once for what was needed from New York, and the house was converted into a workshop — clothing was prepared, bedding and table linen gotten ready and many comforts prepared for the young bride and her new home. My contribution was two quilts which I had pieced, sewing the blocks "overstitched"<sup>xxi</sup> and which had occupied most of my leisure time after I was able to hold a needle — a long tiresome piece of work it had been for me, a little girl less than ten years old, but I rejoiced that I had them to give and felt fully rewarded for my labor. They were nicely quilted and very pretty. When it became noised through the village that Miss Mary Ann Sergeant was to marry a home missionary and to go to southern Ohio to live, all were interested, and each of the many friends wished to do something to assist in the hurried preparations. Our good Uncle Doctor Partridge and other relatives from Stockbridge came to see if they could share a part in the important work. Visits of condolence were paid my mother. "How *could* she give up her daughter to go *way out West*?" far more of a trip than it would be now to go to any part of the world.

During this time Mr. Newbury was absent visiting his parents<sup>xxii</sup> and other friends.

The bans were duly published by being placed in a box in the vestibule of the church, where *all* might read, (for *everybody* went to church), and ran after this fashion:

***Marriage Intended***  
***April 24, 1832***  
***between***  
***Rev. Samuel Newbury of Rutland, Meigs County, Ohio***  
***and***  
***Miss Mary Ann Sergeant of Lee, Berkshire County, Massachusetts***



This notice had to be kept in the box for three Sundays, and if anyone had objections to offer they had to do it within the time or “forever hold their peace.”

I went to meeting with your mother the first Sunday after this notice was put up. As we entered the vestibule several were gathered about it with curious eyes. She walked through in a quick, dignified manner, looking neither right nor left. I could not resist the temptation of looking over the heads gathered about to see how it would read. So you have it now.

There are always some unusually comical things happening in connection with almost every event, and this was no exception. Mr. Newbury was to preach for Dr. Hyde the last Sunday before his marriage. Of course, his affianced wished to hear him and know what kind of preaching she was to listen to the remainder of her life. It so happened that the Sunday night before there was a heavy fall of snow, the last of the season. We lived three quarters of a mile from the church, so as usual, Sunday morning the horse and sleigh were brought to the door in good season. Brother Frederic stepped in the house to say he was ready, when Fox, the old family horse thought it was time for *him* to be off to meeting. When the prospective bride and her brother came to the door, Fox was already off several rods from the house with the empty sleigh. He kept on regularly, drew up before the front door of the Meeting House, waited long enough for persons to alight, then turned carefully about and took his accustomed place in a shed near the church. The people standing about all wondered what had happened, but finally saw brother and sister wading through the snow to meeting, when the mystery was explained. As it was the first and only time the old horse had behaved in this manner, we supposed that he comprehended the importance of the occasion and wished to play a practical joke, which it surely was.

At length everything was ready. The large heavy boxes that were to transport the household effects of the bride, containing some small pieces of furniture, etc., were packed and sent to Hudson, New York, on their way. The trunks were also ready, when the eventful morning arrived, bright and sunny, April 24<sup>th</sup>, 1832.

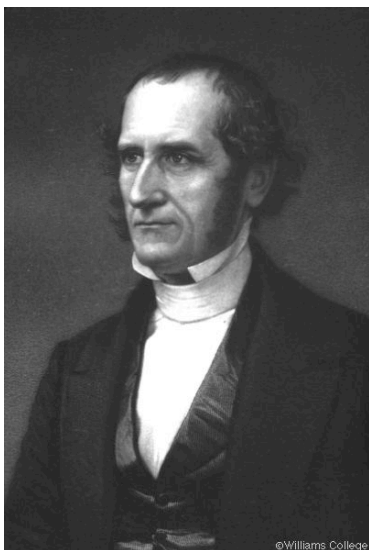


Figure 8. Albert Hopkins, born in Stockbridge in 1807, the youngest of the three children of Archibald and Mary Curtis Hopkins. Albert Hopkins was a cousin of Jeanette’s father. In 1829 he was made professor at Williams College, and held this position forty-three years, until his death in 1872. He was a brother of Mark Hopkins who was president of Williams College from 1836 to 1872.

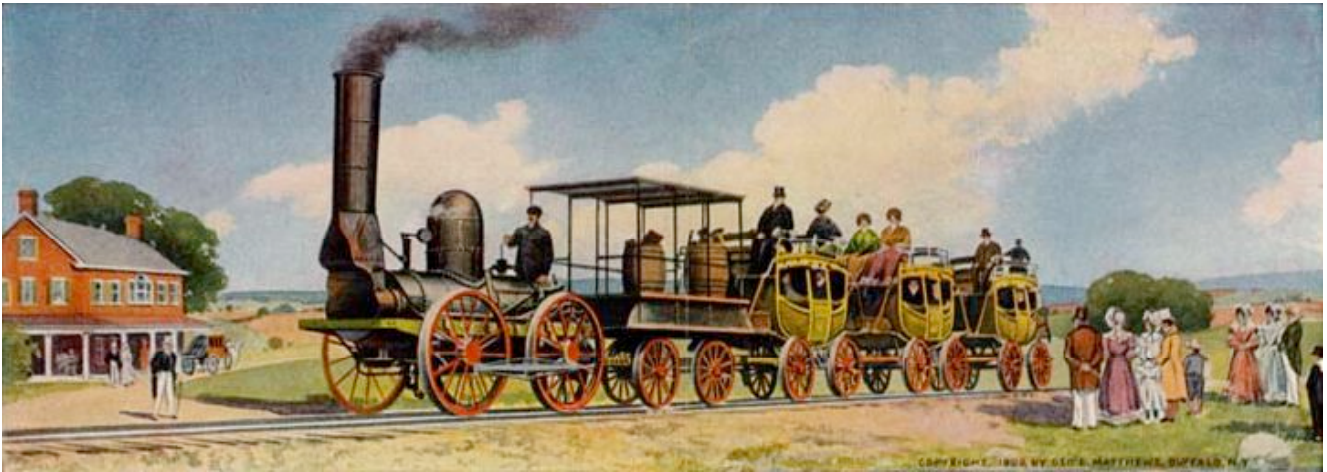
The immediate family, a few friends from the village, and at the last moment Professor Albert Hopkins of Williams College, a cousin of my father's were present. Our good minister, Dr. Hyde, uttered the solemn words in a most impressive manner, which made the "twain, one flesh." A fervent prayer was offered that "God bless and keep His servants in all of their ways and make them instruments of great good in the far distant field of labor to which they are going." Then came congratulations and many a "God bless you" to the young couple as they went forth on their mission of good tidings and uplifting to a dark corner of our land. The bride was beautiful with the bloom of youth and health upon her cheek, her fair complexion, glossy black hair and traveling habit, which displayed her fine figure to the best advantage. Her pretty white straw bonnet from New York was trimmed with a ribbon to match her habit, tied under the chin, completing a very becoming costume. The groom looked fine in a nice black suit and white necktie, proud and happy with his bride.

Refreshments of cake and coffee were served, as time for the leave takings came. The sad part of all, my father was too ill to witness the ceremony, and when the young couple went to bid him the *last* goodbye, he presented your father with his large *Hebrew Testament*, which he said he wished him to have — the one you have now<sup>xxiii</sup> — saying to him, "What you now are, I once was, and what I am, you will sometime be," referring to his approaching end.

The precious little mother bore this sad parting better than we feared, but she was always brave and courageous and quietly accepted what seemed best.

So it was all over — the carriages were at the door to take the bridal party and a portion of the family to Stockbridge, three miles away, where at Uncle John Sergeant's house were gathered a small circle of people who could not go to the wedding. Stockbridge had been the home of my father's family for over a hundred years, and we had many relatives and friends there. The dear Uncle and Aunt who had occupied Grandfather's old home had always given a warm welcome to all the family, making it a pleasant place to go, so that leaving it all behind was only second to breaking away from the old home.

After an hour pleasantly spent, cake and wine being served, as was the custom upon wedding occasions, the goodbyes were spoken. Then the bride and groom, accompanied by sister Elizabeth and brother Frederic, took their carriage to drive to Hudson, New York, forty miles away, to take a boat to New York City. The next morning the final sad leave taking between the brothers and sisters took place — Elizabeth and Frederic returning to the now desolate home among the Berkshire Hills, the young couple going for a brief visit to New York, with the many relatives there. After a few days spent in New York, the newly wedded couple started on the journey west, going to Albany by boat, passing over the little strip of railroad between Albany and Schenectady, one of the first lines in the country,<sup>xxiv</sup> then by canal to Buffalo, by steamer to Cleveland, through Ohio, in the old stage coach to Rutland, a town bordering on the Ohio River.



**Figure 9.** The Mohawk & Hudson Railroad between Albany and Schenectady used an engine known as the “De Witt Clinton.” In the early 1830s it hauled up to five stagecoach bodies on railroad wheels at 25 mph.

An intimate friend of your mother’s, Miss Catherine Whiton of Lee, joined them in Albany, to accompany them to their far distant field and engage in the work of teaching. She went too, partly as society for your mother — it was considered such a dreadful thing for a young lady to go so far beyond the bounds of civilization without a female companion. Through your father’s efforts a little church had been erected in the wilderness, which gathered in the people living within a radius of several miles. One half mile beyond the church, under the shadow of an immense beech tree, stood a little log house with one room at ground level, and another room above — the home of the young couple and their friend. Your father had made it as comfortable as he could, but the boxes containing so many convenient and useful things were anxiously watched for. At length they came. But, dreadful to relate, they had been so long delayed on the road, and being somewhere exposed to the weather, had been rained upon and most of the contents ruined. Table and bed linen was rotted, mildewed and spoiled. The pretty quilts, which I had spent so much time over, dropped from your mother’s hand as she took them from the box. She gathered fragments of them together, and by adding to them, kept them in use for many years. The large shall [shell, shelf, shawl, or?] and brass candlesticks you have were in the same box. The loss altogether to the young couple was a dreadful one, in a part of the country where it was difficult to procure necessaries, to say nothing of luxuries. But your mother was always a philosopher. She made the best of a bad matter and fitted up the little log house in a way to be quite comfortable and pleasant.



Figure 10. Photograph of Jeanette’s sister, Mary Ann Sergeant, 1808-1863.

A few scattering families composed the society of the place — people who thought the minister’s wife very extravagant to wear a black silk dress and a ribbon on her bonnet. The women made a practice of taking their babies [to church] and would perform the duties of maternity as naturally and freely as in their own homes. Wild animals filled the forests — wolves, panthers, wild cats, etc. One night when your father and mother were driving just after dark, they heard the howl of a panther only a short distance away. But they were preserved, and the church Sunday school and day school went on with their Christianizing humanizing efforts, producing marked changes in the character and habits of the people. When your father was East, he induced a Reverend Mr. Curtis of Stockbridge to go to Rutland with his family to start a school of a high order. So the nucleus of a New England society was formed in the wilderness.

As the days went on, it was noised about that there was to be a wedding at the parsonage, the dear friend Miss Whiton was to be married to Reverend Mr. Howe, also a home missionary. Quite a little company was invited to the wedding and your mother made some New England wedding cake, which was something altogether new to a majority of the guests. Mrs. Howe lived only about a year after her marriage, never returning to her New England home.

Your father succeeded in building a small frame addition to the log house under the limbs of the beech tree, making a comfortable room where you were born March 4th, 1833, the morning Andrew Jackson<sup>xxv</sup> entered upon his second presidential term. Your father used to call you “My little Jackson girl.”

To go back to the New England home, in less than a month death entered and took the beloved husband and father. This was the first great sorrow of my life, and as I did not realize how ill my father was, his death was a great shock to me.

Being the youngest, I had been his special pet and pride. He never seemed happier than when I was on his knee, or driving about with him in the old fashioned gig in which he always rode when he went to visit his patients, with the large leather saddle bags fastened on in some way under the seat of the sulky or gig.<sup>xxvi</sup> He taught me to drive, allowing me to do so quite a good deal and I shall never cease to like it. Books for children were then very scarce, and when opportunity offered, he would borrow an interesting one for me. I shall never forget when he brought me *Æsop's Fables*<sup>xxvii</sup> and I pored over it until I had a good portion of the book committed to memory. When all other resources failed, he would select something suitable from his medical library, giving me an unusual fondness for that kind of reading, which has been of great value to me in a practical way. He always tried to make my life happy and pleasant and I was very very fond of him. We all sincerely mourned him, but no one felt his death more keenly than I.

At the time it occurred our dear mother was lying very ill, not expected to recover, so the household was full of sorrow. In time she regained her usual health and was again about the house, though not strong.

The days were long and lonely, particularly for me, as I was not allowed to attend school constantly. Sister Elizabeth, who was always ready in expedients to amuse and interest me, proposed that I should make a bead chain<sup>xxviii</sup> and when she went to New York, she would take and sell it for me. They were very fashionable at the time and commanded a good price. I was delighted with the idea and thought I could make quite a little sum of money in the enterprise. So I gathered all of my little savings together and bought some pretty pearl white and gilt beads and began my work. Twenty strands of white sewing silk were stretched upon a frame half a foot long, and the fine beads woven in and out were fastened by a needle strung with silk almost as fine as a hair. As part of the chain was in loops, the strands of silk had to be loosened from the bottom of the frame and separately strung and joined every little way with a gilt bead, which added greatly to the beauty of the work. Altogether it was a slow, tedious process and I might have given up but for the habit well inculcated never to give up a piece of work once commenced until finished. So I persevered day after day until the beautiful chain was complete and perfect. It was nearly or quite a yard and a half long, with heavy bead tassels at each end, and was designed to be worn about the neck, in full dress, or put about the hair. I was delighted with my completed work and was sure it would bring a good price. When not long after, Sister Elizabeth went to New York, it was carefully confided to her care, and I awaited anxiously the result of my first speculation. Upon her return, I eagerly asked about my chain. To my utter amazement and disappointment she told me that she was only offered five dollars for it, when the season before they had brought ten. So she gave it to Aunt Serena Keeler, Uncle Matthew's wife. Only those who have felt the keen, cruel disappointments of childhood can realize what mine was — my whole investment *gone* with nothing to show for it, to say nothing of the painstaking labor I had bestowed upon it. It was hard for me to be consoled. I loved this aunt whom I had not seen for my Uncle's sake, and was willing she should have it as any one, but it was not made to *give* away. My sister like many other grown up persons did not *realize* all that chain meant to me, and what a disappointment it would be to lose it. She meant no wrong.

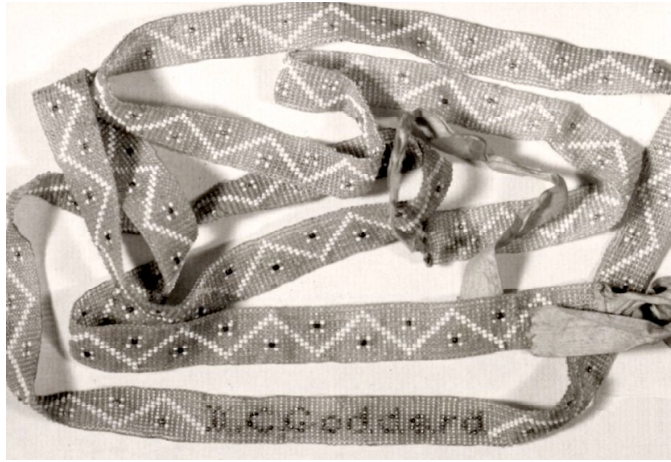


Figure 11. Photograph of a bead chain made by N. C. Goddard in 1833, 50 inches long, a half-inch wide, with white, clear, and gold beads, silk tassels on its ends. Some gold beads are real gold, some imitation. L. Z. Bassett, an expert on bead chains, said that of all the chains she's seen, Goddard's is most similar to the one Jeanette made.

My eldest brother Frederic entered fully into my feelings and said he would get me a nice silk dress for my chain, which he did afterward, and it was made for me when I was fourteen years old, a pretty fawn colored silk. My *first* silk dress. I wore it until outgrown, when it was made over for you and was your first silk; afterward worn successfully by your sisters, Mary and Kate, the latter finishing it up. So it was not such a bad investment after all. I sometimes wonder if self-denying painstaking labor is ever lost! It seems to me not.

Now comes the strangest part of all. My good Aunt, ignorant of the history of the chain, recognized it as a dainty piece of work, always taking good care of it. And although she had a family of six daughters, who would need it more or less in dressing up, as children will, it was not injured, but was kept put away in a little box with batting in it. The years went on and it came your time to go often to New York, where you met this aunt and told her for the first time the story of the chain. She was interested and said she would give it back to me. You presented it to me in Detroit, while I was visiting from my home in Jackson, Michigan, forty-seven years old. As I looked at the delicate workmanship, I wondered more than ever that I had the patience and skill for the work, when but ten years old. As I handled then the *historic* little chain the memories of other years came rushing over me, and I realized the value of my first investment, and felt grateful that my sister did not *sell* my chain and that I could now keep it as an heirloom in my family. And so later on in life I have found that great disappointments and crossing of plans and purposes have often brought rich returns when least expected.

To go back to the family life, the weeks had run on into months, occasional letters from the far away children (postage was then twenty-five cents a letter), brought joy and gladness and helped to lift the burdens from our hearts. Then came the glad news that a dear little girl baby had come into the western home by the name of Frances Elizabeth. I shall never forget the delight I felt when first told of it, exclaiming "O! Now I am *Auntie*." Being the youngest at home and never having had a baby about I thought there could be nothing so nice, and to have the care of one would make me perfectly happy. I

remembered my sister's promise that I might some time live with her, and hoped it would not be long before I could see my little niece. A few weeks later my mother called me to her and asked me whether I would rather go to New York and live with my Aunt Knox, who had no children and had always wanted me, or go west to my sister who had written for me. It did not take me long to decide to go to my dearly loved sister and little niece. I have often wondered why my mother gave me the choice, instead of deciding for me, and more singular still perhaps, that I should have chosen as I did. New York was like a fairy place to me. Grandmother Keeler, uncles, aunts and cousins were there, and it had been my one great desire to go there to visit as my older sisters did, yet when the opportunity came for me to go and live among them, I freely said no, I will go to my sister. And I have never regretted casting in my lot with those I so dearly loved and to whom I was most nearly allied. The only drawback was that I did not want to leave my mother and so I told her. She said that as my father was dead, and she in feeble health, the home would soon be broken up, and she would be far happier knowing that I was with those who would love and care for me. So it was decided. The first important change in my life and destined to color all of my future.



Figure 12. Photograph of Jeanette's brother-in-law, Reverend Samuel Newbury, 1802-1868.

Soon after this, in May, your father came east as delegate to the General Assembly of Presbyterian Ministers in Philadelphia, after which he traveled to Massachusetts to take me home with him. He purchased a fine horse and buggy, which he very much needed and was unable to procure in the West; and it was decided to make the journey in that way. Think of it. A little girl not yet eleven years old who had always been a delicate child, riding a thousand miles in an uncovered buggy — to make it lighter for the horse — with her brother-in-law. My mother was anxious and feared the consequences. But your father said he would be very careful of me — if I was overtired would stop, and that I should sleep near him. So my dear tender mother consented. But in thinking of it, I have often wondered that she was willing to take the risk. As for myself, the happiness I anticipated in being with you, kept me up and I tried to be brave when I said goodbye to my precious mother, and received her parting kiss. We started on a bright summer morning the first of June, and as we drove away from the house I looked back and saw my mother standing on the broad stone step of the house gazing lovingly after her youngest born child whom she never expected to see again. I could not bear it and it seemed as though my heart would break, but your father tried to comfort me and cheered me by telling of the dear little baby I was so soon to see. Yes, dear Frances, you were the magnet that drew me on and changed the whole current of my life. The first day we went only as far as Stockbridge, three miles away, where we were to stop for a little visit and say goodbye to the relatives there to whom I was much attached.



Figure 13. The Sergeant house, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Mabel Choate, a wealthy summer resident in the area, learned of the historical importance of the building, purchased and moved it into the village of Stockbridge in 1926. She restored it in the 1930s. This is how the house appeared in the early 2000s. Between 1928 and 1933, landscape architect Fletcher Steele designed the garden, which features a colonial-style dooryard garden of circular brick paths enclosed by a tidewater cypress fence. A kitchen garden divided by graveled walkways contains 100 herbs, perennials, and annuals that had culinary or medicinal value to early colonists.





Figure 14. The “best spare room over the parlor” in the old Sergeant house, Stockbridge. This is the room in the “Mission House” (see fig. 2) — the one “that used to be occupied by my great-grandmother, Madame Dwight, and where the old family portraits hung which had looked down upon me so many times with their still strange eyes” — where Jeanette slept while pausing on her way west in 1833, and again in about 1867. Today the location of the old family portraits, as well as the room’s other original furnishings are unknown. This is a 1983 photograph of the room in its current museum state — furnished with pieces authentic to the period, perhaps much as Jeanette would have known it. The room’s pine paneling is similar to that in the parlor. Behind the paneling is a narrow passage containing the chimney, apparently designed for insulation against the north wind.

Uncle Sewel, my father’s brother, with his loving wife, Aunt Clarissa, and their children, lived at the old homestead where my father and grandfather were born, a house built by the Great and General Court of Massachusetts for Reverend John Sergeant, first missionary to the Stockbridge Indians. So it had a historic interest. (Aunt Clarissa was a niece of Uncle Doctor, a daughter of Mr. Samuel Partridge of Hatfield. She was a cousin to her husband. Her mother was Miss Caroline Ely.)

Aunt Clarissa was one of those rare women who always carry love and sunshine with them, and no matter how great her cares might be — she had a large family always — was ever ready to welcome any of the family, and all loved this pleasant home. Uncle John and Aunt Cynthia lived on the “Plain,” and having no children of their own, I had

been with them a good deal. My brother William was in Uncle John's store and had his home with them. I had spent much time there with my cousin Caroline, (afterwards Mrs. George De Forest) who was only two weeks older than I, my favorite cousin and playmate. Our good Uncle Doctor, Oliver Partridge, also had his home there and he had always a special watch and care of me. Altogether the parting from these relatives was almost as hard as at my own home. As Grandfather's old home, it was the gathering place on Thanksgiving<sup>26</sup><sup>xxix</sup> days and at other times.

That last night at the old house, I slept in the best spare room over the parlor that used to be occupied by my great-grandmother, Madame Dwight,<sup>xxx</sup> and where the old family portraits hung which had looked down upon me so many times with their still strange eyes. That night they had a more sober look than ever and made me feel homesick and lonely in that large room all by myself. So, pulling the chintz curtains about the bed, close together to shut out the view, I soon dropped into the sweet untroubled sleep of childhood.

Thirty-four years from that time I again slept in the same room, as it then was, the curtains gone, but the bed standing in the same place, and those old portraits looking down upon me. Although this time I had with me my little daughter, just eleven years old. How the memories came back and I looked through different eyes at the old pictures, with their calm unchanged expression. They seemed more to me like guardian angels, watching over me and mine, and I did not wish to hide them from view.<sup>xxxi</sup>

To resume my story — In the morning, early after the breakfast and worship were over, the blessing and protection of God asked for the long journey, the goodbyes were quickly said and we were off. We did not quite reach Albany the first day but drove into the city early the following morning, and as I had never seen a city, it made quite an impression upon me.<sup>xxxii</sup> Your father was thoughtful and called my attention to various points of interest as we were passing. We rode on day after day without anything of special interest occurring until we came to Vernon, New York, where my father had a cousin living, Mrs. Dr. Sayles, daughter of his uncle, Reverend John Sergeant, second missionary to the Stockbridge Indians and who emigrated to New York with them. His family lived at New Stockbridge, not far from Vernon. We were kindly received by Dr. Sayles and had a pleasant visit. There was quite a family — two young lady daughters, one of whom married Professor Richardson of the Rochester University, a son, afterward a physician, and the youngest daughter, Helen, about my age, who died not long after from a blow on the temple with a ruler in the hand of an angry teacher, we heard; though it seems too dreadful to believe. Some of Mrs. Sayles' grandchildren are now literary people in Chicago.<sup>xxxiii</sup>

We also stopped in Rochester<sup>xxxiv</sup> to visit my cousin Mrs. Harvey Ely, a sister of Aunt Clarissa of Stockbridge. Their house with its marble front was very handsome standing on an eminence overlooking the city and the "Grand Canal"<sup>xxxv</sup> as it was called. Here were found two sons of Dr. Dwight, a missionary to Constantinople, who were being educated by Mr. and Mrs. Ely. They were second cousins on my father's side and about my own age. They grew to be fine men and I saw one of them many years after — a very handsome young man.



VIEW OF ROCHESTER WITH A SECTION OF THE AQUEDUCT.

Figure 15. A wood engraving of the “Grand (Erie) Canal’s” aqueduct at Rochester, NY, 1830, published in the *Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, volume I, number 5, October 1830 (11 x 7 inches)

These various stoppages gave pleasant variety to our journey and much needed rest. Everyone was very tender and kind to me, for they thought it was pretty hard for a little girl to go so far away from her mother, and the western country was looked upon as a wilderness.

When we reached Buffalo<sup>xxxvi</sup> we expected to cross Lake Erie, but the captain of the boat would not take the horse and buggy on board, so we were obliged to keep on our way, and trot around the lake to Cleveland<sup>xxxvii</sup> to where your father had a sister living — Orpha — afterwards Mrs. Stebbins. We stayed a day, then went for a little visit to your father’s parents<sup>xxxviii</sup> and sister Eunice, Mrs. Gibbs, who lived not far away. Then we started for *home*, the place we longed to see.

Notwithstanding the rests along the way, the journey was a lengthy, tiresome one. The heat had become almost unendurable. We could drive only in the cool of the morning and evening, frequently going ten or twelve miles before breakfast. I have often regretted that I was not taught to keep a diary, for I could write well enough, and I am sure many little incidents of the trip have escaped me that I would be glad to remember.

Your father fulfilled his promise of caring for me and no own father could have been kinder. There was a constant novelty about the trip and through New York I remember the beautiful country we drove over, the floating bridge that we crossed, a mile long, lying on the surface of one of the fine lakes with which central New York abounds. But as I said, we were becoming very tired and longed for the journey to come to an end. We had been some four weeks on the way, riding from forty to fifty miles per day, except Sundays, when we always rested and had a quiet day. Our good horse Mars never failed us, but would skim over the ground as if it were a pleasure to move, and when, as it sometimes happened, we would see suspicious looking persons ahead of us, the slightest word or touch of the whip would send the noble creature ahead like a race horse, taking us out of harm’s way.

At length the *last* day of the long journey of twelve hundred miles had come, and with it I grew more impatient for the end. Your father encouraged me by telling me the distance. "Only twenty miles away." Then fifteen, ten, five, finally the little church was reached and a half-mile beyond stood the house for which I was watching. As we drove up we saw your mother coming down the little path to meet us, and the moment the horse stopped, I sprang into her arms, we kissed, and then I ran quickly into the house to see the *dear baby*, the goal of my fondest hopes. It was just after dark and you lay quietly sleeping on the nurse's lap, a little four-months old baby. I can see you now as I gently leaned over to give you my first kiss, careful not to disturb your sleep.

We soon had a good supper, when I went directly to bed for I was very tired, and never slept more sweetly than I did in the overhead, low thatched room — so glad to feel that we were at home and would not be obliged to go again the next day. In the early morning I was up to see the baby and look about my new home and its surroundings. The house was comfortable. Your mother's room was a very good size, shaded by the beech tree, and opened upon a little back porch. The house stood on a large yard surrounded by a dense forest on every side, with no buildings of any kind in sight. I enjoyed the novelty of it all and was soon under the beech tree gathering its sweet nuts. As soon as I was allowed I had you in my arms. My greatest pleasure was caring for you, never tiring of the employment. My anticipations were realized.

While your father was in Philadelphia, he was appointed agent of the American Sunday School Union with headquarters at Indianapolis, Indiana,<sup>xxxix</sup> so in three weeks from the time we reached Rutland, we packed up and were off for that place. We drove six miles to the Ohio River, where we took a steamer for Madison, Indiana. When at the wharf at Cincinnati, your father's leather trunk containing his clothing and sermons was stolen. It was afterward found in a lumberyard, the top cut open and everything gone but the sermons. Your father had taken out the little red trunk (which you now have) containing valuables, and given it to your mother for safekeeping just before the boat had departed. When we reached Madison we continued the journey with the same horse and buggy that had done such good service before, now with the addition of the mother and baby. You did not enjoy that mode of traveling very much, and would sometimes cry piteously, but it was a much better and safer way than by the rude stagecoach or wagon, then in use. The journey was not a long one, and upon arriving at Indianapolis, we went into a one-story frame house nearly opposite the old capitol, which was then in process of being built.<sup>xi</sup> We were comfortably situated and had black Harriet<sup>xli</sup>, who was an excellent servant and perfectly devoted to you, never so happy as when she could take you in her arms on the street for an airing, nicely dressed and with the pink silk hood your Aunt Orpha sent you, which was very becoming. She never failed to tell us when she would be stopped on the street by different persons, to inquire whose beautiful baby she had. You were very fair with dark eyes and light brown hair and with rosy cheeks. You were sure enough a beautiful child, the delight and admiration of us all.

Not long after our arrival in Indianapolis, I came down with a fever and was very ill for some time — not expected to live. The fatigue of the summer had been too much for me and came near to costing my life. After I began to get better your mother was taken ill. Then you were not well and we had a hard time, though we had many kind friends among strangers. And we had a good physician, Dr. Coe, who did all in his power for us.

One day he came bringing me a basket of tomatoes — love apples as they were then called, supposing we would like them, but they were the first we had ever seen, and I am sorry to say that we could not eat them. We wondered how anyone could think them fit to eat.<sup>xiii</sup>

Soon after this time, when your mother was pretty well again, black Harriet came rushing into her room one morning between three and four o'clock explaining "O! Mrs. Newbury, get up, get up. Such a cuttin' up among the stars I never did see." Your mother went out quickly to see the last of the great meteoric shower of 1833. I was sleeping with her that night as your father was away. But she did not awaken me, which I have always regretted.



Figure 16. A wood engraving of the "The Great (Leonid) Meteor Shower of 1833."

Soon after going to Indiana your father bought a lot on Meridian Street opposite University Place, and commenced building a good two story frame home, one of the biggest in the area. The lot was large too, with a good barn and a fine garden. We had a cow, a horse, poultry and the garden, making us comfortable and independent.

In a wing of the house, built for this purpose, your father kept a large depository of Sunday school books, his business being in part to furnish libraries for Sunday schools in the western and northern tier of southern states. He traveled almost constantly, and on horseback, founding churches, starting Sunday schools and doing missionary work. I think no one man ever accomplished more in that line than he, for he was untiring, and whatever he did, worked with all his might.



Figure 17. Photograph of Reverend Samuel Newbury's father, Samuel Newbury, 1781-1857.

It was lonely having him away so much, so we were very happy when we heard that sister Elizabeth and brother William were coming west. The old home was breaking up sure enough and this was the beginning of the end.

When they arrived we were a joyous household. Brother William was only four years older than myself and had been my only playmate in childhood. He always called me "My dear little Allie," a pet name he gave me when quite young, and one I always liked. Sister Elizabeth as usual was a great help and comfort, and we were all very happy to be together once more. Your mother and Elizabeth being very near of an age had always been very fond of each other and this renewal of old ties was very pleasant.



Figure 18. Photograph of Reverend Samuel Newbury's mother, Tamasin Bishop, 1786-1854.

Before coming West, sister Elizabeth went to New York and fitted herself for an “infant school teacher” under Madame Bethune, mother of Reverend Mrs. Duffield<sup>xliii</sup> of Detroit, grandmother of Mrs. Morse Stewart.<sup>xliv</sup> The system of teaching was somewhat after the order of the kindergarten of today, and proved successful. A school started in Indianapolis, and I was taken in to assist, as there were many things I could do and I enjoyed the work very much. Elizabeth remained in Indiana for some time after we left, successful as a teacher, and much liked in society. She afterwards went to Memphis, Tennessee, and was at the head of a seminary for young ladies for many years, until failing health obliged her to rest from her labors. She was a woman of brilliant mind and great usefulness, energetic and persevering. After she went south, she wanted me very much to go there to study French and music, but I was unwilling to leave your mother and you children who had become so a part of my life.

To go back to my little story, you were daily growing and improving, beginning to talk, and had taken your first steps by running from your mother to me across a little porch. You began calling me Aunt Nett, and were very fond of being with me. I used often to take you out for a little ride or walk, and you had commenced sleeping with me

in my little room at the head of the hall stairs, opposite your mother's. At this time when you were nearly two years old, your brother Samuel was born.<sup>xlv</sup> I took you upstairs to see the baby for the first time, and we leaned over the bed together to see the dear little face we learned to love so much.

During this time your father was urged to travel in the interest of the American Education Society, which obliged us to move forty miles away to Crawfordsville. The Wabash College was established then,<sup>xlvi</sup> and your uncle Thomas [Newbury] was in it as a student; so when baby Samuel was six weeks old, we were on our way to this new field of labor, your father, mother, you, Samuel and I going in a covered carriage together. As everywhere else, we had first to go into any house we could get. It was very inconvenient. Soon one better suited to our needs was found, so we moved *again*. When we were fairly settled, the remainder of the family came from Massachusetts at your father's urgent solicitation. Our dear mother, brother Frederic and sister Emily. Their coming had been talked of for a long time, but the journey was feared for my mother — many friends thinking she could not survive it. But she was spared, and quite enjoyed the trip, coming by way of Cincinnati, where they stopped for a rest upon the urgent invitation of Mr. Henry Starr, a brother of Uncle Peter Starr of Middlebury, Vermont. Cousin William Starr, son of Uncle Starr, was there at the time reading law in his uncle's office. Your father met the travelers at Indianapolis with an easy carriage and sent a message ahead to let us know just when to expect them. Of course, all was anticipation and everything in readiness when the carriage drove to the door just after dark. My dear mother was lifted from the carriage and taken into the cheerful parlor with the fire burning brightly on the hearth, as the cool spring evening demanded.

I shall never forget the hour, for I experienced the sweetest, purest joy of my life, when I found myself once more folded to my mother's heart with her loving arms about me. When we knelt at the "family altar" and the fervent prayer of thanksgiving went up from your father's lips for God's preserving care and mercy in bringing our dear ones to us in safety, I felt I could always love him for giving me again my mother. The events of that night are pictured upon my soul in ineffaceable lines, and surely the joy was some compensation for the long separation from my dearest and best earthly friend.

After the travelers were rested from their long journey, they began to enjoy the life about them. The society was excellent. Reverend Mr. Baldwin of New York City had come to take the presidency of the College with a lovely accomplished wife and daughter. The professors and their wives were delightful people and we were really in the midst of a cultivated New England society. My mother enjoyed it exceedingly and was happily surrounded by her children and grandchildren. She had seen sister Elizabeth in Indianapolis on her way.

Again a change was coming for us. Your father had become very tired of the constant travel and necessary absence from home, and your mother was anxious to have him give it up, so he accepted a call to become pastor to the new Presbyterian church in Peru, Miami County, Indiana, about a hundred miles from where we then were. The journey was made under great difficulties, for the roads were dreadful through the heavily timbered lands, and in places impassable. Men would take axes and cut away through the forest. We would go over "causeways" as they were called — made by laying logs and rails across a strip of swampy land, where they would sometimes be afloat. There was great danger that the horses might break their legs by getting them caught between the moving logs. We forded the Wabash River, as we entered the village of Delphi; when the



water came to the bottom of the wagon, and the horses for a moment were obliged to swim. Riding all day long, we could only make ten or eleven miles, and when night came, would stop anywhere they would take us in. If we could get some sort of a bed for the two mothers and baby Samuel, we were thankful. The rest of us had to get along as best we could. There was a company of eleven in all, two of your father's brothers going to help us through, my two brothers, sister Emily, your father and mother with the two children, my mother and myself. Of course, such a journey could be made in safety only in strong covered wagons, and we were all in such a one except brother Frederic and my mother, who took your father's covered buggy, thinking it would be easier for her. Unfortunately it was broken the first day in trying to drive over a log. Someone fastened it together though, and they continued on in it. You may be sure we were all glad to see the end of that journey. My poor mother was alive, and that was about all.



Figure 19. Samuel Newbury's leather-covered wooden chest, 7 inches high, 15 inches long, and 9 inches deep. It has a brass handle, a lock, edges studded with brass-headed tacks, and it bears a brass plate engraved "S. Newbury." A note written on the box by Katharine Newbury Manierre (his grand-daughter, #11) wrote this is the "Trunk of Reverend Samuel Newbury in which he kept his sermons." Katharine's brothers Samuel Sergeant Newbury and Egbert Starr Newbury Jr. also wrote their signatures on the box.

When we reached Peru, we stopped at Mr. Forgy's, one of the elders of the new church, who lived a little out of town where some of us stayed until the log house chosen for our abode could be gotten ready. The only house to be found, it contained two rooms, with a loft overhead reached by climbing up pegs driven into the logs, forming a ladder going up from the principal or living room. It all looked forlorn enough. The floorboards were loose, and my poor mother was in constant danger of falling, as she was slightly lame from the broken hip. I was the only cheerful one of the lot, and when time for our first meal came and our bake-kettles were still packed, I insisted upon making a hoe-

cake,<sup>xlvii</sup> which I successfully baked in the hot ashes on the broad hearth of the immense fireplace.

You and Samuel were happy and did not know the difference between such a home and a palace — such is childhood. All too soon the young awaken to the realities of life with its joys and sorrows. But the hardest parts in life are lived through somehow, and after a time we were quite comfortable and happy.

Knowing as I do the hardships and trials of home missionary life, when aware of the duty and privilege of those living easily and in abundance, I am impressed all the more by our duty to help the self-sacrificing people who are laying the foundation broad and deep for the future uplifting and civilizing of our country.

The little church was formed and grew; the Sabbath school was started and a new influence was at work. The Home Missionary Society paid your father four hundred dollars. The local people were expected to make up something more — in all perhaps two hundred dollars more, and upon the sum we were expected to live, some needs supplied by close economy. Your father wrote to Middlebury, Vermont, for a Reverend John Stocker and his wife to come and establish an academy in the little village, which they did, your father acting as principal, and teaching the natural sciences. I took up the study of Latin again, also philosophy and chemistry, which I enjoyed very much. I was then about fourteen years old.

In the meantime your father had purchased a lot and began building a two-story frame house, which we moved into as soon as the back part was finished, thankful enough to have the old log house. We were again living pleasantly and comfortably.

My two brothers obtained good business positions, brother Frederic in Lafayette, Indiana, and William in Logansport, both in the dry goods business, where each remained until his death, some years later. They were good businessmen, pure and upright, each dying respected and beloved in his early manhood.

Sister Emily was with your mother at this time and was her principal assistant, for we could get no girl, even if we could have afforded to keep one. I was in school, but helped whenever I could, devoting myself to you and Samuel. We watched you constantly when out of the house for fear some wily Indian would steal into the yard and carry you away as they had other children. The Miami Indians<sup>xlviii</sup> were ten miles from us on one side, and the Pattawatomies<sup>xlix</sup> five on the other, so numbers of them would be in town every day. The latter tribe stole a beautiful little boy by the name of Samuel Black, an only idolized child, while we lived there and was never found, so we were in constant fear and watched our darlings with great vigilance.<sup>1</sup>



Figure 20. Wood engraving of “The Capture of Frances Slocum,” as it appeared in *The Morning Republican*, Scranton, PA, Saturday, June 19, 1869, from *The Chicago Standard*.

The Indians came often to the house to swap their wild plums for pork and flour, and they would watch the children with eager eyes when you were about, so someone was always on guard. While we lived in Peru, the Government Agent to the Indians, Mr. Washington Ewing, discovered a white woman among the Miamis who proved to be Frances Slocum,<sup>li</sup> stolen from her home in Pennsylvania by the Indians when a little girl of four years old. She grew up among them, married a chief, and at this time had two daughters who were the wives of chiefs. Mr. Ewing published an account of this woman, and in response to his letter, her family in Peru, who had spent a fortune searching for her, wrote to know particulars, and afterwards a brother came who identified her. A sister came, and after a time she was persuaded to go back to her old home on a visit, but not until fully assured that she would not be obliged to remain. Of course, all of her life was with the Indians and her attachments, and to show what education and environments will do, she looked and appeared very much the squaw, even to her gait. I saw her at the time she came to the village to see her brother and sister. I understand the Slocums of Detroit are of the same people. The brother and sister are very nice appearing people.

October 17, 1837, your sister Mary was born and was very welcome notwithstanding the many cares of the household.

My mother seemed very well at the time of her birth and was an unspeakable comfort to your mother, but a week later was taken suddenly ill and died the 31st of the same month. All of her children but Elizabeth gathered about her dying bed. Just before she breathed her last, when we supposed her unconscious, she turned her head toward us, opened her eyes and fixed them for a brief instant upon each one of us in the order of our ages, her gaze resting last upon me, her youngest. Then she closed her eyes, and in a few

moments joined the company of the loved ones on the other side, leaving us desolate and heartbroken. Her life had been a benediction to all who came within the sphere of her influence. A sweeter, purer, nobler spirit never inhabited a tenement of clay, and the influence of her beautiful life an example that will go on forever.

Your brother Samuel, a little boy of three, had slept with and was very fond of her. The next morning after her death he stole into her room unnoticed, and when I found him, was trying to climb up and lie down by her side. When I gently took him away, he said “I want to lie down by Grandma.” Dear little boy! Methinks the Grandma he so much loved met his freed spirit when he gave up his life from a rebel bullet long years after.<sup>lii</sup>

The spring following these events, your father found that he was having serious trouble with his throat and decided that he must stop preaching. He had been troubled with bronchial difficulty for some time. The summer brought us a dreadful sickness, as it did everyone about us. There were not enough well ones to care for the sick. Your mother came down first and was very ill. Your father was then taken with chills and fever. And I, a girl of fifteen, was the only one left to care for you all. I worked day and night to the full extent of my ability, and finally with the fever burning in my own veins. But I would not give up so long as I could stand upon my feet, for what could you all do without me? Father and mother both sick and three children to be cared for, our Mary, a baby. At last I was compelled to take my bed. Brother William, eighteen miles away in Logansport, left his business to come and care for us, and for two weeks, night and day, was our only nurse. Sister Emily was with brother Frederic in Lafayette. They too came, but she came down sick in bed, and but for the care of the two brothers, I don’t know but we might all have died. I had a very severe fever — came near going. Everyone about us was sick so we could get no help of any kind. We were all heartily sick of the place and the climate, so when your father decided to move to White Pigeon in Michigan, we were glad to be off.

I was hardly strong enough for the journey, but they prepared an easy place for me in the large wagon, gave me a bottle of port wine with nourishing food, and we started. We all improved on the journey, and as we neared Michigan, found better roads and more comforts. There your mother first saw an “oak opening.”<sup>liiii</sup> She exclaimed “O! This looks like New England. It is like a cultivated park.” There was a great contrast between this and the very heavily timbered land we had been brought through in Indiana.

It was a beautiful balmy evening in early autumn, just before sundown when we drove upon White Pigeon Prairie with its well-cultivated farms, neat homes, and fine roads. It seemed like entering the Land of Promise after long “meanderings in the wilderness.”<sup>liv</sup> I shall never forget the beauty of the quaint pastoral scene. It was worthy of the brush of the painter. When we reached the village<sup>lv</sup> we found a comfortable little house ready for us, and were contented and happy from the first. Your father went to White Pigeon to establish an academy, which became very popular, and was soon changed into one of the branches of the university,<sup>lvi</sup> with your father as principal. Students flocked in from all quarters, and the school soon became the “lion of the town.” Many young men of a high order of talent were fitting for the university or for eastern colleges. Young ladies too were receiving a higher education, and your father, who was a firm believer in the coeducation of the sexes, then said, “If both are admitted to the branches, it is only a question of time when women will be received into the university to finish their education.” I am sorry he could not have lived to see his prophecy fulfilled.

I had fine opportunities to pursue my studies and tried to make the best of them. My first teaching opportunity came to me when I was sixteen years old. Your father put me in charge of the primary department for six months, he having failed in getting a teacher. As soon as possible I resumed my studies again.

There was a pleasant society of New England people in White Pigeon, one of the leading families headed by Mr. George Kellogg, a merchant from Sheffield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Your brother Egbert<sup>lvii</sup> afterwards married a daughter of Mr. Kellogg. With good church privileges, good schools, and a pleasant cultivated society, we were very happy and life seemed worth living again. The needs of the family required a larger house, so after a time we moved again as we had so many times before.



Figure 21. Photograph of Frances' brother, Egbert Starr Newbury, 1843-1880, made in Detroit in 1877.

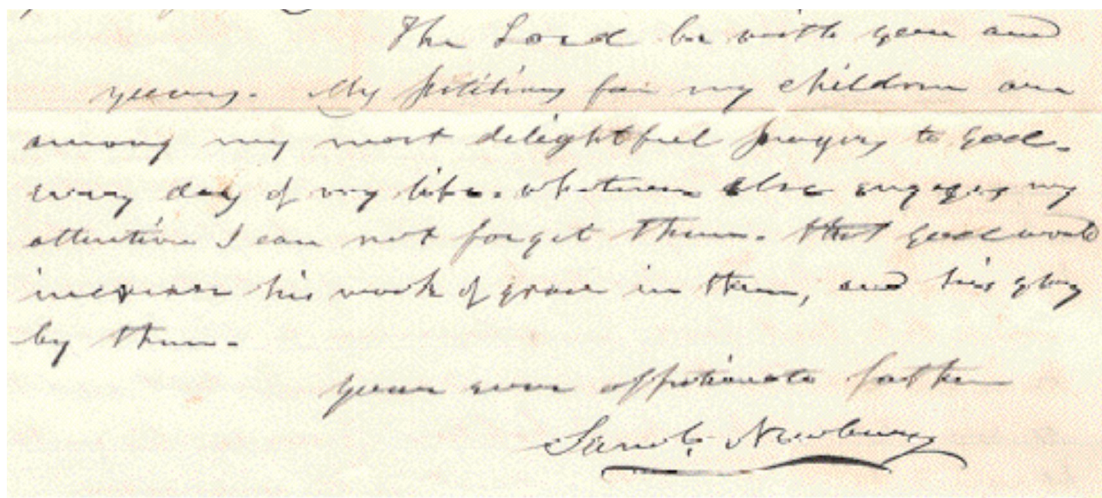
The summer I was seventeen years old your mother was in poor health. Sister Emily was married the year before, so we no longer had her for a dependence. Our family numbered six — your father and mother, three children and myself. It was impossible to get help, so I took it upon myself the entire work of the house. The sun seldom found me in bed, and I waited till the last thing was done at night before retiring. We had some necessary repairs put on the house, which added to the work. In the fall we secured a girl.

October 3rd, 1839, your sister Margaret Sergeant Newbury was born, a lovely child with fair complexion, brown eyes and hair, with regular features. I gave up school and devoted myself to your mother and the care of the children for the winter, knowing

she needed me, for she was not strong and with four little children must have some one beside the girl. It was a labor of love on my part. Your sister Margaret only lived to be eighteen months old and was laid to rest in the cemetery in White Pigeon; sweet, beautiful child as she was.

I cannot close this little sketch without paying a love tribute to the memory of your dear father and mother. They were my second parents, and before my mother's death, she gave me to them as their adopted child. No own parents could ever have been kinder or more tender to me. I was always as the eldest child in the home, loved and looked up to by the younger children, treated with respect and delicate attention.

Your father, as you know, was a man of superior intellect and fine acquirements. Whatever he knew he understood thoroughly, and was able to impart to others. He was clear-headed to an unusual degree, and hence, a superior teacher. In the home he was pleasant and cheerful, always some interesting topic of conversation at his hand. He was too an excellent provider and spared no pains in giving his children good advantages. As a minister his life was exemplary and consistent. He believed what he preached and tried to practice it in his living. No one could know him intimately without realizing the purity and uprightness of his life. The hours of morning and evening worship were the most pleasant of the day, when all were together and joined in some way in the service. I never hear the familiar hymns and tunes in which we all joined that tears do not fill my eyes and I seem to see the faces of the dear ones, most of whom have now passed from mortal vision.



The Lord be with you and yours. My petitions for my children are among my most delightful prayers to God. Every day of my life, whatever else engages my attention I can not forget them. That God would increase his work of grace in them, and his glory by them.

Your ever affectionate father  
Saml. Newbury

Figure 22. The ending of a letter<sup>lviii</sup> from Rev. Samuel Newbury, Council Hill, Clayton Co, IA, February 6, 1865, to Kate (or Kittie), his daughter Catherine Newbury Robb. Here he wrote, “The lord be with you and yours. My petitions for my children are among my most delightful prayers to God. Every day of my life, whatever else engages my attention I cannot forget them, that God would increase his work of grace in them, and his glory by them. Your ever affectionate father, Saml. Newbury”

Your mother was no common woman as you well know. She “looked well to the ways of her household” always, cheerful, hopeful, and strong in character. Amid all the trying changes of a new country, her courage never failed. She was ready to meet every emergency in an uncomplaining manner. Being with her during the very trying years of home missionary life, I know whereof I speak. Her example has always been a noble one to follow. In her Christian character she was loving, and unchanging in her faith and trust, ready to do good and minister to the needy. Hers was a rare spirit.

As you know, I was married to Mr. Charles P. Ames, a young lawyer, formerly of Haverhill, Massachusetts, April 25th, 1840, and went to my happy home in Niles, Michigan. You were seven years old then and must remember the leading events connected with the family from that time. My simple story of fifty years ago and more is ended. If I have dwelt too much upon details, “Life is made up of little things,” which must be my excuse. And if it possess no other merit, it is entirely truthful. If the recalling of the past gives you pleasure in reading that it has me in the writing, I am fully paid for my task. It is sweet sometimes to remember the sorrows of life, for it brings us into quick sympathy with those who have shared them with us. And so, dear Frances, you have my birthday offering.

I add a few lines composed by my sister Elizabeth as appropriate:

Time foldeth not its wing;  
And as days pass on,  
May these brief records oft remind  
Of scenes lost in the past  
Of dear departed friends.  
Oft may your spirit turn in retrospection sweet  
And bless in death those bonds so dear.

For fifty years our lives have gone on together, interlinked by a thousand tender ties. We have mingled in each other’s joys and sorrows, hopes and fears. You have done much to make up the happiness of my life, and we have been a mutual help and comfort to each other in many ways.

We have lived in a wonderful time in the world’s history, “When to be living is sublime.” We still have strong and tender ties to hold us here, but whether our days be few or many, may they be filled with usefulness and duty, thereby fitting us for the final change.

I do most heartily congratulate you upon coming to your fiftieth birthday.

For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress.  
And as the evening twilight fades away,  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.<sup>lix</sup>

Lovingly, your Aunt,  
Jeanette Sergeant Ames Rice

March 4, 1883

# Epilogue

## - Part I -

### Frances' Later Life

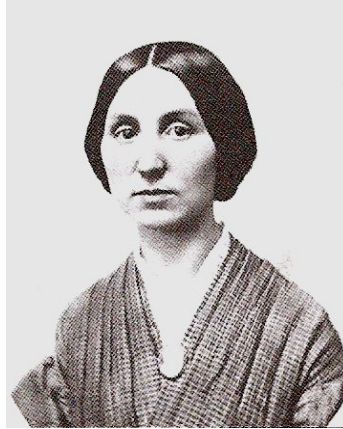


Figure 23. Undated photograph of Frances Newbury Bagley, 1833-1898.

Frances was interviewed for a newspaper article in about 1892. In that article the writer of that article says Frances told her that “fugitive slaves occupied secret chambers in [her frontier childhood home—] a house that was always full, yet always had room for one more in the cause of freedom and right, and Mrs. Bagley tells how her first sewing was done for a runaway slave.”

Her family moved from Michigan to Dubuque, Iowa in 1853-4.

Frances married a man from Detroit when she was twenty. He was John Judson Bagley, born in Medina, New York in 1832. John moved to Constantine, Michigan with his parents in 1840. He started working as a helper in a general store at the age of thirteen. At fifteen, John got a job with James M. Miller in his Detroit tobacco store and factory, which specialized in the manufacture of chewing tobacco. The first carved and painted wooden figure of an Indian in Detroit stood outside the front door. After six years with Miller, John Bagley went off on his own to start a similar business.





Figure 24. Engraving after a photograph of Frances's husband, John Judson Bagley, 1832-1881, Governor of Michigan, 1873-1877.

He married Francis Newbury in Dubuque, a year later. She was one year younger than he. Florence, the first of their eight children, was born in Detroit just a little more than nine months after the wedding. While we know much more about John's life than about his wife's during these and the following years, knowing what we do helps us to understand something of what Jeanette meant when she told Frances, "You... must remember the leading events connected with the family from that time." In the next twelve years Frances had seven more children. There were six girls and two boys.<sup>lx</sup>

As the Bagley family grew in size, it grew in wealth and influence. The demand for chewing tobacco soared. For many years, spittoons<sup>lxi</sup> became common fixtures in the indoor environments of American men. By the end of the 1850's there were at least six large tobacco factories in Detroit. Besides Bagley & Company there was the Banner Tobacco Company, The American Eagle Tobacco Works, and the Globe Tobacco Company. Some claimed there was something in the atmosphere and climate of Detroit, which gave to this area's tobacco products "a flavor and standing of their own, not approached by any rival maker."<sup>lxii</sup> John Bagley's enterprise became one of the largest

and most successful of its kind, not just in Detroit, but in the nation. Noted as a pioneer in the use of advertising,<sup>lxiii</sup> his “Mayflower” brand of fine-cut chewing tobacco became renowned for providing “a toothsome and satisfying quid.”<sup>lxiv</sup>

John Bagley accumulated such a fortune from his chewing tobacco business, that he broadly diversified his commercial activities. He was one of the organizers of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company, and was its president from 1867 to 1872. He was a major stockholder in the Detroit Safe Company, and was for several years its president. He was influential in the founding of two banks, the Wayne County Savings Bank and the American Exchange National Bank, becoming for a time a vice-president of the latter.



Figure 25. Painting of Frances Newbury by Lewis Thomas Ives, made between 1872 and 1882.

He became involved in local politics, representing his ward as a member of the Detroit Board of Education, from 1855-1858. Then, as a member of Detroit's Common Council in 1860 and 1861, he was influential in the creation of two new institutions: the Detroit House of Correction and the city's police department. He was one of the four commissioners to govern the new police force from 1865 to 1872. He had drafted the plan of the department's organization and its rules, and personally took great interest in the selection of officers.

In his youth John Bagley was a supporter of the Whig party, and then was one of the signers to the call for the convention that organized the Republican party. His contributions to its development were so significant that in 1868 he was made chairman of the Republican State Central Committee.

During the Civil War, John Bagley was active in coordinating Michigan's support for the prosecution of the war, frequently visiting Washington and the armies in the field, giving aid, comfort and counsel.

In 1869 the Bagleys built a large Italianate house facing Grand Circus Park.<sup>lxv</sup> Its library was renowned for its collection of books and art. The building later became the headquarters of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, eventually demolished for the construction of the Statler Hotel, also now-demolished — currently a vacant lot.

In 1873, John Bagley was elected governor of Michigan. Henry Utley wrote that “the nomination came to Mr. Bagley unsought.”<sup>lxvi</sup> His nomination as the republican candidate should have guaranteed him the election, because the Republicans had dominated politics in the state for many years, and would continue to do so until the 1930's. But the party was temporarily split in 1872, in reaction to the scandals of President Ulysses S. Grant's administration, spawning a short-lived faction called the Liberal Republican Party. Its candidate for governor received 36% of the vote, the Democratic Party candidate only 1%, and the Prohibition candidate even less. John J. Bagley won with 62% — becoming the sixteenth governor of Michigan. He was reelected to a second two-year term in 1875.

Among the most important legislation passed during his tenure were acts creating the state board of health, and the offices of railroad commissioner and insurance commissioner. There were also several new laws regulating banks. Their aim was to ensure the security of depositors, and creating a bureau in the treasurer's office that had responsibility to make regular examinations of banks' records.

Governor Bagley continued to pursue his interests in ameliorating law enforcement and penal institutions. The State Reform School was relieved of many of its prison features, and made more of an educational institution.

Fishing had been a profitable industry in Michigan. The state borders on three of the Great Lakes, and has myriad rivers and interior lakes, but the fish population was decreasing seriously. In order to deal with such issues, legislation was passed to create a fish commission. The commission established Michigan's first fish hatchery and initiated the first program to restock its waters with fish.

Although Michigan had enacted a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in 1855, enthusiasm for the law had been waning. There were growing numbers of German immigrants arguing for the right to drink beer. Although prohibition had been one of the cornerstones of the state Republican Party since its

inception, in 1875, after much bickering, Governor Bagley recommended and received legislative repeal of the prohibition statute.

Administrators of the University of Michigan reluctantly began admitting women in 1871. In 1875, under pressure from Governor Bagley, the legislature instituted professorships in architecture and design, and dental surgery, as well as a school of mines.



Figure 26. Photograph of the Detroit Italianate house of John J. and Frances N. Bagley, built in 1869.

In 1881, one of Michigan's seats in the U.S. Senate was to be vacated. The party met in caucus to choose a nominee for the office, and John Bagley's name was put forward. Because the constitution at the time provided that state legislatures would choose U.S. senators,<sup>lxvii</sup> and Michigan's legislature was so strongly Republican, it was

certain that the Republican nominee would be elected. Omar D. Conger of Port Huron was a candidate too. He had been a member of the U.S. House of Representatives for several terms, and

had proved particularly strong and ready in debate, and had established a wide reputation for his oratory and legislative influence. The caucus was a lively and exciting affair, for it was known in advance that the contest would be close. So it proved to be, for the decision turned in favor of Mr. Conger by a single vote. The result was particularly disappointing to Mr. Bagley and his friends, for the reason that the member who had cast this deciding vote against him was naturally expected, by reason of location and personal friendship and political interests, to have voted the other way. But Mr. Bagley accepted the decision gracefully and loyally supported his successful antagonist.<sup>lxviii</sup>

As it turned out, Governor Bagley's health was in serious decline. Suffering from "disordered circulation," he immediately traveled to California in the hope that the change of climate would be as beneficial to him as it had been for his brother-in-law, Egbert Newbury, who had settled in Santa Barbara in the early 1870's in a successful effort to cure himself of an ailment, which was depriving him of his voice. (Egbert founded the town of Newbury Park, west of Los Angeles.) But California's curative powers failed to rehabilitate John Bagley. He died in San Francisco July 27, 1881, six months after he'd lost the vote for his party's nomination to the U.S. senate.

John Bagley's will provided for a public drinking fountain. It was originally located in the street on the south side of Detroit's city hall.<sup>lxix</sup> Famed Boston architect H. H. Richardson, whose public architecture can be found throughout the country, notably in Chicago's business districts, designed the pink granite (known as Bragville granite from Worcester, Massachusetts) fountain after the ciborium in St. Mark's Basilica in Venice. The fountain's height is 21 feet. It is 7 feet wide at the basin. Water spouts from four lion heads above its basin. Two of the heads have "normal" temperature water and the other two have cold water. The fountain was designed to have large amounts of ice packed around its pipes from May to November to provide the people with "water cold and pure as the coldest mountain stream," as stated in Bagley's will. The cornice of the fountain tells the origin of his gift. The fountain still stands in downtown Detroit, restored and moved in 2007 to Cadillac Square Park, part of Campus Martius Park.<sup>lxx</sup> As handsome as it is, it is ironic that it is a tribute to a man whose company produced a product that necessitated spitting!



Figure 27. A photograph of the Bagley Fountain in Detroit in 1916.

Figure 28. The Bagley Fountain in 2007.



Figure 29. Detail in the carved surface of the Bagley Fountain in 2007.

Several of J. J. Bagley's admirers commissioned a bronze portrait bust of him, and placed it on a stone pedestal in Campus Martius Park. In the 1920s the bust was given to the Detroit Institute of Arts.<sup>lxxi</sup>

Detroit named a street after Bagley on the city's near west side.

Figure 30. Henry Ford drove his first car, the “Quadri-cycle,” on the streets of Detroit on June 4, 1896, after having first invented and assembled it in a garage he rented at 58 Bagley Avenue.



About 1865, Bagley and a small group of other investors had purchased a large tract of land, seven miles from the center of the city, which they developed into Woodmere Cemetery, with John Bagley as the cemetery association’s first president. For his own burial site in Woodmere, he chose an especially beautiful spot, and an unusual monument — a rough granite boulder, weighing many tons, which he had found upon a tract of land he owned in a northern part of the state. (It may well be that chiseled beneath the family name are a few carefully chosen words from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow!)



Figure 31. Detail of the painting of Frances Newbury, 1822-1898, by Lewis Thomas Ives, made between 1872 and 1882.

A Detroit newspaper wishing to publish a profile of Frances Bagley in the early 1890s, interviewed her at the time she represented Michigan as a Commissioner-at-large of the World's Columbian Commission — the body organizing the Chicago World's Fair. The article reported that “during a stay of two years in Europe — one winter of which time was spent in Egypt — Mrs. Bagley secured many things to gladden her home and enrich its appointments.... [She] was made a member of the society for the promotion of Hellenic studies in England, also of the Archaeological Institute of America, and the branch society of that institution in Michigan was organized in her home in Detroit. She is corresponding secretary of the Anthropological Society in Washington and secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Society. During four years she was president of the Women's Hospital.... She was president of the first Woman's Club of Detroit, which she organized....”<sup>lxxii</sup> With her interests in antiquity, her influence upon the Chicago World's Fair could have included no opposition to the neoclassical style of its buildings.

It was also during this period of her involvement in the World's Fair that Frances was quoted in press coverage of a public meeting of the commissioners. The question arose as to whether it would be appropriate to allow the fair to be open on Sundays.

Frances Newbury Bagley received her aunt Jeanette's memoir gift about two years after her husband's death. Frances lived another fifteen years. She died in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in February of 1898. She was sixty-four.

## - Part II - Jeanette's Later Life

Jeanette told us she “married Mr. Charles P. Ames, a young lawyer, formerly of Haverhill, Massachusetts, April 25th, 1840, and went to [her] happy home in Niles, Michigan.” She was seventeen years old at the time. Within the decade Jeanette's young lawyer died.

By 1850 the young widow remarried to a widower named Ethan Hemenway Rice — his previous wife, Emeline Frink having died in 1847.<sup>lxxiii</sup> He was ten years older than Jeanette, born into a farming family in Bridgeport, Vermont in 1812. He “received an elementary education; remained on the farm until he was twenty-two years old, taught school one winter,” then worked as a clerk for a couple of years before moving to Jackson, Michigan in 1838. “Soon after his arrival he engaged to Dyer & Dyer as clerk, and remained with them for one year. At that time a party of men, thinking Michigan Center would be the principal town in the county, formed themselves into a corporation, bought lumber and went there for the purpose of building up the town. Mr. Rice was employed as general superintendent and remained in that capacity three years; then [returned] to Jackson, where he was employed by Roots & Berry as clerk.” In 1854 he opened a hardware store, and continued in this line until his retirement twenty-four years later.



Jeanette raised three children with Ethan: George Hemenway Rice was born November 22, 1851, Emma Jeanette Rice, July 14, 1856, and William Ethan Rice in 1858.

When she was thirty-seven, the US Census of 1860 found Jeanette, Ethan and their children sharing their home with four others: Jeanette Harper, 15; William H. Van Horn, 22, a clerk; Oscar H. McConnell, 22, a merchant; and Ann Crow, 22, a domestic servant. Ethan's assets were estimated for this census: his real estate valued at \$5,500, his personal estate at \$10,500.

About six years later, Emma accompanied her mother when Jeanette returned to sleep in her grandmother's room in the old Stockbridge home. "How the memories came back," Jeanette said, "and I looked through different eyes at the old pictures, with their calm unchanged expression." Now the people pictured on those walls "seemed more to me like guardian angels, watching over me and mine, and I did not wish to hide them from view."



Figure 32. Jeanette Sergeant Ames Rice, in 1884, a year after she presented *Tales That Have the Rime of Age* to her niece, Frances. Jeanette was born in 1822, and died at the age of seventy-eight, November 8, 1900.

For the 1870 census, with Jeanette at 48, and Ethan at 58, Ethan reported his real estate's value at \$12,000, and his personal property at \$12,000 too. Each of the children were attending school; George also working as a clerk in the family business. A servant lived with them named Bridget Egan, 24.

In 1880: George was no longer in the household, Emma and William remained — William employed as a clerk in a dry goods store — and Ethan had just retired. Ethan worked that summer though, as an “enumerator” for the federal census. (It was amusing, while scrolling through reels of microfilmed demography, to come across Ethan's signature at the top of the document on which I found the facts of his family's circumstances, neatly set down by his hand.)

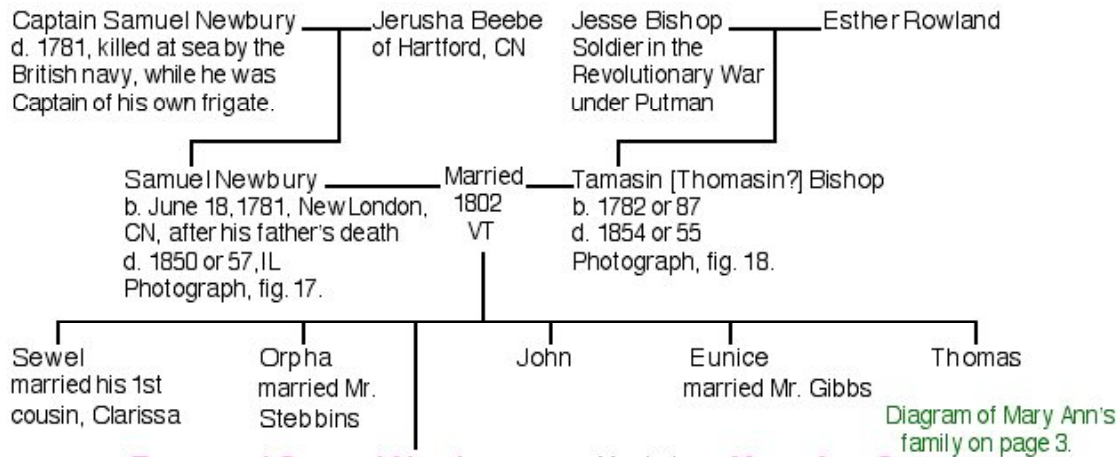
Jeanette's son George married. He made bookkeeping his profession. George died May 10, 1894, at the age of forty-four.

Emma Rice, apparently unmarried, died at forty-five, just two months after her mother.

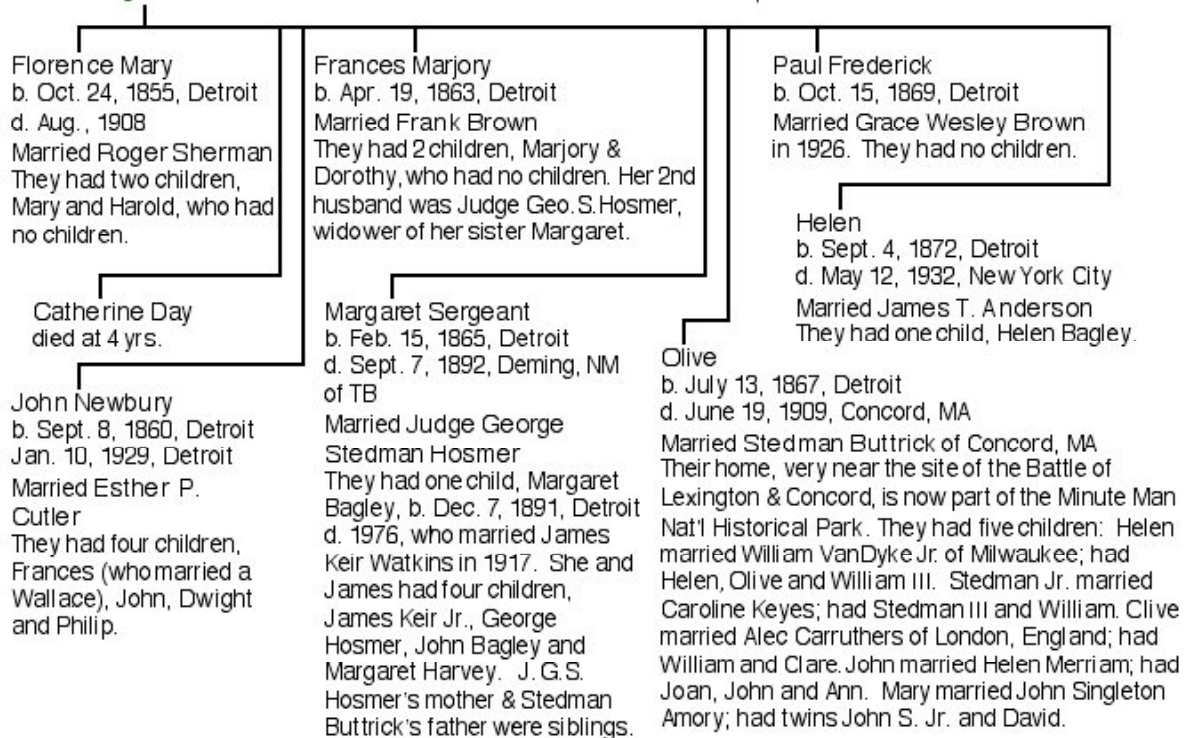
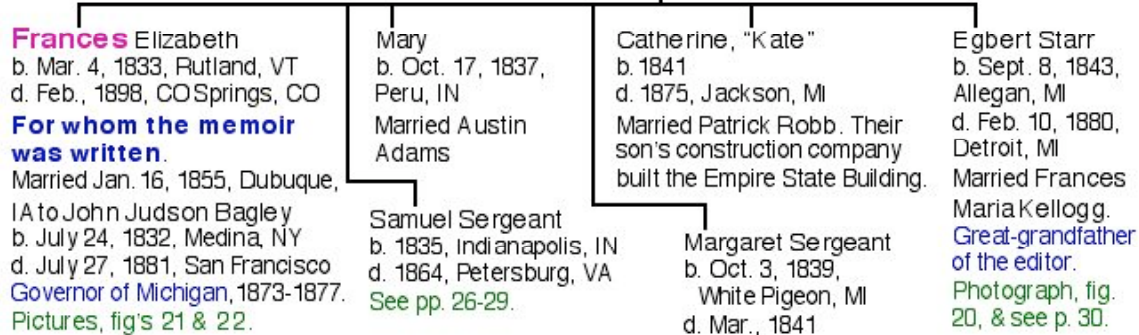
William Rice lived to 1926. I don't know if he ever married, and I don't know if either he or his siblings had children. George, Emma and William were buried beside their parents and their father's first wife in Jackson, Michigan.

Jeanette celebrated her sixtieth birthday six-and-a-half months before presenting the gift of her memoir to Frances. She outlived Frances by three years, and Ethan by just fifteen months. Jeanette died at the age of seventy-eight, November 8, 1900 — her days, we can assume, having been “filled with usefulness and duty, thereby fitting [her] for the final change.”

On the following page,  
[Figure 33. Frances Newbury's Family](#)



**Reverend Samuel Newbury** — Married — **Mary Ann Sergeant**  
 b. Nov. 3, 1802, Panton, VT April 24, 1832, Lee, MA  
 d. Mar. 29, 1868, Dubuque, IA d. Sept. 19, 1863, Dubuque, IA  
 Photograph, fig. 12. Sister to Jeanette Photograph, fig. 10.



## Acknowledgements (1995 edition)

My mother remembers her mother — who was born in Detroit in 1878 — speaking fondly of her “dear Great-Aunt Nett.” This recollection of my great-great-great-aunt’s reputation is just a whisp of fading memory beside the chronicle, which Jeanette recorded. Thanks to my sister, Katharine D. Copps, for giving me a photocopy of the typescript, which she found among old papers. Approaching [my forty-sixth year] a new century — and a new millennium — it seems all the more imperative to connect with our heritage. Taking on this project has been satisfying to me in this way.

Thanks to my mother, Suzanne M. Delahunt, and to the rest of my family for their encouragement and advice — to my sister Julia D. Harrington for the silhouettes of Jeanette’s parents.

Thanks to Jean Watkins, who was president of the National Society of The Colonial Dames from 1988 to 1994, and to her husband John Bagley Watkins, a great-grandson of Frances Newbury Bagley. Jeanette’s handwritten letter is in their collection. The typescript my sister found is one that John’s father’s secretary made on an old typewriter about 1950.

Thanks too to Frances and Gibbs Roddy, and other descendants of Egbert Starr Newbury and Frances Newbury for their assistance.

Thanks to Patience Nauta, of the Detroit Historical Museum. She volunteered a wealth of information. The Detroit Historical Museum’s collection includes a dress of yellow taffeta worn by Frances Bagley about 1868, and a marble bas-relief plaque portrait of her created in Rome in 1887.

The publishing part of this project is the next step in sharing this birthday gift with posterity. As I publish this on the Internet, it’s amusing to note that method as another marker of where we are in history — another element of our experience contrasting with that of Americans in the 1830’s.

Michael Delahunt

The author resides at 6254 East Pershing Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85254.  
His email is [delahunt@artlex.com](mailto:delahunt@artlex.com). Find more at his website, [artlex.com](http://artlex.com).

## Selected Bibliography

- Allen, Patricia, "History of Rancho El Conejo". *The Ventura County [California] Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. XXI, No. 3, Spring 1976, pp. 32-39.
- American Ancestry*, vol. VII, p. 250.
- Edwards, Susan C. S., "The Mission House, Stockbridge, Massachusetts". *Antiques*, March 1983, pp. 586-593.
- Genesis of the Republic*, volumes I and II.
- History of Jackson County, Michigan*. Interstate Publishing, Chicago, 1881.
- The History of Stockbridge*.
- Hopkins, *Life of Sergeants*.
- Utley, Henry M. and Byron M. Cutcheon, *Michigan as Province, Territory and State*, volume IV, Publishing Society of Michigan, 1906.
- Who Was Who in America, 1607-1896*.

---

## Endnotes



i See the diagram of Jeanette's family, figure 3, page 4. The Reverend John Sergeant, 1710-1749, erected a school and a church between two settlements of Indians about 1734. He was ordained a minister in the Congregational Church in 1735, and worked among the Indians in Berkshire County until his death. He translated prayers, parts of the Bible and a catechism into their language. He was the author of *The Causes and the Danger of Delusions in the Affairs of Religion Consider'd and Caution'd Against, with Particular Reference to the Temper of the Present Times* (a sermon of 1743), and [A Letter from Mr. Sergeant of Stockbridge to Dr. Colman of Boston; Containing Mr. Sergeant's Proposal of a More Effectual Method for the Education of Indian Children](http://www.artlex.com/delahunt/1743_letter%20from%20sergeant%20to%20coleman.pdf) (1743)

[http://www.artlex.com/delahunt/1743\\_letter%20from%20sergeant%20to%20coleman.pdf](http://www.artlex.com/delahunt/1743_letter%20from%20sergeant%20to%20coleman.pdf). Stockbridge is situated on the Housatonic River. It was settled in 1735, and incorporated in 1739, originally laid out by the Massachusetts government as a reservation for the Housatonic Indians, later called the Stockbridge Indians. These Indians were a group composed of Mohicans from the Hudson Valley with remnants of various Connecticut tribes who

---

settled in the southern Berkshires in the early 18th century. One of the things these Indians are noted for is having made maple sugar before the arrival of Europeans. Currently Stockbridge is the site of the Berkshire Playhouse and the Berkshire Music Festival, popularly known as Tanglewood, and a museum for art by Norman Rockwell, who lived and worked nearby. It is primarily a residential town in a summer resort area, and had a population of 2,328 in 2000. Find the latest information on the Internet at <http://www.berkshireweb.com/stockbridge.html>. The name Sergeant is always pronounced SUR-jent by members of the family, though others are apt to say SAR-jent. See Roger Angell's article, "Personal History: Here Below." *The New Yorker*, January 16, 2006, pp. 38-43. Angell is a descendant of this family. He describes a visit to Stockbridge and observes: "it's pronounced 'Surgeant' in the family but 'Sargeant' locally." Angell's mother was Katherine Sergeant White (1892-1977), whose husband, E. B. White (1899-1985), authored *Stuart Little* and *Charlotte's Web*. Angell recounts visiting the graveyard in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, with his wife. "It's an impressive place, still almost the main event in town. We'd walked around here before, when one of my daughters was attending a nearby boarding school, and had come to know some family graves, including that of John Sergeant, a mult-great-grandfather of mine, on my mother's side, who came to this area as a missionary to the Mohican Indians in 1734. He was a founding settler of Stockbridge. I own a tall Queen Anne secretary of his, part of a striking four piece set in gleaming cherry — he married money — now scattered among my closer relatives. He is said to have sat at the secretary while he wrote his weekly sermons in the language of the Stockbridge tribe. ... The John Sergeant gravestone... had once been elevated, lying flat on four legs like a pool table, but thanks to our informant we knew to look for it now at ground level. The raised stone had been tottering, she'd said, and had lately been repositioned:

HERE LYES

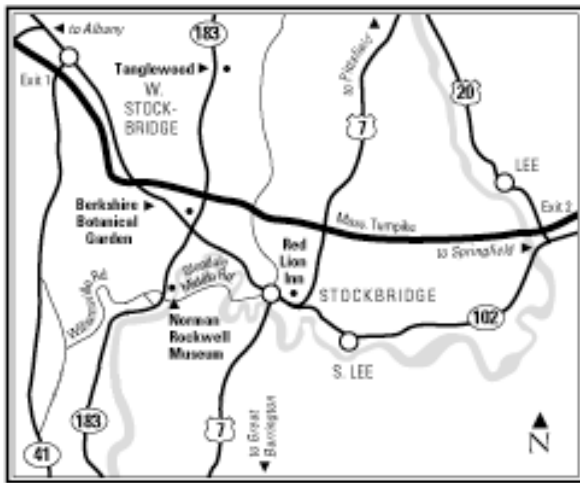
The body of the Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr.  
John Sergeant who dy'd  
The 27<sup>th</sup> Day of July AD 1749  
In the 40<sup>th</sup> Year of his Age

The monument has a long extolling verse below this, with a joke — a joke back then, at least — at the end:

*Here's not a Sergeant's body or a  
Sergeant's MIND  
I'll seek him hence for all's alike  
Deception here  
I'll go to Heav'n, & I shall find my  
Sergeant there*

There was a scattering of later Sergeants nearby — Sewall and Erastus and George — dating into the nineteenth century, all of them recently cleaned to a startling and elegant white.”

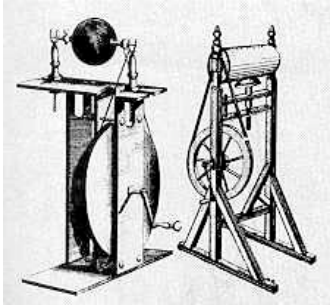
<sup>ii</sup> A governmental official in a building where customs (duties or taxes on goods) are collected and ships are cleared for entering or leaving the country.



iii

Also on the Housatonic River, Lee was settled in 1760 and incorporated in 1777. Lee is named after General Charles Lee, a true patriot, who was dismissed from George Washington's troops for disobedience and disrespect in 1780. Today Lee is the home of the Berkshire Opera Company and Ted Shawn Theater at Jacob's Pillow, a dance festival. The October Mountain State Forest has 14,000 acres, making it the largest state forest in Massachusetts. It has long been a prosperous paper manufacturing town, and the site of marble quarries. Its 2000 population was 6,247. Info on the Web at <http://www.berkshireweb.com/lee.html>.

iv [Note to self: Identify this publication further. Locate copies of it. –MRD]



v

Here are drawings of two early frictional electrostatic generators. Albert Kuhfeld, PhD, curator of instruments for the Bakken Library and Museum of Electricity in Life, in Minneapolis, who read Jeanette's description of her father's medical practices, has written that "an electrical machine of your date and description could only be a frictional electrostatic generator. These used a crank handle to rotate a glass [cylinder] past a cushion covered with an *electrical amalgam*. Friction between the glass and the cushion would create static electricity. The motion of the glass would carry the electrical charge over to a set of *charge combs* that would collect the charge and transmit it to a *main terminal* or *receiver* where it would be stored for use. The amalgam was a mix of mercury, tin, and zinc, which made static electricity when rubbed against glass. The cushions were of thin leather mounted on a flat piece of wood, stuffed with horsehair or sponge.

"The main confusion comes with Mrs. Rice's description of 'three cylinders or receivers.' These could be either a friction cylinder for making the static electricity, or a cylindrical *Leyden jar* for storing it [as capacitors do, and on a larger scale batteries too]. Some machines had multiple charging cylinders, some had multiple Leyden jars. I

---

suspect that the machine in question had one charging cylinder and two Leyden jars; that would be suited for medical use under many conditions. Most of the European electrostatic generators I have seen were free-standing devices that had fitted carrying boxes for transport. I have seen a few generators that were built inside of boxes and used the box itself as part of their structure; those were mostly American. I think the more mobile American populace preferred not to create storage boxes that themselves would require storage while the device was in use. The closest match I have seen to your machine is at the Hancock Shaker Village, Pittsfield, MA 01202. [only about ten miles from Lee] Robert Guffin, Curator of Collections there, asked us about the machine in 1985. ”

About the machine at the Hancock Shaker Village Dr. Kuhfeld said, “[In] photographs [of it], I notice there is a small hole centered in the sphere midway between the comb and the Leyden jar. It served as a mounting point for accessories. In a medical context, the accessory would probably be a Lane discharging electrometer... [which would] deliver a series of shocks, all of roughly the same strength, to the patient. This is done by having the spark jump a certain distance (which is adjustable) to get at the patient. The voltage in the Leyden jar will build up until it is great enough to leap the gap; a spark will then form, and all the charge in the jar will dump through that spark into the patient. When the gap is small, the sparks will be frequent and ‘gentle’. As the gap increases, the sparks will get increasingly powerful.”

Englishman Francis Hauksbee developed the first electrical machine in 1704-05. Between 1746 and 1752, Benjamin Franklin experimented with electricity in many pioneering ways, one of his instruments being an electro-static generator. With the discharge from a Leyden jar, he once killed a turkey. Meanwhile, medical electricity was enjoying its first period of great popularity in Europe. By the mid-1700’s several European physicians were using electrical kits including an electrostatic generator, a Leyden jar, and a Lane electrometer. They applied electricity to a wide variety of diseases, among them some of the most difficult ailments to treat — paralysis, nervous disorders, tumors, rheumatism, deafness, toothache, inflammations, ulcers, gout, and several others. Sometimes they were successful. It was a quick, clean and relatively painless treatment, in contrast to most medical procedures of the time.

Having received his medical degree in 1792, Dr. Sergeant might fairly be described as “one of the first American physicians in the country to apply electricity to the treatment of disease.” Among the few American physicians to precede him in using electrical shocks was Benjamin Rush, who was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In 1789 Dr. Rush published a recommendation for its use in reviving victims of drowning. During the early 1800’s, several works on medical electricity were published in the United States. But, for all the enthusiasm of these authors and practitioners, it was not until more carefully done research by European physiologists appeared at mid-century, that American physicians’ use of electrotherapy became common practice.

Related to these early electrostatic medical treatments, are several modern applications. Physicians still employ electric shocks in the treatment of various mental illnesses, although not without some controversy. More commonly today, defibrillators can restore normal heartbeat with a brief electrical shock. Some heart patients use



---

pacemakers — miniaturized and surgically implanted electronic devices — some for years at a time, to stimulate or regulate contractions of the heart muscle.

In 1883, Mrs. Rice had special reason to take pride in her father's uses of electricity. Thomas Edison was then getting great publicity for having invented the electric light bulb. His major breakthrough in its development came in 1878. On the way to bringing these lamps to everyday use, Edison began illuminating parts of New York, throwing a switch on September 4, 1882. Mrs. Rice presented the gift of her memoir the following spring.



<sup>vi</sup> The bass viol is also known as a double bass, bass fiddle or contrabass, it is the largest bowed stringed instrument in the modern orchestra. It has a deep range beginning about three octaves below middle C. The example illustrated here is a Busetto-shaped double bass, a copy of a Matthias Klotz (1700) by Rumano Solano.

<sup>vii</sup> Also known as a contralto, a low, female singing voice, its range between soprano and tenor.

<sup>viii</sup> Early.

<sup>ix</sup> Between sunrise and noon.

<sup>x</sup> [Note to self: Identify this publication further. –MRD]



<sup>xi</sup> Coat, waistcoat and knee breeches. A waistcoat is a vest. Knee breeches (pronounced britches) are trousers extending down to or just below the knee, the calf covered by stockings. Illustrated is George Washington's coat, waistcoat, and knee breeches, worn with a ruffled shirt and black leather boots. Keep in mind that this ensemble, now in the Smithsonian's collection, was designed as the uniform of a general.

<sup>xii</sup> A braid of hair worn hanging down the back of the neck.



xiii

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811-1896, the American writer whose antislavery novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852) is the fourth best selling book of all time. It had great political influence and so advanced the cause of abolition, that it is considered one of the principle causes of the Civil War. Among her other books, largely forgotten, are *The Minister's Wooing* (1859), *Dred; a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp* (1859), *Old Town Folks* (1869), *Lady Byron Vindicated* (1870), *Principles of Domestic Science* (1870), *Sam Lawson's Oldtown Fireside Stories* (1872), and *The New Housekeeper's Manual* (1873).

<sup>xiv</sup> Jeanette often referred to her uncle Samuel Newbury as a missionary to the places he went in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, so Jeanette's sister Elizabeth may have been thinking of becoming a missionary to one of the towns named Smyrna in the states of Delaware, Georgia, New York, South Carolina or Tennessee — states where Congregationalists were in the minority, but Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians were in the majority. The Smyrna after which all of these were named, is the largest port on the western coast of Turkey. This Smyrna would have been a more challenging destination for Congregationalist missionaries, because the majority of its residents were and are Muslim.



xv

Probably named after John Knox, 1514?-1572, Scottish religious reformer and founder of Scottish Presbyterianism.



<sup>xvi</sup> Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney, 1791-1865, American author. The 1911 edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* said “She was one of the most popular writers of her day, both in America and in England, and was called ‘the American Hemans.’ [Felicia Hemans, 1793-1835, British poet whose romantic lyrics include “Casabianca” (1829).] Her writings were characterized by fluency, grace and quiet reflection on nature, domestic and religious life, and philanthropic questions; but they were too often sentimental, didactic and commonplace to have much literary value.” She spent most of her life in Hartford, Connecticut, where she conducted schools from 1811 to 1819. She contributed over two thousand articles to nearly 300 periodicals. Among the books she wrote are *Letters to Young Ladies* (1833), *Zinzendorf, and Other Poems* (1835), *Letters to Mothers* (1838), *Pocahontas, and Other Poems* (1841), *Scenes in My Native Land* (1844), *Voice of Flowers* (1845), and *Past Meridian* (1854).

<sup>xvii</sup> Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817, American clergyman, author and educator, who was a leading supporter of Federalism. He served as president of Yale University from 1795 until his death in 1817. Timothy Dwight wrote “The Conquest of Canaan” (1785), the first American epic poem. He also wrote *Theology Explained and Defended*, five volumes (1818-19), and *Travels in New England and New York* (1821). He married Mary Woolsey in 1777. Also, see endnote xxx.

<sup>xviii</sup> Catharine Maria Sedgwick, 1789-1867, American author, whose most renowned novel was *Hope Leslie* (1827). She wrote many short tales, and several books designed to be helpful to persons of less-favored class. Among the books she wrote are *A New England Tale* (1822), *Clarence; or a Tale of Our Own Times* (1830), *The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man* (1836), *Live and Let Live; or Domestic Service Illustrated* (1837), *Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home* (1841), and *Married or Single* (1857). The old Sedgwick mansion was built by Theodore Sedgwick, 1746-1813, whose second wife was Pamela Dwight, daughter of Joseph Dwight and Abigail Williams Sergeant Dwight — former wife of Jonathan Sergeant. Theodore Sedgwick was a delegate to the convention that ratified the U.S. Constitution. He served in the Continental Congress, then six years in the U.S. House of Representatives, three years in the U.S. Senate, then three more years in the House of Representatives as Speaker of the House (1799-1801). The house he built at Stockbridge is still owned by the Sedgwick family at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Also, see endnote xxx.



xix

Catherine “Kate” Sedgwick Newbury was born in 1841, married Patrick Robb, and died in Jackson, MI, at the age of 34 in 1875. One of her children owned the construction company that built the Empire State Building, the world’s tallest building at the time it was completed in 1931. Chairman of the construction company was Alfred E. Smith, a former Governor of New York, who in 1928 had been the Democratic Party’s candidate for president of the USA.

<sup>xx</sup> By Jeanette’s account, Mary Ann went to Middlebury, and began attending Mrs. Cook’s school when Mary Ann was nineteen, and returned to Lee four years later. That places Mary Ann’s time in Middlebury between 1824 and 1829. I believe Jeanette was off by 1-3 years — that Mary Ann actually went to Middlebury 1825 / 27, and returned to Lee in 1830 or 31. She married in 1832. Support for the case that Jeanette was a little off about the timing of Mary Ann’s period in Middlebury is in Samuel Swift’s 1859 *History of the Town of Middlebury: In the Country of Addison, Vermont* (downloaded 2006 from books.google.com), pp. 397-400. Swift says that in 1827 the citizens of Addison county, Vermont “came together” to form a Female School Association for the purpose of superintending a boarding school. The association purchased, “repaired and fitted” a three story building for use as the school boarding house. In 1828 it hired Mrs. Harriet B. Cook, widow of Milo Cook, Esq. “Under her administration, the school was in great reputation, and increased to such extent that the room which she occupied in the boarding house was wholly insufficient to accommodate it. The stockholders and others, who took additional stock, early in the year 1830, adopted measures to erect a separate building for the school. The lot then owned by the association did not afford sufficient room to admit the building on the street, and it was erected in the rear of the boarding house. During the administration of Mrs. Cook, Walter R. Gilkey, Esq., then carrying on the business of a saddler and harness maker, as successor of Captain Justice Foot, had charge of the boarding house. The boarders, as well as the scholars, had so greatly increased that further accommodations were required for them. On a pledge of the future income of the establishment, a few individuals undertook to erect an addition to the boarding house. Toward that object, Dr. William Bass contributed the lot next east of the seminary, on which stood a two story dwelling house estimated at \$500; Rufus Wainright contributed nearly the same amount, and three others from one to three hundred dollars each. The dwelling house on the lot received from Dr. Bass was sold and removed to a lot on the same street, and is now owned by Mr. Powers. The addition at the east end of the

boarding house was erected in 1831. In 1834, Mrs. Cook resigned her charge of the school, and afterwards opened a school in Bloomfield, New Jersey.” The faculty in 1857 was comprised of a principal and preceptress, an assistant preceptress, a teacher of drawing and painting, and a teacher of music and German — “Prof. A. Bott (a distinguished musician and scholar from Germany).”

<sup>xxi</sup> [Note to self: Perhaps an image of such a quilt could be inserted here. –MRD]

<sup>xxii</sup> See photographs of Reverend Samuel Newbury’s parents, figures 17 and 18.

<sup>xxiii</sup> This book was presented to Reverend John Sergeant at Yale in 1730. It had been printed in Rotterdam in 1690. It was also noted in a newspaper story printed in the 1880’s as being in Frances’ possession.

<sup>xxiv</sup> In 1830 there were only twenty-three miles of railroad track laid in the United States. By 1835 there were 1,098 miles, and twenty years later, 18,374 miles.



<sup>xxv</sup>



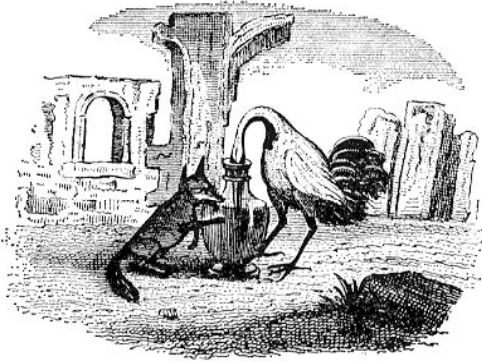
Thomas Sully (1783-1872)

Painted this portrait of the seventh president of the United States, Andrew Jackson. An engraved version of the portrait appears on today’s \$20 bills. As a general in the War of 1812, Jackson defeated the British at New Orleans. As president he opposed the Bank of America and increased presidential powers.



<sup>xxvi</sup>

A gig is a light, two-wheeled one-horse carriage, which may carry a few passengers. A sulky is also a light, open two-wheeled one-horse carriage, but it is intended to accommodate no passengers other than the driver. Illustrated is a two-seater gig of the Tilbury-type.



xxvii

The Fox & the Crane.

Illustration for one of the fables in Jeffrys Taylor's *Aesop in Rhyme*, published by Baldwin, Craddock and Joy, 1823. Aesop was a legendary 6<sup>th</sup> century BCE Greek storyteller, who was supposedly an ugly, deformed slave. His Fables were amongst the earliest literature published for children. The first Englishman to use moveable type, William Caxton, printed an edition of *Aesop's Fables* in 1485-86. The London bookseller John Newberry, 1713-1767, was the first to publish exclusively for children. The Newberry Medal is named for him, and perhaps there is a genealogical connection between John Newberry and the Newbury family, albeit a remote connection.

xxviii In her article, "Woven Bead Chains of the 1830s" (*The Magazine Antiques*, December 1995, pp. 798-807,

[http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi\\_m1026/is\\_n6\\_v148/ai\\_17777005/pg\\_1](http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m1026/is_n6_v148/ai_17777005/pg_1)), Lynne Zacek Bassett wrote, "Of the sixty-five chains I have examined, twenty-nine have a date woven into them, and all of the dates are between 1832 and 1836. Most of the chains are between forty and sixty inches long, and about half an inch wide, and they are usually finished with silk ribbon ties. The beads are almost half the size of those used today, with approximately thirteen beads per half inch compared to about seven beads today. The beads were probably imported from Bohemia (later part of the Czech Republic) in the 1830s since the Venetian glass industry which had previously supplied fine glass beads to the world had been decimated by the Napoleonic wars."

xxix Days of thanksgiving were celebrated sporadically until, in 1789, President Washington issued a proclamation of a nationwide day of thanksgiving. It was not considered a national holiday, however, until President Lincoln proclaimed it so in 1863.

xxx Born Abigail Williams, 1721-1791, her first husband was Reverend John Sergeant, who died when she was only twenty-eight. Her second husband was Joseph Dwight (See note xvii). Abigail's father was Ephraim Williams, founder of Williams College. Timothy Dwight was Abigail and Joseph Dwight's grandson. Catharine Sedgwick (see note xviii) was their granddaughter; her parents, Pamela Dwight and Theodore Sedgwick. Also see endnotes xvii and xviii.

xxxi I have yet to find the present whereabouts of any of these portraits. -MRD

xxxii Albany's population in 1830 was 24,238.

xxxiii [Note to self: See about finding a record of "Some of Mrs. Sayles' grandchildren are now literary people in Chicago." -MRD]

xxxiv Rochester's population in 1830 was 10,863.

---

<sup>xxxv</sup> The Erie Canal crosses the Genessee River at Rochester by a stone aqueduct 848 feet long along its course between Albany and Buffalo. The Genessee Valley Canal, coming from the south, ends at Rochester and Lake Ontario.

<sup>xxxvi</sup> Buffalo became a city in 1832, then having a population of 15,000.

<sup>xxxvii</sup> Cleveland's population in 1830 was 1000.

<sup>xxxviii</sup> See photographs of Reverend Samuel Newbury's parents, figures 8 and 9.

<sup>xxxix</sup> Indiana became a state in 1816. Indianapolis was first settled in 1819, and occupied as the state capital in 1824. When incorporated as a town in 1832, its population was 1000.



<sup>xl</sup> The construction of this state house was completed in 1835, of brick, a two storied Grecian temple topped with a domed cupola. It was replaced in the late 1870s because of decay.

<sup>xli</sup> "Black Harriet, a servant" must have been a free black. Jeanette mentions nothing about slavery. What are the chances Harriet was a slave?

<sup>xlii</sup> "Several cookbooks from the 1820's include tomatoes in recipes. In 1835, tomatoes were sold by the dozen in Boston's Quincy Market. In 1847, Thomas Bridgeman listed four varieties in his seed catalogue: Cherry, Pear, Large Yellow and Large Squash. [An American] seed merchant named Buist in 1858 commented on the tomato: 'In taking retrospect of the last eighteen years, there is no vegetable on the catalogue that has obtained such popularity in so short a period as the one now under consideration. In 1828-29, it was almost detested; in ten years most every variety of pill and panacea was extract of tomato. It now occupys as great a surface of ground as cabbage, and is cultivated the length and breadth of the country.' " Text of an article by Sam Cox, *I Say Tomayto, You Say Tomahto...*, downloaded May 27, 2008 from

<http://www.landscapeimagery.com/tomato.html>

<sup>xliii</sup> Isabella Graham Bethune Duffield, 1799-1871.

<sup>xliv</sup> Isabella Graham Duffield Stewart, ? -1888. Morse Stewart, 1818-189?, was a prominent physician in Detroit.

<sup>xlvi</sup> Samuel Sergeant Newbury was born in 1835. The population of the state of Indiana in 1835 numbered 485,053.



xlvi

Illustration from a postcard

photograph of Wabash College about 1910. Wabash College was founded in 1833 at Crawfordsville, under Presbyterian management.

<sup>xlvii</sup> A course bread, indigenous to America, made of Indian meal, water and salt, and usually in the form of a thin cake. Originally it was a cake baked on the broad thin blade of a cotton field hoe. *Century Dictionary*, 1889-1891.

<sup>xlviii</sup> “Miami Indians, a tribe of Algonkins who once occupied a large part of the West and North West of Ohio and a part of Indiana. In 1764 they had 350 warriors. They fought against the US in the War of 1812. In 1818 they left Ohio, and in 1846 the greater part left Indiana, where a few still remain; 500 people of this tribe were removed in that year to what is now Linn and Miami counties in Kansas, where they have a reservation of 10,240 acres. They now number but 95, having been mostly destroyed by vice and intemperance. A few others have become citizens. Many have gone to the Indian Territory and joined themselves to the Peorias and Quapaws. The Indiana Miamis are good and peaceable citizens, numbering about 350.” *Johnson’s New Universal Cyclopaedia*, New York, 1874.

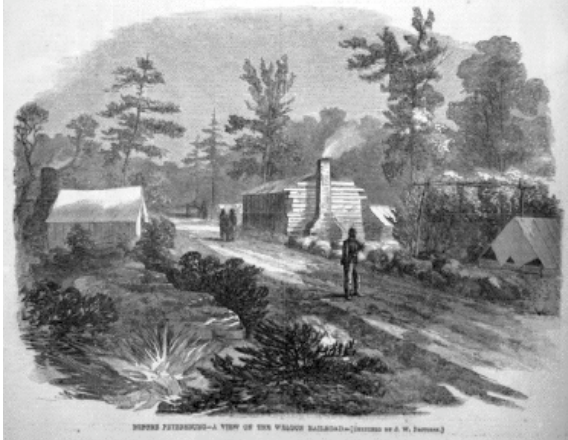
<sup>xliv</sup> “Pottawattamies, a tribe of Indians of the Algonkin family who originally occupied a large portion of the [Lower] peninsula of Michigan; were a very low grade of civilization as compared with the surrounding tribes, being divided into bands recognizing no common allegiance or settled government; spoke an extremely rude dialect; were constantly at war with their neighbors and were driven westward by the Iroquois toward the close of the seventeenth century. By an alliance with the French in several wars they recovered their position in Southern Michigan, and spread over Northern Indiana and Illinois.... They were allies of the British in the War of 1812, after which they soon disposed of most of their lands by successive treaties, and removed to the region now known as Kansas. In 1838 they numbered 4000.” *Johnson’s New Universal Cyclopaedia*, New York, 1874.

<sup>i</sup> [Note to self: find corroboration of this story of Samuel Black, kidnapped by Indians. - MRD]

<sup>ii</sup> Frances Slocum was a young girl who was "stolen by the Delaware Indians from her father's house near Wilkes-Barre, in Wyoming Valley, Luzerne county, Pa.," in September, 1778. G. S. Bailey, "The Lost Sister, Frances Slocum," *The Morning Republican*, Scranton, PA, Saturday, June 19, 1869. "She was at last discovered, as the widow of an Indian Chief, living on the banks of the Mississenawa [sic] river, about seven miles from its mouth, where it empties into the Wabash, near Peru in Indiana," Bailey wrote, "Col. Geo. W. Ewing was the Indian agent stationed at Logansport, Ind. In January, 1835, Mr. [James T.] Miller and Col. Ewing were traveling through the forests, and being belated and the Colonel not feeling well, Mr. Miller proposed that they should



go and stop over night with the white woman among the Indians. Colonel Ewing had never heard of any white woman among the Indians there, but Mr. Miller assured him there was one, the wife of the Deaf Man, as her husband was called by the whites, because he became totally deaf when between thirty and forty years of age. They soon fell into a trail in the snow, made by the white woman's son-in-law, Brouillette, who had killed a deer and taken it home. Colonel Ewing suggested to Mr. Miller that they should find out the history of this white woman, and if possible make her known to her relatives. They were kindly and hospitably received at her log house on the bank of the Mississenawa, and found her in such poor health that she thought she would not live long. She was then an old woman and being under the impression she would soon die she was more than ever before ready to give some items of her history. Mr. Miller drew her into conversation about herself, and Col. Ewing sat behind her and noted down the items which he caught from the conversation.” Also see Martha Bennett Phelps, 1916, *Frances Slocum; The Lost Sister of Wyoming*. <http://www.rootsweb.com/~scwhite/slocum/frances.html>



lii

1864 illustration: “Before Petersburg – In

View of the Weldon Railroad.” Samuel was killed in August of 1864 at the Battle of Weldon Railroad, south of Petersburg, Virginia. Twenty-nine years old, he was captain of the 12<sup>th</sup> Infantry, USA, and at the time of his death, was acting as colonel of his regiment. Petersburg was the site of the prolonged siege (June 15, 1864 – April 3, 1865) that led to the fall of Richmond, and the subsequent surrender of Confederate General Robert E. Lee. The Battle of Weldon Railroad, also known as The Battle of Globe Tavern, took place August 18-21, 1864. For an account of the battle, see *The Union Army, 1861-1865*, Frank J. Welcher, Indiana U. Press, 1989, vol. 1, pp. 865-869.

liii [Note to self: Have others spoken of such an “oak opening”?]

liv This is a reference to the forty years of wandering in the Sinai desert to which God condemned the “special people” led by Moses before they would come to “a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig trees, pomegranates; a land of olive, and honey.” *Numbers 14:33* and *Deuteronomy 7:6* and *8:8*.

lv White Pigeon was named after an Indian chief who lived there in the early 1800's It was incorporated in 1837, and is the oldest incorporated village in the state of Michigan. Its population in 1870 was 922; in 2000 it was 1,627.



In the village of White Pigeon is the oldest surviving United States Land office in the state of Michigan. This building is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Out of this office the U.S. government sold land in Michigan for \$1.25 an acre in the 1830s to settlers of Western Michigan including Rev. Samuel Newbury.



lvi

Rev. Samuel Newbury apparently founded his academy in 1838. MRD found no evidence of the University of Michigan's recognition that Newbury's academy was in some way related to it. The University of Michigan was the first university of the state. It originated in the territory of Michigan's establishment in 1817 of the "Catholepistemiad or University of Michigania." The school moved from Detroit to Ann Arbor in 1837 on land offered to the university by the city. Under the name of "University of Michigan," the first classes were held in 1841, and eleven men graduated in the first commencement ceremony in 1845. Illustrated above are two seals of the university. The earlier one displays a founding date of 1837, the year Michigan was granted statehood. The second, current seal displays a date of 1817. The University of Michigan admitted its first female student in 1870. In 1872, with Ann Arbor hosting 49 saloons, spectacles of student intoxication and other kinds of unruliness led to stringent new regulations by school administrators and state politicians.

<sup>lvii</sup> See his photograph, figure 20. Egbert Starr Newbury, 1843-1880, married Frances Maria Kellogg, 1848-1917, in San Francisco in 1873. He was wounded while fighting in the Civil War in the summer of 1864, a member of Company A, 44<sup>th</sup> Iowa Infantry. He founded the first post office in Newbury Park, Ventura County, California. Egbert and Frances had four children, Egbert Starr Newbury, George Kellogg Newbury, Samuel Sergeant Newbury, and Katharine Newbury Manierre, 1878-1973. George Kellogg Newbury had five children: Kenneth, Kenneth, Russell, Olive, and Allan; twenty-three grandchildren. Katharine Newbury Manierre had five children: Samuel Newbury, 1908-1988, George, 1909-1993, Virginia, 1914-19, Suzanne Manierre Delahunt, 1916-2000, and Mary Jane Manierre Foote, 1920-; fourteen grandchildren; and to date, more than thirty great-grandchildren. Egbert's father acquired a gold pocket watch made in 1830, that Egbert inherited upon his father's death. Engraved upon the case are the names of

---

those who have owned it, and when they came to possess it: Samuel Newbury – 1859, Egbert Starr Newbury – 1868, Samuel Sergeant Newbury – 1880, Samuel Newbury Manierre – 1942, Samuel Manierre Brummitt – 1985.

<sup>lviii</sup> Here is the text of the entire letter Rev. Samuel Newbury wrote to Kate (Kittie), his daughter Catherine Newbury Robb [see endnote <sup>lviii</sup>]. Samuel's wife had died in September, 1863; his son Samuel had died as a Union soldier in the Civil War the same year; and he would die in March, 1868, at 65. Black ink on lined white paper, 12 1/2 x 7 3/4 inches.

Council Hill, Clayton Co. Iowa, Monday Feb. 6, 1865

My dear Kate,

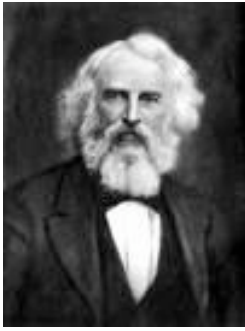
I was rejoiced on Saturday to receive a letter in your own hand writing. I am truly thankful that you are once more well again and permitted to rejoice with your little ones well with you. How good is the hand of God upon us. We are too apt to be more affected by his chastisements and remember our afflictions while we enjoy to the full his blessings without any special feeling of gratitude or manifestation of thanksgiving, "not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth us to repentance."

My health is remarkably good and I am enabled to endure much more labor than I anticipated I ever would be. But I am exceedingly tired today, having just closed the labors of a two day's meeting. Yesterday was our third communion service in this little church, the second one since our organization. We rec'd [received] four additional members yesterday. Two men with their wives, one man and his wife by letter, the others by profession of their faith, their having experienced religion, as I trust, under my poor ministry. We number now twenty one members all heads of families. This is one more than double our number six months since at our commencing. By the way you have seen the gentleman who united yesterday with his wife on profession of their faith. It is Mr. Blosser[?] who took a line of introduction from me to Pat. last fall, in reference to the draft. He is an excellent man and an important addition to our little church. I baptized him on his reception. It was a sense of much interest in the congregation. Yesterday, on the whole, was the most precious Sabbath, I have had since I came here. My cough troubles me some nights but none at all in preaching. I have some little hope that I may see you the latter part of April. It will depend however on the place our moderator Rev. Holmes, shall designate for the spring meeting of Presbytery. I expect to hear from him soon informing me of the place of meeting. I shall need to go to Dubuque or to McGregor [a town, pop. 1870 was 2074, c. 45 miles NW of Dubuque, each on the Mississippi River] before long to renew and repair my wardrobe. It is beginning [to] be much out of repair. By the way I feel most sadly the want of some one to "take a stitch [stitch] in time." But I care comparatively little for any thing, but the success of the blessed work in which I am engaged.

I was glad to read Pat's farewell to the Herald. I hope now he will be in some business more congenial to his health for that is the first object with him to look after. I wrote Egbert last week, and I shall write Jeanette to day. Give my love to Mary and family, to Pat and Egbert and [Janey?], and now tell Marion [drawing of hand pointing to right [Miriam Sprankling thinks this is an angel wing]] here is a kiss from grandpa to her and her little brother, and she must give it to him right on the mouth and tell him it is from grandpa. [drawing of hand pointing to left]

The lord be with you and yours. My petitions for my children are among my most delightful prayers to God. Every day of my life, whatever else engages my attention I cannot forget them, that God would increase his work of grace in them, and his glory by them.

Your ever affectionate father  
Saml. Newbury



lix Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882. From his poem *Morituri Salautamus*, 1875, stanza 24.

lx The Detroit Historical Society was given a marble bas-relief portrait of Frances created in Rome in 1887, and a yellow taffeta dress she wore in about 1868. In 2008, Marianne Weldon, the curator of that institution's collection corresponded with MRD about objects of potential interest in the society's collection. Ms Weldon offered information about a dress (ID#1953.183.010) she had that was worn by Frances's son Paul's sister-in-law, Miss Esther Brown. Ms Weldon wrote, "The other items related to Frances Newbury Bagley are not digitized and have not been included in any recent inventories." This brings into question whether the society continues to have (or ever had) possession of either the yellow taffeta dress or the marble bas-relief.



lxi A bowl-shaped, usually metal vessel, often with a funnel-shaped cover, into which tobacco chewers periodically spit. Also known as a cuspidor.

lxii Utley, Henry M. and Byron M. Cutcheon, *Michigan as Province, Territory and State*, volume IV, Publishing Society of Michigan, 1906, p. 284.



lxiii The Detroit Historical Society has in its collection a framed print, "The Old Colony Tobacco Girl" used as a trademark by the John J. Bagley company for many years." It shows "a Pilgrim type" young woman. The donors were great grandchildren of John J. Bagley. The photo of the print furnished by the museum in 2008 shows the print in a gold frame. Remnants of adhesive tape cross the glass in many places, and there is a "hot-spot" reflected from the top of the woman's head. Perhaps the

---

museum will clean the glass, and produce a better photo. The museum's accession # 1977.094, Home loc CRC:35:1:1, 36.7 x 29.5 inches.

<sup>lxiv</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 283.

<sup>lxv</sup> Although demolished long ago, this house was used for several years by Detroit's music conservatory.

<sup>lxvi</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 105.

<sup>lxvii</sup> Adopted in 1913, the Seventeenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution provided for direct popular election of senators.

<sup>lxviii</sup> Op . cit., Utley and Cutcheon, pp. 109-110.

<sup>lxix</sup> The following is from *In the Flow*, winter, 2007, a periodical published online quarterly by the Detroit Water and Sewerage Department. "The Bagley Fountain — built at the \$5,000 cost specified in Bagley's will — was placed at the corner of Fort and Woodward on May 30, 1887, near the old City Hall and on the spot of an existing public water source. It was designed by the famed Boston-based architect Henry Hobson Richardson, and is the only Richardson structure in Detroit. Occupying two different sites for the next 113 years, the fountain was a familiar downtown sight to Detroiters and visitors until January 2000, when it was disassembled and put into storage. However, during the last few months, the old monument... has been restored. A contractor, the Grunwell-Cashero Company, reassembled the fountain's pieces, and meticulously cleaned the ornately-carved granite. The new installation at the east end of the new Cadillac Square Park is permanent — the fountain now sits on more than three feet of reinforced concrete. The fountain, sporting Richardson's signature Romanesque styling, is actually modeled on a religious vessel inside St. Mark's Basilica in Venice, Italy. It was originally designed to incorporate ice as a cooling element within a system of coils. In 1926, the fountain was moved to the corner of Monroe and Woodward on the old Kern Block (now the location of Compuware Headquarters). The Bagley Fountain replaced the Merrill Fountain on that site, which in turn had been moved to Palmer Park. But by 1937, the hard times of the Great Depression made it difficult to maintain the fountain and it was boarded up. From 1959 through 1983, the fountain again operated for public use, albeit on a sporadic basis. In the meantime, buildings on the Kern Block and Monroe Blocks near the fountain were leveled as downtown Detroit went into decay. When the decision was made to remove the graffiti-scarred and grime-blackened old fountain from the derelict Kern Block, Grunwell-Cashero — which specializes in restoring old monuments and building facades — was called in to take it apart. 'We made detailed drawings and numbered each stone,' remembered Rich Montmorency, project manager for Grunwell-Cashero. The timing of the fountain's disassembly coincided with the deal to build the new Compuware building on the Kern Block. As the City's plans for the Campus Martius area progressed in 2000-2001, it soon became apparent that the new Cadillac Square Park would be the perfect place for a restored Bagley Fountain. After the fountain's pieces were brought out of storage, the monument was reassembled by Grunwell-Cashero workers on its new foundation at Cadillac Square. Then, the entire fountain was cleaned with high-pressure steam. 'The steam treatment easily removed 90 percent of the old grit and dirt,' said Montmorency. For the deep stains in the stone, Grunwell-Cashero used various chemical solvents. The end result? The color is vibrant and the finely carved stone detail is crisp and clean. New plumbing ensures that water

---

will flow freely. Grunwell-Cashero workers involved in the project included stonemasons Joseph Dapkus and Dave Vogt, and crane operator Ray Sobie. Montmorency anticipates that the fountain will be operational sometime this spring, once the final piece is in place — the fountainhead, which features four lions' heads for the spouts. 'We had to get the fountain head remanufactured,' Montmorency said. 'Unfortunately, at the time of the fountain's disassembly on the Kern Block, someone stole the original piece. It's being re-created from photos and a clay model.' He explained that a computer-controlled stonecutting machine will execute a rough pattern for the new fountainhead, and then an artist with Metropolitan Stone of Carlisle, Michigan, will finish the piece by hand. The \$176,000 to restore the fountain was raised through the Downtown Development Authority, and day-to-day operations and maintenance costs will be handled by the Detroit 300 Conservancy, according to Donna Rice, project manager with the Detroit Economic Growth Corporation. Although the fountain was designed as a public water source with four small metal drinking fountains attached, the restored monument eliminates that feature. 'Bagley Fountain will be more of an ornamental fountain now,' said Montmorency. 'Besides, the old attached drinking fountains were in poor condition and the design would have caused maintenance problems.' 'Although we at Grunwell-Cashero restore two or three monuments each year, this is one of our bigger restoration efforts,' said Montmorency. 'Part of the payoff for us is to see the public enjoying it again. It's satisfying that the fountain has been saved for future generations to enjoy.' "

<sup>lxx</sup> *Google Maps* displays the location of the Campus Martius in Detroit. By shifting to a satellite view, one can see the Bagley Fountain at the southeastern edge of the park.

<http://maps.google.com/>

<sup>lxxi</sup> This bust of Governor John J. Bagley was given to The Detroit Institute of Arts in the 1920s when the construction of a commercial development project on the monument's site required its removal. In 2008, a representative of the DIA sent MRD a reply to his inquiry about the bust, "The DIA still has the Bagley Bust. It has never been photographed and we have no file on the piece."

<sup>lxxii</sup> Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in a Detroit newspaper's profile of Mrs. John J. Bagley, one of the commissioners-at-large of the "World's Columbian Exposition" — The Chicago World's Fair of 1892. [A clipping found among Katharine N. Manierre's papers.]

<sup>lxxiii</sup> The grave beside those of Ethan, Jeanette, and their children is noted in cemetery records as that of "Emeline Frink Rice, Apr. 7, 1822- Jan. 2, 1847 (wife of Ethan H. Rice)." In the newspaper *Michigan Whig*, October 30, 1839, is a notice of marriage between E.H. Rice and Martha J. Sutherland, occurring October 24, 1839. Apparently Ethan's wedding to Jeanette was his third.