

Hiatus

In 2014 I had two nasty concussions. After I got over those I decided to spend my time finishing the manuscript of my latest book, which has the tentative title: *Meek or Macho? Why Men Are Alienated from Christianity.*

So if anyone cares, I am back.

I have also amused myself with ancestry.com and tracing my family's genealogy. My wife has a large and fascinating family, especially the relatives by marriage, so as Winston Churchill (who has about 8,000 American cousins), Charles Darwin, Aldous Huxley, etc.

So mostly for amusement of my extended family, I will post some genealogical finds which may be of some interest as illustrations of social history.

I will begin with a series of reflections on the Reverend Frances Effingham Lawrence, my wife's second cousin four times removed.

A Brief Note on the Jules Reynal Roche Fermoy de Saint-Michels

Jules Reynal Roche Fermoy de Saint-Michel was born in Martinique in 1838 and came to the United States in 1848. He married Nathalie Florence Higgins (1848-1901). They were the parents of Mathilde Reynal, the wife of Paul Gilbert Thebaud, Sr., they of the stolen jewels.

Several members of the Renal family used the full form of their name – Reynal Roche Fermoy de Saint-Michel – or insisted on the French pronunciation of their first and last names. New Yorkers found this insufferably pretentious. But if my last name were Reynal Roche Fermoy de Saint-Michel I would be strongly tempted to flaunt it in the faces of all the Smiths and Joneses, not to mention the van-Thises and the van-Thats.

Jules, according to a descendant, was “a poor but noble Frenchman, descended from French Huguenots from Normandy.” His ancestor had come from China to New York in 1771. His wife came from a wealthy family. Her father, Nathaniel Higgins, a carpet manufacturer, in 1882 left \$1,500,000 (c. \$35,000,000 in 2015 dollars) to the Reynal children. When Jules Reynal died in 1894, he left an estate of only \$50,000.

As my wife has noticed, her New York family were the Kardashians of their day. A marital spat and the separation of Jules and Natalie were detailed in the papers. Nathalie remained in the Madison Avenue townhouse with the children while Jules moved to a hotel. But in 1894 he became ill; the children, although members of the *jeunesse doree*, as the papers put it, and his alienated wife nursed him, and all was well and everyone went to the country seat Rocky Dell, in Westchester County.



Rocky Dell

There Jules and his son Eugene after him were masters of hound with the Westchester Hunt Club. Jules commissioned portraits of his dogs from Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait.

In September 1879, Jules shot a three-legged woodcock near his house in White Plains; it made it into the *Scientific American*.



Genuine Three-Legged Woodcock

Nathalie was a great tea and luncheon giver.

In 1889 she offered lunch to 90 ladies at 14 tables.

In the centre of each was a large Dresden candelabrum, with wax lights, each light having a delicate satin shade. The *menu* was printed on the inside of folding tablets, the exterior of which was of red satin. The family monogram was painted on each in gold, and the name of the guest was underneath the monogram. The floral favors were in the form of gentlemen's hats, Indian hampers, and double baskets. These were all filled with the choicest flowers of the season.

A notable feature of the occasion was the elegance of the toilets.

The papers detailed the arrangements of an 1896 affair:

Some of the twenty matrons who attended the mauve luncheon insist it was one of the prettiest ever given in town. It was mauve and gold, and mostly the latter. All the plates that were not gold were mauve color. Even the ices were mauve colored, and a great mound of the lavender orchids was on the table. Clusters of these tied with a ribbon to match were at each place.

Nathalie summered (note teh Wasp verb) at Bar Harbor, first at Ban-Y-Bryn:



Bar Harbor, Me.



Designed by Architect S. V. Stratton, Ban-y-Bryn was built on a steep bluff, with the front of the cottage facing the rustic Maine landscape. The rear of the home, with its prominent turret and several grand porches, overlooked Frenchman's Bay. Rising to four stories, the home consisted of 27 rooms, including seven bedrooms, five bathrooms, five fireplaces, a large stable, seven servants' bedrooms, and additional servants' facilities.

And then at Cornersmeet. There she got into trouble.

Her doctor had told her to eat s partridge a day. She served twenty-five of them out of season in September 1889. The Maine State Game Warden heard about it, and called at Cornersmeet. The housekeeper confessed, Nathalie ended up paying a fine of \$254 and stormed out of Bar Harbor, threatening never to return. Society was aghast.

All day society has been indignantly discussing the "outrage," and the opinion has become quite thoroughly crystallized that a law which attempts to obstruct the gastronomic enjoyment of people is a baneful one.

In March 1901 Mrs Reynal, her son Eugene Sugny, and his fiancée Adeleide Fitzgerald were at Gedney Farms the home of the Willets (where the theft of the Thebaud jewels would later occur). Eugene and Adelaide both came down with scarlet fever and the house was quarantined. Eugene at first recovered but then started failing. A priest was summoned to administer last rites to Eugene. Adelaide was alarmed, and without telling the parents, had the priest marry them in the sick room, with only the doctor and nurse as witnesses.

Nathalie built the church of St. John the Evangelist in White Plains as a memorial to her son Jules, who died as a child. She bought the land, built the church, furnished it, and turned it over to the congregation

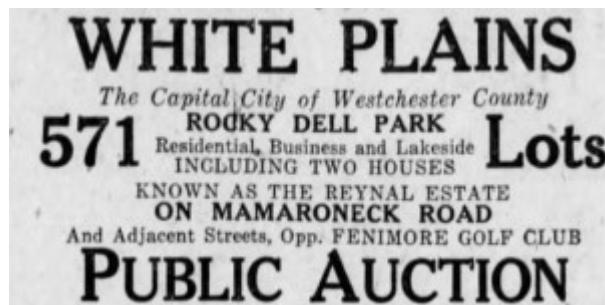
debt-free in 1892. She was buried from there after her death on May 2, 1901.



St .John the Evangelist

In 1910 the New York, Westchester, and Boston Railroad, a J. P. Morgan folly, wanted to build a line through Rocky Dell. The then-owner, Nathaniel Reynal, would not sell a right of way because the railroad would be within a few hundred feet of his house, and the railroad did not want to buy the whole estate.

Change was inevitable, and the Reynal estate was subdivided.



It is now the Rocky Dell and Reynal Park neighborhoods.

Abraham Riker Lawrence



ABRAHAM RIKER LAWRENCE
JUSTICE SUPREME COURT (1873-)
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, NEW YORK (1872)

Abraham Riker Lawrence (September 19, 1832 – February 14, 1917) [1] was an American lawyer, judge, and historian.

Early life[edit]

Abraham was born in New York City on September 19, 1832 and was the namesake of his paternal uncle, Abraham Riker Lawrence, a merchant.[2][3] He was one of eleven children born to John L. Lawrence (1785–1849) and Sarah Augusta (née Smith) Lawrence (1794–1877). Among his siblings was Ann Middleton (née Lawrence) Suydam, who married John Richard Suydam, a merchant and “gentleman well-known in New-York society for his genial and hospitably qualities” (parents of Jane Mesier Suydam),[4] Richard Montgomery Lawrence; and Charles William Lawrence.[5] His father was a New York State Senator, Comptroller of New York City and diplomat (who served as chargé d’Affaires at Stockholm during the absence of U.S. Minister to Sweden Jonathan Russell).[1]

His paternal grandparents were Jonathan Lawrence, a merchant and New York State Senator, and Ruth (née Riker) Lawrence, a member of the Riker family, for whom Rikers Island is named.[6] Among his extended family were uncles, Congressmen Samuel Lawrence and William T. Lawrence, as well as William Beach Lawrence, the Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island, and Brigadier General Albert G. Lawrence.[2] He was also a direct descendant of Capt. James Lawrence, a hero of the War of 1812,[7] and Maj. Thomas Lawrence of the British Army who received a land grant in what became Queens in 1656.[8] His maternal grandparents were Elizabeth (née Woodhull) Smith (daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Woodhull) and General John Tangier Smith, a U.S. Representative and U.S. Senator from New York.[9]

Lawrence was educated at private schools and then attended and graduated from Ballston Spa Law School in Ballston Spa, New York.[9]

Career[edit]

After being admitted to the bar in 1853, he was appointed and served as Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City from 1853 to 1856 and from 1857 to 1858. In 1859, Lawrence wrote *Compilation of the Tax Laws of the State of New York*, with notes of Cases.[10] In 1867, he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. In 1870, he was one of the founders of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York (serving as vice-president in 1905 and 1906).[9]

Political career[edit]

In 1870, he was a leading member of Apollo Hall, [11] a Democratic reform movement founded by New York State Senator James O'Brien as a response to the corruption of Boss Tweed controlled Tammany Hall.[12]

In 1872, Lawrence, then a lawyer doing business at 25 Nassau Street, was selected by both Tammany Hall (even though he had been a vocal opponent of Tammany)[13] and the Greeleyites as the Democratic candidate for mayor of New York City against the O'Brien, the Apollo candidate, and William Frederick Havemeyer, the Republican candidate.[11][14] Lawrence came in second place, losing to Havemeyer,[15] in what became Havemeyer's third non-consecutive term as mayor.[1]

In 1873, he was elected a justice of the Supreme Court of New York. He was reelected in 1887 and served on the bench for twenty-eight years until December 31, 1901.[16] After his retirement, a dinner was given in his honor at Delmonico's and hosted by John Edward Parsons, president of the Bar Association.[16] From 1911 until his death, he served as the official Referee of the Supreme Court.[1]

Society life[edit]

Lawrence was a member of the Union Club, the Century Club and the Manhattan Club. In addition to membership in the Society of Colonial Wars (serving as Chancellor in 1895)[5] and the American Rifle Association, he served two terms as president the 25th President of the Saint Nicholas Society of the City of New York from 1882 to 1883, succeeding Edward Floyd DeLancey.[9] He previously served as fourth vice-president in 1878, second vice-president in 1879, and first vice-president from 1880 to 1881.[17]

Personal life[edit]

In 1860, Lawrence was married to Elizabeth "Eliza" Williams Miner (1838–1915).[18] Eliza was the only daughter of Dr. William Miner and Julia Caroline (née Williams) Miner. Together, Eliza and Abraham were the parents of:[5]

William Miner Lawrence (1861–1935),[8] a member of the New York State Assembly in 1891 who married Lavinia Oliver (1869–1916).[5] Ruth Woodhull Lawrence (1866–1956),[7] who did not marry and who

was a founder of the National Society of Colonial Dames in New York in 1893.[19][7]

Lawrence died at his home, 69 Washington Place in New York City, on February 14, 1917.[1] He was buried at the Lawrence Family Cemetery, on 20th Road and 35th Street, in Astoria, Queens.[20]

Descendants[edit]

Through his son William, he was the grandfather of Oliver P. Lawrence (1892–1975), a U.S. Navy veteran, Clement Lawrence, who died young, and Ruth Lawrence (1902–1992), who married Stuart M. Briggs (son of G. Loring Briggs), in 1926.[21] Ruth, who graduated from Wellesley College in 1925, was one of only five non-family members to inherit from Hetty Green, through her mentorship relationship with Green's son, Edward Howland Robinson Green.[22]

Alfred Newbold Lawrence

1813-1884

married Elizabeth Lawrence

Allen Tupper Brown, War Hero

Allen Tupper Brown (1916-1944), the son of *Clifton Stevenson Brown* and *Katherine Boyce Tupper*, was born in 1916 and was twelve when his father was murdered in 1928.

After his widowed mother met George Marshall, Allen was not initially enthusiastic. His mother recounts

The next summer I told my sons that I had asked Colonel Marshall to visit us at Fire Island as I wanted him to know them. Clifton suspected something at once and said, "If it makes you happier, Mother, it is all right with me." But Allen, then twelve, sad, "I don't know about that, we are happy enough as we are." Early the next morning he came to my room. "It is all right, Mother, about your asking Colonel Marshall." That summer George told me that Allen had written him a most amusing letter in which he said, "I hope you will come to Fire Island. Don't be nervous, it is OK with me. (Signed) A friend in need is a friend indeed. Allen Brown." And they were friends until the end."

Allen went to Gilman in Baltimore, and then to Woodberry Forest and the University of Virginia. He started in the promotion department of the *New York Times* in 1936.

Allen married **Margaret “Madge” Goodman Sheden** of Westchester; he was Katherine’s youngest child and the first to be married. They had one son, Allen Tupper Brown Jr. (Tupper), and lived on a farm house in Poughkeepsie.

In November 1942 Allen enlisted in the Armored Force. He went to OCS at Fort Knox, and in June 1943 graduated as a second lieutenant. Just before going to African in August 1943. Allen and Clifton and James Winn were at Dodona, the family house in Leesburg. There:

Jim, a Regular Army officer, and Clifton, being a bit down in the mouth that Allen, the youngest and last in the service, was to be the first to get to the front. As we [the Marshalls] approached the Allen was saying, “why shouldn’t I go over first? I am a tanker, and the task lead the fight.”

Clifton broke in with, “Where would the tanks be without the Antiaircraft?”

Jim came back with, “Who clears the way for the tankers? – the Field Artillery.”C

For that dinner I had provided all of the things Allen like most.

After dinner we had quite a ceremony. In the field below the house I had dug up an old horseshoe, a rather small one that had probably been on the hoof of some ante-bellum lady’s riding mare. We gathered in front of the garage while Allen

hung up the horseshoe, and we drank to his health once again. I recall that at first he hung the shoe with the points down A protest went up – his luck would run out – so it was taken down and while Madge held it in place Allen nailed it with the points up. The next morning he flew off for England on his way to the front.



2nd Lieutenant Allen Tupper Brown

On June 29, 1943 George wrote to his stepson, to whom he was very close. They had both gone to pains to conceal their relationship, lest Allen be the recipient of any favoritism. George, however, did intervene, against his own policy, after Allen graduated from OCS. George explained that

I feel quite differently about intervening in this way when it is a move to the front rather than the opposite.

That is, instead of protecting Allen, he had acceded to Allen's desire to be sent to the front and put in danger.

Clifton and Allen were together at the battle of Monte Cassino and then Allen left for the Anzio Beachhead. Allen wrote

I feel sorry for any German in Italy. The horseshoe had held my luck. I shall take it down this Christmas and keep it for the rest of my life.



Sherman tanks disembarking at Anzio

Allen commanded a tank at Anzio.

Just after receiving these letters from Allen and Clifford on the morning before Decoration Day, George left for the office, but returned an hour later,

General Devers reported that at 10 AM on May 29, 1944 that near Campoleone

Allen was killed in action on the 29th while leading his platoon in an attack west of Velletri. He was shot by a sniper when he stood up in his turret to observe the front with his field glasses.

Other reports indicate the sniper through a hand grenade.

Clifton later told his mother that

He had reached the scene a few hours after Allen's death and had been given permission to go to the front. Not wishing to expose a driver to unnecessary danger he had driven himself and talked to each man in Allen's platoon. He has collected his brother's belongings and attended his funeral on Decoration Day. Gathering some flowers in a near-by field he had placed them on Allen's grave for Madge and me.

Here is the last letter that his mother wrote to Allen. It is marked "return to sender."



Katherine went to Fire Island.

I went to my room and hanging in my closet was a black sweater, from Allen's Woodberry days, with a big bock "W" in yellow. I opened my top drawer and a white box lay there. Removing the lid I found the box full of bronze medals such as little boys win at swimming races, and there along the medals was small gold football marked "Allen Tupper Brown."

The Marshalls received hundreds of letters of condolence. George answered them all personally to spare Katherine. The one letter that brought Katherine some comfort said

Your son will always be young and unafraid, he will never have to grow old, he will never know such grief as yours.

Allen was Katherine's youngest child and the first to die.

On June 20, 1944, George was in Italy and visited the Anzio cemetery and spent a half hour at Allen's raw grave. He then went to the spot where Allen was killed. When George visited Pius XII in 1948, he and Katherine went to the Anzio military cemetery to visit Allen's grave.



The American Cemetery

In July, 1937, Allen had written a letter to the *New York Times*:

When a man becomes of importance to the world is it necessary for him to forget the common decencies of life?

Should a man become so great that when encountering opposition to a cause that is of greatest interest his feelings should be so contorted as to let him dwarf the death of a friend and supporter beside an issue of political importance? Should any man become so great that into his personality creeps a slight stubbornness and a touch of ego that unbends to nothing, not even to death? How great is a great man?

Madge's brother, Lt. Robert L. Shedden of the Army Air Force, had been killed while on a mission over Europe on January 22, 1943.

Madge married **John White Pendleton** (1908-1971), a VMI graduate and Rhodes scholar.

Allen Tupper Brown, Jr.

Tupper Jr. on left, with his cousins Kitty and Jimmy Winn

There is an Allen Tupper Brown who is still alive; he may be the surviving son.

Anne Elizabeth Tonetti, Actress



Mary Trimble Lawrence Tonetti with Lydia, Anne, and Joseph 1906

Anne (also Ann and Annette) Elizabeth Tonetti was born on March 15, 1903 at 136 East 40th St in New York, the daughter of [Mary Trimble Lawrence](#) and François Tonetti, and therefore my wife's fourth cousin twice removed. Anne was raised in an artistic household, as both her mother and father were sculptors, and she also lived in the family compound-artists colony at Snedens Landing.

Her mother took Anne to see Isadora Duncan at the Met, and Anne decided to be a dancer. She and her sister Alexandra attended Elisabeth Duncan's School of the Dance where they associated with Maurice Stern, Pablo Casals, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Gertrude Stein, and of course Isadora. Ann took a leave from Miss Chapin's School to tour Europe in a dance troop with Isadora and the Isadorables.



Anne at 17



Anne as a dancer



Anne as an actress



Scene in "Saturday's Children," showing with Ruth Gordon as Bobbie O'Neil, and **Anne Tonetti**, as Mrs. Gorlik, the landlady, who is expressing her suspicions of lady boarders who entertain "gents" behind closed doors. The play is in its second week in Detroit.
White Studio.

Anne in Saturday's Children

She then had a brief career as an actress. She appeared in

Roadside

Between Two Worlds

The Road to Yesterday

Saturday's Children as "proverbial keeper of a boarding house"

Mrs. Partridge Presents as Madame La Fleur

The Green Hat as Sister Clothilde

Tea for Three

He Who Gets Slapped

Lay Christalinda

Cyrano de Bergerac as the Duenna

Street Scene as "a gossipy scandal monger" with "queenie" the dog.

Roadside

Between Two Worlds

The Constant Sinner with Mae West

In 1929 she took a tour of the Soviet Union and did her Auntie Mame act:

PAJAMA FAD TAKEN UP BY U. S. PARTY IN RUSSIA

**Men and Women Tourists
Wearing Night Garments
Throughout Day.**

By the Associated Press.

KISLOVODSK, Aug. 3.—American men and women, members of the delegation touring Soviet Russia for business and professional observations, have taken to wearing pajamas throughout the day.

Riding down the Volga River many in the party, oppressed by the temperature, attired themselves in bathing suits, but soon found this less practicable than wearing pajamas.

As they sat in their shimmering Japanese silken night garments in two huge dining cars attached to a special train, New York society women such as Miss Alice De Lamar, Miss Jane Breed, Miss Mary Van Renssalaer Cogswell, and Miss Anne Tonetti resembled gay figures at a masquerade ball. They seemed wholly undisturbed by the amazement of the Russians along the route.

While motoring to Caucasian health resorts nearby yesterday in their light flimsy dress, many Americans were caught in a heavy rainstorm and drenched to the skin. They took refuge in a Russian sanatorium at Eseentuki where Communist surgeons supplied them with dry shirts and blouses.

The architect Eric Gugler rented a house from Mary Tonetti. It was directly across from the studio on 40th St, and he met Anne. They married in 1931; Judge Benjamin Cardozo performed the ceremony.

Anne Tonetti Gugler 1937

Anne had to deal with a certain amount on financial irresponsibility on the art of her mother Mary and her husband. Mary lost the properties on 40th St to foreclosure Mary at first rented the houses that she owned in Snedens landing for \$15-20 a month to artists, She therefore lost about 12,000-15,000 a year and this was in the 1920s and 1930s. Ann tried to bring financial sanity and pay all the bills. Mary tore up the withholding checks to Social Security. Ann tried to reason with her; Mary responded “Ever since your telegram about my bank account, I have been plunged into deepest gloom.” Fortunately Mary kept the property at Snedens Landing, and after the Depression it steadily increased in value.

Actresses Anne Gugler, Katherine Cornell, and Sandy McAllister with Dachsund, 1978

In 1979 Anne Gugler donated the Cascade on the Snedens Landing property to Palisades Park Commission. She also gave the Metropolitan two bronzes by St. Gaudens:

Augustus Saint-Gaudens
Mrs. Stanford White (Bessie
Springs Smith), 1884, cast 1893
The Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York, Gift of Anne Tonetti
Gugler, 1981

Robert Louis Stevenson

Anne died at Snedens Landing March 22, 1990.

Anne Parsons Breese, Lady Alistair Innes Ker

Anne Parsons Breese (1889-1959) was the daughter of William Lawrence Breese and Mar Louise Parsons. And therefore the eighth cousin, twice removed of my wife. Anne moved to England when her widowed mother married Henry Vincent Higgins, the impresario of Covent Garden.





Like her sister Eloise, Anne married (October 10, 1907) into British aristocracy: Alistair Robert Innes Ker, the younger brother of the childless Duke of Roxburghe. Alistair was not wealthy, and according to the papers neither was Anne.

The wedding is the culmination of a genuine love match. Lord Alistair, though belonging to one of the noblest families of England, is by no means wealthy. The bride is not wealthy either, and the young people will have to live quietly, but, it is said, the Duchess of Roxburghe, who was Miss May Goelet of New York, will give them a small but completely furnished house in Mayfair.

In October 1908 Anne gave birth to a son, the heir presumptive of the title of the Duke of Roxburghe.

However on September 7, 1913 the Duchess gave birth to George Innes Ker, who became the ninth Duke, Anne professed relief. She

is in no way disgruntled, being among the first to proffer congratulations and declaring frankly she considers the Goelet millions really necessary to maintain such a palatial residence as Floors Castle.



Floors Castle

Her husband, Lieut. Col. Lord Alistair Robert Innes Ker, seems to have been a career military man. He received both the King's and Queen's medal for his service in the Boer War, and received the Distinguished Service Order in November 1914. He retired from the army in 1930 and died in 1936, only 55 years old.



Alistair Robert Innes Ker

Their son, Alistair James, was killed in action in Normandy on July 6, 1944 when his tank burst into flames. His body was never recovered, and he is commemorated in the Bayeux Memorial.



Anne lived until 1959. Her other children, David Charles (1910-1957) and Eloise (1915-1996), survived her.

Arthur Coit Gilman: From Success to Dishonor

Effingham Lawrence's daughter Bessie Amelia was my wife's first cousin, four times removed. Bessie in 1878 at Magnolia Plantation in Louisiana married Arthur Coit Gilman (1855-1890).

The *Independent* in Helena, Montana, covered this Christmas Eve wedding:

The ceremony took place shortly after 10 o'clock, and the scene on the plantation when the steamboat brought the invited guests from New Orleans shortly before that hour, was a most picturesque one. For a full quarter of a mile the river bank was dotted with bonfires, while through the orange grove, which separated the mansion from the Mississippi, twinkled numberless lights. Hundreds of negroes many of whom used to be Colonel Lawrence's slaves, were scattered along the river bank and through the grounds, all of them in the jolliest mood. Of course the bride was lovely, and all the appointments of the wedding most elaborate, but the distinguishing feature of the affair, after all, was the hearty participation of the colored people. Just back of the mansion they were served a sumptuous banquet, and, when the feast was over, they sang the old plantation songs and danced the old plantation dances, with even more vim and enjoyment than in the old days. Altogether the midnight scene

The Gilmans lived in New York and had three children, Arthur Lawrence (1878-1939), Edward Coit (1879-1909), and Joseph Lawrence (1881-1962). The Gilmans included scientists and Congregational ministers in their background. Arthur Coit Gilman was the nephew of Daniel Coit Gilman (1831-1908), the first president of Johns Hopkins University and co-founder of Gilman School.



Arthur Lawrence, Edward, and Joseph c. 1890

But something went disastrously wrong with Arthur.

Arthur started off as an office boy at the tea firm L. H. Labaree and Co. in March 1879 at \$8 a week. He worked his way up to partner, without investing a dollar. He lived very well: he had a house in Flushing (like his Lawrence relatives) and belonged to numerous clubs. He and his wife were among the first box holders at the Metropolitan Opera. Arthur “was an ardent Wagnerian and was active in defense of the composer’s work.”

On December 15, 1890, Arthur said he was not feeling well and would not go to work. He sent a telegram to that effect to the office. His wife and her sister went shopping in town, and he told them he would join them for lunch at Delmonico’s if he felt better. He then went to his room.

Mr. Labaree received the telegram. He had some business to discuss with Arthur, so he took the train to Flushing. The servant discovered that the bedroom door was locked and was unable to rouse Arthur. They broke the door in, and discovered Arthur, partly clothed, lying on the bed, dead. A physician was called and pronounced that Arthur had died of heart failure.

Several months later it was discovered that he had taken \$220,000 (\$5,000,000 in 2015 dollars) from the firm, which was consequently near bankruptcy. Independent auditors examined the books and said that

the defalcations had been continuous, deliberate, and intentional, extending from June 1884 to December 1890, and had been conducted with a degree of skill and baseness of treachery which can find but few cases to parallel.

What he did with the money was never known; his income was sufficient to pay for his living expenses. The money he had stolen simply vanished. In the firm’s safe were discovered life insurance policies that Arthur had taken out, naming his wife as beneficiary. They totaled \$56,000 (\$1,500,000 in 2015 dollars). The firm claimed these policies on the grounds that the money taken from the firm had

paid the premiums. The policies were put in a trust and the matter went to court. Mrs. Gilman maintained that the firm was entitled only to the amount of premiums paid, not to the benefit of the policy. The policies were the only asset left to her. The revelation of the theft and timing of his death also raised suspicions of suicide; but by that time it was too late to do an autopsy.

The Supreme Court of New York made this decision:

Held, that the plaintiff was entitled to recover the amount of such premiums as were paid from firm moneys by Gilman in fraud of the rights of the firm, but that he was not entitled to recover the moneys realized from the policies themselves.

That the partnership relation forbade the idea that one partner could steal or embezzle from the firm, inasmuch as each partner had an undivided part of the whole, and not the whole of an undivided part of the firm property.

That, as the wife had an assurable interest, protected by the laws of the State, the policy and its proceeds were not solely the result of Gilman's payment of the premiums. (Per O'BRIEN, J.)

That, therefore, assuming the partnership relation to be one of trust, equity would not follow a fund diverted, but which had been subsequently invested so as to unite it with other property interests or rights, and give the whole investment to the party whose money had been diverted. (Per O'BRIEN, J.)

His widow moved in with her sister, Helen Lawrence, and died in 1987.

Arthur Lawrence Gilman, Music Critic

Lawrence Gilman and the World of Music

Arthur Lawrence Gilman (1878-1939) always used the name Lawrence Gilman. (See his father's entry for a possible explanation of his omission of Arthur.) He was the son of Arthur Coit Gilman (1855-1890) and Bessie Amelia Lawrence (1858-1937). He was therefore the second cousin, three times removed, of my wife.

He was a painter and taught himself music theory and composition, piano, and organ. He set three of W. B. Yeats' poems for voice and piano: "A Dream of Death," "The Heart of a Woman," and "The Curlew." He also wrote an unpublished opera in the style of Wagner.



The very young Lawrence Gilman

He was most active American music critics of the first part of the twentieth century. He was the music critic of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and of *Harper's Weekly*, the annotator of orchestral programs for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the radio commentator for broadcasts of New York Philharmonic concerts. His comments are still quoted in contemporary program notes.

A contemporary remembered Lawrence:

Lawrence Gilman of the *Herald Tribune* was a...suave, sensitive and rather morose individual of extremely aesthetic appearance who wore a fur-collared overcoat, worked for hours over each carefully turned paragraph, and produced a type of elegantly tortured prose that many New York concertgoers regarded as literature. Gilman shut out the coarse sounds of the nonmusical world by wearing plugs of cotton in his ears, except when he was on the job. At concerts, he would remove his overcoat, sit, remove his earplugs, and listen with polite concentration. When he left the concert hall the earplugs would be back securely in place.



The young Lawrence Gilman

[Here](#) is a video with Lawrence's voice in 1934 introducing Otto Klemperer conducting Bruckner's Symphony No. 9.



Books

Lawrence wrote prolifically: *Phases of Modern Music* (1904), *The Music of Tomorrow* (1906), *Stories of Symphonic Music* (1907), *A Guide to Strauss' Salome* (1907), *A Guide to Debussy's Pelleas et Melisande* (1907), *Edward MacDowell: A Study* (1909), *Aspects of Modern Opera* (1908), *Nature in Music* (1914), *A Christmas Meditation* (1916), *Music and the Cultivated Man* (1929), *Wagner's Operas* (1937), and *Toscanini and Great Music* (1938).

Invective

Lawrence had a sharp tongue.

He, like his parents, was a Wagnerian:

Since that day when, a quarter of a century ago, Richard Wagner ceased to be a dynamic figure in the life of the world, the history of operatic art has been, save for a few conspicuous exceptions, a barren and unprofitable page.

He did not like bel canto:

A plain-spoken and not too reverent observer of contemporary musical manners, discussing the melodic style of the Young Italian opera-makers, has observed that it is fortunate in that it "gives the singers opportunity to pour out

their voices in that lavish volume and intensity which provoke applause as infallibly as horseradish provokes tears."

Webern was not to his liking:

Webern's *Five Pieces* were as clearly significant and symptomatic as a toothache...Men of our generation...aim, in such extreme cases as Webern, at a pursuit of the infinitesimal, which may strike the unsympathetic as a tonal glorification of the amoeba...There is undeniably a touch of the protozoic...scarcely perceptible tonal wraiths, mere wisps and shreds of sound, fugitive astral vapors...though one or twice there are briefly vehement outbursts, as of a gnat enraged..the Lilliputian *Fourth Piece* is typical of the set. It opens with an atonal solo for the mandolin; the trumpet speaks as briefly and atonally; the trombone drops a tearful minor ninth (the amoeba weeps)....

Stravinsky pleased Lawrence not:

The *History of a Soldier* is tenth-rate Stravinsky. It is probably the nearest that any composer of consequence has ever come to achieving almost complete infantilism ... Regarded as a sort of musical comic strip, it is abysmally inferior, in wit, comedic power, and salience of characterization, to Mr. Herriman's "Krazy Kat,"for instance.

He did not like Gershwin, who did not follow Wagner's dictates about music drama:

Perhaps it is needlessly Draconian to begrudge Mr. Gershwin the song hits which he has scattered through his score [Porgy and Bess] and which will undoubtedly enhance his fame and popularity. Yet they jar it. They are its cardinal weakness. They are the blemish upon its musical integrity. Listening to such sure-fire rubbish as the duet between Porgy and Bess, "You is my woman now,"...you wonder how the composer could stoop to such easy and needless conquests.

He didn't like Gershwin's orchestral music either:

How trite and feeble and conventional the tunes are [in the Rhapsody in Blue]; how sentimental and vapid the harmonic treatment, under its guise of fussy and futile counterpoint!... Weep over the lifelessness of the melody and harmony, so derivative, so stale, so inexpressive!

Massenet was a mess:

There have been brave men in France; but of them all, surely the bravest was the late Jules Emile Frederic Massenet. This intrepid composer, gifted with the spiritual distinction of a butler, the compassionate understanding of a telephone girl, and the expressive capacity of an amorous tomtit, had the courage to choose as a subject for music the greatest of all tragi-comedies, the most exquisitely piteous figure in the imaginative literature of the world. Monsieur Massenet, composer of *Manon* and the *Meditation Réligieuse*, selected as

the theme for an opera the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, and with it he did his worst. The result of this incredible adventure was displayed to us on Saturday afternoon.

Opera in modern settings tended to bathos:

In choosing the subject for this music-drama, Puccini set himself a task to which even his extraordinary competency as a lyric-dramatist has not quite been equal. As every one knows, the story for which Puccini has here sought a lyrico-dramatic expression is that of an American naval officer who marries little "Madame Butterfly" in Japan, deserts her, and cheerfully calls upon her three years later with the "real" wife whom he has married in America. The name of this amiable gentleman is Pinkerton—B.F. Pinkerton—or, in full, Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton. Now it would scarcely seem to require elaborate argument to demonstrate that the presence in a highly emotional lyric-drama of a gentleman named Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton—a gentleman who is, moreover, the hero of the piece—is, to put it briefly, a little inharmonious. The matter is not helped by the fact that the action is of to-day, and that one bears away from the performance the recollection of Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton asking his friend, the United States consul at Nagasaki, if he will have some whiskys-and-soda. There lingers also a vaguer memory of the consul declaring, in a more or less lyrical phrase, that he "is not a student of ornithology."

The Critic Criticized

Lawrence made a passing remark about a supposed decision of a Council that women have no souls. This provoked the ire of the Jesuits at *America*.

But who is Mr. Lawrence Gilman? A thousand pardons! Thumb your *Who's Who*, brother, and when found, make a note on't, that Mr. Lawrence Gilman is a gentleman with a weakness for music, a young-eyed cherub, fond of harmony,, he has written a guide to Strauss's *Salome*; he is said to be an authority on *Certain Aspects of Modern Drama*; and – be it spoken – he is the musical critic on the staff of the *North American Review*, Higher than this dizzy eminence, fame mounts but slowly; yet one gathers from the modest reticence of the *Who's Who* paragraph, that Mr. Gilman likewise plays very prettily upon the organ and piano.

Seated one day at the organ, Mr. Gilman was borne on the strains of melody into new fields. He had lately read a treatise by Herr Emil Lucka, "a young Viennese philosopher whose remarkable book *Eros* attempts no less staggering a task than the study of the evolution of human love." "Young" is a pat phrase, even as is "staggering" yet each is superfluous, for none but a young man would choose this topic, and even

the most matured intellect would stagger under the burden. But, O woful day, on which music and metaphysics, with a dash of poetry and a hint of mysticism, met together in the heaving bosom of Mr. Lawrence Gilman! They met, but they kissed not; the fought; the dust of the battle and the shouting possessed the brain of the unhappy organist; the resulting phantasmagoria ran into Mr. Gilman's pen to issue forth on page 910 of the *North American Review*: "In the beginning of the twelfth century a new and unprecedented emotion – spiritual love of man for woman based on personality – made its appearance. Woman, one despised –woman, to whom at the Council of Mâcon a soul had been denied – became now a queen, a divinity."

This was of course nonsense. *America* continued

The statement then, that woman was denied a soul by the Council of Mâcon or any other Council, indicates in him who makes it, either ignorance, or a disregard of the Eighth Commandment. In Mr. Gilman it indicates ignorance, the outcome of a trusting gentle nature. His poetic mind views with amiable tolerance the hoary legends of the past; he is devoid of the critical spirit; his head is in the clouds. Very likely some suffragette, impatient of Romish conservatism, whispered this tale into his guileless ear.

And so on.

Family

Lawrence Gilman married Elizabeth Wright Walter (1875-1964) on August 1, 1904. They had one child, Elizabeth Lawrence Gilman (1905-2006). Lawrence Gilman died at Sugar Hill, in Grafton, New Hampshire September 8, 1939. The New York Philharmonic broadcast a memorial concert for him on October 22, 1939, with Siegfried's Funeral March and the closing scene of *Gotterdammerung*.

At the Name of Effingham

Bishop Potter alludes to Francis Effingham Lawrence's middle name, which Francis usually concealed under an humble E.

It is characteristic of the intrinsic modesty of his nature that, though his middle name, Effingham, descended to him through a long line of honorable, and, in its trans-Atlantic connections, noble ancestry, he himself never used it, and during his whole life wrote in connection with his signature only its initial letter.

The Lawrence family believed that they were related to the Earls of Effingham. Supposedly Joseph Lawrence married a Mary Townley, whose sister Dorothy married an Earl of Effingham. These Townley sisters were supposedly members of the wealthy Townley family of Townley Hall.

This never happened.

What in fact happened is that Thomas Lawrence (1580-1625) married Joan Antrobus (1592-1659) and had three sons, William, Thomas, and Joseph. The father died; his widow Joann married John Tuttle (1596-1656) and all of them came to Massachusetts on the *Planter* in 1635.

William Lawrence (1622-1680) married Elizabeth Smith. He died; she married Philip Carteret, governor of New Jersey (1639-1682). He died, and she married Richard Nicholas Townley (1629-1711), and by him had a son Effingham Townley. Richard Townley had come to Virginia in 1683 in the suite of the Earl of Effingham, and presumably named his son after his patron. Richard Townley was not a member of the Townley family of Townley Hall.

The Townley family of Townley Hall had only one daughter at this time. There were not three Townley daughters of Richard Townley (1629-1707), but only one: Mary Anne Dorothy Townley. Because the family had previously been in the custom of giving only one name to their children, the daughter with three names was inadvertently later identified as three daughters, two of whom were non-existent, but were nonetheless useful in providing the Lawrence family with an aristocratic connection.

In any case, there is no evidence that any Earl of Effingham ever married a Townley of any Townley family; and the peerage, as it was important for matters of inheritance, was extremely accurate.

I presume the conceit that they were related to the Earls of Effingham by marriage must have started early among the Lawrences to produce such a fine crop of Effinghams through the centuries, who extended their flight from the name as far as Tasmania.

As Bertie Wooster once said “*There’s some dirty work done at the font sometimes, Jeeves!*”

- Effingham Lawrence (many, many of these)
- Effingham Bulkey Lawrence
- Edward Effingham lawrence
- Watson Effingham Lawrence
- Francis Effingham Lawrence
- William Effingham Lawrence (one of these went to Tasmania)
- Owen Effingham Lawrence (of the First Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen)
- Effingham Calvert Lawrence
- Effingham Nicoll Lawrence
- Joseph Effingham Lawrence
- Albert Effingham Lawrence etc. etc. etc.

The contagion extended to families related by marriage:

- Effingham Embree
- Effingham Townley (several of these)
- Effingham Townsend
- William Effingham Townsend
- Lawrence Effingham Embree
- Effingham Lawrence Townsend
- Effingham Maynard
- Effingham H. Nichols
- Effingham Warner
- Charles Effingham Townley
- Effingham Lawrence Capron
- William Effingham Lawrence Hunter etc. etc. etc.

And there are many suspicious E.'s in the Lawrence family.

And women:

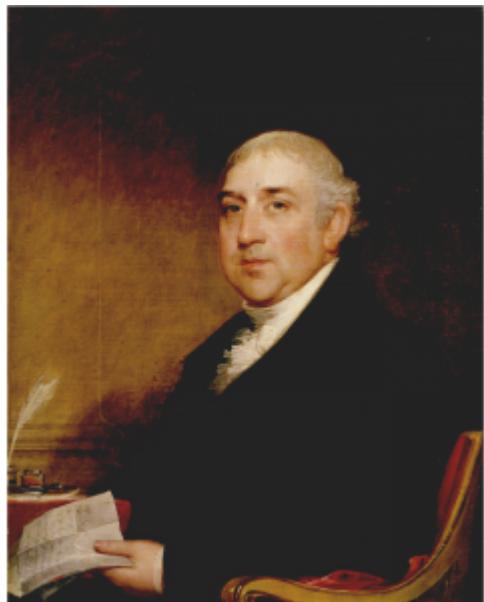
- Frances Effingham Lawrence
- Bertha Effingham Lawrence Newton Davison

Not to mention the Effies:

- Effie Lawrence
- Francis Effie Lawrence
- Effie Humphrey

All this would be harmless enough, only afflicting boys with a name they would rather not have (although it's better than Sue), but vanity combined with greed involved the Lawrence family in one of the classic cons of the nineteenth century, which I will cover in another blog.

Augustine Hicks Lawrence and the Buttonwood Tree



Augustine Hicks Lawrence

Augustine Hicks Lawrence (1769-1828), the son of Augustine Lawrence (1719-1794) and of Joanna Annajte van Zandt (1729-1809). He is my wife's fifth cousin, five times removed. He married Catherine Abramse Luquer (many variant spellings) (1729-1809). They had many, many children and numerous descendants.

The picture above, painted by Gilbert Stuart, was given to the New York Historical Society by his granddaughter, [Eloise Lawrence Breese Norrie](#).

Like many of the Lawrence clan, he was involved in the finances of New York. He was the youngest founder of the New York Stock Exchange, which met under the Buttonwood tree on Wall Street.



The **Buttonwood Agreement**, which took place on May 17, 1792, started the New York Stock & Exchange Board now called the [New York Stock Exchange](#). This agreement was signed by 24 stockbrokers outside of 68 Wall Street New York under a buttonwood tree. The organization drafted its constitution on March 8, 1817, and named itself the “New York Stock & Exchange Board”.

We the Subscribers, Brokers for the Purchase and Sale of the Public Stock, do hereby solemnly promise and pledge ourselves to each other, that we will not buy or sell from this day for any person whatsoever, any kind of Public Stock, at a less rate than one quarter percent Commission on the Specie value of and that we will give preference to each other in our Negotiations. In Testimony whereof we have set our hands this 17th day of May at New York, 1792.

Augustine was prominent in business and government.

A stock and insurance broker, banker, and commission merchant, he was in business by 1790 and was a partner in the firms of [Francis] Lewis & Lawrence ; Augustine H. Lawrence & Co. ; and Augustine H. Lawrence & Augustine N. Lawrence, with his son. By 1795, his firm was located at 40 Wall Street, and Lawrence had European business ties in London, Paris, and Amsterdam. According to Walter Barrett in The Old Merchants of New York, Lawrence was a close friend of DeWitt Clinton, Mayor of New York in 1803-07/1808-10/1811-15, who called him "The Chancellor of the Exchequer," for "his financial abilities as the manager of the city funds and chairman of the finance committee, [and] alderman of the third ward." The latter refers to his service as assistant alderman in 1809-13 and as alderman in 1814-16. He also was a director of the New-York Insurance Co., Bank of America, Farmers' Fire Insurance & Loan Co., Globe Insurance Co., and other companies. In 1801, the Lawrence family moved to 23 Robinson Street. According to the 1810 census, the family owned two slaves at that time .

Exemplifying his wealth and social status, Lawrence's portrait was painted by the eminent artist Gilbert Stuart.

It is fitting that Augustine has left his mark on the physical structure of the city. In 2009 his house was designated an historical landmark:



94 Greenwich Street, New York

Around the corner is an extraordinary triplet of Georgian row houses, 94-96 Greenwich Street, built by Augustine H. Lawrence in 1798-99. The very existence of a cohesive 18th-century group is astonishing enough, but the corner house

— once home to a merchant and alderman named Jonathan Lawrence — is also in remarkably good condition above the loud storefronts on the first floor. Nine windows overlooking Rector Street have elegant splayed lintels with double keystones. Above them, the outline of the original steeply pitched roof can be discerned.

What makes this house highly significant is that it is among only five surviving houses of Manhattan's most elite neighborhood of the post-Revolutionary War era, the others including the Watson House (1793, 1806), 7 State Street, and Dickey House (1809-10), 67 Greenwich Street, both designated New York City Landmarks. No. 94 Greenwich Street is among the relatively rare extant Manhattan houses of the Federal period and style, is one of the oldest houses in Manhattan, and is one of only seven pre-1810 houses located south of Chambers Street, the oldest section of New York City.

Its history has been reconstructed:

The Federal style rowhouse at No. 94 Greenwich Street in Lower Manhattan was constructed c.1799-1800 as an investment property, right after this block was created through landfill and Greenwich and Rector Streets had been laid out. At the time, this was the most fashionable neighborhood for New York's social elite and wealthy merchant class. The owner of No. 94 was Augustine Hicks Lawrence, a prominent stock and insurance broker, banker, and commission merchant, who served as director of a number of banks and companies, as well as an assistant alderman and alderman in 1809-16. What makes this house highly significant is that it is among only five surviving houses of Manhattan's most elite neighborhood of the post-Revolutionary War era, the others including the Watson House , 7 State Street, and Dickey House , 67 Greenwich Street, both designated New York City Landmarks. No. 94 Greenwich Street is among the relatively rare extant Manhattan houses of the Federal period and style, is one of the oldest houses in Manhattan, and is one of only seven pre-1810 houses located south of Chambers Street, the oldest section of New York City.

As constructed, the house was three-and-a-half stories with a high peaked gambrel roof – the outline of the original roofline is still visible on the Rector Street facade. It features Flemish bond brickwork and splayed lintels on the second and third stories, those on the Rector Street facade are marble with double keystones, while the Greenwich Street facade has splayed brick lintels. By 1810, No. 94 had become a boardinghouse for merchants and professional men , housed a porterhouse by 1837, and was listed as a hotel in 1841. The building was raised one full story prior to 1858, and has a two-story rear addition dating from c. 1853/1873. The building remained in the possession of Lawrence family descendants until 1921, and has housed a variety of

commercial tenants. Despite alterations, the 94 Greenwich Street House is recognizable as a grand early Federal style rowhouse, made particularly notable by its height, corner location with two primary facades, the visible outline of the original gambrel roofline on the Rector Street facade, and its splayed marble lintels with double keystones.

Beginning in 1810, today's Nos. 94 and 94-1/2 Greenwich Street were combined internally and operated as an elite boardinghouse primarily for merchants and professional men.

At the death of Augustine H. Lawrence in 1828, his three houses at Nos. 94, 94-1/2, and 96 Greenwich Street, among his most valuable assets, were bequeathed to his three married daughters, and to their future heirs: No. 16 Rector was left to Joanna Lawrence McCrea; No. 94 Greenwich to Sarah Middagh Lawrence Benson; and No. 96 Greenwich to Eliza Lawrence Mactier; his son and business partner, Augustine Nicholas Lawrence, inherited the Stuart portrait of his father.

1850-51, No. 94 Greenwich was the Union Hotel, under the proprietorship of J[ean]. Baptiste Pelissier & Co.

Between 1860 and 1888, Nos. 94 and 94-1/2 Greenwich Street were jointly leased and occupied by the extended families of the Irish-born James and Thomas Cherry, presumably brothers. City directories listed James Cherry at No. 94 as a liquor dealer between 1860 and 1884, but an 1870 commercial directory listed the address as No. 94-1/2; Capt. Thomas Cherry was a policeman. The censuses of 1860, 1870, and 1880 indicated that between eight and eleven families lived in the two buildings. From 1862 to 1872, Otto Hemken operated a drugstore at 94 Greenwich Street, definitely this building as it was located on the corner; and Charles Wilson, oyster saloon/eatinghouse, was listed at that address in 1864-66. A shoe store was located in No. 14-16 Rector Street between c. 1868 and 1883, under Lewis Wenith , Patrick Casey , and John Kirwan . In 1873, James Cherry added a second story to the building's Rector Street wing. From 1885 to 1921, Michael L. Shannon, liquor dealer , was listed at No. 94 Greenwich Street.

A tenant, the Pussycat Lounge, occupied one of Augustine's buildings and campaigned for its historical designation:

The proprietor of a topless bar is attempting to prevent a hotel developer from developing his space two and a half blocks south of ground zero by invoking the Landmarks Preservation Law.

Robert Kremer, who holds the lease on the Pussycat Lounge, spoke in favor of landmark designation of one of Manhattan's oldest houses at a public hearing yesterday at the Landmarks Preservation Commission.

Preservationists say 96 Greenwich Street House, along with the adjacent 94 and 94 1/2 Greenwich St. buildings, are rare examples of a row of Federal-style houses, offering a glimpse of early New York. The area south of ground zero has suffered from being blocked off from the rest of the city by the 16-acre void left at the site of the former World Trade Center. Recently, developer Joseph Moinian has begun work on a 53-story hotel and condominium nearby. Much of the financial district has seen conversion to residential from office space in the past few years as the nature of downtown has changed toward a more full-time environment.

The Pussycat Lounge, long a neighborhood watering hole for Wall Street brokers and civil servants, sits on an eclectic block that also has a boxing gym and delis. A long bar runs most of the length of the Pussycat Lounge, behind which is a stage where scantily clad women perform. A small knight and a cat are design props upon the stage. The second floor is a rock 'n' roll club.

The executive director of the Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation, Andrew Berman, said these structures, built when John Adams was president, were among the few surviving relics of the first era of development in New York.

At the hearing, architect Gene Kaufman, whose client is Greenwich Hospitality LLC, an affiliate of developer Sam Chang, said that because relatively little of the fabric and design of the original building at 96 Greenwich St. remain, the building did not merit designation.

Simeon Bankoff, who said he was speaking on his own behalf and not in his capacity as executive director of the Historic Districts Council, said that regardless of the alterations, the 18th-century building's significance was not diminished. He said, metaphorically, "You don't throw out your grandma just because she has new teeth."

The president of the Real Estate Board of New York, Steve Spinola, had not examined these buildings on Greenwich Street, but told The New York Sun that there was a great deal of interest in building hotels in Lower Manhattan. "There's a clear understanding that there's not enough hotel room downtown," Mr. Spinola said. He added that business is thriving downtown, and the residential side of real estate has grown there. He said that when the memorial at ground zero is built, anticipated visitors to the area will number in the millions.

Those speaking on behalf of landmarking the buildings included a vice president of Doremus Financial Printing, Thomas Tyrrel, who praised them as "monuments to our past." Lisa Kersavage of the Municipal Art Society quoted architectural critic Ada Louise Huxtable, saying these buildings were among "accidental and anonymous survivors" of the city's early years.

Mr. Kremer, who said he has owned Pussycat Lounge since 1974, has filed suit in state Supreme Court, arguing that he has an ownership interest in 96 Greenwich St. An attorney for Greenwich Hospitality LLC, Robert Davis of Bryan Cave, said his client was the bona fide purchaser of the building.

Mr. Kremer said he was prepared to fully restore 96 Greenwich St., and that he still had the original doors from Ryan's, the predecessor bar. Alternatively, assuming the LPC did not designate 96 Greenwich St., Mr. Kaufman said his client would restore the façade to the other two buildings to standards determined by the LPC. In that case, the building at 96 Greenwich St. would become part of the footprint of a hotel slated for 98-100 Greenwich St.

As an alderman, Augustine commissioned furniture for the new City Hall.

Construction of the grand edifice of City Hall was begun in 1803, and took nine years and almost half a million dollars to complete. When the exterior of the building was nearly complete, Alderman Nicholas Fish and assistants Peter Hawes and Augustine H. Lawrence were authorized "to procure Suitable furniture" for the chamber. The furnishings committee for the chamber rushed to complete the interior in time for the Independence Day celebrations planned for City Hall, and authorized payment of Lannuier's April 25 invoice in July. He charged fourteen dollars each for the chairs, and appropriately embellished them with inlaid brass stars and tablets carved with ribbons and crossed flags, symbols of patriotism and government.

I suspect that the reasons for the importance of the Lawrences in the financial life of the city are

1. They were there since the mid-seventeenth century.
2. They were stable. They sometimes lived in the same house for 250 years – an extraordinary and perhaps unique accomplishment in New York. One Lawrence, a governor of the New York Stock Exchange, not only lived in the ancestral house; he lived his whole life in the same room. He was born and died in the same bedroom. Such stability gave confidence that a Lawrence was not going to abscond to Brazil.

3. They were Quakers for a long time. This gave them both connections and a reputation for integrity, which may have helped in both the financial and pharmaceutical world.

His descendants to this day are active in finance, for example, Dana Lawrence Woodbury.

Dana Lawrence Woodbury

Dana Woodbury, founder and President of Buttonwood Investment Services, LLC has been in the financial services industry since 1981. He has worked as a financial planner, due diligence consultant, and high yield bond portfolio manager. In January 1989, he began his association with a national independent broker/dealer, and during his twelve-year tenure served as Director of Due Diligence, Compliance Officer, and Senior Vice President of Equity Sales. Dana has been nationally recognized for his due diligence work, being named to the All Star Team of Due Diligence Officers by the Investment Advisor Magazine (1992, 1993, 1994). He has also served on the Financial Products Advisory Council for the International Association for Financial Planning (IAFP, now the Financial Planning Association or FPA), and has spoken at numerous national meetings on due diligence analysis and asset allocation. He has been quoted in the New York Times, Rocky Mountain News, and the Denver Business Journal. Dana now leads a team of experts in the due diligence field. Specializing in the analysis of illiquid investments, Buttonwood is known for generating a concise and prompt review of alternative products. Providing Financial Professionals with a sound knowledge of the program merits and presenting those to suitable clients is his top priority. Dana received his B.A. in Economics from Northwestern University and his M.B.A. from The University of Chicago.

Note that Dana is a specialist in due diligence, which means that he does a thorough and careful analysis of investments to avoid any unpleasant surprises. I detect a certain family preference for security and stability.

Buttonwood Investment Services, LLC takes its name from the buttonwood tree under which the agreement founding the New York Stock Exchange was signed. Dana Lawrence

Woodbury's great, great, great, great grandfather, Augustine Hicks Lawrence was the youngest founding member under that famous buttonwood tree.

Baron von Zedtwitz



WRECKED 81 THE
Baron von Zedtwitz Killed
in a Collision at Royal
Albert Races.
Meteor Crashed Into His Vessel
and He Was Knocked
Overboard.
Struck on the Head by a Flying
Piece of Wood, Never Re
gained Consciousness.
CREW THROWN INTO THE WATER.
Strong Wind Was Blowing at the Time of
the Accident, and a Heavy Sea
Was Running?Postponed
Festivities.
London. Aug. 18.?The races of the Royal
Albert Regatta at Sontlisea were Inter
rupted to-day by an accident which caused
the death of Beron von Zetwitz, the
owner of the twenty-rater Isolde, and
endangered the lives of the captain and
crew of that vessel, all of whom were
knocked overboard.
The large raters started at 10 o'clock
this morning to go over the forty-six-mile
course sailed over yesterday, and the small

raters started at 11 o'clock to sail over the same course, but only once round? twenty-three miles. The starters in the big race were the Ailsa, Britannia, Meteor and Satanita, and those in the small rater races were The Saint, Niagara, Sampshire, Audrey, Ptentitent and Isolde.

The big yachts had finished the first round of the course and were just starting upon the second round when suddenly the boats of both classes seemed to have become jammed together. The Isolde, which was sandwiched between two yachts of the larger class, received a severe blow from the Kaiser's yacht: Meteor, causing her mast to snap in two and fall overboard.

Tlirown Into the Sen.

The shock was a heavy one, causing the Isolde to careen, and, as she did so, all on board of her were spilled Into the sea.

When Meteor struck the small yacht there ns great crash, and blocks,, frag
ments of the broken mast and other parts of the Isolde were sent flying In every direction.

As soon as the collision took place the other yachts stopped and put out boats to rescue the men struggling in the water.
on von Zedtwitz, the owner of the Iso'uv, who was on board of his yacht, was 8 -nek on the head by a. block, or u piece of broken mast, and knocked over board. lie w \taken out of the water as soon as possible and conveyed on board a steam yacht to the clubhouse at Hyde.

Bnron von Zedtwitz was unconscious when picked up. lie received every possible medical attention at Ryde, but he did not regain consciousness and died soon after reaching the clubhouse.

A strong wind was blowing at the time of the accident, kicking up a bad sea, and it was raining hard. The Isolde was badly damaged and was twoed to Portsmouth.

The bowsprit of the Meteor swept her deck and carried away all of her gear.

Several members of the Isolde's crew were ?picked up in an exhausted condition.

Narrow E?caj?cs of tl?<? Men.

The crew had some very narrow escapes, but, fortunately, ail of them were rescued.

A sailor belonging to the British gunboat Ant, which was lying at anchor near the scene of the collision, rescued one of the Isolde's rnpa, who could not have survived thirty seconds longer. The accident cast a

gloom over -everything, and the races were abandoned for the day.

Captain Gome*, the skipper of the Meteor, ascribes the collision of his vessel with the Isolde to the fact (hat the Britannia did not make way for the Meteor to pass the Isolde. All of the clubhouses at Spithead and I.tyde are flying flags at half mast in consequence of the death of the Baron. As a yachtsman he was a good sportsman and ho was well liked in all of the English sport ing centres. Ills wife, the Baroness von 7!odtwltz, w.is daughter of the late Charles Roosevelt, of New York.
Festivities Postponed.

To-morrow's yacht races and the fire works, with which It was Intended to sig nalize the ending of the Royil Albert Yacht Club regatta at So'thsea, have been post poned until after the funeral.

Toe Isolds wan a twwtr-rater yacht. constructed by the Hcrreshoffs at Bristol, it. I., In 1895, for Prince Leopold of Ger many, who afterward sold the boat to Baron von Zedtwits.

The Meteor, which is owned by the Ger man Emperor, is a steel cutter of 236 tons, and was built at the Hendersons* yards, on on the Clyde, In the early part of this year

The First Kiss and El Dot Tow

Tristram Tupper, my wife's second cousin once removed, had a houseboat on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in the 1920s. While lazing about Claiborne, he wrote a story, "The Four Brothers," which appeared in the April 7, 1928 *Saturday Evening Post* and which was quickly adopted to the screen as *The First Kiss*, with the young Gary Cooper and Fay Wray.

James Dawson researched the history of this major artistic event for [The Tidewater Times](#).

The plot is:

after years of dissolution and drink, the noble Talbot family, which had given its fine name to the county, had fallen on hard times. Pap Talbot, the son of the distinguished Rev. Henry Talbot, was a drunkard and his four sons not much better. Pap had named his first three sons William, Ezra and Carroll in an attempt to ingratiate himself with his father-in-law, William Ezra Carroll, who lived on a plantation in Virginia and was said to be fabulously rich. When that failed, he named his fourth son Mulligan to spite his father-in-law who had an enemy by that name.

When Pap dies and is buried in a pauper's grave, Mulligan has an epiphany. After an epic battle in which he beats his oldest brother half to death, he states that if his siblings will clean up their acts, go to school and get respectable jobs, that their rich grandfather will finance their education.

And sure enough, the money starts coming in. His three brothers go to school and graduate from college with honors, becoming in turn a preacher, a lawyer and a doctor. During this time, Mulligan still works as a waterman, but never fails to bring the money from Grandpap Carroll.

In the meantime, Mulligan falls in love with Anna Lee Marshall (played by Fay Wray). She is the daughter of the richest man in town and she spurns his advances because, as she so delicately put it, he is "poor white trash." Mulligan slowly wins her heart and impresses her with his surprising success on the water. He takes her sailing. They kiss.

Then, in a melodramatic plot twist, Mulligan is caught attempting to rob passengers on the Annapolis-Claiborne ferry.

The Annapolis-Claiborne Ferry

At his trial, it is revealed that he is not the honest, hardworking waterman that everyone thought, but the notorious Bay pirate "Black Duck," who, disguised in black oilskins, had been robbing vessels off the coast for years. Grandpap Carroll had died insolvent years before, and the

money had actually been coming from Mulligan's piratical enterprises. While Mulligan is in the Easton jail, his brothers help him break out and he and Anna sail off into the sunset together in the dream yacht that he built.

Gary and Faye 1928

For the movie is the ending had to be made more moral.

In the movie, Mulligan sells the boat he built and pays back all the money he stole, which triggers his arrest. He is tried and found guilty, but released into Anna's custody and the two live happily ever after.

I especially like the idea of a pirate robbing the ferry.

The film is lost, but someone found the theme song and created a series of stills on [You Tube](#).

Here are some stills:

The filming of the movie in 1928 was the biggest thing that had happened in St. Michael's since the War of 1812.

The cast and crew, about 75 people, stayed at the Pasadena Inn in Royal Oak. Pauline Valliant, who worked as a hostess in the dining room there, recalled in a May 20, 1973 Baltimore Sun article that they soon felt right at home and grew to love the Eastern Shore. Gary Cooper, the rising young actor who played the lead role of Mulligan Talbot, rose for an early morning swim each day before the filming started, and lead actress Fay Wray, who played Cooper's rich sweetheart, liked it so much that she convinced her fiancé John Saunders, a Hollywood screenwriter, to come east and the two were married on June 15 at Calvary Methodist Church in Easton. Their wedding reception was held on a skipjack in St. Michaels harbor.

Serving as a rower was the young Elmer T. Parkinson; he grew up to be the captain and handyman for my wife's grandfather, R. Templeton Smith, who had a house at Emerson Point. Elmer persuaded R. Templeton, who was from Pittsburgh, that a cabin cruiser, the Osona, was tricky and needed a professional captain to take it out one the dangerous waters of the Miles River.

Elmer also took up painting under the name El DotTow (Elmer, his name; Dorothy, his wife's name; and Townsend, his son). He painted mostly duckscapes.

Elmer Parkinson and the infant Charles Podles 1984

He also painted R. Templeton's dog, Willie, a yellow lab, in profile; he gave Willie a human eye. Somewhere in the Pittsburgh house is a genuine El DotTow. My wife seems reluctant to seek it out and

photograph it for posterity, despite its important art historical connections to her grandfather and to Gary Cooper and to Tristram Tupper.

Charles Hedges McKinstry



Charles Hedges McKinstry (1866-1961) was an engineer and army officer for the United States Military. He was a descendant of William Bradford (1589-1657), governor of the Plymouth Bay Colony.

McKinstry was born on December 19, 1866, in San Francisco, California. He attended the United States Military Academy and graduated in 1888, number two of forty-four in his class.

Military career

McKinstry was an instructor of engineering in West Point for the Corps of Engineers at the Engineering School of Application from 1891 to 1893.[2] On June 11, 1888, McKinstry made second lieutenant and on July 22, 1888, he was promoted to first lieutenant.[2] On October 11, 1892, McKinstry became a captain.[2] Then on July 5, 1898, he became a major.[2] After becoming a major, McKinstry went on to be in charge of defensive works and harbors improvements in Key West from 1898 to 1900.[2] From 1901 to 1903, he was at the Engineer School in Willets Point, New York, as an instructor, which included instruction in astronomy.[1] McKinstry moved on to Southern California during 1903–1906 to work on fortifications, rivers and harbors.[2] On January 1, 1906, he became a lieutenant colonel.[2] In 1909, McKinstry became chief engineer in the Philippine Island Division until 1911.[2] On February 27, 1912, he was promoted to brigadier general and then became commander of the 158th Field Artillery Brigade on August 5, 1917.[2] In 1919, McKinstry retired as a colonel.[1]

Personal life

He married

On January 10, 1920, Lillie Lawrence McKinstry, his wife, died in Miami, Florida. In 1924 he married Evelyn McCurdy Salisbury Wells, with whom he had three children. McKinstry regained his rank of brigadier general in June 1930. On November 29, 1961, McKinstry died

in Santa Barbara, California, at the age of 94 and just a few weeks before his 95th birthday.[1]

Clifton Stevenson Brown, Jr.

The second child of Clifton Stevenson Brown and Katherine Boyce Tupper was **Clifton Stevenson Brown, Jr.** (1914-1952). He was the third cousin once removed of my wife.

During the war Colonel Brown served in Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and Germany. He and his brother Allen were only seven miles apart in Italy. While he was in the Army of Occupation in Germany an old radium burn on his foot flared up and he was evacuated to Walter Reed, but was released and was able to go through with the wedding.

He married Em Bowles Locker on August 25, 1945 at St. Stephen's Church in Richmond, H. St. George Tucker, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, conducted the ceremony; Kermit Roosevelt was a guest. He and Em had one child, Carter Boardman (1949-)

After the war he worked for Louis Marx Company, the toy manufacturer, and for IBM. He died in Walter Reed Hospital at the age of thirty-eight.

Em Bowles Locker



Em Bowles Locker (1916-2015) was a native of Richmond with a perfect Southern accent.

Her chance for undying fame came when she tried out for the role of Scarlett O'Hare.

Em Bowles first learned of Margaret Mitchell's seminal Civil War-era novel in August 1936 on her way home from Camp Michigamme in Michigan, where she had spent the summer working as a sailing and drama instructor.

During a stopover at Vassar-friend Mary Morley Crapo's house north of Detroit, Em Bowles noticed a book opened and turned upside down sitting next to the fireplace. It was "Gone With the Wind," and Mary was convinced that Em Bowles would make the perfect Scarlett in the movie, which was already in the works.

Once home in Richmond, Em Bowles picked up her mother's new copy of the novel.

"I took it back to Vassar with me and almost flunked out the first month because I was reading it!" she says.

The girls unanimously urged their Richmond friend to try out for the part — though Em Bowles was not just another pretty face with genteel Southern manners. She was a seasoned amateur actress who had already spent three years acting with Vassar's well-known Experimental Theater.

She had a full dress screen test, but she was deliberately given bad advice by someone who favored a different candidate, and lost out.



Frank McCarthy and Em Locker 1937

However, she did get to attend the premiere in Richmond.

At the "Gone With the Wind" premiere in Richmond the following month, she led a procession from Capitol Square to Loew's Theater and spoke to the audience about the film and her special part in bringing it to life.

Later, at a special celebration of the film at the John Marshall Hotel, she and childhood friend Frank McCarthy — a Virginia Military Institute graduate who would go on to serve as a wartime aide to Gen. George Marshall, assistant secretary of state and become a producer for the motion picture "Patton" — led the Grand March and Exhibition Waltz.

That was the end of her acting career.



Em Locker, 1942

It was presumably through McCarthy that she met Gen. Marshall's stepson, Clifton Brown. McCarthy was the best man at the wedding, and Molly was the maid of honor.



Em Locker, 1945

Her obituary details her work in public relations.

ALSOP, Em Bowles Locker, who was known at national, state and local levels as a public relations innovator and accomplished civic leader, passed away on March 3, 2015, at the age of 98. Born in Richmond on November 16, 1916 to noted educator Willis Clyde Locker of Orange, Va. and Mary Augusta Bowles (a 1905 Hollins graduate) of Salem, Va., she was predeceased by her brother, Corporal Willis Clyde Locker Jr., decorated for bravery and killed in action in World War II; and by her husband of 46 years, Benjamin Pollard Alsop Jr. She is survived by her daughter, Carter Alsop. After St. Catherine's School in Richmond, Mrs. Alsop went to Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. where, fluent in both French and German, she was chosen to spend a summer at the University of Heidelberg, Heidelberg, Germany during Hitler's pre-war reign. Upon graduation from Vassar in 1937, she was appointed by the president of the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va. to serve as assistant to the Director of Public Relations. In this capacity, she researched historic Williamsburg's first Guide Book. Soon, she moved to New York City where, having become a model with the Powers Modeling Agency, she was chosen by its founder, John Robert Powers, to develop – and to become – the first director of a modeling school that would expand the services of his agency. Originally named Powers School, it is currently called John Robert Powers New York. As director, she was a sought-after public speaker, a radio show guest, a journalist for national media and a public relations consultant for Eastern Airlines, Coty Perfume, Revlon lipstick, The Rheingold Brewing Company and Columbia University. For the Rheingold company, she created a new marketing concept. She chose a professional

model as a corporate symbol to be “Miss Rheingold”. This set in motion the employment of beautiful women trained as spokesmodels to grace advertising and marketing campaigns throughout corporate America. Returning to Richmond during WWII, she envisioned an event – “The Book and Author Dinner” – for Miller & Rhoads Department Store to drive sales and boost store brand recognition. She was later cited as the event’s Founder by The Junior League of Richmond. Working also for the USO, the War Bond Drive and the Aircraft Recognition Center, she went on to become a noted fundraiser for several nationally recognized war benefit programs in New York and Washington, D.C. After the war, while living again in New York, she was asked by Helen Hayes “Queen of the American Theater,” if she would become her Executive Assistant. This began a lifelong friendship between the two. In 1953, three years after returning – once again – to Richmond, she married Mr. Alsop. October, 1954: her national promotion of the first Autumn Tour of Virginia’s Historic Sites drew thousands of visitors to Virginia for the one day event in spite of the arrival of Hurricane Hazel! 1955.

For some reason the obituary does not mention the first marriage.

She lived to be almost 100; but she said a lady never reveals her birthday.

Em Locker at ?

Carter Boardman (Brown) Alsop

Carter Boardman Brown (1949), who took the name of her mother’s second husband, Benjamin Pollard Alsop, Jr., is my wife’s fourth cousin. Carter was born in 1949, and indicates her parents’ marriage ended in divorce when she was an infant.

She is a debutante and motorcyclist:

In 1977 she became the first woman to be granted a professional road-racing license by the American Motorcyclist Association. The following year she won her first major championship, the Western-Eastern Roadracers' semipro series, placing first in eight of 16 national events. Though she spent much of last season out with injuries, Alsop hopes to compete this March in the Daytona 200, the Kentucky Derby of motorcycle competition. She will not be the first woman to start in the race, however; Gina Bovaird entered but did not finish last year. Carter thinks she has a good chance to complete the grueling run. "It's like Rocky," she says with a smile. "I just want to go the distance."

As a teenager she exhibited her landscapes in a Richmond art gallery and fought with her mother and stepfather, a retired manufacturer, over coming out as a debutante. They won. Carter was introduced to society at parties in Manhattan, Philadelphia and Richmond. She claims she only went along "to enjoy the dancing." At 20, she quit Briarcliff College to take up motorcycle racing. Her parents were aghast. Carter had seen a classmate with a helmet covered with racing stickers. "It belonged to her fiancé," Carter says. "From that moment I knew I wanted to race bikes. I'd always wanted a motorcycle. I'd grown up on horses. It was an extension of a horse."

To support herself, Carter painted murals and portraits, sold vacuum cleaners and started a furniture business. Then, in 1974, she went to work for a Honda dealer in Richmond. "They had a prize for the best salesman of the week—one hour at the local massage parlor," she laughs. "I won it every week."

In 1975 she returned to Briarcliff, graduating two years later with a bachelor's degree in English literature and art. She turned down a chance to apply for a Rhodes scholarship and returned to the race track. "I was alone," she says. "I slept in the back of an open truck next to the spare parts. I even had to hitchhike to one meet. It was lonely."

Though she won the 1979 national sidecar championship race with driver Wayne Lougee, the season proved disastrous for Carter. She lacked a sponsor (a season on the circuit can cost \$100,000) and was sidelined constantly by equipment failures and accidents. She has suffered three concussions, broken her collarbone four times and aggravated a chronic back problem. "My neurologist said I wasn't in any immediate danger," she reports, "but he told me a time will come when the head injuries could cause problems."

When her racing career ends, Alsop will have no problem finding other outlets. She has already appeared as a stunt woman in the Burt Reynolds movie Hooper, is rewriting a screenplay about a female motorcycle racer for a Hollywood producer and would like a career in broadcasting—"or perhaps be the first woman to break the speed of sound on land. I'll always compete," she says. "It's in my blood."

In the Reynolds movie she crashed into a "brick" wall. She explained:

It actually was a balsa wood "wall" with cartons and mattresses on the other side, but it was dangerous, as were some of the other jobs I did as a stunt woman. The pay was very good – and it was nice to be paid for crashing for a change.

She seems to have survived her career.

Carter Alsop

Cornelius van Wyck Lawrence, First Elected Mayor of New York

Those who think that American politics suffer from unprecedented incivility and polarization do not know much about American history.

Cornelius van Wyck Lawrence (1791- 1861) was the first cousin four times removed of my wife. He married three times, Maria C. Prall, (1797-1820), Rachel Ann Hicks (1798-1838), and lastly Lydia Ann Lawrence (1811-1879) who was his cousin and my wife's third great-grand aunt. She was the daughter of Judge Effingham Lawrence and the widow of her own cousin, Edward Newbold Lawrence, my wife's third great-grandfather. The Lawrences developed a habit of marrying first, second, and third cousins and in one case two sisters in a row. The genealogical chart looks like the utility map of New York City. It also may have had some genetic consequences, as we shall see in the case of the Louisiana Lawrences.

But to return to Cornelius, who was born on February 28, 1791 at the ancestral Lawrence lands in Bayside, Queens County.

An enemy claimed that Cornelius was

"Of a highly respectable Quaker family on Long Island....He was a farmer's boy, and worked many a long day in rain and sunshine on Long Island. There were few lads with twenty miles of him that could mow a wider swarth or turn a neater furrow."

But there were richer fields to be harvested in Manhattan.

Cornelius got his start in 1812 at Shotwell, Hicks & Co, which became Hicks, Lawrence and Co., an auction and dry goods firm on Pearl Street in Manhattan. Willett Hicks was a Quaker preacher who claimed to have converted Thomas Paine on his death bed.

Willett Hicks by Rembrandt Peale

In 1824 Cornelius became director of City Bank. Cornelius retired from the auction firm in 1832 with a large fortune, which was fortunate for him because it was later ruined in the panic of 1837, and Hicks was left bankrupt. Cornelius married Hick's daughter, Rachel.

Cornelius served as a congressman from 1832-1834. Like other businessmen he approved of the Bank of the United States, and was in fact a director, while the president of the New York branch of the Bank of the United States was Isaac Lawrence (his distant cousin). But Cornelius was a Jacksonian Democrat, and they opposed the Bank.

Therefore against his convictions Cornelius opposed the Bank of the United States. His enemies seized upon this. Citing his own letters, they said

His judgment was avowedly on one side and his votes on the other. The prospect of adding to his wealth by the sacrifice of his opinions were in one scale – honor and honesty were in the other – in private ...he admitted the removal (of the public treasury) was inexpedient.

They continued:

Yet he voted for the removal on a pledge, well kept, that he would get the fingerling of two millions of dollars of these depositories himself, for a bank to be started in Wall street, with special privileges, and called the Bank of the State of New York, of which he and his cronies should have the control, the jugglery of disposing of its shares, etc.

When Cornelius visited New York and his merchant friends asked for an explanation of his actions, he explained that

he had bound himself BY A WRITTEN PLEDGE to uphold the party. Such was his sense of the embarrassments of his situation that HE ACTUALLY WEPT.

President Andrew Jackson in 1833 refused to renew the charter of the second Bank of the United States, the devil's bank, as the Jacksonians called it.

The funds of the United States were withdrawn and deposited in special state banks, called pet banks.

Prior to 1834 mayors of the City of New York had been appointed, first by the colonial government, and then by the Common Council, the predecessor of the City Council. In the spirit of democracy, it was decided to let the voters of New York elect the sixty-first mayor.

Cornelius Lawrence ran as a Tammany Democrat against Gulian Crommelin Verplanck, the Whig candidate, a poet and former Democrat.

A Man with the Soul of a Poet

His enemies described Cornelius's decision to run in these terms:

the crying congressman, the weeping stock-jobber could have resigned had he disliked the party drill — but it brought him plunder, and he blubbered and held on, and afterwards he lent his name as a candidate for the mayoralty to uphold the gamblers he voted with in public..."

The mayoral election of 1834 was everything the nativists feared. They had warned

This country never committed a more fatal mistake than in making its naturalization laws so that the immense immigration from foreign countries could, after a brief sojourn, exercise the right of suffrage.

To ask men, the greater part of whom could neither read nor write, who were ignorant of the first principles of true civil

liberty, who could be bought and sold like sheep in the shambles, to assist us in founding a model republic, was a folly without a parallel in the history of the world, and one of which we have not yet begun to pay the full penalty.

There was no registry of voters, there was only one polling place per ward, and the voting extended over three days. It was a recipe for disaster.

An observer described the democratic electoral process:

On the occasion we speak of a gang of Jackson shoulder-hitters, headed by an ex Alderman, and armed with clubs, sling-shots, and knives, broke into the committee-room of the opposing faction and nearly killed some 15 or 20 of them. Then they tore down the banners, destroyed the ballots, and made a wreck of everything. The Whigs asked the Mayor for help, but he would not furnish it, alleging that all his forces were engaged. The Whigs were left to protect themselves and they did it. In these times elections lasted three days. The second morning Masonic Hall was packed with Whigs who meant to crush the mob. They had a battalion 1,800 strong ready to march at a moment's notice.

This had the effect of keeping the peace and keeping free access to the polls. But the roughs were all the time firing up with drink, and on the third day were ready for anything. Early in the forenoon they tried to capture from a Whig procession the little miniature frigate Constitution. This led to a fierce conflict in front of Masonic Hall. The hall was assaulted, and the Mayor, Sheriff, and 40 Watchmen, were finally driven off. The Mayor [Gideon Lee] was wounded, and Police Capt. Flagg was killed. The rioters rushed into the hall, and the Whigs were forced to fly through the windows. The Mayor declared the City in insurrection, and called for help from the Navy-yard and Fort Columbus, but the Federal officers could not interfere. Finally, Gen. Sandford called out the military.

Even with the military, which was largely pro-Jackson, on his side. Lawrence won by only 181 votes.

Cornelius was mayor, and had an immediate crisis on his hands.

The Anti-abolitionist riots of 1834, the Farren Riots, occurred in over a series of four nights, beginning on July 7, 1834. Their origins lay in the combination of nativism and abolitionism among the Protestants who had controlled the city since the Revolution, and the fear and resentment of blacks among the growing underclass of Irish immigrants.

The urban rumor mill was busy manufacturing stories:

In May and June 1834, the silk merchants and ardent Abolitionists Arthur Tappan and his brother Lewis stepped up their agitation for the abolition of slavery by underwriting the formation in New York of a Female Anti-

Slavery Society. Arthur Tappan drew particular attention by sitting in his pew with Samuel Cornish, a mixed-race clergyman of his acquaintance. By June, lurid rumors were being circulated by the champion of repatriating "colonization," James Watson Webb, through his newspaper *Courier and Enquirer*: abolitionists had told their daughters to marry blacks, black dandies in search of white wives were promenading Broadway on horseback, and Arthur Tappan had divorced his wife and married a black woman.

So the Irish, resenting competition from free blacks, rioted.

Irishmen about to engage in Inter-racial Dialogue

On Wednesday evening, July 9, three interconnected riots erupted. Several thousand whites gathered at the Chatham Street Chapel; their object was to break up a planned anti-slavery meeting. When the abolitionists, alerted, did not appear, the crowd broke in and held a counter-meeting, mocking the 'black style' of preaching and calling for deportation of blacks to Africa.

The mob targeted homes, businesses, churches, and other buildings associated with the abolitionists and African Americans. More than seven churches and a dozen houses were damaged, many of them belonging to African Americans. The home of Reverend Peter Williams, an African-American Episcopal priest, was damaged, and his St. Philip's African Episcopal Church was utterly demolished. One group of rioters reportedly carried a hogshead of black ink with which to dunk white abolitionists. In addition to other targeted churches, the Charlton Street home of Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox was invaded and vandalized. The rioting was heaviest in the Five Points.

Cornelius also faced a quieter but in the long term more deadly problem. New York, with a population of 200,000, relied upon wells, which were increasingly unsanitary and inadequate for fire protection. There had been cholera epidemics in 1832 and 1834, Voters in all but the poorest districts voted overwhelmingly for a massive water project. Construction had not even begun when its necessity was demonstrated by the Great Fire of 1835.

A most awful conflagration occurred at New York on the 15th of December, by which 600 buildings were destroyed, comprising the most valuable district of the city, including the entire destruction of the Exchange, the Post Office, and an immense number of stores. The fire raged incessantly for upwards of fifteen hours. The shipping along the line of wharfs suffered greatly; several vessels were totally destroyed. The property consumed is estimated at 20,000,000 dollars. (Perhaps \$500,000,000 2015 dollars.)

Many insurance companies were ruined by the fire and insurance companies began the exodus to Hartford, Connecticut.

Cornelius began the construction of the Croton Reservoir and aqueduct.

Cornelius won the election of 1836, running against, among others, Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph, nativist, and anti-clerical. That year Cornelius supervised the creation of the Bank of the State of New York (one of the pet banks) in which Van Buren deposited \$2,000,000 (perhaps \$50,000,000 in 2015 dollars). He held the presidency from 1836 to 1845, when he became Collector of the Port of New York. He then turned over the presidency of the bank to his brother Joseph, who held it until 1849, when Cornelius took it over again until he retired in 1857.

Cornelius lost the election of 1837 because of the Panic, a panic created (some historians insist) by the termination of the Bank of the United States and consequent destabilization of the financial system. However, Cornelius did not suffer overly.

For twenty years he held the office of President of the Bank of the State of New-York. He was Director of the Branch Bank of the United States, of the Bank of America, a trustee of the New-York Life and Trust Company, and a director of the Howard Insurance Company, the City Fire Insurance Company, the Fireman's Insurance Company, etc.

The Elderly Cornelius

Life was not all work and no play for Cornelius. A older history of New York has the tantalizing outlines of a story: Cornelius

"had the ice cream and strawberries of everything in life – in commerce, in politics, in wives, in finances and in religion.... He had a peculiar way of carrying his spectacles behind his back while he looked at all the pretty girls he met.

"One of them led him a sad dance. Mr. Lawrence, the most respected man in the city, was led into an ambuscade and made the victim of a plot. It was a sad business, lost the old gentleman a great deal of money, and caused him any quantity of mental misery."

What had happened is that Cornelius, like almost every other male in New York over the age of 14, had participated in the Sporting Life. This was a libertine male culture, revolving around sports and prostitutes. Cornelius paid blackmailers \$100,000 (about \$3,000,000 in 2015 dollars, and was what one reference work estimated as his net worth) to keep his past quiet, so his indiscretions must have been truly spectacular.

The *Sacramento Daily Union* of November 18, 1856 reported:

The Heavy Black Mail Operations. — Some months ago, as will be remembered, Ex-Mayor Cornelius W. Lawrence

preferred a charge of perjury against Mr. A. Brown, formerly a Deputy U. S. Marshal of this city, for swearing falsely in one of the Law Courts. It was expected that, during the examination into the merits of this charge of perjury, certain facts relating to enormous black mail operations, which Brown practiced upon the Ex-Mayor, at intervals during a period of eighteen years, by which he obtained from Mr. Lawrence over \$100,000, would be brought to the notice of the Court, but owing to the continued absence from Court of Mr. Lawrence on every occasion, when the case was to have been examined, the magistrate, Justice Flandreau, was determined to dismiss the complaint, and did so. Brown, it will be remembered, was stated to have been in possession of certain secrets touching the Ex-Mayor's intimacy with a female twenty years or longer ago, and by means of threats to expose, he succeeded in getting from Mr. L. large sums of money at various times, in the aggregate amounting to over \$100,000. For years the Ex-Mayor suffered the infamous extortion to go on, but finally he refused giving Brown any more money and then only the circumstances of Mr. L.'s youthful indiscretion was made public, although some of his friends knew of it years ago, and advised him not to give Brown a cent, but to let him make the expose and then have the affair cleared up. Mr. Lawrence, however, declined this course, and has, accordingly, suffered from Brown's extortions. The latter was under bonds of \$5,000 to answer the charge of perjury, but is now discharged and his bondsmen liberated. He was formerly owner of a public house called "the Red House," at Harlem, and for years past has lived extravagantly. —

The Red House tavern in Harlem was a mecca of the fast set's "manly sports," sports which were not limited to cricket and horse racing.

In honor of his service as Collector of the Port of New York, the revenue cutter Cornelius W. Lawrence was named after him. It had a brief and checkered history. It was a Baltimore clipper (i.e., fast), built in Foggy Bottom, and commissioned October 1848.

She was assigned to the west coast, with Captain Fraser's orders being to secure the revenue, enforce U.S. laws on the seas, aid distressed vessels, and to sound and chart the new territory's harbors and inlets. With a crew of 43 aboard, with most of Fraser's officers being political appointees with no seagoing experience, Lawrence set sail for the Pacific on 1 November 1848 around Cape Horn. After an arduous voyage of over 11 months, including five weeks spent attempting to sail around the Horn, she arrived in San Francisco on 31 October 1849.

Difficulties soon visited the cutter though when the crew learned of the vast fortunes being made by those hunting gold inland and Fraser soon found himself without a crew. Even his officers resigned to join the gold rush.

Eventually the *Lawrence* sailed again, and went to San Diego, the Hawaiian Islands, and back to San Francisco to help put down

mutinies. She ran aground and was lost at the entrance to San Francisco Bay on the night of 25 November 1851. All hands were saved.

But in 1982 she was (largely) duplicated and given the name the *Californian*, becoming the state's own tall ship.

After his death Cornelius had a fireboat named after him, presumably in honor of his work in the Volunteer Fire Department and in bringing water to New York City to prevent fires. It had a longer career.

Cornelius died on February 20, 1861 and was interred in the Lawrence family plot in Bayside.

Sic transit gloria Novi Eboraci.

David Bruce Huxley

David Bruce Huxley and Anne Remsen Schenck

David Bruce Huxley (1915-1992) was our great grandfather. He was born to Leonard Huxley and Rosalind Bruce in London, 21 years after his half-brother Aldous Huxley was born. David loved his older half-siblings, but his much later birth meant some social separation from them. He was naturally closer to his younger brother Andrew, the Nobel Prize winner.

David was educated at Christ Church at Oxford University, but any plans for using his degree were put on hold due to the outbreak of World War II. Fortunately, he thrived in his military service. He began as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Tank Regiment and went to North Africa, where he fought Rommel in the desert. According to his son, David “got blown to hell” and was sent to a hospital in Cairo, where he contracted dysentery.

At the end of his convalescence he was reassigned to Iraq for 3-4 years, where he put together a small defense force. He loved doing the spying, according to his son, but knew they’d fall apart if the Germans arrived. He played desert polo and hunted for foxes in his down time, and established a house of leisure for the troops. David left the Army as a Major.

After his return from the war, David gained posts in Bermuda as the solicitor general, attorney general and acting chief justice of the Supreme Court – for almost two decades. He made Bermuda attractive to US investors. He compiled and revised the “Private and Public Acts of the Legislature of Bermuda 1620-1953,” a seven-volume work. The 1953 West Indies and Caribbean Yearbook [lists](#) David as the Attorney General.

David Huxley with Michael
Michael Huxley with his son. Credit: Huxley family collection.

David [married](#) Anne Remsen Schenck (1918-1993) in the Spring of 1939 in Chelsea. Anne participated in the World War II effort as an ambulance driver in London, frequently witnessing Nazi air raids, and even being injured during one. She also contributed her services as a logistical organizer. Family legend also contends that she was a member of the OSS, befriending and spying on Nazi officers in the early years of the war.

Anne was the daughter of Frederic Schenck (1886-1919) and Marie Civilise Alexandre (1891-1967). Marie Civilise Alexandre was the granddaughter of the Civil War General Alexander Stewart Webb (1835-1911) through her mother Helen Lispenard Webb (1859-1929). Therefore, General Alexander Webb is our third great-grandfather through Anne. Our Webb family history [sketch](#) offers details.

David and Anne had the following children:

1. Angela (Huxley) Darwin. Angela married George Pember Darwin in 1964. The marriage of a Huxley to a Darwin – a natural selection – attracted some media [attention](#).
2. Frederica Huxley of London
3. Virginia Huxley of Columbia, Missouri
4. Elizabeth Huxley of St. Louis, Missouri
5. **Michael Huxley** of Albany, New York; married **Carole Corcoran**.

David took a position as a vice president and legal adviser to Arnold Bernhard and Company and the Value Line Fund in New York from 1957 to 1976. The marriage ended in divorce in 1961.

David then married Ouida Branch Wagner (1918-1998) in 1964. They retired to England in the late 1970s, where David took on the duties of warden of his local church. He loved the “bells and smells” of the church, according to his son.

David Bruce Huxley and Anne Remsen Schenck

David Bruce Huxley, Q.C. (1915-1992) and Anne Remsen Schenck (1918-1993) were our great grandparents. David was born to [Leonard Huxley and Rosalind Bruce](#) in London, 21 years after his half-brother Aldous Huxley was born. David loved his older half-siblings, but his much later birth meant some social separation from them. He was naturally closer to his younger brother Andrew, the Nobel Prize winner.

David was educated at Christ Church College at Oxford, and was proud of being the youngest Queen’s Counsel at the time. He also said he was the only QC to have spent a night in jail (for pinching a policeman’s helmet) He was at the Inns of Court when war broke out, then he joined the Court Regiment and thrived in his military service. He began as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Tank Regiment and went to North Africa, where he fought Rommel in the desert.

According to his son, David “got blown to hell”, developed vascular dysentery, and was sent to a hospital in Cairo.

David Bruce Huxley

David Bruce Huxley in his military uniform. Credit: Huxley family collection.

At the end of his convalescence he was reassigned to Iraq for 3-4 years, where he put together a small defense force. He loved doing the spying, according to his son, but knew they'd fall apart if the Germans arrived. He played desert polo and hunted for foxes in his down time, and established a house of leisure for the troops. David left the Army as a Major.

After his return from the war, David gained appointed posts in Bermuda as the solicitor general, attorney general and acting chief justice of the Supreme Court – for a total of almost two decades. He made Bermuda attractive to US investors. He compiled and revised the “Private and Public Acts of the Legislature of Bermuda 1620-1953,” a seven-volume work. The 1953 West Indies and Caribbean Yearbook [lists](#) David as the Attorney General.

David [married](#) Anne Remsen Schenck (1918-1998) in the Spring of 1939 in Chelsea. Anne was the daughter of Frederic Schenck (1886-1919) and Marie Civilise Alexandre (1891-1967).

Anne also took part in the war effort, possibly serving in the OSS in the early war according to family history, and then as a London ambulance driver and social aid organizer. She wrote her mother frequently during the war, describing constant Nazi air raids and the damage it inflicted on the community. She recounted being thrown by an explosion and injuring her nose. But she took most of it in stride, commenting in one letter that “war becomes me.”

David and Anne had the following children:

1. Angela (Huxley) Darwin, 1940. Angela married George Pember Darwin in 1964. The marriage of a Huxley to a Darwin – a natural selection – attracted some media [attention](#).
2. Frederica Huxley, 1947 of London
3. Virginia Huxley, 1952 of Columbia, Missouri
4. Elizabeth Huxley, 1957? of St. Louis, Missouri
5. Michael Huxley 1941 of Albany, New York; married [Carole Corcoran](#).

Under pressure from his wife to move to New York, David took a position as a vice president and legal adviser to Arnold Bernhard and Company and the Value Line Fund in New York from 1957 to 1976.

After his divorce from Anne, he married Ouida Branch Wagner (1918-1998) in 1964. They retired to England in the late 1970s, where David took on the duties of warden of his local church. He loved the “bells and smells” of the church, according to his son.

David died of heart failure on 6 September 1992 at their home in Wansford, England, according to a New York Times obituary.

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Decline and Fall of One Church

After the Reverend Francis Lawrence died, the church continued its mission under new leadership. It had an illustrious literary parishioner: Upton Sinclair.

Sinclair was from a shabby genteel Baltimore family; his father was not very successful. His mother was a devout Episcopalian, so when they moved to New York in 1888 when Upton was ten years old, he became an active parishioner of the Church of the Holy Communion, where the Rev. William Wilmerding Muir continued Lawrence's work with the poor.

When I was thirteen, I attended service, of my own volition and out of my own enthusiasm, every single day during the forty days of Lent; at the age of fifteen I was teaching Sunday-school. It was the Church of the Holy Communion, at Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York; and those who know the city will understand that this is a peculiar location—precisely half way between the homes of some of the oldest and most august of the city's aristocracy, and some of the vilest and most filthy of the city's slums. The aristocracy were paying for the church, and occupied the best pews; they came, perfectly clad, aus dem Ei gegossen, as the Germans say, with the manner they so carefully cultivate, gracious, yet infinitely aloof. The service was made for them—as all the rest of the world is made for them; the populace was permitted to occupy a fringe of vacant seats.

The assistant clergyman was an Englishman, and a gentleman; orthodox, yet the warmest man's heart I have ever known. He could not bear to have the church remain entirely the church of the rich; he would go persistently into the homes of the poor, visiting the old slum women in their pitifully neat little kitchens, and luring their children with entertainments and Christmas candy. They were corralled into the Sunday-school, where it was my duty to give them what they needed for the health of their souls.

.....

I had a mind, you see, and I was using it. I was reading the papers, and watching politics and business. I followed the fates of my little slum-boys—and what I saw was that Tammany Hall was getting them. The liquor-dealers and the brothel-keepers, the panders and the pimps, the crap-shooters and the petty thieves—all these were paying the policeman and the politician for a chance to prey upon my boys; and when the boys got into trouble, as they were continually doing, it was the clergyman who consoled them in prison—but it was the Tammany leader who saw the judge and got them out. So these boys got their lesson, even earlier in life than I got mine—that the church was a kind of

amiable fake, a pious horn-blowing; while the real thing was Tammany.

I talked about this with the vestrymen and the ladies of Good Society; they were deeply pained, but I noticed that they did nothing practical about it; and gradually, as I went on to investigate, I discovered the reason—that their incomes came from real estate, traction, gas and other interests, which were contributing the main part of the campaign expenses of the corrupt Tammany machine, and of its equally corrupt rival. So it appeared that these immaculate ladies and gentlemen, aus dem Ei gegossen, were themselves engaged, unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less effectively, in spreading the pestilence against which they were blowing their religious horns!

So little by little I saw my beautiful church for what it was and is: a great capitalist interest, an integral and essential part of a gigantic predatory system. I saw that its ethical and cultural and artistic features, however sincerely they might be meant by individual clergymen, were nothing but a bait, a device to lure the poor into the trap of submission to their exploiters.

Sinclair seems to have been an old fashioned Progressive Reformer. He disliked political corruption because it contributed to VICE. As the corrupt political parties received money from businesses from which well-to-do people also contributed, Sinclair held them responsible, although it is not clear what he wanted them to do.

Good Society moved uptown, and the leaders of the Church of the Holy Communion were aware that they were losing the parishioners who supported the church and its work with the poor, so they tried to set up an endowment that would allow the church to function with reduced contributions.

By the 1890s the area was the Ladies' Mile, with department stores and dry goods stores; but by 1920 they had moved uptown.

The church survived but underwent the vicissitudes which the Episcopal Church also underwent.

“On 14 June 1970 Al Gross’s seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated at an honorary service in Lower Manhattan’s Episcopal Church of the holy Communion. The church, on Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, was next door to the offices of the George W. Henry Foundation, which were housed in the church’s parish house. Gross was the executive director of the foundation, an agency founded in 1948 to help young men charged with homosexual offenses. Gross’s career as a homophile activist began in 1937 when he first became associated with Henry. A biographical sketch appeared in the church’s program for the honorary service that charted Gross’s career as a researcher and activist. No mention was made of how and why Gross embarked on his life’s work. Indeed, this was not possible because Gross ws a closeted gay man who began his endeavors after he had been

removed as an Episcopal priest. (Henry Minton, *Departing from Deviance*, p. 95)

The last rector saw the handwriting on the wall and in 1966 had the church designated an historical landmark, which at least protected the exterior.

The church was closed in 1976 and deconsecrated ; it was sold to the Lindisfarne Association, which held poetry readings, lectures, and concerts. The restoration of the building was too expensive for the Association, so the Lindisfarne Association returned the building to the parish and moved to Colorado.

The parish then sold the building to Odyssey House, a drug treatment center. Odyssey House in turn sold to Peter Gatien who open the Limelight night club there in 1983.

Then the trouble started.

Gatien stripped the beautiful old structure of its sacred context – distorting the Gothic finery with a funhouse mirror, placing bars lined with expensive imported spirits (alcoholic as opposed to celestial) next to the marble crypts, and turning the hushed reverence of the chapel into the riotous frivolity of the VIP lounge.

There were go go cages suspended above the dance floor in the nave.

Andy Warhol hosted opening night. Prince came, and Mick Jagger, and Madonna, and the gay nights became every more popular, filling the building to its capacity of 2500.

The NYC Police were unhappy:

The Limelight, located in a former Episcopal church on the Avenue of the Americas at West 20th Street in Chelsea, was temporarily padlocked by the police after a drug raid last year. New York City police arrested three people, including an employee, on charges of selling marijuana. The police said that drugs were rampant at the Limelight and sold in an “open and notorious manner,” sometimes by the employees.

The DEA was not amused:

The owner of three of Manhattan’s largest nightclubs was accused yesterday of turning two of them — the Limelight and the Tunnel — into virtual drug supermarkets, peddling the drug known as Ecstasy to a clientele made up largely of college students and teen-agers.

Zachary W. Carter, the United States Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, said in a written statement that Peter Gatien, one of the reigning nightclub promoters in New York, had “installed a management structure” at the Limelight and the Tunnel that was “designed to ensure successful distribution” of Ecstasy to nightclub patrons, and that the sale of Ecstasy “was the centerpiece of the operation of these clubs, not just a lucrative illegal sideline.”

A former patron remembers fondly:

The amount of sex that went on in the Limelight was unbelievable. Orgies in one room, sex in the bathrooms and on the dance floor, in the video booths. Music and lights were incredible. Nothing exists today to match the Limelight. Late 70's and 80's were truly great times. Kids today have no idea what they missed.

Michael Alig (1966-) was its most famous employee:

Andre "Angel" Melendez was regular on the New York City club scene and worked at The Limelight. He also sold drugs on the premises. After the bar was closed by federal agents due to an investigation that Peter Gatien was allowing drugs to be sold there, Melendez was fired. Shortly thereafter, he moved into Alig's apartment. On the night March 17, 1996, Alig and his friend Robert "Freeze" Riggs murdered Melendez after an argument in Alig's apartment over many things including a long-standing drug debt. Alig has claimed many times that he was so high on drugs that the events are quite cloudy.

After Melendez's death, Alig and Riggs did not know what to do with the body. They initially left it in the bath tub that they filled with ice. After a few days, the body began to decompose and became odorous. After discussing what to do with Melendez's body and who should do it, Riggs went to Macy's to buy knives and a box. In exchange for ten bags of heroin, Alig agreed to dismember Melendez's body. He cut the legs off, put them in a garbage bag and stuffed the rest into a box. Afterwards, he and Riggs threw the box into the Hudson River.

In the weeks following Melendez's disappearance, Alig told "anyone who would listen" that he and Riggs had killed him. Most people did not believe Alig and thought his "confession" was a ploy to get attention. Alig was eventually tried and convicted.

The 2003 film *Party Monster* featured these events.

The nightclub was the subject of a 2011 movie.

The Limelight was finally shut down. After a brief stint as the Avalon night club (2003-2007), the building became an high-end boutique center, Limelight Marketplace.

This 25,000-square-foot former eighties nightclub (and, before that, a church) was converted into a shopping emporium in May 2010. The 20th Street landmark's lancet windows, labyrinthine layout, and soaring chapel are the same as they ever were, but the sex-and-drugs-fueled bacchanal is long gone. Where makeout booths and cocaine corners once stood, now you'll find limited-edition sneakers, handmade belts, MarieBelle chocolates, Hunter boots, tubes

of Sue Devitt lip gloss, scented soaps from Caswell-Massey, and Grimaldi's pizza.

The Marketplace failed, and was replaced by a gym.

Changing demographics often produce superfluous church buildings, and the mission of the church is not to preserve buildings which are no longer of use to it, even if the buildings are architecturally significant. Creative re-use is a solution, but what the parish failed to do was to put some kind of restrictive covenant on the building that would forbid the premises from being used for inappropriate, immoral, or infamous purposes. Such a restriction would lower the market value but preserve the dignity of a building which, although deconsecrated, had once served as a house of prayer.

Dr. Markoe and the Terrorists of the Early Twentieth Century

William Jay Schieffelin Jr. married Annette Markoe (1897-1997). She was the daughter of Dr. James Wright Markoe, the personal physician and friend of J. P. Morgan. Morgan and Markoe were both members of St. George's Church, where William Jay Schieffelin was a vestryman, As a project closely associated with the church. Morgan gave money to found the Lying-in Hospital, Markoe's project (his specialty was obstetrics). Morgan, who died in 1913, left Markoe an annuity of \$25,000 a years (\$600,000 in 2015 dollars)



James Wright Markoe

Dr. James Wright Markoe (1862-1920), William Jay Schieffelin Jr.'s father in law, was involved in two events that show that the troubles we are now experiencing with terrorists (then German, now Islamicists) and mass murderers are not unprecedented. Nor have the legal and political issues involved in those earlier cases ever been satisfactorily resolved.

The Pacifist Terrorist



RENSE, in New York World
An Apostle of Peace

In 1915 Dr. Markoe was summoned to the house of J. P. Morgan, Jr., who had been wounded by an assailant. It was the culmination of a one-man (as far as we know) terrorist campaign.



Eric Muenter at Harvard

Eric Muenter (1875-1915) had moved with his family from Lower Saxony to Chicago when he was 18. He got his B.A. from the University of Chicago in 1899 and taught at a private school. He married Leone Krembs in 1901. He went to Harvard to work on his Ph.D and taught German at Radcliffe. In 1906 while his wife was pregnant with their second child, he slowly poisoned her with arsenic. She was a Christian Scientist and did not summon a doctor, although she felt unwell. She died ten days after giving birth. He suddenly departed from Cambridge, taking his two children and his wife's casket which he would cremate. But the police were suspicious and had kept some tissue from the autopsy, which revealed arsenic poisoning. They put out a notice for his arrest, but he had vanished.



He had deposited the two children with relatives in Chicago and seems to have gone to Mexico. There he shaved his beard and took a new name, Frank Holt. He spoke English with a German accent, but claimed to have been born in the German-speaking area of Texas. He moved to Fort Worth and studies for B.A. at Polytechnic (now Texas Wesleyan). He impressed everyone with his brilliance and married Leone Sensabaugh, who graduated the same year he did, 1909. Her father was the socially-prominent minister of the Fifth Street Methodist Church.



Frank Holt – Eric Muenter as Polytechnic Graduate

In 1910 he was an instructor at the University of Oklahoma. Then he moved to Vanderbilt University in 1911-12, then Henry & Emory College, and then to Cornell. One of his colleagues from Harvard spotted him at a conference and informed the head of the department at Cornell that Frank Holt was really Erich Muenter, but no one informed the police. Muenter-Holt accepted a position in Dallas and his wife moved there to set up house.

After the war began in August 1914, Muenter-Holt brooded over the mounting casualty lists. He decided the need to do something dramatic to get the attention of the United States and force it to realize the folly and horror of war. He went to New York and rented a house under the name of Patton. There he assembled a bomb factory, buying 150 lbs. of dynamite under the name of Hendricks.



Owen Egan displays Muenter's trove of explosives to reporters

On July 2, 1915, he took a train to Washington and entered the Capitol building. Security was non-existent. He wanted to place a bomb in the Senate Chamber but it was locked. He placed the bomb in the ante-

room and timed it to go off at 11:23 p.m. to avoid causalities. He went to Union Station and waited for the midnight train to New York. He heard the bomb go off.



The US Capitol Reception Hall, after being shattered by a bomb devised by Erich Mäserer, alias Frank Holt

Senate Antechamber

He wrote, under the name of Pearce, to the Washington papers:

We stand for PEACE AND GOOD WILL to all men, and yet, while our European brethren are madly setting out to kill one another we edge em on and furnish them more effective means of murder. Is it right? We get rich by exportation of explosives, but ought we to enrich ourselves when it means the untold suffering and death of millions of our brethren and their widows and orphans?

By the way, don't put this on the Germans or on Bryan. I am an old-fashioned American with a conscience, if it is not a sin to have a conscience). We are within the international law when we make this blood money but are we also within the moral law, the law of Peace, or of Love, or of Christ, or whatever else a Christian nation may call it? Are we within reason? Our children have to live after us. Europe helped and encouraged the Balkans in their bestial ware, and she reaped the whirlwinds. Can't we learn wisdom? Is it right to supply an insane asylum with explosives? Or give them to children? We even prevent our own children to kill and maim themselves at the rate of 200 dead and 5,000 maimed on the glorious Fourth. How much more should we not hesitate to furnish strangers, and they mad? Will our explosives not become boomerangs? If we are willing to disregard our ideals for a dollar, will they hesitate some day when they get a chance? A prostitute sells out for a dollar. Fi! Columbia too?

Wilson said in his Decoration Day speech that the war developed national spirit. Good! Now let peace make for national spirit. Let all real Americans say: "We will not be a party to this wholesale murder!" Would that not be national spirit? Better than one based on the murder of our fellow-man.

"I, too, have had to use explosives (for the last time I trust). It is the export kind, and ought to make enough noise to be heard above the voices that clamor for war and blood

money. This explosion is the exclamation point to my appeal for peace."

He had written letters to the newspaper denouncing J. P. Morgan, Jr.'s financing of the Allies in the war.

J. P. Morgan, Jr.

Muenter took the early train to Glen Cove, Long Island on July 4, 2015. J. P. Morgan, Jr., and his family were having breakfast with the British ambassador.

Matinecock Point

Presenting his business card to the butler, he asked to be directed to Morgan. The butler refused but upon being confronted with two pistols pulled from Holt's pockets deceived him by leading him to the distant library. Morgan and his family were, in fact, breakfasting at the other end of the mansion with the British ambassador. Soon realizing he had been deceived Holt began a search, with the butler at gunpoint, room to room. Upon their approach to the dining area, the butler shouted out a warning and the family scrambled for cover.

Muenter, realizing that he had been fooled by the butler, had started back to the main staircase. Along the way, he heard voices from a small side room. He entered to find Morgan's younger children at play. He pointed a pistol at them. "Where is Mr. Morgan?" he asked. The children didn't answer. Muenter demanded they follow him. Finding the main hallway deserted, he started up the main staircase, the children following a few steps behind. As Muenter reached the second floor landing, a loaded revolver in each hand, he yelled out "Now, Mr. Morgan, I have you!" Seeing the pistols, Mrs. Morgan heroically tried to place herself between Muenter and her husband. Morgan pushed her aside, and lunged at Muenter. Muenter fired two rounds into Morgan before he was smashed to the ground by the 220-lb bulk of the millionaire. He pulled the trigger two more times, but the gun misfired both times. Morgan landed with the weight of his body squarely on Muenter. They struggled for a moment until Morgan twisted the revolver from Muenter's hand. Morgan had landed in such a way that he had accidentally pinned Muenter's left hand, holding the second revolver, to the floor in such a way that Muenter was unable to fire it. Morgan's wife, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and Miss McCabe pried the second revolver from Muenter's grasp.

After taking away his guns and tying him up for the police, another servant noticed the dynamite sticking out of Holt's pocket. The dynamite was immediately placed in a pail of water. "

Dr. Markoe and the police were summoned. Morgan survived. But Muenter did not live long.

Muenter explained his plan to the police:

I have a well-trained mind and I studied for a long time as to what would be the proper course for me to pursue before I decided to take the matter up with Mr. Morgan personally... I wanted to go to every manufacturer personally, and persuade him to stop this traffic. It was physically impossible for me to do this, but Mr. Morgan, with his great influence could do what was impossible for me, and so I decided to apply to him." He explained that it had been his intention to take Morgan's wife and children hostage. Muenter intended to seal them into a room while he forced Morgan to do his bidding to stop munitions shipments to Europe. He had planned to cut a small hole with his pocketknife in the doorway of the room he placed the Morgan family in, through which he intended to pass food during what even he perceived would have been a lengthy siege.

Muenter was questioned by the police:

MacDonald next asked Muenter whether or not he thought he had a legal right to take action against Morgan. Muenter responded that it had "...nothing to do with legal right. My dear sir, this is war, you are mistaken." "But we are not at war." "You are wrong. We are at war. We are actually at war, we are killing thousands of people every day." "But we haven't declared war," MacDonald reminded him. "Yes, we are doing it underhandedly," Muenter replied. "Do you think that you, single-handed, could arrest the whole trend of an age?" "No, but Mr. Morgan could."

Muenter with his guns and dynamite

Police quickly suspected that Holt and Muenter were the same person.

Muenter's wife received a letter from her husband. Among other things he wrote

Second: The steamer leaving New York for Liverpool on July 3 should sink, God willing, on 7th; I think it is the Philadelphia or the Saxonie, but am not quite sure, as according to schedule these two left on 3d.

England-bound ships were radioed; In July 7, the Minnehaha, a Morgan-owned ship transporting explosives, had an explosion and caught fire.

S. S. Minnehaha

Muenter, realizing that his plan had failed, tried to commit suicide by opening an artery with the metal band around a pencil eraser. He was stopped and was put on suicide watch. A guard was stationed outside the open door so he could rush in and stop any suicide attempt. The guard heard another noise and left for a moment to investigate. Muenter rushed out the open door, climbed up some bars, and dove head first onto a concrete floor twenty feet below, killing himself instantly.

He had left a suicide note for his wife

To my dears: I must write once more. The more I think about it, the more I see the uselessness of living under circumstances such as these. Bring up the dear babies in the love of God and man. God bless you, my sweet.
Affectionately, -Frank PS — All please pardon me for all the heartaches I have brought you. Pray with me that the slaughter will stop. My heart breaks. Good-bye.

(Many thanks to David Russell, [The Day Morgan was Shot.](#))

The Homicidal Lunatic

This was not to Dr. Markoe's last brush with the mentally erratic.

Thomas Simpkin, a London-born printer, had left England and moved to Canada. He enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1914, but soon deserted and joined his wife in the United States. He became increasingly erratic and was hospitalized. He escaped and made his way home to Duluth. He was institutionalized again and escaped again.

He drifted down to Virginia, took a job under his wife's maiden name, and felt one of his spells coming on in Williamsburg, Va. He had himself voluntarily hospitalized, and was classified as harmless. He escaped and went to New York.

William Jay Schieffelin, Jr. and his wife Annette were on the West Coast.

St. George's Church

On April 19, 1920, his father- and mother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. (Annette) Markoe, arrived at St. George's for the 11 A.M. Sunday morning service. Mrs. Markoe went up into the gallery, while Dr. Markoe stayed on the ground floor. The famous Armenian tenor was singing at the service

Simpkin liked to go to church services. He heard the sound of the bells at St. George's and entered the doors. An usher directed the shabbily dressed man to a pew.

Rev. Karl Reiland

The rector, Dr. Karl Reiland, chose to preach on *Ephesians iv, 18:*

Ignorance of God through a darkened understanding and blindness of heart

The rector dwelt particularly upon the necessity of church members extending good fellowship of the real, warm-hearted sort to newcomers; to strangers who seemed to be friendless. He asked his members to go out of their way to be hospitable to men and women of lonely hearts or distressed minds. He reminded them that such approaches might mean the difference between discouragement and fresh hope. He said that there was nothing more important in the practice of the Christian religion than the proffer to poor or rich or warm-hearted churchly hospitality.

The organist and choir began the offertory anthem. The Armenian tenor, George Bagdasarian, began the anthem *Seek ye the Lord.*

George Bagdasarian

The usual usher was away, so Dr. Markoe assisted Herbert Satterlee, J. P. Morgan's brother in law, and passed the plate. As he arrived at Simpkin's pew, Simpkin took a revolver out of his pocket and shot Markoe in the head over the left eye.

The rector, Dr. Reiland, recounted:

Suddenly I heard a shot. I thought maybe it was an automobile at first. Then I thought it might be some Bolshevik who had come into the church to get somebody. There was a second shot, bang, like that, and then I heard the

collection plate fall. It made a noise like crashing glass. The third shot I thought was a bomb.

Simpkin in lower right corner

Simpkin was running out of the church and shot at the sexton who was blocking his way.

I jumped up and looked down the aisle and saw the door open and a man run out. Then I realized that someone had been shot. Safford, the organist, stopped playing for an instant. I motioned him to continue and the little boys and girls in the choir to keep on singing. I ordered my four assistants to remain behind and continue the service. Bagdasarian was a trump. He kept right on singing.

Then I threw my Bible into the pulpit and leaped the chancel rail and started down the center aisle after the man.

I shouted to several ushers ta the head of the aisle "Get that man!" They told me several men were after him.

Simpkin ran toward the Stuyvesant Square Park. Several young men saw him coming with the others in pursuit and blocked his way. Simpkin turned to face his pursuers.

Dr. George Brewer, a medical officer in World War I and a friend of Markoe's, grappled Simpkin and pinned his gun arm to his side. Simpkin fired it, giving Brewer a flesh wound in the leg. Simpkin was subdued and taken to jail.

George Earl Warren was seated two pews back of Simpkin's. He jumped into the aisle and caught Markoe before he touched the floor. As they carried Markoe out, he whispered, "I'll be all right." But when they arrived at the emergency room of the Lying-In Hospital, he was dead.

At the funeral in St. George's there was a heavy police presence; no one was allowed near the church without a card of invitation. J. P. Morgan, Jr. attended.

Simpkin claimed he had come to America to kill J. P. Morgan, Sr., but then learned that he was already dead. He had no idea who Markoe was. Simpkin was also a Spiritualist and said that the spirits often spoke to him and they told him to shoot Markoe.

Simpkin was committed and died in the asylum at Matteawan four years later.

Alienists, as psychiatrists were then called, pointed out the problems the legal system created in dealing with the insane before they committed a serious crime.

At that time if a person was declared insane in one state, he was not automatically considered insane in other states. If he escaped to another state, the process had to begin all over again.

A Dr. Brill

said there are many persons of the same type as Simpkin at large, as they can readily conceal their dementia.

"The trouble is that we cannot keep them in the asylum always," said Dr. Brill, "because relatives and friends who visit the place talk to the victims superficially and imagine them to be entirely cured. They take the case to the courts, and the jury, not knowing any better, orders the person to be released."

A Dr. Heyman said that

“men if the paranoiac type usually are adroit and plausible until they commit some overt act, and then, for perhaps the first time, their insanity is made known to the lay mind.”

A few months later, Morgan was again targeted.

The **Wall Street bombing** occurred at 12:01 pm on September 16, 1920, in the Financial District of Manhattan, New York City. The blast killed 30 people immediately, and another eight died later of wounds sustained in the blast. There were 143 seriously injured, and the total number of injured was in the hundreds. The bombing was never solved, although investigators and historians believe the Wall Street bombing was carried out by Galleanists (Italian anarchists), a group responsible for a series of bombings the previous year. The attack was related to postwar social unrest, labor struggles and anti-capitalist agitation in the United States.

The New York assistant district attorney noted that the timing, location, and method of delivery all pointed to Wall Street and J.P. Morgan as the targets of the bomb, suggesting in turn that it was planted by radical opponents of capitalism such as Bolsheviks, anarchists, communists, or militant socialists.

Men were knocked off their feet, including a young stockbroker named Joseph P. Kennedy. There was carnage. A woman's head was discovered stuck to the concrete wall of a building, with a hat still on it. The head of the horse was found not far from the blast, but its hooves turned up blocks away in every direction. Morgan himself was on vacation across the Atlantic, but his son Junius was injured, and Morgan's chief clerk, Thomas Joyce, was killed.

Our current problems with terrorism had their precedent in the early twentieth century. The United States had a large immigrant population. An element of the German population was more loyal to the Kaiser than to the United States, The Irish hated the English.

Italians had an anarchist element. Russian Jews had a Bolshevik element.

Today the only immigrant population that harbors disloyal elements is the Moslem (perhaps 2% of the population) and only a minuscule fraction of them are disloyal.

The problem of the mentally ill remains with us. It is even harder today than it was then to commit someone involuntarily. Paranoid schizophrenics can be intelligent and conceal their illness. Often an erratic person will give only moderate signs before engaging in mass murder. It is harder to buy dynamite, but it is easy for a mentally ill person to get a gun, or a whole arsenal.

As to Muenter: he gave no clue as to why he murdered his first wife, and his plan to have Morgan end the war was deeply irrational. But how rational were the government officials and generals and financiers who kept the slaughter going year after year?

Dr. Potter and the Christian Tavern

Dr. Henry C. Potter, who gave Lawrence's funeral sermon, was rector of Grace Church and seventh bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York.



In [Wikipedia](#) we read:

He was notable for his interest in social reform and in politics: as rector of Grace Church he worked to make it an institutional church with working-men's clubs, day nurseries, kindergartens, etc., and he took part in the summer work of the missions on the east side in [New York City](#) long after he was bishop; in 1900 he attacked the [Tammany Hall](#) mayor ([Robert A Van Wyck](#)) of New York City, accusing the city government of protecting vice, and was a leader in the reform movement which elected [Seth Low](#) mayor in the same year; he frequently assisted in settling labour disputes.

Potter therefore could be seen as a proponent of the Social Gospel. Michael Bourgeois in *All Things Human: Harry Codman Potter and the Social Gospel in the Episcopal Church*, points out that Potter was entirely evangelical and orthodox, but emphasized that Jesus had come to end both sin and suffering. Suffering was in part caused by unjust social structures.

Potter, as his sermon on Lawrence indicated, was concerned about the masculinity of the clergy. The proponents of the Social Gospel thought that Christianity had become sentimentalized and therefore feminized. Walter Rauschenbusch, at the beginning of the twentieth century, claimed the failure to preach the Social Gospel was the reason "that our churches are overwhelmingly feminine."^[ii] The Southern Baptist Convention in 1915 proclaimed: "Some think of the Kingdom of God as narrow, effeminate and sentimental. The exact opposite is true. It is broad, masculine, and practical....So long as there is social inequality, industrial justice or political crime, the kingdom of God is

not yet fully come....The kingdom of God is not a Sunday affair. It must pervade the factory that runs six days a week as well as the Sunday morning service." Religion was a public matter for men who would fight for justice, as the Evangelical Wilberforce had by his persistence ended the slave trade.

Potter was aware that individual vices also brought suffering. Drunkenness led to violence and neglect of family. But instead of becoming a Prohibitionist, attacking the male vice of drinking. Potter thought working men should be able to drink in a decent environment. He therefore founded the [Subway Tavern](#).

The Subway Tavern was to operate like a respectable upper-class club, except for poorer folks. "I belong to many clubs which I can go," [remarked the bishop](#), "but where can the toiler go?" Where, indeed!

Potter honestly believed the Subway Tavern could be jovial and free-spirited without becoming debaucherous. The front room, adored with a sign 'To The Water Wagon' playfully overhead, would be open to both sexes "with a 'sanitary' soda water fountain where beer will be served to women." Men would have a private room behind some swinging saloon doors in the back.

As the bar was funded by donations, the 'evils' of profit were eliminated. And thus, reasoned Potter, bartenders would not encourage patrons to drink. Men and women could come to converse, read a newspaper and have one — *maybe two* — drinks. Employees were to closely watch the intoxication levels of customers; if one even looked tipsy — if say, somebody appeared to be enjoying their drink *a wee too much* — they would be cut off. Healthy food would also be on hand downstairs to soak up any amoral toxins in the belly.

As the New York Times [lightly mocked](#), "The benevolent bartenders ... are anguished when they are compelled to serve whisky, and ... dimple with joy when sarsaparilla pop is ordered."

It was a great idea but, alas, did not work out.

[i] Walter Rauschenbusch, *Christianity and the Social Crisis* (Louisville, KY: Westminster/John Knox, 1991), 367.

Edward Coit Gilman: A Life Cut Short

Edward Coit Gilman (1879-1909) was the son of Bessie Amelia Lawrence and Arthur Coit Gilman. Edward was the second cousin, three times removed, of my wife and the grandnephew of Daniel Coit Gilman, the first president of Johns Hopkins University. After his father's death, Edward and his brothers grew up in Queens at their grandparents' house. His grandfather and namesake Edward was Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Congregational Church. Edward attended the Lawrenceville School and went into real estate.



On January 8, 1909 Edward and a group of friends went to an entertainment at the Good Citizen League in Flushing.



The entertainment was followed by a dance, and the party did not leave until after midnight. They were introduced to Merwin Lee, and they all piled into the new car which he had just received as a Christmas present from his grandparents. The car was driven by a chauffeur, Frank Brennan. But Lee wanted to drive and the chauffeur sat in the rumble seat.

Lee took the Floral Park Road toward Little Neck. The road as it passed the Vanderbilt estate was on a steep hill and for a short stretch was paved with granite Belgian blocks. When the car met the blocks, the front axle snapped. The front end of the car went down and the car veered sharply right. All the occupants were thrown from the car.

Several were injured, some seriously. Edward fell on his head against a stone curb, and two of the girls fell on him, somewhat cushioning their fall. Their screams roused a worker who lived on the Vanderbilt estate. He found

Miss Bogert wearing a handsome ball gown with a fur coat thrown over her shoulders sitting by the roadside holding Mr. Gilman's head in her lap. Blood was flowing from a deep wound in his head.

The worker summoned a physician, but Edward was dead at the age of thirty.

He was buried in the Lawrence family cemetery in Bayside.



Edward Holland Caldwell

Edward Holland Caldwell (1844-1872) was the son of James Henry Caldwell and Margaret Placide (Margaret Abrams). The parents were not married. James Henry was still married to Maria Carter Hall, who remained in Virginia. Edward Holland was the second great-grandfather of my wife.

On March 11, 1857 an act was passed by the Louisiana legislature allowing Edward Holland and his brother James Henry Jr. (1838-1870) to inherit on the same basis as legitimate children.

Edward Holland, was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, January 8, 1844, died in New York City, October 5, 1872. He was associated with his father in the gas and banking companies. He was president of the Mobile Gas Light and Coke Company, and made his residence in Mobile. The family were Catholics, except Edward Holland Caldwell, who embraced the Protestant faith. This allowed him to become a thirty-second degree of the Scottish Rite of the Masons.

Edward Holland married Caroline Amelia Shields, a native of Mobile. She survived her husband, and married Santos Santiago Rubira (1832-1914), a prominent capitalist of Mobile.

The children of Edward Holland and Caroline Amelia were:

James Henry (1865-1931)

Edward Shields (1867-1925) a capitalist of Asheville, North Carolina, and an extensive traveler; he married Louise Wood Moore.

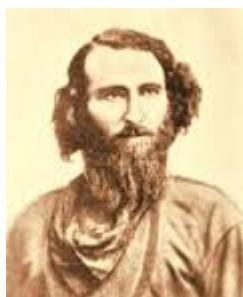
Sarah (1871-1947), married (first) Nathaniel Rutter (1863-1891), of New York City, leaving a son, Edward Caldwell Rutter (1890-1947): she married (second) 1902, Nathaniel Claude Reynal (1871-1928), of New York City. Their children were Nathalie (1902-1968), Nathaniel Jules (1903-1950), and Amilie (1909-1917).

Edward Lawrence Schieffelin, Founder of Tombstone



Edward Lawrence Schieffelin (1847–1897) was the son of Clinton Emanuel Del Pela Schieffelin and Jane Walker. Edward was the second great-grandson of Jacob Shieffelin, the founder of the Schieffelin pharmaceutical company. Edward was therefore my wife's third cousin, three times removed, but he preserved the Lawrence family connection in his middle name.

Edward was born in Western Pennsylvania but his family moved to the Rogue Valley in Oregon Territory. At age 17 he set out on his own as a prospector. Ed began looking for gold and silver all over the West: Death Valley, the Grand Canyon, California,



In 1876, David P. Lansing of Phoenix, Arizona, described Schieffelin as

about the strangest specimen of human flesh I ever saw. He was 6 feet 2 inches tall and had black hair that hung several inches below his shoulder and a beard that had not been trimmed or combed for so long a time that it was a mass of unkempt knots and mats. He wore clothing pieced and patched from deerskins, corduroy and flannel, and his hat was originally a slouch hat that had been pieced with rabbit skin until very little of the original felt remained.

Nothing had come of all the prospecting. In 1877 Ed enlisted as an Indian scout to assist the Army in its fight against the Apaches. He looked at the San Pedro river area, only a few miles from Geronimo.

One German miner had already been murdered – the first of many murders in that area.

There are several versions of the origin of the name Tombstone:

When fellow Army scout Al Sieber learned what Ed was up to, he told him, “The only rock you will find out there will be your own tombstone”. Another version is that Edward was told, “Better take your coffin with you; you will find your tombstone there, and nothing else.” Or he was told “If you are determined to go, take along a chisel with you and when you get lost among the hills and come to die, chip your name on a stone and we’ll stumble across it someday and put up a tombstone for you there.” Another version is that the name came from a rock formation: “The name by the way, was bestowed as follows: a thin unpromising vein in a granite formation was followed until it widened and threatened opulence amid a kind of rock which projected from the surface roughly resembling the headstone of a grave.”-



Ed Schieffelin

Ed found what he thought was a vein of silver ore and he filed a claim, naming it Tombstone. He had some samples but there was no assay office in Tucson and everyone he showed the samples to thought they were worthless. Edward tried to find his brother Al. He travelled hundreds of miles but was broke, and had to stop for a few weeks to run a crank at a mine to earn enough money to continue.

When Ed finally located his brother in February 1878, Al asked the foreman at the McCracken mine to look at brother Ed's ore specimens. The foreman thought the samples were mostly lead. Unconvinced, Schieffelin showed the samples to 20 or 30 others who had some expertise, and they all thought the ore worthless. Frustrated, Schieffelin threw his ore specimens out his brother's cabin door, as far as he could throw, but at the last minute held on to three of them. For the next four weeks he worked in the McCracken Mine, wielding a pick and shovel.

Ed learned about the McCracken Mine's recently arrived assayer, Richard Gird, who had a reputation as an expert. Taking his last three ore samples, Ed Schieffelin asked Gird if he thought they were worth assaying. Gird took a look and said he'd get back to Ed. Three days later, Al shook Ed out of

his bunk and said Gird wanted to see him now. When they met, Gird told Ed that he valued the best of the ore samples at \$2,000 a ton. Ed, Al Schieffelin and Richard Gird formed a partnership on the spot.

The three partners formed the Tombstone Gold and Silver Mining Company to hold title to their claims. Gird built a crude assay furnace in the cabin's fireplace. He found that Schieffelin's initial find of silver ore was valuable, but within a few weeks of mining the vein, Ed discovered it ended in a pinch about three feet deep. His brother Al and Gird were despondent but Ed was optimistic he could find more ore deposits. He continued his search for many more weeks until one day Al found Ed joyously exclaiming over another sample of float ore he had found. Indifferently, Al told Ed he was a "lucky cuss," and that became the name of one of the richest mining claims in the Tombstone District. The ore samples assayed at \$15,000 a ton. Ed shortly afterward identified another claim, the "[Tough Nut](#)" lode.



From Left to Right ~ Dick Gird
Al Schieffelin and Ed Schieffelin
1878



On June 17, 1879, Schieffelin showed up in Tucson driving the blue spring wagon carrying the first load of silver bullion valued at \$18,744 (about \$474,424 today). The mines in the area eventually produced about a billion dollars of silver in 2015 dollars.



TOWN OF TOMBSTONE IN 1889

Tombstone 1882



Tombstone 1932



Tombstone today

The town was built to work the mines. When [Cochise County](#) was formed in January 1891, Tombstone became the county seat. In 1881 Ed's brother Al built [Schieffelin Hall](#) as a theater, recital hall, and a meeting place for Tombstone citizens. It is the largest adobe structure in the southwest.

(His great-niece Mary Schieffelin Brady reopened it in 1964.)

Tombstone was the site of the gunfight at the OK corral on October 26, 1881.

Ed sold part of his interests in the mines but was still wealthy. He was convinced there was a band of mineral wealth all long the mountains from Alaska to the Andes, and financed an expedition to Alaska.

Steamer "New Racket"

The cold discouraged him, and he returned to California. In 1883 he married Mary Elizabeth Brown, and lived in Los Angeles for a while. He returned to the Rogue River area and bought a ranch near his brothers Eff (Effingham) and Jay (Jacob). He continued prospecting. He was found dead of a heart attack in his cabin on May 12, 1897.

The legend is that they found

his body slumped ever so peacefully across a worktable where samples of the gold ore were being worked. Ore that was eventually tested at more than \$2,000 to the ton. But Ed Schieffelin did not leave behind a map or directions to his discovery. That would be up to others to locate. The last entry in his journal simply read, "Struck it rich again, by God."

In his will he specified:

It is my wish to be buried in the garb of a prospector, my old pick and canteen with me on top of the granite hills about three miles westerly from the city of Tombstone and that a monument such as prospectors build when locating a mining claim be built over my grave and no other monument or slab erected. And I request that none of my friends wear crepe. Under no circumstances do I want to be buried in a cemetery or graveyard.

Effingham Lawrence: Sugar Planter, Secessionist, and Congressman for a Day

Effingham Lawrence (March 2, 1820- December 9, 1878) was born in Queens, the son of Effingham Lawrence and Anne Townsend, and the brother of Joseph Effingham Lawrence, Lydia Lawrence, and Henry Effingham Lawrence. He was my wife's third great grand uncle.

He married Jane Lucretia Osgood (April 1, 1829- 3 March 1863), a Kentucky heiress, on June 17, 1847. They had six children, one of whom married a Gilman, a name known at Johns Hopkins University (as we shall see).

Like his brothers, Effingham left New York. After his marriage he bought Magnolia Plantation in Plaquemines Parish, on the Mississippi, about fifty miles below New Orleans. He served as a representative in the Louisiana legislature 1854-1855.

Two river boat pilots and occasional pirates, George Bradish and William Johnson, had noticed that the land about fifty miles south of New Orleans had some elevation, and in 1780 established Magnolia plantation to raise and process sugar. It is said that Jean Lafitte, the pirate, was a friend of Bradish and Johnson and a frequent guest at Magnolia. Johnson had a son, Bradish Johnson, who spent six months each year on Fifth Avenue in New York and married Louisa Ann Lawrence of Bayside, New York, a cousin of Effingham's. But more about them in a later blog.

The house at Magnolia Plantation was built in 1795; it had two stories and 10 rooms, each 22 by 28 feet. The walls were two and a half feet thick, plaster over brick.



Magnolia Plantation

Effingham lived the comfortable life of a wealthy plantation owner, surrounded by the slaves who were, he thought, loyal to their

considerate master. Abolitionists could not conceive of how well cared for and content the blacks were – so the owners thought.

After the slaves at Magnolia and Woodland Plantations had worked hard to fill a crevasse in the levee and to save the crops, Lawrence invited the owners and slaves from both plantations to a celebration at Magnolia. In October 1856 a letter to the *Picayune* reported:

At 12 o'clock the whole party met in the church of Magnolia Plantation...Hymns and psalms were sung to the Almighty by all present, accompanied by the melodious tomes of the organ. But, Mr. Editor, it would have pleased you to have heard the psalm (commonly known as the "old Hundred") sung by nearly six hundred voices. After the exercises at church, the party repaired to a sumptuous table, where everything had been prepared, and there nearly 450 negroes, men and women, partook of the dinner, Messrs. Lawrence and Decker and their friends attending on them.

Would to God that Wilson, Slade, Giddings and others [presumably abolitionists] would have been present to judge for themselves how we Louisiana planters treat the negroes under our care! After dinner the negroes retired to a place prepared for the occasion, where, at the sound of the banjo and tambourine, they danced those amusing but touching dances which we alone, who have witnessed them from our youth, can appreciate.

Such was the quasi-feudal arrangement as the planters imagined it, even showing their gratitude to their "hands" by waiting on them themselves on special occasions. The white writers went to pains to avoid the word *slaves*, Instead they spoke of *hands, negroes, servants, workers*, etc.

George Hamill, a northerner, in 1860 worked on the Mississippi clearing obstructions. There he had a mixed experience with Effingham:

I proceeded at once to my place of destination, a plantation 46 miles below the city called "Magnolia Place" and owned by E. Lawrence, containing over 1000 acres of improved land with nearly 200 Negroes, with a large sugar mill and machinery for making sugar. Nearly the whole of the plantation is devoted to raising sugar cane, and last year he made over 1400 hogshead of sugar, beside a large quantity of molasses, and one of the finest sights a person ever saw in a large sugar plantation in the month of June and July when the cane is as high as a man's head, and when the wind blows it reminds you of the waves of the ocean, excepting the color which is a beautiful green. The Negroes are well dressed, well fed, and well taken care of. The planter has a physician hired by the year who visits the sick daily, also a preacher who preaches to them every Sunday, and I think they are the most happy and contented race of beings I ever saw. My business in coming south was to put up 2 dredging machines for digging canals on the plantation; invented and built by I. C. Osgood of Troy, N. Y. I built and put up the machines

without any trouble and concluded to stay in the South a year to see if it would improve my health. I worked on the plantation 18 months, and had a difficulty with E. Lawrence which resulted in my leaving the plantation. After a great deal of trouble I succeeded in obtaining a settlement all in their favor, cheating me out of some \$300.00. I saw how the thing was going. I concluded to take what I could get, and go home, if possible.

As Hamill was a northerner, his testimony about Lawrence's care for his slaves is reliable. As far as it could be in a condition of servitude, life on this plantation was decent for the slaves, although they worked hard (which they would have had to do as free laborers also).

The War for Southern Independence

The sugar planters of Louisiana led the movement for secession. On December 27, 1860 Effingham addressed a meeting of the Friends of Southern Rights and Separate State Secession. He

dwell upon the long forbearance of the South under alleged Northern provocation, claiming that it was the right and duty of the region to "stand to her honor"...."the duty of Louisiana and every citizen thereof," cried the great cane planter, "is to stand and defend Louisiana through fire and blood if necessary." He little realized the prophecy of his words.



Louisiana Secession Convention, Baton Rouge

Effingham was the delegate for Plaquemines Parish and opened the secession convention on January 23, 1861 in Baton Rouge. He signed the ordinance of secession on January 26, 1861 and moved that all those who signed be given golden pens to commemorate their role. Effingham, unlike other planters, contributed liberally to the Bienville Guards of Plaquemine Parish. However, he did not enlist (he was in his early forties), and in the disastrous aftermath of the war, his role was sometimes remembered with bitterness by those who had suffered in the war.



Ordinance of Secession

In the North the Lawrences had been Quakers and involved in manumission, although not in abolition. Effingham, it was remembered by Louisianans, was a transplanted Northerner. Perhaps he was so outspoken to convince people that he identified with the South; perhaps as a sugar planter he had internalized the attitudes of all planters.

The Union navy went up the Mississippi; the slaves gathered on the levees and cheered, the plantation owners were glum, and many abandoned their plantations

This inspired the abolitionist Henry Work to write this in 1862:



The Year of Jubilo

Say, darkies, hab you seen de massa, wid de muffstash on his face,

Go long de road some time dis mornin', like he gwine to leab de place?

He seen a smoke way up de ribber, whar de Linkum gunboats lay;

He took his hat, and lef' berry sudden, and I spec' he's run away!

CHORUS:

De massa run, ha, ha! De darkey stay, ho, ho!

It mus' be now de kingdom coming, an' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, two foot tudder, and he weigh tree hundred pound,

His coat so big, he couldn't pay the tailor, an' it won't go halfway round.

He drill so much dey call him Cap'n, an' he got so drefful tanned,

I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees for to tink he's contraband.

CHORUS

De darkeys feel so lonesome libbing in de loghouse on de lawn,

Dey move dar tings into massa's parlor for to keep it while he's gone.

Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen, an' de darkeys dey'll have some;

I s'pose dey'll all be cornfiscated when de Linkum sojers come.

CHORUS

De obserseer he make us trouble, an' he drike us round a spell;

We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar, wid de key trown in de well.

De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken, but de massa'll hab his pay;

He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better dan to went an' run away.

(Some consider the dialect insulting to blacks, but the slave owners are the real target, with a little slap at the Yankee soldiers. The song was very popular among blacks, especially black volunteers in the Union army, and was played by their regimental bands. Lev. 25 defines rules for the people of Israel regarding the treatment of slaves – “The year of Jubilee” equals the end of a period of time and decrees that a slave and all his family must be set free – i.e.. “Redeemed” This concept easily dovetails with the concept of the coming Messiah who will redeem Israel and all nations. The Union soldiers didn’t know what the legal status of the slaves who fled to them was, so they called them “contraband.” Here is a great [1927 rendition](#).)

The Union army quickly occupied part of Louisiana, and its presence disrupted the economy of the plantations, even before the Emancipation Proclamation. Effingham unlike those owners who ran away, stayed, although he sent his family to New Orleans for safety; his wife died there in March 1863. Magnolia Plantation was affected by the war (although apparently less than other places). The overseer pronounced that the slaves had a severe case of *Lincolnitis* (a disease

similar to the [drapetomania](#) diagnosed by Dr. Cartwright). Some slaves ran away, but after having experienced the chaos of the Union camps, decided to return to Magnolia to wait for the outcome of the war.

The Magnolia Plantation overseer applied on 14 June 1862 to the Union Authorities at Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip to collect his workers and take them back to their cabins. The Federal Commander, doubtless happy to be rid of the responsibility of providing for great numbers of indolent blacks, gave their consent (Journal – 14 June 1862.)

In October 1862 Effingham wrote that discipline was eroding:

we have a terrible state of affairs Here, negroes refusing to work and women all in there Houses.

The slaves erected a gallows in their quarters. They explained that a Union officer had told them to do that to drive their master off the plantation. Lawrence worried:

“Hang their master & and that then they will be Free. No one can tell what a Day may bring Forth – we are all in a State of Great uneasiness.”

Violence was in the air, but there was no insurrection, as had happened in Haiti and had threatened under Nat Turner. Perhaps slaves were content to let the white men kill each other and await the outcome of the war.

Lawrence's overseer did not like the Yankees. He wrote this prayer, somewhat lacking in the spirit of forgiveness, during the war (original spelling):

This day is set a part by President Jefferson DAVIS for fasting and praying owing to the deplorable condishions over Southern country is in my prayer Sincerely to God is that Every Black Republican in the Hole combined whorl Either man woman o chile that is opposed to negro slavery as it existed in the Southern Confederacy shal be trubled with pestilence & calamitys of all kinds & drag out the balance of their existence in misry (&) degradation with scarsely food (&) rayment enough to keep sole (&) body to gether and O God I pray the to direct a bullet or a bayonet to pirce the hart of every northern Soldier that invades southern Soil (&) after the body has Rendered up its tralerish Soul gave it a trators reward a birth in the Lake og fires (&) Brimstone My honest convicksion is that Every man women (&) child that has gave aid to the abolitionist are fit Subjects for Hell I all so ask the aid the Southern confedercy in maintaining ower rites (&) establishing the confederate Goverment Believing in this case the prares from the wicked will prevailth much – Amen –

Lawrence, however, adapted with the changing time. His slaves grew restless and refused to work unless they were paid. Lawrence told them they were still his slaves, and he would not pay them, but he promised

a Handsome Present Provided they Resisted the Pressure
that is now Felt everywhere by the Slaves to run away and
Leave there Home for the Forts and Federal Camps.

He kept his promise and gave them \$2,500.

He warned his slaves that in the Union camps they would find

Nothing but *Degradation Misssery & Death* and it was for there Interest to Remain and to be taken Care off Rather than to Leave there Good Houses and Suffer as was Sure to Do to an immense extent.

The Union army was not prepared to care for the runaway slaves, and conditions ranged from poor to terrible. Many Northerners were racists, and others hated blacks as the cause of the war.

Two abolitionists, Hepworth and Wheeler, who visited Magnolia Plantation in 1863, were satisfied with what they saw. They reported that Lawrence's former slaves were now

all at home, working cheerfully at their tasks, under the incentive of kindness, promises honestly kept, and of the prospective reward of one-fifteenth of the crop

which was more than the Union army required to be given to ex-slaves.

Attempts at Reconciliation

Effingham, who seems to have been generally respected and liked (except by the most die-hard Confederates), offered hospitality to Union officers. He became a friend of General Sheridan, and was appointed to the levee committee. The Lawrences believed in being flexible; their political model was the reed and not the oak. The Lawrences had served both the Dutch and English governments in New York; Effingham voted for secession and then befriended the Union occupiers.

But not everyone was happy with the Occupation. Opponents of Reconstruction in Louisiana organized the White League. It was a public, para-military force set up to rid the state of carpetbaggers. It claimed it had no animosity to blacks (who did not believe that protestation).

Dr. Taylor wrote to the newspapers to explain the aims of the White League: to gain control of Louisiana and to deny employment to uncooperative blacks.

Effingham write a long public letter (*Picayune*, August 23, 1874) condemning this attempt effectively to disenfranchise blacks.

Lawrence admitted that the newly enfranchised black voters had elected corrupt carpetbaggers. The black voters saw the corruption of the white men they had voted for, and were disappointed in their supposed friends; the carpetbaggers then blamed the negro voters for the corruption, thus turning blacks again whites and whites against blacks. Lawrence pointed out that whites also were known to make bad political decisions:

Such lapses in citizenship have occurred among the Anglo-Saxon citizens, and will occur again; but they are not incurable in their character, nor in either the white or black race, such as to lead the patriot to despair of the Republic.

Lawrence attacked the “scarecrow” of social equality (which seems to have been a code word for miscegenation).

In exceptional cases I have seen white men who, of choice, sought negro association, and negroes who preferred the association of whites; but as the rule, with scarcely an exception, the healthy minded white and colored alike seek domestic affiliations with those of their own race.

He condemned the attempt to pit white against black:

In my judgment a race organization, political in its character, white or black, is at all times questionable and dangerous. But at this juncture of affairs is evil, only evil, and full of mischief to both races and to the State.

The *New York Times* in recounting Lawrence's letter, said that it was sure that many responsible Louisianans were ashamed of the White League, but Lawrence was

the only one of large influence who has entered his formal protest against a course which can only end in disaster to the reckless men engaged in it.

Lawrence was insulted, mobbed in the streets, and ordered to leave the state.

The Battle of Liberty Place

Under former Confederate officers the White League drilled and trained forces until they were better prepared than the police and the state militia. They smuggled in arms, cut telegraph lines to the North, and staged a coup d'état. On September 14, 1874 in heavy street fighting 5,000 members of the League defeated 3,500 police and militia, with 100 casualties (the Battle of Liberty Place). The Republican Governor Kellogg fled for safety to a federal installation. The White League took over all government offices at bayonet point and evicted all incumbents. But President Grant would not tolerate a rebellion; he sent in Federal troops to restore Kellogg.

In 1891 New Orleans built a monument to the Battle of Liberty Place – it has been moved to an obscure location and may be demolished.

In 1932 a plaque was added:

“McEnery and Penn having been elected governor and lieutenant-governor by the white people were duly installed by this overthrow of carpetbag government, ousting the usurpers, Governor Kellogg (white) and Lieutenant-Governor Antoine (colored). United States troops took over the state government and reinstated the usurpers but the national election of November 1876 recognized white supremacy in the South and gave us our state.”

In 1974 the city added a plaque instructing the citizenry to disregard previous plaques:

“Although the “Battle of Liberty Place” and this monument are important parts of the New Orleans history, the sentiments in favor of white supremacy expressed thereon are contrary to the philosophy and beliefs of present-day New Orleans.”

The 1993 inscription that covers the 1932 inscription tries to have it both ways.

In honor of those Americans on both sides of the conflict who died in the Battle of Liberty Place.

A conflict of the past that should teach us lessons for the future.

But what are the lessons?

The Great Train Race

Louisiana politics have always been a contact sport. Governor Warmoth (elected at age 26), a close friend of Effingham's, and his Lieutenant Governor Pinchback were both Republicans, but belonged to different factions.

Henry Clay Warmoth

Pinckney Benton Stewart Pinchback

In September 1872 Governor Warmoth and Effingham Lawrence went to New York to discuss railroad matters. At 5 PM one evening at the Fifth Avenue Hotel Warmoth unexpectedly ran into his Lieutenant Governor, Pinchback, who said that he was in North giving speeches. The two agreed to meet at 9 PM that evening to make arrangements to return to New Orleans on the same train.

But Pinchback did not show up, and Warmoth went to bed that night with an uneasy feeling. The next morning he went to the hotel and ran into a young man who was travelling with Pinchback, who said that Pinchback hadn't returned but his luggage was still at the hotel. Warmoth was still uneasy. He ran into Senator Harris, an acquaintance of Pinchback's, and asked him whether he had seen Pinchback. Harris said that Pinchback had left on the train for Pittsburgh the previous evening. Warmoth immediately spotted Pinchback's deception and realized he must be up to something.

He and Lawrence opened telegraphic connections all along the route to New Orleans and took the lightning train south. Pinchback had a twelve hour lead. At Louisville Warmoth and Lawrence learned what Pinchback was up to.

What Pinchback had been doing in New York was conspiring with the Grant faction at achieve a coup d'état in Louisiana to make sure the state delivered its electoral votes to Grant. Pinchback's supporters in the legislature were waiting for him at Amite, just inside the Louisiana line. There they would

impeach the Governor, Auditor, and some other officers, overturn the city government, reorganize the police, remove all of Warmoth's appointees throughout the State, especially the registrar of voters, sign the new bills, and continue in session until January next.

They had prepared

plenty of troops to call to protect the coup d'état and maintain by force the raw regime.

The matter was urgent. Warmoth and Lawrence chartered a special train to meet them at Humboldt: the best locomotive of the Mississippi Central and one car. They telegraphed ahead for the track to be cleared the whole distance south. They told the engineer to open the throttle, but he insisted that Lawrence first sign a bond to be responsible for any damages. Meanwhile Warmoth and Lawrence arranged a little trick of their own.

Pinchback was on the train as it stopped in Canton, Mississippi. A man boarded and asked whether there was a Mr. Pinchback aboard. Pinchback identified himself, and was told there was a telegram at the station office for him but it was to be put direct into the hands of Pinchback and no one else. Pinchback went to the station and the stationmaster said he needed positive identification. Pinchback rounded up some people who knew him, and then the stationmaster said he had misplaced the telegram and had to search for it. He finally gave it to Pinchback who tore it open only to discover a blank piece of paper. He then realized what had happened and tried to get out but the door was locked. He tried the window and that was locked. He yelled and finally got someone outside to unlock the door. But then he saw the train two hundred yards down the track on the way to New Orleans. It did not stop as he waved his handkerchief and yelled. He was told there would be another train in the morning, so he spent the night in the town.

At dawn he went to the platform and saw a train approaching.

The tall figure of Governor Warmoth is seen on the platform, and his strong voice is heard shouting – “Hurra! Hulloa! Pinch, is that you? Thought you were with your baggage at the Fifth Avenue. Get aboard and we will take you to the city.”

Warmoth and Lawrence then unfolded the whole counterplot. Pinchback admitted

"you have won another race, and I'll be d—d if it isn't the biggest one you ever did or ever will win."

As their train passed Amite, Louisiana, they saw on the platform the Grant politicians. Pinchback pointed to Warmoth and said, "Captured! Captured!" Warmoth

rose and affectionately and gracefully waved his handkerchief toward the foiled and disgusted conspirators.

Warmoth and Effingham held court in the St. Charles hotel to receive congratulations in their success on thwarting the Grantites – but, of course, that was not the last move in the game.

Congressman for a Day

The 1872 election in which Lawrence (D) ran against Jacob Hale Sypher (R) saw the usual irregularities. Sypher was declared the winner, but Lawrence asked to be seated. The Republican-dominated House investigated, and to show it was not partisan, awarded the seat to Lawrence – on the last day of the session. Lawrence was sworn in at 9:30 AM, March 3, 1875, and drew his pay. His term expired when the House adjourned that evening. It was the first time since the War that a Democrat had won a congressional election in Louisiana.

President Rutherford B. Hayes, over the objections of Republicans who wanted the spoils to go only to Republicans, appointed the Democrat Lawrence to the post of Collector of Customs for the Port of New Orleans.

Effingham seems to have been a genuinely amiable person, and even those on the other side of the political fence liked him.

Moonlight and Magnolias

Effingham made satisfactory arrangements with his former slaves. Some bought small plots from him; others stayed on as workers and were paid. He brought in steam equipment, the first steam plows in Louisiana.

Horace Greeley visited Magnolia Plantation in 1877:

The "Magnolia" plantation of Mr. Lawrence is a fair type of the larger and better class; it lies low down to the river's level, and seems to court inundation. Stepping from the wharf, across a green lawn, the sugar-house first greets the eye, an immense solid building, crammed with costly machinery. Not far from it are the neat, white cottages occupied by the laborers; there is the kitchen where the field-hands come to their meals; there are the sheds where the carts are housed, and the cane is brought to be crushed; and, ranging in front of a cane-field containing many hundreds of acres, is a great orange orchard, the branches of whose odorous trees bear literally golden fruit; for, with but little care, they yield their owner an annual income of \$25,000.

The massive oaks and graceful magnolias surrounding the planter's mansion give grateful shade; roses and all the rarer blossoms perfume the air; the river current hums a gentle monotone, which, mingled with the music of the myriad insect life, and vaguely heard on the lawn and in the cool corridors of the house, seems lamenting past grandeur and prophesying of future greatness. For it was a grand and lordly life, that of the owner of a sugar plantation; filled with culture, pleasure, and the refinements of living;—but now!

Afield, in Mr. Lawrence's plantation, and in some others, one may see the steam-plough at work, ripping up the rich soil. Great stationary engines pull it rapidly from end to end of the tracts; and the darkies, mounted on the swiftly rolling machine, skillfully guide its sharp blades and force them into the furrows. Ere long, doubtless, steam-ploughs will be generally introduced on Louisiana sugar estates."

Effingham seemed to prosper but in 1873 sold a half-interest in the plantation to his friend Warmoth.

Among the last Lawrence family events at the plantation was the wedding of his daughter Bessie Amelia to Arthur Coit Gilman, on Christmas Eve, 1877.

For a full quarter of a mile the river bank was thickly dotted with bonfires, while through the orange grove, which separated the mansion from the Mississippi, twinkled numberless lights. Hundreds of negroes, many of whom used to be Colonel Lawrence's slaves, were scattered along the river bank and through the grounds, all of them in the jolliest mood. Of course the bride was lovely, and all the appointments of the wedding most elaborate, but the distinguishing feature of the affair, after all, was the heart participation of the colored people. Just back at the mansion they were served a sumptuous banquet, and when the feast was over, they sang the old plantation songs and danced the old plantation dances with even more vim and enjoyment than in the old days. Altogether the midnight scene was one that would have been worth travelling a good way to see — the brilliantly lighted mansion, with the best of Louisiana society at its windows and on the galleries, hundreds of happy negroes dancing and singing on the green, and in the background the negro cabins, the sugar houses and the orange grove, all beautified by the light of the full moon.

Effingham died at Magnolia on December 9, 1878. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, New Orleans.

The Last Chapter

The Warmoth family at Magnolia Plantation c. 1880

After some legal fuss, Warmoth took over the plantation; the Lawrence townhouse at 68 St. Louis St in New Orleans was sold, and the children seemed to have returned to the North.

68 St. Louis St.

Now 720 St. Louis St., Café Soule

Mark Twain visited Magnolia Plantation in 1893 when it was owned by Warmoth. Twain gave no indication he knew that the plantation had

been owned by the brother of Joe Lawrence, for whom Twain had worked in San Francisco in 1863. Twain was fascinated by the machinery.

But even with all the improvements, Louisiana sugar planters could not compete with foreign growers. They tried to get a tariff, but failed. Warmoth sold the plantation, and it gradually deteriorated.

Sic transit

Effingham Lawrence the Druggist

This Effingham Lawrence (June 6, 1760-December 13, 1800) was the son of Ann Burling and John Lawrence and my wife's fourth great grand uncle. He married Elizabeth Watson (1764-1852) and had several children, including a Watson Effingham and an Effingham Watson (the lure of the name was irresistible).

Like many young male Quakers, Effingham succumbed to the allure of the Revolution, and was disowned by the Friends for wearing a cocked hat and sword.

In 1781 Effingham established his druggist's business at 99 Pearl Street. He was the druggist and apothecary to the Medical Society, a committee of which examined his store quarterly and "certified that his drugs were genuine and his medicines faithfully prepared." He was one of the sponsors of the Tontine Coffee House, and was the only sponsor listed as a "gentleman."

In 1790 Thomas Jefferson returned from France. During his New York stay, he patronized several of the shops run by my wife's relatives. In July 1790 Jefferson paid Effingham Lawrence, a druggist at 227 Queen Street [Pearl Street], for red bark and toothbrushes.

An eighteenth-century toothbrush

Napoleon's toothbrush

In 1794 Effingham sold his business to Jacob Schieffelin and John Lawrence and retired to his country estate in Flushing. This sale had long-term consequences for the family, as we shall see.

The Quaker roots of the family were important in establishing its role in the pharmaceutical business.

When Schieffelin and John Lawrence entered into the drug business, the trade was primarily conducted by wholesale houses in New York and Philadelphia. Before the Revolutionary War, drugs and botanicals had been mostly supplied by the English. By the time of the Revolution, about half of the drug manufacturing in England was controlled by the Quakers. Quaker pharmacists in America had ready access to the latest and most up-to-date information thanks to their coreligionists in England. At the end of the eighteenth century, druggists provided a wide array of medicines, botanical products, cooking spices, surgical supplies, medicine chests, as well items found today in hardware stores — paints and glassware, for example — to general stores, physicians, farmers, plantations, ships, and apothecary shops. Soon after the beginning of the eighteenth century, many druggists and apothecaries had expanded into chemical manufacturing, an activity that accelerated during the Revolutionary War, when, cut off from England,

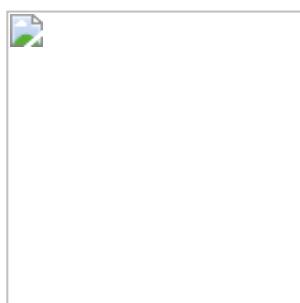
druggists learned new manufacturing techniques to produce the embargoed chemicals.

Effinghams All



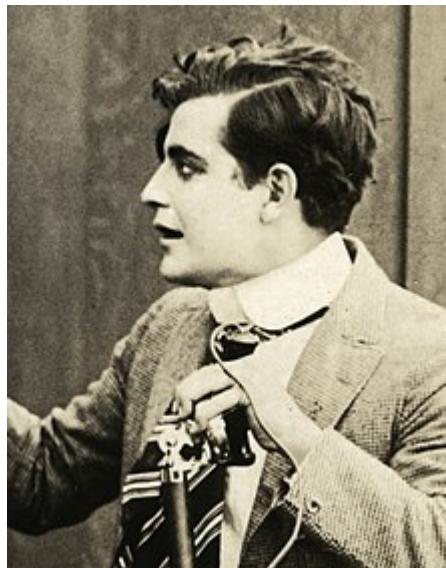
Francis Howard, Fifth Baron Howard of Effingham

(Not a relation)



Rhode Island Effingham

Tasmanian Effingham



Actor Effingham

HMS Effingham

The Last of the Effinghams

Elizabeth Lawrence Gilman

Elizabeth Lawrence Gilman (1905-2006) was the daughter of Arthur Lawrence Gilman (1878-1939) and Elizabeth Wright Walter (1875-1964). She was teh third cousin twice removed of my wife. Betty was born in 1905, graduated from Smith College in 1927, and married Malcolm Evelyn Anderson (1900-1950), a writer for the *New Yorker*, in 1936. They divorced in 1940. She was active in many organizations including: National Audubon Society, the Adirondack Mountain Club, the Society for the Preservation of the Adirondacks, the Saranac Lake Free Library, the Saranac Lake Village Improvement Society, and was a member of the Bohemians (a New York musicians' club). She worked in New York in publishing and at FAO Schwartz. She died at the age of 101 in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Miller Boyce



Elizabeth Miller Boyce was my wife's second great grandmother. Born on June 22, 1835 in Charleston, she was the daughter of Ker Boyce and his second wife Amanda Caroline Johnston (1806-1837).

Ante-bellum Charleston had extensive business connections with New York, which had been the center for building the ships that carried on the legal slave trade. Southerners claimed that New York City was "almost as dependent on Southern slavery as Charleston." New York financed the cotton trade, including the purchase of slaves. Southerners were ubiquitous in New York; perhaps 100,000 Southerners visited the city each year.

It was presumably this connection that enabled Elizabeth to meet Frederick Newbold Lawrence (1834-1916). She married him on December 6, 1855 and moved to Bayside.



Marriage Portrait

The Lawrences had a Quaker heritage. They were not abolitionists, but many members of the family had been involved in manumission. Family legend has it that when Elizabeth moved to New York, she took her maid, a slave, with her. Elizabeth freed the slave, as required by the laws of New York State, and paid her wages.

When the maid died, it was discovered that she had saved all her wages and left them in her will to Elizabeth. She requested that she be buried at the feet of Elizabeth in the Lawrence cemetery.

A touching story and it may even be true.

Elizabeth's husband Frederick became a Colonel in the state militia of Flushing's Civil War; her brothers were in the Confederate Army.

In 1891 Elizabeth donated the land for All Saints Episcopal Church in Bayside.



She died June 26, 1894 and is buried in the Lawrence graveyard in Flushing.



Eloise Breese, Countess of Ancaster



Eloise Lawrence Breese

Among the far twigs of the family tree is Eloise Lawrence Breese (1890-1953), my wife's eighth cousin twice removed.

After her father, William Lawrence Breese (1854-1888) died, her mother, the former Mary Louise Parsons, in 1893 married Henry Vincent Higgins, a solicitor and manager of Covent Gardens. They moved to London, where Eloise studied signing under Signor Allenesi.



William Lawrence Breese



Mary Louise Parsons



Henry Vincent Higgins

Like many American heiresses, Eloise was married off to a titled European, Gilbert Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby (1867-1951). He was twenty-three years her senior. In this case both were wealthy.



Gilbert Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby

The marriage was a major social event; the account sounds as if it had been written by Saki, so I have highlighted the more interesting tidbits.

When Eloise Breese, the charming daughter of the late William Lawrence Breese, of New York, married Lord Willoughby de Eresby [pronounced Dursby] of London, it was considered a most desirable match, as the young Lord was the heir of the wealthy Earl of Ancaster. The Earl of Ancaster died on Christmas Eve in 1910, and his eldest son, Lord Willoughby, succeeded to the title and an American girl became the Countess of Ancaster. Lord Ancaster also succeeded to three magnificent country seats: Grimsthorpe

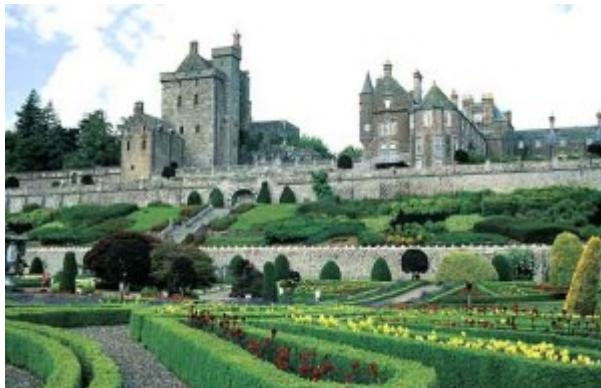
Castle, in Lincolnshire; Normanton Park near Stamford, and Drummond Castle, in Perthshire, Scotland.



Grimsthorpe Castle



Normanton Park



Drummond Castle

Lord Willoughby and Eloise Breese were married on December 5, 1905, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The ceremony drew a large and distinguished gathering, and was one of the brightest ever seen. The church was crowded with a fashionable throng that included nearly all the prominent members of the American Colony and Royalty, to name a few, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, Miss Reid, Prince Francis of Teck and the Ladies Dartmouth and Cheylesmore. A detachment of the Lincolnshire Yeomanry lined the aisles.

Seldom has been seen a more beautiful dress than that worn by the bride. It was made of ivory satin, with full Court train of Brussels lace chiffon. The bridesmaids, looked remarkably pretty in lavender gowns trimmed with sable, and picture hats.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby used to be known as a dashing young fellow and fond of a frolic, but represented the

Horncastle Division of Lincolnshire in the House of Commons as a Conservative.

The title of Lord Ancaster has only existed in the family for about a quarter of a century, the father having succeeded to the title in 1898. The Dukedom of Ancaster came into existence in 1715. It became extinct in 1809 with the death of Brownlow de Eresby, to be revived again in 1892 when Baron Willoughby was so signally honored.

The present Earl of Ancaster is descended from Gilbert Heathcote, who was a Court jeweler and Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Anne. The Ancaster estates formerly belonging to the Dukes of Ancaster, the Drummond estates, formerly belonging to the Earldom of Perth, and the Willoughby de Eresby have all come into the possession of the present Earl of Ancaster's family through marriage within the last hundred years, and **there is no Peer of the British realm whose properties, especially the Drummond estates, have been more frequently claimed by people hailing from America.**

Among them have been a Mrs. Bond of New York, who claims to be the daughter of Frederick Burrell Drummond, who she alleges came to America in 1836 and married in New York. While the Peerage and works of reference make no mention of his death, and leave it to be supposed that he disappeared in the United States, it is a fact that if he had survived his mother, he would have inherited the Willoughby de Eresby Peerage as well as the Drummond estates in lieu of his sister Annabella, who married Sir Gilbert Heathcote, 1st Lord Aveland, and grandfather of Lord Ancaster.

One of the other claimants has been the daughter of the late Earl of Perth. She resided for many years in Brooklyn. Lord Drummond died in St. Luke's Hospital after having earned his living for a time in New York as ticket chopper on the elevated railroad and as a reporter of one of the leading metropolitan daily newspapers.

The Earl and Lady Ancaster reside, when in London, in Chesterfield Gardens, but their favorite residence is Drummond Castle, their Scotch estate, the whole of great architectural beauty. It is situated in a park of some 75,000 acres, richly wooded. The southeastern tower dates back to the time of Henry III.

Drummond Castle stands about three miles southwest of Creif, and the castle gates are reached through grand old avenues, which are stated to be without equal in the United Kingdom. The oldest part of the castle dates from 1491, when it was built by the 1st Lord Drummond, a nobleman whose ancestors descended from the ancient Kings of Hungary; came to Scotland with Prince Edward Ætheling of England, when they fled from the latter country after the death of King Harold and the Battle of Hastings, in 1066.

The castle is still surrounded by the world famed Drummond Gardens, laid out by John, 2nd Earl of Perth, in the middle of the 17th century.

There are few abodes in the United Kingdom more replete with historic memories, for the House of Drummond furnished several women to the Scotch Royal House, including, Annabella, Queen of Scotland, the last known of all, being that of Margaret Drummond, mistress of King James IV.

It was rumored she was poisoned at Drummond Castle along with her two sisters, in order to enable her husband to marry Princess Margaret of England. Mary, Queen of Scots was a frequent visitor to Drummond Castle, and her son, King James I of England, likewise often stayed there, and the Jacobite Pretender slept there on the eve of the fateful Battle of Culloden.

Eloise Breese was the eldest daughter of William Lawrence Breese and Mary Louise Parsons. Several years after the death of her father, her mother married Henry Victor Higgins, an English solicitor. She was his second wife, his first being a daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. The Higgins' reside at present in London.

At the wedding of Eloise to the Earl, the stepfather gave the bride away. The bridesmaids were the Ladies Alice Willoughby and Dorothy Onslow, the then Gladys Fellowes and Miss Anne Breese, the latter having married Lord Alastair Innes-Ker in 1907.

The bride was also attended by four children, the Ladies Blanche and Diana Somerset, daughters of the Duke of Beaufort, and the Misses Moyra Goff and Peggie Cavendish.

The Countess is a keen angler and ranks high among the most expert women salmon fishers. She is an enthusiastic sportswoman and has taken great interest in yachting and automobiling. Prior to her marriage she was a flag member of the New York Yacht Club, as well as member of the Seawannaka Corinthian Yacht Club. She is handsome, of classic type, and very witty and cultivated.

Willoughby was a Conservative politician

In 1910 the old Earl died and she became Countess of Ancaster.

Eloise and the infant James

Her brother, William Lawrence Breese, who had become a naturalized British subject in 1914, joined the British army and died in France on 1915.

Eloise's son James Heathcote Drummond Willoughby (1907-1983), my wife's ninth cousin once removed, was the last holder of the earldom; on his death the title became extinct. His son and heir Timothy Gilbert had been lost at sea in 1963.

James Heathcote Drummond Willoughby

Eloise Lawrence Breese, Bachelorette

A Tuxedo Surprise.

On Thursday morning society had another pleasant surprise in the way of a quiet wedding, this time the culmination of a romance of years. The bride was Miss Eloise Breese, sister of James L. Breese, and the bridegroom was Adam Norrie. Miss Breese was a bachelor maiden who has for some years refused all improprieties to change her name and state. She is one of the original women members of the New York Yacht Club, and in summer she cruises in her yacht, the *Ella*, the prow of which is adorned with the effigy of the "beloved swan" of Lohengrin. Miss Breese has her box at the opera, and is musical and entertains all the celebrities in the world of opera and harmony as well as the stars of society. She has a cottage at Tuxedo, and is immensely popular. Her niece and namesake married last year, in London, Lord Wimborne de Eresby. Miss Breese is descended from the famous Sidney Breese, whose quaint epitaph in Trinity churchyard has been so often quoted. She is related to the Livingston and other Knickerbocker families, and is also a connection of the descendants of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph.

Adam Norrie has lived abroad for some years. He is a widower, and an uncle of Lanfear Norrie, who married Miss Barker; of Gordon Norrie, who married Miss Morgan, and of Norris Sellar, husband of Mrs. Sibyl Hoffman.

There were two Eloise Breeses, an aunt and a niece, and they were conflated both by the newspapers and by researches on the internet. I think I have disentangled them.



Eloise Breese.

Eloise Lawrence Breese (1857-1921), usually known as E. L. Breese, was the daughter of Josiah Salisbury Breese (1812-1865) and Augusta Eloise Lawrence (1828-1907). Eloise was the seventh cousin three times removed of my wife.

She had a 9 bedroom house, *Nundao*, in Tuxedo Park. This

summer cottage in Tuxedo Park faces Tuxedo Lake and is directly across from her brother James Lawrence Breese's large Tudor Style home that fronted the lake. James was an engineer befriended Stanford White, yet his true passion was photography. It is believed James introduced Eloise to the Architectural firm of McKim, Mead & White to design her summer cottage in 1889 and Mead and Taft constructed

it. The 2 1/2 story cottage has an interesting combination of roof styles, including a Queen Anne Tower.



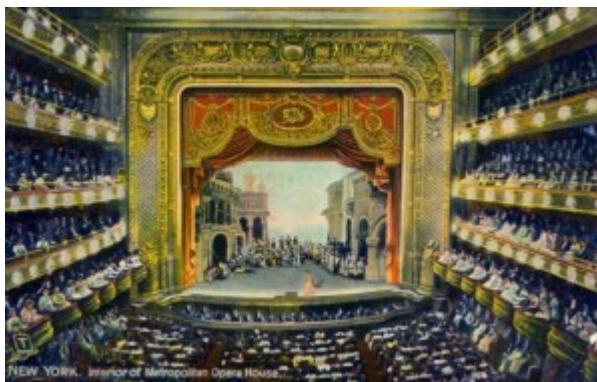
In Tuxedo Park her French car made on the news in June, 1904. Her chauffeur drove her and five friends around the countryside. They were driving up a hill when a boy, Joseph Mutzs, came over the hill on his bicycle and started making wide swerves. The driver tried to avoid him, but they collided and the boy was killed. The chauffeur took the body to the police. The police chief

told Miss Breese to leave at once, as the friends of the Italian boy might get excited when they heard of the accident and, in spite of the fact that it was the lad's own fault, make some kind of demonstration. Miss Breese took the advice.

She was known as a bachelorette. She was the only female member of the New York Yacht Club. Her steam yacht, the Elsa, had a swan shaped prow, like the boat in Lohengrin, because Eloise was also a

devotee of the opera. She sailed the *Elsa* to Newport to participate in the July 30, 1901 harbor fete in honor of the North Atlantic squadron. Admiral Higginson's fleet was assembled in the harbor and a full day of activities—including a exhibition of the submarine torpedo boat *Holland*—was planned.

Her box was number 45 at the old Metropolitan Opera.



(I was there once, for a Go0d Friday performance of *Parzifal* (1966?) with James Ramsey. We had seats with *les dieux* (it has a ruder name); I could see *some* of the stage, and could also see the light bulb in the chalice when it was raised. But the music was great.)

Her town house was at 35 East Twenty-Second Street. There she had a long-standing conflict with a neighbor at No 33.

The unmarried Eloise—she preferred that the press referred to her as Miss E. L. Breese— inherited her mother's unconventional Independence and was a true socialite that entertained lavishly, often arranging concerts in her Tuxedo Park ballroom. Her fashions of the time were also rather scandalous as she preferred off the shoulder evening gowns with plunging necklines, the french fashion was shocking to most Victorian minds.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, a self-appointed combatant against sin. Mrs. Grannis was president of the Woman's Social Purity League as well as president of the National League for the Protection of Purity. In December 1894 her search for sin would place her squarely in the social territory of Eloise Breese.

The Evening World reported on December 1, 1894 that Mrs. Grannis lately "has been engaged in seeing for herself just how wicked New York really is." Having visited (escorted by

her brother, Dr. Bartlett) “nearly all the dance and concert halls, theatres, joints, missions and dives in this city,” she turned her focus to the Metropolitan Opera and its wealthy patrons.

Mrs. Grannis took an *Evening World* reporter in tow and explained the Purity League’s plans to abolish the décolleté dress. “What we want to do is to call public attention to the evil, and by this means to shame people into dressing differently.” She admitted, when the reporter said that judging from the Metropolitan audience “Mrs. Grannis’s idea cannot be said to have borne much fruit,” that it would take time. She blamed the absence of social purity on two forces. “One reason is the décolleté dress; the other and greater is the round dance.”

Mrs. Grannis approved of “a modest square dance like the lanciers or the minuet,” but waltzing “and every other form of round dance is, *per se*, sinful.”

The equally strong-minded Eloise Breese disagreed. And the two women would make their differences known repeatedly. While the social reformer railed against the high fashion of the young socialite and her wealthy friends, Eloise frequently complained to authorities about “smells” coming from the Grannis home.

In 1902 Eloise L. Breese had had enough of her pious next-door neighbor and she purchased the Grannis house “with the understanding that it was to be pulled down,” said *The Sun*. But she had second thoughts and once the social reformer had moved out “the temple of social reform and universal peace has been turned into a boarding house,” reported the newspaper later.

The rooms where Mrs. Grannis had held meetings of other virtuous women and church leaders were now decorated by Eloise “in the highest form of boarding-house art with bows and arrows of primitive peoples and the heads of savages in war paint.”

But she wasn’t done yet.

In May 1903 Eloise sued Elizabeth Grannis for \$249 saying that “when she moved out, [she] took with her a bathtub and the chandeliers.”

Mrs. Grannis appeared baffled and unruffled. “How silly,” she told reporters. “Think of going to court for just one little bathtub. It is my personal, individual tub. Of course I took it with me. I told them I was going to, but offered to sell it to them with the chandeliers.”

The reformer complained that the Breese family had always been a problem. “What a flibberty-gibberty commotion it is. I lived beside the Breeses eighteen years and never met them, but they were forever sending in to complain of smells

they thought they smelled and to see if there wasn't a fire or a leak or something in my house."

The town house does not survive, but the carriage house that Eloise built exists in a glorified state.

150 East 22nd Street

She married late, in 1907 when she was fifty, to Adam Gorman Norrie, a widower.

Her nephew, William Lawrence Breese, had become a naturalized British subject and died in battle in 1915. She gave an ambulance in his memory.

She made an important bequest to the Metropolitan Museum:

Upon her death on January 28, 1921 she added significantly to the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art by bequeathing two important paintings, one by Rousseau and another by Corot (his "The Wheelwright's Yard on the Bank of the Seine"). Even more importantly, she left the museum the incomparable 17th century Audenarde tapestries representing the history of the Sabines.

The Wheelwright's Yard on the Bank of the Seine

Eric Gugler, Architect



Eric Gugler

Eric Gugler was the husband of [Anne Elizabeth Tonetti](#), my wife's cousin. He was born March 13, 1889, in Milwaukee, the son of Julius Gugler and Bertha Rose Bremer. According to Camoupedia

"Gugler is a prominent name in the printing industry in Milwaukee WI. It begins with a German-born engraver named Henry Gugler, Sr. (1816-1880), who came to the US in 1853. During the Civil War, he was an important engraver for the US Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington DC, producing, among other famous works, a life-sized steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln. In the 1870s, he moved to Milwaukee and became a partner with his son Julius Gugler (1848-1919) in the H. Gugler & Son Lithographing Company.

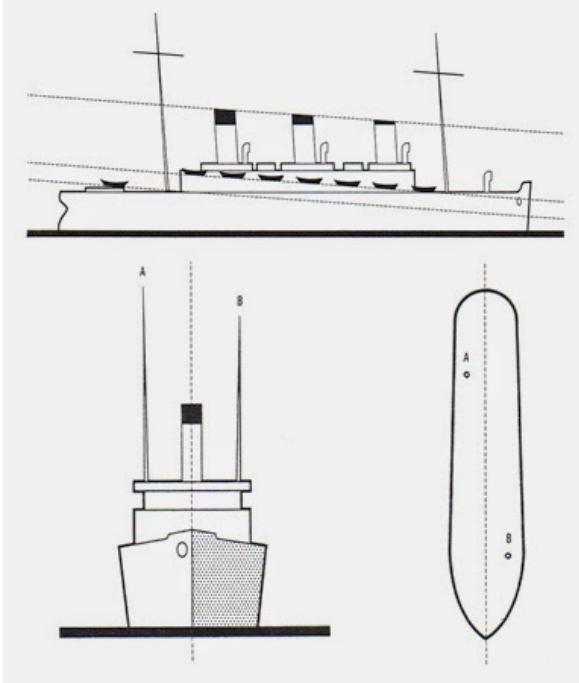
According to certain sources, Julius Gugler was a poet as well as a printer. Among other art-inclined family members were his daughter Frida Gugler (1874-1966), a painter who had studied with William Merrit Chase, and her younger brother, Eric Gugler (1889-1974), who achieved considerable success as a muralist, sculptor, interior designer and architect.

As an aspiring artist-architect, Gugler studied at The Armour Institute (now the Illinois Institute of Technology) and the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, then also earned a BA degree at Columbia University in 1911. For three years, before the war began, he also studied at the American Academy in Rome.

While in Rome Gugler, according to David H. Wright,

developed a scheme for a monumental approach to S. Pietro, calling for the old Borgo to be replaced by a vast tree-lined boulevard articulated by a series of reflecting pools leading from Bernini's piazza to a much larger obelisk and vast circular piazza by the Tiber/ At least Gugler's project was less brutal than Mussolini's Via della Conciliazione.

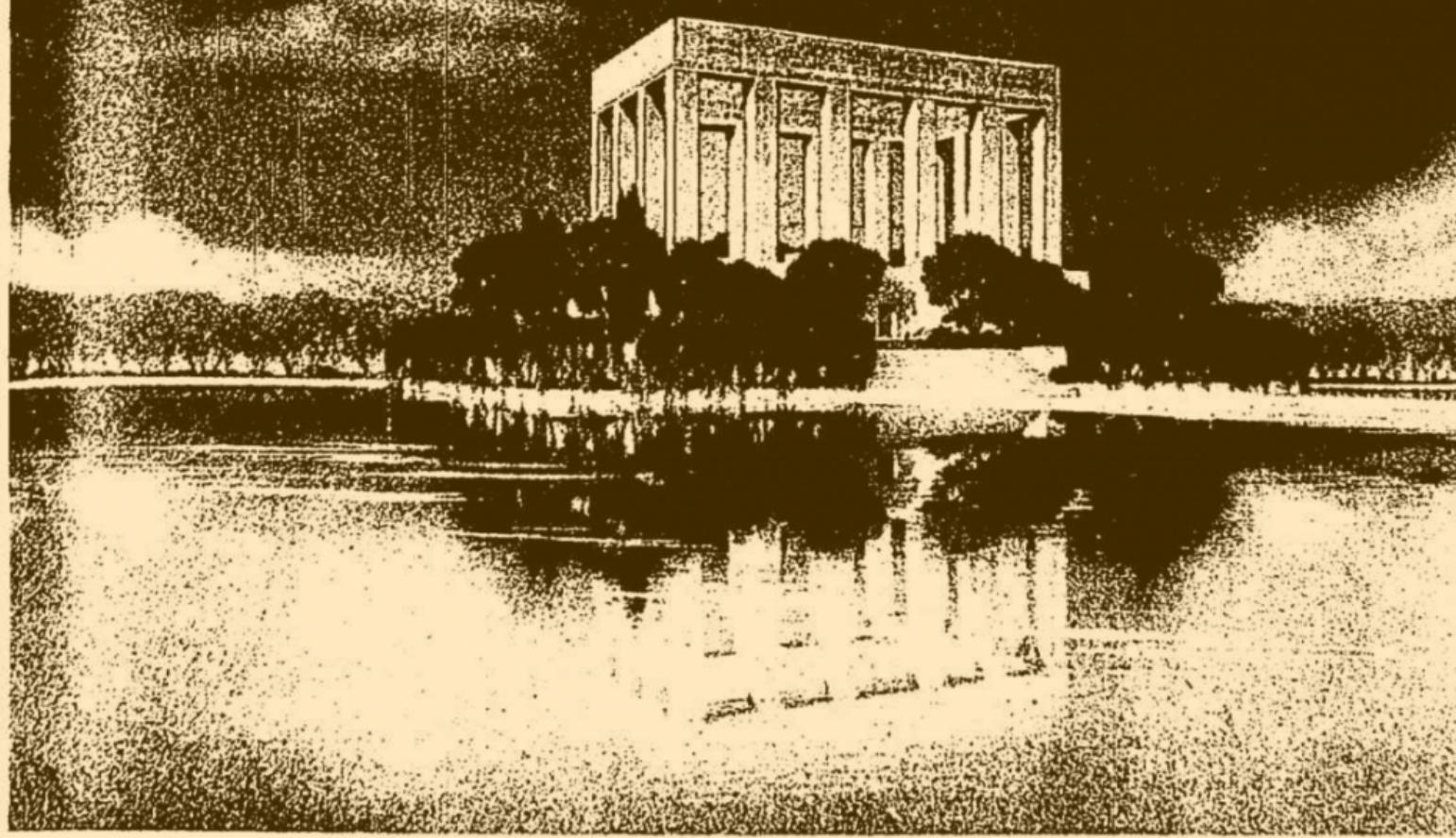
Eric was in the military from October 10, 1917 to December 6, 1918. There he had an unusual job (which is why he is in Camoupedia): designing camouflage for ships to protect them from submarine attack.



Eric Gugler, three-stage diagram (c1918) in which actual structural changes are made to the height and positioning of a ship's masts, smoke stacks, and other features in order to throw off the course calculations of U-boat gunners.

Chicago War Memorial

Eric became a fashionable New York architect. His office address was always 101 Park Avenue, the office of McKim, Meade, and White. In 1929 he won first prize for a competition for Chicago's War Memorial.



\$20,000 PRIZE DESIGN FOR CHICAGO WAR MEMORIAL—From among 114 sets of drawings entered in competition, this plan by Eric Gugler and Roger Bailey of New York was chosen by the city's war memorial committee for first prize. The peristyle will rise to a height of 200 feet on an island which is to be built in Lake Michigan opposite the Buckingham fountain; it will be a cenotaph, with a great sarcophagus of black granite at the center in memory of the unknown dead.

David H. Wright comments on the design:

It was to be an island at the culmination of the axis of Congress Street and Gugler's scheme called for a rectangular frame of a dozen square piers 200 feet high around a mock sarcophagus big enough for the bones of at least a regiment of casualties. Mussolini would have been delighted but probably would have felt it had too little classical ornament. Mercifully, it was never built.

He rented a house that Mary Lawrence Tonetti owned; it was on 40th St, directly across from the Tonetti's house – studio. He met Anne, and they married in 1932, with the marriage witnessed by Justice Benjamin Cardozo.

Forum Auditorium Interior, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania



Forum Auditorium under construction

In the early Depression years, Eric and his associate Richard Brooks got the commission to design the interior of the Forum Auditorium in the State Education Building in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. They

wanted to depict the march of progress of mankind and the overwhelming majesty of the heavens. The maps and adjacent tablets on the upper promenade walls commemorate the socially-significant individuals who made famous the great period of each particular locale. The ceiling was painted on individual canvas sections and decorated with constellations and depictions from the Zodiac. More than one thousand stars are shown in their proper position. Three hundred sixty five are of crystal glass, now illuminated by energy-efficient LED lights.



Forum Auditorium restored

The designers explained their plan:

In painting the ceiling of the Forum we have made an effort, however ineffectual it might be, to achieve some idea of the grandeur of the heavens...Outlined in gold against the deep blue background of the sky, they [the constellations] stir the imagination to a vivid realization of the infinite patience and awe with which both common men and philosophers have long studies the heavens. The artists, by their gold and silver and blue pattern, studded with crystal stars, have concentrated this drama of creation into a spectacle of awe and wonder. The long lines of the celestial meridians are spun out in silver like a web of a cosmic spider. The wakes of the planets as they swing through the oceans of endless blue space are traced in foamy white.

Central Sunburst

The most interesting part of the design is

the central sunburst of glittering silver rays which conceals the central ventilating shaft of the Auditorium. Upon its diagrammatic representations of the three great theories of the solar system by which men have tried to account for day and night, winter and spring, summer and autumn, the apparently independent and sometimes erratic movements of the planets and other heavenly bodies.

Eric seems to have been fascinated by astronomy.

Murals line the Promenade level.

Afterwhiles, Ossining, 1921

Afterwhiles

It was built in 1795; Eric remodeled it in 1921. John Cheever bought it in 1961.

Waldo Hutchins Memorial 1932

Eric designed the Hutchens Bench in Central Park.

This monument to Hutchins was erected in 1932, a gift of August S. Hutchins. It measures nearly four feet high by twenty-seven feet long, and its architect was Eric Gugler. The carved white marble stonework is attributed to Corrado Novani and the Piccirilli Brothers studio, the same firm responsible for the *Maine Monument* at Columbus Circle and the *Lincoln Memorial* in Washington, D.C. The sundial component was designed by Albert Stewart, and famed sculptor Paul Manship is credited with the small bronze figure at its center.

Three semicircular lines inscribed in the paving match the bench's shadow lines at 10:00 a.m., noon, and 2:00 p.m. at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. Etched into the back of the bench are the Latin phrases, *Alteri Vivas Oportet Sit Vis Tibi Vivere* and *Ne Diruat Fuga Temporum*. Loosely translated, these mean, "You should live for another if you would live for yourself," and "Let it not be destroyed by the passage of time."

The Roosevelt Commissions

Val Kill in Hyde Park

He and Henry J. Toombs designed Eleanor Roosevelt's cottage Val Kill. She therefore called upon Eric when one of her pet projects, Arthurdale, ran into difficulties.

Arthurdale

The collapse of the financial and economic system during the Depression led some New Dealers to want to revive village life based on subsistence farming. Arthurdale was set up for unemployed coal miners; it did not work out. It was too isolated for small industry and the farmers could not grow enough to feed themselves.

Plans for Arthurdale; Eric on right

Franklin Parker explains some of the difficulties:

Arthurdale faced frequent disagreements, mismanagement, and lack of communication between New Deal and local officials. Louis Howe is said to have told Harold Ickes: you buy the land; I'll buy the houses. Despite Mrs. Roosevelt's caution, but pressed by a desire to house the homesteaders before Christmas 1933, Howe ordered by phone 50 prefabricated Cape Code cottages from Boston.

Designed for summer use and unsuitable for northern West Virginia winters, they were also smaller than the foundations prepared for them. Mrs. Roosevelt asked New York architect Eric Gugler to recut, rebuild, and winterize the cottages to fit the foundations and the weather. Costs, of course, skyrocketed.

Arthurdale suffered from too many uncoordinated committees trying to get too many things done too quickly. There was also interference, though well intentioned, from Howe and Mrs. Roosevelt. There were contradictory orders, delays, waste, and cost overruns. Interior Secretary Ickes, a frugal administrator, wrote in his diary, "We have been spending money down there like drunken sailors."

Despite delays and some incomplete and unoccupied homes, Arthurdale opened officially June 7, 1934.

C. J. Malone in his book *Back to the Land: Arthurdale, FDR's New Deal, and the Costs of Economic Planning*, takes a dim view of the project:

Finally, by July 1934, 48 of the first 50 homes were occupied, and Eric Gugler and his team packed up and headed back home. Having wrecked and wasted his way into Arthurdale's history, Gugler was called away to Washington, onward and upward to his justly earned rewards, proving yet again that it is not war that is the health of the state; it is failure.

The West Wing of the White House

Eric Gugler was employed by Franklin Delano Roosevelt to rebuild the West Wing of the White House. Perhaps his camouflage background recommend him: Roosevelt wanted an office that would have easier access to the living quarters and conceal as much as possible his polio. The west door opens onto a private study, minimizing time in the public corridor. There were some precedents.

President William Howard Taft made the West Wing a permanent building, expanding it southward, doubling its size, and building the first Oval Office. Designed by Nathan C. Wyeth and completed in 1909, the office was centered on the south side of the building, much as the oval rooms in the White House are. Taft intended it to be the hub of his administration, and, by locating it in the center of the West Wing, he could be more involved with the day-to-day operation of his presidency. The Taft Oval Office had simple Georgian Revival trim, and was likely the most colorful in history; the walls were covered with vibrant seagrass green burlap.

Taft's Oval Office

On December 24, 1929, during President Herbert Hoover's administration, a fire severely damaged the West Wing. Hoover used this as an opportunity to create more space, excavating a partial basement for additional offices. He restored the Oval Office, upgrading the quality of trim and installing air-conditioning. He also replaced the furniture, which had undergone no major changes in twenty years.

West Wing floorplan

Dissatisfied with the size and layout of the West Wing, President Franklin D. Roosevelt engaged New York architect Eric Gugler to redesign it in 1933. To create additional space without increasing the apparent size of the building, Gugler excavated a full basement, added a set of subterranean offices under the adjacent lawn, and built an unobtrusive "penthouse" story. The directive to wring the most office space out of the existing building was responsible

for its narrow corridors and cramped staff offices. Gugler's most visible addition was the expansion of the building eastward for a new Cabinet Room and Oval Office.

West Wing under construction

Gugler took the concept of Taft's office and expanded it in an elegant Classical / Art Moderne mode. He used built in bookcases and lighting in the cove moldings. He also came up with the idea of twin chairs flanking the fireplace, so Roosevelt could be photographed sitting and on the same level as visiting dignitaries. That arrangement has been kept.

Oval Office Plan

FDR in Oval Office

The modern Oval Office was built at the West Wing's southeast corner, offering FDR, who was physically disabled and used a wheelchair, more privacy and easier access to the Residence. He and Gugler devised a room architecturally grander than the previous two rooms, with more robust Georgian details: doors topped with substantial pediments, bookcases set into niches, a deep bracketed cornice, and a ceiling medallion of the Presidential Seal. Rather than a chandelier or ceiling fixture, the room is illuminated by light bulbs hidden within the cornice that "wash" the ceiling in light. In small ways, hints of Art Moderne can be seen, in the sconces flanking the windows and the representation of the eagle in the ceiling medallion. FDR and Gugler worked closely together, often over breakfast, with Gugler sketching the president's ideas. One notion resulting from these sketches that has become fixed in the layout of the room's furniture, is that of two high back chairs in front of the fireplace. The public sees this most often with the president seated on the left, and a visiting head of state on the right. This allowed FDR to be seated, with his guests at the same level, de-emphasizing his inability to stand. Construction of the modern Oval Office was completed in 1934.

Oval Office showing cove lighting

Oval Office 2008

The White House Steinway

The White House had piano serial number 100,000. It was showing its age, so the company proposed another piano, serial number 300,000. Eric Gugler designed it. It

is more than 9 feet long, with a case of Honduras mahogany, gilt in gold leaf by artist Denbar Beck. Three large gilded eagles, designed by sculptor Albert Stewart, served as the ledges. The case featured cowboys, New England barn dancers, African-American folk singers, and Native American ceremonial dancers.

The Battle of Castle Clinton

Subtreasury Building, Wall Street

Interior as restored by Gugler

Eric was also interested in historic preservation. He supervised the restoration of the sub-Treasury building in Lower Manhattan. Eleanor Roosevelt on May 23, 1942 wrote

Mr. Eric Gugler called for me at 9:30 this morning in New York City and, with shame I admit, for the first time I visited the Sub-Treasury Building on Wall Street. A group of people have been interested in seeing the very beautiful rotunda

restored and made a fitting place where ceremonies of different kinds can be carried on.

At present, it is used by the passport service and it is difficult to visualize how beautiful it will be when the partitions are taken out. The detail around the doors, the old iron grill work of the balcony, the beautiful pillars and really perfect proportions make it a most beautiful and dignified hall.

Castle Clinton as New York Aquarium

According to Parks Commissioner Robert Moses, the closing of the Aquarium and the entire Battery Park early in 1941 was necessary for safety reasons during the construction of the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel. Then in May 1941, Moses proposed demolishing the structure... Eric Gugler, a former White House architect affiliated with several civic groups dedicated to preserving the history of New York City including the ASHPS and the Fine Arts Federation, immediately contacted the National Park Service and confirmed with Acting Director A. E. Demaray that the preservation of Castle Clinton was under review. By 1942, Moses presented a Battery Park redesign with an open vista onto the Statue of Liberty in place of Castle Clinton. ...Even Ole Singstad, the Chief Engineer for the Tunnel Authority, stated that Castle Clinton wouldn't interfere with the construction of the tunnel. Despite all this effort, in July 1942, the Board of Estimate approved Commissioner Moses' plan for the park. ... However, the need for personnel and equipment for the war effort on the national level made it impossible for Moses' plan to move forward. During this time, Eric Gugler attempted to gain support from influential people who had their roots in New York City including First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt and Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter. Justice Frankfurter provided access to Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior. After the war ended, both sides renewed their efforts to win the fight over Castle Clinton. McAneny and Gugler's group argued in a letter sent to the New York newspapers that the destruction of Europe during the recent war and the tragic loss of many historic structures should encourage preservation of the 1812 fort. ... In August 1946, President Harry Truman signed the bill into law, creating Castle Clinton National Monument.

Castle Clinton today

Mayo Memorial 1943-1952

Charles and William Mayo Memorial, Rochester

Eric designed the setting for the Mayo Memorial. The sculptor wrote that he semi-circle amphitheater symbolizes the operating room, suited to the statue of the brothers who are dressed in operating gowns.

Firestone Memorial 1950

Harvey S. Firestone Memorial, Akron Ohio

The impetus to create a monument to Harvey Firestone in Akron began shortly after his death in 1938; however, the advent of the war temporarily delayed the project, although discussions regarding the site continued in 1944 between representatives of the Firestone company and the architect Eric Gugler. It was during these discussions that the patron expressed the desire that the work include more than just a statue of Firestone. Gugler then developed the concept of the [allegorical bas relief](#) panels on a curved [exedra](#).

The Hall of Our History

In 1938 Gugler conceived the idea for “The Hall of Our History.” The war intervened and he did not revive it until 1953, in the form of an open-air court of granite with walls 90 feet high enclosing an area roughly 350 feet by 420 feet at Pine Mountain, Georgia.

This was near FDR’s house in Warm Springs. The Roosevelts supposedly were going to donate a farm and the State of Georgia was going to donate 2000 acres to keep the view free from construction clear to the horizon.

Gugler waxed rhapsodic:

It will be open to the sky and set in a cathedral-like grove of pines. The walls will have portrayed on granite surfaces impressive inscriptions of great distinction, imperishable phrases from our past, and in high relief groups of figures, episodes, and events of our history."

There would also be a 22 foot high statue of Washington and a temple housing the originals of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

Gugler persuaded Eleanor Roosevelt and Milton Eisenhower and others who should have known better to serve on the board, but nothing came of the idea, because it was projected to cost \$25 million in 1953 dollars (perhaps \$300 million in 2016 dollars).

Gugler tried to revive it in 1960.

Anzio Cemetery Chapel 1956

The American military cemetery at Anzio consists of a chapel to the south, a peristyle, and a map room to the north. On the white marble walls of the chapel are engraved the names of 3,095 of the missing. Rosettes mark the names of those since recovered and identified. The map room contains a bronze relief map and four fresco maps depicting the military operations in Sicily and Italy.

Interior of Chapel

Gugler designed the ceiling, in the same vein as his design for the Forum Auditorium.

Ceiling of Chapel

In the ceiling of the Chapel is a sculpture, 22 feet in diameter, which depicts signs of the Zodiac in raised relief representing the constellations. The planets Mars, Jupiter and Saturn occupy the same relative positions that they occupied at 0200 hours on January 22, 1944, when the first American troops landed on the beaches of Anzio.

Chip Chop 1957

The actress Katharine Cornell had a house in Snedens Landing, and employed Eric to design her beach house, Chip Chop.

Chip Chop is located on Martha's Vineyard, a small island just off the coast of Cape Cod, Massachusetts. There are four chops on the island which define direction or bearing for the fisherman; the house is between East Chop and West Chop, so it is Chip Chop. The house has five structures; the caretaker's house, the main house, the great room and the two guest houses.

Chip Chop

It is understated. It is approached by a dirt road.

The general atmosphere is Beach House rather than Hampton Mansion.

Eleanor Roosevelt and Helen Keller at Chip Chop

Armillary Sphere

New York, World's Fair, 1964

Paul Manship and Eric collaborated on the Armillary Sphere at the 1964 New York World's Fair.

The Theodore Roosevelt Memorial 1963-1967

Eric Gugler helped Paul Manship remodel into a home and studio the two town houses on New York's 321 East 72nd Street (since demolished) that Manship had purchased in 1927. This began their association, and they collaborated on the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial.

Their first proposal was for an armillary sphere.

Proposed Theodore Roosevelt Memorial

The NPS describes the memorial as it was built:

Constructed between 1963 and 1967, the present memorial is a large plazaset in a clearing on the northern part of the island. Designed by architect Eric Gugler, it

consists of an open granite-paved oval plaza flanked by two pools with fountains. A water-filled moat spanned by footbridges surrounds the whole area. Four 21-foot-high granite tablets inscribed with quotations from his writings surround a 17-foot-high bronze statue of Roosevelt. Executed by sculptor Paul Manship, the statue shows Roosevelt with one arm raised in "characteristic speaking pose."

David Wright is not impressed:

In his clumsy way Gugler was still trying to outdo Bernini's Piazza di San Pietro, and Manship's Roosevelt, part from his copying an actual frock coat and basing his portrait on a death mask, might have been one of the doughboys standing up and waving his right arm in a politician's rhetorical gesture.

Theodore Roosevelt Memorial today

Proposed FDR Memorial

Eric also came up with plans for a memorial to FDR in which FDR was wearing the toga of a Roman senator; they were never carried out. He designed a memorial to Eleanor Roosevelt in the garden of the United Nations.



Eleanor Roosevelt Garden, United Nations

Anne and Eric Gugler by Paul Manship

The Green Barn, Snedens Landing

Eric Gugler 1971

Eric and Anne retired to the Green Barn at Snedens Landing, where he died on May 16, 1974.

Eugene Schieffelin and the Multitudinous Murmurations

All throughout North America, one has only to look to the skies to see, all too often, a living memorial to the work of Eugene Schieffelin (1827-1906). Eugene was the grandson of Jacob Schieffelin and Hannah Lawrence, and therefore my wife's second cousin, four times removed.

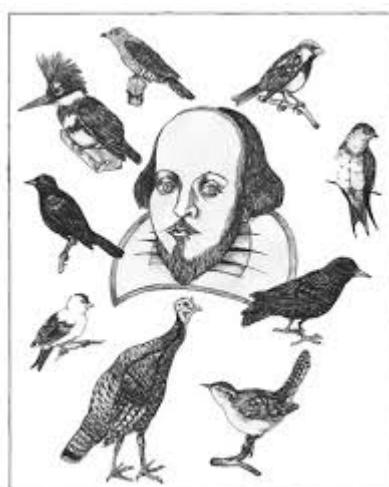
Kim Todd meditates upon Eugene:

I imagine him a quiet, unassuming man. While his relatives were making headlines all through the 1800s – stewing in jail on charges of bigamy, leading expeditions to the West, being captured by Crow Indians and being released moments before death, amassing large fortunes in business and giving interviews to the New York Times about the servant problem – Eugene Schieffelin was working for the family drug manufacturing company, attending meetings of the New York Zoological Society, and reading Shakespeare.

This combination lead Eugene down dangerous paths; he joined the American Acclimatization Society and became its chairman.

As part of globalization in the nineteenth centrum, Europeans transferred animals and plants from continent to continent, often for economic reasons. The Caribbean islands were the recipient of tropical plants from all over the British and French empires. In 1854, the *Société zoologique d'acclimatation* was founded in Paris and urged the goverment too introduce foreign animals both to provide meat and to control pests. The group inspired the formation of similar societies around the world, including the United States. In 1877 the American Acclimatization Society was founded.

It is said (although some sceptics deny it) that Eugene was a devotee of Shakespeare, and wanted to introduce every bird species mentioned in the Bard's works.



William Cullen Bryant admired the Schieffelins and wrote his poem *The Olde-World Sparrow* after spending an evening with the William Henry Schieffelin, who had just released a shipment of sparrows into his yard, but some suspect it was Eugene who did it or at least inspired it.

We hear the note of a stranger bird
That ne'er till now in our land was heard.
A winged settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of Celtic race;
He has followed their path to our hemisphere
The Old-World Sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and poisoned grain,
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree;
And crumbs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,
For the Old-World Sparrow is welcome here.

The insects legions that sting our fruit
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,
Which Harris and Flint so well describe
But cannot destroy, may quail with fear,
For the Old-World Sparrow, their bane, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray,
May ripen now on the loaded spray,
And the nectarine, by the garden-walk,
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk,
And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear,
For the Old-World Sparrow, their friend is here.

That pest of gardens, the little Turk
Who signs, with the crescent, his wicked work,
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and fear,
For the Old-World Sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army-worm and the Hessian fly
And the dreaded canker-worm shall die,
And the thrip and slug and fruit-moth seek,
In vain, to escape that busy beak,
And fairer harvests shall crown the year,
For the Old-World Sparrow at last is here.

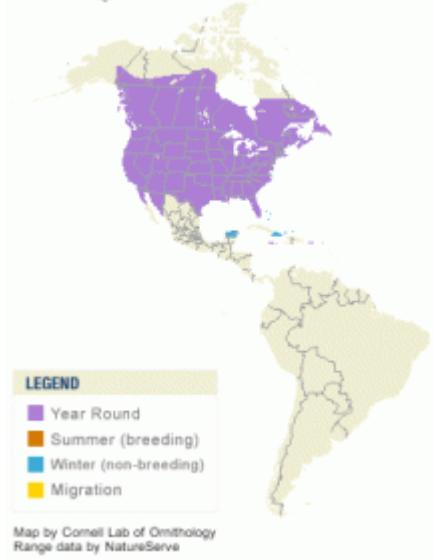
Very quickly sparrows wore out their welcome. In 1881 Fred Mather versified:

The Poet may sing in the sparrow's praise,
But our great ornithologist, Dr. Coues, says,
In language of truth and very plain prose,
That the sparrow's a nuisance and the sooner he goes,
The better we're off, so to me it's quite clear,
That the Old World sparrow is not needed here.

He defiles our porches, there's no denying that;
He has ruined my wife's dress and spoiled my best hat.
He hangs round the bird cage to pilfer the seed,
And gives the canary a foul insect breed.
He never eats worms, let us tell it abroad,
This Old World sparrow is a terrible fraud.

The starling is mentioned in [Henry IV, Part 1](#) when Hotspur considers using its vocal talents to drive the King mad. Since King Henry was refusing to pay a ransom to release his disloyal brother-in-law Edmund Mortimer, Hotspur says: "I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him, to keep his anger still in motion." Eugene did not notice that Hotspur regards the starling as a pest.

Schieffelin released starlings twice. The first time didn't take so he did it again. On March 6, 1890 he released 80 European starlings in Central Park. They took. By 1928 they were found as far west as the Mississippi. By 1942 they were in California.



By the mid-1950's they numbered more than 50 million. They are now over 200 million, often in flocks of over a million, called a [murmuration](#).



Farmers are unhappy with starlings.

Roosting in hordes of up to a million, starlings can devour vast stores of seed and fruit, offsetting whatever benefit they confer by eating insects. In a single day, a cloud of omnivorous starlings can gobble up 20 tons of potatoes.

What they don't eat they defile with droppings. They are linked to numerous diseases, including histoplasmosis, a fungal lung ailment that afflicts agricultural workers; toxoplasmosis, especially dangerous to pregnant women, and Newcastle disease, which kills poultry.

Farmers have tried

Helium balloons

Roman candles

Rockets

Whirling shiny objects

Noisemakers shot from fifteen-millimeter flare pistols

Firecrackers blasted from twelve gauge shotguns

Explosions of propane gas

Artificial owls

Airplanes

Distress calls broadcast on mobile sound equipment

Chemical's derived from peppers

Chemicals that cause erratic behavior

Chemicals that cause kidney failure

Chemicals that wet feathers in the winter and keep them wet until the birds freeze to death

Nothing works. People keep trying

Few creatures have inspired so much folly. In 1948 the superintendent of sanitation in Washington, D.C., having failed to rout the birds with balloons and artificial owls, tried exposing them to itching powder. The police used mechanical hawks. An Interior Department consultant proposed placing grease around starling feeding sites, hoping they would track the gook back to their nests and cover their own eggs, preventing them from hatching.

Later, electricians laid live wires across the Corinthian columns of the Capitol and other prominent buildings to discourage starlings from roosting. They simply took up residence in whatever nearby structures were not hot-wired. When the White House grounds were plagued, speakers were set up to broadcast recordings of starlings rasping out their alarm call. (The birds vacated to sycamore trees on Pennsylvania Avenue, whose branches were then smeared with chemicals to irritate their feet.) Later, the war against starlings turned nasty. In the early 1960's a Federal Government experiment with poisoned pellets killed thousands of starlings in Nevada. From 1964 to 1967 nine million starlings were poisoned in California's Solano County in an effort to protect feed lots. During that same period the California Department of Agriculture experimented with irradiating captive starlings with lethal doses of cobalt-60. In Providence, R.I., officials set off Roman candles near flocks.

The most innovative solution, though, was advanced by the U.S. Department of Agriculture in 1931. "When the breasts of these birds have been soaked in a soda-salt solution for 12 hours and then parboiled in water, which is afterwards discarded, they may be used in a meat pie that compares fairly well with one made of blackbirds or English sparrows." But, cautioned the author, the gamy taste was not for everyone.

Starling pot pie

Starlings are terrorists:

In 1960 a Lockheed Electra plummeted seconds after taking off from Logan Airport in Boston, killing 62 people. Some 10,000 starlings had flown straight into the plane, crippling its engines. Any bird in the wrong place can pose such a danger, but it is the ever-present starling that pilots fret over the most.

Nor is the damage that starlings caused confined to commercial crops, health, and airplanes. Starlings are vicious little buggers and drive out native species.

If starlings have a noteworthy genetically programmed personality characteristic, it is aggression. They wait until other birds have created cavities for nests, then harass the architects until the abandon the site. Sometimes a starling enters a hole while the owner is gone. When the bird returns, the starling leaps onto its back, clinging and pecking it all the way to the ground. Even when it has claimed a nesting cavity, a starling may continue to abuse other birds breeding nearby, plucking their eggs out of the nest and dropping them in the dirt. One ornithologist watched a starling dangle a piece of food in front of the nesting cavity of a downy woodpecker. When the young woodpecker reached out of the hole for the bait, the starling dispatched it with a quick jab of the beak.

My wife witnessed such an incident. Two flickers had built their nest in the hollow of an old maple tree at Waterhole Cove. Starlings moved in and evicted the flickers. What the starlings did not know is that the tree had another resident. My wife saw the starlings bolt of the tree, screaming. Their incessant chatter had awoken the snake that had been peacefully sleeping in the base of the tree, and he was investigating upstairs to see what was causing the racket.

Eugene is seen by modern biologists as “an eccentric at best, a lunatic at worst.” The society’s effort to introduce Shakespeare’s birds into New York’s public parks was described as “infamous” by the ecologist John Marzluff, who also called the establishment of a breeding population of starlings the society’s “most notorious introduction.” By 1898 the Federal government took alarm, and by 1900 the Lacey Act tried to control the importation of dangerous species. Ah, the classic barn door.

Eugene died of paralysis at his home in Newport, August 15, 1906. He married Catherine Tonnele Hall in 1858 but had no descendants. His works live after him.

“What hast thou done?” Titus Andronicus 4.2.

For a further meditation, read Charles Mitchell's [The Bard's Bird](#).

Evangelic Catholicism

Although I referred to the Rev. Francis E. Lawrence as an Anglo-Catholic, that is perhaps not entirely accurate. He was a pupil of William Augustus Muhlenberg (1796-1877), who was a great-grandson of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg (1711–1787), the father of Lutheranism in America.

William Muhlenberg became an Episcopal priest. His first significant work was in education.



The Young Muhlenberg

Muhlenberg resigned as rector of St. James' Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1826, and moved to Flushing, Long Island. He became supply priest at St. George's Church in Flushing, and later became the rector. Several men in Flushing wanted to establish an academy for boys and asked Muhlenberg to be the head instructor. He accepted, and the school opened in the spring of 1828. Muhlenberg served in this position for eighteen years. He made the school the model for other church schools in the United States.

Flushing Institute stressed the ideals of a Christian atmosphere, the role of the Bible in the curriculum, physical education, and a sense of family life. One of the most famous schools influenced by Flushing is St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire.

St Paul's (the Flushing Institute) existed from 1836-1848. There Francis Lawrence was educated. (The Lawrences had lived in Flushing for centuries). Lawrence said

I think—when I claim that the influence for good of St. Paul's College can hardly be overestimated, not merely in the religious training of its students, although in that respect its success was most remarkable—at least one hundred of the clergy, numbering among them some of our most eminent Bishops, Professors, and Pastors, tracing, it is said their choice of the sacred ministry to the impressions received at College Point—but it made honorable the hitherto slighted office of the teacher and woke the dormant conscience of the Church

generally to the vast importance of a Christian training of the young.

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St. Paul's College / The Flushing Institute

The Flushing Institute provided a model for the Episcopal prep schools of the US.

Muhlenberg's religion has been described as Evangelical Catholicism.

He began to call his religion "evangelical and catholic." To Muhlenberg "evangelical" meant devotion to Jesus Christ, dedication to the Scriptures and the responsibility to live and share the Gospel. "Catholic" denoted roots in a universal faith and order, with guidelines and discipline.

Muhlenberg explained his stance:

In a word, Catholicism, as such, is more objective than subjective, while Evangelicism, is more the latter than the former, though, of course, in respect to the great facts of revelation, it is equally objective with Catholicism.

Accordingly, Evangelicism deals more with the inward and spiritual. It considers the Church as the society of all true believers, the "blessed company of all faithful people;" ministers of the Gospel, as having a call within from the Lord, rather than as ordained by man; the various forms of worship, as comparatively indifferent, so there be the "worship in spirit and in truth."

Agreeable to these distinctions, our Church is both Catholic and Evangelic — Catholic in adhering to the ancient documents of the faith; Evangelic in requiring the faith of the heart and immediately in Christ.

Muhlenberg hoped for a Pan-Protestant union. He wanted the Episcopal Church to offer ordination to clergymen of other churches and offer a very general supervision if they would use certain elements of the Book of Common Prayer. This was the Memorial Movement.

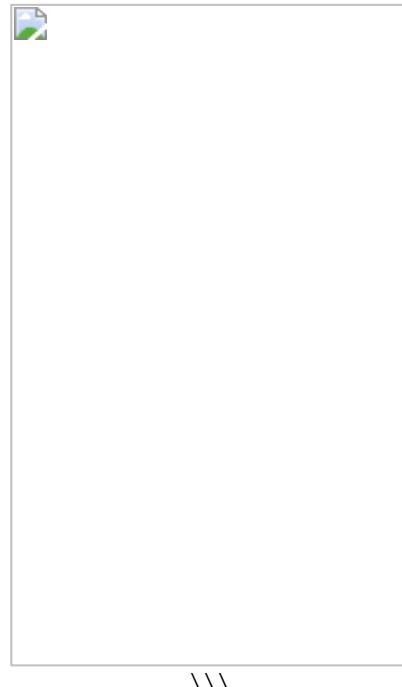
Lawrence said of Muhlenberg:

The prayer of that Redeemer, "that they may be one as We are one," seemed to him to be a call to unity, which could not but be heard by the devout believer. Hence, with great ability, in the columns of the "Evangelical Catholic," which he edited for several years, as well as in the pamphlets published by him, a broader Catholicity was advocated than was familiar at that time to the thought of the Church. The freer use of our inherited forms of prayer, the adaptation of the service more fully to the Christian year, and especially the extension of the Orders of the Church to those who stumbled at a full reception of our whole ecclesiastical system—our Episcopate thus becoming a golden bond of union between the divided followers of Christ—these were among the subjects upon which he wrote with power..

It was supported by Bishop Potter but High Church bishops objected and it got nowhere.

Muhlenberg's attitude is very appealing:

I confess, as I advance in life, I grow increasingly tolerant of the various organizations of genuine Christianity, and proportionably impatient of the exclusive claims of any one of them to be that of Christ or His apostles. I come to look more and more at the Church simply as the Congregation of the Brethren in Christ. This is the Ecclesia of the Gospel, having equally the universal Christian consent. Brotherhood in Christ is eminently Evangelic Catholicism. What idea of the Church is more Catholic than that of the Society of men, in all ages and everywhere, united by faith to Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God, taking their nature upon Him, and so becoming their God- Brother, the one and only Mediator between God and man ? What virtue more Evangelic than the love of the brethren as brethren in Him? What more Evangelic and Catholic, pre-eminently both, than Charity, the informing spirit of the Church on earth, and so to be of the Church forever in heaven? May such be the Evangelic Catholicism of our Union, making it a true brotherhood in Christ, for a new bond of love to one another in Him, and a new encouragement to all such works of love as "He hath ordained for us to walk in."



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The Elderly Muhlenberg

The differences between Anglo-Catholicism and Evangelic Catholicism are not doubt very significant theologically, but I doubt they were noticed by anyone in the pews. The worship of the Episcopal Church in the US must have been rather stark and Calvinist before Muhlenberg's work at the Church of the Holy Communion, where (according to Lawrence)

were introduced, for the first time it is believed in this country, the Daily Service, the Weekly Communion, Choirs

of boys, the Chanting of the Psalter, the Christmas Tree—
inherited from Dr. Muhlenberg's German ancestry—the use
of flowers at Easter as symbols of the Resurrection....

As we shall see in his work at the Church of the Holy Communion,
Muhlenberg is a most engaging and most Christian man.

Foxhall Parker Keene, Gentleman Sportsman

Foxhall Parker Keene (1867-1941), also known as Foxie, was the son of the Englishman James Robert Keene (1838-1913) and the Virginia Sara Joy Daingerfield. He had one sister, Jessica Harwar, who married Talbot Jones Taylor of Baltimore. Foxhall in 1892 married Mary Lawrence, my wife's great grand aunt. They had no children, although Mary had a child from her first marriage.

Foxhall Parker Keene

Foxhall Keene claimed to be the best amateur gentleman sportsman of his time, and the record may still stand.

The Keenes, father and son, are a study on the hazards of extreme masculinity.

From my new book:

Brain wiring changes in a major way at puberty, when the male body is flooded with testosterone. Testosterone, which operates on male cells that are biochemically different from female cells, may also explain characteristically male behavior that becomes accentuated after puberty. Human males and males of other species show greater risk taking and aggression. Men and women are very similar in acting on impulse, but men are far more likely to take risks. Some risk taking (such as sky diving) requires great deliberation. Researchers therefore have suspected “that this form of impulsive risk taking – risky impulsivity – is most likely to underlie aggressive and criminal behavior.” The combination is dangerous.

Men are far more inclined than women to risky behavior. They seek risk to test themselves and establish their reputation:

Because his identity is always precarious, a man, more than a woman, needs *kleos*, the fame that gives him escape from non-identity, from oblivion, from being a nobody. Manhood is “the Big Impossible,” something that is never finally achieved (except perhaps by an heroic death) and its existence is always precarious. Men want to be recognized, to be honored, and they strive in a thousand ways to have their identity, and their identity specifically as men, acknowledged. The Boy Scout collects merit badges, scientists collect Nobel Prizes, soldiers collect medals, Wall Streeters collect bonuses, thugs collect prison terms, tattoos, scars – anything that establishes identity and encourages others to notice him and affirm him in his masculine identity.

Men are always seeking to prove their manhood by testing themselves against an adversary, whether another man, or society, or nature.

This universal situation was given a special twist during the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt. There was a concern that Anglo-American ruling class was growing weak and wimpish, that men were effete and suffering from “neurasthenia.” Teddy Roosevelt was mocked for his dandyish appearance when he first appeared on the political scene. He decided to take up sports with a vengeance and became a proponent of the strenuous life. Joined to this was Social Darwinism, which gloried the struggle for survival that led to the survival of the fittest.

Foxhall's father, James, made and lost several fortunes, the first (\$6,000,000; \$150,000,000 in 2015 dollars) in the Nevada silver load, the Bonanza. In 1874 the Keenes moved back East (Foxhall bought a crate of bantam fighting cocks with him on the train) and bought a house on Bellevue Avenue in Newport. James began buying race horses and taught Foxhall to ride by putting Foxhall on a pony. Foxhall soon took up fox hunting.

James continued speculating, and lost everything to Jay Gould. Then the Newport house burned down.

Foxhall reminisced in *Full Tilt*:

In the clannish manner of calamities, our house at Newport burned down and we were left broke and almost homeless.

The family ended up in Babylon, Long Island.

There Foxhall came across a pigeon shooting contest. He joined and bet five dollars on himself. He had never shot a pigeon in his life, but had shot snipe in Newport.

The pigeons looked as big as eagles, after the small, swift snipe I was used to.

I killed thirteen straight and won the match, which was a wonderful piece of luck. My five-dollar investment netted me \$565 [\$15,000 in 2015 dollars], which at the age of thirteen, made me a millionaire.

Later the family moved to Cedarhurst. James repaid the family fortunes. Foxhall joined the Rockaway Hunt Club. There he had his first reported major injury; this was but the first of many.

He took up polo in 1885 in Lawrence, Long Island. In 1887 he played for the American team against England.

1887 saw Foxhall entering Harvard, from which he was nearly expelled after a few weeks. He wanted to play football, and to my chagrin nobody invited me to play. This left me with nothing to do with my spare time, with the inevitable consequence that I got into trouble.

Upperclassmen had warned Foxhall

Don't for any consideration give a punch on Bloody Monday Night as so many freshman do. If you're caught, the faculty will throw you out. They don't like the kind of man you are anyway.

A Digression on Bloody Monday

In pre-Civil war Harvard, Bloody Monday was an informal football match, with the freshman and juniors on one side and the sophomores and the seniors on the other. It rapidly degenerated into mayhem, and was forbidden in 1860.

In 1891 the *Boston Evening Transcript* reported

There is a growing custom among freshman of "giving punches" to the sophomores on "Bloody Monday" night – in the bibulous and not the pugnacious sense. Especially, it is said, are punches given by wealthy and roistering newcomers who aspire to join the choice band of spirits composing the "Dicky." Some of these depraved little noodles, with unlimited pocket money and a burning ambition to be thought "fast," have begun the custom of distributing free liquor.

So of course Foxhall joined in.

Word rang around that we were giving a party and unfortunately all of our friends in the upper classes came. They had a perfectly beautiful time, and the commotion soon assumed the proportions of a riot.

Foxhall was nabbed and suspended for three months.

He went out for football and made the team.

In a ten minute practice on the Friday before the game I ruptured a kidney.... For ten days and nights I lay on an ice bed. As a result the surgeons did not have to cut.

When I had completely recovered from my football injuries I went into serious training for the lightweight boxing championship of Harvard.

During training he made his first connection with the Lawrence family.

A classmate of mine of whom I was very fond, Jack Lawrence, of Flushing, Long Island, was training at the same time.

But two weeks before the bout Foxhall woke up with a humiliating case of the measles and couldn't fight. Jack Lawrence took his place, and, after having been beaten to a pulp by a Harvard man, landed a haymaker and won.

Foxhall dropped out of Harvard; on the way to New Orleans to watch a fight he got into a fight on the train.

In April 1889 the twenty-two-year-old Foxhall had an altercation with a horse car driver, Nathaniel Murray, who swore out a warrant against him. Foxhall had hired Murray to take him to a race track, and told him to wait until 2 PM. Murray waited a few minutes past two, and when Foxhall did not show up, he started off.

Keene hove in sight, running up the road, and when he boarded the car he jumped on the front platform and proceeded to knock Murray off into the mud.

Murray got on again, but was again knocked off again and retired, leaving Keene and his two friends to drive the car home.

It is whispered that he had been indulging too freely on the day of the assault, and that liquor was the cause of his exhibition of temper.

On December 11, 1892 Foxhall married Mrs. Frank Worth White, the former Mary Lawrence, in a spare ceremony at her father's home on Twenty-Second Street. Shortly after that they sailed to live in Melton, Leistershire to hunt.

Foxhall hunted with various meets. In Ireland he was with the Meath. He was riding a borrowed horse that had a splint.

As I crossed a big field, all alone, a stream barred my way. I put him at it, and in landing he must have hit that splint, for he turned over and fell with his shoulder on my head.

Somehow I managed to catch him. In very bad shape, with blood streaming from my mouth and nose, I made my way across some fields to a railway line and a main road, where I found a little inn. The landlady supplied me with some hot water, which made me a little more comfortable, but still I did not feel equal to riding home.

There was of course no telephone nor any means of communicating with my friends, so I was obliged to try what he now call hitch-hiking. After a long wait, a cart came down the road and I hailed the fellow driving it and begged him for a lift.

Angrily he eyed my scarlet coat, dusty and covered with blood. He must have thought of the recent Fenian uprising for he answered, "You may rot in the field," and drove on.

In the end I rode the eight miles back to Lagore, bleeding like a stuck pig all the way.

There was but one physician in that hamlet, who took care of horses, cows, and human beings alike. When I arrived he was out and couldn't be found, so I lay there, bleeding all the time, until nine-thirty that night when he finally came and stopped the hemorrhage.

Foxhall did not endure criticism of his sporting abilities with patience.

Foxhall was at a hunt with Lady Astor, whose disposition had soured in England. He took a wrong direction, and missed the kill.

Lady Astor, who was there, took the first occasion to twit me about it. In her parliamentary voice, which carried to at least fifty people, she said, "Mr. Foxie doesn't 'go' anymore."

The turning directly to me she asked, "and what do you think of that, Mr. Foxhall?"

Riding over to her I bowed and replied, "Madame, I make it a rule never to disagree with a lady who was once beautiful."

In 1904 Mary left Foxhall and returned to her father, Newbold Lawrence, and to the peace of the ancestral home in Bayside. Both husband and wife were discreet. The divorce was eventually granted in 1909 on grounds of abandonment. Rumors went around about financial problems, and Foxhall was spotted in England talking to a noted beauty, but the real reason seems to be the one given by their friends: a difference of temperament. Mary was an outdoorsy and horsey woman, like many of the Lawrences. My guess is that she was first attracted to Foxhall because he was so dashing, but later found he suffered from a surfeit of dashingness. She never knew when he went out in the morning whether he would come home in one piece or alive at all. This can be hard on a woman's nerves.

Foxhall was scheduled for a Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island.

I was having breakfast at 1:45 A. M., the morning of the race, my father came to my room.

"You must not go," he said. "You are killing your mother. Tell the officials that we would not allow you to race."

"What," I said, "tell one hundred million people that Foxhall Keene is a coward! I won't do it".

"But," I added. as I saw the expression of dismay on his face, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll drive slow."

That satisfied his mother. Of course Foxhall did 90 mph, hit a telegraph pole and was badly injured.

Foxhall just before hitting telegraph pole

His wife had to endure headlines like these:

Keene Hurt

Foxhall Keene Hurt

Foxhall Keene Badly Hurt

Foxhall Keene Dangerously Hurt

Foxhall Keene Hurt When Thrown by Horse

Foxhall Keene Hurt Again in Polo Game

Foxhall P. Keene Hurt during a Hunt Meeting

Foxhall Keene Sustains Concussion of Brain

Foxhall Keene Injured

Foxhall Keene Injured Seriously While Hunting

Foxhall Keene Injured when Pony Stumbles

Foxhall Keene Badly Injured May Never Ride Again

Foxhall Keene Noted Horseman is Injured

Foxhall Keene Breaks Collarbone

Foxhall Keene Breaks Ankle

Foxhall Keene in Crash

In 1913 a newspaper summarized Foxhall's travails:

This was the fourth time he had broken his collarbone. He has twice been carried from the polo field for dead. He has had falls as an amateur steeplechase rider, been blown up from an automobile, nearly drowned on a sinking yacht [in reality, a canoe, but a yacht sounds better], dragged by runaway horses and bitten by dogs.

But Foxhall kept up a grueling schedule of sports and excelled in them.

Foxhall P. Keene was not only an Olympic Gold Medalist in polo, but also an American thoroughbred race horse owner and breeder, and an amateur tennis player. He was rated the best all-around polo player in the United States for eight consecutive years, a golfer who competed in the U.S. Open, and a pioneer racecar driver who vied for the Gordon Bennett Cup. In addition to his substantial involvement in flat racing, he was also a founding member of the National Steeplechase Association.

The young Foxhall

Foxhall before polo game

Foxhall, polo, 1896

Foxhall Keene preparing for race

Foxhall on estate grounds

Foxhall with mechanic under car

Foxhall Keene as Master of Meadow Brook Hunt

Foxhall in point-to-point

Finances and Real Estate

Foxhall was not as fortunate in finances as in sports.

In 1902 Foxhall built Rosemary Hall on a thousand acres in Old Westbury. But the mortgage holder began foreclosure. Foxhall leased the estate to a Vanderbilt, and later sold it to William Grace Holloway, who renamed it Foxland,

Rosemary Hall

Layout

Entrance Hall

Gardens

Rosemary Hall today

In 1889 Foxhall was made a special partner in his brother-in-law's firm, Talbot J. Taylor and Co. Keene invested \$200,000. The firm failed in 1903, and James lost \$1,500,000.

By 1904 his servants were suing for their wages. He disputed a bill at Meadow Brook Hunt Club and resigned, although he had been Master of the Hunt. In January 1912 the Waldorf Astoria sued Foxhall for \$6,036 for his charges from 1906 to 1910.

When James Keene died in 1913, he left an estate of \$15,000,000 [\$400,000,000 in 2015 dollars] most of which went to his daughter, who had produced grandchildren. But Foxhall's fortunes must have been repaired to some extent.

Foxhall Farms (later Loafer's Lodge, now Andor Farms)

Foxhall Farms (now Andor Farms)

Foxhall Farms (now Andor Farms)

In 1919 he bought a house in Monkton, Maryland, and named it Foxhall Farms. He started a race there in 1920. Once he had twenty-eight house guests; the house caught fire, but the guests all pitched in and put it out.

People by thousands came out the day of the race. All the sporting countryside from Virginia to Long Island turned out. The little railway siding was crowded with private cars and seven hundred people were fed at my house alone. Though there was plenty to drink, I saw only one man who had too much. It was a purely sporting day.

The winners of that first race – and most of the subsequent contests – were from Pennsylvania. The winners take home the cup and keep it until some one beats them on their home ground.

When he initiated the race, Keene commissioned a silver trophy for \$2,500. The Foxhall Farm Cup is one of the largest in sports, holding 82 quarts and weighing about 50 pounds. Almost every inch of the cup has been engraved with the names of the winning teams.

The End

Foxhall moved to a cottage on the estate of his sister in Ayer's Cliff on Lake Massawippi in Quebec. There he reminisced to Alden Hatch:

So I have participated in nearly all the sports that men have invested to harden their bodies and temper their spirits. In each of them I found pleasure and an incalculable profit to the soul. All but one of them were competitive and In all I ranked well,, while in some I reached the top.

Now I ride no more. My strength and skill, and even the fortune which enabled me to live so royally, are spent. But if I had it all to do again, I would follow exactly the same way. It was a life of pure delight.

Full Tilt: The Sporting Memoirs of Foxhall Keene.

The Derrydale Press, 1938.

Postscript in Maryland

The Foxhall Farm Trophy Chase kicks off Maryland's steeplechase season on March 15.

In 1920, American sportsman Foxhall P. Keene threw a party for 700 guests at his Monkton home on the eve of the first Foxhall Farm Trophy Team Chase. Keene created the race, held on the grounds of his home, Foxhall Farm, to encourage participation in timber racing.

On a March evening 86 years later, Taylor and Laura Pickett, the current owners of Foxhall Farm— now called Andor Farm— celebrated the 2006 race by throwing a party that sought to replicate Keene's inaugural festivity.

Laura Pickett called on Brian Boston, executive chef at The Milton Inn, and Carol Westerlund, owner of Larkspur Floral Design, to create a glamorous, Gatsby-esque atmosphere that would allow guests to “walk up the path and through the door and feel that they were back in the 1920s,” says Westerlund, who bedecked the Pickett home with roses, carnations and calla lilies. Female guests were given gardenia corsages at the door, while male guests donned white carnations. “It was a decadent time. We were trying to convey that,” says Boston, who baked a Lady Baltimore cake, among other fare, for the occasion. The original sterling

silver Foxhall Cup was on display next to a photo album illustrating the history of the race.

Maryland Steeplechase, Worthington Valley

Foxhall Trophy today

R.I. P.

Foxhall Parker Keene

Courtesy of Nicholas Colquhoun-Denvers

Frederick Francis Alexandre, the Founder

Francois or Frederick Francis Alexandre (1809-1889) was the founder of the family fortune and my wife's great great grandfather. His was a real American success story. His obituary gives some details of his life:

Francois Alexandre, a merchant, born in Jersey on 5 August 1809, died in New York City on 8 June 1889. He was the son of a farmer. With an inclination for a sailor's life, he went to sea at an early age, and acquired an education by attending school during his stay in various ports and devoting the spare time on ship to reading.

At the age of twenty-one he took command of a vessel, which he directed for years, renouncing in favor of his sisters the estate which he had inherited from his father. When about 28 years old, the young captain settled in New York City, establishing a small commission house in South Street, paying at first an annual rent of \$25.

In 1842 he established a line of sailing vessels between New York and Honduras, and subsequently between New York, Vera Cruz and South America. In this enterprise he succeeded so well that, in 1867, he sold the sailing vessels, substituted steamers, and for 19 years carried mails, freights and passengers between New York, Havana, and Mexico.

A few clarifications can be added to this brief account.

He was born on St. Heller Isle. When his father died when Francis was thirteen, under the English law of primogeniture he would get the family property, but renounced it because his "sturdy English self-reliance." He went to sea "before the mast." At twenty-one he commanded the *Nina* on a voyage from Liverpool to Rio de Janeiro. He was active in the Brazil trade, but saw greater possibilities in New York. When he married in 1838, he gave up sailing and opened a chandler's shop on Washington Street in Manhattan.

He quickly branched out into shipping, and at one point owned fourteen ships. The Alexandre line was the first to have regularly scheduled sailing between New York, Cuba, and Mexico. It got a subsidy from the Mexican government to carry the mail. It also began the Caribbean tourism business. The Alexandre company issued a pamphlet, *New and Varied Excursion to the Tropics for Invalids and Tourists*. A tourist guide noted that the sailings were regular but not always on schedule:

The Alexandre line publishes a pamphlet in which the time of the voyage from New Orleans to Vera Cruz is stated as "about five days" and from New York to Vera Cruz as "about ten days." This statement often proves untrue, unless great latitude is given to the word "about."

Weather was unpredictable, and could delay landing in Mexico for days.

The company flourished for decades. However, in 1887 the government of Mexico transferred its subsidy to a heavily subsided Spanish shipping company and the line was no longer viable. Alexandre and his sons liquidated the company and sold its ships to its competitor, the Ward Line (of *Moro Castle* fame). Francis died on June 8, 1889.

In 1838 Francis had married Marie Civilise Cipriant (1811-1882). He was Episcopalian and she was Catholic. He never became Catholic, but attended church with her. Three sons, John, Joseph, and Henry survived him.

The Alexandre Line Ships

The City of Puebla

The Alexandre line has introduced another improvement, in such ships as the City of Pueblo. The saloon is provided with small tables, as in a restaurant. The passenger is not obliged to eat with a crowd of strangers, but selects his own time for meals, paying only for what he orders.

The City of Washington

The *City of Washington* was launched on August 30, 1877 in Chester, Pennsylvania.

she can accommodate 100 first-class passengers, with 75 state rooms, besides accommodations for officers, crew and 250 steerage passengers.

The *City of Washington* was sold to the Ward Lines, and had an exciting career.

The night the Maine exploded in Havana Harbor (February 15, 1898), the *City of Washington* was also moored in Havana Harbor. Moored in close proximity to the Maine, the *City of Washington* suffered injury to her awnings, raise and deck houses by flying debris. Immediately after the explosion, finding the Maine a disaster, the crew of the *City of Washington* went to aid the Maine. The first round of emergency boats lowered were destroyed by flying shrapnel. After the second round of boats reached the water, the *City of Washington*, and the Spanish cruiser, Alfonso XII assisted in the rescue of the crew of the Maine. The *City of Washington* formed a makeshift hospital from their dining salon.

Eventually the *City of Washington* was cut down and used as a coal barge.

On July 10, 1917, *City of Washington* and another barge, *Seneca*, were under tow by the tugboat *Luckenbach 4* when all three

vessels ran aground on a shallow reef near Key Largo in the Florida Keys.

The wreck of the *City of Washington* has become a popular dive site.

The City of Vera Cruz

On August 28, 1880, a terrible hurricane struck the *City of Vera Cruz*. One of the steamer's lifeboats was loaded with people and readied for launching, but the boat was dashed to pieces before they even reached the water. Those who were not crushed to death outright were dropped, half stunned, into the sea, where they were drowned. A second boat met the same fate.

Men and Women were in the cabin praying and shrieking, and screaming. All of a sudden there was a snapping sound as of many timbers giving way. In the next minute the *City of Vera Cruz* went down, carrying all aboard. Then one person and another came to the top, grasping wildly for something to support them. The nearest land (Cape Canaveral, Florida) was almost thirteen miles away, and there was no way that the current was going to let them swim straight for it. The water was dotted with their heads and was filled with heavy pieces of wreck. Some of them were struck by this stuff, and so much stunned that they went down again, never to come up. Sixty nine men women and children perished.

Somehow, eleven men found the courage, strength and stamina to survive the mountainous seas and the foam which they sucked in with each tortured breath. Twenty six hours later the, by then, nude, battered and exhausted survivors struggled ashore about fifteen to twenty miles south of Daytona.

General Torbert, an old man with a white beard, who had once fought bravely in the Civil War, was among those who managed to make it to the beach alive. The fearless, but tender General had sought to calm the crying children before the ship sank, and he deserved to live. But, the General's old body had been pushed to far, and he died at the water's edge.

A mother, tightly clasping her daughter to her chest, was sighted shortly after the ship went down. A day later, over thirty miles from the wreck, still bound in the same embrace, they came ashore, but both were dead. Seaman James H. Kelly had saved the lives of others on four previous occasions, and it was now his turn to be saved. Kelly may have felt the hand of God on his shoulder as he stumbled ashore. But Kelly and the others who survived the tempest were to live with the nightmare of it for the rest of their lives.

It has become a popular dive site. Shipwrecks, Inc. has tried to locate and salvage treasure. Two passengers were jewelers who were taking their products to Mexico to open a store there.

Frederick Newbold Lawrence

Frederick Newbold Lawrence (February 28 1834 – December 24, 1916) was my wife's great great grandfather. He was a son of Edward Newbold Lawrence (1805–1839) and Lydia Ann (née Lawrence) Lawrence (1811–1879). After his father's death, his mother married her cousin Cornelius Van Wyck Lawrence, who served successively as a U.S. Representative, mayor of New York City, and Collector of the Port of New York. From his mother's second marriage, he had several half-siblings, including Van Wyck Lawrence and James Ogden Lawrence.

He was a descendant of mayor of New York City John Lawrence and John Bowne, both Quakers and pioneer English settlers of Queens. His paternal grandparents were Hannah (née Newbold) Lawrence and merchant John Burling Lawrence,[3] and his maternal grandparents were Anna (née Townsend) Lawrence and Effingham Lawrence.[4] His uncle Effingham Lawrence is known for serving for the shortest term in congressional history, serving for just one day in the U.S. House of Representatives.

He was a Colonel in the Civil War, twice president of the New York Stock Exchange in 1882-1883, and president of the Union Club. In 1882 Frederick Newbold, as president of the Exchange, was called to testify about the expulsion of a broker accused of dishonest dealings. The judge was (who else?) Judge Lawrence – and yes, he was, like all the Lawrences in important positions New York, a relative.

In 1888 President Grover Cleveland visited New York; he was welcomed by Frederick Newbold who eulogized his administration.

A Fast Trotter (Dan Patch)

The sport that Frederick Newbold favored was fast trotting. In May 1900 Carlyle Carne, driven by Col. Fred Lawrence, "the veteran road rider," beat Cobwebs, driven by Nathan Strauss.

"2,500 or 3,000 pedestrians were on hand, hopeful of witnessing a battle royal between the rival fliers.

Cobwebs wore a pair of knee boots, held in place by blue elastic bands passing over his shoulders, and Carlyle Carne was rigged with white felt ankle and tendon boots forward, with scalpers and shin boots behind.

The New "King of the Speedway" is a flea bitten grey gelding., upward of sixteen hands high. He was foaled in 1891 at Portland Ore. , and was bred by Van B. de Lashmutt. His sire was Hambetonian Mambrino, a son of Menlaus by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Carne's dam was Lady Gray, by Confederate Chief, granddam by General Knox. The horse came out as a three-year old and has been campaigned every year since 1894. Colonel Lawrence bought him last fall for \$1,375 [about \$40,000 in 2020 dollars]."

(I detect in here a parody of the society page – who was wearing what, ancestors, money.)

In November 1900, Col. Fred, as he was known in sporting circles, did not intend to drive for a while so he sold Carlyle Carne at auction. The buyer was Foxhall Keene, his son-in-law.

Frederick Newbold had a town house at 18 West 53rd St NY and an apartment at the Croisic. In March 1908 the *New York Times* reported of Frederick Newbold:

He was ill when he went to the Croisac last Sunday afternoon, and a few minutes after he entered his apartments the elevator boy hear a fall. He investigated and found Mr. Lawrence senseless on the floor with a large cheval looking glass, which had been upset, on top of him. Pneumonia developed and the case was pronounced serious from the first.

He recovered, and his physician credited the recovery to Frederick Newbold's twenty-year course of vegetarianism. Lawrence died in his townhouse at 57 West 52nd Street, which he had built shortly before his death, on December 24, 1916. He was buried at Lawrence Burying Ground in Bayside.

Frederick Newbold married Elizabeth Boyce (1835-1894) on December 6, 1855 in South Carolina. They had three daughters, Mary, Virginia Lee, and Elizabeth, from whom my wife is descended.

Lillie Lawrence (1857–1920),[who married Brig. Gen. Charles Hedges McKinstry, an engineer and army officer.[14]

Mary "Tibbie" Lawrence (1859–1942),[who married stockbroker Frank Worth White (1856–1887) in 1878. After his death, she married Foxhall Parker Keene in 1892. Keene was the son of James Robert Keene, a former president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. They divorced in 1909.

Elizabeth Lawrence (1862–1906), who married J. Henry Alexandre (1848–1912), a son of Francis Alexandre, in 1887. Alexandre was prominent in steamship circles (the Alexandre Line was bought out by rival Ward Line in 1888).

Virginia Lee Lawrence (1864–1891), who married Lewis Meredith Howland, a son of Edgar Howland of Howland & Aspinwall, in 1883. Samuel M. Roosevelt, Howland's business partner, was his best man. After her death, Lewis married Leonora von Stosch (they later divorced and Leonora married Sir Edgar Speyer).

His Houses

The Oaks, Queens

Frederick Newbold constructed The Oaks mansion.

He sold it to restaurateur John Taylor in 1859 who transformed it into greenhouses specializing in roses and orchids. It became the Oakland Golf Club 1886.

Oakland Golf Club

Oakland Lake is located in a ravine in Bayside. It was also once called Douglas Pond after a local landowning family. They also developed nearby Douglaston. Oakland took its name from “The Oaks,” estate of Frederick Newbold Lawrence, who also descended from a local colonial settler family.

In 1896, his estate became a golf course, and in turn, it became CUNY’s Queensborough Community College in the 1960s. The lake was subject to algae and silting and still requires plenty of care to ensure its preservation.

Oakland Lake

This pond can be found at Cloverdale Boulevard and 46th Avenue, one block south of Northern Boulevard.

The neighborhood of Oakland Gardens is named for a private estate called “The Oaks” that once occupied much of the area. John Hicks, one of Flushing’s original patentees, settled the area in 1645 and named his estate after the trees in the region. The estate, which spread from present-day 46th Avenue to the Long Island Expressway, passed through several owners, and in 1859 was bought by John Taylor, a successful restaurateur from Manhattan. Taylor and his partner, John Henderson, transformed The Oaks into a horticultural paradise with more than 30 greenhouses, specializing in roses and orchids. In 1896, John H. Taylor, son of the restaurateur, organized the Oakland Golf Course on 110 acres in the area. Most of the single-family houses and apartment complexes in Oakland Gardens today were constructed during a post-World War II building boom, when the area turned into a thriving suburban neighborhood.

Stone House, Queens

Stone House in Winter

Stone House was built in 1822 by Judge Effingham Lawrence. He left it to his daughter Lydia; when she died in 1879, she left it to her son Frederick Newbold, who expanded it with a dining room to seat 80. It was demolished by developers in 1956.

Frederick Schenck



Photo: Les Escrimeurs à la Vème Olympiade à Stockholm 1912

Frederic Schenck (1887-1919)

attended Groton

On June 30, 1917 he married Marie Civilise Alexandre.

Fred Schenck competed in individual épée for the US at the 1912 Stockholm Olympics. He was from Pennsylvania, but graduated from Harvard in 1909 with a *cum laude* degree in the history and literature of the Middle Ages. Schenck then studied at Oxford University, earning a Litt.B. degree in 1912. He returned to Harvard, earning a masters' degree in 1914 and a Ph.D. in 1918. Schenck then became a member of the Harvard faculty, as an instructor in the Division of History, Government and Economics. While on staff he was chairman of the

Committee on Degrees with Distinction in History and Literature, and
secretary of the Committee on the use of English.

His daughter Anne Remsen married David Bruce Huxley.

George Newbold Lawrence and the Birds

George Newbold Lawrence, born October 20, 1806, was my wife's third great-grand uncle. Following the tradition of keeping marriage in the family George Newbold Lawrence in 1835 married Mary Ann Newbold. For marrying out, both George and Mary were dismissed from the Hicksite Quakers in March 1835; then the Orthodox Quakers dismissed her in April 1835.

He was active in the pharmaceutical business, but gave that up to devote his life to his true love: ornithology.

The Businessman

When he was twenty he joined his father in the family business, Lawrence, Keese, and Co. This had been founded in 1781 in Pearl Street by Effingham Lawrence, and was the oldest drug wholesaler and importer in the United States.

John Keese, of a Quaker family, met with his pharmaceutical friends in the Shakespeare Tavern. There they discussed the total lack of quality control in the compounding and prescription of drugs. In 1828 Keese, George Lawrence, and others founded the College of Pharmacy. If a man apprenticed and then studied at the college, he could join the college and advertise that fact, giving some assurance to his customers that he knew what he was doing. The College was in 1904 incorporated into Columbia University.

Most pharmaceuticals were imported from England, as the Seidlitz powders were. The problems of quality control are also in the background: as today, drugs then were faked and sold to the unsuspecting if they do not purchase through reputable dealers.

During the Civil War the firms grossed \$1,000,000 a year (about \$30,000,000 in 2015 dollars). George Newbold worked in the business for thirty-six years.

He and his brothers Alfred and Newbold in 1869 offered the South Side Railroad on Long Island land for a station to be called (what else?) Lawrence. The brothers formed the Cedarhurst Company to develop the land into estates.

The Ornithologist

As a young man he frequented his family's summer house "Forest Hill" on the heights of northern Manhattan and hunted birds. In 1841 met George Baird, the ornithologist, and began taking a scientific interest in birds. 1845 joined the Lyceum of Natural History and later helped found the American Ornithological Union. He outfitted expeditions to Lesser Antilles to study birds.

By writing of water birds he helped Spencer Baird write *Reports of Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean*. This was the basis for the 1860 encyclopedia, *Birds of North America*.

Ornithology interested even politicians. Charles Lucien Bonaparte wrote the *Conspectus Generum Avium* and inscribed a copy to George Newbold.

Like Audubon, who shot birds before he posed and painted them, George Newbold was also a mighty hinter. He gave his collection of 8,000 bird skins to the American Museum of Natural History. His main interest was in the birds of Central and South America, Cuba, and the West Indies.

At the end of his life he became a neighbor of Audubon and his sons Victor and John.

George Newbold described 323 species as new. He published 120 papers on birds, many in *The Auk*, which gave him a lengthy tribute after his death (January 17, 1895), concluding:

He forms, together with Baird and Cassin, the “great triumvirate, of what has been termed the Bairdian Epoch of American Ornithology.”

The Birds

Lawrence had many birds names after him. One is Lawrence's Goldfinch: *Carduelis lawrencei*.

Uncommon and somewhat mysterious is this little finch of the far West. It nests very locally in the foothills of California and Baja, often near streams in fairly dry country. Its winter range varies: in some years, flocks spread well eastward across the southwestern deserts, but the reasons for these “invasions” are not well understood. The twittering song of the male Lawrence's Goldfinch often includes brief imitations of the voices of other birds.

[Here](#), [here](#), and [here](#) are videos of Lawrence's Goldfinch.

Grandmother and Finney Lagair



Lucy and Eliza Kennedy

My wife is from Pittsburgh, and her grandparents there were staunch Scots Presbyterian Republicans, who always cast a suspicious eye upon the doings of the Democratic political machine. Grandmother Eliza Kennedy (Mrs. R. Templeton Smith) was an important suffragette. She thought women would clean up politics. After she got the vote, she discovered how corrupt politics was, and she and her sister Lucy Bell (Mrs. John Miller) made life miserable for the Democratic machine in Pittsburgh. Entrenched politicians called them “she-devils” because of their unrelenting efforts to expose corruption at city hall.

The Democrats were known (I am shocked, shocked) to finagle the voting rolls so that the dead and nonexistent would vote Democratic, but they had to reckon with the eagle eyes of Eliza and Lucy. Once the sisters were going over the electoral rolls to challenge the invalid names. After a long and trying session, Eliza put down her papers and exclaimed “Fini la guerre!” Lucy responded “Finney Lagair? I don’t see him on my list!”

Eliza went to Vassar and majored in calculus. Her father was Julian Kennedy, who went around the world building blast furnaces for Andrew Carnegie. He affectionately named his blast furnaces after his daughters, a gesture that would have been understood by Pittsburgh politicians.



Lucy

Hannah Lawrence the Poetess

Hannah Lawrence (1758-1838) was the fourth great grand aunt of my wife. Hannah, like most members of the numerous Lawrence clan, was a Quaker, but she did not let this deter her from an assertive and adventurous life.

The Quakers, as pacifists, tired to stay neutral during the American Revolution, but most of the Lawrences sympathized with the American side and some of the teenage boys and young men joined the militia. Hannah was able to fight, but she was a poetess and used her poetic talents against the British.

In the poem “Interposition” she wrote: “They [the British] fly to crush the blameless son of freedom and of me.” She also wrote a poem “On the Purpose to which the Avenue Adjoining Trinity Church has of late been dedicated, 1779,” about the behavior of British soldiers, had it privately printed and dropped it on sidewalks.

This is the scene of gay resort,
Here Vice and Folly hold their court,
Here all the Martial band parade,
To vanquish — some unguarded Maid.
Here ambles many a dauntless chief
Who can — oh great ! beyond belief,
Who can — as sage Historians say,
Defeat — whole bottles in array!

Heavens ! shall a mean, inglorious train,
The mansions of our dead profane?
A herd of undistinguish'd things.
That shrink beneath the power of Kings!

Sons of the brave immortal band
Who led fair Freedom to this land,
Say — shall a lawless race presume
To violate the sacred Tomb?
And calmly, you, the insult bear —

Even wildest rage were virtue here.

Shades of our Sires, indignant rise,
Oh arm! to vengeance, arm the skies.
Oh rise! for no degenerate son

Bids impious blood the guilt atone,
By thunder from the ethereal plains.
Avenge your own dishonored Manes,
And guardian lightnings flash around,
And vindicate the hallow'd ground!

In the meanwhile the British officer Jacob Schieffelin (about whom much more in future blogs) came to New York. He got one glimpse of Hannah and fell in love. He got himself billeted in the Lawrence house, and very shortly she returned his affections, having, as she said, “opportunity almost hourly of discovering new merits.”

Jacob Schieffelin

She wrote the story of the courtship. “A Journal of a Lady’s Courtship,” in which she assumed the name Lavinia and gave Jacob the name Altamont. On July 29, 1780 she wrote, “the World, the world will condemn me for imprudence.” She started thinking of a course of action that “would shock those whose esteem is most dear to me, and astonish those who ever heard the name of Mathilda,” under which she had written her anti-British poems.

John Lawrence, her father, was not happy, but she married Jacob secretly at a friend’s house. Two days later she was disowned by the Quaker meeting. She and Jacob set off to Montreal bearing dispatches. She wrote a journal of her trip. Here is her description of Niagara Falls.

I proceeded ... by slow and intricate windings up that rugged mountain, and contemplated the native wilderness of the scene through which we passed, till my ears were struck with the approaching sound of the falling torrent, and a sudden shower gave us to know that it could not be far distant, while innumerable icicles shook from the trees, on our heads, at every breath of wind, and were as quickly replaced by the constant succession of vapours condensing on the branches.

A considerable River first appeared, rolling down a gradual descent, and forming with the rapidity of its motion over the broken rocks, as we approached nearer the bank which had been worn away to an amazing depth, we were struck with motionless astonishment at the stupendous object that met our view, neither our surprize nor the deafening noise we

heard, would admit of exclamation, we therefore stood gazing in silent awe and admiration. The whole River rushing abruptly down a terrific precipice, and rebounding in shattered particles, from the violence of its fall on said rocks, to nearly the height from whence it had precipitated itself. The earth seemed to tremble at the shock, and our sinking hearts corresponded with the idea. ...

We prepared to descend [the path] to a level with the River ... this with great difficulty, caution and the assistance of poles to prevent slipping we effected. ... one of the gentlemen ... then led me to a point of the rock that projected out in front of the Fall, from whence I could see the River descend as it were from the clouds, and with my eye follow its course, from its first rushing over the top, till it reached the margin of the stream below. ... I grew giddy at the view.

She also met Indians, including the Iroquois Loyalist Molly Brant.

Molly Brant, British Heroine

Joseph Brant, her brother

She was a bit taken aback at the personal jewelry worn by the Indian allies of the British.

The sight of a fire in the Wilderness drew us to it in the evening, and I as a little surprised to find it surrounded by Indians. Under the shelter of an inverted canoe were seated two Warriors, with their wives and children, they made room for me between them with the greatest civility and perceiving I was a little frightened...they desired me in their language to take courage. Their heads were shaved and painted, and their appearance altogether savage, but their manners were not at all so — I was shocked to see a scalp dangling by my side from one of their ears; it was the size of a dollar, and fixed in a wooden ring, while a lock of beautiful dark hair hang on his horrid shoulder. On my observing it, he pointed to his head and pronounced the word "Yankee."

She and Jacob returned to New York after the Revolution. He took over the Lawrence's fledgling pharmaceutical business, and she settled down to steady ways.

Jacob and Hannah

Jacob founded Manhattanville. There he built St. Mary's Episcopal Church. It was a free church (no pew rents) and, as Hannah was an abolitionist, it welcomed blacks. Jacob and Hannah are buried in the church.

Old St Mary's Episcopal, Harlem

Hic jacent Jacobus et Hannah

Henry Allen Tupper, Baptist and Confederate

Henry Allen Tupper (1828-1902) married my wife's second great grand aunt, Nancy Johnstone Boyce (1829-1888), the daughter of Ker Boyce. Nancy's brother, James Petigru Boyce, also a minister, played a key role in Baptist history, as we shall see.

The Early Years

Henry Tupper's education outside the home was under the care of Dr. Dyer Ball who became a missionary in the East. Ball was his school teacher and Sunday school teacher as well. He was at Ball's school in 1836 during his eighth year. His closest friend during High School was Henry Hannibal Timrod who became the famous poet. Timrod was a constant inspiration to Henry, but he spent a great deal of time during his high school years in outside sports, such as: running, riding, dancing, swimming, shooting and other related activities. Sports he allowed to interfere with his learning.

The Tupper family attended the First Baptist Church in Charleston, and there he met his friend James Boyce and James's sister, Nancy. Henry remembered her at church:

Frequently she dressed in white. I often thought that the garb was a fit and beautiful emblem of her simple and pure character. The plainness of her dressing was always to be noted in view of the fact that she was literally doted on by her father, who was probably the wealthiest man in the city, and known by all to be devoted to his children. She was really "the pious, consistent little member of the church." She visited the poor, sought children for the Sabbath school, and was ready for every good word and work.

Henry went to Madison College, where he was affected by skeptical currents of thought.

The Conversion

Henry's flirtation with skepticism haunted him. In 1837 he heard Dr. Fuller preach.

I went to the door (of the church), but was afraid to enter. Next morning before breakfast I went and took my seat by the door. Mr. Crawford came to me. The devil took possession of me and I began with my skeptical arguments. He sent Mr. Wyer to me. Though very tender and affectionate, he finally arose and said: "Young man, your infidelity will damn you." I was greatly offended. Instead of going home to breakfast, I walked out of town full of anger

and with the words ringing in my heart—"Will damn you." I concluded that I would be damned.... I went again to the meeting. Dr. Fuller spoke to me. Sent Mr. Wyer to me, who said: "You are not far from the Kingdom," but I knew that I would be damned. I talked wildly to mother about my sins and ruin. Went to father's office, paced up and down the back store praying for deliverance. Tut (my brother Tristram) came in dancing and singing. I burst into tears and told him: "I will be damned, but you must not!" I made him kneel down and prayed for him. Then I hid myself in the hayloft and poured out my distressed spirit to God. Going home, I found that Dr. Fuller had left for me James' Anxious Inquirer. The devil again entered me. I vowed I would not go again to hear Dr. Fuller and I would resist salvation even if it were forced upon me. Mother chided me kindly but wisely. My conscience pricked me. My sins seemed like a mountain crushing me to perdition. I read The Anxious Inquirer almost all night. I was relieved and alarmed. The idea of a false hope terrified me. In the morning I went to the Inquiry Meeting. In reply to my fears Dr. Fuller said: "If you go to hell I will go with you and we shall preach Jesus there until they turn us out, and then where will we go?



The young Henry Allen Tupper

Henry courted Nancy Boyce and were married on November 1st, 1849 at Kalmia, the summer residence of her father Kerr Boyce, near Graniteville, teh mill town in which Ker had invested. In 1850 Henry was ordained at the Baptist church there.

He was called to the Baptist church in Washington, Georgia, in 1853. The frame church had been built around 1827. In 1853 the church was completely renovated, the form of the cupola was altered, and a baptismal pool was evidently put in the building. The next year two small rooms were built at the rear of the church for the use of the baptismal candidates.



Tupper House, Washington, Georgia (1832)

Ker Boyce in 1853 bought a house for his daughter and son-in law. In 1860 Henry added the colonnade.

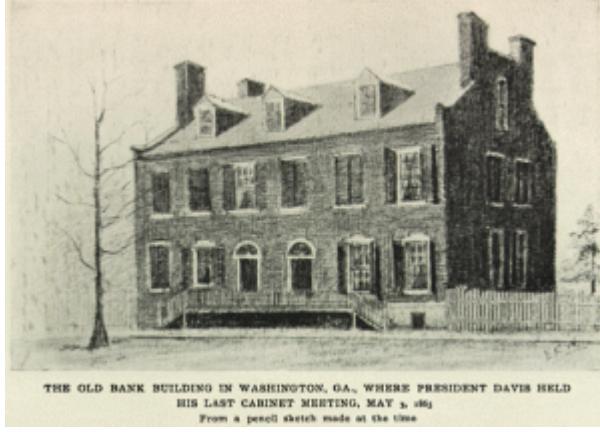
H. A. Tupper, Ninth Georgia, C. S. A.

There he became an ardent Confederate. He preached to the Washington, Georgia congregation A Thanksgiving Discourse on Thursday September 1862 on one of the favorite texts of the American Revolution, :the snare is broken.” He denounced “Northern rapacity” and its “peculiar sentiment,” a hatred of the South so intense that only “monstrous barbarities” can satisfy Northern bloodlust. “The struggle only makes us rejoice...that we have escaped form an unnatural and destructive union.”

Jefferson Davis appointed him chaplain to the Georgia Ninth regiment. There Henry shared the misery of army life.

To breakfast at ten o'clock is not very usual in camp, yet the 9th Georgia has been so fashionable to-day. As ordered, we left late encampment yesterday morning and pitched tents here between Centerville and Fairfax (Virginia). Rain on way, but pleasant meditation on Psalm 34:7 (“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them”). Great comfort and sublimity in the things of Almighty power and love stretched over the universe, and under whose shadow the children of men are allowed to trust. After wet time in getting up tent, I had just got snugly ensconced between my blankets when horsemen rode rapidly up to staff tents, and soon I heard from guard: “We are ordered off.” About nine, the regiment started with rapid march. Whither, none knew; but enough for the soldier, “A fight on hand.” No water, no provisions taken, in excessive haste. Chaplain stopped at door and filled canteen and brought a partly eaten pone of stale corn bread. The night black and stormy. Rain came down in a flood. Couldn’t see “hand before the face.” Separated from regiment, let horse pilot way, though started and jumped and whirled round ever and anon, at what I knew not, and she probably as wise. Road to Fairfax Court House the left, to Fairfax Junction right, at intersection; but which the regiment would take I had no idea, and had no idea that would see road when got to crossing. Fortunately halted there by picket, who directed to the right. Soon ran into rear of column and all together we tumbled along. I know no more expressive word. The road like slime. The rain unabated, the darkness above, the same because it could not be blacker. Men tumble down and walked upon; shoes drawn off by mud; several pistols and one sword lost. Still the line crowds on to

Fairfax Junction, where arrive about 1 a.m. after such a march as even the severely taxed "Ninth" has never had and will probably never have again. No one has ever experienced the like—seen such a night, had such a march, and, on the whole, been in such a press of circumstances. And when we arrived the announcement is issued from headquarters: "No need of regiments.... Fight over and enemy repulsed." Next order: "Take the woods and return in morning to camp." With great difficulty fires are kindled. And there we stood all night in rain—drenched and searching and looking for the day. Never did the light look so beautiful, but the most beautiful of sights was our "camp" again after the remarch, which was made in quick time, and the half dry and hungry 9th made first for their mess chests, at which they got about 10 a.m.... My thoughts, in that horrible darkness and storm, were above this world, I hope. The glorious wings seemed stretched over me. No thought of evil to myself entered my mind.



THE OLD BANK BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, GA., WHERE PRESIDENT DAVIS HELD HIS LAST CABINET MEETING, MAY 3, 1865
From a pencil sketch made at the time

Where the Confederacy died

May 4, 1865

On May 4, 1865 Jefferson Davis and his cabinet met in the old bank building in Washington, Georgia and dissolved the Confederate government.

While standing on the pavement in front of the building, his horse saddled, his bridle in hand, just ready to mount, he [Davis] was approached by our Baptist minister, the Rev. H. A. Tupper, who spoke some words of encouragement and Christian comfort to him. Mr. Davis, taking him by the hand, said with the greatest fervor, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." He mounted his horse and made way.

Henry Allen Tupper shaking the hand of Jefferson Davis,

May 4, 1865

The congregation was impoverished. In 1864 money was repaid to the church in Confederate bills and invested by the treasurer, by order of the church, in Confederate bonds. At the end of the year the treasury was down to \$5.00.

H. A. Tupper and Baptist Missions

H. A. Tupper in his later years

In 1872 Henry left the church in Washington, Georgia, to become Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention. Lottie Moon, a missionary in China, corresponded with him, a correspondence which resulted in the Lottie Moon Christmas offering for missions, an offering that since inception has raised \$1.5 billion dollars for Baptist missions. Henry also helped establish a mission to Mexico. an act that had consequences for his son and granddaughter. Henry worked in the mission office until 1893, when he retired, and died in Richmond in 1902. He lived at 1002 Capitol St, the house built my Governor Edmund Randolph.

Henry Allen Tupper, Jr.: Baptist Minister and World Traveler

Henry Allen Tupper, Jr. (1856-1927), was my wife's first cousin, three times removed. He married Marie Louise Pender (1859-1921) on August 5, 1879, and they had three surviving children, Allene Pender (1859-1921), Katherine Boyce (1882-1979), and Tristram (1886-1954).

Henry was born in Washington, Georgia, where his father was a Baptist minister, and he followed in his father's footsteps.



Henry Allen Tupper, Jr.'s birthplace

Henry was educated at Charleston College, the University of Virginia, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which his uncle, James Boyce, had founded.

Henry was the pastor of Seventh Baptist in Baltimore; its building, at Paca St. and Saratoga St., is now St. Jude's Shrine.



The former Seventh Baptist, Baltimore, Maryland

He took a journey around the world in 1895-1896 and wrote a travelogue: *Around the World with Eyes Wide Open; The Wonders of the World Pictured by the Pen and Pencil* (1898).



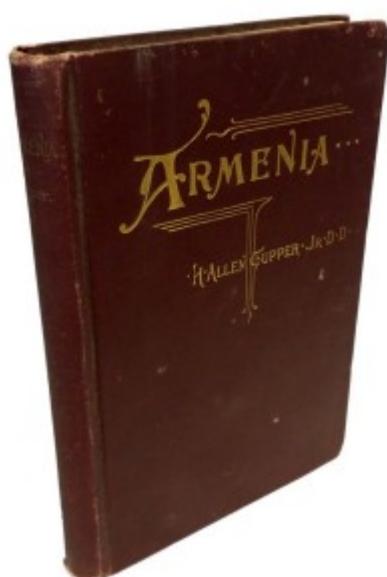
Henry in Ceylon

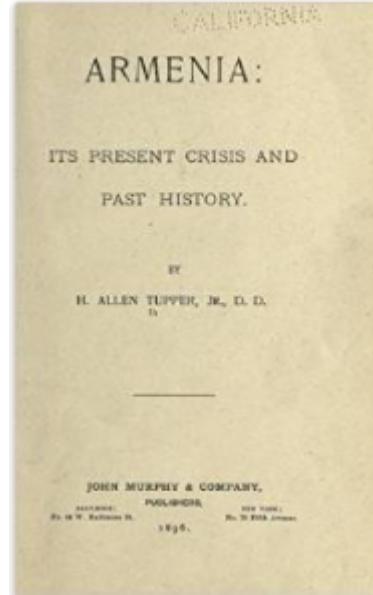


DR. TUPPER IN CENTRAL INDIA.

Henry in India (here he much resembles his uncle James Boyce)

The Armenians





The most serious part of Henry's travelogue is on Armenia, and he expanded it on a separate book on Armenia: *Armenia: Its Present Crisis and Past History*. He said of one Turkish atrocity against the Armenians, which included herding Armenians into a church, dousing them with gasoline, and setting them on fire:

Had it not been for the intervention of the authorities, after the set time of one, two, or three days, the entire Christian population would have been exterminated. And the bloody work was stopped, not because the Moslems did not want to make a clean sweep of the Christians and pillage all their goods, but because those who inspired the slaughter thought that one, two or three days of killing was about as much as Europe would stand at one time. Turkish Toleration. Nor let it be supposed that the Turks as such, hate the Armenians as such. The Armenians have been for centuries the most submissive and profitable subjects; and they would still be most loyal, if, instead of the increasingly oppressive policy of the Sultan Abdul Hamid, their lives and honor and property had been even tolerably protected. All this, many Turks know very well, and regret the cruel and utterly impolitic course of the present sovereign. ***The Turk, as a man, has many excellent qualities. It is his religion which at certain times makes a devil of him.*** It is the very essence of Mohammedanism that the Giaour has no right to live save in subjection.

Henry, a Baptist, praised the Armenians for their loyalty to Christianity:

For more than a thousand years, the Armenians have been subjected to the bitterest persecutions, and during these centuries they have willingly chosen death with terrible torture, rather than prove false to their faith.

Henry despaired because the apathy of the European Powers would offer no help to the Armenians. He proposed allowing the entire Armenian nation to emigrate to Canada and the United States. But nothing was done. The Turks noted that the Armenians had no friends, and began to murder them systematically, killing between 1

and 1 1/2 million, driving them into the deserts to die of thirst and starvation.



Still no one cared. Adolph Hitler, deciding what do do with the Slavs and Jews who occupied the lands that he wanted, asked *Wer redet heute noch von der Vernichtung der Armenier? Who today speaks of the annihilation of the Armenians?*

New Jersey and New York

He became the minister at First Baptist (1897-1900) in Montclair, New Jersey, apparently a well-to-do church.

First Baptist, Montclair, New Jersey

But he gave that up in to take the pastorate of Fifteenth St. Baptist church in Brooklyn, a poor church.

34 Gramercy Park

Henry seems to have some independent means, since he lived at 34 Gramercy Square in Manhattan; and in 1913 he announced he would no longer take a salary from his church.

Mexico

Henry's father had been corresponding secretary of missions for the Southern Baptists, and had helped found Baptist schools in Saltillo, Mexico. Henry's sister Mary Caldwell taught there.

Henry Allen Tupper, 1913

After the presidency of Porfirio Diaz, Mexico suffered from a civil war between the Federalists and Constitutionalists. Protestants had established the International Peace Forum with Taft as its honorary president. They asked Henry to go to Mexico to investigate and to try to mediate between the factions. Presumably he was asked because of the family connection with the Mexican missions.

Venustiano Carranza (1859- assassinated 1920)

He went there and met Venustiano Carranza, with whom he was impressed, and thought him “an educated, cultivated man.” Henry was frequently in personal danger; his train was attacked, and with his daughter Allene he had to take refuge from a firefight in a theater in Mexico City. She had lived in Mexico City for eleven month as a correspondent. One day she and her father walked downtown to a movie. She said that

[we] had been watching the pictures about 15 minutes when hundreds of persons rushed in seeking refuge. When the place was filled the great iron shutters, which completely lock up the doors and windows of all the stores of Mexico City, were thrown into place. There we were herded like cattle, with the sound of bullets singing outside for several hours, when everything was declared safe, teh doors thrown open and we went out into teh street. The picked our way over the bodies of several citizens and horses and made our way home. The town hadn’t been attacked at all. It seemed that one group of soldiers merely wanted the horses that another group was riding.

Carranza buttered Henry up and expressed great interest in education in Mexico and a desire to establish complete religious liberty n Mexico. Carranza insisted on paying Henry’s travel expenses; Henry asked the opinion of Carranza’s attorney, who said Henry could accept the offer of \$3,466 as reimbursement.

Carranza asked for an end to the embargo on American arms. Meanwhile Pancho Villa was raiding across the border and whole Mexican armies and their families were seeking refuge in Texas.

Henry’s father had been corresponding secretary of missions for the Southern Baptists, and had helped found Baptist schools in Saltillo, Mexico. Henry’s sister Mary Caldwell taught there, which the plight of the school a special pathos.

horses were stalled in the very room where my sister taught these girls, and I felt rather a personal interest in it, as my father had dedicated it.

Henry’s attempts to help got him into trouble; he had to explain his actions to the hostile Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Cardinal Gibbons had written Henry to thank him for his work in Mexico, but the Jesuits in *America* claimed that the Constitutionalists were tools of the Protestants and had paid a bribe to Henry – who fortunately had kept records of all correspondence and deposits.

Henry lamented,

there are some people in the world who never get their eyes above dirt. It is money, money, money all the time.

As Senator Albert Fall pointed out to Henry, the 1917 Mexican constitution had forbidden any foreign-born clergy from working in Mexico and had forbidden any religious organization to operate any type of educational institution. Henry had been deceived; he should have listened to what he himself had said:

the more and more I studied Mexico...the more mysterious Mexico became. After I first paid my visit there I lectured on Mexico. The second time a paid a visit there I stopped lecturing on Mexico because I saw many angles to the situation.

Washington, D.C.

The old First Baptist, 16th St., Washington, D.C.

In 1918 Henry went to First Baptist on Sixteenth St. In Washington, D. C. (where Jimmy Carter would later attend church and teach Sunday school).

The mature Henry Allen Tupper

Davis, Harding's Secretary of Labor, sent Henry to the Middle East in 1922 to look into immigration questions. Henry took the Orient Express from Paris to Istanbul. Henry stressed the importance of keeping "undesirable elements" out of the country and protecting immigrants from "commercial sharks" and helping them attain citizenship. He also wanted the Turks expelled from Europe and that America should insist that the Turks stop persecuting national minorities and Christians.

Henry Allen Tupper, 1922

After the death of his wife, in 1923 Henry married Debbie J. Crabbe, the widow of the controller of the city of Philadelphia. He had a stroke and died on September 29, 1927 at 1015 North Calvert Street in Baltimore, the house of his daughter Katherine (Mrs. Clifford Brown).

1015 North Calvert St.

Baltimore. Maryland

Henry Effingham Lawrence, Dry Goods Merchant



Henry Effingham Lawrence

Henry Effingham Lawrence was born 1829, the son of Joseph Lawrence (one of the first presidents of the U.S. Trust Co. and president of the New York State Bank) and Rosetta Townsend. He married Lydia Greene Underhill; they had four children: Edith, Joseph, Margaret, and Mary Trimble.

Lydia was a Quaker but was read out of meeting for marrying Henry, and Episcopalian.



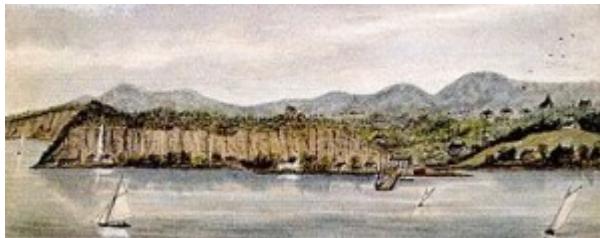
Lydia Greene Underhill

Mary Trimble was apparently named for Merritt Trimble, the husband of her mother's sister, Mary Underhill.

Henry was taken into the dry goods firm of Lawrence, Trimble, & Co, where his father Joseph was a partner. Daniel Trimble committed suicide in 1850 by jumping from the Hoboken ferry in a fit of despondency. The firm was renamed Lawrence, Taylor, and Co., 314 Broadway, and went through several other renamings.

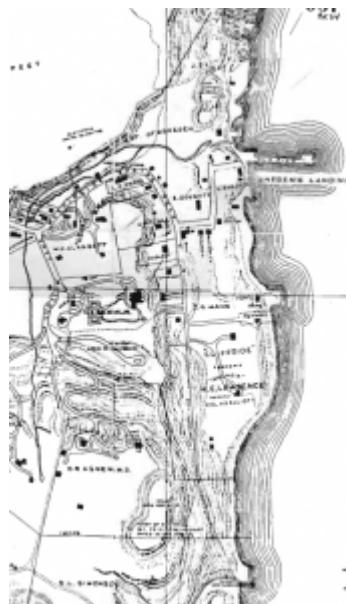
A	LLEY, LAWRENCE & TRIMBLE	have for sale—
5 cases	mixt blue and olive Cloths	
7 do	fine Indigo blue Sattinets	
35 do	fine and superfine steel blue, Adams' and cadet mixt	
20 do	low priced black and blue mixt	
40 bales	coarse & fine green, red, & scarlet Flannels	
70 do	3-4 brown Sheetings	
30 do	low priced Printing Cloth	
20 do	superfine 7-8 Shirtings	
30 do	3-4 Cotton Osnaburgs	
200 do	4-4 low priced brown Sheetings	
10 do	super 4-4 do	
20 do	5 4 brown Sheetings	
10 do	6-4 stout Bedticks	
60 do	3-4 & 4-4 blue stripes and plaids, of various qualities	
16 do	fine and superfine 7-8 & 4-4 Ginghams and Checks	
7 do	Canton Flannel, and Fustians	
150 cases	3-4 & 7-8 white and coloured Cambries	
30 do	low priced blue and fancy Prints	
60 bales and cases	low priced 3-4 and 4-4 bleached Cottons	
90 cases	fine and super 7-8, 4-4 & 9-8 Shirtings	
150 bolts	Cotton Duck, of American manufacture	
25 cases	Hair Seal Shore Caps, &c. &c. Apply to	
51 Pine street.		s2

Henry's house in Manhattan was at 57 East Twenty-fifth St. near Madison Square; Merritt Trimble lived next door, and other Lawrences also occupied houses on the block. The family went to Grace Church, where they occupied the pew immediately behind the future Edith Wharton. Henry summered with his family at a farm named Arcadia at Snedens Landing, opposite Dobbs Ferry.



Snedens Landing, 1858

He purchased a mile of Hudson River waterfront and in 1876 built Cliffside. It was designed by J. Cleveland Cady, who also designed the old Metropolitan Opera House. The house had a pipe organ and contained Henry's collection of Hudson River School paintings. Henry imported ginko and paulownia trees for his garden.



Map 1874



"Cliffside", Mr. W. E. Lawrence's house. Architect's drawing.

Cady's Drawing of Cliffside

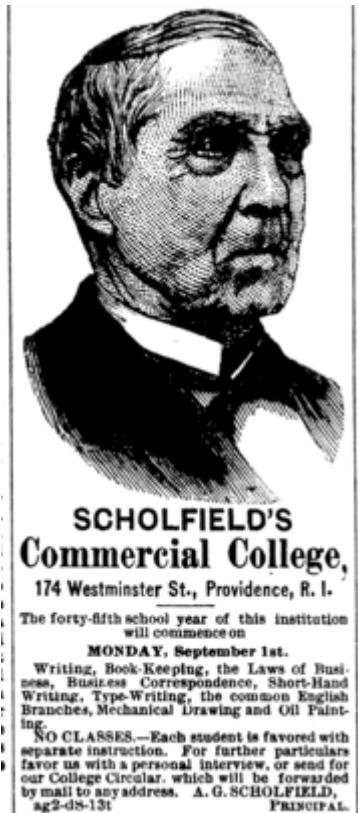


Cliffside Today

Henry was living at Cliffside when he died in 1890. He left to each of his four children \$30,000 (\$800,000 to each in 2015 dollars, a total of \$3,200,000 in 2015 dollars) and the remainder to his wife.

James H. Rutter

James H. Rutter (1836-1885) was my wife's great great grandfather. He was born February 3, 1836 in Lowell, Massachusetts. He studied at the Scholfield business school



At the age of 18, in 1854, he started his career as a clerk in the freight office of the Erie Railroad. The next year he became chief clerk in the freight office of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad. In 1857, at the age of twenty-one, he became chief clerk in the Chicago freight office of the Michigan Central and Northern Indian Railroad. In 1858 he became freight agent of the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad. In 1860 he was back in Elmira as the stationmaster of the Erie Railroad. In 1864 he became freight agent in Buffalo of the Erie Railroad, and in 1866 the assistant general freight agent.

While testifying about railroad rates, he impressed William H. Vanderbilt, who hired him in 1870 as the General Freight Agent of the New York Central with the salary of \$15,000 a year (\$250,000 in 2015 dollars). In 1877 he became a director of the New York Central, in 1880 Third Vice-President, and in 1883, at the age of forty-seven, President of the New York Central.



William Vanderbilt had been in poor health, (high blood pressure, mild stroke); he had sons, but knew that Rutter was more intelligent and competent than his heirs. Vanderbilt put Rutter in charge of 100,000 employees and \$200,000,000 in capital (about \$6 billion in 2023).

Mark Twain was scheduled to meet Rutter in 1885 to interest him in investing in the printing telegraph and the typesetter that Twain hoped would make his fortune, but Rutter was ill with diabetes at his house in Irvington and died on June 27, 1885.

At the same time, unbeknownst to each other, his wife Sarah Pollack Rutter was dying of brain inflammation. She died the next day, June 28, 1885.

They were buried from St. Thomas Church in New York at the same service. They left several children. They named one Nathaniel, after his uncle who had died at Chancellorsville, and ever afterwards there have been Nathaniels in the family. Their son, Nathaniel Enzie Rutter, was my wife's great grandfather.



James Henry Caldwell

James Henry Caldwell (1865-1931) was the son of Edward Holland Caldwell (1844-1872) and Caroline Amelia Shields (1846-1934) and the grandson of the thespian James Henry Caldwell (1793-1863). As James Henry's mother remarried after his father died, he had half-siblings with the name of Rubira. James Henry was the great granduncle of my wife.

James Henry was born in Mobile, Alabama, and attended private schools in Maryland and New York before entering Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, from which he graduated with a B.S. om 1886. There he was Delta Phi. He returned to work as a civil engineer for the family business, the Mobile Gas Works, and installed electricity in that city, fifty four years after his grandfather had installed gas.. In 1888 James Henry associated with the Ludlow Valve Manufacturing. In 1892 he became vice president, in 1893 general manager, and in 1909 president. He organized teh Troy Trust Company and became its first president, and became directors of numerous banks and companies. He was an Episcopalian and warden of St. Paul's church.

James H. Caldwell married, in Troy, May 3. 1887, Margery Josephine Christie, daughter of John T. Christie, of Troy, and granddaughter of John and Margaret (Roberts) Christie, who came to the United States from Scotland in 1832, and settled first in Troy, later moving to New Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell are the parents of three children: 1. Margery, married, June 16, 1916, Livingstone W. Houston, of Troy, and has two children: Margery C. and Nancy. 2. John Christie, born June 10, 1893, educated in St. Mark's School, of Southboro, Massachusetts, and the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, now associated with the Ludlow Valve Manufacturing Company; married Helen Greatsinger Farrell. 3. Carolyn, educated in the Emma Willard School of Troy, Miss Masters' School of Dobbs Ferry, New York, and Miss Wickham's School of New York City; she married, May 28, 1921, Cebra Quackenbush Graves, of Bennington, Vermont, and New York City.

The Ludlow Valve Manufacturing Company was founded by Henry Ludlow in 1861. Ludlow, a native of Nassau, NY, had graduated with an engineering degree from Union College in 1843. He started the company in Waterford, NY but it quickly grew and Ludlow moved it first to Lansingburgh, NY, in 1872, and then to Troy, NY in 1897. When the company moved to Troy it took over the facilities of the Rensselaer Iron Company (Rensselaer Iron and Steel Company) located on the Poestenkill River in South Troy. Ludlow Valve Manufacturing Company was locally managed by four presidents until the 1930s. The first president was Henry Ludlow and he remained in the position until the early 1890s when he was succeeded by John Christie. At this time, Ludlow sold his interests in the company to a group of investors from New York City. The company was one of the

largest valve manufacturers in the country and had continued success under Christie and his nephew James H. Caldwell. James H. Caldwell graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1886 and joined the Ludlow Valve Manufacturing Company in 1888. In 1892 he was elected vice president, in 1893 he became general manager and in 1909 he took over the role of president for the company. During his presidency, Ludlow Valve Manufacturing Company was the largest valve and fire hydrant manufacturer in the country and perhaps the largest in the world. Interestingly enough, Caldwell was also Vice President of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and his daughter was married to Livingston W. Houston, future president of both the Ludlow Valve Manufacturing Company and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Caldwell retired as president from Ludlow in the late 1920's and evidence exists that a man named William H. Lolley succeeded him. Lolley was president of Ludlow during crucial years in the early 1930's when serious investigation was taking place regarding the current and future of the company. When Lolley left (mid 1930's), Livingston Houston took over as president of Ludlow. Houston, using Lolly's recommendations, introduced a series of changes designed to make Ludlow as prominent as it had once been. Houston did not remain president for long, leaving the company in 1935 for a position at RPI. However, he did remain involved in the company as a board member for many more years. Despite efforts by the Board of Directors, a series of ineffective presidents plagued the business for many years. A merger with Rensselaer Valve Company was one more effort to revive Ludlow Valve Manufacturing Company in 1954. It was hoped that Ludlow could reduce employees, gain strong management and consolidate assets through this merger. However, physical dismantling of Rensselaer Valve Company was lengthy and expensive. In the early 1960s, all the problems faced by Ludlow-Rensselaer Valve Company came to a head. Foreclosure proceedings were brought against the company by James Talcott and Company, a primary lender. Future attempts at reorganization were for naught, and in 1969 final dismantling was initiated. Ludlow valves are still manufactured today under the Patterson Pump Company name in Georgia.

James Lawrence Breese, Jr., Inventor



Jim Breese

James Lawrence Breese, Jr., (1884-1959) my wife's eighth cousin twice removed, was the son of James Lawrence Breese and Francis Tileston Potter. He was Princeton '09. He married Marjorie Howard Gorges (1894-1974); they had four children, Anne, Frances Potter (1916-1998), Mary NC, (1919-1999), and James Lawrence (1927-2009).



Marjorie Howard Gorges

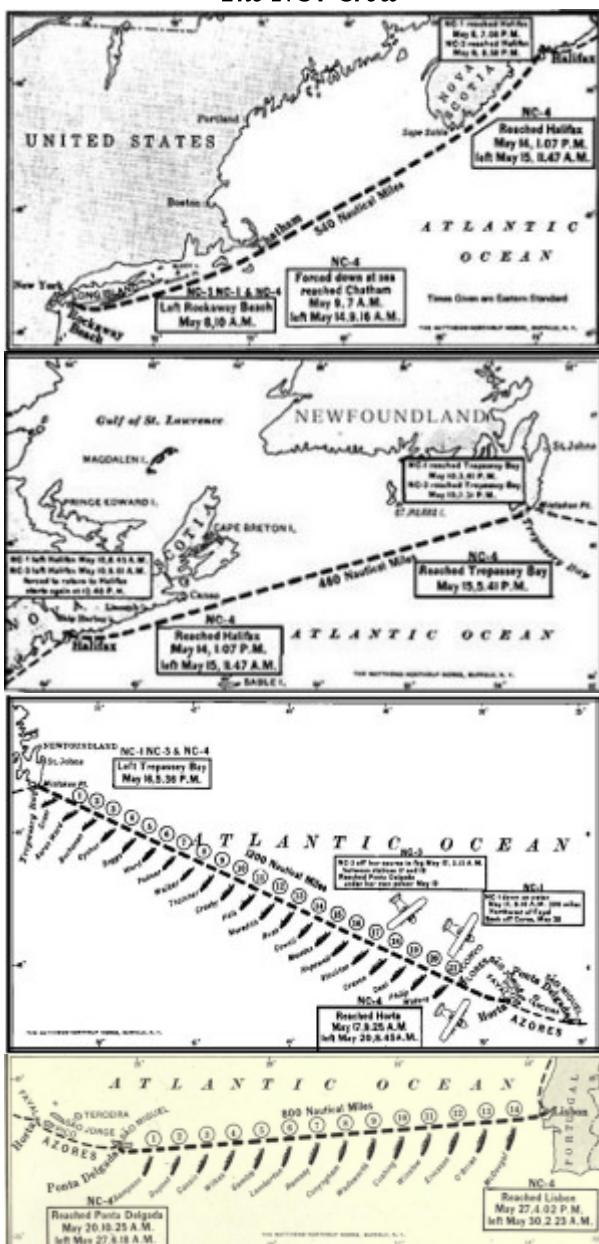
James was a classmate of Franklin Delano Roosevelt at Groton. Roosevelt was the Assistant Navy Secretary, which helped get James on the historic flight. In 1919 he was engineering officer and co-pilot in the NC4, the plane which made the first transatlantic flight from New York to Lisbon (Lindbergh made the first solo flight).



Lt. James Breese



The NC4 Crew



The transatlantic capability of the NC-4 was the result of developments in aviation that began before World War I. In 1908, Glenn Curtiss had experimented unsuccessfully with floats on the airframe of an early June Bug craft, but his first successful takeoff from water was not carried out until 1911, with an *A-1* airplane fitted with a central pontoon. In January 1912, he first flew his first hulled “hydro-aeroplane”, which led to an introduction with the retired English naval officer John Cyril Porte who was looking for a partner to produce an aircraft with him to attempt win the prize of the newspaper the *Daily Mail* for the first transatlantic

flight between the British Isles and North America – not necessarily nonstop, but using just one airplane. (e.g. changing airplanes in Iceland or the Azores was not allowed.)

Emmitt Clayton Bedell, a chief designer for Curtiss, improved the hull by incorporating the Bedell Step, the innovative hydroplane “step” in the hull allowed for



breaking clear of the water at takeoff. Porte and Curtiss were joined by Lt. John H. Towers of the U.S. Navy as a test pilot. This Curtiss Model H America flying boat of 1914 was a larger aircraft with two engines and two pusher propellers. The members of the team hoped to claim the prize for a transatlantic flight

Development of this project ceased with the outbreak of World War I in Europe later that year. Porte, now back in the Royal Navy's flight arm the RNAS, commissioned more flying boats to be built by the Curtiss Company. These could be used for long-range antisubmarine warfare patrols. Porte modified these aircraft, and he developed them into his own set of Felixstowe flying boats with more powerful engines, longer ranges, better hulls and better handling characteristics. He shared this design with the Curtiss Company, which built these improved models under license, selling them to the U.S. Government.

This culminated in a set of four identical aircraft, the NC-1, NC-2, NC-3 and the NC-4, the U.S. Navy's first series of four medium-sized Curtiss NC floatplanes made for the Navy by the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company. The NC-4 made its first test flight on 30 April 1919.^[2]

World War I had ended in November 1918, before the completion of the four Curtiss NCs. Then in 1919, with several of the new floatplanes in its possession, the officers in charge of the U.S. Navy decided to demonstrate the capability of the seaplanes with a transatlantic flight. However it was necessary to schedule refueling and repair stops that were also for crewmen's meals and sleep and rest breaks — since these Curtiss NCs were quite slow in flight. For example, the flight between Newfoundland and the Azores required many hours of night flight because it could not be completed in one day.



The U.S. Navy's transatlantic flight expedition began on 8 May 1919. The NC-4 started out in the company of two other Curtiss NCs, the NC-1 and the NC-3 (with the NC-2 having been cannibalized for spare parts to repair the NC-1 before this group of planes had even left New York City). The three aircraft left from Naval Air Station Rockaway, with intermediate stops at the Chatham Naval Air Station, Massachusetts, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, before flying on to Trepassey, Newfoundland, on 15 May. Eight U.S. Navy warships were stationed along the northern East Coast of the United States and Atlantic Canada to help the Curtiss NCs in navigation and to rescue their crewmen in case of any emergency.^[3]

The "base ship", or the flagship for all of the Navy ships that had been assigned to support the flight of the Curtiss NCs, was the former minelayer USS *Aroostook* (CM-3), which the Navy had converted into a seaplane tender just before the flight of the Curtiss NCs. With a displacement of just over 3,000 tons, the *Aroostook* was larger than the Navy's destroyers that had been assigned to support the transatlantic flight in 1919. Before the Curtiss NCs took off from New York City, the *Aroostook* had been sent to Trepassey, Newfoundland, to await their arrival there, and then provide refueling, relubrication, and maintenance work on the NC-1, NC-3 and NC-4. Next, she steamed across the Atlantic meet the group when they arrived in England.

On 16 May, the three Curtiss NCs departed on the longest leg of their journey, from Newfoundland to the Azores Islands in the mid-Atlantic. Twenty-two more Navy ships, mostly destroyers, were stationed at about 50-mile (80 km) spacings along this route.^[4] These "station ships" were brightly illuminated during the nighttime. Their sailors blazed their searchlights into the sky, and they also fired bright star shells into the sky to help the aviators to stay on their planned flight path.^[5]

After flying all through the night and most of the next day, the NC-4 reached the town of Horta on Faial Island in the Azores on the following afternoon, having flown about 1,200 miles (1,920 km). It had taken the crewmen 15 hours, 18 minutes, to fly this leg. The NCs encountered thick fog banks along the route. Both the NC-1 and the NC-3 were forced to land on the open Atlantic Ocean because the poor visibility and loss of a visual horizon made flying extremely

dangerous. NC-1 was damaged landing in the rough seas and could not become airborne again. NC-3 had mechanical problems.

The crewmen of the NC-1, including future Admiral Marc Mitscher, were rescued by the Greek cargo ship SS Ionia. This ship took the NC-1 in tow, but it sank three days later and was lost in deep water.

The pilots of the NC-3, including future Admiral Jack Towers, taxied their floatplane some 200 nautical miles to reach the Azores, where it was taken in tow by a U.S. Navy ship.

US Navy warships “strung out like a string of pearls” along the NC’s flight path (3rd leg)

Three days after arriving in the Azores, on 20 May, the NC-4 took off again bound for Lisbon, but it suffered mechanical problems, and its pilots had to land again at Ponta Delgada, São Miguel Island, Azores, having flown only about 150 miles (240 km). After several days of delays for spare parts and repairs, the NC-4 took off again on 27 May. Once again there were station ships of the Navy to help with navigation, especially at night. There were 13 warships arranged along the route between the Azores and Lisbon.

[4] The NC-4 had no more serious problems, and it landed in Lisbon harbor after a flight of nine hours, 43 minutes. Thus, the NC-4 became the first aircraft of any kind to fly across the Atlantic Ocean – or any of the other oceans. By flying from Massachusetts and Halifax to Lisbon, the NC-4 also flew from **mainland-to-mainland** of North America and Europe. Note: the seaplanes were hauled ashore for maintenance work on their engines.

The part of this flight just from Newfoundland to Lisbon had taken a total time 10 days and 22 hours, but with the actual flight time totaling just 26 hours and 46 minutes.

NC4 award

James named a daughter Mary NC.

His father had gotten James interested in automobiles After leaving the military, James took a job in a company that tried to build steam cars. One was built, but it was too expensive. However, in this model there was an oil burner with automatic controls to heat a boiler for steam power.

James said he studied the candle flame to see how a flame could be the right temperature to vaporize enough grease to power the flame without creating smoke. He adopted the principle to the oil burner. Jim adopted it to home furnaces; it was the first thermostatically controlled heater.

James first visited Santa Fe when he was flying a tri-motored Ford plane to Winslo, Arizona. Headwinds delayed him and he was running out of gas. Someone remembered that there was a town called Santa Fe nearby. He saw an arrow on a roof and followed it to a landing strip. As he taxied down the runway the engine quit; he had run out of gas. He liked the town and bought property on Upper Canyon Rd., where he built a house.

Jim developed and tested the units in Santa Fe, but the manufacturing was farmed out to factories around the world. By 1954 he had sold three million units, many to the US Army to heat troops during wartime, then throughout the US and Europe.

Breeese Burner Factory, Upper Canyon Rd., Santa Fe (later Santa Fe Prep)

Jim in WWII Civil Air Patrol

James and Marjorie were divorced. James married a nurse, Irene Rich (Anna Josefa Irine Sobczyk, 1902-1989) in 1940.

Irene Rich (Anna Josefa Irine Sobczyk)

Florence Welch Wagner

They were divorced in 1948; he then married the journalist Florence Welch (1883-1971), the widow of Robert Wagner, founder of *Rob Wagner's Script*. She had had Ray Bradbury's early works published and directed a film with Will Rogers. She survived James. He died April 1, 1959 in San Diego.

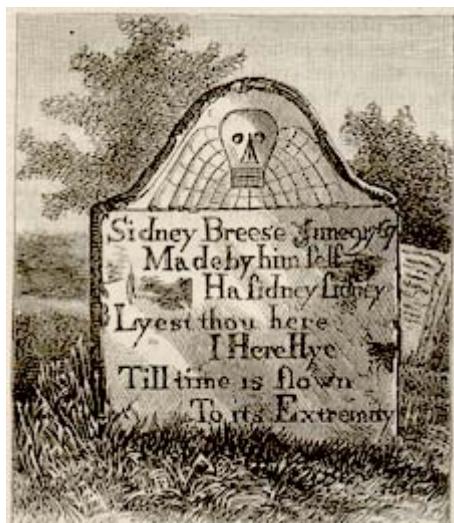
James Lawrence Breese, Bon Vivant



James Lawrence Breese

James Lawrence Breese (1851-1934) was the son of Josiah Salisbury Breese and Augusta Eloise Lawrence. He was the brother of the two Breese sisters who married into the British aristocracy, and also the seventh cousin three times removed of my wife.

As a Lawrence he was related to my wife. He was also a descendant of the Sidney Breese who epitaph is found in Trinity Churchyard on Wall Street.



The Firm



James studies engineering at Rensselaer. James inherited some money, and founded the brokerage firm of Breese and Smith. He did well for himself. One case disclosed that between 1909 and 1916, he made \$2,000,000. (\$50,000,000 in 2015 dollars). His firm mostly stayed out of the papers, which is a good sign. He got into trouble in other ways.

The Carbon Studio

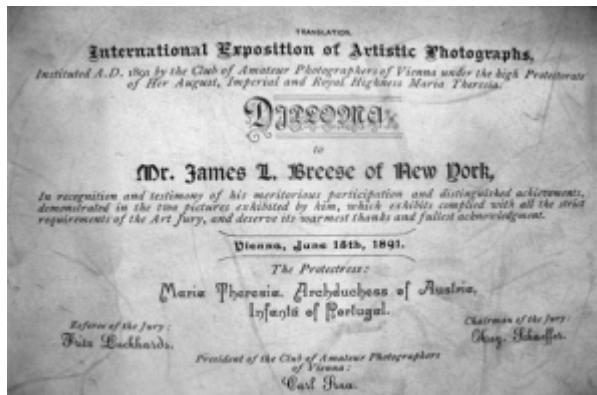
James took up amateur photography and specialized in the difficult technique of carbon prints.

carbon print is a [photographic](#) print with an image consisting of [pigmented gelatin](#), rather than of silver or other metallic particles suspended in a uniform layer of gelatin, as in typical black-and-white prints, or of [chromogenic](#) dyes, as in typical photographic color prints.

The process can produce images of very high quality which are exceptionally resistant to fading and other deterioration. It was developed in the mid-19th century in response to concerns about the fading of early types of silver-based black-and-white prints, which was already becoming apparent within a relatively few years of their introduction.

James was the first amateur photographer to work in color.

James was the nephew of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor and painter, who also brought Daguerre's process to America. James worked with Rudolf Eickemeyer, who became a member of Alfred Stieglitz's Photo Secession and the Linked Ring. James and Stieglitz were the only two Americans invited to the photo exhibition in Vienna in 1893 and James won first prize.



James built a luxurious studio at his house at 5 East 16th Street.



The Carbon Studio

There he did society portraits.





May Handy



Yvette Guilbert

He liked to photograph beautiful women and could be very persuasive.

Ruth St. Denis with clothes

Ruth St. Denis (whose real name was Ruthie Dennis) was one of leading figures in American modern dance. She and her husband, Ted Shawn, started one of first modern dance touring companies (Denishawn). She was born in 1878 or 1880 in New Jersey and lived till 1968. In 1939 she wrote an autobiography entitled, *An Unfinished Life*.

"On the night of the Opera Club I met the man who was to be the first of a long line of distinguished photographers who have honored me with their art. He was James Lawrence Breese, Stanford's running partner in the various exploits which made them so famous at this time — more than that, he was an excellent amateur photographer. He asked me to come to his studio on West Sixteenth Street. I went eagerly, with one object and only one in mind. I knew the value of beautiful photographs and I also knew that I could not possibly afford them at this time. Breese had, for that period, very advanced apparatus for taking art pictures. Also he had, to my great joy, some hats and fichus and veils, with which his lady sitters adorned themselves. He said I looked like an early Gainsborough, and he arranged a beautiful wine-colored Gainsborough hat on my head and a fichu around my shoulders. I was enchanted with myself. He asked me to come a second time, and on this occasion he stopped his restless pacing up and down the room and inquired in a charming, caressing voice if I would pose in the nude. He made it all very artistic and plausible. I had, he was sure, a beautiful body with long lines which he was anxious to capture. I was in a flutter of indecision for a moment or two, but vanity won out and I very chastely stepped out of my clothes."

But James really liked to take erotic photograph of young girls.

At the Carbon Studio James held recitals and also held his famous and later infamous parties, the "One of 1001 Nights," which began at midnight every Wednesday. There he invited his friends, Dana Gibson, Louis Saint Gaudens, John Singer Sargent, Nicola, and especially his best friend, Stanford "Stanny" White, who liked underage girls.

James enjoyed costume parties.

James painted by Eliot Gregory

One nearly ended in disaster.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the “1001 Nights” costume parties took place on December 17, 1896. It involved a pyrotechnic mishap that captured the attention of the press and the public at large. In the words of a society columnist of the day:

“The host received his guests in the costume of an Arab sheik. He is a man of commanding presence, with a dark beard and looked the part very well, indeed. Mrs. Breese, made up as a Spanish dancing girl, helped him to welcome the guests.

“They were a gay and a picturesque horde who invaded the studio as the clock struck twelve. James J. Van Alen and Hermann Oelrichs impersonated Dutch burghers; Winthrop Chanler and Miss Wilmerding posed as members of the Salvation Army and rattled their tambourines incessantly; James Gerard, Jr. was a handsome Hungarian hussar; Craig Wadsworth and Willie Tiffany were court jesters; Miss ‘Birdie’ Fair wore the ruff of Folly; Cooper Hewitt and Whitney Warren were turbaned Turks; Creighton Webb’s well-known legs were displayed to advantage beneath a long Spanish cloak; Dickie Peters was as proud of his appearance

in a suit of pajamas and a high hat as if he had uttered an epigram ...”

The presence of so many costumed guests provided Breese with an opportunity to take individuals aside and pose them for a portrait. Here we see a signed print of Miss Emily Hoffman in all her regal splendor.

On this particular December night, the cold winter wind may have been blowing outside, but within the sanctum of the Breese studio, a good time was being had by all. Then things began to go awry. The gaiety had kicked into high gear when Mrs. Clinch Smith, wearing a loud plaid calico dress and a huge hat, unrecognizable in cork “black face,” commanded center stage with her spirited version of a “cakewalk.” Mrs. Cadwalader, wearing loose, loud checked trousers, big shoes, and a red necktie, took the part of Sambo. The two otherwise reserved and proper ladies brought down the house to the accompaniment of a group of “genuine negro banjo players.”

Somewhere along the way a mischievous guest began tossing lit matches in a negligent manner. Suddenly Mrs. George B. de Forest, who was dressed in a light and gauzy Oriental costume, began to scream as flames lept from her attire. No water being readily available, a quick thinking guest seized a champagne bottle from an ice bucket, knocked off its neck against the wall, and sprayed the contents onto the flaming dress. Several other champagne bottles were similarly employed.

Sobbing and trembling, with her charred skirts clinging to her body, Mrs. de Forest was led to Mrs. Breese’s apartments to “recover her composure.”

Then came the most famous party of them all.

The Girl in the Pie

At the approach of dawn, four negroes entered, bearing a huge pie, which they placed on the table. A faint stir was

observed beneath the crust just as the orchestra struck up the air of the nursery jingle:

“Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.”

The pie was burst asunder, and from inside there emerged the beautiful figure of a young girl, clad in black gauze draperies. She turned her pretty childish face upon the astonished guests, and poised as a bird about to fly, while two dozen canaries, released by her hand, flew about the room. Then, when the tableau was complete, a man forced his way to the side of the table and with a smile assisted the child to the floor. The man was Stanford White.

The young girl, a model, then 15 years old, lived with her mother, but on the night of the banquet she disappeared, and remained in hiding for two years. Efforts of the police to find her were unsuccessful.

Another version. Stanford White is the man on the right with a knife

At last she returned, to tell a story of revolting mistreatment and desertion by the man who met his death at the hands of Harry Thaw.

“When I was lifted from the pie to a seat at the table I found myself queen of the revel,” she said. “It was dazzling at first,” she said, “but in the end it became a sad queendom.

“Mr. White was kind for a time, but when he went to Europe he instructed his clerks to get rid of me with as little trouble as possible. I never saw him again.”

Turned into the street to live as she might, this girl, not yet 18, finally married, but her husband, when he learned of her

part in the “pie” banquet, brooded over the affair, and deserted his girl wife without attempting to avenge her wrongs. She died soon afterward.

Some say she committed suicide.

That is one version, fueled by the animosity of Joseph Pulitzer.

A few months after the Pie Girl Dinner, in an attack on the New York high society that refused to admit its publisher, Joseph Pulitzer’s World blasted the “bacchanalian revels in New York fashionable studios” and men who corrupted young girls for their pleasure. This opinion was contradicted by one of the participants, Edward Simmons, who wrote that the whole affair was “very moral and dignified.”

Simmons of course had legal reasons to make this claim. The whole gang cleared out of town and made themselves scarce after the affair became public.

Some claim that James Breese led Stanny astray. But Stanny didn’t take much leading. He met his end when the jealous Harry Thaw killed him on the rooftop of Madison Square Garden.

The Automobilist

Another way James Breese sought thrills was through the new sport of automobile racing.

The White Mountain Race

At the 1904 Vanderbilt Cup Race, James Breese walking on the Jericho Turnpike Course

James Breese, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and other participants of the 1904 Daytona-Ormond Beach Automobile Races.

James Breese at the 1904 Eagle Rock Hill Climb held in Edison, New Jersey.

James Breese at the 1905 Daytona-Ormond Automobile Races.

On August 9, 1904 at 2 PM James Breese arrived at St. Louis for the World's Fair. He had driven his forty horsepower touring car from Buffalo to St. Louis in 36 hours, averaging 25 mph. His Son James Breese Jr, his valet, and a machinist accompanied him. The others in the race arrived a day later.

His daughter Frances remembers:

Of me, he was known to say, "Frances is the best of my boys," and he liked to show me off. As soon as I was tall enough to sit behind the wheel of a car, he put me in the driver's seat and taught me to shift gears and manipulate the hand throttle.

James also used his engineering knowledge to experiment with the manufacture of planes.

The Penguin was a non-flying trainer.

The Houses

James built a house, The Breeses. in Tuxedo Park in 1887. It was designed by Robert Henderson Robertson.

The Breeses

However, his antics were not altogether welcome in Tuxedo Park and in 1900 he decided to move to Southampton.

Stanford White's last commission was to redo The Orchard, James Breese's estate in Southampton. There was an existing 1858 house, which White added onto to give it a Mount Vernony feeling outside. but inside was over the top.

The Orchard, 151 Hill Street, Southampton

Garden Facade

Frog Fountain by Janet Scudder

In 1916 James and the electrical engineer Glenn Marston installed hundreds of hand-made lights in the garden, one of the first in the world to be so illuminated.

The Hall

The Living Room

The Dining Room

The Music Room

The Conservatory

The Grounds Today

He also had a triplex moved into an apartment in the Hotel des Artistes in Manhattan.

The living room is 60 feet by 30 feet. Its furniture includes some enormous pieces of old English silver. Venetian columns of red, blue, and gold lend indescribable richness to the walls. Mr. Breese finds comfort on a divan covered with old Spanish brocade. One of his many fancies is to have his fire screen decorated with live smilax, fresh every day, all year 'round.

The Denouement

James and his wife Frances Tileston Potter (1858-1917) had four children Sydney, James, Robert, and Frances. Mrs. Breese was the niece of the Bishop Potter of the Christian saloon.

Frances Tileston Potter (1858-1917)

After she died, at age 64 he married the Southern belle Grace Lucile Momand (1894-1946), 23. They married in 1919; she divorced him in 1927 and immediately became the second of the three wives of Harry Payne Bingham.

Grace Lucile Momand

Grace as Mrs. Breese

Grace on left

Grace (left) and Marion Tiffany (Mrs Martin Saportas)

James's daughter Frances reminisces:

In 1935 [actually, 1934] he lost his last fortune, and “The Orchard”, our summer home in Southampton, was sold to Charles Merrill. Papa took an around the world trip by steamer, became a short wave radio enthusiast, and on his return built a two-bedroom house that he called “Breese In” on Hill Street, next to his former home. He did much of his own cooking, and old Mrs. Raccosta, who had been with our family for many years, cleaned house for him. Even though Papa was in his late seventies, the change in circumstances did not phase him. He was still attractive to women, and, when he could no longer drive a car, he acquired a beautiful young companion-housekeeper-chauffeur and toured the country with her. When he died at the age of eighty, she committed suicide.

James with grandchildren

Frances Tileston Breese “Tanty” – daughter (1893-1985)

Frances wrote this poem:

Tanty, his youngest child

How well do I remember
The year of ninety-three
when Father and my Mother
Had just created Me.

T’was from my painted iron crib
while blowing bubbles in my bib
I used to look with wonder on
The costumes that my Pa would don.

For fancy dress at every party
Was much the vogue if you were “arty”
In the eighties and the nineties
And the naughty nineteen oughties

Then later, when a little tot,
(You may believe I was, or not)
I used to watch and have much fun
When Jimmy made his horses run.

For trotting then was much the fad
And moving slow was not for Dad.

Give him action, give him speed,
He likes them fast... yes Sir, indeed.

In horses, women, games and sport
Slow movers never were his sort.
(Of course all this is merely heresay,
But rumors sometimes reach the nursray.)

So, by the time I could count ten
I'd heard a thing or two. For instance when
A little fairy flitting by
Told me the tale about the Pie.

She said no crows came out that night.
Instead, a vision of delight;
A fancy from the brain of him
Who all my friends call Uncle Jim.

But in the fear that I might tell
Too much, it would be well
Only to mention with a word
Some of the things that I have heard.

About his prowess and his skill;
The birds he's shot, the fish he's killed,
The boats he's sailed, the cars he's driven,
And his immense success with women.

So if you lesser men are spurned
Because as yet you haven't learned
To charm the birds from off the trees,
You'd best tune in on Jimmy Breese.

James Petigru Boyce, Baptist Founder



James Petigru Boyce

James Petigru Boyce (1827-1888) was the son of Ker Boyce and of Ker's second wife, Amanda Jane Caroline Johnston. James was named after a political friend of Ker's, James Petigru, a Unionist Democrat. James's sister, Mary Miller Boyce, is my wife's second great grandmother, and James is therefore my wife's second great grand uncle.

Ker and Amanda were from a Presbyterian background. But Ker's first wife, Nancy Johnston, was Amanda's sister, and the Presbyterians therefore refused to witness the marriage. The Baptists however saw no problem and witnessed the marriage. Ker never joined the Baptist church but was sympathetic to it. After hearing a sermon by Basil Manly Sr. on the death of his child, Amanda was converted and became a devout Baptist.

Ker Boyce was the wealthiest man in South Carolina; James had an excellent education and developed cultivated tastes in the arts. As a boy James was heavy set, which limited his participation in sports, although he loved archery, chess, and billiards. James was fond of jokes, especially practical jokes. The upcountry Scots-Irish culture of Newberry, which he inherited, will be the subject of other blogs.

He worked in his father's dry goods store as a teenager and learned the practicalities of commerce. In May 1845 James, although not yet a church member, was present at the convention in Augusta, Georgia, which formed the Southern Baptist Convention. The break was occasioned by the differences over the licet of slavery. Some Southerners, stung by the reproaches of their Northern co-religionists, started to defend slavery as a positive good, and North and South parted ways.

James was a voracious reader. He attended Charleston College 1843 to 1845 and then entered Brown University. Brown was a Baptist foundation, and under President Wayland was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of its students. The college held a fast and students prayed for one another. Wayland was also an abolitionist.

During the spring vacation of 1846 James returned to Charleston by coastal steamer. On the way, he stayed in his stateroom reading the Bible and came under conviction of sin. On April 22, 1846 he was baptized in Charleston. He returned to Brown and worked for revival among the students by means of prayer and argument. In 1847 he graduated from Brown, and determined to be a minister. He edited the Southern Baptist 1848-1849; an edition early in his editorship contained an important announcement: on December 20, 1848 James married Lizzie Llewellyn Ficklen, whom he had met at a wedding in Washington, Georgia, the previous year.

James attended the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Princeton from 1849 to 1851. There he studied under the Calvinist Charles Hodges. He was called to the ministry and ordained in 1851. Spurgeon called Boyce “the greatest living preacher.” James became pastor of the Baptist Church of Colombia in 1851. Both the building and the congregation were small. In 1853 he persuaded the congregation to allow a melodeon, and then hired a choir leader. In 1854, James’s father Ker died while visiting James in Columbia, and James became the executor of the estate. James resigned his ministry to become a professor at Furman University, where he taught 1855-7, but maintained his connection to the Columbia church and pledged \$10,000 to the construction of a new building.

At its dedication, James alluded to the Baptist habit using their buildings for unspecified “sacrilegious” (i.e. profane) purposes.

“It is time for the sake of religious taste and the sacredness of Christian worship, that the voices of the Churches should be raised against the desecration of the objects for which their houses of worship have been built, and of the religious associations with which they are connected.” James maintained that the building should reflect the people, who were the new temple, the dwelling place of the Spirit. He concluded: Let us dedicate it indeed, to the worship of God, to the promulgation of His word, to the administration of His ordinances. Let it be sacred as His chosen dwelling place among his people. Let it tell of Him who was made flesh, and dwelt among us. Let it remind you of the sacred presence of the Spirit in the individual believer. Let it ever bring to view that glorious temple which shall be truly fitted to speak forth the praises of God.”



This building would soon host an important political event.

The First Baptist Church in Columbia, South Carolina is a Greek Revival building built in 1856. A convention met here on December 17, 1860 which voted unanimously for South Carolina to secede from the United States, leading to the American Civil War.

The Boyce family also helped found and pay for the construction of the Baptist Church on Citadel Square in Charleston.

This new congregation emerged in the mid-nineteenth century as the result of an “interesting revival” which took place in the life of First Baptist in the Spring of 1854. While First Baptist witnessed the conversion of many persons to Christ, a few of its members (twelve in number) were also stirred with evangelistic concern for the unreached persons living in the growing “Upper Wards” of the city. This burden gave birth to a vision for a new church. On the 27th of May, 1854, five couples along with two other men from First Baptist requested letters of dismissal from First Baptist so that they might establish a

new fellowship in the upper part of the city north of what was once called “Boundary Street” but is better known today as “Calhoun.” On the 29th of May, 1854, this small group along with one additional couple from the Wentworth Street Baptist Church organized themselves into a church. Two days later, the new fellowship was publicly recognized in the lecture room of the First Baptist Church. The young Rev. James P. Boyce, son of the prominent and wealthy Ker Boyce of Charleston and future founder and preached the dedication sermon.



Citadel Square Baptist, Charleston

This beautiful edifice, built to seat 1,000 persons, belonged to a congregation which just two years earlier was fourteen in number and, at the time of dedication, had a mere membership of two hundred and seventeen, one hundred and nineteen of whom were slaves!

The Principles

Boyce and his friend Basil Manly inherited the “Charleston tradition,” that prized theological orthodoxy and an educated ministry.

In 1858, one year before Southern Seminary opened for classes, a committee comprised of James P. Boyce, Basil Manly Sr., Basil Manly Jr., and John Broadus completed the Abstract of Principles. This confessional statement— the first crafted by a group that was specifically Southern Baptist— would serve as the theological foundation for all faculty members of Southern Seminary. These principles would not bind upon the students, but the seminary would assure that all professors at the seminary taught in accord with the principles, which were a confession of the beliefs that Baptists held.

The first principle was the centrality and authority of Scripture.

I. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by inspiration of God, and are the only sufficient, certain and authoritative rule of all saving knowledge, faith and obedience.

All the principles were in the tradition of Christian orthodoxy, with a Calvinist tinge.

It looks to me as if the principle on Election was carefully crafted:

V. Election: Election is God's eternal choice of some persons unto everlasting life-not because of foreseen merit in them, but of His mere mercy in Christ-in consequence of which choice they are called, justified and glorified.

Election has been a matter of disagreement among Baptists:

It should be noted that from the earliest years of Baptist history there have been two schools of thought pertaining to the theological issue of election. Some Baptists, frequently called "Particular Baptists", felt strongly that the Bible teaches election – i.e. that only those "particular" individuals whom God chooses can be saved. Strongly influenced by the Reformed theology of John Calvin – as well as English Puritanism – Particular Baptists believed that if you were of God's elect, then nothing could prohibit your salvation. And if you were not of God's elect, then nothing that you could do would bring you salvation.

On the other side of the issue were the General Baptists.

General Baptists were influenced by the Armenians and many Anglicans. They believed that all people had the freedom to choose or refuse salvation. God's salvation was offered "generally" to all men and women.

Boyce felt the after-shock of the "election" debate and was molded by the Particular Baptist leanings of his church. Later, while studying at a Presbyterian school, Princeton University, Boyce was profoundly influenced by a professor, Charles Hodge, who strongly espoused the Reformed theology of election. Consequently, Boyce became a strong advocate of the doctrine of election. Evidence of this is seen in his book *Abstract Of Christian Theology* (1877). And, as professor and President of Southern Seminary, Boyce's Reform views weighed heavily in the authorship of the *Abstract of Principles*.

But it seems to me that the Principle avoids taking sides on the question of Double Election. That is, does God choose some to be saved and some to be damned.

The Calvinist doctrine of election and vigorous evangelization seem to be in tension. But Boyce accepted both.

Like Charles Spurgeon, Boyce often lamented the inroads that Arminianism was making on Baptist life. He saw the fate that awaits the Church when it trades the sovereignty of God for the sovereignty of man. Boyce also warned against the dangers of hyper-Calvinism that had taken root among Baptists in the south in the form of Primitive or Hard-Shell Baptists. He was a Calvinist who was so committed to evangelism that he offered the Seminary grounds to D.L. Moody when he brought his tent to Louisville.

The Principles also restated the Baptist rejection of government interference in religion:

XVIII. Liberty of Conscience God alone is Lord of the conscience; and He hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men, which are in anything contrary to His word, or not contained in it. Civil magistrates being

ordained of God, subjection in all lawful things commanded by them ought to be yielded by us in the Lord, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

The persecution of Baptists by Anglicans in pre-Revolutionary Virginia strongly influenced Jefferson's ideas on religious liberty.

The Abstract of Principles remains in force among Southern Baptists and therefore enabled a major change in the nature of the Seminary in 1990s, as we shall see.

The Southern Baptist Seminary before the War

The great work of James's life was the foundation of the Southern Baptist Seminary in 1859 in Greenville, South Carolina. He proposed that a rigorous education in classical languages was not necessary for all members of the ministry, that the English Bible could serve as a sufficient basis for theological study for many. Those who had the ability could go on to graduate studies. Boyce was especially concerned about developing an orthodox, learned cadre who could conduct theology independent of the corrosive Higher Criticism of Tübingen:

We have been dependent in great part upon the criticism of Germany for all the more learned investigations in Biblical Criticism and Exegesis, and that in the study of the development of the doctrine of the Church, as well as of its outward progress, we have been compelled to depend upon works in which much of error has been mingled with truth, owing to the defective standpoint occupied by their authors.

Scholarship would also vindicate the Baptist understanding of Christianity:

The history of religious literature, and of Christian scholarship, has been a history of Baptist wrongs. We have been overlooked, ridiculed and defamed . . . Historians who have professed to write the history of the Church, have either utterly ignored the presence of those of our faith, or classed them among fanatics and heretics.

The first building of the Southern Baptist Seminary in Greenville

But the new seminary had to close in 1862, as its students were not exempted from the Confederate draft.

The War

James was a slave owner. In 1860 he owned twenty-three slaves. James joined the Confederate Army as a chaplain for six months.

Boyce in Confederate uniform

In 1862 and again in 1864 he served in the South Carolina legislature. He wrote to his brother-in-law Henry Allen Tupper that God was punishing the South for the mistreatment of Negro slaves:

I believe I see in all this the end of slavery. I believe we are cutting its throat, curtailing its domain. And I have been, and am, an ultra pro-slavery man. Yet I bow to what God will do. I feel that our sins as to this institution have cursed us, – that the Negroes have not been cared for in their marital and religious relations as they should be; and I fear God is going to sweep it away, after having left it thus long to show us how great we might be, were we to act as we ought in this matter.

His personal relations to slaves and former slave were courteous. Before the war a family “maid” fell in love with a master-builder “servant” (notice the language that the Boyces used) but the marriage could come about only if James bought the servant, which he did, and enabled the marriage. James remained on good terms with this couple after Emancipation and was hosted by them at their house in Memphis.

James was appointed by President Johnson to South Carolina constitutional convention during Reconstruction. As required by the North for readmission to the Union, South Carolina passed a law outlawing slavery.

A Digression: The Bible and Slavery

As historians have remarked, the Southerners who defended slavery on Biblical grounds had stronger arguments than Northern abolitionists. It is clear, as the Southerners claimed, that in the Bible slavery is simply accepted as a fact. There is no indication that it is innately immoral. However, nor does the Bible require slavery. The Quakers developed a strong aversion to slavery. Orthodox Quakers had difficulty responding to Southern slavery defenders in biblical grounds. Some Quakers were therefore attracted to Hicks and

his doctrine of the Inner Light, which relied for the proper interpretation of Scripture on the Inner light of the Holy Spirit. By this Inner light Quakers could see the evil of slavery.

It is true, as Southerners claimed, that slavery is simply accepted as a fact in both the Old and New Testaments. It is also true that polygamy was also simply accepted as a fact in the Old Testament, and there is nowhere in the New Testament an absolute condemnation of polygamy. It is doubtful if southerners would have accepted polygamy. But why not? It could be justified and in fact held-up as God-ordained by using the same hermeneutics that justified slavery.

Over the course of centuries Jews had come to see polygamy as not innately immoral but as an institution which distorted the relationship of man and woman. A man was supposed to have one wife, just as The LORD had one spouse, Israel. Paul would take this analogy up and apply it to Christ and the Church. Acceptance of polygamy would therefore be a regression and a dimming of the light that God had given to the Church.

Similarly, slavery died out in the supposedly Dark Ages. Slavery had died out as societies became Christians had slowly come to see that slavery compromised the dignity of a human being, that it tended to make the owner forget the humanity of his slave. It was not fitting that a Christian should own a fellow Christian. The Popes later allowed it to Christians as an emergency response to Moslem enslavement of Christians.

In the South slave owners who underwent a conversion and joined a church that forbade the ownership of slaves sometimes faced a dilemma. In some cases, as in New York, the State had to approve manumission and would not approve it unless the slave was old enough and well trained enough to support himself.

In the South, freed slaves often had to leave the state. If a slave had a wife and children on a neighboring plantation, and he was freed, he had to leave the state. So some slaves asked their owners **not** to free them, and the owners were in a quandary. Their church forbade them to own slaves, they did not want to own slaves, but the slave did not want to be freed, for excellent reasons.

James thought slavery an acceptable institution, provided that slaves were given Christian instruction and their families were respected. He did not describe slavery as “owning” another human being – an expression and concept repellent in itself, but in having the right to the involuntary labor of another human being – and that human being’s descendants in perpetuity. Many white colonists came to the colonies as indentured servants, and such a state could be inherited but it was not perpetual.

Moreover, the two main motives to overcome the human reluctance to work are financial hardship or corporal punishment. Slaves could usually be motivated only by the second, which led to many horrors. As bad as the situation of the wage slaves of the industrial North, was, the situation of black slaves in the South was worse. Freemen were not subject to corporal punishment nor of having their families broken up at someone else’s whim. Emancipation was greeted with joy by slaves, and there was no nostalgia for the days of slavery.

Here endeth the digression.

The Southern Baptist Seminary after the War

James was at his house in Greenville at the end of the war. Federal troops looted the city. His elegant house attracted attention, and it was ransacked by the Yankees.

Looking for jewelry and silver that they had been told were there, and unable to find any, they held a gun to Boyce's head and demanded under threat of death, the location of the treasures. Boyce replied that he had sent them all away the day before with his brother and could not tell them where they were because he did not know. He instructed his brother simple to leave with the reassures and not tell him where he went. After many threats, they were finally convinced. They left, taking everything they could.

After the war James devoted himself to the seminary. The South was impoverished, and it was difficult to raise money for charitable purposes. James's personal fortune had been badly hurt by the war. The New York business had failed at the start of the war, and he had put money into Confederate and State bonds, which were worthless. With great difficulty he moved the Seminary to its current location in Louisville and assured its survival.

Boyce had to deal with the ripples of the Higher Criticism that reached the seminary. He hired his friend C. H. Toy to teach at the seminary.

Dr. Toy had been influenced by German higher critical methods. In his classroom, Toy began to undermine the biblical account of creation, teaching Darwinism and higher criticism. Boyce realized the danger of this teaching and insisted that Toy teach the Old Testament history as it is written in Scripture, which Toy agreed to do. Nevertheless, convinced of the validity and usefulness of his position, Toy submitted a defense of his beliefs, along with his resignation, to the trustees of Southern Seminary at the 1879 Southern Baptist Convention annual meeting in Atlanta. The trustees accepted his resignation. Boyce did not oppose Toy's resignation, but suffered great personal grief at being distanced from a treasured friend that had seemed so intellectually promising.

He maintained cordial and affectionate relationships with those with whom he disagreed in theology.

His work for the Seminary took its toll on James. In 1886 James and his family went to Europe for his health. But he continued to fail. He was dying in Paris, and his doctor advised removal to the countryside. This did not help. James died in Pau, France, on December 28, 1888.

The Theology of James Boyce

James wrote a textbook of theology, *The Abstract of Systematic Theology*, which is still in print.

Boyce explains theology through a Calvinist lens, which in turn was influenced by mediaeval voluntarism and St. Augustine.

Aquinas in the *Summa* treats of many attributes of God before discussing omnipotence. Boyce treats of omnipotence near the beginning, before he treats of God's reason and love. Boyce softens his treatment of God's omnipotence. He lists the things that God cannot do, among them

He cannot create a being whose nature is sinful....

He cannot impose laws which are not accordant with righteousness and holiness

He cannot deal with any of his creatures unjustly

And explains

If it be asked why he can do none of these things, the answer is, because his own nature is to him the law of what he does, as well as what he wills and what he is. He is not just and holy because he wills to be so, but he wills to be just and holy because he is so. His will does not make his nature, but his nature controls his will.

Therefore Boyce rejects extreme voluntarism, but 1. His placing of God's omnipotence before God's reason and love introduces a distortion. 2. He omits the only definition of God that Scripture contains: God is love. To say that God is love (which is another way of saying that He is Trinitarian and the inner life of God is friendship among the Persons), as well as just and holy, before treating of his power changes the focus of theology. It changes the tone and focus to say that God is just and holy and above all loving not because he wills to be so, but because such is his nature: God is Love.

The Continuing Influence of James Boyce

James sketched the twofold path to seminary training : one for ministers who sought the fundamentals of Christian doctrine and another for those who sought advanced studies to defend and explain the Christian faith, This seems to have continued to be the pattern among Southern Baptists.

James's insistence on the confessional nature of the seminary also has continued. The Principles remained in legal effect at Southern Baptist Seminary, and enabled the

conservatives to recover control of the seminary in the 1990s, although they had to add to the Principle to deal with modern problems.

In 1993, the seminary's current president R. Albert Mohler, Jr. came into office re-affirming the Seminary's historic "Abstract of Principles," part of the original charter of Southern created in 1858. The charter stated that every Professor must agree to "teach in accordance with, and not contrary to, the Abstract of Principles hereinafter laid down" and that "a departure" from the principles in the Abstract of Principles would be grounds for resignation or removal by the Trustees. Dr. Mohler...required that current professors affirm, without any spoken or unspoken reservations, the Abstract of Principles.

Professors were also asked to affirm the "Baptist Faith and Message" of the Southern Baptist Convention, since Southern is an agency of the SBC. An overwhelming majority of faculty affirmed the Abstract of Principles, but declined to affirm some of the doctrines stated in the "Baptist Faith and Message," which had recently been amended to bring it in line with more conservative positions held by the current leadership of the SBC.

In the wake of the subsequent dismissal or resignation of a large percentage of the faculty, Southern has replaced them with new professors who agree to adhere to the "Baptist Faith and Message" in addition to the seminary's Abstract of Principles.

James's suspicions of the Tubingen school, coupled with a appreciation that the Scriptures taught using popular, non-scientific language and concepts, seems to have become the norm among Southern Baptists and largely preserved them from the inroads of Modernism while rejecting extreme fundamentalism. The Catholic Church has not been so fortunate: Cardinal Kaspar sees the nature miracles in the New Testament a simply stories concocted by later Christians to make theological points.

James Boyce, a wealthy and cultivated man, also helped raise the aesthetic standards of Baptist worship in architecture and music. This was also one of the goals of the descendants of his brother-in-law, Henry Allen Tuttle, who had noteworthy and cultures ministers among his descendants.

Acknowledgements to Thomas J. Nettles, *James Petugru Boyce: A Southern Baptist Statesman* (2009)

James Pollock and “In God We Trust”

Portrait of James Pollock by John F. Francis

James Pollock was my wife’s third great grand uncle. He was the uncle of Sarah Pollock, the wife of James H. Rutter.

James Pollock was born on September 11, 1810, in Milton, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian parents. He graduated from the College of New Jersey (Princeton University) with a bachelor’s and master’s degree, both with highest honors. (He later became President of Princeton’s Board of Trustees.) He returned home to set up a law practice. He was appointed a judge and a district attorney, and in 1844 was elected to the U. S. House of Representatives, where he served three terms. While he was in Washington, he shared a boardinghouse with Abraham Lincoln and they became friends.

Pollock was keen on technology. He supported Samuel Morse and his idea for a telegram and was in the room when the famous message, “What hath God wrought” was received. He also pushed for the construction of a transcontinental railroad; in 1848 he said, “At the risk of being considered insane, I will venture the prediction that, in less than twenty-five years from this evening, a railroad will be completed and in operation between New York and San Francisco, California.” It was finally completed in 1869.

After he left the House, Pollock was appointed a federal judge in Pennsylvania. In 1854 the Whigs nominated Pollock for the governorship of Pennsylvania. He was also supported by the Nativist Know-Nothings (of which Samuel Morse was a member) who were anti-slavery.

Inauguration of Governor James Pollock

Pollock defeated the Democratic candidate, and began selling off the obsolete public works of the state, the canals and portage railroad which were outmoded by the new railroads and which were beset by corrupt administration. These works had been a drain on the public treasury. Pollock reduced state debt and lowered taxes. He chartered State Normal Schools and Pennsylvania State University and located it in the middle of the state.

In 1855 in thanksgiving for the harvest and the preservation of the country from war, Pollock signed a Thanksgiving Proclamation, which concluded:

Acknowledging with grateful hearts these manifold blessings of a beneficent Providence we should “offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay our vows unto the Most High.”

Under the solemn conviction of the importance and propriety of this duty, and in conformity with the wishes of many good citizens, I, James Pollock, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint

Thursday, the 22nd of November next, as a day of General Thanksgiving and Praise throughout this State; and earnestly implore the people that, setting aside all worldly pursuits on that day, they unite in offering thanks to Almighty God for his past goodness and mercy; and beseech him for a continuation of his blessings."

In the prelude to the War between the States, the country was convulsed by the controversy over the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which would undo the anti-slavery provisions of the Missouri Compromise. Pollock served as head of the Pennsylvania delegation at the Washington Peace Conference in 1861 and attempted to avert war. He was unsuccessful.

Pollock was a man of great Christian faith. He presided over the American Sunday School Union from 1855 until his death. It was said 'he was always eager to do his Lord's business with earnestness and dispatch' and while conscious of the power of his masterful mind and loving heart, his fellows managers 'most appreciated his depth of consecration.'

In 1861 Lincoln appointed Pollock the Director of the U S. Mint in Philadelphia.

in his 1863 report to the Secretary of the Treasury, he [Pollock] wrote, "We claim to be a Christian nation—why should we not vindicate our character by honoring the God of Nations...Our national coinage should do this. Its legends and devices should declare our trust in God—in Him who is "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." The motto suggested, "God our Trust," is taken from our National Hymn, the Star-Spangled Banner." The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country—it has thrilled the hearts and fallen in song from the lips of millions of American Freemen. The time for the introduction of this or a similar motto, is propitious and appropriate. 'Tis an hour of National peril and danger—an hour when man's strength is weakness—when our strength and our nation's strength and salvation, must be in the God of Battles and of Nations. Let us reverently acknowledge his sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God."

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

He died on April 19, 1890; his reputation of honesty and integrity was recognized even by his enemies. In the funeral sermon, the Rev. John Hemphill proclaimed:

I look back over fifty years of American history, and I can find no man as conspicuous as he in civic life, who can claim precedence of him in all the qualities that go to make up a noble, moral manhood. For fully half a century he was exposed to influences which have wrought the undoing of thousands, but he kept "his garments unspotted from the world." He could have died a millionaire, but, loathing alike the bribe giver and the bribe taker, he died with clean hands and a clean soul, leaving to his children, and to his children's children, and to the whole Church of God, the glorious heritage of a "good name" which is far better than "great riches."

His tombstone monument appropriately reads:

"James Pollock 1810-1890 'In God We Trust'"

At a website there are dozens of memorials to Pollock. One is

Honoring you on your 121st anniversary in heaven.

And another, by a great, great great grandniece:

Perhaps we will meet in Heaven dearest Uncle. May you rest in peace. It took me a long time to find you, but I am proud to have done so.

James Robert Keene, The Silver Fox of Wall Street

The young James Keene

James Robert Keene (1838 -1913) was the father of Foxhall Parker Keene, and therefore the father-in-law of Mary Lawrence, my wife's great grand aunt. James Keene married the Virginian Sara Jay Daingerfield (1840 -1916). She produced two children, Jessica , who married Talbot Taylor, and Foxhall Parker.

James Keene was born in England in the family of a prosperous merchant who had gone bust, and his education was therefore cut short. When James was a teenager the family moved came to Shasta, California, to repair their fortunes.

James edited a newspaper, peddled milk, anything for a dollar. He went to work at Fort Reading as a minder of mules and cows; he made enough money in there months to buy a miner's outfit and took off for the gold and silver mines. There he made enough money to come back to California to marry Sarah Daingerfield, the daughter of Colonel Leroy Daingerfield of Virginia and sister of Federal William Parker Judge Daingerfeld of California. The couple lived splendidly until James speculated and went broke. Senator Fenton gave Keene his seat on the San Francisco Stock Exchange and said Keene could pay when he could. Keene was appointed president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange and a governor of the Bank of California. He made \$6,000,000 in the bonanza mines in the Comstock Lode in Nevada.

The Great Manipulator

In 1876, he traveled east on the way to Europe for his health. But he was distracted from his journey by the allure of Wall Street.

Jay Gould as seen by small investors

His Wall Street bitter rival Jay Gould once quipped, "Keene arrived in New York by private railroad car, and [Gould] would send him home to California in a boxcar." Gould and his friends set put to ruin Keene, and Keene lost his \$6,000,000. At the same time his Newport hosue burned down.

Keene lost everything to fire and bankruptcy, including his favorite painting. Rosa Bonheur's sheep. It is said that a visitor to Gould's house noticed the painting a nd Gould gloated "there hangs the scalp of James R. Keene."

One of Rosa Bonheur's many sheep paintings

Keene had his ups and downs on Wall street. He made a fortune, he lost a fortune. In 1879-1880 Keene tried to corner the wheat market but failed and lost perhaps \$3,000,000.

Keene handled the affairs of Havemeyer for the Sugar Trust and helped J. P Morgan's friends in the battle over control of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

J. P. Morgan consolidated 200 small steel companies into United States Steel. He hired Keene to drive up the price on Wall Street at the stock offering in \\\ 1901. Keene established his office in an independent broker, Talbot J. Taylor (his son-in-law), to hide the Morgan connection and proceeded to buy US Steel heavily. Smaller investors thought Keene must know something, and poured money into the stock. Keene got the stock up to 55; by 1904 it was 8%. The small investors lost; Keene and Morgan won. All of this behavior is now highly illegal.

According to his son Foxhall, when his father's fortunes were restored

his first thought was to settle up. He gave a dinner party – it was a very large dinner – to all his creditors. Every man found on his plate, as a sort of place card, a cheque for the full amount owed him.

The Philosophy of Speculation

Keene was asked why he continued speculating even after he had made so much money and the speculation endangered him every time "Why do you cling to the stock gambling game."

His reply:

Why does a dog purse its thousandth rabbit?

You dog will chase its thousandth and even millionth rabbit just as though it were the first he had ever seen" he'll strive and start in pursuit of it to the point of heartbreak. One might suppose his soul's life depended in its capture. And yet should he overtake it he will cast it aside when killed and will begin quartering the ground to start another. To the last gasp of his breath that dog will chase his rabbit. When you tell me why that dog wants another rabbit, I will tell you why I want more money."

All his Wall Street comrades and competitors considered James Keene a sportsman, who found in manipulating stocks and bonds the same excitement that other sportsmen might get from the roulette wheel or a big poker game.

Keene claimed that speculation was socially useful

All life is a speculation. The spirit of speculation is born with man. Providence had impressed on his head and brain the betting instinct. It is one of the greatest gifts with which he has been endowed.. Without speculation, call it gambling if you wish, initiative would cease, business would decay, values decline and the country go back twenty years in less than one.

James Keene center, Foxhall Keene on left

Castleton Farms

John Breckenridge a future U.S. Senator and the Attorney General under Thomas Jefferson, bought 2,500 acres near Lexington, Kentucky to raise thoroughbred horses. His daughter, who had married David Castleman, inherited the farm and gave it the new name. She built the Greek Revival house.

James Keene bought it in the 1890s and added a 1,000 acres (it wasn't big enough). Castleon became the source of some of finest race horses ever known: 113 stake winners were foaled there. Foxhall Keene, who had lived on the estate while undergoing his divorce from Mary Lawrence, inherited it. In 1913, he sold it to David Look, a fellow financier, who had difficulties in the Depression. In 1945 Frances Dodge Johnson bought it; after her death her husband Frederick Van Lennep held it, and the van Lennep Trust in 2001 sold it to Tony Ryan, the founder of Ryan Air. Ryan restored the house and renamed the farm Castleton Lyon, after his estate in Ireland.

Castleton Lyon

James Keene's horses

Keene started buying racehorses in 1879, beginning with Spendthrift.

Spendthrift

Kingston

Kingston (1884-1912) won 89 races, the most in the history of the sport of thoroughbred racing.

Colin

Colin (1905=1932) was consistently rated as one of the best horses in American racing history, and was a celebrity with both fans and horsemen, Colin started fifteen times in his two-year career and never lost.

Sysonby

Sysonby (1902-1906) won every start easily, except one, at distances from one mile to two and a quarter miles. His superiority as a two and three-year-old was unchallenged during his short career of 15 race starts. Sysonby kicked off his 3-year old campaign in a dead heat for first with older horse Race King in the Metropolitan Handicap. It would be the last race where Sysonby was even challenged. He won the Great Republic and then won the Tidal Stakes, Lawrence Realization, Iroquois, Brighton Derby, and Century Stakes. Undefeated in nine races, he triumphed at distances from a mile to 2 1/4 miles. Sysonby was named 1905 Horse of the Year, as well as champion 3-year-old male, and earned \$184,438 in his 15-race career.

Domino

Domino (1891-1897) was one of the first handful of horses inducted into the National Museum of Racing and Hall of Fame in 1955. His owner had his headstone engraved: "Here lies the fleetest runner the American turf has ever known, and the gamest and most generous of horses."

Foxhall

Foxhall (1878-1904), names after James's son, As a three-year-old in 1881 he proved himself to be the outstanding colt of the season in Europe, winning the Grand Prix de Paris and becoming the second of only three horses to complete the Autumn Double of the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

In 1907 Keene won more than \$397,000 (\$10,000,000 in 2015 dollars), which at that time was the greatest amount ever won in racing. From 1905 to 1910, Keene made over \$1,200,000 (\$30,000,000 in 2015 dollars) from the horses on his farm.

In 1908, *London Sportsman Magazine* declared that Keene possessed "the greatest lot of racehorses ever owned by one man."

James Keene died on January 3, 1913, leaving an estate of \$15,000,000 (\$400,000,000 in 2015 dollars).

Jerome Alexandre et Fils

Francis Alexandre (1809-1889), my wife's second great-grandfather, founded the Alexandre steamship company. He had three sons. One son, James Joseph Alexander (1844-1894), my wife's first great grand uncle, continued making a fortune in the business. He married Nathalie Edsall, a distant cousin of Lady Randolph Churchill and of Winston Churchill. James died, and his widow married Paul Russell Bonner.

James Alexandre's son, Jerome (1886-1925), was therefore the first cousin twice removed of my wife. He was named after the Jerome family through which he was related to the Churchills. He would inherit \$1,500,000 from his father (about \$40,000,000 in 2015 dollars) when he reached twenty-one.

Mr. Bonner ran a leather belting firm, Bonner and Barnewell, on Cortlandt St. in Manhattan. There he employed the lovely stenographer Violet Adelaide Oakley, who was the daughter of George Oakley, a real estate dealer in Washington Heights. She had studied at a normal school and worked at Mr. Bonner's personal assistant.

Jerome entered Princeton, and as Mr. Bonner later explained,

"When he was home for Christmas he met Miss Oakley in my office and got to talking with her."

Jerome dropped out of Princeton when he was a sophomore and in a desultory way worked in Bonner's office. He soon after eloped with Miss Oakley and married her at the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church on 130th St. on March 15, 1906.

His mother was a bit nonplussed. She told the newspapers:

"Jerome is always so impulsive"

"It is perfectly true that Jerome is married. Why he should not have told us first I don't know. There was no occasion for keeping it secret, but he is an impulsive boy, and perhaps he thought it would be more romantic."

"I'm taking a mother's interest in the young couple, of course, and I have invited them to come out and live with us. I have never met Miss Oakley, but I understand she is a very sweet girl, and I will be glad to receive her. My husband knows her, of course. He has no objection to the marriage, and I have none, except that I should have wished that Jerome had been married in a somewhat different way."

"He has a very romantic temperament and needs an anchor."

And added

"I might have told him how difficult it is for a man when he marries out of his own set to have the society that know him

accept his wife."

Mr. Bonner told the newspapers that Miss Oakley

"is a very fine young woman – a gentlewoman in every way estimable. I think a great deal of her. She became my office manager a year ago. She has a remarkably good education. I never asked about her family, but I should guess that they are well bred persons who have had money and have less now."

Jerome was obviously marrying beneath himself financially and his mother and step-father were not overjoyed.

Jerome, married, 21, and very rich, continued to be impulsive. On March 30, 1907, Jerome was arrested for driving at Seventy-Sixth Street and Riverside Drive at the hazardous rate of twenty-four miles per hour. He gave his occupation as "capitalist," produced a \$100 bill (\$2,500 in 2015 dollars) as bail, and said that the District Attorney Jerome was his cousin. Later in 1907 he raced his Thomas car from New York to Cape Charles in a record 19 ½ hours.

That year he came into his estate. He announced his determination to solve a family mystery.

On the night of August 29, 1905 burglars had crossed the grounds of the Alexandre estate, Nirvana, without rousing three vicious Great Danes and entered the house that had thirteen people – family, guests, servants – sleeping. They took a 800 lbs. safe with Mrs. Bonner's jewels worth \$20,000 (about \$600,000 in 2015 dollars), many of which had been given by her late husband, James Alexandre. Detectives theorized that four men had entered the house, knew exactly where the safe was on the second floor, carried the safe down the stairs and to the shore and placed it in a waiting vessel. Several family members and eight domestics were in the house and men were sleeping in the outbuildings. Nothing else of value was taken, although the house was full of silver and expensive bric-a-brac.

A note written on fine, perfumed paper was left behind. It read:

"Dear Madam: You will be surprised to find your valuables taken, but in finding this note keep it in secrecy, as we are not to be trifled with. If our freedom is taken your place will be in ruins soon after.

Below that was a cross and "A warning."

Flush with money in 1907 Jerome announced

"I have always intended to discover how that safe was taken from Nirvana. Now that I am in a position to conduct an independent investigation, I will engage a corps of private detectives and go over all the clews again.

"An astonishing feature of the case is that none of the jewels contained in the safe has ever been recovered, despite a careful search of pawnshops all over the country.

Jerome built Rock Hall, Colebrook, Connecticut for Violet. The house was designed by Addison Mizner. It was the last house Mizner designed in the north before setting up for Palm Beach. The gardens were designed by Frederick Law Olmstead.

But Violet had influenza during the great epidemic of 1918, and according to her doctor suffered from “fits of melancholia” afterwards. She had a minor operation, and was visiting her mother-in-law at their estate, Nirvana. There, on May 10, 1919, she put a bullet through her head, leaving two children, Nathalie and Jerome Jr.

Jerome had been in the West Indies in 1912 and had met Helene G. Pile, the daughter of Orlando Jones. She was an amateur athlete from Sea Gate. After the death of Violet, Helene wrote him a letter of condolence. They resumed the acquaintanceship and married her at the appropriately named church of Our Lady of Solace in Sea Gate on December 11, 1919.

Jerome was a member of Squadron “A” of the New York troops. When trouble broke out on the Mexican border, he enlisted in the army and served as an aviator. During the First World War he was an instructor in an aviation camp in Texas.

After his military service Jerome moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and bought a ranch on Candelarias Road. But the Albuquerque papers reported that he “had a pleasing manner and had many friends” and an income of perhaps \$1,000 a month (\$10,000 in 2015 dollars).

He continued his driving exploits. He was picked up for drinking and was once found asleep in his car with the engine still running. On October 29, 1925 he swerved and hit a car driven by a Jesuit, the Rev. G. A. Whipple.

He had been separated from his wife Helene and their two children. She came to Albuquerque and they planned a post-Christmas reconciliation.

On Christmas 1925 Jerome Alexandre was found dead after a fire in a rooming house in Albuquerque. He has been drinking and smoking. He apparently fell asleep and dropped the cigarette on the mattress. It caught on fire. He jumped out of bed and tried to escape, but the door was barred, and he was suffocated. The funeral mass was held at Immaculate Conception Church and he was buried in Calvary Cemetery.

Helene stayed in Albuquerque for her health, and died in 1935. She left her minor son Jerome in the care of her daughter, who had married Martin Biddle.

In 1936 Jerome Alexandre, Jr., age 16, ran away with a friend from the Webb School in Claremont, California. He left a note that he was running away and instructed his sister to sell his car – a 16 year old who owned his own car during the Depression! His sister feared he had been abducted but he returned to Albuquerque and in 1938 did

some damage to municipal property. He told police that "he was swinging on a ground wire...and caused an electric bulb to fall and break" but he was "ready to settle with the city."

In May 1940 he was in Santa Barbara working at a filling station and studying photography. He was only twenty and had not yet received the \$139,118 inheritance (about \$1,000,000 in 2015 dollars) but the court allowed him \$1,500, because he was already married with a child. In March 1942, having reached majority and received his inheritance, he had a private pilot's license, had enlisted and flew with a friend from Albuquerque to San Antonio to get into the Air Corps. In June 1944 Lieutenant Alexandre reported for duty to Randolph Air Field in Texas.

He seems to have settled down and in 1954 moved to Farmington, New Mexico where he built a bottling works. But impulsiveness returned, and in April 1959 he shot himself in the head with a .22. The inquest ruled it was suicide.

Jessica Keene, Talbot Taylor, and Homewrecker Marie Zane

Jessica Harwar Keene (1867-1938) was the only daughter of James Keene and Sara Daingerfield, and was the sister-in-law of my wife's great-grand aunt, Mary Lawrence (1860-1942). Jessica was born in San Francisco but came to New York when her father established himself as the great speculator of Wall Street.

Talbot Jones Taylor (April 25, 1865-1938) came from an established Baltimore family, whose estate became the National Cemetery in the 1930s. His father was apparently an art collector, as this notice appeared in the New York papers after his death:

At the age of sixteen Talbot entered the firm of C. Irwin Dunn in Baltimore. He went on to Mc Kim and Co., then to the National Bank of Baltimore, where he was a note teller. He caught the eye of James Keene. In 1892 Talbot opened his brokerage office.

On May 14, 1892 Jessica married Talbot Jones Taylor in St. John's Church, Far Rockaway. Delmonico catered the wedding breakfast at the house which was furnished with art and paintings recurred from the elder's Keene's house in Newport, which had burnt at the time of one of his financial disasters.

In February 1897 Talbot and his brother James B. Taylor formed a partnership on Wall Street. It became the biggest house on the Street.

In 1899 Foxhall Keene became a "special partner." In 1899 Talbot was served with a subpoena by a Grand Jury "presumably in connection with the false rumors circulating about the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company."

On August 1899 Jessica presented her grandfather with his second grandchild, Jessica Keene Taylor (who seems not to have survived). It seemed to be a day of good omen. James Keene

has cleared up specially a lien of B. R. shorts for Miss Taylor against a future rainy day – about \$500,000 [\$15,000,000 in 2015 dollars]. That is the way the ex-Pine-street free-lance does things. And hardly had the congratulations come about Miss Taylor, when Chacornac won the Futurity for Mr. Keene.

James Keene worked out of his son-in-laws Talbot's brokerage office. Among the matters he handled was the 1901 manipulation of the initial offering of US Steel as the secret agent of J. P. Morgan.

Perhaps to celebrate this success, James Keene in that year bought a \$100,000 (\$3,000,000 in 2015 dollars) diamond necklace for his wife, an invalid. As she had no use for it, she gave it to her daughter Jessica.

Mrs. Taylor is thus the possessor of the finest diamond necklace in the United States. It consists of a strand of ninety diamonds of the purest water, so arranged so that they may be worn around the throat of the wearer several times, as pearls are usually worn. Suspended from the center of this glittering strand is a pendant cluster of eight magnificent gems, and from this again is suspended a single diamond, which is said to be the largest and finest stone owned in New York.

In 1903 the Taylor firm failed because of a speculation in a Southern Pacific RR pool, and James Keene admitted a loss of \$1,500,000 (\$42,000,000 in 2015 dollars).

Mrs. Keene gave land and money for a house for her daughter and son-in law: Talbot House.

Such a house had to be furnished. Talbot knew just the person, Marie Zane Cowles.

Marie Zane originally met Talbot Taylor in 1897 at a house party in Cedarhurst in honor of Lillie Hastings Jerome Onativia (Mrs. Tomasito Luis de Onativia), whose companion Marie Zane had been for many years (more about the Onativias in later blogs). He apparently fell in love with her. Mrs. Taylor complained to the hostess (Lillie Onativia's niece) who packed Lillie Onativia and Marie Zane off to New York.

Marie went to Europe with Mrs. Onativia, but returned to New York in 1900 and set up as an interior decorator. Her relationship with Mrs. Onativia was rocky. She had loaned Onativia \$3,500.

When the money was not paid on demand Miss Zane brought suit in a San Francisco court. Her former friend put in a bill for money alleged to have been spent on Miss Zane when they were in Europe together. It included such items as \$15 for a pair of blue corsets and \$115 for a nickeled bicycle.

A California newspaper announced her surprise engagement to another Californian who was visiting New York, William Northrup Cowles. It was a surprise because

Cowles was considered the most confirmed of bachelors, and long ago, when he kept the Arlington in Santa Barbara and made it rather a gay resort, his heart was said to be of adamant.

(The language is, I suspect, more than just a coincidence). Marie married Cowles in December 1901 and divorced him four weeks after the marriage.

A gossip column later explained that Cowles had gone to New York and met Marie.

In New York two old aunts of Marie Zane thought Cowles was too attentive. They laid a trap and a plot. Cowles fell into it. Out of a high sense of chivalry he acceded to the demands of the aunts and marred Miss Zane. He never lived with her and let her get a divorce as soon as she wanted it.

Mrs. Taylor, as we shall see, thought there was another explanation.

Marie, the now Mrs. Cowles, moved into an apartment next to Talbot, and when he moved, she moved also into an apartment directly underneath his.

Talbot hired Marie for \$40,000 (\$1,000,000 in 2015 dollars) to help him decorate Talbot House. As he later explained

he had met Mrs. Cowles as an expert on rugs, ivories, and other costly bric-à-brac and he had engaged her services in Europe and in this country to pick up for him many objects of art with which to furnish his home."

Talbot traveled to France with her to buy furniture and ecclesiastical art for Talbot House before the new French law controlling the exportation of antiquities went into effect.

And what a home he had to fill: 30 bedrooms:

A Bedroom (Note the abundance of chairs; this has provoked comments)

Talbot with his 1902 Mercedes

Talbot published a book on his collection.

The Talbot J. Taylor collection; furniture, wood-carving, and other branches of

the decorative arts;

with one hundred and eighty-seven illustrations.

Jessica took her children to the south for the winter because one child was an invalid. When she returned, she discovered that her husband had given her furs and jewels to his lady friend. She filed for divorce.

Mrs. Taylor claimed the marriage to Cowles, an acquaintance of Talbot's was engineered purely to provide cover for the relationship. Talbot paid all the expenses of the marriage. She divorced Cowles but was still known as Mrs. William Cowles, a respectable woman, solely to provide cover for the relationship with Talbot.

The court referee found that Talbot had become "unduly intimate" with Marie. Against the denials of Talbot and Mare, was

the testimony of chauffeurs, servants, French hotel employees, elevator boys and maids, and a handwriting expert.

Marie told the papers it was all a misunderstanding, in what the papers called "the opening of Mrs. Cowles vials of wrath."

"There was nothing but the rankest perjury throughout the entire case..."

"There was not a tithe of evidence brought against me..."

"...the whole affair is incomprehensible, except as showing what a woman's spite can do."

Marie insisted her relationship with Talbot was purely a business one. Her eyes wandered to a chest with a photograph.

"There she is...there is the woman who tried to ruin me." The face was badly scratched with a pencil.

Marie added

"Certain people of very ungentle breeding became millionaires in the gold days of California."

Why was all the mudslinging necessary?

"Gentle folk do not move in that way. It might have gone about l'aimable, as the French say – in a quiet manner, without all these cruel, unneeded charges and the publicity that has been crueler still."

Talbot had given her free rein in the purchases.

"what went into that house was my art, my selections."

Mrs. Cowles did not like the idea of this wealth of furnishings finally passing into the hands of Mrs. Taylor.

Jessica proceeded to auction the stuff that Marie had bought for the house; Talbot tried to stop her but was rebuffed by the court. Mrs. Taylor's attorney was scathing:

I want the court to know how little right this man with this lady's disposition of her property....

It was a lucky day for Talbot J. Taylor when, as some people might say, he struck the whimsical fancy of Jessica Keene, Taylor was then living in Baltimore engaged in the rather vague business of real estate, with an income of something like \$2,000 a year.

James Keene paid for the wedding trip and gave the newly married couple a \$40,000 house in Baltimore and \$2,500 a month. Talbot sold the house and bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. Mrs. Keene gave the couple seven acres in Cedarhurst and money to build a house there.

In December 1902...Taylor began very suddenly buying furniture and adding to the house in Cedarhurst. He made an enormous place of it, containing thirty bedrooms, and furniture began pouring in. In July, 1903, he failed. Our affidavits show that in October or November, 1902, he admitted to Mr. Keene that of the \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 in money and securities which Mr. Keene had on deposit

with Talbot J. Taylor & Co., Taylor had managed to get rid of \$1,200,000 [\$33,000,000 in 2015 dollars].

So that is where the money for the antiques came from. The attorney continued

He went on buying furniture and making additions to his house until the time of his failure. T that time, to avoid the disgrace of bankruptcy, Mr. Keene released the claims he had, amounting to \$4,000,000 [\$112,000,000 in 2015 dollars].

Talbot Taylor and Marie Zane Cowles married in September 1909.

Jessica and the children got Talbot House but moved out and rented it to the Watters family. They had just moved in when

On April 4, 1913 a boiler exploded and a fire destroyed the house. The house was filled with the art and rare books that the Keenes had collected; the loss was over \$500,000 [\$12,000,000 in 2015 dollars].

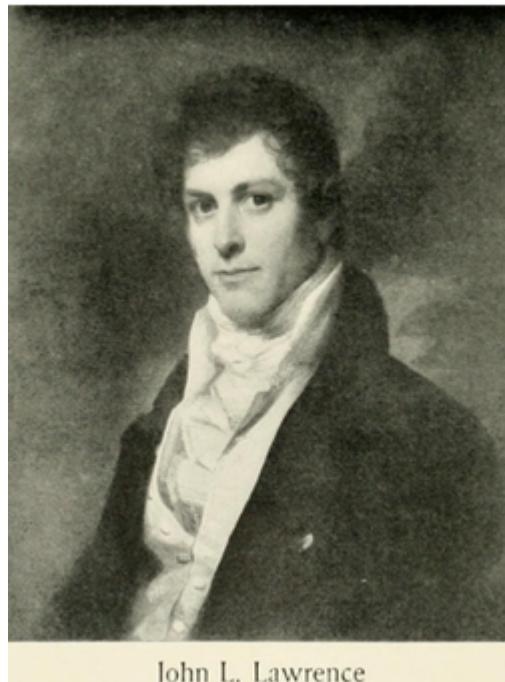
In March 1913 Marie, Talbot's second wife, sued him for divorce. She went on to translate the French play *The Hawk* by Francis de Croisset – “a love story of modern society life”

Talbot retired to France:

In recent years Mr. Taylor had devoted himself to beautifying his home at Nice. In this endeavor he dwelt especially on the growing of flowers and his horticultural specimens took many first prizes In the Riviera shows.

He died in Nice on April 3, 1938. The first Mrs. Taylor died Christmas Day, 1938.

John L. Lawrence



John L. Lawrence

John L. Lawrence 1785-1849

Distinguished career in Politics and Public Service: Appointed Secretary of Legation to Sweden, became United States Charge at Stockholm, elected member of Assembly for NYC, elected State Senator, first president of the Croton Aqueduct Commissin, Treasurer of Columbia College and Controller of the City of New York.

Husband of Sarah Augusta Smith. They were parents of eleven children, including: Mary [died young], Richard, Egbert, Robert, Charles Jeffrey, Ann Middleton Suydam and Hon Abraham Riker Lawrence. Died of cholera.

John L. Lawrence (October 2, 1785 – July 24, 1849) was an American lawyer, diplomat, and politician from New York.

Early life

John was born in New York City. He was the son of Jonathan Lawrence (1737–1812), a merchant and New York State Senator, and Ruth (née Riker) Lawrence (1746–1818), a member of the Riker family, for whom Rikers Island is named.^[1] Among his siblings were brothers Samuel Lawrence (1773–1837), a Congressman, and William T. Lawrence (1788–1859).^[2]

He was also a direct descendant of Capt. James Lawrence, a hero of the War of 1812,^[3] and Maj. Thomas Lawrence of the British Army who received a land grant in 1656 in what became Queens.^[4]

He graduated from Columbia College in 1803.[5]

Career

From June 7, 1814, to May 19, 1815, he was Chargé d'Affaires at Stockholm, representing the United States during the absence of Minister to Sweden Jonathan Russell.[6]

He was a member of the New York State Assembly (New York Co.) in 1816–17. He was a delegate to the New York State Constitutional Convention of 1821.[7]

He was a presidential elector in 1840, voting for William Henry Harrison and John Tyler.[7]

He was a member of the New York State Senate (4th D.) in 1848 and 1849. In May 1849, he was appointed New York City Comptroller,[8] but died two months later.[7]

Personal life

On June 2, 1816, he married Sarah Augusta Smith (1794–1877), daughter of Elizabeth (née Woodhull) Smith (daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Woodhull) and General John Tangier Smith, a U.S. Representative and U.S. Senator from New York.[9] Together, John and Sarah were the parents of eleven children, including Abraham Riker Lawrence, a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York.[10]

Lawrence died of cholera in New York City on July 24, 1849.[11]

John Watson Lawrence, Lost at Sea

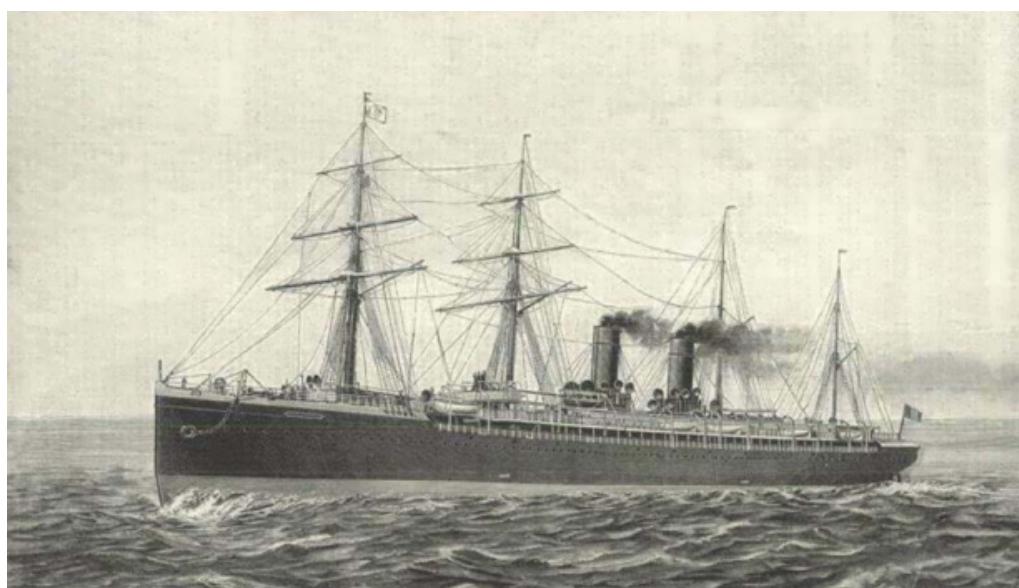
John Watson Lawrence (1869-1895) was the son of Walter Bowne Lawrence (1839-1912) and Annie Townsend (1841-1902), and was named after his grandfather, John Watson Lawrence (1800-1888). The chief newsworthy episode in his life was the unusual manner in which it ended.

He was Harvard '91 and gone to work for the family brokerage firm W. B. Lawrence and Son. During he winter of 1894-1895 he suffered from teh grip, returned to work too early, and was prostrated. His physician recommended a sea voyage and aa change of scene. He and his brother Townsend left for a bicycle tour of England and the continent. While bicycling around Southampton, he fell unconscious from his bike. The two brothers went to Paris to consult a learned physician, who recommended complete rest.

They abandoned the tour and went to Le Havre, where they booked a last minute passage on La Bourgogne. Very early the second day out, John rose and went for a stroll on the promenade deck. The only others up were two steerage passengers. A half hour later his brother Townsend came looking for him.

The two steerage passengers reported, in somewhat broken English, that twenty minutes previously a young man had been chasing his straw hat and fell overboard. It had not occurred to them this was an important enough incident to report. Townsend sounded the alarm, the ship swung around, but there was no trace of John.

Four days later a seaman was stretching an awning which suddenly parted also went overboard and was lost. His hat was recovered.

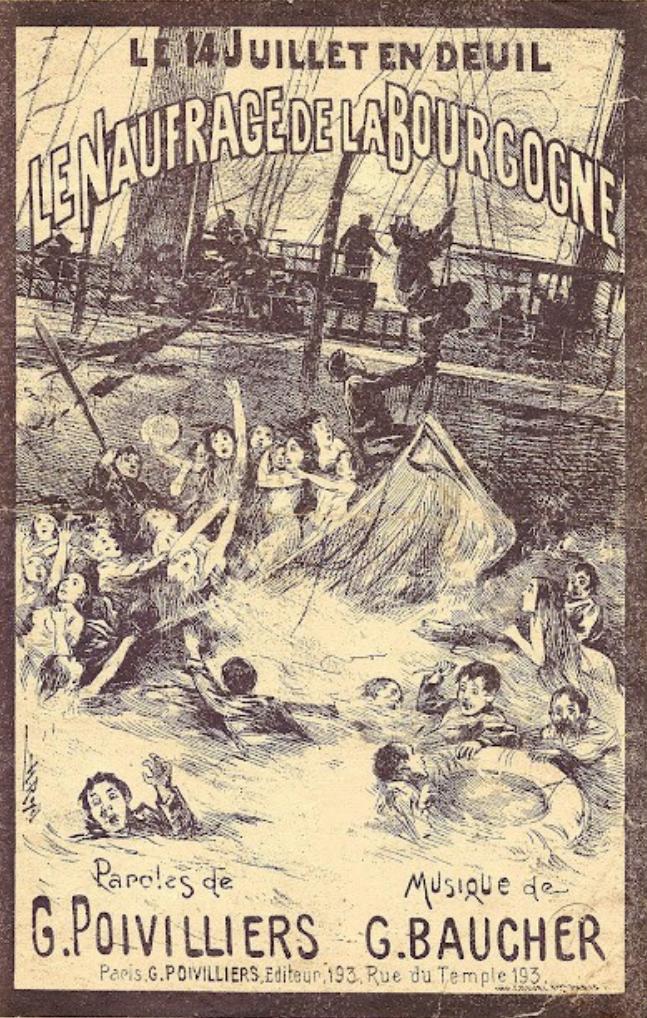


La Bourgogne was cursed. On July 4, 1898 in dense fog the Brutish ship Cromartyshire, traveling at full speed, rammed La Bourgogne.

"La Bourgogne began to list immediately to starboard. Many of the lifeboats on that side were wrecked in the collision and the boats on the port side proved impossible to launch due to the list. As the ship started to list and the stern went under, the crew began to panic. Showing little concern for the passengers, the crew began piling up on whatever lifeboats were available and launched them to sea. Some used fists and oars to beat up any passengers who attempted to come near the boats. Some passengers were stabbed. Half an hour later La Bourgogne completely disappeared beneath the waves, taking with her almost every woman and every single child."

Of teh 220 crew, half survived. Of the 506 passengers, only about 70 survived. All the children died.

Americans demanded that the crew be tried and punished. The French whitewashed everything, and nothing was done. Instead they put out this propganda poster.



LE NAUFRAGE DE "LA BOURGOGNE".—Le capitaine Deloncle essayant de calmer les passagers affolés

Jonathan Lawrence pere

Jonathan Lawrence (1737 – 1812) was an American merchant and politician from New York. He was the paternal grandfather of the wife of 3rd great-granduncle of my wife.

Jonathan was born on October 4, 1737 in Newtown, Queens County, in what was then the Province of New York. He was the eighth son born to Patience (née Sackett) Lawrence (1701–1772) and John Lawrence (1695–1765).

His paternal grandparents were John Lawrence and Deborah (née Woodhull) Lawrence and his maternal grandparents were Capt. Joseph Sackett and Elizabeth (née Betts) Sackett. His paternal great grandparents were Thomas Lawrence (1619 – 1703) and Mary Ferguson (1624–1692) who emigrated to North America.

Jonathan's brother Daniel Lawrence was an Assemblyman and his nephew Nathaniel Lawrence (son of Thomas) was New York State Attorney General. Congressman James Lent and Recorder Richard Riker were his great-nephews.

At a young age, Jonathan became a merchant, visiting Europe and the West Indies in the employment of his eldest brother, John Lawrence, before joining the house of Watson, Murray & Lawrence. After inheriting his brother John's estate and a portion of his brother Nathaniel's estate (who died unmarried in the West Indies), he retired c. 1771, around age thirty-four, and purchased a residence at Hurlgate which had been owned by his great-grandfather Thomas Lawrence, the youngest of three brothers who emigrated to America around 1645.

In 1772, he had been appointed captain in the provincial militia by the royal government. Once the New York Provincial Congress organized a militia in 1775, he was appointed major of the Queens and Suffolk brigade under Gen. Nathaniel Woodhull.

In August 1776, on the eve of the Battle of Long Island, his militia was sent to drive livestock in an effort to prevent it from falling into British hands. While the activities indirectly claimed the life of Woodhull, he had been ordered to Harlem to seek reinforcements from General George Washington.

Beginning in May 1775 Lawrence was a member of the 1st, 3rd (May to June 1776) and 4th New York Provincial Congresses (beginning in July 1776, which became known as the First Constitutional Convention)

Lawrence was appointed by Constitutional Convention to represent the Southern District of New York (consisting of Kings, New York, Queens, Richmond, Suffolk and Westchester counties) in the New York State Senate beginning with the 1st New York State Legislature in 1777 to the 6th in 1783. On October 17, 1778, he was one of four elected to the Council of Appointment, serving for one year. He was again one of four elected to the Council on July 22, 1782.

He later served as chairman of the city's committee for the reelection of George Clinton as governor (who later became the 4th Vice President of the United States under Thomas Jefferson and James Madison).

On March 16, 1766, he married Judith Fish (1749–1767), the daughter of Nathaniel Fish and Jannetje (née Berrien) Fish (a sister of Judge John Berrien). Jannetje's niece, Elizabeth Berrien, was married to Fish's nephew Nathaniel Lawrence, and was the aunt of John M. Berrien, the United States Attorney General under President Andrew Jackson. Before Judith's death on September 29, 1767, at age seventeen, they were the parents of one son: Jonathan Lawrence (1767–1850) (q.v.), a merchant with Lawrence & Whitney who married Elizabeth Rogers.

After his first wife's death in 1767, the elder Jonathan married Ruth Riker (1746–1818), a member of the Riker family, for whom Rikers Island is named. Ruth was the daughter of Andrew and Jane Riker. Together, they were the parents of nine children, including:

Judith Lawrence (1769–1827), who married John Ireland (1749–1836).

Margaret Lawrence (1771–1851), who died unmarried, aged 81.

Samuel Lawrence (1773–1837), who married Elizabeth Ireland,[1] and became a U.S. Representative.

Andrew Lawrence (1775–1806), a sailor who died "of the African fever, in one of the Dutch factory islands, near an outlet of that river, which has since been discovered to be the ancient Niger."

Richard M. Lawrence (1778–1856), a merchant who sailed around the world, and upon his return to New York in 1815, became the vice-president of the National Insurance Company and then president of the Union Insurance Company, both in New York.

Abraham Riker Lawrence (1780–1863), who served as president of the New York and Harlem Railroad in 1836 (after John Mason).

Joseph Lawrence (1783–1817), who married Mary Sackett, daughter of John Sackett and Elizabeth (née Gibbs) Sackett.

John L. Lawrence (1785–1849), who married Sarah Augusta Smith (1794–1877), daughter of General John Tangier Smith and granddaughter of Gen. Nathaniel Woodhull.

William Thomas Lawrence (1788–1859), a merchant who married Margaret Sophia Muller, daughter of Remburtus F. Muller, in 1825. Lawrence died on September 4, 1812 in New York City.

Through his eldest daughter Judith, he was a grandfather of John Lawrence Ireland (1796–1879), who married Mary Floyd, a sister of John Gelston Floyd, a U.S. Representative, and a granddaughter of David Gelston (the Collector of the Port of New York) and William Floyd (a signer of the United States Declaration of Independence). Ireland was the father of John Busteed Ireland (who married Adelia Duane Pell, daughter of Robert Livingston Pell). Another grandchild was Louisa Anna Ireland (1800–1845), who married Henry Woodhull Nicholl, and was the mother of three: Elizabeth Smith Nicholl (first wife of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, a grandson, and namesake, of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury), Mary Louisa Ireland (wife of Maj. Henry Constantine Wayne of the U.S. Army), and Judith Ireland (wife of Capt. William Blair).

Jonathan Lawrence, son of John & Patience Lawrence, born in Newtown Oct. 4, 1737 O. S., died in the City of New York Sept. 1, 1812. His long and exemplary

life was distinguished by private & public usefulness. He was a member of the Provincial Congress of 1776 and of the convention that established the Constitution of this State, and represented the Southern District in Senate until the Peace of 1783.

Under this Monument lies the remains of Jonathan Lawrence and Ruth Lawrence, his wife. They were united by the sincerest affection for more than forty years and now sleep together in one sepulchre.

Joseph Effingham Lawrence, Father of California Literature



Joseph Effingham Lawrence, age 18

Bayside, Queens

Joseph Effingham Lawrence (1824-1878) was the son of Effingham Lawrence and Anne Townsend, and therefore the third great grand uncle of my wife. He was the brother of Lydia Lawrence, noted for her tendencies to marry her cousins and for her interest in Spiritualism, of Effingham Lawrence, owner of Magnolia Plantation in Louisiana and of Henry Effingham Lawrence, wealthy merchant in New Orleans and father of six children, four of whom were born deaf and were therefore important in the history of the education of the deaf in the Old South

Joseph was in Louisiana, presumably visiting his brother, when the news of the 1849 Gold Rush reached him. At the age of twenty five he made his way across Texas and Mexico by mule, and settled in California. He decided to become an editor. In California the Effingham became a simple E., and he preferred to be known as Joe Lawrence. The only place where his full name is listed in in the role of graduates of Columbia University (class of 1841).

However, when he was editor of the Sacramento *Placer Times*, he acquired the title of Colonel. Governor John Bigler of California appointed him aide to Camp with the title of Colonel of Calvary, with the notice "place him where France most needs a soldier."

This provoked the comment

This is the manner by which the United States acquires so many colonels; the governor of each state can appoint himself four aides-de-camp; from the date of appointment they rank with the

title "colonel of the Calvary"; they are not selected from military life; the qualifications of the new colonel editor are set forth in the notice; but I think the line should read "place him here France least wants a soldier," if these are the only titles to a soldiers name.

The Hazards of Being an Editor



Joe Lawrence was editor of the Sacramento *Placer Times* (later the *Times and Transcript*) from 1850 to 1854. An editor's life was not an easy one.

In July 1851 Joseph nearly cut short the career and life of the future governor of California, Neely Johnson.

As Mr. Lawrence was passing the court-house, J. Neely Johnson stepped up and demanded to know whether he was the author of a certain paragraph published in the *Times and Transcript* that morning, at which Johnson had taken offence. Not receiving a satisfactory reply, Johnson seized the journalist's nose and wrung it magisterially. Lawrence drew a pistol and would have fired had he not been disarmed by the by-standers.

In October 1851 Joseph wrote to the Sacramento City Council:

Gentlemen: On Friday afternoon, passing along the Levee, between K and L streets, I was addressed in an extremely abusive manner by several members of the Chain Gang, engaged in repairing the embankment at that place. — One of them stepped near men, and with violent gestures threatened a personal assault, continuing also to use the most scurrilous expressions. The person seeming in charge of the gang, whose name I have understood to be Keithly, made no effort to quell the disturbance, and only requested the leader in it to desist from an attack, himself uttering at the same time language little, if any less abusive than that of his confederates in this outrage, which he justified on account of a publication that had appeared in the *Placer Times and Transcript*, regarding the Station House.

In 1858 a William Grey was sentenced to pay a fine of \$25 for his assault and battery on Joseph Lawrence.

Lawrence decided become involved in more literary endeavors.

The Golden Era



Masthead of the Golden Era

The *Golden Era* was founded in 1852 by Rollin M. Daggett and J. McDonough Ford. They aimed at the new population of God Rush California and sought to present

a Good Family newspaper. Calculated for circulation in every parlor and miners' cabin that would be of interest to the merchant, the farmer and the mechanic. Untainted with politics and unbiased by religious prejudice."

It contained everything form recipes for baked beans to and notices such as "James E Rogers, blew his brains out, September 2nd. Cause: Discouraged," to serialized stories. The *Golden Era* would specialize in Western literature,

the incidents and characters of the mining camps, the novelty and peculiarity of which sufficed to impart a special stamp to the narration

The newspaper would therefore concentrate on native writers:

we do contend that foreign writers should not be brought into daily, weekly, or monthly contact with the people...to the exclusion of native writers. We contend further that in order to secure a hearty literature, 'racy of the soil,' these native writers should receive all possible encouragement.'

Its rural readers looked forward to each edition of the *Golden Era*:

Many times the *Era* has gladdened my heart amid the rude mountains of the Sierra, when the whoop of the Digger-Indian, the growl of the fierce grizzly, or the screams of our emblem bird, the Eagle, were more frequent and familiar sounds than those of church bells.

Joe Lawrence began his association with the *Golden Era* in 1854. It was reported that

The *Golden Era* of Sunday says " What I Saw in Oregon," is to be the title of a work now undergoing publication in this city, from the pen of J. E. Lawrence, Esq. It will be remembered that this gentleman lately made a short but thorough tour of that territory, and report say* that

the work will comprise principally the impressions of the author, formed by the combined operation of the five senses upon sensitive imagination in cloudy weather. We look for it with anxiety.

In 1860 he and James Brooks purchased the newspaper and Lawrence became its editor. He had an eye for literary talent. He deemphasized local color for more serialized stories and social satire. Under his aegis the *Golden Era* combined

European intellectualism and Pacific Coast empiricism...to create one of history's most exciting intellectual atmospheres

And continued to

penetrate the wilderness as persistently as canned oysters.

Joe Lawrence was well-liked:

the very pattern of paternal patronage was amiable Joe Lawrence , its Editor." He was an inveterate pipe-smoker, a pillar of cloud, as he sat in his editorial chair, an air of literary mystery enveloping him.

The *Golden Era* had a column in which it published amateur poetry. It had some standards, although the standards were low:

An enthusiast for Burns who had sent in a Scotch ballad entitled *To a Flea* was advised: "The first stanza is very Scotch, the next is slightly Scotchless, and all the rest are *nix* Scotch. It is a pity you did not imbibe more Burns before you burst." Duly Scotch'd, the poem was returned and printed. Just as bad were the verses in Chinook contributed by an Oregonian, and the trifle on a humming-bird and bumble-bee which ran:

The humming bird and bumble bee
One Summer's day got on a spree;

They guzzled together with floral licker
Till they got sicker, and sicker, and sicker.

The bird pecked at the bumble's thighs
The bumble whacked her in the eyes;

And then they fit and fit and fit,
Until they couldn't get up and git.

The advertisements are fascinating for the modern reader:

They range from current theater programs and maritime notices of clipper ships, with all the romance evoked by the names of Lola Montez or the *Flying Cloud*, to advertisements

In summer when the sun is low,
Come forth in swarms the insect foe,
And for our blood they bore, you know,
And suck it in most rapidly.

...

But fleas, roaches, 'skeeters — black or white —
In death's embrace are stiffened quite,
If Lyon's powder chance to light
In their obscure vicinity.

The *Golden Era* was the product of the milieu that Mark Twain describes in *Roughing It*: overwhelmingly male, very young, violent, adventurous, skeptical, irreverent, coarse. This milieu set its mark on American literature.

Artemus Ward (1834-1867)

Artemus Ward (Charles Ferrar Brown) was America's first stand-up comedian.

In 1858, Brown created the persona of Artemus Ward, a poorly educated traveling showman with a wealth of puns and misspellings. Ward's instinct for folk humor presented with malapropisms made him nationally popular. He was the favorite comic of President Abraham Lincoln, who often read Ward to begin cabinet meetings.

The persona of Artemus Ward and the young Abraham Lincoln

Nineteenth-century convention allowed other newspapers to reprint Ward's columns without compensation. Brown subsequently took his show on the road, lecturing and selling books of his reprinted articles. Initially, Brown's appearance—tall, thin, and young—astounded audiences who expected the short, rotund, middle-aged Ward depicted in lithographs. Nevertheless, Brown's wit and onstage charisma created diehard fans as he presented his farcical speech, "The Babes in the Wood."

The Englishman Edward Higgsston was the advance man in San Francisco for Artemus Ward (born Charles Ferrar Brown), who in 1863 was to give his lecture-entertainment, Babes in the Woods." Joe Lawrence liked what he read by Ward and decided the lecture needed a special advance notice. Hingston remembers:

Magnanimous was the behavior of Colonel Lawrence of the *Golden Era*, who begged to be supplied with any amount of copy, and with enthusiastic liberality declared that he would make the forthcoming number of his paper an Artemus Ward number. He was duly furnished with biographical notes, critical essays, and sample of the humor of the new humorist. But not satisfied with the quantity of matter with which he was already stocked, he "took a drink,: and then blandly said, "Can't you let me have an article about him in connection with Shakespeare and Spiritualism." [This perhaps indicates Joseph's attitude to the Spiritualism espoused by his sisters Hannah and Lydia.]

To confess inability to a Californian would have been absurd. Colonel Lawrence was therefore informed that he could have such an article if he particularly wished for it, though how Artemus Ward was to be connected with either, did not strike the mind as questions being easy of solution. Spiritualism was a prominent topic in San Francisco just then. Hence it admitted of being used to advantage, but why Shakespeare? The Colonel pointed out a ready made mode of making up an article. "Get Mrs. Mary C. Clarke's Dictionary," said he "and see what you can find about 'Ward' in it,"

Thanking the Colonel for the idea, I suggested that I might find difficulty in obtaining Mrs. Cowden Clarke's 'Concordance to Shakespeare in a San Francisco library.

"Guess we've got her upstairs," was the reply. "Mary C. Clarke, Webster, and Lippincott are kinder useful tools in an office."

Hingston produced this article for the *Golden Era*:

Shakespeare an agent for Artemus Ward – A Strangely New Phase of Spiritualism. – Spiritualism has originated many new and startling ideas. The mental vagaries of some of its professors outstrip the wildest conceptions of the most imaginative poets. The latest theory propounded is, however, by far the most surprising; while the proofs adduces are of the most extraordinary description

We will give the theory in a few words. Incorporate mortals now existent, can not only hold communication with decorporated spirits, but the spirits of all who are to wear fleshly garb can also hold present intercourse with other spirits who have yet to be incarnated.

This theory is based on the doctrine propounded by the Rev. Charles Beecher, for which he was recently denounced by the convention of ministers at Georgetown, D.C. It is the doctrine of pre-existence; – that our spirits have lived from all time as they are to live to all time. That the soul of John Smith lived long ages ago, as it will live in the immeasurable ages to come. Herein arose the opportunity for Belshazzar of Babylon to know about the soul of John Smith whom we meet on Montgomery Street to-day. This is the strange new theory.

It is proven by the fact that Shakespeare knew Artemus Ward three hundred years ago, and acted then as "agent in advance" of Artemus, by advertising him to the full extent of his ability. Now Shakespeare must have known that the spirit of Artemus, when fleshified as Ward, would produce a good fellow, or he would not have done it. For Shakespeare himself was a good fellow, and ought to have owned as many feet in the "Gould and Curry" as the best of us.

Here are the facts, startling as we admit; but as undeniable as any fact ever yet adduced in support of a theory:

Shakespeare's acquaintance with Artemus was of long standing. "thou knowest my old *Ward*," says he. (I Henry IV., act iv.) That he esteemed him highly is manifest, for he calls him "the best Ward of mine honour." (Love's Labor Lost, act iii, scene i.) That he advises everyone to hear him and to know him is plain, for says he not, "Come mot my Ward. " (Measure for Measure, act iv., scene iii.) That he himself had diligently to attend to the matter of Artemus is certain, for his own words are, "they will have me go to Ward. (2 Henry vi, act v, scene i.) Sometimes Shakespeare appears to have been persuaded a little too strongly by Artemus, for his words are, "I cannot Ward, what I would not." (Troilus and Cressida, act i, scene ii); and again – wary fellow – "There are many confines, *Ward*. (Hamlet, act ii, scene i.) Strangely prescient of the future fact that Mr.

Browne would achieve fame about twenty-four months after adopting his nom-de-plume, he says of Artemus' father, "His son was but a *Ward* two years." (*Romeo and Juliet*, act i., scene v.) That he thought him to be smart, and to know as much as half a dozen men, is evidenced by his assertion that there are "men in your *Ward*." (*Measure for Measure*, act ii., scene ii.) And, that he believed him to be guileless is demonstrable, or he would never have called him "The *Ward* of purity." (*Merry Wives*, act iv, scene iii.) Just as he knew him to be shrewd when he entitles him "The *Ward* of covert, (*Measure for Measure*, act v, scene i.) How plainly evident too it is, that the spirit of Artemus used to call upon Shakespeare (whether by raps on the table or at the door we know not,) for does not the poet answer him and say, "I am now in *Ward*." (*All's Well that Ends Well*, act I, scene ii.) Ward's spirit, however, was not always truthful to Shakespeare; the principal did not treat the agent candidly, for Shakespeare says, "*Ward*, you lie." (*Troilus and Cressida*, act I, scene ii.) And shortly afterwards "all these *Wards* lie." Possibly, however, Shakespeare was irritated at the time, and Artemus may have sent him a message by telegraph, which was slightly spoiled by the operator.

The above facts prove, however, that Shakespeare knew the great humorist of America in Spirit; that where he has a chance of saying anything for him he did it; that he never lost a chance of mentioning his name, and was always an industrious agent. It now remains for Artemus to do his part; and, having become incorporate, to look about him in San Francisco, and do the handsome in return for his spirit friend." – E. P. H.

The lecture was a success.

Mark Twain (1835-1910)

As a boxer – one of Twain's favorite photographs of himself

Samuel Longhorn Clemens was a newspaper man in Virginia City, Nevada, when he began submitting articles to the *Golden Era*. They caught the eye of Artemus Ward, who sought out Clemens when he visited Virginia City in 1863 and encouraged him in his writing.

near the end of May, 1864, when Mark Twain left Nevada for San Francisco. The immediate cause of his going was a duel—a duel elaborately arranged between Mark Twain and the editor of a rival paper, but never fought. In fact, it was mainly a burlesque affair throughout, chiefly concocted by that inveterate joker, Steve Gillis, already mentioned in connection with the pipe incident. The new dueling law, however, did not distinguish between real and mock affrays, and the prospect of being served with a summons made a good excuse for Clemens and Gillis to go to San Francisco, which had long attracted them.

The twenty-eight-year-old Clemens had adopted the name Mark Twain only month before he arrived in San Francisco in May 1864. Lawrence offered him \$5 an article, and Twain began producing at least thirty-nine articles for the *Golden Era*.

Newspapers at the time described the dress of female participants in social events in excruciating detail. I have transcribed some of them in the blogs on Lawrence and Alexandre weddings. Twain took on the talk of describing the dress at the Lick Hotel Ball.

Mrs. F. F. L. wore a superb *toilette habillee* of Chambery gauze; over this a charming Figaro jacket, made of mohair, or horse-hair, or something of that kind; over this again, a Raphael blouse of *cheveux de la reine*, trimmed round the bottom with lozenges formed of insertions, and around the top with bronchial troches; nothing could be more graceful than the contrast between the lozenges and the troches; over the blouse she wore a *robe de chambre* of regal magnificence, made of *Faille* silk and ornamented with maccaroon (usually spelled "maccaroni,") buttons set in black guipre. On the roof of her bonnet was a menagerie of rare and beautiful bugs and reptiles, and under the eaves thereof a counterfeit of the "early bird" whose specialty it hath been to work destruction upon such things since time began. To say that Mrs. L. was never more elaborately dressed in her life, would be to express an opinion within the range of possibility, at least – to say that she did or could look otherwise than charming, would be a deliberate departure from the truth.

Mrs. Wm. M. S. wore a gorgeous dress of silk bias, trimmed with tufts of ponceau feathers in the *Frondeur* style; elbowed sleeves made of chicories; plaited Swiss habit – shirt, composed of Valenciennes, *a la vieille*, embellished with a delicate nanook insertion scolloped at the edge; Lonjumeau jacket of maize-colored *Gerala*, set off with *bagnettes*, bayonets, clarinets, and one thing or other -beautiful. Rice-straw bonnet of Mechlin tulle, trimmed with devices cut out of sole-leather, representing aigrettes and arastras – or asters, whichever it is. Leather ornaments are becoming very fashionable in high society. I am told the Empress Eugenie dresses in buckskin now, altogether; so does Her Majesty the Queen of the Shoshones. It will be seen at a glance that Mrs. S.'s costume upon this occasion was peculiarly suited to the serene dignity of her bearing.

Mrs. A. W. B. was arrayed in a sorrel organdy, trimmed with fustians and figaros, and canzou fichus, so disposed as to give a splendid effect without disturbing the general harmony of the dress. The body of the robe was of zero velvet, goffered, with a square pelerine of solferino *poil de chevre* amidships. The fan used by Mrs. B. was of real palm-leaf and cost four thousand dollars — the handle alone cost six bits. Her head dress was composed of a graceful cataract of white Chantilly lace, surmounted by a few artificial worms, and butterflies and things, and a tasteful tarantula done in jet. It is impossible to conceive of anything more enchanting than this toilet — or the lady who wore it, either, for that matter.

Mrs. J. B. W. was dressed in a rich white satin, with a body composed of a gorgeously figured Mackinaw blanket, with five rows of ornamental brass buttons down the back. The dress was looped up at the side with several bows of No. 3 ribbon — yellow — displaying a skirt of cream-colored Valenciennes crocheted with pink cruel. The coiffure was simply a tall cone of brilliant field-flowers, upon the summit of which stood a glittering ‘golden beetle’ — or, as we call him at home, a “straddle-bug.” All who saw the beautiful Mrs. W. upon this occasion will agree that there was nothing wanting about her dress to make it attract attention in any community.

Mrs. F. was attired in an elegant Irish foulard of figured aqua marine, or aqua fortis, or something of that kind with thirty-two perpendicular rows of tulle puffings formed of black zero velvets (Fahrenheit.) Over this she wore a rich balmoral skirt — Pekin stripe — looped up at the sides with clusters of field flowers, showing the handsome dress beneath. She also wore a white Figaro postillion pea-jacket, ornamented with a profusion of Gabriel bows of crimson silk. From her head depended tasteful garlands of fresh radishes. It being natural to look charming upon all occasions, she did so upon this, of course.

Miss B. wore an elegant goffered flounce, trimmed with a grenadine of *bouillonnee*, with a crinoline waistcoat to match; pardessus open behind, embroidered with paramattas of passementerie, and further ornamented at the shoulders with epaulettes of wheat-ears and string-beans; tule hat, embellished with blue-bells, hare-bells, hash-bells, etc., with a frontispiece formed of a single magnificent cauliflower imbedded in mashed potatoes. Thus attired Miss B. looked good enough to eat. I admit that the expression is not very refined, but when a man is hungry the similes he uses are apt to be suggested by his stomach.

Twain may have heard about Joe’s sisters Hannah and Lydia, and perhaps met Hannah on one her visits West. In any case Twain knew of the interest among Spiritualists in rappings:

There was an audience of about 400 ladies and gentlemen present, and plenty of newspaper people — neuters. I saw a good-looking, earnest-faced, pale-red-haired, neatly dressed, young woman standing on a little stage behind a small deal table with slender legs and no drawers — the table, understand me; I am writing in a hurry, but I do not desire to confound my description of the table with my description of the lady. The lady was Mrs. Foye.

As I was coming up town with the Examiner reporter, in the early part of the evening, he said he had seen a gambler named Gus Graham shot down in a town in Illinois years ago, by a mob, and as probably he was the only person in San Francisco who knew of the circumstance, he thought he would “give the spirits Graham to chaw on awhile.” (N. B. This young creature is a Democrat, and speaks with the native strength and inelegance of his tribe.) In the course of the show he wrote his old pal’s name on a slip of paper and folded it up tightly and put it in a hat which was passed around, and which already had about five hundred similar documents in it. The pile was dumped on the table and the medium began to take them up one by one and lay them aside, asking “Is this spirit present? — or this? — or this?” About one in fifty would rap, and the person who sent up the name would rise in his place and question the defunct. At last a spirit seized the medium’s hand and wrote “Gus Graham” backwards. Then the medium went skirmishing through the papers for the corresponding name. And that old sport knew his card by the back. When the medium came to it, after picking up fifty others, he rapped! A committee-man unfolded the paper and it was the right one. I sent for it and got it. It was all right. However, I suppose “all them Democrats” are on sociable terms with the devil. The young man got up and asked:

“Did you die in ’51? — ’52? — ’53? — ’54? — ”

Ghost-“ Rap, rap, rap.”

“Did you die of cholera? — diarrhea? — dysentery? — dog-bite? — small-pox? — violent death?
— ”

“Rap, rap, rap.”

“Were you hanged? — drowned? — stabbed? — shot?”

” Rap, rap, rap. ”

” Did you die in Mississippi? — Kentucky? — New York? — Sandwich Islands? — Texas? — Illinois?
— ”

” Rap, rap, rap.”

“In Adams county? — Madison? — Randolph? — ”

“Rap, rap, rap.”

It was no use trying to catch the departed gambler. He knew his hand and played it like a Major.

I was surprised. I had a very dear friend, who, I had heard, had gone to the spirit land, or perdition, or some of those places, and I desired to know something concerning him. There was something so awful, though, about talking with living, sinful lips to the ghostly dead, that I could

hardly bring myself to rise and speak. But at last I got tremblingly up and said with low and reverent voice:

"Is the spirit of John Smith present?"

"Whack! whack! whack! "

God bless me. I believe all the dead and damned John Smiths between hell and San Francisco tackled that poor little table at once! I was considerably set back — stunned, I may say. The audience urged me to go on, however, and I said:

"What did you die of?"

The Smiths answered to every disease and casualty that man can die of.

"Where did you die! "

They answered yes to every locality I could name while my geography held out.

"Are you happy where you are?"

There was a vigorous and unanimous "No!" from the late Smiths.

"Is it warm there?"

An educated Smith seized the medium's hand and wrote:

"It's no name for it."

"Did you leave any Smiths in that place when you came away? "

"Dead loads of them "

I fancied, I heard the shadowy Smiths chuckle at this feeble joke — the rare joke that there could be live loads of Smiths where all are dead.

"How many Smiths are present?"

"Eighteen millions — the procession now reaches from here to the other side of China."

"Then there are many Smiths in the kingdom of the lost?"

"The Prince Apollyon calls all newcomers Smith on general principles; and continues to do so until he is corrected, if he chances to be mistaken."

"What do lost spirits call their dread abode?"

"They call it the Smithsonian Institute."

I got hold of the right Smith at last — the particular Smith I was after — my dear, lost, lamented friend — and learned that he died a violent death. I feared as much. He said his wife talked him to death. Poor wretch!

Twain left for greener pastures:

I have been engaged to write for the new literary paper — the "Californian" — same pay I used to receive at the *Golden Era* — one article a week, fifty dollars a month. I quit the *Era* long ago. It wasn't high-toned enough.'

But he nonetheless resumed contributing articles to the *Golden Era*.

Bret Harte (1836-1902)

Bret Harte returned to San Francisco in 1857 and was hired by the *Golden Era* as a compositor. But Lawrence soon spotted his talent and asked him to write. Harte produced eleven poems and seventy-four sketches and articles.

In his poems and stories for the *Golden Era* and the *Overland Monthly*, he wove yarns and satirized the popular authors of the day. He edited a collection of California poetry and helped the young Sam Clemens with an early manuscript. Within a few years, he was the toast of San Francisco and a "hot property" being courted by publishers in Chicago, New York and Boston.

Harte's reputation is built on a handful of stories and a poem that he wrote while living in San Francisco during the years of the Gold Rush. "Tennessee's Partner," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "M'Liss," and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" are some of the titles that brought him international fame and caused readers to call him "the young Dickens."

Harte wrote sixteen chapters of *M'liss* for the *Golden Era* but left and did not complete it. (Harte went to the Californian, and hired Twain away from the *Golden Era*.) The Golden Era hired Gilbert Densmore to finish the story. Harte wrote the first 25,000 words, Densmore the final 135,000.

In 1873 Robert Dewitt of New York published *M'Liss*, listing Harte as the author. On page 34, where Harte's writing ends, there was a note: "the remainder of this story was written by another hand than Bret Harte, but will be found equally interesting and able." Harte disagreed, especially about the "able" part.

Harte was not happy with "this most patent fraud." Harte had sold the copyright for the first chapters to Lawrence, but sued to stop sale of the book on the grounds that his name was a trademark, and the New York State Supreme Court agreed with him.

M'liss was made into a play. As American jurisprudence considered plays to be a new creative act, Harte had no standing, but the play was soon caught up in a tangle of lawsuits, one of which was heard in New York by Judge Lawrence (yes, yet another relation).

The Occidental Hotel

When Lawrence bought the *Golden Era* in 1860, he moved the office to the Occidental Hotel. There he began a "campaign of geniality and gin" to cultivate authors. He feted and got contributions from Albert Bierstadt and Sir Richard Burton, as well as from now forgotten authors.

Different visitors had different impression of the office, perhaps depending on how much time they had spent at the hotel bar.

One visitor remembered

the most grandly carpeted and most gorgeously furnished that I have ever seen. Even now in my memory they seem to have been simply palatial.

Another, however, had a different impression of an office that

boasted only two desks...numerous kitchen chairs in various stages of decrepitude. There may have been what was once a Brussels carpet on the floor, but if there was it was worn to the warp, and if it bore any figure which suggested a pattern it was that mentioned in a parody by Bret Harte, who said, "on each rock the fresh tobacco stain."

The Occidental bar was famous. Hingston, the Englishman who was Artemus Ward's agent, was impressed:

It is a commodious apartment, luxuriously appointed, scrupulously clean, and radiant with white marble, gilt fixtures, and glittering crystal.

It was presided over by the famous bartender Jerry Thomas:

An author as well as an artist, who has written a work on the art of compounding drinks. He is clever also with his pencil as well as with his pen, and behind his bar are specimens of his skill as a draughtman. He is a gentleman who is all ablaze with diamonds. There is a very large pin, formed of a cluster of diamonds, in the front of his magnificent shirt, he has diamond studs at his wrists, and gorgeous diamond rings on his fingers.

In the manufacture of a "cocktail," a "julep," a "smash," or an "eye-opener," none can beat him.

He made more money than the Vice President of the United States and wrote the first book on how to mix drinks.

He is credited with inventing the Tom and Jerry (probably not) and the Martini. Of the latter it is said

it is believed that the Martini was first invented at the Occidental Hotel. It evolved from a cocktail called the Martinez which was served to patrons who frequented the hotel before taking an evening ferry to the nearby town of Martinez.

But Thomas definitely invented the Blue Blazer.

Here is a [modern version](#) – do not try this at home.

Return East

Lawrence retired from the *Golden Era* in 1867 and returned east to Flushing, where he purchased one of the old Lawrence houses and took over the Flushing Journal. His sister, Lydia, the Spiritualist, contributed articles. He also had a position at the Custom House.

He presides with dignity over the Society for "the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," nurses the same old meerschaum and luxuriates on cold tea with a stick in it."

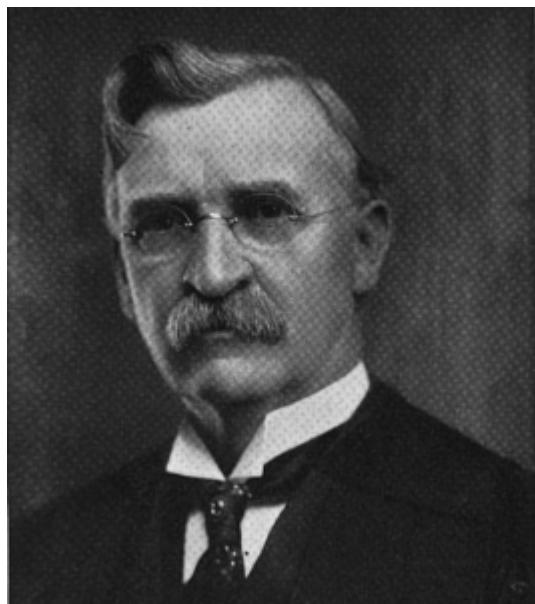
He was active in the Society of California Pioneers.

Josquin Miller recounted the end time:

Lawrence came to me in New York a few years back leaning on the arm of Prentice Mulford. The courtly, handsome, heroic gentleman of the old heroic days was dying. I took them to the theater, for Lawrence seemed so very sad. His brain was failing him – sunstroke, he said, but he could not stay out of the play. He arose with something of his old-time courtliness, for there were ladies in the box, shook hands gently with us all. And then he and Mulford went out into the night and – beyond the night, please God.

Joseph Effingham Lawrence died at Toms River, New Jersey, on July 14, 1878. He had always been generous, and therefore left only a modest estate: some land, a half interest in the *Golden Era*, and a half interest in the *Californian Magazine and Mountaineer*. Everything went to his sister, Hannah T. Lawrence. He is buried in the Lawrence family plot in Flushing.

Josiah Alexander van Orsdel, Judge and Strict Constructionist



Josiah Alexander van Orsdel

Josiah Alexander van Orsdel (1860-1937), was, like my wife, descended from Cornelius van Orsdel, a Dutchman who as a child came to Virginia shortly after 1760. Cornelius fought for the Americans during the Revolutionary war and received a grant in Pennsylvania, where Josiah was born. Josiah is my wife's first cousin, four times removed. He spelled his name with one l, unlike his descendants who usually used two l's. We gave one of children van Orsdell as his third name; it seemed a shame to have a Dutch name die out. Van Orsdel means "of the valley of the bear."

Josiah was born in New Bedford, Pennsylvania and went to Westminster College. He followed the advice to *Go West* and moved Nebraska to where he ran a mill. He was a county and practicing attorney in Laramie, Wyoming beginning in 1892; he was elected to the Wyoming State House of Representatives in 1894, and was appointed State attorney general 1898-1905. He was US attorney in Wyoming 1906-1907. Because of his legal work and his work for the Republican party, Teddy Roosevelt appointed him to the US Court of Appeals, where he served until his death.

Wyoming Attorney General



Josiah was the Attorney General of Wyoming from 1898 to 1905 and then became U. S. Attorney there.

Women's Suffrage

The Western states were the first to give women the right to vote. They did this to counterbalance the large numbers of disorderly, violent young men who were attracted by the frontier. Van Orsdel explained:

Wyoming has had female suffrage ever since 1868, when it was first given a territorial government. When it became a State, the right of the sex to the franchise was incorporated into the constitution. From the earliest period of equal suffrage, with us, women have voted with the same degree of intelligence that the men have displayed, and now that the experimental stage has long since passed, the universal verdict is that the principle is not only correct, but that in its practical operation it has been a great success.

One special good feature is that it makes all the parties put up men for office whose records and private character are clean. It cannot be out pf the question to nominate and elect a candidate who notoriously was of bad or profligate habits, for the women would go to the polls and vote solidly against him.

Van Ordel would have been disappointed by the support that women voters gave to J. F. Kennedy and Bill Clinton; he apparently had not noticed the attraction of some women to the exciting bad boy.

Lynch Law

Perhaps van Orsdel hoped that women voters would help lessen the tendency of men to take the law into their own violent hands.

Crime-control partisans in Wyoming particularly scorned the appellate process, arguing that the state supreme court commonly reversed convictions and granted new trials to murderers and stays of execution to those who had received death sentences. Following a spate of lynchings in 1902 and 1903, the attorney general, J. A. van Orsdel, agreed that the law should be amended to hasten the appeals process in death penalty cases but noted that this was the responsibility of the legislature, not the scapegoated judiciary. Reviewing the courts' recent record, Van Orsel also pointed out that

popular perceptions of reversals in homicide cases were erroneous:

"Juries and trial courts have not been lax in the performance of their duties. In other words, conviction of murderers has been the popular thing in Wyoming for some time past. There has been no disposition on the part of the Supreme Court to reverse any of these convictions. The Supreme Court of Wyoming has never reversed a capital case since statehood, and only one during the territorial period."

But the courts indeed were reluctant to execute people.

The Territory and State of Wyoming executed ten men between 1869 and 1911, all on homicide convictions. Long dry spells on the gallows twice coincided with spasms of lynching for homicide. The gallows was inactive from 1875 through 1993; lynchers killed four men on homicide charges between 1979 and 1884. The gallows was also dormant from 1895 through 1902; mobbers assassinated four persons accused of murder in 1902 and 1903.

Jim Gorman fell in love with his sister-in-law Maggie. The offended brother Tom drove Jim away. Jim came back and put a hatchet in his brother's head in April 1902. Maggie was also arrested on suspicion of helping to plan the murder. She claimed she had nothing to do with it; Jim claimed self-defense. Edward Enterline was his attorney.

The jury found Jim guilty of manslaughter, Jim Gorman requested a new trial. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree and was sentenced to death.

Joseph Walters had fallen in love with a widow. When she refused him he shot and killed her and shot himself, but he survived. He was tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to hang. Enterline represented him and appealed the verdict.

Enterline wrote Josiah van Orsdel, the attorney general, in July, 1902 about the case:

I am pleased to stipulate with you for further time. My client is not anxious to be hanged during this hot weather.

The Wyoming Supreme Court took up the case on April 14, 1903.

Jim Gorman and Joseph Walters cellmates in the Big Horn County Jail in Basin, Wyoming. Gorman had been scheduled to be hanged June 16, 1903. The citizens of the area were indignant that he was not hanged, and started muttering about Judge Lynch.

For their protection, Sheriff Fenton took Gorman and Walters to a canyon to escape the mob. Gorman bolted and escaped. But there was no cover, and he was captured. Gorman and Walters were back in the jail, and the citizens were in the bars.

The sheriff was in another town with a posse to arrest a criminal when he was confronted by a masked mob. He wired for the militia.

On July 20, 1903 the only officials at the Big Horn County jail were Earl Price, deputy sheriff, and George Mead, the jailer. The mob attacked the jail, shooting through the windows, wounding Mead and killing Price. They battered down the door of the jail, but could not get the cell door open to hang the two killers. They shot Gorman and Walters through the jail door, killing them. The Chief Justice on the Wyoming Supreme Court was in town that night for a Freemasonic meeting, and was asked to try to calm the mob. He decided it would not avail.

No one was ever convicted.



Court of Appeals

Because of his extensive legal work and his support of the Republican Party, Teddy Roosevelt appointed van Orsdel to the Court of Appeals.

Van Orsdel's decisions on the Court of Appeals show that he was a strict constructionist of the Constitution, and did not favor one interest over another. He made some important and some amusing decisions.

The Lie Detector and Admissible Evidence

Josiah's best known decision was in the case of Frye. It is a complicated case because there is an inaccurate legal legend surrounding it. Jim Fisher separated myth from reality in his essay [The Polygraph and the Frye Case](#). Here is an analysis of van Orsdel's decision:

In what some consider a maddeningly terse two-page opinion, Associate Justice Van Orsdel showed his understanding of the theory behind the science. He abstracted that lying causes a rise in blood pressure, which corresponds to the mental struggle between fear and control of fear. Whereas truth flows without conflict, deception requires effort, manifest in a rise in systolic pressure distinguished from the normal fear of the test situation. Acknowledging the defense attorneys' argument that expert testimony is required when the subject matter is beyond ordinary experience, the court took a different approach to experts' use of such technology: Somewhere in this twilight zone [between experimental and demonstrable stages of

discovery] the evidential force of the principle must be recognized, and while courts will go a long way in admitting expert testimony deduced from a well-recognized scientific principle or discovery, the thing from which the deduction is made must be sufficiently established to have gained general acceptance in the particular field in which it belongs [Ref. 14, p 1014]. Thus, the exclusion of Marston's lie detector was affirmed. The court reasoned that, since the apparatus had not yet achieved standing, the testimony from which it was derived must be excluded.

Free Speech, Boycotts, and Picketing

The second important case concerned the AFL and Samuel Gompers. The union was in a dispute with Buck's Stove and Range Stove Company. The AFL published the name of the company in its *We Do Not Patronize* column, thereby engaging in a boycott. The lower court held this was an illegal secondary boycott, and sentenced and fined Gompers and others for contempt of court, and gave an injunction against even mentioning the boycott or the injunction against it.

On November 2, 1909, the Court of Appeals partially upheld and partially modified the lower courts' decisions.

Van Orsdel's concurring decision focused on the question of free speech.

Again, we do not assume that it will be contended that a citizen has not perfect freedom to deal with whom he pleases, and withhold his patronage for any reason that he may deem proper, whether the reason be one originating in his own conscience, or through the advice of a neighbor, or through the reading of an article in the paper. Neither would it be unlawful for such citizen to advise another not to deal with a person with whom he has concluded –not to continue his patronage. If this advice may extend to one it may extend to a hundred; and the thing done will not be actionable so long as it is an expression of honest opinion and not slanderous, however much the intercourse between this citizen and his neighbor may operate to injure the person against whom the advice is directed.

No one doubts. I think, the right of the members of the American Federation of Labor to refuse to patronize employers whom it regards as unfair to labor. It may procure and keep a list of such employers not only for the use of its members, but as notice to their friends that the employers whose name appear therein are regarded as unfair.

I conceive it to be the privilege of one man, or a number of men, to individually conclude not to patronize a certain person or corporation. It is also the right of these men to agree together, and to advise others, not to extend patronage. That advice may be given by direct communication or through the medium of the press, so long as it is not in the nature of coercion or a threat.

As Samuel Gompers said, it was hard to see why van Orsdel ruled against the AFL members even in part. The *Railway Clerk* agreed with Gompers, but thought that progress had been made.

Another issue involving free speech was brought to the court when suffragettes were arrested for picketing the White House. The police arrested and jailed 20 picketers from the National Women's Party who had unfurled banners demanding the vote for women.

The Justices, including van Orsdel, questioned the D.C. corporation counsel

whether he would arrest men for carrying a banner bearing some of "Billy" Sunday's phrases.

Van Orsdel decided for the picketers and declared the arrests were illegal. This also established the right to peaceful picketing in labor disputes in the District of Columbia.

The Case of the Canadian Bride

Clyde Williamson, bookkeeper with Potomac Electric, who lived with his mother, wanted an annulment of his marriage with his wife Mabel. The lower court denied his request, and he appealed

The facts were:

The Williamsons became acquainted through a matrimonial agency paper, the advertisement being inserted by the young woman, a waitress in a Canadian hotel. A correspondence was conducted with ardor, 100 letters being exchanged between April and November 1906.

The engagement of the couple followed, and Williamson urged his bride-to-be to come to Washington from her home, a village in Canada. For the journey he sent her \$21. She failed to appear at the appointed time, but wrote to Williamson, explaining that she had appropriated some of the money to "assist her sister in a runaway from her father's house."

Twenty dollars more was sent, and she made the journey to Washington. Within two hours after her arrival here they were married.

This was in April. The relationship soured. Williamson claimed that in a short time

He began to learn what Socrates enjoyed with Xantippe.

They separated by June. She then sued him for maintenance. He then asked for an annulment of the marriage on the grounds of fraud, because she had "represented herself as having a loving and congenial disposition."

She claimed

I did not marry Clyde's family. I married Clyde. My unfortunate temperamental qualities that so pained and shocked him after he had practically married me by mail are entirely based on my alleged mistreatment of his mother.

She didn't want a divorce because her relations in Canada thought she was happily married, and she didn't want to hear the "I told you so's"

Van Orsdel denied the annulment and said:

It appears from his story that she does not possess that mild temperament which he expected to find in a helpmate selected from the bargain counter of a matrimonial bureau. However, it is well settled that mere misrepresentations as to social position, rank, fortune, manners, and disposition furnish no grounds for declaring a marriage contract void. Such misrepresentations are tolerated on the grounds of public policy. The law wisely requires that persons who act on representations of this character shall bear the consequences and I can find no reason for the abrupt termination on this romantic venture.

An Administrator of Oaths

Calvin Coolidge encouraged everyone to vote. Here we have a picture of Coolidge swearing to van Orsdel that his employment precludes his

return to his home district to vote and that therefore he is voting by absentee ballot.

Streetcars

Josiah did not favor business interests over the ordinary citizen. A rider was injured when he fell off the platform of a streetcar as it turned a corner and he sued the company. The streetcar company argued that it had posted a sign warning not to stand on the platform. Josiah decided against the company on these grounds:

The street railway cannot deliberately permit and create a custom of hauling passengers on the platforms of the cars and escape liability for accidents.

Neither can they escape the obligation imposed by the custom by posting a notice warning passengers: *It is dangerous to ride on the platform.* The custom thus established is equivalent to an invitation to passengers to occupy and ride upon the platforms, and the mere posting of such a notice will not relieve the company from liability.

It is the custom not only to permit passengers to ride upon the platforms but to permit cars to be so crowded as to compel passengers to ride there.

It also sounds like it was written by someone who rode the Washington, D. C. streetcars.

Minimum Wage

The Children's Hospital of the District of Columbia vs. Jesse Adkins et al.

Congress passed a law that women must be paid a minimum wage on the grounds that a sufficient salary would protect them from temptations to immorality. The Hospital maintained that it could not afford to pay the wage, and that Congress had no authority to set wages. The Court of Appeals upheld the law, but Josiah dissented on two grounds:

One: if women were equal to men (and he was a firm supporter of the vote for women) why were they singled out for protection?

Two: A minimum wage interferes with freedom of contract; if the government can establish a minimum wage, it can establish a

maximum wage.

No greater calamity could befall the wage earners of the country than to have the legislative power to fix wages upheld. Take from the citizen the right to freely contract and sell his labor for the highest wage which his individual skill and efficiency will command, and the laborer would be reduced to an automaton – a mere creature of the state.

It will logically, if persisted in, end in social disorder and revolution.

Welfare Act of 1935

The Welfare Act of 1935 provided for the resettlement of people in new towns, such as Greenbelt. Franklin Township, where one of the new towns was to be located, sued to stop the construction. The case was FRANKLIN TP. IN SOMERSET COUNTY, N.J., et al. v. TUGWELL, Administrator Resettlement Administration, et al.

Van Orsdel ruled against the government on these rounds:

- The Act was an unconstitutional delegation of legislative power.
- It is axiomatic in constitutional law that Congress cannot delegate the law-making power with which it is vested by the Constitution.
- The Constitution did not grant the federal government power over housing.

The Constitution will likewise be scanned in vain for a power conferred upon the federal government to regulate “housing” or to “resettle” population. Those words are not explicit there, nor do we think they are implicit in any power which that instrument confers on Congress; and, unless the power exists, any effort by Congress to assert it at once transcends the scope and limitations of section 8 of article 1 and violates the Tenth Amendment.

The Social Life of the van Orsdels

Josiah married Kate Barnum (1868-1951) of Beatrice, Nebraska, on July 28, 1891, in Blue Springs, Nebraska.

314 East 21st St, Cheyenne

In the spring of 1899 Josiah bought the house at 314 East 21st Street, Cheyenne, Wyoming, and lived there until 1906.

The Norwood, 1868 Columbia Road NW

When Josiah moved to Washington he took an apartment at 1868 Columbia Rd NW, in Adams Morgan.

1854 Wyoming Ave., Washington, D.C.

In 1912 he moved to this house on Wyoming Ave, with eighteen rooms and four baths.

1306 Washington St, Beatrice

The van Orsdels kept a house in Beatrice, Nebraska, and returned to it most summers.

The Ball Player

May 21, 1910 was a quiet day in court. The Washington Bar Association et al. boarded a ship and went on a picnic.

Following breakfast, which was served immediately upon landing, the legal lights engaged in athletic games. There was the usual ball game, and it lasted the usual length of time, some five or six innings, which required one hour and thirty minutes to play. Sides were chosen from the 'fat' and 'lean' members of the fraternity, and when the game came to a halt to allow the party to partake of the feast of shad the figures rested 14 to 13 in favor of the lean aggregation.

It was some game. The figures multiplied rapidly, and the day was so warm that new faces appeared on both teams every inning. There was one who stuck it out, though. He was the unfortunate umpire. James A. Toomey essayed the role of arbitrator, and got away with it. One of the features of this interesting contest was a home run by Justice Van Orsdel and at a time when the bases were crowded to capacity. It was the hit that broke up the game.

SAR, DAR, CAR

Josiah was active in the Sons of the American Revolution: President of the D.C. Society from 1924 to 1925, National Vice President General from 1925 to 1927, and President General from 1930 to 1931 and again from 1931 to 1932, filling the vacancy caused by the death of his successor.

In 1935 he explained his view of the Constitution to the SAR:

The primary object of government in this country was not to govern the citizen, but to protect him from arbitrary power, and above all to protect the minority from the tyranny of the majority.

His wife Kate was active in the Children of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Josiah van Orsdel

Kate With a child of the American Revolution

Kate with the Coolidges

Josiah died on August 7, 1937 at his niece's home, The Cabin in the Pines, in Great Barrington, Massachusetts; Roosevelt filled the vacancy with a judge more sympathetic to the New Deal.

Katherine Boyce Tupper: Wife of a Murder Victim and Wife of a General

Katherine Boyce Tupper (1882-1978), the daughter of Henry Allen Tupper, Jr., and Marie Louise Pender, was the second cousin, twice removed, of my wife. Katherine graduated from Hollins College in 1902 and then went to study drama at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. She then went to London with her sister Allene. But Katherine's American accent was a major obstacle, and her father cut off her allowance as soon as she joined a cast. Allene, however, continued getting her allowance and supported both of them while Katherine tried to get rid of her accent. Katherine played various parts, but became ill. In Baltimore she was diagnosed with exhaustion, and sent to the Adirondacks to recuperate. There she again met a childhood friend, Clifton Brown; he fell in love and proposed. She turned him down because she wanted to be an actress. But her pain and paralysis returned, and she decided to give up the stage.

Mrs. Clifton S. Brown



Katherine as a young bride

She married the Baltimore attorney, champion tennis player, and president of the Whist Club Clifton Stevenson Brown at her parents' house, 34 Gramercy Park, in New York, on September 30, 1911. They returned to Baltimore, and lived at 1015 N. Calvert St.



1015 North Calvert St.

They had three children, Molly Pender (1912-1997), Clifton Stevenson, Jr. (1914-1952), and Allen Tupper (1916-1944). Katheryn had some money, and decided to buy a summer cottage on Fire Island. On June 4, 1928 she called her husband's office to inform him the final papers for the purchase had arrived, but there was no answer.

Clifton Brown represented Louis Berman in the matter of settling the \$300,000 estate of Philip Berman, Louis's father, from which Louis received \$36,000. Brown charged Berman a fee of \$2,500 for this work. When Berman refused to pay, Brown sued him.

**BERMAN HELD
AS SLAYER OF
C. S. BROWN**

On June 4, 1928 Berman lay in wait for Brown at Brown's office on the seventh floor of the Calvert Building. Berman shot Brown twice; Brown tried to flee down a corridor, but Berman pursued him and shot him three more times. Brown was taken to Mercy Hospital, where he died minutes later. Katherine was left a widow with three children: thirteen, eleven, and nine.

Berman was indicted and tried in September 1928. Berman's attorney had "alienists" examine Berman for an insanity defense, but the defense's own witnesses said Berman was sane and knew right from wrong. The defense attorney then tried to discredit his own witnesses. Berman was convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to life in prison. There he filed a habeas corpus appeal every time a new judge was installed in Maryland on the grounds that his hour and a half psychiatric examination had not been adequate. He did this over a hundred times and taught other inmates how to do it. Berman had to be transported to courts all over the state for his hearings. Finally Maryland passed a law that once a judge had finally ruled on a point it could not be raised again.

The two Mrs. George Catlett Marshalls



The infant George



George as VMI cadet

The First Mrs. Marshall



Elizabeth "Lily" Coles

Mrs. Coles was concerned. Her daughter Lily was a VMI widow. That is, she had dated many cadets, but nothing had come of it. But then...

While a cadet at VMI, George Marshall met his future wife, Elizabeth ("Lily") Carter Coles. "She was a very lovely looking woman," said Marshall. "I guess you might call her a beauty." Lily lived with her mother in a house just off of the campus. She was "the finest amateur pianist" Marshall had ever heard,

and her music and charm so captivated him that he routinely “ran the block” to see her. These visits were against school regulations and would be dismissal offenses if discovered. Because Marshall was the senior military officer of his class, he gambled that he was above suspicion.

Moreover, he was in love. The young couple were married on February 11, 1902, in a simple Episcopal ceremony inside the bride’s home. The somber-looking wedding party pictured here on the Coles’s front porch was not entirely a harbinger of things to come. The marriage was an extraordinarily happy one for twenty-five years.



Coles-Marshall Wedding

Left to right:

Marie (Marshall’s sister), Lily, George,
Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Marshall Sr.,
and Mrs. Walter Coles

Lily in China

Lily died in 1927 of a heart condition that had prevented her having children.

The second Mrs. Marshall

Katherine as widow

George as Widower

After her husband's murder Katherine stayed with her sister in Connecticut for eight months; she and Molly then went to Hawaii and stayed in a cottage in Waikiki for several months. On the way back to Baltimore she stopped off in Columbus to see Molly's godmother Mrs. William Blanchard when they was invited to a small dinner at Tom Hudson's house. Mrs. Hudson was a freind of Katherine's from Hollins College. Lt. Col. George Marshall was there. Katherine recounts:

When he first arrived the Colonel was standing by the fireplace. My first impression was of a tall, slender man with sandy hair and deep-set eyes. He refused the cocktails when they were served and this attracted my interest, for it was in prohibition times when the main topic of conversation was, "How do you make your gin?"

I said, "You are a rather unusual Army officer, aren't you. I have never known one to refuse a cocktail before."

He asked agreeably how many I knew.

"Not many," I confessed.

"This certainly was someone different. At dinner he told amusing stories....

When Molly started to leave with a young escort, Colonel Marshall asked to take me home. Now Columbus is a rather small place and after driving around for an hour I asked, "How long have you been at Fort Benning?"

"Two years."

"Well," I said, after two years haven't you learned your way around Columbus?"

"Extremely well," he answered, "or I could not have stayed off the block where Mrs. Blanchard lives!"

The next summer I told my sons that I had asked Colonel Marshall to visit us at Fire Island as I wanted him to know them. Clifton suspected something at once and said, "If it makes you happier, Mother, it is all right with me." But Allen, then twelve, said, "I don't know about that, we are happy enough as we are." Early the next morning he came to my room. "It is all right, Mother, about your asking Colonel Marshall." That summer George told me that Allen had written him a most amusing letter in which he said, "I hope you will come to Fire Island. Don't be nervous, it is OK with me. (Signed) A friend in need is a friend indeed. Allen Brown." And they were friends until the end."

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Baltimore

They were married in the chapel of Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Baltimore on October 2, 1930. Marshall's best man was General Pershing, whose aide-de-camp he had been. Pershing had known tragedy also; his wife and three of his daughters had died in a fire at the Presidio in 1915.

Pershing and Marshall

In 1938 Katherine and Molly were at the cottage on Fire Island when the great New England hurricane hit. Their house survived, but they had to flee through waist-deep water.

Fire Island, 1938

George and Katherine on Fire Island

Katherine had to deal with the problems of life in an underfunded peacetime army, and then the problems of a nation that saw a looming war. After Pearl Harbor she knew that the United States was losing the war and all that the loss would mean for her nation and her family. Later when the tide turned her own children were in peril on the battlefields. Amidst all this were the practical problems of being wife of the Chief of Staff. Even she couldn't get all the food she needed, and tried to raise chickens at their place in Leesburg. After a traumatic experience with the chickens, she resolved never again to complain how much they cost at the butcher's.

The Marshalls in spring 1941

Katherine in spring 1944; she said the war had turned her hair white

Katherine in Life magazine, 1944

The Marshalls in April 1945

The Marshalls in 1949

The Marshalls in retirement, 1950

Dodona, the Marshalls' house in Leesburg, Virginia

George's funeral, 1959

Katherine lived to be 96

Together: Annals of an Army Wife

by Katherine Tupper Marshall (New York, Tupper and Love, 1946)

Ker Boyce, Southern Industrialist



Ker Boyce (1787-1854) was the third great-grandfather of my wife. He was born in upcountry Newberry, South Carolina, (about which more in future blogs) and moved to Charleston. He married first Nancy Johnston; when she died, he married her sister Amanda Caroline Johnston.. My wife's great grandmother, Elizabeth Miller Boyce, was the child of the second marriage, as was James Pettigru.

 [Ker Boyce and wife](#)

In his youth Ker was “mirthful and mischievous,” although he came from Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock. He became a merchant in Newberry, and in 1813 began to trade overland with Philadelphia because the sea routes were blocked by the British navy during the War of 1812. In 1817 he moved to Charleston and became a commission merchant. He also loaned money to planters. He survived the panic of 1825.

In 1830 Ker and Amanda began attending the sermons of the young Baptist preacher Basil Manly. Manly was called away on church business but hesitated to go because his young son was ill. He and his wife prayed over the decision and he decided to go. On his return he found his child dead. The following Sunday he preached on the text “If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved”; and Amanda was converted. This event was to have repercussions in Southern history.

Ker became the wealthiest man in South Carolina. He helped found the Bank of Charleston and became its president. In 1836 he bought a failing sugar company and recapitalized it, and renamed it the Charleston Sugar Refining Company. He was also president of the South Carolina Paper Manufacturing Company. He was on the boards of the South Carolina Railroad, the South Carolina Insurance Company, and the Charleston Gaslight Company. He owned major shares of twenty other companies. He was President of the Charleston Chamber of Commerce. In that role in 1845 Ker offered this sentiment at the occasion of the retirement of the British consul:

“Commerce – The parent of civilization, the nursery of arts, the bond of universal peace.”

Ker owned 9,000 acres near Aiken; he was also an investor in William Gregg's mill town of Graniteville, which was built on Ker's land.

Gregg (and presumably Ker) knew that an economy based on the production of raw materials would always be poorer than one (such as in the North) that transformed raw materials into finished products.

Gregg became committed to the idea that South Carolina was wasting its potential by shipping raw cotton to the North and buying back finished goods at exorbitant prices. Keeping local capital within South Carolina would diversify the state's heavy reliance on cotton growing and provide jobs for the poor whites excluded from the slave-labor economy:

“Let the manufacture of cotton be commenced among us, and we shall soon see the capital that has been sent out of our State returned to us. We shall see the hidden treasures that have been locked up, unproductive and rusting, coming forth to put machinery in motion, and to give profitable employment to the present unproductive labor of our country.”

Dominated by cotton and rice planters, the Charleston elite that Gregg was addressing saw manufacturing as a risky and unsavory enterprise. Gregg argued that manufacturing would not simply make them more like the North but give Southerners independence from their economically dominant Northern neighbors.

Gregg's opinions about properly creating a community of ready labor for a cotton mill also foreshadow his actions when building the town of Graniteville. In discussing the comparative virtues of slave versus poor white labor, Gregg acknowledged the suitability of slave labor for textile production, but asks “shall we pass unnoticed the thousands of poor, ignorant, degraded white people among us, who, in this land of plenty, live in comparative nakedness and starvation?”

His response to his own question was a classic mix of philanthropy and hard-headed business acumen. Gregg wrote: “It is only necessary to build a manufacturing village of shanties, in a healthy location in any part of the State, to

have crowds of these poor people around you, seeking employment at half the compensation given to operatives at the North."

And if free labor grew restive, Gregg opined, it could be controlled by the threat of replacement with slave labor. The South could therefore always have a comparative advantage in the price of labor.

Ker was a Unionist Democrat and became a state senator and representative. He wrote to John Calhoun in 1848 to express his dissatisfaction with Northern politicians:

They have no respect for us and their only object is to see the Negroes Cut our throats

Ker expresses confidence in Zachary Taylor "as he must be sound on the Main Question [i.e. slavery]. His being a Southern Man and a slave holder give assurance[s] beyond doubt.

When he died in 1854 he left an estate of about \$2,000,000 (\$57,000,000 in 2015 dollars).

He left \$10,000 for a house for the poor in Graniteville, \$20,000 to the Orphan House and \$30,000 to the College of Charleston for scholarships for needy students. The rest of the estate was left under the administration of his son James Petigru.

Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston

Lydia Ann Lawrence Lawrence and Spiritualism

Lydia Ann Lawrence was my wife's third great grandmother. Born November 12, 1811, she was the daughter of Effingham Lawrence (1779-1850) and Anne Townsend (1782-1845). She first married a cousin, Edward Newbold Lawrence (1805-1839) on June 4, 1833, and from this union Frederick Newbold was born, and from him my wife is descended.

When Frederick was born, his father Edward wrote to his mother, Mrs. Effingham Lawrence, using the Quaker forms of address:

"It becomes my duty, my dear mother, to inform thee of the arrival of a young stranger this morning, in whom thee will doubtless feel an interest. My dear Lydia was this morning at 6 o'clock delivered of a fine boy. I say a fine boy, as the nurse and doctor both pronounce him so. He is judged to weigh full 15 pounds and looks bright and healthy....Lydia desires me to give her best love to thee and all the family."

In 1836 an unknown artist painted a charming portrait entitled "Long Island Madonna and Child." The painting was created in Bayside and the subject was none other than Lydia Ann Lawrence, a member of the Lawrence family, which played so prominent a part in the early history of Flushing and Bayside.... [The] infant son, pictured in the painting, is Frederick Newbold Lawrence (1834-1916).

Lydia as the Madonna

with the future President of the New York Stock Exchange

(The painting was in the house of Hortense Dixon (Cousin Tense), my wife's grandmother's cousin. My wife remembers visiting the house as a child and seeing the painting, but had clearer rembers of the pugs.)

Lydia was widowed, and on June 5, 1844 married another cousin, Cornelius van Wyck Lawrence (1791-1861), the first elected mayor of New York. Since was born a Lawrence, had as her first husband a Lawrence, and had as her second husband another Lawrence, she was Lydia Ann Lawrence Lawrence. This was remarked upon:

A lady died on Saturday in Bayonne [in fact, Bayside], Long Island, who had been twice married, but never changed her name... She was a lady of remarkable grace and accomplishments, an authoress, her last book having been published only a few weeks ago. It was entitled "Do they love us yet?" and was a discussion of the relation of the dead to the living. She has had the problem solved more speedily than she had perhaps expected.

After Cornelius's death Lydia took up spiritualism. She wrote on the subject for the *Flushing Journal*, which was run by her brother, Joseph Effingham Lawrence (about whom in another blog) and wrote a book, *Do They Love Us Yet?* (New York: James Miller, 1879).

Lydia recounts how her interest in Spiritualism arose. She received a message from her mother through automatic writing:

Your mother, my dear child, now writes to you – not from the grave, but from heaven. Angels, my daughter, clothed with light and love, have been permitted by a divine Providence to return to earth, and through *the medium of a known law* [emphasis in original] move with their dear friends, sounding heavenly echoes, telling them the grave need have no terrors, that death is a pleasant change, and that your mother still lives and loves and ever watches over you.

Lydia describes the circumstances:

During the time the medium was writing, raps sounded around the room on all sides – the table, wall, floor, etc etc – and from the time of receiving the above communication my interest in the subject has never ceased, and this little volume is the record that I have found to accord with the views harmonizing with the ideas of the future life, proving the natural and simple fact of a continued existence.

Many of these communications came at Forest Hill, the Lawrence summer house in upper Manhattan overlooking the Hudson, the current Fort Tryone Park.

Forest Hill, Site of the Rappings

This one is from "C.", Cornelius, her husband:

"I hope, dear W. that you will be mild and love E. [Effingham] with all power. Remember I am with your spirit, loving always to hover around you. Mysterious as you may think it, my spirit is permitted by a divine Providence to come to you here at F. H. [Forest Hill] that place I spent so many happy hours gazing in the magnificent scenery, the work of God's hands. Adieu.

The Lawrences were Quakers, and Hicksite Quakerism stressed the Inner Light as equal to Scripture. It was therefore a step toward continuing revelation and from that to Spiritualism, which

recognizes a continuing divine inspiration to man; it aims through a careful persevering study of facts at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter; and of man to God and the spiritual world.

Lydia had read in Deuteronomy

There shall not be found among you anyone who burns his son or his daughter as an offering,^[l] anyone who practices

divination or tells fortunes or interprets omens, or a sorcerer ¹¹ or a charmer or a medium or a necromancer or one who inquires of the dead, ¹² for whoever does these things is an abomination to the Lord.

and had apparently been warned that evil spirits may try to lead men astray, but retorted:

I cannot imagine that the messages we have received, messages urging us on with the necessity of prayer and faith and holy living, could have come from Satan, or his must, indeed, be a falling house that is divided against itself; death, according to all spiritual teaching, being but another name for birth, the passing out of one stage of existence to another, one of the forms of progression.

(Effingham) used Quaker language in his good advice to Lydia:

Put thy trust in the ways of Providence, and it will support thee under all trials, which come to prepare us for heaven.

Lydia quotes communications on the Trinity, “received through the alphabet of raps” when “the medium was in a spirit or mesmeric trance.” It is mostly orthodox Christianity, with a Protestant tinge, but it also has this communication ;

The Holy Ghost is an influence proceeding from God and Christ, from the Father and the Son, from the soul and body of God, from the eternal essence and the eternal substance.

That is a very odd way of putting it, and sounds vaguely Mormon.

The book contains poems and remarks that establish the basis for spiritualism. Many poems reflect upon the relationship of the dead and those they have loved upon earth.

Mrs. Hermans' Messenger Bird

But tell us, thou bird of the soen strain!

Can those who have loved forget?

We call – and they answer not again –

Do they love – do they love us yet?

Such poems are rarely of the quality of Rossetti's “The Blessed Damozel.”

Some selections are about angels and their ministries upon earth. Others are from sermons:

In some way those we speak of and think of in heaven, love us still with all the old love of earth and all the new love of heaven together. So, because they love us still, we are all still one – our souls are in theirs and they in ours.

St. Cyprian preached at the time of a plague to comfort those whose families had died:

There await us a multitude of those whom we love – fathers, brothers, and children – who are secure already of their own salvation, and concerned only for ours.

William Channing spoke of heaven:

The departed...go to the great and blessed society which is gathered round him; to the redeemed from all regions of the earth.

Heaven has connection with all other worlds. Its inhabitants are God's messengers throughout the creation.

The good, on approaching Jesus, will not only sympathize with his spirit, but will become joint workers, active, efficient ministers in accomplishing his great work of spreading virtue and happiness.

So far so good, but then she quotes Swedenborg

All those who come from the world into the other life and are extremely surprised at perceiving that they live and are men as they had previously been; at perceiving that they hear, see, and speak; at perceiving that their body enjoys the same sense of touch as before.

Other remarks sound Gnostic:

the body...is a prison, in which the soul, confined and pent up, is limited in its operation and impeded in its perceptions of divine things.

Although the spirits make pious remarks, they also implant the idea of a difference between the old religion, i.e., Christianity, and the new religion, Spiritualism:

From C.M. S. to L[ydia] A[nn] L[awrence]:

There are many waiting to be convinced, with mingled feelings of discontent with the teachings of the *old* religion and distrust of the new.

From C[ornelius Van Wyck Lawrence?] to L[ydia]:

You realize my idea of the connecting link between the ancient and modern religion, and how essential it is to have the unbroken thread of Inspiration taught from the earliest recorded time.

The new religion is scientific and based upon magnetism.

Lydia had read a book

filled with conversations held in a state of ecstasy between a clairvoyant and her guardian spirit.

Lydia understood that

Our own guardian angels and ministering spirits are understood to be the beatified dead, who have either known or loved us on earth are attracted to help us on our life journey through some subtle affinity of nature or character.

Many message are messages of comfort, or explanations why other spirits are not available:

From E[ffingham] Jr. (who died young) to Lydia:

I am happy now. Take this thought with you and remember it, dear aunt, when you feel tempted to grieve that I went away so soon. Uncle E. is with you often, but he has left his pen so long ago that it is not as easy for him to write as for me.

From her aunt E.T.L. Lydia received this message from a recent Quaker denizen of heaven:

I cannot commune more with thee tonight, as thee knows I have not been long an inhabitant of these lovely spheres, but I will try to come to thee again soon.

The spirits advises Lydia to adopt a Quaker attitude :

whenever thee desires to communicate with us, put aside all work and care and worldly thought, and *wait* [emphasis in original], as in the olden time we waited at our weekly meetings for whatever may come of the spirit.

I[saac} T. Hopper advises Lydia to let the spirits take her over, t control her, to use her as a mechanical instrument:

Good Friend: Thee has much power; shall I help thee see to use it rightly? Thee cannot be easily made a medium for individual communications. Thy brain is too busy with the world. Thee has too much to think of and for. If thee was young and careless now we could persuade through thee, write and speak also.

Thy magnetic power is good. We wish thee to use it in the right direction. Encourage the best mediums thee can find

A Digression on Isaac T. Hopper and Abolitionism

Isaac Hopper

Isaac Tatem Hopper (1771-1852) was a Hicksite Quaker who was active in the anti-slavery movement and the underground railroad. He moved from Philadelphia to New York in 1825 and opened a bookstore. He must have come to know the Lawrence's, who were also active in the anti-slavery movement. In 1842 he became the treasurer and book agent for the New York American Anti-Slavery Society.

He was a good man:

He was one of the founders and the secretary of a society for the employment of the poor; a volunteer prison inspector; member of a fire company, and guardian of abused [apprentices](#). Married and with a large family, he and his wife often extended their limited resources to take in more impoverished Quakers.

He also rescued blacks from slave hunters and kidnappers

As has been pointed out, in the religious controversy before the Civil war, the defenders of the legitimacy of slavery had a far stronger scriptural argument. Slavery is simply an accepted institution in both the Old and New Testaments.

The Hicksite Quakers emphasized the role of the Inner light in interpreting Scripture, and this Inner Light led them to reject and condemn slavery as contrary to the inner meaning of the Scripture.

The Hicksite Friends were also actively involved in the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833; Hicksites composed most of the Philadelphia Quaker delegation to the first convention of that society. Indeed, much of the abolitionist leadership as well as the rank and file came from the Hicksite Friends. Hicksites were also generally more willing to assist fugitive slaves on the Underground Railroad.

Orthodox Quakers were also anti-slavery and in favor of manumission, but Hicksites were far more active.

The reliance on the Inner Light seemed to give the Hicksites a higher moral standing as opposed to those who justified slavery on Scriptural grounds. So perhaps for Lydia the Scriptural condemnation of mediums was weakened. If the surface meaning of Scripture was wrong about slavery, could it also not be wrong about mediums and communication with the dead?

From E[ffingham] L[awrence] to L[ydia] A[nn] L[awrence]:

You would be a good medium if you could have patience enough to sit quietly until we could obtain perfect control and use your hand to identify ourselves and prove our real presence, as we are all here living and loving as you have known us in days gone by

Perfect control?

What is going wrong here?

I think that the problem is not so much communication with the spirit world or communication with those who we love who are now in heaven, but with the use of mediums. God can certainly communicate with us, and he can let angels and the spirits of the departed communicate with us. But he does not use mediums to do this.

Two modern examples may make this clearer, and how dangerous such attempts are.

Vassula Rydén

Vassula Ryden is a Greek Orthodox seer who claims to receive and transmit messages from God through automatic writing. She has become popular, and even has theologians like René Laurentin defending her, and bishops and cardinals believing in her messages.

The Dominican Francois-Marie Dermine has analyzed the messages of Vassula Rydén, who claims to receive messages from God by automatic writing. These messages

present some contents capable of stirring feelings close to the heart: they in fact denounce the process of apostasy underway in the Christian world and the rationalism which has considerably contributed to rendering our faith boring, cold and insignificant. The messages reaffirm the existence of Satan and hell, and the dramatic aspect of the struggle between good and evil. They condemn abortion, New Age, reincarnation. They preach a message of radical conversion, fidelity to the Pope, the need to receive the sacraments and the importance of fast. They spread the devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, the practice of the Rosary also among the Orthodox followers, and encourage ecumenism by exhorting the Orthodox to unite with Rome.

They began in this way, according to Vassula. She claimed

I was making a list of expenses for a new cocktail party the same evening. At that moment I had this sheet of paper and I was writing what I had to buy for the afternoon. While I placed my hand with the pencil on the paper, all of a sudden I felt throughout my whole body some electricity that was coming into me through my fingers and especially on my right hand. Everything I held seemed like it was glued. The pencil no longer detached itself from my fingers. Even if I wanted to get rid of it, I could not lift it up anymore, I could not open my hand anymore. And the sheet of paper became like a magnet again. As if my hand was glued, I could not lift it anymore, as if my hand weighed 100 kilos, I could no longer lift it. All of a sudden an invisible force pushed my hand. I was not afraid, I do not know why. I relaxed my hand to see what would happen, and some words came, it was no longer my writing, and they said: "I am your angel [...]. My name is Dan (Daniel)." He was soon replaced by Jesus Christ, by the Father, by the Virgin Mary or by other saints.

Dermine points out:

These modes of transmitting messages are and remain typical of the forms of mediumship (medium activity) present both in spiritistic circles, often disguised as "prayer groups" that make the claim of communications with the

afterlife, and in neo-spiritistic New Age circles where they speak of channeling or communicating with “higher” spirits.

But this is highly, highly suspect. When God uses a person to transmit a person, he uses that person as a person, that is, a being with a free will and reason, not as a mere tool.

when He uses one of His creatures, the Creator does not ever deny Himself; He always chooses a suitable instrument, He respects its inner nature and – in the case of a human being – the vitality or the capacity of self-determination. As Karol Wojtila rightly says,

“It is never allowed to treat the person as a means. This principle has a totally universal scope. No one has the right to take advantage of a person, to use a person as a means, not even God its Creator. From God this is, on the other hand, absolutely impossible, because by endowing the person with a rational and free nature, He has granted him the power to assign by himself the purpose of his actions, thereby excluding every possibility of reducing him to being nothing more than a blind instrument to be used for the purposes of others.”

Cardinal Ratzinger when he was head of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith issued this opinion:

the faithful are not to regard the messages of Vassula Rydén as divine revelations, but only as her personal meditations;

these meditations, as the Notification explained, include, along with positive aspects, elements that are negative in the light of Catholic doctrine;

therefore, Pastors and the faithful are asked to exercise serious spiritual discernment in this matter and to preserve the purity of the faith, morals and spiritual life, not by relying on alleged revelations but by following the revealed Word of God and the directives of the Church’s Magisterium.

Michaél Ledwith

The President of Meynooth

Michaél Ledwith was the president of Meynooth, the principal seminary in Ireland. The Pope John Paul appointed him a member of the International Theological Commission, which is charged with advising the pope on theological matters.

Ledwith advising Ratzinger and the Pope on how to contact the spirits.

Ledwith had been involved with sexual abuse in Ireland, and sexual abuse occurred in his new community. But there is an even deeper spiritual disorder. In the 1980s he became a disciple of JZ Knight, who is a medium who channeled Ramtha:

“Ramtha”...is the name of a reputed entity whom Knight says she channels. According to Knight, Ramtha was a Lemurian warrior who fought the Atlanteans over 35,000 years ago.

The four cornerstones of Ramtha’s philosophy are:

1. The statement ‘You are god’
2. The directive to make known the unknown
3. The concept that consciousness and energy create the nature of reality
4. The challenge to conquer yourself

Ramtha’s teaching on sexual molestation is of special relevance to Ledwith:

“Thus the one who needs to molest and the one who needs to be molested—because he needs to understand it—are brought together for the experience. In the understanding called God, nothing is evil.”

In 2013 Melissa Genson, a reporter, recounted:

In 1988, JZ Knight told ABC’s *20/20*, “If a person is ever sorry about what they ever did, then they will never learn, and they never progress and go forward.”

Those words must have had a ring to them.

The following year, Irish Monsignor Michael Ledwith began a double life, commuting half way around the globe to study under JZ Knight at Yelm’s Ramtha School of Enlightenment (RSE).

That was quite a coup for JZ Knight. At the time he joined RSE in 1989, Monsignor Ledwith was President of the National University of Ireland at Maynooth, and head of the National Seminary in Ireland. He was one of a small handful of theological advisors to Pope John Paul II. There was talk of him becoming Archbishop. He had risen very quickly through the ranks, and was still quite young for all his achievements.

Others in RSE’s 1989 beginners’ group, *Ahk Men Ra*, said that Michael Ledwith started off in the rank and file. Soon enough, though, his remarkable credentials quickly vaulted him into JZ Knight’s inner circle. He became one of RSE’s most esteemed teachers.

Other RSE students felt honored that such an important man was part of their fledgling school in Yelm. They felt that Michael Ledwith’s presence gave legitimacy to RSE and JZ Knight’s teachings. Invitations to dinner parties with Ledwith were eagerly sought. He regaled the other RSE students with stories of his adventures around the world, hobnobbing with the upper echelons of power and prestige.

It's a good guess that Monsignor Ledwith had kept his connection to JZ Knight a secret from his other life in Ireland and the Vatican. Knight teaches that there is no right or wrong, that not even murder is wrong. That there is no good or bad. That you should think only of yourself.

All of that didn't jibe with the teachings of Jesus, to which Ledwith had pledged his life when he was ordained as a Catholic priest in 1967.

It turned out that Monsignor Ledwith had other secrets in his life, besides RSE. Dark, ugly ones.

Secrets that, when finally revealed, made him a hated man in Ireland. The Irish press reported that Ledwith "fled" Ireland to come...here. Where JZ Knight waited with open arms. No more double life. He apparently needed JZ for real, this time. And she certainly knew how to make good use of him.

When Michael Ledwith's dark secrets finally came to light, angry Irish citizens demonstrated against the Church leadership who had punished and banished a whistleblower priest many years earlier. That brave priest's life was ruined when he had tried to report Ledwith's ugly secrets in the early 1980s. Meanwhile, Ledwith's career had skyrocketed.

These same secrets were later discussed on the floor of the Irish Senate, with the Minister of State in attendance.

In the years following his disgraced flight from Ireland, Michael Ledwith has appeared to lose touch with reality. He has also spoken with increasing bitterness about God, the Judeo-Christian ethic, the Bible, and even the Irish Catholic Church hierarchy that fiercely protected him for so long... and punished another, in his stead.

In the 1999 JZ Knight video *The Two Paths*, Michael Ledwith gives a rambling talk about how wine grapes are not native to planet Earth. He solemnly explains that the original grape vines were brought here 450,000 years ago by space aliens on UFOs. These space aliens hung around long enough to make wine and mate with the locals.

According to JZ and Ledwith's teachings, the wine grape is not all that came here from outer space. JZ Knight has long taught that Jesus was actually a space alien who came here on a UFO, and who hated God just like she does. Ledwith agrees.

Both JZ and Ledwith shared the stage for two hours, and revisited the Jesus-as-alien theme during a March 2011 RSE "wine ceremony"—what participants define as pounding a lot of wine, bottle after bottle. And chasing it with tequila, cocaine, marijuana, and Prozac. Among other things.

Michael Ledwith had to be helped to his feet and guided to the stage for this 2011 joint presentation with JZ Knight. It was now seven hours into JZ's sixteen-hour wine ceremony.

Ledwith wobbled on unsteady feet in disheveled clothes, and he stared at JZ with glazed eyes. Once on stage, he held himself up by clutching onto the back of JZ's throne.

At that point, though, Ledwith appeared to be holding up better than his hostess. JZ's hair straggled around her face. Her make-up was streaking. Her words were slurred. Her sentences rambled nonsensically, and were laced with profanities, like "f-ck Jehovah."

Once Ledwith was safely escorted onto stage, JZ returned to her teaching that Jesus really was an alien, who came to this planet to teach the opposite of what is in the Bible. JZ and Ledwith explained that Jesus actually came here to teach the same things that JZ Knight teaches, and that the Bible got it all wrong.

During their joint presentation, Micheal Ledwith called the God of the Bible "fickle, capricious, psychotic, neurotic, and insecure, and we are supposed to believe that He is the Creator God." JZ added that God is a "psychotic, insecure son of a bitch," and Ledwith laughed.

Such is the man who educated Irish seminarians and advised the pope.

Current Dangers

Spiritualism and New Age philosophies influence Westerners; in Africa and Latin America many are influenced by religions and cults that claim that human beings can become channelers of spiritual entities. So the challenge to orthodox Christianity is great, and has been largely ignored by theologians, who consider such phenomena as unworthy of their notice.

Lydia was preserved from the worst consequences of her dabbling in Spiritualism; other have not been so fortunate.

A vivid sense of the union of Christians on earth and the angels and saints in heaven is important, but it must be joined to caution because the spirit world contains enemies of the human race, who can disguise themselves as angels of the light and quote Scripture to their own purpose, to lead astray, if possible even the elect.

Hierarchical authority in the Catholic Church has almost always saw its function as pouring cold water on popular enthusiasm for visions, miracles, and superstitious practices. The clergy are often the most skeptical of any such claims. Some of them should be even more skeptical. I suspect they harbor doubts, and want "proof" that the spiritual world exists, or at least look for something that will awaken people out of secularism

The calls for placing the "lived experience" of people on the same level as Scripture opens an unexpected and unintended door to varieties of Spiritualism: the experiences of spirits may be real (or at least experienced as real), but they must always be held to the standards that public revelation has set down, including the warning in Deuteronomy about mediums.

Marrying Out and the Conversion of the Lawrences to the Episcopal Church

The early Lawrences were mostly or perhaps entirely Quakers, but gradually became Episcopalian.

One of the causes for the change in denomination was the Quaker prohibition of marrying non-Quakers.

As early as 1694 Philadelphia Meeting advised:

Take heed of giving your sons and daughters who are believers and profess and confess the truth, in marriage with unbelievers; for that was forbidden in all ages...it is unbecoming those who profess the truth to go from one woman to another, and keep company and sit together, especially in the night season, spending their time in idle discourse, and drawing the affections one of another many times when there is no reality in it.

The guilty party had to demonstrate repentance, or was in effect excommunicated:

Marrying out [of the faith] is believed to have caused immense losses in Quaker numbers after 1740. In Quaker records there are notations that someone “married out of unity” or “mou” – this indicated that they married someone not of the Quaker faith. It would be necessary to make amends in writing to the satisfaction of a committee of members of the monthly meeting if they wished to remain Quakers. Sometimes the spouse adopted the Quaker faith and was received by request (rcrq). If the Quakers were unwilling to make amends for their actions they would be dismissed from the monthly meeting.

The prohibition against marrying out helps explain the tendency of the Lawrences to marry their cousins. There were only a few Quaker families in New York, and they quickly became interrelated and entangled.

Of Effingham Watson Lawrence (1795-1872), Friends records indicate that he was dismissed for “marrying out: in January, 1824, His wife was Rebecca Prince, after that must have become an Episcopalian, or at least was agreeably to sending his son Francis Effingham, to an Episcopal school, an experience that led Francis to become a disciple of Muhlenberg, a priest, and rector of the Church of the Holy Communion.

But even marrying a Quaker cousin was not always sufficient because of the Hicksite-Orthodox split. After they Hicksite-Orthodox split in the Quakers, the prohibition was applied to the wrong sort of Quaker. As we have seen, Newbold Lawrence and Anna Hough Trotter were both Quakers, but of different persuasions, and they compromised by marrying in an Episcopal church and their descendants were Episcopalian.

However, Quaker influences remained important in the family, as we shall see.

Mary Bowne Lawrence



Mary Bowne Lawrence (left)

and Anna Louise Lawrence (right)

Mary Bowne Lawrence (1830-1898), the second cousin four times removed of my wife, married Henry Augustine Bogert (1827-1905). Mary was close to her sister Anna Louise (1834-1908).

On July 19, 1870 she wrote this letter to Anna:

Dear Anna,

God has taken my beautiful baby – Frank died this morning at 4 o'clock. He was sick only two nights and one day, commenced on Saturday night with a slight diarrhea which seemed checked Sunday morning, but returned Sunday afternoon...I thought the disease controlled, but his head became affected last night he suffered greatly with his head until death released him.

I need not tell you how great the shock, you have gone through the same trouble dear, and know that death never comes to us thus, in our children without bitter pain, even while we own God's love and wisdom in all his doings.

I felt so safe about little Frank because he had so good a wet nurse. He had grown so beautiful and seemed so well I scarcely dreaded the summer, but this intense heat and teething were too much for him.

I feel that everything was done that could be, for Mrs. Pettit and Maggie and I watched him carefully, but God willed it, and just one year from the time of his last summer's sickness, God took him to Himself.

I have four darlings now in Heaven. How blessed to know them safe. I do not think I am a very good manager with children, so God takes some of them to bring up for me and in Heaven they will be mine forever. I wondered how I should manage with three babies next winter. God has

answered the doubt for me, tho not quite in the way I would have chosen.

It is so hard to look forward to bringing more children into the world only to see them die.

The other children are well, and I hope your little ones are too.

You sent me a little note of your safe arrival. Do, if you can, write me some particulars and why you staid at Worcester instead of Centre Harbor.

Dear Anna, life has many trials for all of us; let us not receive them in a bitter spirit, but as Christians walk humbly with God receiving all things from His hands, remembering that in another world we shall see clearly the reasons for much that now appears mysterious.

May God give you Grace, dear, to bear and forbear until this life shall merge into the better one above.

Your loving sister,

Mary

Frank (July 11, 1869 – July 19, 1870) was Mary's ninth child.

Mary Trimble Lawrence, Sculptress



Mary Trimble Lawrence Tonetti

Mary Trimble Lawrence, my wife's third cousin three times removed, was born in December 1869 in New York, the daughter of [Henry Effingham Lawrence](#) and Lydia Greene Underhill. Her middle name came from her mother's sister's husband, Merritt Trimble. The Trimbles lived next door to the Lawrences on 25th St., and Mrs. Trimble. Annie Underhill, was Mary's favorite aunt. The Lawrences attended Grace Church, where they sat in the pew behind the future Edith Wharton. Henry bought a farm, Arcadia, at Snedens Landing, opposite Dobb's Ferry on the Hudson, a place that was to play an important role in his daughter's life and indeed in artistic life to this day. There he built Cliffside.



"Cliffside", Mr. W. E. Lawrence's house. Architect's drawing.

The Lawrence family had a connection with the St. Gaudens because they bought their shoes from Bernard St. Gaudens, the father of Augustus. Augustus, when he was twenty-five, came to Snedens Landing to tutor children in drawing when Mary was seven; she may have been in his class. Mary converted a summer house on the property to her studio; her first sculpture, of her dog Dandy, survives.



Dandy



Mary with Friends



Mary and Anna and Friends



The Family at Snedens Landing

L to r: Edith Lawrence, Grandmother Underhill, Mrs Merritt Trimble, Merritt Trimble, Joseph Lawrence, Lydia Greene, Annie Underhill, Mrs. Henry E. Lawrence



Aunt Ann by Mary

The family encouraged her work, and in 1886-1887 did the Grand Tour with sister Edith and her aunt, Annie Underhill, who lived next door on 25th St. Mary illustrated her travel journal.



Mary was amused by those who knew what to admire because it had a star in the Baedeker.



She observed the parade of humanity at the grand hotels



and had to run the gauntlet at hotels.

In Paris she visited a dressmaker who had her own ideas of what a wealthy young women should wear while strolling.

Mary, having grown up much of the time in the country, had her own ideas of what walking clothes should be.

She returned home briefly and then in April 1887 entered the Academie Julian in Paris (the Ecole des Beaux-Arts did not accept women until 1897). Within a week of her arrival in Paris, Mary Lawrence was invited to Auguste Rodin's art studio which he shared with his student and young mistress Camille Claudel. Together they strolled through the studio where Mary got to see the models for *The Burghers of Calais* and some of the figures from *The Gates of Hell*.

The Studio by Académie Julian student Marie Bashkirtseff.

Mary studied at the Academie until the summer of 1888 when she began teaching under St. Gaudens at the Art Students League in New York. In 1890 plans for the Columbia Exhibition in Chicago began, and in the fall of 1891 St. Gaudens asked Mary, only twenty-three years old, to do the main statue of Christopher Columbus.

Mary is seated, second from left.

St. Gaudens is standing, second from right.

Mary in a work smock

The Model

The Court of Honor

Frank Millet, a fair organizer, objected to the prominent placement of the statue and arranged to have it moved to a spot near the train station. The architect Charles Follen McKim, who had fallen in love

with Mary in New York, had enough sway in Chicago to get the statue of Columbus returned to its former place. Lawrence never forgave Millet and is quoted as saying, "I could stamp on his face and grind it into the gravel until it bled." St. Gaudens said that "Miss Mary Lawrence, now Mrs. François M. L. Tonetti, modeled and executed it; and to her goes all the credit of the virility and breadth of treatment which it revealed." The statue was executed in staff (a temporary artificial stone), and like much of the art for the Exhibition, no longer exists. Mary then helped St. Gaudens with the General John A. Logan monument for Grant Park in Chicago.

General Logan Monument, Chicago

She returned to the Academie Julien in December 1893 to continue her studies. Charles Dana Gibson (also a distant relative of my wife's) gave a ball, where Mary met François Tonetti. She encountered him again at James Whistler's home at 110 rue de Bac.

François Michel Louis Tonetti

François' grandfather moved to Paris and opened a marble shop because in Genoa he had beaten to death his wife's lover, a priest. He therefore found it expedient to use someone else's passport and name, Sr. Dozzi, so sometimes the Tonettis were known as the Dozzis.

Tonetti had a dreadful childhood. He was born in Paris in 1864; his father died when he was about six. His mother took in laundry to support him and his two sisters, but during the siege of Paris in 1870-1871 she and his sisters died of starvation. François survived by begging.

After the war François' grandfather took him into the marble shop. A member of the French Academy visiting the shop saw a statue François had done and invited the boy to move in with his family. There he was exposed to artists and writers. When he was old enough he was sent to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. After school François became an assistant to sculptor Frederick MacMonnies who had been an early assistant to Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

Mary returned to New York in September 1894. There she worked with St. Gaudens and when he moved to Paris she took over his classes at the Art Students League.

When he met Mary, François was working on a 10 1/2 foot plaster sculpture representing Art, one of eight figures created for the Main Reading Room of the Library of Congress.

François, who was taken with Mary, persuaded Monnies to send him to New York to assist with the completion of sculptures for the Brooklyn Memorial Arch on Grand Army Plaza.

Mary and François were engaged in 1899. St. Gaudens was delighted. He wrote to Mrs. Lawrence:

I never knew two people more made for one another, and that they should have been brought together is a smile of

fortune. Besides the qualities that befit him peculiarly for Mary, he is a most affectionate and loveable man...I know they will be happy together.

They married in 1900 at Grace Church; she was thirty-two and he thirty-six. They moved into the former Murray Hill Presbyterian Church (where the Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion sermon was preached) at 135 East 40th Street that they had converted into a home with a spacious studio. Summers and weekends were spent at Snedens Landing. They had six children: Oliver Pellier, who died a few days after birth in July 1901; Ann Elizabeth (1903-1990), who married the architect Eric Gugler; Lydia Lawrence (1904-1943), who married Robert McKee Hyde; Joseph Lawrence (1905-1963), who married Susan McKee Hyde, the sister of Robert; and Marie Françoise, also known as Chrissie because of her December birth (1907-1972), who married first John Drury Ratcliff and then Allan B. Sheldon; and Alexandra (1909-1991), who married Harwood A. White.

Mary and the children

The Tiffany Twins Immortalized in Manhattan

Louise and Julia Tiffany and Admirers

About 1900, judging from the age of the models, Mary did a sculpture of Louis Comfort Tiffany's twins, Louise Comfort and Julia DeForest. Katherine Cornell, the actress, who had a house at Snedens Landing apparently liked the sculpture so much that when she moved from Snedens Landing in 1965, Mary's daughter Anne Gugler gave the sculpture to her as a housewarming present. Cornell installed it over the door at her new residence at 328 East 51st St., where it can be seen today.

The Tiffany Twins, reproduction in wood

Mary and François, along with Chester French, Saint-Gaudens and a number of other sculptors, were chosen to create statues for the façade of the U.S. Custom House at Bowling Green and Broadway designed by architect Cass Gilbert (now the National Museum of the American Indian). François sculpted the Doge as a representation of Venice and Queen Isabella personifying Spain. He used Mary's mother as a model for the Doge's imperious head.

Venice

Mary collaborated on this as well as on the "Birth of Venus" fountain in 1901 for the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo.

François was inspired by the rugged beauty of the Palisades to do a sculpture of American Indian Life: a twenty foot high statue of two Indians, one carrying a dead deer. François's attempt at realism gives an idea of the tenor of life at the Tonettis' studio:

To model the deer, François borrowed a fine stag from his friend, Dr. William T. Fornaday, director of the Bronx Zoo, who sent the animal to him in a cage. As it arrived on a hot day and seemed overcome by the heat, François thought it would be more at ease if released from the cage. Once

outside the bars, however, the stag ran amok, butted over and smashed things generally in the studio and created havoc, until François, in real terror, seized a shotgun and killed it. Then, thrifty Frenchman that he was, he walked around the corner to his friend the butcher for help in skinning it and carving it up. Mary, meanwhile, arrived back at the studio, found it a bloody mess, with the stag dead in the middle of the chaos and no François, and was herself reaching the panic stage when he walked in happily with the butcher. Together they skinned and quartered the animal and removed it.

François paid the zoo for the stag, and was fined by the investigating police for shooting dear out of season, but for days there was venison at the studio...and his girls, that winter, had intriguing new coats with deerskin collars, miffs, and cuffs. (Savell)

Mary was also interested in the dance. She took Ann (who had a career in the theater) and Alexandra to see Isadora Duncan at the Met, and the girls were stagestruck.

Alexandra on left and Chrissie (Marie) on right

They attended Elisabeth Duncan's School of the Dance where they associated with Maurice Stern, Pablo Casals, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Gertrude Stein, and of course Isadora. They became Isadorables, and toured Europe in a dance troupe. The Tonettis gave many and large parties; and Mary's status as a Lawrence assured that invitations were coveted. In 1909 Mary hosted "Une Heure de Danse" at her studio for the benefit of a dancing class for shopgirls. Society members danced :Japanese, Egyptian, Sicilian, and Spanish dances." The *New York Times* listed various relatives and acquaintances of my wife's family: [Leonie Alexandre](#) (first cousin) did a Spanish dance; Robert Potter Breese (eighth cousin) did a "buck dance" and an Irish jig; Harvey Ladew (a hunting companion of my wife's uncle) did a clog dance. Miss McLaughlin "gave a humorous recitation of Salome." The children were nonplussed by all this. As they grew up in an artists' studio which often had models in various stages of nudity, they assumed everyone had people walking around naked in their houses.

The staff that took care of the house and five children were varied: an Irish cook; a useful handyman given to benders; Siegfried, a doorman who had been a giant in Barnum's circus; Siegfried's Swedish wife; and an Indian prince who studied calculus.

Mary also helped found the Cosmopolitan Club. It began as a club for governesses, who were not interested, so literary and artistic types took it over. Mary installed it in townhouses adjacent to her studio.

François's life was to be drawn into the events of the great world and prematurely ended,

When John D. Rockefeller, Sr.'s Kykuit was built at Pocantico Hills, François did a number of pieces for the house and grounds. Several years later in 1913 when the façade was changed, he was commissioned to design and execute a pediment that runs across the front facade and two groupings of four cherubs holding baskets of flowers that now stand on either side of it atop side balconies. The Tonettis' youngest daughter Alexandra was the model for the angelic figures.

Mary finished the figures and oversaw the installation; François, feeling it his duty, had left to serve in the French Army in the First World War as a doctor's aide.

Among other duties (one involved drawing wounds in color so doctors could judge how they were healing), he used his knowledge of anatomy and the transport of statues to design a brace to allow wounded soldiers to be moved safely.

While in France he contacted pneumonia and returned in ill health at war's end, dying in 1920 at the age of fifty-six. His last work was a plaque in honor of the Best & Co. employees who served in the First World War.

When Mary sold the Manhattan studio she had a number of his works (including the Indians with Deer) brought out to Snedens in the dead of night, had a hole dug and the sculptures buried.

Snedens Landing

At Snedens Landing Mary built and rented out a variety of houses on her property to artistic friends, thereby permanently stamping the place as an artists' colony.

Ding Dong House today

View of Hudson from porch of Ding Dong House

She lived first in the Ding Dong House, so called because of a bell that hung at the entrance gate. Aaron Copland later lived there, as did Uma Thurman and Ethan Hawke, Jerome Robbins, and Margot Kidder

Many famous and forgotten artists and celebrities have lived in Snedens Landing: Ethel Barrymore, Marcel Duchamp, John Steinbeck, Ginger Rogers, Noel Coward, Orson Wells, Jerome Robbins, Peter Seegar, John Dos Passos, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Al Pacino, Diane Sawyer, Bill Murray, Björk, Phish Frontman Trey Anastasio, Lorraine Bracco, Bill Murray, Uma Thurman, Ethan Hawke, Angelina Jolie Pitt, Hayden Panettiere etc. Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh lived in the Captain Coastes House; they sailed in a little boat called Fiddle-Dee-Dee; they left it to the town and children continued to sail the Hudson on it.

Captain Coates House

Laurence Oliver on the Fiddle Dee Dee

But Mary rented the houses out for a pittance, \$15 a month to start, so she could have creative types around her. After the Cosmopolitan Club moved uptown she mortgaged her properties on 40th St. to pay for remodeling. But in the Depression she lost all the Manhattan properties and retired to Snedens Landing. There she had her gardens.

The Gardens

The Lawrence property included a waterfall, “The Cascade.”

The Cascade

Guest would arrive at Dobbs Ferry, be taken across the Hudson, and stroll to the Cascade where violins and dancers greeted them. Tonetti’s specialty party dish was new and exotic: spaghetti.

Her grandson John Ratcliff describes the gardens:

In the early 1920's, my grandmother, Mary Lawrence Tonetti, a talented sculptress of the era, designed and built two swimming pools at the base of the waterfall. There was a children's pool, which when filled, water would cascade over into the larger adult pool adjacent to it. On the Hudson River's edge, she built an oval-shaped pergola. Arriving at the waterfalls by a path through the woods, one would first come to the two pools, descend a series of staircases to a gravel walkway lined with boxwood hedges and daylily plantings. At the base of the staircase one would pass a fountain with two lions head spigots she had sculpted, that were fed by the pools above and would spew water into the fountain. Proceeding down the path, one would enter the pergola which had columns all around it that supported several grape vines that would bear grapes during the summer.

Lions' Head Fountain

Mary had admired a monastery on the Amalfi coast when she was on her Grand Tour.

Charles McKim assisted her with the design of a pergola supporting a grape arbor.

It was irresistible as a site for eurythmic dancing.

L

Mary is sitting in the pergola in the 1940s.

Mary died at Snedens Landing on March 14, 1945.

Time and vandals took their toll of the gardens. The Cascade is still there.

Hurricane Sandy toppled the last of the pergola's pillars.

Sources: Isabelle Savell, *The Tonetti Years at Snedens Landing*, Mary Tonetti Dorra, *Demeter's Choice: A Portrait of My Grandmother as a Young Artist*.

Molly Pender Brown and Her Descendents



Molly Brown

The first child born of the marriage of *Clifton Stevenson Brown* and *Katherine Boyce Tupper* was **Molly Pender Brown** (1912-1997). She was my wife's third cousin, one removed. She was sixteen when her father was murdered, and eighteen when her mother married George Marshall. Molly married James Julius Winn (1907-199) and had three children, James Julius (1942), Katherine (1944), and Ellene (1949).

Molly's godmother was Mrs. William Randolph Blanchard. It was she whose home they visiting when Katherine was invited to the dinner where she met George Marshall. Molly was at school in Florence in 1930 when her mother was married to Lt. Col. Marshall.

A 1925 graduate of Marion Military Institute at Marion, Alabama and a 1929 graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, **James Julius Winn** was a career Army officer with over 30 years of active duty. Shortly after his commissioning, he was assigned as a military aide to President Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House Winn states that he was a student at Ft. Benning in 1929. He recalls the party Mrs. Marshall gave at Ft. Benning for her daughter Molly in 1930 or 1931. He was assigned to Ft. Myers in 1937 and was there when the Marshalls came in 1939.



*Quarters Number One, Fort Myers
Residence of the Joint Chief of Staff*



Oval Dining Room

Site of Brown-Winn wedding

In 1940 Molly married Captain James Julius Winn. Katherine recounts

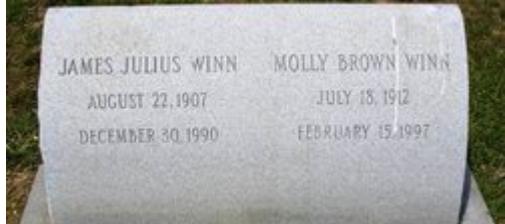
Molly's wedding on Christmas Day in Quarters Number One at Fort Myer was the first wedding, I believe, ever to take place in that house. She came down the stairway on George's arm, followed by her maid of honor, Mary Winn. They passed through the drawing-room and were met by Captain Winn and his groomsmen at the altar which had been constructed at the far end of the oval dining room. The bride's path was flanked on each side by white chrysanthemums and tall standards holding white candles. Her gown was of cream satin with an extremely long train, and her cap and veil were of Rosepoint lace. She kept her eyes steadily on Captain Winn and his were on her. She said afterwards that this was pre-arranged to keep her from trembling. After the ceremony they walked out beneath the crossed swords of the groomsmen, while the orchestra played Lohengrin's Wedding March. As soon as the reception was over, they left for Panama and I did not see Molly again until she came home a year and a half later with her baby son.

He and Molly were at Ft. Rucker, Alabama in May 1944 when they got word that Molly's brother Allen Brown had been killed. Assigned to 1st Army Artillery, Winn was ordered to the European Theater after the Normandy invasion. On June 30, he arrived in Normandy and was at Le Bourget at the time of the liberation of Paris.



James Julius Winn

In 1946-47 Winn served as American liaison officer to the British Army in India. He saw combat during the Korean Conflict, when he served as an artillery adviser to the Republic of Korea's First Field Army. In 1954-55 Colonel Winn served in Japan as deputy operations officer, US Army Forces Far East. His last active duty assignment was as commanding officer of Fort Ritchie, Maryland. He died on Sunday, December 30, 1990, at the age of 83.



The children of Molly Pender Brown and James Julius Winn are my wife's fourth cousins.



Molly Winn with her children and the Marshalls at Dodona

James Winn, Jr.



Jimmy regards Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau dubiously

James Julius Winn, Jr., (1942-) married **Elizabeth Kokernot Lacy** (1946-) of Texas. He worked as an attorney in Baltimore, starting in the firm of



Elizabeth Kokernot Lacy

The Kokernot family owns the Kokernot O6 Ranch in Texas.



KOKERNOT RANCH. The Kokernot Ranch, branding O6, covers some 500,000 acres in Jeff Davis, Pecos, and Brewster counties. The O6 brand was registered in Calhoun County as early as 1837 and was purchased by John W. Kokernot in 1872. In 1883 Kokernot and his brother, Lee M. Kokernot, leased grazing land from the state and began running cattle on the open range in the [Trans-Pecos](#) area. The brand was registered in Jeff Davis County in 1889 and transferred to L. M. Kokernot in 1896. Settlers began to move into the area; so in 1912 [Herbert Lee Kokernot](#), son of L. M. Kokernot, began purchasing the land and continued to add to his holdings up to 1938. H. L. Kokernot, Jr., took over the ranch management in 1920. In 1939 ranch holdings stood at 300,000 acres. The rough terrain of the ranch necessitated use of the old-time mule-drawn chuck wagon, so that the O6 retained much of the traditional ranch atmosphere.

Kitty Winn

Katherine (Kitty) Winn (1944-) had an extensive career as an actress before she married **Morton Winston** in 1978.

She studied acting at Centenary Junior College and [Boston University](#), graduating from the latter in 1966. During her college years Winn acted in student productions at Centenary Junior College, Boston University, and [Harvard College](#) and summer stock for two summers at The [Priscilla Beach Theatre](#) south of Boston. Shortly after college she joined the company at [American Conservatory Theater](#) in San Francisco where she remained for four years under the artistic direction of [William Ball](#).

She has (secumdum Wiki) appeared in

Motion Pictures

Year	Name of Film	Role	Other Actors
1971	They Might be Giants	Grace	Joanne Woodward , George C. Scott
1971	The Panic in Needle Park	Helen	Al Pacino
1973	The Exorcist	Sharon Spencer	Ellen Burstyn , Linda Blair
1973	Message to My Daughter	Miranda Thatcher	Martin Sheen
1976	Peeper	Mianne Prendergast	Michael Caine , Natalie Wood
1977	Exorcist II: The Heretic	Sharon Spencer	Linda Blair , Richard Burton
1978	Mirrors	Marianne	

The Exorcist

Movies for Television

Year	Name of Film	Role	Other Actors
1970	<i>The House that Wouldn't Die</i> for ABC		Barbara Stanwyck
1972	<i>The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> for NET	Harriet	
1974	<i>The Carpenters</i> for KCET	Sissy	Vincent Gardenia
1975	<i>Miles to Go Before I Sleep</i>		
1977	<i>The Last Hrrah</i> for Hallmark Hall of Fame	Maeve Skeffington	Carroll O'Connor
1983	<i>The Tragedy of King Lear</i> for KCET	Cordelia	

Series for Television

Year	Name of Series	Role	Other Actors
1973	<i>The Streets of San Francisco</i> for ABC	Barbara Talmadge	Michael Douglas , Karl Malden Nancy Marchand , Beatrice Straight
1975	<i>Beacon Hill</i> for CBS	Rosamond Lassiter	Telly Savalas , Kevin Dobson , Dan Frazer , George Savalas
1977	<i>Kojak</i> – "Kojak Days: Part 1"	Carla Magid	Telly Savalas , Kevin Dobson , Dan Frazer , George Savalas
1977	<i>Kojak</i> – "Kojak Days: Part 2"	Carla Magid	Telly Savalas , Kevin Dobson , Dan Frazer , George Savalas

Awards

Cannes Film Festival

Year	Performance	Award
1971	Helen in <i>The Panic in Needle Park</i>	Best Actress Award

Kitty as Helen in Needle Park

Rob Boylan writes of her acting in that film:

Kitty Winn won Best Actress at Cannes in 1971 for playing Helen, an innocent girl from the Midwest who comes to New York and ends up a junkie, in *The Panic in Needle Park* (streaming on Netflix). Co-written by husband-and-wife duo Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, and starring the then little-known Al Pacino as the charismatic hustler Bobby, *Panic* is a stark, withering account of drug use that remains just as relevant 40 years later. Though she starts out straight, curiosity finally gets the best of Helen and she sneaks a hit while Bobby is out cold. There is a devastating moment later in the movie as they walk the streets together. He cradles her face and sees the drugs in her eyes. “When did that happen?” he asks sadly, but she can’t answer. The line may be Pacino’s but the scene’s disquieting heartbreak is all Winn’s.

She has recently returned to the stage as Carol in *The Last Romance* for the San Jose Repertory Theater (2011).

Kitty Winn and Will Marchetti

Charlie McCollum writes of that play

The early moments of “The Last Romance” echo the sentiments of “September Song,” that pop standard from the late 1930s by Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson.

An older man sits alone on a bench in a park ablaze with the colors of fall. He is clearly waiting for someone — perhaps anyone — to enter his life. You can almost hear the song's lyrics in the background: "When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame, one hasn't got time for the waiting game."

"Last Romance," which opened Wednesday at San Jose Repertory Theatre in a regional premiere, is all about romance and whether you can find it again in your golden years after losing the one you love. It is also a work you end up liking more than loving.

Ralph Bellini (Will Marchetti) is a blue-collar kind of guy, who has worked all his life for the railroad, though he was once a talented opera singer. After the death of his wife, he lives with his younger sister, Rose (Sharon Lockwood), who becomes almost a surrogate mother to him.

Then one day, he sees Carol Reynolds (Kitty Winn), an elegant and reserved woman who lives in an upscale apartment building nearby and walks her dog in the park. There's a spark in Ralph's heart, something he hasn't felt in a while.

It turns out that Carol may be lonelier than Ralph. She has just gotten her dog because she is afraid of growing old completely alone.

This odd couple gets off to a stumbling start since neither has done this dance in some time. He makes inappropriate jokes and lies about things. She is reserved and, it turns out, also lying about things.

But somehow, it all starts to come together, and Carol and Ralph find themselves falling into a romance, if not precisely love. Then things get complicated, and it is, as Ralph suggests early on, like opera.

"The thing about opera, see, is all the lovers want to do is be in love," he says. "But it ain't ever that simple. Something always gets in the way."

Kitty

Ellene at VMI in 1979, unveiling the statue of her step-grandfather, Gen. Marshall

Ellene Winn (1949 –) married **Michael Hall Mobbs**. He represented the Secretary of Defense at the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks in the 1980's. It appears they are divorced and he has married a Russian attorney.

Their children are **Michael Hill Mobbs, Jr.** and **Ellene Glenn Mobbs** (my wife's fourth cousins, once removed).

Michael Hall Mobbs Jr.

Michael was a neighbor of ours in North Baltimore and has followed the family military tradition. The community paper in 2006 reported

Cadet Michael Hall Mobbs Jr., son of Ellene Winn of Roland Park and Michael Mobbs of Washington, D.C., has been named to the Cadet chain of command at the U.S. Military Academy. Mobbs was chosen as the brigade command sergeant major, the third highest rank in the Corps of Cadets.

When he was at in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in 2013 he and Scooter engaged in the Spur Ride:

Captain Mobbs and Scooter

— The annual spur ride is a tradition which tests the best of the best within the U.S. Army's cavalry career field. Capt. Michael Mobbs and his dog, Scooter, recently proved just how far they would go to earn the honor of becoming spur holders—an honor bestowed upon those troopers who complete a spur ride.

Mobbs, an infantry officer and company commander of Charlie Troop, 3rd Squadron, 73rd Cavalry Regiment, in the 82nd Airborne Division's 1st Brigade Combat Team, strived to set the example for his paratroopers by participating in his squadron's spur ride, Oct. 6. In a move rarely undertaken, Mobbs invited Scooter to participate by his side in the grueling, team-building event here.

About three years ago Mobbs took in Scooter, a puppy who escaped from a dog fighting circuit, and welcomed him in as part of his family.

"I've always had a lot of respect for Scooter," said Mobbs. "He's been a great family dog [and has been] protective of my girls and our home."

Mobbs said inviting Scooter to participate in the event was a practical matter. The commander said he takes care of

Scooter while his wife takes care of their two daughters and second dog in Washington, D.C.

This year's spur ride was particularly intense because all the events, which included tasks ranging from ruck marches to paddling boats, were packed into a 24-hour time span. There was no opportunity for rest, and the candidates were pushed to their limits to earn their spurs.

Mobbs said he was very impressed with Scooter's performance during the spur ride, and he believes that Scooter probably motivated several candidates who saw him driving on when things got particularly tough. He said that Scooter's reward for participating was the honor of becoming an honorary spur holder, a steak at the end of the spur ride, and the 48-hour nap he took after it was all done.

"I think in another life he would have made an outstanding service dog," said Mobbs. "He's clearly demonstrated that he has the mental and physical stamina required."

Mobbs set out to inspire his troops and take part in a tradition that spans back to the early 1700s. He did just that by earning his spurs, and along the way he introduced the cavalry to Scooter, its newest honorary spur holder.

Michael is married and has two children.

Andrew and Leenie

Ellene (Leenie) Glenn Mobbs married **Andrew Moore** in Pittsburgh on June 7, 2014. Ellene attended Carnegie Mellon (like her cousin my son Thomas Podles, who was there at the same time) and graduated with a degree in creative writing. She has published several poems:

"Before the House Wakes" appeared in the *Blast Furnace Press 1.2* (2011).

Before the House Wakes

Bayberry leaf air, the porch.
I lie, while quiet the wooden chairs and benches, tearing
warm

Portuguese bread, soft under my fingers. Not far
from ocean pines that grow from salt water sand,
I think of midnight
and spread the pear jam,
eyes bruised and losing sleep.

The mist will seize before the oven sun, pots and cups,
swollen pines take the air and I will track
its dampness onto linoleum and buckled
sheets. But now, bluebirds
through brush and scented water, hushed, stir
the leaves, the bayberry, the pine.

My Wife's Cousin and the Easter Parade

The Rev. Francis. Effingham Lawrence is my wife's second cousin four times removed. He was a High Church Episcopal clergyman who lived from 1827-1879. From 1839 to his death he was assistant and then rector of the Church of the Holy Communion in Manhattan, a church founded by Dr. William Muhlenberg, an Evangelical Catholic.

Muhlenberg, like the Ritualists of England, used Catholic paraphernalia to appeal to the poor, who found bare churches and hour-long Calvinist sermons a touch on the cold side. He thought that the poor should be served with grace and beauty.

The Church of the Holy Communion was the first church to use flowers on the altar, and after the Easter service the congregation in procession brought the flowers to the sick in the hospital the church had founded. This seems to have been the origin of the New York custom of the Easter Parade. Other churches took up the custom of Easter flowers; as Francis Lawrence said in thus funeral sermon of 1877, it was –“a practice now indeed carried to such a silly and wasteful extreme, many churches seeming rather flower-shops at Easter than Sanctuaries of the Almighty, that he almost regretted that he had introduced the custom.”

And the Easter Parade no longer was in service to the poor:



As Irving Berlin's song has it in the Judy Garland and Fred Astaire [Easter Parade](#):

*In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter parade.
I'll be all in clover and when they look you over,
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter parade.
On the avenue, Fifth Avenue, the photographers will snap us,
And you'll find that you're in the rotogravure.*

The Baltimore Sun in 1927 reported that 100,000 Baltimoreans participated in the Easter Parade on Charles St. The women wore

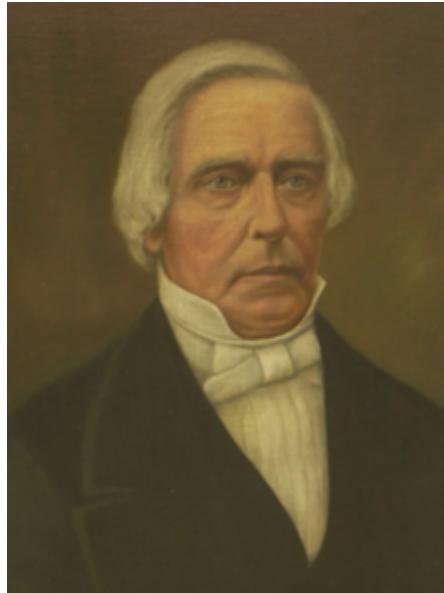
wore fashionable black and white, but the men added color with their morning clothes and top hats or grey suits.

The parade was still a custom in 1950:



Newberry and the Horrors of Slavery

The author of The Annals of Newberry was John Belton O'Neall, native of Newberry and Justice of the South Carolina Supreme Court.



John Belton O'Neall

Only in 1823 was the murder of a slave made a criminal offence in South Carolina. Before that it was punishable only by a fine. The first case heard under the new law did not occur until 1853.

O'Neall heard the appeal of Motley and Blackledge, who had been sentenced to death for the murder of a slave. Years later someone who was present in the area recounted what had happened:

While a law student verging upon manhood, in the summer of 1853, the writer made a visit from his home in Charleston to a relative in Colleton district, South Carolina. He had never seen a runaway slave. Hence, when he learned that a runaway slave had been caught in the vicinity, he hastened to get a look at him. He soon ascertained that he was in the custody of one Robert Grant, a small farmer, who lived near a point known as "Round O," about 15 miles from Colleton court house,

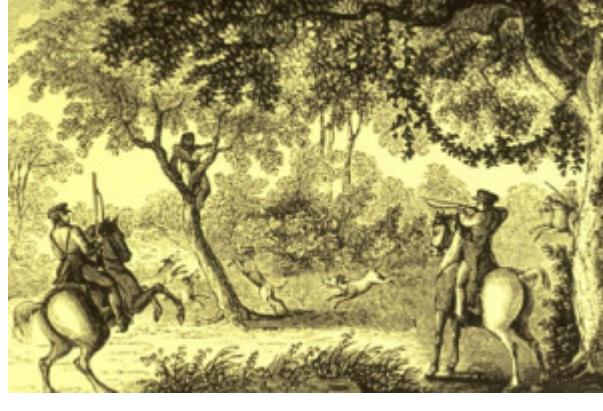
A few days after this Grant was called on by one Thomas Motley and William Blackledge, rice planters, who lived at the distance of a few miles. At their urgent request, he delivered the negro to Motley, who promised to trace out the master and have the reward paid to Grant. The negro was taken to Motley's plantation and confined in an unused smokehouse, with a heavy ball and chain attached to his legs by strong shackles.

On the following day, as afterwards transpired, Motley and Blackledge, who were first cousins, were joined at the

plantation of the former by one Derrell Rowell, a cotton planter. The negro could not have failed to observe that, on leaving the smokehouse, where they had confined him, they, with seeming carelessness, had left the door unlocked. He did not understand that they were eager for a man hunt, and required a fleeing man.

They watched the building through the night from a place of concealment until about two hours before the dawn of day, when they saw the negro come out and look cautiously around, and then pass into the darkness on his far flight for life. Three hours later, after an early breakfast, they unleashed their dogs, all trained beagles, and united them into one pack, numbering 42. The hounds were started at the door of the smoke-house, and as the trail was hot with the scent of fresh blood that trickled from the slave's limbs, they followed it all the time with their noses in the air.

At the distance of about 10 miles from the starting point the hounds were heard to give tongue in sharp, quick barks, and the men who were following on horseback then knew well that the quarry was within clear view of the dogs and would soon be brought to bay. They rode up and found the dogs encircling a large oak and baying loudly. They soon discovered the negro hidden behind a bunch of hanging moss in the fork of a tree and they ordered him to come down. He pleaded for mercy, saying that if he came down the hounds would bite him. They assured him that he should not be hurt, and they drove the dogs back, and at the same time threatened to shoot him out of the tree if he didn't come down at once.



The instant that his feet touched the ground they set the entire pack of hounds on him, and despite his desperate struggles they quickly bore him to the earth and his pangs were soon ended by the fierce and hungry brutes.



The murder, however, was not unseen by human eyes. A negro hunting a stray horse in the woods, heard the slave's cry of agony as the hounds fastened their teeth in his body, and running in the direction of the sound, he witnessed the tragedy in all its horror. He also recognized the three planters, and saw and heard them urge the dogs on.

But a slave could not testify against a white person.

He hurried away from his place of concealment and reported what he had seen to his master, who at once visited the spot and observed the blood and bones and a portion of the murdered slave's hair upon the ground, and also his footprints and the tracks made by the dogs. That man immediately sought a magistrate and repeated the statement made by his slave, and also described what he had himself seen to confirm that statement. The warrant for the arrest of the three criminals was based upon an affidavit made by a planter, setting forth the confession of Blackledge.

Blackledge confessed, hoping for immunity.

They were promptly apprehended, and, after a preliminary examination, committed to jail for trial. The trial came on at fall term, September, 1853, in the court of general sessions, at Waterboro. Judge John B. O'Neill, who was distinguished as a learned jurist, presided. The prisoners had a long array of eminent counsel. The jury, after being out 30 minutes, returned a verdict of guilty. The prisoners were sentenced to be taken to the usual public place for executions and there hanged by the neck until dead.

They appealed on various technicalities, such as whether it was proved that the victim was a slave. O'Neill rendered his decision:

Two months have passed away since you stood before me, in the midst of the community where the awful tragedy, of which you have been convicted, was performed. I hope this time has been profitable to you, and that in the midnight watchings of your solitary cells, you have turned back with shame and sorrow to the awful cruelties of which you were guilty on the 5th of July last.

Notwithstanding the enormity of your offence, you have no reason to complain that justice has been harshly administered. On the circuit and here you have had the aid of zealous, untiring counsel — everything which man could do to turn away the sword of justice, has been done; but in vain. Guilt, such as yours, cannot escape the sanctions of even earthly tribunals.

My duty now is to pass between you and the State, and announce the law's awful doom! Before I do so, usage and propriety demand that I should endeavor to turn your thoughts to the *certain results* before you. Death here, a shameful death, awaits you! I hope it may be that you may escape the terrible everlasting death of the soul.

It may be profitable to you to recall the horrid deeds, which you jointly and severally committed, in the death of the poor, begging, unoffending slave. I will not repeat the disgusting details of the outrage committed; the public are already fully informed, and your own hearts, in every pulsation, repeat them to you. I may be permitted, however, to say to you, and to the people around you, and to the world, that hitherto South Carolina had never witnessed such atrocities: indeed, they exceed all that we are told of savage barbarity. For the Indian, the moment his captive ceases to be a true warrior (in the sense in which he understands it) and pleads for mercy, no longer extends his suffering — death, speedy death, follows. But you, for a night and part of the succeeding day, rioted in the sufferings and terrors of the poor negro, and at length your ferocious dogs, set-on by you, throttled and killed him, as they would a wild beast. Can't you hear his awful death cry, "Oh, Lord!" If you cannot hear it, the Lord of Hosts heard and answered it. He demanded then, and now, from you, the fearful account of blood!

You have met with the fearful consequences of the infamous business in which you were engaged — hunting runaways with dogs, equally fierce and ferocious as the Spanish bloodhounds.

With one of you, (Motley) there could have been no excuse. Your father, young man, is a man of wealth, reaped and gathered together by a life of toil and privation; that the son of such a man should, be found more than a hundred miles from home, following a pack of dogs, in the chase of negro slaves, through the swamps of the louver country, under a summers sun, shows either a love of cruelty, or of money, which is not easily satisfied. To the other prisoner, Blackledge, it may be that poverty and former devotion to this sad business, might have presented some excuses.

The Scriptures, young men, with which, I fear, you have not been familiar, declare, as the law of God, "Thou shalt not kill." This divine statute, proclaimed to God's own prophet, amid the lightning and thunder of Sinai, was predicated of the law, previously given to Noah, after one race of men had

perished. "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: For in the image of God made he man," In conformity with these divine demands, , is the law of the Stale under which you have been condemned. No longer is the blood of the slave to be paid for with money; no longer is the brutal murderer of the negro to go free! "Life for life" is demanded, and you, poor, guilty creatures, have the forfeit to pay! A long experience as a lawyer and a judge makes it my duty to say to you and to the people all around you, *never have I known the guilty murderer to go free!* If judgment does not overtake him in the hall of justice, still the avenger of blood is in his pursuit: still the eye, which never slumbers nor sleeps, is upon him, will in some unexpected moment the command goes forth "cut him down," and the place "which once knew him shall know him no more forever." Since your trial, one of the witnesses, much censured for participation in some of your guilty deeds-, has been suddenly cut off from life.

I say to you young men "you must die." Do not trust ill hopes of executive clemency. It seems to me, however much the governor's heart may bleed to say "no" to your application, he will have to say it. Prepare yourselves, therefore, as reasonable, thinking, accountable men, for your fate. Search the Scriptures — obtain repentance by a godly sorrow for sin. Struggle night and day for pardon. Remember Christ the Saviour came to save sinners, the chief of sinners. Learn that you are such, and he will then declare to you that, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, although they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The sentence of the law is, that you be taken to the place whence you last came, thence to the jail of Colleton district; that you be closely and securely confined until Friday, the third day of March next, on which day, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, you and each of you will be taken, by the Sheriff of Colleton district, to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck, till your bodies be dead, and may God have mercy on your souls.

The newspaper account recount the final act:

As the day of execution approached the sheriff reported to the governor that he baa been offered a large sum of money (correctly stated to have been \$ 50,000), to permit the prisoners to escape, and that he had reason to believe that an armed force was being organized for their rescue, either at the jail or the gallows. On receiving the report of the sheriff at Columbia, the capital. Gov. Manning proceeded to Charleston and ordered out the 4th brigade of state militia, the strongest and best equipped and best drilled in the state, consisting of about 5000 rank and file, and composed of infantry .cavalry and artillery. He marched across the country at the bead of the brigade, a distance of about 4o miles, to Waterloo, and stationed it at the jail.

As the condemned men had held good social position, and were in possession of wealth, with a large number of relatives active in their behalf, it is not surprising that despite their horrible crime a petition signed by many thousand persons was laid before the governor appealing to him to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life. One petition that was deemed by its signers to be special the election then pending, was signed by a majority of the legislature, then in session.

The governor maintained his high resolve that justice should take its course, in accordance with the known maxim that, guided his life; "Do your duty, and leave the consequences to God;" On the day appointed for the execution the prisoners were conducted to the scaffold by a strong military escort, the brigade forming a hollow square around it. The three murderers [actually two; Rowell may have died before the trial] were duly hanged, and so the justice and the civilization of the state vindicated.

But was it? Because he refused to grant clemency, Gov. John Lawrence Manning was defeated in the next election, 1854.

As Northerners said, the everyday cruelties of slavery, the beatings and whippings, which were almost never punished even if they ended in death, accustomed the murderers to regard slaves as not human, as mere animals to be hunted for sport.

Newbold Lawrence



Newbold Lawrence



Newbold Lawrence (1809-1885) was my wife's third great grand uncle. He was the son of John Burling Lawrence (1774-1844; my wife's fourth great-grandfather) and Hannah Newbold (1732-1832). He married Anna Hough Trotter (1821-1893) of Philadelphia. She was the daughter of Joseph Trotter (1783-1853), president of the Bank of Philadelphia.



JOSEPH TROTTER
President of the Bank of Pennsylvania
From a portrait hanging in the dining room at 45 East 29th Street, when decorated for a
Christian Dinner.

*The portrait of Joseph Trotter
over the mantle at the 29th St house.*

Newbold spent the summers of his childhood at Forest Hill, the house that his father Joseph had built. It was perfect for shooting. The property is now at 133rd St and Riverside Drive.



FOREST HILL — RESIDENCE OF JOHN B. LAWRENCE ON THE HUDSON RIVER

Forest Hill

Newbold and Anna moved into 45 East 29th Street in Manhattan in 1851. It was a three story brick row house on what had recently been farm land. They both lived there during the winter season until they died.





The parlor at Christmas

The Lawrences had a Home Dramatic Society. The year 1876 saw these productions:

PRIVATE THEATRICALS	
Wednesday Evening, February 16, 1876	
PROGRAMME	
"ICI L'ON PARLE FRANCAIS"	
SCENE A Fashionable Watering Place	
CAST	
MAJOR REGULUS RATTAN	<i>Mr. J. L. Lawrence</i>
VICTOR DUBOIS	<i>Mr. R. M. L. Welsh</i>
MR. SPRIGGINS	<i>Mr. N. T. Lawrence</i>
MRS. SPRIGGINS	<i>Miss H. N. Lawrence</i>
ANGELINA, (their Daughter) . . .	<i>Miss Caroline Lester</i>
JULIA, (Wife of Major Rattan) . . .	<i>Miss E. R. Welsh</i>
ANNA MARIA (Maid of all work)	<i>Miss A. T. Lawrence</i>
PROGRAMME	
"POPPING THE QUESTION"	
A Farce in One Act	
CAST	
MR. PRIMROSE	<i>Mr. J. W. Welsh</i>
HENRY THORNTON	<i>Mr. P. Wisner</i>
MISS BIFFIN	<i>Miss C. T. Lawrence</i>
MISS WINTERBLOSSOM	<i>Miss Alice Crawford</i>
BOBBIN	<i>Miss S. N. Lawrence</i>
ELLEN MURRAY	<i>Miss H. N. Lawrence</i>
Time—Year 1789	



SCENE FROM "POPPING THE QUESTION"
Miss Winterblossom and Miss Biffin.



SCENE FROM "POPPING THE QUESTION"
Miss Ellen Murray and her maid Bobbin.

The house remained in the family at least until the 1920s. The daughter, Caroline (1852-1937), was the last inhabitant; she never married.



Caroline in the Quaker wedding dress of her grandmother Ann Hough.

A surprise party was given one evening to the unmarried daughter who still lived in the house. Gifts of silver were presented to her, that she might have a share in the generosity brought forth at the marriages and anniversaries of the other sisters.

The last family function was held in 1924, a wedding reception for a granddaughter.

It was an old fashioned party to suit the house, illuminated only by candle light and gay with flowers. As the bride and groom descended the staircase their departure was in the midst of a shower of rose petals, which afterward lay inches deep on the floor!

Newbold and his brother Alfred developed the area that became Cedarhurst and Lawrence. They had to have a railroad built to the area, it was so remote. There also Newbold built his country house, which the family frequented during the summers.

Lawrence summer home in Lawrence, Long Island

One holiday, July 4, 1877, was commemorated in a poem by C.T. L. (Caroline Trotter Lawrence). It begins

On the bright morn of July fourth,
A party numbering ten set off,
Full of fun and right good will,
Meaning to prove their crabbing skill
Sat "Old White Bridge," and from its side
To drop their lines in the rising tide.
This party now of which I tell,
Was first led off by N.T. L. [Newbold Trotter Lawrence]
Who carried, basket, net and bait,
For ready use the crabs t'await.

The poem goes on at length, and concludes

Much more indeed the Muse could tell
Of a day we'll all remember well.
Yet now methinks her lengthy song,
Should finish ere the break of dawn;
And may it prove a pleasant ending
To the happy hours we've all been spending.

Newbold Trotter Lawrence I and II

Newbold Trotter Lawrence I

Newbold Trotter Lawrence, my wife's first cousin four times removed, was born on May 6, 1855. His parents were Newbold Lawrence and his mother Anna Hough Trotter. Both were Quakers, but his father was Orthodox and mother was Hicksite, so they had married in Episcopal church in 1851. Newbold Trotter was the nephew of the ornithologist George Newbold Lawrence.

Newbold Trotter attended a private school, where he befriended Harold Herrick, who later names Lawrence's' Warbler after him. Newbold Trotter had an early interest in birds and collected 600 skins, which were left to the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. He became a Fellow of the American Ornithological Union.

Newbold Trotter attended New York University one year, and then became Real estate agent with H. H. Camman and Company. He later became an independent agent and developer. He developed his 125 acre estate in Lawrence into summer homes, and served as the treasurer of St John's Episcopal Church in Lawrence. He also helped found and served as treasurer for the Rockaway Hunt Club.

In November 1887 he married Isabelle Gillet (1860-1904) of Baltimore in the Church of the Incarnation in New York.

Newbold Trotter hunted in eastern Canada, visited Europe with his wife. Otherwise his life was quiet.

The season of 1895 found the couple at Saratoga.

Newbold Trotter died August 14, 1929 in Antwerp, where he was visiting his son who was serving as an agent for a steamship line.

The rare Lawrence's Warbler, in the wild [here](#).

Newbold Trotter Lawrence II

Newbold Trotter Lawrence II (my wife's second cousin three times removed) was born on January 9, 1893. He was in the class of 1912 at St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire and entered the Naval Academy. There in 1913 he was a victim of a hazing incident and got into a fight. His tormentor, James. C. Cook was expelled. For "humiliating" Lawrence. In 1916 Lawrence won the second prize in sailing and received a monocular.

Immediately after graduation he married Mary Evelyn Cromwell (1893-1968) at the Baltimore Cathedral at 6 P. M. on June 7, 1916. Cardinal Gibbons presided. The reception was at Ingleside, the Cromwell's estate.

During World War I Lawrence was in the submarine service out of Bantry, Ireland. He resigned in 1920 and became a Merchant Marine officer until 1922. He then went to work for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and left them in 1924 to work for the United States Lines. He was general manager from 1937, then became assistant vice president and vice president while the S.S. United States was under construction.

His son Richard remembers that

My Dad, Newbold Lawrence was the VP of Operations for the U S Lines, and this afforded me the opportunity to take weekend trips from Baltimore on the Night Boat to Newport News VA to crawl all over the Big U while building. It further gave me the opportunity to visit the ship often when in New York. I remember the special dinners on the ship when Chef Bismark would make me a special plate of petit fours to take home with me. I spent hours in the engine room with the Chief and his Lts.

I made all the trips with my Dad when the ship returned to Newport News for her annual dry docking. My two prize gifts were Commodore Anderson's sextant as a graduation gift when I graduated from NYSMC, and our honeymoon round trip on the Big U to Liverpool and return.

Newbold Trotter II also served as President of Maritime Association of the Port of New York and headed the American efforts in Lifeboat Races. He retired in 1958 to his home in Lloyd Harbor and died November 18, 1968.

Paul Gibert Thebaud Sr. and the Servant Problem

The Thebaud family is distantly related to the Alexandres. The wealthy Catholic families of New York tended to intermarry, just as the Quaker families did. Paul Gibert Thebaud Sr. (1866-1925) was the husband of sister-in-law of the great grandmother of my wife. Paul Sr. married Mathilde Eugenie Reynal on June 16, 1889 in St. Francis Xavier. It was a spectacle:

The white marble altar was covered with candles; twenty priests in rich vestments and a hundred choristers thronged the chancel; the Archbishop [Corrigan] in vestments of white and gold and wearing his jeweled mitre, performed the ceremony, while the bridal procession, composed of twelve ushers, twenty bridesmaids, and the bride, leaning on her father's arm, swept up the broad centre aisle to the superb wedding march from Lohengrin, rendered by a full string orchestra with organ accompaniment.

The bride's dowry was \$1,000,000 (\$26,000,000 in 2015 dollars) and she also received 300 presents from the 3,000 guests:, including a complete dinner service in gold and silver.

Mathilde was the sister of Nathaniel Reynal, the second husband of Sarah Caldwell (my wife is descended from her first husband, Nathaniel Rutter), and that is one way my wife is related to the Reynals, about whom much will be said in later blogs.

A distant relationship, but the families kept up contact, and a Mrs. Thebaud was the godmother of my wife's uncle Teddy. When, as a child, he received a present from her, he asked his mother, "Who is 'the bawd'?"

Paul Sr. was a commission merchant with the firm Paul G. and Paul L. Thebaud, which had been founded as Bouchard, Thebaud and Co. in 1789. Paul Sr. did well for himself. A taste for big houses runs through all the family He had a town house on Madison Avenue, and decided to build a mansion in White Plains. While he was building it he stayed in White Plains, with friends, the Howard Willets.

There a crime, which sounds like it had been plotted by P.G. Woodhouse, affected the tranquility of the Thebauds.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kern, Sr., a Swiss couple, worked for the Thebauds. Their son, Edward Jr. was visiting them and caught Mr. Thebaud's eye. Edward was hired as Thebaud's valet. The elder Kern had spent a year in the Tombs in 1895-1896 for swindling. Kern was also a small time crook. He had been convicted of forgery in Switzerland and under the name of Emil Brown he served a year for forgery. All of this was of course unknown to the Thebauds.

Edward Kern, Jr.

Kern had met the wife of a French waiter, the lovely Madame Marie Pollion, in Switzerland in 1896.

They both ended up in New York, and resumed the affair. But he needed some cash to finance the escapade. After working a few weeks at the Thebauds, he knew that Mrs. Thebaud had a fortune in jewels.

On Saturday December 28, 1901, the Thebauds went to visit Willets in White Plains. Kern accompanied them, but returned to the city on the pretense of having forgotten the razors. He emptied the strongbox, which contained mostly stickpins (275 of them), but did not find the main jewels.

Kern put the jewels in a satchel, caught the 11:30 PM train to White Plains and fell asleep. Mr. Thebaud was also in town and boarded the same train and got into the same car. He saw Kern asleep with a satchel at his feet. Thebaud thought he should teach Kern a lesson about being careless, so he had a trainman hide the satchel. When Kern woke up, he explained to Thebaud that he had forgotten the razors and had returned to get them. He was horrified to discover the satchel missing. Thebaud gave him a reproof and handed the satchel back to Kern – the satchel, Thebaud later realized that contained his stolen stickpins.

Kern then took the other jewels, a pear-shaped diamond (worth \$20,000 then, \$500,000 in 2015 dollars) and a pearl (\$15,000 then, \$350,000 in 2015 dollars). On Sunday morning he feigned illness and was allowed to take the Willets' horse and buggy to the station to get a train to see a doctor.

The Thebauds and the Willets went to mass. By the afternoon Kern had not returned, and Mrs. Thebaud looked for her jewels, and discovered her diamond and pearls were missing although a brooch valued at \$50,000 (\$1,500,000 in 2015 dollars) was still there. She called the Madison Avenue townhouse, and the housekeeper discovered that the strong box was empty and the jewels gone.

The Thebauds called the police. A disconsolate Mr. Edward Pollion also came to the police. His neighbors had told him that his wife had run away with a young man, a valet, who had been a frequent visitor when Mr. Pollion was not home. Mrs. Pollion had not known (she later claimed) about the theft, but she agreed to go to a pawnshop with Kern and claim the jewels were hers. They got \$700, all the cash the pawnbroker had on Sunday, on jewels valued at 30,000 and planned to escape to Switzerland. The police tracked and arrested Mrs. Pollion as she was biding farewell to friends. She had both her and Kern's clothes with her. The pawnbroker, as soon as he had seen the account of the robbery, had called the police, police went to the pawnshop and recovered most of the the jewels that had been stolen.

The police identified Mrs. Pollion, Edward Kern, Sr. and Edward Kern, Jr. from the Rogues Gallery.

Kern met two fellow criminal, one of whom had met him at a race track and recognized him as the thief of the Thebaud jewels. Kern

pled for silence and promised to split the loot. They traveled under assumed names, Theodore Manners (Kern), A. P. Howe, and P. Mars.

The three checked into a hotel in New Orleans. When Kern/Manners was out one evening, the other two asked that their trunks be brought down and checked out of the hotel. They later said they planned to have Kern file a claim for stolen property and get money from the hotel, but they either did not inform Kern of this plan or he forgot it – or, of course, they were lying. They went to two train stations to try to get a train out of town, but they were too late. They rowed a skiff across the Mississippi to Gretna and waited to catch the first morning train.

Meanwhile Manners-Kern returned to the hotel and discovered his fellow crooks and the loot gone. He reported the theft to the police. The police searched for the thieves, and a newsboy in Gretna reported two men were acting suspiciously. The police arrived and arrested them and informed Manners-Kern that he could come to reclaim his possessions. He was reluctant.

When he confronted the other two, one said “You have turned us in, you scoundrel.” He told the police: “This is Edward Kern, valet and thief, who robbed Paul Thebaud in New York.” The police looked in the valise and found \$2,500 of jewelry which matched the description of the Thebaud jewels. Kern insisted he was Theodore Manners from Chicago.

Paul Thebaud and one of New York’s finest, Detective Kelly, arrived in Gretna to identify Kern and reclaim the jewels. Rumor had gotten around that Thebaud had offered a \$10,000 reward for the jewels, but this was only a rumor. The sheriff refused to release Kern until Thebaud forked over the \$10,000, and Thebaud refused to do that, because he had never promised it. Negotiations followed, and Thebaud made a gift of \$250 to the Gretna police department.

Thebaud returned to New York, and Kelly and Kern were waiting in the train station to get the through train when Kelly spotted two pickpockets whom he knew, and lit off after them. He collared one immediately, and chased the other for half a mile before he collared him.

Kern pleaded guilty in April 1902 and got four and a half years in Sing Sing. The comrades who had gone off with his trunk were charged with theft, on the principle that thief one had priority over thief two. In June 1902 Kern tried to get them off by claiming that he had instructed them to take the trunk out of his room and meet him in Atlanta, where they were to divide the spoils or return his property. The judge was not impressed, and sentenced the two to three years of hard labor. After early release from Sing Sing, Kern resumed a spectacular career of con artistry , made the mistake of antagonizing William Randolph Hearst, and died in a hotel room after taking cyanide.

To add to the Thebauds’ troubles, at the same time the robbery was occurring the house that they were building caught fire and was totally destroyed. But Thebaud went ahead with new plans and built Hillair, which was completed in 1904.

The Architectural Record had an extended description of Hillair:

The house itself, facing south, is seen a distance of several miles away, and is a fairly true example of Georgian architecture. The plan being symmetrical, a necessity in this style, it has the usual porch, but on the rear or south front, and not at the entrance which is on the north. The material from which "Hillair" is built is Indiana limestone of the gray variety the surface of the walls being of coursed ashlar. The original design shows a house of brick, with the same limestone trim, cornice and columns as now exist. The change to stone enhances the general good appearance, and is in fact more in keeping with the design. The semi-hexagonal "porte-cochere" on the north is a reasonable departure from the Georgian period, and is distinctly eclectic in character, but entirely reasonable in its purpose and form. The classical character of the period is well exhibited in the entablature and columns of the Ionic order, on every side of the house. The owner insisted on a veranda surrounding the entire plan etc. etc. etc.

All was not well in the Thebaud establishment. The firm failed in 1907 because of the failure of a corresponding firm in Central America, although Thebauds' personal fortune was not affected.

In 1907 another catastrophe hit the family, one which I will cover in the blog about Paul Gilbert Thebaud Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Thebaud separated in 1911, and he gave her the house and \$20,000,000 (\$500,000,000 in 2013 dollars). He died in 1925.

Robert William Lawrence, Founder of Tasmanian Botany



Podocarpus lawrencei

Robert William Lawrence (1807–1833), first-born son of William Effingham Lawrence, was born and educated in England. In 1825 he arrived in Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) (per the Elizabeth). He became acquainted with Sir William Jackson Hooker, the Regius Professor of Botany at the University of Glasgow and later director of the Botanical Gardens at Kew in London, from whose friendship he developed a passion as an amateur botanist, sending many specimens from the Colony to Kew, resulting in Hooker's "Flora Tasmaniae" in 1860. Lawrence was Tasmania's first botanist, and introduced Ronald Campbell Gunn to Hooker. The native fuchsia mountain correa was named by Hooker *Correa lawrenciana* in honour of his young protégé.

Lawrence lived in a house "Vermont" which was built for him by his father near Launceston, later moving to his father's estate "Formosa" as overseer. In 1832 he married Anne Wedge (1808-1833) but she died the following year giving birth to their daughter Annie Emily Lawrence. Lawrence died weeks later. Gunn wrote to Hooker: "It is with feelings of the deepest regret I have to communicate to you the death of our mutual friend Mr W. R. Lawrence. This melancholy event took place at Formosa on the night of 18 October last, the day on which he attained his 26th year, and the first anniversary day of his marriage. Twelve months ago poor Lawrence married a young and most amiable Lady, with whom he lived in the most happy state it is possible for mortals to enjoy in this world, and on 2 September last I left them, after a short visit both in the enjoyment of excellent health; next day Mrs Lawrence was safely delivered of a daughter, but from delicacy of constitution, or too sudden an exposure after her confinement, she was in a few days seized with a fever which terminated fatally within a month, – fatally to Lawrence's happiness and peace".

Lawrence died of an apoplectic fit a few weeks later, the coronial jury delivered a verdict of 'died by a visitation of God'. The infant daughter, Annie Emily Lawrence, was raised by her maternal grandparents in Van Diemens Land and later Port Phillip, where she married Monckton Synnot.

References

Born in England on 18 October 1807, died at 'Formosa', Tasmania, on 18 October 1833, possibly due to an epileptic fit.

The first son of a wealthy English merchant, William Effingham Lawrence (1781-1841). The father with his wife and two of Robert's siblings migrated to Van Diemen's Land in 1822-23. He purchased a cutter, the Lord Liverpool, to make the journey. William became an influential landowner near Launceston on granted land.

Robert had stayed in England and followed his family to Tasmania in April 1825. His father built a house, Vermont, for him near the North Esk River where he resided until around June 1832 when he moved to the family estate of Formosa near Cressy to act as overseer of his father's estate.

Recruited by W.Hooker in 1830 as a collector' he forwarded specimens to Kew until 1832. He made the first collections, including the type of *Podocarpus lawrencii*, from the mountains south west of Launceston, the Western Tiers, which rise close behind his family property 'Formosa'. He was instrumental in recruiting Gunn as a collector for Kew. After his untimely death in 1833 his collections were included in Gunn's herbarium; these bear the initials RWL and usually a Lawrence number. His main collection is in K, with some duplicates in G, MANCH, NSW and OXF.

A much longer biography is in Dick Burns' book, Pathfinders in Tasmanian Botany, published by the Tasmanian Arboretum in 2012.

In one of his early letters to Hooker in 1830 he wrote:

"... I have a taste for the science of Botany.
– My knowledge of this science is certainly very slight indeed,
I am a mere learner and without a preceptor but I hope that in time,
by application I shall become as much of a Botanist as to enable me
to be useful to you now if you will accept my services such as they may be."

Plants named in his honour include:

Correa lawrenciana (1834)

The genus *Lawrencella* (1839) with two arid Australian paper-daisy species

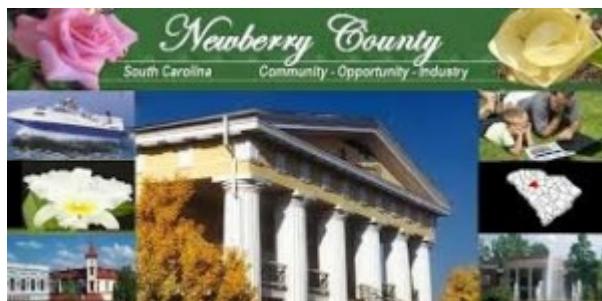
The genus *Lawrenция* (1840) with 16 Australian species in the Malvaceae

Podocarpus lawrencei (1845)

Spyridium lawrencei (1863)

Deyeuxia lawrencei (1940) a grass now presumed extinct.

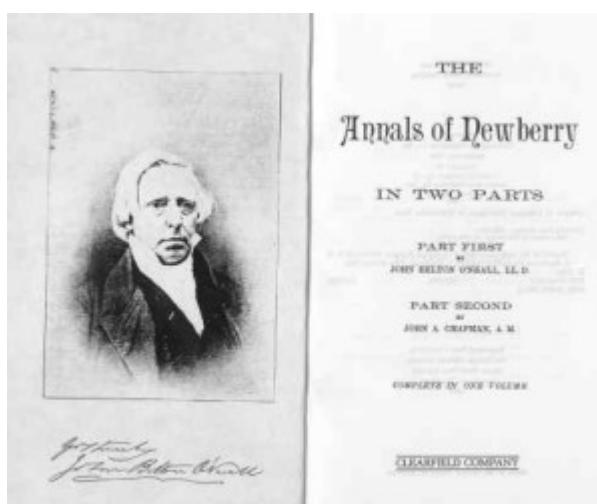
The Annals of Newberry I



The Boyces stem from up-country South Carolina, specifically Newberry. The Boyces were a merry lot and fond of jokes.



Scots-Irish have an undeserved reputation for being dour. ("Smile for the camera, Uncle Angus." "I am smiling.") *The Annals of Newberry* contain many anecdotes which convey the atmosphere of semi-frontier America; one can see where Mark Twain got his material.



The courts tried without much success to maintain their dignity.

A Case of Teddiration

I have heard some other instances of summary punishment, one of which shows the rude manners of the day. In '87 or '87, or thereabouts, a cake baker, known better by the nickname of Billy Behold, than his real name, William English, was engaged in an affray, in front of Coate's house, where the court was in session. The Sheriff and his posse of constables were sent out to suppress it. They seized Billy

Behold, and dragged him in. Unable to get him through the crowd, thronging around the temporary bar, they lifted him up over the heads of the people, and threw him down among the lawyers. He was ordered to gaol. Next morning he made his peace by telling their worships, "behold, behold," he said, "may it please your worships, I was a little tedditated." A strange word, but perhaps a pretty good one to describe drunkenness.

The Button War

Carnes and Shaw were rival lawyers, at the county court bar of Newberry— Carnes was a very large man — Shaw a very small one. Carnes was remarkable for his wit and good humor — Shaw for his pride and petulance. The latter when irritated could make no argument. On one occasion, in a case of some consequence. Carnes had made the opening speech, and sat down. Shaw arose and commenced his argument alongside of Carnes. When standing, the lapel of the coat of the former was just even with that of the latter. Large buttons, and straight-breasted coats were then the rage. Carnes buttoned a button or two of Shaw's coat into his, snatched up his hat, jumped up in a great hurry, and walked to the door, dragging, apparently without noticing it, poor Shaw after him. At the door, he affected to have discovered it, for the first time, and looking down at him with apparent surprise, he exclaimed, "Brother popcorn, what mischievous rascal hitched you to me?" The ruse had the effect intended. Shaw, when released, was so enraged he could not make his speech.

The Annals of Newberry IV

In this vale of tears, life is full of disappointments. The inconsiderate governor of South Carolina inflicted a severe one upon the good citizens of Newberry.

A man named Graham once stole a negro, at that time a capital offence, from Joseph Caldwell, but he was soon caught and lodged in jail. A crazy negro man by the name of Rob, belonging to Patrick Caldwell, had been in jail some time for safe keeping before Graham was put in.

After Graham had been in jail awhile, Rob asked him one day why he did not get out. His reply was that he did not know how.

Rob then told him that when Coates came in with his supper he must have both hands full of sand and stand behind the door, watch his chance and, after Coates had opened the door and entered the room, just as he turns around to close it, to throw the sand into his eyes.

Graham did so. Coates dropped the candle and supper to get the sand out of his eyes, and Graham passed around him and made his escape.

Rob was so glad that he got out and made his escape that he yelled as loud as he could for Graham to go it! And kept it up until quite a crowd of men collected at the jail to see what was the matter.

After his escape Graham went to a little island in Broad River, where he was soon discovered, and Mr. Joseph Campbell sent a negro man to the island to bring him out. He was taken back to jail, tried at the next term of court, pleaded guilty, and sentenced by the judge to be hanged on a certain day,

When the day came around a great many people went to see him hang. H. H. Kinnard, the Sheriff, took him to the gallows, put the cap on him. The spectators looking to see him swing in a few minutes, to their great surprise his pardon, or rather commutation of sentence, was read by the Sheriff under the gallows with his cap on.

Then the cap and rope were removed and the Sheriff gave him a very severe whipping and told him he had to leave the State.

After it was all over and Graham was discharged, men came galloping into town cursing, and swearing that they had ridden twenty miles to see him hang and the Sheriff would not hang him.

(I wonder how you “steal a negro,” unless he wants to be stolen. And what do you do with him after you have stolen him? And why was it a capital offense?)

The Bishop and The Heiress

As a harmless amusement, to distract my thoughts from the perennially depressing revelations about sexual abuse and corruption in the Church, I took up working out the genealogy of my family. Some pleasant surprises on my side: a staunch Confederate, and a soldier who was on the muster rolls at Valley Forge. Also indirect relationship, but real and traceable, to Lady Beatrice Weasel, King Alfred, and best of all, Lady Godiva.

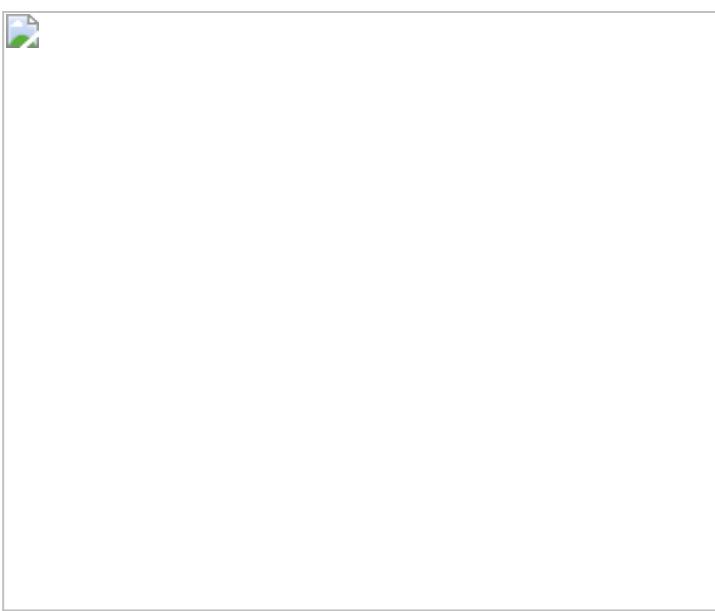
My wife's family had some very successful industrialists, such as the great-grandfather who invented the open hearth process for making steel and built blast furnaces all over the world, naming many of them (to the puzzlement of historians) after his daughter Lucy, a woman of forceful personality. Others were classic American stories: from ticket agent to president of the New York Central Railroad, from cabin boy to owner of a steamship line. Another ancestor was James Caldwell, an English actor who came to the United States in the early nineteenth century. He played Romeo in the theater in Fredericksburg, Virginia; during the death scene the widow Wormeley sighed and fainted. One thing led to another, and over the opposition of all her relatives, she married him, producing a son, William Shakespeare Caldwell. Having dipped his toe into the gene pool of the First Families of Virginia, James Caldwell returned to the theater in New Orleans where awaited his mistress, a Jewish actress by the name of Margaret Abrams. My wife (to the consternation of her mother) is descended from that activity on the wrong side of the sheets. So far, so good. Hot stuff. Caldwell made a fortune lighting first his theater and then the cities of New Orleans, Mobile, Memphis, and Cincinnati with gas.

Shake Caldwell (as William Shakespeare was known), went to the University of Virginia, and married another FFV maiden, producing two daughters, Mary Gwendolin and Mary Eliza (these are my wife's first cousins, three times removed). The Caldwells, I gather, may have been from a Catholic (if somewhat sexually irregular) background, because he and his wife prayed to Mary for children, which is why they were both named Mary. The mother died; the father, although he had already established the Little Sisters of the Poor in Richmond, postponed becoming a Catholic until just before his death, when he was baptized. He left the daughters in the care of Irish Catholics he had met in New York. They turned over the care of the daughters to the thirty-two-year-old Father John Spalding, nephew of Archbishop Martin Spalding of Baltimore. Mary Gwendolin was eleven and Mary Eliza nine. John Spalding was chaplain at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Manhattanville, and took over their education, travelling with Mary Gwendolin to such an extent that it caused gossip. He became trustee of their estate.

John Lancaster Spalding (1840-1916)

Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, Marquise des Monstiers-Mérinville

At the age of twenty-one, Mary Gwendolin, under the guidance of now-Bishop Spalding of Peoria, purchased the land in Washington D. C. for the Catholic University of America and gave money for the erection of Caldwell Hall. She was honored by Pope Leo XIII for her generosity and received the Laetare Medal from Notre Dame in 1899. Mary Gwendolin's wealth attracted the attention of Joachim Napoleon Murat, the heavily-indebted grandson of the King of Naples; he wanted half her wealth as her dowry, so he could pay off his gambling debts. She said no dice. Instead she married a French marquis, Bishop Spalding presiding. It did not work out; they separated, and she pensioned the Marquise off so he wouldn't divorce her, which would cause her to lose her title, Marchioness des Monstiers-Mérinville.



Caldwell Hall, Catholic University

Her sister Mary Eliza gave the money for Caldwell chapel. In it, with Bishop Spalding presiding, she married a German baron who was killed when Kaiser William's yacht ran into his yacht during a regatta, leaving her the Baroness von Zedtwitz, with a four-month-old boy who became the bridge champion of the world. Spalding became the boy's guardian.

Mary Gwendolin then became ill, and in 1901 revealed a dark secret to her sister: that she had been sexually involved with Spalding for twenty years, that is, it started when she was nineteen. There were scenes. He was up to be made Archbishop of Chicago, but the Vatican investigated and instead made him retire at age sixty-eight. In 1904 both sisters publicly renounced Catholicism, although not directly accusing Spalding. Privately Mary Elizabeth called Spalding “a whitened sepulcher,” “a liar,” a “sensual hypocrite,” of “a private life of iniquity and license” and “a very atheist and infidel.” She offered to come to Rome with witnesses to testify against Spalding, whom she had known “intimately” (her emphasis). Both sisters were denounced by Catholics as sick, crazy, spoiled rich girls who threw tantrums and made wild accusations when life didn’t turn out the way they wanted.

In her own defense, Mary Elizabeth, under her title of Baroness von Zedtwitz, wrote a short book, *The Double Doctrine of the Church of Rome*. She condemned the Jesuits, the doctrine of probabilism, equivocation, and the sexual failings of a supposedly celibate clergy.

In the 1950s, while he was writing a dissertation under the guidance of the John Tracy Ellis, the Franciscan priest David Sweeney discovered these allegations about John Spalding. Ellis did not believe the allegations, so they were simply suppressed, and the dissertation became the standard biography, *The Life of John Lancaster Spalding*. Andrew Greeley later claimed Sweeney and Ellis suppressed incriminating evidence. C. Walker Gollar, the great great nephew of Bishop John Spalding, in 1995 published an article in the *Catholic Historical Review*, “The Double Doctrine of the Caldwell Sisters,” defending Spalding, implying that illness and disappointment had driven the sisters mad. Poor Spaulding had his career ruined, absolutely ruined by these crazy, hysterical women – mere women. Gollar in a later article examined Ellis’s decision to suppress what Gollar thinks are false charges against Spalding.

But:

- Neither the interviews the sisters gave nor the book (available online) sound irrational.
- It is hard to explain their bitterness unless something terrible had happened to them or they had discovered something terrible. The sisters were not naïve; they were women of the world, and would not have been scandalized by rumors that a priest in a Roman suburb

might have a mistress. Mary Gwendolin could not have publicly accused Spalding, without also ruining herself.

- When Mary Elizabeth threatened to make the abuse public if Spalding were appointed archbishop of Chicago, Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco wrote to Denis O'Connell, the Rector of the Catholic University: “You must advise the B[aroness] for the sake of her family and especially for the sake of her child to say no more about it to anyone. He [Spalding] has no chance for the promotion.”
- Archbishop Riordan looked into the charges and wrote to Rome “I had hoped he was innocent but I am now satisfied he is guilty.” Riordan later changed his mind for unspecified reasons.
- Bishop Frederick C. Rooker of the Philippines in 1904 wrote a letter in which he called Spalding “a brazen villain.”
- Enough officials in the Vatican believed the charges to block Spalding’s promotion. This at least shows that Spalding’s behavior was not considered either common or acceptable. But the hierarchy’s sole concern was to prevent scandal, which they interpreted to mean damage to the reputation of the clergy. They showed no concern for the tragedies and possible betrayal the Caldwell sisters had experienced.
- The tendency of historians and journalists and church officials to protect powerful men at the expense of the women they have injured also fits a general pattern.
- Spalding’s defenders (mostly the Spalding family) claim that Mary Gwendolin was mad at him because she wanted an annulment and he wouldn’t arrange it; but she had pensioned off the Marquis so he wouldn’t divorce her.
- Spalding lied about never being a trustee but documents show he was appointed by the court.
- Even if the sexual relationship began when Mary Gwendolin was an adult, it was abusive, adulterous, and quasi-incestuous, as Spalding functioned as her guardian and father. It was not an “affair,” as some historians have called it. Moreover, abuse victims usually cannot admit the worst, so the abuse may well have started when she was a child.
- The relationship of Mary Gwendolin and Spalding fits the classic pattern of Stockholm syndrome. The perpetrator keeps the victim psychologically off-balance by sudden changes from kindness to abuse. The victim feels that the only hope for safety is pleasing the perpetrator. If the victim is fortunate, she or he may suddenly snap out of the trance and realize that she or he has been induced to live in fantasy-nightmare world that the perpetrator has created.

If the allegations of the sisters are true, and the great preponderance of the evidence points in that direction, the Catholic University of America was founded by Spalding, who was, according to the sisters, a sexual abuser and an atheist, with the money of the woman he had abused.

Mary Gwendolin died at forty-five and Mary Elizabeth at forty-four. The Caldwell sisters were buried in a secular cemetery, not in their father's grave in the Catholic cemetery in Louisville. On their monument stands the inscription: *You shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free.*

The Church of the Holy Communion

To return to the life and times of the Reverend Francis Effingham Lawrence.

The Church of the Holy Communion

As our never-failing source Wikipedia says:

The [Gothic Revival](#) church building was constructed in 1844-1845 according to a design by [Richard Upjohn](#), and was [consecrated](#) in 1846. In 1853 Upjohn completed the Parish House and [Rectory](#) on West 20th Street, and in 1854 he built the Sister's House.^[1] The design of the church, which features [brownstone](#) blocks chosen for placement at random, made the church "one of the most influential buildings of the 19th century". It was:

[the] first asymmetrical Gothic Revival church edifice in the United States ... Upjohn designed the building to resemble a small medieval English parish church ... The church's founder, the Reverend [William Muhlenberg](#), a leader of the evangelical Catholic within the Episcopal Church, was closely involved with the design

...

Muhlenberg believed that the Gothic style was "the true architectural expression of Christianity."

Another source elaborates:

Land was procured on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and West 20th Street, at that time a second-rate residential district surrounded by fields. On July 25, 1844, the cornerstone was laid for a church designed by Richard Upjohn and built from 1844-1846. Upjohn's small building resembled a small medieval English parish church and was noted for being the first asymmetrical rustic Gothic Revival edifice in the United States, a design that would be copied by many churches throughout the country. Dr. Muhlenberg, a leader in the evangelical Catholic movement of the Episcopal Church, was closely involved with the design, suggesting the use of transepts and other features that were more typical of Roman Catholic churches.

Richard Upjohn (1802-1878) designed Trinity Church on Wall Street. It is formal and symmetrical.

Trinity before the canyons were built.

But he made the Church of the Holy Communion asymmetrical and less elaborate, presumably in keeping with Muhlenberg's desire to welcome both rich and poor, like the village churches of England. The asymmetrical tower inspired numerous Episcopal churches in the United States.

This view romantically portrays the location of the church as it should have been.

This is the church as it in fact was in the 1860s.

Here is an older view, probably in the heyday of the church.

Here you can see how Upjohn used brownstone to give an informal, rustic effect.

And how it looks today.

Here is the interior in 1946.

Muhlenberg, like the Ritualists of England, used Catholic paraphernalia to appeal to the poor, who found bare churches and hour-long Calvinist sermons a touch on the cold side. He thought that the poor should be served with grace and beauty.

The Church of the Holy Communion was the first church to use flowers on the altar, and after the Easter service the congregation in procession brought the flowers to the sick in the hospital the church had founded. This seems to have been the origin of the New York custom of the Easter Parade. Other churches took up the custom of Easter flowers; as Francis Lawrence said in thus funeral sermon of 1877, it was – “a practice now indeed carried to such a silly and wasteful extreme, many churches seeming rather flower-shops at Easter than Sanctuaries of the Almighty, that he almost regretted that he had introduced the custom.”

And the Easter Parade no longer was in service to the poor:

**In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter parade.
I'll be all in clover and when they look you over,
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter parade.
On the avenue, Fifth Avenue, the photographers will snap us,
And you'll find that you're in the rotogravure.**

Our Troubled Relations, the Churchills



The young Winston

My wife is related by marriage to Winston Churchill (first cousin once removed of the wife of the great-grandfather of my wife), through Jennny Jerome.

Jeanette Jerome (1854 – 1921)
mother of Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill

Leonard Walter Jerome (1817 – 1891)
father of Jeanette Jerome

Isaac Jerome (1786 – 1866)
father of Leonard Walter Jerome

Thomas Atwater Jerome (1810 – 1896)
son of Isaac Jerome

Gertrude Jerome (1853 – 1883)
daughter of Thomas Atwater Jerome

James Henry Alexandre (1848 – 1912)
husband of Gertrude Jerome

Mary Elizabeth Alexandre (1894 – 1970)
daughter of James Henry Alexandre

The Jeromes were extremely prolific, so my wife shares that distinction with several thousand other Americans.

I could say many things about Winston (especially about Operation Keelhaul), but here I would like to point point that being a member of a famous and aristocratic family is no guarantee of a sane or decent or happy life.

Winston's son Randolph (1911-1968) married as his second wife Jane Osborne. Their daughter was Arabella Churchill (1949-2007), the first

cousin, three times removed, of the wife of the great-grandfather of my wife.

Arabella Churchill



by Hag, bromide print, March
1976

Her life was not especially happy. Wikipedia summarizes:

She went to Fritham School for Girls, where she was Head Girl, and then Ladymede school, near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire. She worked at Lepra, the charity for leprosy sufferers, and then briefly at London Weekend Television.

In 1954 she had appeared on the cover of Life as part of a feature on possible future spouses of Prince Charles. In 1967 she was 'Debutante of the Year,' met the Kennedys and Martin Luther King in America, and was romantically linked with Crown Prince (now King) Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden in 1970. In 1971 she was invited to represent Britain at the Norfolk International Azalea Festival in Virginia, established in 1953 after NATO's Allied command was established there. Each year a NATO country is honoured, and invited to send a beautiful "Azalea Queen" as its ambassador.

Churchill refused to go, indicating in a letter she believed in the goals of the peace movement, and was horrified by the Vietnam War. Chased through London by a surprised press, she left instead for rural Somerset, where she helped lead the first full-scale incarnation of the Glastonbury Festival with Andrew Kerr, Thomas Crimble, Michael Eavis and many others.

During the 1970s she embraced the alternative culture of the time, which included living for a time in a squat but later worked and lived on a farm. She granted a rare interview to Rolling Stone magazine. In 1979 Churchill and Kerr were again in charge of the festival, and from then on her

administration continued alongside Eavis and Kerr, along with the founding and leading of the charity Children's World and work as a fundraiser.

In 1972 she married Jim Barton, and in 1973 had a son, Nicholas Jake. In 1987 she met her second husband, a juggler, Haggis McLeod, and in 1988 they had a daughter, Jessica.

She embraced Tibetan Buddhism through the teachings of Sogyal Rinpoche, author of The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying.^[4]

On Thursday 20 December 2007, Churchill died at St Edmund's Cottages, Bove Town, Glastonbury, Somerset, aged 58. She had suffered a short illness due to pancreatic cancer, for which she had refused chemotherapy and radiotherapy. Arrangements following her death respected her Buddhist faith, and included a parade and simple farewell on the final evening of the Glastonbury Festival in June 2008. Festival organiser Michael Eavis, paying tribute to Churchill after her death, said "Her energy, vitality and great sense of morality and social responsibility have given her a place in our festival history second to none."

James Barton was a schoolteacher. The son Jake has had a troubled life. The *Daily Mail* goes on about the family troubles:

Churchill it was worth everything to fly to Australia to be at her son Jake Barton's wedding. It was the moment for which Sir Winston Churchill's favourite grandchild had long been waiting — the day that Jake, 33, whom she had cheerfully hauled as a baby through squats and hippie communes, was finally settling down. Arabella remembers waving goodbye to him and "my beautiful new daughter-in-law" Kim as she and her husband drove away from the ocean-side resort of Byron Bay towards Brisbane airport.

"The thought of more air travel and jet lag appalled me, but we love Jake and Kim dearly, so Haggis (her second husband, a juggler) and I really felt we had to be at their wedding," she wrote afterwards in a website diary. Perhaps the next piece of family news would be about a baby, her own first grandchild?

When important news came, though, it was anything but joyous. Jake's beachside home had been raided by New South Wales police and he was in custody accused of running a £5 million drugs ring. Today, seven months after that happiest of wedding days, Jake is held in Sydney's Parklea prison and Arabella Churchill's brief dynastic contentment has turned to anguish. Next month, Sir Winston's great-grandson goes on trial and faces a maximum sentence of life imprisonment.

"There is nothing I can say about this," says Arabella, 57, who, as a teenager, would sit and talk with her grandfather,

holding the great wartime leader's hand. "Nothing at all."

Worst of all, for a woman who has devoted much of her life to helping thousands through her Children's World charity (which provides entertainment for children from all backgrounds) is the certain knowledge that, in this grave moment of crisis, her own child is beyond her help.

Australian police allege that Jake Barton ran a major drugs syndicate. They say they seized 250,000 Ecstasy tablets and all the paraphernalia of a large-scale drug-producing operating, including 30lb of MDMA, the powder used to make Ecstasy tablets, and two pill presses. So large is the drugs ring police claim to have smashed that a shortage of Ecstasy supplies in Sydney has been noticed and prices have shot up. The problem of being a Churchill is that the name always attracts attention, but no one in Australia knew that Jake was a scion of that remarkable — and, at times, remarkably troubled — family. Jake kept his dynastic connections to himself.

Jake's arrest is an unimaginable twist in a saga of disappointment that for decades has pursued the descendants of Britain's most lionised leader. Ever in the shadow of Sir Winston, whatever they have done never seems to be enough for them to feel they live up to him. In particular, the great man's son Randolph — Arabella's father — was one of the most famously unpleasant figures in mid-20th century public life. A man of huge political ambition and enormous alcohol consumption, he stood six times for Parliament without success, each failure making him more generally unpleasant. When he had surgery for a benign tumour, Evelyn Waugh remarked that the surgeon had removed "the only part of Randolph that was not malignant". Arabella's half-brother, Winston, 66, did become an MP but was a politician of only modest achievement. If he did achieve any kind of status it was only, according to Soraya Khashoggi, former wife of billionaire Adnan, in bed. But on one occasion at least, being a Churchill certainly helped him out of a little difficulty. Soraya tells how once, during their five-year affair, they were driving along a freeway in America when she started to remove her clothes. She told him: "The faster you go, the more I'll take off. "In no time at all, Winston was doing 100 miles an hour and I had nothing on — which was when we heard the police siren." The punishment? Just a ticking off after the officer examined his driver's licence and satisfied himself he really had stopped Winston Spencer Churchill.

It was the same Winston who created a furore in 1995 by selling the Chartwell Papers, his grandfather's archive, to the nation for £12.5 million, paid for with National Lottery money. Some historians and many of his fellow MPs were outraged because they believed many of the documents should have been the property of the state.

As for Arabella, her early years — post-war years when her grandfather was the hero of the free world — were embellished with Churchillian glamour. In America, she met the Kennedys and Martin Luther King. Jackie Onassis, she recalled, took “an almost aunt-like interest” in her. On the eve of her wedding in 1972, she bumped into the former American First Lady at the hairdressers. As Arabella has recalled: “She said, ‘Darling, I’ve heard about the wedding. May I go to Tiffany and get you a little box or something?’ I said: ‘No, no, I have a wedding list at a shop called Kitchens’ — and she went and bought the rest of the stuff. “My brother Winston thought I’d gone mad, but I couldn’t think what I’d do with a silver box. I was more interested in having a bread board.”

The Churchill girl who had been Deb of the Year in 1967 and whose lunch date with the then Crown Prince (now King) Carl Gustav of Sweden excited the Swedish media to speculate on her as a future Queen, was marrying a bearded, Scots-born teacher, Jim Barton. Arabella had been under an intense media spotlight after declining to be the Azalea Queen at the annual celebration of one of her grandfather’s greatest monuments, Nato. She wrote a pithy letter to the organisers in Norfolk, Virginia, saying that a military organisation using force of arms to impose its view “alarmed and disillusioned” her. In her exasperation about the way the world was going, Arabella was eschewing the conventional gilded Churchillian path through life. She was determined to be herself. One day she just wasn’t around any more: she’d slipped away to join a group of hippies. At Glastonbury, as she and others were founding the music festival in which she is still involved, she met Barton, whose father was a headmaster in Bournemouth.

Enter Jake, born in 1973, not at Blenheim Palace, seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, where his illustrious great-grandfather was born, but on a sheep farm in Wales which Arabella and Jim were running. Barely a year later, Jim Barton had left and his mother was on her own. An extraordinary, not to say eccentric childhood followed, as Arabella, wracked by periods of depression so familiar among the Churchills, drank, took Valium and consulted a clinical psychologist. By the time Jake was three, his mother had moved into a squat in London’s Maida Vale. Ever the organiser, she set up a restaurant in the rooms downstairs, cooking “cheap, wholesome food for my friends”. Her friends? These were 200 other fellow-squatters in the run-down neighbourhood. When she learned that the then Greater London Council was evicting her and Jake from the squat, she burst into tears. “Oh Christ, I’m homeless again,” she sobbed. “What am I going to do now?”

For Jake it was a totally un-Churchillian start in life, but some normality arrived when Arabella’s mother June (Randolph’s second wife, who was to commit suicide at 58 while suffering from cancer) bought her a house in Kensington. Before long

she had let the upper part of the house and was living downstairs with Jake, but spending increasing amounts of time among the hippies in and around Glastonbury. Eventually she moved to the town, sending Jake to St Dunstan's mixed secondary school just behind Glastonbury High Street. He was "a bit of a character, a comedian, but with a wise air about him — the kids looked up to him," recalls one of his contemporaries. "I didn't know until afterwards that he was a member of the Churchill family."

By now — again through the Glastonbury festival — Arabella had met her second husband, Ian 'Haggis' McLeod, a juggler of some renown and 14 years her junior. They have a daughter, Jessica, 17, who is also being educated locally. For Arabella Churchill, life continues to be rather bohemian, based round the New Age mecca of Glastonbury, in a somewhat dilapidated semi with beautiful views over the hills. But with Haggis and Jess, Gracie the dog and cats Rumple and Badger, her Children's World charity and the Glastonbury festival in which she organises three big performance fields for children, life of late was "absolutely lovely" for Arabella.

But then came the news about Jake. "It was," says a family friend, "the most disastrous news she has ever had. "She is speechless with despair. She doesn't know what to think. Deaths in the family, for whatever reason, you come to expect. But not this, not Jake. He's such a lovely boy, and he's always worked hard for a living." Jake, however, has always been a young man without a settled career. At 19, he teamed up with his father, Jim Barton, to form a film company. Three years later, having made no impression on the film world, the company was dissolved. He went to Australia and — encouraged long-distance by Arabella — did a fish-farming course at Launceston University in Tasmania. At the same time, by now in his late 20s, he took out Australian citizenship. After this he moved to Indonesia to work as a pearl farmer. Then he returned to Eastern Australia, surfed, sailed and met Kim.

And then, last June, the New South Wales Special Crimes Unit burst in. Jake is charged, together with his associate, New Zealand-born Rees Gerard Woodgate, 42, with supplying a commercial quantity of Ecstasy. The shock waves have reverberated through the widespread Churchill family whose talents through the generations have encompassed everything from soldiering to literature. The family has always had a melancholic side — Sir Winston called it his "black dog" — but is never short of instant, often dark humour.

"Well, we've done everything else — so what about drug dealing?" quipped one peripheral family figure yesterday, before adding hastily: "But I cannot believe that Jake has done these things. It must be a terrible mistake."

The Australian court, however, on December 20, 2007, had a different opinion:

The great-grandson of Sir Winston Churchill has been sentenced to three years' jail for being part of a multi-million dollar party drug syndicate.

Nicholas Jake Barton, 33, had pleaded guilty in the Downing Centre District Court in Sydney to knowingly taking part in supplying a commercial quantity of a prohibited drug. The judge said it was brought to his attention that Barton was a relative of Sir Winston Churchill.

"The fact that the offender descends from a hero of the 20th century does not affect the penalty I must impose," Justice C.D. Charteris said. Barton, wearing a dark suit, white shirt and silver tie, did not react when the sentence was read.

Justice Charteris said he had to take into account the deterrent value of the sentence to the offender and the community, but Barton's early admission of guilt, added to the fact the Crown did not have a strong case, meant that he considered Barton to have good prospects for rehabilitation. Barton was arrested in June during police raids in Sydney's eastern suburbs, following a three-month investigation.

About 250,000 tablets, 18kg of MDMA – the powder used to make the drug – and two industrial pill presses were confiscated by police. The tablets had a street value of \$12.5 million and the powder was worth \$2.5 million.

Barton admitted that he had sublet a property in South Coogee to a co-defendant, Reese Gerard Woodgate, 42, a New Zealander, who also pleaded guilty. Barton said he then found out Woodgate was involved in the "neferious business" of the manufacturer and distribution of drugs, according to the agreed facts, read out by Justice Charteris. "To my [eternal] regret I did not take any action to stop this," Barton said in a statement read out by the judge. In the statement,

Barton said he regretted bringing disgrace and shame upon his family because of the crime.

Barton was given a 20-month non-parole period in court today, and will be eligible for release next February as he has been in custody since June 2006. Judge Charteris said he was satisfied that Barton had shown remorse and the reason for the short non-parole period was that his mother – Arabella Spencer Churchill, granddaughter of Sir Winston and daughter of his son, Randolph – was terminally ill in the UK with pancreatic cancer and had a life expectancy of between four and five months.

She elected not to have chemotherapy and the judge hoped that Barton would have time to visit her after serving his sentence.

But that was not to be.

Arabella Churchill, charity worker, co-founder of the Glastonbury festival and granddaughter of Sir Winston, died of cancer early yesterday [20 December 2007] – the same day that her son was jailed in Australia for his part in a multi-million pound drug racket.

My son, who for some reason seems to have heard of this case, says that Jake was framed.

Arabella's second husband fourteen years her junior) was colorful: Ian "Haggis" MacLeod.

Haggis and Charlie are a comedy juggling act formed in 1984 by **Haggis McLeod** and **Charlie Dancey**. They learned their skills together at the Walcot Village Hall juggling workshop in Bath, England. Their first performance was a busking show that took place on the waterfront of Bristol Docks. Haggis and Charlie performed regularly on the streets of Bath in their early years together. They have been seen almost every year at Glastonbury Festival and became something of a tradition at the Winchester Hat Fair.

They were also involved in a successful world record attempt on 26 June 1994 when 826 people, juggling at least three objects each, kept 2,478 objects in the air, at Glastonbury Festival.^[1]

For a brief time the duo became a trio, when Pippa Tee joined the act, which was renamed **Haggis & Chips** (short for Haggis & Charlie & Pippa).

Here he is in 2012 doing his routine in Hawaii.

Arabella and Haggis's daughter Jennifer has managed to stay out of the news.

The Many Lives of Jacob Schieffelin

The Schieffelins were from Swabia. Johann Jacob Scheffelin (1702-1750) settled in Philadelphia. His sons Jacob the elder and George, followed him. Jacob the elder married Regina Ritzhauer in 1756, and begot our Jacob, who was born in Philadelphia in 1757. Jacob the elder moved his family to Montreal in 1760. It had just passed into control of the British, and Jacob the elder had a business furnishing supplies to the British.

The Loyalist

In 1775 our Jacob, the younger, (1757-1835) joined the British army at the age of 18 to oppose the American invasion of Canada (one of the more disgraceful incidents in American military history. And we lost). Schieffelin went to Detroit, then a British fort, and ran a store supplying the army. Governor Hamilton of Detroit appointed Jacob to the Detroit Volunteers, giving him the status of an officer.

Schieffelin went with the force that captured Vincennes from the Americans; however, he in turn was captured by the Americans and taken to Virginia. He escaped and made his way to New York speaking French along the way, as the French were allies of the Americans, He reached New York July 19, 1780. There he met [Hannah Lawrence](#), my wife's fourth great grand aunt, and anti-British poetess, arranged to be billeted with her family, and married her August 13, despite Quaker disapproval. They made their way back to Montréal, All this is described in her blog.

While he was in Montreal and Detroit, Jacob had been engaging in business and in real estate speculation, some of which was with the Indians, and therefore illegal under British law. He showed an entrepreneurial spirit which would blossom into a family fortune.

After the end of the American Revolution, Jacob went to London to lobby for benefits for loyalist soldiers. Presumably he met with Effingham Lawrence, the brother of his wife's father. This Effingham had moved to London to engage in the drug business, and was the father of the Effingham whose drug business in Manhattan Jacob would later take over.



The New American

Jacob returned to Montreal with a shipment of goods which he would sell. He had remained on good terms with his American relatives, and in 1794 moved to New York and took over [Effingham Lawrence's](#) drug business on Pearl Street.

When Schieffelin and John Lawrence entered into the drug business, the trade was primarily conducted by wholesale houses in New York and Philadelphia. Before the Revolutionary War, drugs and botanicals had been mostly supplied by the English. By the time of the Revolution, about half of the drug manufacturing in England was controlled by the Quakers. Quaker pharmacists in America had ready access to the latest and most up-to-date information thanks to their coreligionists in England. At the end of the eighteenth century, druggists provided a wide array of medicines, botanical products, cooking spices, surgical supplies, medicine chests, as well items found today in hardware stores — paints and glassware, for example — to general stores, physicians, farmers, plantations, ships, and apothecary shops. Soon after the beginning of the eighteenth century, many druggists and apothecaries had expanded into chemical manufacturing, an activity that accelerated during the Revolutionary War, when, cut off from England, druggists learned new manufacturing techniques to produce the embargoed chemicals.

Jacob was well positioned: he had Quaker contacts, he had British contacts, he had business experience, and he knew how to speculate in real estate. Most of all he had an extended family involved in various businesses.

Manhattanville

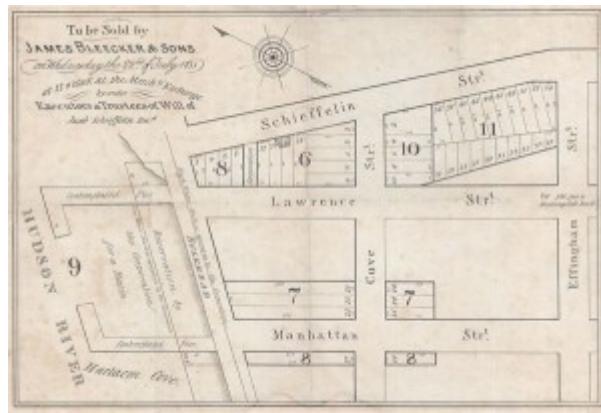
Jacob bought up land in upper Manhattan. He built his country house, Rooka Hall, where 144th St. now joins the Hudson, and sold land to his friend Alexander Hamilton for a country estate.

In 1806 Schieffelin and his brothers-in-law, Thomas Buckley and John B. Lawrence, joined the lands they owned

individually and jointly in northern Manhattan and requested that surveyor Adolphus Loss lay out the plan for Manhattanville, which was incorporated as a village the same year. Manhattanville was organized around a street grid that followed the natural topography of the area, on land that had long been cattle pastures and farms. Harlem Cove formed the heart of the commercial waterfront. Stables, warehouses, icehouses, and factories blossomed along Manhattan Street, which in turn became a major transportation route moving goods from what was then Kingsbridge Road to the Hudson River. *The Public Advertiser* in 1807 described Manhattanville as

a flourishing little town, pleasantly situated near the banks of the Hudson, about eight miles from City-Hall... first projected and laid out twelve months ago by Mr. Schieffelin and others, since which an Academy has been erected, where are taught by persons of superior qualifications, the Latin, French and English Languages... A very excellent public house has been built and opened, together with many private houses and a ferry established to the opposite shore of the North [Hudson] river... and a market is contemplated to be finished in the course of the present summer.

When established, the streets carried the names of Schieffelin, Effingham, Buckley, Lawrence, Hamilton, and Manhattan.



The Schieffelins had six sons and one daughter: Edward Lawrence (1781-1850), Henry Hamilton (1783-1865), Anna Maria (1788-1845) Effingham (1791-1863), Jacob (1793-1880), John Lawrence (1796-1866), and Richard Lawrence (1801-89). These are my wife's first cousins, five times removed.

Jacob Schieffelin died in New York on April 16, 1835 of apoplexy and was buried in the family vault at St. Mary's Church.



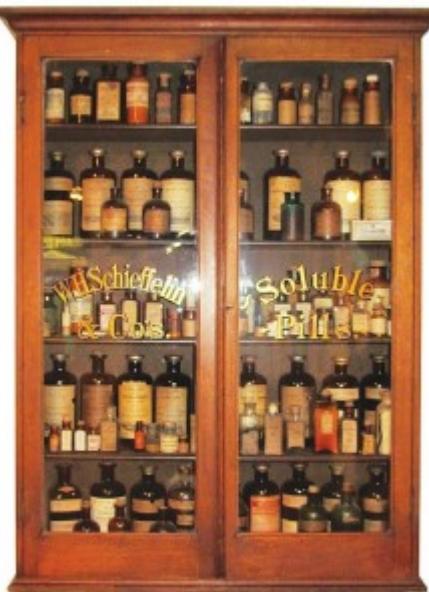
A Very Brief History of the Schieffelin Businesses

Although Hannah was read out of meeting when she married a soldier, Schieffelin remained on close terms with all the Quaker relatives, and the Quakers dominated the drug business in England, possibly because they were trusted, the same quality that gave them an advantage in the finances of New York His partnership with John Lawrence proved successful.

Another Lawrence brother, Richard ran a business on Pearl Street that imported and sold leads, steel, pots, kettles, and other hardware. The success of these businesses encouraged others in the family to open their own firms and in May 1801 two of Schieffelin's sons, Edward L. and Henry Hamilton, purchased the stock of the late Dr. Nicholas S. Bayard and entered into co-partnership at 193 Pearl Street, next door to their father.

In July 1802, Schieffelin expanded his business and was appointed the wholesale and retail agent for P. Paterson, M.D, of London, and began selling Paterson's "restorative vegetable drops" as well as his "nervous cordial pills." In 1803 his son, Edward started selling Glauber's salts — a hydrate of sodium sulfate used widely at the time for its medicinal properties — as well as an antidote to the "dangerous effects of impure wines, otherwise undescribed." Jacob's (3) brother.

J & E Schieffelin & Co., operated out of 179 Pearl Street, where they had taken over the store of James Thomson. In 1805, Jacob and his son Henry joined together under the name Jacob Schieffelin & Son, and announced that the goods in their several warehouses would be of interest to dealers of drugs and medicines "on the continent of America, and the West-Indies."



Following the Civil War, the four Schieffelin brothers retired from active participation in the company. William H. Schieffelin, son of Samuel B. Schieffelin, became the lead partner In 1882, Schieffelin established the finest pharmaceutical laboratory in the United States. It had sales offices located in Chicago and San Francisco, and served Europe through its operations in London, England.

ECPKBM (King1893NYC) pg917 W. H.
SCHIEFFELIN & CO., WILLIAM
AND BEEKMAN STREETS

The Lawrences and then the Schieffelins had always been deeply concerned about drug purity. In 1906 it became the first company in the United States to file proofs of purity to federal regulators, receiving Guaranty Number One. Because of their excellent reputation, the Schieffelins were chosen by Bayer (Farbenfabriken) the distributors for their new drug, aspirin. Bayer also helped Schieffelin introduce another substance to the United States: heroin. The Schieffelins already handled cannabis indica.

The Schieffelins therefore were involved when Congress started to regulate such substances. In 1910 Dr. William Schieffelin, President of the National Druggists Wholesalers' association, testified

So he was at least in part responsible for the problems that stem from including cannabis with opium in that class of controlled substances.

Because of Prohibition, Schieffelin's business would start to specialize in "medicinal" alcohol. It was alcohol intended for medicinal purposes, especially Hennessy Cognac and Moët & Chandon Champagne. Distilled spirits were a traditional remedy for chest pain, but I wonder what champagne was prescribed for. In 1962 the company gave up pharmaceuticals for alcohol.

In 1980, Moët-Hennessy acquired Schieffelin. In 1987, Moët-Hennessy reached an agreement to merge Schieffelin with Somerset Importers Ltd., owned by Guinness.

The new company specializes in high end products:

Dom Perignon

Moët & Chandon

Oban

Johnnie Walker

Tanqueray Gin

Grand Marnier

So many thanks to the Lawrences, especially various Effinghams, for helping to establish business that has contributed mightily to the happiness quotient of the United States.

Malt does more than Milton can

To justify the ways of God to man.

Not to mention heroin and cannabis.

Acknowledgments to Susan Lukesh, “[Jacob Schieffelin, the Philadelphia-born son of a German immigrant businessman, engaged in furnishing stores and provisions for the British Army in Canada, was an entrepreneur who moved vigorously into commerce and real estate speculation wherever he found himself.](#)”

The Many Loves of Ann Marie Saportas



Frederick Francis and Regina Matilda

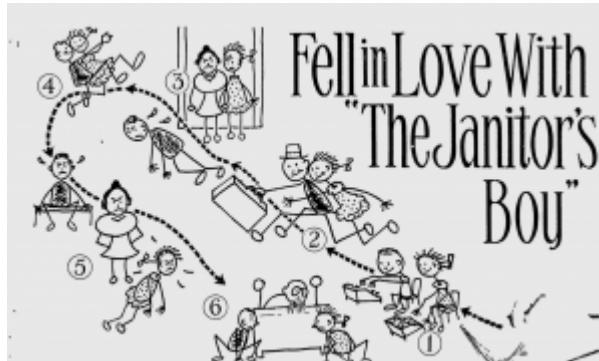
at the 1938 Horse Show Ball

My wife's great uncle, Frederick Francis Alexandre (1894-1968) married Regina Mathilde Saportas (1898-1957), and therefore my wife is related to the Saportas family. They seem to be descended from Sephardic Jews who made their way to Brazil and married into the Maxwell (of Maxwell House Coffee) family. Regina's niece was Ann Marie Saportas (1923 -?). As I said in a previous blog, whenever a newspaper gives a full page to one's marital affairs, it is a bad sign. Ann Marie managed to get two full-page stories and mentioned in a tragic story. The newspapers were always interested in the American version of morganatic marriages, the unions of Society women and working class men.



Mrs. Marion Tiffany Saportas and Ann Marie

The Course of True Love



Ann Marie at Coral Beach, Bermuda 1938

Ann Marie was the daughter of stockbroker Martin Brown Saportas and Marion Tiffany. After her divorce from Martin, Marion set up housekeeping for herself and put Ann Marie, fifteen years old, in her own hotel apartment, and enrolled her in a business school to learn typing (perhaps the alimony was not all Marion had hoped for). This was a mistake. There Ann Marie fell for the twenty-year-old Gordon Watson Gillam, the son of a Scottish stationary engineer (i. e., janitor).



Gordon Watson Gillam

Six months after meeting George, Ann Marie wrote to him (September 1938):

Just think, only seven more days and we will be off to Maryland, Delaware, or Virginia, or someplace. It is all so wonderful I can hardly believe it. I was looking up Tennessee on the map and we'll never get there.

How much did you get for the dear old typewriter? For goodness sake, whatever you do, don't go and spend it for then we'd be lost – and save all you can.

Gordon pawned the typewriter, and with that money the lovers eloped to Elkton, Maryland, East Coast Capital of quickie marriages.

The marriage and honeymoon were over in a weekend, and Gordon and Ann Marie returned to business school, Gordon to his parents house and Ann Marie to her hotel apartment. They did not inform anyone of the new marital arrangement.

But Marion came across one of Ann Marie's letters to her new husband and was extremely unhappy. She wrote to Gordon:

I have just heard from my daughter of her marriage to you in September. I can't tell you what an awful thing this was for you to do. You know she is only 15 a minor you took her out of State and married her a criminal offense. I think the best thing to do for both of you is to have it annulled as soon as possible, and until that is done I expect you to leave her alone, not phone or write or try to see her.

Please send me the marriage license immediately I will expect it by Friday or I will send my lawyer over to see you and your parents, if you have any.

It won't be very pleasant for you if I have to go to law about it, which I shall do if you don't do what I demand. You know you have broken the Mann Act, as any lawyer will tell you.

Marion rusticated Ann Marie to her aunt's in Lawrenceville, Long Island. There Ann Marie wrote to Gordon:

Now, we have to sometime so why not now discussing the practice [sic] side of things. We have to live someplace, don't forget.

Ann Marie continued to be inconsolable.

In January, 1940, she wrote:

"I love you so, Gordon, more than anything else in the world. You should be mine, all mine, and I should be yours. If you asked me to run away again, I'd do it. The other night, I wanted you so badly, I wanted to die.

"I sat by the bed with a razor blade in my hand, waiting to slash my wrists, yet not finding the courage to do so. I always keep your picture by my bed and take it out of the frame and read what's on the back—'To my darling wife, from a devoted husband.' I wish we could always be that in each other.

"Oh Gordon, I don't care anything about pride, about anything but you. Please take me back."

And again that month:

"My Darling — I've been thinking about you and crying all day. Please write me soon. When I went to church, I prayed to God not to keep us apart, any more. Can't we go to some place, far away, together? Oh Gordon, I am your wife, still. I do want you."

In the same month, Ann promised:

"Dearest Gordon: The one thing I'll never regret is having married you. You have given me all the happiness I have ever known and I always want to make you just as happy. You're all I'm living for."

But then something happened. The annulment was in process and Gordon wrote back

"I am sending enclosed your poisonous little letter of last week. My dear, it is my greatest desire that the annulment runs as smoothly and even more quickly than you wish. I wish you all the worst luck in the world, you richly deserve it."

However, Gordon changed his mind and tried to contest the annulment, describing the last incident as a lover's spat. But the court granted the annulment, and in October 1944 the lovelorn Gordon enlisted in the Army. When war came he rose in the ranks.

2nd Lt. Gordon Gillam

Luck smiled on Second Lieutenant Gordon W. Gillam of Astoria when the Joseph Hewes went down off North Africa and he smiled right back, Gillam made shore safely, stopped at a bar In Casa Blanca for a drink and met a shipmate who carried word home to the army officer's parents, Mr. and

Mrs. Alexander Gillam of 27-72 12th street, that their son was safe.

Gordon was promoted to Captain and received the Bronze Star and the Italian Order of the Crown Chevalier. But his luck ran out. He is listed as a war casualty. He died June 28, 1946 and is buried in the American Cemetery at Florence.

Double Trouble

Wartime often produces matrimonial muddles (as was shown in the very touching movie *The Miracle at Morgan's Creek*). Ann Marie got involved in an interesting one.

Ann Marie secretly married Marine Corps flying officer Lieutenant Allen Thomas Sturges in Vermont in July 1941. Sturges was a “playboy,” a “socialite,” a member of what my late mother-in-law called Café Society; they were not respectable.

Allen Thomas Sturges

Sturges went off to war, Ann Marie got lonely, and in early 1942 she married First Sergeant Jerome Mark; but she neglected the formality of a divorce from Sturges. Four days after the marriage Jerome was shipped overseas. When her mother Marion heard of the arrangement, she expressed her bewilderment. Ann Marie explained why Sturges didn't count: “Why we went really married. We were just kids.”

In 1944 a man called her and asked if she were the wife of Allen Thomas Sturges. This time she said yes. She learned that the man on

the phone was the father of Judith Scott, who had married Sturges, who had told her he was single. So Ann Marie had married Allen and then married Mark. Allen had married Ann Marie and then married Judith. No divorces intervened. Double bigamy?

Sturges received a medical discharge from the Marine Corp. In 1945 he was tried for stealing diamond cuff links and a gold cigarette case from the home of actor Bruce Cabot. Sturges pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity; he was fined \$500 and ordered to leave California.

In 1949 Sturges was working in upstate New York for HydroCarbon Research and then moved to Brownsville, Texas, where he worked in the aluminum welding division in at a plant his company was helping to build. Soon local police were seeking Sturges on charges of removing a mortgaged automobile and passing bad checks. He had forged Ann Marie's name to several checks.

In October 1949 Sturges drove the stolen car to Houston and checked into an expensive hotel under the name of Stevens. Through mutual friends Sturges met Braniff airline hostess Marion Yturria and told her of his legal problems in Brownsville. He told her "it would be a lot less worry for everyone if I just ended it all." She was frightened; he telephoned her at her office and she called the police. They told her not to go home alone; she took two friends, and they discovered that Sturges had broken in and shot himself through the right temple. Yturria was greatly upset by the incident, but she told the papers

He was a gentleman the whole time I knew him. He made no amorous attempts toward me. I don't think you can blame anybody but the war. It's just an unfortunate tragedy that could have happened to anyone.

He survived, but the bullet lodged in his brain. To his surgeon's astonishment, Sturges survived and recovered,

He had left three suicide notes in his pocket, one with identifying information, one to Miss Yturria:

I want to thank you for your help. You are the best friend a man could want – if I had known you longer I would have loved you – But, you are too good a woman for a person like me – Just say a prayer for me once in a while.

And one to his mother:

My last will and testament: To my mother I will everything, insurance, etc. My body must be cremated. Mother, I love you.

His mother expressed doubts that Allen had shot himself, despite the three suicide notes, and she admitted that he was suffering from a "war neurosis." Four hours before the shooting, a New York paper had received an anonymous tip that Sturges had killed himself, but there were no long distance calls from Houston to that newspaper. Mrs. Taveniere said she had gotten a telephone call that gamblers had pursued her son to Houston and shot him. But the allegations were never resolved.

Allen Thomas Sturges 1955

Sturges, “unemployed mechanical engineer” in 1955 was sent to Bellevue for observation after he robbed an East Side bar. He died in 2002.

The Last Ones

Ann Marie married Wayne W. Dickinson on October 1959 in California. Joseph Chamberlain was Ann Marie’s (third? fourth? fifth), in any case, last husband. They got hitched in Nevada in 1970.

The Railroad Rutters

The Rutters were involved in the railroad business for generations.

William Edward Rutter was my wife's third great grandfather. He was involved in the transition between horse carriages and railroad carriages.

The Elmira Car Works was founded at Elmira, New York, in 1851 by William E. Rutter, as a car repair shop servicing the newly constructed New York & Erie Railroad. A year later it began to build cars.

Elmira Car Works' founder, William E. Rutter (1812-1882), was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and had learned the trade of carpenter in Baltimore. (One source says he was an experienced carriage builder.) In the early 1830s he went to work for the Boston & Providence Railroad, and later became master mechanic on their Stonington line. He moved to Elmira only a little before opening his plant.

In 1848 he sold his plant to the Erie railroad, but stayed on as manager.

His sons were William Rutter (?-1854), Nathaniel Rutter (1841-1863) and James H. Rutter (1836-1885), from whom my wife is descended.

William Rutter died young. He had a heart attack on October 18, 1854 when he was responding to a fire with Young America Hose Company.

Nathaniel Rutter enlisted as a second lieutenant in the 107th New York Regiment, "Campbell Guards." He rose to the rank of captain December 31, 1862, fought in the first battle of Antietam, was killed by a shell at the battle of Chancellorsville on May 1, 1863. He was twenty-two. Col Colbey described him as "a worthy and competent officer."

The 107th New York

This regiment, known as the Campbell Guards, was recruited in the counties of Chemung, Schuyler and Steuben, rendezvoused at Elmira, and was there mustered into the U. S. service for three years, Aug. 13, 1862. It was a fine regiment, noted for its efficiency and discipline, the first regiment from the North organized under the second call, and the first to arrive at Washington, in acknowledgment of which it received a banner from the state and a personal visit from the president. It was raised by two patriotic members of the legislature, Robert B. Van Valkenburg, and Alexander S. Diven, who became colonel and lieutenant-colonel, respectively. It left the state on Aug. 13, 1862; was stationed in the defenses of Washington for a month; was then assigned to the 1st division (Williams), 12th corps (Mansfield), and fought its first battle at Antietam, where it was heavily engaged, losing 63 in killed, wounded and missing. The veteran Gen. Mansfield fell, mortally wounded at Antietam, and Gen. Henry W. Slocum succeeded to the command of the corps. The regiment was again heavily engaged at the

disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, where the brunt of the fighting fell on the 3d and 12th corps, and lost in this action 83 killed, wounded and missing, among the killed being Capt. Nathaniel E. Rutter.

James H. Rutter was my wife's great great grandfather. He was born February 3, 1836 in Lowell, Massachusetts. He studied at the Scholfield Business School and At the age of 18, in 1854, he started his career as a clerk in the freight office of the Erie Railroad. The next year he became chief clek in the freight office of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad. In 1857, at the age of twenty-one, he became chief clerk in the Chicago freight office of the Michigan Central and Northern Indian Railroad. In 1858 he became freight agent of the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad. In 1860 he was back in Elmira as the stationmaster of the Erie Railroad. In 1864 he became freight agent in Buffalo of the Erie Railroad, and in 1866 the assistant general freight agent.

While testifying about railroad rates, he impressed William H. Vanderbilt, who hired him in 1870 as the General Freight Agent of the New York Central with the salary of \$15,000 a year (\$250,000 in 2015 dollars). In 1877 he became a director of the New York Central, in 1880 Third Vice-President, and in 1883, at the age of forty-seven, President of the New York Central.

William Vanderbilt had been in poor health, (high blood pressure, mild stroke); he had sons, but knew that Rutter was more intelligent and competent.

Mark Twain was scheduled to meet Rutter in 1885 to interest him in investing in the printing telegraph and the typesetter that Twain hoped would make his fortune, but Rutter was ill with diabetes at his house in Irvington and died on June 27, 1885.

At the same time, unbeknownst to each other, his wife Sarah Pollack Rutter was dying of brain inflammation. She died the next day, June 28, 1885.

They were buried from St. Thomas Church in New York at the same service. They left several children. They named one Nathaniel, after his uncle who had died at Chancellorsville, and ever afterwards there have been Nathaniels in the family. Their son, Nathaniel Enzie Rutter, was my wife's great grandfather.

The Rev. Francis Effingham Lawrence and Masculinity

+The Rev. Francis. Effingham Lawrence is my wife's second cousin four times removed. He was a High Church Episcopal clergyman who lived from 1827-1879. He died unmarried at the age of 53. From 1839 to his death he was assistant and then rector of the Church of the Holy Communion in Manhattan.

The Rev. Henry C Potter, the rector of Grace Church, [preached](#) at Lawrence's funeral service on November 2, 1889. In it he made some remarks which are immediately relevant to the thesis of my book *Meek or Macho?*

[Dr. Lawrence] was essentially a manly man. "I am a man," said a clergyman in my hearing not long ago upon a public platform, "even though I do wear a cassock." Unfortunately, not all those who wear a cassock can say so as truly as could Dr. Lawrence. He never forgot that he was a Priest in the Church of God, but that consciousness did not make him effeminate.

Lawrence, as we shall see, was a proponent of Anglo-Catholicism and of a Catholic liturgy. The masculinity of Anglo-Catholics was frequently questioned because some were celibate and fussy about ritual. "Effeminate fanatics" and "womanish men" were some of the milder criticisms of these "not conspicuously virile men." *Punch* observed in "Parsons in Petticoats" that "reverend gentlemen 'of extreme High Church proclivities' are very fond of dressing like ladies."

The "cassock" that Potter mentions was regarded by many as a sign of questionable masculinity. In France bishops required priests to wear the soutane (the cassock); men called it the *jupon* (skirt), and the clerics who wore it, *les enjuponées* (the skirted ones). In 1870 the newspaper *Patriote* wrote of seminarians: "let them have the courage to take off their robe, that it can be seen underneath if they are men or if they are hermaphrodites."

An unmarried, Catholicizing Episcopal priest like Francis Effingham Lawrence could easily have his masculinity questioned, and that is why Potter emphasized that Lawrence was masculine.

The Two Lives of Mary Lawrence

Mary Laurence (1860-1942) was the daughter of Frederick Newbold Lawrence and Elizabeth Boyce. She was my wife's great grand aunt.

Her life as Mrs. Frank Worth White

Frank, the only son of his parents, graduated from Trinity College, was admitted to the Stock Exchange in April 1881 and went to work for his father at Loomis, White and Co., 40 Wall St.

St. George's Church, Flushing

On October 3 1878 he married Mary Lawrence in St. George's Church, Flushing. Their first and only child, Loomis Lawrence White, was born on November 2, 1879.

Tucker Cottage

In 1883 they took Tucker Cottage in Lenox.

In February 1884 Mary was elected to play in the tableau of Helen of Troy at a charity event in Madison Square garden attended by 3000. Selected Beauties from Society played famous roles.

One critic gushed

“She was in every way worthy to represent the lovely Helen.”

Another critic, sharpening her claws, was not entirely sure:

Mrs. Frank Worth comes to nigh as being a professional beauty as anything we have in metropolitan society. She is thin, hollow-chested and bow backed; so that, as Helen or Troy, she presented no heroism of figure: but her face was delicately fine, her eyes wee glorious, and her transparently clear complexion was not much obscured by paint.

In March 1886 “mild Lenten forms of dissipation” characterized New York Society. Mrs. John Sherwood held gatherings at her house, where she held forth on “The Vatican and Its Treasures.” Afterwards Society was treated to recitations and songs:

Mrs. Frank Worth White, one of our young married belles, sang “My Marguerite” effectively. Mrs. White wore the first spring suit I have seen this season, which consisted of a gray silk ground, on which were tiny black and white embroidered flowers. The whole effect was of rich grey. She also wore a tiny bonnet to match, with trimmings of grey velvet. The little strings and bows under the chin are becoming smaller, and are now just a strap.

Such was hot news in the *Fort Worth Texas Gazette*. I am surprised how papers all over America paid such close attention to the minutiae of the doings of fashionable New York society.

In 1886 Mary was in more tableaux vivants at the ball room of the Metropolitan Opera house to benefit St George's Seaside House. She appeared in The Sibyl by F. S. Church. I have not been able to find that painting, but these are other paintings by Frederick Stuart Church:

F. S. Church at work

One critic semi-gushed about Mary:

Mrs. Frank Worth is a beauty of the Second Empire. She has been the great rival of Mrs. James Brown Potter, who is one of the handsomest women in the world, but yet she is a red and white "peach-blown" beauty dressed in pale green Nile crepe. She leaned forward, consulting a figure of a sphinx, behind whom burned incense (why?). With her hair half falling from a knot, a wreath of oak leaves and arms bare, she made a beautiful picture of a pretty woman, but it might have been Flora or Euphrosyne, or anybody but a sibyl. She was not a figure to prophesy, but to inspire valentines.

Frank died, at the age of thirty, on January 18, 1887 of pneumonia. He was buried from St. George's Church where he had been married nine years previously. Mary, at twenty-seven, was a widow with an eight-year old son.

In May 1890 Mary participated in an entertainment at St. Ignatius Club in aid of St. Luke's hospital

Her life as Mrs. Foxhall Parker Keene

Mary and Foxhall Parker Keene announced their engagement August 1891, when she was thirty-one. Foxie, as he was known, was a dashing sportsman, but apparently an unsatisfactory husband, and his life will be discussed in detail.

They married December 10, 1892 at her house at 19 East 22nd St.

She accompanied him to sporting events, but they also attended the opera. Her clothing continued to attract attention. At opening night ate Met

She wore a gown of pale-blue velvet, which had a shimmer of silver and was trimmed with silver embroidery on the skirt. The bodice was of rose-colored velvet, and was studded with handsome jewels. Mrs. Keene also wore a tiara of diamonds.

September 1899 found Mary at Newport. There she participated in a charity theatrical put on by the Earl of Yarmouth. It included an operetta, "Creatures of Impulse".

During the performance specialties were introduced and among them the Earl gave a whistling solo, danced with Miss Ethel Sigsbee a character dance called "The Moth and the Butterfly," and a duet with Miss Hunter, "Doodle

Doodle" and again in "No One in the World." Mrs. Foxhall Keene captivated the audience with a French ballad.

(*Creatures of Impulse* is a stage play by English dramatist [W. S. Gilbert](#), with music by composer-conductor [Alberto Randegger](#), which Gilbert adapted from his own short story. Both the play and the short story concern an unwanted and ill-tempered old fairy who enchants people to behave in a manner opposite to their natures, with farcical results.)

I would have paid good money to hear an earl doing a whistling solo.

Mary also part pated in a 1904 charity event at Mrs. Clare Mackay's house, Harbor Hill, in Mineola.

Harbor Hill

Dressed in the costumes of demure Puritan maids, witching French and Alsatian peasant girls, and charming little geishas from Japan, women whose names are household words stood behind counters and offered their wares. Some sold candles, others automobiles; some fancywork, others toys. Still others roamed at large and beguiled delighted victims into taking chances in raffles for objects as diversified as signed photographs of the next President of the United States, or a donkey cart with a beribboned "moke" attached.

Mrs. Mackay was dressed in a nurse's costume that would have surpassed the happiest dreams of the most exacting patient, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, in the demure grey of a Puritan girl, with a stiffly starched white cap on her head and a white apron with bog baby bows, could hardly take the money fats enough for eth tickets she was selling for a doll's house. Mts. Willie K Vanderbilt, Jr., sold frills and laces and tucks with all the gentle persuasiveness sof an accomplished "saleslady" in a big department store, and her mild solicitude when purchasers nearly fainted at the prices was something to study. Mrs. Foxhall Keene, in the costume of the court of Louis XVI., asked and got 50 cents for a cup of tea with such a confidential air that the purchasers felt they had made a lifelong friend and forgot to drink it.

Readers in Lincoln, Nebraska learned

Cloth gowns in color are much worn. Mrs. Foxhall Keene is wearing a brightest red cloth with the bolero embroidered all over in lighter red. A narrow band of the embroidery runs all around the bottom of the skirt, which is laid in flat stitched folds to the knee, where the fullness is allowed freedom and the skirt falls gracefully about the feet.

The women of St. Louis were enlightened to learn that

Mrs. Foxhall Keene is radiant in a street suit of aluminum grey trimmed with oyster-grey bands. With is she wears a chinchilla set, consisting of muff, collar and cuffs. Her hat is trimmed with chinchilla.

There are many stories about the origin of Chicken à la King, and many of them sound plausible. It is a dish of diced chicken, mushrooms, green peppers, and pimientos in a cream sherry sauce served on toast. Here are some of the stories. Dates range from 1881 to the 1920s.

Either a Mr. or Mrs. Foxhall Keene suggested it to the chef at Delmonico's Restaurant in New York City, and originally served as Chicken à la Keene. This was in the late 1890s.

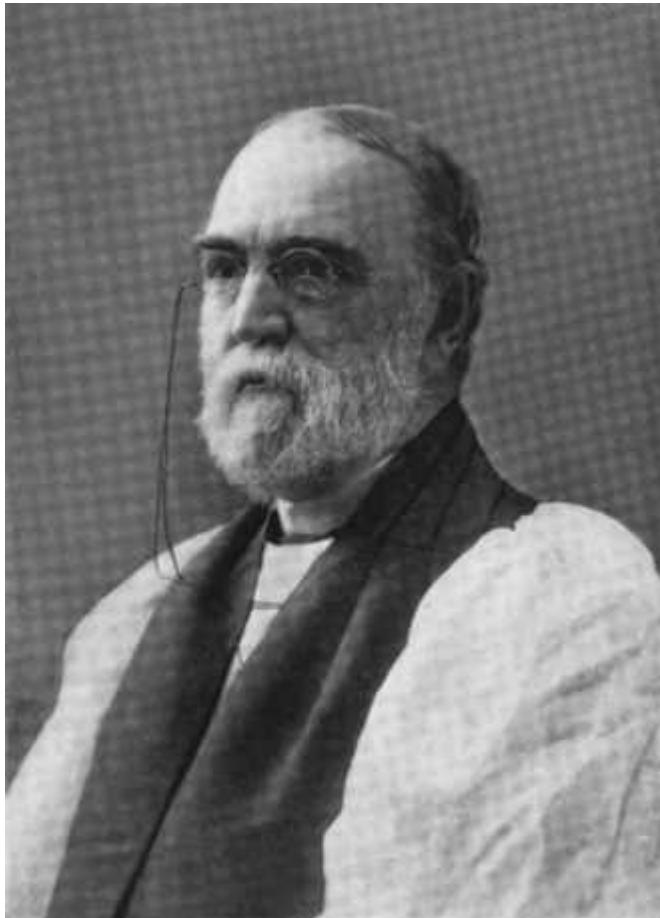
But alas, all was not chicken à la king and chinchillas. For reasons that were never disclosed, Mary left Foxhall and in 1904 returned to her father. In 1909 she was finally divorced from him on grounds of abandonment. There were hints of financial conflicts (although both were very wealthy) and Mary, like her father, was a vegetarian, but the real reasons for the "incompatibility" were never revealed.

In June 1911 Mary reviewed the working horse parade and there was still some interest in her dress. She

wore a black hat of middle size, but quite high, with loops of black ribbon. Her gown was soft, black satiny stuff, with the upper part of the bodice and the sleeves, in one, of black chiffon cloth, over white, and the sleeves were edged with plain hems of stain, and across the front of the corsage was a plastron of black jet embroidery edged with gold. There was a bit of white around the neck. The skirt, at a fleeting glance, seemed to be quiet simple, and she carried a black wrap, which she donned before leaving the stand.

She faded from the social scene and died in New York in 1942 at the age of eighty two.

Thomas Agustus Jaggar



Thomas Augustus Jaggar (June 2, 1839 – December 13, 1912) was an American prelate who was bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Ohio from 1875 to 1904.

On April 22, 1862, he married Ann Louise Lawrence (1834-1908), my wife's second cousin four times removed. She was the daughter of John W. Lawrence and Mary King Bowne, daughter of Walter Bowne. Their son, Thomas Augustus Jaggar, Jr., became a volcanologist.

Jaggar was born on June 2, 1839, in New York City, the son of Walter Jaggar and Julia Ann Niles. He was educated in New York City by private tuition, before commencing preparation for the ministry while engaging in business. He studied at the General Theological Seminary and graduated in 1860. In 1874, he was awarded a Doctor of Divinity from the University of Pennsylvania.[1]

Jagger was ordained deacon on November 10, 1860, and became assistant at St George's Church in Flushing, Queens. In May 1862, he was appointed to, and given charge of, Trinity Church in Bergen Point. He was ordained priest on June 3, 1863, by the Bishop of New York Horatio Potter. In 1864, he became rector of Anthon Memorial Church in New York City (present-day All Souls Church), while in 1868, he succeeded as rector of St John's Church in Yonkers, New York. Between 1870 and 1875, he served as rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia.[2]

He was consecrated bishop on April 28, 1875, by Presiding Bishop Benjamin B. Smith. Following the election of Boyd Vincent as coadjutor in 1889, he was given oversight of American churches in Europe. He resigned in October 1904, and was named the tenth rector of The Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Boston, Massachusetts in 1906. He was bishop of tehAerican Protestant Episcopal Church in Europe from 1908 until He died in Cannes, France in 1912.

Thomas Burling the Cabinetmaker

Thomas Burling (1746-1831) was the son of Ebenezer Burling and Mary Lawrence. He was the first cousin of Effingham Embree the clockmaker, and may have made cabinets for the clocks. He was my wife's fifth great grand uncle. He married Susanna Carter in 1767 and had numerous children.

He trained as a cabinetmaker under Samuel Prince.

Thomas quickly became known as one of the finest cabinet makers in North America. When the capital of the new United States was located in New York, Congress leased for George Washington the house at 3 Cherry Street, and furnished it, mostly from Thomas's shop:

With the exception of the upholsterer's charges, the greatest sum for furnishings was paid to Thomas Burling for "Mahogany Furniture," which contributed to what Martha Washington called a "handsomely furnished house." In total, Congress spent eight thousand dollars preparing the executive residence for the Washington family.

George Washington commissioned a special piece of furniture, an "uncommon chair," from Thomas Burling.

The Burling chair at Mt. Vernon

On April 17, 1790, Washington paid New York cabinetmaker Thomas Burling £7 for this ingeniously-engineered "Uncommon Chair." It combines the sleek, contemporary design of a French bergère en gondole (or barrel-back upholstered armchair) with a unique swivel mechanism that allows the circular seat to rotate on four bone rollers. Washington must have found the chair to be ergonomically pleasing, as he used it throughout his presidency and for the remainder of his life. Following his return to Mount Vernon in March 1797, he placed it in his study.

Thomas Jefferson liked it, and in 1790, on the same trip he pursued toothbrushes from Effingham Lawrence the druggist, he also had Thomas Burling make a similar chair.

The Burling chair made for Jefferson

The Burling chair in situ at Monticello

While serving as secretary of state in New York in 1790, Jefferson purchased a good deal of furniture from local cabinetmakers, particularly Thomas Burling, who had a shop on Beekman Street. In his Memorandum Book, Jefferson carefully recorded two payments totaling £143 to Burling in July and August 1790 but did not identify his purchases.

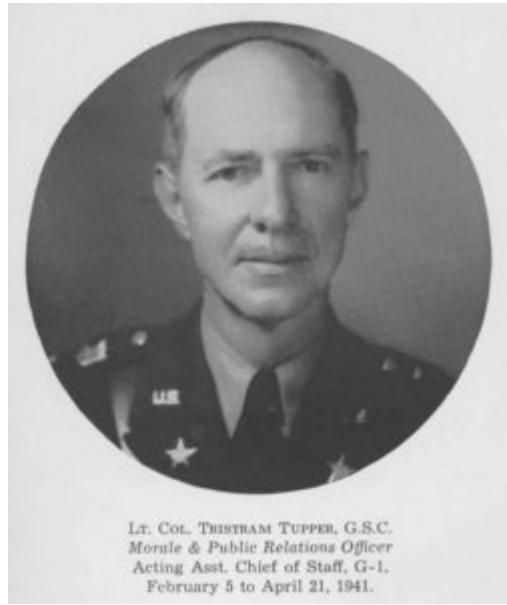
Among other articles, Jefferson evidently acquired a sofa and a revolving chair.

Jefferson's chair was mocked by the Federalists:

Although Washington eluded the enmity of the Federalist critic William Loughton Smith, Jefferson did not escape ridicule for his politics and his chair. Smith wrote, "Who has not heard from the Secretary of the praises of his wonderful Whirlgig Chair, which had the miraculous quality of allowing the person seated in it to turn his head without moving his tail?"

Burling retired in April 1802 and turned his business over to his sons Samuel and William, but his furniture still survives and is prized in the antique market.

Tristram Tupper: General and Screenwriter



Lt. COL. TRISTRAM TUPPER, G.S.C.
Morale & Public Relations Officer
Acting Asst. Chief of Staff, G-1,
February 5 to April 21, 1941.

Tristram Tupper (1885-1954) was the son of the Rev. *Henry Allen Tupper, Jr.*, and of *Marie Louise Pender*. He was therefore the second cousin twice removed of my wife. He was also the brother-in-law of Gen. George Marshall. He was married twice: to **Clara Caroline Tarbell** (1885-1966), of whom was born **Caroline Tarbell Tupper** (1920-?) and **Tristram Tupper, Jr.** (1926-1999); and to **Marion Cecile Ferrill** (1908-1982). In ancestry.com there is listed a marriage to Ruth Reynolds (1892-?) of whom was born Ruth Reynolds Tupper (1910-?); but I cannot verify the existence of this marriage and child.

Tristram attended Phillips Academy and graduated from the New York Law School in 1912. He tried his hands at various occupations, none successfully, as he admitted.

In July 1917 Tristram married Clara Tarbell, the niece of the famous muckraking writer, Ida Tarbell.

Tristram in the Great War



John Singer Sargent
Study for
The Americans Are Coming
Widener Library

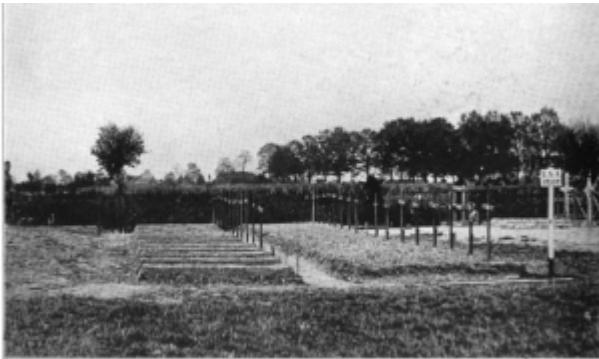
In 1916 he enlisted as private in the Army. He went to the Mexican border and then to France as the 7th Regiment, the Silk-Stocking Regiment, in which the young male members of New York Society served. As the 107th it sailed with Gen. John Francis Ryan's 27th Division, fought in France, broke the Hindenburg Line.

A line in the Social Register didn't mean much in the trenches



Private Vanderbilt and new French friends

or offer much protection from German shells.



The Fallen of the 107th



The monument to the 7th.



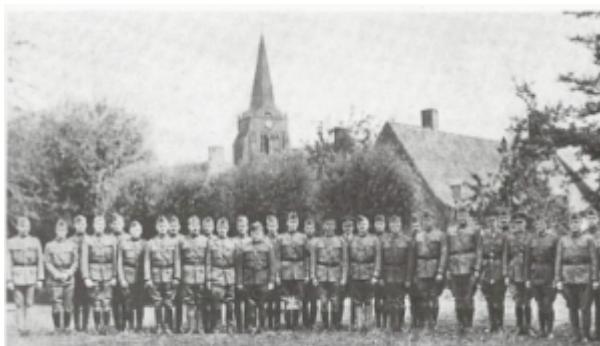
It portrays the fierceness of battle



and the results of battle.

Tupper was an Adjutant General to Gen. John Francis O’Ryan.

Gen. John Francis O’Ryan, Commander of the 27th



*Division Commander and Staff of 27th Division, taken at Dardeselle, August 18, 1918. From left to right: i
King; First Lieutenant Henry A. Marvine; Second Lieutenant Robert G. Murray; Captain Tristram Tupper;
Wadsworth; First Lieutenant Edward C. G. Thomas; Lieutenant Colonel Theodore B. Taylor; First Lieutenant J*

The staff. Tristram is fourth from right

On August 30, 1918 John Singer Sargent moved to the New York Division at Vierstraat Bridge near Ypres. It was at this time he did his studies for *Gassed*.



Tristram first encountered Sargent when Sargent was drawing General O’Ryan.

Gen. John Francis O’Ryan

by John Singer Sargent

Tristram met Sargent again in the trenches, a meeting Tristram wrote about in “Sargent’s Studio of Shellfire” in the *New York Times*, March 23, 1919.

John Singer Sargent, self-portrait

Tristram described the landscape: “this valley might truthfully be called the valley of the shadow of death.”

The maps showed neat rows of trenches.

But there were no trenches – nothing worthy of the name – merely shell holes and torn places in the earth surface where soldiers might escape enemy observation through the day if they lay flat on the ground and did not move. The enemy held the high ground in this sector, had held it since the valiant British Army plunged forward in the mud, and disappeared forever on its way to Passchendaele.

Paul Fussell in *The Great War and Modern Memory* describes how soldiers drowned slowly in the mud, and how the landscape was haunted by its names: The Valley of the Passion.

Vierstratt, by A. Y. Jackson, 1917

Later Tristram saw Sargent on the battlefield, searching for a dugout in which a soldier had drawn a picture. Then he saw him on a hill, watching the battle win which the Americans were pushing back the Germans at Vierstratt, Sargent had his umbrella and canvas and paints. But Sargent was not painting.

The reason was obvious – all the paintings of all the great galleries of the world can give no adequate impression of war. It is indescribable. You may read all the books in the libraries, you may look at all the paintings of the masters, and you will not get anything akin to the feeling caused by the sight of a man stumbling forward, wounded, with the dream of life fading from his eyes.

Ypres, 1918

The last time Tristram saw Sargent was at Ypres.

Where not a house had a roof and not a room four walls – a ruin more complete than Pompeii.

As he sat among the ruins of the Cathedral of Ypres, painting an arch under which a broken timber had jammed, he talked of art after the war: Artist would rise to take the place of those who had been killed, and as he talked a pigeon, perched high on the broken walls that were once the tower of the Cathedral of Ypres. Sargent pointed with a paint brush to the pigeon. "It's in the heart of every living thing," he said. "the thing that has brought the pigeon back to the cathedral tower where it used to live will bring men back to these ruined towns and cities. They will build again. Home has an irresistible power. Men and beast always return."

Tristram in Hollywood

After the War Tristram took up writing for a living: Novels and short stories and screen plays, first for silent movies and then for talkies. For fifteen years he wrote scenarios for Fox, Republic and Universal Pictures.

Adventuring, (The Saturday Evening Post Jan 27, Feb 3, Feb 10 1923

Four Brothers, (The Saturday Evening Post Apr 7 1928

The Language of the Angels, The Saturday Evening Post Jun 3, Jun 10 1922

The Magnolia Grove, The Saturday Evening Post Aug 3 1935

The Man Who Knew Nothing on Earth,

The World's Greatest Stories Apr 1929

The Man Who Swam the Pacific, The American Magazine Jul 1937

Prelude to Summer, The American Magazine Aug 1936

The River, The Saturday Evening Post Nov 26, Dec 3, Dec 10 1927; (western)

A Storm at the Crossroads, The Saturday Evening Post Jun 16 1923

Three Episodes in the Life of Timothy Osborn, The Saturday Evening Post Apr 9 1927

Too Old to Be Spanked, The Saturday Evening Post Nov 2 1946

When the Bands Not Playing, The Mother's Magazine Sep 1917

Tristram Goes to War Again

In 1939-41 Tristram was Public Relations Officer for Fort McClellan. There he met Marion Ferrill, who was chief nurse. In the Second World War he was a Brigadier General in charge of war correspondents. They were difficult to handle. In *Ed Kennedy's War* we read

During the last days of Algiers a new general had arrived to take command of public relations in the Mediterranean Theater. He was the mouse-like Brigadier General Tristram Tupper from Hollywood, a scenario-writing brother-in-law of General George Marshall. Although his job naturally called for contact with correspondents, he went into concealment. Efforts to seek him out failed. When months

went by without a sight of him, word spread that there was no General Tupper. After we were established in Italy he made a few furtive appearances. He excused his absence by saying he would be of more help to us by staying far away. He was right, for when he assumed personal supervision – as press arraignments for the invasion of southern France were made – the result has almost every correspondent howling. Assignments were made with the aid of charts, lists, timetables, and the drawing of straws. Tupper planned to send correspondents in on successive waves. Had not most of the correspondents scheduled to wait for the later waves found means to circumvent his program, they might not have gotten into France until the campaign was over.

Clara and Tristram separated in 1935. On August 6 1947 Clara divorced him on the grounds he stayed away from home and was seen with other women. He married Marion Ferrill, who started Marion Tupper's Moonglade Preserves.

Tristram retired from the Army in October 1945. With Arthur Love he set up the publishing firm of Tupper and Love. His big commercial success was his sister's book about life with his brother-in-law, Gen. George Marshall.

Tristram died in 1954.

These are my wife's third cousins, once removed.

Sadie Hawkins Day at UCLA, 1939

Caroline is on the far right

Caroline Tupper (1920-) enlisted in 1942 while she was at UCLA; she served in the WAC in the Pacific in WWII and again in Korea.

Caroline in her WAC uniform

She was in Army Intelligence in Hollandia, Leyte, and Manila.

Dr. Robert Overbeck, who had been at Johns Hopkins in geology and worked for a mining firm in the Philippines. His wife and son were in Manila. When the Japanese invaded, **Richard Stevens Overbeck** (1917-1972), an engineer who had graduated from Loyola College and Columbia, volunteered to help construct the defenses of Corregidor. He was captured and survived the Bataan Death March.

Overbeck after rescue

The parents and son were interned. Richard was on a Japanese prison ship with 1800 Americans when it was torpedoes in October 1944 (Paul Fussell mentions this disaster). Only eight survived. Robert got on an abandoned Japanese lifeboat and managed to sail to China. He returned to the United States, was commissioned in Army Intelligence, and served in the Philippines.

Overbeck in uniform, 1945

There he met Caroline.

Caroline's engagement photo

They were married on February 18, 1945 in the chapel at Fort Myer. They were divorced in 1948.

Caroline studied under a goldsmith and designed jewelry for Tiffany and other stores.

She was recalled in the Korean Conflict and served in the Army Security Agency.

Later Caroline taught jewelry in a public school.

Caroline Tupper. 1972

El Camino Real High School

Woodland Hills, California

The only mention of **Tristram Tupper Jr.** (1926-1999) I could locate is in connection with a traffic accident. In August 1948 he hit a seventy-five year old pedestrian who had to be taken to the hospital. This Tristram's life was less eventful than that of his family.

Virginia Lee Lawrence

Virginia Lee Lawrence (1864-1891) was the daughter of Frederick Newbold Lawrence (1834-1916) and Elizabeth Miller Boyce (1835-1894). She was my wife's great grand aunt. She died young, predeceasing both of her parents.

She married Louis Meredith Howland in St George's Church, Bayside, on December 19, 1883.

The wedding was celebrated precisely at 12 o'clock. A special train over the Long Island Railroad had taken up the guests from New York, and the church, despite the snow and wind outside, was thronged from chancel to door.

Her dress was white satin, cut square, and covered with old point lace. She wore a point lace veil, held in place by a diamond star, which was the wedding gift of her mother. The lace was an old family heirloom of great value. She carried in her hand a bouquet of white roses.

My wife informs me that the old point lace veil that Virginia Lee wore is still in the family. Her mother wore it at her wedding, and my wife wore it at our wedding.

After the ceremony the guests were conveyed by the special trains that had taken them from this City, four miles further, to the old Lawrence homestead at Bayside, where an elegant collation was served. The house was beautifully decorated with holly and cedars, and the parlors were filled with the wedding presents.

Among these were a thousand-dollar bill [\$25.000 in 2015 dollars] from the groom's father, and one of half that amount from the father of the bride. Mr. Roosevelt, the groom's best man, presented them with a very handsome repoussé silver tête-a tête set.

A repoussé tête-a tête tea set

I trust there was a private detective on hand to keep an eye on the jeweled egg boilers.

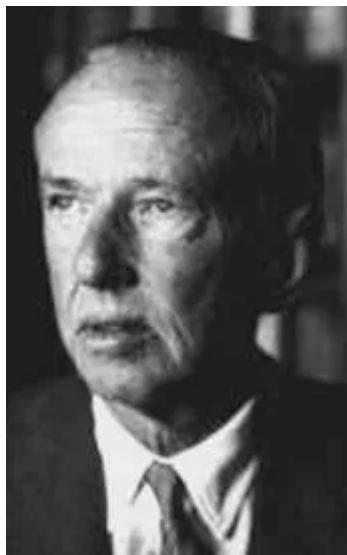
The guests included dozens of Lawrences (a very prolific family), many Townsends, Embrees, Schencks, and other worthies.

Alas, she survived the wedding only ten years, and left three small children, Elizabeth Lawrence Howland (1885-1973), Hortense Howland (1886-1975), and Nathalie Mary Howland (1887-1931).

She is buried in the Lawrence Cemetery in Bayside.

Lawrence Cemetery

Waldemar von Zedtwitz



Von Zedtwitz was born in Berlin, Germany. His mother was Mary Elizabeth Breckinridge Caldwell,[3] daughter of American businessman William Shakespeare Caldwell, one of Louisville's first millionaires by the late 1850s,[4][5] and sister of Mary Gwendoline, Marquise des Monstiers-Mérinville.[6] His father was Baron Moritz Curt von Zedtwitz, a German diplomat who belonged to the old Zedtwitz noble family, which rose under the Electorate of Saxony. His parents were married in June 1890.[6] His father died in a boating accident on August 18, 1896,[7][4] when he was just three months old.

He was educated at Berlin and Bern, and later served in the German cavalry during World War I. He became a naturalized American citizen.[2]

He was a lexicographer and linguist.[1]

Von Zedtwitz was a keen backgammon player, winning a major tournament at age 82. He lived for 47 years in New York City before relocating to Hawaii in 1977. He died in Hawaii in 1984.[2]

He was friends with Harold Vanderbilt, the inventor of contract bridge, and became an early and enthusiastic competitor and promoter of the game, including a tour of Europe.[2]

Von Zedtwitz was 1932 president of the American Bridge League, one of the organizations whose merger established the American Contract Bridge League (ACBL) in 1937. The ACBL credits him with saving it by his emergency service as president in 1948 and 1949.[8] He was a founder of the World Bridge Federation.[2]

There is an endowed Waldemar von Zedtwitz Chair at Yale university/

William Effingham Lawrence, Thespian

William Effingham Lawrence

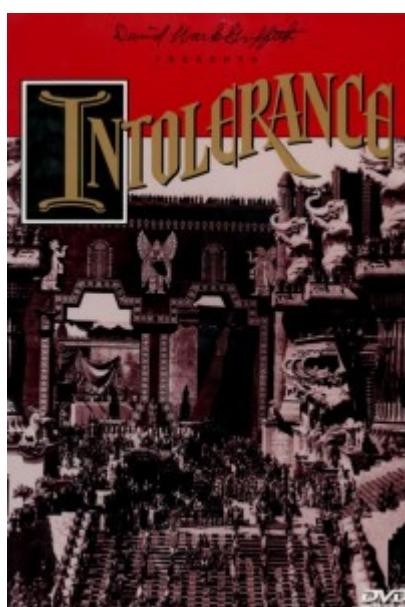
William Effingham Lawrence (August 22, 1896 – November 28, 1947) was the son of James Armitage Lawrence and Ida Taber, the nephew of William Van Duzer Lawrence (the founder of Sarah Lawrence College), and the grandson of the wife of the 3rd cousin 5 times removed of my wife.

He also went by the names W. E. Lawrence, Babe Lawrence, L. W. Lawrence, W. A. Lawrence, W. E. ‘Babe’ Lawrence. You will note the absence of Effingham. He also gave up “Babe” Lawrence after 1924, because “Babe” Lawrence (no relation) had committed a spectacular murder and was in the headlines.

W. E. appeared in 120 films, mostly silent, the most famous of which is W. G. Griffith’s *Intolerance*, in which he played Henry of Navarre.

Big Film Spectacle “Intolerance.”

MISS MAE MARSH and Robert Harron, who have been with Mr. Griffith since the beginning of his career in the old Biograph studio, played the two principals in the modern version of “Intolerance” which opened at the Liberty Theater, Manhattan, on Tuesday evening. There was a long and excellent cast, including Miss Lillian Gish, as the woman who rocked the cradle of life; Miss Olga Grey, as *Mary Magdalene*; Alfred Paget, as *Prince Belshazzar*; Tully Marshall, as the *High Priest of Bel*; Miss Lillian Langdon, as the *Virgin Mary*; Miss Josephine Crowell, as *Catherine de Medici*; W. E. Lawrence, as *Henry of Navarre*, and Frank



1. [Dead Reckoning](#)(1947) as Stewart .
2. [Cigarette Girl](#)(1947) as Doorman .
3. [The Man Who Dared](#)(1946) as Jury foreman .
4. [Tonight and Every Night](#)(1945) as Waiter .
5. [The Fighting Guardsman](#)(1945) as Innkeeper .
6. [The Black Parachute](#)(1944) as Doctor .
7. [West of Carson City](#)(1940) as Card man .
8. [Within the Law](#)(1939) as District Attorney .

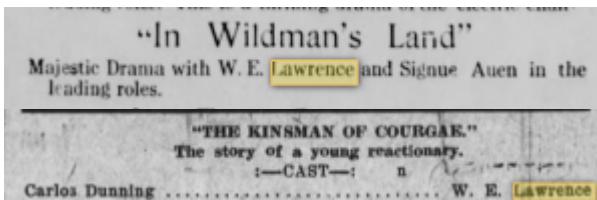
9. [It's a Wonderful World](#)(1939) as Guest .
10. [Broadway Serenade](#)(1939) as Burke .
11. [Frontier Town](#)(1938) as Clem Brooks .
12. [The Rage of Paris](#)(1938) as Steward/Doorman .
13. [Black Aces](#)(1937) as Boyd Loomis .
14. [I'll Love You Always](#)(1935) as Furniture salesman .
15. [Unknown Woman](#)(1935) as Harmon .
16. [She Couldn't Take It](#)(1935) as Photographer .
17. [The Whole Town's Talking](#)(1935) as Customer .
18. [Fighting Youth](#)(1935) as Detective .
19. [Lady by Choice](#)(1934) as .
20. [Broadway Bill](#)(1934) as .
21. [Blind Date](#)(1934) as Patron .
22. [Coming Out Party](#)(1934) as .
23. [I'll Fix It](#)(1934) as .
24. [Best of Enemies](#)(1933) as August .
25. [Hell Bound](#)(1931) as Ham .
26. [The Costello Case](#)(1930) as Babe .
27. [Hard Boiled](#)(1926) as Gordon Andrews .
28. [A Man Four-Square](#)(1926) as Jim Clanton .
29. [The Whispered Name](#)(1924) as Robert Gordon .
30. [The Reckless Age](#)(1924) as John Paddock .
31. [The Law Forbids](#)(1924) as Monte Hanley .
32. [Cameo Kirby](#)(1923) as Tom Randall .
33. [The Thrill Chaser](#)(1923) as Prince Ahmed .
34. [Blinky](#)(1923) as Lieutenant Rawkins .
35. [A Front Page Story](#)(1922) as Don Coates .
36. [They Like 'Em Rough](#)(1922) as Richard Wells, Jr. .
37. [Forget-Me-Not](#)(1922) as .
38. [Blood and Sand](#)(1922) as Fuentes .
39. [The Love Gambler](#)(1922) as Tom Gould .
40. [Fightin' Mad](#)(1921) as Francisco Lazaro .
41. [The Kiss](#)(1921) as Audre Baldarama .
42. [Morals](#)(1921) as Sebastian Pasquale .
43. [Habit](#)(1921) as John Marshall .
44. [Ducks and Drakes](#)(1921) as Tom Hazzard .
45. [The Snob](#)(1921) as Capt. Bill Putnam .
46. [Get Your Man](#)(1921) as Arthur Whitman .
47. [Body and Soul](#)(1920) as Howard Kent .
48. [Bride 13](#)(1920)
49. [Caleb Piper's Girl](#)(1919) as Tracy Carter .
50. [The Girl-Woman](#)(1919) as Bob .
51. [Common Clay](#)(1919) as Hugh Fullerton .
52. [Mile-A-Minute Kendall](#)(1918) as Philip Lund .
53. [The Narrow Path](#)(1918) as Dick Strong .
54. [A Japanese Nightingale](#)(1918) as John Bigelow .
55. [The Slacker](#)(1917) as .
56. [The Little Princess](#)(1917) as Ali-Baba .
57. [The Spirit of '76](#)(1917) as Captain Boyd .
58. [Flirting with Fate](#)(1916) as Harry Hansum .
59. [Daphne and the Pirate](#)(1916) as .
60. [The Old Folks at Home](#)(1916) as Stanley .
61. [The Flying Torpedo](#)(1916) as William Haverman .
62. [The Children in the House](#)(1916) as Fred Brown .
63. [Intolerance](#)(1916) as Henry of Navarre .
64. [Up from the Depths](#)(1915) as Lestrade .

65. [Bred in the Bone](#)(1915) as Her leading man .
 66. [The Outlaw's Revenge](#)(1915)
 67. [The Battle of the Sexes](#)(1914)

He starred with Douglas Fairbanks in [Flirting with Fate](#) (1916).

Lawrence and Fairbanks

and was billed in many others:\



He seemed to play mostly himself: upper crust, old family WASP.

He does not seem to have married. He died in 1947.



P.S. I have noted the discrepancy in the birth date. As an actor, in various documents he seems to have made himself a little younger than he actually was.

William Effingham Lawrence

husband of 3rd great-grandauant of wife

William Effingham Lawrence (1781–1841) was an English colonist to Australia, the son of Captain Effingham Lawrence, a merchant with houses in London, Liverpool and New York City. Previous generations of Lawrences had settled in the American colonies but returned to England after the War of Independence. Lawrence was an educated and refined man, an intimate of Jeremy Bentham, who was obliged to migrate to the colony of Van Diemen's Land due to poor health. On his leaving England Bentham wrote to a friend in Rio de Janeiro: 'Our excellent friend on his way to Australia is not without thoughts of touching at Rio de Janeiro: a worthier man, a more benevolent cosmopolite, never left any country; and very few better informed or more intelligent'.

He purchased a small cutter, the Lord Liverpool and sailed via South America in 1822. On the way he sailed into Rio de Janeiro for provisions and water. Brazil, a Portuguese colony since the 16th century, was in the midst of a struggle for independence, and Lawrence became personally involved through his friendship with José Bonifácio, the liberal revolutionary and first minister under the new government of Dom Pedro, who had defied his father in Lisbon and declared Brazil independent in 1822. Lawrence was captivated by events and remained for months in the country, becoming a confidant of José Bonifácio, the architect of Brazilian independence. Bonifácio wanted Lawrence to remain in the country permanently, but Lawrence declined, and after several exciting months, sailed on for Van Diemen's Land.

Lawrence arrived in 1823 and, by order of the Colonial Office was ordered a grant of 4,000 acres (16 km²) with his brother, with a reserve after 5 years of a further 4,000 acres (16 km²). These 8,000 acres (32 km²) of land became the subject of controversy, because the grant was to be exclusive of waste land. In the end, due to the mismanagement of the surveyor general, the grant ended up being some 12,000 acres (49 km²). The colony was small and gossip, jealousy and petty rivalry was rife. When Colonel George Arthur arrived he was informed of the size of the grant, and ordered an inquiry, sending John Helder Wedge to survey the grant.

Wedge and Lawrence became friends and Wedge's niece Anne Wedge married Lawrence's son Robert William Lawrence in 1832.

Lawrence's pastoral interests continued throughout the next 20 years and he eventually became one of the largest landowners in the colony. Lawrence was also prominent in the field of education, helping establish a school in the Norfolk Plains, which was not a success. He then formed a committee with Henty and Mulgrave for the formation

of a Church of England school in Launceston, but died before the foundation of Launceston Church of England Grammar School.

Under Governor Sir John Franklin Lawrence was appointed to the Legislative Council and retained his seat until his death in 1841. Of his sons Robert William Lawrence died young in 1833, and the others remained in the colonies, except for Edward Effingham Lawrence, who returned to England to be educated and became a Cornet in the 7th Dragoon Guards in 1856 and taking part in the Austro-Sardinian War (1860–61).

William Jay Schieffelin, Jr. Carrier of Tradition



FOUR GENERATIONS
WILLIAM JAY SCHIEFFELIN, SR.
WILLIAM JAY SCHIEFFELIN, JR.
WILLIAM H. SCHIEFFELIN.

William Jay Schieffelin Jr. (1891-1985) was the son of William Jay Schieffelin (1866-1955) and Maria Louisa Vanderbilt Shephard (1870-1948). He was therefore my wife's fifth cousin once removed.

He married Annette Markoe (1897-1997) on May 4, 1918 (when he was on active duty) and had two children, Ann Louise and William Jay. He followed in his father's footsteps.



Mr. Schieffelin went to Miss Chapin's, the Bovee School and the Groton School and graduated from Yale in 1914. At Yale, he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi and stroked the junior class crew.



WILLIAM JAY SCHIEFFELIN, JR.
Late Captain, Second Field Artillery,
U. S. A.

From 1914 to 1916, he served as a trooper in Squadron A of the New York Cavalry. He later served as a first lieutenant in the 12th New York Infantry on the Mexican border and as a captain in the 12th Field Artillery with the American Expeditionary Force in France.

He was always known as Captain and treasured his military heritage. He was the great great nephew of Col. William Jay.



Here he stands at the grave of Old Fred (d. 1883), the horse who carried Col. Jay at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

"I used to look at this grave 80 years ago...I'd ride over here with my papa...We'd spend the night with Colonel Jay."

He joined the company in 1914, was president from 1922 to 1952, chairman from 1952 to 1962 and honorary chairman from 1962 until his death.

Mr. Schieffelin served as president of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association, chairman of the Yale Alumni Fund and a member of the executive committee of St. Luke's Hospital. He was chairman of the tax committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Y.M.C.A. of New York City and a trustee of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He was a founding member and vice president of the National Association of Beverage Importers.



He died May 1, 1985 and is buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

William Jay Schieffelin, The Straightest of Arrows

William Jay Schieffelin (1866-1955) was the great great grandson of Jacob Schieffelin and of Hannah Lawrence, the poetess. William was therefore my wife's fourth cousin, twice removed. As his middle name indicates, he was also the great great grandson of John Jay. William married Maria Louisa Vanderbilt Shephard (1870-1948), the daughter of Elliott Fitch Shephard and Margaret Louis Vanderbilt. The Vanderbilt fortune and the Schieffelin fortune combined nicely to support of life of both luxury and philanthropy.



William Jay Schieffelin



Maria Louisa Shepard

The marriage of William Jay and Maria Louisa on February 5, 1891 was a marvel of the Gilded Age.

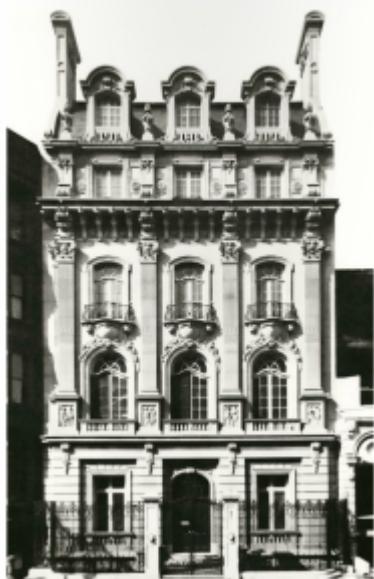
It was one of the premier social events of the year. Before the ceremony, 600 guests attended a wedding breakfast in the two picture galleries of William Vanderbilt's double mansion. Among the astonishing array of wedding gifts were a silver dinner service for twenty-four, given by Mrs. William Vanderbilt; two silver dishes sent by President Benjamin Harrison and the First Lady; and "a completely-furnished house, the gift of the bride's mother," as reported in *The Times*.

The house was on 57th street, just west of Fifth Avenue.



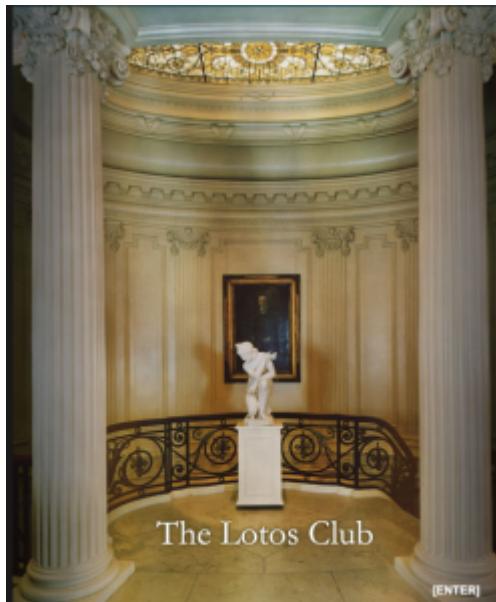
But commerce encroached, and Mrs. Shepard purchased a double lot at 5 and 7 East 66th St, next door to the former home of Ulysses S. Grant. She chose as architect Richard Howland Hunt, the son of Richard Morris Hunt. He designed a Parisian townhouse for the young couple.

Here are some photographs of the house when the Schieffelins occupied it with their eight children.





The Lotus Club moved in in 1947, and here are some of the rooms as they are today.



As would be expected, the house was the scene of lavish entertainments for the cream of New York's social circles. When, for instance, on December 5, 1909 Mrs. Schieffelin gave a tea dance to introduce her daughter, Louise Vanderbilt Schieffelin to polite society, she was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Ernesto Fabbri, Mrs. James Henry Hammond and her daughter Emily Sloane Hammond, Cornelia Vanderbilt and Mrs. J. Cameron Clark.

The Schieffelins had a summer place, Islecote House, at Pointe d'Acadie on the Vanderbilt estate in Bar Harbor. The house was designed (1902) by Alexander Wadsworth Longfellow, nephew of the poet. Ten horses were stabled there so the whole family could ride.

Islecote House

One of Bar Harbor's favorite sights was the entire Schieffelin family riding out the gate on horseback, each young Schiefflin on a successively smaller horse, with the youngest bringing up the rear on a pony.

The house and the rest of the Vanderbilt estate was sold in 1921 and torn down in 1940

But then William Jay bought Tranquility Farm, now Schieffelin Point, away from the Bar Harbor social scene.

The Schieffelin Family

In 1925 the Schieffelins moved to an apartment at 620 Park Avenue.

660 Park Avenue

But life was not all tea dances and rides in Bar Harbor.

William Jay Schieffelin, Republican, Christian, Reformer,

- received his Ph.B. from the Columbia School of Mines, phi beta kappa
- received his Ph.D. with honors in chemistry from Munich
- was president of Schieffelin and Co,
- was president of the National Wholesale Druggists Association
- was vice-president of the American Pharmaceutical Association
- was vestryman of St. George's Church
- was manager of the American Bible Society
- was president of the American Church Missionary Society
- was president of the Laity League
- was chairman of the Social Service Committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement
- was president of the American Mission to Lepers
- was president of the Huguenot Society of America
- was chairman of the Board of Trustees of Hampton Institute

- was chairman of the Board of Trustees of Tuskegee
- was president of the Armstrong Association
- was chairman of the Defense Committee for the Scottsboro Boys
- was Colonel of the 369th Harlem regiment
- was chairman of the Colored Men's Department, YMCA
- was president of the Citizens Union
- was organizer of the Committee of One Thousand that drove Mayor Jimmy Walker from office
- was vice president of the Men's League for Women's Suffrage
- was president of the Serbian Child Welfare Association
- was chairman of the Volunteer Christian Committee to Boycott Nazi Germany
- etc. etc. etc.

Where to begin?

The Businessman

The history of Schieffelin and Co. was covered in the blog on the founder, Jacob Schieffelin. William Jay testified before a Congressional Committee and gave full-page interviews about the problem of addictive substances. He was asked why it was such a large problem in America. He responded:

The drug business is a very large industry. I suppose that half of it, in money received, comes from patent medicines. Americans believe in and practice self-medication. Some patent medicines, when in liquid form, contain alcohol. Others contain narcotics. Previous to the enactment of the pure food and drugs act of June 30, 1906, the manufacturers of patent medicines were not required to print on their labels the ingredients of their preparations.

But the 1906 law changed that and took the onus off of druggists to warn customers.

The law compels the manufacturer to print the habit-forming ingredients on every bottle of his medicine. If a customer can read he knows what he is taking. The publicity required by law has driven certain catarrh cures in which there is cocaine out of the market. Self-medication in the past, through ignorance, mostly, caused the use of so many habit-forming drugs as to become a serious danger to the country.

Although William Jay did not believe cannabis was as dangerous as cocaine he thought it might as well be classified with cocaine, where it remains to this day, with endless complications for law enforcement and conflict of laws.

The Churchman

William Jay was an active Episcopalian, vestryman at St. George's Church. He was a proponent of the Social Gospel, the movement that proclaimed that Christians were supposed to be the light of the nations and help establish the Kingdom by ridding the earth of evils. The Social Gospel was especially directed to men, who did not see much point in pious exercises, but could be told that an active role in combatting evil was an expression of masculinity. That is why William was active in the Men and Religion Forward Movement. The Episcopal Church more than any other church was affected by this Movement and had the greatest increase in the percentage of men in its congregations.

The Soldier

During the Spanish American War William was a captain and adjutant in the Twelfth Regiment of the National Guard.

In the First World War he was a colonel of the 369th Infantry, the Fifteenth Regiment, a “colored” unit. Afro-American units had white officers. Black men wanted to fight, because they wanted to prove they were men, as masculine as the whites who regarded themselves as superior.

The Regiment consisted of African-Americans and African Puerto Ricans and was known for being the first African- American regiment to serve with the American Expeditionary Force during World War I. Before the 15th New York National Guard Regiment was formed, any African American that wanted to fight in the war either had

to enlist in the French or Canadian armies. The regiment was nicknamed the **Harlem Hellfighters**, the **Black Rattlers** and the **Men of Bronze**, which was given to the regiment by the French. The nickname “Hell Fighters” was given to them by the Germans due to their toughness and that they never lost a man through capture, lost a trench or a foot of ground to the enemy. The “Harlem Hellfighters” were the first all black regiment that helped change the American public’s opinion on African American soldiers and helped pave the way for future African American soldiers.

White American soldiers refused to fight with this unit, so it was assigned to the French, who were delighted to have it.

Two Medals of Honor and many Distinguished Service Crosses were awarded to members of the regiment. The most celebrated man in the 369th was Pvt. Henry Lincoln Johnson, a former Albany, New York, rail station porter, who earned the nickname “Black Death” for his actions in combat in France. In May 1918 Johnson and Pvt. Needham Roberts fought off a 24-man German patrol, though both were severely wounded. After they expended their ammunition, Roberts used his rifle as a club and Johnson battled with a bole knife. Reports suggest that Johnson killed at least four German soldiers and might have wounded 30 others. Usually black achievements and valor went unnoticed, despite that fact over 100 men from the 369th were presented with American and/or French medals. Among those honors Johnson was the first American to receive the Croix de Guerre awarded by the French government. This award signifies extraordinary valor. By the end of the war, 171 members of the 369th were awarded the Legion of Honor or the Croix de Guerre.

Recipients of the Croix de Guerre

The Lincoln Republican

William Jay was a Republican of the school of Lincoln and strongly advocated the rights and advancement of Afro-American citizens.

William Jay was the chairman of the board of trustees of Tuskegee and of Hampton Institute; he was also president of the Armstrong association in New York, named after General Armstrong, founder of Hampton Institute.

William Jay worked closely with Booker T. Washington in raising funds for the colleges. In 1906 William Jay presided over a fund-raising meeting at Carnegie Hall. The prime attraction was Mark Twain, who knew his audience and entertained them with a barbed wit directed at the type of wealthy New Yorker who was likely to be in the audience:

“There being nothing to explain, nothing to refute, nothing to excuse, there is nothing left for me to do, now, but resume my natural trade – which is, teaching. At Tuskegee they thoroughly ground the student in the Christian code of morals; they instill into him the indisputable truth that this is the highest and best of all systems of morals; that the nation’s greatness, its strength, and its repute among the other nations, is the product of that system; that it is the foundation upon which rests the American character; that whatever is commendable, whatever is valuable in the individual American’s character is the flower and fruit of that seed.

“They teach him that this is true in every case, whether the man be a professing Christian or an unbeliever; for we have none but the Christian code of morals, and every individual is under its character-building powerful influence and dominion from the cradle to the grave; he breathes it in with his breath, it is in his blood and bone, it is the web and woof and fibre of his mental and spiritual heredities and ineradicable. And so, every born American among the eighty millions, let his creed or destitution of creed be what it may, is indisputably a Christian to this degree – that his moral constitution is Christian.

Two Codes of Morals

“All this is true, and no student will leave Tuskegee ignorant of it. Then what will he lack, under this head? What is there for me to teach him, under this head, that he may possibly not acquire there, or may acquire in a not sufficiently emphasized form? Why, this large fact, this important fact – that there are two separate and distinct kinds of Christian morals; so separate, so distinct, so unrelated, that they are no more kin to each other than are archangels and politicians. The one kind is Christian private morals, the other is Christian public morals.

"The loyal observance of Christian private morals has made this nation what it is – a clean and upright people in its private domestic life, an honest and honorable people in its private commercial life; no alien nation can claim superiority over it in these regards, no critic, foreign or domestic, can challenge the validity of this truth. During 363 days in the year the American citizen is true to his Christian private morals, and keeps undefiled the nation's character at its best and highest; then in the other two days of the year he leaves his Christian private morals at home, and carries his Christian public morals to the tax office and the polls, and does the best he can to damage and undo his whole year's faithful and righteous worth.y.

"Without a blush he will vote for an unclean boss if that boss is his party's Moses, without compunction he will vote against the best man in the whole land if he is on the other ticket. Every year, in a number of cities and states, he helps to put corrupt men in office, every year he helps to extend the corruption wider and wider; year after year he goes on gradually rotting the country's political life; whereas if he would but throw away his Christian public morals, and carry his Christian private morals to the polls, he could promptly purify the public service and make the possession of office a high and honorable distinction and one to be coveted by the very best men the country could furnish. But now – well, now he contemplates his unpatriotic work and sighs, and grieves, and blames every man but the right one – which is himself.

"Once a year he lays aside his Christian private morals and hires a ferry boat and piles up his bonds in a warehouse in New Jersey for three days, and gets out his Christian public morals and goes to the tax office and holds up his hand and swears he wishes he may never-never if he's got a cent in the world, so help him! The next day the list appears in the papers – a column and a quarter of names, in fine print, and every man in the list a billionaire and a member of a couple of churches.

"I know all those people. I have friendly, social, and criminal intercourse with the whole of them. They never miss a sermon when they are so as to be around, and they never miss swearing-off day, whether they are so as to be around or not. The innocent man can not remain innocent in the disintegrating atmosphere of this thing. I used to be an honest man. I am crumbling. No – I have crumbled. When they assessed me at \$75,000 a fortnight ago, I went out and tried to borrow the money, and couldn't; then when I found they were letting a whole crop of millionaires live in New York at a third of the price they were charging me, I was hurt, I was indignant, and said: 'This is the last feather! I am not going to run this town all by myself.' In that moment – in that memorable moment – I began to crumble.

"In fifteen minutes the disintegration was complete. In fifteen minutes I was become just a mere moral sand pile; and I lifted up my hand along with those seasoned and experienced deacons, and swore off every rag of personal property I've got in the world, clear down to cork leg, glass eye, and what is left of my wig.

"Those tax officers were moved; they were profoundly moved. They had long been accustomed to seeing hardened old grafters act like that, and they could endure the spectacle; but they were expecting better things of me, a chartered professional moralist, and they were saddened. I fell visibly in their respect and esteem, and I should have fallen in my own, except that I had already struck bottom, and there wasn't any place to fall to.

William Jay commented on "progress" in racial relationships (and this in 1925!)

As an example of the improved racial situation Dr. Schieffelin pointed out that the lynching of negroes in the country decreased 50 percent during the past year.

In 1932 William Jay became the chairman of the defense committee for the Scottsboro Boys.

The **Scottsboro Boys** were nine African-American teenagers accused in Alabama of raping two White American women on a train in 1931. The landmark set of legal cases from this incident dealt with racism and the right to a fair trial. The cases included a lynch mob before the suspects had been indicted, a frameup, all-white juries, rushed trials, and disruptive mobs. It is frequently cited as an example of an overall m miscarriage of justice in the United States legal system.

On March 25, 1931, several people were hoboing on a freight train traveling between Chattanooga and Memphis, Tennessee. Several white teenagers jumped off the train and reported to the sheriff that they had been attacked by a group of African-American teenagers. The sheriff deputized a posse comitatus, stopped and searched the train at Paint Rock, Alabama and arrested the African-Americans. Two young white women also got off the train and accused the African-American teenagers of rape. The case was first heard in Scottsboro, Alabama, in three rushed trials, in which the defendants received poor legal representation. All but twelve-year-old Roy Wright were convicted of rape and sentenced to death, the common sentence in Alabama at the time for black men convicted of raping white women, even though there was medical evidence to suggest that they had not committed the crime.

With help from the Communist Party USA (CPUSA), the case was appealed. The Alabama Supreme Court affirmed seven of the eight convictions, and granted thirteen-year-old Eugene Williams a new trial because he was a minor. Chief

Justice John C. Anderson dissented, ruling that the defendants had been denied an impartial jury, fair trial, fair sentencing, and effective counsel. While waiting for their trials, eight of the nine defendants were held in Kilby Prison. The cases were twice appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which led to landmark decisions on the conduct of trials. In Powell v. Alabama (1932), it ordered new trials.

The case was returned to the lower court and the judge allowed a change of venue, moving the retrials to Decatur, Alabama. Judge Horton was appointed. During the retrials, one of the alleged victims admitted fabricating the rape story and asserted that none of the Scottsboro Boys touched either of the white women. The jury found the defendants guilty, but the judge set aside the verdict and granted a new trial.

The judge was replaced and the case tried under a more biased judge, whose rulings went against the defense. For the third time a jury—now with one African-American member—returned a third guilty verdict. The case returned to the US Supreme Court on appeal. It ruled that African-Americans had to be included on juries, and ordered retrials.

[4] Charges were finally dropped for four of the nine defendants. Sentences for the rest ranged from 75 years to death. All but two served prison sentences. One was shot in prison by a guard and permanently disabled. Two escaped, were later charged with other crimes, convicted, and sent back to prison. Clarence Norris, the oldest defendant and the only one sentenced to death, “jumped parole” in 1946 and went into hiding. He was found in 1976 and pardoned by Governor George Wallace, by which time the case had been thoroughly analyzed and shown to be an injustice. Norris later wrote a book about his experiences. The last surviving defendant died in 1989.

The Political Reformer

William Jay became the Civil Service Commissioner in 1896.

William Jay became vice present of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, although he was not as rigid as Comstock or Sumner. William Jay rejected tactics of entrapment, such as persuading a book dealer to sell a copy of Lady Chatterley's Lover. He also persuaded Sumner to tolerate some writings on birth control. In a speech to Italian Presbyterians about the Men and Religion Forward Movement, William Jay said

If we are really going to follow the teachings of Christ and become “fishers of men,” we must go out into the world and mingle in friendly fashion with all those we come in contact with...There are many people already in the Church who don't believe in playing cards, using tobacco, or going to the theater. But if doing these things is going to enable me to bring people who now do them into the Church I am going to do them

The men of his country are beginning to realize that they have cared too much about comfort and too little about character in the past. If you are going to join our movement, study the conditions in your district, prevent immorality, stop the bad moving picture shows, co-operate with the officers of the law, and never fail to vote.

He organized the Citizens' Union

to secure the nomination and election of men who are not only honest and capable, but in fact represent the real sentiments of their constituencies.

William Jay grew more and more disgusted with the corruption of the Jimmy Walker administration in New York. There were the usual financial irregularities, which New York was not shocked by, but it learned that run of the mill corruption could lead to murder. He organized the Committee of a Thousand which eventually got rid of Jimmy Walker.

Increasing social unrest led to investigations into corruption within his administration, and he was eventually forced to testify before the investigative committee of Judge Samuel Seabury, the Seabury Commission (also known as the Hofstadter Committee). Walker caused his own downfall by accepting large sums of money from businessmen looking for municipal contracts.

One surprise witness in the Seabury investigation was Vivian Gordon. She informed the investigators that women were falsely arrested and accused of prostitution by the New York City Police Department. For this, the police officers were given more money in their paychecks. After her testimony, Vivian Gordon was suspiciously found strangled to death in a park in the Bronx. This event demonstrated to New Yorkers that corruption could lead to terrible consequences and that Walker might ultimately, in some way, be responsible for her death.

Mayor Jimmy Walker

With New York City appearing as a symbol of corruption under Mayor Walker, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt knew he had to do something about Walker and his administration. Knowing that the State's constitution could allow an elected mayor to be removed from office, Roosevelt felt compelled to act on this. But if he did this, he risked losing Tammany Hall's support for the Democratic nomination. On the other hand, if Roosevelt did nothing, or let Walker off easy, the national newspapers would consider him weak.

Facing pressure from Governor Roosevelt, Walker eluded questions about his personal bank accounts, stating instead that the money he received were "beneficences" and not bribes. He delayed any personal appearances until after Roosevelt's nomination for President of the U.S. was secured. It was at that time that the embattled mayor could fight no longer. Months from his national election, Roosevelt decided that he must remove Walker from office. Walker agreed and resigned on September 1, 1932, and went on a grand tour of Europe with Betty Compton, his Ziegfeld girl. Walker stayed in Europe until the danger of criminal prosecution appeared remote. There, he married Compton.

William Jay Schieffelin was without doubt a superior man. His intellect was demonstrated by his attaining a Ph. D. in Chemistry from Munich, which meant that he was not simply a brilliant chemist, and fluent in German, but fluent in scientific German. His energy, dedication, and zeal were inexhaustible, and he devoted much of it to helping the downtrodden.

Reformers can be tedious, and occasionally William Jay let slip what he thought of us lesser mortals, white and black:

The bad Southerner, the poor white trash, complain that they cannot get work owing to the competition of educated colored men...

The negro is not economically fitted to be a city dweller. His impulsive nature, for one thing, unfits him to meet the excitement and strain of city life.

But his Christianity preserved him from the dark folly of eugenics, which some members of his extended family fell into.

The morality of society, like any system, is subject to the Second Law of Thermodynamics, entropy. Any system, unless it receives energy from outside, tends to disorganization and chaos. William Jay was one of the people who put lots of moral energy back into the system. They are not easy to live with, but the world goes to hell without them.

Maria Louisa died on August 18, 1948; William Jay died on April 29, 1955. They are buried in the Schieffelin Mausoleum in the uptown Trinity Churchyard.

William van Duzer Lawrence

William Van Duzer Lawrence (1842-1927) was my wife's 4th cousin 4 times removed (distant, but traceable). "Removed," by the way, means a different generation. For example, my uncle's children are my first cousins. My great uncle's children are my first cousins, once removed, and so on.

Van D., as we shall call him, according to Wikipedia

was a millionaire real-estate and pharmaceutical mogul who is best known for having founded [Sarah Lawrence College](#) in 1926. He played a critical role in the development of the community of [Bronxville, New York](#), an affluent suburb of [New York City](#) defined by magnificent homes in a countrylike setting. His name can be found on the affluent Lawrence Park neighborhood, the Houlihan Lawrence Real Estate Corporation, and on Lawrence Hospital.

The pharmaceutical company was Perry Davis, later Davis & Lawrence, which published a book *Nursing the Sick*, which achieved mention in *Culinary Landmarks: A Bibliography of Canadian cookbooks 1825-1949*.

Davis and Lawrence also manufactured "Pain-Killer"

“PAIN KILLER” was patented by Perry Davis in 1845. It is believed to be the first nationally advertised remedy specifically for pain – as distinct from a particular disorder. “Pain Killer” was distributed by Christian missionaries around the world. Its ingredients, mainly opiates and ethyl alcohol, were entirely natural. No need of doctors (who had a deservedly poor reputation).

Nothing like organic opium to relieve pain. Narcotics provided a solid foundation to the Lawrence fortune; once you started taking Pain Killer, you never wanted to stop.

As a youth Mark Twain encountered it. In his *Autobiography* he reminisces:

It was not right to give the cat the “Pain-Killer”; I realize it now. I would not repeat it in these days. But in those “Tom Sawyer” days it was a great and sincere satisfaction to me to see Peter perform under its influence—and if actions do speak as loud as words, he took as much interest in it as I did. It was a most detestable medicine, Perry Davis Pain-Killer. Mr. Pavey’s negro man, who was

a person of good judgment and considerable curiosity, wanted to sample it and I let him. It was his opinion that it was made of hell-fire.

Next Van D went into real estate. He founded Bronxville, which was designed for upper-middle class types who wanted a pristine community:

Lawrence Park proudly advertised in *House and Garden* in 1925:
“Restrictions? Yes! Bronxville has been carefully guarded in its development.... The index of desirability has always been character, culture, and the ability to fit easily and naturally into the social scheme.”

As a Protestant minister remarked “Jesus Christ, – himself a Jew – would not be a welcome citizen of communities such as...Bronxville.

In 1958 Harry Gersh, using the name of Harry Greenberg, tried to buy a house in the Holy Square Mile, as Bronxville was known.

One real estate agent told him bluntly: “I have to tell you that you wouldn’t be comfortable here in Bronxville. There are no Jewish people in the village.” She only had his best interests at heart:

Some of my best friends are Jews,” she said. “And I wouldn’t want you to be hurt. It’s not even you and your wife so much. You’re probably used to it. But your children. You know how cruel children can be. Think of your son and daughter exposed to the cruelty of the other children.”

Van D. built the Hotel Gramatan in Bronxville

A massive fixture straddled atop Sunset Hill from 1905 until 1972, the Gramatan enjoyed its spectacular heyday in the 1920’s. Developed by real estate mogul William Van Duzer Lawrence, The hotel enjoyed an international reputation of exclusivity, attracting stars such as Greta Garbo, John and Ethel Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, Peaches and Daddy Browning and Theodore Dreiser. Society from all over the world flocked to the Gramatan to rub elbows; its balls and social events serving as mixers for the rich and famous.

Jews were allowed in the hotel.

Sarah Lawrence College was his next major work in 1926. He named it after his wife,

and built it on his estate. Westlands:

From its inception, the college was intended to provide instruction in the arts and humanities for women. Its pedagogy, modeled on the tutorial system of Oxford University, combined independent research projects, individually supervised by the teaching faculty, and seminars with low student-to-faculty ratio.

One of my nieces went there, I shall have to ask her if the tradition of all natural opium continues at the college.

Its architecture leans to Stockbroker Tudor, as we see in the Titsworth and Dudley Lawrence dorms:

Van D. also founded Lawrence Hospital after his son nearly died when he fell sick and had to be taken to New York.

Such are the accomplishments of this Lawrence: a fortune built on opium and real estate, a college, and a hospital.

At present those who try to build fortunes on opium and its equivalents end up in jail or dead, rather than successful philanthropists.