

Capt. De Wolf, having constantly risen in rank in a seafaring life from the early age of thirteen to twenty-four, returned, after a series of long voyages east of Cape of Good Hope to Bristol for a short respite. His employers, Messrs. Charles, James and George De Wolf purchased the *Juno*, and sent him in command on a voyage to the northwest coast of America to collect furs for the China Market. He put to sea Aug. 13, 1804. On Aug. 14, 1805, when the *Juno* was waiting at Norfolk Sound for the Indians to return with furs from a hunting excursion, there arrived as passengers on a Russian brig, a nobleman, Baron Nicholas von Resanoff, a large proprietor of the Russian-American Co., Lieut. N. Schwortoff, Lieut. Davidoff, and Dr. George von Langsdorff. To this Russian party he sold the *Juno* and the remainder of its cargo for \$68,000 and a small Russian vessel, well provisioned, in which he sent the crew of the *Juno* to Canton. Then he went into winter-quarters, sharing the same house with Dr. Langsdorff, a German naturalist and scientist who had volunteered to accompany the Russian party for purposes of scientific research and discovery. During this winter, of which Capt. De Wolf gives an interesting and often amusing account, the two companions conceived for each other a warm friendship, and determined to pursue their journey together. On June 30, they set sail in a small Russian vessel to Irkutsk. An account of the inoculation of a whole settlement at that place, suffering from small-pox, by means of a needle and thread is interesting when compared with modern methods.

By a journey of thirty-five thousand miles from this place, Capt. De Wolf reached St. Petersburg Oct. 21, 1807. The return to his native land was made more rapidly via Liverpool. He arrived in Bristol April 1, 1808. "Thus terminates," concludes Capt. De Wolf, "an absence of three years and six months from the time of my departure. The owners were in receipt of the proceeds of the voyage, which resulted in a clear profit of one hundred thousand dollars."

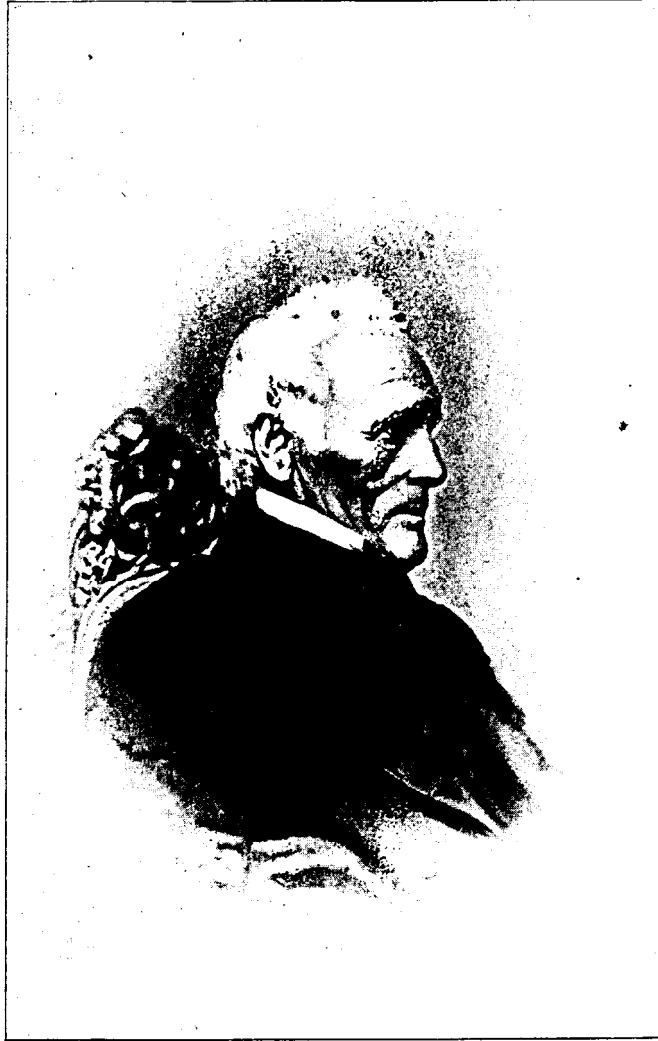
Capt. De Wolf continued in the Russian trade in which he had made so distinguished and remunerative a beginning. In 1809, he again met his friend Dr. Langsdorff. Their former comrades, Lieutenants Schwortoff and Davidhoff were at the time stationed on the opposite bank of the Neva. After one evening's pleasant reunion, they were drowned in the Neva by

the upsetting of their boat. Of their pathetic death, Capt. De Wolf adds: "Though fifty years have gone by since the death of these young men, I cannot forbear to recall their virtues and lament their untimely end."

Capt. De Wolf continued, some years after his marriage, in the Russian-American trade. His family have a heavy silver tea service presented to him by the Russian-American Company, as well as much Russian cut glass. On retiring from the sea, like so many sea captains, he occupied himself in farming on a small scale on a fine old place near Brighton, and the last twelve years of his life he made his home with his married daughter, Mrs. Downing, at Dorchester, Mass. "I never knew," writes his granddaughter Mrs. Green, "a more beautiful old age. Beloved by those of all ages, he had many friends among the young people and was young with them, and his grandchildren were devoted to him. They always called him 'White Grandpa,' on account of his silvery white hair, to distinguish him from my father. They always knew in just what spot in his room to look for candy and fruits which he always had for them, and if there was anything they particularly wanted, they were always sure that 'White Grandpa' would give it to them. Like so many old people it was hard to adapt himself to modern improvements, and especially the new ideas in ship-building were not always to his liking. At a window of his room at our summer home, commanding a fine view of Boston Harbor, we would often find him holding his spy-glass at arms length, and if sometimes we would ask: 'What do you see, Grandpa?' he would invariably reply: 'I am looking at those blasted three-masted schooners.' We often wonder what he would have thought of the five and six masted ones so common in the harbor now. My grandmother was very fond of us, but we stood in much awe of her—she was so very dignified and strictly a lady of the old school. Grandpa was always a dear companion to us."

The reader cannot fail to recognize in this story of this fine old captain of former days—family characteristics—the enterprise, "indomitable will, somewhat impatient of contradiction, or of new-fangled ideas," combined with that intense passionate love for his family, his tenderness and sweetness toward the little ones.

Of the seven daughters of Mark Anthony and Abigail Pot-



CAPTAIN JOHN DE WOLF (55).
DORCHESTER, MASS.
BORN SEPT 6, 1779; DIED MARCH 6, 1872.

ter De Wolf, only four lived long enough to have histories to record. The last children born to them were girl twins, who died the same year. The second daughter, named Abigail, also died in infancy. The youngest daughter to grow up and marry, Lydia, has no surviving descendants. She married first Samuel Lee, and her two boys, Mark Anthony and Samuel were drowned with their cousins, the Howe boys, in an accident that cast a gloom over the town of that day. True to the marine traditions of her family, Mrs. Lee then married Capt. Attwood—the writer always heard her spoken of by his father as “Aunt Attwood.” Her one child by that marriage, Abby, married a brother of Mrs. James De Wolf, Hersey Bradford,—so a cousin thus became an aunt by marriage to all of Capt. James De Wolf’s family, and a very dear aunt and uncle they were, and very merry were the family gatherings at Uncle Hersey’s home, now the residence of Col. Samuel Norris, corner of Bradford and Main streets, Bristol. Very dear and delightful cousins, too, were Uncle Hersey’s children, Hersey and Seraphina, of the next generation, but both died unmarried, and so as to Aunt Attwood’s line :

“Now my story is done.”

The remaining three sisters certainly made up for the lack of descendants, from the four already considered. The eldest, Margaret, married Joseph Diman, of Bristol. At the time of the birth of their children they lived in a house that stood on the northeast corner of Hope and Constitution streets. At the time of her death, however, Mrs. Diman was living in a house which is still standing on the southwest corner of Hope and Court streets. The fine residence, known as the Diman mansion, which once stood upon Thames street, just north of the store of William R. Taylor, was built by her son.

Of the “Diman wharf,” which extended from this place, little now remains. Both of her sons, Royal and Jeremiah, were sea captains. From these two sons and her daughter Margaret—Mrs. Liscolm, have descended the numerous Bristol families of that name.

The most prominent of them in the State in former days was Gov. Francis Moore Dimon. Though born in Bristol he went to Cuba in early life and later became Consul at Port Au Prince, Haiti, and afterwards for many years, held the same

position at Vera Cruz, Mexico. His thorough knowledge of the place and language made him of great service to President Polk and General Scott in planning the bombardment of that city during the Mexican War. For this and because of his being so beloved and respected by the inhabitants he was assigned the honor of entering the city at the head of the victorious army. At the termination of the war he was made Collector of the Port of Vera Cruz, and the United States awarded him a large tract of land for his great services and kindness to the Texas prisoners. On his return to Rhode Island he was elected Lieut.-Governor, and as the Governor, Hon. Philip Allen, became almost immediately after his election U. S. Senator, Lieut.-Governor Dimond served as Governor nearly the entire term. He spent his declining years in his beautiful home, already spoken of as once the home of others of the De Wolf family, Capt. and Mrs. Hersey Bradford, and which is still the home of Gov. Dimond's daughter, the wife of Col. Samuel Norris and their children Samuel Norris, Jr., a successful member of the Rhode Island Bar and his sister to whom the writer is indebted for the above facts concerning her distinguished grandfather. To-day, Margaret De Wolf's branch of the family is distinguished by Miss Emma Bradford Stanton, the Associate Registrar for the Women's College of Brown University.

The fourth daughter, if we count *both* the Abigails, was named Nancy Potter. The writer's search for her descendants furnishes a good example of the genealogist's difficulties and fascinating surprises. As his father had often spoken of his "Aunt Nancy Kinnicutt," and as her niece, the last of the grandchildren of Mark Anthony De Wolf, Mrs. Charles Lovett was still living when he began his search, he naturally believed it an easy task. It was known that, with a young family of children, Mrs. Kinnicutt had moved from Warren, R. I., to Schoharie Co., N. Y. Beyond this all search seemed vain—she had begun to be referred to by the cousins joining in the quest as our "elusive Aunt Kinnicutt," and her biography consisted of the quotation from a letter of Mrs. Lovett's granddaughter and namesake, Miss Josephine Brooks (daughter of Rev. John Brooks, and niece of the great Bishop of Massachusetts): "All that any of us have known about her is that the bears used to come out of the mountains on moonlight nights and prowl

about the piazza in Schoharie, N. Y., which used greatly to impress my childish imagination." The conclusion seemed irresistible that "Aunt Kinnicutt" and her nine children had been brought to an untimely end by the bears—when a happy accident discovered a great-grandchild in Mrs. Hall, wife of Prof. Edward Winslow Hall, Librarian of Colby College, Waterville, Me. She kindly furnished the first information obtained in regard to Nancy De Wolf, and put the writer in communication with other members of the family. To one of these, Mr. George A. Perry of New York City, the writer is under great obligation, not only for his labor of love in tracing out all the ramifications of this line of De Wolfs, but also for invaluable aid in arranging the tables of Perry descent and for many other services.

Nancy Potter De Wolf was married June 16, 1782, in Bristol, R. I., by the Rev. Solomon Townsend to Edward Kinnicutt. Their home was in Warren, R. I., the home of her husband's family, the last of whom has recently died there. They lived in Warren until the birth of their third child, when they moved to Schoharie Co., N. Y. Here, as has been seen above, they battled with the conditions of a new settlement; but the traditions preserved by her descendants of Mrs. Kinnicutt's character, person and bearing, show that the strong will and sense of family dignity so characteristic of her race were not broken by uncongenial environment. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Celia Smith, (daughter of her son Edward), is the chief living authority for these traditions, as she was sixteen years of age at the time of her father's death, and remembers much that her father related of his mother. According to Mrs. Smith, so Mr. Perry writes, "Nancy was regarded as 'aristocratic,' but very generous and kind. There was no doubt that she was really a beautiful woman with a light complexion, but dark hair and eyes—a type that descended to her eldest child, Samuel De Wolf, his daughter Marietta and others. The same petite figure and quick, impulsive vivacious manner appeared in many of her descendants. Nancy De Wolf had the poetic temperament in full measure."

"It is said she would never turn anyone in want from her door. Every tramp was fed, but she would stand over him while eating and lecture him soundly for his shiftlessness. She was devoted to the Church, but as there was no Episcopal

Church near them, some of the Kinnicutt family became attendants at the Baptist." Mr. Perry thus sums up her character: "She was quick, vivacious and impulsive, and withal a strong, generous and noble woman, devoted to the duties of her home and of her Church." Edward Kinnicutt, her husband was of good old New England stock. His paternal descent was John, son of John, son of Roger Kinnicutt. On the maternal side his mother, Hannah Gorham, was daughter of Jabez, son of Jabez, son of Capt. John Gorham, whose wife was Desire Howland, daughter of John and Elizabeth [Tilley] Howland; both of the *Mayflower*, and the latter probably the granddaughter of Gov. Carver. Moving to Schoharie County, they purchased a large estate, and built one of the first homesteads in that part of the State. Here until their death they maintained a home of refinement and culture, and were widely known and highly esteemed. They kept in touch with their kindred and friends in Rhode Island. Mrs. Kinnicutt was a favorite sister of her brother James, only four years his senior, and one of the memories of her children was his visit to Schoharie, driving all the way from his home in Bristol in a "Coach and Four." "My mother remembered," writes Mrs. Hall, "boxes of goodies that used to arrive in Cobleskill from James De Wolf. The coffee, tea, spices, raisins, etc., were superior to anything ever seen there."

Edward Kinnicutt fell dead April 27th, 1820. Five years later Nancy executed a will, witnessed by James and William De Wolf and Hersey Bradford. It is a quaint document, preserved by Mr. G. A. Perry. Full of the complex legal phrases of the day, space does not permit its full reproduction here. After a Christian commendation of soul and body to her Maker, in full assurance of the Resurrection "when the trumpet shall summon it (*i. e.* her body) to a glorious and interminable association with its immortal companion in the skies," she divides her estate among her children and grandchildren, making many of those old-time bequests which throw light upon the value of such possessions in the time of our great grandmothers. Thus she leaves to each of her children "one silver tablespoon, having the initials 'N. D.'W.' engraved thereon." In the case of her son Samuel, "said spoon after his death to his daughter Marietta." The treasured possession of one of these spoons by Mrs. Hall was almost all she knew of her

great grandmother, as her mother, Mrs. Hascall, had been sent to her paternal grandfather in West Rutland, Vt., at an early age. The will bequeaths the homestead to Joseph, her oldest son, except the occupancy of her own sleeping room, which is left to her daughter Nancy, and these two remained there unmarried till the time of their death. To her daughter Abigail Vincent she left her "looking-glass, large rocking chair, a bed quilt and a book entitled the 'Life of Sarah Osborn';" to her daughter Mary Ann Harman, "my string of gold beads, a small well finished cherry chest, and the book entitled 'Sherlock on Death';" and to her "granddaughter Julia Vincent, a set of calico bed curtains."

As we have seen, Joseph and Nancy remained unmarried, William died at nineteen, many years before his parents, Charles and James died in infancy. Only four of her children married, yet Nancy De Wolf's descendants number one hundred and seventeen, of whom seventy-nine are (March 15, 1902) still living, but none bear the name of Kinnicutt. Of the oldest married son, Samuel De Wolf Kinnicutt, his grandson, Mr. Perry, writes such a charming sketch that space must be made for a liberal quotation in his own words.

"My grandfather was a most picturesque and interesting character,—a refined gentleman of the old school. I spent my early childhood at the Kinnicutt Homestead, which he built and which to me as I look back was a most delightful spot. He used to tell me the old classical stories of Greece and Rome, and the mysteries of astronomy. The homesteads were well supplied with books, and both Samuel and his brother Edward were fond of reading. I often found my grandfather reading his 'Horace' or 'Locke on the Understanding.' He recited poetry by the page. I cannot remember when I did not know about James De Wolf, and of his ships and losses at the time the embargo, and of his 'grand mansion' in Bristol and the visits he made to his sister Nancy. In fact he made my childhood a delightful dream. His gentleness and beautiful character endeared him to me as a constant inspiration. and when at the age of eighty-seven, in 1865, he died while I was away at school, it seemed as if I had lost my best friend. He is buried on the old estate."

Samuel Kinnicutt had built his own house a half-mile east of the original home, the latter about one hundred years old.

Samuel's house was burned in 1826, but upon the same site he built a second, the house Mr. Perry remembers—the winding staircase down whose rail he took many a ride, the great open fire place around which they gathered and cracked hickory nuts in the long winter nights, when from the neighboring homestead his Uncle Edward often joined them, and the brothers discussed the news of the Crimean War.

In regard to the many fine old pine trees on the estate, their "trunks straight as a mast, three or four feet in diameter, without a limb or a knot for one hundred feet or so," relics of the "forest primeval," Mr. Perry tells a characteristic story of his grandfather. As the estate became divided into small farms, one noble monarch of the forest after another had been sacrificed—cut, drawn and quartered by the new neighboring saw mills. One still stood in solitary grandeur on a hill near by. Often Mr. Kinnicutt would climb the hill to gaze at the noble tree and reflect on the cruel wantonness that had cut down all its companions. One day, taking its owner to the tree, he asked him to put a price upon it. "Well, Mr. Kinnicutt," was the reply, "I will cut it down and saw it into lumber which you shall have at the lowest price." "Cut it down! cut it down!" exclaimed Mr. Kinnicutt with burning indignation, "I do not want it cut; I want it to stand right here!" This was a puzzling and novel business proposition to the unsentimental settler, but the tree was saved.

Mr. S. De W. Kinnicutt's only son, a promising young man, died at nineteen. His two daughters married; the older, Marietta, became the wife of John Henry Coons, well known in the county, and for several years County Clerk; Hester Ann married Henry Nelson Perry, the father of our correspondent, a man described as not only very handsome in person, but "a real gentleman by nature, very bright, quick and generous to a fault." Their son, Mr. George A. Perry, who has been so frequently quoted, a resident of New York City, his summer home on Lake Champlain, has two sons who, with himself, inherit the literary tastes of Samuel Kinnicutt—Mr. Perry enlisting while still a student of Charlotte Seminary, N. Y., in the 91st N. Y. Vol. Reg't., served throughout the war, then returned to school, later took his Master's Degree at Wesleyan University, and has been a classical teacher all his life—his oldest son, Ralph Barton, graduated at Princeton with

high honors, Class of '96, later took three years post graduate course in Philosophy at Harvard, and after having been an instructor in Philosophy in Williams' College and in Smith's College has just received the appointment to the same position in Harvard University. His younger brother, Edward De Wolf, after attending Princeton University has entered on a course of Naval Architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

As we have seen, neither of the two sons of Nancy De Wolf Kinnicutt who married left male issue. Nancy's daughter Mary Ann married in Hardwick, Mass., Henry Harmon. Of their three children, Charles married his cousin Emeline Kinnicutt; James married Lucinda Lear in Bridgeport, Vt., and became the father of several Vermont branches of the family; while their only daughter Celia married Ralph Henry Hascall, a son of Rev. Daniel Hascall, D.D., the founder of Colgate University, N. Y., and a descendant of both William Bradford and Stephen Hopkins of the *Mayflower* company. Thus, again, were branches of the family established in New England and the literary traditions of the Kinnicutt's preserved, for a daughter of this last marriage Mary Sophia Hascall married Professor Edward Winslow Hall, L.L.D., also a descendant of the *Mayflower* company through his ancestor, Francis Cook, and who after serving many years upon the Faculty of Colby College, Waterville, Me., is the Librarian and Register of that institution of learning. This is the Mrs. Hall of whom the writer's indebtedness has been already acknowledged.

The only remaining daughter of Mark Anthony De Wolf to be considered, Abigail—married at about the age of twenty, Capt. Perley Howe who had recently come to Bristol from the home of his father, Rev. Perley Howe, at Killingley, Conn., of which place the latter, a graduate of Harvard, was the congregational minister. The first three sons of this marriage, the eldest only twenty-five at the time, rovers of the sea like their father and their grandfather De Wolf, on returning from a voyage around the world were wrecked and lost with two other grandsons of Capt. Mark Anthony De Wolf on the New England shore. Says the beautiful little sketch of Bishop Howe by his widow from which many of these facts are gathered: "The mother who was anxiously awaiting their

arrival dreamed, on a certain stormy night, that they were in mortal peril. The ship never came to land, but the repentant waves left on the shore some records of their cruel work. What wonder that the dream and its interpretation were thought to be one!" Mr. Charles De Wolf Brownell contributes a family tradition somewhat awesome that might seem to belong to this accident—perhaps another form of the story which Mrs. Howe preserves. Only as Mr. Brownell writes, he does not "know that any of the old family who were lost at sea were married," as the reference of the child to a "father would imply." Thus runs the tale: "In the great storm when they were supposed to be lost, one of the children woke up, in the middle of the night, sat up in bed and called out: 'Mother, there's father,' and the same moment a table with folding leaves, standing in the middle of the floor, turned bottom side up, the leaves falling flat on the floor. On the same night my grandfather, Capt. Charles De Wolf had a dream that he met one of the sailors of the ship and asked him: 'Jack, where's your captain and where's your mate?' The answer came back: 'The captain's gone and the mate's left behind.'" To whomsoever this story may relate, (after many of the De Wolf family must be written: "Lost at sea,") it adds another to a long list of well authenticated dreams and presentiments of coming death. Capt. Perley Howe "was an ardent patriot in the War of the Revolution, and was impoverished by a too confident trust in the value of continental money." He therefore resorted to teaching, in this occupation spending his last years in Hartford, Killingly and Weathersfield, Conn. In Killingly, John Howe was born. After her husband's death, the widow returned with her two boys, John and George, to Bristol. Here she married a second time, Capt. Jeremiah Ingraham. She probably occupied as Mrs. Ingraham the home which, much altered, still stands south of the Post-office. It was in this house her grandson, Bishop Howe, was born. The writer remembers when it was the home of the only child of the second marriage, Mary Ingraham, the wife of Rev. John West. This latter very handsome couple, John and Mary West, in this house brought up a large family who inherited the beauty and vivacity of their parents. The numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Mrs. Abigail (De Wolf) Howe have maintained the family name both for fair-



ABIGAIL DE WOLF (19),
WIFE OF (1) CAPTAIN PERLEY HOWE.
(2) CAPTAIN JEREMIAH INGRAHAM.
BORN JULY 1, 1755: DIED FEB. 22, 1833.

ness of face and sweetness of disposition, leaders in the circle of society scattered from Mexico and California to New York; from Charlestown to Newport and Bristol. The inconstant sea continued its cruel bereavements to Abigail De Wolf, depriving her of her second husband, but she herself lived to be nearly eighty years of age. Of her son John, Hon. Nathaniel Bullock, his brother in the profession of the law, and a fellow student under Judge Bourn, writes in an obituary in the Bristol *Phoenix*, March 18, 1864, at the time of Mr. Howe's death:

"He graduated at Rhode Island College, now Brown University, in the year 1805, and was distinguished among the members of a numerous class for diligence in his studies and correct deportment. On leaving college, he devoted himself to the study of law under Judge Bourn, and on admission to the bar commenced the practice of his profession in this town, and continued in it till in 1841 he was appointed Collector of the Customs for the District of Bristol and Warren by President Harrison.

With talents peculiarly adapted to his chosen profession, and a mind already disciplined to study, he soon secured a fair practice and an enviable reputation at the bar, then regularly attended by such lawyers as Burrill, Burgess and Searle of Providence; and Hazard, Robbins and Hunter of Newport. No advocate was ever more faithful, or more closely identified himself with his client. His manner as a speaker was deliberate, forcible and impressive. If the trial involved a mooted question of law for the consideration of the Court, he never failed to come to the discussion well prepared, and opposing counsel was sure to find a hard antagonist to encounter.

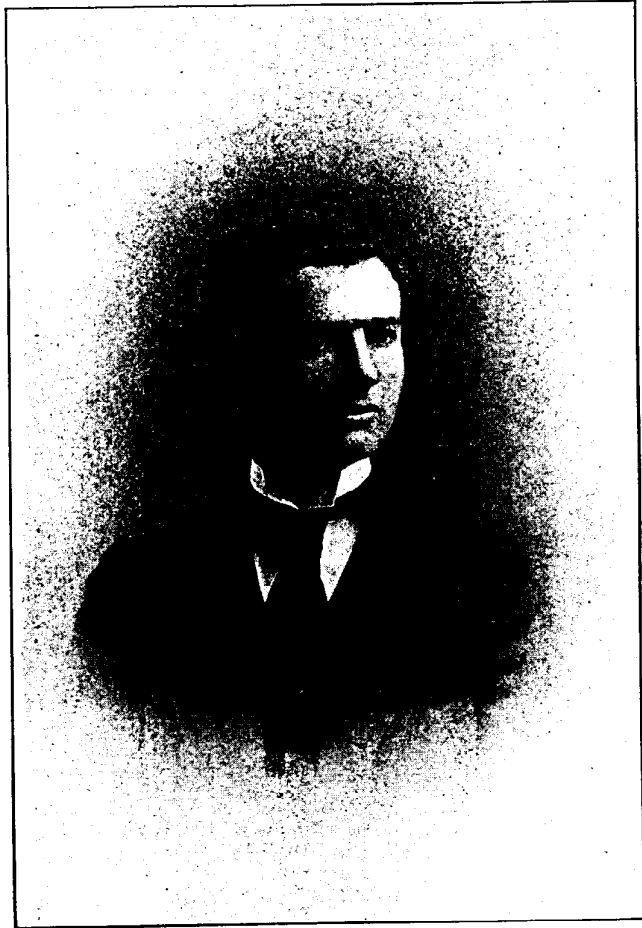
He early took a part in the politics of the day, making his debut as a Federalist in opposition to a large family connexion that had influence enough to control the polls at town elections. He thus cast his lot with a party that was in the minority not only in the town, but also in the State and Country. Had self-interest or ambition for official preferment been his leading object, he would have united with his powerful kindred, and thrown himself into the majority. But he based his political opinions on principles he believed to be right, and was not to be shaken from them.

He contracted good habits in his youth, and sustained an unblemished moral character throughout his life. He was

happy in his domestic ties, and performed all the duties of that relationship with devoted and warm affection. He was a constant worshipper at St. Michael's Church, and one of its Vestry many years; made a public profession of his faith in the Christian religion four years before his death, and died in the hope it inspires."

Mr. Howe was also fond of literary studies, and was the author of many able articles and essays, many in advocacy of the protection policy of the Whigs, to which party he attached himself when the Federal party expired. He represented Bristol in the General Assembly for a number of years. He built the handsome residence on Hope street, later known as the house of Gov. Byron Diman, and to this new home brought his only child, Mark Anthony De Wolf, when nine weeks old. He had married Louise Smith, a sister of Benjamin Bosworth Smith, who lived to be Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States. Mrs. Howe was a descendant of Richard Smith, one of the founders of Bristol in 1680, and first town clerk. His wife was known for her loveliness of character. She and the writer's grandmother were devoted friends, their husbands, business partners. Mr. Howe was with Abel Jones, viewing land of Mr. Jones where Chicago now stands, when the latter died. It was looking out of her window and seeing Mr. Howe lead back her husband's riderless horse that gave Mrs. Jones the first news of her husband's death, five months before the birth of their daughter Julia.

It was in the beautiful home of Bishop Howe, "Weetamoe," at Bristol, that the writer used to watch the strong fine face of Mr. John Howe, who spent his last days with his son, while the writer's friend, Mr. Howe's grandson Herbert, then showing every indication of becoming a great artist, painted his grandfather's portrait. It was many years later in the old parlor of Silver Creek after bidding adieu to the friend of his youth that the aged Bishop was assisted to his carriage, stricken with the beginning of the illness which a few days later called him to his reward. But, although the writer was privileged with the inspirations of the Bishop in childhood and of his counsels in later years, and was brought up in intimacy with his children, and although he has listened to many an anecdote of Bristol's history from the lips of the Bishop, than whom none knew or loved his native town better, he can do better for his readers



JOHN FELL HOWE (1167).
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
BORN DEC. 3, 1875; DIED DEC. 31, 1895.

than himself, attempting to sketch the Bishop's character. There will be found in later pages of this volume a brief sketch of the first Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, by his own son and namesake, already making himself favorably known in literary circles in connection with the *Youths' Companion* and as editor of some charming volumes.

Of the long line of the Howe family whose portraits through the courtesy of Dr. Herbert M. Howe and other sons of Bishop Howe, adorn these pages, the youngest is that of John Fell Howe, son of Dr. Herbert M. Howe, and the great-great-grandson of Mark Anthony De Wolf. The only son of his father, beloved and respected by all who knew him, already having shown promise of those splendid talents which have distinguished so many of his family and, as will be seen by his portrait, not lacking in those personal attractions for which the De Wolfs have been noted, a face of singular purity and sweetness, as well as enkindled with lofty purpose—he may appropriately close the line of six generations of De Wolf faces that look forth from these pages—symbolizing all that is most desirable and hoped for from the living descendants. His bright life closed Dec. 31, 1895, in his twenty-first year, his junior year at Yale college, yet not before he had set an example of manliness, of Christian character, of high intellectual attainments that lives after him, so that his teacher and friend, Rev. Charles W. Coit, a master of St. Paul's School, Concord, in his address at his funeral, could say: "My brothers, the life of John Howe is not really over. His fragrant memory will always live with those who knew and loved him. It was impossible to look into his clear, frank, open countenance without recognizing the truth and innocence and reverence for good things that dwelt within. * * While entering with keen enjoyment into all manly pursuits and exercises, both on land and water; while holding a high place in all his studies, for which his clear, strong mind and his powers of application fully qualified him, John Howe possessed that true manliness which comes from strict adherence to high principles."

A life which called forth such high praise from his teacher, while college classmates, united in speaking of him as "one whose Christian character and manly bearing endeared him to all who knew him," does not close, however early, without stamping its indelible mark for good. On his father's side he

inherited the high moral and religious traits and intellectual attainments that has been described in the preceding pages. Indeed, much in the description of his character given in the memorial which is here quoted, reminds the writer of what he had heard from his mother's lips of the seriousness, yet joyousness, the depth of thought and the brilliancy of wit of his grandfather Bishop Howe, when a college tutor. From the side of his mother, Mary W. Fell Howe, he inherited "an unusual degree of practical and business skill, together with a large degree of common sense, that rare gift so desirable yet so hard to define" (In Memoriam, Bristol *Phoenix*, Jan. 7, 1896), as well he might, from the daughter of Gillingham Fell, one of the most prominent, successful and respected of Philadelphia's great business men; the president of the Union League of Philadelphia, during the war. The enduring inspiration which such a life should exert on all the younger generations, for whom these pages are chiefly written, shines forth in these graceful lines of William G. Low, Jr., one of the "ten trusty friends and classmates who bore him to his grave."

"Thou belted knight, sealed with the holy cross;
Thine is immortal gain and ours the loss!
God saw thee early, foremost in the fight,
And took thy soul to join the Hosts of Light!"

The deep, yet triumphant sorrow of his kinsmen and friends, breathes in the lines of his uncle, M. A. De W. Howe, as he paced the ice-bound shore that skirts the ancestral home, "Weetamoe," in Bristol.

"To walk beside this winter shore,
Was not for his young feet;
Of summer learned he all his lore,
Smiling from life's wide opened door
A summer world to greet.
The icy channel's narrowed span
'T was not for him to know;
His current widening as it ran,
Still smoothly spreads as it began;
Free from our frosts and snow."

For such a life one may pray with sure Christian confidence, as does the memorial before us—as does the writer for all those "gone before" whose names are recorded in these pages.

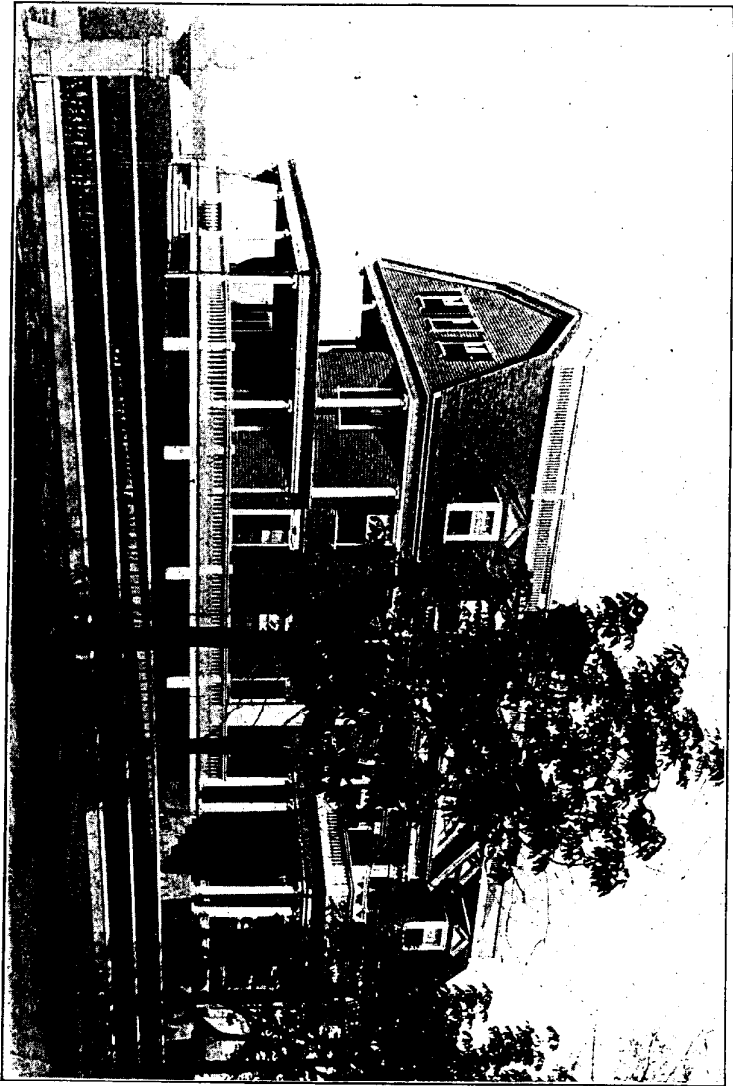
"Grant them, O Lord, eternal rest;
And let perpetual light shine upon them."

The reign of the De Wolfs as the dominant family of the town is ended. Few of the old mansions fling wide their doors as of old to merry throngs. The wharves of the old sea captains are many of them rotting in the harbor. Not by any means that Bristol presents the aspect of a "deserted village." Quite the contrary. Its population has greatly increased, and is certainly much more diversified than in early days. The whistles of the National Rubber Works summon greater streams of humanity than were once employed in the shops and counting houses; at the shore may be seen as great gatherings to witness the launching of the latest wonder that glides from the ways at the Hereshoffs' as were accustomed to collect there to see the great casks of Jamaica rum or Havana molasses rolled on the wharves. With steamers in the harbor and cars taking the place of the stage-coach, strangers have been attracted by the beauties of the town. A beautiful succession of residences crowns the Ferry hill. Among these new homes the De Wolfs do not lack representation. Among them is the beautiful home of Dr. Herbert M. Howe, the oldest son of Bishop Howe, and to whom the writer is indebted for much aid in this work, including the copies of fine portraits in his possession—one by his own brush; for he has combined the unusual gifts of an artist, a physician, and an eminently prosperous and successful business man. Yet with all its more recent prosperity, Bristol seems full of voices of the past—shadows of faded splendors and mysterious whisperings of romances; aye, tragedies too, of bygone days. The sob of sailless waves bewails the once mighty masters of ships as they idly splash against the deserted wharves. The day of the Vikings is past. The graceful pleasure boats, with great white wings over inconspicuous hulls, sent forth by the Hereshoffs to win silver cups of victory are but as the summer water fowl that skim the waves which were once ploughed by mighty Dinosaurs of trade, laden with the riches of the Indies, and the dark monsters of the deep whose capacious maws echoed with the unspeakable captive laments of their human freight.

The great fortunes won from the deep seem to have been called back to it, like the return of the golden ring to the Rhine maidens. Lost by misfortune, sometimes, it must be

confessed, squandered, the wealth of the De Wolfs no longer excites the envy or claims the admiration of former days. "Old Bristol" looks calmly, if somewhat curiously, on the new Bristol rising in its midst.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."



"MIRAMAR," THE RESIDENCE OF FRANCIS EUGENE DE WOLF.
BRISTOL, R. I.



AMASA DE WOLF (29),
OLDEST GREAT-GRANDSON OF CHARLES DE WOLF,
OF GAUDALOUPE.
BORN 1778; DIED 1859.

CHAPTER II.

DESCENDANTS OF SIMON DE WOLF.

IN the inception of his work, the writer knew nothing of Simon the older son of Charles of Guadaloupe, other than the incorrect entry in some of the family bibles: "Simon never returned to America." Another erroneous tradition in the Rhode Island family was that from Simon sprang the Canadian branches of the De Wolfs.

It has been as gratifying as surprising to become acquainted through correspondence with a great number of Simon's widely scattered descendants. This was first accomplished through the Rev. Erastus De Wolf of Boerne, Texas. The writer knew that his father, Rev. Erastus De Wolf, Sr., had visited James De Wolf in Bristol, and was well remembered there. Simon's descendants have been as enterprising in felling primeval forests and subduing the wilderness, becoming founders of new communities in the west as were the sons of Mark Anthony in ploughing the seas. Simon De Wolf was sent home from Guadaloupe, West Indies, to his grandfather Charles at Middletown, Conn. At the time he could have been but a little boy, for he was born 1718 and his grandfather died in 1731 when Simon was but thirteen. His younger uncles, with whom he grew up, were about his own age. The records, carefully searched for the writer by the genealogist, Frank Farnsworth Starr, Esq., of that place, show that Simon, grandson of Charles (of Middletown) was living at Middletown in 1733 and also 1740-1741. He must be carefully distinguished from his uncle Simon who appears as a resident of Reading Parish in the town of Fairfield. Into his grandfather's family Simon seems to have first introduced the French modification of the name, leading to such various spellings that some descendants lost the knowledge of their relationship to their

first ancestors. It may be as well here as anywhere to deal with this question and to offer such apology as may be due for adopting in the tables a uniform spelling. It was impossible to learn in many cases, and would have been perplexing in all, to follow the varieties of spelling among members of the family sometimes related so closely as father and son or first cousins. With very few exceptions (in which the variation was designedly preserved) the spelling most common in the family has been adopted—"De Wolf,"—but not with any purpose of arbitrating in the fierce family dispute as to which is correct. Without going back to the European transitions—de Wolf—possibly Der Wolf, de Loup, etc., which has been so ably treated in the preface, it is sufficient to begin with the first American ancestor. The Salisburys state that the signature of Balthasar to legal papers bearing the date of 1678 sent to Mrs. Salisbury by the late Charles J. Hoadley, the state librarian of Connecticut, is written "Baltasar de wolf" and that of his son, "Edward de wolfe." In the decree of the courts, 1656, to which we shall have occasion to refer later, it is given "Baltazar de Woolfe." There was probably no material change until Charles De Wolf went to the French island of Guadaloupe. His son Simon returned to Connecticut and brought with him the French pronunciation of the name, "D'olf," the French language of course having no "w." It is singular, however, that although both sons returned to America, both espousing the cause against the English, and although the time had not arrived, as in the days of Jefferson when French customs and manners were sedulously imitated—this Frenchified form of the name became immediately popular in the grandfather's family, and soon efforts appear to express the sound in orthography. A complete collection of early autographs would doubtless show the steps of the transition. The writer sought to obtain such without success. The signature of Abda, son of Charles' youngest son Joseph, hence of the same generation as Simon, found upon a paper dated 1782 among the records at Albany, is "Abda Dewolph," according to Mr. John M. Dolph his descendant, showing, as the latter argues, that the name De Wolf was still intended to be preserved. The following extracts from letters to the author from Mr. John M. Dolph of Port Jervis, N. Y., brother of the United States Senator Dolph of Oregon, sheds still further light upon the change:

"Members of nearly all the families of the sons of Charles of Middletown took the name 'Dolph' with various spellings. Matthew's children born in Bolton were some of them residents in Glastonbury—and these spelled the name D'Olyph for more than one hundred years. There are Dolphs still living at Deep River, Conn., descended from that Charles Dolph who was killed in 1815 while leading in the capture of the British privateer *Rover*, and whose widow was pensioned by Congress in 1816. The Pennsylvania Dolphs of whom Mrs. Salisbury speaks, were the descendants of Moses Dolph, who was a Revolutionary soldier, and who after the Revolution went to Mountain Meadows, Wayne Co., Pa. In 1795, he was the largest tax-payer in that part of the state. Between 1795 and 1800 he sold his property in Wayne Co. to the father of the historian Goodrich and moved to the site of the present city of Scranton. My grandfather Joseph Dolph, then living at St. Ann, went down there and made the first survey of that part of the valley. I have a letter from Edward Dolph of Scranton in which he says he remembers his grandfather Moses Dolph very well, and that he can remember his saying that the name was originally 'De Wolf' and that some of the family retained the name 'De Wolf.'"

Moses seems to have been married three times, first to a McCarty of Salisbury, so his grandson stated. "Goodrich says that Moses Dolph married the daughter of Jacob Stanton at Mountain Meadow in 1780 and of whom Moses bought his home at that place." "One of the oldest members of grandfather's family has told me that Joseph who was born 1767 and was over twenty years old when his father made the change (*i. e.* 'De Wolf' to 'Dolph') never was reconciled to it. The tradition in the family seems to be, and I find it in all branches, that they considered 'De Wolf' the French name of which 'Dolph' was an English equivalent." How curiously this explanation was the reverse of the facts, the change to "Dolph" being a French influence in a name that had been "De Wolf," or earlier "de Wolf," used in Connecticut for at least eighty years before the corruption to "Dewolph" and "Dolph." The same writer in his essay read at the Dolph Reunion, Kinsman, Trumbull Co., Ohio, accounting for the spread of the abbreviated form by the close companionship of Simon and his family with other children of his grandfather, says:

"One of Edward's sons served in the same regiment as Abda. Moses Dolph, another cousin, ancestor of the Pennsylvania Dolphs, served in another Albany company. John Dolph, another cousin, was in a New York regiment of the line. Abda was associating all the time with his own cousins, who wrote the name 'Dolph,' nevertheless he continued to use his own name up to 1782, only changing the 'f' to 'ph,' making the name 'De Wolph,' as he signed it in 1782. It is probable that the change was finally made when he went to Washington County, about 1790, for Ruth was married in 1791 as Ruth Dolph." That Simon's own family continued this altered form of the name is ascertained from quite independent sources. Simon's great granddaughter, still living at the age of ninety, says: "When I was young my name was Eliza Dolph, some wrote 'Deaolph,' my father did so. He examined, and said the true name was De Wolf." The writer remembers hearing his own father, James De Wolf Perry, say that when the Rev. Erastus De Wolf came to Bristol, he spelled his name "Dolph" until convinced by the former's grandfather, Hon. James De Wolf, of the true spelling. None of the Rhode Island family have ever thus changed the name, but undoubtedly have, from their ancestor Mark Anthony, the second son of Charles of Guadaloupe, through the same French influence, inherited the practice still very usual among them of spelling the name with an apostrophe, "D'Wolf." It is probable from these facts that this latter custom began with their father when living in Guadaloupe: hence this spelling has been adopted in using his name in the title of this book. Hoping that this lengthy orthographical dissertation may be of some aid to future genealogists, and serve as an explanation for the variations of spelling in this present work, let us return to the personal history of these very genuine De Wolfs, even though they "juggled with so honorable a name," as my correspondent, Mr. O. J. De Wolf, complains.

Simon De Wolf had three sons. A diligent search of original records, while revealing the married names of his daughters, discovers no mention of his sons, Amasa and Mark Anthony, beyond the record of their birth. But we learned from Mr. Jonathan Farr, of Black Rock, Pa., that he had heard his grandfather in his old age, sing a song composed by the latter's uncle, Mark Anthony. Mr. Farr's older sister says that Mark

Anthony, son of Simon, was quite a composer of music and poetry. The family believe that he never married. Of Amasa, Simon's second son, nothing is known. Perhaps "he died in childhood." Of Charles, Simon's oldest son, whose numerous descendants are traced in the following pages, his venerable granddaughter writes:

"I think his family were all born in Brooklyn, Conn. Grandfather was a hatter by trade. I do not think they were very rich, but industrious and honest, and had a reasonable share of sense." Later he moved to Mehoopany, Wyoming County, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1814. Here his younger children were brought up, attending the district schools, and were bright scholars, as Mrs. Stone had learned from her elders. In Wyoming and the neighboring counties the family chiefly made their home, where many of the descendants are still farmers. Amasa, the oldest, and Clement, the youngest of his sons, married at Mehoopany. Elisha, the fourth son, married at Braintrim, Luzerne County, where the third son, Giles Meigs, also lived. From these prolific seed beds of the family its representatives have scattered all over the West to the Pacific coast. They are especially numerous in Ohio, Iowa and Illinois. Of these hardy pioneer settlers of Western lands, the venerable Mrs. Stone thus quaintly writes:

"My life has been mostly on the frontiers. The De Wolfs, as far as I am acquainted with them, are honest, industrious, self-reliant people. If one place does not suit them, they try another. They like to paddle their own canoe. We of the new States and Territories have the same Father to rule over us. We have many privations to endure; still there are many pleasures in a new country while we are improving our homes. A contented mind is a continual feast." Many a reader will recognize family traits in these quaint but expressive words.

By these migrations the counties of Northwestern Pennsylvania were, however, by no means drained of their hardy stock. Among these thrifty farmers remaining there, descendants of Charles' oldest son are most numerous. Like his father, Amasa was a hatter as well as farmer. He used to tell his grandson, Mr. Jonathan Farr, in whose family he was living when he died, of himself and father making ten hats which they sent to France, and received for them one hundred dollars. So there seems a time when America set the fashion

for hats in Paris! Amasa also was, like so many of his family, a school teacher and a teacher of music, and "almost to the last day of his life sang a song of his uncle Mark Anthony De Wolf's composing." Only one son survives him, Mr. Lafayette Erastus De Wolf, the Postmaster of Nimble, Pennsylvania, but there are many of his descendants on farms in and about Wyoming County; the Farris, Eastons, Taylors, besides the families of Mark Anthony, Amasa, Charles, and Lafayette De Wolf.

The descendants of Simon De Wolf have not, however, been confined to agriculture. They have made their mark in all the learned professions and in business pursuits. Of the children of Amasa (Charles' oldest son), Mark Anthony had a son, Dr. James De Wolf, assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Army, who bravely fell by the side of General Custer in the battle of Big Horn. The family of Charles' second son, Wyllis, was the branch brought into most intimate relations with the "Rhode Island De Wolfs." Wyllis ran a saw mill in Pennsylvania which was carried away by a freshet. Like others of his family he contended with the rough conditions of early settlements. His son James used to relate that his father, learning at dinner one day that a savage wolf was dangerously near his little daughter, siezed his gun; but on being told his dog "Watch" was with her, replied that she was safe, and coolly resumed his meal.

"The details of the battle between the large dog and the wolf used to be of never failing interest to me in young days," writes his grandson, William Fletcher De Wolf, of Chicago. After the death of Wyllis, his widow and children resided for a while in Bristol, R. I., at the home of Hon. John De Wolf, who aided the boys in making a start in life. His gifts to the family continuing after they had settled in Fall River, Mass., are still remembered and gratefully written of by the younger generation. Wyllis' son Erastus became an Episcopal clergyman, marrying a daughter of William Pearse of Bristol.

The Pearse family was one of the oldest and best known of the town, having been prominent in St. Michael's Church for several generations. Mr. De Wolf spent the earlier years of his ministry in Rhode Island. He died bravely as a Chaplain in the Civil War. Wounded on the battlefield, he continued ministering to those more severely wounded



GILES MEIGS DE WOLF (31).
BRAINTRIM, LUZERNE CO., PA.
BORN 1782; DIED 1865.

than himself, until he was carried exhausted from the field, soon after to die from the effects of his wounds. The Rev. Erastus De Wolf's oldest son, William Wyllis, was admitted to the Bar September, 1859, began practice as one of the firm of De Wolf & Pinckney, Dixon, Illinois, and in 1860 was elected Judge of Lee County. Having served in the office two terms, Judge De Wolf sacrificed his lucrative profession, and offered himself for the sacred ministry. He entered Nashotah Theological Seminary, graduating there in 1872, then becoming assistant to the Rev. Dr. Locke, at Grace Church, Chicago, and Chaplain of St. Luke's hospital. Called to St. John's Church, Decatur, Illinois, he was ordained in that church by Bishop Whitehouse on St. Mark's Day, 1872, and began a successful pastorate, beloved of all, from which he was called to the Presence of the great High Priest, July 20th, 1875. In his short life he had "purchased to himself a good degree" in two of the learned professions. The second and only surviving son of the Rev. Erastus and Hannah Pearse De Wolf, Rev. Erastus De Wolf, Jr., was until recently working in a mission field in Indian Territory. Of his faithfulness there his Bishop wrote the author in terms of high praise. He has recently accepted a call to St. Helena's Church, Boerne, Texas, where he lives with his widowed daughter.

The ministry of the Episcopal Church includes a third grandson of William Wyllis De Wolf, son of his daughter Harriet, Rev. Hobart Cooke of the Diocese of Albany, having been transferred to that diocese from Connecticut in 1882, and now the Rector of All Saints' Church, Hudson, N. Y. There are a number of other grandchildren of Wyllis de Wolf (son of Charles) successful in various walks of life; his second son Wyllis' son, Mr. Joseph Brown De Wolf of Alliance, Ohio, the sons of his youngest son James, Mr. William Fletcher De Wolf already mentioned, and his younger brother Herbert, a jeweller in New Bedford, Mass. His daughter Sarah is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Fullerton, who, when Mrs. Coy, was an active parishioner of the writer's in his first charge, St. Gabriel's Church, Providence. Giles Meigs De Wolf, the second son of Charles and grandson of Simon, lived at Braintrim, Luzerne Co., Pa., until he moved to Cavendish, Vt., where some years earlier he had married Miss Anna Spalding. In less than five years, however, he returned to Braintrim where

he later removed to the adjoining Bradford Co., and became a prosperous farmer. That he was a man of more than ordinary ability is shown in that he taught his son higher branches of mathematics than were taught in the public schools (*Magazine of Western History*, Vol. XIII, No. 2; Article, "Calvin de Wolf.") Two of his children survive him, the oldest, Mrs. Eliza Stone, at a great age, and his youngest child, Clement, of Springdale, Ark. Calvin, the oldest of his sons to live beyond infancy, was born in Braintrim, Pa., in 1815. Having spent his early days in that and neighboring portions of Pennsylvania, trained, as we have seen by his father in mathematics, and by a friend of his father in Latin, Calvin De Wolf started at the age of twenty-one, in 1836, to win an education by his industry at Grand River Institute, in Ashtabula Co., Ohio. Soon afterwards, finding his way into Illinois, he maintained himself by school teaching, first at Hadley then in Chicago. While teaching and engaging in various other occupations, he began the study of law and was admitted to the Bar in 1843. In 1854, he was elected Justice of the Peace, at that time in the history of Chicago, a highly important and responsible position, which he held until 1879. He held preliminary examinations on many cases of great importance. In 1858, he was indicted for aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave, but the case after appeal to the United States Court was dismissed in 1861 by the advice of Hon. E. L. Larned, U. S. District Attorney. From his earliest boyhood he had abhorred slavery, and in 1839 was one of the founders of the Anti-slavery Society of Illinois of which he became secretary and also one of the editors of the anti-slavery organ, the *Western Citizen*, in 1842. After retiring from office in 1879, he continued to practice law in partnership with his son Wallace Leroy De Wolf, who is to-day a successful lawyer in Chicago. Judge De Wolf died honored and respected at the age of eighty-four, Nov. 28, 1899.

Singularly enough—a Rhode Island cousin of Judge De Wolf, William Frederick De Wolf, came to Illinois only a few years earlier, 1836, and moved to Chicago six years later than the Judge in 1845. Two young men in a population of four thousand—they lived to be old men in a population of two million. They saw it grow from its infancy, fled from its flames, and beheld it rise Phoenix-like from its ashes. They both took energetic part in its life and progress. During the



Calvin Dettolf

Civil War, William Frederick De Wolf sent forth his oldest son William to die in his country's service. After a career of distinguished bravery, "bearing honorable scars gained in the conflict at Belmont," and "scarcely refreshed from the toils and sufferings of Fort Donelson," the reward for his services was a place in the army of the Potomac.

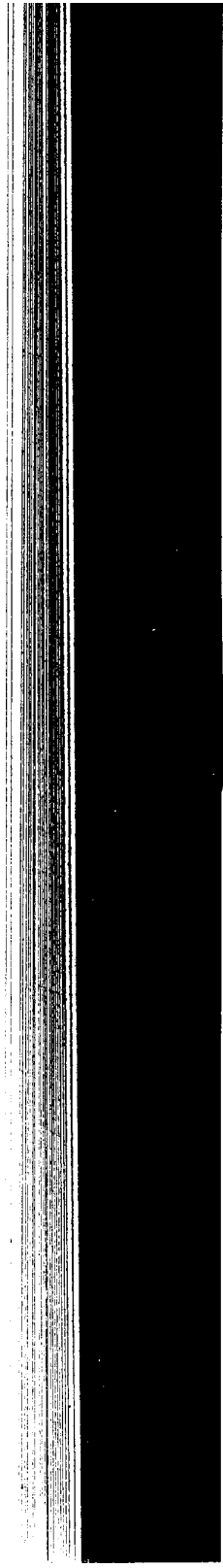
As lieutenant of Gibson's Flying Artillery, U. S. 3d Regiment, he received wounds the day preceding the battle of Williamsburg, from which he died four weeks later in the twenty-first year of his age. "How gallantly he bore himself upon that fatal field," says an obituary notice now before the writer, "his sorrowful comrades will tell. Dismounted by a shot which, tearing one limb at the same time stretched his horse lifeless, he lost no time in seizing another steed which rushed riderless past him, and plunging again into the fight, continued, though badly wounded a second time, to encourage his men and maintained his position until his battery was withdrawn from the field. This was the closing act of one who has been in no ordinary degree beloved and honored among us for his frank, loyal, affectionate temper, noble gallantry of sentiment, his pure and spotless life. His example, alas, is also his legacy."

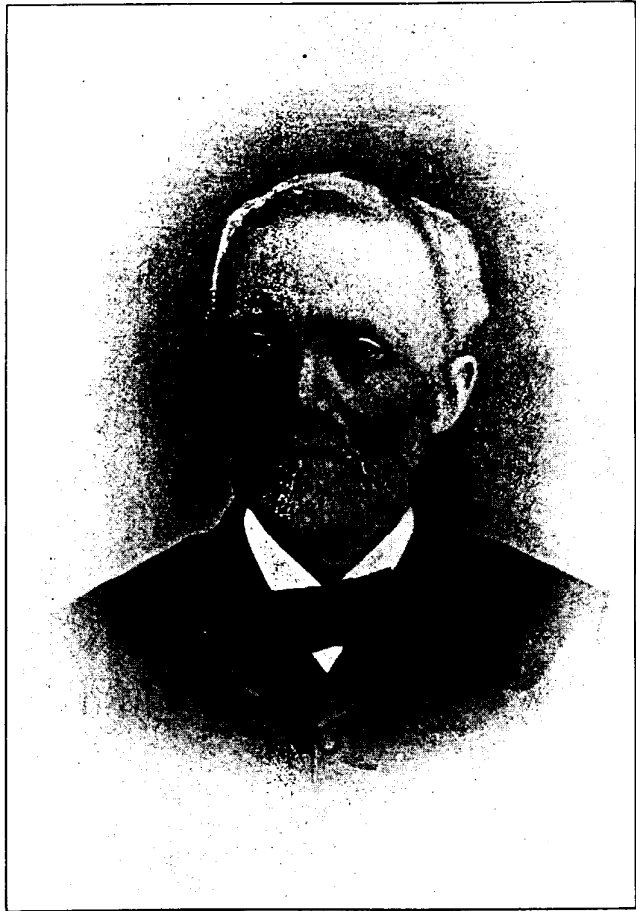
When Mr. William Frederick De Wolf cast his last vote for President Benjamin Harrison, the young Republicans of Chicago bore him in a chair on their shoulders to the polls. In 1896, he died at the age of eighty-five. Active in religious life as well as civil, he was one of the founders of St. James Episcopal Church, the mother parish of Chicago.

To return to the line of Simon, while the oldest son of Giles Meigs De Wolf was identifying himself with the up-building of the metropolis of the West, in the neighboring state of Iowa, the next brother, James, was taking no less prominent part in the founding of the town of Vail, Iowa. Born during the time his parents resided in Cavendish, Vt., but spending his boyhood in Pennsylvania, in early manhood after supporting himself for two years as his brother had done at Grand River Institute, he pushed West, first into Illinois, then into Iowa, being the first permanent settler in Vail. A member of the State Legislature of Illinois, and holding throughout life other positions of trust, he practiced many years as a beloved and skilled physician, a lover of men and nature, but above all, a lover of the God of both, being a Presbyterian Elder and suc-

cessively the founder and chief supporter of three churches. He and his brother Calvin met as much to their surprise as to their pleasure, as Commissioners to the General Assembly in New York, 1889. It was while engaged in religious work that Dr. De Wolf met with the accident of being thrown from his carriage, which in 1891, caused his death, at the age of seventy-three. "He was not a rugged man, but careful of health, temperate and regular in habits, he was always on duty. Wherever he has lived he has enjoyed the confidence of his fellows in a peculiar degree," reads the obituary notice of his death. His daughter, still making her home with her widowed mother, and his son, Mr. John Horton De Wolf, in business in Chicago, have been among the most zealous to aid in gathering facts in regard to this line of the De Wolf family. Giles Meigs' next son, Charles, has been survived by many descendants, De Wolfs and Fessendens, in Minnesota and Nebraska. Giles Meigs' son Luther had no children; his son Clement married Miss Beecher and lives at Springdale, Ark. Of his daughters besides Mrs. Stone of whom mention has been made, who has no children, his daughter Fanny married David Brink and has many descendants living in Nebraska. Betsey married John Barnes who has left among other descendants a son, Rev. George Wyllis Barnes, an especially zealous and faithful Baptist Minister, and Mary Ellen married Dr. George Northrup, whose son, C. D. Northrup is a prosperous stock raiser at Elkland, Pa., on his "Willow Brook Farm." Elisha De Wolf, the next in order of the sons of Charles (son of Simon), "had a liberal education, was a school teacher for many years and held a number of public offices," writes his grandson Mr. Loren G. De Wolf. One son of Elisha, Giles Newell, is still living at the age of eighty-five, residing with his son just mentioned, he like his father was a school teacher as well as a harness maker. Elisha's oldest son Lyman, was a lawyer of Chicago, while there are grandchildren of Elisha by his daughter, the late Mrs. Elizabeth De Wolf Keeler.

The next two children of Charles De Wolf and Elizabeth Walbridge, Betsey and Charles, died unmarried. Mrs. Stone remembers her Uncle Charles, well. A fall in infancy had injured his brain, yet he had a vivid memory of past events and in old age was a lovable character, fond of his young relatives. His mother entering the gallery of the church which she at-





JAMES DE WOLF, M. D. (120).
VAIL, IOWA.
BORN 1818; DIED 1891

tended, stepped aside to let a stranger pass, and fell from the gallery with her babe in her arms. It was only by a long and persistent search that the family of Clement, youngest son of Charles, was discovered. Even Mrs. Stone, the oldest surviving descendant of Simon, could only write that her Uncle Clement had died about the same time that her youngest brother was born and named after him; that after marrying Nancy Kasson at Mehoopany, Pa., her Uncle Clement moved to Johnstown, O., as a teacher. At length by that casting of nets in all waters known to the genealogist, a grandson of Clement was discovered in Mr. Clark De Wolf of the editorial staff of the *Columbus (O.) Evening Press*, who in turn put the writer in communication with the editor of *The Leader*, Pomeroy, O., and through the patience and industry of these two the writer is enabled not only to add a complete table of the descendants of Clement, but concludes this chapter with the biographical sketches of one of the most picturesque and interesting groups of the family. The sketch of Clement at least deserves to be given in Mr. Smith's own pithy language, though space requires the rest of his notes to be somewhat abbreviated.

"The date of the birth of Clement De Wolf cannot now be exactly ascertained. There is good reason, however, to believe that he was born in 1783. He died at Racine, Meigs, Co., Ohio, from typhoid fever, Sept. 21, 1828. His remains were interred in the village burial ground, but as no enduring monument was ever erected above his precious dust, the oldest inhabitants of the place cannot, at this late day, point out the precise spot. They know it was beneath the spreading branches of a stately sycamore, which has since been removed.

Clement De Wolf first saw the light of day in Pennsylvania. Here he grew to manhood. Here he was educated, and here it was that he met and married Nancy Kasson, one of the noblest women that ever lived. Shortly after their marriage the young couple started west, their objective point being Johnstown, Licking Co., Ohio. Here, in the forest village and in the nearby settlements, the subject of our sketch put to good use the then liberal education he had received in the east.

After a few years devoted to teaching in and around Johnstown, Clement De Wolf and his family made their way through the almost unbroken wilderness to Meigs County, taking up their abode in a log cabin on Shade River in Orange Township.

Here he was again speedily employed at teaching, his greatest and best service being performed at Chester, then the county seat, only three or four miles away.

It was at the county seat that he gained local fame, not only as a teacher of the common and higher branches of learning, but as an expert accountant within the various offices of the courthouse. He was never elected to any of these offices, but he was called upon to straighten out many an intricate mathematical tangle. Not only did he gain distinction here as a well-informed man and scholar, but his reputation as a stump speaker and orator extended into the adjoining counties. Some of his speeches were reported for the public press and are said to have been fine examples of argumentative and rhetorical skill. He was a ready and fluent speaker and bore the reputation of having been one of the best of his day.

From Chester he removed to Racine, a little village on the Ohio River only ten miles away. He taught here for a time, and sustained the enviable record he had made at the places mentioned above. Just when he moved to Racine and how long he taught there, are not known; but he kept steadily at the work till death cut him down in the very prime of life, leaving a heart-broken widow and seven dependent children to engage in what proved to be for each a very arduous struggle of life.

It is said that Clement's thirst for knowledge made him the creature of many embarrassing circumstances. Books were very scarce in those days, newspapers more so, well-read men rare. On one occasion Clement was sent by the good wife of the house in a great hurry to borrow a set of quilting frames. It was in the evening time, and Clement was admonished to make haste, as Mrs. De Wolf was very anxious to get her quilt in that evening so as to be in readiness to begin work early in the morning. Clement promised, went straightway to the house of his well-informed neighbor, with whom he was soon engaged in discussing the current topics of the day. The good wife waited in impatience. Time wore on, midnight came, then two o'clock in the morning, and still no Clement. Finally Mrs. De Wolf, thinking that sickness or accident might have befallen her husband, donned bonnet and shawl and made her way through the woods to the neighbor's habitation. Opening the door she found her husband engaged in a spirited

conversation, his mission forgotten and the advanced hour of the night having never entered his mind. This example serves to illustrate a multitude of similar ones with which he was embarrassed at various times in his life.

As a thinker and a scholar, he was one of the most advanced of his day. He was a good citizen, an honorable upright man. He transmitted to his children the sterling qualities of his manhood, and by them his virtues have been well perpetuated to the present day.

His was a noble strain. May its luster remain undimmed through all the ages yet to come!

Mrs. Nancy Kasson De Wolf, who had at the age of nineteen become the wife of Clement De Wolf, after the death of her husband, consented to become housekeeper for Moses Clark, a most estimable gentleman who had but recently lost his wife by death, near Johnstown, in Licking County.

A little wagon, into which were loaded the mother, the three youngest children—Calvin, Samuel and Betsey, and a few necessary belongings, was soon on its way over the hundred miles through an almost unbroken forest, the wagon being drawn by a poor three-year-old colt, driven by the second son, Daniel.

Mrs. De Wolf and her three children found at Moses Clark's a most comfortable home. Mr. Clark was one of Nature's noblemen. He owned a large and highly productive farm, and was in every way a good provider. Mrs. De Wolf remained with Mr. Clark till his death, for nineteen years having enjoyed his kindly hospitality. Then, with her daughter Betsey, she returned to Meigs County, and became mistress of a home of her own at Syracuse on the Ohio river. Here, within a stone's throw of her two sons, Captains Sam and Dan, she lived in the enjoyment of peace and plenty till she sank into the dreamless sleep of death, April 6, 1870.

'Aunt Nancy' was one of the grandly good pioneer mothers. She was a woman of strong mind, warmly sympathetic heart, the soul of industry, and did her full part in paving the way for a higher civilization. As woman, wife and mother she never fell short of her full measure of duty. She died without guile, and her good works do follow her."

Was there a strain of Corsair blood in the remote ancestry of the De Wolfs, or descent from some famous old Viking of

the North that asserted itself in successive generations? This family, far in the interior, far from the tempestuous seas that their Eastern cousins loved to plough and conquer, sought adventures upon the quieter but no less treacherous waters of the Ohio river, and found their experience hardly less thrilling. Articles of the *Pomeroy Leader* are before the writer; one entitled "Rough and Tumble of River Life," and the other "A Venerable River Captain," sketching respectively the lives of "Captain Dan" and "Captain Sam," as the brothers were familiarly known; the second and youngest sons of Clement De Wolf. Captain Dan made his debut as a steamboat man upon the *Condor No. 3*. Next he became at once captain and pilot of the *Crescent*. This steamer was captured by Grant to tow a gunboat up the Cumberland to Fort Donelson. On his arrival at the fort he was made pilot of the *Ohio*, dispatched on some secret and important mission to Cincinnati. On his release and return to the command of the *Crescent*, he was ordered up the Cumberland with Union forces. After employment on several steamers, he and his brother Sam entered the company which purchased the *Raven*, as ill-fated as the "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore."

Sam De Wolf, in the meantime, after a short experience in running a sawmill in 1846, on Old Tom Creek, in Lebanon Township, with his brother Calvin, had spent five or six years in learning the river in "flat-boating;" then he became a pilot, and entered the "ill-starred Ohio River Transportation Company." He now was placed in command of the *Raven*, his nephew Dor at the wheel. "The last trip of the *Raven* was commenced with ominous forebodings. After picking up her tow she proceeded to Antiquity for coal, partially filled with water, came near sinking, and was only saved by cutting holes through the deck." At the mouth of the Big Kanawha, a big coal lamp exploded, and the vessel narrowly escaped burning. Four miles above Plymouth the boat encountered a terrific wind storm and came near sinking. A little above Cincinnati, April 15, 1870, about midnight Captain Sam was informed the boilers were leaking, and while examining them the boilers exploded. He was blown into the fuel-boat, almost buried beneath the debris, his right arm broken, and was badly burned. Pilot Dan De Wolf and engineer Martin were soon at work to liberate the captain. As the captain came to his

senses and realized the situation, he said: "Do not mind me, take care of yourself." He was saved just in time as the *Raven* sank; but the mate, John Calvin De Wolf, son of Captain Dan, familiarly known as "Tap," was never more heard of.

The *Sam Roberts*, another of the company's boats blew up at Guyon, on Aug. 7, 1874, when Captain Dan who commanded her was badly hurt about the back, three of her crew were killed and seven wounded. Still another of the company's boats, the *Petrel*, Captain Sam in command and Dan De Wolf at the wheel "will long be remembered for its having filled with water and turning over. The boat floated along, drifting as far as Ceredo and continued to roll from side to side, the crew clambering about for the highest part to keep from drowning until they were taken ashore in a skiff. As a climax to all their disasters came the collapse of the company, through the rascality of its smooth-tongued "promoter" and comfortable fortunes which the brothers, starting as poor boys, had by hard toil laid by, were swept away in a day. Captain Dan still retained possession of a comfortable brick residence at the lower end of Syracuse, Ohio; but this home, costing probably ten or twelve thousand dollars, took fire one day and burned to the ground, and not one cent of insurance! This left the old Captain homeless; but his brother Sam surrendered to him his own snug quarters nearby and moved to Racine. In this home, supplied by his brother's generosity, the old Captain passed away at the age of eighty, "an honest, upright citizen," says the notice of his death, "an obliging neighbor, a fast friend, a man of solid and irreproachable character."

"Captain Dan had many thrilling and dangerous experiences due to fog, storm, darkness and wind; but he went through it all without a visible sign of emotion or excitement. His brother Sam says he was the coolest, the most deliberate and the best flat-boat pilot he ever saw. Of Captain Sam, *The Pomery Leader* says: "His has been an honorable upright life. He has pronounced ideas of right and wrong, and what he undertakes he does with his whole soul and will. He has always been liberal to the poor and has gladdened thousands of hearts by word and deed. As a citizen, a neighbor and a friend, he is of the best, and the world has been made happier and better by his having lived in it."

That these sterling qualities were family traits appear from

a notice of the death of the Captain's sister Lydia, Mrs. Smith, who lived to be nearly eighty years of age. "Possessed of a strong physical organism, tireless energy, dauntless courage and indomitable will, she was well equipped by nature to endure the toils, privations and hardships of pioneer life. The mere announcement that a neighbor languished on a bed of pain was to her a signal call. Through blinding storm, withering heat, piercing cold, through the howling wind-storm of night, when falling limbs from swaying forest trees made courageous men hesitate and grow faint at heart, this fearless mother, guided by only the flickering and uncertain rays of a lantern, found her way at all hours of the night to the sick and suffering of many a humble cabin. She thought not of herself: she lived for others. It was her ambition to carry comfort and scatter sunshine wherever she went."

Upon the death of Clement De Wolf the care of the family devolved upon the eldest son, John, then a lad of fifteen. Of him Mr. Smith writes:

"With stout heart and willing hands this faithful son assumed his new-found responsibility. Opportunities were few and wages low, but this noble boy—father at once and son, labored hard wherever employment could be had, all his meagre earnings going to the support of his widowed mother and the family. His self-sacrificing efforts were continued until the mother was persuaded to become housekeeper for Moses Clark, of Licking County, Ohio, whose wife had taken sick and died.

John remained industriously at work in Meigs County, saved his wages, and was soon able to buy a small farm in Lebanon Township. Shortly afterwards he married Harriet Smith, of Athens County, and went to housekeeping. Later he sold his little Meigs County farm, and bought another near Coolville, in Athens County, on which he quietly ended his days.

When his brothers, Sam and Dan, bought their first steamboat, the *Hunter*, Sam did not forget his brother John's devoted efforts for their mother and her family; so John was made watchman, a lucrative position which he filled most perfectly on one or the other of the De Wolf steamboats as long as he wanted it.

Of John De Wolf it may truly be said that *never* did he do a dishonorable deed. His word was his bond. His great big

sympathetic heart was as tender as a child's. As a boy, as a man, he was a credit to himself, an unsullied honor to his illustrious line. Forever sweet will be the memory of Uncle John!"

Calvin, the third son, who on the 29th of Nov., 1848, was married to Eliza Jane Seeley by Henry Lawrence, Justice of the Peace, had several children, five of whom are living, the eldest of whom, Clark, has already been mentioned as the first of his family discovered by the writer.

Like most men of his time, Calvin had a limited education. But being possessed of a bright mind, he read law and was elected four terms as Justice of the Peace of Lebanon Township. Though never admitted to the bar, he was a noted pettifogger, and usually put to rout the best attorneys that were ever pitted against him. Lack of opportunity alone prevented him from winning marked distinction in the legal profession. He was five times elected Assessor of his township, and was, in many ways, one of the foremost men of his county.

He was a good neighbor, a true friend, and indulgent father. He died Feb. 26, 1884.

Of the daughters, Betsey, the twin sister of Captain Sam, is the only child still living, unmarried, enjoying "fair health and the exercise of all her faculties, a good woman—at the age of seventy-seven." Polly who became Mrs. George Webster, had several children, two of whom are now living, Don D. of Portland, O., and Mrs. Louise Mooney of Middleport, O.

Of Mrs. Smith, the mother of our correspondent, some account has been already given.

So ends the record of the elder branch of the family of Charles De Wolf of Guadaloupe, the descendants of his son Simon.

If few attained the great wealth that distinguished some of their Rhode Island cousins, their history bears witness to the same industry and determination that has been characteristic of most of the race,—qualities which added to native ability and favorable circumstances in a wider field have conspired to make them leaders of men.

CHAPTER III.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN DE WOLFS, THE NOVA SCOTIA DE WOLFS AND OTHER BRANCHES OF THE FAMILY NOT DESCENDED FROM CHARLES OF GUADALOUPE.

INDUSTRIOUSLY, but thus far unsuccessfully, have the family genealogists sought the link to connect the De Wolfs of America with the noble family of that name, for centuries prominent in many countries of Europe. It will appear from the following tables sufficiently evident that all the lines which form the subject of this book descend from Balthasar and Alice De Wolf, first appearing in authentic records about 1665. To the labors of Mrs. Salisbury the family owes the establishment of the relationship of Charles De Wolf of Guadaloupe to his American ancestors and of the relationship existing between the descendants of Simon and Mark Anthony. But however obscure to recent generations had these facts become, it will be seen from the intercourse and correspondence of the Hon. Benjamin De Wolf of Windsor, Nova Scotia, with the Hon. James De Wolf of Bristol, R. I., from relations of Simon's grandsons and their Rhode Island cousins, and other facts related in these pages, that the relationships of the several lines and their starting point at Lyme, Conn., were well known to our great-grandfathers. "Only three others of the name of De Wolf," says the noble work of Professor and Mrs. Edward Salisbury, "have been discovered as living in America as early or earlier than Balthasar De Wolf—all three living in New Amsterdam: the first, Abel De Wolf, receiving a license for mining in the Catskill Mountains in 1659, Abraham De Wolf of whom nothing is known further than that he was in New Amsterdam in 1661, and thirdly, Dirk De Wolf, who obtained exclusive privilege for making salt in New Netherlands in 1661. Abel De Wolf seems to have been associated with Dirk, but the three seem to have returned to Holland, leaving no descendants in

this country. No relationship or association between them and Balthasar has been discovered." But this Balthasar, this trunk from which the multi-branched family tree has grown, till it penetrates with its vigorous and persistent growth the history of every land—who was he? Whence came he? Who were his ancestors? The answers to these questions have been sought in vain. Curious have been the conjectures. He has been made a French Huguenot fleeing from persecution—a Russian—a Protestant refugee from Holland—even a Jew. It were, perhaps, easiest to pronounce with Mrs. Salisbury (in a recent letter) the pretensions of the Rhode Island De Wolf to noble European lineage as groundless. But this "short and easy method" does not seem altogether scientific. Undoubtedly no positive *proof* of his relationship to the well-known European family has ever been adduced. But strong circumstantial and cumulative evidence is not lacking, and it must be remembered that with all the theories of Balthasar's descent—Russian, French, Dutch and Jewish—no one has ventured to suggest he was of the American Aborigines, so European descent of some kind he must have had. Now the origin of the name de Wolf as given to the nobleman, Louis de Saint Etienne, is a matter of historical record—the noble families of Europe of the name all trace by authentic records descent from this stock. There is no reason to suppose that anyone has ventured to assume the name without the right to it. The interesting studies of Dr. J. R. De Wolf and others, noting the frequent use of names of many animals, including the wolf, for surnames, as in the Guelphs, ingenious and interesting as they are, seem to have no special bearing upon this particular question. The very definite form De Wolf, certainly in this country is quite distinct from the much more common name, Wolf or Wolff—which, as Dr. De Wolf points out, is frequently Jewish.

In a country whose earlier settlers were many of them sons of titled families in search of adventure, seeking to retrieve ruined fortunes, or fleeing from political or religious persecution, is it not more probable that one of the well-known European family should have found his way to America, than that the name should have been self-assumed or derived from some utterly unknown source and suddenly have "grown" like Topsy? This argument from probability would seem greatly strengthened by the interesting discovery of the writer of our

preface that the Livonian De Wolfs have a tradition of one of their family leaving for America about the same period that Balthasar appears in Connecticut. Even so careful and unprejudiced a witness as Mrs. Salisbury finds something inexplicable in the family which causes it at once to make alliances with the most influential and exclusive families of the new world. The resemblance in feature and character of the De Wolfs of Europe to those in America has been noticed by more than one. Mr. Frank E. De Wolf at a distinguished assembly in Europe, pointed out to his wife among the guests, a gentleman of whom he had absolutely no knowledge, remarking the striking resemblance in feature and bearing to one of his family in Rhode Island. A little later on being presented to him, he learned that he was a Count De Wolf, a prominent courtier. These facts together with the persistent tradition in the De Wolf family of the origin of their name, of their relation to European families of the same name, and of the origin of the crest or coat-of-arms which, with slight variations, appear in connection with all the branches of the family in Europe, certainly make the identity of the American with the European family more than probable. If Balthasar fled to the wilderness of America for any religious, political or family reason, he may have had cause to conceal his national origin or his rank beneath a veil of mystery so dense that his descendants have been unable to lift it, as did, according to his biographers, that Dr. Francis Le Baron, with whose descendants the De Wolfs were in later years to be bound by marriage.

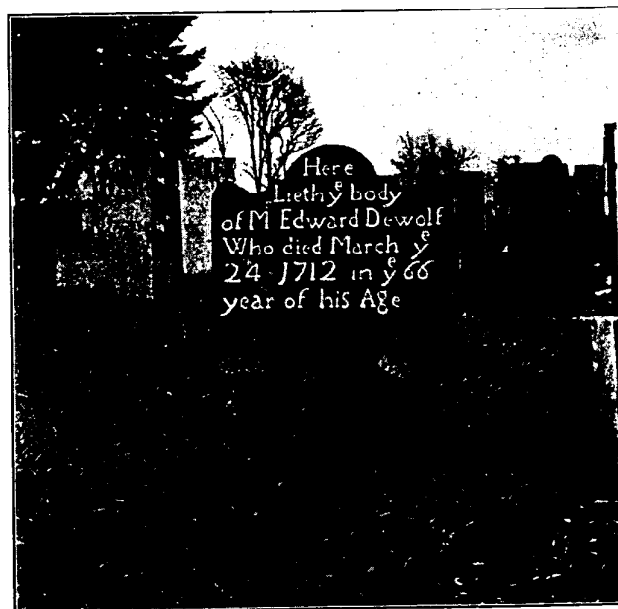
All this is at least of genealogical and antiquarian interest, however much we may feel that it matters little in a Republican land what titles of nobility decorated the names of our ancestors. But to those who accept recent theories advanced by high authorities as to heredity, such questions do not lack interest when ancient titles are founded on deeds of valor. Even a cursory examination of the De Wolf portraits in these pages will reveal a strong family likeness in even quite remote lines. The fact indicates family characteristics which appear in so many records of their lives. To learn that these characteristics may be traced back still further through many centuries cannot be without interest, and should not be without inspiration to live lives worthy of our forebears. The chief gain in tracing our descent from knights of old and heroes of

the past, should be a certain *noblesse oblige*—a determination that our lives shall not lower the standard that our race hath raised. "A people," says Lord Macauley, "which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

Of Balthasar the first trace is in the records of "A Particular Court in Hartford," March 5th, 1656, when among the "names of those p'sented for smoaking in the streets contra to the law," appears the name of "Baltazer de Woolfe." For this he was fined. "Tradition has it," says Mr. John M. Dolph, "that he paid his fine, lighted his pipe and went out." This introduction of their first known ancestor on the stage of American life, will be recognized with a smile by many a De Wolf reader as sufficiently characteristic of a race not always submissive to restraints which did not approve themselves to their own convictions, yet bearing the consequences of their own independence or even recklessness with an easy good-natured philosophy. There may be a hint, too, of that lack of sympathy with Puritan restrictions, natural to a foreigner of aristocratic birth, such as the author of the "Nameless Nobleman" so well portrays in Dr. Le Baron's "Treaty Offensive and Defensive," with Major Bradford and his fellow selectmen.

The second mention connects him with the superstitions of the day, for September 5th, 1661, Nicholas and Margaret Jennings of "Sea Brook" are indicted "for not haveing the feare of God before their eyes," "having entertained familiarity with Satan, the great enemy of God and mankind, and by his help done works above the course of nature, ye loss of y^e lives of severall p'sons, in p'ticuler ye wife of Reynolds Marvin with ye child of Baalshar de Wolf with other soceries;" the child is spoken of as "bewitched to death."

Balthasar de Wolf, in Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary," is mentioned (first) in Wethersfield, Conn., 1664. In 1668 he and his three sons; Edward, Simon and Stephen, are mentioned in the records of Lyme as members of the train-band. He probably therefore lived from 1661 (or earlier) in East Saybrooke, which in 1664-5 was set off as the separate town of Lyme. "The fact that Stephen was in the militia," says Mr. J. M. Dolph, "shows that he was at that time at least sixteen



THE GRAVE OF EDWARD DE WOLF,
OLDEST SON OF BALTHASAR DE WOLF,
AT LYME, CONN.

years old." "So we may properly suppose that Balthasar was about forty-eight, and his son, as we know by the dates on his tombstone still existing at Lyme, was twenty-two, and Simon and Stephen between sixteen and twenty." "That he was English," adds the same writer, "appears from his penmanship, which is clearly that used by educated Englishmen, and from the family names which are English." On the other hand, the unusual name "Balthasar" does not sound English even in that day of strange names. The author does not remember meeting it excepting as recently prominent in the Pan American Convention. In that case, it is probably of Spanish origin. The attempts of the court to record his name, perhaps from his own pronunciation of it; "Baltazar de Woolfe" and "Baalshar de Wolf," point to at least broken English.

While the early De Wolfs do not seem to have been large landed proprietors, notices of sales and bequests show they possessed a good landed estate.

Edward, the eldest son of Balthazar, the ancestor of the branches of the family traced in this work, was a man of property, like his father living in Lyme, and highly respected. He was not only a carpenter, but a millwright, the builder and operator of two saw-mills, and a grist-mill. "That his high standing, integrity and good judgment," says Mr. Dolph, were well-known, is proven by the fact that in 1682, after long delays and difficulties between the people of New London and their contractors for building their new church, Edward de Wolf, of Lyme, and John Frinck, of Stonington, were called upon to go to New London and arbitrate between the builders and the people. It is recorded in the Lyme record that in May, 1686, the town of Lyme laid out to Edward De Wolf twenty-two acres of land on account of his work for the town in the matter of the new meeting house. In 1688, Edward settled upon the Eight Mile River, and in the same year liberty was granted to him to build a grist-mill. He subsequently built a second saw-mill near his home on the Eight Mile River. He lived near one of his mill sites, near the village of Laysville." "There was some condition or quality, either in education, character, family, respect, ability, personal attractions or other 'unknown quantity' which enabled them to marry into some of the best families in Lyme and the neighboring towns." (Salisbury work). Such families were

the Lees; Lieutenant Thomas Lee marrying Mary, daughter of Balthazar de Wolf; the Griswolds, Matthew Griswold, who became the second husband of Mary, being "the largest landowner and most leading man in Lyme;" the Douglas family of New London; the Lays, Mathers, Calkins, Watermans, etc.

"As the tree is known by its fruit, we are left to draw our chief inferences in regard to the traits of mind and character of Balthazar De Wolf and his children from what we can learn of their descendants. Never rich, the divisions and subdivisions of their lands among successive generations, would soon have made them poor. But it does not appear that any of them waited for that fate. Very few graves of the earlier generations can be found, and nearly all their descendants, in all the generations, went away from Lyme. There must have been an early energy and ambition in the family which carried them away from their birthplace, in search of adventure or to better their fortunes.

In Lyme, vessels were built which went out to many markets, chiefly to the West Indies, and brought back cargoes to its wharves. Probably by these means Charles De Wolf made his 'venture' to the island of Guadaloupe, where he finally married, and prospering, became the founder of the wealthy and distinguished Rhode Island family of De Wolf." (*Family Histories*, by Prof. and Mrs. Salisbury. Vol. II, p. 135).

The love of the sea and West Indian trade, which made the De Wolfs the great merchants of Bristol, R. I., seem therefore to have been inherited tastes and abilities from earlier ancestors. The same characteristics, whether personal or physical, seem to be strongly marked in all the race.

The late Dr. J. Ratchford De Wolf, of Halifax, in his contribution to the *Salisbury Family Histories*, says: "The American De Wolfs, whether of New England or Canada, are noted for their habits of enterprise and industry, their love of change and adventure, their freedom from ostentation, their domestic virtues and their numerous progeny; as also for their healthiness, and the frequent instances of longevity among them." Of the family of Mark Anthony De Wolf, the common ancestor of the Bristol De Wolfs, the late Dr. John De Wolf, of Providence, R. I., also writes for the above volumes: "His wife is said to have been a woman of noble character. Most of the children, eight sons and five daughters, grew to be men and

women, and as a rule were distinguished for the elegance of their manners and great beauty of person.

"Among the members of the family who were thus," as Mrs. Salisbury writes, "carried away from their birthplace in search of adventure or to better their fortunes," were three cousins, Nathan, Simeon and Jehiel De Wolf, who followed twelve months later, the exodus of about two hundred emigrants who in 1760 went from Connecticut to repeople Acadia; to settle in Nova Scotia, whence the French peasants had gone forth in exile.

In "the old Acadian country
where all were equal and all were brothers and sisters,"
where
 "The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic."

Three cousins settled, and became progenitors of a numerous and influential branch of the De Wolf family. Of this filling of the places left vacant by Evangeline and her people by the sturdy New Englanders, the Rev. Arthur H. Wentworth Eaton, a descendant of Jehiel De Wolf, the emigrant to Nova Scotia, has written in touching words in one of the many Acadian ballads and poems of which he is the author.

Five years in desolation the Acadian land had lain,
Five golden harvest moons had wooed the fallow fields in vain.
Five times the winter snows caressed and summer sunsets smiled
On lonely clumps of willows, and fruit trees growing wild.

* * * * *

But the simple Norman peasant-folk shall till the land no more,
For the vessels from Connecticut have anchored by the shore,
And many a sturdy Puritan, his mind with Scripture stored,
Rejoices he has found at last, "the garden of the Lord."

There are families from Tolland, from Killingworth and Lyme,
Gentle mothers, tender maidens and strong men in their prime.
There are lovers who have plighted their vows in Coventry,
And merry children dancing o'er the vessels' decks in glee.

* * * * *

They come as Puritans, but who shall say their hearts are blind
To the subtle charms of nature, and the love of human-kind?

The blue laws of Connecticut have shaped their thought, 'tis true,
But human laws can never wholly Heaven's work undo.

* * * * *

And where the Acadian village stood, its roofs o'ergrown with moss,
And the simple wooden chapel, with its altar and its cross;
And where the forge of Basil sent its sparks toward the sky,
The lonely thistle blossomed, and the fire weed grew high.

* * * * *

The broken dykes have been rebuilt, a century and more,
The cornfields stretch their furrows from Canard to Beau Sejour;
Five generations have been reared beside the fair Grand Pré,
Since the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the Bay.

And now across the meadows, while the farmers reap and sow,
The engine shrieks its discord to the hills of Gaspereau;
And ever onward to the sea the restless Fundy tide
Bears playful pleasure yachts and busy trade ships, side by side.

And the Puritan has yielded to the softening touch of time,
Like him who still content remained in Killingworth and Lyme;
And graceful homes of prosperous men make all the landscape fair,
And mellow creeds and ways of life are rooted everywhere.

The writer first knew of the Nova Scotia De Wolfs in early youth, meeting one of them with his own father, James De Wolf Perry, at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876. The writer's father remembered his grandfather, Captain James De Wolf, telling him of cousins of the name living in Canada. Seeing the name De Wolf in the Canadian concession at the Exposition in 1876, where was exhibited a very beautiful line of carriages and other vehicles, he proposed introducing himself and the writer to the fine looking gentleman who was in charge. He proved to be Mr. John M. De Wolf, of Halifax, N. S., who is still living, and whose son, Mr. Frederick T. De Wolf, now carries on the business of carriage manufacture. Mr. De Wolf told Mr. Perry that he too had known of relationship with "De Wolf in the States." Neither of them, however, could furnish more definite knowledge of the connection. It was only after his father's death that the writer obtained from an old letter, preserved among the papers of his great-grandfather, James De Wolf, a clue to their relationship. This letter was written to James De Wolf by Mr. Benjamin De Wolf, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, after his return from a visit to Bristol.



THE "STATE COACH" OF HON. JAMES DE WOLF.
STILL PRESERVED AT THE "MOUNT" STABLES.

This visit must have been mutually enjoyable, as both men were influential legislators each in his own country, both men of intelligence, enterprise and wealth. The letter is given here as an agreeable and interesting link between the two branches of the family:

WINDSOR, 30th Nov., 1818.

"COUSIN DE WOLF;

MY DEAR SIR:—

According to my promise I take the liberty to acquaint you with myself and Daughter's safe arrival at Halifax. In Fifty-eight hours from Boston, where I met many of my Particular friends and relations, all of whom were overjoyed to see us safe returned. Be assured, my dear sir, the very Polite attention myself and Daughter received while under your Hospitable Roof at Bristol, and with your good Family at New York, has made a deep and lasting impression of Gratitude in our Hearts. I shall at all times esteem it a great mark of Friendship to hear from you and your good Family, all of whom have my Best wishes for their welfare. Pray offer my kind regards to your Brother Charles and Family. Likewise to your Brother William and family and to all your other brothers and relatives and to say to them I shall ever feel grateful for their kind civility to myself and Daughter while at Bristol. The day I left New York I reached at New Haven where I met with a great number of members of the House of assembly, some of whom I made a very Particular Inquiry for the name of the De Wolfs at Lyme and elsewhere. But could not obtain any useful information that any of the old family of the De Wolfs were alive. Therefore I took a carriage at New Haven and returned by the way of Hartford to Boston where I met with our worthy Friends, George De Wolf, Esq., and Mrs. Charles De Wolf who we were much gratified to see. I hope ere long to have the Pleasure to see you and some of your Connections in Nova Scotia. In the meantime my self & Daughter unite with our affectionate Regards for your self, Mrs. De Wolf, your dear children at Bristol and at New York, all of whom I Pray God to Bless.

Truly Yours,

BENJM. DE WOLF."

Concerning this visit, Dr. James Ratchford De Wolf writes of the daughter of the writer referred to in the above letter: "In all probability it was his youngest daughter Isabelle Amelia, who in 1821 married Capt. McKay, a British officer. When, in 1836-8, I was a student at Windsor, she was a widow. She gave me a gold seal (large and plain) at parting which I still possess. Her nephew, Dr. B. De Wolf Fraser, who was very deaf, was struck by a Railway train and killed several years ago. I knew him intimately." Mrs. Middleton, the granddaughter of Hon. William De Wolf of Bristol, mentioned

in the above letter, remembers many anecdotes told by her grandfather of Jehial De Wolf, Jr. Many incidents of the visit of Hon. Benjamin De Wolf of Connecticut and of cousins, one of whom became later Mrs. Bartlett of New York (Appendix A), are remembered by Mrs. Middleton. Benjamin De Wolf, whose letter has been given, was the founder of the Windsor branch of the family. He was one of the most successful men of Hants Co., Nova Scotia, owned a tract of about eight thousand acres of land, and with one exception, was the highest taxpayer in Windsor. He was for many years High Sheriff of Hants Co., Member of Parliament 1785-9, and in the latter year appointed Justice of the Peace. He married the daughter of Dr. Ephraim Otis. His wife's sister Susannah was the wife of William Haliburton of Windsor, the father of Judge William Hay Otis Haliburton. Benjamin De Wolf, not believing in slavery, emancipated all his slaves who, however, chose to remain in his service.

By the emigration from Connecticut was settled the township of Horton, N. S. "One of the most attractive spots in Horton, near the mouth of the Cornwallis River," says an article in the *Acadian Orchardist*, May 15, 1900, by Dr. James R. De Wolf, "was the home of the most prominent members of the new community and was known as Mud Creek—the centre of the village was 'Mud Bridge.' In 1829, it is learned from the same article, this name having become highly obnoxious to the inhabitants, two young ladies, granddaughters of Judge Elisha De Wolf, with the aid of their uncle, postmaster of the place, succeeded in having the name changed to Wolfville. The name was accepted as appropriate from the former influence of the De Wolfs as well as the number still residing there. Judge De Wolf had entertained in his mansion, "Kent Lodge," celebrated for its unbounded hospitality, His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, when on his way from Halifax to Annapolis. At the time of its re-christening resided there: Daniel De Wolf, M. P., Andrew Dwight De Wolf, Joseph De Wolf, with his hat factory where St. John's Directory now stands, Hon. Thomas A. S. De Wolf, M. P. and his elder brother William, Elisha De Wolf, Jr., M. P., Charles, Oliver, Robert, John Starr and Thomas L. De Wolf.

To the author of above article, Dr. James Ratchford De Wolf, the writer is indebted for a great portion of valuable