

Mrs. Tweed's Death Recalls Earlier Days in Greenwich

Those who delve into the not-so-dim past, aided by the neighborly writings of the late Judge Frederick A. Hubbard, have read with interest the fascination and lure which Greenwich held for the famous William M. Tweed, how he was the founder of the Americus Yacht Club, the one-time owner of Finch's Island, the builder of the old Octagon House. His connection with Greenwich has been irrevocably stamped as one of the highlights of yesteryear.

Few realized that one very dear to him lived in Stamford for many years. She, the wife of the son named after him, William M. Tweed, Jr., moved to that city in 1885 and resided there until just recently. Death claimed her in her 90th year, death in the form of the same illness that took the life of her father. She died on Jan. 25 at the Roger Smith Hotel, where she had been living for the last five years. Her funeral was held at the Brady & Chadeayne funeral parlor in Stamford, with the Rev. Kenneth R. Forbes of St. Andrews Church officiating. Burial was in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

Miss Anita C. Little, Mrs. Tweed's secretary for the last 17 and a half years, who lives with her brother, Galen C. Little, at 274 Main Street, Stamford, was acquainted with Mrs. Tweed ever since the Tweeds moved to Stamford. Both she and her brother recall numerous episodes in the life of Mrs. Tweed.

E. Augusta Davis, daughter of Silas and Georgina Rodman Thompson Davis, was born July 7, 1847, on Madison Street, New York City. She spent most of her life in New York, coming to Greenwich, according to Miss Little, only in the summers. It is also rumored that she lived in the famous Octagon House during her visits here. Her marriage to "Boss" Tweed's son in Trinity Church, New York, was one of the most magnificent of its time. Her father-

daughter. Few friends, outside of her secretary, broke the monotony of existence which so often comes to those whose life-props have been carried from beneath them. Memories of her husband still lingered, it is said, so that Mrs. Tweed always believed that he was alive and living in the hotel, ready at any time to come for her.

Her favorite charity was the Northfield Seminary, in Northfield, Vt., although other institutions were recipients of her generosity. The Stamford Hospital was one among many of these.

There are relatives of the late Mrs. Tweed on her husband's side in New Haven; two Tweed nephews. A cousin, Mrs. Thomas Barton, of Long Island, is the mother of Leroy Barton, an under-secretary to Henry Morgenthau in the Treasury Department in Washington. On the Davis side, there is Mrs. George Clements of 65 Prospect Street, Stamford, whose nephew is Benton Hurlbutt of Greenwich. Other relatives lie buried in Putnam Cemetery, Greenwich.

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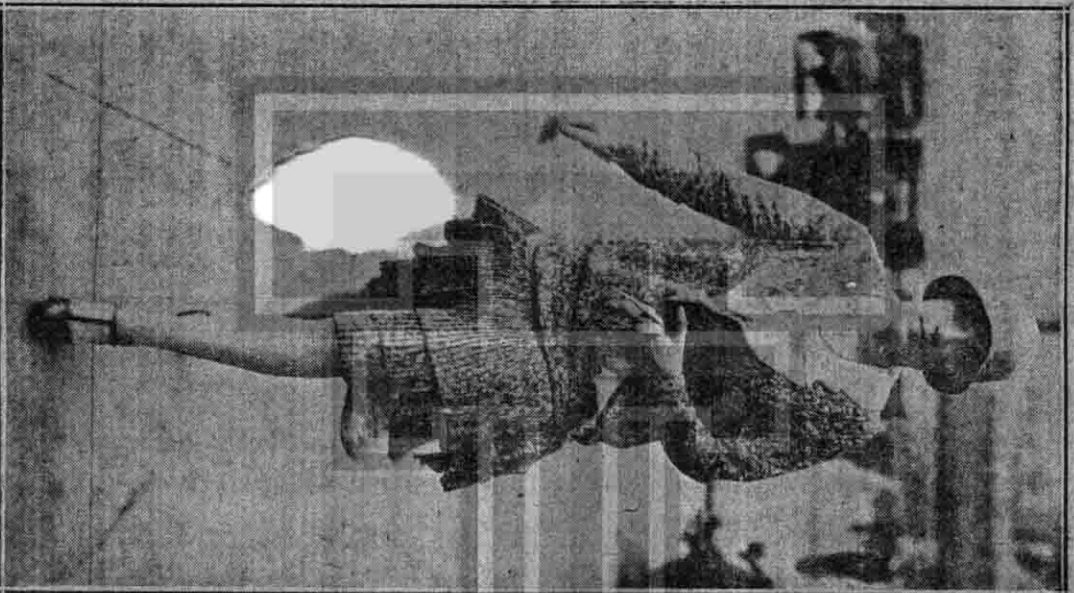
Her husband was a well known district attorney in New York, although he retired from active participation in his civil affairs when the couple came to Connecticut to reside.

The name of Davis hearkens back old memories of other days in Greenwich. Judge Hubbard, one of Mrs. Tweed's closest friends before his death, tells of her uncle, Benson Davis, the inheritor of the old Davis Mill, a Revolutionary landmark. The family lived at Davis Landing during their sojourn in Greenwich, although New York and the lure of the business world called them there. Miss Little says that there went Silas Davis, when a young man, to try his hand in the business of the produce exchange, and very well he did too. In New York, he met his wife, later the mother of Mrs. William M. Tweed, Jr. Silas was 83 when he died, and strange to say, pneumonia was also the cause of his death.

Judge Hubbard wrote in 1931 that Silas Davis was left \$5,000 in the will of Benson Davis, and that the rest of the estate went to the widow, Mrs. Eleanor R. Kotman Davis. "The Girls," as Silas called them, who had never evinced any great love for their sister-in-law, felt aggrieved, and the family was united in an attack on the will. Silas was quite active in the litigation that followed in Superior Court. He was loyal to his sisters, and to his beautiful daughter, the wife of William M. Tweed, Jr., appeared to sympathize with her aunts." Continuing, Judge Hubbard brings out that Samuel Fessenden, a lawyer, eminent in Stamford at the time, who represented the estate, cautioned, "Better settle," telling the contestants that there were five other wills like the one in question. They settled.

The Tweeds lived on Atlantic Street when they first arrived in Stamford. Later they moved to South Street, where Mr. Tweed died in 1902. Miss Little, who had known them both, accepted the position as secretary after the death of their daughter, Miss Mary Tweed, in 1919. Since then, Miss Little said, Mrs. Tweed led a quiet and unassuming life, having little interest in the world around her after the untimely death of her

PLANS FOR HER WEDDING COMPLETED



Herald Tribune—Special

Miss Gwendolyn Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rose, who will be married February 2 in St. Brigid's Church, Westbury, L. I., to Mr. John William Mackay, son of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay

Gwendolyn Rose
And J. W. Mackay
To Wed February 2

Ceremony in St. Brigid's
Church, Westbury; Breakfast
at Overland House

Miss Gwendolyn Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rose, will be married to Mr. John William Mackay, son of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, in St. Brigid's Church, Westbury, L. I., Saturday, February 2, at noon. After-ward, the ceremony will be a breakfast at the Overland House, 630 Broadway.

The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Cornelius Clifford, professor of scholastic philosophy at Columbia University. There will be a choral service by the Psalmist Choir under the direction of the Rev. William J. Phelan.

Miss Rose has chosen Miss Ruth Robinson as her maid of honor and Marie Louise O'Brien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Brien, one of the bridesmaids. The other bridesmaids will be Miss Judith Hamilton, Ellis Robinson, Elizabeth Glendon, Edwin Campbell, Marion Wharton and Marie Leven.

Mr. Mackay has selected as his best man Mr. Harold Seligman, and his usher, are Messrs. Perry G. Metville, Edwin T. McLean, William M. Dwyer, Reginald Rose, George Rose Jr., Kenneth O'Brien and Maurice Seligman.

FRANCIS E. LAWRENCE, D.D.

Beloved Pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion.

In these quiet hours which follow the last acts we were able to perform for our beloved pastor, some loving words, however simple, may not come amiss; words which may enlighten those who had not the privilege of knowing him, and testify, in however imperfect a manner, to a life and example which fairly shone with the "beauty of holiness."

Francis E. Lawrence, born May 10th, 1827, the son of Judge Lawrence, of Flushing, L. I., received his education at St. Paul's College, College Point—the school carried on for years by Dr. Muhlenberg, and from whence he sent forth so many to labor in the Master's vineyard. This early brought Dr. Lawrence under the influence of Dr. Muhlenberg, and from that time dated the beautiful relationship—almost stronger than that of father and son—which existed between them, as Dr. Lawrence's "Loving Words to the Dear Memory of William A. Muhlenberg, D.D.," spoken from the pulpit of the church of the Holy Communion at the time of Dr. Muhlenberg's death, bear abundant witness. And never has son carried out more effectively a father's plans.

The church of the Holy Communion, built by Dr. Muhlenberg's sister, Mrs. Rogers, has always been private property, in the hands of trustees. Here Dr. Lawrence planted precious seed, introducing for the first time in this country such happy customs as Easter flowers, altar cloths, a boy choir, the new principle of a free church, and the blessed practice of a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion. Here Dr. Muhlenberg watered the rising grain, till, to repay his years of toil, it stands a full, rich field of prosperous work. When Dr. Muhlenberg turned his mind toward St. Luke's Hospital, the work of the church of the Holy Communion devolved entirely on the young pastor. Since then, with zeal and entire devotion he labored; entering on new enterprises as the necessity arose and the way to them opened. Let his own words tell the story, as he spoke to his people on that November Sunday, nearly two years since, when he celebrated his twenty-fifth year at the church—his silver wedding, as he fondly called it; and truly he was wedded to his church in faithful love!

"Its founder made it a Holy Communion, and we could not, if we would, be insensible to the responsibilities involved in such communion. The rich could not kneel side by side with the desolate and suffering and be strangers to the dint of pity. Breaking the Divine bread to all, the pastor could not look unmoved upon the woe and necessity of some. With our spiritual growth came, of course, growth in works of benevolence and charity. Poor and lonely members grew too infirm through age to care for themselves, and I could not send them away as paupers; and so began our pleasant Home for the Aged. Your fellow-communicants were groaning under the load of physical pain, with no medicines and no kind physician's care, and the dispensary came, of necessity, into existence. Widowed or deserted women, compelled to work to procure subsistence for their babes, brought their little ones to our kind Sisters, lean and starved, and sometimes dying, through the neglect of those to whose care they had been given, and we could not but open the nursery and Babies' Shelter. Little children needed

to be taught the knowledge of God's truth, as well as the results of human study, and two or three pious members support the parish school. Many a devout communicant, knowing not how to wring a living from a hard and un pitying world, asked work, not bread; and year after year, under the wisest and most untiring management, our Employment Society has supplied seventy or eighty deserving poor with work. But I may not enter at length into our retrospect of Christian work. In its various institutions, its societies for charitable and mission purposes, the foundation and blessed work of our Sisters of Mercy, the noble club for workmen, and in the countless kindnesses of its members, one to another, I see cause for the devoutest gratitude, as I review our parish growth in the last quarter of a century, in work as well as in members; and in such growth I see the surest pledge of prosperity in the coming years. The Divine husbandman, as He comes to this tree of His planting, seeking fruit, will not say, 'Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?' Upon you, dear friends, the past of this church places a great responsibility. The lamp, as it has come down to you, is trimmed and burning; it is for you to see that it is kept so, to the glory of the Master. Dear to you, no doubt, this sanctuary is; but the affection must be no sentimental dreaming, but such a love as opens the hand for generous giving and makes you strong to labor. Few of us yet rise to the full measure of our duty. Oh, pray, and give, and work, until the glory of this house 'in the latter days shall exceed its glory in the former.'"

The two principles of our dear Master's life—faith in the loving fatherhood of God, and the sacrifice of all to the service of Christ—gave him the influence he had over so many hearts, leading them first to love God with all the powers of mind and body, and then to *do and bear* all in His service. His ever-ready sympathy, his untiring zeal, his willingness "to spend and be spent," were the result of his conscientious and utter surrender of himself to God. No earthly ties, no luxurious habits, no worldly interests bound him; his words carried such force with them because those who heard him knew that, in common parlance, "he practised what he preached." His preaching grew deeper and more spiritual as his soul, purified by trials, physical and mental, rose higher above the things of this world; and the words of glowing love for God which have burst from time to time from his lips have helped many and many of his hearers on toward the paradise of God.

To the poor his hand was ever open, and their homes were more familiar to him than those of the rich. His loving nature and happy, social temper drew around him many warm friends, and his cheery presence brought gladness to many a sad and anxious face. His example teaches that success in the work of Christ *must* come by the sacrifice of self, and to a priest belongs, above all others, the warning, "Thou canst not serve God and mammon."

Nearly a year before he died he wrote out minutely all the directions for his funeral. Though we knew it, of the disease had already come upon him which has ended, after much suffering, in his entrance into glory. Personal loss had also been sent him, and yet all through this last Church year—from Advent to Easter—he toiled on. The beautiful service on Christmas-day was saddened—not by his words, they were full of love and

thought for others—but by the sight of his weakened form, the weariness he could not quite hide. During Lent he labored on—obliged to give up certain privileges, like the early Communion services—till Easter came, and then he seemed to gather up all his remaining strength, and as he preached of Christ and the Resurrection, his manner had some of its old vigor and his voice some of its old, rich strength.

But the next Sunday—Low Sunday—when for the last time the Easter hymns were sung, the Easter flowers adorned the church, he for the last time ministered at that altar where he had served for nearly twenty-seven years.

After a painful illness of weeks, and days of unconsciousness, he passed away on the 10th of June. I cannot show more plainly the deep and quiet faith with which he left us than by quoting the closing words of his directions for his funeral: "My soul I commend to its Creator, trusting only to the merits of my dear Redeemer. Oh, blessed Jesus, be merciful to me a sinner, and bless my people with love and peace."

Gone to his rest! As mourned the early Church for her dear Spouse, once taken from her sight, We mourn the one now gone to sleep in Christ. We would not wake the silence that enshrouds His blessed spirit with rebellious cries: We dare not call him back to pain and sin: But we will hold him in our heart of hearts—We will impress upon our mind and soul The words of love and wisdom which e'er flowed From out his holy lips, like precious pearls. We knew him for God's chosen while he walked This earth and ministered to rich and poor. We gazed upon him as a man of God, And now we know that he has gone to be With God, and that his longing heart is glad. And while our hearts do ache, our voices break, As we still tread the road which he has left, There is a joy, a sense of comfort found, In knowing all the peace there is with him. Oh, noble, suffering man! thou hast indeed Borne witness to the glory of thy Lord: And on God's calendar of holy saints It writ no name shines clearer than thine own! All rest to thee, most blessed one, till we Shall share thy happiness, and ever be United to the Lord and our beloved! May God send comfort, strength, and help to us To bear, like thee, with patience every cross, And faithfully seek Christ as thou hast done.

June 14th, 1879.

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WOOL-SAXES.—At the residence of the bride's brother at Ottawa, Kansas, Oct. 18, 1889, by Rev. L. L. Holman, Lem A. Woods and Ella W. Sanders. Bro. Woods had generally been considered a confirmed bachelor, impervious to the charms of the female sex; but it seems that his heart has been tamed.

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The second number of the *Kennett Churchman* is on our table, and it possible neither more than the first. It is filled with condensed religious news pertaining to Episcopacy, and is connected with eminent ability and firmness. We copy from its well filled pages the following notice on the death of Mrs. C. A. Sands, of our city:

When Corbett moved with the church, another minister, the Rev. Dr. Harris, in the village of White Plains, in the State of New York. About eighteen years ago she removed with her family to Kansas. While living in a town at Minnesota, Franklin County, Bishop Kemper, when on a visitation of this diocese, stopped with her family, baptised her and her husband, and preached to the congregation. She has since been a member of the church, and is now settled with great gratification to the first of the venerable missionary bishops of this humble home on the prairie, "regarding it as so long to be remembered privileges."—*Source: well-researched single narrative.*

The saintly having passed on to better things, Mr. Shanks became an active and useful member of the church. He was a member of the First Baptist Church. When her health permitted, she was always found in her parish place in the house of God. She was devoted and earnest worshiper, and an attentive hearer of the messages delivered from the pulpit. Her death was sudden, but she was prepared for some time before her departure she was anointed, but at intervals, she would just say and she would say, "I am ready to go home." Her family, her relations, and the congregation with which she was connected, have sustained a loss which she deeply felt. They mourn not as those without hope. "Even so he liveth his loved."

The death of Mrs. C. A. Smith makes a void in our city hard to fill. Identified with Kansas from its early history, she has grown up with our village, partaking and sharing in all our hardships and trials incident to pioneer life. She was noted for her unostentatious charities and deeds of benevolence, and the Episcopal church has lost one of its most effective members.

**Irving Sands
Services Held**

Resided In Port Washington For 33 Years

Funeral services were held Monday morning from St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church for Irving Samà, a member of one of New York's oldest families, who died at his home on Prospect street, Port Washington following a cerebral stroke. He had been ill for the past five weeks.

Mr. Sands, who had been a resident of Port Washington for 83 years, was the last of a family of six children. His sisters, the Misses Helen and Edith Sands, were members of St. Stephen's Church and were most active in the church life and in the Port Washington Village Welfare.

Their father, the late Alford B. Sands, headed the firm of A. B. Sands Marine Plumbing, and his sons, especially Irving, were associated with him in the business in their younger years. Until a few years ago Mr. Sands was associated with the Mason Seamount Transportation Co.

His was a life member of the Knickerbocker and was a member of the old Seventh Regiment.

His sisters and brothers were Rodman, Louis, Ernest, and the Misses Helen and Edith Sands. A sister-in-law, Mrs. Ernest Sands, survives.

Following the services at the St. Stephen's Church at which the rector, Rev. William J. Woon, officiated, interment was in the family plot in the Greenwood Cemetery.