

M. D. B.

MARY DWIGHT BOWLES

Born at Geneva, N. Y., August 14, 1827.

Died at Springfield, Mass., December 23, 1893.

"Her children arise and call her blessed."

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DEATH OF MRS. SAMUEL BOWLES, SR.

[From *The Springfield Republican*, December 23, 1893.]

Mrs. Mary Dwight Bowles, wife of the late Samuel Bowles, editor of *The Republican*, died just after midnight this morning, at her home on Mill street, at the age of sixty-six years. For the past two years she has been in feeble health, but during the last summer and fall she had been so much better that she was enabled to enjoy a great deal of the rare loveliness of these seasons, which appealed to her and delighted her as the charms of Nature only touch those peculiarly susceptible to their beauty. Within a few weeks she began to fail in her grasp on the life of earth, and recently the decline has been rapid.

Mary Sanford Dwight Schermerhorn was born August 14, 1827, the daughter of Henry Van Rensselaer Schermerhorn, a prominent lawyer and farmer of Geneva, N. Y. Mr. Schermerhorn was son of Cornelius Schermerhorn and Catherine, daughter of Gen. Henry K. Van Rensselaer, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution. He married in 1826 Hannah Buckminster Dwight, daughter of James Scutt Dwight of this town and Mary Sanford. Miss Schermerhorn attended school in Springfield, and spent much time here in her youth with her relatives. Here the acquaintance and friendship were formed with the late Samuel Bowles which led to their marriage, which took place at her father's home in Geneva, September 6, 1848. She was the mother of ten

children, of whom three died in infancy, and seven survive: Sarah Augusta, wife of Thomas Hooker of New Haven, Ct., Samuel Bowles of this city, Mary Dwight, wife of William H. King of Winnetka, Ill., Charles Allen Bowles of this city, Dwight Whitney Bowles of New York, Ruth Standish, wife of W. H. Baldwin, Jr., of Saginaw, Mich., and Elizabeth Lee, wife of F. M. Munroe of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Bowles survived her husband by nearly sixteen years; for Samuel Bowles died January 16, 1878. When they were first married they lived in the Bowles homestead on Union street, about three years; they then removed to the house built by Mr. Bowles on Maple street (now occupied by W. C. Simons), and thence to the Tiffany house on Central street, which was the family home for twenty-six years, or from 1864 until May, 1890, when Mrs. Bowles removed to her house on Mill street, where her daughter, Mrs. King, had formerly lived, and which was remodeled and improved for her occupancy. Mrs. Bowles leaves one sister, Mrs. Thomas L. Greene of Albany, N. Y. Her brother, H. J. D. Schermerhorn, died in this city two and a half years ago.

Mrs. Bowles's life was chiefly confined in its effectiveness within her home and family. But in that circle she was the hostess of a great number and a great variety of the eminent men and women of this country and of others, who were the guests of her husband, and whom she knew well how to welcome and to please. She enjoyed the hospitality of the Central street home so finely situated among its trees on the hillside. Here she entertained and knew people well worth while in the affairs of state and in the realm of literature. Notwithstanding the restriction of her home cares, she made many journeys with her husband; she was one of the Colfax

party over the Pacific railroad in 1869, the first year the road was open,—a very interesting traveling companionship including beside Mr. and Mrs. Colfax, Gov. Bross of Illinois and his daughter, Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun Runkle and others. With them she took the long stage ride through Oregon and California. She also accompanied Mr. Bowles on other journeys to the West, and was in Chicago in 1871, during the terrible conflagration which destroyed the greater part of that city. Her public activities were few; the chief of these was her earnest interest in the welfare of the soldiers during the war, and she was one of the noble band of women who devoted their utmost efforts to the success of the Soldier's Fair, and to other benefactions with it.* She was a member of the Church of the Unity, and always interested in its various works of usefulness in the community.

Mrs. Bowles's sympathies were warm and impulsive. She was deeply touched by every case of need which came to her knowledge, and she exhibited at times a stern moral indignation at wilful errors. A notable trait in her character was her ardent love of Nature; she loved flowers and trees, and had a peculiar knack in the cultivation of plants,—it was almost impossible for a plant to die, even a woodland plant, when she had once taken it under her care. She was one of the early members of the horticultural society, and used to exhibit in their annual displays. The country was always charming to her, and she had the greatest delight in driving

*NOTE BY MRS. SARAH BOWLES HOOKER.

I wish The Republican had mentioned mother's care and labor for the city library and her bounty to her pet pensioners. She was more public-spirited than the writer of the article appreciated. We were brought up to share with strangers—passers-by—the beauties of our home. You know she always insisted on having the lower half of the front blind in the large parlor open, so people going up the hill could enjoy the picture of the Madonna.

in the beautiful region which surrounds us. The ferns and wild flowers, the birds and bees, were beloved by her. It is most interesting, in reading the letters written to her by Mr. Bowles on his journeys, to note how constantly he recurs to her love of Nature. In the White Mountains, he writes of his "regret that you are not here to see with your own eyes and enjoy it all as you only can—much more than I do;" and again: "I send a blue flower from the top of Mount Willard, with my love." Nor were her human sympathies ever lacking. She was wont to speak with the children on her drives, and they responded gladly. Since the death of Mr. Bowles she has led a life even more retired than before. By those who have been privileged to know her, her memory will be always prized.

A TRIBUTE FROM CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

[From the *Hartford Courant*, December 25, 1893.]

To those who enjoyed the charming hospitality of Samuel Bowles, now, alas, years ago, the news of the death of Mrs. Bowles comes with sincere regret, and revives delightful memories. No one had more friends than Mr. Bowles, and his semi-public career, and intimate relation to public affairs as well as his interest in literature, brought to his house prominent people from all parts of the country and from abroad. His friends were her friends and the pleasure they found in her lovely home was largely due to the fact that she made them feel at home. In full sympathy with her husband's career, she nevertheless did not sink her personality in his, and her dignity of character, her love of Nature

and her discriminating regard for good things and genuine people, made always a distinct impression upon her visitors. The union of high moral standards with quick and untiring charity made her a marked and noble and memorable character. It is such people as Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bowles who make home delightful, and society enjoyable and life altogether full of high purpose and encouragement.

MRS. BOWLES'S FUNERAL SERVICE.

[From *The Springfield Republican*, December 27, 1893.]

The farewell services over the body of the wife of the late Samuel Bowles were held yesterday afternoon at her home on Mill street, in the presence of a great many of her friends and neighbors. Rev. Bradley Gilman read certain chosen pieces of verse and portions of the holy scriptures, which in their several ways fitted the character of her who had departed to a wider life. These comprised "A Prayer for Sleep," by Thomas William Parsons; lines from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey;" passages from the epistle of James; the twenty-third Psalm; and from the fourteenth chapter of John's gospel; "Paradisi Gloria," by Dr. Parsons; and the hymn, "Only Waiting," which was a favorite with Mrs. Bowles and was sung at the funeral of her husband. After the readings from the Bible, Mr. Gilman prayed, and the closing prayer and the apostolic benediction were uttered by Rev. Dr. S. G. Buckingham. The burial in the Peabody cemetery was attended only by the members of the family.

THE POEMS READ AT THE FUNERAL.

A PRAYER FOR SLEEP.

O Thou to whom, in every land,
A thousand temples rise;
Who hold'st the ocean with thy hand,
And spreadest out the skies;
Who wakest hope, and calm'st the sighs
That heave the human breast!—
Let fall, upon thy servant's eyes,
The blessing of thy rest.

Thy winds are hushed upon the hill;
Thy woods and waters sleep;
Oh! let this troubled heart be still,
These eyes forbear to weep;
Thy faithful stars their watches keep,
Thou ever art awake;
Safe is our slumber—be it deep!
Amen! for Jesus' sake.

T. W. Parsons.

TINTERN ABBEY.

I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,—
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts.

Wordsworth.

PARADISI GLORIA.

There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore;
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

In that pure city of the living Lamb
No light shall shine of candle or of sun,
Or any star; but He who said "I Am,"
Shall be the Lamp, He and His Holy One.

Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time
In time's poor pleasures,—doing needful things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
The saints and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,—
Musical motion,—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

T. W. Parsons.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown,—
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF FRIENDS.

[MRS. LUCY F. GILLET OF WESTFIELD.]

She has been an almost life-long friend to me, for I was but eighteen and she twenty-one when we first met at my father's house at the time of Sam Davis' burial here, and *both were brides*. We soon became fast friends and as our children came, from time to time, our common interests drew us still closer together; but never have I met any one, I think, who seemed to me so unchanging and unchangeable as she, because of the rare truth and sincerity of her character. No shame, nor evasion, nor deceit looked out of her clear eyes and the strength of her affections was measureless. I feel bereaved without it.

[W. A. DICKINSON OF AMHERST.]

I shall always remember her with the largest heart, her utter abnegation of self in her devotion to the interests and happiness of others. If we had enough like her the millennium would be at hand.

[MRS. ANNA TITCOMB DUDLEY OF CHICAGO.]

She represented to me a large part of my early life. I owe her many happy hours,—many interesting talks and many lessons in the love of nature and the knowledge of its beauty and life. The last time I saw her she came down the steps and even to the sidewalk to show me some of her plants.

[MRS. S. AUGUSTA CHEW OF GENEVA, N. Y.]

She was the most dear friend of my girlhood, tried, trusted and found worthy. Never did we meet without joy and our intercourse always was lovely.

[GEN. F. A. WALKER OF BOSTON.]

All who knew her loved her, and she was most worthy to be loved. How well I remember,—how clearly, how gratefully, her kindness to me during the weeks, twenty-five years ago, when I was a member of your household, and when those who are now men and women, fathers and mothers, were boys and girls around the board or, like Ruth and Bessie, children at the knee! And now all are grown up and scattered, and she is gone! Gracious, tender, gentle lady! when was there ever a more fond and loving wife and mother?

[EDWARD F. HAYES OF THE REPUBLICAN.]

When I first came to Springfield, a boy of nineteen, and afterward during the years I was in such close association with your father in his daily work, your mother's kindly interest in me and my welfare was almost maternal in character, and the remembrance of it I shall always cherish with pleasure.

[MRS. JULIA BILLINGS OF WOODSTOCK, VT.]

What a gentle, simple-hearted being she was! truly a pilgrim in all the years I knew her, longing for a higher and holier state than this sinful world affords! God be praised that He has taken her beyond the trials of earth! Such as she must be of the household of God. Her faith rested on his word.

[JAMES L. WHITNEY OF BOSTON.]

The warm affection of your father and mother has been a strong support to me for many years. That, I was always sure of. Even when your mother was ill—in great pain even—I never knew it. Her smile was just as sweet and her manner just as gracious. When I saw her a few months ago in New Haven I was pleased to find her looking so young and like her old self. She shook her head at me and said: "Ah, James Whitney, I wish it might be as you think."

[MISS LAVINIA DICKINSON OF AMHERST.]

The past is full of sweet memories of her and I rejoice she was so appreciated and loved.

[MRS. SUSAN H. DICKINSON OF AMHERST.]

I have had a constant impression of your mother since hearing of her death, as moving about in the luxuriant grounds of the old home, nursing her ferns and wood's pets. I never saw her fine enthusiasm for nature surpassed, and have often been indebted to her for effects in the home and grounds.

[MISS ANNA C. BRACKETT OF NEW YORK.]

I think what I most remember about your mother is her gentle womanliness. She was always very loving and kind to me. It is surely a great deal to leave such a sweet memory behind one.

[WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS OF ENGLEWOOD, N. J.]

I did not know your mother as I did your father, but I had had measurably her friendship. I had been a guest under her masterful and gentle sway.

[CLARK W. BRYAN OF SPRINGFIELD.]

It was forty-one years ago yesterday that Mrs. Bowles came to my house, then on West Union street, where I was confined with a very serious attack of erysipelas and Mrs. Bryan was seriously indisposed. We were strangers, almost entirely so, having been in the city about four weeks. That visit was like that of an angel from heaven, and has often been referred to by Mrs. Bryan and myself, and always in tender remembrance and sincere gratitude.

[MRS. REBECCA BIRD CHILD OF EAST WALPOLE.]

Your dear mother was such a true and loving friend to us, always so quick to express her sympathy in our joys and sorrows and always having such a warm welcome for me that I feel a great sadness that she has been taken from us. I am so glad I saw her last summer and love to think of how lovely all her surroundings were in the little new home, the vines and flowers, and the lovely fernery; she seemed so happy in having them about her. I shall always have the tenderest remembrance of her loving thought and anxiety over all the members of her family and her friends.

[HENRY L. DAWES OF PITTSFIELD.]

My last pleasant and charming call on your dear mother has been constantly in mind—and it will become to me, like my last visit to your father—a precious memory while I live.

