



AFTERDAYS.

FOR aye divorce separated Mr. Greenleaf and Baroness Greenleaf. Desertion the decree declared doubtlessly. Mr. Greenleaf, wife and infants in Holland, did intend to rejoin surely. Multiplicity of affairs and emergency of finances thwarted the voyage at each attempt. New environments evolved

Out of sight out of mind.

An aristocratic beauty tempted to the treason of inconstancy and he to himself confessed

To the remembrance of my former love,
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

The Allen is a notable Pennsylvania family. William Allen was Chief Justice of the province. He had in a large measure respectability and resource. His children held the pinnacle of provincial society. Strongly Tory were his sympathies and when a revolution was imminent he crossed to England and there published a paper plainly pointing how the differences might be amicably arranged. He never came back. His sons implicated in disloyalty sought the shelter of the parent country. A daughter as already told wed the last proprietary governor.

Allen Town is named in honor of its founder, James, the judge's son. The site was of his proportion of the patrimonial estates. His children are three daughters:

Ann Penn	born February 19, 1769.
Margaret Elizabeth	April 21, 1772.
Mary Masters	January 4, 1776.

Margaret married William Tilghman, subsequently Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. She died September 9, 1798. Mary married Henry Walter Livingston of New York.

The three daughters of James Allen were among the beauties of their day, and renowned for their grace and accomplishments.

Ann Penn Allen, familiarly Nancy, and James Greenleaf were married the 26th of April, 1800.

Charles Henry Hart—*Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Women. Mrs. James Greenleaf (Ann Penn Allen).*—*The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* :

When Thackeray paid his historic visit to Philadelphia, which is one of the hallowed memories associated with the kindly satirist in America, he was enraptured with Gilbert Stuart's portraits of Mrs. Greenleaf, and well he might be. She was Ann Penn Allen, daughter of James Allen and granddaughter of William Allen, chief justice of Pennsylvania before the Revolution, up to which time the Allen family were in the front rank of colonial importance. She was named for her aunt, the wife of Governor John Penn, and was one of the most splendid beauties this country has produced, so that Stuart was put to his mettle, in painting her portrait, to do her and himself justice. The result is a canvas charming in the woman it depicts and in the art that depicts her. That the portrait of Mrs. Greenleaf was no perfunctory work, but that the painter threw his whole soul into it, is manifest from the fact that not once or twice, but thrice did he portray her.

To the kindness of Dr. Herbert M. Howe of Philadelphia is indebtedness for the reproduction of Gilbert Stuart's marvellous skill in portrayal of matchless charm.

Bride and groom, would not their likenesses adorn a book of beauty?

The ante-nuptial contract, April 24, was not the usual bestowment upon the bride but a precautionary measure against the attack upon her separate estate. Miss Allen describes herself a spinster of the city of Philadelphia and Mr. Greenleaf himself a gentleman of the city of Washington, Territory of Columbia. Brother-in-law Tilghman and relative John Laurance a Senator of New York are trustees.

The children of James and Ann Penn Greenleaf are two daughters named after their mother's two sisters:

Mary L.	born January 31, 1802,
Margaret T.	1803

Mary married Walter C. Livingston, July 28, 1828, a merchant of Philadelphia. Between father-in-law and son-in-law was intimate relation. Margaret married Charles Augustus Dale, July, 1832, of Allentown.

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The mysterious drowning of Allen Dale, September, 1895 in the Raritan canal near Princeton revived recollection of romance in the little borough of Allentown of other days.

The correspondent to *The Press*, Philadelphia, thus tells the stirring sensation :

What added to the sensation was the fact that the principal actors were of the bluest of Allentown's blue blood.

James Allen had two daughters, one of whom, Anna Penn Allen, was married to an Englishman named James Greenleaf. The old Greenleaf mansion was a quaint picture of "Merrie England." It stood in the midst of a park of stately trees in what is now the very heart of this city, and the old building in which hospitality was displayed with lavish hand is now divided into two residences, occupied by Judge Edwin Albright and James M. Seagreaves. James Greenleaf had two daughters, and one day a gay company was partaking of the hospitality for which the Greenleafs became noted. Among the party was a young man named Dale, a handsome, manly fellow. Young Dale met one of the Greenleaf girls. It was the old story—love at first sight.

When Mrs. Greenleaf heard of the infatuation existing between her daughter and young Dale she became furious. It appears that the young man had nothing to offer but a promising future. Mrs. Greenleaf was a proud and haughty woman. Her daughter should marry only a wealthy man. The result was that there was an elopement. The couple returned for the parental blessing, but it came not. Once inside the house Mrs. Greenleaf kept her daughter, now Mrs. Dale, a prisoner, while young Dale was forbidden the house. He pleaded, but the mother-in-law was firm.

At last he decided to get possession of his wife. He went to the Greenleaf mansion, walked through the spacious lawn and up to the verandah. Mrs. Greenleaf had seen his approach and anticipated his purpose. While he was going to the door she did likewise from the inside. He pushed from the outside, while his obdurate mother-in-law used all her strength to keep the door closed. But he was the stronger and the door flew back and knocked Mrs. Greenleaf to the floor.

The next day father-in-law Greenleaf had the groom arrested for assault. He was committed to jail. This disgrace preyed upon his mind. A few mornings after with pistol he made his earthly exit.

Allen came with no recollection of a father. Mrs. Dale's life was saddened and secluded yet she attained a serene age when a second tragedy bereft her of a son and solace and shortly she went away. She was in her ninety-third year.

Mr. S. D. Lehr, May 29, 1901, writes:

James Greenleaf and Walter C. Livingston were citizens of this town in its early history. I have a faint recollection of them living at the corner of Hamilton and Fifth st. this city, having passed the place frequently in my school boy days.

The house at the corner mentioned by Mr. Lehr quite likely is the Greenleaf mansion in the midst of a park of stately trees. It was the property of "Lady" Greenleaf. It was furnished in grand style and its parlor wall adorned by the original Landsowne portrait of General Washington by the eminent Gilbert Stuart; this, the property of Mr. Greenleaf.* Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf lived in Allen Town when their wedded days began, and a portion of the year, for more than three decades.

Greenleaf's father-in-law was the founder, and he the principal promoter. The founder died in 1782 when the place was sparsely peopled. Under the promoter's encouragement Allen Town gave promise of its future. Greenleaf made subdivided additions and to the thoroughfares gave the names of his associates and relatives. These are familiar: Allen, Law, Livingston, Morris, Penn, Pratt, Priscilla, Tilghman, Webster.

From 1807 to 1828 Mr. Greenleaf credits himself to Philadelphia. Until the winter of 1826 Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf divided the time between Allen Town and the Quaker City. Mr. Greenleaf made frequent visits to Washington, tarrying a fortnight or so. He announced in the *Intelligencer* where he could be found and when he would depart. He usually sojourned at Davis's Hotel on the avenue or Captain Wharton's on F street or Miss Heyer's in Law's row—The Varnum.

It is apparent at first Mr. Greenleaf meant to reside in Washington as the nuptial articles and the conveyances of earliest record in the century describe him as a citizen thereof. Mr. Thomas Munroe, Commissioner of Public Buildings, testified Mr. Greenleaf was first seen after his long absence in 1802. Mr. Dalton's invitation to the fish dinner is endorsed by Mr. Greenleaf, "August 17, 1799." Other than these, the first mention, I find, of his presence is the advertisement of February 21, 1804.

Mrs. Greenleaf accompanied her husband to Washington, Christmas time, 1821. In the winter of 1826 the Greenleafs were in the house last occupied by the Hon. William H. Crawford, Secretary of Treasury, on Fourteenth street north of Thomas Circle. I have read the Greenleaf girls scythed a swath in swell society in the reign of Adams, the second. In the summer of 1828 they were in North Capitol street in or by the Washington house and in the fall of 1831 in the porticoed house next to be described.

*Narrative and Critical History of America.

In or before 1831 Mr. Greenleaf built a wooden residence at the intersection of First and C streets and inclosed lots 17 and 18 in square 725. Here he resided the residue of his days. In his home he was surrounded plenteously with such things as a retired gentleman of taste and means would likely be; he had paintings, thirteen in all, and other pictorial art, curios and relics, and a superb library.

Although the structure was razed thirty years since here is fortunately a photographic view. The photograph was taken August, 1861. Right in front of the house Major William Tecumseh Sherman and his tired men rested. At Bull Run, they had been received too warmly and they shook the dust from their feet and retired; retired rather precipitately. The tent in the foreground of the picture the other side of the fence, is the hospital. During Mr. Greenleaf's occupancy the house was two stories with attic and cellar. The change in the lower arrangement was necessitated by the heavy grading. I remember in my earliest youth this quaint house; and to me its series of surrounding porticoes suggested the square pagodas of China in the picture books.

Mr. Greenleaf in this considerable enclosure had a stable which sheltered two horses, a grey and a red, and an equal number of cows of the shade of which history is silent. He grew in the garden I know not what besides the mulberry, the cultivation of which at that time was a horticultural fad. In his study on the mantel was *Cobb's Manual on the Growth of the Mulberry tree* for ready reference. He had a farm on "The Island;" it comprised several squares; the square wherein is the Jefferson School Building being one. Here he pursued Adam's profession. Mr. Greenleaf's domestic was a widow and her son-in-law was his gardener.

Mr. Greenleaf during the last years lived alone, a

Self-sequester'd man.

Mrs. Greenleaf was not *en rapport* with the democratic days, her spirit was with the period of provincial pride. She dwelt in the mansion at Allentown. No one says the separation was from estrangement. One close to Mr. Greenleaf says the correspondence continued, however its sentiments may have been in specie. I am told that Mr. Greenleaf in the same

room ate, studied, wrote, slept,—a living room literally. I think this was only in the last season of illness.

Mr. Greenleaf with the associates of his boyhood, President John Quincy Adams and Judge Cranch, attended the Unitarian Church. Nothing of his religious thought is transmitted. He was liberally inclined towards church extension. What he purposed in this praiseworthy way sometimes was fraught with failure as in other things. As early as July 14, 1795, he at a vestry meeting offered to present a building site on F between Sixth and Seventh streets, square 456, lot 17; and Samuel Blodgett, who had the hotel around the corner, gave an order for the timber. The plan was favorably received, and the rector was directed to purchase the adjoining lot. Nevertheless the proffer was not availed and the project was abandoned.

Mr. Greenleaf's expression was benign, manner dignified and conversation courteous. To him in high degree or humble degree, in his majority or in his minority, white or black, it was: "If you please" or other polite phrase. His abundant civility had no tint of affectation but appeared the natural flow of a sweet nature and a refined character.

His conversation was not mere talk; it was the copious treasure of the mind gathered by association with the foremost in the various ways of life, by observation in travel at home and abroad and by assimilation of the best literature in the languages of all advanced peoples. And he possessed that facility of polished converse, to

Speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.

It is not to be inferred because Mr. Greenleaf was civil to the humblest that he mixed. "Mr. Greenleaf was a high-toned gentleman and did not associate with everybody." His associations had been with the eminently respectable and he maintained the same social degree. He was cultured and he courted the company of the cultured and none other.

Daily Mr. Greenleaf exchanged greetings and confidences with his beloved sister Nancy and the dear judge who were just around the corner. He almost lived with his sister and his brother by marriage. Sister Nancy and brother James greatly resembled each other. She was real motherly; of comfortable proportions and of happy and lively nature.

Mrs. Cranch had been seriously ill; Mr. Greenleaf moderately ill. Perhaps in him it was the sympathy of soul, who can say nay. Mr. Greenleaf called his youthful assistant and laying gently his hand upon his shoulder said: "Bushrod, go to the judge's and see how sister is." The lad went to the back door. The judge himself appeared and answered: "Tell James, she is dead." The messenger returned. Mr. Greenleaf drew closer the garments and sank upon the couch. The shock was too severe; the vital current ceased to serge. The beloved sister had passed to the other shore, the brother waited only a few hours for the ferryman and he, too, passed over.

Mr. Greenleaf had perhaps for a fortnight been in the care of Dr. John F. May, his physician. His mind never was impaired; his hand was as firm a month before his end as ever before. His signature, September, 1843, is as strong as that of September, 1793; and its exactitude is like the impress of a die.

This notice appeared in the *Intelligencer*, Wednesday, September 20, 1843 :

In this city, on Saturday morning, the 16th instant, MRS. NANCY CRANCH, aged 71 years, wife of Judge Cranch, and on Sunday morning, the 17th instant, her brother, JAMES GREENLEAF, ESQ., aged 78.

On September 22, in an obituary of Mrs. Cranch, this :

One, James Greenleaf, Esq., well known as among the earliest settlers of this city, outlived his beloved sister but a few hours.

And that is all of him who in the formative days held the center of the stage.

In the Congressional Cemetery is a monument whereon is chiseled this inscription :

JAMES GREENLEAF
born in Boston
June 9, 1765,
died in Washington
Sept. 17, 1843.
Æ. 78.

At the foot of the monument is a mound, spread with nature's carpet freshened with the dews of twilight; on it the eternal sun shines by day, on it the moon and the gems of heaven shed their silvery rays by night, over it a maple stands sentinel, and with its spreading boughs shelters from the stress

of the storm, and by it, just beyond the gentle slope, the Anacostan waters ripple and sparkle in their ebb and flow. The tumult of traffic intrudes not upon this hallowed city of long homes and naught is heard more boisterous than

Little gales, that from the green leaf sweep
Dry Summer's dust.

The grave

Shuts up the story of our days.

Not so with Greenleaf. The story of his life shall live as the city stands.

It is almost a certainty that James Greenleaf first entered the Federal City a day previous to the ceremonies at the Capitol.

September 17, 1793, Greenleaf came; September 17, 1843, Greenleaf departed;—an even fifty years. September 18, 1793, the corner stone was laid; September 18, 1843, is its half-centenary.

At the time of his death Mr. Greenleaf had a large holding of unimproved and unproductive realty. He owed little and the proceeds from the sale of his personalty more than paid his debts. He died intestate and Mr. David A. Hall, the lawyer, was, October 10, 1843, appointed administrator.

Mr. Greenleaf's library was remarkable for size and value. The books were sold at three auctions. Mr. W. M. Morrison was the auctioneer and the sales room was on Pennsylvania avenue four doors west of Brown's Hotel.

- 1st. *Catalogue of the Large and Valuable Library of the Late James Greenleaf, deceased, to be sold on Wednesday evening, January 17, 1844. This comprises 1,155 volumes.*
- 2nd. *Catalogue of French, Dutch, Italian and Latin Books, many of which are very old Editions, out of Print and Extremely Valuable Belonging to the Estate of James Greenleaf Esq., Deceased, to be sold, Monday and Tuesday evenings, 19th, and 20th, February, 1844. Comprised 1,252 volumes.*
- 3rd. *Catalogue of Final Sale of English Books belonging to the estate of the late James Greenleaf, Esq. comprising many highly illustrated works to which are added various law and miscellaneous books, to be sold on Friday evening, the 23d inst. Volumes 205.*

Aggregate volumes 2,612.

Mrs. Greenleaf died August, 1852, and the 27th of that month her remains were interred in the vault belonging to Walter C. Livingston, Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia.

In attractive array Thomas P. Woodward, Esq., of the Washington bar, January 1, 1901, marshals the worthies:

As I work over the, to many, dry and musty records I often try to conjure up the personalities of the men whose acts and deeds I am investigating. I picture William Prout, the staid Baltimore merchant, Benjamin Stoddert, the Revolutionary soldier, Robert Morris, the great financier of the colonies, Samuel Blodgett, the lottery man, the Youngs, gentlemen of the manor born, David Burns, suddenly thrown into unfamiliar company, James Greenleaf, the prince of schemers, Thomas Law, man of the world, George Walker, the canny Scotsman and all the lesser lights, clad in the quaint costumes of the time doing business as real estate brokers after the most approved methods.

Of him unseen who excites the emotions, in feature and stature, the mind creates a mental image. The portraitist presents the likeness in words or in pictures. The delineation by the former although graphic and vivid has not the resemblance to reality and humanity of the latter. Yet the picture gives only a passing expression and a glimpse of character while the words more generally if not so accurately, the varying expressions which spring from the soul.

Nemo in his Sketches says:

If after his troubled life at the age of seventy-eight, he was, as old inhabitants, who still remembering, describe him as an old man, tall and courteous with a graceful manner and pleasant face, in the flower of his youth he must have been supple-sinewed and handsome.

Mrs. Robert S. Chilton writes:

DEAR MR. CLARK:

Unfortunately, the details I can give you about Mr. Greenleaf are very meagre. His appearance is a distinct picture in my memory; beyond that I can recall little of him. Mr. Greenleaf was a pleasant mannered old gentleman, very genial and always very attractive to children. He was of medium height and of a ruddy complexion, and I *think* wore "Madisons." He bore a striking resemblance to his sister, the wife of Judge Cranch. Mrs. Cranch was a lady with an individuality so unique and charming that she can never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of knowing her, even by one who was only a child when she died. She certainly represented the highest type of the women of her day and generation. Remembering her better than I do Mr. Greenleaf, I have ventured to bring in her name, as his sister, she may help to illustrate the family distinction and character.

Very Sincerely Yours

VIRGINIA B. CHILTON.

April 19th, 1901.

The youthful assistant to Mr. Greenleaf is now the respected citizen Mr. Bushrod Robinson:

I knew the late James Greenleaf in 1843. He was then an old man, small in stature, say about five feet seven inches, weight about 140, light gray hair, clean shaven face, blonde, with all the appearance of a cultured English gentleman, stooped slightly and always used a cane when walking. He used to ride out in a one horse buggy and always drove himself; and from my recollection he seemed to me to be a great bookworm, and had but few of the neighbors as personal friends.

June 7, 1901.

Cheerfully although inadequately I make acknowledgment of the pictorial adjuncts. The likeness of Mr. Greenleaf (the frontispiece) is a reproduction of the portrait dated 1795 by Gilbert Stuart and that of Mr. Morris from the portrait of same date by Charles Wilson Peale; both paintings are of the permanent collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and it is through the courtesy of the Academy that the reproductions are had. The old photograph from which Mr. Greenleaf's Washington home appears is the property of Mr. Randolph D. Hopkins of this city and it is fortunate he has cherished the place of his birth. And I should include in my catalogue of appreciation the kindness of Mr. J. Marx Etting of Philadelphia for copies of letters to Greenleaf: These pages primarily are compiled from chancery causes which and the tax records are broken and confused; explanations and references noted in lead pencil have saved oversights and weary hours; the notings mark thoughtfulness and unselfishness and are in one handwriting that of Mr. Daniel O'C. Callaghan of the Washington bar.

The pen has been heavy nevertheless the tale is told. I lay it aside with the assurance that this attempt is not to be criticized by a

Carping and censorious world *

but indulgently received by a limited circle. Greenleaf's life is biographical history; a chapter of primitive Washington. Poverty of personal incident I have not endeavored to equate by elaboration. Numerous letters have been incorporated and I think they recompense the space. If others think differently I shall be excused upon the plea that not a third part at com-

* Expression is borrowed from the preface of a work by Rev. Stephen Bloomer Balch, 1792; the *first* author of the District of Columbia.

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mand is used. Preconceived notions of Greenleaf have proven false by research. These discoveries have disconcerted the movement of the narration. At this point I was for the nonce to evoke the genius of the English novelist to pathetically and harrowingly recite the woes of the litigant. By steps trace confidence to doubt, doubt to dread and dread to despair. Greenleaf had that within which withstood the crush of defeat; that

Eternal sunshine in the storms of life

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that reflected in kindly eye and buoyant spirit.

He was of Huguenot mold and would not renounce his purpose not that he was always right for in him was too much the man to be that. Self-assertion is not synonymous selfishness; it is strength of the moral forces. His persistency was not supported by insensibility. Sensitive through culture and refinement he was more acutely hurt by the arrows of misfortune and that he sustained cheerfulness and kindness marks a noble character—beautiful and brave.

Beyond the turmoils of life there is rest in the activities of a higher sphere, let us have an abiding faith.

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