My dear Julia,

Seton has been constantly dreaming of you, and as a kiss has often been realized to his imagination which he thinks an unpropitious sign, he fears you are still angry with him, and begs you “for pity’s sake,” to let the offences of the old year pass with it—and his little wife begs you for remembrance sake to write that you are neither sick nor sorry which we have been assured by Mrs. Ryess but can scarcely hope as Col[onel] G[iles], and his Rib have been as long without a lines from you as I have—Surely you will say friend your letters neither by their manner, or frequency call for immediate answers—but my darling Months have passed in silence and they are pretty long periods—which added to an interruption of the accidental information we generally recieve of you make us apprehensive that either Body or mind is oppressed—

We are going on quietly—our children the wonders of Perfection they were before, described to you by their Father, Miss White calls your favourite Dick the cherub of New York, indeed it is difficult to imagine a countenance of more expression and beauty he is almost as tall as William and very robust—I keep all at Home, William makes his letters very well and Anna begins to join her’s, they spell very well and would read, but I promissed my Father the first of last Summer that I would keep them back for twelve months. Dear little Kit has her first little red shoes on, and pads about the delight of all hearts—I have a wet nurse and Infant for the winter—of our Sister Maitlands and Cecilia is one of my scholars therefore with the management of my
Widows also, “I rise up early and late take rest,”¹ you may be sure—never before after 12, and oftener one. Such is the allotment and as every body has their Pride of some sort, I cannot deny that this is mine—Rebecca continues my friend and sister, in all things Mammy Huler is going Home so fast that we can scarcely by an indulgence or care quiet her pains and sufferings.

—It must delight you to hear how well my Brothers² are going on—I wrote you how they were employed, and rejoice to say that they have great credit for their industry and good conduct—we look for poor Richard³ every day—Emma is in the way she has longed for,⁴ and little Sister⁵ very well—Mrs. Sadler⁶ is better—I tell you all my concerns—mind that I receive an exact account of yours—

I have written Miss Shipton—rather laconically, but [tried to set the example of not dealing [unclear] long stories—her account of Mrs. Sitgreaves is respectful to a degree—and of Brother [Samuel] as I know he deserves—do tell me about Charlott—I yet love to think of the last Monday I had hold of her hand in the front bedroom upstairs and thought her, next to Father Hub and child, the most precious of created beings—You remember I was miffed with you at the time for being too young. indeed I think while I live I shall always love her from the bottom of my heart.

dont you think of seeing us in the Spring—dear little Julia I think if I could hold you once more to my heart it would ease it of a heavy weight—it very seldom can unburthen itself since Poor Father is gone except when humbled before Him who made it—

Your EAS

¹Cf. Ps. 127:2
²Elizabeth’s half-brothers were Andrew, Guy Carleton, Richard, and William Augustus Bayley.
³Richard Bayley was associated with the Filicchi firm in Leghorn from 1799 to 1803.
⁴Charlotte Bayley Craig, Elizabeth’s half-sister, was expecting a child.
⁵Possibly Rebecca Seton
⁶Eliza Craig Sadler had recently lost her husband.
Dearest Rebecca—

I have cut out my two suits to day and partly made one—heard all the lessons too and had a two hours visit from my Poor Widow Veley—no work—no wood—child sick etc—and should I complain with a bright fire within—bright, bright Moon over my Shoulder and the Darlings all well halloowing and dancing—I have played for them this half hour, Mr. Jones dressing Willy to sup at Aunté's with six and 30 people—He laments that I will be Alone I talk to him of my Companion a Peaceful Soul, but he only laughs—think of me at 12 I hope dear Zise and all rest well—Kiss her and her little Mate for me—Mammy [Huler] still in bed and Kit almost as fond of Mrs. Myers as of me—Bless you my own Sister—the within letters were delivered this Evening[,] Anna wrote every word herself—Malta by her side[,] take great care of them they will be a treasure in my Cabinet—last night I wrote two sheets as full as I could crowd them to Aunt Caley to please my Will—went to bed at 12 <last night> as you and I understand each other I may show you the within description to her—with what rapid pleasure the pen ran it over—the Praise of those we love how sweet—how sweet sweet will be His Praise—when it is our reward for well doing—'till than His peace be ours
1.151 To Rebecca Seton

29th January 1802

I know my Rebecca will wish for a little word tho’ there is nothing pleasant to say—Willy is out, and to dine out—but is far from well. Mammy [Huler] not out of bed since breakfast and Kit a jaw tooth to make her cross—Eliza is as good as an angel—and her cold quite better tho’ not gone—Malt[,] Ann and the Boys saucy but I suppose it is still comfort compared to your scene—best love to dear Zise’ Kit is on my lap—

“Thy comforts have refreshed my Soul”’—still refresh and may they never leave us or we them—

your Sis

1.152 To Rebecca Seton

[n.d.]

My darling Rebecca

I think the print will be too small for your eyes—if so you shall have the one in church—Bill has a sore throat and Ann pain in her breast—Mammy [Huler] not so well—Aunty¹ has been so kind as to send word she has prevailed upon Mrs. Rogers² to pass Saturday Evening with us—by way of preparation I suppose—indeed I am more sorry for her than for myself great as the mortification is

Kits eyes are very hollow and she has a bad cold but I must dine at Posts at 3 to return by 5. that is the promise—

such a sweet Evening as the last 5 hours quiet and the books. Willy and Leffingwell³ in Counting house—said the sick Prayers for poor

1.151 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:55
¹One of Eliza Seton Maitland’s children
²Cf. Ps. 22 and Jer. 31:25.
1.152 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:29
¹Elizabeth Curson Farquhar, William Magee Seton’s maternal aunt
²Probably a neighbor on State Street
³A business associate of William Magee Seton
Mammy who I am this Evening to instruct for to-morrow, at *eleven* Mr. Linn\(^4\) baptizes her and I must not go to Church *perhaps* you had better be here too—as you say—

—I have foolishly forgot to send for the mutton—but send Pete now—His blessing be with you, and your EAS love to Lizé[.] the eyes danced when your dear little present came—Cele is very well—

1.153 To Rebecca Seton

[January 25, 1802]

*My dearest*

Sister Willy is much better—Mammy [Huler] has been all day in bed—Eliza, Sister,\(^1\) and all very good. [Captain George] Duplex has had a losing voyage which makes all crooked—I rejoice that your bustle is so far over. Heaven preserve you and my poor Eliza—take care of yourselves—this is indeed my wedding day,\(^2\) it weds me nearer to my *Blessed Home*—Peace dear Rebecca—

1.154 To Anna Maria Seton

31st January 1802

Mama’s dear Anna shall have a little letter for she deserves one now She is so good a girl and can write a letter herself. Papate’s best love to his dear daughter and begs her to be very attentive to her Reading too

\(^4\)Rev. William Linn (1752-1833) had started his career as a Presbyterian minister, but he joined the Dutch Reformed church in 1787. An able speaker and fervent believer in religious freedom, he was active in public life, holding, among other positions, that of regent of the University of the State of New York from 1787 until his death.

1.153 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:35

\(^1\)Eliza Seton Maitland’s infant daughter and Elizabeth herself

\(^2\)Elizabeth was married January 25, 1794.

1.154 AMSV 110:10,2
good night my darling—

Your own Mother EA Seton

1.155 To Julia Scott

New York 1st February 1802

I know my friend will smile at so immediate a reply to her letter of 29th January received this morning—but an opportunity presents that cannot be refused—There are various kind of attachments in this world some of affection, without the soothing confidence of trust and esteem united—some of esteem for virtues which we can neither approach nor assimilate to our own natures, and some—the unbounded veneration, Affection, Esteem, and tribute of "the Heart Sincere"—The Bearer of this letter possesses in full the reality of the last description in my Heart—and in fact I can give no stronger proof of the Affection and esteem I bear you than in expressing to you what I believe another would pervert or ridicule—

The soother and comforter of the troubled Soul is a kind of friend not often met with—the convincing, Pious, and singular turn of mind, and argument possessed by this most amiable being has made him without even having the least consciousness that he is so the friend most my friend in this world, and one of those who after my Adored creator I expect to recieve the largest share of happiness from in the next—

Well surely this is not for Miss Chips' eyes nor any thing else I write—for I am quite out of Patience with her follies and flatteries and hope with you she will at least have the merit of less[en]ing your House keeping troubles—

1.155 ASJPH 1-3-3-6:45

1Rev. Henry Hobart carried this letter to Philadelphia. He was visiting his mother and sister, both of whom were ill.

2Miss Shipton, a mutual friend
My two Boys were taken sick this morning with Symptoms of the Meazels which are very prevalent in our city—the dear Sister who lessens and shares my family troubles is obliged to go to her Sister Maitland whose Husband (not a worthy) was put in the limits yesterday, and whose family six in number my William is obliged to supply from our own store room, and every day marketing as no other part of the family will keep them from starving—or even in fire wood—

The Peace has almost knocked poor Seton up—He is delighted with your claim, especially as he thinks I am likely to go very soon—Next September is the time I appoint for Relinquishment—but if it is true as we have heard from an intimate acquaintance and relative of yours that YOU ARE TO BE MARRIED I do not know what you will do with the Budget—but Heaven grant if it is possible they may fall in your dear hands—if that trust could now be confided how joyfully would I recieve my RELEASE at any moment—

Poor [Colonel] Giles is pretty tired too I believe—his family has the Meazels—but his general Health is better—it was he told me the marrying story which he really believes to be but a story—Seton says in return for your kind compassion he means to leave (in case he goes first) his PRECIOUS STONE to you as a rich legacy, we expect him every hour.—If [Rev.] Mr. [Henry] Hobart is invited to your Pulpit do not neglect going to Church on that day—I believe he stays a fortnight—Many loves to your dear Children for me and remembrances to Charlott and your mother—

—a thousand thanks for your remembrance of my poor Widows—is it to go to the Society funds, or it is for MY use—I know

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3Rebecca Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law
4James Maitland was to go to debtors’ prison.
5This may refer to an impending truce between France and Britain. The Treaty of Amiens was signed March 25 with implications for American shipping.
6It is possible that Julia had offered to care for the Seton children in the event that anything happened to Elizabeth and William Magee. In addition Elizabeth was pregnant and expecting in September. If Julia was to be married, Elizabeth was wondering what would happen to her offer.
7Susanna Deshon Sitgreaves
8Elizabeth continued to be active in the work of aiding poor widows, serving as treasurer of the Society for the relief of poor widows with small children.
you answer as you please—indeed I have many times this winter
called at a dozen houses in one morning for a less sum than that you
sent for you may be sure these Meazles cause wants and sorrows
which the society cannot even half supply and in many familys the
small pox and meazels have immediately succeeded each other—

1.156 To Rebecca Seton

[1802]

My own Rebecca

Malta sends you last Evenings happiness—a sweet Evening and a
Blessed day went before it—all done at Home, and safe seated long
before any one came in, and then Mr. M read. H almost at my Elbow
who with Miss B and Mrs. Jacobs made up all our side—to sing his
praise and feed the Soul—hush hush—His word is sure.
Mammy [Huler] has been all day in bed—never mind I will settle
about 10 when we meet, or write you Saturday our dear Willy is very
anxiously uneasy about something and when I talk to him of our
hope—he says he is too much troubled—Oh oh—He alone can set
him right.¹

1.156 ASJPH 1-3-3:8:24
¹The third page of this note is torn vertically and the fragments of each line do not convey any
meaning. The words that appear are:
  best
  you sho____
  keep
  shall
  or shar__
  Mrs. ____
  wood. I’d
  notice 4
  this cat____
  Pete shal__
  Kit is very
Dearest Rebecca—

with the Sun I hope we will meet again—it makes me think of when we will meet where our Sun will never be hid—but indeed I had the advantage of this world this morning as perfectly as a mortal could have—Willy carried me to the door where I sat 1/2 hour before the Bell stoped—then looking up found H[enry] H[obart] in the Pulpit—such fervent prayers I never heard before about 8 to join—but I am sure their Souls must have gone with him.

—Mine had its Peace perfect as can be receivd in this world—Our Willy is almost distracted about the times—Mammy [Huler] is very sick but Kit better and more playful the girls are very good—the cook wont stay[,] Pete is lazy and Mrs. Taylor heavy. for myself—except you have experienced—can never describe—cheerful Sorrow is not quite English, but some Souls know what it is—and he who sees in secret will remember the back must ach—but that is to sympathise with you—but no cold—do tell me the moment yours is better, for tho I do not wish you to live—cannot bear to think you suffer—as the Master pleases—shall I send you some corn cobs

—Best love to Elize and Zise¹—Kit still sings about her—for fear she wants soup I send veal—is there any thing else.—I fear there are many things—Bless you Peace—

   EAS

¹Eliza Seton Maitland and one of her children
1.158 To Rebecca Seton

[1802]

My own Rebecca

the cook did not come this morning and all went crooked—I think little Zise' would eat fish try her—I long long to see you if only an hour, but not while it is so bitter cold. Sure next Sunday we may. Heavenly blessing what Peace it has given me—

Willy is all aback about something we are all shortly to go to the black river2 and I dare not talk of money—he owes me ten dollars and says he can't pay me

[I] send you a tea pot tile the sun shines again. I could not have the Heart to touch your black one without asking you Mammy [Huler] keeps still better Kit is better—I am well the girls very happy—Bless you all

EAS

1.159 To Rebecca Seton

5th August 1802

Dearest Rebecca—

all is well—at church yesterday morning and afterwards to see Sister Mrs. Sad and Due1 and had to entertain the Miss Whites until past 9—wrote till twelve and slept sound till five—opened my Prayer Book with a heavy sigh and met the words "tarry thou the

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1.158 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:19
1 One of Eliza Seton Maitland's children
2 Possibly a rhetorical reference to the family's dire financial situation

1.159 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:57
1 Rebecca herself or Mary Post, Eliza Craig Sadler, and Catherine Dupleix
Lords leisure, be strong and he shall comfort thy heart”²—Blessed promise—O that I could be worthy to claim it.

—My soul is very very very sick—I call to my Physician every moment from the bottom of my heart—but find no Peace—

Sister told me yesterday she had perfect Peace.—Well “yet a little while and he that shall come will come and will not tarry”³—I speak to my soul, own Sister when I speak to you—

We have just left the Dinner Dick at Pinery, and Willy at Sukey,⁴ all the while—but I managed very well and came off conqueror without uttering a word I was not obliged to—they are both asleep—the girls beg so hard to go out to you—do write if only a line by them—if you could have seen dear little Mrs. Jones⁵ and I with seven children at catechism yesterday, and standing in the vestry room door a quarter of an hour afterwards—you would have said “there was a transfer” indeed—

What a sin it would have been if it had been somebody such is the force of conscience—Blessed be Him who keeps mine awake—Bless you all love to dear Zize⁶—

E.A.S.

1.160 To Rebecca Seton

2 Oclock Saturday 7th August

My own Rebecca—

all is well—the best thing I can tell you—sweet Peace to day in anticipation of to-morrow I trust—Kit looks as if my soul must be prepared—it is prepared if I know it, to yield even with thankfulness—I

²Ps. 27:14
³Heb. 10:37
⁴The children were probably restless at dinner, and she was commenting on their behavior.
⁵Possibly the wife of Rev. Cave Jones, one of the assistant ministers at Trinity Church
⁶One of Eliza Seton Maitland’s children

1.160 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:28
cannot say to her "you shall weep no more, I will place you where sorrow cannot come"

_Ha_ says you liked the little girl I long to know if she does well

I will send _Src_ with Harriet early—5 o'clock—I used not fear being asleep—Willy says he _will dine at home_ tomorrow—with a significant smile—I shall be too happy if he means to keep his promise, _freely_ and without any persuasion from me

best [page torn] Peace and [page torn] be with you—

1.161 To Rebecca Seton

[n.d.]

My own Rebecca—

dear Willy is to take _Ann Cele Will_ and _Richard_ to Breakfast tomorrow at Aunté's¹ _HE CAN_—then to _St. Marks_,² and then to Mrs. Kembles to dinner—so that _if it is possible, you must come to be of my party_. we have a plan almost too sweet to think of—if the children are better and you say you _can come_ (of which I have doubted from your message "you did not know when you should see me")—we propose to send _Ha_ out with Willy in the carriage at 8 or 1/2 past 7—and you return with it after it has taken them to Aunté's—if you say not _Ha_ shall come out _at 6_ as usual—Kit has been _out and in_ all day and not so fretful as usual. Duc³ is here reading _H's shepherd_ and joying in to-morrow—all are skipping and laughing—Heaven's blessing on you[.] Sukey waits—best love to all—I wish I had something to send

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1 isa. 30: 19-21

1.161 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:53

¹Elizabeth Curson Farquhar, William's maternal aunt

²St. Mark's Episcopal Church in the Bowery near present-day 10th Street and Second Avenue was a daughter church of Trinity.

³Catherine Dupleix
“My cup has indeed run over” my darling Soul’s Sister—never would I have thought of such enjoyment in this world last night was surely a foretaste of the next—nor pain nor weight either of Soul or Body.

—This Morning I think I could walk out to you as easily as I did to the chapel yesterday. —Due² is up[,] Richard says therefore I hope well—Kit has gone to Breakfast with her—she slept all night with Phoebe and did not come to me till 7—danced and sang all day yesterday—poor Mammy [Huler] is better—

Ha³ looks quite serious at leaving me but you must not; I shall do very well—and if not Due will stay with me ’till they send her back. Aunté⁴ is sick and she ought to stay as long as she wishes it—Our H[enry] H[obart] was at St. Marks instead of St. Pauls—and Willy says those who heard him said he was a great contrast to the gentleman we had, who had given them in the Morning a Schism sermon. Surely H.H. knew nothing of Schism yesterday—Willy regretted very much he did not hear him—regrets are idle things.⁵

Oh when every regret will be forgot—and every hope perfected. I trust you will somehow be able to let me know how you do to day—

I will keep in mind all the christening concern—shall probably see both gentlemen to day. if so, will send out Luke or Phoeby—

The Blessings of Blessings be with you—

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1.162 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:32

¹Ps. 23
²Catherine Dupleix
³Harriet Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law
⁴Possibly Aunt Elizabeth Curson Farquhar
⁵Elizabeth is commenting on the Episcopal church in which Henry Hobart preached. Hobart’s preaching style captivated many parishioners. In a day when solemn sermons were delivered from sheets of notes, Hobart’s seemingly extemporaneous exhortations, springing from his own strong convictions, stirred his listeners.
yesterday shall while I have any birth days to keep always be considered the Birth day of the Soul never mind the 28th—

1.163 To Rebecca Seton

[August 17, 1802]

My darling Beka,

again I repeat I never did feel better. Peace of mind, and freedom from pain—Kit is as well and saucy as ever but I do not think it would be right to send so many or she should go to you with the girls—they are all singing “Going to Hobé’s”—it can't be wrong to let them go and ask Him if he is to be at St. Pauls or Trinity tomorrow—and by his answer Eliza can be governed—but tell her she would be wrong to lose a fine day for the sake of the Minister you too must stay another week—and it makes Mister too saucy—I am to see J[ohn] W[ilkens] on business he says this afternoon and I will not fail to find out about the name—

dear dear Rebecca the 17th August last year about this time 3 Oclock in the afternoon—never mind someone will be thinking of us in a few years—

If Eliza could come early in the morning to town it would be better—but she will manage it best

—Bless Bless Bless

1.163 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:8

1Two of the Episcopal churches at which Henry Hobart might preach

2The anniversary of her father's death
1.164 To Julia Scott

New York 19th August 1802

I think my dear Julia must at this time be anxious to know if all is going well with us, and as I expect in a very few days to run the gauntlet,¹ I write you, tho' uncertain where to direct—as it is not probable you have stayed in the city during the late alarm—indeed I hope not, for I am sure if from any necessity you have done so—it has cost you a great deal of uneasiness—We have not heard one word of or about you since Miss Chippy’s ‡ departure, and [Colonel] Giles being out of town we have no prospect of hearing but from your own little self, therefore do say how you have managed thro' the Summer and if all is in as prosperous a train of Health and enjoyment as when Miss Chippy left you—

You know dear Julia one of the pleasures of my attachment to you has always been that I might speak my mind to you with freedom—and I freely tell you that she led me to suppose your manner of life, occupations, etc, were so different and distinct from any thing that such an old sober woman as I am could even think reasonable, that I have not thought of the pain my silence would give you, 'till now I think you are in trouble again which always restores to you your place in my thoughts—not affection—for that always remains the same—I am sure if you were necessitated to call for the proof you would find it so—

Seton interrupts me to say, “do not forget to tell Julia that Miss Shipton sailed the 9th June, and that I sent her out like a Princess—the Captain a smart little Batchelor, a handsome fortune—and a nephew to old Lady Fitch—that I will not answer for the consequences before they get there—that they have frequently been spoken with since they are out, and by this time have reached the Cape of Good Hope.³ do not

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¹Elizabeth was ready to deliver her fifth child.
²Miss Shipton
³This is probably a rhetorical allusion expressing Elizabeth’s hope that Miss Shipton would find a husband on her sea voyage.
omit to mention also that you have her Brother's letters very safe (locked in the only lock drawer) that no one but yourself and myself have seen them, that we were highly gratified by the perusal of them, and that I shall return them with my own hands as I recieved them from hers, as soon as the Fever season is over"—there dear you have his own words literally not one added or omitted—indeed I know I have been very unkind in keeping them so long—but the fear of their being lost by the way—partly depending on Col[onel] G[iles]—promising to find me a good opportunity, and partly neglect—all combined, have occasioned a fault which I fear has given you more uneasiness than you [have] chosen to express—

20th August 1802

Thus far, my very amiable little Friend, did our dear Eliza write last night at 11 Oclock & this morning at twelve I have the satisfaction to tell you she was safely delivered of girl, Great and Beautiful, equalled, but not excelled by any of our others, which is all I should say of her at present and that the Mother is as well as she usually is on such occasions, better than would be expected for we had neither Doctor or any thing of the kind, till a quarter of an hour after the Young Lady made her first appearance:—a serious day, you may depend for the twentieth day of August, but we are fortunately blessed with moderately cool weather and if it continues, the Old Lady hopes to write you again soon herself, in the meantime she begs me to assure you of her unalterable attachment and most sincere affection, in which I must heartily join and with best Regards to your Mother, Sister C[harlotte]—and husband. begging to subscribe myself your sincere friend and Most devoted humble Servant Wm M Seton

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4William Magee finished the letter which was interrupted when Elizabeth went into labor.
5Rebecca Seton (1802-1816), Elizabeth’s youngest child, was born August 20. She moved to Emmitsburg with her mother in 1809 and became lame as a result of a fall while playing on the ice near Toms Creek. She died November 3, 1816, and is buried in the original cemetery of the Sisters of Charity, Emmitsburg.
6Susanna Deshon Sitgreaves
Dear Dear Julia

how many reproaches my heart makes me when I think of you—so many years I have called you dear friend, and shall your dear friend be insincere to you?—dear Julia—then I will tell you the plain truth, that my habits both of Soul and Body are changed—that I feel all the habits of society and connections of this life have taken a new form and are only interesting or endearing as they point the view to the next.1—we will never differ on this point, I know your side is the strongest and that you might use many and powerful arguments to prove the necessity of submission to the manners of the world and the received opinions which guide even the good and wise—Well, my dear friend—that blessed Influence which alone can renovate the heart, I pray (and pray with my whole Soul) may before it is too late convince you of the Truth and if in a future day I should be so happy as to find it has done so, you will then allow and exult in acknowledging that the “way of the world” is not the way of God and as he has set us a pattern for our imitation, whenever you seek to be like that blessed pattern, you will find it is not the way to Him.2

This is not to say that my affection for you is lessened, for oh with what tender pity and love do we regard one who is dear to us when we see them walking in a path that leads to sorrow and pain, unconscious of their danger—No dear Julia—religion does not limit the powers of the affections, for our Blessed Saviour Sanctifies and approves in US all the endearing ties and connections of our existance, but Religion alone can bind that cord over which neither circumstances, time, or Death can have no power—Death on the contrary perfect that union which the cares, chances or sorrows of life may have interrupted by

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1.165 ASIPH 1-3-3-6:47

1Elizabeth was apologizing for a falling off of her correspondence to Julia. She had written her few letters in the whole of 1802. She had become engaged in keeping a spiritual journal which possibly replaced some of her letter writing.

2“way to Him” is underlined twice.
opening the scene where all the promises hopes and consolations we have received from our Redeemer will have their triumphant accomplishment.

Now then dear friend I explain to you why I have not as much pleasure in writing to you as I formerly had—why it appears to you (tho' erroneously) that I do not love you sincerely—dear Julia let it not be so always—but I know you will love me the better for saying it is so now—

I could tell you a great deal about my Darlings but my Thumb is bound up with poultice and I write with great difficulty—Our Mammy [Huler] is gone—O if you could have witnessed in her the comforts and consolations of a humble soul seeking the refuge of a redeemer, you would teach your children that to know and love Him is the ONLY GOOD—She was literally “born anew”—and died without a struggle or groan—as a child composed to rest in the arms of its Parent—sure of awaking secure—

My Babe is indeed a Blessing, so good and lovely that as yet she has been only a pleasure—they have all had uninterrupted Health the past summer—Seton is quite well—Anna very like her mother in all things—you must love her for that—yours I declare I could consider as my own—dear dear Maria—O how I pray that the tares may never choke her Harvest³—

Bless you again and again my Julia I never loved you so well as at this moment while I speak my heart freely to you—your friend forever EAS.

8th December—

Dearest friend, I find a hasty opportunity to send you the dear letters which I think so safe that it is better than waiting Seton’s promise—we are all well and my Babe inoculated—Sister Post is also safe with a dear little Boy, we hear nothing of YOU—when we are to meet again in this world I see not the least prospect—we may look with joy to that meeting which will never more be interrupted—think

of it dear Julia and of your own friend with affection. Remember me to your Darlings

EAS

1.166 To Cecilia Seton

Cecilia B. Seton from her own Sister EAS—

19th November 1802

Let your chief study be to acquaint yourself with God because there is nothing greater than God, and because it is the only knowledge which can fill the Heart with a Peace and joy, which nothing can disturb—

Father of all Beings how extensive are thy mercies! how great how inexpressible. It is in Thee we live and move and have our being—the lot of mortals is in thy hand—They are only happy thro’ thee—Thy paternal cares are over all mankind—Thy impartial goodness causes thy sun to rise and constant blessings to descend on those even who offend and disobey Thee—by thy command the dew refreshes the earth, and the Zypher cools and revives us—thy gifts are proportioned to the wants of thy creatures but the righteous alone feel the sweet and salutary effects of thy Peace—

—O Thou who possessest sovereign power and givest life and enjoyment to the poorest insect which could not exist a moment but by thy Will; permit thy creature to praise and bless thy goodness, and give my Soul to thy Service

Blessed Saviour who gave thy life for us, and hast done every thing to engage our love and gratitude O let me never be so unhappy as to

1.166 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:87

1This note is written on the first page. The meditation that follows in Elizabeth’s handwriting may not be her own composition.
offend or disobey thee willfully—Blessed Shepherd of them that seek thee O keep me in thy fold, lead me in thy paths, let me always hear and love thy voice and follow thee as a meek and quiet Lamb making it the care of my life to keep near to my blessed Master—and if ever I should lose my way or for a moment be so unhappy as to disobey thy commands O call thy wanderer Home—within the green pastures Beside the still waters led by our Shepherd—we ever will happy be, and find, endless rest—

As a little child relies
on a care beyond his own
Knows he's neither strong nor wise
Fears to stir a step alone
let me thus with Thee abide
as my Father guard and guide

Father of Angels and of men
Saviour who hast us bought
Spirit by whom we're born again
and sanctified and taught
Thy glory holy three in one
Thy children's song shall be
Long as the wheels of time shall run
and to Eternity.

Praise the Lord O my Soul, Praise the Lord—while I have my being I will Praise my God—Merciful Father, I bless and adore thy goodness for having preserved me this night past and brought me in safety to another day—grant me thy blessing that I may not offend nor disobey thee for in thee alone is my trust thro' Jesus Christ my Saviour who has taught me when I pray to thee to say—Our Father etc.—

Father of all mercies—Blessed be thy Goodness which has preserved me this day and brought me to the hour of rest—To thy merciful protection I humbly commit my Soul and Body, for thou only canst give me Peace and Safety—I supplicate thy blessing on me, my friends and Relations through Jesus Christ my Saviour—
O my Soul, there is a Heaven there is a Saviour, there is a pure and perfect felicity under the shadow of his wings—There is rest from our labours, peace from our enemies, freedom from our Sins—There we shall be always joyful—always beholding the presence of Him, who has purchased and prepared for us this unutterable glory—Let not your hearts be troubled—ye believe in God—believe also in me—

1803

1.167 To Cecilia Seton

8 April 1803 Good Friday

Where He is there shall we be also == We will be also—and the happy hours we have passed together thinking of Him and singing His praise, will then be remembered with the fondest delight == we will never more separate, never be weary, but day without night rejoice before his throne; and now we must keep our Hearts fixed on Him and try with all our souls to please our dear and blessed Lord == then when he calls us "Come up hither," we will fly with joy to our heavenly home

Your dear Sister

1.167 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:130

1Written on the outside: "B.C. Seton - 8 April 1803 Good Friday." This text appears to be copied from a spiritual writer or from sermon notes.
1.168 To Anna Maria Seton

3rd May 1803

My dear Anna Maria—

this is your Birth day—the day that I first held you in my arms—May God Almighty Bless you my Child and make you his Child forever—your Mother’s Soul prays to Him to lead you through this world, so that we may come to his Heavenly Kingdom in Peace, through the merits of our blessed Saviour—

1.169 To Anna Maria Seton

10th August 1803

My dearest Anna must remember that our Blessed Lord gave us the Parable of the Wise and the foolish virgins¹ to make us careful to choose our part with the wise ones and to keep in readiness for his coming—which will be in an hour we know not of, and should he find us dear child out of the road of our duty like sheep gone astray from their Shepherd where shall we hide from his presence who can see through the darkest shades and bring us from the farthest ends of the world—If we would please Him and be found among his Children we must learn what our duty is, pray to Him for Grace to do it, and then set out whole Heart and Soul to perform it—and what is your duty my dear dear Child—You know it, and I pray God to keep you in it that in that blessed day when He shall come to call us to our Heavenly Home we may see our (dear) Anna in the number of those dear children to whom he will say “Come ye blessed of my Father”?—Oh may He

²Matt. 25:34
grant this for the sake of our dear and merciful Redeemer—is the Prayer of your own dear Mother

EAS.³

1.170 To Anna Maria Seton

New York 23d August 1803

My own Anna Marie

... do you not long to see me. I am sure you will not forget your promise to me, but will be good to all and do as Mary¹ tells you, and be very kind to her—Your dear Mother prays for you night and day and means to bring dear Tat² to see you next Thursday if the wind is fair. take good care of dear Papa while he is with you and do all you can to please Him—

... May God Bless you now and forever.

Your own Mother

... all send love to you³

³Written in another hand at the top: “(Yet a Protestant)”.

1.170 ASJPH 1-3-3-18:66

¹Possibly Mary Bayley Post, Elizabeth’s sister, or Mary Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law.
²Rebecca Seton, Elizabeth’s infant daughter
³This note is addressed to “Anna M. Seton Staten Island.” On the title page is written in another hand: “From Mrs. Wm Seton to Anna Maria Seton, who died at Saint Joseph’s Emmitsburg.”
My dear Daughter

This book was began when I was fifteen and written with great delight to please my Father—Since I have been a mother the idea of continuing it for my Childrens instruction and amusement as well as to give them an example of a good means of adding to the pleasure of Study and assisting the memory has been one of my favourite fancys—but fancy only it is, for in pursuing that train of reading which would afford extracts for this book I find the soul unsatisfied and turning with anxiety to those subjects you will find fully dwelt on in your largest book—works of imagination and even the wonderful productions of Science carry the thoughts but to certain confines—those even that examine the beautiful order of creation are more suited to fill the mind that is making acquaintance with their great Author—but when the acquaintance is already made—the Soul filled with his immensity and only seperated by the “wall of past ties[?]” it is fully busied in holding tight the reins and guarding against Surrounding danger or in searching all the strengthening means his word affords where alone it finds its refuge—in short the portion of time the Mother or mistress of a family can afford for reading is so precious that she finds the necessity of dwelling on “the needful” and I must leave it to you my love to finish what I have begun—and recollect it as a Mothers intreaty that you give some time in every day if it is only half an hour to devotional reading—which is as necessary to the well ordering of the mind as the hand of the gardener to prevent the weeds destroying your favourite flower.

1.171 ASJPH 1-3-9:26

1Elizabeth was passing on a copybook of poetry to her daughter. It is now housed in the Archives at St. Joseph Provincial House, Emmitsburg, Maryland, as Rare Book #31, “EAS Copybook.”
To Eliza Sadler

[probably September 20, 1803]

dear Eliza

I have at this time many thoughts to surpress when I write to you who have been so long accustomed to look into my heart, but would wish it laid open to you if possible as it relates to yourself, you would then find that in all the various relations it holds to different objects, and influences, that it has a real and affectionate attachment to you, and I am sure it will never cease to remember you with tenderness—I promise you it is full enough while it writes this—

The Vessel is chartered—freight procured—and the 25th appointed for departure—but—every Morning sun shews so rapid a change and diminution of my Setons strength that if he is out of his bed at that time it is much more than the present prospect promises.

—do you like the plan of our dear Anna going with us—tho’ I know you say she should not be parted from me, and tho she is so young the voyage will have its use to her in many ways and probably will be strongly remembered by her thro’ life—You know that I go fearless for you know where, and how strong is my trust.

I had an unlooked for enjoyment last Thursday—Walked thro’ the Quarantine garden and trod that wharf’s every plank of which His² feet had been on. Sailed over the Bay in His Boat alone, with Darby at the Sail and William¹ who used to go with Him to get Snipes⁴ at the Helm—Darby says “I never can meet such a friend again”—“the best friend I had” said William “I got out of my sick bed to row Him that last row round the Island, and then thinks I here goes the poor mans

1.172 ASJPH 1-3-3-7:27
¹Elizabeth was referring to the trip the Setons were planning to Leghorn, Italy, in the hope of improving William’s health. The following seven letters and notes were farewells to her children and closest friends.
²Elizabeth’s deceased father, Dr. Richard Bayley
³Two of Dr. Bayley’s friends from his Staten Island days
⁴A long-billed brownish wading bird
friend never mind if the row is too much for me”—the hour I was coming over was the shortest of that day—

My little William went to the church on Sunday, laid his face covered with his hands on his Grandfathers tomb and nothing but shame of the people round him could get him away or stop his tears—Harriet says “indeed Sister it made my Heart ach”—dear little fellow He will often have reason to repeat his tears. Seton calls Heaven bless you

Your EAS.

Affectionate love to Mrs. MacVicklers, and the dear girls

11 Oclock Tuesday Morning

1.173 To Eliza Sadler

5 Oclock Wednesday 28th September [1803]

My dear dear Eliza—

Your tenderness and affection calls me back—for often often with all I have to do I forget I am here. the cloud that would overpower—can only be borne by striving to get above it— Seton has had new and severe suffering since I saw you—all say it is presumption and next to madness to undertake our Voyage—but you know we reason differently.—Saturday is Now the day every thing is ready and on board—the signature of some paper not ready detains us—

We will dear Eliza rest upon Him our only strength and my soul is thankful for surely with all the many calls we have to resign our hopes in this life we naturally without one lingering pain must seek our rest above—can it be that we will be there to seperate no more—

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5Dr. Richard Bayley was buried at St. Andrew’s Episcopal Church, Richmondtown, Staten Island.

6A friend and co-worker of Elizabeth and Eliza Craig Sadler

1.173 ASJPH 1-3-3-7:28
with the strong and ardent Faith with which I recieve and dwell on this promise—all is well and resting on the mercy of God—

May He Bless you as my Soul blesses you and raise you above the sorrow and pains with which your soul has so long struggled—dear dear Eliza my Heart trembles within me, and I can only say take my darlings often in your arms, and do not let the remembrance of any thing I have ever done that has vexed you come twice to your thoughts—I know it will not—but it seems now to me like my last hour with all that I love.

tell my dear Mrs. McV[ickers] that the thought of her affectionate good wishes [for me] add strength and comfort to my heart—I have often told Rebecca that when I think of the meeting of dear friends in Heaven Mrs. McV. always is one of the foremost in the scene—dear dear dear Eliza farewell—

1.174 To Julia Scott

1st October 1803—

My ever dear Julia

When I tell you that I have in the month of August weaned a sick Baby¹—Broke up Housekeeping and been ever since in hourly expectation of embarking for Leghorn²—you will easily conceive that there has been no possibility of dwelling on the subject in a letter to you—My Setons decline is so rapid that there can be no hope of his recovery in the view of MORTAL HOPES—but knowing who holds the scale and how merciful is his guidance—My soul reposes on that Mercy and now feels the full force of those consolations I have so often wished you to know the value of—

The Signal for coming on Board is already given All my Earthly concerns are settled as if by the hour of death—and in this sacred hour

¹Rebecca Seton, Elizabeth’s fifth child
²Leghorn, Italy, the Setons’ destination on their sea voyage
my Soul implores for you the friend of my first and warmest Affec-
tions—that Peace which God alone can give—Your EAS. William
has put up for you a Box because it is marked W.E.S.—and a picture he
thought you would like—Bless your dear children for me—and my
dear Charlott and Brother [Samuel]

1.175 To William Seton

[October 1803]

My dear William

you know how dearly your own Mother loves you and how much I
wish to see you good, I hope you are so particularly by so dear
Godmother I am glad that you go to school and learn so fast—for that
will please dear Papa—who sends you much love and many kisses
and so does dear Anna—and

your own Mother EAS.

1.176 To Richard Seton

[October 1803]

My own Richard

Your dear Mother loves you more than she can tell and hopes you
will be a good Boy—and mind what your dear God Mother says to
you and she will do every thing to make you happy—if you love me,
do not plague your sweet Kate for that would make dear Maman very

1.175 ASJPH 1·3·3-9:8
1William Seton was staying with Rebecca Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law.
2Anna Maria Seton accompanied her parents on the trip to Italy.
1.176 ASJPH 1·3·3-9:47f
1Rebecca Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law
unhappy. Remember My Dick to pray for us every Night and Morning and your dear Mother and Father will pray to God to bless you and make you a good boy. Papa and Sister sends you a Kiss

Your own Mother. EAS

1.177 To Cecilia Seton

1 October 1803

My own dear Cecilia

Altho I leave you in the hands of your dearest friends,¹ and under the Protecting care of Our dear and Heavenly Father still my heart would dictate to you many anxious requests respecting your habitual observance of that Heavenly Christian life you have so early begun—and in order to preserve in this your first attention must be to make to yourself a few particular Rules which you must not suffer any thing on Earth to divert you from as they relate immediately to your sacred duty to God. and if you find that there are any obstacles in your way, and doubtless you will find many as every Christian does in the fulfilment of <their> his duty Still Persevere with yet more earnestness, and rejoice to bear your share in the Cross which is Our Passport and Seal to the Kingdom of our Redeemer—nor will your steadiness of conduct ever injure you, even in the minds of those who act differently from you, for all who love you will respect and esteem you the more for persevering in what you know to be your duty—

and may the divine Spirit strengthen your Soul in His service and make your way plain before you, that whatever are the changes in this our mortal life we may find our Rest in that Blessed Fold where dear friends will no more be seperated—but Perfect the Virtues and Affec-

¹The James Seton family
tions which have connected them Here by the Crown of Immortal Life and Glory—

Your own dear EAS.

1.178 To Rebecca Seton

Quarantine 2nd Oct[ober] 1803

My dearest Sister—

My Souls Sister—We are quietly seated at Dear Bayleys, and are not to go to sea untill 10 Oclock tomorrow—Our Willy felt the passing our Battery so much that I scarcely dared wave my dear Red Handkerchief—but since that has been very composed and better than on shore—My Heart is lifted, feels its treasure and the little cabin and my cross are objects of Peace and sweet comfort—He is with me and what can I fear—ten thousand loves to My Darlings and most to my dear Girls—

I shall write you by Henry—who will tell you I have had a ravenous Appetite and been very cheerful—Your being sick is my greatest care—but that too must be refered to Our All Sufficient.

My Friend and Brothers deserted dwelling started my first tear—the dear study windows were all I could see—

Your own own Sis

Page is to keep Mrs. McDugals letter till Mrs. Vandeuzen sends for it—

1.178 AMSV Seton-Jevons #561-563 (photostat) No original exists.

1 Elizabeth was at the quarantine station on Staten Island.
2 Joseph Bayley, formerly Dr. Richard Bayley’s assistant at the quarantine station.
3 William Magee Seton reacted emotionally at seeing their home on State Street as the ship left.
4 Religious books and notes which Elizabeth brought with her.
5 Henry Seton, Elizabeth’s brother-in-law, who would be returning to New York.
6 The Vandeuzer family on Staten Island had a farm, sold provisions, and ran a ferry. They probably carried mail as well.
My dear Aunt,

I am charged with a commission to You, by my Father, who requests me to inform you that relying on his long established friendship for you as well as this Knowledge of your Goodness of Heart and Benevolence, he begs of you to take the trouble of drawing for Mr. Gaurineau forty pounds a year (if so much is necessary to his maintenance) in quarterly payments of ten Pounds <a quarter>—<My Father is very anxious to interest you> He requests this of you as a very great favour Knowing that through you the Money will be punctually paid to him when you see it necessary—<[unclear] would be very happy to hear that my [unclear] health is mended,> He also wishes to know who the person is, whom Mr. John Gaurineau placed his Father with, what his Character is, and how much is due to him—I must again repeat that this is giving you too much trouble, but it is by the particular request of my Father, which I hope will plea My excuse. I hope you are well and that my Uncles' health is mended, I am very affectionately yours Eliza[beth] A. Seton

If you will be so good as to let me hear from you I shall recieve any letter at William Setons No. 65 Stone Street near the Custom house³

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¹Isabella Seton Cayley, William Magee Seton’s paternal aunt, who lived in England
²Probably William Seton, Sr., Elizabeth’s father-in-law
³A Mr. Guerineau was the second husband of Elizabeth Seton’s paternal grandmother, but it is not known whether he had any connection with Lady Cayley.
⁴Sir Thomas Cayley
⁵There is a note on the reverse in a different hand: “This is written (I am perfectly sure) to Lady Thomas Cayley, who she always styles aunt and ‘Father’ is only father-in-law.”
1.180 To Eliza Sadler

My dear Eliza’s little Rapsody reached us last night and added a smile to the smiling scene—the company of Miss Chippy this morning for 3 hours has so blunted my brighter powers that except the assurance that we are all well and remember Sad with affection I have not a word to say—Bless you—Emma will tell you all about us.

Your E.A.S. Sunday Afternoon

1.181 To Eliza Sadler

My own Eliza

this little Note would have been sent you this Morning but there has been a spell on my time—Seton, my Father, Mrs. Kemble, Mrs [Mary] Wilks with whom I was obliged to spend two hours, has bewildered me—and now I can only ask you if the Cold is not too intolerable to come out, but my heart longs to be with you as it would with little Dick if I had not seen him all the day—

it is too much to ask you to come and to you I cannot go, for I am almost lame with pains, from the cold—pity the poor old woman

Your E.A.S.

1.182 To Dr. Richard Bayley

It is not the first time that Pearl has been thrown before—S . . . . !—but the cup must be full and dear Darby suffered to come to us to help her finish it.

1.180 ASJPH 1-3-3-7:9
1Miss Shipton
2Charlotte Bayley Craig, Elizabeth’s half-sister and Eliza Craig Sadler’s sister-in-law
1.181 ASJPH 1-3-3-7:22
1.182 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:71
1Swine, a reference to Matt. 7:6
2Dr. Bayley’s Staten Island friend
Still running up stairs to the spy glass—I cannot believe that so much time would be voluntarily lost by a man of business—

Shall I keep Miss D until they come She refers to me—think of Emma—and if it is not indispensable to offer her the air of Staten Island

Your own own own

1.183 To Dr. Richard Bayley

Anchorite—that expresses Solitude, Leisure, and—Peace. If my Father possesses these his Betty is, the amount of all, Content. No gardening to day—Mr. Olive has been apparently Breathing his last these 4 days past. this Morning he is better, and my Note of request is to go by Mr. Cheriot this Evening if he leaves town—

The Vessel Minerva that took my and the Cranberrys kiss and Eteceteras to my Doux' arrived in 30 days. good—very good. The Birds sing so loud and so sweet one might really suppose the Season six weeks more advanced—

The corner of the Sofa is vacant and looks melancholy—whenever there are any Lucubrations' to spare think of your Betty—

Thursday Morning, 26th March

You have 4 pine Apples and a Dolphin Cheese by Captain Niel, which will be sent tomorrow. they cannot be got at till this Evening

3Charlotte Bayley Craig, Elizabeth's half-sister
1.183 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:72
1Catherine Dupleix
2Deep meditations, ponderous thoughts
1.184 To Dr. Richard Bayley

Good Morning to my Father

Kate is better—we are all well and anxiously looking for arrivals—The Southern Papers and Your Betty's...—
The Shadan' arrived, thanks

1.185 To Dr. Richard Bayley

The Papers and your Bettys enquiry if you are well with the remembrances and affection of the little circle, who are all well and delighted with the Sun shine and promise of soon going to see Grand Pappa—
Rebecca intends eating one Duck and I the other as knowing best the value of them, taking it for granted you shot them on purpose for us. poor Seton—

Saturday Morning 12 Oclock—

1.186 To Dr. Richard Bayley

My Father,

to say how much I am out of Patience with the Weather, or how often I have desired to share the storm with you is impossible—
Inclosed is Miss Hays¹ answer—
The question is if the Captain who is to take the Deer will be allowed to come to the Custom House dock—The bad weather delays

¹Perhaps one of the ships of Seton, Maitland and Company
¹The director of the school in Brunswick, New Jersey, which Helen, one of Dr. Bayley's daughters, attended
him til Tuesday—Will not these Easterly winds bring my Friend—"Thought in fancy’s mase runs mad"

Bless Bless—Your Betty.
10 O'clock Saturday Morning

1.187 To Dr. Richard Bayley

I was in hopes this fine day would have induced my Father to have made us a visit—The arrival from Cork¹ awakened Many Hopes, but the spell yet continues and there are no letters either for me or Dˌ.

Seton bids me say a ship arrived this Morning from England, left Plymouth the 5th of this month. the king was at the point of Death—that day reported to be dead—Mr. Pitt had refused to surrender his office—etc.—²

We are all well—Many remembrances to you—

Your EAS³

1.188 To Dr. Richard Bayley

Tho' I am not quite without hopes of seeing my Father this day, the weather discourages me—on Saturday, or Sunday, Captain Leader, in a Schooner bound to Port au Prince, owned by Mr. Hurtin, will call for the Dear Deers—an accommodation is prepared for them, you are to find hay and corn, and will share the net Proceeds of their sale with the owner—

Miss Hay's⁴ reply to my letter is not yet arrived—on Saturday vacation commences, and on Monday they leave school, but to-morrows

1.187 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:76
¹The arrival of a ship from Ireland
²King George III of England (1738-1820) suffered severe attacks at this time. William Pitt (1759-1806) became Prime Minister in 1783, left office in 1801, and returned to office in 1804.
³Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté has written on the outside: "Some letters to and from Mr. Bayley her father See his name in Encyclopedia American."
1.188 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:77
⁴The director of the boarding school in Brunswick, New Jersey, which Helen, Dr. Bayley's daughter, attended
Post will I suppose determine the day Bayley is to go for Helen\(^2\)—Every walk Seton makes on the Battery he says "I dare say they will be here tomorrow"—Kate looks most Beautiful—all are on the look out for Dué\(^3\) I have requested Miss D. to stay with us until their arrival—Bless you dear dear Sir—the little turtle was not dressed yesterday in hopes the Sun would shine to day—at 3 Oclock if I should see the door open how my heart would dance—

Your Betty.
10 Oclock Thursday Morning

1.189 To William Magee Seton

My love I send your cloaths Brush and comb which I forgot this Morning and also to remind you of the Box of Silver and the Bread Basket in my Press which will not lock—Is it possible that I am not to see you again for so long a time. Heaven Protect you, and return you again in safety. Your Darlings have enjoyed this cool day and are merry as Birds they cannot understand that Papa is not to come nor to-morrow—nor next-day nor the day after—that is for their Mother to feel—

Thomas says there is no other mat at [unclear] that he searched the garret, and every part of the House and left nothing but the drawers—I think it best to commission John to get the Pork—if you think so tell him—

I think you will have a very fair day to-morrow. I write to Beck\(^1\) to go by to-morrows Post—

Your own E.A.S.

Old Mr. Wilks is just come to tea and I cannot finish Becks letter which I will give to Mr. W tomorrow—Dear Dear William farewell

\(^2\)Dr. Richard Bayley's servant was to bring Helen home from school.
\(^3\)Catherine Dupleix
1.189 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:69
\(^1\)Rebecca Seton, Elizabeth's sister-in-law
1.190 To Rebecca Seton

My Rebecca can hardly imagine her own Sister quiet Soul and body. Anna asleep—Willy sound, and apparently quite easy—he has had too much appetite and talked too much is all I have to regret for Him and I cannot help looking to the hope that he will gain strength—however you know I have no concern in my own hands they are in His who alone can guide them right—

How much I wish my own Friend could know the many comforts around me—

1.191 To Rebecca Seton

Since a quarter before three I have been, O how happy—come come “Souls Sister”—let us Bless the day together one Body, one Spirit, one hope, one God.—The Father of All.¹ I think our Willy will go—he has not left me five minutes since yesterday’s dinner, and has had Nelson² in his hand very often—if he does, what a dinner will today’s be to me.

I must run for Ha it is near 5. all sound asleep Pinté passed a quiet night

PEACE

¹Eph. 4:4-6
1.192 To Rebecca Seton

My own Rebecca—

my Heart and Soul sympathizes with poor Eliza, and your cares and anxiety—poor girl she really has a hard trial, and I can see you with the goodness of a superior being making her troubles your own—dear dear Rebecca He who sees in secret will reward you—it is sorrowfull time indeed—and my Willy seems almost knocked up—if ever I dared indulge anticipations of Evil it would be at present for I feel worse than melancholy

whatever you get for a gown for yourself let me have the same, and if you get it made I shall prefer it—much love to Mary¹—Richard still says God-ma come take walk—They are all very well Willy hurries me—Heaven bless you

Sunday evening—

1.193 To Rebecca Seton

Just got Home darling not very much heated but am troubled at not having a word from Maitland¹—May Him above direct for the best—Blessed Blessed [Henry] [obart]—Mr. Jones² had his place—and I ventured to ask if we had lost Mr. [obart]—Poor man was the reply he has been attending his Mother whom Dr. Rush¹ has given over and suffers a great deal of fatigue and distress on her account was summoned to her, the Monday after our Sunday.—well might I see him heated, wearied and covered with dust—and your dreams will make us too superstitious—I should like to hear some of

¹Mary Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law
²Rev. Cave Jones was one of the assistant ministers at Trinity Episcopal Church.
³Benjamin Rush was a prominent Philadelphia physician.
Due’s visions too—Pinté is calling Rebeka all over the House—the General is just munching his Indian pudding Willy has very little pain—and it is quite cheerful—Lot at the Piano—Harriet trying to fill your place and Cecilia and Anna in their room—

I am going to write as usual when afraid of self—I wish you may be asleep at the quarter past 2. if not think of your “Souls Sister” and I charge you do not walk to me in the heat—Friday morning is soon enough

1.194 To Rebecca Seton

My dear Rebecca,

the cheerful fire is blazing and Dick has on his small cloaths for the Winter—we shall soon have our feet on the fender I hope and Kitten on the knee toasting—happy thoughts these are, and as Willy is cheerful I delight to indulge them. —You left Aunty Monday I take it for granted, if not you must be still so near yet far off—but it dont do to reflect—My Willy talks of staying till next Tuesday therefore dont wait for his return to write—

best love to Eliza and Mary, have you heard of Vinings family—is Bun better—and how is Richard—let Maitland leave your little note with Willy Ogden[,] Abraham is not expected till next month—a thousand blessing to you

Your own Sis E.A.S.
Thursday morning 8 Oclock

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4Catherine Dupleix
5A pudding made of Indian meal, molasses, and suet; the same as hasty-pudding, frequently served in New England.
6Charlotte Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law
1.194 ASJPH 1-1-1-8:17
1Elizabeth Curson Farquhar, William Magee Seton’s aunt
2Elizabeth is inquiring about Rebecca’s sisters and brothers: Eliza Seton Maitland, Mary Seton, Anna Maria Seton Vining, and Richard Seton.
3James Maitland, Elizabeth’s brother-in-law
4Brother of Abraham Ogden
5Abraham Ogden, an agent of Seton, Maitland and Company
waiting breakfast for the Health officer who sings all day "Shape nor feature" I wrote Sunday by W. Ogden—and Tuesday by my Father—have you received?—

1.195 To Rebecca Seton

I need not tell you my dear girl that your little note made tears of anguish roll, indeed I never before suffered such a Struggle to show a contented face—I would travel bare foot to share your blessing—but all will not do and all I can do is to strive to obtain the fruit by applying to the means. that you are happy gives a comfort to my every hour, and I delight in tracing even while sitting in the crowd the Peace that now pervades the Soul of my darling Sister.—

Is it not hard to leave J[ohn] W[ilkes] in the hope of seeing you this Evening—to-morrow Willy will give you an account of my day—

Your own Sis EAS
Sunday afternoon

1.196 To Rebecca Seton

Who shall dare to distrust His mercy—this morning Sun found me without a Penny—it is now setting and We are worth 20 dollars in possession and the Ladies have to refund me 10. tomorrow then we shall have 30—delightful. the cruse does not fail'

I could not find the woman in Catherine Street—and Mrs. Gibbs had moved from Ann Street—but called on Mrs. Startin' and got the

6Dr. Richard Bayley. Elizabeth’s father
1.195 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:23
1.196 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:31
1Cf. 1 Kings 17:14-16.
2Widows visited by the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows
3Sarah Startin, Elizabeth’s godmother
ten—called on Parson Linn who is to be here tomorrow at 12. Willy told me a man had brought a hat here and required 2 dollars and knowing it could not be for me and not knowing for who sent it back with the promise of sending for it if called for. so it goes—Contradiction. We meet at Mrs. Burrell's in Pine Street—best love to Lize—

your own Sis EAS

1.197 To Rebecca Seton

My own Rebecca—

an unexpected Boat offers—two Notes from Rebecca my Sis' two letters from Willy and 2 from J[ohn] W[ilkes] crowned the Peace of yesterday—too much for once—but your account of my poor Lidy's troubles made the ballance, and my wish to have you here, and still that you should show her the attentions and affection she must so greatly stand in need of. Father in Heaven preserve her. Bless your repentance my own Sister—Yours is Godly sorrow indeed—such is of more value than the most lively joy, and will surely be comforted with lasting Peace. the uninterrupted blessings that are to ensue will make the heavy hours and days seem only bitter momentary recollections of a past storm—I have to write to Julia Scott, who is in New York, and would "die with terror if she crossed the Bay"—Mrs. J[ohn] W[ilkes] too, a line—Peace be with you—His Peace—Thursday afternoon 4 Oclock

Your own Sis EAS

Darlings as well as possible—they are landing one hundred sick men women and children from one vessel. 400 on board—Father of Miseries

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4Rev. William Linn, Presbyterian minister
5One of the members of the Widows Society
1.197 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:36
1These three words are inside a drawn box.
2Written on the outside: "Rebecca 'unique' with 2 letters from WMS to keep until I see her."
1.198 To Rebecca Seton

My love

your Kate is better but still suffers more than you can imagine—She is crying for me while I write. upon my word I am well—but long to see you I send Miss More—Nelson and your book1— with ten thousand blessings to you and remembrances to dear Eliza—all are well and merry, I heard Cecilia this Morning and she heard the rest.

Bless Bless you

1.199 To Rebecca Seton

My own Rebecca

I inclosed a letter for Willy and a note for you to Mr. [John] Wilkes on Sunday and am perfectly melancholy at not having heard from either of you since Friday, but suppose it is owing to the uncertainty of the hour that the Boat goes, or the inattention of those who have charge of my letters for I am very sure if all is well there must be some—

Your Darlings are very well I am very happy in my Dreams, and always far happier than my aspiring Soul deserves to be, which ought to be content with enjoyments such as any Mortal might covet,—but—Write to me my Darling one of Eliza’s weeks are almost gone—is Henry1 come—little Seton returned and how is my sweet God-child and Bunzy—I wrote the girls yesterday by Miss Wall who came for our commands, and was to go to Brunswick2 to

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1.198 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:38
1Books Elizabeth was sending to Rebecca included Robert Nelson’s A Companion for the Festivals and Feasts of the Church of England: With Collects and Prayers for Each Solemnity. Hannah More was a prominent English moralist and writer who published Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education in 1799.

1.199 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:39
1Henry Seton, Elizabeth’s brother-in-law
2William’s younger half-sisters were at school in Brunswick, New Jersey.
day—all goes well—there are some hours of Peace which are a fore­taste—come and sweeten all—

Your EAS
Tuesday Afternoon—

1.200 To Rebecca Seton

The afternoon yesterday (if there had been no regrets) was too sweet. but those regrets are part of the portion, and point the anxious thoughts to that place where they will be no more. Mrs. Livingstone\(^1\) is—at rest with him. oh Rebecca— She was good and amiable, and the trial is now past—

Your Kate looks still at the door with the shake of the head. No Anta Becka\(^2\) all is well—if you have not undone you[r] hat, it is no matter. J[ohn] W[ilkes] from some expressions will never think of it as we supposed.

The storm hangs heavy and my heart is—Ditto. Bless you look up—A thousand loves to Eliza and [her] darlings—Cecilia is well—

Your Sis

2 Oclock the linnen is all out 10 shirts

1.201 To Rebecca Seton

My darling girl

again but a moment Thomas waits. I have had a busy day over hauling. but all well. Our disappointment will be lessened for you

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1.200 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:41
1Mrs. Livingston, one of Elizabeth's prominent friends from the Widows Society, died in May 1801.
2A nickname for Rebecca Seton
1.201 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:48
cannot come to-morrow as the storm is increasing here—every blessing of the Soul be with you—

Your Sis

love to my dear Lidy—Willy is marching with Kit while I write—
5 Oclock 3rd vol Miss More—

1.202 To Rebecca Seton

My darling—

I have been laying all the morning on the Bed with your Pinni—who has a good deal of fever and sleeps all the while—Willy went for Post at 7 and it is now 12 and he had not seen her—she is still asleep and does not seem to suffer—I have heard all the girls—and given them work and was composing myself when Carlo told me Mr. H[obart] sent up to know if we were all well. I went down quietly as possible but trembled rather too much even for a Christian—told me a great deal about his mother and sister, and that he had brought home her son to educate him as his own—He says he is to read Prayers this week and probably next also, and certainly (if nothing new hinders) in St. Pauls if not at Trinity—said a great deal about my happy day—

I told him the last 24 hours were the happiest I had ever seen or could ever expect as the most earnest wish of my heart was fulfilled—dear Rebecca if you had known how sweet last evening was—Willy's heart seemed to be nearer to me for being nearer to his God,—from absolute weariness of Body I fell asleep at 11, and left him with Nelson in his hand—I read 8 chapters between 1 and 2.

—This is dear Malta's birth day—there are two big apple pies—and Richard not come back—

1 See 1.198 n 1.
1.202 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:54
1 A sick baby
2 Two of the Episcopal churches in New York
3 Richard Seton, Elizabeth's son, or Richard Bayley, her half-brother
Post has been—and we have given the darling castor—she is in trouble enough you may be sure—take care of yourself as much as you can

Pinny stretches out her arm—

Heaven bless you

1.203 To Rebecca Seton

Mr. Woffendale\(^1\) has just been hauling at my poor tooth and broke it short off the three prongs remaining for life I suppose—Well, that is done

—J[ohn] W[ilkes] suggested the idea this morning of your bringing the Boys to town while Eliza is away to take the range of the Battery and that you may sit quietly by poor Sis. it is a good thought—but much I fear the nay too—as Lidy—

Sister James and James\(^2\) were here this morning. I believe they think me an unfeeling wretch not to answer one tear—but no matter—my tears are dry—they are left with all the agonies that occasioned them on the garret floor at Staten Island—\(^3\)

poor Hen\(^4\) is gone—I expect you may come tomorrow therefore do not return the notes—certainly their writer must be very interesting—You know Rebecca how I used to wish to go—now I dare not—my William seems as if his life and mine were one—do come if you can in haste and pain

your Sis—

Wednesday Afternoon

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1.203 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:56

\(^1\)Her dentist;

\(^2\)Mary and James Seton, Elizabeth’s sister- and brother-in-law

\(^3\)She is probably referring to her father’s death.

\(^4\)Henry Seton, Elizabeth’s brother-in-law
1.204 To Rebecca Seton

I find by Anderson that poor Maitland is seriously ill—do my love send if there is any thing we have or can do—you of course cannot come, and I am satisfied—the Father of Mercies save my Rebecca.

Cecilia is just asking “what was that good thing that Mary chose.”” Sweet Celia she is my blessing

—Will has been already to the Bank and says Maitland must nurse himself and make himself as easy as possible.

Your EAS

James is just gone with a note

1.205 To Richard Seton

dear Richard

Mamma longs to kiss you and hold you in her arms—do not forget your duty towards God and be very good to Mary and Cele and Anna take care of Kitty and do not do any thing to vex her if you love me—Pat sends you plenty of kisses and so does your own Mother

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1.204 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:58
1 James Maitland, Elizabeth’s brother-in-law
3 James Seton, Elizabeth’s brother-in-law

1.205 AMPH S-J #462
1 Mary and Cecilia Seton, Elizabeth’s sisters-in-law
2 Probably Paté or father
Elizabeth Ann Bayley and William Magee Seton around the time of their marriage (1794)
(Courtesy, Archives of Mount Saint Vincent, New York)

Dr. Richard Bayley

(Courtesy, The Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York)
The second Trinity Church (1788-1839), facing Broadway (Courtesy, The Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York)

The curved and columned front of No. 8 State Street, the Seton’s home from 1801 to 1803 (1859 print)
The journal in Part II is written to Elizabeth's sister-in-law, Rebecca Seton. In this part of her writings, Elizabeth often referred to her husband, William, and her daughter, Anna Maria, both of whom accompanied her on the trip to Italy, and to her children left in New York, William, Richard, Catherine, and the infant Rebecca. She also wrote often about the Filicchi brothers, Filippo and Antonio, and their wives, Mary and Amabilia.

2.1 To Rebecca Seton

New Light House 12 Oclock 3rd October [1803]

My dearest Rebecca—

our William is quite easy without stricture of the Breast, Fever, or cough in any great degree Sweat as much as usual, but slept very well from 7 to eleven, and from 1/2 past eleven until 1/2 past three—He has more appetite than I wish as it brings on Fever invariably—but as he certainly is even now stronger than when he left Home I trust that will soon wear off—Anna has been very sick but after relieving her stomach has fallen asleep Mrs. O' and her child are also in their Birth and Willy is pondering over his molasses and spoon not very well able to

2.1 ASCSH Seton-Jevons #164-165

1Mrs. O'Brien was the wife of the captain of the Shepherdess, the ship on which the Setons traveled to Italy. Elizabeth refers to her and her husband as "Mrs. O" and "Captain O."
keep his legs but not at all sick—I am as usual sober and quiet[,] I made
my Breakfast with a great relish and it still sets very comfortable—
I feel so satisfied in my hidden Treasure\(^2\) that you might think me
an old rock—Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien are really kind friends to us the
steward seems as anxious to please me as even our Mary\(^3\) could
be—and a dear little child about 18 months makes me sigh for Tatle
Beck\(^4\) as I told my Bayley\(^5\) I neither look behind nor before only up,
there is my rest, and I want nothing.
—one O’clock—

Henry\(^6\) is leaving us, all goes well—the Lord on high is mighti­
est—they threaten a Storm—but I fear not with Him—

Your EAS.

Bless my darling Girls for me and many loves to my little ones\(^7\)—

2.2 To Eliza Sadler

Lighthouse one O’clock 3d October 1803

My dear Eliza will be glad to hear that after passing 24 hours on
Board our ship all is well and comfortable—Seton without pain has a
good appetite, and good spirits—Little Anna has been very sick the
sea has a great swell and we are Rocking or Pitching without intermis­
sion—I have not the least disposition to sickness, and quietly hug my
hidden Treasure\(^1\) without looking behind or before—only upwards.—

\(^2\)Probably religious books and notes which Elizabeth brought with her. In a later journal entry she
spoke of enjoying “my Bible, commentaries, Kemps.” She also had copies of some of Henry
Hobart’s sermons in a notebook.

\(^3\)Probably a servant in the Seton household

\(^4\)Elizabeth’s daughter Rebecca was about thirteen months old at the time. “Tatle” is probably
derived from the French term for a nursing child.

\(^5\)Joseph Bayley, who worked at the Staten Island quarantine

\(^6\)Henry Seton, a brother of William Magee Seton, was a lieutenant in the United States Navy and
accompanied the Setons until their ship left New York harbor.

\(^7\)William Magee Seton’s younger half-sisters, Charlotte, Mary, Harriet, and Cecilia, as well as her
own children, William, Richard, and Catherine, who were in Rebecca’s care. The infant Rebecca
was staying with Elizabeth’s sister, Mary Bayley Post, and her family.
Peace to my dear Eliza and our dear friend MV—I was an hour at Bayleys last evening in Fathers room, in the very spot I last stood—His spirit I know is with his own darling—the Divine Spirit speaks Peace and what can be added—the Pangs of Parting Nature would press but He over rules all—

Your EAS.

2.3 To Julia Scott

28th October 1803

We are now past the western Islands which are exactly half way between N[ew] Y[ork] & Leghorn and hourly expect to meet some vessel that may take our letters Home—as I am sure my very dear Friend will be among the first enquirers of news from us, I write, tho' sure there can be little to interest you after saying that my Seton is daily getting better, and that little Ann & myself are well—If I dared indulge my Enthusiasm and describe as far as I could give them words my extravagant Enjoyments in gazing on the Ocean, and the rising & setting sun, & the moonlight Evenings, a quire of Paper would not contain what I should tell you—but one subject you will share with me which engages my whole Soul—the dear the tender the gracious love with which every moment has been marked in these my heavy hours of trial—

—you will believe because you know how blessed they are who rest on our Heavenly Father—not one struggle nor desponding thought to contend with—confiding Hope and consoling Peace has attended my way thro' storms and dangers that must have terrified a Soul whose Rock is not Christ

2 Joseph Bayley, who had been Dr. Richard Bayley's assistant, was living in the house in which her father had lived before his death.
3 Elizabeth herself

2.3 ASJPH 1-3-3-6:52

1 Although this is part of the collection of Scott letters, it consists of only one page and does not include any outside address as found with other letters in this collection.
2 Probably the Azores
2.4 To Richard Seton¹

My Dear Richard

your own Mother loves you dearly and is delighted to hear you are such a good Boy—and are so fond of going to school. Oh how pleased Papa will be to hear you spell. be good to little Seton and Ben and love Aunt Maitland²—Papa and Sister Ann send you a kiss.

your mother EAS¹

2.5 Journal to Rebecca Seton¹

8th November in Gibraltar Bay—

Was climbing with great difficulty a Mountain of immense height and blackness when near the top, almost exhausted a voice said—“Never mind take courage there is a beautiful green hill on the other side—and on it an angel waits for you.” (at that moment Willy woke me to help him²)

¹Richard, William, and Catherine Seton, Elizabeth’s three middle children, were left in the charge of Rebecca Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law, who was staying with the James Maitland family.
²William Seton Maitland, Benjamin Maitland, and their mother Eliza Seton Maitland
³Written in another hand on the letter: “Probably from Leghorn and enclosed in a letter to her sister-in-law Rebecca Seton.”
said to me Now we will part no more in time nor in Eternity—No
more repeated on who held by the hand in time nor in Eternity—
8th November Mrs. M ill in great distress—

Can I ever forget the setting sun over the little Island of Yivica 1
11th November 1803—6 o'clock Evening

My dear little Anna shed many tears on <my> her Prayer book over
the 92nd Psalm in consequence of my telling her that we offended
God every day Our conversation began by her asking me “if God put
down our bad actions in his Book as well as our good ones”—

She said she wondered how any one could be sorry to see a dear
baby die—She thought there was more cause to cry when they were
born.

Considering the Infirmity, and corrupt Nature which would over­
power the Spirit of Grace, and the enormity of the offence to which the
least indulgence of them would lead me—in the anguish of my Soul
shuddering to offend my Adored Lord—I have this day solemnly en­
gaged that through the strength of His Holy Spirit I will not again ex­
pose that corrupt and Infirm nature to the Smallest temptation I can
avoid—and therefore if my Heavenly Father will once more reunite
us all that I will make a daily sacrifice of every wish even the most in­
ocent least they should betray me to a deviation from the Solemn and
sacred vow I have now made—

O my God imprint it on my Soul with the strength of thy Holy Spirit
that by his Grace supported and defended I may never more forget that
Thou are my all, and that I cannot be recieved in thy Heavenly King­
dom without a pure and faithful Heart supremely devoted to thy Holy
Will.—O keep me for the sake of Jesus Christ
Shepherdess—
14th November 1803
15th November—

a heavy storm of thunder and lightning at midnight—My Soul as­
. 

— 247 —

The island of Ibiza. Beneath Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté wrote: “one of the Balearic group.” This is
a group of islands off the southeast coast of Spain.
while the knees trembled as they bent to him
—the worm of the dust <shaking> writhing at the terrors of its Almighty Judge—a helpless child clinging to the Mercy of its tender Father—A redeemed Soul Strong in the Strength of its Adored Saviour—
—after reading a great deal and <after> long and earnest Prayer went to bed—but could not rest—a little voice (my own Anna who I thought was asleep) in a soft wisper said “Come hither all ye weary Souls”—I changed my place to her arms—the rocking of the vessel and breaking of the waves were forgot the heavy Sighs and restless pains were lost in a sweet refreshing sleep—
Adored Redeemer it was thy word, by the voice of one of thy little ones, who promises indeed to be one of thy Angels—

November 18th

while the Ave Maria⁴ bells were ringing arrived in the Mole⁵ of Leghorn—

19th

towed by a 14 oared Barge to the Lazaretto Prison⁶—when we entered our room Anna viewed the high arches, naked walls and brick floor with streaming eyes, and as soon as her Father was composed on his mattress and they had bolted and barred us in this immense place alone for the night, clinging round my neck and bursting again in tears she said “if Papa should die here Mamma God will be with us.”⁷

22nd—

Sung our Evening hymns again with little Anna—She said while we were looking at the setting sun “Mamma I dreamed last night that two men had hold of me to kill me, and as one had struck my Breast

⁴This probably refers to the bells which are sounded at morning, noon, and evening in Catholic churches for the Angelus, a prayer in honor of Mary.
⁵Port of Leghorn
⁶A place of quarantine
⁷Written in the right corner of the page: “dearest darling he was with us—"
with a knife, in that instant I waked, and found myself safe and was thinking so it will be with my Soul, while I am struggling with Death, in an instant I shall awake and find myself safe from all that I feared—but then FOREVER”—our Jesus!!!

2.6 Journal to Rebecca Seton

19th November [1803] 10 O'clock at night—

How eagerly would you listen to the voice that should offer to tell you where your “dear Sis” is now—your Souls Sister yet you could not rest in your bed if you saw her as she is—sitting in one corner of an immense Prison—locked in and barred with as much ceremony as any Monster of mischief might be—a single window double grated with iron thro which if I should want any thing I am to call a centinal with a fierce cocked hat, and long ruffle-gun, that is that he may not recieve the dreadful infection we are supposed to have brought from N[ew] York—

to commence from where I left you last night—I went to sleep and dreamed I was in the middle Isle of Trinity Ch[urch]¹ singing with all my soul the hymns at our dear Sacrament. So much comfort made me more than satisfied, and when I heard in the morning a boat was along side of our ship, I flew on deck and would have thrown myself in the arms of dear Carlton;² but he retired from me and a guard who I saw for the first time said “dont touch”—It now was explained that our ship was the first to bring the news of yellow fever in New York which our want of a Bill of Health³ discovered, that the Pilot who brought us in the Mole must lose his head, our ship must go out in the Roads and my poor William being ill must go with his Baggage to the

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2.6 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:59

¹The church Elizabeth usually attended in New York
²Guy Carlton Bayley (1786-1859), the youngest son of Dr. Richard and Charlotte Barclay Bayley and half-brother of Elizabeth Seton, was employed by the Filicchis in Leghorn. He married Grace Roosevelt on November 4, 1813, and became the father of James Roosevelt Bayley (1814-1877), convert, Bishop of Newark, and Archbishop of Baltimore.
³Medical clearance for a vessel
Lazzaretto—at this moment the band of music that welcomes strangers came under our cabin windows and played, “hail Columbia” and all those little tunes that set the darlings singing and dancing at Home—

Mrs. O’Brien and the rest were half wild with joy—but I was glad to hide in my birth the full Heart of sorrow which seemed as if it must break = do not judge me = you can never have an idea of the looks and tears of my poor Willy who seemed as if he would not live over the day—

—presently appeared a Boat with 14 oars—we hurried in another, with only one change of cloaths as they promised we should have the rest on Monday and the Lazaretto being some miles out of the town we were towed out to sea again and after an hours ride over the waves the chains which are across the entrance of the canal which leads to this place were let

December 4th

the word—my Bible, commentaries, Kempis, visible, and in continual enjoyment—When I cannot get hours, I take minutes—Invisible, oh the company is numberless—some times I feel so assured that the guardian angel is immediately present that I look up from my Book and can hardly persuade myself I am not touched

== poor soul my J[ohn] H[enry] H[obart] would say “she will lose her reason in that Prison”—more than that I sometimes feel that his angel is near and undertake to converse with it—but these enjoyments only come when all is quiet and I have passed an hour or two with King David, the Prophet Isaiah, or become elevated by some of the commentaries—

== these hours I often think I shall hereafter wish to recall more than any of my life—

== My Father and my God—who by the consoling voice of his Word builds up the Soul in Hope so as to free it even for hours of its incumbrances—confirming and strengthening it by the hourly experience of his indulgent goodness—giving it a new life in Him even

*The Imitation of Christ* by the fifteenth century writer Thomas á Kempis was a classic devotional work and a favorite of Elizabeth’s.
while in the midst of Sorrows and care—sustaining, directing, consoling and Blessing thro every changing scene of its Pilgrimage making his Will its guide to temporal comfort and eternal glory—how shall this most unwearied diligence, the most cheerful compliance, the most humble resignation ever express enough my love, my joy, thanksgiving and Praise—

2.7 Journal to Rebecca Seton

19th November 1803—10 o'clock at night—

How eagerly would you listen to the voice that should offer to tell you where your “dear Sis” is now, your Souls Sister—yet you could not rest in your bed if you saw her as she is sitting in one corner of an immense Prison bolted in and barred with as much ceremony as any monster of mischief might be—a single window double grated with iron thro’ which, if I should want any thing, I am to call a centinel, with a fierce cocked hat, and long riffle gun, that is that he may not receive the dreadful infection we are supposed to have brought with us from New York.—

To commence from where I left off last night—I went to sleep and dreamed I was in the middle Isle of Trinity Church singing with all my Soul the hymns at our dear Sacrament. So much comfort made me more than satisfied, and when I heard in the morning a boat was along side of our Ship, I flew on deck and would have thrown myself in the arms of dear Carlton1 but he retired from me and a guard who I saw for the first time said “dont touch.” It was now explained that our Ship was the first to bring the news of yellow fever in New York which our want of a Bill of health discovered, our ship must go out in the Roads and my poor William being ill must go with his baggage to the Lazaretto. At this moment the band of music that always welcomes Strangers came under our cabin window playing “Hail Columbia” and all those little tunes that set the darlings singing and dancing at

2.7 AMSV N/P 110:11, 12

1Guy Carleton Bayley, Elizabeth’s half-brother
home—Mrs. O[‘Brien] and the rest were almost wild with joy while I was glad to hide in my birth the full heart of sorrow, which seemed as if it must break—you cannot have an idea of the looks of my Seton who seemed as if he could not live over the day. Presently appeared a boat with 14 oars and we entered in another fastened to it. The Lazaretto being some miles from the town we were towed out to sea again, and after an hours ride over the waves, the chains which cross the entrance of the canal which leads to this place were let down at the signal of several successive bells, and after another row between walls as high as our second story windows and the quarrelling and the holloowing of the Waterman where we should be landed, the boat stopped—

Another succession of Bells brought down one guard after another, and in about half an hour Monsieur le Capitano—who after much whispering and consultation with his Lieutenant said we might come out, upon which every one retreated and a guard pointed the way with his Bayonet which we were to go—An order from the Commandant was sent from our Boat to the Capitano which was recieved on the end of a stick and they were obliged to light a fire to smoke it before it would be read—My books always go with me, and they were carefully put up—but must all be looked over and the papers in the little Secretary examined—The person who did this and examined our matresses must perform as long a quarantine as ourselves—Poor little Ann, how she trembled and William tottered along as if every moment he must fall which had he done no one dared for their life to touch him—we were directed to go opposite to the window of the capitano’s House in which sat Mrs. P. F., in such a style—but hush compliments and kind looks without number—A fence was between us but I fear did not hide my fatigue both of Soul and Body; first we had chairs handed, rather placed for us for the chairs after we had touched them, could not go back to the house—at length we were shown the door we should enter No. 6—up 20 stone steps, a room with high arched ceilings like St. Pauls—brick floor, naked walls and a jug of water—The Capitano sent 3 warm eggs,
a bottle of wine and some slips of Bread—Willy’s mattrass was soon spread and he upon it. he could neither touch wine nor Eggs—our little syrups, current jelly drinks etc. which he must have every half hour on board Ship—where were they I had heard the Lazaretto the very place for comfort for the sick—and brought Nothing—soon found there was a little closet, on which my knees found rest, and after emptying my heart and washing the bricks with my tears returned to my poor Willy, and found him and Ann both in want of a Preacher—dear puss she soon found a rope that had tied her box and began jumping away to warm herself, for the coldness of the bricks and walls made us shiver—at sunset dinner came from the Filicchi, with other necessaries, we went to the grate again to see them—and now on the ship mattresses spread on this cool floor my Willy and Anna are sound asleep, and I trust that God who has given him strength to go thro’ a day of such exertion will carry us on—He is our all indeed—my eyes smart so much with crying, wind and fatigue that I must close them and lift up my heart—sleep wont come very easily—if you had seen little Ann’s arms clasped round my neck at her prayers while the tears rolled a stream how you would love her—I read her to sleep—little pieces of trust in God—she said “Mamma if Papa should die here—but God will be with us” God is with us—and if sufferings abound in us, his Consolations also greatly abound, and far exceed all utterance—

5 There were two Filicchi brothers, Filippo and Antonio, and their families with whom Elizabeth was associated. Filippo Filicchi (1763-1816) spent the years 1785-1786 in the United States. It is fairly certain he was also in the United States in 1788. When he returned to Italy later that year, he was accompanied by young William Magee Seton. It was during this visit that Seton became friendly with the younger brother, Antonio Filicchi, who was studying law in Rome. In 1789 Filippo went again to the United States, and it was probably at this time that he married Mary Cowper of Boston. Late in 1789 the Filicchi house of commerce was publicly established in Leghorn. Mary Cowper Filicchi came to Italy in 1790. The couple had no children. In 1791 William Magee Seton again visited Leghorn. He had every reason to regard both Filicchi brothers as good friends. In 1794 Filippo Filicchi was honored by President George Washington with an appointment as United States Consul for the Port of Leghorn.

Antonio Filicchi (1764-1847) and his wife, Amabilia Baragazzi Filicchi (1773-1853), provided hospitality to the Setons in their home in Leghorn after the death of William Magee Seton in Pisa in 1803. Together with Filippo Filicchi, they were instrumental in Elizabeth Seton’s conversion to Roman Catholicism and became lifelong friends, confidants, and benefactors to the Setons and later to the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s. They had ten children.

6 Cf. 2 John 1:3.
7 Cf. 2 Cor. 1:5.
If the wind that now almost puts out my light and blows on my W thro every crevice and over our chimney like loud Thunder could come from any but his command—or if the circumstances that has placed us in so forlorn a situation were not guided by his hand—miserable indeed would be our case—within the hour he has had a violent fit of coughing so as to bring up blood which agitates and distresses him thro’ all his endeavours to hide it—

What shall we say—this is the hour of trial the Lord support and strengthen us in it. Retrospections bring anguish—press forward toward the mark and prize ⁸—

20th Sunday morning

The Matin Bells⁹ awakened my Soul to its most painful regrets and filled it with an agony of Sorrow which could not at first find relief even in prayer—In the little closet from whence there is a view of the Open Sea, and the beatings of the waves against the high rocks at the entrance of this Prison which throws them violently back and raises the white foam as high as its walls, I first came to my senses and reflected that I was offending my only Friend and resource in my misery and voluntarily shutting out from my Soul the only consolation it could recieve—pleading for Mercy and Strength brought Peace—and with a cheerful countenance I asked Wm what we should do for Breakfast the doors were unbarred and a bottle of milk set down in the entrance of the room—little Ann and Wm ate it with bread, and I walked the floor with a crust and glass of wine—Wm could not sit up—his ague came on and my Souls agony with it.—My Husband on the old bricks without fire, shivering and groaning lifting his dim and sorrowful eyes, with a fixed gaze in my face while his tears ran on his pillow without one word—Anne rubbed one hand I the other till his Fever came on—the Capitano brought us news that our time was lessened five days told me to be satisfied with the dispensations of God etc.—and was answered by such a succession of sobs that he soon departed—Mr. F¹⁰ now came to comfort my Willy and when he went

⁸Cf. 1 Cor. 9:24.
⁹Church bells announcing the pre-dawn liturgical office
¹⁰Either Antonio or Filippo Filicchi
away we said as much of our Blessed Service 11 as Wm could go thro’—I then was obliged to lay my head down—Dinner was sent from town and a Servant to stay with us during our quarantine—Louie—an old man, very little—grey hairs, and blue eyes which changed their expressions from joy to sorrow, as if they would console and still enliven—My face was covered with a handkerchief when he came in and tired of the sight of men with cocked hats, cock-ades and bayonets, I did not look up—poor Louis how long shall I remember his voice of sorrow and tenderness, when refusing the Dinner he looked up with lifted hands in some prayer that God would comfort me—and so I was comforted when I did not look at my poor Wm but to see him as he then was—was worse than to see him dead—and now the bolts of another door were hammered open and Louis who has become an object of equal terror with ourselves having entered our room and touched what we had touched had an apartment allotted him—how many times did the poor old man run up and down the nearly perpendicular 20 steps to get things necessary for our comfort next morning. When all was done I handed him a chair that he might rest—he jumped almost over it and danced round me like a mad-man, declaring he would work all night to serve us—My Wm wearied out was soon asleep Ann with a flood of tears prayed a blessing and soon forgot her sorrows—and it seemed as if opening my Prayer Book and bending my knees was the Signal for my Soul to find rest. it was 9 o’clock with us—3 at Home—I imagined what I had so often enjoyed and consoled myself with the thought that tho’ seperated in the Body six thousand miles—my Soul and the Souls I love were at the Throne of Grace at the same time, in the same Prayers, to one Almighty Father accepted through our adored Redeemer and enlightened by one blessed Spirit—then did it “rejoice indeed in the Lord and Triumph in the God of its Salvation” 12—After Prayers—read my little book of Dear H’s 13 Sermons—and became far more happy then I had been

11 From the Book of Common Prayer of the Episcopal church
12 Cf. 1 Sam. 2:1.
13 John Henry Hobart. The Archives of Mount St. Vincent has several manuscripts in Elizabeth’s handwriting: folded pages with the same watermark, sewn together. One, containing six separate sermons or commentaries, dated 1802 and 1803, is probably the “book” of Hobart’s sermons.
wretched—went to bed at 12. got up twice to Prayers—and to help my poor W—

Monday—

Awoke with the same rest and comfort with which I had laid down—gave my W. his warm milk and began to consider our situation tho' so unfavorable to his complaint as one of the steps in the dispensations of that Almighty will which could alone choose aright for us and therefore set Ann to work and myself to the dear Scriptures as usual—laying close behind the dear shiverer to keep him from the ague—our Capitano came with his guards and put up a very neat bed and curtains sent by Filicchi—and fixed the benches on which Ann and I, were to lie. took down our names Signor Guillielmo, Signora Elizabeth and Signorina Anna Maria. The voice of kindness which again intreated me to look up to “le bon Dieu” made me look up to the speaker and in our Captaino I found every expression of a benevolent heart. his great cocked hat being off I found it had hid grey hairs and a kind and affectionate countenance—“I had a wife—I loved her—I loved her—Oh!—She gave me a daughter which she commended to my care—and died”—he clasped his hands and looked up—and then at my W “If God calls what can we do, et que voulez vous Signora.”—I began to love my Capitano—

Read and jumped the rope to warm me looked round our Prison and found that its situation was beautiful—comforted my W. all I could rubbing his hands and wiping his tears, and giving words to his Soul which was too weak to pray for itself—heard Ann read while I watched the setting sun in a cloud—after both were asleep—read prayed wept and prayed again till Eleven—at no loss to know the hours—night and day four Bells strike every hour and ring every quarter—

Tuesday—

My W was better and very much encouraged by his Dr. Tutilli, who was very kind to him—also our Capitano who now seemed to

14Literally, “What do you wish, Madame?”
15Italian physician retained by the Filicchis, who attended William in the Lazaretto
understand me a little—again repeated "I loved my wife—I loved her and she died et que voulez vous Signora."

talked with the Filicchis at the grate and with great difficulty got my W. up the steps again—nursed him—read to him—heard Ann—and made the most of our troubles—our Louie brought us an elegant bouquet, jasmin, Jeranium, pinks etc.—makes excellent soup—cooks all with charcoal in little earthen pots—no sunset—heavy gale which, if anything could move our wills, would certainly bring them down—the roaring of the Sea sounds like thunder—

passed my Evening as the last—quite reconciled to the Centinals watch and bolts and bars—not afraid of my candle as the window shutter is the only piece of wood about us—

Wednesday—

Not only willing to take my cross but kissed it too—and whilst gloiring in our Consolations, my poor W was taken with an ague which was almost too much—he told me as he often had done before that it was too late, his strength was going from him every hour and he should go gradually—but not long—this to me—to his friends quite cheerful—he was not able to go to them, they were admitted to our door—must not touch the least thing near us—and a point of our Capitanos stick warded Willy off when in eager conversation he would go too near—it reminded me of going to see the Lions—one of the guards brought a pot of incense also to purify our air.—

quiet half hour at sunset—Ann and I sung advent hymns with low voice, Oh—after all was asleep said our dear Service alone. Willy had not been able in the day—found heavenly consolation, forgot prisons, bolts and sorrow, and would have rejoiced to have sung with Paul and Silas.

Thursday—

I find my present opportunity a Treasure—and my confinement of Body a liberty of Soul which I may never again enjoy whilst they are united—every moment not spent with my dear Books, or in my

16A period of religious preparation for Christmas
17In Acts 16:25 Paul and Silas rejoice even though in prison in Philippi.
nursing duty is a loss,—Ann is so happy with her rag baby and little presents it is a pleasure to see her—our Capitano brought us news, that other five days were granted, and the 19th of December we were free—poor Willy says with a groan, “I believe before then” — We pray and cry together, till fatigue overpowers him, and then he says he is willing to go—cheering up is useless, he seems easier after venting his sorrow and always gets quiet sleep after his struggles—a heavy storm of wind which drives the spray from the Sea against our window adds to his Melancholy—If I could forget my God one moment at these times I should go mad—but He hushes all—Be still and know that I am God your Father—

dear Home, dearest Sisters, my little ONES—WELL—either protected by God in this World—or in Heaven—it is a sweet thought to dwell on, that all those I most tenderly love—love God—and if we do not meet again here—there we shall be separated no more—if I have lost them now, their gain is infinite and eternal. how often I tell my W “when you awake in that world you will find nothing could tempt you to return to this, you will see that your care over your wife and little ones, was like a hand only to hold the cup which God himself will give if he takes you”—

Heavenly Father pity the weak and burthened Souls of thy poor creatures, who have not Strength to look to Thee, and lift us from the Dust for His sake our resurrection and our Life Jesus Christ our Adored Redeemer—
Friday—[November 25]

A Day of Bodily pain, but Peace in God—Kneeled on our matts round the little table and said our dear Service—the storm of wind so great Carlton was admitted at the foot of the stairs and from the top I conversed with him which is always a great pleasure as he seems to me next to an angel—ventured to remind my poor W that it was our darling Williams birth day, which cost him many tears—he also cried over our dear Harriets profile—indeed he is so weak that even a thought of Home makes him shed tears—How gracious is the Lord

[Cf. Ps. 46:10]
who strengthens my poor Soul—Consider—my Husband who left his all to seek a milder climate confined in this place of high and damp walls exposed to cold and wind which penetrates to the very bones, without fire except the kitchen charcoal which oppresses his breast so much as to nearly convulse him—no little syrup nor softener of the cough bark and milk, bitter tea, and opium pills which he takes quietly as a duty without seeming even to hope is all I can offer him from day to day—When Nature fails, and I can no longer look up with cheerfulness, I hide my head on the chair by his bedside and he thinks I am praying—and pray I do—for prayer is all my comfort, without I should be of little service to him—Night and day he calls me “his Life his Soul his dearest of Women his all”-

Our Capitano came this afternoon and seeing poor Willy in a high fever said: “in this room what suffering have I seen—there, lay an Armenian begging an knife to end the struggles of Death—there where the Signora’s bed is, in the frenzy of Fever a Frenchman insisted on shooting himself, and died in agonies”—little billets of paper pasted on the doors mark how many days different persons have staid and the shutter is all over Notched—10—20—30—40 days—I do not mark ours—trusting they are marked above—He only knows best—dear, dear William I can sometimes inspire him for a few minutes to feel that it would be sweet to die—he always says “My Father and my God Thy will be done”—Our Father in Pity and compassion—Our God in power to succour and to save who promises to pardon and receive us through our adored Redeemer, who will not let those perish for whom he has shed his precious Blood—

only to reflect—If we did not now know and love God—if we did not feel the consolations, and embrace the cheering Hope he has set before us, and find our delight in the study of his blessed word and Truth, what would become [of] us?

“Though torn from Natures most endearing ties,
“The hearts warm hope, and love’s maternal glow
“[Though sunk the Source on which the Soul relies]
“[To soothe thro’ lifes decline its destin’d woe]
“Though Sorrow still affecting ills prepares
And o'er each passing day her presence lowers
And darkened Fancy shades with many cares
With many trials crowds the future hours
Still in the Lord will I rejoice
Still in my God I lift my voice
Father of Mercies! still my grateful lays
Shall hymn thy name, exulting in thy Praise”

Capitano says “all religions are good. it is good to keep ones own, but yours is as good as mine, to ‘do to others as you would wish them to do to you” that is all religion and the only point”—tell me dear Capitano do you take this as a good principle only or also as a command—“I reverence the command Signora” Well Monsieur le Capitano He who commanded your excellent rule, also commanded in the first place “love the Lord your God with all your Soul!”—and do you not give that the first place Capitano—“Ah Signora it is excellent—mais il y a tant de choses” Poor Capitano! Sixty years of age—and yet to find that to give God the Soul interferes with “so many things”—
dear little Ann—“the child shall die a hundred years old—and the Sinner a hundred years shall be—lost.”

Tuesday 29th November
was obliged to go to Bed at 10 last night to get warm in little Anns arms—awoke this morning while the moon was setting opposite our window but could not enjoy its brightness as the spray from the Sea keeps the glass always thick—laid in Bed till 9 with little Ann to explain to her our tedium—she said “one thing always troubles me mamma—Christ says they who would reign with Him must suffer with Him—and if I was now cut off where should I go for I have not yet suffered”—She coughs very much with a great deal of pain in her breast—she said “sometimes I think when this pain comes in my Breast, that God will call me soon and take me from this world where I

19 The complete verses are found in ASJPH 1:3-3:61. The source of this verse or hymn is unidentified. Its last four lines may reflect Elizabeth's daily recitation of Psalm 118.
20 Matt. 7:12
21 Matt. 22:37
22 "But there are so many things"
am always offending him, and how good that would be, if he gives me
a sickness that I may bear patiently, that I may try and please
Him”—My Anna you please him every day when you help me
through my troubles—“O do I Mamma thank GOD thank GOD”

after Breakfast read our Psalms and the 15th Chapter of Isaiah to
my W. with so much delight that it made us all merry—He read at little
Anns request the last chapter of Revelations, but the tones of his voice
no heart can stand—

a storm of wind still and very cold—Willy with a Blanket over his
shoulders creeps to the old mans fire—Ann jumps the rope, and
Maty\textsuperscript{23} hops on one foot five or six times the length of the room with­
out stopping—laugh at me my Sister, but it is very good exercise, and
warms sooner than a fire when there is a warm heart to set it in mo­
tion—

Sung hymns—read promises to my Willy shivering under the bed
clothes—and felt that the Lord is with us—and that he is our All—
the fever comes hot—the bed shakes even with his breathing—My
God, my Father,—

St. Andrew—30th November 1803—

William again by the kitchen fire—last night 30 or 40 poor souls of
all nations Turks, Greeks, Spaniards, and Frenchmen, arrived here
from a shipwreck—no matresses, cloaths, or food—great coats with­
out shirts—shirts without coats—these sent all to one room with na­
ked walls, and the jug of water—until the commandant should find
leisure to supply them—Our Capitano says he can do nothing without
orders—“Patience—que voulez vous Signora”—Anna says “for all
we are so cold, and in this Prison Mamma, how happy we are com­
pared with them and we have Peace too, they quarrell, fight, and
holloa all the time—the Capitano sends us even chesnuts and fruits
from his own table—these have not Bread”—dear Ann you will see
many more such mysteries.

at Willys bed side we have said our daily Service—he thought it
would stop his shivering—My Williams Soul is so humble it will

\textsuperscript{23}A name for herself, possibly a play on “Mater”
hardly embrace that Faith which is its only resource—at any time whom have we but Our Redeemer, but when the spirit is on the brink of departure it must cling to him with increased force or where is it?

Dear W it is not from the impulse of terror you seek your God, you tried and wished to serve him long before this trial came, why then will you not consider him as the Father who knows all the different means and dispositions of his children and will graciously recieve those who come to him by that way which he has appointed—you say your only hope is in Christ what other hope do we need?—

He says that the first effect he ever felt from the calls of the Gospel he experienced from our dear H[obart]'s pressing the question in one of his sermons "What avails gaining the whole world and losing your own Soul?"—The reflections he made when he returned Home were "I toil and toil and what is it, what I gain, destroys me daily Soul and Body I live without God in the world, and shall die miserably"—Mr. F. D. with whom he had not been in habits of business offered to join him in an Adventure—it succeeded far beyond their expecta­tion—Mr. F. D. said when they wound it up, "one thing you know, I have been long in business, began with very little—have built a house, and have enough to build another I have generally succeeded in under­takeings and attribute all to this, that whether they are great or small I always ask a blessing of God, and look to that blessing for suc­cess"—William says "I was struck with shame and Sorrow that I had been as a Heathen before God"—These he called his two warnings which awakened his Soul—and speaks of them always with tears—

O the promises he makes if it pleases God to spare Him—have had one Mate to see us from Captain OBrien—talked out of the window to him—one of the Sailors who seemed to love us like his own Soul al­ways flying to serve, and trying to please us while on Board came with him—poor Charles he turned pale when he saw my head out of the iron bars and called out "Why dear Mrs. Seton are you in a Prison" he looked behind all the way—as he went—and shook his head at Ann as long as he could see her—Charles had lived at the quarantine at Staten Island and that without his good and affectionate heart would make

21Matt. 16:26
me love him—I shall never hear a sailors Yo Yo without thinking of his melancholy Song—He is the captains and every bodys favorite.

How gracious is my adored Master who gives even to the countenance of the Stranger the look of kindness and pity—from the time we first landed here one of the guards of our room looked always with sorrow and sympathy on us and tho’ I cannot understand him, nor he me, we talk away very fast—he showed me yesterday he was very sick by pointing to his breast and throat, when the Capitano came, I told him how sorry I was for poor Phillippo—“Oh Signora he is very well off he has been two years married to a very very beautiful girl of 16—has two children, and recieves 3/6 per day—to be sure he is obliged to sleep in the Lazaretto but in the morning goes home to his wife for an hour or two it is not possible to spare him longer from his duty et que voulez vous Signora”—

Good and Merciful Father—who gives content and a cheerful heart with 3/6 per day, a wife and children to maintain with such a pittance—Often let me think of Phillippo when I have not enough or think I have not—he is 22—his wife 18—thought goes to two at home most dear Band H26—

Went to the railings with little Ann to recieve from our Capitano’s Daughter a baby she had been making for her—she was a kind good countenance and hangs on her Father’s arm—has refused an offer of marriage that she may take care of him—Such a sight awakened many recollections—I hope she may meet one she loves, who will reward her.

1st December 1803—

arose between 6 and 7, before the day had dawned the light of the Moon opposite our window was still strongest—not a breath of wind—the sea which before I had always seen in violent commotion now gently seemed to creep to the Rocks it had so long been beating over—every thing around at rest except two little white gulls flying to

25The daily wage of a prison guard
26Elizabeth’s half-brother Andrew Barclay Bayley and her sister-in-law Harriet Seton planned to marry. Barclay went to the West Indies in 1806 hoping to earn enough to send for Harriet, but when she came to Baltimore in 1809, their future was uncertain.
the westward towards my Home—towards my loves—that thought did not do—flying towards Heaven—where I tried to send my Soul—the Angel of Peace met it and poured over the Oil of Love and Praise, driving off every vain imagination and led it to its Saviour and its God—“We Praise Thee O God”—the dear strain of praise in which I always seem to meet the Souls I love and “Our Father”—These two portions are the Union of love and Praise and in them I meet the Soul of my Soul.—at ten oclock read with W. and Anna—at twelve he was at rest—Ann playing in the next room—alone to all the World, one of those sweet pauses in spirit when the Body seems to be forgotten came over me—

in the year 1789 when my Father was in England27 I jumped in the wagon that was driving to the woods for brush about a mile from Home[.] the Boy who drove it began to cut and I set off in the woods—soon found an outlet in a Meadow, and a chesnut tree with several young one[s] growing round it, attracted my attention as a seat, but when I came to it found rich moss under it and a warm sun—here then was a sweet bed. the air still a clear blue vault above, the numberless sounds of Spring melody and joy—the sweet clovers and wild flowers I had got by the way, and a heart as innocent as a human heart could be filled with even enthusiastic love to God and admiration of his works—still I can feel every sensation that passed thro’ my Soul—and I thought at that time my Father did not care for me—well God was my Father—my All. I prayed—sung hymns—cried—laughed in talking to myself of how far He could place me above all Sorrow—Then layed still to enjoy the Heavenly Peace that came over my Soul; and I am sure in the two hours so enjoyed grew ten years in my spiritual life—told cousin Joe28 to go Home with his wood, not to mind me and walked a mile round to see the roof of the Parsonage, where lived—Parson of course—then I

27Dr. Richard Bayley studied medicine in London on three different occasions.
28Joseph Bayley (b. 1777), son of Sarah Pell and William LeConte Bayley. William LeConte Bayley (1745-1811) was the son of William and Susannah Le Conte Bayley and the brother of Dr. Richard Bayley. Elizabeth spent time as a child and a teenager in his home in New Rochelle, New York.
made another hearty Prayer—then sung all the way Home—with a
good appetite for the Samp and fat pork—

Well, all this came strong in my head this morning when as I tell
you the Body let the Spirit alone. I had both Prayed and cryed heartily
which is my daily and often hourly Comfort, and closing my eyes,
with my head on the table lived all these sweet hours over again, made
believe I was under the chestnut tree—felt so peaceable a heart—so
full of love to God—such confidence and hope in Him and made my
hearty Prayer not for the Son but The Parson himself, dwelling with
delight on the hope of all meeting again in unity of Spirit, in the Bond
of Peace, and that Holiness which will be perfected in the Union Eter-
nal—The wintry storms of Time shall be over, and the unclouded
Spring enjoyed forever—

So you see, as you know, with God for our Portion there is no
Prison in high walls and bolts—no sorrow in the Soul that waits on
him tho’ beset with present cares, and gloomy Prospects—for this
freedom I can never be sufficiently thankful, as in my Williams case,
it keeps alive what in his weak State of Body would naturally
fail—and often when he hears me repeat the Psalms of Triumph in
God, and read St. Paul’s faith in Christ with my Whole Soul, it so enliv-
ens his Spirit that he also makes them his own, and all our sorrows are
turned into joy—Oh well may I love God—well may my whole soul
strive to please him, for what but the strain of an Angel can ever ex-
press what he has done and is constantly doing for me—While I
live—while I have my being in Time and thro’ Eternity let me sing
praises to my God.

2nd December—

enjoyed the morn, and day break—read the commentary on 104th
Psalm, and sung hymns in bed till 10—a hard frost in the
night—endeavoured to make a fire in my room with brush, but was
smoked out—the poor strangers almost mad with hunger and cold
quarrelled, battled—and at last sat down in companies on the grass
with cards which made them as noisy as their anger—Patience—

29 A kind of porridge made from coarsely ground Indian corn
30 Ps. 104 appears as Ps. 105 in contemporary Catholic bibles.
Ann sick, William tired out—was obliged to say my dear Service by myself—a clear sun set which cheared my heart tho’ it was all the while Singing “from lowest depth of woe”—the Ave Maria bells ring while the Sun Sets, on one side of us and the Bells “for the dead” on the other—the latter sometimes continue a long while—in the morning always call again to Prayer for the “Souls in Purgatory”—Our Capitano said a good deal on the Pleasure I should enjoy on Christmas at Pisa in seeing all their ceremonies—The enjoyment of Christmas—Heavenly Father who knows my inmost soul he knows how it would enjoy—and will also pity while it is cut off from what it so much longs for—one thing is in my power, tho’ communion with those my Soul loves is not within my reach in one sense, in the other what can deprive me of it, “still in spirit we may meet”—at 5 oclock here, it will be 12 there—at 5, then in some quiet corner on my Knees I may spend the time they are at the altar, and if the “cup of Salvation” cannot be recieied in the strange land evidently, virtually it may, with the Blessing of Christ and the “cup of Thanksgiving” supply in a degree, That, which if I could obtain would be my strongest desire—Oh my Soul what can shut us out from the love of Him who will even dwell with us through love—

4th [December]—

Our Captain O’Brien and his wife found their way to us—“must not touch Signora” says Philippo dividing us with his stick—kind affectionate Captain when I ran down to meet him the tears danced in his eyes. while poor Willy and Ann peeped thro’ the grates Mrs. O began to cry—We could not see them but a few minutes for the cold.

Our Lazaretto Captain has sent hand-irons small wood etc. and I have doctored the chimney with a curtain (a sheet) so as to make the smoke bearable—have had an anxious day between Father and Ann—She was very ill for some hours—when the cause of her sufferings removed we went on our Knees together—Oh may her dear Soul long send forth such precious tears—dear dear Rebecca, how often have we nursed up the little fire at night together as I do now

31Ps. 116:13
alone—alone recall the word—my Bible, commentaries, Kempis visible and in continual enjoyment. when I cannot get hours I take minutes[.] Invisible O the company is numberless—Sometimes I feel so assured that the guardian Angel is immediately present that I look from my book and can hardly be persuaded I was not touched.

Poor soul J[ohn] H[enry] H[obart] would say She will lose her reason in that Prison Know then that I sometimes feel that his Angel is near and undertake to converse with it. but the enjoyments only come when all is quiet and I have passed an hour or two with King David, the Prophet Isaias or become elevated by some of the Commentaries—These hours I often think I shall hereafter esteem the most precious of my life.

—My Father and my God, who by the consoling voice of his word builds up the Soul in hope so as to free it even for hours of its incumbrance, confirming and strengthening it by the constant experience of his indulgent goodness; giving it a new life in him even while in the midst of pains and sorrows—sustaining, directing, consoling and blessing thro’ every changing scene of its pilgrimage, making his Will its guide to temporal comfort and eternal glory—how shall the most unwearied diligence, the most cheerful compliance the most humble resignation ever enough express my love, my joy Thanksgiving and Praise—

12th December

a week has past my dear Sister without even one little memorandum—of the pen The first day of it, that dear day in which I always find my blessing was passed in interrupted Prayers, anxiety, and watching—

Monday 5th was early awakened by my poor W. in great Suffering—sent for the Doctor Tutilli, who as soon as he saw him told me—he was not wanted, but I must send for Him who would minister to his Soul—in this moment I stood alone, as to this World—My husband looked in silent agony at me and I at Him, each fearing to weaken the others Strength, at the moment he drew himself towards me and said “I breathe out my Soul to you,” the exertion he made assisted Nature’s remaining force and he threw a quantity from his Lungs, which
had threatened to stop their motion, and so doing experienced so great a revolution that in a few hours afterwards he seemed nearly the same as when we first entered the Lazaretto—Oh that day—it was spent close by his bedside on my little matt—he Slumbered the most of every hour, and did I not pray and did I not Praise—no enquiring visitor disturbed the solemn Silence, no breakfast or dinner to interrupt the rest—Carlton came at sunset—Mrs. Filicchi they thought was dying—He thought his poor brother so—and then came our Capitano with so much offered kindness—He was shocked at the tranquility of my poor W and distressed at the thought that I was alone with Him for the Dr. had told him that notwithstanding his present relief if the expectoration from the Lungs did not return, he might be gone in a few hours—would I have some one in the room—Oh no what had I to fear—and what had I to fear?—I laid down as if to rest, that he might not be uneasy—listened all night sometimes by the fire, sometimes laying down—sometimes thought the breathing stopped—and kiss’d his poor face to feel if it was cold—and sometimes alarmed by its heaviness—well—was I alone—Dear indulgent Father—could I be alone while clinging fast to thee in continued Prayer or Thanksgiving—Prayer for Him, and Joy wonder and delight to feel assured that what I had so fondly hoped and confidently asserted really proved in the hour of trial to be more than I could hope more than I could conceive—that my God could and would bear me through even the most severe trials with that strength, confidence, and affiance which if every circumstance of the case was considered seemed more than a Human Being could expect or Hope—but His consolations—who shall speak them—how can utterance be given to that which only His Spirit can feel—

At daylight the wished for change took place—Mr. Hall 32 came in the morning with Mr. F[ilocchi] and the Capitano—went away with a promise to come again—and the intervening days and evenings have been spent in constant attention to the main-concern but from a

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32 Rev. Thomas Hall, the Protestant chaplain to the British consulate in Leghorn. Rev. Hall lived on the first floor of a residence located about one block from the Church of Santa Catalina. The Antonio Filicchi family occupied the second floor. Later Elizabeth Seton and her daughter Anna Maria lived on the third floor during their stay in Italy.
Singularity of disposition which rather delights in going on, than in retrospecting sorrow, have rather (when I could only keep awake by writing according to the old custom) busied myself in writing the first Sermon for my dear little Dick.

W. goes on gently, but keeps me busy—Ann is a Treasure—she was reading yesterday that John was imprisoned—"Yes Papa Herod imprisoned Him and Miss Herodias gave him liberty,"—No my dear she had him Beheaded, "Well Papa she released him from Prison and sent him to God"—Child after my own heart

Tuesday 13th—

five days more and our quarantine is ended—lodgings are engaged at Pisa on the borders of the Arno—My heart used to be very full of poetical visions about this famous river, but it has no room for visions now—one only vision is before it—No one ever saw my Willy without giving him the quality of an amiable man—but to see that character exalted to the Peaceful Humble Christian, waiting the will of God with a Patience that seems more than human, and a firm faith which would do honor to the most distinguished Piety, is a happiness allowed only to the poor little Mother who is seperated from all other happiness that is connected with this Scene of things—No sufferings, nor weakness nor distress (and from these he is never free in any degree) can prevent his following me daily in Prayer, portions of the Psalms, and generally large Portions of the Scriptures—if he is a little better he enlarges his attention if worse he is the more eager not to lose a moment, and except the day which we thought his last, he has never failed one day in this course, since our entrance in these stone walls the 19th November—he very often says this is the period of his life which if he lives or dies he will always consider as Blessed—the only time which he has not lost—not the smallest murmur, Oh! and lifting up of the eyes, is the strongest expression I have yet heard from him in the rapid progress of his complaint which has reduced him to almost Nothing—and from its very nature gives him no release from irritation in violent coughing, chills, oppressions, weakness and even in the

\(^{33}\text{Cf. Matthew 14:3 ff.}\)

\(^{34}\text{The Filicchis arranged lodging in Pisa, a few miles from Leghorn.}\)
weight of his own limbs seems more than a mortal could bear—"Why art thou so heavy O my Soul," is the only comfort he seems to find in words—often talks of his darlings—but most of meeting, **ONE family in Heaven;** talks of those we have left behind as if it was not yesterday and of **dear H[enry] H[obart]** whose visits and society he misses most as they would be his greatest consolation in these hours of Sorrow—

When I thank God for my “Creation and preservation” it is with a warm of feeling I never could know until now—to wait on him My W. **Soul and Body** to console and soothe those hours of affliction and pain weariness and watching which next to God I alone could do—to strike up the cheerful notes of Hope and Christian triumph, which from his partial love he hears with the more enjoyment from me because to me he attributes the greatest share of them—to hear him in pronouncing the Name of his Redeemer declare that I first taught him the sweetness of the sound—Oh if I was in the dungeon of this Lazaretto I should bless and Praise my God for these days of retirement and abstraction from the world which have afforded leisure and opportunity for so blessed a work—

14th—

Said my Prayers alone while W. was asleep—did not dare remind him of them for weakness and pain quite overpower him—rain and storm as indeed we have had almost every day of the 26 we have been here. The dampness about us would be thought dangerous for a person in health, and my Ws. sufferings—Oh well I know that God is above. Capitano, you need not always point your silent look and finger there—if I thought our condition the Providence of man, instead of the “weeping Magdalane” as you so graciously call me, you would find me a lioness willing to burn your Lazaretto about your ears if it were possible that I might carry off my poor prisoner to breathe the air of Heaven in some more seasonable place—to keep a poor Soul who came to your country for his Life, thirty days shut up in damp walls, smoke, and wind from all corners blowing even the curtain round his bed, which is only a mattress on boards and his bones almost

through—and now the Shadow of death, trembling if he only stands a few minutes he is to go to Pisa for his Health—this day his prospects are very far from Pisa—

But O my Heavenly Father I know that these contradictory events are permitted and guided by thy Wisdom, which only is light, we are in darkness, and must be thankful that our knowledge is not wanted to perfect thy work—and also keep in mind that infinite Mercy which in permitting the sufferings of the perishing Body has provided for our Souls so large an opportunity of comfort and nourishment for our eternal Life where we shall assuredly find that all things have worked together for our Good—for our sure trust in Thee—

Thursday—

finished reading the Testament through, which we began the 6th October and my bible as far as Ezekiel which I have always read to myself in rotation, but the lessons appointed in the Prayer Book, to W.—to day read him several passages in Isaiah which he enjoyed so much that he was carried for awhile beyond his troubles—indeed our reading is an unfailing comfort[.] Wm says he feels like a person brought to the Light after many years of darkness when he heard the Scriptures as the law of God and therefore Sacred, but not discerning what part he had in them or feeling that they were the fountain of Eternal Life

Friday night—

a heavy day, part of our service together—part alone They have bolted us in to night, expecting to find my W. gone tomorrow—but he rests quietly—and God is with us—

Saturday and Sunday—

Melancholy days of combat with natures weakness, and the courage of Hope which pictured our removal from the Lazaretto to Pisa

Monday morning—

arose with the light and had every thing prepared for the anxious hour. at ten, all in readiness and at eleven held the hand of my W.

36The New Testament or Christian Scriptures
while he was seated on the arms of two men and conducted from the Lazaretto to Filichis coach, surrounded by a multitude of gazers, all sighing out "O Pauverino" while my heart beat almost to fainting least he would die in the exertion, but the air revived him, his Spirit was cheerful, and thro' fifteen miles of heavy roads, he was supported, and appeared stronger than when he set out.—My Father and my God—was all my full heart of thankfulness could utter—

Tuesday 20th December—

let me stop and ask myself if I can go thro' the remainder of my memorandum with that sincerity and exactness which has so far been adhered to—whether in the crowd of anxieties and sorrows which are pressed in so small a compass of time the overflowing of feeling can be suppressed and my Soul stand singly before my God—yes—every moment of it speaks his Praise and therefore it shall be followed

Tuesday 20th December—

My Seton was composed the greater part of the day on a sofa delighted with his change of situation, taste and elegance of every thing around him, every necessary comfort within his reach—we read, compared past and present, talked of heavenly hopes,—and with our dear Carlton (who was to stay with us four days) and then went to rest in hopes of a good night—but I had scarcely fixed the pillows of the sofa which I made my Bed before he called me to help him, and from that moment the last complaint (of the bowels) which Dr. Tutilli told me must be decisive, came on—

Wednesday—

kind of languid weakness seized the mind as well as overpowered the Body—he must and would ride. the Physician Dr. Cartelatch whispered me he might die in the attempt, but there was no possibility of refusal and it was concluded that opposition was worse than any riscque, and carried down in a chair, and supported in my trembling arms with pillows—we rode—Oh my Father well did you strengthen me in that struggle—in five minutes we were forced to return, and to get him

37 "O poor man!"
out of the coach, and in the chair up the stairs, and on the bed, words can never tell—

Thursday—

a cloudy day, and quiet—

Friday—

the complaint seemed lessened and ride again we must—took Madam[e] de Tot, (the lady of the House) with us, and returned in better spirits and more able to help himself than when we went out, and I really began to think that riding must be good—but that was the last

Saturday—

constant suffering and for the first day confined in bed—the disorder of the Bowels so violent that he said he could not last till morning—talked with cheerfulness about his Darlings thanked God with great earnestness that he had given him so much time to reflect, and such consolation in his Word, and Prayer, and with the help of a small portion of Laudanum rested until midnight—he then awoke, and observed I had not laid down[.] I said no love for the sweetest reflections keep me awake—Christmas day is began—the day of our dear Redeemers birth here you know is the day that opened to us the door of everlasting life—Yes he said “and how I wish we could have the Sacrament”—well we must do all we can and putting a little wine in a glass I said different portions of Psalms and Prayers which I had marked hoping for a happy moment and we took the cup of Thanksgiving setting aside the sorrow of time, in the views of the joys of Eternity—oh so happy to find that those joys were more strongly painted to Him—On Sunday, O'Brien came, and my W gave me in his charge to take me home with a composure and solemnity, that made us cold—did not pass a mouthful thro’ my lips that day, which was spent on my knees by his bedside every moment I could look off of my W

38 A sedative
39 Holy Communion
He anxiously prayed to be released that day, and followed me in prayer whenever he had the least cessation from extreme suffering—

Monday—

was so impatient to be gone that I could scarcely persuade him to wet his lips, but continued calling his Redeemer to Pardon and release him as he always would have the door of his room shut I had no interruption, Carlton kept Anna out of the way, and every promise in the Scriptures I could remember and suitable Prayer I continually repeated to him which seemed to be his only relief. when I stopped to give any thing “Why do you do it, what do I want, I want to be in Heaven, pray, pray, for my Soul.”—he said he felt so comfortable an assurance that his Redeemer would recieve him—that he saw his dear little Tat smiling before him, and told Anna “Oh if Paté could take you with him,” and at midnight when the cold sweat came on would reach out both his arms to me and said repeatedly “you promised me you would go, come, come, fly,—

at four the hard struggle ceased, Nature sunk into a settled sob, “My dear Wife and little ones” and “My Christ Jesus have mercy and recieve me,” was all I could distinguish and again repeated “my Christ Jesus” until a quarter past seven when the dear Soul took its flight to the blessed exchange it so much longed for—

I often asked him when he could not speak, You feel my love that you are going to your Redeemer and he motioned yes with a look up of Peace at a quarter past 7 on Tuesday morning 27th December—his Soul was released—and mine from a struggle next to death—

and how will my dear Sister understand except you could conceive the scene of suffering my Wm passed thro’ that I took my little Ann in my arms and made her kneel with me again by the dear Body, and thank our Heavenly Father for relieving him from his misery, for the Joyful assurance that thro’ our Blessed Redeemer he had entered into Life Eternal and implored his Protecting care and pity for us who have yet to finish our course—

40Tat was a nickname for their infant daughter, Rebecca. Paté referred to William.
Now opening the door to let the people know it was finished—Servants and the Landlady all were at a loss what should be done, and finding every one afraid of catching the complaint as we should be of the yellow fever, I took two women who had washed and sometimes assisted me, and again shutting the door with their assistance did the last duties—and felt I had done all—all that tenderest love and duty could do. My head had not rested for a week—three days and nights the fatigue had been incessant and one meal in 24 hours, still I must wash, dress, pack up, and in one hour be in Mrs. F[ilicchi]'s carriage and ride fifteen miles to Leghorn—Carlton and our good old Louie staid to watch and my Wm. was brought in the Afternoon and deposited in the House appointed, in the Protestant burying ground.

Oh Oh Oh what a day.—close his eyes, lay him out, ride a journey, be obliged to see a dozen people in my room till night—and at night crowded with the whole sense of my situation—O MY FATHER, and MY GOD the next morning at Eleven all the English and Americans in Leghorn met at the grave house and all was done.—

In all this it is not necessary to dwell on the mercy and consoling presence of my dear Redeemer, for no mortal strength could support what I experienced—

My William often asked me if I felt assured that he would be accepted and pardoned, and I always tried to convince him that where the soul was so humble and sincere as his, and submission to God's will so uniform as his had been throughout his trial, that it became sinful to doubt one moment of his reception through the merits of his Redeemer—the night before his death praying earnestly for him that his pardon might be sealed in Heaven and his transgressions blotted out, after praying I continued on my knees and leaned my head on the chair by which I knelt and insensibly lost myself—I saw in my slumber a little angel with a pen in one hand and a sheet of pure white paper in the other—he looked at me holding out the paper and wrote in large letters JESUS this tho' a vision of sleep was a great comfort and he was very much affected when I told him and said a few hours before he died

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41The English burying ground at St. John's Anglican Church in Leghorn. The grave marker reads: "Here lies the remains of William Magee Seton, Merchant of New York, who departed this life at Pisa, the 27th day of December, 1803."
“the angel wrote JESUS—he has opened the door of eternal life for me and will cover me with his righteousness”

I had a similar dream the same night—the heavens appeared a very bright blue a little angel at some distance held open a division in the sky—a large black Bird like an eagle flew towards me and flapped its wings round and made every thing dark—the angel looked as if it held up the division waiting for something the Bird came for—and so alone from every friend on Earth, walking the valley of the Shadow of death we had sweet comfort even in our dreams—while Faith convinced us they were realities—

1804

2.8 To Rebecca Seton

Leghorn January 3d 1804

My own dearest Rebecca—

I have been looking over the long history of our voyage of which I had written you a faithful account to the last day of the past year, and as it is probable that Captain OBrien will sail in a fortnight and I may be with you before this opportunity reaches Boston, and my letters yet get from Boston to you, I think, it best to take it to you myself, <and> or if it is Gods will that I do not see you, would not wish that the melancholy scenes of sorrow I have passed through should come to your knowledge as you will all feel enough at hearing that our dear William is gone—gone stretching out his arms to his Saviour, and rejoicing at the moment of his release—

Ps. 23:4

2.8 ASJPH 1-3-3-18:43 (Seton-Jevons #37-40)
Our passage here was as comfortable as we could expect, and his prospects of recovery I think almost the same as when we left home but thirty days passed in the Lazaretto, on the sea shore, exposed to a succession of heavy storms very unusual to this climate, and a large room always cold and full of smoke, added to confinement, and the regulations of not suffering even a Physician to feel his pulse, (for whoever touched or came within some yards of us were subject to the same quarantine) all added, was more than he could bear, and eventually after having been many nights bolted in, with the assurance that he would die before morning he was carried out and put in a coach which took us to Pisa a ride of fifteen miles, which with pillows, cordials, etc. he bore much better than we expected, but two days before Christmas was taken to his bed with the last symptom of his disorder, a lax, and from that day every thing he took passed immediately thro’ him and I had to do for him as for a Baby—he suffered at times, but was generally composed and so desirous of going that every nourishment I gave him he would say “I do not want that, I want to be in heaven,” and found no comfort but in having his room always shut and me on my knees by his bed side night and day to help him in his prayers.

Christmas day he continually reminded himself “this day my Redeemer took pain and sorrow that I might have Peace; this day he gained eternal life for me”—and hoped so much that he would be called that day—but Monday night about twelve the cold sweat began, he bid me carry the candle out of the room and shut the door, I did so—and remained on my knees holding his hand and praying for him till a quarter past seven when his dear soul seperated gently without any groan or struggle—I heard him repeatedly follow my prayers, and when I ceased a moment continued saying “My Christ Jesus have mercy”—also “my dear wife, my little ones.” and told me tell all my dear friends not to weep for me that I die happy, and satisfied with the Almighty Will = after he was gone and dear little Ann had prayed with me by his side, I sent for the mistress of the house, but found that their

1 A disorder of the bowels
2 Madame de Tot
terror of his complaint (which they look at with as much dread as we do the Yellow fever) was so great that I had no assistance to expect from them, therefore I was obliged with the assistance of a poor woman who had washed for him, to lay him out myself, which added to three nights not laying my head down and two days fasting seemed almost enough,—but not withstanding was forced to ride the fifteen miles to Leghorn with Mrs. Filicchi without even lying down, as my dear William must be carried there to be buried, and it is a law that it must be done within the 24 hours—however by putting him in the burying house in the church yard we were allowed to wait till eleven the next day and time to send to the Americans and English in the place—they all attended, the consul,3 and our clergyman, and every respect showed according to his own directions which he gave me in the way of conversation with the greatest composure that I might not have any trouble by being in doubt of what was right. he also sent for Obrien4 and gave me in his charge in the most calm manner—he took a strange fancy in his mind that he had received a letter from the letter office in London telling him that my ticket which he had renewed there had drawn the Royal prize and that James5 had also written to him that he had not a single bill out in the world—this was the effect of extreme weakness and I never contradicted him in it as it was a source of the greatest comfort and satisfaction to him, and he thanked God always with so much earnestness that now he was not wanted for our support he took him first that he might not see us die, and that while he was wanted he was spared—OBrien and Filicchi all agreed we must let him think so =

Here I anxiously wait my dear Sister for the day of sailing—the Filicchis do all they can to ease my situation and seem indeed that they cannot do enough—indeed from the day we left home we have met with nothing but kindness even in the servants and strangers—Mrs. F6 has been in bed ever since our arrival until the day she came to fetch me from Pisa. and Filicchi run down with business did all he

3Thomas Appleton
4Captain of the Shepherdess, the ship on which the Setons had come to Italy
5James Seton, William Magee Seton's younger brother
6Mary Cowper Filicchi
could for us and my Carlton' too is all affection both to me and my Anna—

We have not heard one word from Home,—OBrien talks of going to Barcelona but as it is in the Straights and on our way home will make but a few days difference—Home—O my heavenly Father shall I once more be there. My Seton said “when you are all again together dont say poor William for I shall be in heaven, and trust you will come to me, and make my darlings always look for me there” + Oh how “good and gracious” has the Lord been in giving such consolation = What shall I say of love to all—an Ocean of love would not be enough—to my dear girls my darling my dear Eliza my all—

tell my dear friend J[ohn] H[enry] H[obart] that I do not write because the opportunity is unexpected and my breast is very weak after all its struggles—that I have a long letter I wrote on board of ship to him—that I am hard pushed by these charitable Romans who wish that so much goodness should be improved by a conversion, which to effect they have even taken the trouble to bring me their best informed Priest Abbey Plunket who is an Irishman, but they find me so willing to hear their inlightened conversation, that consequently as learned people like to hear themselves, best, I have but little to say, and as yet keep friends with all as the best comment on my Profession—

My William said he saw his Tattee while he was dying—is she too in heaven—thy will be done—how do I know how many are gone—thy will be done—it is my Fathers. I think I may hope to be with you on Ash Wednesday if I do not mistake the day, coming in April = not within Gods house (but in Spirit) since I left you, and the 27th December the first night I have taken off my cloaths to sleep since the 4th of October—always watching—I shall write also to my dear Mary Post, and to everyone else, my girls, Barclay, my

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Guy Carleton Bayley, Elizabeth’s half-brother
Roman Catholics
Rev. Peter Plunkett, Irish clergyman and noted apologist, who discussed the Catholic religion with Elizabeth at the request of the Filicchis. On her return to New York, Elizabeth mentioned a daily prayer book which he had given her.
Elizabeth’s infant daughter, Rebecca
J Bayley, etc you must explain to them that I cannot write—I write so small because it is to go by Post—which I believe will be very high.

to all the family and to Phoeby, Mary, Mammy, Dina Sur, all remember me—tell James I have my Williams Journal as long as he could write, which I will bring to him—Remember me affectionately to W. D. Seton and his wife—and her family—tell Aunty F read this letter to her that my William always talked of her and wished that she could know how happy he was—I wrote to her on Board ship also to tell her how he was—also to Eliza Sadler—all these I shall bring—If—My Soul has heavenly blessing dearest Rebecca—“The Protecting Presence and consoling Grace of my Redeemer and God” has never left me =

Your own own Sister EAS.

2.9 To Rebecca Seton

Leighorn 6th January 1804

My own dearest Rebecca

Two days ago I wrote you by way of Salem (Boston) and have since heard that there is a fast sailing vessel bound to Baltimore, and think it best to write by both opportunities—though I have nothing but melancholy and sorrow to communicate = in that letter I have written you some of the particulars of my dear Williams departure, death I cannot call it, where the release is so happy as his was = it is my case that would be death to any one not Supported by the Almighty

11Mary Bayley Post, Elizabeth’s sister, who was caring for baby Rebecca. “My girls” refers to William Magee’s younger half-sisters, Mary, Charlotte, Harriet, and Cecilia. Barclay was Elizabeth’s half-brother Andrew Barclay Bayley. J. Bayley was Joseph, who assisted her father in his medical work on Staten Island.
12Servants in the Seton household. Phoebe was with baby Rebecca at the Posts.
13This person is unidentified. William Magee Seton had a cousin, William Dalrymple Seton (1774-1804), son of Andrew and Elizabeth Seton, but according to Robert Seton he never married.
14Elizabeth Curson Farquhar, William Magee Seton’s aunt
15A note follows this letter which appears to be written by Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté: “most interesting I. for the death of her Husband 2. account to Hobart of the efforts of Rev. Mr. Plunkett to convert her.”

2.9 ASJPH 1-3-3-1844
Comforter, but his Mercy has supported, and still upholds, and in it alone I trust. I also wrote you that Captain O’Brian' has appointed the 15th instance for his day of sailing, but do not think it will be before the 20th and instead of Ash Wednesday which I thoughtlessly mentioned as the time I expect to be with you, I should have said the 1st April, and shall bless God indeed if it is then. once more to see my darlings seems to be more happiness than I dare to ask for— My William charged me always to make them look for him in heaven—and must you My dearest Rebecca first point it out to them—that they shall see their Father no more in this world—

I shall enclose this letter to Jack and as it hurts me to write will write only to you, as I have sent by the Salem vessel letters to My sister, Mrs. Sad, Uncle Charlton, John Wilks, and yourself I have not heard one word from America except by Captain Blagg of the Piamingo who said that business had recommenced and the inhabitants returned to New York the first November.

My dear Williams Sufferings and death has interested so many persons here, that I am as kindly treated and as much attended to both as to my health and every Consolation that they can offer to me, as if I was at Home, indeed when I look forward to my unprovided situation as it relates to the affairs of this life, I must often smile at their tenderness and precautions—Anna says “O Mamma how many friends God has provided for us in this Strange land, for they are our friends before they know us” = and who can tell how great a comfort he provided for me when he gave her to me. Richard is at Cadiz and I believe does not know of our being here as he has performed a long quarantine in consequence of his having been at Malaga while the Plague was there—

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1Captain of the Shepherdess
2Of the present month
3John Curson Seton, Elizabeth’s brother-in-law
4Mary Bayley Post, Eliza Craig Sadler, Dr. John Charlton, Elizabeth’s maternal uncle and a prominent New York physician under whom Dr. Richard Bayley had studied, and John Wilkes.
5A sea captain
6Yellow fever had flared up in the summer of 1803 and many wealthy New Yorkers had fled the city.
7Richard Bayley, Elizabeth’s half-brother. Cadiz is a seaport city in Spain.
8A province in southern Spain.
Carlton⁹ is as affectionate as possible—he was with us at Pisa when my William died, but could not be of any use but in keeping every body away from his room as he could not have any one near him but me and even disliked to have the door opened—he was so anxious to keep his mind fixed on his approaching hour that when any one spoke <but me> it seemed as if he only felt pain and anxiety that they should be gone—again let me repeat it that in every thing that related to his dear Soul I had every comfort that I could expect and the surest grounds of Hope, through the merits of our Redeemer—

When I say I send my love to you all I send my whole heart and could almost say my Soul only that it is not mine—

I have the prospect of still <having> watching and care during my voyage, for our Captains wife is in the family way and is often very ill—she was so ill New Years night that I was obliged to go, before a carriage could be got, mud over shoes, and be hoisted up the ship to remain on board till the next day = She treated us sadly coming here, brought a baby with the Whooping cough, also a servant Boy who with the childs coughing and crying all day and most of the night and the mothers scolding was a great disturbance to my William and finally poor Ann got it too and often hindered his getting rest—for me it is all alike—but these three months has been a hard lesson—pray for me that I may make a good use of it—dear dear Rebecca heaven bless you.

Your EAS.

If there could be any faith in singularly impressive and repeated dreams our dear J[ohn] H[enry] H[obart] is in heaven too—how much William used to wish for him—My best love to his Wife

⁹Guy Carleton Bayley, Elizabeth’s half-brother
Four days I have been at Florence lodged in the famous Palace of Medicis, which fronts the Arno and prevents a view of the high mountains of Morelic covered with elegant country seats, and five Bridges across the river which are always thronged with people and carriages.

On Sunday 8th January at eleven oclock went with Mrs. F[ilicchi] to the chapel—La SS. Annunziata—passing thro’ a curtain my eye was struck with hundreds of people kneeling, but the gloom of the chapel which is lighted only by the wax tapers on the Altar and a small window at the top darkened with green silk made every object at first appear indistinct, while that kind of soft and distant musick which lifts the mind to a foretaste of heavenly pleasure called up in an instant every dear and tender idea of my Soul, and forgetting Mrs. F., companions, and all the surrounding scene I sunk to my Knees in the first place I found vacant, and shed a torrent of tears at the recollection of how long I had been a stranger in the house of my God, and the accumulated sorrow that had separated me from it. I need not tell you that I said our dear service with my whole soul as far as in its agitation I could recollect.—When the Organ ceased and mass was over we walked round the Chapel, the elegance of cielings in carved gold, altar loaded with gold, silver, and other precious ornaments, pictures of every sacred subject and the dome a continued representation of different parts of Scripture—all this can never be conceived by description—nor my delight in seeing old men and women, young
women, and all sorts of people kneeling promiscuously about the Altar as inattentive to us or any other passengers, as if we were not there. On the other side of the Church another Chapel presented a similar scene, but as another mass had begun I passed tip toe behind Mrs. F[ilicchi]—unable to look round, though every one is so intent on their prayers and Rosary that it is very immaterial what a stranger does.

While Mrs. F[ilicchi] went to make visits I visited the Church of S. Firenze and saw two more elegant Chapels but in a more simple style and had the pleasure of treading the sacred place with two of its inhabitants as a Convent is also part of the building, saw a young Priest unlock his little Chapel with that composed and equal eye as if his Soul had entered before him. My heart would willingly have followed after; here was to be the best musick—but at night, and no female could be admitted.

Rode to the Queens gardens where I saw elms and firs, with edges of yew and Ivy in beautiful verdeur and cultivated fields appearing like our advanced spring; indeed it was not possible to look without thinking, or to think without my Soul crying out for those it loves in heaven or in earth; therefore I was forced to close my eyes and lean against the carriage as if sleepy—which the mild softness of the air and warmth of the sun seemed easily to excuse.

Stopped at the Queens Country Palace and passed through such innumerable suits of appartments so elegant that each was a new object of wonder—but Solomons vanity and vexation of spirit was all the while in my head.

Saw the Queen twice, but as little Ann says she would not be known from any other woman but by the number of her attendants.

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6St. Florence, one of Florence’s few Baroque churches, constructed in 1645 by the Phillipine Fathers.
7Probably the Boboli Gardens behind the Pitti Palace
8Cf. Book of Ecclesiastes (Qoheleth) 1:2, often attributed to Solomon
9The “Queen” was the wife of Ferdinand III, the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Dispossessed by the French in 1799, he was reinstated in 1814 and ruled until 1824. At the time Elizabeth was visiting, the grand duchy of Tuscany was called the Kingdom of Etruria. From 1801 until 1814 it was part of Napoleon’s northern Italian system.
Sunday evening Mr. Trueman, Mr. Coffin, and Mrs. F. went to the Opera. I had a good fire in my room, locked the doors, and with my Ann, Books, and Pen passed a happy evening for this World—When we said our dear service together, she burst in to tears as she has always done since we say it alone. She says, my dear Papa is praising God in Heaven, and I ought not to cry for him, but I believe it is human nature, is it not Mamma? I think of what David said “I shall go to him, he cannot return to me”\(^1\) Her conversation is dearer to me and preferable to any I can have this side of the grave—it is one of the greatest mercies that I was permitted to bring her for many reasons.

Monday morning visited the Gallery\(^2\) but as my curiosity had been greatly excited by my Seton’s descriptions, and the French have made great depredations, it did not equal my expectations. The chief d’oeuvre of D—a head scarcely to be distinguished from life, the Redeemer about 12 years of age—a Madonna holding an hour glass in one hand and a skull in the other with a smiling look expressing I fear neither time nor death—Madam[e] Le Brun a French painter—and the Baptist very young were those that attracted me most. The Statues in Bronze were beautiful, but being only an American\(^3\) could not look very straight at them.

Innumerable curiosities and antiquities surrounded on all sides—The Sacred Representations were sufficient to engage and interest all my attention, and as the French had not been covetous of those I had the advantage of my companions—but felt the void of him who would have pointed out the beauties of every object, too much to enjoy any perfectly—“Alone but half enjoyed” O My God!\(^4\)

Went to the Church of S. Lorenzo\(^5\) where a sensation of delight struck me so forceably that as I approached the great Altar formed of

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1\(^{1}\) A business associate of the Filicchi's. Coffin has not been identified.
2\(^{2}\) 2 Sam. 12:23
3\(^{3}\) The Uffizi, which her husband had seen during an earlier visit to Italy. The French raided the gallery during the Napoleonic wars.
4\(^{4}\) American art did not yet depict the nude human body.
5\(^{5}\) “O My God!” Although the manuscript is not in Elizabeth Seton’s hand, she clearly read it over because this comment is in her writing.
6\(^{6}\) The Church of St. Lawrence near the Medici palace after a design by Brunelleschi. It is considered an outstanding example of early Renaissance religious architecture.
all the most precious stones marbles etc. that could be produced “My Soul does magnify the Lord, my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour”\textsuperscript{16} came in my mind with a fervor which absorbed every other feeling—it recalled the ideas of the offerings of David and Solomon to the Lord when the rich and valuable production of nature and art were devoted to his holy Temple, and sanctified to his service.\textsuperscript{17} Annexed to this is the Chapel of marble, the beauty and work, and richness of which might be supposed the production of more than mortal means, if its unfinished dome did not discover its imperfection. It is the Tomb of the Medici family, monuments of granit lapis, golden crowns set with precious stones, the polish of the whole which reflects the different monuments as a miroir and the awful black Cosmos who are represented on the top of the monuments as large as life with their Crowns and Scepters, made my poor weak head turn, and I believe if it had been possible that I should have been alone there it would never have turned back again.

Passed my Evening again in my room with dear Ann—at half past nine Mr. Coffin took the trouble to come for me from the Opera that I might hear some wonderful Trio, in which the celebrated David\textsuperscript{18} was to show all his excellence and as it would be over at ten, and Mrs. F[ilicchi] so much desired it, I went with hat and veil, instead of the masks which they all wear—The Opera house is so dark that you scarcely can distinguish the person next to you—Ann thought the singers would go mad, and I could not find the least gratification in their quavers, felt the full conviction that those who could find pleasure in such a scene must be unacquainted with real pleasure—My William had so much desired that I should hear this David that I tried to be pleased, but not one note touched my heart. At ten I was released from the most unwilling exertion I had yet made, and returned with redoubled delight to my pleasures, which were as the joys of heaven in comparison.

\textsuperscript{16}Luke 1:46-47
\textsuperscript{17}Cf. 1 Chron. 29.
\textsuperscript{18}Giacomo Davide was the most famous tenor of his time.
Tuesday saw the Church S. Maria in which she resides. Every beauty that gold, damask of every variety, and India Tapestry can devise, embellished with fine Statues, Cielings embossed with gold, elegant pictures, carpets and floors inlaid with the most costly satin woods in beautiful patterns, tables inlaid with most precious orders of stone etc. all combine to make the Palace of Pitti a pattern of elegance and taste—so say the Connoisseurs—for me I am no Judge as Ombrosi says.

A Picture of the descent from the Cross nearly as large as life engaged my whole soul. Mary at the foot of it expressed well that the iron had entered into her—and the shades of death over her agonized contenance so strongly contrasted the heavenly Peace of the dear Redeemers that it seems as if his pains had fallen on her—How hard it was to leave that picture and how often even in the few hours interval since I have seen it, I shut my eyes and recall it in imagination.

Abraham and Isaac also are represented in so expressive a manner that you feel the whole convulsion of the Patriarchs breast, and well for me that in viewing these two pictures my companions were engaged with other subjects. The dropping tears could be hid, but the shaking of the whole frame not so easily. Dear Sister—Henry Hobart—you had your sigh in reflecting how truly you would enjoy them.

Wednesday—

This morning I have indeed enjoyed in the anatomical museum and cabinet of Natural history—the "Work of the Almighty hand" in every object. The anatomical rooms displaying nature in every division of the human frame is almost too much for human nature to support—Mine shrank from it, but recalling the idea of my God in all I saw though so humiliating and painful in the view still it was congenial to every feeling of my Soul, and as my companion Trueman has an intelligent mind and an excellent heart which for the time entered in to my feelings, I passed through most of the rooms uninterrupted in

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19 Church of Santa Maria Novella, a Dominican church dating to 1360 with famous frescoes
20 The residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany from 1550 to 1859, with the Boboli Gardens behind it
21 A painting in the Church of Santa Maria Novella
the sacred reflections they inspired—one of the rooms a female cannot enter, [several words crossed out]—and passed the door to the cabinet of natural history. The pleasures to be there enjoyed would require the attention of at least a month—In the short time I was allowed I received more than I could have obtained in years, out of my own Cabinet of precious things.

If I was allowed to choose an enjoyment from the whole Theatre of human nature it would be to go over those two hours again with my dear Brother Post my companion [Three words crossed out.]

Visited the Gardens called Boboli belonging to the Queen’s Residence—Was well exercised in running up flights of steps in the style of hanging Gardens and sufficiently repaid by the view of the environs of Florence, and the many varieties of beautiful evergreens with which this country abounds, and prevent the possibility of recollecting it is winter except the cold and damp of their buildings remind you of it.—If the Tuscans are to be judged by their taste they are a happy people for every thing without is very shabby, and within elegant. The exterior of their best buildings are to appearance in a state of ruin.—Also saw the Academy of Sculptors and the Garden of Simpla, and Botanical Garden—O O O Heaven!!!!!!

2.11 To Rebecca Seton

28 January 1804

My Rebecca My Souls Sister—

how many new thoughts and affections pass my mind in a day, and you so far away to whom I would wish to tell all—after the last sorrowful word at Pisa what shall I say—arrived at Mr. [Antonio] Filicchys who gave the look of many Sympathys as he helped me

\[22\text{Dr. Wright Post, Elizabeth’s brother-in-law}
\[23\text{Florence and Leghorn are in the region of Tuscany.}
\[24\text{“O O O Heaven!!!!!!” is in Elizabeth’s hand.}
\[211\text{ASJPH 1-3-3-8:60}
\[1 \text{William Magee Seton died at Pisa.}
from his carriage, and showed me to my chamber where his most amiable lady and sweet Ann looked in my face as if to comfort but my poor high heart was in the clouds roving after my William's soul and repeating my God you are my God, and so I am now alone in the world with you and my little ones but you are my Father and doubly theirs—Mrs. F[ilicchi] very tired with our ride left me to rest—

Evening

—then came Parson [Thomas] Hall—a kind man indeed—"as the tree falls Mam—there it lies," was his first address to me—who was little mindful of his meaning then—our good old capitano also came with a black crape on the hat and arm and such a look of Sorrow at his poor Signora—all his kindness in the Lazaretto was present, dearest Ann melted his heart again—and he ours—so many tender marks of respect and compassion and boundless generosity from the two families of Filicchys—the first night of rest with little Anns tender doating heart alone—the first night of rest since October 2—and long long before that—as you well know—

// "St. Francis de Sales Day"

(said Mr. Philippo F[ilicchi] as he entered our room) "I will give you his devout life to amuse you"—amuse it truly did—how many times I was on my knees from strong impression of its powerful persuasion begging our God to make me so and so, as he said

// silence and peace enough in our chamber—Ann would say as the different enquiries would be made "could they do any thing for us, why truly Ma every body is our friend"

2nd February 1804—

This is some particular festival here—Mrs. F[ilicchi] took me with her to Mass as she calls it, and we say to church—I dont know how to say the awful effect at being where they told me God was present in the blessed Sacrament, and the tall pale meek heavenly looking man who

\(^2\) Cf. Ps. 63:1

\(^3\) The man who had guarded the Setons when they were in the Lazaretto at Leghorn

\(^4\) Saint Francis de Sales' feast day is January 29. He is the author of *Introduction to the Devout Life*, a spiritual classic.

\(^5\) The feast of the Purification of Mary.
did I dont know what for I was the side of the altar, so that I could not
look up without seeing his countenance on which Many lights from the
altar reflected, and gave such strange impressions to my soul that I could
but cover my face with my hands and let the tears run—oh my the very
little while we were there will never be forgotten though I saw nothing
and no one, but this more than human person as he seemed to me—

Now we go to Florence—Mr. and Mrs. [Antonio] F[ilicchi] are
positive—ah me—that is not the way my heart goes, for it is not to­
wards America—but Captain O[Brien] is to be ready by our return
10th February

—Well my dearest here is your Souls Sister and little Ann truly in the
joyful moment—we are to sail in a few days now—I have made my little
journal to Florence separate for you, as you will see—and when we meet
I have so much to tell you about things you do not dream of—these dear
people are so strange about Religion. I asked Mr. F[ilicchi] something I
dont know what about the different religions and he began to tell me
there was only one true Religion and without a right Faith we would not
be acceptable to God—O my Sir then said I if there is but one Faith and
nobody pleases God without it, where are all the good people who die
out of it—I dont know he answered, that depends on what light of Faith
they had receive[d], but I know where people will go who can know the
right Faith if they pray for it and enquire for it, and yet do neither, much
as to say Sir you want me to pray and enquire and be of your Faith said I
laughing—pray, and enquire, said he, that is all I ask you.

so dearest Bec I am laughing with God when I try to be serious and
say daily as the good gentleman told me in old Mr. Popes6 words “if I
am right O teach my heart still in the right to stay, if I am wrong thy
grace impart to find the better way.” not that I can think there is a
better way than I know—but every one must be respected in their
own—the other day a young Englishman brought the blood from my
very heart to my face in the church of Montenay7 where the F[ilicchi]

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6Alexander Pope, English essayist and poet (1688-1744)
7A church in Montenero built by a branch of the Benedictines, the Congregation of Vallombroso. The chapel at Montenero was thought to be the scene of many miraculous cures. No Italian ship sailed past the chapel without saluting the painting of the Virgin Mary housed there.
families took Ann and I to a lovely part of the country where Mr. F[ilicchi] had been concealed by the blessed inhabitants of the convent during some political revolution, and they invited us to hear mass in their chapel, there this poor young Englishman at the Very moment the Priest was doing the most sacred action they call the elevation, (after the bread you know is blessed with the prayers as they do when we go to communion)—just at that moment this wild young man said loud in my ear “this is what they call their real PRESENCE”—my very heart trembled with shame and sorrow for his unfeeling interruption of their sacred adoration for all around was dead Silence and many were prostrated.—involuntarily I bent from him to the pavement and thought secretly on the word of St. Paul with starting tears “they discern not the Lords body” and the next thought was how should they eat and drink their very damnation for not discerning it, if indeed it is not there—yet how should it be there, and how did he breathe my Soul in me, and how and how a hundred other things I know nothing about.

I am a Mother so the Mothers thought came also how was my GOD a little babe in the first stage of his mortal existence in Mary, but I lost these thoughts in my babes at home, which I daily long for more and more, but they wait a fair wind—

18th Feb[ruar]y—

Oh my God—GOD TRULY MINE or what would become of me—how can I tell you Rebecca my souls Rebecca how long before we meet. We were safe on board the vessel ready to sail next morning, had parted with our most kind friends, loaded with their blessings and presents, I with gold and passports and recommendations, for fear of Algerians, or necessity to put in any of the Mediterranean ports—but all that in Vain—a driving storm at night struck the Vessel against another, and in the Morn instead of hoisting sail for America, we were obliged to return on shore—most kindly indeed welcomed by the Filicchis, but heart down enough at the disappointment—and imagine

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81 Cor. 11:17-34.
9Pirates were active in the Mediterranean at the time.
the rest when our sweetest Ann unable to hide her suffering was found in high Fever covered with irruptions which the Dr. pronounced Scarlet\textsuperscript{10}—O My—the darling tried to conceal all she could, but little guessed the whole consequence for the doctor said the next day I must give up the Voyage or the life of the child, and could you believe I was firm in choosing the latter, that is in trusting her life and my hard case to our God since there was no other Vessel for America in Port—but Captain O[Brien] came only to say that if he took us he could not get a bill of health for Barcelona where he was forced to leave part of his cargo and a quarantine there would ruin his Voyage.

—the good man may have made this more evident because from my entrance in the ship the second time a most painful circumstance had taken place thro' my ignorance, and I was likely to have had a truly unhappy Voyage, but what of that if I would at the end of it hold you and my darlings to my heart—

Well the hand of our God is all I must see in the whole—but it pinches to the Soul.

24th—

close work with little Ann—she is over the worst though with such care and attention of everybody as would melt your heart.—my Very Soul seems in her sitting or laying all day and night by her side in this strange but beautiful land—

My Sister dear how happy would we be if we believed what these dear Souls believe, that they possess God in the Sacrament\textsuperscript{11} and that he remains in their churches and is carried to them when they are sick, oh my—when they carry the Blessed Sacrament under my Window while I feel the full loneliness and sadness of my case I cannot stop the tears at the thought my God how happy would I be even so far away from all so dear, if I could find you in the church as they do (for there is a chapel in the very house of Mr. F[ilicchi]) how many things I would say to you of the sorrows of my heart and the sins of my life—the other day in a moment of excessive distress I fell on my knees without

\textsuperscript{10}Scarlettina, a version of scarlet fever

\textsuperscript{11}Holy Eucharist
thinking when the Blessed Sacrament passed by and cried in an agony to God to bless me if he was there, that my whole Soul desired only him—a little prayer book of Mrs. F[illicchi]'s was on the table and I opened a little prayer (the Memorare) of St. Bernard to the Blessed Virgin begging her to be our Mother, and I said it to her with such a certainty that God would surely refuse nothing to his Mother, and that she could not help loving and pitying the poor Souls he died for, that I felt really I had a Mother which you know my foolish heart so often lamented to have lost in early days. —from the first remembrance of infancy I have looked in all the plays of childhood and wildness of youth to the clouds for my Mother, and at that moment it seemed as if I had found more than her, even in tenderness and pity of a Mother—so I cried myself to sleep in her heart

2.12 To Rebecca Seton

Leghorn 5th March 1804

My dearest Rebecca must be very anxious for letters from her own Sister after that which [Antonio] Filichi wrote J[ohn] W[ilkes] by the Shepherdess—It pleases God to try me very hard in many ways—but also to bestow such favors and comforts that it would be worse than disobedience not to dwell on his Mercy while I must bow to his dispensations—We were embarked on board the Shepherdess and to sail the next morning but a storm driving back those vessels which had sailed before us O'Brien could not venture out and while he waited a fair wind My dear Ann was seized with violent fever and sore throat which proved to be the Scarlettina, and O'Brien was forced to leave me to my fate—She was eighteen days in bed, and the day she left it I was obliged to go to mine with the same complaint, and have this day been a fortnight, not in great suffering for I was too weak to receive

12Elizabeth was three when her mother died.
2.12 ASJPH 1-3-3-18:42 (Seton-Jevons #286-289)
1The captain of the Shepherdess
2A version of scarlet fever
any complaint violently, but suffered almost as much with that as I could have done otherways—

We came from on Board of ship to Antonio Filicchis house and have received more than Friendship,—the most tender affection could not bestow more, and to crown all his goodness to me he has taken my passage in the Piamingo Captain Blagg who sails direct for New York as soon as the Equinox is past, and accompanies us himself, as business and a wish to be acquainted with our country has long made the voyage necessary to him and now the desire of restoring his “dear Sister” to her children and those she loves best, decides him to leave his dear little wife and children = he says this is due to all my dear Setons love and Friendship for him—and is it possible I have again the hope of seeing you so soon—

My God will do all—dear dear Rebecca to tell you what he has done for me thro’ my bitter afflictions will require many many happy Evenings, which if he has in store for us we will enjoy with thankful hearts, if not ____ I write only to you, and while I have been writing this feel so ill at my ease that I scarcely know how to go on—my whole heart, head, all are sick—but I think if I could once more be with you I should be well as ever—

Anna is very well and considered little less than an Angel here She has not improved in acquirements of general Education, but in understanding and temper the five months past are to her more than years—once more shall I hold my dear ones in my arms—Heavenly Father what an hour will that be—my dear Fatherless Children—Fatherless to the World, but rich in God their Father for he will never leave us nor forsake us—I have been to my dear Setons grave—and wept plentifully over it with the unrestrained affection which the last sufferings of his life added to remembrance of former Years, had made almost more than precious—When you read my daily memorandums since I left home you will feel what my love has been, and acknowledge that God alone could support [page torn] thro’ such proofs as has been required of it—[natural] strength must have fallen the first trial—if it [pleases] God that we sail on the Piamingo, and nothing extraordinary happens to lengthen our passage I shall be with you nearly
as soon as this, as our ship sails remarkably fast, and the season could not be more favourable—

—Dear dear Rebecca the love I should send to all would be endless, therefore you must do all for me—

May God bless You dear Sister as he has blessed me, by blessing you with his Heavenly consolations—pray for me as I do for you continually—Your own own Sister.

EAS.
8th March—

—I see you and my darlings in my dreams suffering and sorry—this is about the time you will receive my first letters—

2.13 To Antonio Filicchi

6th April 1804

My most dear A.

We often receive blessing from the hand of God and convert them into evils this has been my fault in respect to the very sincere and uncommon affections I have for you, and I am determined with God's help no more to abuse the very great favour he bestows on me in giving me your friendship and in future will endeavour to shew you how much I value it by doing all I can to contribute to your happiness—on your part I intreat you will bebe to me with Confidence and affection—the more you confide in me the more Careful I shall be—trust me and the Angel—
2.14 Journal to Rebecca Seton continued

18th April—

Many a long day since your own Sis held the pen—the very day Anna left her bed I had to go in her place—oh my the patience and more than human kindness of these dear Filicchys for us—you would say it was our Saviour himself they received in his poor and sick strangers—Now I am able to leave my room after my 20 days (as Anna had hers).—

this Evening standing by the window the moon shining full on Filicchys countenance he raised his eyes to heaven and showed me how to make the Sign of the CROSS—dearest Rebecca I was cold with the awful impression my first making it gave me. the Sign of the CROSS of Christ on me—deepest thoughts came with it of I know not what earnest desires to be closely united with him who died on it—of that last day when he is to bear it in triumph, and did you notice my dear one the letter T with which the Angel is to mark us on the forehead is a cross.—All the Catholic Religion is full of those meanings which interest me so—Why Rebecca they believe all we do and suffer, if we offer it for our sins serves to expiate them—You may remember when I asked Mr. [John Henry] Hobart what was meant by fasting in our prayer book, as I found myself on Ash Wednesday Morning saying so foolishly to God, “I turn to you in fasting weeping and mourning” and I had come to church with a hearty breakfast of Buckwheat cakes and coffee, and full of life and spirits with little thought of my sins, you may remember what he said about it being old customs etc. well the dear Mrs. Filicchi who I am with never eats this Season of Lent till after the clock strikes three (then the family assembles) and she says she offers her weakness and pain of fasting for her sins united with our Saviours sufferings—I like that very much—but

2.14 ASJPH 1-3-3-8:60

1This document contains material not quite identical to the second part of the Italian Journal in the Archives at Mount St. Vincent printed above.
2Antonio and Amabilia Filicchi
3The Catholic practice of signing the cross on one’s person
4Cf. Rev. 7:3
what I like better my dearest Rebecca (only think what a comfort) they
go to mass here every morning—ah how often you and I used to give
the sigh and you would press your arm in mine of a Sunday evening
and say no more till next Sunday as we turned from the church door
which closed on us (unless a prayer day was given out in the
week)—well here they go to church at 4 every morning if they
please—and you know how we were laughed at for running from one
church to the other Sacrament Sundays,⁵ that we might recieve as of­
ten as we could, well here people that love God and live a good regular
life can go (tho’ many do not do it) yet they can go every day.

—O my—I dont know how any body can have any trouble in this
world who believe all these dear Souls believe—if I dont believe it, it
shall not be for want of praying—why they must be as happy as the an­
gels almost—little Ann is quite well now and so am I—but little pros­
pect of home—

Oh joy joy joy a Captain B[lagge]⁶ will take us to America—and
only think of Mr. F[ilicchi]’s goodness as this Captain is a very young
man and a stranger, and many things of war or danger might happen
on the Voyage Mr. F[ilicchi] will make it with us—Ann is wild with
joy—yet oftent she whispers me “Ma is there no Catholicks in Amer­
ica, Ma wont we go to the Catholic church when we go
home”—Sweet darling she is now out Visiting some of the blessed
places with Mrs. F[ilicchi] children and their governess—would you
believe whenever we go to walk we go first in some church or convent
chapel as we pass which we always forsee by a large CROSS before it
and say some little prayers before we go further—Men do it as well as
women you know with us a man would be ashamed to be seen kneel­
ing especially of a week day—O my but I shall be with you again—

Two days more and we set out for HOME—this mild heavenly
evening puts me in mind when often you and I have stood or rather
leaned on each other looking at the setting sun, sometimes with silent
tears and sighs for that HOME where sorrow cannot come—Alas how
may I perhaps find mine—sorrow plenty—I was speaking of it the

⁵Sacrament Sundays were held about six times a year in the Episcopal church at the time. The
service included eucharistic prayer and communion as part of Sunday worship.

⁶The captain of the Pyomingo
other evening to Filicchi and he said in his dry English "my little sister, God, the Almighty, is laughing at you he takes care of little birds and makes the lilys grow, and you fear he will not take care of you?—I tell you he will take care of you."—

So I hope—dearest Rebecca you know we used to envy them that were poor because they had nothing to do with the world—

last hour in Leghorn—

Oh think how this heart trembles—Mrs. F[ilicchi] came while the stars were yet bright to say we would go to Mass and she would there part with her Antonio—oh the admirable woman—as we entered the church the Cannon of the Piamingo which would carry us to America gave the signal to be on board in 2 hours, MY SAVIOUR—MY GOD—Antonio and his wife their separation in God and Communion—poor I not but did I not beg him to give me their Faith and promise him all in return for such a gift—little Ann and I had only strange tears of Joy and grief—we leave but dear ashes—

—the last adieu of Mrs. F[ilicchi] as the sun rose full on the balcony where we stood, and the last signal of our ship for our parting—will I ever forget—now poor Antonio is tearing away—and I Hastening to you and my angels.'

"The 8th of April, at half-past four in the morning, my dear brother9 came to my room to awaken my soul to all its dearest hopes and anticipations. The heaven was bright with stars, the wind fair, and the Piamingo's signal expected to call us on board—meanwhile the tolling of the bell called us to mass, and in a few minutes we were prostrate in the presence of God. Oh, my soul, how solemn was that offering—for a blessing on our voyage—for my dear ones, my sisters, and all so dear to me—and more than all, for the souls of my dear husband and father—earnestly our desires ascended with the blessed sacrifice, that they might find acceptance through Him who gave himself

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9Cf. Matt. 6:25-34.

9The first edition of Rev. Charles I. White, Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton: Foundsress and First Superior of the Sisters or Daughters of Charity in the United States of America (New York: Edward Dunigan and Brother, 1853) 106-112, contains the following passages about the return voyage. It varies somewhat from the account of the last hour in Leghorn printed above.

9Elizabeth frequently refers to Antonio Filicchi as brother from this point on in their relationship.
for us—earnestly we desired to be united with Him, and would gladly encounter all the sorrows before us to be partakers of that blessed body and blood. O my God, spare and pity me.

"We returned home with hearts full of many sensations—on my part, sorrow at parting with the friends who had been so kind to me, and the dear little angels I tenderly love, struggled with the joy of once more embarking for home—while I gave dear Amabilia a farewell embrace in the balcony, the sun rose bright and glorious, and called out thoughts to that hour when the Sun of Righteousness would rise and reunite us forever.

"The signal had been given, the waterman waited for us, and my dear brother passed the struggle like a man and a Christian—dear manly soul, it indeed appeared to me in the 'image of God.'

"Philip Filicchi and Carlton¹⁰ waited for us at the Health Office, and letters for America.

[Filippo] Filicchi's last blessing to me was as his whole conduct had been—that of the truest friend. Oh, Filicchi, you shall not witness against me. May God bless you forever, and may you shine as the 'stars in glory,'¹¹ for what you have done for me.

"At eight o'clock, was quietly seated with little Ann and dear Antonio, on the quarter deck. The anchor weighed, sails hoisted, and dear yo, yo! resounding on all sides, brought to remembrance the 2d October, 1803,¹² with a force as strong as could be borne—most dear Seton, where are you now? I lose sight of the shore that contains your dear ashes, and your soul is in that region of immensity where I cannot find you. My Father and my God—and yet I must always love to retrospect thy wonderful dispensations—to be sent so many thousand miles on so hopeless an errand—to be constantly supported and accompanied by thy consoling mercy, through scenes of trial which nature alone must have sunk under—to be brought to the light of thy truth, notwithstanding every affection of my heart and power of my will was opposed to it—to be succored and cherished by the tenderest friendship,

¹⁰Guy Carleton Bayley, Elizabeth's half-brother
¹²The date when the Setons set sail from New York to Italy.
while separated and far from those that I loved—my Father and my God, while I live, let me praise—while I have my being let me serve and adore thee.\(^{13}\)

19th April, 1804.

"The Lord is my refuge—my God is the strength of my confidence. If the Lord had not helped me, it had not failed but my soul had been put to silence; but when I said my foot had slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."\(^{14}\) For four days past, the trial has been hard—oh, Lord, deal not with me in displeasure—let not my enemy triumph—have mercy on us, for Jesus Christ's sake.

"So many days on board, and could not find courage to begin my journal.

"O my God! graciously hear my prayers; accept my tears. Shouldst thou deal with us as we deserve, where should we hide from thy presence? Lift us from the dust, thou Lord of Righteousness, and though we are tied and bound by the chains of our sins, let the faithfulness of thy mercy loose us for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"20th April—This day thirty-seven years ago, my Seton was born—does he pass this birth-day in heaven? Oh, my husband, how my soul would rejoice to be united with yours—if rejoicing before his throne, how joyful—if in the bonds of justice, how willingly it would share your pain to lessen it. My Saviour and my God, be not angry with me; consider my desire and have mercy.

"My dear, dear little children, no feast of mirth to-day; my own Rebecca, sister of my soul, something strongly tells me that you too are in heaven.

"21st—'Ye shall not be tempted above what ye are able, but with the temptation there shall be a way to escape.' This way, Lord, I must seek or I am lost; there is no possibility of outward means, and in thy holy name alone must be my refuge. Once more then, we set out again—(+ to God is the mark)—trusting in thee alone, under thy

\(^{13}\)Subsequent editions of White's biography ended at this point. What follows was omitted in all editions after the first, published in 1853. The excerpt reprinted here contains numerous scriptural allusions.

\(^{14}\)Cf. Ps. 46 and Ps. 38:16.
banner and bearing thy cross. Since we cannot fly the monster, we must face him, calling on thy name, Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

"The madness that leads us from thee is without excuse, the blindness that keeps us from following thee, leaves us a prey to the destroyer; but, O Lord, let it be so no longer; have mercy upon us and strengthen our souls, or all our resolutions will prove but delusive words. Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy. When a soul whose only hope is in God, whose concern and desires are so limited that it would forsake all human beings, and account the dearest ties of life as foolishness compared with his love—when this soul sincerely desirous of serving and obeying him, is beset by the lowest passions of human nature, and from tears and prayers of earnest penitence can, by the apparently, most trivial incitements, pass to the most humiliating compliances to sin—apparently, for until the effects are experienced, it would be too incredible that the commonest affections and unintentional actions should produce a confusion and disturbance in the mind that is exalted to the love of God, and destroy every impression but momentary gratification—this can only be the work of the enemy of our souls—our souls that have so often declared inviolable fidelity to God—so often prayed to him for grace and mercy, and while lamenting our errors, and trying to gain mutual strength, have solemnly declared that we would embrace our cross, follow our leader, and valiantly oppose the enemy of our salvation. Most dear Antonio, a thousand times endeared to me by the struggles of your soul, our Lord is with us—once more the mark is to God.

"23d—We have passed this day opposite the Pyrenees. Their base, black as jet, and the dazzling whiteness of the snow on their tops, which were high above the clouds that settled round them, formed a subject for the most delightful contemplations, and spoke so loudly of God, that my soul answered them involuntarily in the sweet language of praise and glory. The gentlest motion of the waves, which were as a sheet of glass reflecting the last rays of the sun over the mountains, and the rising moon on the opposite shore—and more than all, that cheerful content in my soul that always accompanies it when it is faithful to its dear Master, has recalled the remembrance of precious hours, and makes me incessantly cry out, my God! my God! do not
forsake me, for certain it is, that whatever enjoyments are separate from that heavenly peace his favor gives, are only bitterness to me, even whilst their delusions would make me forget the only source of all blessing. The Pyrenees divide Spain and Portugal from France—and Oh! how many miles divide me from the dear Highlands of Home. If the Pyrenees would form a bridge for me, what hardships would I think too great in crossing them. God—Patience—Hope.

“24th April—We have passed the Straits, and again I have seen Gibraltar, with the thousand bitter recollections that must always recur to my thoughts when I think of the sufferings of my William when we passed it together.

“I have not mentioned two days which I wish to remember—one in view of the towering Alps, which separate Italy from France; also the day we were becalmed opposite the town of Valencia, and surrounded by Lord Nelson’s fleet. We were boarded by the Belle-Isle, and the evening before by the seventy-four Excellent.

“Oh, my God, if I should die in the midst of so much sin and so little penitence! how terrible it will be to fall into thy hands! I have sinned against heaven and before thee, O my Father. Oh that I could wash out my sins with my tears, and expiate them with my blood. I know I deserve death as the punishment of my sins, and therefore accept with submission the decree of thy justice; let this body formed of the earth return to the earth, but oh, let the soul created in thy image, return again to thy bosom. My hope, O Father of mercies, is in thee, for I know thou desirdest not the death of a sinner, but would rather he should be converted and live, and while I receive from thy hand the stroke of death, I will bless thee and hope in thee. Oh, that I may bless and love thee eternally, and be accepted through the merits of Jesus Christ. Let me never forget this mercy above all mercies, and though shame and sorrow must attend the recollection, let it be always present to me that I have been so blinded by sin as to forget its deformity—that upright soul so in love with its God and devoted to his service could forget his presence and laugh while he was angry—and if he then had

15 A city in Spain
16 France and England were hostile to each other, and a British fleet sailed the Mediterranean.
left me, how dreadful would have been my fall; but oh, my merciful Saviour, in that hour of darkness thy beloved voice still called and invited me back, and when prostrate on my face in sorrow, and shame, lifted me from the dust, and led me back to thy fold, so gently, so mercifully, as if my wickedness was to be rewarded instead of punished—and shall I ever be so wretched as to leave thee again? O my God! my God! save me from this worst of misery.

"25th—Lord of all mercy, I have sinned, I have offended thee, and the remembrance of my sins and offences overpowers my soul with sorrow; often I have confessed them, and detested them, as I have thought, with real sincerity of heart—still they are ever before me, and what shall I say to thee, Lord of all mercy? What can I do but throw myself again at thy feet, and implore thy pity on a soul whose only hope is in thy mercy, and the merits and sufferings of its Redeemer! Vouchsafe to apply them to that poor, afflicted soul, to cleanse it from its iniquities. It is by thy blood alone, adored Redeemer, they can be pardoned. Give it a sincere sorrow, and a constant, effectual resolution to avoid all occasions of offending thee, and seal its pardon through thy infinite merits and righteousness.

"I am ashamed, O Lord, to come to thee, even to thank thee for thy mercy—thy mercy in so long having patience with my repeated sins and disobedience to thy holy word—but whatever I am, though so miserable and hateful even to my guilty self, thy attributes can never change, thy goodness and mercy know no bounds, and feeling as I do, that I am entirely unworthy even to speak of thee, yet if even now my poor soul is condemned, if this day is the last of my wretched life on earth, my soul must still praise thee for so long sparing the punishment so justly due it, must still adore that infinite mercy that has given me so many means of grace, though my corrupt nature has made so bad a use of them. Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, still be merciful to a miserable sinner.
“12th of May, 1804.”

«Le corail dans l’Océan est une branche d’un pâle vert. Retirez-la de son lit natal, elle devient ferme, ne fléchit plus, c’est presque une pierre. Sa tendre couleur est changée en un brillant vermillon: ainsi de nous, submergés dans l’océan de ce monde, soumis à la vicissitude de ses flots, prêts à céder sous l’effort de chaque vague et de chaque tentation.»

«Mais aussitôt que notre âme s’élève, et qu’elle respire vers le ciel, le pâle vert de nos maldives espérances se change en ce pur vermillon du divin et constant amour. Alors nous regardons le bouleversement de la nature et la chute des mondes avec un constance et une confiance inébranlables.»

[“The coral in the ocean is a branch of pale green. Take it from its native bed, it becomes firm, bends no more, it is almost a rock. Its tender color is changed to a brilliant red: so too we, submerged in the ocean of this world, subjected to the succession of the waves, ready to give up under the stress of each wave and temptation.

“But as soon as our soul rises, and it breathe toward heaven, the pale green of our sickly hopes is changed into that pure bright red of divine and constant love. Then we regard the disruptions of nature and the fall of worlds with an unshakable constancy and confidence.”

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This passage from de Barbéry, pp. 156-57, found in the May 25 entry, is also found in Code’s work, p. 97, but not in any of White’s editions.
as I approach to you I tremble and while the dashing of the waves and their incessant motion picture to me the allotment which God has given me the tears fall fast thro’ my fingers at the insupportable thought of being Separated from you—and yet my dear H[Hobart] you will not be severe—you will respect my sincerity and tho’ you will think me in an error and even reprehensible in changing my religion I know that heavenly Christian Charity will plead for me in your Affections—you have certainly without my knowing it been dearer to me than God for when my reason, my Judgment and every conviction used their combined force against the value of your esteem the combat was in vain until I considered that yourself would no longer oppose or desire so severe a struggle which was destroying my mortal life and more than that my peace with God—Still if you will not be my Brother—if you[r] dear friendship and esteem must be the price of my fidelity to what I believe to be the truth—I cannot doubt the Mercy of God who by depriving me of my dearest tie on earth will certainly draw me nearer to him—and this I feel confidently from the experience of the past and the truth of his promise which never can fail—