

By E.H.S.
(64)

For

The Next Generation.

Frederick William Simonds⁽⁶¹⁾

was born in Hempstead - near London - England, March 8th, 1819.

He was the son of William May Simonds of Berkshire, England, where the Simonds family have lived for many generations, and Ellen Hearn Simonds.

⁽¹⁷⁷⁾
Ellen Hearn was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, August 6th, 1794.

When her mother, an Englishwoman, Mrs. Joseph Hearn⁽³⁶²⁾, was left a widow with two children, she was given the position of governess in the Royal Family of Russia, so her daughter Ellen was brought up at court. Mrs. Hearn⁽³⁶²⁾ was with the Royal Family at the time Moscow was burned before Napoleon's advance, and left the city with them.

⁽¹⁷⁶⁾
William May Simonds - our Grandfather - met her in St. Petersburg and they were married in that city May 6th, 1814. Among her wedding presents from the Royal Family was a beautiful necklace from the Czar and Czarina, now in possession of the family in England.

⁽¹⁷⁸⁾
Ellen Hearn Simonds died February 4th, 1825 and was buried in the churchyard of Hurst Church, Berkshire, England.

She left four sons -

- 1st - Alexander Blackall -
⁽¹⁷⁹⁾
Born 1818 and named Alexander after the Emperor of Russia - died 1845 and was buried at Hurst.
- 2nd - Frederick William.⁽⁶¹⁾
- 3rd - Charles James.
- 4th - Henry Adolphus.⁽¹⁸⁰⁾

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Fred - our father - was sent to boarding school at Enfield the year his mother died, when only six years old, and was still there in 1831, when he must have been twelve.

His brother Alexander was with him - the boys returning home for the holidays, where they joined their two younger brothers, Aunt Mary, (179) (193) their father's sister, taking care of them all, as she had done since they lost their mother, and continued to do until when forty years old she married an old lover - Adolphus Muller - (194) who took her to India.

From Enfield Father went to Rugby, where Dr. Arnold was then Head Master.

Dean Stanley and Matthew and Edwin Arnold were boys there with him. Alexander and Henry were at Eton. (179) (180)

After leaving Rugby Father was sent abroad to learn languages, etc. and spent some time in Germany.

He had a remarkably good mind and always a most retentive memory. He also was very fond of painting, for which he had talent, but unfortunately it was never cultivated, and in his busy life was unavoidably pushed to one side.

Alexander went from Eton to King's College, Cambridge.

In 1841 Father came to America, landing in New York November 24th, but with no intention at that time of making his home in this country.

Uncle Alec went with him as far as Bristol - from which port he sailed - the brothers traveling there by stagecoach. (1845)

They never met again, as Uncle Alec died before Father returned to England - a great grief, as they were devoted to each other.

On the voyage Father made the acquaintance of an American - Abraham Ogden - and it was through him he first met his future wife, our mother, then a girl of sixteen - Sophie Elizabeth de Luze. (60)

Mother was born at Greenwich (probably now the part of New York City known as Greenwich Village) near New York, July 28th, 1824, and was christened the following January by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright.

Her father - Louis Philippe de Luze - son of Charles Henri de Luze - of Echichons, near Lausanne, Switzerland - was for forty years Swiss Consul in New York.

He had married Sarah Ogden, daughter of Thomas Ludlow Ogden of this city - sister of Father's new friend Abraham.

It had chanced also that Mr. de Luze, our Grandfather, had known the Simonds family in England, where he had been sent years before when a young man, to learn the language, and where they had been very kind to him.

Aunt Mary (the same who afterwards took care of Father and his brothers) was then a young girl, and her brother, Blackall, about Grandfather's age, so they soon became good friends - went to dances, and so on, and had happy times together.

Grandfather ⁽¹⁷⁶⁾ never forgot them, and when he found that Father was ⁽⁶¹⁾ one of the family, he gave him the warmest of welcomes.

Grandfather ⁽¹⁷⁶⁾ was then living at No. 6 Greenwich Street, near the Battery, which at that time was a favorite promenade, moving soon afterward to 54 Seventh Street, near Second Avenue.

Thomas Ludlow Ogden, our Great Grandfather, lived at the corner of Second Avenue and Sixth Street, and one could see diagonally across the gardens at the back from Grandfather's house to his. ⁽³¹³⁾

Father and Mother were married in 54 Seventh Street by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, November 5th, 1846.

They lived for many years - until 1863 - with our Grandparents - a mutual convenience - and there we were all born, with the exception of

Alfred Francis and Francis May.

Our parents had in all eleven children:

- 1st - a girl who did not live.
September 16, 1847.
- 2nd - William Blackall -
Born July 30th, 1848.
- 3rd - Ellen Hearn -
Born August 3rd, 1850.
- 4th - Louis de Luze -
Born May 20th, 1852.
- 5th - Alexander Bethmann -
Born October 14th, 1853.
- 6th - Henry Adolphus -
Born June 17th, 1855.
- 7th - Emily Ogden -
Born September 27th, 1857.
- 8th - Frederick -
Born October 12th, 1858.
- 9th - Charles Harison -
Born April 19th, 1862.
- 10th - Alfred Francis -
Born February 6th, 1864.
died - infant
- 11th - Francis May -
Born August 7th, 1866.

With the exception of the two who died in infancy all lived to middle age, and most of us much longer.

When Father first settled in New York he had a position in the office of Mr. Kingsford, an Englishman.

Later he set up for himself as a commission merchant.

His office was at 66 Beaver Street, and his partner, another Englishman, a Mr. Edwards, the firm being Simonds & Edwards.

After many years, and when the partnership had been dissolved for some time, his office was in 18 South William Street, and eventually he took his son, Henry A. Simonds⁽⁶⁷⁾, into partnership, the firm then becoming F. W. Simonds & Son, and so it remained, even after Father's death.

In 1851 Mother, my eldest brother, aged two and a half years, and myself, aged nine months, sailed for England without Father, who could not then get away. Willie had not been well, and it was for his sake Mother went.

As we thought a long voyage would be beneficial, we crossed in a sailing vessel, arriving in Plymouth after a wonderfully short trip of only nineteen days. The passengers were then lowered, one by one, in a chair, to a small boat and taken ashore, Mother being the first to go, as the other ladies were timid and all held back. She held her little son in her lap, our nurse, Margaret Murray, who was with us many years, following with me, the baby.

Uncle Harry met us and took us to his home in Whitechurch.

Later we stayed with Father's father - with the Mullers in Winchester - and with other members of the family - until after some months Father came for us and brought us home, this time in a steamer.

After this Father was obliged every now and then to go to England on business, but of course could not take his ever increasing large family with him.

During the years we lived in Seventh Street we children generally went out of town with Mother - for a few weeks - in the heat of summer - boarding in different places - Father, to our great delight, joining us at the end of the week.

When in town, on fine days we were marched by our nurses up Second Avenue, then the fashionable street of New York, past St. Mark's Church, to the Stuyvesant Squares, which were beautifully kept - full of trees and flowers - handsome houses around them, and St. George's Church on one side.

At that period, droves of cattle and pigs were driven through the Avenue to the abbatoir, and as occasionally one would run up on the sidewalk, our nurses would try - if they could - to hurry us behind the railings of the houses until they had passed.

Our church was old St. Bartholomew's in Lafayette Place, where in time we were obliged to have two pews, and here most of us were christened and some confirmed.

We all marched there on Sunday morning in a row, our parents bringing up the rear - until Bill protested, and walked on the other side of the street, pretending he did not belong to the procession.

We never went to Sunday School, Father and Mother teaching us themselves, and bearing us our catechism.

Every morning we had family prayers.

Our meals we had in the nursery, coming down to dessert - people dined earlier in those days - after which, Father often read us books of adventure, or played games with us, until we were sent to bed.

His word was law, and never disputed, but to the end of his life he was full of fun, ready to take part or to help in anything we wanted to do, and one of his keenest pleasures was to go fishing, etc., with his boys whenever he could take a holiday.

Mother led a busy life, for as in those days one could not buy nice clothes, she made nearly everything we wore, the nurses helping her with some of the sewing - no sewing machines until later - and she nursed us through all our childish ailments - sometimes two or three of us down at once with scarlet fever, measles, etc., and of course no trained nurses - and always there was a new baby to be looked after.

In 1863, during the Civil War, Grandfather bought a large house, 16 East 33rd Street, and moved there with his family.

At the same time Father took a cottage in Summit, New Jersey, for six months, and he and Mother had their own home for the first time, and were very happy.

In July of this year, 1863, occurred the Draft Riot in New York, when the city was for a time in the hands of the mob, who were killing the negroes wherever they could find them, destroying property, etc.

When the news reached Summit and Father did not return as usual, Mother was terribly worried, but later in the evening he appeared, bringing with him the Grandparents, Aunt Lulu, and a maid, Mary Rice.

He had gone to 33rd Street to see after them, and found that Grandfather had already made arrangements to escape by way of the yards at the back, should it become necessary.

However, they were all allowed to leave without molestation, Grandfather first hanging out the Swiss flag, hoping it might be some protection. The mob set fire to several houses in the street, but No. 16 was spared.

That autumn ¹⁸⁶³ Father hired a large four-story house in 34th Street, east of Third Avenue - afterwards a hospital - and here we lived for some years, and here little Alfred Francis was born and died. ★

Shortly before we left 34th Street Bill went to Malta and spent two years with the Hearn, learning something of business in the office of his cousin Frederick Hearn, who was a merchant there.

When he returned we had moved to College Point, Long Island, where we had already spent a good many summers, and where Frank, the youngest of us, had been born.

The little village of College Point, now a large place, took its name from St. Paul's College, founded by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, afterwards Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion.

Later when the College was given up it was bought for a summer home by two Great Uncles - brothers of our Grandmother - Thomas W. and Richard Ogden.

This was many years before we lived there.

It was built in a quadrangle, with great wings, in which, beside many other rooms, there was on each floor an immense one - eight windows on a side - which probably had been used for dormitories, recitation rooms, etc.

The "Long Room" - as we always called it - on the ground floor, in the East Wing, which had been arranged by the Ogdens for the purpose, was where we gathered for dances, theatricals, or anything else we felt like doing.

There was also, of course, the Middle Building, as well as a very good sized chapel.

A carriage drive ran round the quadrangle, in which were a number of fine large old trees, and room for three croquet grounds, and on this side of the building was a very long piazza, connecting the wings, the middle building and the chapel.

Along the front - facing the water, which was so close that some-

times in storms the spray dashed up on the terrace - were several porches, as well as one at the end of each wing.

A little way, on the left, was a long dock, with a platform and seats at the end, and steps going down into the water.

The bathing beach and large boathouse with porch, beyond this.

We lived in the West Wing, which Father rented from the Ogdens - they occupied the East Wing, while some cousins - William Waddington and family - had the Middle Building.

The Grandparents, Aunt Louise (or Lulu), Aunt Gertrude and Uncle Frank spent the summers with us, and as beside this each family had many guests, we were certainly a large number - all under one roof- although the Wings and the Middle Building had each their own establishments.

The view across the water was lovely, and there was plenty of boating, swimming and fishing - altogether an ideal place for all the young people, and here most of us grew up, and had a wonderful time.

Father was able to go back and forth to town from here each day, and the boys to school or college.

Emily and the younger boys to schools in the neighborhood until they were older.

On April 26th, 1871 the Grandparents celebrated their Golden Wedding - at 16 East 33rd Street - a great event in the family. (1871, 1874)

In 1872 Alec won the Greek prize at Columbia. He was also captain of the Foot Ball team and rowed on The Varsity in 1873.

Frank doing the same later on. *(only as regards the varsity crew)*

In January, 1872 Louis, then nineteen, left us to go to England and make his home with Uncle Harry - to be in fact his son and heir. (1872)

This was our first real break, but although in time he became a thorough Englishman he remained always just one of us, and we kept in closest touch.


He came to us whenever he could and we often went to him.

January 27th, 1880 he married ✓

Mary Elizabeth Turnbull (81)

Father and Mother going over for the wedding.


(65)
Louis died December 2nd, 1916, during the Great War. ✓

Our Grandfather, 

L. P. de Luze, (303)

died in August, 1877, while with us in College Point. ✓

Our Grandmother,

Sarah (Ogden) de Luze, (304) 

died in November, 1879, at her home, 16 East 33rd Street. ✓

In 1878 the dear old College had become so out of repair that Father decided we could no longer live there, and he took a place in White-stone - called Elerslie - belonging to the Cryder Estate - and only a few miles from College Point.

The house was large and the view beautiful - nice grounds and very fine trees - Long Island Sound at the foot of the lawn - old Fort Schuyler opposite.

Near by was an old unoccupied house and grounds which had once belonged to our Great-Great-Great-Grandfather -

Judge David Ogden -

who married Gertrude Gouverneur - thus bringing the name of Gouverneur into the family.

The place was, I believe, confiscated during the Revolution, the owner being a Tory.

Other Ogdens were good Americans and friends of George Washington.

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During the summer of 1880 Father's cousin Blackall Simonds came over and paid us a long visit, and when he returned to England in December 1. ⁽⁶⁹⁾ Fred went with him, and like ⁽⁶⁵⁾ Louis, settled, married there, and became an Englishman, but also like ⁽⁶⁵⁾ Louis, he never changed - and his place among us has always been the same.

It was while we were in Whitestone that Bill married
 Katherine Russell White,
 February 15th, 1882.

When Father began to find the daily trip to town rather trying, particularly whenever we spent the whole winter in the country, it was thought best to make our home in New York, so on November 10th, 1883 we moved to 147 East 34th Street, near Lexington Avenue, where we lived for over 1909 twenty-six years, until Mother died - fourteen years after Father- and the old home was broken up.

During this time Harry, Emily, Fred, Charlie and Frank were all married.

in 1892

While we were there also, Bill lost his wife, and after four years married her sister -

(80) on 4/16/1896

Mary Loomis White.

⁽⁶⁸⁾
 Emily lost her husband,

Bache McEvers Whitlock, ⁽³⁶³⁾
 August 6th, 1905.

⁽⁶⁷⁾
 Harry died October, 1904 - being the first of us to go - and was followed by his wife,

Mary Charlotte Kemble, ^(m)
 in 1910 - shortly before we left 34th Street.

They left five children.

As Father and Mother grew older and most of their children were married and off their hands, we often spent the summer in England.

Father had worked so hard all his life, and taken so few holidays, that it was quite time he should sometimes have a little rest and leisure, and he always seemed to grow younger in his native air - among his own people.

He and Uncle Harry were the closest of brothers, and like boys again when together, enjoying to the full the shooting and fishing they were so fond of, and which Father could not well have when at home.

The thorough change and freedom from care did Mother also so much good - and it was such a joy to them both to see again their children and grandchildren and the many they loved over there.

Although Father had spent the greater part of his life in America - and I think loved it well - he was always loyal to England - would never be naturalized, and liked to think of us all as English also.

In the summer of 1896 we went to the Inn at Stockbridge, Mass. for a few weeks, and there Father died suddenly - August 27th - in his 78th year.

Six weeks before we were to have celebrated the Golden Wedding.

He and Mother were lovers to the end - and to all of his children he was close friend and comrade, as well as the dearest and best of fathers.

Two lines by Rudyard Kipling might have been written for him - they so well describe his life and character.

"Even as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth,

In simplemeness and gentleness, and honour and clean mirth."

Mother lived until January 1st, 1910.

Eight of their grandsons - all who were eligible - took part in the Great War, and did good work - in the Army, the Navy, the Aviation and the Ambulance Service.

They all returned safely, with the exception of Louis' third son -

(17)
Major John de Luze Simonds - R. G. A. -

D. S. O. -

who fell in action at the front April 22nd, 1917, aged 33, and was buried in the Communal Cemetery at Mazingarbe.

This is the best I can do, and if I have made any mistakes, I am sorry -

Someone do better!

Ellen H. Simonds.

April, 1925.

26 Gramercy Park,

New York.