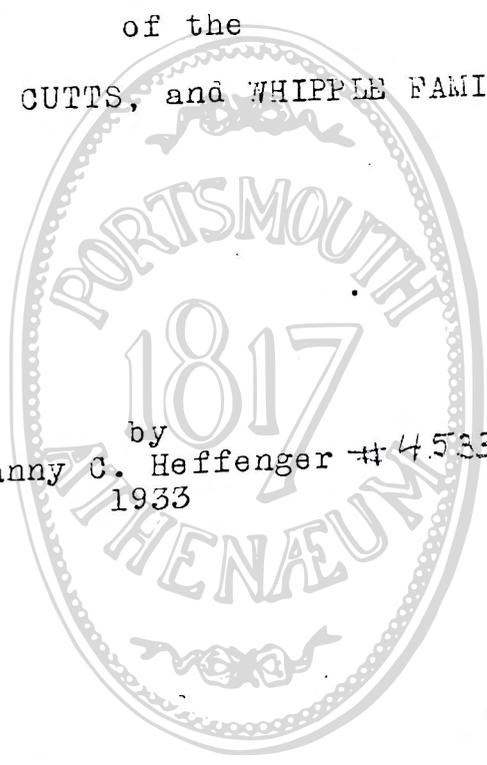


*found*

ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES  
of the  
TRAILL, SPENCE, CUTTS, and WHIPPLE FAMILIES

by  
Fanny C. Heffenger #4533 *Cattle Gen*  
1933



Not among the earliest, but perhaps among the most interesting of our ancestors to come to America was Robert Traill, who reached this country about the middle of the 18th century. Interesting because we know so much about him, and are so familiar with his portrait. He was descended from a very old Scotch family - The Traills of Blebo in Fifeshire. The name Traill is believed to have been originally Tyrell. Fordun in his "Scottish Chronicle," speaking of Bishop Walter Traill of St. Andrews, spells his name "Walterus Treyll," "He was a contemporary of the bishop from 1385 to 1401, and in another place he refers to a "Walterus Treyll" as the "unfortunate man who was unwittingly the cause of the death of King William Rufus". Robert Keith's "Catalogue of Scottish Bishops" declares Bishop Treyll to have belonged to the House of Belbo in Fifeshire.

About 1567, two of the younger sons of that House went to the Orkneys, and there George Traill, a son of Alexander Traill of Fifeshire, married Janet Kennedy of Carmunks, and settled on the Island of Rorsey at Quarnal about 1580. George Traill's first wife Janet Kennedy having died, he married Isabel Craigie of Gairsay, and had by her thirteen children.

And here I must tell you of the strange error made by George A. Gordon, Secretary of the Mass. Historical and Genealogical Society. Janet Kennedy, the first wife of George Traill was a kinswoman of the wife of Robert

Stewart, natural son of James V of Scotland, and came to the Orkneys with them (see Bell's Life of Queen Mary). His wife's name was also Janet Kennedy. I received a long typewritten account from Capt. Gordon of our descent from James V through his son, Sir Robert Stewart of Strathdon, by Euphemia Elphinstone, daughter of Alexander Alphinstone, slain at Flodden in 1513, and wife of John Bruce, who had received a grant from his half sister Mary Queen of Scots, of vacant crown lands in the Orkney's, in 1513. Unfortunately Capt. Gordon had not only confused the two Janet Kennedys, but had overlooked the fact that we had descended through James, the second son of George Traill by his second wife Isabel Craigie.

Before we had discovered this inadvertence we revelled in the idea that the blood of the Stewarts ran in our veins, and that Queen Mary was our aunt. Many times removed of course, and illegitimate, but never mind that, she was that "beautiful, unfortunate, ill-treated Mary Queen of Scots, murdered by that cruel, jealous, abominable Queen Elizabeth" - Katharine and I were in London just about this time, while we still believed in this relationship, and while we stood by the side of her sarcophagus we felt solemnly and tenderly for our "Aunt Mary" -

James Traill married in 1668 Jean Cok, daughter of Rev. Thomas Cok of Lady Kirk, Sanday. His son William Traill of Woodwick (a handsome estate on the southwest coast of the Island of Rousay, known as Westness) married

Barbara Balfour of Tankerness - The Island of North Ronaldsay is included in the estate of Woodwick. Before the erection of lighthouses this island was much dreaded by mariners, so frequent were the shipwrecks on its shores.

William Traill's second son, William of Westness, married January 16th, 1714, Isabel Pea of Milnfield. His children were:

1. William m. Miss Mocarads Lieut. R.N.
2. Robert, my great-great grandfather
3. Mary m. Moses Bellamie
4. Isabel d. unm. in Boston
5. Barbara d. unm. in London
6. Marjorie d. unm. in Kirkwall.

Robert, our ancestor, was born on the Island of Rousay and married in the summer of 1748 (Intentions published July 9, 1748) Mary Whipple, of Whipple Cove, Kittery, Maine, the daughter of William and Mary Cutt Whipple, born January 13, 1728, and a sister of General William Whipple of Portsmouth, N.H., a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Robert Traill was a Burgess of Kirkwall in 1765, and a merchant at Boston and Portsmouth between 1750 and 1785. He was the last Comptroller of the Port of Portsmouth under the Crown. He died in London February 22nd, 1785. His widow died in Portsmouth October 3rd, 1791.

His children were:

1. John b. 1749 d. in infancy.
2. Robert b. 1751 d. in England unm.
3. Mary b. 1753 d. 1824 m. Keith Spence
4. William b. 1755 m. \_\_\_\_\_ Colebrook and  
resided in London. Their issue was a  
son, who d. unm.

How little we really know of our ancestor Robert Traill the man. His portrait has hung in my father's dining room since my earliest recollection. It shows him to have been an aristocrat, but he lived a mercantile rather than a political life. He clung to his early traditions and, unlike his brothers-in-law William and Joseph Whipple, (whose family had been for several generations in this country) he remained a Royalist and went back to England and his King, taking with him his son Robert, but leaving his wife and daughter in their Portsmouth home, believing perhaps that "this little revolution would soon be over," and that he should return to them. Our cousin Alfred Lowell has a little diary of Robert Traill's, when he was put on the Loyal list and recalled to England. He evidently traveled on horseback to his port of departure, supposedly New York. He was threatened and impeded by those who disapproved of his attitude and gladly accepted the escort of Paul Revere who happened along and rode with him on his way. He lived but a short time in London before his death.

His house still stands in Portsmouth on the corner of State and Fleet Streets, soon no doubt to be torn

Courtesy of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, Portsmouth, N.H.

down or moved away, to make room for some more important building. It is a small two-story house, very old, very shabby, the doorway remodeled, very simple and unornate, as were the earliest colonial houses. Over the large stone flagging in front how many of our ancestors and their friends must have passed! The Whipples, William the Signer and his wife, Col. Joseph Whipple and his wife, who lived just across the way on the corner of State and Chestnut Streets, the Cutts relatives, the Bracketts and the Langdons.

I have a copy of a grant of land made by the Crown to Robert Traill and Samuel Cutts in 1765, along the coast of the Province, of 25,000 acres, six miles square, under certain conditions to be filled in a given time. Conditions evidently impossible to fulfill. The original Grant made at the Court of St. James, with all its important signatures and seals, was in the possession of my Cousin Kate Spence Washburne until her death. Also in 1766, the General Assembly passed an act to secure to Robert Traill Esq. the sole profit and advantage of brewing and vending strong beer in that Province lying in the Northerly and Easterly part of the Merrimack River for the term of ten years.

His portrait by Copley, a pastel, hanging in the dining-room of our Austin Street house, has never

been out of the family. Just when it came into my

father's possession I do not know. It must have hung originally in Robert Traill's house on State Street. It shows a young man in the prime of life, and in the costume of that day--with shaved and powdered hair and queue. Your grandfather and grandmother Fickering never knew by whom it was done. They allowed me years ago to take it very carefully out of its frame and hunt for a possible signature. But there was no clue there. Years after their deaths, when Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard was dining with us, he glanced up at the portrait and said, "I had no idea before now that you owned a Copley." "Neither had I," I replied. A little later he sent down Mr. Bailey of the Copley Art Galleries, who identified the artist. It was a very great satisfaction to me to have this question settled.

The resemblance to this portrait by some of my children is truly remarkable. Notably Charley and Priscilla. There is an old myth in the Orkney Islands that periodically the seals came up onto the shores and demanded wives from among the people. The children of these marriages and their descendants were known by their "seal eyes." Robert Traill's portrait is said to show these seal eyes, and there are several of my children, and one grandchild, who show them very markedly. Our cousin Bobby Lowell, "Robert Traill Spence Lowell" owns a portrait said to be by Badger (an early American artist) of the son of Robert Traill who went with him to London. Of this I have a photograph.

I give this long account of our ancestors in the Orkneys, hoping that among you there will be one or more who will go there and hunt up the various sites of the old Traill houses on the different Islands; as our Cousin Mary Lowell Putnam and her daughter Cousin Georgina did, when visiting James Russell Lowell, then our Minister to England.

In a house in Kirkwall where our nearest remaining relative still lived, they found family portraits which unmistakably resembled those of the descendants in this country.

According to Nesbits Heraldry the crest of the Traills of Blebo is "A column set in the sea proper; motto Discrimine Salens. Arms of the first Traill of Blebo - Azure, a chevron between two muscles in chief, Or, and a trefoil slipped in base, Argent. Their Orkney descendants have similar arms and crest. The Seal of the Bishop Walter Treyl has the same shield supported by two lions - This crest and motto date from a time (1418) when an Alexander Traill, being shipwrecked, was saved by clinging to a rock in the surf.

The genealogy of the family now passes into that of the Spences, as the only descendants of Robert Traill come through his daughter Mary, wife of Keith Spence.

SPENS - LATER SPENCE

It is said that the Spens family, long seated in Lathallan, Stirlingshire, and noted in Scotland as of high antiquity, is descended from MacDuff, Earl of Fife, (as evidenced by the red lion rampant in its armorial bearings) and that at the submission of the nobility to King Edward the III of England in 1296 this family had two representatives, Henry de Spens, and Nicol de Spens. A son of Henry, Thomas de Spens, was associated in 1320 with Robert Keith, Great Marshall of Scotland. The firm intimacy which existed between these gentlemen introduced the name Keith into the Spens family.

About 1435 the barony of Lathallan became forfeit to the crown, the Earl of Fife was dispossessed, the dignity and estates conferred on Spens, and have so continued.

Our ancestor Keith Spence was born at Kirkwall in the Orkneys. He was a son of James and Janet Blaw Spence, and came to New England, shortly before, or during the Revolutionary War. He followed a mercantile life at Boston and Portsmouth, and in the latter place he married our great grandmother Mary Traill. She had lived on with her mother in the State Street house, and after her marriage to Keith Spence continued to do so until her death in 1824. On May 10th, 1800 Keith Spence was appointed Purser in the U. S. Navy and served on the frigate "Philadelphia" under Captain Bainbridge. When the frigate fell into the

power of Tripoli in 1803, he was, with other officers, captured, plundered, and confined in prison. He was a prisoner in Tripoli during the engagement of August 7, 1804, which is described so vividly by his courageous son, Robert Trail Spence, in the following letter to his mother.

Gibraltar, November 12, 1804

Dear Honoured and Respected Mother:

I wrote you, from Malta, on the 6th ultimo, mentioning the late change that has taken place in my situation; and advis'd you of our intention to leave that place for a few days - On our arrival we found the Essex Frigate which ship I intend joining. Capt. Stephen Decatur is to succeed Capt. Barron, in the Command of her. This Capt. Decatur is a friend of my Father's no doubt you have heard of him by fame; he Commanded the expedition in burning the Philadelphia & for which he was promoted to a Post Captain although greatly out of his turn - He since has done an action which by far exceeds the brilliancy of that; it perhaps for intrepidity & Courage equals anything ever done. In the action of the 3 of August he entered with his division of Gun Boats (which was only 3) the Harbour of Tripoli under the fire of 60 pieces of heavy Cannon from the Batteries & 20 pieces from their Gun Boats - boarded himself, and brought out 2, mounting each superior forces & carrying a greater number of men. A Circumstance were you present to see it done you could hardly conceive

it credible. In this affair he lost his Brother Lieut. James Decatur, who Commanded a boat of his brother's division he was shot through the head with a Dundebuss in the Act of boarding a boat - one boat more was brought out by a Lieut Tripp who received 11 dangerous wounds in boarding (He's recovered of them). The Capt of this boat died in the most heroic manner. Although cut all to pieces by the Assailants' swords he continued to fight; Lieut Tripp, who encounter'd him, was almost falling with weakness from the loss of Blood; when one of his sailors run him through with a Boarding pike. He died brandishing his sword & exhorting his men to revenge the death of their Commander. The Contest was long, 20 Turks lay weltering in their Gore, before they surrendered to the Americans. Out of 170 men, which man'd the Boats, 50 only were captured alive. The day following we brought too a French privateer & sent her in with 25 wounded Turks; they were past recovery. The next Action the Boat I was in, Commanded by Lieut. Caldwell, was Blown up. The Lieut., with a midshipman and 14 men, out of 24, were kill'd. I, astonishing to relate, & 6 men escaped. 4 of the men in so wounded a condition that their lives, at first, were despair'd of. It was my Conduct on this occasion that got me my Promotion. I, at the time the shot struck, was forward, taking sight at the Gun; though not a minute before I had been aft, assisting in binding up the wounded. It being a red hot shot, she instantly

exploded; I went up some distance in the air, & lighted by the Gun again; the only part remaining was that on which the Gun stood. I found by my side, one man only. Around me lay arms, legs & trunks of Bodies, in the most mutilated state; though a little confused & bewilder'd by things tumbling on my head & by the prospect of death before me; for I cannot swim, I had presence of mind sufficient to know my duty, and not to quit while there was a part remaining. I fired the Gun, & loaded her again. When she went down from under me I gave a cheer and went down - came up again; when I was taken up by one of the other Gun boats - I cannot describe my sensations, on this melancholy occasion - I felt as though I wish'd to die, because I should die nobly - This accident will distress my Father much, as Mr. Caldwell he look'd on as a Son, & loved him equally as well as he does me; in fact I never knew so pure, and so strong a friendship to subsist between any two men. He certainly was the most honourable little fellow I ever knew, & the most respected of any young man in the Navy - My Father in a letter from Washington to me says thus, "Remember me to my oldest of all Modern Friends Mr. Caldwell". You may judge from this language how fond he was of him. Young Dorsey was a man of great Merit & highly esteem'd by me. I saw Mr. C. after he came down, without arms, or legs; his face so mutilated that I could not discriminate a feature -- by his dress only, I recognized him; he was not dead although

he sank instantly - I made another escape as astonishing as this. I made application, as well as Capt. Stewart for me, to go in to the Harbour of Tripoli, in an Infurnal, containing 150 Barrels of Powder & 300 shells, for the purpose of blowing the Bashaws Castle up; this expedition was Commanded by Capt Sumers - I received no direct answer, from the Commodore, & of course, expected to go; but a favorite of the Commodore's, persuaded him, to allow him to go. Capt Decatur then made application for me; But the Commodore reply'd, he had already selected the officer that was to go with Capt Sumers; the Night came - She went in, all were anxious with expectation when cannon announced her near approach to the Castle. Cannon were fired from all parts of the town. In a few moments she went up - How awfully Grand! Everything wrapp'd in Dead silence, made the explosion loud, and terrible, the fuses of the shells, burning in the air, shone like so many planets, a vast stream of fire, which appear'd ascending to heaven portrayed the Walls to our view - 20 minutes elapsed, without seeing the signal agreed on, between Capt S & the Commodore. Guns were fir'd from the Commodore's ship; signals repeated by the different vessels -- our small schooners sent to reconnoiter the Harbour -- but no Boat appear'd. Poor Sumers, a Lieut., & a midshipman were gone, no more to return! We conjectured the explosion to have been premature; it has since been confirm'd by information from Tripoli. He was within the Rocks, & only 1/2 mile

distant from the Bashaws Castle, when he was boarded by two Gun Boats, 50 men each, -- He might have escap'd; but he started with a determination never to let so seasonable a supply fall into their Hands; & never to return alive unless he had, satisfactorily, executed his mission. He touched fire himself to match & she went up, sending 100 Turks and 15 Christian souls to eternity. What a noble Death, & truly characteristic of that Noble Sumers. He certainly was an extraordinary man. He united everything that made the man, or the officer - possessing more firmness & determination than any man I ever saw - sought danger in every shape - dangerous undertakings were the most pleasing ones to him. In losing him we were deprived of one of the Navy's most valuable officers. The Lieut. with him was a schoolmate of William's, his name was Wadsworth, of Portland.

Much will be done the ensuing Summer. Our forces will be formidable. I shall expect the command of a Gun Boat. I hope an opportunity may offer that I may do something conspicuous. It's impossible to conceive that spirit of emulation which prevails among the officers & men; danger is sought for, & the most daring intrepidity has been discovered, in officers. Commodore P. has been succeeded by Commodore Barron, a senior officer; But in the most delicate manner. The letters from the President, to him, are of the most flattering kind, pointing out the

necessity of this act. He returns to America soon, to receive the grateful applause of his Countrymen. He certainly deserves all the Honours they can pay him, & more too. His conduct in Bombarding Tripoli with so pitiful force has astonished all Europe.

Your affec son

R. T. Spence

I have a most interesting letter written to his son Robert, from the Tripolitan prison, describing the conditions there. "The Bey was considerate - they were allowed a certain amount of freedom for exercise, etc." He finally was released and rejoined the Navy, having duty at New Orleans where he died while attached to the West Indies Squadron on the 26th of September 1826.

Just after the Great War I went to New Orleans with May on our way to Marathon, Texas to see Charley (Who was then enlisted in our Army) for the purpose of hunting up our great-grandfather's grave. We were unsuccessful, no traces of his nitch remained in the old, and interesting Catholic Campo-santo there. In an old letter to his family he describes the beginning of his final illness. His waking one morning to find himself partially paralyzed and helpless. He soon after died from shock, never having seen his wife or children since his imprisonment.

The Goldsborough Chronicle speaks of him as

"A gentleman justly held in high estimation for his probity, intelligence and nice sense of honor" - "He was the bosom friend and Mentor of Decatur". This intimacy and affection between our own and the Decatur family has continued and exists today. My cousin Kate Spence Washburne of Baltimore sent me years ago, a miniature of the famous Commodore Decatur, which he had had painted in Italy for his young friend, Midshipman, Robert Traill Spence. It is almost too historically valuable not to be placed in a museum. My cousin Kate had inherited it through Com. Spence's son Carroll, her father.

Cousin Carroll and my father, and their cousin, James Russell Lowell were very intimate and fond of one another. Cousin Carroll, the son of Robert Traill Spence, (who had married in Baltimore, Mary Clare Carroll) married his cousin, Rebecca Rue Carroll. He graduated from St. Mary's College, became M.A. and B.L.D. at the same, and L.L.R. at Dickenson Pa. College. After several political appointments he became Minister Resident at Constantinople from 1853 to 1857. He proved himself an able diplomat, and induced the Sultan to recind his harsh measures against the Greeks. His efforts in behalf of the Christians in the Ottoman Empire resulted in the firman favorable to them. He negotiated the first treaty ever concluded between the United States and Persia. He was a handsome and agreeable man. He brought back with him from Europe a remarkable collection of oil colors - copies of old Italian and Dutch

pictures. Very few of any real value, and when his house on St. Paul Street was sold and his belongings desposed of Kate Spence found it impossible to give the collection to any gallery in Baltimore or Washington. The small Duc d'Urbino Mayolica plate is one he gave to my mother. His two daughters married successively a Mr. Washburne.

I have wandered far from grandfather Keith Spence. Many years ago your grandmother Pickering, who took a keen interest in everything relating to your grandfather's family, sent to cousin Mary Lowell Putnam, who was then living at 68 Beacon Street, a large bundle of family letters to read. When she returned them, she expressed in her note of thanks a firm conviction that her grandfather Keith Spence had been an honorable and much-to-be-respected man etc., etc.

Our great-grandfather Spence when he came to America from the Orkneys was first a sea-captain and merchant, trading between here and the West Indies. He was singularly unfortunate in his ventures, and being a man of the greatest probity and honor he felt that he must make any sacrifice to meet his creditors, and care for his family. His friend Governor Langdon got him an appointment as Purser in the Navy and he spent many years away from his wife and six children, during which time he was for two years a prisoner in Tripoli. When set free he went as Navy Agent to New Orleans where he stayed until his death. All his letters to his wife are full of affection and

concern for the welfare of his family, and almost always contained remittances. He speaks constantly of Harriet and Robert, Maria and little William, who died young.

There are also letters of Mary Spence (his wife) to Keith - most affectionate and devoted, beginning "My dear Keithy", the last written September 17th, 1809. The last letter from Keith Spence to his wife was written from New Orleans dated January 23rd, 1809. In a letter written May 16th, 1808, he says - "What you say of Louisa and her Loves surprises me very much. I think with you that she would have been miserably matched and I also think that Mr. Sterne treated her rather cavalierly - I hope it will prove a good lesson to her. By the by, I would never admit people coming on such errands as inmates of the house. In your situation it is I think improper. However, I suppose he came on the score of his father's old acquaintance, and under sanction of his sister's visit."

Letter of Mary Spence to her Husband December 29th, 1807, - "I also received a letter from Louisa quite in character, full of wants and complaints. She is starved, she is frozen, and she is quite sick and longs for my cheerful fireside, but this is all romanticity, for contrary to my advice she goes to every party she is invited to. I cannot inculcate self-denial in her. She makes repeated demands for money, she greatly inclines to be extravagant. But this I shall prevent, for I shall

not indulge it." At this time Louisa was visiting her sister Harriet Lowell at Elmwood.

Of your cousin James Russell Lowell you may read much in the biographies and sketches written of him, and of his mother Harriet Bracket Spence the sister of our grandmother Louisa J. W. Pickering. Your grandmother Pickering has told me of her brilliancy and her eccentricities. She believed she had the second-sight of the Scotch - was something of a traveller of that day. Finally toward the end of her life, her mind was a little astray and "Uncle Charles" also, when old, lost his memory, and became so childish that he had a faithful old nurse Betty, who took constant care of him, and slept at the foot of his bed at night. He had always been the kindest friend and adviser of all his wife's relations in Portsmouth. He often came down to see them and get a breath of salt air. Many are the letters (still in our attic) which he wrote them. I found one, which was truly enlightening to me.

I had always known, from a very young child, that I had been a disappointment. I was a sensitive child and realized I was pretty troublesome, and concluded I must be in a general way unattractive. This letter reveals the primal cause - I was a girl. My father and mother had lost two beautiful children, a boy of five and a baby girl of nine months, of what was then called membranous croup. I was born not many months after and proved to be not the boy they wanted. Uncle Charles,

writing at the time of my birth, condoles with them gently about this, and adds "Perhaps little Fanny will grow up to be a great comfort to you." As it happened I was the only one of their children to live beyond the age of nineteen years.

Not only cousin James Russell Lowell but his wife, Maria White, were dear friends of my father and mother. They too had lost children, only Mabel living to grow up. Cousin James later married a second wife, Frances Dunlap, writing to my father to "come to Portland and see them spliced." Cousin Robert Lowell, the grandfather of Alfred, often came to see us in Portsmouth and to preach a sermon at St. Johns Church.

Cousin Mary Putnam was a very beautiful and talented woman. She was a great linguist, understanding not only most of the modern languages, but also many dialects - entering into newspaper controversies with men of note, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, and coming out the conqueror. She was a great genealogist too. She gave her beautiful young son to his country in our Civil War and toward the end of her life made a journey to the Orkneys and went from island to island in small sail boats, looking for landmarks, and bits of information relative to her Traill and Spence connections.

After the Civil War, which temporarily parted us from our Baltimore cousins, my father and mother took

me down to visit my Spence cousins there. Cousin Carroll and cousin Rebecca Spence, with their two daughters Kate and Minnie. Cousin Rebecca and Kate were both very deaf.

Minnie Spence died rather early, and Kate married her husband, Mr. Washburne. There were many cousins in Baltimore in those days keeping open house and constantly visiting back and forth. The family of Mary Clare, who had married Mr. Oliver McGill, Stephen Decatur Spence, an old bachelor, and cousin Roberts Brook, a widow. Also the family of Graem Keith Spence, who had married Susan Shaw Randall. Of this large circle none are now alive, and the McGill cousins are married and scattered.

The portrait of our grandmother Louisa Spence Pickering, though faded and by an unknown artist was surely an excellent likeness of a young and pretty girl. (I have been told it was painted when she was sixteen.) She has the "Traill eyebrows," a strong family feature, inherited by my father and by Barbara in a marked degree.

Keith Spence's children were

Marie Balfour b.1781

Harriet Brackett b.1783

Robert Traill b.1785

William b.1786

Gream Keith

Louisa

- Marie Balfour married James Smith, a lawyer in Portsmouth, never liked by her family. They had no children.

Harriet Brackett m. 1806 the Rev. Charles Lowell, minister for fifty years at the West Congregational Church in Boston, greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Robert Traill who greatly distinguished himself in our Navy m. Mary Clare Carroll of Baltimore

Gream Keith m. Susan Shaw Randall of Baltimore

Louisa Josepha Whipple m. August 15, 1818 Isaac W.

Pickering



CUTT - CUTTS

Prior to 1646 there emigrated to this country two brothers, John and Richard Cutt, both in their young manhood. They were followed later by a brother, Robert, and a sister Ann Cutt.

Their purpose undoubtedly was to try their fortunes in the New World, not for religion's sake, as those who settled in the Puritan Colonies. They were dissenters from the doctrines and authority of the Church of England, and like those about them, they did not then question the rights that had been acquired by Captain John Mason and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, to the vast territories on either side of the Piscataqua, which had been granted them under the Crown.

Families of the name of Cutts had long held estates in the counties of Essex and Cambridgeshire in England, but at this late day it has not been possible to determine the exact point in England from which they emigrated or any exact information as to their pedigree. Traditionally, their father was Richard Cutts Esq. of Grondale Abbey, Arkesden, Essex Co., an adherent of Cromwell. He married a widow named Skelton. Upon coming to this country the young men dropped the final S from their name. John and Richard brought capital with them and became leading merchants, and ultimately the wealthiest men in the country.

Robert Cutt came to the Piscataqua Plantation several years after his brothers. He went first to St. Christophers where he found his first wife. After her death he went to Barbadoes. Undoubtedly he had business with his brothers while there, receiving fish and lumber from them and sending back West Indian goods in return. When he came to Portsmouth he lived for a while in the Great House, which had been the residence of his brother Richard and had been built by the first settlers as the Manor House of John Mason, the grantee of the Province in 1631.

Robert then went from "the Bank" to Newcastle, and was probably in business there for a time.

Portsmouth in 1646 was generally called "Strawberry Bank", because of the great number of strawberries to be found on the bank of the river above the Great House which stood about three miles from the mouth of the main river. The Great House was situated on Water Street (now Marcy Street) on the South-East corner of Pitt Street, (now Court Street). In 1635 it was recorded the house had fallen down and the ruins were then visible.

From Newcastle Robert went across the river, where he established a ship-yard and built a large number of vessels. He married Mary Hoel, of Welsh or English parentage, the daughter of a clergyman, for his second wife.

Of the life of Robert Cutt little has been preserved. In common with that of his brothers, it doubt-

less held its share of the toils, privations, and hardships of those early days. He had a companion and friend in the high-born Francis Champernowne, who was his neighbor, and after Robert's death married his widow. He died at Kittery in 1684, having made his will but a few days before. In that brief document he leaves his wife and oldest son, Richard, managers of his affairs.

Two years later Mrs. Cutt married Francis Champernowne. They lived on Cutt Island in the old Cutt Farm on the present site of the John Thaxter farm, where there are still mulberry <sup>Trees</sup> bushes which have survived since then.

Grandmother Cutt's second husband was the most distinguished man of the colony. A descendant of the house of Plantaganet and of many of the most noble families of the West of England. His father, Arthur Champernowne, was first cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Mrs. Cutt and her children received from her second husband, "the loving nephew of Sir Fernando Gorges", by gift or demise the principal part of Capt. <sup>Champernowne's</sup> ~~Cutt's~~ estate. After her husband's death she moved with her daughter Mrs. Elliot to South Carolina, where her daughter Mrs. Seriven lived.

Robert Cutt left an estate of 890 L, including eight negroes.

In 1679 New Hampshire was separated from Massachusetts. The King appointed John Cutt president. The Royal Charter then given was the only one ever granted to New Hampshire. He died in 1681 and was buried with his second wife in his orchard on Green Street, a few rods

south of the railway track, in an enclosure of fifty feet square, walled in with brick. Here reposes the first President of New Hampshire with his family and that of his second wife, the "beloved Ursula," who was killed by the Indians in 1694. Since then the bodies have all been removed to the burying-ground at the head of Richard's Avenue and possibly placed in the old Penhallow lot.

The children of Robert<sup>1</sup> Cutt were

Richard<sup>2</sup> who married Joanna Mills.

Elizabeth married Humphrey Elliott.

Bridget married Rev. Mr. Seriven.

Sarah married Capt. John More.

Mary married Brier and

Robert married Dorcas Hammond.

Robert Cutt<sup>2</sup> married Dorcas Hammond, daughter of Major Joseph and Katharine Frost Hammond. They lived at the old Garrison House at Whipple Cove (now Lock's Cove) back of the Navy Yard, just outside the Marine Barracks. He died in 1735 and his son-in-law Capt. William Whipple inherited his estate from him. There are still descendants of Robert<sup>2</sup> Cutt living in Kittery Point. During our Civil War, when I was a child, my father being at sea, my mother closed her house in Portsmouth for a summer, and rented a small cottage there. My Aunt Mary Penhallow was living in the "Sparhawk House," nearby, and Sally Cutts owned the house on the road above, sometimes called the Cutts House, sometimes the

Lady Pepperell House. Sally was a direct descendant of Robert Cutt, and a cousin of ours, which I did not then know. Her father had been a wealthy, influential man in the community. She had been educated in the most fashionable schools of the country, and her friends had all been cultivated people, but Mr. Cutt lost his property, and his mind, Sally's two brothers became insane also, and when I knew her she was deaf and demented. She lived alone in this large house after the deaths of her father and brothers. She always wore, in the house as well as outdoors, a calash of dark brown sarcenet cambric which she could pull down by a string over her face when she did not want to be seen, and a strand of her grey hair drawn down and across her forehead. She was, notwithstanding, a perfect lady, with the most irreproachable manners of the old school. My mother and my aunt Mary Penhallow helped her all they could, but it must be done in the most delicate way. She was so poor that they feared she did not have enough to eat, so, as often as they dared, they would suggest to her that it would be agreeable if she would have a party at her house. To this she always responded, and they would go over that morning and arrange the supper-table and help her put everything in order, carrying over roast chickens, or a roast of beef and other nourishing food. Then, in the afternoon we went over to the party, and the difficulty was in not eating the food we took over for her, or the things she had prepared herself, which were probably far from immaculate. She was very fond of my

Courtesy of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, Portsmouth, N.H.

mother and gave her a pair of old beaten silver tablespoons with the cutts crest, and a large handwoven table cloth wich I still have. (I have not the least doubt my mother paid her for them.) I liked to go over and see her, and watch her hens and chickens walk up and down her front stairs and all over her house freely. At that time one of her brothers and her father were still living. How little did I dream they were any relations of mine!

I well remember one call I made when, guided by voices, I climbed the stairs, and entering the large front room on the right, looked through a door usually closed into a back room, and saw a group of people standing round a low trundle-bed in the center of the room on which lay a man with tawny, unkempt hair, chained to the floor. It was very thrilling to a child of seven. The man looked like a lion. Plainly something was happening. At this moment one of the group discovered me, and the door was quickly, firmly closed. Later, one morning, Sally told me that people were trying to make her believe that her father was dead. "He is not," she said, and took me into the lower right-hand front room where her father lay on a long table at the further end. She had in her hand a sherry glass of wine, and lifting and supporting the upper part of his body she tried to pour it into his mouth.

She had always imagined that George Washington's bones were buried in her garden, and accused strangers who, passing by, were attracted by her fine old-fashioned house,

of trying to steal them. Just now the house has been bought by a descendant of the Washington family. I have wanted very much to buy that old house myself. However, no one since Sally has lived there long, or happily.

The "S" was added again to the name of Cutt when a member from the Province met a member from England at the Siege of Louisberg, and found they were of the same family. I copy the following from "The Exeter News Letter" of December 5, 1930.

"Before his appointment to the governorship, John Cutt was Portsmouth's first citizen. He was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the Province. He was one of three brothers, men of great enterprise. His whole life had been passed in commercial adventure. The sails of his vessels had whitened every sea known to the commerce of New England. He was the largest landholder in Strawberry Bank and lived in the "Great House" with a retinue of servants. Just how he got his appointment as governor is not clear, for he was a conspicuous member of Rev. Joshua Moody's church, and not friendly to the Church of England. Had he lived he might have shaped things to the greater advantage of the Province than was done by those who succeeded him."

Perhaps this is the best place to tell you the little I know of our Hammond history. William Hammond (our great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather) was born in England in 1597 and came to New England in 1630. In 1653 he was made Commissioner for Wells for

trying small cases--Grand Juror--Clerk of the Writs. He was re-elected Commissioner in 1658, '62, '63, '64, and '70. In 1660 he was appointed one of the commissioners to settle boundaries between Wells and Cape Porpoise, and in 1661, Constable.

E.E. Bourne - History of Wells

He died suddenly at the age of 105 while walking on the Wells Road. He was the father of Major Joseph Hammond who was born in Kittery in 1646, where he resided until 1710, in which year he died at Kittery. He was Captain, Major, Temporary Keeper of the Files of the Supreme Court, Representative to General Court, Councilor, Recorder of Deeds, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and he was father of our grandmother Dorcas Hammond Cutt. A fine record.

He married Catharine Frost Hammond, the daughter of Nicholas Frost, and the sister of Major Frost, so well known.

DE V. HIPPLE - WHIPPLE

Again our family merges. At this time with the Whipples of Ipswich (later of Portsmouth and Kittery).

The Whipple family in this country undoubtedly descended from Matthew Whipple of Bocking, County Essex. The two brothers Matthew<sup>2</sup> and John<sup>2</sup> who were settled in Ipswich some time before 1638 were probably the sons mentioned in his will of December 1616. They settled at the Hamlet, now the town of Hamilton.

It is said in the Virginia branch of the family that their history "from the time of William the Conqueror down to the year 1662 can be found in the ancient Library at Birmingham, England, where the Dugdale and Thorpe MSS are deposited." He wondered why there was such a demand for them. They are to be found in the British Museum.

This history relates, it is further said, that the Whipple family originated with Henri de V. Whipple, a gentleman of Normandy of the vale de Suere (or Vale de Suede). For his gallantry he was granted the Manorial estates of Wraxall, taking the name of Wraxall.

Richard de v. Hipple was knighted on the battlefield of Agincourt and given the motto "Fidele et Brave". Leaving Wraxall because of persecution, the name of de v. Hipple was resumed, which in the time of Henry VII (1485 - 1509) was anglicized into Whipple.

Of the two brothers Matthew and John Whipple who settled at the Hamlet, Matthew died September 8, 1647

and John died June 30, - The latter was born about 1605 or earlier. It is from ~~the~~ John, called "Elder John Whipple," that we are descended. Deacon and Elder of the first Church, he was spoken of as "one whose godly sincerity is much approved." He and his brother Matthew sustained various offices of trust. He had a large grant of land in 1639 and was made freeman in 1640. He was Deputy of the General Court in 1640 - 1642 - 1646 - 1650 - 1653. He had two wives. His first wife was the mother of his children, name not given.

His oldest son Captain, (or cornet) John Whipple was born about 1626 and died in 1683. He was freeman in 1668 and representative in 1674 - 1679 and 1683. He was appointed Captain of a troop to march to Marlborough against the enemy, etc. His prospects for honor and influence were promising at the time of his death. His estate was valued at 3,000 L. He married Martha Reynew, and second Elizabeth Paine. His children (all by his first wife) were John, b 1657, Matthew b 1658, Joseph b 1664, Sarah, Susan, John Lane and Anna.

The New England Historical and Genealogical Register is quoted as saying "Capt, John Whipple, son of Elder Whipple was born about 1626, was appointed Cornet of the Ipswich Troop before 1675 and Captain in 1683, in place of Capt. John Appleton. He was Lieut. in Capt. Paige's Troop at Mt. Hope 1675 (King Philip's War) and Capt. of troop raised for service under Major Savage in

March 1676 in the same war, and was with the army in the unsuccessful maneuvering of that campaign. His son, Matthew Whipple (Major) was born 1658 and died 1738. He married first Joanna Appleton by whom he had children - Matthew, John, Joanna, Appleton and William. He afterward married Martha Ringe and had three children by her. His will is at the Probate Office (Essex Co.), in which he mentions sons - Matthew, Appleton, John, Joseph, and William, and his dwelling-house and small houses, Mary Bradley, house-keeper, Mulatto servant, Nicholas Freeman, etc.

The Rev. Joseph Whipple, of Hampton Falls, his son, who graduated at Harvard College, was the husband of our ancestress Elizabeth Cutt who married, for her second husband the Rev. John Lowell - both our great uncles. Captain William Whipple Sr. (of Matthew<sup>3</sup>, Capt. John<sup>2</sup>, Elder John) was born February 28, 1695, a native of Ipswich, he was bred a maltster. Having removed to Kittery, Maine, he followed the sea for several years, sending out ships to the West Indies and Coast of Africa.

He married Mary Cutt b. May 16, 1722 and <sup>she</sup> died February 28, 1783. She inherited from her father Robert<sup>2</sup> Cutt the old Garrison House on Whipple Cove. Captain Whipple now abandoned his nautical pursuits and resided on this estate, which he held in right of his wife employing himself as a farmer and maltster. "Mrs. Whipple was a lady of excellent sense and agreeable manners and many pleasing accomplishments." He died August 7, 1751, aged 56 years, and she in 1783, aged 84 years.

The Garrison House long ago passed into the possession of others. It still stands, but utterly changed and spoilt by "modern improvements".

Capt. William Whipple had five children -

Mary, born January 13, 1728 (or perhaps later) married Robert Traill of Boston

William born January 14, 1730 - Signer -

Hannah - married Hon. Joshua Brackett

Robert, died young

Joseph born February 14, 1737, married Hannah Billings of Boston

He <sup>Joseph</sup> was Collector of the Port of Portsmouth and took part in the early settlement of Coos County, N. H. and was living in Jefferson (which he settled) as early as 1773. He was captured there by the Indians during the French Wars, but escaped by a clever ruse. He, however, always retained his house in Portsmouth on the corner of State and Chestnut Streets, where he transacted his business as Collector, in the room just back of the small piazza, now fenced in, but then accessible by a flight of steps and door. His grave is not far from his brother William's in the old North Burying Ground on Christian Shore where are many other members of our family.

Our great-great uncle Joseph was no less conspicuous in his town, though less so in the country at large, than his brother William, the signer. Mr. Chester Jordan's short biography of him is full of interest. He was noted for his accuracy, and his energy was unequalled. His taking servants,

cattle, and followers from Portsmouth up into the wilderness of the White Mountains and blazing the way over cliffs and through swamps to the place which is now Jefferson is a thrilling story. He bought this tract of land, sold it off in lots to settlers and owned himself a farm and house which he held during his life.

Years ago your grandfather and grandmother Pickering drove up to Jefferson and hunted up the site of the Whipple farm. It was then an inn called Plaisteads. They also found an old man who told them he could well remember Col. Whipple in his blue coat with brass buttons, and his hair in a queue. His portrait by St. Mémins is one of my most precious heirlooms. He had the prominent nose of the Whipples, but he must have been an impressive and fine-looking man.

The "Portsmouth Rambler" says of the Marquis de Chastelleux's visit to Portsmouth in 1782 when the French fleet lay in the harbor, "From Col. Wentworth's, M. de Vandreuet and M. de Riven took me to Mrs. Whipple's, a widow lady (Col. Whipple was alive then) who is, I believe sister-in-law to Gen. Whipple. She is neither young nor handsome, but appeared to me to have a good understanding and gaiety. She is educating one of her neices, only fourteen years old, who is already charming. Mrs. Whipple's house as well as that of the Wentworth's, and all those I saw in Portsmouth, are very handsome and well furnished."

In a "Story of the Moffatt-Ladd House" Dr. William B. Johnston says--Mary Tufton Moffatt (Polly), Samuel

Moffatt's youngest child, born after her father's flight to the West Indies, had been left in Portsmouth under the care of Madame Wm. Whipple and of John Moffatt (her father). The aged grandfather undoubtedly indulged her and we know definitely that Gen. Whipple did so. During the visit of the French fleet Polly was only fourteen years old and although she was, according to the Marquis Chastelleux, "already charming," Madame Whipple very properly refused to take her to the grand ball in honor of the French officers. Gen. Whipple was not so conscientious, and from Polly's point of view not so hard-hearted. When the hairdresser who had come to prepare Madame Whipple's elaborate turban was leaving the house, Gen. Whipple intercepted him, and with a twinkle in his eye, led him upstairs to Miss Polly's room (you can see her name scratched with a diamond on the window-pane) where the very excited co-conspirator was already arrayed in a new gown secretly purchased for her by the General. With instructions to the amused hairdresser to do his best, the General retired to escort Madame Whipple to the ball. The formal greetings over, he excused himself and left the room. Madame Whipple was startled to see him smilingly reenter the ball-room bearing on his arm a charming and bright-eyed young lady, whom, with outraged feelings she recognized as her little niece, Polly Moffatt. Evidently the Marquis of Chastelleux was mistaken in speaking of her as a niece of "Colonel" Whipple, undoubtedly this was

Madame William Whipple's niece.

In this connection I must tell you of an experience I had some years ago in regard to Joseph Whipple's portrait. I saw in some paper a mention of the portrait of Gen. William Whipple at Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Knowing that there was no portrait of Gen. Whipple in existence, but hoping that I might be mistaken, and fearing that the portrait in Philadelphia must be a copy of my portrait of Joseph, I went down to Independence Hall. Sure enough, there hung our uncle Joseph, the first of the group of signers. I went to the office of the Curator of the building and made an appointment to meet the directors there the following morning. I asked them what they knew about their portrait of William Whipple. They knew nothing, they said. Neither where they got it, who had given it, or when it had been given. They listened to what I had to say, and agreed I must be right, but asked me to write them a letter when I reached home, stating what I knew and sending them an impression from the copper-plate of my portrait. (St. Mémins always sent these copper-plates with his portraits.) This I did. They then called a meeting of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania which was thoroughly reported in the Philadelphia Ledger, with my letter and a reproduction of my portrait. It was decided that there could be no question as to the fact that Joseph had been hanging in Independence Hall for years representing his brother William. Neither of them would have liked this. He was taken down and the matter seemed closed, but it was only

the beginning. They began to look more carefully into the authenticity of the other portraits in the group of Signers and found there were several unidentified. There had been much work done by a German artist who had offered to copy the portraits of those French officers who had so generously helped us during our Revolutionary days. He had been sent over to Versailles where he said these portraits hung, and the copies he then made were hanging in Independence Hall. The authorities, becoming suspicious, sent photographs of the "copies" to the curator at Versailles, who replied that there were "no such portraits there." I was told that the copies were all taken down. How matters stand there now, I often wonder.

The fact that William Whipple died before St. Mémens came to this country as an emigré, and painted portraits for his living, would be in itself enough to prove that ours is a portrait of Joseph and not of William. By whom could the portrait at Independence Hall have been given? No copy had ever been made from ours and it had never been outside our dining room. My mother had had photographs taken of it and sent to each of my father's cousins. I have always felt that my cousin Carroll Spence, who was interested in art and young artists and would wish to have his distinguished uncle represented in Independence Hall, had had the photograph my mother sent him done in crayon and had given it as that of William Whipple, although he must have well known it was Joseph.

Of our great-great uncle William you may read much in Guide books, histories, and the "Rambles around Portsmouth." How he got ready to marry his cousin Mehitable Odiorne and found her on the appointed evening "not in the mood to marry" him, although the guests and the clergyman were assembled and waiting. He was absolutely firm and vowed it should be "then or never." She was equally firm and the marriage never took place. A little later he married his cousin Catharine Moffatt, daughter of Samuel Moffatt, living in the Moffatt house on Market Street, now belonging to the Colonial Dame Society. The photographs of our great-great aunt Catharine Cutt, who married John Moffatt were taken from the portrait by Smithbert in the possession of the Ladd family.

"William Whipple was possessed of a strong mind and quick discernment - he was easy in his manners, courteous in his deportment, correct in his habits, and constant in his friendships. He enjoyed through life a great share of the public confidence and, although his early education was limited, his natural good sense and accurate observations enabled him to discharge several offices with which he was intrusted with credit to himself and benefit to the public." "As a sailor he speedily attained the highest rank in his profession, as a merchant he was circumspect and industrious, as a congressman he was firm and fearless, as a legislator he was honest and able; as a commander he was cool and courageous; as a judge dignified and impartial.

and as a member of many subordinate offices he was able and persevering." Could anyone desire higher praise than this? Although he is only our great-great-great uncle I must enjoy the pleasure of holding him up to you as an example of one you should all emulate - a superman - I feel sure he would have liked to be our great-great grandfather. He had only one little son, who is buried near him. I admire and respect him, and had real pleasure in mending his sarcophagus in the North cemetery. I thought he would much rather I should do it than the Sons of the Revolution, who proposed to do so.

During his youth, in his sea-going days, he brought back in his father's ships, negro slaves from the coast of Africa. Among them were Prince and Cuffy - princes in their own country. They lived at the foot of his garden on High Street - for at that time slaves were held in New Hampshire; and indeed the Constitution of the United States authorized their importation from Africa into this country until the year 1808, fifty years later.

"At the close of the year 1775 the people of New Hampshire assumed a form of government, consisting of a house of representatives and a council of twelve, the chief of which was the executive officer. Mr. Whipple was one of the council, on the 6th of January 1776, and on the 23rd of the same month, a delegate to the General Congress; he took his seat on the 29th of February following. He continued to be re-elected to that distinguished position during the



4-12

to have painted his portrait in the picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" at New Haven, is known to be in existence. You will find him on the left in the picture - number two. The picture at New Haven is the original - the one in the Capitol at Washington, a copy.

The funeral pin, or locket, made at the time of his death, is painted in sepia with his hair and that of his mother. It has on it the initials of our uncle Dr. Brackett and our Aunt Hannah (Whipple) Brackett. I came into possession of this pin through an antique dealer in Boston who sent it down to Portsmouth to me "on Approval," saying that "The owner would prefer to sell it to a member of the family." I bought it for an unreasonably large sum.

Our Brackett uncle and aunt had no children and after living in Greenland, Dr. Brackett bought a house on Islington Street. He was an eminent physician in Portsmouth and during the Revolution was judge of the maritime court of New Hampshire.

from Cutts Genealogy

17 Mary Whitehead by  
in Keith Spence 1780

94 <sup>Wm. 1772-1811</sup>  
sister of <sup>1772-1811</sup>  
in 1811 or 1816

00 Common name Cleary  
in many records 1840

4533  
Fanny C. McGee (1854)  
in A. C. Heffenger 1870

