

## Looking Them Over

We have been through the chain-letter epidemic (I am still waiting for riches to descend upon me through that channel); those belonging to a higher financial stratum have been through the chain-telegram business (at \$5 a throw); and now East Hampton is being swept by the chain-bridge party. Being without the requisite time to spend, or even the necessary 25 cents (since the chain-letter dollar is still at large) I am not taking part. But it has been going like wildfire through the village for the last couple of weeks, I understand.

The chain-letters promised to net each one of us \$1,024; the chain bridge, in which each person is pledged to play once and to get up one table of bridge, is supposed to net \$64 at the end of the series. What the \$5 telegrams would amount to is in the realm of high finance, and therefore beyond my powers of calculation; and nobody approached me, seriously, to take one. I did hear of one East Hampton woman, though, who actually did get \$1,024 from the letters.

Our cats have made themselves a penthouse. In other words, they have taken to the tall timber; very tall timber, at the top of our kitchen roof, the mother cat has made herself a cozy little apartment among some grapevines and nestling against the kitchen chimney. There she established her three kittens, after a season of unduly ardent attentions from our young people. And there they stay. It is very funny, to go out and call "Kitty! Kitty!" after supper every night, when we feed her, and to see her slithering down a pear tree from the roof, in much less time than it takes to tell about it.

The children were pushing the whole cat family about in a doll perambulator; that wasn't so bad, but our little dog resented all those attentions to a very ordinary litter of cats, quite without background. Johnny isn't ordinarily snooty about it; but he did come from a castle in England, and his pedigree goes back to the very beginnings of Cairn terriers, I suppose. One hot day he couldn't bear it any longer, and took just a little harmless nip at a cat being fondled by his little mistress. So—the mother moved!

One day a visiting little girl (more slender than ours and therefore a better climber) managed to get up on the roof and bring down the whole family. But the moment the children's backs were turned, mother cat carried them up again.

It was nice to hear, the other day, from Mrs. Agnes Ross, who is summing at Skibo, Clashmore, Sutherlandshire, Scotland; where her daughter, Miss Isabel Ross, and Miss Mary Emma Lester must be joining her very shortly. Mrs. Ross says, in part:

"I travelled by day coming north and felt well repaid for it. Such gorgeous country, mountains and flowers everywhere. We came over the Grampian Mountains."

"I am 280 miles from Glasgow; quite far north, in fact it is just 80 miles from here to John O'Groats, or in the north end of Scotland. We are going there while Isabel and Mary Emma Lester are here.

"Skibo Estate takes in 30 miles of very beautiful country—dozens of lovely paths and walks; little lochs and burns. Field after field of cows and sheep, grazing peacefully and tranquilly everywhere. I'm not forgetting our own lovely East Hampton. That, and Scotland, are the two most beautiful places I know.

"But we lack the contentment in East Hampton that they enjoy here and I feel the whole secret is that people here are more satisfied with the simpler things in life—enjoy such simple pleasures. So few here have a car, but they enjoy walking, or riding bicycles. Life goes on so smoothly."

We Americans are certainly a luxury-loving and luxury-expecting people. Just consider the food we have; for instance. There's almost nothing that isn't brought to our very doors. This summer it has been a pleasure to renew our acquaintance with the mango. Ten years ago, when I first tried one in the Philippines, mangoes were unheard-of in the New York markets. Now they are kept right here in East Hampton, coming from Florida probably. Of course, like any other fruit that is picked green and shipped, they're not quite like the tree-ripened variety.

We were relaxing on the beach at Amagansett for an hour, the other noon, and children were having a grand time playing all over the Lester Brothers' fishing boats. Two little jersey-boats, they are rigged up with a pulpit out in front, for swordfishing. What nerve, and what willingness for hard work, those men must have to go away offshore as they must to find swordfish, in those tiny boats!

On Sunday, we managed another blessed hour or two at the beach. I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. Two-Mile Hollow beach was just right—not crowded; no necessity for talking. To watch the children at play; then read a little in a fascinating book; then to lie in the sun and be lazy; ending up with a brisk splashing in the waves, was my idea of a perfect Sunday afternoon.

That fascinating book was Vincent Sheehan's "Personal History" which I expect many of you who can keep up with the new books at this time of year, better than I can, have already enjoyed. What a remarkable young man he was, to realize at 19, while he was still in college, that he knew nothing! That realization comes to most of us so late in life that we can do nothing in a receptive mood for whatever may come along.

"One of Ours."

## CAREER OF REV. SAMUEL BUELL HERE 1746-1798

(By Rev. E. E. Eells)

The Pastorate and Preaching of Rev. Samuel Buell, D. D., Pastor of the East Hampton Presbyterian Church, 1746 to 1798. Text I Cor. 2:2. Read Ch. 2.

Looking at the portrait of Dr. Buell that hangs in the Gardiner Memorial Room, that houses the Pennypacker Collection, one would never guess from the close set beady eyes, the sharp inquisitive nose, and the unimpressive chin, that here is a picture of the man of whom President Stiles of Yale once said: "This man has done more good than any man who stood on this continent." A contemporary biographer goes so far as to say, "It is probable that very few men, since the days of the Apostles have been instrumental of the conversion of so many souls as this honored servant of Christ." Another, possibly Whitfield, says: "Few have stood so long or been so eminently successful in the vineyard of the Lord."

Prime, the Long Island historian, says, "He was a remarkably judicious minister, and able divine, a vigilant pastor, and a most pungent and successful preacher of the blessed Gospel." Let us take time then to investigate the life and work of this remarkable man.

Samuel Buell, the son of a wealthy and respectable farmer, Peter Buell, was born September 1, 1716, in Coventry, Conn. His stepmother, his father's second wife, was Martha Huntington, who by her first husband, Noah Grant, was the great grandmother of General U. S. Grant. She came over to Buell's installation and died here. November 8, 1746.

At the age of 16, in 1733, he was converted, and two years later, after some struggles of the soul, he decided to serve God in the Ministry. Consequently he began preparations to enter Yale College, and matriculated in 1737, at the age of 20. During his college years he kept a most remarkable diary, which, however, was destroyed in the fire in Albany in 1911, and only a few extracts now remain for historians.

In Yale, his closest friend was David Brainerd. All the college was stirred by the Great Awakening, the preaching of James Davenport, George Whitfield, and Gilbert Tennant. The contest of ideas was really on the question, "Is anyone a Christian who has not been through the experience of Conversion?" The leaders of the Revival said "No, especially ministers who are unconverted are not Christians." The faculty of Yale was fast on the way to Ellsopallianism, and insisted that ordination in itself was what made a ministry valid. One student was expelled for attending a ser-

vice conducted by an unordained exhorter, Elisha Payne, and David Brainerd was suspended and refused his diploma for remarking about one of the faculty, "That man has no more religion than his chair." Davies and Burr both interceded for him, but he never graduated.

Buell was probably as profoundly stirred as Brainerd, but he restrained himself in criticizing the faculty and the ministry. I wonder however what he wrote in his diary when in May, 1741, he journeyed to East Hampton while yet a student to hear "Mr. Burr and Mr. Davenport preach." This was the occasion on which you will remember a large number of the congregation were persuaded to separate themselves from the ministry and preaching of Rev. Nathaniel Huntington.

In September, 1741, Samuel Buell graduated from Yale with the degree of M. A., and due to the "great demand for preachers," caused by the Great Revival, he was licensed in October by the New Haven Association, though he had originally planned to study some years, in the customary way, under Johnathan Edwards. In partial fulfillment of that plan he journeyed from New Haven to Northampton, preaching on the way. Johnathan Edwards was absent at the time Buell reached his parish, February, 1741, but it was arranged that he should preach during Edwards' absence.

Buell's preaching at this time must have been powerfully effective for it was much later that he wrote in his diary of one of his sermons:

"The first time I ever preached to an assembly, where tears of affection under the words were not to be seen; and almost the first, when the Lord was not manifestly present with the people."

He preached all through New England, and in Boston, and in 1743 was ordained, by an ecclesiastical Council as an Evangelist. He asserts that he preached over one thousand times in this period of his ministry, and it is recorded that he was always welcome in other minister's parishes because he always made himself "cheerfully subject to the will of the pastors in whose congregations he labored."

The Great Revival spread southward, and it was not strange that after itinerating through New England Samuel Buell should start on a journey to Virginia. He got as far as Newark and there Dr. Burr put before him the situation in East Hampton. Nathaniel Huntington was ready to lay down the work. Abraham Meade, a graduate of Yale, who had studied under Huntington with the expectation of following him, had died. James Davenport had disrupted the congregation and caused many to separate from Mr. Huntington's Ministry. These separatists had sent a messenger to David Brainerd and a Council had been called, but they found so formidable an opposition, that they did not feel justified

in proceeding to the ordination." Mr. Burr had then promised the people to furnish them "a minister who should be acceptable." All this he laid before Samuel Buell, and urged him to "direct his course to East Hampton," and gave him a letter of introduction. It is recorded that he preached here a few sabbaths and then was given a unanimous call. He was installed on the 19th of September, 1746, Johnathan Edwards preaching the ordination (properly Installation). Sermon, which was subsequently printed in Vol. 8 of Edwards' complete works.

Let ministers who accept a call to a divided parish consider how Buell fared here. Some of the tactful efforts he put forth would be as useful in a similar situation today, even if they did not lead to a pastorate of 51 years.

Buell was careful to honor the former pastor. He realized his own lack of theological training and took special pains to put himself in debt to the scholarship of Nathaniel Huntington, and to use his extensive library.

He began the preparation of a Commentary on the Prophets, which after 15 years of labor was ready for the press, but never published. In this way he won the support of the substantial families who had supported Mr. Huntington.

Buell dealt directly with the problem of the separation of the followers of Davenport. He carried out the action of the Presbytery in this matter when on April 4th, 1750, it was

"1. Voted that the Adult Christian inhabitants of East Hampton that separated from the ministry of Mr. Huntington, acted contrary to the order of the Gospel and ought to make proper reflections on their conduct" and

"2. Judge it proper that they should make a confession of their misconduct in manner following:

"I acknowledge that my separation from the Rev. Mr. Huntington's ministry, and speaking reproachfully of him in times of great difficulty and ignorance of church government, though a season of divine influences, was contrary to the order of the Gospel and the rules of discipline in Christ's visible church; and such divisive principles, as were the spring of my separation, I now renounce with sorrow, desiring forgiveness of all I have offended, and resolve, by divine assistance, upon a regular course for the time to come."

Buell publicly asked those that subscribed to this apology to stand in the church. It speaks volumes of his influence that they did so, three years after he became pastor and nine years after the separation had occurred.

The support of the Presbytery of Long Island was apparent in this matter. Buell had persuaded the church to formally give its adherence to the re-organized Presbytery on Long Island the year after he was installed, 1747. It had been independently Presbyterian before and was little more during Buell's pastorate, for as Lyman Beecher reports, Dr. Buell never elected an elder, or kept any Sessional Records, preferring to manage the church himself.

Buell's tact was apparent in that he never counted the 41 converts of Davenport who joined when he was installed as the fruit of his ministry, nor did he ever allude to Davenport or Whitfield as being instrumental in their conversion. He kept marvelously silent about the whole matter. In addition he did not begin to make an effort for a revival in East Hampton, though he was an experienced evangelist. He did not call from house to house. President Davis, of Hamilton College, says "Though social and hospitable in his feelings and courteous and affable in his manners, he seldom visited his people, and had but little personal intercourse with them. In his study however, he always welcomed those who wished for religious instruction; and in cases of sickness, he was ever at hand to administer needed counsel and consolation."

Whatever other means was used to unite this church all were greatly successful for in 1792 Dr. Buell could say, "There is not a separate, a sectarian, or anyone of a different denomination from us in the boundaries of the town."

Scientists have recently discovered that the Arctic Circle is virtually free from thunderstorms and what a help that is.

Doctors agree that the first thing necessary to treat a woman heat victim is to remove her fur neckpiece.

## ALMANAC



"He who has no money in his purse must have honey in his mouth."

-  9—Argentina declares independence of Spain, 1816.
-  10—F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley), great humorist, born 1867.
-  11—German sub Deutschland visits Baltimore, 1916.
-  12—First ice cream sodas are made, Philadelphia, 1874.
-  13—Great anti-draft riots in New York City, 1863.
-  14—Horse thief is whipped in public, Rhode Island, 1837.
-  15—Bradley pitches baseball's first no-hit game, 1876.

## THE STAR

is on sale at the following places:

- East Hampton: East Hampton News Co. James Marley's
- Amagansett: Royal Luther's
- Montauk: White's at Montauk
- Southampton: Holden's Stationery Shop



## Looking Them Over

Two very peaceful pastimes will never lose their appeal for me; one is rummaging in old attics, the other browsing in old scrap books.

There aren't many really good attics left around here. Nearly every old house has been cleared out at one time or another for "summer boarders," or to rent; there are few real glory-holes for the curious to poke into today.

But every so often an old scrap book will come into my hands, loaned by someone who knows what pleasure it will give me; and they are almost as good as attics. Mrs. C. E. C. Homan has loaned me a fine specimen, kept originally by her father-in-law, Egbert V. Homan, who drove the mail stage between Brooklyn ferry and East Hampton for many years, beginning in 1832.

In between poems, (mostly "odes,") jokes, obituaries, and recipes for everything from a cure for the bite of a mad dog, to taking fruit stains out of your dress after a blackberrying expedition, it gave me quite a thrill to find a notice of my grandparents' wedding, as if it were yesterday; and to read a long piece out of one of the very early numbers of The Star, about the Hedges silversmith shop.

The writer (signing himself B. H. H.) strolled down Main street (why do we always say "down street" when we are going north, and "up" when we go south, toward the beach?) past Town Pond, Mill Hill, and Colonel Miller's (now Mrs. James Harper Poor's) where he said, there was an old-fashioned sundial, in his boyhood. He described Buell's lane as probably the most picturesque spot in the village—a real old English lane—overhung with immense willows. "On the corner stood the old Dr. Buell house, occupied by the late Charles Osborne, then but lately married, (now Mrs. Theodore Weston's summer home.) Then comes Col. Hedges' house (now Mrs. Charles Halstead Mapes') and the little shop close on the line of the street between the dwelling and the Academy yard, where he worked in silver-smithing. This little building, now standing well back from the street embowered in greenery of the most inviting luxuriousness when I last saw it, is replete with memories of my boyhood."

The writer goes on to tell of happy boyhood hours when he would go over from the Academy and sit listening to wise talk from the silversmith.

That pleases me, too, for out of that silversmith's shop was built a part of this little house we call home; this office and a part of our living room were once Col. Hedges' workshop.

Which reminds me, that a faithful Star reader has promised us an article on old East Hampton silver and silversmiths; a fascinating subject.

Imagine! Egbert Homan, who kept that scrap book, used to go to the New York Post Office, carrying all the mail for Long Island from there on his arm to Brooklyn; then he would drive down the Island, (which was nearly as dangerous as the Wild Western mail coach routes were said to be; he had to carry arms and sometimes to use them.) As the Long Island railroad progressed down the Island, his trip was shortened; until finally, when the train came as far as Sag Harbor, he retired, and Jerry Baker of Amagansett, began his daily stage route over there, which I can just remember in its last days. When Egbert Homan was a young partner in the mail stage company, Long Islanders took no daily papers; nearly everybody was satisfied with the weekly Long Island Star, and the New York Observer.

"The late Charles Osborne, then but lately married," was the father of Charles W. Osborne, president of the

Osborne Trust Company, who will celebrate his 96th birthday next month, and whom I have had the pleasure of meeting at several parties this summer.

Mr. Osborne, with his panoramic memory of East Hampton, must find it very interesting to motor through the lanes in our summer colony, (which was farm land, almost treeless, reached by bars across what is now Ocean avenue, and was Calif Pasture lane in his boyhood.) Hardly any time ago at all, people thought it impossible to grow trees and flowers up there so near the salt ocean breezes; Mrs. Theron G. Strong, who had one of the earliest gardens in that neighborhood, said that she was met by all sorts of discouraging predictions when she started making a garden. And now there are lovely gardens on every hand.

A quite new and very lovely garden up there quite close to the sea is Mrs. George L. McAlpin's. Mrs. McAlpin has shut out the sea breeze by walls; when the wind is not strong, there are blue doors that open and frame vistas of billowing green fields, and sea and sky. One walled garden is an outdoor living room, with a broad porch as a part of it; this is all blue and white. Through a rose-twined archway is another walled garden; this one all roses, strong, riotously blooming roses in glorious colors all over the walls; and still another garden has tall willows for a background and a windbreak.

Mrs. George White Baxter's garden at "Cherokee Cottage" has a great deal of green for coolness and peace; and a lovely St. Francis of Assisi, where the birds gather. There is an orchard, with crab apples, and graceful pear trees.

Why don't more people grow fruit trees, for their year-round beauty, as well as for the family table? No proper old-fashioned place was without its orchard.

Of course, professional growers grow fruit best; and like vegetables, it's really cheaper to buy than to grow; but if one has a bit of land and a bit of time, fruit trees are a joy.

The one bright spot in "Esquire" for August (you can have the rest of that expensive and probably very clever magazine, and welcome) is an article by Ray Wilcox of Tenafly, N. J., and East Hampton, about a beautiful ship model that he has just finished. It took five years to build 44 inches of ship, but, says the sub-title, "What is time to the hobbyist?"

A colored photograph of the model, which is of the French man of war, "Le Protecteur," 1775, accompanies the article. The Star, I believe, is running a picture of the ship in this issue.

Mr. Wilcox, who is a well known artist, with another well known artist for a wife, and a daughter who is still another, tells just how the ship-model building hobby seized upon him, and how he built this particular one.

For the last week or two I have wished that the custom of the afternoon siesta, usual in tropical countries, obtained here. Between the luncheon hour and tea-time, it was the gravest social error, out in Manila, where I once spent several interesting months, to call on anyone, or even to call anyone to the telephone. Not that I managed many siestas, having a fairly arduous newspaper job; but it was nice to know that most people were resting. Here at home, when you feel hot and washed up, it gives you a very guilty feeling to lie down in the daytime anywhere but at the beach. Everyone's so energetic!

"One of Ours."

if by that means I may become more "meet for my Master's use," and more beneficial to you in my ministry, and if from my own experience of the divine consolations, I may be able to comfort you in every trouble, by the comfort wherewith I myself have been comforted of God. May the Lord direct, assist, and accept you in your prayers for me! and may he sanctify this stroke of his hand, and others of the like kind, from time to time, to build the church of Jesus Christ."

The sister of Jerusha Buell, Mary, married Rev. Aaron Woolworth, pastor of the Bridgehampton Church. Their first child, Samuel Buell Woolworth, died in infancy and Dr. Buell preached a beautiful sermon for this grandchild, and it was a second son, given the same name, Samuel Buell Woolworth, who became secretary of the Board of Regents, and "practically superintendent of the academies and colleges of the State." In our day the name is immortalized by the familiar five and ten cent stores.

It was on the occasion of the ordination of his son-in-law, Aaron Woolworth, that Dr. Buell put into a sermon the meat of his training course for theological students, of which students there were a great number, including Samson Occom, John Ledyard, John Darbe, John Davenport, and many others. This ordination sermon, preached without preparation, when Buell was impressed into the pulpit by the Presbytery, due to the absence of Rev. Levi Hart of Preston, Conn., could be used as a text-book on preaching in any modern Theological Seminary.

"Our furniture for our work," said he, "by gifts and graces our commission, our aids, and assistances, by the personal aid of the Father, Son, and Spirit, all conspire to lay us under infinite obligation primarily to seek their glory in the profession of our work."

This was not the first occasion when Dr. Buell spoke at an ordination service, in the place of the man who had originally been invited. At Samson Occom's ordination, it was expected that Eleazer Wheelock, Occom's sponsor who founded Dartmouth College on money raised by Occom, would speak, but he disappointed the Presbytery,

through pique that Occom was not ordained as a Congregationalist. Buell was one of Wheelock's supporters in the establishment of the schemes for raising funds for an Indian School, but like Nathaniel Eells of Stonington, Conn., he felt that Occom was not fairly used after he had been abroad two years, at the neglect of his family, raising funds in England.

Buell's intimacy with New England Congregational pastors, led the Synod to appoint him on a commission, 1766, to meet with a commission of the Congregational Association of Connecticut. The Congregational Commission included such men as Nathaniel Eells, and Edward Eells.

The first meeting was in Elizabeth N. J., 1776. The plan of union adopted as a consequence was "very simple" and was continued on to the Revolutionary War, in which the leaders came in a large part from these two denominations which from the first espoused the cause of independence. Buell's position in this union was strategic, and it enhanced his already growing reputation.

Public notice was taken of Samuel Buell when there occurred in East Hampton an outstanding revival of religion of which he told in "A Faithful Narrative of the Revival of Religion in the Congregation of East Hampton on Long Island, in the year of our Lord, 1764; with some reflections." This was originally printed in Coventry, England, under the title, "An account of the late success of the Gospel in the province of New York, North America," and the advertisement; possibly written by Whitfield, said, "The Rev. Mr. Buel, the honored instrument Whitfield, said, 'The Rev. Mr. Buel, in beginning this work is remarkable for his serious and pious temper and for plainness and fidelity in discharging his ministerial office, but he is not distinguished by popular abilities or the striking arts of address. The heavenly treasure is put into earthen vessels, and sometimes into frail and feeble ones; that the excellence of the power may more abundantly appear to be of God, and not of men.'"

This revival began with over a hundred people coming at one time to Buell's home and praying for hours. They stayed all day long in the church, for days at a time, and many were truly converted, 91 joining the church at one service. Buell says, "Among the rest there is a Jew, that I have reason to hope is a true believer in the Messiah, whom he always, till within a few days, despised. The dispensations of God towards him are amazing. Some of our justices, the great men in Town, bow before this work." In a letter to Rev. Johnathan Barber of Groton, Conn., he says, "Afternoon and evening we remained in the house of God until 9 o'clock. There were upwards of a thousand persons present and all impressed; pews, alleys, stairs, seats, contained distressed souls." Nathaniel Hazard came down from New York to observe and wrote of what he saw to Bellamy. The Rev. John Murray, "afterwards of Newburyport, and then recently arrived from Scotland, wrote of what he saw on a visit at the same time, to Moorhead of Boston."

From this time on East Hampton became a mecca for visiting clergymen, so that one writer says, "Few ministers of his day were visited by so many of his brethren from abroad." Buell was honored by invitations to preach extensively, and given the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, by Dartmouth, in 1791.

It was doubtless Clinton's suggestion made in a message to the assembly that led Buell to think of setting about the organization of an academy in East Hampton. However he was "always forming and propagating some grand purpose," and he was consistently a friend of the young people. His New Year sermon to the young people published January 20, 1775, is really a bit of blank verse, of marvelous beauty. Due to these interests he associated with himself the ministers of all Long Island and so founded Clinton Academy the first chartered Academy in the State of New York.

Dr. Buell concerned himself with the location, the design, the construction; the engagement of the faculty, and with every detail of the Academy, even to the installation of the bell, a gift from Governor Clinton, from the bells returned to New York, by the Federal Government, which in the days of the Revolution had confiscated all bells and taken them to Carlisle, Pa., to be melted up into cannon. The Academy was Buell's monument, and the famous men on its faculty, Wm. Payne, Jabez Peck, and Asa Hilyer, worked under his direction. It is a monument too to the converted Jew, Aaron Isaacs, who was one of the financial supporters of Dr. Buell in his "grand purpose," and to the people of East Hampton and Long Island who gave their aid. When the Academy opened there was not room enough in the homes to board all the pupils who applied for admission. The town profited greatly in the money that was spent by the boarding students.

With his rejoicing in its completion came the sadness of his bereavement in the death of his son, Samuel Buell Jr., on which occasion he preached another of his revealing sermons. The death of his second wife, Mary daughter of Elisha Mulford made 13 occasions in which he buried some member of his own family. He began to speak of himself as "a candle long since lighted up, and kept burning till it is burnt down into the socket."

On his 80th birthday he rode 14 miles, (probably to Montauk) preached and returned home, and in 1798, after being out of his pulpit but one Sunday, died. He left his third wife, Mary, daughter of Jeremiah Miller, to survive him for 40 years, while only two of his children outlived him.

His memory lives on today. His motto, "Usefulness is life," lives on in this community, and his life text lives on in this church, "To know Christ, and him crucified." May it ever be our inspiration.

Three men indicted on a charge of selling the navy inferior grade of wiping rags. That's a serious offense; suppose there was an epidemic of colds aboard.

## CAREER OF REV. SAMUEL BUELL HERE 1746-1798

(By Rev. E. E. Eells)

(Continued from last week)

Dr. Buell's marriage in 1745 was a great help to him. His first wife was Jerusha Meacham of Coventry, Conn., the daughter of his pastor, Joseph Meacham. The marriage of student ministers with minister's daughters was common, due to the method of preparation for the ministry by living in the home of some minister while at study. In Dr. Buell's case however, he must have known his wife since boyhood. Her mother was Esther Williams, whose little sister Jerusha was killed in the Indian Massacre of Deerfield, when she and her father, mother, brother, and surviving sister were carried away captive to Canada. Esther Williams' mother was Eunice Mather, the granddaughter of Richard Mather, of the Dorchester Church, which became the "Church of the Wilderness," at Windsor, Conn. She died while being carried through the wilderness to Canada. Jerusha Buell's daughter Jerusha, carried on the name of the sister killed in the Deerfield massacre, and by her marriage, first to David Gardiner, and second to Isaac Conkling connects Dr. Buell as an ancestor of the Gardner's of Gardner's Island, and the Conklings of political fame.

In this connection some mention should be made of her father's sermon, preached on the occasion of Jerusha Buell's death, February 24th, 1782. On this occasion Dr. Buell noted, "I have buried by first consort; her six children, one grand-child, 11 members of my family and near 900 of my people." However there was nothing morbid about this beautiful sermon, on the contrary it closed with this glowing prayer, "May I be enabled to exercise and exhibit to your vision a bright pattern of all evangelical graces; and be quickened to go on in the Lord's work with greater zeal, vigor, fidelity, and active diligence, willing to suffer