

**A MEMORIAL OF  
MRS. MARY  
K. LOWRIE**

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A Memorial of Mrs. Mary K. Lowrie by J. D. Wells & J. K. Wight

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**J. D. WELLS & J. K. WIGHT**

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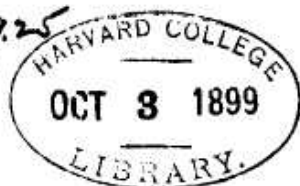


A  
MEMORIAL  
OF  
MRS. MARY K. LOWRIE.

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*John F. Johnson*  
1899

#### NOTE.

THE original thought of this Memorial was simply to give some account of the last days of Mrs. Lowrie, for the satisfaction of her numerous friends to whom it was impossible to write individually. At the earnest desire of many of these, the plan was extended to embrace a brief sketch of her life. It is but a sketch, in which, of necessity, much has been omitted that would have been of interest in reference both to herself and to those with whom, at different times, she was associated.

## MEMORIAL.

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AT the foot of the mountain range that forms the eastern boundary of the valley of the Connecticut, as this most beautiful of the rivers of New England flows through the southern part of Massachusetts, lies the town of Wilbraham, originally a part of Springfield. The place itself with its one broad street, its substantial dwellings, its plain but not unattractive churches, its school-houses, and its broad farms, is a not unfavorable representative of the many villages scattered all over New England, and which so impress and delight the traveller. From the mountain that rises on the east of the town, one of the most beautiful panoramic views of the Connecticut Valley is obtained. For miles west and north and south stretches a scene of wonderful beauty and loveliness.

Here, on the 10th of March, 1813, the subject of this Memorial was born. It was the home of her maternal ancestors. While she was yet an infant, her parents—JOSHUA and SUSAN KING CHILDS—removed to Springfield, where she resided until her nineteenth year.

It is difficult to describe her character, in strictest truth, without an appearance of exaggeration. With a mind that easily acquired and retained knowledge, and with a marked and decided individuality even in childhood, a leading characteristic of her early as of her later years was the exceeding loveliness of her disposition. Connected with this was the cheerful fidelity with which she met and fulfilled, at any sacrifice, the duties of every relation. As a child, a sister, a pupil, a friend, it is believed she was as blameless as it has ever been given one to be.

Nothing could exceed her filial tenderness; and the home that her infancy gladdened, her maturer life never failed to bless. As a sister, she was from childhood to her death the object of a love, a confidence, and a reverence as strong as they were spontaneous and irresistible. Her wish was law, because it was always the wish of wisdom and of love.



Mary was early the subject of religious influences. Parental faith and prayer and instruction were combined with an example whose power could not fail to be recognized and felt by all who came under it. It was not far from the time when the churches of Massachusetts had been shaken by the Unitarian controversy. Her mother had united with the First Congregational Church of Springfield, the former pastor of which had embraced the Unitarian views. The pastor at this time was the Rev. Samuel Osgood, through whose instrumentality, under God, the Church was saved to the evangelical faith. With this Church Mary united in May, 1827, when she was a little more than fourteen years of age. To the Church, as well as to its beloved pastor, she ever retained a strong attachment.

Her studies were carried on with such advantages of public and private schools as the place then afforded. At fifteen years of age she opened a small private school of her own, which she conducted with such success as to attract at once attention to her qualifications as an instructor, and she was soon engaged in a wider sphere. At eighteen she received an invitation to a position in a private school for young ladies in the city of Washington, D.C. This invitation she

accepted; and it decided, in the providence of God, her whole future history.

In Washington she first met him with whose life and labors her own were soon to be merged. Mr. Lowrie was at that time the Secretary of the Senate of the United States. They were married by her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Osgood, in Springfield, Massachusetts, on the 3d of October, 1833.

#### LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Her position and duties were now changed, but they effected no change in her character. The same quiet self-possession and dignity, with unaffected simplicity, gentleness, and joyous love, marked her life whether she moved in the circles of Washington, then brilliant with the intellect of Webster and Clay and Calhoun, or wandered, as she loved to do in her seasons of rest, with the friends of her childhood over the fields and mountains of her native place.

The object of this Memorial — designed only for personal friends — will more than justify here the testimony of one who from this period sustained to Mrs. Lowrie a relation of the most tender mutual affection; an affection strengthened

by every passing year, and never stronger than when its offices were for a season arrested by death :

“My first impressions of my dear mother, formed when I was a boy ten years old, are most pleasant. Although many years have elapsed since that time, I still see her bright and sunny face, as she greeted my younger brother and myself in our new house in C Street, Washington City. Her gentle manners and kindly care, her ready sympathy with our little griefs and joys, won our hearts. I loved her then because she made my early years happy ; and through all the intercourse of school, college, and home life, I cannot recall one unkind look or word on her part. She was in every sense of the word to me a mother. I yet feel her sweet good-night, her kindly morning welcome. I never can forget her faithful Sabbath talks, and her persevering work in instilling ‘ line upon line, precept upon precept,’ of whatever of truth and love of integrity and purity, can be imparted by motherly solicitude into the wayward heart of a boy. Thirty-six years of unselfish love ! How pleasant the memory of her tender regard for me even in my faults ! How lively her solicitude that I should be happy and good ! How lovingly she rejoiced in my joys, and sympathized with my cares and sorrows !

“For some months my brother and myself recited daily lessons to her, and she proved herself to be an apt and faithful teacher. She had a form of rewards — her own beautiful handiwork — which we prized beyond measure. These pleasant hours of home in-