

Name	Birth/Death	Age	Range/Site
Tudor, Mrs. Delia	d. 18 Sep 1843 ** <i>Removed to Massachusetts, December 4, 1861</i> **	91 yrs.	R41/92 ®

Tudor. In this city on 6 o'clock on Sunday morning last in the 92nd year of her age, Madam Delia Tudor, widow of Hon. William Tudor of Revolutionary memory. Her funeral will take place from her late residence at 11 o'clock this day at which the friends of the deceased and those of her daughter (Mrs. Comm. Stewart) are invited to attend.

The National Intelligencer, Saturday, September 23, 1843

Madam Delia Tudor, whose decease, in this city, in the 92d year of her age, has been very recently announced, was in many respects too remarkable and distinguished a person to be allowed to pass away from among the living without some further tribute to the merits of her life and character.

She was the Widow, as has been already noticed, of the Hon. William Tudor, who was, at the early age of twenty-four years, appointed by Congress to be the first Judge Advocate General of the Army, in which he afterwards held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. She was the Mother of Hon. William Tudor, whose name is endeared to his friends by the memory of his virtues, and to his country by his public services and by the literary works which he left. It was with the expectation, unhappily never realized, of being joined here by her distinguished son, that she came to reside in this city; where, after he was called to his Maker from the service of his country in a foreign land, she continued to reside from choice.

A contemporary of that eventful period in her country's history which called forth in man and woman all the noblest traits of character, she imbibed, in her youth, from the sources which surrounded her, a loftiness of sentiment, free from the slightest tinge of frivolity. Possessing Charity in its most extended sense, with an entire abnegation of self, and living only to bless others, she was elevated by Religious sentiment and conviction above all the vainagitations and illusions of this world.

In the character of Wife and Mother no language could exaggerate the tenderness of her attachments of her devotion to her domestic duties.

In early life she was the center of the most intellectual and brilliant society, native and foreign, of which a refined taste, discoverable in every thing she said, made her the ornament and the pride. Not in the memory of her surviving friends only, but in the pages of a Segur, Chastellux, and other writers of that day, her name is found associated with the most honorable and gratifying marks of respect and admiration.

She was by Nature endowed with talents of a high order; and many effusions of her pen became known from time to time beyond the immediate circle of her admiring friends. To the day of her death she continued the frequent exercise of her pen, of which a charming illustration may be found in the Lines elicited by the Commemoration of the 17th of June last at Bunker Hill, and was published in the National Intelligencer of June 26; in which, after alluding to the memorable scenes of the Revolution, (to which she had been personally a witness,) with a rapid glance; from the landing of the persecuted Pilgrims on these shores, to the present aspect and condition of this country, she gratefully and beautifully exults that now

"Rich culture springs where tangled forests grew,
"And children's children in succession rise
"To bless the barque that gained these distant skies."

It was on the occasion of receiving from her own hand a Letter enclosing a copy of these Lines that the following touching reply was addressed to Mrs. Tudor by the distinguished President of Harvard University, and arrived at its destination in time to be read to and comprehended by her:

Madam Tudor:

I cannot sufficiently regret the delay which has occurred in acknowledging your surprising letter of the 21st of July last. But it reached Cambridge just after I had set out on a journey to Quebec, and was not brought to my notice until a day or two since. Be assured, Madam, no greater surprise could have occurred to me than to receive a letter from the widowed lady of my beloved and venerated legal master., whom I remember in the brightness of her early beauty more than fifty years ago, then a favorite of the muses, and competing with the poets of that day for some of the occasional honors which were publicly proffered for their exertions. To receive from this lady, who "remembered me in tunics," the lines which she had the kindness to enclose, evidencing that the fire of fancy yet burnt warm and bright amid the snows of nearly the ninetieth winter--how wonderful! how delightful to find her publicly and justly acknowledged" venerable for every quality that attracts respect!" Yes, Madam, I am indeed delighted with such an evidence of the continuance not only of your health but of your mental powers; and that Heaven, who distinguished you so greatly among your contemporaries in early life, has continued to bless you with a constant supply of intellectual power, at a period when usually "the golden bowl is broken" and the "daughters of music are brought low." Long, Madam, may they be your companions! Long may you continue to enjoy their smiles and their favor! I

have, Madam, a vivid recollection of the scenes to which your letter alludes--the intercourse my mother enjoyed with you, and which she so much valued--the kindness with which I was for so many years received in your family--the polished and affectionate greetings of your respected husband; and the pleasures I have so often partook with and in your domestic circle.

Your letter, Madam, has communicated a delight, in some respects tinged with sadness, by recalling scenes long buried amid the lost things of far distant years.

May the best of Heaven's blessings continue to be yours!

Most truly and respectfully, your humble servant,

Josiah Quincy

Cambridge, September 13, 1843.

So exempt did Mrs. T. remain from physical infirmities; so vivid did her imagination and feelings continue; so cheerfully did she yet sympathize in the pursuits of the youngest and happiest, her playful and original wit still beaming in everything she said, that her friends around her felt no alarm, but vainly hoped that in every thing she would be an exception to the general laws of Nature. Unprepared for the event, it need not be added that the decease of this most estimable lady has plunged in the deepest affliction her descendants, immediate and remote; and especially that beloved Daughter (Mrs. Comm. Stewart) whose life and affections have been for many years so closely entwined around the existence of her Mother, that the severance of the connection must have been attended by pain to the survivor which nothing but a consciousness of ever faithful discharge of filial duty can assuage or alleviate.

The National Intelligencer, June 26, 1843

The Day of Bunker Hill

The Lady who has favored us with the following Lines suggested by the Celebration of the seventeenth instant, when a young girl, saw the British troops pass on to the engagement at Bunker Hill, and witnessed also the return, in a short space of time, of very many of them borne on litters. Venerable though now in years, as she is for every other quality that attracts respect, it is not surprising that the completion of the Monument in memory of that day should recall the thrilling scenes she witnessed, and wake up the train of thought which dictated these lines:

Ecclesiastes, Chapter first, verse ninth
Had it been thine, great King! on earth to stay,
And note the dawns of this peerless day,
To future years those words would not resound--
That "nothing new beneath the sun is found."

Mute as in Heaven, no party strife takes place,
Though adverse thousands crowd those names to trace
Who on this hallowed spot, in martial pride,
Fought for their country--conquered, bled, and died!
On Freedom's sons devolve the vast domain,
Who unimpaired the sacred trust sustain.

Wilds that no mortla footstep then had pressed--
A house, invites the sufferer--the oppressed.
No rigid rules depress his daiy toil:
Lord of himself, fond of the cultured soil,
A happy future opens to his view
Rich culture springs where tangled forests grew,
And children's children in succession rise
To bless the barque that gained these distant skies.

Mother of Henry J. Tudor and Mrs. Comm. Stewart.

Will of Delia Tudor, former of Boston, now of Washington (dtd. Oct. 17, 1839, probated Nov. 1, 1843; Book 5, pp. 340-342; O.S. 2434; Box 16)

To daughter Emma Jane Gardiner, wife of Robert Hallowell Gardiner, all lots commonly called "lottery lands" situate in State of Maine, now under the care of Robert Hallowell Gardiner.

To Thomas Sewall, Charles S. Stewart and Henry D. Gilpin, all messuages, lands and tenements, wheresoever situated (except that above); all mortgages or other securities in real estate; all shares of capital stock of the Bank of Metropolis, City of Washington; other stock; household furniture, plate, pictures, engravings, busts, books, drawers with their contents, all other articles of property in the dwelling house now

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<p>occupied by me on I St. north in City of Washington; in trust for use of daughter Delia Tudor Stewart, wife of Commodore Charles Stewart, U.S Navy. Exprs.: Dr. Thomas Sewell, of Washington; Rev. Charles S. Stewart, a chapain in the U.S. Navy; Henry D. Gilpin, solicitor of the U.S. Treasury Wits.: James Laurie; Elizabeth B. Laurie; Shepherd Laurie</p>			