

world. It was one of the Mosaic laws they thought, that Christ never abrogated. There were no better authorities to quote in courts than those in the bible. These are now nominally admitted by rulers to be right, but every one interprets them to suit himself and serve his purpose. We are not so honest, candid and downright as those good pilgrims were, because they were selected from the choicest souls of their age and country; and we are a heterogeneous mass of good, bad and indifferent, all together.

Gov. Thomas Dudley's residence at Roxbury, now within the limits of Boston by being annexed to that city, was located nearly opposite the house of Rev. John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. Mr. Eliot lived in the rear of Guild Hall, that is, the building now so called. There was a brook between the two houses. The Dudley mansion was taken down in 1775, and a fort erected on the site, which is now occupied by the Universalist Church. The remains of Mr. Dudley's well are under the church. His tomb in which many of the family have since been buried, including Gov. Joseph, Chief Justice Paul and Col. Wm. Dudley, is yet to be seen in the graveyard nearest the church.

"The East Burial Ground" is the name the graveyard bears. The name "Dudley" is cut in a marble tablet on the old sandstone slab, which rests upon brick-work. Many of the descendants of Thomas Dudley, the pilgrim, and Gov. Joseph, his son, live in Roxbury, Boston, Cambridge and all the neighboring towns.

His first wife Dorothy, who was the "gentlewoman of good family and estate," as Mather says, from Northampton County, England, died of wind colic, Dec. 27, 1643, and was buried at Roxbury, in the family tomb. It is the strangest thing in the world, that her family name and pedigree have not been preserved. Many biographers, like Cotton Mather, seem to have thought it sufficient to say of a wife, "she was a Smith," or "his wife was a good and industrious woman by the name of Betsey."

This is exceedingly provoking to most readers and nearly all the descendants. Her daughter, Madam Anne Bradstreet, left manuscript poems and prayers and proverbs, but not a hint of who her mother or either of her grandmothers was; and no living person knows so much as the given name of any one of them except this "Dorothy." So we must make the most of this. It is a pretty name, which is called "Dolly," or used to be, by lovers and poets. She was 61 years of age, and had five children, one son and four daughters, all of whom married and had children before their mother died.