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CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS

IN

Genealogical Investigations,

ILLUSTRATED IN THE

CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL CHAUNCEY.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
IN BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1876,

BY WILLIAM CHAUNCEY FOWLER, LL.D.



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GENEALOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS.

THERE is a certain affection in the human soul so distinct in its operation, that the Greeks gave it a distinct name, *στοργή*. It is the affection that men feel for kindred, for those of the same blood. It is not friendship merely. It is not an affection for our acquaintance, for our kith, but an affection which we feel for our kin, for those who have descended from the same ancestor as ourselves, in whose veins courses the same blood as in our own. It is the affection which binds together the members of a family when under the same roof-tree, and, also afterwards, as by a wider clasp, when they are separated. It binds the child of wedded love to its parents, as if it were a part of themselves; and, in turn, it binds the parents to the child, by its hallowed influence, as if they were deities to be worshipped.

Nor is it confined in its exercise to families of the same household, but it holds, in its tender embrace, all who are related by a common descent, or who belong to the same clan, however remote in consanguinity, and however distant in space. The lines of Goldsmith describe its power,

“Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.”

Nor is this affection confined in its exercise to the

living. It extends to a buried father, to a buried mother, to ancestors more remote through many generations, who have been sleeping in their graves for centuries.

He whose creating fingers placed this affection in the human soul, knew its strength as a bond of union. When, therefore, he would establish a chosen nation in the presence of the world, he causes all of that nation to derive their origin from a common ancestor. And the name which he gave to that nation, "children of Israel," would serve as a constant memento of their common relationship to their common ancestor, Israel, and their relation to one another, as brethren. And as he would establish, not a consolidated, but a confederated government, he keeps before each tribe, as a member of the confederacy, the name of its original head, the twelve tribes being derived from the twelve sons of Jacob.

I am now prepared to affirm, that this affection for kindred is the efficient cause of genealogical investigations, inasmuch as every affection seeks for its appropriate object. Thirty years since or more, a popular novelist, Captain Marryat, built an interesting story on this affection as existing in the breast of a young man seeking for his father. The filial affection in the breast of the son was so strong, that, in the belief that his father was living, though he had never seen him, he was willing to go the world over, in search of him. And this he did until he found him. This story, true to nature, beautifully illustrates that yearning which affectionate hearts feel towards their kindred who are sleeping in the dust, and over whose memory oblivion is casting its mantle.

It is true that there are those who have very little affection for their kindred, whether parental, filial or fraternal. Such men will not be apt to enter upon genealogical investigations, or to achieve much if they do so. Some of them might adopt the words of the old song, —

“Of all my Father’s family I like myself the best,
And if I am provided for, the Deil may take the rest,”

whether living or dead.

The love of kindred then is the FIRST condition of success in genealogical investigations.

The SECOND condition of success is a love for the investigations. By this I mean, not a love merely for the end gained, but also for the means employed. The hunter pursues the game, not always because it is valuable, but because he loves the pursuit. He will sometimes give away, or throw away, what he has obtained in the chase, though he would not willingly forego the pleasure of obtaining it; even if the chase should lead him through woodlands and brambles and morasses and mire, until he is weary. The true genealogist pursues his objects as eagerly as does the keen sportsman his, when “the game’s afoot.” The very term, “investigation,” suggests foot-prints or tracks, which the genealogist follows, as the hunter does the tracks of a deer.

In genealogy, as in other departments of knowledge, there must, in order to success, be such a love of investigation, such a love of following foot-prints, however faint, that the pursuit furnishes a sufficient motive in every step of the progress. “Even when the wished

end's denied, still while the busy means are plied, they bring their own reward." Probate Records must be searched. Wills, and Decrees of Court must be examined, for the knowledge sought. Graveyards must be visited, gravestones, defaced by time, must be deciphered, with all the patient, persistent zeal of "Old Mortality," as described by Walter Scott. Correspondence must be opened with those who are ignorant of the subjects. Works on heraldry, and town and county histories, must be examined. The aged are to be questioned, traditions are to be carefully gathered up, and facts are to be sought, as wheat is winnowed from the chaff.

Now if all this is a drudgery, a penance to any one, such a one will win but little success in his investigations, inasmuch as a love of investigation is an indispensable condition of success.

A THIRD condition of success in genealogical investigations is an active imagination. In all historical studies, an active imagination is necessary in order to impart life, animation, and action, to the dead past. An active imagination is necessary to frame hypotheses, form conjectures, and thus to discover what are the sources of evidence, and then to invent the best modes of approaching those sources, and making them available. Imagination must light the torch of discovery in the hand of the votary as he presses on into the shadows, clouds and darkness which rest on past generations. To one without imagination, genealogy seems to consist of names of persons, and dates of births, of marriages and deaths, a barren catalogue, and the long

past to be like the valley described by the prophet Ezekiel, as full of bones, dry bones. To the genealogist of an active imagination, these bones come together, become clothed with sinews and flesh and skin, come forth from their graves, an exceeding great army, living, breathing, and showing the very form and pressure of the times. Especially will his ancestors reveal themselves to him in true form and lineament, as a descendant who has sought earnestly for them, with a loving heart; as father Anchises revealed himself to pious Æneas, who sought him beyond the Stygian waters, beyond the deep shades of Erebus, in the broad Elysian fields of the blessed ones. From those shadowy realms where no real voice nor sound is heard, they will speak to him in distinct language for his instruction, and offer themselves to him for acquaintance and communion.

A FOURTH condition of success in genealogical investigations is a sound and disciplined judgment. By this I mean a judgment that has been thoroughly exercised and trained on other subjects, and thus prepared for success in this study. One of the great masters of reason has asserted, that a work, on any subject, is all the better for being written by one who has studied geometry. But such is the connection between the different branches of knowledge, and such is the similarity in the operation of the human mind in grasping them severally, that the proposition can be generalized in some such way as this; any work is all the better for being written by a man who has disciplined his judgment by exercising it on any subject. For instance, the "Hyde

Genealogy," by Chancellor Walworth, is all the better for having been written by one who had disciplined his mind by studying the higher branches of the law. In genealogical investigations, facts must be separated from fiction, truth from falsehood, history from tradition, reality from dreams; and for this a sound and disciplined judgment is necessary. Hypotheses may be framed with advantage, theories may be adopted; but their value must be tested by a sound judgment, before they can be received as true. In the contradictory statements, in the false dates, in the repetition of the same name in the same or contiguous generations, the genealogist will find himself bewildered in a labyrinth, unless for threading it, a sound judgment, like the Cretan Ariadne, furnish the clew.

The FIFTH condition of success in genealogical investigations is a conscientious regard to truth. This is necessary in order to protect the soul against temptations to error. Conscience invigorates all the powers of the mind into the highest activity, in the discovery of truth. Without the invigorating influence and protecting power of conscience, the genealogist is in danger of adopting conclusions furnished by vanity or indolence.

These five conditions of success, in genealogical investigations, I have taken the liberty to state at this time because their value can be distinctly seen in the labors and success of NATHANIEL CHAUNCEY, as a genealogist.

Mr. Chauncey entered at an early period upon his investigations, — as early as 1823, — before much atten-

tion had been paid to such studies in our country. He continued them to the close of his long life, a year since, through a space of more than forty years. As during that period, I was cognizant of his pursuits, and as during nearly half a century I was honored with his friendship, I thought it would not be unbecoming in me to show that he united in himself, the five conditions above stated, as a successful genealogist.

When a good man dies whose light, in his sphere, had long shone to cheer us, we feel for the time, that the whole world has grown darker. When that good man is our friend, we are not willing that the lamp in his sepulchre shall go out. We are not willing that he should fade off into utter forgetfulness. We summon the past before us to show us what he was when living, and we gaze upon his image as something to us most precious.

It was Mr. Chauncey's fortunate lot to be born and educated in a family remarkable for intelligence and refinement and piety. What that family was may be understood from the following passage to Judge Chauncey, the father, from Rev. Elijah Waterman, who had acted in it as a tutor: "I reflect," he says, "with great pleasure on the time I have spent in your family; a family who are as worthy of the attention of their parents, as their parents are dear and revered in the estimation of their children." In that household, in the hearts of all its members, the family bond was a strong one. The parental, the filial, and the fraternal affections were seen in their most attractive forms, and hallowed by religion. As the youngest of five children,

the affections of his parents, and of his older brothers, and of his sisters, were lavished upon him from the first, in caresses and gentle tones and kind words; so that in response, from the deep fountains in his soul, his affections welled up in a strong and perpetual flow toward them first, and then towards other kindred, however remote in place and time.

Now it sometimes happens that those who have been reared in the atmosphere of domestic love, when they leave their homes for a public education, or professional business, find their best affections chilled by the cold and treacherous hearts of others in whom they repose confidence. Thus the genial current of their soul is frozen at its source, and the heart henceforth becomes a sealed fountain, attracting and refreshing no one. Such might have been his fate, for he entered Yale College when only thirteen years of age. But he roomed and boarded in his father's house, and he had only to walk across the public square to attend the college exercises, and then to return to his beloved home. Thus the years of his college life passed away, leaving his "budding honors fresh upon" him, his household ties unbroken, his domestic affections in their full strength and ready play.

On his graduation he studied law in the office of his father, in company with other students, still enjoying the advantages of his delightful home.

I had written thus far, when a letter was delivered to me, from a college classmate, a fellow law student, and a personal friend of Mr. Chauncey, namely, Alfred Hennen, a distinguished Jurist in New Orleans. In

reply to my letter of inquiry, he writes, "Nathaniel Chauncey was the most modest and amiable of my associates in Yale College, and in the office of his father, Judge Chauncey, with whom I began my law studies in 1806. An early attachment continued constantly pleasant from the urbanity of his manners, and the goodness of his disposition, qualities pre-eminently conspicuous in his excellent mother, from whom he inherited his more striking characteristics. His talents and acquirements as a student, which were great, never excited the envy or jealousy of others, because he had not either of them himself, and uniformly manifested courtesy in his daily intercourse. All respected him, and all seemed more sensible of his worth than himself.

"His affection towards the members of his family was remarkable. For his father he entertained great respect and reverence. From him he imbibed a thirst for knowledge and a laborious pursuit of it. To his mother and his sisters he showed constant deference, to which, indeed, they were entitled by their age and the superiority of their character: and for them he was willing to make any sacrifice."

In 1808 he went to Philadelphia to continue the study, and to enter on the practice of the law. After spending some years there, where his distinguished brothers, Charles and Elihu resided with their families, he returned at the call of filial duty, to his father's house in New Haven, to minister to him in his old age, to attend upon him in his last sickness, to close his eyes, and to bury him.

After this he went abroad, where he remained five years, receiving and writing the most affectionate letters, thus strengthening and maturing the love of kindred in his soul. Thus he had the first qualification for success as a genealogist, namely, the love of kindred.

It is not strange that his heart, so full of rich affections towards his kindred, should expand towards the dead as well as towards the living, towards his ancestors who lie buried in the church-yards of England, as well as towards his relations in America.

But Mr. Chauncey had the second qualification for success mentioned above, namely, a love for genealogical investigation. He was fond of investigation, generally. In other words, he was fond of study, thorough study, from his early years. His father, in a letter to his daughter, written in 1805, says of him playfully, while he was a junior in Yale College, "Nathaniel would write if he might choose for his subject eclipses, etc., or even metaphysics; but aside from these he is not fond of trifles." And in the same month, namely, December 28, 1805, he writes, "Nat, is perfectly crazy with his studies, calculating eclipses, &c., but a family ball at Mrs. Browne's, for Mrs. Lowndes' friends, seduced him for the evening." Though only 17 years of age when he took his degree, he stood in the first rank of scholarship, not surpassed by a single member of his class.

After his graduation, he showed the same love of investigation in his law studies. The following is an extract from the same letter of Mr. Hennen: "In the law office and moot-court of his father, he brought the same modesty exhibited elsewhere. He could sustain

the points of law which he proposed with numerous adjudged cases, as I find from examination of some of my notes taken at the time, now in my possession, while we were engaged either for the plaintiff or defendant.

“ We had a fellow student, Sereno E. Dwight, older than either of us, with whom we had frequent contests for victory, in our disputations ; he would by his wit often excite the laugh against us, but the solid argument was with Nathaniel Chauncey. The former was the superior advocate, but the latter the better lawyer, who convinced us that he would make a good judge, though he might fail to become a brilliant orator.”

After he entered on his profession in Philadelphia, he showed the same thoroughness in the preparation of his cases, the same love of investigation ; so that he would have become a distinguished jurist, if his health had not failed him.

But Mr. Chauncey possessed the third qualification for success in genealogical investigation, namely, an active imagination. To know this, it was only necessary to listen to his conversation when unrestrained, or to read his letters when written in a free vein, or to read some of his published writings, particularly the two articles in the “ Microscope,” signed Azrael. In those articles, borrowing a hint from Pope’s “ Rape of the Lock,” he personates the character of one of the guardian angels of men, and addresses the inhabitants of the earth in language comporting with the assumed character, elevated, imaginative, Miltonic. Imagination, however, was not the leading faculty of his mind, but rather a servitor waiting on the reason, purveying it

materials for premises, intermediate propositions and conclusions, in his logical deductions. He, however, had all the ideality necessary to qualify him to be a successful genealogist.

As the fourth qualification for success in genealogical investigations, Mr. Chauncey possessed a sound, disciplined judgment. His liberal education, obtained under the most favorable circumstances, his study and practice of the law, his intercourse with his father and his brothers, men of high culture, his opportunities of observation of men and manners, all served to discipline his judgment and prepare him to discriminate between truth and error, to detect a fallacy and arrive at correct conclusions. One man fails in judgment because his mind can embrace only particular facts, and cannot rise to general principles, while another fails for the opposite reason, namely, because he deals only in general principles, without embracing the facts by which the conclusions must be supported. Another man errs in judgment unconsciously, from the warping power of association, or of passion, or of self-interest.

Men, says Lord Bacon, worship the figments of the mind as idols. One man worships the idols of the tribe, that is of the human race, idols that arise out of the imperfection of the human mind, forgetting that "to err is human." Another worships the "idols of the den," namely, those that arise out of the peculiarities and imperfections of his own mind, forgetting to obey the maxim "know thyself." Another worships the idols of the market, that is, the false opinions of the multitude, forgetting the command "thou shalt not follow a multi-

tude to do evil." Another worships the idols of the theatres, that is, the figments and theories of philosophers, which are like so many stage-plays, written or acted, forgetting the declaration of a wise man, that "there is no opinion, however absurd, which has not been advocated by some of the philosophers." From all this exposure to error, from all this false worship, from all these several idolatries, Mr. Chauncey was, to a remarkable extent, free, so much so that an eminent scholar said of him, after a single interview, "He is more like a pure intelligence than any man I ever knew."

As the fifth qualification for success in genealogical investigation, Mr. Chauncey had a conscientious regard for truth, and a hearty love of it. When in communion with himself, the question on his heart, was, what is truth? When in communion with his fellow-men, the question on his lips, was, what is truth? thus taking the modest attitude of a learner, when he was qualified to be a teacher. When in communion with God, his cry to Him was, "What I know not, teach Thou me." Falsehood, however specious, he looked upon with loathing. All the arts by which the worse is made to appear the better reason, the sly insinuation, the *suppressio veri*, the *suggestio falsi*, for the purpose of deception, he regarded with a disgust amounting to abhorrence. All that he did, all that he said, all that he purposed, bore on it the stamp of truth, and honor and fidelity. And yet no one was more removed from bluntness and indelicacy of remark than he. But he had a "soul of honor" that must speak the truth, and

that soul was "seated in a heart of courtesy," which would not allow him to wound the feelings of others. In an article published in the "*Christian Spectator*," in 1822, entitled "*Christian Courtesy*," of which he was the author, he shows by a thorough analysis the distinction between the love of truth on the one hand, and rudeness in its communication on the other. This distinction it was the impulse of his conscience, and the habit of his life, to observe, both in his writings and his conversation.

So unwilling was he to break a promise, even inadvertently, that he would refuse to receive a confidential communication coupled with the condition that he should promise not to disclose it. And yet no one could be more safely trusted. He had no relish for practical jokes, because they savor of deception.

Thus qualified for genealogical investigations, as we have seen from the preceding statements, thus uniting in himself the conditions of success, he went to Europe in 1823, where his health was improved, and where he continued five years. In England he visited those towns and seats where, two centuries before, some of his ancestors were living, and those churchyards where he could see the memorial grave-stones, which are protecting their remains. In the Libraries of London and Paris he had access to books which would enable him to trace the several diverging lines of his ancestors into remote periods of time. Thus situated, with these facilities for investigation within his reach, with a heart full of affection towards his kindred, was it strange that his heart should go forth towards his kindred in the

new world, though separated in space from them by wide intervening waters, and towards his kindred in the old world, though separated from them in time by intervening centuries. As a Christian, he viewed them all not only as having lived, but as living still, though a part of them had dropped their bodies; and he may have expected to meet them in another state of being, just as the Jewish Christians expected to meet their ancestors, the old patriarchs.

The following letter shows the interest which he took in the subject of genealogy. He wrote this nearly twenty years before the formation of this Society, and before any general interest was felt in the subject in our country.

N I T H A R D I A N G E L B E R T I

F I L I I, C A R O L I M A G N I I M P.

E X B E R T H A F I L I A N E P O T I S.

De Dissensionibus filiorum Lodhuvici Pij.,

Ad Annum usque DCCCXLI.III.

LIBRI QUATUOR.

Ad Carolum Calvum Francorum Regem.

P R E F A T I O L I B R I I.

Cum, ut optimi mi Domine nosti, jam pene annis duobus illatam a fratre vestro persecutionem vos vestrique haud quanquam meriti patere mihi antequam Cadhellonicam introessimus civitatem precepistis ut res vestris temporibus gestas stiti officio memoriae traderem.

PARIS, JAN. 20, 1826.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Above you have the title and the first sentence of the preface of a history which was written by one of your ancestors who lived a *thousand* years ago. I know not how you will be affected by the sight of it, and by the confessions I have been making for months past, about the trifling employment which consumes my time; I hope, however, you will not be altogether uninterested in the subject that has taken such peculiar hold of my imagination. In analyzing my feelings, I have been disposed to think that the hope of giving pleasure to my brothers and sister was the great charm of the pursuit that I have engaged in. Perhaps pride and vanity lie at the root of the matter, but it is not plain that they do. However, let the cause be what it may, I have never found any study so interesting as this very odd one of tracing the pedigrees, and learning the actions and characters of our remote ancestors. One of the libraries to which I resort is badly warmed, and the other has no fire in it at all, yet I spend in one or the other almost all the hours during which they are open. I have not yet begun to digest my memoranda, which already fill a quire of paper. The task will be no slight one, and I grudge the time that has been spent and is likely to be consumed in the work, but I cannot leave off. Often the end of my researches has seemed close at hand, when some new field of discovery was opened upon me, and I have been irresistibly impelled to explore it. The few pages which all this work will produce may seem to you but a very trifling result, for you have little idea of the pains I take to ascertain the truth, and of the pains which are necessary for that purpose. Genealogists are even more liable to error than other historians, and their mistakes and discrepancies are very provoking, but with all there are some facts which a concurrence of testimony will force us to believe. For example, it is plain from numerous writers that the Bigots were descended from the Guelphs to whom the royal family of England were proud to trace their origin. In the Museum in London is a history of the house of Guelph, written by the physician to the Duke of Clarence, and grounded upon documents collected within these few years by the duke himself. The work was published in 1821, and dedicated to the King. In the second page is this remark:

“at a period when the present reigning families of Europe were unheard of, or merely emerging into notice, the ancestors of George the 4th were already reigning in their greatest splendor.” Thus you see that if this pedigree-hunting is a folly it is not altogether peculiar to your odd brother, and that people of the very highest rank in the old world care about their distant progenitors. But to return to the history, it seems from it that our blood ran in the veins of the Guelphs for nearly four hundred years, and that when at length a portion left the main stream, it was borne off by an Empress.

But I shall tire you with my folly so much beforehand, that when the tables which I mean to prepare and send over arrive, you will not have patience to read them, and my three or four months' work will be thrown away. I almost regret that it was begun; but when it was begun it was impossible to stop.

Much, however, as I confess I have been weak enough to care about our ancestors that lived hundreds of years ago, my interest in them and the great parts they played in the world is nothing and less than nothing in comparison with the solid satisfaction, the delight I have in contemplating the characters of the near friends with whom God has blessed me. One is a mere excitement of the imagination, the other an inducement for the deepest gratitude. I have traced our descent from very many who wore royal and even imperial crowns, but the worth and the love of the parents, brothers and sisters that God in mercy gave me, are far more valuable in my esteem than all the glory, wealth and power of our renowned ancestors.

Please to give my love to my dear brother and sister, to Cousin Sarah, my dear nieces, and to Charles, when you write him. The packet of the 15th ult. has lately arrived, but brings me no letters.

Yours, most affectionately,

N. CHAUNCEY.

CHAS. CHAUNCEY, Esq.

Two manuscript volumes, not large, now in the possession of the writer, containing the pedigrees of both his parents, are the results of his investigations,

and the exponents of his industry, sagacity and success as a genealogist. They relate more especially to their remote ancestors.

It would not be doing justice to the memory of Mr. Chauncey to present him to this Society only under the single aspect, namely, that of a genealogist, however eminent in qualifications and success. Viewed only under this aspect, he might be regarded as actuated mainly by the love of kindred, which some have considered as only a diffused self-love, as his ruling principle.

To illustrate my meaning, I will use the graphic language of Walter Scott, which he puts into the mouth of one of his characters. “You do not know the genius of that man’s country, sir,” answered Rashleigh; “discretion, prudence and foresight are their leading qualities; these are only modified by a narrow-spirited, but yet ardent patriotism, which forms, as it were, the outmost of the concentric bulwarks with which a Scotchman fortifies himself against all the attacks of a generous philanthropical principle. Surmount this mound, you find an inner and still dearer barrier—the love of his province, his village, or, most probably, his clan. Storm this second obstacle, you have a third—his attachment to his own family—his father, mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts and cousins, to the ninth generation. It is within these limits that a Scotchman’s social affection expands itself, never reaching those that are outermost, till all means of discharging itself in the interior circle have been exhausted. It is within these circles that his heart throbs, each pulsation being fainter

and fainter, till beyond the widest boundary it is almost unfelt. Could you surmount all these concentric outworks, you have an inner citadel, deeper, higher and more efficient than them all — a Scotchman's love of himself."

With this declaration of the cold, calculating, selfish Rashleigh, the following lines are in accordance, from the philosophic poetry of Pope :

" *Self-love* but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake —
 The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace,
 His country next, and next all human race."

How much truth there may be in these two quotations as a doctrine in psychology, or in the experience of some of the human species, I neither inquire nor assert. I exhibit the doctrine, at this time, in order to say, that there are men who furnish no evidence that self-love is the central primordial affection of their soul, giving activity and vigor to the others. There are men who, in what they do, and say, and purpose, manifest an enlarged philanthropy, which, independent of self-love, "takes every creature in of every kind" which bears the image of man, yielding to each a spontaneous good will, appropriate to its character and condition. Such a man was Mr. Chauncey. He had a faith in man, that was generous and confiding, hope in man, that was bright and cheering, and that charity towards man, that "never faileth;" in all the diversities of race, in all disparities of social condition, and as influenced by the varieties and antagonisms of religious creeds, and political opinions.

He did not act as if he considered the state of man in this world as a state of war, in which suspicion and hatred and strategy and violence and the law of the strongest rule paramount to the law of love, the great charter of the human race, suspending its operation. No. That great fundamental law was the law of his life which he never felt at liberty to suspend under any pretence whatever. He gave to man his confidence, his good will, his sympathy, his aid, treating every member of the human family, in his intercourse, with forbearance and gentleness, with a due appreciation of his merit, with a tender fellow-feeling in his distresses and infirmities. Such was his benevolence towards others, such was the spirit of peace that dwelt in his soul, beamed in his face and flowed from his lips, that wherever he went, malice and strife fled at his approach as if he were a herald proclaiming the "truce of God" to the warring passions of men.

But he was not indifferent to moral distinctions. As he had a ready perception of what is true and what is false, so he had a ready sensibility to what is right and what is wrong. Vice, whether refined or gross, was his abhorrence; virtue, even in its humblest form, received his homage.

Such being his intellectual, and moral, and social nature, he could hardly fail, in the pilgrimage of life, whether on the barren sands or on some verdant oasis, to meet with those whose virtues, and taste, and temper, were congenial with his own; so that between them and him there would be a basis for mutual preference and predilection, which intercourse and kind offices

would ripen into friendship. How faithfully he performed the duties of friendship, how considerate, how affectionate and confiding in his personal intercourse, how delightful in his correspondence, none but his intimate friends can ever know. In his intercourse, he had all the sprightliness and sincerity of Cowper, with nothing morbid. So transparent was he, that you would almost feel that you were with him in the fabled "Castle of Truth," and that you were in the presence of a living soul from which the veil of flesh was removed.

In one of my last interviews with Professor Silliman, not long before his death, he said to me, "I have just been writing to our friend, Mr. Chauncey, complaining that he does not come to see us in New Haven. I said to him, I hear of you in Boston and in Berkshire, but you pass us by and do not come here. You put me in mind of the clouds that have recently passed us by and discharged their showers at the east of us and at the west of us, but have left New Haven dry and thirsty."

I will only add that the affections of a soul like that of Mr. Chauncey could not find all their appropriate objects short of the perfections of God, the Father of the great family on earth and in heaven. As an affectionate, obedient follower of Christ, he had faith in God as a living reality, hope in him as the source of all blessedness, love towards him as a distinct personality, uniting in his attributes every perfection. His intellect was so nourished and strengthened by his devotional feelings, that he had a genuine insight into both the truths of God's word and the operations of his providence, in all their fulness of meaning. These truths

in turn so nourished his devotional feelings in his communion with God when walking with him on earth, that he became a partaker of the divine nature. Thus bearing the image of the heavenly, we are cheered by the consoling belief that he has joined the great family of the blessed, to be loved in heaven as he was loved on earth, only with a purer and stronger affection.

APPENDIX.

NATHANIEL CHAUNCEY, A. M.

Of Philadelphia, Pa., died February 9th, 1865, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Chauncey was born at New Haven, Connecticut, on the 27th day of February, 1789. He was the youngest son of the Hon. Charles Chauncey, LL. D., of New Haven, for many years Attorney for the State of Connecticut, to which office he was appointed in 1776, having been previously the King's Attorney, under the Colonial Government. He was afterwards appointed Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut, which office was held by him until 1793, when he resigned it, and devoted himself to reading and superintending the education of his family, and giving Lectures to a class of Students of Law.

Judge Chauncey died April the 28th, 1823. In common with all, or nearly all, who bear the surname of Chauncey in the United States, he was a lineal descendant of the Reverend Charles Chauncey, the second President of Harvard College, who graduated as A. M., at the University of Cambridge, England, in 1617, and as Bachelor of Divinity, in the same University, in 1624. He was afterwards elected Professor of Hebrew, and Professor of Greek, in the same University. He emigrated to this country in 1638.

Nathaniel Chauncey, the subject of the present sketch, graduated at Yale College, in 1806, and afterwards studied law, and was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar, but his constitution, (never a robust one,) had been much enfeebled by close attention to his studies at Yale, and he was unable to prosecute a profession as arduous and confining as the law. He soon retired from it, and engaged in commercial

pursuits, but these were not to his taste, and on the death of his father, Judge Chauncey, in 1823, he determined to pass several years in Europe, in travel and literary pursuits. It was there that the writer of this brief notice made his acquaintance, and he has always regarded it as a blessing to have known him, and acquired his friendship. He has never met with, and doubts if there lives, a man of purer purposes, of a nicer sense of right and honor, of more benevolent feelings, or larger charity, than was Nathaniel Chauncey. He was in truth throughout the whole term of his protracted life, an embodiment and exemplar of the Christian gentleman.

During Mr. Chauncey's residence in Europe, he occupied a portion of his time in ascertaining the lineage of his American ancestor — President Chauncey, of Cambridge — which he was enabled to trace, without missing a link in the chain, to Chauncey de Chauncey, a Norman Knight, who came to England in 1066 with William the Conqueror, and whose son and heir, William de Chauncey, was baron of Scirpenbeck, in Yorkshire, in the reign of Henry the 1st. The estate and title of Scirpenbeck continued in the family to the year 1399, in the reign of Richard the 2nd, when, by consent of the King, the estate and title, (then by tenure attached to the estate,) were alienated, and the estate of Gedleston, or New place, in Hertfordshire, purchased, which continued in possession of the representatives of the family at the time of the visit of Mr. Nathaniel Chauncey, to England, in 1825. Among members of the family there, by whom the subject of this sketch was kindly and hospitably welcomed, was Mr. Nathaniel Chauncey, a descendant of the second son of President Chauncey, of Harvard, who was born in England previous to his father's removal to America, and who, after graduating at Harvard, returned to his native country, where the descendants of this son of President Chauncey have continued.

Those who are curious in such matters, will find a full account of the Chauncey family in the History of Hertfordshire, by Sir Henry Chauncey, and a work entitled "Memorials of the Chaunceys," by Professor William Chauncey Fowler, of Amherst, Mass. Few American families, of English ancestors, have, for so many generations, been so worthily represented on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Chauncey returned to the United States in the Autumn of

1828, and was married June 8th, 1836, to Elizabeth Sewall Salisbury, daughter of Samuel and Nancy Salisbury, of Boston. This most estimable and accomplished lady died May 22nd, 1850, leaving two sons, Charles and Elihu, named after Mr. Chauncey's distinguished brothers, Messrs. Charles and Elihu Chauncey, of Philadelphia. They are both graduates of Harvard University.

Since his wife's death, Mr. Chauncey has led a life of great retirement, employing his time in acts of benevolence and quiet charity, and enjoying the society of his sons, and a few near relatives and cherished friends. In June, 1863, he was elected Vice-President of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society for Pennsylvania, in place of the Hon. William Darlington, of that State, deceased.

His mortal remains were interred, by his request, in the burial ground at New Haven, where those of his parents repose.

In connection with the above sketch, the following notice is copied from Philadelphia *North American and United States Gazette*, of the 13th of February, 1865 :—

MR. NATHANIEL CHAUNCEY.

Obituary notices are generally read with but little interest, because they are frequently only tributes of partial friendship, and often an extravagant, if not an undue eulogium of their subject. But there sometimes passes from among us one so blessed with the better qualities of our nature, that no language can more than do justice to their possessor. Such a man was Nathaniel Chauncey. The writer of this notice, during a life which has been moderately extended, and in the course of which he has known many good and gifted men, has never known a more upright or purer character. He was, in truth, like the Nathaniel of the New Testament, "one indeed in whom is no guile."

Mr. Chauncey was one of three brothers who removed to this City early in the present century. The eldest, Mr. Charles Chauncey, will be recollected by many, as one of the most eminent and venerable citizens, the worthy compeer at the bar of Messrs. Binney & Sergeant. The second, Mr. Elihu Chauncey, was remarkable for his rare ability, energy and forecast. To him, more than to any other person, we are

indebted for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. The third, the subject of the present notice, graduated with the highest honors at Yale College, but was prevented by ill health, at an early period of life, from pursuing his profession, that of the law. None who knew him can regret that it was so; for he gave to them a bright exemplar of the beautiful life which one may lead, devoid of other ambition than that of doing good, contributing, as far as he could, to make all who came in contact with him happy. With but a moderate fortune, few gave more largely in charity, not to those charities which attract public attention, and which are therefore in general sufficiently contributed to, but to persons humble and lowly in life, some of whom, perhaps, but for him, would have been without a friend. With these beautiful traits of character, Mr. Chauncey possessed the crowning grace of being a meek and humble follower of the Saviour, and to him, if to any one, was applicable his cheering promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."



At the Regular Meeting of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, holden March 1st, 1865, it was

Resolved, That this Society has heard with deep regret of the death of Nathaniel Chauncey, Esq., of Philadelphia, one of the Vice-Presidents of this Institution, with which he has been many years associated; that his loss is not only a loss to his immediate family and friends, but to literature, and a wide and appreciative community of co-laborers in a field, but recently under cultivation, but which is now admitted to be one of great importance, both to the present and future generations.

Resolved, That the sympathy and condolence of the Society be tendered to the bereaved family.

EDWARD S. RAND, JR.,

Recording Secretary.

