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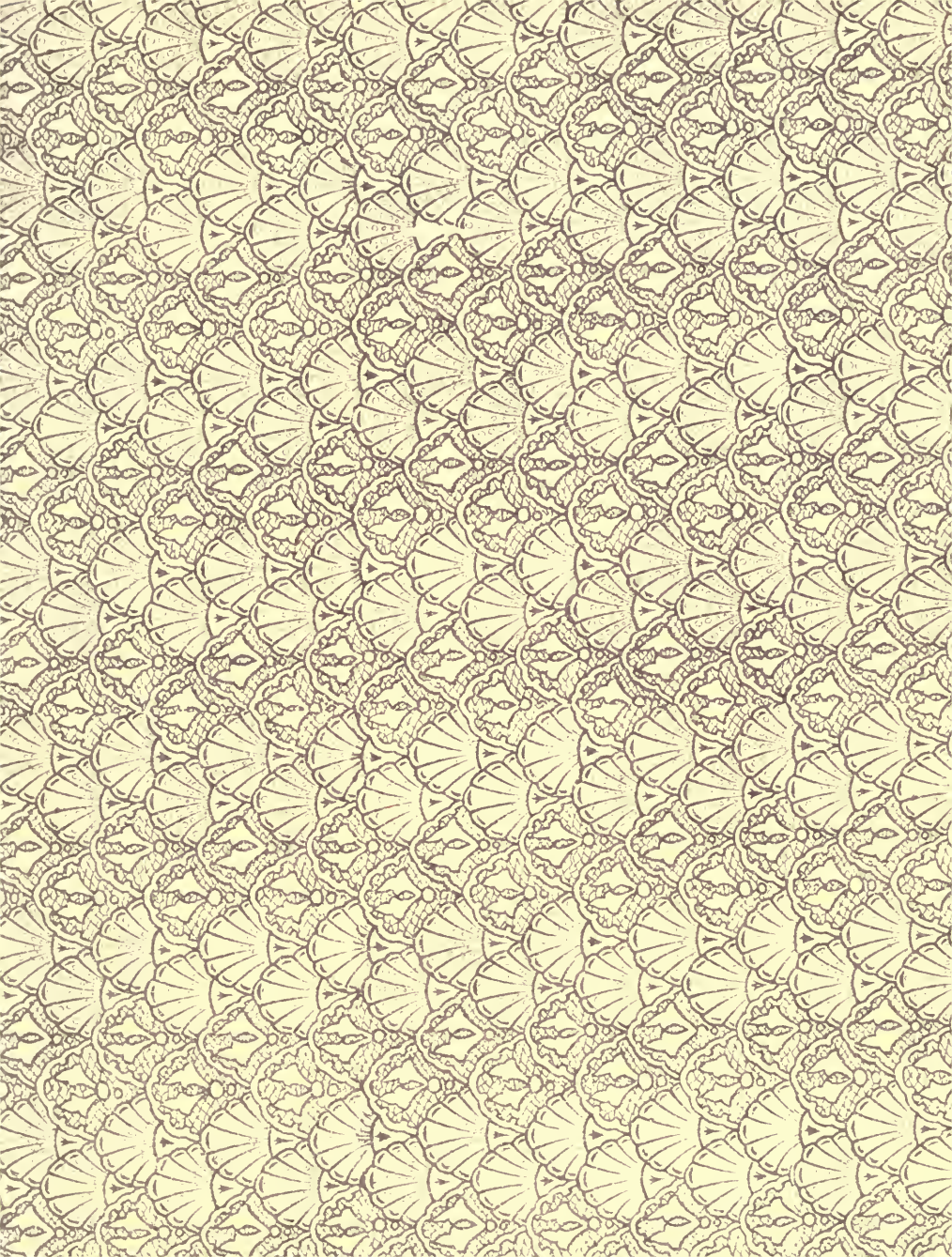
Memorial



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Katharine F. Richmond
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Katharine F. Richmond
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Emma Jane Lytle

The "Littles"

Feb 21, 1888

DISCOURSES AND LETTERS

COMMEMORATIVE OF

EMILY LANE SMYTH,

WIFE OF EX-GOV. FREDERICK SMYTH.

“ Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
My human heart and Thee,
Till glad I hear her welcome voice
To heaven and home for me.”

MANCHESTER, N. H.

JOHN B. CLARKE, PRINTER.

1885.

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VIA SOLITARIA.

“ Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own ;
O friends ! I ask not for your pity, —
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June ;
O birds ! your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray ;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers ;
Ye cannot greet those cordial eyes ;
They gaze on other fields than ours, —
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath ;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is — Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And therefore life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein, apart, a traveler stands, —
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands.

And I as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb;
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted one."

A MEMORIAL.

The subject of this memorial, Emily (Lane) Smyth, was born in Candia, N. H., July 22, 1822, the fifth of a family of six, one brother and five sisters. She was the daughter of John Lane and Nabby (Emerson) Lane, and grand-daughter of Col. Nathaniel Emerson, who served under Stark at Bennington. Her father was a prominent man of affairs in town, justice of the peace, surveyor, representative in the state legislature, general legal adviser, a man of most kindly disposition, and fine, gentlemanly demeanor. The mother, in her later years an invalid, was a lady of quiet tastes and admirable discretion, full of that wisdom so needful in the administration of the household. The atmosphere of intelligence and the firm but gentle training of this Christian home had much to do with the character of Mrs. Smyth.

Richard Emerson Lane, the first-born of the family, graduated at Dartmouth in 1841, and died suddenly at Lewiston, N. Y., in 1842, where he was teaching. The survivors are Sarah Tilton, Mrs. Warren S. Childs, of

Henniker, Hannah Godfrey, Mrs. Henry M. Eaton, of Candia, Abby Emerson, wife of the late Richard H. Page, of Candia, and Lucretia, Mrs. Francis B. Eaton, of Manchester.

Mrs. Smyth was a bright and ready scholar in the common schools of her native district,—at that time thoroughly good so far as they went,—and in the town high school, usually taught by college graduates. She took an after-course in a young ladies' seminary at Charlestown, Mass., and was for several terms thereafter a teacher in Manchester and in other places, and in this capacity she was as highly appreciated and as much beloved in the days of her youth as in after-times and in wider spheres.

She was married to Frederick Smyth, December 11, 1844, and thenceforth she became one with her husband. There was nothing needful to be done in her new home in Manchester that she did not know how to do and to do well, and she felt it a disgrace to sit with folded hands while her companion pushed his fortunes alone. But to be a shining example of all the domestic virtues was by no means the extent of her endowment. Her father's knowledge of public affairs made her acquainted with the details of business, the city clerk and the bank cashier

could call on her for aid when needful, while her personal beauty, the rare charm of her conversation, and the winning ease of her manner everywhere made friends. So time passed, and for the most part, or all but about two years of her long and happy wedded life, she was blessed with excellent health, and from first to last, in the cottage on Merrimack square, or in the governor's mansion at "The Willows," her graces seemed but the spontaneous overflow of a sunny and genial nature, worn, indeed, with a dignity that commanded respect, but touched with no tinge of *hauteur*. And what shall I say of the delights of the home, of those traits which made the place a heaven on earth?

With her husband she had grown up side by side; he was one of her nearest neighbors and her schoolmate, and so, when joined by the tie of wedlock, her feelings, her thoughts, and ambitions were wholly in unison with his, and out of this grew a beautiful circumstance, — too rare, indeed, in this busy age. No two people in public or in private were so constantly together. The lodge or the smoking-room never drew him from her side; without her he was never seen at the play, the concert, or the lecture, and on their travels, people noting the odd fact of a gentleman thoroughly devoted to his wife have concluded them to be newly married.

She delighted in the country drives about Manchester, and day after day, in all inviting seasons, through new-cut roads or grass-grown ways, they were often met as evening drew on seeking health and the purest pleasure. Mrs. Smyth had a passionate love for wild flowers; she knew their secret haunts, and she brought home from her journeys seeds out of the wonderful natural gardens of other lands and planted at "The Willows." As she loved flowers, and as she cared for birds and the nests about her place, so was she very sweet and gracious in her manner to little children. Of the trees and the shrubs, the very hedge-rows about the place, it may be said that they were personal friends: she saw them set, and watched with loving interest over their growth. When her husband, wearied with intense application to business, came home, her foot was first upon the lawn, her carol greeted him at the open door with never-tiring freshness.

In the course of her husband's public life she was called on to entertain as guests some among the most distinguished people of the United States,—Chief-Justice Chase, Chief-Justice Waite and family, President Hayes and wife, the wife and daughter of Gen. Grant, Vice-Presidents Hamlin and Colfax, Henry Ward Beecher and wife, Gens. Butler, Martindale, and Chamberlain, Post-

master-General Key, Judge Bond of the United States circuit court, Hon. W. M. Evarts, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; and it was her delight to welcome to her home for a brief rest that hard-working, eloquent native Greek missionary, with his efficient helper and wife, the Rev. George Constantine, of Smyrna. One of the most notable events immediately preceding her fatal illness was the reception tendered by ex-Gov. Smyth to the Republican candidate for the presidency, the Hon. James G. Blaine.

Adept as she was in the art of making a pleasant home, she was always ready at a moment's notice to accompany her husband on his numerous excursions, and he rarely left home without her. In this manner she became widely familiar with our own country, journeying frequently west and south, to the Canadas and California, and later to Mexico and Cuba. In 1878 Mr. and Mrs. Smyth went abroad, visiting points of interest in England and Scotland, and after a week in Paris went *via* Egypt to the Holy Land. At that time they visited Smyrna, Constantinople, and Athens, returning to Paris by way of Naples, through Rome, Florence, Venice, and Milan, with a brief stop in Switzerland. After some needed rest in Paris, they came home *via* Dublin, Edinburgh, and London. Four years later, while revisiting many of the places

above named, they made a more extended tour of the Holy Land, went through Spain to Gibraltar, and to Tangiers on the African coast, made the voyage up the Nile, visited Damascus and Baalbec, and from Constantinople crossed the Black Sea to Varna, went through Roumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary down the valley of the Danube to Vienna, and back to Paris *via* Munich and Strasbourg. After a few months' rest at home Mrs. Smyth seemed in unusually good health and spirits, and often narrated in the company of the friends she loved many interesting incidents of her journey.

In the summer of 1884 she was not feeling quite as well as heretofore, and in the hot days that followed in the early September was attacked by a sudden indisposition which seemed to threaten paralysis. She, however, partially recovered under the care of her attending physician, Dr. Thomas Wheat, and some weeks later consulted Dr. William A. Hammond in New York city. Somewhat benefited she returned home, but soon experienced a relapse and was confined to her room. Her physician and friends, however, were hopeful of her recovery. Later in the case Dr. John L. Robinson was called in consultation, and Dr. Hammond summoned from New York. Her malady was then pronounced to be Bright's disease, and while no hope was given of a permanent

cure, it was thought she might get 'about and enjoy yet even some years of comfortable health. For some days the indications were favorable, and then she grew speedily worse. Again Dr. Hammond came, this time only to confirm the fears of her friends and the opinion of her attending physicians. She saw and remarked on the anxious faces about her, and divined the worst. She was very calm, and she alone of all the sad group could smile and speak in her old cheery way. On that same day, Saturday, January the 10th, after conversation with her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Spalding, she was received into the membership of the Franklin-street church. On Sunday she was perfectly clear in her mind, conversing much and identifying, as her husband read to her from the Scriptures, localities they had visited together in the Holy Land.

During the days that remained she was slightly wandering, but greeted her friends in frequent lucid intervals with her old charming smile, was solicitous about the trouble to which she was putting her devoted husband and sisters and faithful nurses, and so courteous, kindly, Christlike to the very last, on the 14th day of January, 1885, about ten in the morning, passed on up the shining way to the New Jerusalem.

F. B. EATON.

The funeral services took place on Sunday, January the 18th. Prayer was offered at the house by the pastor, the Rev. George B. Spalding, D. D., and a hymn sung by the Franklin-street quartet. As the cortege passed to the church, the chimes, which were presented to the society by ex-Gov. and Mrs. Smyth, rang Pleyel's Hymn, Bethany, Mount Vernon, Naomi, and other airs in keeping with the occasion.

At the church the order of service was as follows:—

Organ Prelude.

Singing—“Come, ye disconsolate, where're ye languish.”

Scripture Reading from I Corinthians, xv. 1-55.

Prayer.

Singing—“Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather.”—Tune of Henley.

Discourse by Rev. George B. Spalding, D. D.

Hymn—“Softly now the light of day

Fades upon my sight away.”—Tune of Holley.

Remarks and Benediction by the Rev. C. W. Wallace, D. D.

The spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were unable to find entrance. Friends were present from Concord, Portsmouth, and other places, and thousands availed themselves of the opportunity to look for the last time on the face, regnant and beautiful even in death, of her they had known and loved so well.

DISCOURSE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE B. SPALDING, D. D.

1 Cor. xv. 55. — “O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?”

This song of triumph is the echo of the angel's voice which years before had been heard in the garden by the rocky tomb: “He is not here, but is risen.” That scene of sorrow in which Mary and the disciples mingled was at once transformed into a scene of gladness. The wailing cries of broken hearts gave way to exultant shouts. “The Lord is risen indeed!” “The Lord is risen indeed!” The garden bloomed again. The stern, rocky grave was buried beneath its flowers. Joy filled all hearts. Death at last had been conquered. Their Lord was henceforth “the Prince of Life.” And by His resurrection these, His disciples, conquered death. They who, like all mankind, through fear of death had all their life been subject to bondage, were now forever delivered. One after another they died; but the King of Terrors had no terror for them. The survivors bore their loved companions

one by one to the grave, but the grave was radiant with heavenly hope. Though there was a tender sorrow at every remembrance of James's virtues and cruel death, and of Stephen's heroism and shining faith, yet their believing friends, all unmoved by the tragic scene, always spoke of them as "fallen asleep in Christ."

Years went by. The name of Christ had penetrated into new countries, among men of foreign birth and faith. It had crossed the Mediterranean, and drawn to it a cluster of believing men and women in the city of Corinth, where, beyond any city of the times, luxury and sensuality, stimulated by the gambling spirit of commercial life, rankly grew and flourished. Men, women, and children died out of this little number of Christ's followers as died those of other classes in the great city. Households were broken as well among the members of the little church as among the eager merchants who kept the streets, ports, and seas busy with their enterprise, or among the gay revelers who with that recklessness begotten of skepticism challenged each other to some fresh excess, with the cry: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Everywhere in that splendid city, in every street, in every circle of life, children, youth, beauty, strength, manhood, all alike owned the power of death

and yielded to his inexorable sway. . But to these Christian believers, in their hour of bereavement, in the shadow of death, in their farewells to the dying, by the closed tomb, amidst tears of fond remembrance and feelings of mightiest loss, the scene of the blooming garden, and the vacant sepulcher, and the risen Christ, and the glad disciples renewed itself. The shout of triumph heard from angels' lips, and caught up by Mary and the disciples, was again repeated with the same exultant cadence. In the face of death, before the open grave, above the recumbent forms of their loved ones, these followers of the first disciples sang their triumphant song, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" It stands as among the clearest facts in history, as a veritable element in human experience, that all through the ages since, death has put on for a large part of the human race an altogether new aspect. Since Christ died and rose again, the afflictions of humanity have changed their character. Sorrow is not what it was before He came. Death is not what it was since He slept in the grave. The grave is not what it was since He ascended. Separations are not what they were since he opened to men's eyes the "Father's house," and brought so consciously near "the whole family in heaven and earth."

This feeling of lofty cheer manifested itself in the funeral rites of the early believers. The procession to the grave was one of triumph. Those who took part in it carried in their hands branches, not of the gloomy cypress as did the Greeks and Romans, but of palm and olive, as of those who celebrate a victory. Leaves of the evergreen laurel and ivy were placed upon the bosom of the dead, a token of immortal hope. The nearest friends carried lighted lamps or torches. The procession did not move forward in silence but with chants and hymns. Believers in Christ left to the Romans the use of black apparel, and to the Jews ashes and rent garments. They clothed themselves in purest white.

So, always since, in times, and among believers of largest faith, the gloom and despondency which death brings to the heart when left to itself have given way to feelings of thankfulness and victorious hope. They have been able in all their tears over the dead, and in all their own nearness to death, to exclaim, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

It is among such joyous and triumphant feelings as these that I approach the subject that is more immediately in your thoughts.

The contemplation of such a noble life as has here

come to its earthly end,— the analysis of a character in which met so many admirable qualities, ought to be attended with feelings of supreme comfort; nay, more, of elation and triumph; for death, in all the desolation and loss that he has here accomplished, has not here conquered. The victory is hers, whose faith took hold upon Christ, whose life was suffused with His grace, and whose virtues were such that death must needs glorify them, and open to them in another existence a larger sphere for their freest exercise.

An illustrious French writer has said that it is the most felicitous of all things to be born well. In this respect we may count Mrs. Smyth as most happy; for she whom we had come to admire as in the highest sense a typical New England woman, was born into the best New England influences.

There was, first, the *New England Home*: the mother, amiable in character, tender and faithful in her endless ministry: the father, the most distinguished man in the town, the counselor for a wide neighborhood, justice of the peace, land-surveyor, representative to the general court, a man who was deeply interested in the education of the young, himself an old teacher, who owned the most shares in the village circulating library,

and who introduced the largest part of its well selected books into his own family; a man, unlike most New England fathers of his time, who ruled his household with love, and entered with sympathy and keenest zest into the life of the youngest; and withal a deeply religious man according to the Old Testament type, reverential, devout, conscientious, full of the solemnities, obligations, and fidelities of religion. It was a happy household, where the members were knit together by a common service and sacrifice, a common dependence and helpfulness,—where the two mightiest forces that can mold character, human love and religious feeling, were ever present. Among such influences was this one born and nurtured, and so she grew to be a girl of uncommon beauty of person and spirit.

And there was the *New England District School*, where she was for the most part educated. Here, in our country, there has been no better method for the development of mind and character to meet the relations of life. The district school “number two,” “the meeting-house district” at Candia, was among the very best. Because the wealth of the town was mostly centered there, the school year for the children was the longest, and the teachers were most often under-graduates of the college. The

few months spent at the seminary at Charlestown, Mass., gave a grace and finish to the girl's mind and manners, but those broad, popular sympathies, and democratic principles and impulses which so grandly characterized the woman through every successive stage of her brilliant career, were fostered and strengthened in the common school.

And besides the New England Home and the New England School, was the *New England Church*, which last added its powerful influence to shape this life to its great uses, and to develop in this character its mingled strengths and graces. The country church of half a century ago was the center of intellectual and social as well as spiritual life. The doctrines preached from the pulpit were strong and distinct, full of solemnity and alarm. Religion, as it impressed itself upon the consciences and fears of men and women, was a deeply serious and awful thing. This impression has been seen in the life-long views of her who has gone from us, not affecting so much her life and character as her opinions and feelings in respect to her own relations to the church. The momentous nature of a public confession of Christ, or, as the act was formerly designated, "a profession of religion," wrought in her utmost self-distrust and sore timidity

whenever she attempted, as many times she did, to assume this duty, a sense of which was always with her. It was only by a supreme effort to overcome the shrinking feelings implanted in her very soul in her early youth that she was at last enabled, with peace and comfort, to enter into an outward union with Christ in His church. But her earlier religious training did not fail to work out in her happier results. It gave to her an unflinching devoutness in the whole temper of her soul, filling her with great reverence, and holding her through all the experiences of her public life sensitively conscientious in word and action, and rigorously observant of religious form and service. The prayer-meetings of her younger days, with their solemn voices of beseeching, and their sweet songs, never were forgotten by her. The old tunes, the old hymns, she sang them through all the twilight hours of her life. Her soft sweet voice echoes through the evenings at home, and will echo while there are hearts there to weep, and rejoice over a blessed, happy past.

There was needed only one other experience to crown this young life, and to equip this so richly endowed nature for its noble career. At the early age of eighteen Mrs. Smyth became a teacher in the common school. She taught in her native town and in Chester, and here

in Manchester. She was highly successful in this most important service, and it was an education in itself, developing that superb self-control, and that quiet but mastering control of others, that independence and self-reliance which entered so largely into her after life.

At twenty-two years of age she was married and began her life in Manchester, which has been continued through these forty years. I need not trace its outward events, nor speak in detail of those unusual circumstances which have served to make her name and position conspicuous in the public estimation. I only want to set forth anew the always needed lesson of life. Here, forty years ago, began a true marriage union, in humble circumstances at first, but hand joined to hand, and heart to heart, and lives blending into perfect unity, in oneness of struggle, oneness of aim, rising together by mutual help through the long years into stage after stage of success, of prosperity, of high official honor, of distinguished public service, until a great number in the state and outside the state have looked upon it with praise and admiration. How much her calm, strong judgment, womanly wit, and winning, popular address and unflinching inspiration of hope and love have helped to this success, none so largely and thankfully acknowledges as the one who mourns her most to-day.

In my analysis of the influence one exerts upon others, something certainly is to be made of personal appearance, of outward manner. As Virgil long ago sang, "Even virtue is more fair when it appears in a beautiful person." How much the goodness and kindness of this heart strengthened their power over us by the outward grace of feature, the majesty of form, and the charm of manners, none of us can tell, although we all felt these. In her very unconsciousness of all this was the secret of her power. Everything about her was so full of simplicity, so natural, so altogether free from the artificial, the formal, the conventional. Under all beat a loving heart, full of sympathies, prompting her to constant ministrations to the poor, the unfortunate, and all in suffering. Her warmest friends were the poor, for in her own dear way she so gave to them that they felt she was a friend and not a patron, — somehow one of them. I count it the noblest thing in this true woman that as she rose from stage to stage in social position until she stood at the highest, she carried up with her all the associations, friendships, and sympathies which were with her at the first. From her social queenship she could go back to her native town, and the sweetness and simplicity of her girlhood were still with her, and old friends and new

friends rejoiced in her presence. There was no *hauteur*, no exclusiveness, no self-consciousness, betraying her into silly speech or forbidding manner. She provoked no jealousy. She created no envy, — only the emulation of all noble hearts to be like her in the sincerity of her soul, the sweetness of her charity, and the graciousness of her life. Nature had done much for her outwardly and within. Her temperament was warm but free from passion. She held herself with a surprising evenness. Nothing could fret her into a violent assertion. She was always sunny and cheerful, and it was her very nature to ray forth good feeling into the very lives of those who met her. She was above all accusation in her talk of others. She could not stoop to that gossip that with such a reckless judgment slays the reputation of half a neighborhood. Who can recall a bitter word of hers? She had that charity of speech that would cover a multitude of sins.

There are women of great character, and it may be utmost worth, who in this or that quality rise before us in their superiority. Here is one radiant in beauty, dazzling by the display of elegance in all external qualities; here is another of keenest intellectual wit, whose brilliant sayings fill us with admiration or fear; here is another, whose attainments in knowledge or arts make her name

famous; here is still another, whose whole life and character find their expression in a self-absorbed devotion to some noble object. But she who rises before my vision to-day surpassed these different types, each superior in its own way, in that she combined in herself so many excellences, blending so harmoniously charm of manner, majesty of person, strong judgment, utmost good sense, warm sympathies, truest humility and sincerity, religious reverence, faith and love, — blending all these so as to make more conspicuous than any gift or grace she possessed that complete *womanhood*, which is the best gift of heaven to earth. Such was the poet's high ideal.

“I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!

* * *

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.

* * * *

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel-light.”

There are two thoughts which we may well carry forth into all the life that may yet remain to each of us. First,

a grateful sense of God's goodness, in giving to us such a character and life as we have been contemplating. It has been passed here in this community, in this church, in our homes, in the home where most it revealed itself. It has blessed and cheered, it has comforted and inspired a great number; the sympathies and affections of this heart have strengthened many of you. The sunshine of this face has fallen upon many of you. The help of these hands has been felt by many of you. The graciousness of this life has sweetened many a bitter experience of yours. Here is much to be thankful to God for. Let not a sense of present loss, or an apprehension of future loneliness, make you forget the many years in which God has made the blessings of such a life continue with you. God was in this nature. He created it, and He developed and sanctified it by His discipline and grace, and He has made its strength and beauty to pass before your eyes, to inspire, rejoice, and comfort you. To His name be praise even from your broken hearts.

And the second thought is that of the inspiration of such a life. The more we look into this character the more clearly shall we see that its real force and influence were in its spiritual qualities. Take away the personal charm of face, form, and manners, there would still

remain love, fidelity, charity, religious principle, faith, and reverence. Take away all the outward conditions of material prosperity and social rank, and these spiritual elements would abide. Her goodness, her sweetness, her sympathies, her devoutness, were hers, back in the days of struggle and sacrifice. These were the sources of her influence and the elements of her nobility then as ever afterwards. And these exist to-day. They outlive life; they take hold upon eternity. The outward form so beautiful, — the grave will hold and despoil that; but the real self, those invisible spiritualities which made up her character and drew our love, and made her such a blessing, death has not touched, the grave cannot hold. From the upper heavens I hear, as it were, her glorified self saying to us amidst this scene of death and sorrow, and over the grave where we shall place her — saying, in clear exultant tones, “O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God which hath given to me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ.”

REMARKS.

BY THE REV. C. W. WALLACE, D. D.

Dr. Wallace having been introduced as the early pastor of the deceased, said that he desired to utter briefly a few sentiments regarding the loss of one he had known for many years, and spoke substantially as follows:—

I remember, and it was seemingly but the other day, when a young man and his young bride came into my congregation and took seats on the broad aisle. They were reverent and attentive listeners. I took notice of their early struggles up and on, as they set about accomplishing the work appointed them to do. I saw how easily and with what completeness their aims were blended into one, and how well she did her part in whatever position her husband attained.

Coming from her country home she never seemed to make any effort to reach what are sometimes called the higher circles of society, and yet when there she fell into her place as naturally as though it were hers by right. She felt that she could afford to be social and courteous

in all places. I remember calling upon Mrs. Smyth shortly after she moved into her new home at "The Willows"; she showed me all about, took me into the chambers to see the outward views of varied and beautiful landscape which each commanded. I admired things without and within; everything was surpassingly harmonious and in good taste, and as I was about to come away I remarked: "This is beautiful. This is good enough till you reach that house not made with hands." She made no answer in words, but her countenance expressed an eloquent response to my suggestion.

She had much to live for. With rare natural gifts, an abundance had been bestowed upon her; everyone looked upon and admired her. Doubtless there are women who from smaller circles would be as greatly missed. Hers was a wider sphere; more eyes were upon her; and yet none had aught to say against her.

This beautiful person when she felt the hand of death approach looked not to the east nor to the west but above, to Him who said, "He who believeth on Me shall never die." To us here there has come a great sadness; her form is here, but she has gone. Everyone feels a personal share in the loss which has befallen us. But it is only for a brief time. I look out. It is winter time.

God has sheeted the earth with a mantle of snow, emblematical of the pure life which has just departed. It seems hard to lay her away in the cold ground; but reflect, my friends; she whom you loved is not there in that coffin; she has gone upward to a better region, and out of this thought comes a blessing for all. We are here only a short time. We are birds of passage, and soon go beyond, to that region whither we are all traveling.

LETTERS.

PORTSMOUTH, January 14, 1885.

My Dear Sir:—

Please receive the assurance of my heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement. The departure of so excellent a woman as Mrs. Smyth is a public loss, and while the hearts of your friends everywhere are filled with sadness at this dispensation, there is breathed a prayer that you may be strengthened and sustained in this hour of your great affliction.

With very kind regard,

Your friend,

WILLIAM H. HACKETT.

(Clerk U. S. Court.)

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, Manchester.

AMHERST, January 14, 1885.

My Ever Dear Friend:—

And now the windows of your house are darkening. I know all what it means, having felt the same; and from my loneliness of years hasten to express to you my tender sympathy in your great loss, — a loss so great and a bur-

den so heavy to be borne that naught but the grace of God can sustain you, — and to that, with all my heart, I commend you, with the earnest prayer to Heaven that you may be abundantly “comforted with the comfort wherewith we have been comforted of God.” God is faithful who hath promised, and will as surely fulfill.

Yours in Christ,

(And surely that means sympathy and love),

E. D. BOYLSTON.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., January 14, 1885.

Dear Friend: —

I am filled with dismay and grief at the thought of your sorrow. How I do wish I could comfort you. Believe me, I do pray for you with all my heart and strength, and I *know* God will sustain you. Remember it is only for a little time — the years slip away so quickly — when we will all meet again, purified, chastened, and godlike. How my heart aches for you! It is well with Emma. It would be selfish and unkind to ask her to forego the heavenly pleasures which await her release from the pain of earthly existence. I only hope that her suffering may not be long, or that she may be happily unconscious of it. Poor dear friend, in spirit I walk with you. * * * Kiss dear Emma for me. How little I dreamed of this when we last met. I remember yet her hearty laugh: it sounded so like her old self that I nearly forgot my fears.

Dear friend, I know my words seem idle, empty sound. It must be so for a time, but, happily, God has arranged that our afflictions grow into tender memories. So will yours, though you cannot now so believe.

May God help you is the prayer of your friend,
MRS. JULIA DUNCAN.

(Telegram.)

BOSTON, January 14, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Governor: — Allow me to tender to you in this hour of your bereavement my sincere sympathy and condolence for the very great loss you have sustained in the removal from this world of one whose cheerful words and pleasant smiles have made life to you a joy.

J. W. JOHNSON.

PORTSMOUTH, January 15, 1885.

My Dear Governor: —

We grieve with you over the death of dear Mrs. Smyth. My heart bleeds for you in your desolation. I hoped until the last that we might hear of such improvement in her condition that she might be spared a long time, and that I should see her a good many times.

I spent a very delightful afternoon with her at your house last July, and since she bade me good-bye at the

horse-car I have not seen but have thought of her a great deal in her sickness. I am grateful for the friendship and acquaintance of so noble and lovely a woman.

But now she has gone to swell the number of the blessed, leaving behind many aching, loving hearts, but also many sweet memories and loving deeds to gladden the days that are left her loved ones. May He who knows your sorrow and who cares for you as none other can, keep you in his love and bring you purified into the bliss of the redeemed, is the prayer of

Your long-time friend,

MRS. AARON YOUNG.

(Telegram.)

CONCORD, N. H., January 15, 1885.

Ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth:—

My deepest sympathy. Beloved in life, death embalms her memory in all hearts.

J. E. PECKER.

CONCORD, N. H., January 15, 1885.

My Dear Governor:—

Through all the first weeks of anxiety, I had hoped that you might not be called upon to pass through the same sorrow that came to me. God in His wisdom has decreed otherwise, and your consolation must be that our

loss is her gain, and in the remembrance of her lovely and noble life. May our Heavenly Father give you strength to carry you through this severe affliction.

With my warmest sympathy, I am

Your sincere friend,

J. H. PEARSON.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, Manchester.

DOVER, N. H., January 15, 1885.

Dear Sir : —

I read with much pain of the death of your excellent wife, and just write a word to express my deepest sympathy, though I know that at such times words are but empty things. When we say that she was a thoroughly good woman, and most thoroughly loved by those who knew her best, we but give expression to the heart-felt conviction of all who knew her character and worth. I shall always remember with pleasure your words and acts of kindness to me, both while acting chaplain at the Soldiers' Home at Augusta, Me., and while a pastor at Manchester. May God bless and sustain you in this hour of affliction. With warmest affection,

I remain your humble servant,

H. F. WOOD.

(Pastor Baptist Church.)

EPPING, January 15, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Friend: — Mrs. Prescott and I read with the deepest sorrow yesterday of the death of Mrs. Smyth, and we convey to you our sympathy in this sad bereavement. We knew of her illness, but did not know her condition was so critical. She was always a warm friend to us, and we both feel that we have lost one of our best friends who always took a lively interest in our prosperity.

Again, my dear governor, allow us to express our strongest sympathy.

Very sincerely,

B. F. PRESCOTT.

(Ex-Gov.)

CONCORD, N. H., January 15, 1885.

My Dear Sir: —

I have just heard of your sad affliction, and trust you will not think it an intrusion at this time, which must be so sorrowful for you, if I venture to write to you a few lines of sympathy.

A kind, dear woman was your dear wife. "In her tongue was the law of kindness." I have said to myself as I have thought of her to-day, "She was always so kind and dear a friend to my dear wife, who has gone before her, and who loved her so much." I feel most sincerely grieved to think you should have to bear so terrible a

loss, and am certain that the entire community shares my own feeling: for when one so conspicuous for only good deeds and charitable labor, and so noted withal for her Christian virtue, is taken from our midst, the loss is in one sense a public one. But I know how little any poor words of mine will avail to comfort you, but at this time didn't wish to be thought lacking in sympathy for you.

Faithfully yours,

S. C. EASTMAN.

LACONIA, January 15, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Sir: — I had but just written to a friend with reference to the death of his wife, when I took up a newspaper and read a notice of the death of Mrs. Smyth. I hasten to tender my sympathy and that of Mrs. Hibbard, on account of your great bereavement. We had heard of her serious illness, but were hoping that her life might be spared and her health restored.

Very truly yours,

E. A. HIBBARD.

(Ex-Judge Supreme Court.)

(Telegram from New York.)

You have our deepest sympathy.

(Mrs.) LAURA A. and DOUGLASS GREEN.

88 Pleasant street, CONCORD, N. H.,
January 15, 1885.

My Dear Gov. Smyth: —

I am deeply pained to learn of the death of dear Mrs. Smyth. I have been anxiously hoping for favorable news during these past weeks of suspense. I have lost an old and valued friend, and one more tie connected with the happy years of my life is broken. Your wife has always been my ideal of perfect womanhood, and was held in high esteem by Mr. Warde. I cannot refrain from telling you of my own sorrow in her loss, and heart-felt sympathy for you in these dark hours of bereavement.

May the loving Father comfort and help you to endure this blow from His chastening hand.

Very sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) M. C. WARDE.

CONCORD, January 15, 1885.

My Dear Sir and Brother: —

It was with deep sadness that I read, "Mrs. Smyth, the dearly beloved wife of ex-Gov. Smyth, is dead." I know that no words of mine can do anything to relieve the great sorrow that has come upon you, but I do most deeply sympathize with you, my dear brother, and most heartily do I pray that He who rules above may uphold you in this trying hour.

Courteously and fraternally yours,
J. FRANK WEBSTER.

MANCHESTER, January 15, 1885.

My Dear Governor :—

I cannot refrain from offering you my tenderest pity and heartfelt sympathy, deepened and strengthened by over forty years of continued friendship. May our Heavenly Father give you the consolation of our holy religion, and with His love soften and help you bear this terrible grief and affliction. With tenderest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

MRS. W. B. WEBSTER.

YOUNG'S HOTEL, BOSTON, MASS.,
January 16, 1885.

My Dear Governor :—

I am sure very many feel that they share with you the great loss you now sustain. You have my sincerest sympathy, and deeply do I regret that your noble wife could no longer have been spared to you and her numberless friends.

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES W. LIVERMORE.

MR. SMYTH, —

Dear Sir :— I have but just heard of your sad bereavement, and I want to tell you how sorry I am, and how much I sympathize with you in your great sorrow. I cannot realize that she has passed from us. Though I

had heard of her illness, I also heard she was recovering, and hoped it was so until I heard of her death. It seems so hard one should be taken who had so much to live for and everything to make her happy. Oh, why should those be taken that are most needed, and others left that would be glad to go! Such things are hard for me to understand, but it will all be made plain sometime, and though it is hard to see the light now, we know it is but a short time at the most when we shall meet those we love in another world. She will be missed everywhere, for she was a lady highly esteemed and loved by all who knew her. To me she was the perfection of womanhood; and, although our acquaintance was slight, I shall never forget her.

I wish I could say something that would help you. I know how hard it must be for you to be reconciled to her loss, but I think it must be some consolation to look back upon such a happy married life as yours has been, and the many happy years you have enjoyed together. That makes it seem all the harder to bear at first, but in after years it will be a great consolation to look back and think of that happiness and feel that there is nothing to regret, that you were all in all to each other while she was spared you.

It all seems dark now, but the light must come, and the sorrow will be easier to bear.

Yours respectfully,

ADDIE I. AMES.

447 Shawmut avenue, Wednesday, A. M.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER,
January 16, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Sir : — It is with great surprise and pain I have read the announcement of Mrs. Smyth's death. I had seen the statement of her illness and the anxiety felt for her, but it seemed incredible that one whom I had known to be unusually vigorous and active could pass away so soon.

Allow me to express to you my deep sympathy with you in your great affliction, and my strong sense of her great and many excellences, and of the personal friendship which I highly prized. She was in many respects a rare woman, and in her memory you have all the comfort that bright recollections can give.

I trust that you may also be sustained by those religious consolations which alone can fill such a void.

Yours most sincerely,
S. C. BARTLETT.

PITTSFIELD, January 16, 1885.

My Dear Governor : —

You have our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of bereavement of one of the noblest of wives. Trust a little time till you meet.

Tenderly yours,
(REV.) JOSEPH HARVEY.

DAYTON, OHIO.

My Dear Friend, Gov. Smyth:—

Mrs. Gunckel just brought me the sad news of the death of dear Mrs. Smyth. It was a great shock. She looked so well, so full of life, the last time I saw her, that I never connected death with her. No words of mine can assuage your grief, but having passed through the same dread ordeal, let me commend you to a loving Father who doeth all things well. May God bless you, and help you to bear this great affliction, is the prayer of

Your friend,
(MRS.) ELIZA McDERMOT.

18 Bowdoin Street, Boston,
January 16, 1885.

Dear Gov. Smyth:—

I have just learned of your great affliction, and I cannot write all that is in our hearts for you to-day. They are full of a double sorrow,—for you, and for the loss of our dear angel friend. She was so good. My poor friend, I wish I could tell you how much we feel, but at such a time words seem worse than useless to assuage your great grief.

We regret so much not being able to come up, but are compelled to go to New York, where we will be for a month at the Fifth Avenue theatre. When you feel like writing let us hear from you. With earnest, heartfelt sympathy,

Your sincere friends,
MRS. DACE AND REGINA.

U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 16, 1885.

My Dear Friend: —

I have just seen the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Smyth. So very, very sad to me and to every one who ever knew her, what an overwhelming affliction to you! I feel too deeply for your grief to intrude with words, but I do hope that you will accept the most earnest sympathy of Mrs. Blair and myself in this great and irreparable loss. More tears will consecrate her memory than that of any woman of the state in her generation. Do not break under your great load of sorrow. Thousands of friends will bear you up with the love of full and bursting hearts, and there is always the strong refuge which you know in the bosom of the everlasting Father of all.

God bless you, my dear, dear friend. It is all I can do.

Sincerely your friend,

HENRY W. BLAIR.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH.

Gov. SMYTH, —

My Dear Friend: — I cannot refrain from writing you at this time, to express my deepest sympathy for you in the great sorrow which has come to you in taking from you the light of your beautiful home, the idol of your heart. May you have strength and light from above for the days which come. I find no words to express the deep sorrow

of my own heart as I remember the one who was always my friend and adviser. Your good wife was indeed queen among women, and without a peer in her noble, grand, and lovely character. To you she was everything, and I realize how much she was to me and mine. I shall only realize that she is gone when I look upon her dear face for the last time at her burial. Pardon me for saying so much, for my heart dictates the words, and believe me always,

Very truly, your friend,

ABBIE M. HEAD.

(Wife of ex-Gov. Head.)

BOSTON, January 16, 1885.

My Dear Mr. Smyth: —

Allow me to express my deepest sympathy for you in your recent affliction. It was with great pain that we read of the death of your good wife. I hope you will try and not feel too much depressed over what we cannot help, and any time you are in town please give Mr. Brewster, Mrs. Estabrook and myself a chance to shake you by the hand.

Yours truly,

A. F. ESTABROOK.

(Brewster, Cobb, & Estabrook, bankers.)

CANDIA, N. H., January 16, 1885.

Dear Uncle Frederick:—

Allow me to offer my sympathy. I grieve, too, over the loss that has come to us all. I shall not forget the kindness shown me in the past by Aunt Emily, nor by you. Have you read that beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light?" With little change it seems suited to you in these sorrowful days.*

Very truly yours,

ELLEN S. EATON.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS.,

January 17, 1885.

My Dear Sir:—

Human sympathy is such a help in reaching forth to the Divine that I make bold to write a word to you in view of your recent bereavement, though I can hardly hope that it will be so much a satisfaction to you as to myself. I have such a recollection of Mrs. Smyth's dignity and graciousness of manner, and the sweet accord which seemed to exist between you in all your plans for mutual happiness and usefulness to the world, that it is hard to realize that your lives are henceforth to be no longer one on earth as heretofore they have been one, as hereafter they shall be one in heaven.

The words of eulogy belong to other lips than mine,

* Cardinal Newman's poem will be found at the end of this memorial.

but I am permitted to offer a very real and genuine expression of my sorrow in your sorrow, and to bespeak for you all the comfort and grace which can come to stricken hearts from the God of all grace and comfort, who has for us only thoughts of love and mercy and help. God bless you, my dear sir, in your grief, and make it easier to see through the darkness to the light, and from the grave to the glory unutterable. You will receive a great many letters. May they all help you in your sorrow.

Very faithfully yours,
C. F. P. BANCROFT.

CLAREMONT, January 17, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

Dear Afflicted Friend: — The words of sympathy in this time of your great bereavement are almost idle. Certainly they are powerless to console. Yet it is right that you should know how keenly your friends do sympathize with you, and how fully they appreciate the irreparable loss you have sustained. Be assured that Mrs. Walker and myself grieve with you, and especially at the unexpectedness of the event, and at the thought that we shall see her lovely face and form no more, who brightened your life and in whose presence her friends always rejoiced.

Sincerely and truly yours,
J. S. WALKER.

SOUTH NEWMARKET, January 17, 1885.

Please accept our heartfelt sympathy in this, your deep affliction. The event was to us wholly unexpected. Effectual comfort cannot come from man, only from God.

Very truly yours

JAMES H. FITTS.

(Pastor Congregational Church, South Newmarket.)

CONCORD, January 17, 1885.

My Dear Sir : —

While on my way home from New York I heard of the decease of your wife, and was greatly shocked by it. My heart is full of sympathy for you in this great sorrow. Having myself been called to drink this bitter cup, I cannot but be profoundly moved when any friend is suffering in like manner. It certainly does not fall to the lot of many men in this world to enjoy the love and loving companionship of such a rare and noble woman as was Mrs. Smyth. This makes your loss all the greater, but it will also awaken your gratitude that so great a blessing was vouchsafed to you for so long a period in your life.

I am convinced that no one can enter into your sorrow and realize its crushing weight who has not passed through a similar trial, and that enables me to enter into your feelings. If the sympathy and kind regard of friends could ease the pain which fills your heart, your sorrow would be quickly assuaged.

From personal experience I know that there is but one source from which to obtain real comfort and support, and I pray that He whose infinite love and compassion is able to sustain you, will be your constant help. I would not intrude into your sorrow, but I could not refrain from giving you in some way assurance of my deep sympathy in this, *the* great sorrow of life.

Most sincerely yours,

L. D. STEVENS.

(Senator.)

PORTSMOUTH, January 17, 1885.

Of her it may truly be said, my dear Mr. Smyth,

“None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.”

Every one is full of her praises and of her kindly acts. My sister and I have thought of her and of you constantly, and when we learned the sad truth we could not credit it, so earnestly had we hoped for her recovery. How we shall miss her? we always regretted the shortness of her visits and tried to keep her longer with us. It was a benediction to have her with us. But you in the lonely house, no Emma to meet you with pleasant smile and that look of interest so peculiarly her own, what can we say? It is vain to try to comfort you, but we all felt we must send just a word to let you know our warmest sympathies are yours. We intended going to assist in

the last sad rites, but the weather is so forbidding and we should be compelled to stay away all night, so we must content ourselves with being near her in spirit. Accept, dear Mr. Smyth, our warmest good wishes that you may be sustained and comforted in this most grievous affliction.

Yours most truly and sympathizingly,

KATE MILLER.

(Late Mrs. Frank Miller.)

HIGH SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER, MASS.,
January 18, 1885.

My Dear Sir :—

I am well aware that it is not for the stranger to intermeddle in such a grief as yours must be in the loss of so estimable a wife, but I may be pardoned the seeming intrusion in my wish to let you know how very helpful she who has gone was to me at a very critical point of my life. It was your own courtesy and that of Mrs. Smyth that led you, on the occasion of the return of the New Hampshire regiments from the war, to meet in a social way at Concord the officers of our regiments. As one of these, I recall with pleasure the cordial greetings and hearty good-will of our war governor and the now lamented lady who stood by his side. In conversation with Mrs. Smyth that evening, she asked me what I, a young an inexperienced officer, proposed to do next in the

world, and when I told her that before entering the service I had thought some of getting an education, but was not sure that I could afford the time, she seemed inspired out of her own interest to urge me to go on with my original purpose. Her words meant very much to me, as I have always thought they were the deciding motive in my choosing a scholar's life.

In later years at Manchester I had occasion to thank her with all my heart for this timely advice and helpful word. The sad news of her departure and your own exceeding trial has served to recall afresh the debt of gratitude I owe her. If I may put no other tribute to her worth, I trust that you will allow me this word, poor as it is, of recognition and thankfulness.

With sincerest sympathy for yourself,

I remain,
A. W. BACHELER.

(Former principal of Manchester High School.)

CANDIA VILLAGE, January 18, 1885.

4 O'CLOCK P. M.

My Dear Frederick:—

Allow me to drop the sympathizing tear over the remains of the dear wife of your youth as you lay her away to remain until the bright morn of the resurrection shall her and my dear Sarah bring forth again to life.

O may we be ready to greet them to part no more forever! This loss brings fresh to my mind the sympathy of yourself and your dear Emily, now almost three years ago, when I laid my dear Sarah away, but I trust our loss is their gain. May we so shape our lives, I say again, that we can greet them beyond the river. It will not be long before we shall go to them as time passes on. I feel that I am nearing the shore, being past eighty-one. Trust in God, and believe all things will work for good to them that love God and keep His commandments.

Yours truly,
JONATHAN MARTIN.

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1885.

My Dear Sorrow-Stricken Friend: —

It is not without reluctance that I intrude upon the sacredness of your grief, but I cannot refrain from offering you the sincere condolence of my wife and myself. It seems hardly possible that one so large-hearted, so sympathetic, so useful, and so loved, should have thus been summoned across the dark river. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. A few years more, my dear friend, and we shall be relieved from earthly sorrows and trials, and meet again the loved ones who have preceded us. My wife joins me in sending you our sympathy and love.

Faithfully yours,

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH. BEN: PERLEY POORE.

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1885.

My Dear Governor: —

I noticed in a newspaper that Mrs. Smyth was seriously ill, and almost immediately thereafter that she had left you. I have thought what a change and serious blow this must be to you. It rarely falls to the lot of husband and wife to be so much together as you were, — to travel together so much, to see, experience, and enjoy so much in company. This habit will make your life seem all the more strange and desolate now, and its burden very hard to bear.

I never speak of the hope of consolation to a friend so bereaved, it seems like formality if not mockery; but I give you all my sympathy, and I can certainly speak to you of the universal feeling concerning your wife, that she was cheerful, helpful, lovable in character and disposition, in the opinion of those who knew her little or much. You will have none but tender recollections of her, except that you will be prouder than ever of her noble qualities of mind and heart.

It is thirty-three years, my friend, since you began to help me start in life. There have been ups and downs, chances and changes, but nothing which prevents my heart from going out to you very warmly in this grievous hour of your great trouble.

Truly yours,

W. E. CHANDLER.

(Secretary of the Navy.)

NORTH HADLEY, MASS.,
January 18, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Sir: — I hope it will not seem an intrusion for me to express to you my sincerest sympathy for you in your sore affliction, at this hour when you are probably laying away the loved form of your sainted dead.

Our Thursday's daily announced the death of your wife, and a letter from my sister, a parishioner of her cousin, Rev. J. H. Fitts, of South Newmarket, N. H., told the time of her funeral. I do not know that I ever met you, but have often wished for the time when I could accept the kind invitation of Mrs. S. to call on you when both were at home. This invitation was given over two years ago, when I called at your residence with the wife of my cousin, J. C. French, on my way to preach in Pittsfield in memory of our grandmother. (She was a Lane, and cousin of my father, who died October 27, 1884, at Stratham, N. H.)

My reason for calling and basis of our acquaintance was our common ancestry in descent from Dea. Joshua Lane, of Hampton, son of William, and grandson of William, the immigrant in 1650. He (Joshua) was great-great-grandfather to Mrs. S., myself, and many others. After kindly showing us over your beautiful grounds and a large part of the mansion, we went into the library to see a globe lately purchased rotating by clock-work; then, in view of a bust, she asked me if I recognized it as

of any one I had seen. I did not recognize yours but did hers, and rejoice that you have this comfort in your loneliness. In pictures of Queen Victoria's family group since Prince Albert's death, I ever notice his bust in the background. I trust you have a memento which will seem as precious. And may the strong faith and steadfast hope which in an unusual degree have been continued in our (Lane) family line, which I trust was her stay and staff when she (with the son of God) walked the valley of the shadow of death, be also your comfort till you come to the meeting-place beyond.

Much of our conversation at the time of my call was upon our ancestry, and my discovery, in the neglected cemetery at Hampton, of the graves of Dea. Joshua Lane and wife and probably of his father and mother. The grave marked "W. L." we think is of his father, because near his own in the same row, one (of his mother, probably) between, and because in his diary which I have he wrote, giving date, this day "my honored father died at my house." At Mrs. Smyth's request I afterwards sent her the direct line of her ancestry to William from England, and a plan of the location and position of the graves in Hampton's oldest cemetery, together with the strong desire of some of us to see that sacred spot secured from fast-coming oblivion. I told her of our plan, by contributions from descendants to place a plain but desirable granite monument there to mark those four graves and tell of the ancestor of the family.

I have before me her reply, in which she wrote: "You are very kind to devote so much time, but I assure you I appreciate and am very grateful for this history of our ancestry, and also for the plan of their resting-place. I hope to visit it sometime. My sisters, also, have been equally interested, and would be pleased to meet you. When our clergymen cousins move in the matter of a monument to our revered forefathers, I have no doubt they will find a ready response from many of the numerous Lane tribes. I don't know of any among them who have great possessions of this world's goods, but I believe 'blood tells,' and so we are rich in the priceless inheritance of honest, upright, Christian ancestry, and I trust we are not unmindful of it."

The delicate way in which Mrs. S. used our distant family connection to make me feel at home with her won my sincere regard. My little boy of four summers remembers how she let him ride the (statue) pony near the stable, and when we left we hoped to meet you both again.

May your sorrow be softened by the thought of the treasure once in possession, but now transplanted to await you in the home above.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN W. LANE.

(Pastor Second Church, Hadley, Mass.)

TAMWORTH, January 19, 1885.

My Dear Friend:—

Words are inadequate to express my heartfelt sympathy for you in your great bereavement at the loss of your dear wife. The sorrow occasioned by her death pervades the entire community. She was beloved by all.

Very truly yours,

NATT HUBBARD.

LANCASTER, January 19, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Governor:— Mrs. Jordan and myself were saddened by the intelligence of the death of your most estimable wife. We had been made aware of her illness, but in common with her thousands of friends who were ignorant of the nature of her malady, had hoped the disease would not prove fatal. We both well remember her kind, benignant, intelligent face, her winning, assuring manner, and her true, womanly grace and excellence of character.

Mrs. Jordan, you may recollect, met her at the Twin Mountain House, and has ever since highly esteemed her. For years I have known of her as a lovely and lovable woman. You have our deep sympathy in your great affliction, and in a loss greater by far to you than if all else had been taken and she left.

Respectfully yours,

MR. AND MRS. C. B. JORDAN.

NEWPORT, January 19, 1885.

My Valued Friend:—

Mrs. Adams and myself desire to assure you of our deep personal sympathy. The acquaintance of Mrs. Adams with Mrs. Smyth was brief, but sufficient to command her highest respect. The news of her sickness alarmed us, but we hoped and prayed that she might live. The result realized our worst fears. "Her sun has gone down while it was yet day." Her preëminent womanly qualities, her true Christian spirit and life, her constant deeds of charity, her intellectual superiority and culture, her affability of manner, her purity of heart and mind, her friendship for all classes, greatly endeared her to all who knew her personally or by reputation, and we keenly feel that what she was to you in heart and life, not only as the companion of your days, but as the sunlight of your dwelling and the joy of your heart, constitutes a personal loss to yourself beyond the power of words to express.

May you have the aid and sustaining power of divine strength, and be cheered by the certain prospect that when you shall go over the river you will meet and be with the loved one in the higher life and service to which she has now been divinely called.

Most truly yours,
(REV.) P. S. ADAMS.

NEWARK, O., January 19, 1885.

My Dear Uncle:—

It is with profound sorrow that I have heard of the death of your dear wife, my Aunt Emma. Truly you have suffered a great affliction. She was my ideal of a true and noble woman. Be assured all who knew her share in your sorrow; yet He alone who has called her to enjoy the reward she justly deserves by a life so nobly spent, can offer you any consolation.

Think of her as “not dead, but sleeping,” waiting to join you on the other side of the river, never to part again.

All join in sympathy for you.

Your niece,
 ABBY METZ.

BOSTON, January 19, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

Dear Sir:— It was with a feeling of pain that I read in the morning paper of the death of the “sharer of your joys and sorrows.”

In the long ago, when I was scarce seventeen, you repeated the always sacred words that linked my life with the late Isaac Baldwin Hobbs, and memory has always preserved a very pleasant recollection of her who is gone while we were awaiting your arrival; and so I have always felt a kindly interest in you both, and though a stranger, been very glad of your success in life. I, too,

know what it means to see the dear one fade from sight, because love, however strong, cannot stay the good All Father's mandate, and so most deeply do I sympathize with you in this your great bereavement. Please do not think me presuming, but believe me, I have always held you both in kindly remembrance.

Very sincerely,

MARY S. HOBBS.

NEW IPSWICH, January 19, 1885.

HON. F. SMYTH,—

My Dear Sir:— I have just seen the notice of your sorrowful bereavement. I hasten to tender you my deep, my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of crushing loneliness. I do not feel myself gifted as a comforter to impart consolation to one so suddenly and deeply involved in sorrow, but there is one whose tender loving-kindness is assured to the heavy-laden who look to Him for help. The desolation of your home will be more and more apparent as the days and weeks pass on. I know it all. Six years to-day since my companion in life's struggles and trials passed to the higher home of eternal joy and rest. * * * *

In closing, I commend you to Him whose compassions are very great, and who knows the keenness of your sorrow, and will heed your tears and cry for help while you pass the waters of coming bitter loneliness.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM D. LOCKE.

THE VENDOME, BOSTON,
January 19, 1885.

My Dear Governor Smyth:—

You have my heartfelt sympathy in the hour of your great bereavement. I know it all from experience, and have full knowledge of what you are to endure in the present and as well in the future, in the loss of your wife. I remember well my first interview with Mrs. Smyth at my house in Marlborough street, and in Mrs. Bryant's lifetime. We often spoke of your wife's loveliness of person and manner. I remember my interview with Mrs. Smyth during her illness on my calling to pay my respects at your door in the autumn of last year, and the fact that she insisted on answering my card in person by coming down from her sick chamber, and I shall long carry in my mind the sweetness of expression with which I was welcomed. Words, I know, seem hollow at such times, but I could not resist addressing you a few lines of consolation and respect. Believe me

Your obliged friend,
GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT.

FRANKLIN, January 19, 1885.

Friend Smyth:—

Allow me to express my kind and deep sympathy to you in consequence of your recent great bereavement. To me it was unexpected. Your good wife always appeared as the picture of health and long life. I cannot

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realize that we shall see no more here in this life that animated, active body, that smiling, benevolent countenance, and hear no more the attractive words of that sweet voice; all lovely traits in the person and character of your late estimable wife.

But our experience has taught us that "Death loves a shining mark," and often, too often, we are apt to think his relentless arrows are aimed at the useful and strong. May we not hope that your loss will be her gain? that the immortal soul — what Young the poet denominates the "vital spark of heavenly flame" — yet survives in a more happy and glorious state of being, in a higher sphere of existence? Revelation teaches us, that when man was created the Almighty breathed into him the breath of life. Must we not believe that this inspiration from the Almighty embraces not only the short lives allowed to humanity here, but also the immortal, intellectual life allotted to the just made perfect, or to the angels in heaven? To me the promise is very comforting, that there is a place of rest, where sin and sorrow cannot come. "In my Father's house are many mansions," all fitted and prepared for those who may enjoy them. The duty is enjoined upon us to *strive* while here to obtain an inheritance in these heavenly places. Our severe afflictions visit us as reminders of our mortality as well as of duties to be performed.

Now I think of your wife as in the full enjoyment of a heavenly place, the glory of which the eye has not seen

nor the ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of mortals here to conceive of: therefore be comforted. “Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted:” so says our Divine Master.

A British poet prepared an epitaph for a deceased lady, his beloved friend. It was in these words: —

“Here sleep in dust and wait the Almighty’s will,
Then rise unchanged and be an angel still.”

I adopt the sentiment for your wife, amended, that she rose as the *angel* the moment this mortality put on immortality. The poet Collins wrote a sweet verse in behalf of one of his deceased female friends: —

“Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life could charm no more,
And mourned till pity’s self be dead.”

I remember you have already a beautiful monument prepared of your wife in one of your rooms. This she deserved. But be assured her many virtues and purity of life have erected durable monuments in the hearts of many friends who knew her worth. My wife, now on her sick bed, and destined to follow your own soon, wishes me to express her sympathy with you on this occasion.

Truly ever,

G. W. NESMITH.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, January 19, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

Dear Friend: — Pardon me for wishing to tell you how sincerely I feel for you in your great affliction. From what I have been called to meet myself I know too well what such a bereavement means; the very heavens are clouded, and the whole earth is made a desert. But there is one thing, — we can now enshrine them as never before in our appreciation, esteem, and love. Their numberless excellences and priceless charms take on a perfection greater than ever. These dearest ones of our lives, — we at last do them better justice: and may we not trust that He who fully knows their hearts and ours, supremely loving them and sympathizing with us, may ever communicate to them the knowledge of this worthier, deeper love of ours for them? Certainly we do know that He is in every way advancing their happiness, and will far transcend our best imaginings of what will give them joy; and let us ever, amidst our overwhelming sense of loss, pray and endeavor to be grateful for what they now share, and for all they were to us when on earth. Perhaps, too, the precious links which have bound them so blessedly to us on earth, will seem in time no less precious because the other end of the golden chain is now in heaven. Mrs. Smyth's death has brought afresh to my mind and heart the death of her brother Richard, the one of all my college classmates who I think loved me best, and whose death I cease not to this day to feel and to

lament. How blessed must the meeting be of kindred and friends in that better world, while there will also be the pouring forth of endless gratitude for immortality and salvation to Him who hath redeemed us by His blood, and is the resurrection and the life.

I remain, dear friend,

Sincerely and truly yours,

H. E. PARKER.

(Professor at Dartmouth College.)

DOVER, January 20, 1885.

My Dear Governor:—

I notice with sadness the decease of your dear wife. Please accept my sincere sympathy for you in your great affliction. I realize fully what it is. My good father died December 25.

With the kindest regards

I remain sincerely yours,

CHARLES A. TUFTS.

CAMPTON, January 20, 1885.

My Dear Friend:—

I most deeply sympathize with you in your very great sorrow. Years ago I passed through the same furnace, so that I know from experience how to feel for you. Your wife was to you no common helpmate. From all

I had ever seen of her and from all I heard, she was a lady of rare attainments, and useful in all the walks of life.

But, my dear sir, you will miss her as no other can. As the days come and go you will feel her loss as no one can tell. "How lonely!" you will say, as you return to your home day after day. No one now to share your joys and help bear your burdens, as she could. If you had plans to mature and carry out, who so ready to assist and advise as she? Your most tried and confidential friend is gone. How lonely now the house, how dark the very road seems to you, now the great earthly burden-bearer of your life has passed away!

But, my dear friend, I do not write thus to make still deeper the wound in your heart already made, but to give you some little evidence of my deep interest in you in this your sore trial, and more especially to ask you to look up to the great heavenly Burden-Bearer, for He says, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Yes, there *is* rest in Jesus. Does not heaven now seem more attractive than ever before? May not this be a divine call to a higher and a brighter consecration in the service of the dear Master?

Let me assure you there is joy in believing and peace in Jesus. Will you suffer me to give you one kind word of advice now in this your great need? It is this: Go to Jesus in your closet, and tarry there till you shall feel His presence lighting up your very pathway. No earthly hope or prop satisfies now, but Jesus says, "In me ye

shall have peace." O that blessed peace! may it be yours. Please accept these few lines of sympathy and kind advice from

Your true friend,

W. G. BROWN.

(Agent N. H. Bible Society.)

U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

January 20, 1885.

My Dear Sir:—

I have learned with deep regret of the recent death of Mrs. Smyth. It was entirely unexpected, though I thought at the time I was at your house last autumn that she was not in her usual health. Mrs. Pike joins with me in sending you our condolence and deepest sympathy for your great bereavement.

I remain yours most respectfully,

AUSTIN F. PIKE.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH.

LAWRENCE, KAN., January 20, 1885.

EX-GOV. SMYTH,—

Beloved Sir and Friend:—A postal card from our daughter, Mrs. E. B. Payne, speaks of Mrs. Smyth's death. Is it so? That excellent lady, your admirable wife, called away, and you to walk alone!

I hasten to send my heartiest sympathy and deepest contribution of love in this your great bereavement. Had I not walked a similar pathway (1862), I should hardly feel that I could say one word under a trial so very great. How again she comes to me as I recall her handing me her large woolen shawl on the ship the first night out from Beyroot as I was about to camp on deck, and I see her as she sat in the studio in Rome, as she talked to me as the artist was turning her womanliness into marble. Again she comes to me as I sit at your table in your own house, from whence she has just been taken out.

It was infinite love that gave her to you, and the same love has taken her. Be comforted, dear sir, He makes no mistakes, His name is love. Could you write me a little concerning her sickness and death? I shall value it so much.

Most fraternally and under much obligation,

(REV.) H. K. BURNELL.

NASHUA, January 23, 1885.

My Dear Governor Smyth:—

The sad news of your great loss was to me like a personal bereavement. No one could meet Mrs. Smyth without yielding at once to the charm of her sweet presence. Her nature was so flower-like that it drew out the best that was in one, and attracted it to itself as a flower draws sunshine. Although I am one of the youngest and

latest of her friends, I am none the less unwilling to relinquish my claim to that title, and shall always carry in the holy of holies of my memory the remembrance of her kindness and cordiality to me. The recollection of that sunny May-day, which was made especially sunny to me by being passed constantly at her side, is among my most delightful memories. I still keep a flower she wore, which she gave me at parting as a souvenir of our pleasant time together.

I send you this, not in an impossible hope of attempting to offer the least consolation to such grief as yours, but because of a natural impulse to tell you how dear she was to even me, a young, lately made friend, and how far the gentle influences of her life extended, that she could make even one chance meeting on an unimportant occasion memorable because of her presence, and because her gentle loveliness illumined it.

My grandmamma, who has known and loved Mrs. Smyth for many years, is too distressed to attempt at present the effort of sending you any expression of her sympathy except through me, and she desires me to tell you how truly and sincerely she sympathizes with you, and that she speaks as one having had a bitter experience of the same nature in the loss of her dear husband.

Believe me to be, dear Governor Smyth, with most earnest sympathy,

Yours very sincerely,

ANN S. G. NOYES.

Boston, January 20, 1885.

My Dear Governor : —

I have learned through the papers of the great sorrow that has come upon you, and I find it almost impossible to believe that she who was like sunshine to all who knew her will no longer gladden us with her presence. My heart goes out to you with a great throb of sympathy, which I have hesitated to express, but I loved her also. You have the comfort of knowing that you made her happy, and that the world is better for her having lived in it. The General joins me in sorrow and sympathy.

Very sincerely yours,
(MRS.) ELIZABETH L. TILTON.

HANOVER, January 24, 1885.

GOVERNOR SMYTH, —

Dear Sir : — I am following out the promptings of my heart even at the risk of intruding upon you, but I wanted to assure you, in writing you, of the deep interest and sympathy I have had for you at this sad time. I cannot realize at all that such a sorrow has come to your life and home. I had no knowledge that Mrs. Smyth was not in her usual health until the papers told us of her illness and death. I would like to know something more if I might. It seems such a strange Providence that could take her so quickly from so much in life that was happy and bright. This mystery of death, of God's ways

not our ways, the separation of those whose joy is life together, is all past our comprehension here. Only faith can help us to struggle on through the shadowed way here to light and life hereafter.

I remember so well the first time I met your wife, of the merry time here fifteen years ago. Memory brings up the beautiful face and winsome manner of the lovely woman every one called charming. The pleasant courtesies from you and her to myself and husband will never be forgotten. I had hoped sometime to see her again; now our meeting will never be here. It is all very, very sad, and I know your life is desolated; but sometimes in our deepest grief we are glad to know friends remember us, and it is that which has urged me to write you these few words. I never had the happy faculty of saying the right word in the right place, and I can bring no words of comfort other than those I am sure you know, ‘He doth not willingly afflict,’ and He only can bind up the broken heart.

Your sincere friend,
(MRS.) SARAH C. BLANPIED.

BOSTON, January 25, 1885.

My Dear Governor:—

I cannot withhold the expression of my sympathy in your great bereavement. You have passed beneath the

great shadow, and I know what it is to have the sun withdraw its light. Your wife was in every sense a most remarkable woman. No one knew her but to respect and love her. Her influence was felt in every society of which she was a part, and entered largely into circles where her presence was never known.

I give you my heart-felt sympathy. I know it is a poverty-stricken gift to a bereaved and afflicted man, but that, with my earnest prayer for the blessing of God to comfort you, is all I can bestow.

Very sincerely yours,

DANIEL NEEDHAM.

LYNN, MASS., January 25, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

Dear Sir : — We learn with sorrow that sad news from your home. The death of your estimable wife is deeply regretted by all who knew her, and having no other means of expressing our regard for her memory we send these few lines. Her noble character and kind consideration for all won our love at once. We feel the same toward yourself. The kindness shown us will never be forgotten; and we trust that the many friends you have around you, who have shared the burdens of your busy life, will be spared to make the declining years of your life happy. Like a dewdrop or a sunbeam we would add our little mite, and though we may not be distin-

guished among the many rays of love's sun you feel and see, we will be there with a loving warmth all the same. We have thought of you often and of Col. Waterman Smith, who was so kind to us during your absence in Europe. Please tell him of our love and remembrance.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM STIRLING.

(For a time the farmer in charge at "The Willows.")

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON, O.,
January 26, 1885.

Gov. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Sir and Friend: — We were greatly shocked to learn of the death of your beloved wife. We had not heard of her illness, and this added greatly to our surprise. My dear Governor, what shall I say by way of comforting you? I know so well the poverty of words to relieve when our dear ones are taken away by the hand of relentless death. I can only commend you to the consolations of the gospel of our own dear Saviour, in which you have believed and trusted. It is too true that our loved ones cannot come to us again, and that we shall see them no more on earth, but there is a bright side to all this sorrow. While we weep and are inconsolable, they are indescribably happy. Dear Mrs. Smyth now walks the streets of the New Jerusalem, and dwells

in the "city that hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God," and there she awaits your coming. Let the sweet hope of meeting your loved one cheer you even in these dark hours. O how I wish I could say just one word that would relieve your stricken heart! My wife and children tearfully join me in expressions of tenderest sympathy, and most earnestly entreat the loving Father whom you serve to bless and comfort you.

Sorrowfully and lovingly,

WILLIAM EARNSLAW.

(Chaplain.)

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON,
January 27, 1885.

My Dear Governor:—

I have learned with great sorrow the loss you have sustained by the departure of your good wife. I know her true merit, her devotion to you, the wise support she gave you, and the high place she filled in the circle of her friends. You alone can realize the loss of one who has been your life-long companion, but I can sympathize with you, and I know well how cold and bare the world seems when the friend of your heart is taken away.

Truly your friend,

GEORGE B. LORING.

(Commissioner.)

DENVER, COL., January 27, 1885.

Dear Governor:—

I have heard to-day of the death of Mrs. Smyth, which was entirely unexpected, not knowing of her illness. I beg to express my sincere sympathy upon your great bereavement, and to remind you that in the opinion of all who knew her she did her duty, and fought the good fight well, leaving a record of true nobility unexcelled by any lady in the history of New Hampshire.

Very truly yours,

R. W. WOODBURY.

(President of Denver Board of Trade.)

HOMEVILLE, C. B., January 26, 1885.

Dear Governor:—

I suppose no words of sympathy can comfort you in the hour of trial. How can I realize that Mrs. Smyth has been called away from you to a better world! How sad you must feel! You have my heartfelt sympathy, and I am so sorry I was not there to see her before she died. I shall never forget her many kind words and looks and acts to me. I loved her next to mother, and no greater friend I had than she. Why did God call her away so soon, when she was so much needed here? But God's ways are mysterious, and we must say, His will be done. I have many things to thank Mrs. Smyth for, and many gifts to remember her by. May God sustain and

keep you in this dark hour of trial and affliction, and may we all strive to meet her in heaven. But if words fail to express my feeling, what must yours be? I pray you live in the hope of meeting her again; she has only gone before, and will meet you there. We all send heartfelt sympathy, — father, mother, and the others.

With my best regards,

CHRISTINA HOLMES.

(Housekeeper for Mrs. Smyth many years.)

MANCHESTER, January 31, 1885.

Dear Sir: —

We feel that we cannot let this great affliction and loss come to you without expressing our sympathy as old friends. We who have known, admired, and loved her all these years, feel that what has been said and written in regard to her is all true, and we wish, now that the first great shock of parting is over, to say we give you most heartfelt sympathy.

MR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN KINSLEY.

DAYTON, O., January 27, 1885.

My Dear Gov. Smyth: —

I am deeply pained at the word which has just reached me of the death of my dear friend, your sweet wife. I

feel as though I had lost one of my own, and cannot express how much I am grieved. My husband joins me in sympathizing with you in your great affliction.

Believe me your sincere friend,
 (MRS.) KATE W. GUNCKEL.
 (Wife of Gen. Gunckel.)

MOBERLY, Mo., January 28, 1885.

Gov. SMYTH, —

Kind Sir: — Your sad letter of the 21st received yesterday. Words cannot express my feelings when I learned the sorrowful news. Memory carried me back to the time when all was dark and gloomy; when she came to me as an angel; and I shed one scalding tear to her dear memory which I shall carry with me to the grave.

I am truly grateful to you for remembering me.

This note so interested the recipient that he immediately forwarded the request alluded to in the letter which follows: —

MOBERLY, Mo., February 16, 1885.

Gov. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

Dear Sir: — Your letter of February 4, was received by due course of mail. I thank you for your expressions of regard, and reciprocate the kindness you feel. You ask me to detail the circumstances under which I met your wife, and the causes which led me to esteem her so highly. The tale is a short one. On the 7th day of

December, 1881, I was fireman on a freight train running into Kansas City. At a point (Rock Creek) between Kansas City and Independence an accident happened to the train on which I was employed (rear-end collision), by which I received very severe and what appeared to be fatal injuries. I was taken back to Independence, where the surgeons cared for me and did what they could to stanch the flow of blood and ease my suffering. Mrs. Smyth was on board a train going east from Kansas City, which was detained for several hours by the accident to the freight train. It arrived at Independence about the time the surgeons had finished binding up my wounds, and I was placed on board and in the sleeper in which Mrs. Smyth had taken passage. To her I was a perfect stranger, of course, but the sight of suffering and distress stirred the deepest sympathies of a naturally sympathetic heart, and no mother ever ministered to the wants of her wounded son with more tender devotion than did Mrs. Smyth to mine. Every little act of kindness that a woman's gentle and affectionate nature could suggest was lavished upon a poor fireman whom she had never seen nor even heard of before. My home is in Mexico, Mo., a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles from Independence, and during all that distance, neglecting the sleep and rest her age and physical weakness required, she gave me every attention that my own mother could possibly have shown. Is it any wonder, then, that I cherish a sense of gratitude for her kindness and deep affec-

tion for her memory? Such attentions to a stranger from a woman in her station were sufficient to awaken the liveliest emotions, and to cause the recipient to feel that life is worth the living; that all are not cold and heartless, and the world is not a desert without an oasis. I shall ever remember her as a guardian angel, a true Samaritan whose good deeds went up as sweet incense to the throne of the Most High.

Thanking you for your expressions of regard, I am,

Yours truly,

FRANK B. CRADDOCK.

NEWPORT, January 30, 1885.

Dear Sir and Friend:—

We, the undersigned, representing the organizations named below, wish to express our heartfelt sympathy for you in the loss of your companion, whom to know was to esteem and love.

May the great Friend and Father of us all comfort and bless you.

(Signed)

E. M. KEMPTON,
CHARLES H. LITTLE,

Committee of Fred. Smyth Post No. 10.

M. S. WALDRON,
T. F. PUTNAM,
A. H. KEMPTON,

Committee of Fred. Smyth Relief Corps No. 7.

WASHINGTON, February 1, 1885.

My Dear Governor Smyth:—

I have just heard of your great affliction through the newspaper sent my father, and I cannot resist writing and telling you how much I also loved Mrs. Smyth, and that all my sympathies are with you. It was such a shock, as I did not even dream that she was ill. I know how badly both my father and mother will feel when they hear the sad tidings. They have been South for two weeks, and father improving all the time.

I pray God that he will help you in this your terrible affliction, and remember that I loved her.

Always very sincerely yours,

MARY F. WAITE.

(Daughter of Chief-Justice Waite.)

LOWELL, MASS, Feb. 1, 1885.

My Dear Governor Smyth:—

On my return from Washington I was inexpressibly grieved to learn for the first time of the death of your most amiable and lovely wife, and, my dear friend, it was a blow for which I was not prepared, even by knowledge of dangerous illness. I had heard of Mrs. Smyth's sickness in the early autumn, but had also heard of what I had supposed to be her recovery. Christmas morning I received her and your most kindly telephonic message at my house, so like you both that I rejoiced in appre-

ciation of your kindly friendship. I have been through a like terrible bereavement; but even that has not gifted me with words of consolation, or with phrases with which to alleviate deep sorrow. At such a time words are simply mockery. They address themselves to the intellect and to reason. But what do they do when the heart is torn and every heart-string broken; when the present life is misery made torture by vivid remembrance of all that was, and is loved and lost? Time, alas! is the only healer; but even that remedy is useless if you give it not opportunity, which I fear you will not do. Largely withdrawn from the cares of business, with too much leisure,—for you will use it in brooding over remembrances that will simply stimulate grief,—you will give time no opportunity to do its kindly promised work in your behalf.

I pray you, therefore, my dear friend, to plunge into some occupation, some affair that shall be urgent and exacting, which will command your withdrawal from self-introspection. This is the advice, I am sure, the clear intellect and loving heart of her who has gone would give you could she return to guide your steps to happiness as she has so long done.

Do not yourself feel that withdrawing your mind from your great loss is an injustice or wrong to her, or forgetfulness of her great worth. I may venture to imagine that she herself—if those who are gone are permitted to deal with earthly matters—would not so view the course of action I propose. Honor her memory by alleviating

your sorrow at her loss by every possible means. Would she not do everything to that end in regard to a sorrow for any other loss, if she were with you?

Why not, then, make distraction from poignant grief, in which she would not fail to aid you, a means of, in some degree, the continuing of her loving-kindness for these so many years? Ponder upon this, my friend, and see if I am not in the right; and I may hope that health and strength will be spared us to meet soon to exchange views upon this matter face to face, — not that our joy may be full, but that our grief may be less.

Very truly, your friend,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

Gov. FREDERICK SMYTH,
Manchester, N. H.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASS.,
February 3, 1885.

Dear Uncle Frederick: —

I would like you to know how much I do feel the loss of my dear Aunt Emily. She was very dear to me, and has always done so much to make my life happier, to help me in many ways. With her large, warm heart it was natural for her to be kind and pleasant to all, to cheer them by her words and ever pleasant looks and deeds. But perhaps it was not always easy for her to do this, as she may have had many cares and trials that we

did not know of. It is not easy for any one to always have a cheerful face, to speak kindly, and to do the good deed, and it is rare to find such an one. I think much now of the times past when I have been with her and my other aunts, the happiest times of my life, and think that perhaps she and they did not know that I so much appreciated all that they have done for me, all that they have been to me. Now that I cannot speak to her, I am afraid that she did not know how much I loved her. Let me tell this to you. I shall talk to my children of her, trying to have them remember her, and if my daughters would grow up to be such a blessing to the world as she has been, we shall be very glad.

You must learn to love to think of her in that new and happy home, though the years of waiting before you can see her must seem too long to be endured. My husband and I feel much for you in your desolation, and hope that after a time you may be able to take up your life, though broken, and carry it on to the end, — to the reunion.

Your very affectionate niece,

MARY A. PRENDERGAST.

PORT HOPE, February 3, 1885.

EX-GOV. SMYTH, —

My Dear Sir: — I extend to you my heartfelt sympathy.
I remain, my dear sir, your friend,

MAGGIE BUTTERFIELD.

MANCHESTER, February 3, 1885.

Dear Gov. Smyth:—

I should have called to offer you my sympathy in your great sorrow, but I have been ill in bed since Christmas. I asked Nellie to open the window in an adjoining room so that I could hear the chimes as they played a requiem to one so dearly loved. My dear Governor, believing in immortality and the resurrection of the dead, so you will again see the beloved. Her hand will unlock the pearly gate to show you her heavenly home.

“They err who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity,
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.”

(MRS.) C. A. SANDERSON.

BRIGHTON, ENG., February 3, 1885.

My Dear Gov. Smyth:—

I have just heard through a letter from Concord of the death of your wife, and I hasten to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you in this sore trouble that has come upon you, and I pray that God may give you grace to bear it. You may remember that at one time I saw Mrs. Smyth very often, and I thought a great deal of her, and I had every reason to believe she reciprocated the feeling.

My dear father, too, was always interested in her, and would ask me in my frequent visits to him in Providence, "How is Mrs. Governor Smyth?" and would invariably add, "She is a great woman," which with him expressed a great deal. I sent you and Mrs. Smyth last summer a memorial of him, but suppose you never received it, as I heard nothing from you to that effect. And now the bond that has so long bound you and your wife together in the holiest ties is forever broken in this world, but to be carried on in that world where all is light and love and joy. My esteem for her was very great. May our divine Lord have you in His holy keeping.

Sincerely yours,

JANE A. EAMES.

(Wife of the late Dr. Eames of Concord.)

WASHINGTON, February 4, 1885.

My Dear Mr. Smyth:—

For two weeks I have waited to write you a few lines to say how much we feel for you in your great sorrow, and yet I have put it off each day because I feared you would be over-run with just such letters and weary of reading them. We have thought of you often and talked of you much.

There is nothing we can say to lighten your sufferings, but we wanted you to know you had our heart-felt sympathies.

Yours very sincerely,

MARY STEARNS BROOKE.

(Wife of Gen. Brooke.)

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH, LUNACY, AND CHARITY,
BOSTON, February 9, 1885.

Dear Sir: —

The respect and sympathy of the Board is extended to you in your bereavement. The Board also desires to convey to you its sense of its own loss, remembering the willing and efficient services rendered to this commonwealth by the late Mrs. Smyth while auxiliary visitor.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN D. WELLS, *Clerk.*

TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY, WEST LEBANON,
GOVERNOR SMYTH, — February 4, 1885.

Dear Sir: — I have but recently learned of the great grief which has come to your heart and life, and I beg to tender you my sympathy. I can understand your loss but in a small degree, but I can see what a great change has come to you. I have been thinking of you both as in Florida, and hoping all good things for Mrs. Smyth, but I suppose you didn't go. It will be no small grief to me that I can never look into her cheery face again here, but I hope to hereafter, and the time cannot be long for any of us. This thought and the hope of Christian faith will help to make the coming years a little less hard. I wish it were in my power to do something to help you, but I know how weak are words at such a

time, and how little I have to offer besides words. I think of her as your companion more than most wives are companions of their husbands, she was able to go with you so much and to enjoy what you enjoyed. Now that she is done with earthly joys and has laid down her earthly burdens and left you to bear alone whatever life has in store for you, I trust your courage will not fail in the good works in which she took delight, and in which her willing heart and hand stayed yours up. May the dear Heavenly Father strengthen you and comfort you in every good work as only such a comforter can, till he calls you again to her side. Mrs. Barlow joins me in good wishes and sympathy.

Yours cordially,

E. HUBBARD BARLOW.

(Principal.)

BELOIT, WIS., February 5, 1885.

Dear Friend:—

You will not, I trust, deem it out of place for me to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy in the trial through which you are called to pass. It is, I think, an experience which none can realize in any other way than to pass through it. Words are meaningless only as they discover the heart that prompts them; and as I read a few days ago an account of that Sabbath afternoon, and the description given by Dr. Spalding of your "loved

one gone before," that aching void coming to your breast, these days revived so distinctly my experience in 1882, that I felt I must let you know that I could share it.

On the morning of the 6th of April of that year, without warning, a kindred spirit was called from my side to take its flight from earth, and I was left as you are, in the sense of being alone, which I saw beautifully expressed in a poem* written by H. W. Longfellow in 1861, after the death of his wife, which found its way into the "Independent," and was copied in the "N. H. Statesman."

Again the same day I picked up the account of the Londonderry celebration in 1869, and accidentally my eye fell on the sketch there given of you, and saw that you were born the same day I was, March 9, 1819, and that you were married the same year we were, but Mrs. H. was born February 8, 1821. So your tie lasted two and three-fourths years more than mine.

As I look back over life it seems a mystery, but am often led to exclaim, "All is well done," and can feel assured our God makes no mistakes.

With sincere sympathy yours,

J. A. HOLMES.

HIAWATHA, KAN., February 9, 1885.

My Dear Friend:—

Though many miles away, I weep with you over the loss of your beloved wife and my dearest lady friend.

* Poem will be found at the commencement of this volume.

She held a place in my heart next to mother, dearer than any aunt (except one).

How could we bear to have her taken, except that we feel that it is better for her? but for us, — there is a void which no other can fill.

She was my ideal of a true woman. I never was with her but I felt benefited and had a higher sense of the duties of a woman's life. Many are the happy hours she has made for me. That house seemed to be my house also. I am so glad I saw her and had a parting kiss from her last summer. I want her photograph very much to place beside yours. I never had one of her except one taken twenty years ago.

You have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in your bereavement. You may feel sure I sorrow most for her who was so dear. May we all meet there.

Ever your true friend,

HELEN JEFFERS.

150 Madison Street, CHICAGO,

February 11, 1885.

Beloved Sir and Friend: —

Had I not walked a similar pathway I should not feel that I could say anything to you in this the hour of your great bereavement. He whose name is love can make no mistake. Love gave and love hath taken away. I am very grateful indeed that my life has been enriched by

some acquaintance with your departed wife. It is said that travel tests character; with her my acquaintance was largely at sea and in the cities of Asia Minor. Taking ship at Beyroot for Constantinople I took a third-class ticket. Prof. Porter went out with me into the offing to introduce some one on board who could speak English. No one could be found, and he returned to the shore leaving me among a great crowd of Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Mohammedans, and every square foot of the deck was covered by some one who like me held a deck ticket. We were not long in discovering the English-speaking chief engineer, to whom we made known that we were making a tour of the world in Christian work on nine hundred dollars, and he most kindly interviewed the captain, who at once gave orders that I be assigned to the cabin deck. This practically made of me (in location) a cabin passenger. Among the first in my acquaintance-making were yourself and Mrs. Smyth. It was but natural that the captain's kindness should be spoken of, and how and why I was making the world's tour. To sleep on that cabin deck was no trouble to me, but a great favor. How distinctly Mrs. Smyth's expression comes to me now as she said: "You are not to sleep on this deck all night?" "Certainly," I replied, "it is a privilege that I prize very highly." "Suppose it storms?" "Why then the gangways are allowed for use to some extent." When she arose to go below to her state-room, she handed me her large

woolen blanket-shawl saying, "It may possibly be in demand during the night." While memory lasts I shall not forget her thoughtful kindness that my nights in the open air on the Mediterranean might be made comfortable.

In our five days on the steamer in the Grecian Archipelago, four in Constantinople, five in Athens, seven in Rome, two in Venice, and a half-day at old Smyrna, my opportunities could scarcely have been better to have obtained a pretty close view of one's inner life. At Smyrna you, my dear sir, will remember that we visited the house of a lady missionary (Mrs. West), and how deeply interested Mrs. Smyth was. She asked many questions concerning her work, and the missionary woman not only felt that they were dictated by an interest in that work, but also by a sincere personal regard for herself.

This was true of her as she impressed herself upon me. In such leisure as is incident to sea travel, I was led to tell her of my endeavors in evangelistic work for nearly a quarter of a century, in all sorts of places, in all varieties of army experience, in the dark places in cities, in open-air missions, etc., etc., in all of which she evinced a personal interest. You will remember our attempt at a Sabbath service on the Mediterranean when so many of the passengers were Mohammedans, which in the end we did not have, and how very much she regretted it.

As she sat in the studio at Rome for her bust, I was delighted and profited by her conversation. Fearing lest I might disturb the artist in his modeling I said: "I must

leave or you will get worked into clay and so into marble as you appear by the fireside at home, or as I have seen you on shipboard." With her charming smile she replied: "That's exactly what I want to be: what I am at home in the details of domestic life, what I am as I journey, what I am with my friends, and would be to every one." Noticing a line or two in her face indicative of the approach of middle age, I said: "The speaking marble must show those lines." "Of course," she laughingly replied, "they indicate character."

My last interview was at your beautiful home on the banks of the Merrimaek. What a royal welcome she gave! How she talked with you at the office through the telephone! How cheery and bright, companionable and friendly, was the table talk! I remember the face of the old Jersey cow on the wall and what she said of her value; and after dinner she took me leisurely from room to room, and she discoursed with an artist's eye, a mechanic's skill, and a painter's taste of the hard-wood finishing, the paintings on the wall, and the ornamental ceilings.

As a character she grew upon me, and, my stricken friend, I, too, suffer a personal loss, and shall always be a personal and sincere mourner.

Is that old gray blanket-shawl that she loaned me on the Mediterranean in existence? If so (and you can spare it), please hand it to me in her name, and I will carry it while I travel, ever cherishing her memory.

Most sincerely,

K. A. BURNELL.

QUINCY, ILL., February 12, 1885.

My Dear Governor : —

I have just opened the paper sent me, containing notice of the death of Mrs. Smyth, and am much shocked and saddened at the intelligence. It would be useless for me to speak of the depth of your affection, though my short acquaintance served to show me the strength of your mutual attachment and dependence. I must, however, mention one instance which seems more than a coincidence. Before leaving home this morning, and before I had the paper referred to, I was playing with our little daughter, now eleven months old, and remarked to my wife that I would send one of her recently taken photographs to Mrs. Smyth. I cannot account for the impulse which thus expressed itself, as nothing had occurred in a long time to bring either of you forcibly to mind. As I left the house a few minutes later the postman handed me the paper, which, on being opened, contained the sad news. I have not since seen my wife, but I know she would join me in expressions of sympathy for your great affliction.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM B. BULL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,

February 14, 1885.

My Dear Old Friend : —

Although we have been long and far apart, my warmest sympathy goes out to you in this your day of bereave-

ment. I think of the days when we were together long ago as officers of the agricultural society, and of later times when I held court in Manchester, when we were much younger than now, and of my pleasant meetings with your wife and you ; and I cannot think of you without her, who seemed to be so much a part of your life. My memory of her is of a young, bright, lovely woman, the light and life of the society about her. I have not seen her enough since to think of her as advanced in years with the rest of us. There is nothing for me to say by way of consolation, yet I know you will be glad of this reminder from one who has known and felt an interest in you both so long.

And so, old friend, farewell, and God bless you.

HENRY F. FRENCH.

(Assistant U. S. Treasurer.)

BALTIMORE, February 18, 1885.

My Dear Governor:—

I was ever so much depressed day before yesterday upon receiving, from some kind friend in Manchester, newspapers containing the account of Mrs. Smyth's obsequies. I had no knowledge that she had died. I don't know what to say to you. I had such respect for her, such an idea of her grand good health as exhibited in her handsome personal appearance, that I thought and hoped she would long outlive both of us. I am heartily glad

that the clergyman who delivered the address at her funeral knew her so well. What he said was well said, and showed an appreciation of her noble character. When I think now of the many conversations we used to have about your early life with her as children, when you were piling wood and she was doing the domestic house-work, the early love that sprang up, and the success that sprang from that mutual early love and affection, my regrets are multiplied that it should not have lasted forever. Well, you have my heart-felt sympathy; but I am glad she lived long enough to make all who knew her love her, and to "live with those we leave behind is not to die."

Mrs. Bond, who in a very short intercourse recognized the womanly greatness and loveliness of her character, sends sympathy to you in your affliction, and you have no more sympathizing friend than

Yours affectionately,

HUGH L. BOND.

(Judge U. S. Circuit Court.)

PORTLAND, ME., February 18, 1885.

My Dear Friend: —

It is a terrible experience through which you are passing these days, and I feel so earnestly for you that I must take up my pen to express my heart-felt sympathy for

you. I can honestly say I have never known a woman more finely constituted by God to adorn every station through which she has moved than was your lovely wife. She was the soul of natural dignity, facility, and grace. In temperament, in instincts, in intuitive discernments of occasions and persons, in power to adapt herself to them, she was simply wonderful. The gift from the Lord of such a treasure for so intimate living and for so many years, lays you forever under obligation to your Heavenly Father. You prized her living; but Oh, how must not each charm of person and character seem glorified by death! How must not each more marked event of a life together so full of incident be touched with special tenderness as you review it now!

Fortunate, thrice fortunate, have you been. So much the more, does it seem to me, do you require the living remembrances of those who more or less openly congratulated you in the days of your prosperity. Truly you have mine from the bottom of my heart. May you know the comforts of the Lord Jesus Christ in all their fullness, and then it will soon appear a short journey from "the singing seats" in the little church in Candia to the higher seats together in heaven.

Very cordially yours,

WILLIAM H. FENN.

(Pastor High-street Church, Portland, Me.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, February 18, 1885.

HONORABLE GOVERNOR FREDERICK SMYTH:—

My Dear and Most Honored Friend:— Your letter of the 21st of January last has caused to me a very great affliction, and I am indeed very sorry to learn the great and irreparable bereavement which you have sustained in the premature and very sad death of your noble and most beloved companion, your very kind and highly accomplished wife. Oh, how much I sympathize with you, my dear Governor Smyth, and how profoundly my heart is touched with grief by this most sorrowful disaster! You cannot imagine, nor do I feel myself able to express, my great dolefulness. I feel quite unfortunate for this great loss, and I assure you that the picture of your beloved wife has so impressively been printed in my memory that it will never be effaced, nor will it ever be possible for me to forget her kindness and amiableness, and the courtesy which she showed to me when I had the happiness and great pleasure to know her. But she is gone forever to a better world. I pray you, my most honored friend, to bear this great trial with all that Christian abnegation and faith which are ever the sole consolation and support in this earthly and temporary life, and which, together with the high doctrines of our most holy and divine religion, strengthen and prepare us for the eternal life, the life of truthfulness, purity, and virtue.

Hoping to have the honor to hear from you, I remain,
 dear Governor Smyth, D. N. DEMETRIADES.

(Interpreter for United States Consul-General.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 25, 1885.

My Dear Mr. Smyth:—

We were greatly grieved when tidings of your dear and honored wife's death came to us. I had it in my heart to write you at once, and my wife did sit down and write you a letter that seems not to have reached you. Her memory is altogether sweet and precious to us. I associate her with our life at the White Mountains; we recall the pleasant visit at your house; we recall several meetings here in Brooklyn. She was one whom once having met one does not easily forget.

There was about her an atmosphere of cheer, of brightness, and of sympathetic kindness, which made any day memorable in which one may have met her. You do well to mourn her, yet you mourn not as those who have no hope. If any one ever *ascended* and lives in the royalty of love above, she has. Be sure that her love and tender sympathy for you are quickened in heaven. Our best qualities surely do not wither or wilt in heaven, and above all love does not decline or shrink. May the Comforter sustain you and qualify you to join her. I am

Your cordial friend,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 25, 1885.

My Very Dear Friend:—

Words are a very cold expression of the great sorrow all must feel who were so blessed and honored as to have

been known and loved by such a saint as Mrs. Smyth always seemed to me, and to you, my dear friend, they must seem cold indeed. None but the Blessed One can speak to your heart and bring any light to your desolate home; but He has promised to be with His children in every sorrow. He, our blessed God and Saviour, has taken your heart's delight from you for a short time for some wise purpose, which, although we cannot know why at present, we shall surely know hereafter. This gracious Comforter will be with you, guiding you with loving hand through the remaining days of your earthly pilgrimage, until in His own good time he will call you up yonder, when she, the wife of your youth, the sweet companion and counselor of your riper years, will be the first, I firmly believe, to welcome you to that bright home, where sin and sorrow, pains and partings are unknown. Our hearts have been with you daily, and most deeply do we mourn with you for one of the truest friends and sweetest companions God ever gave. God be with you, speaking words of comfort and consolation to your sore heart, and in your loneliness may He give you to feel His presence, together with an abiding reality of her presence constantly bending over you; for are not the spirits of the just ministering spirits, sent to minister to those who are the heirs, and who are yet to be the full possessors of that salvation our Saviour brought to man? and will not she, of all the heavenly host, be the ministering spirit who shall ever be near you?

My dear friend, I wish I could be any comfort to you ; but remember you will be ever cordially remembered by one who so dearly loved her who is not lost but gone before, and always,

Most truly and affectionately, your friend,

E. W. BEECHER.

(Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.)

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 19, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Governor :—In this hour of your deep affliction permit me to say, that although my acquaintance with Mrs. Smyth was an extended and happy one, yet her death brings especially to my mind many pleasant and never-to-be-forgotten incidents of our delightful trip to Mexico in 1881. I can only touch upon some of its most prominent features, leaving other reminiscences to be preserved, as these will surely be, in the storehouse of your own grateful recollections, confident that as now, so hereafter, “it will give you pleasure to have remembered these things.”

Mrs. Smyth, in company with yourself, had, prior to going to Mexico, traveled extensively in the United States, and had also made several visits to the most interesting parts of the Old World : yet how frequently she remarked, while in the land of the ancient Aztecs, that it was the

most delightful journey she had ever taken. While the hearts of all are filled with emotions of the keenest sorrow that God in His wisdom should terminate so unexpectedly the earthly life of Mrs. Smyth, so overflowing with unmeasured activity and usefulness, yet we will all rejoice with a chastened gratitude that she lived to take the Mexican excursion, next to the last extended one of her life.

As you well remember, after a delightful visit at New Orleans, where we mingled in the festivities of the carnival season, and witnessed those gorgeous and almost bewildering night pageants, that you pronounced far more wonderful than anything you had seen on similar occasions in Rome, we started southward for that land of story and romance, where the feathery foliage of the palm outlines itself against a tropical sky, and where summer is perpetual. In departing we regretted to separate from ex-Gov. Benjamin F. Prescott, who had been with us in our enjoyments in the Crescent City. It was a lovely trip of eighty miles by rail, past fresh, sweet fields of newly planted sugar-cane, and skirting far-extending savannas clothed in the deepest green of a semi-tropical spring, to Morgan City, where lay at anchor the steamer "Whitney," that was to bear us over the Mexican sea to the quaint city of Vera Cruz. Our voyage down the Atchafalaya was so quiet and restful that our ship seemed like a great white bird with wings outstretched to catch the perfumed breezes already coming in from the tropic

lands. Mrs. Smyth greatly enjoyed our first sunset on the quiet deep. The clear atmosphere of the early evening tinged with a purple shade, the brief twilight that followed the sinking sun, and then the glistening stars above, — all seemed to shed their tender influence over her susceptible nature, and at length she exclaimed: “It is so beautiful! — everything seems to promise a happy journey for us all.”

Galveston was the only port our steamer made during the trip. Among those who came on board there, were Major-General Edward O. C. Ord, and his son, James T. Ord. The former was known to you, Governor, personally, while by high reputation we all knew the gallant old soldier as a graduate from West Point, as one of the bravest Union officers in the civil war, and as late commander of the department of Texas. He was father-in-law of General Geronimo Trevino, the Mexican cabinet minister of war and marine, and after being crowned with years and military renown, was placed on the retired list of the United States army. He was as modest and unaffected in his deportment as a child, and extremely lovable for all those noble qualities that united to make him a true friend and a perfect gentleman. You will recall, Governor, when you presented yourself to him, how kind and cordial were his thanks to you for renewing the acquaintance. When you mentioned to him the fact of Mrs. Smyth's being with you, he at once asked to be presented to her, and upon being introduced warmly

shook her hand and remarked, "What a charming party we have for Mexico!" From that moment until we left the city of Mexico for Havana, the close friendship of General Ord for yourself and Mrs. Smyth, together with the many kind courtesies extended by himself and son, must have been a constant and unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction. The four days of the voyage from Texas to Vera Cruz were like sweet passages in happy dreams. From the moment the low sandy shores of the Lone Star State faded from view, till the morning when the gray walls, towers, and domes of La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz — "the rich city of the true cross" — rose to our vision, our journey over the blue deep was a succession of unclouded days, with the heat tempered by the trade winds, and clear still nights with lambent stars and planets reflected in the clear waters of the gulf. After leaving Galveston not a vessel crossed our track; but the ship's agreeable company kept every one from experiencing any feeling of loneliness, and it will not be invidious to state that no one seemed so ready to plan and do for the happiness of others as Mrs. Smyth.

A most pleasing incident occurred near the end of our voyage. In many countries reached by water prominent objects serve as beacons to attract the attention of returning pilgrims anxious to see again their native land, or of travelers eager to obtain their first view of strange shores. Mexico has such a signal in Orizaba, which, according to Humboldt, is the highest elevation in the world that rises

abruptly, with no foot-hills, from the plain. Mrs. Smyth had read of this wonderful mountain, and of the lasting impression the first view of it produced centuries ago upon Cortes, and when far out from Vera Cruz she became deeply interested in it. She had hoped to see it first by daylight, and her wish was gratified. On the last evening of the voyage Captain Henry informed her that the ship was gradually nearing the coast. The gray dawn of the next morning had not fairly broken before she had arisen and begun her watch. The captain kindly gave her the points of compass, and in a few minutes she, the first to make out the signal, exclaimed with all the enthusiasm of a child, "That is Orizaba, and there is Mexico!" In a short time all the passengers had gathered on deck to witness the sublime spectacle. Mist concealed the shore and the adjacent country, but in the far distance, many hundred feet above the sea and the clouds, with a background of violet-colored sky, stood Orizaba, majestic and impressive, silent and passionless, and with its summit enveloped in the purest of eternal snow, that had already begun to be glorified and transfigured with the ruddy light of the newly risen sun. No one who witnessed that enchanting transformation scene can ever efface it from the memory. Had anything prevented Mrs. Smyth from completing the trip, she would reverently have regarded the sight of that mountain as an ample recompense for the journey.

It was at the embarking at Vera Cruz that General

Ord demonstrated in a marked, practical manner, his kind regard for Mrs. Smyth and yourself. In the early morning a boat belonging to the Mexican revenue service came along side the "Whitney" as she lay at anchor in the roadstead. It brought a reception committee representing the Mexican government and the city of Vera Cruz, and included Colonel Pabla Ortega of General Trevino's staff, Hon. Manuel Fernandez, M. D., supervisor of customs, Colonel Jose Cortes of the eighteenth battalion of infantry, and others who had come to extend a welcome to General Ord. After the exchange of international courtesies, General Ord and son were invited to go ashore in the government vessel. This distinguished soldier, however, made no preparations to land until Mrs. Smyth and yourself had not only been invited but urged to accompany him, and when, after some misgivings on the score of possible intrusion you accepted his proffered favor, you at once became, as friends of General Ord, guests of the republic of Mexico. Of the magnificent banquet tendered to General Ord at the princely residence of Hon. Francisco de Landero, the Mexican minister of finance, I am sure, Governor, that you cherish pleasant recollections, for on that occasion Mrs. Smyth was the only lady invited, and it is safe to say that, in the annals of that grand historic city, the place from which Cortes and his soldiers started out on his remarkable military expedition, no American woman had ever been so highly honored. Among those pres-

ent, in addition to the gentlemen who tendered the welcome to General Ord, were General Eulalio Vela, comandante militar de la plaza, Colonel R. Martinez, of the twenty-fifth battalion, Colonel J. M. Rose of the eighteenth battalion, and Colonel A. Maranon, — all from the garrison at Vera Cruz; Hon. Sebastian A. Barcena, collector of the port; Manuel Rojas, Guillermo A. Esteva, Gustavo A. Esteva, and the mayor of the city. The banquet, in the necessary absence of Minister Landero at the capital, was in charge of his brother, Hon. Pedro de Landero, M. D., and was carried out with the elegance and profuse display that always characterize the hospitality of wealthy and refined Mexican gentlemen. There was an elaborate and expensive menu, many of whose dainty dishes were unknown to the American visitors, with sparkling and brilliant addresses in both Spanish and English. Your own remarks, in answer to a sentiment to the state of which you had been twice elected chief magistrate, were translated into Spanish by General Ord, and received with merited applause. The response, by the nephew of Minister Landero, was most fittingly made, and in closing he turned to "Signora Smyth" and complimented her in glowing words, expressing the hope that she would be pleased with Mexico and favored with a most pleasant journey, and that all who should have the privilege of meeting her would extend the same large measure of respect and love which he wished her to accept from the people of Vera Cruz.

In return, Mrs. Smyth could only bow her grateful acknowledgments. At four o'clock in the afternoon the special train, in charge of Hon. E. W. Jackson, general manager, having on board the military guard of honor that had been in waiting for General Ord and his friends, rolled out of the Vera Cruz station, and with loving memories of music and softly falling waters, of gardens and groves of orange and palm, the Americans resumed their journey towards the city of Mexico.

No one could possibly have enjoyed that part of the journey more than Mrs. Smyth. For the first few miles the railway route is over the *tierra caliente*, with its rank and almost overpowering tropical growth, and afterwards it begins to climb the eastern Cordilleras, where we obtained our first near view of mountain scenery, which in grandeur and sublimity surpasses anything of the kind in America. Coffee plantations shaded with the generous foliage of the banana, flowering forests with their brilliant orchids almost dazzling the eye, were succeeded by sharp gradients, and later, a temperature fast falling to the *tierra-templada* point.

Among the most surprising and impressive scenes on the line are the weird and sublime *barrancas* of Metlac and the Infiernillo, and the idyllic valley of Maltrata among the mountains; and, before reaching the latter, we look down upon its village from the dizzy height of three thousand feet. At Orizaba, Hon. Thomas Braniff, the managing director of the English railway, who had

sent his elegant and official private car to Vera Cruz on a special train, joined the party. As night approached, Mrs. Smyth began to experience some fatigue, which General Ord and Mr. Braniff being quick to observe, at once gave her the exclusive use of the director's carriage, — Mr. Braniff pleasantly remarking that it was the same whose service he tendered to Gen. Grant on his first visit to Mexico, it being the highest compliment in the power of the railway company to bestow. A fine supper was in waiting at Esperanza, where a short rest was taken.

Toward midnight a cold wind swept down the sides of the mountains, and New England winter clothing was required to render one comfortable. The military officers from the capital were unprepared for so great a change in the temperature, and Mrs. Smyth, observing that they were not provided with overcoats, immediately opened her luggage, and, taking out her extra seal coat, placed it on Colonel Ortega's shoulders, and handed her wraps to the other officers, none of whom could find words sufficient fully to express their gratitude for her kindness. At Saltepec the railway reaches an altitude of eight thousand two hundred and twenty-four feet above the sea. Soon we had our first view of the magnificent southern cross, that wonderful clock-work of the heavens, climbing the blue vault of the distant sky. Early in the morning we enjoyed a splendid view of the volcanoes Orizaba, Ixtaccihuatl (the white woman), and Popocatepetl (the smoking mountain), with their serene peaks

mantled with perennial white, while scarcely a mile away were the pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, "the habitations of the gods." At length the train arrived at Buena Vista station, music burst forth from a military band, people crowded about the cars to get a glimpse of the American visitors, and strange sights and scenes were about us, for we had reached the city of Mexico.

Grateful memories of happy days, Governor, that were passed in the old capital of the Aztecs, must be written in your heart as they certainly were in that of Mrs. Smyth, whose enjoyment of them was so great, whose genial and loving presence, like a constant benediction, brightened every hour, and whose winning and sympathetic ways gained her a multitude of friends in that distant land. When the guest of distinguished officials, as she frequently was, she charmed all, no less by her striking figure and refined personal attractions, than by the marked simplicity in all her tastes and habits. During her morning walks, it was a frequent occurrence for poor Mexican children to bow graciously to the American lady whose radiant face seemed a reflection of a loving heart.

Although our stay in that city was not a long one, yet Mrs. Smyth was so eager and earnest to visit, so far as possible, its many entertaining scenes and localities, that but little of interest escaped her. She went out to the village of Guadalupe, through which we had passed by train, where the treaty of peace was signed after the war between Mexico and the United States, and saw its his-

toric and legendary church, its healing spring, and its hillside chapel; glided down the canal La Vega, and went through the "Floating Gardens," which supply the flower and vegetable markets of Mexico, the former the most diversified and wonderful in the world; passed her evenings in the Zocola, under the shadows of the grand old cathedral, listening to the fine music of the military band, or in the more quiet scenes of El Gran Tivoli de San Cosme; spent an afternoon at the castle Chapultepec, where Maximilian and Carlotta made their home for a time, but which is now the *Observatorio Nacional*, and stood under *el arbol de la noche triste*, — "the tree of the sorrowful night," — where so brave a man as Cortez sat down upon a stone and wept for his lost soldiers. The cemeteries of Mexico seemed to have a peculiar fascination for Mrs. Smyth. Their quiet seclusion, their profuseness of tropical flowers and shrubbery, their numberless touching mementos of departed dear ones, the beauty and elegance of many of their memorials, and the tender and loving associations that Mrs. Smyth realized must linger about them, made a deep impression upon her. The American and English inclosures, the Panteon Frances, the Dolores, a favorite burial-place of the aristocracy, and the San Fernando cemetery near the Alameda, seemed to possess the greatest interest for her. In the latter is the tomb of Juarez, the father of Mexican liberty, in the shape of a magnificent Grecian temple, with marble figures, all the work of Islas, a distinguished native sculptor;

also the graves of Commonfort, Zaragoza, and Guerrero, three of the republic's great heroes, and the sad resting-place of Miramon, an imperial general who was shot at the side of Maximilian at Queretaro. Of the side trips which you took, accompanied by Mrs. Smyth, perhaps the most notable was that to beautiful Puebla de los Angeles, the "City of the Angels," whose cathedral and churches are second only to those of the capital, and which possesses great historic interest from its being the scene of the decisive victory won by the Liberal army under General Zaragoza over the French, May 5, 1862. Your short excursion from Puebla out to the pyramid of Cholula, which in breadth of base and some other features is the most remarkable yet discovered in the world, proved one of the most entertaining which you took in Mexico. It was at Puebla where Mr. Blumenkron, an American by birth and formerly United States consul in that city, showed you numerous kind attentions.

I recall many persons in the city of Mexico who extended almost countless courtesies to Mrs. Smyth as well as to yourself, and most especially should be mentioned General Ord, General and Mrs. Trevino, the latter before marriage Miss Bertie Ord, whose recent death carried sorrow to many hearts, and Manager Director Braniff and General Manager Jackson of the Vera Cruz railway. To these should be added Rev. H. Chauncey Riley, D. D., bishop of the valley of Mexico, Rev. J. W. Butler, D. D., General John B. Frisbie, Hon. P. H. Morgan, United

States minister, General D. H. Strother, United States consul, and J. Mastella Clarke, the accomplished editor and publisher of the "Two Republics," whose kind offices were most fully appreciated. These and many others in that city must have been deeply pained at the intelligence of Mrs. Smyth's death.

I will close this already long letter, Governor, by recalling two occurrences on the Sunday preceding the date of your departure for Havana. In the afternoon, as you will at once recall, we strolled from our hotel, the celebrated Iturbide, formerly the palace of the emperor of that name, down San Francisco street. The sun was nearing the horizon, and its golden light resting, as if in loving farewell, upon the snow-clad summits of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl; the sweet scent of orange blossoms was wafted on the ambient air, and away out on the *Calzada*, the magnificent boulevard built under the personal direction of "Poor Carlotta," was a long line of carriages containing the wealth and fashion of the city, on their evening drive to Chapultepec. By chance we observed the lovely entrance to the Episcopal cathedral, the passage to which was almost hedged in by beds of luxuriant flowers, while on the right was an old convent wall, which to the height of more than thirty feet was nearly hidden from view by thick masses of heliotrope and other clinging vines. Entering, we found ourselves in what was formerly one of the most costly of the Roman Catholic churches of the city. It was one of those which

had been confiscated by the Liberal government and purchased by the Episcopalians, mainly through the efforts and generosity of Bishop Riley. Although the original furnishings and portions of the ornamentation had been removed, yet its grand and impressive architecture remained. We found no one present but the sacristan, who kindly welcomed us. After going over the building, Mrs. Smyth, with marked seriousness, suggested that we should hold a service, and her wish was gratified as best we could. From the *libro de oracion* we read the Lord's Prayer and the apostle's creed, and then Mrs. Smyth, seating herself at the organ, played and sang, accompanied by yourself, that beautiful and favorite hymn of hers, which was so recently rendered at her funeral, beginning, —

“Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away.”

As the notes of her sweet voice ascended into the dim vault above, listening birds in the cathedral roof caught the music of the hymn, and poured out their joyful response. As we walked slowly homeward, our own subdued hearts revealed to us that we had tarried where everything must have been glorified by the Master's presence.

In the evening Mrs. Smyth's parlor at the hotel was filled with kind friends, who assembled to bid her and yourself good-bye, and who left a table covered with floral

offerings. One remarked that her trip had been so pleasant that she must make a second visit, but there was a saddened expression on her face when she answered: "Life is uncertain; I am afraid I shall never see Mexico again." Perhaps even then she may have had a premonition that she had not many years to live, while in her heart may have been the words: —

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

In conclusion, permit me to make mention of General Ord's sad death from yellow fever at Havana, while on his way back to the United States. Had he lived, he would have written much better than I have done concerning Mrs. Smyth's visit to Mexico. Tendering you, my dear Governor, my most heartfelt sympathy, I remain,
Ever sincerely, your friend,

J. E. PECKER.

WASHINGTON, February 26, 1885.

My Dear Friend: —

I have not ventured hitherto to intrude upon your great grief, but I am sure you will allow me to tender my sincerest sympathy with you. I know your loss must seem irreparable. I was permitted as your guest

to see how completely your own life and the life of Mrs. Smyth were merged as one, and I know your affliction is immeasurable. I pray that God will give you strength to bear it, and that your own useful life, even if its chief joy be taken out of it, will long be spared to your friends and to your state. Most sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

February, 1885.

EX-GOV. SMYTH, —

Dear Sir: — That we sympathize with you in your great sorrow I need not assure you. It is our sorrow, in a far less degree. Our feelings are so deeply moved that it is difficult, almost impossible, to tell you the things Mrs. Smyth and I used to talk about in our drives, as you wished me to do. Every day I think of her words as well as of her doings. One day riding on the Mammoth road, as we passed the place where the lovely child of Mr. Fogg used to greet you, she said you were quite interested in him, and took it sorely to heart when he was taken so suddenly from the loving arms of his parents. She said: "How hard it is to understand! how incomprehensible it all is!" I quoted Watts: —

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,"

She finished the quotation with —

"And works his sovereign will."

“If one is rationally submissive they may see; if they do not here, they will by and by.”

“Then,” I said, “you think there is comfort in submitting?” She bowed her head.

Juliette would stop now and then. Mrs. Smyth said, “When Frederick and I are riding, he stops often to look in among the tangled vines, drawing in sweet breath from the pines.” Sometimes you would get out of the carriage and gather the ferns and wild flowers that grew in a little way from the roadside. One place in particular Juliette kept looking around as though she expected Mrs. Smyth to get out. “You may go along, Juliette, they have spoiled the place;” and to me she said, “We can’t expect all things to remain perfect for us.”

One day she was entertaining me with an account of her visit with you to the Nevada silver mines, going down on an elevator not more than four feet square, four of you standing erect, down, down, down, into the bowels of the earth, — very dark and very warm, growing more so till you came to a large room, where you breathed a little freer. I asked, “How did you feel? What were your thoughts?” Over all else, “I shall be with him.” It was not, we shall be together, but “I shall be with him;” and, do you know, this seems like a thrilling prophecy to me now. How many years you had her with you till flesh and strength failed! then our Father who gave took her to himself, — a bright and beautiful soul freed from the infirmities which made it impossible for her

longer to minister. O be glad with a thankful heart that you had her so long!

A lady friend of mine was bereft of a beautiful daughter (some little ones had gone before). An acquaintance said to her, "She had better been taken in infancy." "O, no," said the weeping mother, "I am glad I had her so long; the sweet memories of her happy childhood and her joyous youth, her sweet confidences, her truth, — all are to be treasured in the coming years as something sacred."

We cannot help mourning for our beloved, but we must not mourn as those without hope.

You said to me: "Mrs. Paige, I had an angel in the house at my side, and knew it not." You did know it; but, like the beautiful Antoine, in the ministry of life you did not botanize.

You cannot reproach yourself; there is no reproach for you. You lived for her; surrounded her with every thing that was beautiful that she loved; you were good to all that belonged to her. Now try to take comfort in the things which were a comfort and a lifting up to her. Think of her as with you now, directing, leading, quieting, — yes, quieting is the word.

I must tell you of a talk we had one day as we were driving to the cemetery. I thought she rather avoided that route and said, "I am not particular; I will go any where you like, of course. I shall get the sweet air away from the dusty street." (I had asked her to go that way.)

Mrs. Smyth seemed embarrassed, as though she wanted to say something and hardly knew how to say it to me.

I said, "Faithful are the reproofs of a friend." "Not reproofs," she replied, "but I am afraid you look into the grave too much." She looked straight ahead; I can see her now just as she looked then. A little silence, then she spoke the words, "She is not there;" and looking down at me she said, "I am relieved." Then we talked as we had never talked till then of the blessed reunion, made possible through a risen Saviour. I was glad, I am glad always for the testimony given and received that day. I was sick then, she in perfect health, apparently. Little did we think of the one that should be taken and the other left, or that in eight short months after I should stand over the spot where she lay entombed and breathe a prayer for the loved she left.

If she had known and been able to tell you in her dying hour how strong her faith was in a crucified Christ, it would doubtless be a comfort to you; if she had told you how to live, it could only have been in a general way; it might have been darker. You have the light of her glorious life to illumine your way. Rest in that light; cast no shadow; believe and trust in God your Father, and in His good time an enduring mansion will receive you both.

With deep respect yours,

(MRS.) H. C. PAIGE.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
MALAGA, February 26, 1885.

My Dear Governor : —

Last night we were shocked on receiving two papers from New Hampshire containing the sad news of the death of your dear good wife. It seems difficult to realize that the cheery voice that bade us such hearty welcome to your New Hampshire home is stilled forever. You may have friends of longer standing than ourselves, but I feel I can assure you that no warmer sympathies will reach you, no deeper regrets for the good woman who made such an impression in so brief an acquaintance.

It was one of the pleasures we had promised ourselves, on our return to America, to receive your hearty greeting, and claim for a brief moment the hospitality you both so generously tendered us. In such moments the sympathies of your friends must help you to bear your grief. Believe me, my dear governor, you have that of my wife and self.

Very sincerely,

H. C. MARSTEN.

WOODLAND VILLAS, INCE AND WIGAN, ENGL.,
February 25, 1885.

My Very Dear Sir : —

It is with the deepest and most sincere sympathy that I now write to you. There are sorrows in which no outside spectator can enter; there are other sorrows into which all must feel a right to enter, and such, my dear

sir, is yours. No one could have met your dear wife, even for a short time, and not feel a blank when the news came of her death. Certainly I but saw her for a few days, but it was then, when weak and ill, she spoke to me e'en as a mother would. She cheered me up, and pointed to a bright future even here below. O, sir, those still days traveling eastward can never be forgotten by me, and in their pleasant reminiscences are the days spent in the company of your dear wife and self. Alas that she no longer lives to comfort you, and to shed rays of sunshine across the paths of others! Still He knows best, the dear "World Father." "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right? Sorrow may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." And it is to the God of all comfort that I commend you, knowing that He doeth all things well. In Jesus we have such a sympathizing Saviour, knowing all about us, remembering that we are but dust. That He may comfort you and cheer you now in your hour of trial, is my most sincere prayer and heart-felt wish. Dear Mrs. Smyth is better off; she now sees the King in that land afar off. Her prayers are now turned into praise, her cross exchanged for a crown; pain has ceased forever, and in the full joy of peace is the rest with God in heaven.

With my prayers and heart-felt sympathy, in which my wife joins, I remain, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS TAYLOR.

(Curate of Ince.)

SMYRNA, TURK., March 13, 1885.

My Dear Brother: —

We cannot imagine you apart from the dear wife whom the Lord has taken to himself, and hence we think of you both as being together, though not in the body yet in the spirit. You have been so united in God's love and in that of each other, that not even death can separate you. She has only gone a little before you to the heavenly place, where you will again meet never to part. There will be no pain, no tears, no sin, but all will be peace and joy and a glorious forever. I know you will mourn for the separation, but even in this you will have the sympathy of Him who wept at the death of His friend and the tears of his sisters. Jesus sympathizes with the afflicted as well as with those who rejoice. When we lost our only boy I groaned and wept, but the Lord told me, that unless I become as the little child I shall never enter his kingdom. Thus the greatest sorrow had become a comfort, and I looked not to the dust but to heaven, and am comforted in my affliction.

Your dear wife belonged to those positive and impressive characters that command respect so completely at the outset that one never stops to think what are the elements which constitute such a character. They are like the morning light, so cheery and refreshing in its influence, so completely awakening the soul's admiration, that one never thinks of subjecting it to a prismatic analysis in order to discover the wonderful colors of which it is

composed. Outside of those who knew and observed her in her every-day life, probably few can name the specific elements of her character, though none may deny its wonderful influence upon himself. I recall the quiet, dignified enthusiasm she manifested for the beautiful in art when I first met with her among the ruins of ancient Athens, the suppressed delight indicative of a cultivated intellect controlled by a modest soul.

The freshness with which she spoke of special objects she had seen in Athens when I met her again at your own residence in Manchester, was almost a surprise. She has impressed me as a woman of much thought, and yet as one whose thoughts were expressed more in acts than in words, and I carry in my mind impressions rather than expressions, though her cordial hospitality to me and mine, and her generous sympathy for the work in which we are engaged, are among the expressions that shall never be forgotten.

May the dear Lord comfort you, and bless and sanctify this severe affliction to you, is the prayer of myself and wife.

Sincerely yours in deep sympathy,

GEORGE CONSTANTINE.

(Missionary of the American Board.)

Dear Friend: —

We received copies of your daily papers, and I have sent one to my daughters in Charlestown, and am sure

they will remember the sainted one as they saw her in Athens. Then I wish them to have her beautiful character as a model before them. I recall with pleasure the first time I met your dear wife, a warm morning in 1878, at the hotel in Athens. As we conversed about matters of interest to both of us, I was impressed by her good sense, her simplicity, her kindness, and a certain majesty of presence which clothed all, making her seem the real woman, whom one could wish for a friend. Your short stay was soon over, and the next time we met was at her own beautiful home, when we responded to your own very cordial invitation that we should visit you in the autumn of 1880. Her warm welcome and thoughtful attention during those few lovely days will long linger in my memory, for they were especially helpful at that time. As we walked back and forth on the bridge, with what interest, yea, with what pride, did she point out the improvements in the town, and tell me of the success of certain individuals. Then as we drove around the town, I remember she showed me this and that object, as if each were a part of herself, even to the trees along the streets. During those days we had many a quiet talk of her early life, of the responsibilities of later years, when she sometimes found herself suddenly brought face to face with a trying emergency, of her social relations with eminent persons as well as of the humbler but dearer ones.

You may remember that charming drive across the

Merrimack and up the heights (I do not recall the name of the localities), how we hunted for chestnuts to send to our two little girls whom we had left in Charlestown; and I was so happy as she said, when we passed a summer boarding-house, beautifully situated on the top of a hill, "That will be just the place for your mother and your Hattie to pass the vacation. If they will come, I will do all I can for their comfort,"—a promise of thought for our daughter when we should be thousands of miles away at our mission field.

Again, when you passed by Smyrna in 1883, I had a glance at her pleasant face, and a few words of greeting and parting. We thought to see each other again in the dear home-land. Now she has only stepped across the border, beyond your vision, it is true, but you know our sight is very, very short, and there you will join her in a little while. Then not a shadow will ever mar the happiness of either.

All this blessed hope of a glorious immortality we obtain by an atonement of our Lord. Are we not immense debtors to him?

Yours in truest sympathy,
(MRS.) AMANDA F. CONSTANTINE.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., March 19, 1885.

Dear Governor Smyth:—

You have been much in my thoughts since your bereavement, and often have I and my good wife conversed

about you and dwelt upon your situation. If there were anything in our power to do to alleviate the great sorrow that the good Lord in His own wise purpose has laid upon you, gladly would we put ourselves at your command.

But is it not a fact that as time wears on you find yourself more reconciled to the situation, and stronger to take up and carry forward the duties that daily press upon you? Do not, dear friend, lose heart; do not give yourself to too intense contemplation of the great loss that you have sustained. Rather rejoice that it was your good fortune to be blessed so many years with the companionship of such a noble woman as your wife. Treasure up the memories of the past, and find comfort in the thought that ere long, when you shall have reached your allotted term of life, you are sure of a blessed and unending reunion with the woman you loved so well here on earth. For one, I cannot doubt that in the higher world friends will recognize each other; and while there may not be marriages and giving in marriage there, I am sure that the friendships sanctified on earth by holy love will be reëstablished in heaven with an intimacy and exaltation far above and beyond what existed here below. I well remember how my mother's death (the closest relative I ever lost) affected me. My grief was great, but after a little I came to rejoice that the dear woman was safe in heaven, beyond all the trials and cares of this world; and the very fact that I had such a saintly guardian

watching over me became a constant incentive to higher aspiration and nobler effort. I believe that you will soon see the time when the presence on the shining shore of your own Emma will be to you a constant inspiration to the zealous and manly performance of the daily duties that lie in your path.

Most cordially, your friend,
SAMUEL A. DUNCAN.

NEW YORK, March 25, 1885.

Dear Governor Smyth:—

We little thought when we bade you and your dear wife good-bye in Paris that we should never see her again, but are indeed thankful that we had those pleasant visits together. They are among our pleasantest memories, and now our hearts are aching for you in your sad bereavement. Pray accept from your friends what little comfort it is in their power to offer you in your terrible affliction, and allow it a little to assuage your grief that all must say of your dear wife, —

“None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.”

My daughters join me in adding their tribute of admiration for your wife, and wish me to convey their deepest sympathy to you in your great trouble.

Always sincerely yours,
FANNIE E. HUNTINGTON.

SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE, BEYROOT,

March 25, 1885.

My Dear Gov. Smyth: —

We heard by the last mail of your great loss and of your dear wife's infinite gain. Earthly joys faded from your life, eternal joys beamed upon her life. Your sorrow must be great, greater than I can tell, for no one can measure such bereavement unless he has experienced the same. I have often thought that one could lose father, mother, brother, sister, or child, with less pain than he could lose his wife. It must be so in all true marriages, for "they twain shall be one flesh." May God bless and comfort you. Your dear wife is gone — into the other room. It is better furnished and has finer views than the one she left. The door is open, and she is waiting for you.

We remember your two visits to Syria, in the years 1878 and 1883, and with what interest Mrs. Smyth looked upon all of our missionary and educational work. We saw her for a short time only, but her sweet, beaming face, her cordial, winning grace of manner, made us feel that we had known her for years. When you came the second time, we welcomed her as an old friend, and well remember how we wondered at and admired your bravery in going to visit the ruins of Damascus and Baalbec at a time when you, in consequence of some injury, could not put your foot to the ground, and how she playfully said, "O, yes; he can go anywhere with me to take

care of him." She was a true, noble, Christian woman.

Mrs. Bliss joins me in warmest sympathy and love.

Yours very truly,

DANIEL BLISS.

(President Syrian Protestant College, Beyroot.)

THE MANSE COGGESHALL, ESSEX, ENG.,

March 25, 1885.

My Dear Sir:—

We received some little time ago the newspapers conveying the very sorrowful intelligence of your great and heavy loss. You have every consolation in reflecting on the past life of your distinguished and noble wife, and also the great comfort of knowing that she is with Christ and is there awaiting a blessed reunion with those who were dearest to her on earth.

It seems hardly possible to realize that she has been called away, she seemed so healthy and full of vigor, both mental and bodily, when we had the pleasure of seeing her on the Nile. On bidding us farewell, she said with great earnestness, "Well, if we never meet again on earth, we shall meet in heaven." It is not a little singular that we were unconsciously very near to meeting her again on earth; for we, Mr. Philips and I, were staying at the Prospect House this last autumn, within a week of the time, as I saw from the papers, you were at the White Mountains with your beloved wife. It

would indeed have been a great pleasure to have seen her once more, but that is never to be now. Had we known your address, or thought it possible we might have seen you, we should have written. Our stay in the States and Canada was very brief, but we came home profoundly impressed with some of the scenery, and especially charmed with the autumnal tints, which were, I understand, unusually fine this autumn. We were in the last steamer on Lake George, and nearly the last train up Mount Washington, and the hotels were all closing as we left.

You were, I am sure, much gratified by the marks of respect shown by all classes to the memory of Mrs. Smyth, and she will long live in the affectionate remembrance of those to whom her influence and work have been such a blessing.

That you may be supported and comforted in your very heavy and painful bereavement is our earnest hope.

I cannot close without thanking you for this mark of kind remembrance in sending us the papers. The friendships arising from our travels have formed a very valuable link with the New World, as well as with more distant parts of our own country.

Mr. Philips joins me in kindest expressions of sympathy, and I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

ANNIE PHILIPS.

(Wife of Rev. Mr. Philips.)

MANCHESTER, N. H.

My Dear Friend: —

A feeling of personal bereavement comes over me as I attempt to bring words of sympathy and consolation to your sad heart. I have compassion for you because I mourn with you, and while the hunger of the heart cannot be satisfied but ever yearns for the touch of the familiar hand and sound of loving voice, yet we cannot but feel that "it is better to have loved and lost" than never to have known such a woman as she. Her memory can never die; her rare, beautiful character is still ours to cherish. Yes, it is only for ourselves we mourn.

"For her there is no longer any future;
Her life is bright; bright without spot it was
And cannot cease to be; no ominous hour
Knocks at her door with tidings of mishap.
Far off she is above desire and fear.
Oh it is well with her!"

The thought comes to me, that if we, her friends, feel her loss so deeply, what must it be to her husband and companion, he who has been nearer to her than any friend, and who must miss more than all others her sweet presence and ever ready sympathy.

My family join me in this message of condolence; and that God may help you to bear this, the heaviest trial of your life, is the wish of

Your sincere friend,
IRENE S. PORTER.

MANCHESTER, February, 1885.

GOVERNOR SMYTH, —

My Dear Friend: — In your great trouble you have my heart-felt sympathy. To me Mrs. Smyth was the most lovely woman I ever knew, and all that a true friend could be. Far back in my childhood I remember her sweet face and cheerful words, and I think my life has been better and happier from having known her. None could go from her dear presence feeling sad or lonely. For all, both high and low, she had a kindly greeting. Her life was beautiful, and we, her neighbors, all loved her. You will see her ere long, my dear friend, more beautiful than ever, and be no more parted from her. God help you to bear your sorrow and to wait His time.

MRS. EMMA S. KIDDER.

DORCHESTER, MASS., April 26, 1885.

Thanks, my dear friend, for your call. What a pity that we did not meet! I know how to sympathize with you in your great bereavement. It seems hard, but God knows what is best for us. He cannot err, and ere long we shall join our departed friends in that better land, where disease and death can never come.

As ever, yours,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH.

Governor Smyth : —

Permit us, dear Governor, to express our deep sympathy with you in your great trial, and to hope that the grace of God will sustain and cheer you in the dark hours which come to all hearts so bereft.

Most sincerely,

Your friends and obedient servants,

A. P. TASKER, *Pres. Y. M. C. A.*

W. T. PERKINS, *General Secretary.*

MELROSE, MASS., April 28, 1885.

My Dear Friend : —

The sad tidings of Mrs. Smyth's death have reached me at a late day. I have passed the winter in the West, and the newspaper accounts of her decease and obsequies, which were forwarded me, failed to reach me. Only since my return have I learned how heavy a bereavement you have suffered in the loss of the rare woman whose companionship blest your life.

I have been reading the sad details of her illness and burial with a heavy heart, for she had become very dear to me. Ever since my acquaintance with Mrs. Smyth, anticipation of a visit to Manchester, on any errand, was coupled and brightened with the expectation of meeting her. She was like a friend of early years in the beatitudes of her welcome and the largeness of her generous

hospitality. My very last visit with her was the most interesting, and was one which I shall always remember. It was less than six months prior to her departure. You were absent from home, and we talked late into the night. I do not know that she had any premonition of her approaching illness and death, for she said nothing that indicated it. But if she had foreseen it, if she had known that at that very moment she was standing within the shadow of the dark valley, our conversation could not have been very different; for our theme of discourse was that always thrilling and interesting topic, "The immortal life."

She told me something of her early life, of her struggles in the past, and then of the friendless and the helpless and dependent people to whom she gave much thought and help.

"But what I do is as nothing, there is so much to be done," was her concluding remark, "and I sometimes grow discouraged in my efforts to help people." This led me to remark that we could never know the mighty help we rendered each other until we stood revealed to one another in the clear light of the great hereafter; and then we wandered off into a wondrously interesting talk, in which we theorized and speculated concerning the future, our theories taking color and direction from that prose poem of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "Beyond the Gates."

I remember how charmed she was with a little poem of Chadwick's which I quoted to her, and which she

made me repeat a second time. Let me quote it here, my dear friend, for there is a world of comforting suggestion in it.

" As when the friends we dearly love
 Have gone beyond the sea,
 The far off lands in which they bide
 More real yet to be;

 So when our loved ones once have crossed
 Death's lone and silent sea,
 And in a country new and strange
 Found immortality,

 The heavenly land in which they dwell,
 Which erst did ever seem
 An unsubstantial pageant vast,
 A dreamer's idle dream,

 Becomes as solid to my soul
 As is the earth I tread,
 What time I walk with reverent feet
 The city of the dead.

 Not Europe seems so real to me,
 The Alps not so eterne,
 As that dear land for which at times
 My heart doth inly burn.

 And not more sure am I that they
 Whom ocean's waves divide,
 Will meet again some happy day
 And linger side by side,

 Than that the day shall surely come
 When we, and all we love,
 Shall meet again, and clasp, and kiss,
 In that dear land above."

Death is but a circumstance in a life that is unbroken. And, my friend, your beloved wife has only learned the lessons and mastered the tasks of the first school of the soul in advance of us, and so has received an earlier promotion to that higher school where the lessons are nobler, the tasks grander, and where the great Master himself becomes the heavenly instructor. There her loving heart may indulge to the full its kindness; there joy will be duty and love will be law. There her love of the beautiful shall have perfect development; her spirit of helpfulness shall find scope as she becomes a ministering angel to those whom she has preceded to heaven.

Reasoning upward as we may from the supremest delights that crowned her life, we can but faintly conceive of her bliss in that higher life. All we can know or conjecture concerning it is as but the fringe on the borders of a robe. Neither thought nor sense avails us in trying to pierce the impenetrable veil that has dropped between her and us. But if we had no higher assurance, we could trust the instincts of our hearts that all is well with her forever. For her, so unselfish and large-hearted, so loving and tolerant, so devout and reverent, so upright and helpful, the future holds naught that is harmful, for those are godlike qualities, that have in themselves beatitude and immortality.

So, my dear friend, do not mourn too deeply. You must miss her and cannot be otherwise than lonely, but remember only a hand-breadth of life and time separates

you from her. A year ago she and I rode together from Manchester to Rutland, Vt. Her errand to that city was a mission of mercy to a former employé, and that evening she put aside a great pleasure that enticed her that she might aid a poor woman. How her little army of dependents must mourn her! What will God give them in her stead!

“God keeps a niche in heaven to hold our idols, and there we shall find them as we pass into that other chamber of the king, larger than this we leave, and lovelier.”

Yours very truly,
MARY A. LIVERMORE.

HYDE PARK, MASS., May 6, 1885.

My Very Kind Friend:—

Your coming was so like an angel's visit to-day, it completely unmanned and unnerved me. Not only your considerate and thoughtful kindness, but the words of honorable remembrance of past labors and battles for the right, against slavery, intemperance, and other sins we fought together, moved me deeply. And then your touching allusion to the departure of that noble, intelligent woman! God gave and has taken; yes, she was His child. Above eulogy, — no praise can elevate her in your mind, no words can tell your loss or reveal your sorrow. Like a guardian angel she watched over your

rising prospects, and was never a hindrance but always the strongest aid you had. Now the Father has called her first, and left you to ripen so that you may be as ready to go as she. * * * *

You will please accept our most sincere thanks and gratitude for your kind and short visit. Come again, and I will take a trip up to our blue hills and around, and we will talk of that glorious home and friends that never part, where all real worth is appreciated and rewarded. There shall you receive for your short afflictions, "which are but for a moment, an exceeding and eternal weight of glory" for all you do suffer and grieve here in this world of sorrow.

I remain in prayer for your comfort and peace in the great Comforter forever.

Your brother,

J. B. DAVIS.

(Former pastor Freewill Baptist Church, Manchester.)

BOSTON, May 29, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

Dear Sir: — I have thought I would write you ever since I heard of the terrible sorrow which has fallen to your lot, but knowing that you would have so many friends to offer sympathy I have refrained. I have remembered always the sympathy which you extended to me upon a like occasion; and when I have looked back

upon the saddest day of my whole life,—the day of Major Farr's funeral,—I have seen you standing prominent in my little home, ready to offer me your heart-felt sympathy. When I read of the death of Mrs. Smyth, it did not seem possible that she was gone. I had not heard of her illness, and she always looked so well. She was a lovely person in every respect, and you seemed to be so happy together. * * * * * You have my sincere sympathy in your lonely life, and if any one can know how to sympathize with you, it is myself, for the loss of Major Farr was a terrible one for his family.

Very respectfully yours,
ELLEN B. FARR.

OCALA, FLA., April 27, 1885.

My Dear Friend:—

It all comes to me at once,—your letter and my own sense of loss in the dispensation that has taken from our sight so rare a spirit. I can, this morning, write you only this word, as this mail closes in a few minutes.

May God comfort you. But be sure your grief draws me nearer to you than ever before.

Yours in memory and hope,
JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

(Ex-Gov. of Maine.)

NEWTON, MASS, May 12, 1885.

EX-GOV. SMYTH, —

Dear Sir : — I watched the papers with deep anxiety when dear Mrs. Smyth was sick, hoping each day that the reports might be more favorable. But she could not be spared to us longer. She was fitted for higher, holier service, and the loving Father called her to the greater joy of that service.

I was greatly pained when I learned that she was no more, — dear Mrs. Smyth! Was she not for some time being made ready to go? The last time I met her was last spring at the Woman's Mission Board in Boston. I did not recognize her till she had kissed me and said, "Don't you know Mrs. Smyth?" I always thought her beautiful, but there was a softness and sweetness and beauty of presence about her that I had never seen in her before. It seemed like a ripening for heaven. I thought of it much after I had parted from her, and when I heard that she had passed on to the better land, it came back to me so freshly; and I said, "Yes, she was ripe for heaven!" How much I should have liked to look upon the dear face again! but that could not be. You have, I am sure, the heart-felt sympathy of all who knew and loved her so dearly, for we can understand in some degree the great loss you have sustained. I am,

Very truly yours,

MRS. N. E. JONES.

FRANKLIN, N. H., June 13, 1885.

Friend Smyth : —

We thank you kindly for your letter just received. Since I saw you I have committed the mortal part of my good wife to the silent grave. The immortal soul, "the vital spark of heavenly flame," is gone above, as we believe. Her sickness was long, and borne with much patience. Her death was finally calm and tranquil. Her faith and hopes were strong that she was about to exchange her home here for a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" therefore we believe our loss is her gain. * * * *

Truly your friend,

G. W. NESMITH.

BRISTOL, N. H., June 11, 1885.

HON. F. SMYTH, —

My Dear Sir : — The very pleasant and agreeable acquaintance that I have had the pleasure of enjoying with you and your estimable wife for many years past, the very cordial greetings I have received from you both, whether at your home or abroad, had led me to feel that Mrs. Smyth and yourself held a very high place in my esteem, as among my most valued friends.

I have often thought of you with your loved and loving companion, so happily united, with the prospect of many years of pleasant and agreeable life in your beautiful resi-

dence. You had the association of numerous friends, the respect and confidence of the community, and not an enemy to mar the peace or happiness of you or yours.

I assure you, my dear sir, that the sad and startling news of the death of your very dear wife gave me a shock of mournful sadness, and was only consoled with the thought that while the body lay cold in the embrace of death, the spirit that had borne the image of the loving Saviour, with His lineaments divine, was enjoying that rest that remains for the people of God.

“O let the soul her slumbers break!
 Let thoughts be quickened and awake,
 Awake to see
 How soon this life is past and gone,
 And death comes softly creeping on,
 How softly!
 This world is but a rugged road,
 Which leads us to the bright abode
 Of praise above.
 So let us choose that narrow way,
 That leads no traveler’s foot astray
 From realms of love.”

* * * * *

I feel that I am near the sunset of life,* soon to bid adieu to earth, but with bright prospects of a glorious immortality. May God bless and direct you for many years.

N. S. BERRY.

(* The venerable ex-Governor is in his 89th year.)

CONCORD, N. H.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

My Dear Sir : — When the hand was laid heavily upon you, I had a strong desire to write you, but I thought others nearer to you would give you all the sympathy that mortals could render; but I esteemed the treasure which you held as highly as any one, and I know that no greater grief can fall upon man than has fallen upon you. I hope that strength will be given you to bear the separation, and that you will look forward to the happy reunion that awaits you and your blessed wife in a “land that is fairer than this.”

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY P. ROLFE.

CONCORD, February 5, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

Dear Sir : — A sincere friendship of many years presses me to a word of sympathy and condolence in view of the great bereavement that has fallen upon you. So many in all the highest walks of life so well knew and appreciated the rare womanly qualities of the now sainted companion, that you cannot need words from me to remind you of the breadth of her influence, and the general sense of loss in her departure to the scenes of the new and better life. Yet my recollections of the departed are peculiar. More than forty years ago, when she was

about twenty and you some twenty-two years old, I was first privileged with her acquaintance, and with sittings from both for miniature portraits on ivory in water colors. In trying then to delineate features aglow with youthful bloom, I found there was personality in "living soul" challenging artistic skill, as well as blooming physique. You now have the picture, and deem it precious. I hope it is a consoling souvenir. Of late years I have known her more intimately, and seen her ripen into the noble womanhood that commanded the admiration of her numerous friends.

The cloud that comes over you is indeed dense and appalling; but I pray God that it may yet open to new light. He only can give true comfort and support, and our feeble human words can only commend His mercies at last.

With most cordial regards,

Your friend,

WILLIAM H. KIMBALL.

IN MEMORIAM.

Needless the task to "gild fine gold,"
Or paint a face whose features hold
Beauty beyond our art, seeming to bear
The wordless purity of prayer.

Perfect she stood
In every grace of noble womanhood,
Peerless, alone! And all the rarity
Of faith she knew; and Christian charity
Dwelt within her breast.

This was her life, — her earthly reign, —
That could no more of beauty gain
Than can the golden west.

ARTHUR WHITNEY SMITH.

The sad, kind words written by so many friends in this little memorial volume may be fitly ended by quoting the appreciative and sympathetic notice from the pen of Col. John B. Clarke, in the Manchester "Mirror and American" of January 14.

In the death of Mrs. Smith the world loses one of its best types of womanhood, and Manchester one of its best-loved and most respected women; a woman of whom it can be said without exaggeration, —

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

She came here in the freshness and beauty of her girlhood, and from that time until now she has gone in and out among our people, winning from all classes golden opinions, and carrying away captive the warm admiration and lasting affection of all who were fortunate enough to know her intimately.

She was one of the best of wives. For years she was the constant companion, counselor, and support of her illustrious husband, and at all times and in all places, — in his early struggles, in his later triumphs, at his home, at the capitals of the state and nation, in this country and in foreign lands, — her devotion and unerring judgment and unfailing tact were his stay and support, as his success and happiness were her reward. She was good and

noble in every relation of life. Her lovely face, which seemed fashioned to wear a smile, rich in inspiration and encouragement, but reflected the excellences of a heart that was always tender and true. She had rare good sense, and the indescribable and irresistible tact which carries the weakness of woman to success where the strength of man fails. She was always unassuming, self-possessed, and charming. She could adapt herself to any circumstances, and was equally at home in the hovel, ministering to the wants of the humble poor, and in the palaces of nobles, reflecting and brightening the honors of her husband. She was a helpful woman in the community; her charity was watchful, untiring, and modest. In all good undertakings she was earnest, patient, industrious, and generous. She was a devoted Christian, and her faith shone in her works, — on the street as in the church, in her daily work as in her Sunday devotions. She was a peacemaker; she provoked no jealousies; she stirred up no strifes. She was a woman of the people: she despised none because they were poor; she held herself above none because they were not richly housed and clad. She had pity instead of contempt for the erring, and for the unfortunate of every class encouragement and help. In society she was a queen. She was a good sister, a kind neighbor, and a faithful friend. She had no enemies. Her instincts were always pure, her words wise, and her acts discreet. Her influence was powerful and far-reaching, and it all went to make the world

brighter and better. It is such women that show us what earth might be and what heaven may be; and when one is called hence, even though her mission has been grandly fulfilled, those who know how good she was may well mourn deeply and long. To her stricken husband and sorrowing relatives, the citizens of Manchester, saddened by a sense of personal bereavement, extend their heart-felt sympathy.

DENVER, COL., Jan. 28, 1885.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH, —

Dear Sir: — I have just learned of your affliction, and wish to express to you my heart-felt sympathy. Mrs. Smyth was one of father's greatest friends, and has been very kind to me. I only regret that I was never so situated as to become well acquainted with her. I have always known her as a friend, and feel deeply grateful for her frequent kind attentions.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK S. WOODBURY.

EXETER, N. H., Jan. 20, 1885.

Dear Gov. Smyth: —

Again I write to acknowledge a kindness on your part. On Saturday noon, a gentleman, whose name I do not

know, called at my boarding-place and asked to see me. He presented me with a pass from you, over the Concord & Portsmouth road, and told me that it was your desire that I should be present at your wife's funeral. I had heard of Mrs. Smyth's sad death, and I had almost decided to go up to Manchester to attend her funeral; but your kind message quite decided me, and so I packed my valise and started, arriving at Manchester all safe and sound.

As I knew that your mind was full of sorrow, I thought it best not to appear at your house, and so I spent the night down town. On Sunday noon I went around to the Franklin-street church, and after listening to the service I took my last look at dear Mrs. Smyth. At the grave, after the impressive service was finished, with a heart full of sorrow and sympathy, I took my last leave of my friend, — for Mrs. Smyth was my friend; she was always kind and pleasant to me, and I loved her as though she were a near relative. Knowing what sorrow you must feel, who have lost not only a friend but a companion and wife, I beg you to accept my heart-felt sympathy. I am only a boy, but a boy's heart is as big as other folks', and I assure you that the sympathy I offer comes straight from the heart.

Your true friend,

FREDERICK S. DUNCAN.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

“ Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom
 Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step's enough for me.

* * * * *

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

“ Her name forever dear,
 Still breathed in sighs,
 Still uttered with a tear.”



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