Francis Wharton

March 54

FRANCIS WHARTON.

A MEMOIR.

PHILADELPHIA:
1891.

Such a power has recalled to them a loved and honored name, and enabled them to transmit to others some beams of the sunshine of a presence whose memory they will ever cherish as one of their dearest possessions.

PREFACE.

In preparing a Memoir of Dr. Wharton several difficulties beset the compiler at the very outset. To do justice to his character, to relate with anything like accuracy the achievements of his busy and useful life, must require some knowledge in each of the varied departments where he labored so successfully. As this is not to be looked for in any one person, it has been thought best to make these pages a joint effort; to rely more for information upon the combined testimony of many than upon the insufficient knowledge and perhaps undue partiality of one; to give by means of letters, and personal tributes, and printed matter—already published, a sketch of a truly remarkable man, whose influence was very great in the circle of his friends, and whose works take a high stand in the legal literature of our country. To arrange the materials thus contributed has not been a difficult task. The materials themselves have been contributed willingly by those who have had it in their power to do so.

CONTENTS.

APPENDIX.

MEMOIR

OF

DR. FRANCIS WHARTON.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTORS.

THOMAS WHARTON, the earliest ancestor of the Wharton family in this country, was baptized in the parish church of Orton, England, in 1664. As baptism in those days usually took place very soon after birth, he must have emigrated to Pennsylvania and have become a Quaker while still quite young, for we find that he was married to Rachel Thomas, a native of Wales, in Friends' Meeting, Philadelphia, in 1689. He became a member of the City Council of Philadelphia, and was a well-known and successful merchant, dying in 1718.

His son, Joseph (1707–1776), by his two marriages had eighteen children, a fact which may partly account for the great size and wide ramifications of the Wharton family. Like his father, he was a prosperous merchant, and a member of the Society of Friends. He built Walnut Grove, the well-known country seat where was held the Meschianza in 1778, and the site of which is now occupied by the school-house on Fifth Street below Washington Avenue. The so-called 'Meschianza' need not be described here; it will be remembered as a sort of *fête* arranged by the unfortunate Major André, and given to the British officers and loyal ladies of Philadelphia on May 18, 1778, while the Revolutionists were actually attacking the city.

Joseph Wharton was commonly called the 'Duke,' partly on account of his extreme pride and dignity of manner, and partly

perhaps from his claimed descent from the last Marquis and Duke of Wharton, whose coat of arms with the motto "Plesyrs et Faites d'Armes" he always used, though an equally proud descendant of his refused to bear it. Dr. Wharton was fond of relating old family anecdotes, which have been handed down to us as to the 'Duke's' very un-Quakerlike love of pomp.

The first wife of Joseph Wharton, Hannah Carpenter, was the mother of his son Isaac (1745–1808), who married Margaret Rawle. He was the first owner of the beautiful country seat 'Woodford,' now inclosed in Fairmount Park, which adjoined 'Harley,' the seat of his wife's family, the Rawles. Woodford was built as a refuge from the yellow fever then devastating Philadelphia, so far was it thought from the city which now has encroached upon its lawns.

His son, Thomas Isaac (1791–1856), was the father of the subject of this memoir. No better account of his life can be given than that written by Dr. Wharton for the 'Wharton Book.'

"He graduated at an early age at the University of Pennsylvania, and shortly after graduating, began the study of law in the office of his uncle, Mr. William Rawle, then a lawyer of large practice in Philadelphia, and previously district attorney under Washington's administration. In the war of 1812, Mr. Wharton served as a captain of infantry, and was engaged, with his company, in the duties at Camp Dupont. At the close of the war he began the practice of law in Philadelphia, and in the twenty-fifth year of his age married Arabella, second daughter of Mr. John Griffith, a merchant of Philadelphia, son of the attorney-general of New Jersey, of the same name, and brother of Judge William Griffith, a judge of the Circuit Court of the United States, and author of several law treatises. Mr. Wharton was a diligent and discriminating student, and at an early period of his life was distinguished for his literary taste and skill. He was one of the contributors to the 'Portfolio,' under Mr. Dennie's management, and he became afterwards one of the editors of the 'Analectic Magazine.' It was to law, however, that his studies were principally given; and in this department they bore ripe fruit. To him, in connection with his uncle, Mr. Rawle, and Judge Joel Jones, the codification of the civil statutes of Pennsylvania was committed; and the code they reported, a document much in advance of the legislation of the

day, is marked by the impress of their wisdom, learning, and skill. He was the author of the first edition of Wharton's Digest, and of the six volumes of Wharton's Reports. In addition to these works, several historical and literary addresses are in print bearing his name; addresses marked by strong sense, clear thought, and a nervous and elegant style. Mr. Wharton's chief labors, however, were given to his profession, in which he acquired, chiefly as counsel on matters of title, a large and commanding practice. In politics he was attached to the Whig party during its existence, and was a personal and political friend of Mr. Clay. On the dissolution of the Whig party, his attachments and constitutional principles led him to unite with leading members of that party in union with the Democratic. He died on April 7th, 1856, leaving behind him the reputation not only of high legal abilities, but of spotless integrity and of undaunted courage in the performance of duty. Of purity and usefulness in domestic relations no truer example could be found."

Mr. Thomas I. Wharton left the Society of Friends, of course, when he bore arms in the war of 1812, and he further ratified his return to the church of his forefathers, of which his son was to be so faithful a champion, by "marrying out of meeting." His wife was an Episcopalian, and they were married in old St. Mary's Church, Burlington, New Jersey, that quaint little building which still stands close to the edge of the Delaware, but is now used as a school-house.

This is a brief account of the direct male ancestors of Dr. Wharton. He was wont to remark of them that not one had lived to be seventy years of age, and to predict of his own future, what has been too sadly verified.

The family genealogy, however, contains a number of interesting men from whom Dr. Wharton was not directly descended, but of whom he frequently spoke in that charming manner which made all family annals interesting.

Among these, the best known is Thomas Wharton, the first Governor of Pennsylvania under the Constitution of '76, who was from his early manhood a prominent supporter of the colonies, and whose name is handed down as one of the foremost men in Philadelphia of his day. His career is too well known to require re-capitulation here—an admirable sketch of his life has been reprinted

from the 'Historical Magazine,' and may be found in the 'Wharton Book.'* But some of Dr. Wharton's Family, who are not so well remembered, were men of remarkable ability and individuality, in whom we may see family traits which reappeared in later days.

One of these interesting characters was Robert Wharton, a son of Joseph Wharton, but who left no descendants. He was a man of rare gifts, who in early life was, curiously enough, apprenticed to a *hatter*, partly from a distaste for study, but also following a custom set by William Penn. He did not long practice his trade, of which in later life he was never ashamed (having his share of the 'Wharton pride'), although he became successively alderman and several times Mayor of Philadelphia. He was also Colonel of the City Troop. For some very striking instances of his courage and sagacity in connection with the yellow fever in Philadelphia, the shipping riots, and the war of 1812, see the 'Wharton Book.'

Samuel Wharton, a great-uncle of Dr. Wharton, was another man of prominence in his day, a member of the City Councils, of the Colonial and State Legislatures, and of other important corporations. He was a correspondent of Benjamin Franklin as to the 'Ohio Company,' a project for populating the bank of the Ohio River which came to nothing, owing to the Revolution. He was always foremost in Revolutionary matters, and a distinguished scholar as well as successful merchant.

Dr. Wharton's uncle and godfather, Francis Rawle Wharton, of whom he always spoke with peculiar affection, was a man of great distinction in his day, and among more or less distant cousins may be mentioned the eminent lawyer, George M. Wharton, William Wharton, a prominent member of the Hicksite branch of the Society of Friends, and many others celebrated in the annals of Philadelphia.†

* "Genealogy of the Wharton Family of Philadelphia, 1664 to 1880, by Anne H. Wharton, member of the Historical Society of Philadelphia." Philadelphia, 1880.

† His brother, Henry Wharton, also must be enrolled among the distinguished lawyers of the family. To quote from a leading journal: "He was a man of profound learning, sound judgment, and acute and subtle power of analysis, detecting the weak points in an adversary's argument, and strengthening his own by citation of authorities." Full of bright and caustic wit, on the rare occasions when he used it to ridicule bad law, his criticisms were very pungent and effective. See Philadelphia Ledger and Transcript of November 12, 1880.

It may be added that nothing of special interest has ever been discovered of the Wharton Family in England before the emigration of Thomas, the son of Richard Wharton, of Orton, Westmoreland. Dr. Wharton had in his possession, however, a very quaint old print given him by a friend, a collector, representing the two daughters of Philip, the Lord Wharton of the days of Charles II., one of whom by a curious coincidence is named 'Philadelphia.'

From Dr. Wharton's ancestors thus catalogued, we may gather many traits reproduced in their descendant. To the industry and thrift that marked the colonist followers of William Penn, and that also characterized him, may be added a certain love of novelty and adventure, which, while it never interfered with or effaced his love of his early home, still gave him peculiar enjoyment in the fresh and changing scenes among which his lot was cast. We also find much in him that partook of his father's nature. Mr. Thomas I. Wharton was possessed of great natural sagacity, a strong sense of humor, and unbounded honesty. He was known, both inside his own circle and without it, as strictly, sometimes severely *just*. From the keen criticism of his caustic wit, any attempt at subterfuge, or double-dealing fled away disappointed. This does not sound like the description of a brilliant and successful lawyer, but it was in his case true. His son, also, had an aptitude for detecting fraud, and an enjoyment of the humorous side of things, which was not always to the liking of those with whom he dealt. While his tenderness ever leaned to the fondest indulgence of those he loved, yet he could not always restrain himself from pointing out their peculiarities, and this created offence, or rather distrust among those not discerning enough to understand him. Among his opponents, that is in Church and State, nothing was more dreaded than a touch of his gentle, but none the less powerful sarcasm. By an epithet well chosen, and yet good-natured, he would often dissolve an affectation, or an error, more speedily than would have been possible in months of argument. While from his father he inherited this clear insight, there was much in Dr. Wharton's character that we can trace to his mother alone.

This lady, Miss Arabella Griffith, of Burlington, had inherited from her family a powerful imagination, a strong poetic talent, a love of beauty, and a literary dexterity, which had she possessed

ordinary health would have placed her name among the authoresses of our country. As it was, her life was passed in a sick room. Always an invalid, she has nevertheless left much that her friends value. Letters, musical compositions, and books which, though never printed, show considerable ability with her pen. In addition to this her temperament was of a peculiarly attractive and endearing nature. Sensitive and loving as a child, she had great need in her long life of seclusion and sometimes suffering of a strong religious faith. This she possessed, and it brightened and elevated her whole character. Her room was the chosen resort of many tried and valued friends, whose faith she strengthened by her wise counsels, and whose more arduous and active life she sustained by the example of cheerfulness and patience she ever gave them. She had a peculiar gift of conversation, her reading was extensive, and as her mind was ever interested in what was passing around her, she was regarded by all who knew her as a most instructive and delightful companion. A lady relates of the extreme amiability of her disposition that she was unable to recall any time in which she had seen her out of temper. One day, after having herself received extreme provocation, she was giving an account of the affair to her sympathizing invalid friend. Upon concluding she said, "Now, Mrs. Wharton, would you not have felt angry?" "Oh, my dear child," said the patient listener, "it is a great many years since I have felt angry." With this sweetness of temper, however, was united a certain timidity, which often led her to a misconception of her son's brilliant and less guarded speech. There are letters found among his papers in the faded ink of fifty years ago, in which she urges him to be more prudent, and to restrain the too great freedom with which he expressed himself. That these letters were taken in good part, is evidenced by the care with which they are preserved, and the memory of a mother's love clings around their pages still. Thus we find, that our friend derived from his parents a blended character. Like his father, keen, penetrating, strong in intellect, with a taste for philosophical research, and unbounded industry—like his mother, gentle, loving, with a gift of poetic fancy, and a peculiar felicity of expression, it is not surprising that his career, although moulded greatly by outward circumstances, and controlled by an irresistible Providence, should be such an one as is well worthy of our best efforts to record.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY LIFE.

We can find in referring to the early life of Dr. Wharton, of course, not many persons who are old enough to remember with accuracy his boyhood, and fewer still who can remember his childhood. There are some, however, who tell us that sixty years ago (he was born March 7, 1820, in that old Philadelphia mansion, fronting on Walnut Street, and directly opposite to Independence Square) played and frolicked a singularly precocious and engaging child, full of life and brightness, and with a talent for mischief, that he often recalled himself in later days. "Once," he said, "while all the family were at church, I took a plaster bust of some dignitary of the law from my father's library, and finding it hollow inside, conceived the idea of supporting it on a broomstick, and exhibiting it at the parlor window. Here, as the good people returned from church (from old St. Peter's and St. James'), they were edified by the sight of Blackstone or Coke dancing violently up and down, and showing a vivacity as a ghost that he certainly never manifested in life." This and other boyish pranks, while perfectly harmless, were not without a cleverness, which his elders had to pretend not to admire. They were the overflow of an extremely active mind, and the recreation from studies of an extraordinary nature in one so young. An aged lady, a friend of his mother's, relates how upon a visit to the house the door opened and a small light-haired child of nine or ten years came in, carrying a load of books in his arms. "Well, Frank, what have you been reading?" said his mother. "Well, mother, I have just finished all these books, and the one I like best is Watts on the Mind," was the astounding and wellnigh incredible reply. That a child so young should be attracted at all by a treatise such as that of Watts, is only to be accounted for in the same way that we account for the fact that Mozart read difficult music at the same age, and Goethe composed poems and plays. There seems to be in

some cases a wonderful maturity of understanding in a youthful genius, that while even the words of a writer may not be quite understood, the idea is grasped, and the subject affords interest. Just as in a foreign tongue books have often the power to charm us, of which not every word is fully intelligible. The writings of Dr. Wharton in later life have often excited surprise by their wonderful scope and variety, by the amount of labor, and the power of memory they involve. This will be the less remarkable when we see him thus in earliest boyhood storing his mind with the best and most thoughtful of writers. At a time when most young people are in the pursuit of enjoyment, or forced to unwilling tasks, study was to him a pleasure. Books were his constant companions. His life was passed either with a book or a pen. His memory never failed to preserve and record what his diligence thus gained. At the age of seventeen he entered Yale College and graduated in 1839. Of his college days, but few records remain. They are principally marked in such memorials as we have, by loving and wise letters from his mother to him, full of counsel and religious appeal. Their fruit was seen in his increasing steadiness and sobriety of character, though he was always a model of what is usually considered praiseworthy in a young man. The following letter will show, however, how high was his mother's standard of excellence :—

DEAREST FRANK :

I need not tell you what a source of deep and intense interest you are to me now. Formerly, only my own honor and interests were involved in your well-being and doing, but now I feel that the honor of a greater and higher than I is involved in your walk and conduct. Though you have not gone through the mere *ceremony* of making a profession of religion in confirmation, yet you have, with all the warmth and ingenuousness of youth, openly and honestly expressed yourself, and thereby avowed yourself a *Christian*. Now the honor of Christ is involved in every Christian's profession, and you *honor or dishonor Him* by your walk and conversation. Indeed the whole Christian community suffers more or less from the unfaithfulness or carelessness of Christian professors. 'What are these wounds in Thy hands?' says the prophet by inspiration. 'Those with which I was wounded in the house of my

friends' is Christ's touching answer. Oh, then, how carefully should we guard against wounding our blessed Saviour by levity, folly, or any other besetting sin, which can dishonor a Christian in the sight of the world, and through him his Master. For the first time in your life you are placed in a responsible situation. This should lead you, dearest Frank, to great heart-searching and circumspection, and your mother is willing to assist you in the task, by unveiling to you the foibles, which are visible to every eye, in one so unguarded as yourself, and which almost neutralize the effect which the example of your early piety might have upon others. It is not vices I have to caution you about, but foibles—not *life*, but *conversation*. And inasmuch as it is in the family circle almost exclusively that the *life* is manifested, the world must mainly judge of a Christian by his *conversation*. Oh, my darling Acky, here it is you mainly *err*. It was always your besetting sin. I mean a trifling, vain, desultory *bizarre* mode of talking. Now a profession of religion always implies *seriousness*, so much so that a person's making such a profession is usually indicated or expressed thus: 'Such an one has become serious,' as if religion and seriousness were synonymous. Sometimes when I hear you rattling on, forgetful of all your dignity and responsibility as a Christian, I doubt and despair; but then I take courage immediately when I look upon your sweet and altered deportment *at home*. Unfortunately you bestow the chief of your headlong vanity or levity upon strangers, who can form no estimate of the real excellence of your home character. Added to this, my darling Acky, you have so much self-love, that when I attempt to tell you truths which none but a mother *will* tell you, you shrink as from a surgeon's knife—you change the conversation as quick as lightning—instead of being desirous of probing yourself and knowing the whole truth. Oh! my son, study seriousness; keep a perpetual watch over your words; never fly from a subject until it has been soberly discussed, and, above all, be backward in expressing opinions upon subjects with which you are but partially acquainted, and, as a general rule, be modest and reserved in conversation; remember, 'shallow brooks babble, deep waters are still.' And of one thing be certain, God, through the agency of his Holy Spirit, which is even now at work in your heart, can alone work this change in you. I don't want you to be forever talking of religion, but I want a solid, thoughtful, serious

demeanor, which a sincere conviction of your own unworthiness must ever produce; if you were truly humble, you would shrink from display. May God open your eyes, and give you such a deep conviction of sin, and such a realizing sense of eternity, and such an abiding sense of the indwelling of a crucified Redeemer that your conversation may bear the impress of your heart! And while I admonish you, my dear son, may my own soul take warning, and may He grant me a portion of that wisdom from on high I so earnestly bespeak for you, and which my present humble effort is intended to lead you to seek! God will look for far greater Christian perfection from your generation than from the past, for never were there such Christian privileges since the days of the Apostles, and you must look to the annals of your Saviour for a far higher example than the writer of this letter has been able to set before you, however sincere may have been the desire of walking before her children in the fear of God, and of teaching them so to walk. You must look within you also, for a change must be wrought also within yourself. By your incongruous mixture of levity and religion, of truth and folly, you dishonor Christ and your profession. Religion is a transaction between the soul and God, and having once set your seal upon it, it is your part to act conscientiously, as one who is accountable to the Lord of the Vineyard. Let your conversation be modest and retiring, never shrinking from confessing Christ when you are called upon, but shrinking from ostentation and vain display. You will perceive, dearest Frank, that this whole letter is addressed to one who has made a *commencement* in the religious life. I take it for granted that you have received into your heart the great elementary principles of religion; that the way of salvation through Jesus Christ has been manifested to you, and that your foundation is right. My own conviction is, and I have formed it with great deliberation, that the Holy Spirit is at work in your heart, that He is striving with you, and the chief object of this letter is to caution you lest by a vain, light, and presumptuous course you alienate Christ's Comforter and great Teacher. For the man who calls himself a Christian is a spectacle to angels and to men, and he cannot take a step that does not involve Christ and His church. And now, my beloved darling son, now that you have implicated and identified yourself with Christ and his flock, beware how you walk and how you talk.

You are not your own, but bought with a great price, even the blood of the Son of God. You are the temple of the Holy Ghost; what manner of conversation then ought yours to be?

I cannot part with you without once more testifying to your sweet and amiable character and conduct *at home*, and it is upon the great change that has taken place in you in this respect, that I build the chief of my hopes. Nothing but the hand of God could have made you what you are. And, dearest Frank, if ever a son had a mother's prayers it is you, and with the hope that you will forgive me, if I have been too plain spoken, and that you will write me a very sweet letter of thanks, for indeed I deserve it, I remain yours ever affectionately and faithfully, as none other ever can be to you.

A. G. W.

This letter, as will be readily perceived, was written to him during a college vacation passed away from home. It is also the first intimation we have of his dawning interest in religious subjects, soon to become the ruling if not absorbing interest of his life. There are several other letters from his mother in the same strain and showing the same faithful dealing of parental love. There are also letters solicitous for his health, which did not seem to be strong, but there are no injunctions to *study;* that was plainly a duty he performed only too energetically. His mother writes, "Pray do not *over* study. I do not care for your obtaining mere nominal honors. You say some of the young men sit up till twelve at night, rising at half-past four or five. This would soon wear you out. Do *go to bed early*—promise me this. I did nothing but dream of you all last night. I thought you came home all haggard and worn, and with your eye-sight gone, and I am superstitious enough to regard this dream as a warning." Another caution may have been more necessary. "From what nice young lady do you borrow your seal? I suppose you have heard of H.'s engagement to S. E. What an imprudent young man! With seven years of college and seminary life before him I really think he had better not have thought of the ministry, or, if that was impossible, of matrimony. He had no right to engage the affections and involve the prospects of a woman under existing circumstances. He should have shut his eyes and his heart and

his thoughts against womankind until those seven years were past, and then at thirty (which will be his age when he finishes his career), he would have been at liberty. When you are three or four and twenty I shall begin to sermonize you. At present I am truly grateful that you are at an unfledged age; also I am truly grateful and proud to say that you are not a goose. I suppose you cannot get the curl out of your handwriting—though the material within proves it does not fit your character. Your father is very much pleased with your letters. He thinks them good business letters, and that from him is great praise."

These extracts go to show the good understanding between mother and son; the anxious care for his temporal and also spiritual well-being on her part and the confidence and docility on his, that led her to tell him all her misgivings and all her hopes for him. At the age of nineteen he returned to Philadelphia, and became a law student in his father's office. He was also a constant attendant at St. Philip's Church, and a teacher in the Sunday-school. His mother's influence, greater now than before, was ever at hand to deepen and strengthen the religious impressions already received, and the dry details of law study were followed as conscientiously as had been the college course. His impulse was to enter the ministry, but from that he was dissuaded by his father, who with wiser though more worldly judgment thought his gifts not adapted to a profession requiring the constant use of his voice. His physique was never robust, and there was a decided weakness of the vocal organs, which caused him annoyance all his life, and was finally one among the several causes of his death.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE admission of Dr. Wharton to the bar in Philadelphia, in 1843, begins a new phase of his career. Though but twenty-three years old, he was amply equipped with legal knowledge, and soon found himself with occupation on his hands. There is no need to explain this rapid success beyond the ever apparent and conspicuous popularity of his manner, and the sagacity and effectiveness of the counsel he gave. Those who have known Dr. Wharton will have no difficulty in recalling the peculiar charm of his bearing. Wise, kindly, and practical in the advice he gave, the interest he took in the cases submitted to him, the subtilty with which he saw through complications, and the encouraging and cheerful view he took of even disastrous possibilities, excited the confidence and hope of his clients, and they were rarely disappointed. Perhaps we are anticipating a little, but at all events the last five years of the ten he spent as a practising lawyer in Philadelphia were crowned by unusual and lucrative remuneration, and that is generally considered a test of success. Still his *forte* always lay in writing. Even at that early age his articles for magazines and criticisms of books were eagerly received by publishers. There was a clearness and point about his style, a vigor and life about his expressions that made him interesting to those who knew very little about the technicalities of the subjects he treated. If this was so to the uninitiated, how much more to those who were capable of understanding and appreciating him!

It will be well, however, to state here that this sketch is not intended as a history, still less as a critique of Dr. Wharton's books. They have been too long before the profession, and have been too fully commended in the highest quarters to make any such process necessary. The purpose of the present writer is to give merely their titles and dates of publication, with such facts incidental to them as are inseparably connected with their Author's

life in other respects. He lived a double existence, and this not from choice, but because his qualities of heart ever kept pace with those of mind, and the needs of a fallen and suffering humanity made him long to devote all his powers to succor and befriend them. But in this purpose his physical powers fell short—voice and strength failed him, and the leisure thus providentially bestowed was given to that other profession for which he was also so eminently qualified. We quote in this connection from one of the Church papers the following tribute:—

"The case of the late Rev. Francis Wharton shows how possible it may be that a parish sometimes monopolizes a genius that a nation might have a province for. Paralysis of the throat deprived the pulpit of the services of this great and eminent man, and at last proved fatal to him. Dr. Wharton is well known by his writings, and he, for years, has been the adviser of the administration on points of international law, in which intricate and delicate department of jurisprudence he was an acute and learned specialist. Yet no doubt had he chosen his own life's work he would have preferred the simple lot of a parish priest, the highest lot on earth, to which he was dedicated by the warm vows of his youth."

We subjoin also a letter from a life-long friend, Mr. W. Heyward Drayton, of Philadelphia, which has reference to this period:—

PHILADELPHIA, August 19, 1889.

MY DEAR MRS. VIELÉ:

I first knew your father when I began to study law, in 1842, in the office of your grandfather, Mr. Thomas I. Wharton. He was then about twenty years old and a most pleasing and attractive acquaintance. We soon became fast friends, and our regard for each other continued to the end of his life, though our intimacy was much interfered with by his abandonment of Philadelphia as a residence.

I have no doubt your father was a student from his boyhood. While we were together in the office he not only studied carefully, but devoted his leisure to writing articles for periodicals of the day. I remember he wrote much for 'Hunt's Merchants' Magazine', and though a very young man his articles were held in the highest esteem, and were, as I remember, usually assigned the first place. Early, too, in his professional life he edited the 'American and

United States Gazette', then one newspaper, and about the same time the 'Episcopal Recorder.' When I first knew him he was very religious; either while a student or soon after becoming a lawyer, he desired to give up law and study divinity: he told me he suggested this to his father who implored him to abandon it, saying, "Henry and you are my only sons, he is a boy, I don't know what his tastes may be, and I have set my heart on your continuing in my profession."

In deference to this wish he continued at the bar until his father's death, when he left practice and became a clergyman.

While at the bar he not only worked laboriously at his profession, but found time to compose works, both legal and literary, indeed continuing to do so all his life. He was in early life an active Democratic politician, and when John K. Kane was appointed Attorney-General of this State, your father and William D. Kelley became his assistants. Your father, knowing that his voice was not strong enough for the strain of continuous speaking, agreed with Judge Kelley that he should attend to the court business generally, while your father prepared the pleadings. As he never did things by halves, this arrangement probably directed his mind to the absence of any good book on Pleading and Practice in the United States, and led to the preparation of the first elaborate treatise which brought him fame as a legal writer. This work has passed through nine editions, and is a text-book. From that time he continued, long after he had given up practice, to compose and publish works on legal subjects, until he became before his death, if not the most, certainly one of the most prolific and distinguished authors of law-books in our country.

I have referred to his laborious habits. While editing it was his custom, when quite young, to sit up until the early morning hours. Once I remonstrated with him on the risk his health ran from this: he answered, "Do you think I run more risk than some other young men who keep about the same hours, going to balls and suppers?" I did not interfere in this way again.

Your father was the most, perhaps the only religious man with whom I was thrown much in early life, and I have no doubt his precept and example were of great service to me, as I know they were to many others, at that time, as he was a devoted Sunday-school teacher and superintendent.

In connection with Mr. Drayton's letter and in explanation of it, it will be well to say that Dr. Wharton's political views were, as he states, Democratic. In his youth he made several visits to the South and there saw the working of their domestic system in the house of a dearly loved younger sister, who was there happily married. Not only did he see the colored people receiving from her the care and instruction their helpless condition required, but among her neighbors and friends whose cordial hospitality he enjoyed, he noticed the same state of things. It became with him as with many others, who were thus domesticated in the South, a serious question how far immediate emancipation would really help the colored race. Recognizing, as he did, the evils of slavery, he yet deprecated the use of violent measures, and trusted to the effect of gradual legislative effort to remove the causes of the bitterness existing between North and South, and to active Christian benevolence, and growth of enlightenment to benefit the condition of the slave. He corresponded with some of the political leaders of the day. His rôle was ever that of peace. His many friends in the South, the high estimation in which he held them, his conviction that many of them agreed with him, and lamented truly the system which weighed as heavily on the master as on the slave, all conspired to make him shun extremists on either side. When however twenty years later, the flames of war burst forth, and the irrepressible conflict was waged, he gave his allegiance entirely to the cause of Union. A sermon published in the second year of the war called 'A willing re-Union not impossible,' gives most completely his views on this point. As it was, however, his active mind and untiring industry sought scope in all the varied questions of the day. As a friend and correspondent tells us: "He sought recreation in changing his work, instead of stopping it. His books and papers and proof-sheets accompanied him in his journeys for business or pleasure, and many minutes which by most men are wasted were turned by him to good account. He could turn in a moment from social engagements to the work he had before him. Of course it is to be added, he had great natural gifts. To a most unusual facility and rapidity in literary work, he united a memory little short of marvellous. All the stores of his observation, his reflection, and his reading were instantly at his service when occasion required."

Among these varied pursuits, however, he began to find social relaxation a necessity. For a time he allowed himself to mingle in Philadelphia society, where he was always a favorite. Perhaps no man ever more fully united what seem to be almost opposing qualities than did he. Incessant labor and dry if not tedious details in the morning; in the evening he was the sparkling wit of many a dinner-table, always welcome as the most genial and entertaining of guests. In November, 1852, he married Miss Sydney Paul, a daughter of Comegys Paul, Esq., of Philadelphia. In this lady, of whose attractive and endearing qualities there are many still to speak, he found a most congenial companion. His life was full now of work and of happiness. He found one increased and sustained by the other. He entered largely into charitable and other enterprises in his native city, and there are several well-known and well-established institutions where his active and efficient aid is to this day recalled.

As his life thus enlarged and widened its sympathies, his devotion to Church matters gradually increased. In Church politics Dr. Wharton was always termed a 'Low Churchman.' While a member from preference, from conviction, and life-long habit of the Episcopal Church, his was a mind too wide in its culture and sympathies to claim for that church any exclusive rights, or to look upon it as even chief in God's agencies for regenerating the world. He was ever a cordial admirer of the great Reformed Churches, whether in our own country or abroad, as his writings will abundantly testify. He favored great toleration, both in doctrine and mechanism, within our own Church. And this not because his own scheme of doctrine or mechanism was uncertain, but because he held that individual minds must differ, and must work more efficiently while that difference is recognized than when following a forced uniformity. We can give a few extracts here from a pamphlet published by him on 'Voluntary Missionary Societies,' which, although a little premature in date, bears upon the point in question.

"The responsibility of schism is often as much on those who drive others off, as upon those who go. The verdict of posterity, I cannot but believe, will be that the two most disastrous shocks which the Church of England ever received arose from the application of the Conformity Acts to the Puritans in 1680, and to the

Methodists in 1780. These measures were in fact a departure from the tolerant and catholic platform which the Anglican Communion, as a National Church, adopted at the Reformation. If they have been peculiarly disastrous to her—diminishing her hold on the middle classes and poor, abridging her practical nationality, severing from her some of the most devoted of her sons, reducing the standard of piety within her borders—such a state of facts goes no small way to prove the importance of allowing, in a National Church, full liberty in all matters within the range of orthodoxy. But I pass this point, for the purpose of noticing that the very fact of the communions of which I speak, severing themselves on matters of temporary controversy, made them, not national and catholic, but eclectic. The very nature of their existence renders it incumbent on them to present in sharp and intolerant precision the dogmas to promote which they seceded. And when new and heterogeneous, though orthodox views spring up in their own body, the remedy is not to enlarge their borders so as to tolerate the new opinions, but to have a new secession. They maintain their missionary unity by breaking their organic integrity.

"Take, as an illustration of this, the Methodist Communion. It differed in England from the Established Church, not as to any question of doctrine, but as to the most efficient way in which the church could be worked. The day is now passed in which the sincerity of John Wesley's attachment to the principles of the Church of England, as well as his noble zeal and indefatigable industry in the cause of Christ, can be questioned. He was a great Missionary, the greatest the Protestant Church ever knew, and it was a sad day for our communion when she lost him. But he went forth—partly impelled by a too hasty enthusiasm—partly driven; and he went forth, let it be ever remembered, on a question of missionary mechanism. I will not stop here to say that if conscientious and faithful men can differ on points of mere expediency so widely as to make an ecclesiastical separation the only alternative to ecclesiastical toleration, how important it is for the Church to learn wisdom from the past, and to grant that liberty now which she refused in 1780! It is sufficient on this point now to say, that —as the Methodists seceded from us on a question of missionary organization,—as their distinctive denominational features were thus eclectic, not catholic—as they worked into their constitution

one single and arbitrary method of church extension, instead of yielding to their constituents a wise liberty—it was natural enough for them to impose upon their members the yoke of compulsory uniformity. But how has it worked? First, in 1785, went off the *Primitive Methodists* who wanted liberty in one matter of mechanism. Then in 1792 went the *Republican Methodists* for like reasons. Then in 1816 went the *African Methodists*. In 1819 went another under a similar title. In 1820 went the *Stillwellites*. In 1828, on what was peculiarly an economical question, for it concerned chiefly the admission of the local preachers to an equal share of government with the itinerants, went the *Protestant Methodists*. Then came the great division of the Church, north and south; a severe shock to the country as well as to the Methodist Communion, and one which could readily have been averted had the principle of toleration in non-essentials been maintained. The consequence is, that the Methodist Communion has now fallen into ten distinct organizations. By exacting *uniformity* it has lost *unity*.

"The Romish Church gives us a lesson of the contrary policy which we may well study. That wily, though dangerous communion well knows that to preserve dogmatic unity there must be missionary freedom. She presents no less than three voluntary foreign missionary societies to her members, whom she invites to contribute at their election through either, the 'Lyons' Society for the Propagation of the Faith,' the 'Leopoldine Society,' or the 'Society of the Holy Children.' In home missions she opens an almost infinite number of agencies. The religious orders sanctioned by her, each of which is a missionary society in itself, approach to nearly one hundred in number. They are so constructed as to strike almost every variety of taste. Persons of ardent and passionate temper, who look with favor upon 'new measures,' (as the fashion among the Congregationalists has lately been to call them,) she points to the Redemptionists and Passionists as forming organizations which unite the most vehement preaching with the most dramatic machinery. To the sedate and contemplative, who look upon the propagandism of a holy and placid life as far more effective than the most exciting eloquence or the most splendid displays, she introduces the recluse Carthusian, who never mixes with the world at all, and the compassionate Carmelite, who mixes

with it only in deeds of mercy. To the philanthropic she exhibits the brethren of St. John's and Camillus, as day after day they pursue their hospital rounds; to the polite and literary, she presents the courtly and accomplished Benedictines, at the same time the best editors of the classics, and the feeblest defenders of the faith, the Church ever knew.

"Even in doctrine we allow a wise liberty on points which, though within the range of orthodoxy, have been on the one side or the other, the nuclei around which separate and divergent communions have hung. Our Articles were meant as the symbols of peace and comprehension. They were broad enough at one time to shelter the supralapsarian Calvinism of Archbishop Whitgift. They were broad enough at another time to shelter the mild Arminianism of Secker and Tillotson. No one now, it may be well asserted, will maintain that the positive faith and burning zeal of John Newton were out of place in the communion he did so much to revive. No one will assert that the majestic sense of Bishop Butler was out of place in the communion he did so much to adorn. We may now well afford to place Leighton and Ken alike within the sanctuary both of our affections and of our denominational sympathies, though the saintly piety which belonged to each was united to doctrines far more widely divergent than those which have divided sects. 'Brother Hooper,' said Ridley, 'we have been two in *white*, but now we will be one in *red*.' In other words, those who in former times were divided as to Episcopal vestments and surplices, became afterwards fused by the fires of persecution. It is a lesson which the Church has learned late, but we trust is learning thoroughly—toleration within the range of orthodoxy, liberty in the choice of agency for carrying out her great mission.

"But the question we now discuss does not involve even any of the allowable divergences of doctrine. If it did, the liberty asked for is perfectly defensible. But to sustain the principle of compulsory uniformity in missions, we must take the ground that even on the subject of mechanism there is to be no liberty allowed to the convictions of individual contributors. It will be enough to establish, therefore, the impolicy of such a system if we show that there are even now in our immediate communion two schools of opinion each widely and conscientiously differing as to not

merely the *best* but as to the *only* way in which the Church is to be successfully pressed. We are reduced, therefore, to the alternative of saying either that the Episcopal Church is not comprehensive enough to retain these two schools, and that the one may therefore justly expel or silence the other, or of conceding that each school, in the exercise of its own convictions, may take the course to which it conceives itself conscientiously bound.

"Let us consider, however, this point more closely. A large majority of our bishops, as is well known, have given their official sanction to the opinion that the Rubrics requiring morning and evening service, even on Sunday, are not imperative in unorganized congregations, or mission stations. Of this majority nearly the whole body agree in the position that the most efficient way of pushing pioneer missions is by a series of informal services, in making up which the discretion of the minister is to be largely consulted. Besides these, there is a section of the Church, neither deficient in zeal or strength, which believes that the free and earnest use in social meetings of extemporaneous prayer—the introduction and extension of such meetings whenever an opening is offered for them—the bold and faithful preaching of the cross informally as well as formally, wherever the preacher has access—are the primary agencies through which alone the missionaries of our Church can solidly lay her foundations.

"On the other hand, we find opinions directly to the contrary avowed among us, by authorities equally conscientious, and equally entitled to recognition as a constituent part of our communion.

"Now here we have a difference of opinion going to the very root of the question of missionary machinery. Those conscientiously holding the first view may be pardoned in preferring a missionary who will press the Church in that way in which they think it can be savingly and effectively pressed; those holding the second view, equally conscientiously, interpose an episcopal prohibition upon the missionary who desires to avail himself of the advantages thought so important by the first. And yet, divergent as these opinions are, I apprehend our Church legitimately comprehends them both, and secures to each the right of missionary action in the way that it thinks best. Nor do I see any particular harm in this. If it be said that there is to be a coerced uniformity, and that the party who happens to be in the ascendant for the time

being, is to be empowered to make those who differ from him work under him, or not to work at all, then I apprehend there will be dissension, if not schism. Each party will struggle for the ascendency, and the struggle will create party feeling where it does not produce an actual disruption. It was thus the great Methodist schism was caused. John Wesley would never have left the Church of England had the liberty allowed by our American Bishops been allowed to him by their English predecessors. If, on the other hand, it is understood that each element is to be allowed to push the Church in its own way, I can see little but good. Those who prefer a strictly liturgical system will find not only a channel open to their zeal, but will be able to do what those who differ from them could not do so well—minister to the religious wants of that class of the community whose intellectual structure is such as to make them crave the æsthetic in public worship, as distinguished from the more practical and homely. Those who prefer a mixed system will also not only be able to work efficiently, and to themselves healthfully, in the missionary field, but to present the gospel, through a combination of stated with social worship, in the way in which it will most effectively strike large and important classes. 'There are many voices,' says St. Paul, 'and none of them without signification.' There are many classes of hearers, and each of them open to a call which strikes it with a distinctive emphasis. Is it not wiser, both for the Church and for the masses to whom she is sent, that to each element she should speak intelligently, so that, in the exercise of her Pentecostal power, 'all men—Parthians, Medes, Elamites'—those whose heart responds only to the solemn sweeps of the chant, as well as those in whom the passionate utterances of the rude hymn in the field-meeting awaken their first conviction of sin—should hear her speak in their 'own tongues the wonderful works of God?'

"But we may go still further, and say that if the principle hold good, it will exact a compulsory fusion of literary agencies. If it be right that the Church should interfere to consolidate boards in the one department, it is right that she should in the other. A literary fusion, a monopoly in the preparation and issue of books, is at least as important as a missionary fusion, a monopoly in the support and sending of missionaries. Let us see, then, how the principle bears this new test.

"And here it may be remarked, that if there is anything in which the comprehensiveness of the Church of England is exhibited, it is on this very topic. It is the very breadth and fulness of her literature which are its chief glory. To this she owes the logical exactness of Chillingworth, the majestic strength of Barrow, the brilliant point of South, the lustrous rhetoric of Jeremy Taylor, the expository and doctrinal closeness of Ezekiel Hopkins, the didactic simplicity and elegance of Tillotson, and the shrewd sense and perspicuous reasoning of Paley. So it has been even to our own day. There is room, and never more so than now, when the multiplying varieties of mind, which a diffused education produces, require a multiplying variety of agencies; there is room still on the book-shelves and in the libraries of our communion for the manifestation of each of the interests which our communion unites. See, indeed, how important has this freedom been to us, even in our own generation! There stands Arnold, marching in all the vigor of his manly but restive mind, from the theological obscurity and doubts into which his impatience of systems led him in his earlier essays, to the, as yet, hardly perfect, but most beautiful evangelicism of his closing works. There is the pastoral fidelity connected with the exegetical and doctrinal eclecticism, and the philosophical breadth of Archer Butler. There is the showy eloquence of Melville, a little too gaudy for the closet, and a little too elaborate for the pulpit, and yet like a botanical garden, if not good for scenery, at least admirable for horticulture; and there beyond all others in worth, if not in pretension, are the excellent expository sermons of Blunt and Bradley. Behind each utterance there is a specific sense; through them the free voice of the Church speaks, never so potent as when free, calling through each agency to a particular class of minds whom no other agency could reach, and not only raising the literary character of the Church, but diffusing the truth with a comprehensiveness, which it requires a comprehensive policy to insure. And observe that whenever we have deviated from this policy our glory and our power have been proportionably diminished. It was by the application of this very doctrine of compulsory uniformity that we lost the passionate eloquence of Whitefield, the sagacious sense of Wesley, and the apostolic zeal and vigor which enabled the first of these great men to arouse a nation, and the second to found a church. Through it

we lost something more—the works and examples of those great confessors, the Puritan divines of the Restoration, who in their exodus spoiled us of the jewels and wealth of an orthodoxy, which we were too indifferent to appreciate, and of a literature, whose depth and fulness we were too luxurious and inert to fathom. Look back and see who issue from the closed doors of those cathedrals and churches, from the metropolis down to the hamlet—those doors which a compulsory and intolerant moderatism (of all tyrannies the most arbitrary and ungenerous) is not only shutting, but bolting on the inside! There—preceded by the common hangman, in whose hands are to be seen the proscribed writings of men of whom their age was not worthy—there go John Bunyan, and Baxter, and Owen, and Fuller, and Philip and Matthew Henry. And there, mightier than all, goes a great shade, taking with him as he goes from this his mother church, the glory of the greatest epic poet whom the world ever knew. What, indeed, might the Church not have been had her heart been as comprehensive as her standards! 'I agree to them all, every word,' said Philip Henry, as he was driven from Broad Oaks, because his love to what really was the Church, was too real and thorough to enable him to take an oath to support elements new and intolerant. 'It draws my very heart's blood,' cries another, in the bitterness of his spirit; 'but, while I can make Bishops overseers, I cannot make them Apostles, nor can I abandon free prayer.' 'I give up that I love,' said a third, 'to those that love it not; but it is they, not I.' So spake the expelled divines of the Restoration; and it is well that we should sit and listen before we proceed to apply the same shackles which drove them from us. Unity in essentials let us have—in the great truths in which, as John Newton told us, all religion centres, that 'man is a great sinner, and Christ is a great Saviour;'—unity in government, recognizing, as we do, Constitutional Episcopacy, as to us the only form to be received;—unity in solemn worship, holding to the great features of the liturgy in our public congregations;—but not uniformity in those developments of individual zeal and purity, in which, in order to make substantial truth, there must be circumstantial variety."

We have glanced thus at Dr. Wharton's views both in Church and State, and shown him as he supposed usefully and perma-

nently established in the profession which had been pointed out to him. Now, however, the hand of God was to overturn this fair structure, and in one night the gourd of earthly felicity withered away. The death of his wife, which took place in September, 1854, seemed to cut him loose from all the ties by which he had surrounded himself. For a long time, after his bereavement, he tried to find solace in the occupations and objects of his former life. Too truly a Christian not to submit to God's will, he tried to discover what might be the teaching of this great bereavement. He sought new channels of usefulness. He became a sort of lay preacher in the various missions of the city. The warmth and fervor of his loving heart poured themselves out in many an appeal to the ignorant and sorrowful to come and find, as he had found comfort and rest at the foot of the Cross. After the great loss he had sustained, he could not longer live among the memorials of his past happiness, and moved to another and more commodious house in the upper part of the town. His principal motive, however, in so doing, was that he might surround himself with congenial companions, and endeavor to palliate the heart-ache he could not remove.

These companions were not, as might be supposed, men of his own profession, but of the profession to which in heart he ever belonged. Bishops, priests, and deacons, were they alive, could testify to the liberal hospitality they received at his hands, and students for the ministry, young men needing help, never were without his generous aid. His means were at that time quite ample, and rapidly increasing. Not only were his books remunerative, but his chamber practice brought him a larger sum than most young lawyers could expect. A less industrious man could never have found time for all the demands made upon him. He was sought for to assist in every benevolent society, and his endorsement was often regarded as sufficient to procure a call of a clergyman to a parish. In fact he was called at one time, with more truth than reverence, the lay-Bishop. He was an earnest helper of the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia, and it was his habit to visit and hold religious services in its wards. At this time also he became editor of a religious paper, (the 'Episcopal Recorder,') a leading periodical of the Evangelical School in our Church, and continued his editorial labors for some time after his removal

from Philadelphia. But all these varied occupations failed to give him just what he needed. The change in his domestic life, the desolated fireside, and the lonely toil were always pressing upon him, and he sought relief in another way. The growth of the great West, and the best methods of reaching it with Christian influence had occupied much of his attention. In 1856 he made a tour in company with a friend, through the upper Missouri Valley, in a light wagon distributing Bibles and tracts as he went. At the same time he wrote vivid letters to the 'Recorder,' giving his impressions of the country, and its needs from a religious point of view. Afterwards he stated some of his conclusions in an article in the 'Protestant Episcopal Quarterly Review,' which was also republished in pamphlet form with the title 'The Missouri Valley and Lay-preaching.'

During his travels in the West, Dr. Wharton visited the then infant College and Seminary at Gambier, Ohio. Here he met with a warm welcome, and became really enamored of the life and surroundings of the place. He was induced to accept an election to the Professorship of English History and Literature, including Logic and Rhetoric, and Lectures on Constitutional Law, and threw himself zealously into the work.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT GAMBIER, OHIO.

KENYON College, situated on the Kokosing, a beautiful winding stream, and surrounded by forests of cottonwood, oak, and sycamore, was founded by the venerable Bishop Chase in the year 1828. It was at first a missionary enterprise, but through the liberality of patrons, both at home and abroad, it had become in 1856 a vigorous and growing institution. It united with the College a Seminary for the preparation of young men for the Episcopal Ministry, and two large grammar-schools fed and enlivened the older classes. Here was a most congenial and interesting field of labor. What more hopeful and inspiring project than to arouse the attention and awaken the ambition of young men of such varied ages and capabilities not only for the distinction this world gives, but for that far greater compensation that comes to those who, to benefit their fellow-creatures, give them the message of God's good-will to man.

Here were found also many kind and kindred spirits. The professors of Divinity, the beloved and now sainted Bishop McIlvaine took the traveller by the hand, and rejoiced in securing such a colaborer.

The life at Gambier was one of great activity. Dr. Wharton took up at once his duties as professor in the College. It was also a life of enjoyment, as he gathered around him young and old in the exercise of hospitality, and thus found the companionship he craved. No one, who at that time met or dwelt with him, can forget the fascination of his conversation. In the rebound from the cloud of sorrow that had so long hung over him, his spirits became again the charm of every social circle, and his generous nature poured itself out in loving prodigality on all who came near him. In the Class room, however, was the best development of his new-born energy. Coming in contact, as he did, with young and bright minds, many of them unformed, some of them, and

these the best, with crude and mistaken notions, all of them on the threshold of a period momentous to themselves and others, he delighted to use the knowledge he had gained, and the rich gift of his influence to shape and mould the material committed to his charge. A book published by him at that time with the title 'Modern Theism' will show the kind of instruction he imparted, and the kind of difficulties he came in contact with. The book is in fact a copy of the Lectures he delivered at that time on the theories of 'Modern Infidelity.' The well-worn, but ever-recurring questions that confront us all in early life are treated in a manner that enchains the attention and satisfies the inquirer, even if it does not solve the mystery. In the chapters on Sin and Death in the beginning of the book, clearly and strongly it is shown that the existence of one necessitates the other; gently, and yet grandly, does the truth stand out that suffering and death are God's remedial agents, and that ills, otherwise unbearable, are parts of a scheme of mercy whose completeness of fulfilment eternity alone will reveal.

WHARTON ON THEISM.

We take the following from the London 'Christian Observer':—

The design of this work is to present the Theistic arguments (or, in other words, to prove the existence of a God) "in such a shape," to use the author's words, "as the best to impress the American mind of the present day." It is a very interesting volume, even to us upon this side of the Atlantic. It may be placed with great advantage in the hands of thoughtful and inquiring young persons; for it conducts the several lines of argument it takes up to sound conclusions, while the path is made pleasant by anecdote and illustration. For instance, the evidence of the existence and character of God is argued first of all from conscience, God's representative within us. We give an illustration:—

"I may be permitted to close the topic with the following passage from a sketch given by the late Dr. Parrish, of Philadelphia, a very reliable witness, of the last hours of John Randolph:—

"'A napkin was called for and placed by John over his breast. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly roused up and exclaimed, 'Remorse! Remorse!' It was thrice repeated, the last time at the top of his voice, with great

agitation. He cried out, 'Let me see the word. Get a dictionary; let me see the word!' 'There is none in the room, sir.' 'Write it down, then—let me see the word.' The doctor picked up one of his cards. 'Randolph of Roanoke.' 'Shall I write it on this card?' 'Yes, nothing more proper.' The word *Remorse* was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with intensity. 'Write it on the back,' he exclaimed. It was so done, and handed him again. He was extremely agitated. 'Remorse! you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation. But I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I hope I have obtained pardon. Now, let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word;' which was accordingly done. 'What am I to do with the card?' inquired the doctor. Put it in your pocket—take care of it—when I am dead look at it.'" (p. 62.)

The existence of God, as "an eternal executive punishing the violators of his law, may be inferred from the physical consequences of a violation of conscience." This position is illustrated thus:—

"Let us go, for instance, to Augustus the Strong, of Saxony, and observe in him in early life 'the maximum of physical strength: can break horse-shoes—nay, half-crowns—with finger and thumb;' of superb beauty, and possessor of two crowns. Meet him again when in the prime of manhood, and you see him bloated and putrid. A life of eminent dissipation has broken a constitution of eminent strength.' So it is everywhere. We are placed, in fact, under recognizances to obey the decrees of conscience, and our bodies become our bail. If the bond is broken, the bail is seized upon and made to pay the forfeit. Nor is it bodily strength alone that is thus taken in execution. Nervous power, intellectual integrity, simplicity of heart, even lustre of genius—all these are in like manner sacrificed as penalties. Byron, Burns, Mirabeau—themselves desolating and desolate—lead us, in the agonized confession of their early though self-destroyed manhood, to the same truth of the organic connection between physical and intellectual demoralization.

"Nor does the penalty stop here. The finer and more generous capacities of the heart become in like manner involved. The sus-

ceptibility for innocent joys—of all susceptibilities the finest—is lost. Burns speaks with a sad truth on this point—

> I wave the quantum of the sin,
> The hazard of concealing;
> *But Oh! it hardens all within,*
> *And petrifies the feeling.*"

Another chapter, more in the style of Paley, treats of design from Nature. The OCEAN supplies some beautiful proofs of contrivance, which are ranged under three heads: the Sea-breeze, the Ocean Salts, and the Gulf Stream. Under the last head we have the following illustration:—

"Let us first view its effect on England. The port of Liverpool is never closed with ice; it is two degrees farther north than that of St. John's, Newfoundland, which, being frozen half the year, is of course incapable of sustaining commerce. Let us look for a moment at the consequences, had the same bands existed round the English coast. Cowper has well described the spectacle that now awaits the visitor to these shores:—

> From side to side of her delightful isle,
> Is she not clothed with a perpetual smile,
> Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn,
> Poured out from Plenty's overflowing horn,
> Her peaceful shores, where busy commerce waits
> To pour his golden tide through all her gates?

"This scene would be changed to one whose ice-choked ports would be fed only by rivers, themselves frozen half the year, and where a mist, as constant as that of Labrador, would give through its fissures and breaks only sunlight enough to mature the coarsest grain. From such a climate commerce would be excluded, and agriculture would obtain but a scanty subsistence. The England of our fathers, and the England of our own days, would never have existed."

Other chapters show the existence of a Deity from the progress of Society, from Geology, and from Natural Theology. And the second book, treating of skeptical theories, answers the objections drawn from the impression of the present state of things, from "positivism," from fatalism, and from pantheism; and lastly, from the recent—or, rather, extremely ancient but recently re-

vived—theory of "development," which makes matter the creator of mind. A more interesting book, or one likely to be more useful to young and ardent minds passing through that anxious state which often intervenes to such between the simple, happy acquiescence of childhood, and that firm faith and undisturbed repose which is the fruit of many a bitter conflict, we have not lately met with, and we shall be happy to contribute anything to its success and wider circulation.

Some letters written of him at that time will show how the culture and brilliancy of their teacher impressed the young men committed to his charge, and how the giving up of his Eastern home with its many attractions for a comparatively secluded life at Gambier, was regarded :—

(1) My dear Friend:

"Your description of Dr. Wharton at Gambier, when we were all boys in his own house, and surrounded by his kindness, brings back very vividly the old times. I am sure that every one of us, and all young men who came in contact with him, were made better by his influence and example. I know very well he had a profound influence over me, and he has always been (after my own father and mother) the most conspicuous figure in the background of my youth. He was a generous, affectionate, noble Christian gentleman. His intellectual qualities of course were pre-eminent. I have never known a more comprehensive and brighter intellect, and his memory, as you say, was marvellous. What a wonderful scholar he was, and how industrious at his self-imposed tasks." . . . . "I shall never cease to revere his memory as one of America's best and greatest men.

"I. K. HAMILTON."

(2) "I was fortunate enough to have been associated with him in early years. I knew something of his personal qualities and of the beauty of his daily life. I shall never forget what I owe to his kindness, his counsel, his wisdom. He was, within the range of his friendships, one of the most gentle and brotherly of men. Exceedingly kind to the younger members of his profession, courteous and dignified to all. His intimate acquaintance with the

great lawyers of the day, taken in connection with his urbanity and his fund of legal anecdote, made his conversation always interesting, and his society always agreeable. His life was clear and clean in its aims, full of busy and useful labor.

"T. C. C."

(3) "But any sketch of him would be incomplete which failed to refer to his attractive and lovable character. Benevolence was a striking feature in it, and that not only in the sense of a hearty good-will towards all men, but in the sense of active beneficence toward those with whom he was brought into relations. To say nothing of other acts of charity, there is many a man alive to-day who in the days of his student life, hard and cramped, perhaps, received sympathy and encouragement and substantial help from Dr. Wharton. His learning, his wit, his genial presence, made him charming in social life. His conversation was something to be remembered—not merely for the instruction with which it was freighted, but for its gentle humor and its exuberance of illustration by anecdote, by metaphor, by picturesque turns of phrase. It was these graces of style which made his writing, even on technical subjects, so interesting. His hospitality was abounding. To all who knew him the world will seem poorer now that he is gone.

"J. P., Jr."

(4) "The present writer, then a raw lad, remembers sitting at the table of a professor, a classmate of the deceased jurist, where Dr. Wharton was visiting. After retiring, he took occasion to ask the host what the very interesting gentleman was by profession. 'A lawyer,' said the professor. 'But, professor, he talked of having prescribed for a lady suffering from nervous prostration some medicine, and Jane Austen's novels.' 'Oh, yes,' said the professor, 'Mr. Wharton has given much attention to brain and nerve troubles. He has been himself a sufferer, and that accounts for it.' 'But, professor, he talked about items clipped from the newspapers, and I fancied that he might be an editor.' 'So he is,' replied the professor, 'of the Episcopal Recorder.' 'He seems too religious for an every-day lawyer, professor.' 'That may be,' replied the professor, 'but he is one of the most energetic laymen in the Church.'

"As suggested above, Professor Wharton was possibly too religiously recondite for the callow disciples under him from 1856 to 1860; and it is out of a feeling of regretful remorse that one of the black sheep among them now humbly seeks to show an appreciation of his genius and labors.

"T. H. R."

That he did not regard his light as in any way 'hidden' or obscured by his Western life is to be accounted for by the fact that it was very difficult to make him think highly of himself. His life-work was to fill the place where he seemed most needed. Others could and did take up the work he left behind him. Several churches in Philadelphia now owe their existence to missions started by him, and the Episcopal Hospital, under wide and generous patronage, no longer required his aid. At the same time, that he was greatly missed among a circle of dear friends, is undoubtedly true, and they could bear testimony with his Gambier classes that a Son of Consolation had gone from them, and had been gained by the more distant and pressing need. His favorite motto at that time, taken from a well-known hymn, was—

"A soul at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize."

The wants of others were his only thought. The lonely, the sad, the destitute, ever found him ready to help. Sick students were brought to his house, and carefully and tenderly nursed—the well ones were entertained and encouraged. They felt that his house was a home for them if they required it, and this from a man whose wit and learning commanded their admiration and respect. The future will show many cases where not only gratitude, but lasting and blessed effects, followed from the ties and associations thus formed.

But it is time to notice more in detail some of the results of the work at Gambier.

Mr. Joseph Packard, Jr., a son of the esteemed Professor Packard of Alexandria, Virginia, writes: "There were a dozen or more lectures to his classes each week; there was editorship of periodicals, there was constantly work to be done in meeting the demand for new editions of his law books, each new edition requiring careful examination of late cases, and of English and Continental

text-writers. To all this was added an extensive correspondence. Distinctive Christian work, however, still kept its prominent place with him. In addition to regular attendance and help in prayer-meetings among the college students, it was his custom, from the time of his first residence in Gambier, to ride a couple of miles on Sunday afternoons to hold mission services in some distant hamlet. During a part of his career as Professor he conducted what was called his Bible Class—more properly Bible lectures—on Sunday evenings. Attendance on those lectures was entirely voluntary; but although the college student had already been, under stress of law, to the morning and afternoon service in the chapel, there were few that failed to attend. So, also, came the theological students, the villagers, and even many of the grammar-school boys. It was no wonder, for the subject was illustrated in the most attractive way from the stores of his varied knowledge."

In the year 1857 occurred a decided religious Revival, of which no better account could be given than is to be found in a small pamphlet printed for private circulation, and in Dr. Wharton's own words, called a 'Reminiscence of Gambier.'

"ABIDE WITH ME."

Several of my former Gambier pupils, on visiting Brookline, and on hearing the hymn 'Abide with Me,' sung at St. Paul's to the tune with which we were so familiar when together on the Hill, have asked me for the notes. In answering this request, my mind involuntarily turns back to an event with which the hymn and music are both, in my memory and affections, indissolubly connected—the Revival at Gambier, in 1857–58. And I have felt, in sending the notes to the printer, that it might not be amiss for me to join with them a few recollections of that most eventful period; recollections which I now print, not for publication, but for private use, in memory of those of our brethren, then with us, who are now in heaven, and in affectionate tribute to those who still survive.

I was in Philadelphia at the time when the religious interest, which was then so general through the whole country, began to manifest itself at Gambier; and I well recollect the deep impression made on me, on my return, after the usual winter vacation, in finding a daily prayer-meeting instituted in that basement-room of Rosse Chapel, with which, ungainly and dark as it may be, I have

so many dear associations. It was Mr. William Bower, then in the sophomore class, now an honored minister in Newark, Ohio, who first, if I understood rightly, urged the importance of these meetings; and soon, to the few who at first attended, was added the great body of the students, as well as of the other residents of the Hill. The collection of hymns, called 'Hymns for Church and Home,' had a short time before been published; and I well recollect calling the attention of Mr. Bower, Mr. Holden, and the late Mr. J. W. McCarty, to the hymn which I now republish, and asking them if they could not find suitable music to words so beautiful, and so appropriate to the solemn state of religious feeling. It was Mr. Bower who brought us the tune which is now printed, and which by memory was for so long sung at Gambier. Desiring to reproduce it at my own parish, I wrote to Mr. J. W. McCarty, only a few months before his death, and received from him, pencilled down by himself, the notes of the melody. These, as adapted by Mr. C. B. Fay, the organist of St. Paul's, I now give.

To the Revival with which this hymn is so closely associated, I can never revert without recollections the tenderest and the most strengthening. It showed two very remarkable facts. The first is, that God, even when we least expect it, will make bare His arm, and, in answer to the importunate supplications of His people, descend with mighty power, awakening and converting sinners, and recalling to a higher and holier profession those among His children who have become faint and cold. The second is, that those whom He thus pleases to revive, and use as instruments in such revival, are not, as it has been sometimes said, the creatures of mere excitement, whose fervor passes away with the occasion which humanly caused it. As illustrations of these truths I do not merely particularize the living, so many of them ministers of God's Word. I turn, first, to those whom God has taken to Himself.

Mr. John W. Griffin is the first of our now glorified brethren whose name meets my eye on the catalogue. He was then a student in the seminary, and was at the same time assisting me in the chair of English Literature in the college. Of all men whom I have ever met, he was most on his knees; and in no one did I ever witness more sterling integrity, more sanctified holiness, and more devoted zeal. He was ordained at Gambier, shortly before the late war, by Bishop Bedell; and though called to be minister

of Rosse Chapel, where he would gladly have remained, he was ordered by Bishop Meade, in whose diocese he was a deacon, to the parish at Amherst, Virginia. A few months after his settlement the war broke out, and he took the post of chaplain to a regiment in the Confederate army. Here he wore himself out by his devotion to the sick and dying, and by his most powerful ministry of the Word. Those who saw him in the last few months of his life say, that while his body was emaciated and his strength nearly gone, his face shone almost as an angel's, and his preaching and conversation were marked almost by an angel's power. One of his last acts was to write a letter to me, dwelling on what he used to speak of as the blessed memories of Gambier, and of that Revival which I now seek to recall; and asking to have his dying love given to the Bishops of Ohio, and to those with whom, when at Gambier, he had lived.

Mr. John W. McCarty is the next name in the list of the then theological students, and to Mr. McCarty's agency in the Revival I have already incidentally referred. I cannot look back on Mr. McCarty without some degree of self-reproach. He was by nature marked by much waywardness, irritability, and impetuosity; and I was one of those who scarcely did him justice, and who only partially saw, through the conflict that thus arose, the deep fervor of his devotion, and the passionate conviction of sin which perhaps these very peculiarities of his temperament tended to enhance. I now have to say, that I believe that few men have ever adorned our ministry either with greater genius or more thorough piety. He, too, was summoned to an early grave, passing thither from a pulpit—that of Christ Church, Cincinnati—than which we have few more important, and in which his remarkable gifts, ripening as they were day after day, were beginning to exercise immense power.

Mr. John Leithead is the next on the list of those who, in the then Seminary classes, have passed from the ministry of earth to that of heaven. When I first went to Gambier he was in temper and character a mere boy; often vacillating and inconstant. He became afterwards a minister of extraordinary holiness and zeal, and lustrous with grace; and his death-bed, at Piqua, Ohio, where he was Rector, was marked by seraphic loveliness and triumph.

Mr. H. A. Lewis, who was then in the Sophomore Class in the

College, and Mr. M. M. Gilbert, who was then in the Freshmen Class, subsequently entered the Seminary as theological students, were ordained, and crowned brief and faithful ministries by deaths of peace and glorious trust.

Mr. John M. Burke, then in the Senior Class of the College, went to Virginia before the war and was there ordained. His ministerial life, as I have learned from those who knew him at the time, was one of simple faith and earnest labor; and his death, which was immediate, occurred during an attack on the town in which he was ministering.

Among those who were present at Gambier, during the Revival, being at the time laymen, the following, besides myself, are now ministers of the Gospel:—

Rev. Henry D. Lathrop, then Principal of the Hall, and pursuing a partial course in the Seminary, now Rector of the Church of the Advent, San Francisco, California.

Rev. Cornelius S. Abbott, then in the Seminary, and now Rector of St. Paul's, Alton, Illinois.

Rev. Henry H. Messinger, then in the Seminary, and now missionary at Los Angelos, California.

Rev. William J. Alston, then in the Seminary, and now Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Philadelphia.

Rev. Richard L. Ganter, then in the Seminary, and now Rector of Trinity Church, Iowa City, Iowa.

Rev. William C. Gray, then in the Seminary, and now Rector of St. James' Church, Bolivar, Tennessee.

Rev. Richard Holden, then in the Seminary—I cannot but pause with emotion as I write Mr. Holden's name. There is no man from whom I learned more, through example, of true Christian life; none among all whom I have ever met, who united more inflexible Christian courage, with purer doctrine, and with a more wonderful influence over the wild and irreligious. Of all persons, irreligious college students are the most restive at any attempts at personal religious influence, particularly where the effort comes from a fellow-student; and yet among the most reckless of this class, Mr. Holden, then a student himself, labored freely, faithfully, and earnestly, and was listened to always with respect, and sometimes with love. I have never seen a similar case; and yet, let it be remembered, that his personal life was one of severe holiness; that

he never hesitated to rebuke sin; that he never shrank from proclaiming the doctrines of grace—the doctrines of man's extreme depravity, and of salvation only through the merits of Christ,—in their most direct and positive form. It was because he *lived* these doctrines so fully, so firmly, and so meekly, that he made them so lovely, and that he proclaimed them, both at the time of which I speak and subsequently, with such extraordinary effect. Mr. Holden, subsequently to his ordination, declined prominent ministerial posts, and went as a missionary to Brazil, where, before his conversion, he had become acquainted with the language, and where he felt he owed a peculiar debt. To my own great grief, and to the great grief of others, he subsequently left our communion, finding a difficulty in the disputed phrases in the Baptismal Service; phrases, I cannot but think, which would have appeared to him, had he considered them more fully, as representing most important features in that very covenant of grace on which, in its general aspects, he dwelt with so much comfort and power. If this should meet Mr. Holden's eye, in the field where I believe he still works with the same devotion, though in connection with another communion, I ask him to receive it as a testimony of the unchanged love and reverence of those who labored with him in 1857–58, and who, though they will never meet him again in the forms of the visible Church on earth, look forward to joining him in the glorified Church in Heaven.

Rev. William O. Feltwell, then in a partial course in the Seminary, and now officiating at City Island, New York.

Rev. Frederic M. Gray, then in the Senior Class of the College, now Rector of Calvary Church, Bayonne, New Jersey.

Rev. Wyllys Hall, then in the Senior Class, now Rector of St. James' Church, Piqua, Ohio.

Rev. John Newton Lee, then in the Senior Class, now Rector of Grace Church, Topeka, Kansas.

Rev. John Franklin Ohl, then in the Senior Class, now Rector of St. James' Church, Zanesville, Ohio.

Rev. William Thompson, then in the Senior Class, now Rector of St. John's Church, Kewanee, Illinois.

Rev. William Bower, then in the Junior Class, now Rector of Trinity Church, Newark, Ohio.

Rev. William Henry Dyer, then in the Junior Class, now missionary at Washoe City, Nevada.

Rev. James Hervey Lee, then in the Junior Class, now Rector of St. Paul's Church, Manhattan, Kansas.

Rev. Charles E. McIlvaine, then in the Junior Class, now assistant minister of Trinity Church, Newark, Ohio.

Rev. Calvin Clarke Parker, then in the Junior Class, now Rector of Trinity Church, Warren, Pennsylvania.

Rev. Charles H. Young, then in the Junior Class, now Rector of St. Paul's Church, Fremont, Ohio.

Rev. Carlos Enrique Butler, then in the Sophomore Class, now a minister in Western Pennsylvania.

Rev. Joseph Witherspoon Cook, then in the Sophomore Class, now a missionary at Cheyenne, Dacotah.

Rev. John William Trimble, then in the Sophomore Class, now assisting in the Church of the Ascension, New York.

Mr. Royal Blake Balcom, then in the Freshman Class, now in the Theological Seminary at Gambier.

Rev. Otho H. Fryer, then in the Freshman Class, now minister at Cornwall, Pennsylvania.

Rev. E. O. Simpson, then in the Freshman Class, now Rector of St. Philip's Church, Circleville, Ohio.

Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, then in the Freshman Class, now Rector of Christ Church, Montpelier, Vermont.

Rev. Henry L. Badger, then in the Hall, now Rector of Zion Church, Monroeville, Ohio.

Rev. A. F. Blake, then with his father—my much honored and loved friend, the Rev. A. Blake—now Rector of Grace Church, Avonville, Ohio.

Rev. Samuel H. Boyer, then in the Hall, now Rector of Christ Church, Glendale, Ohio.

Rev. Edward Dolloway, then in the Hall, now Rector of Trinity Church, Gouverneur, New York.

Rev. John Andrew Dooris, then in the Hall, now Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Urbana, Ohio.

Rev. Wm. Dorville Doty, then in the Hall, now Rector of All Saints' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. W. H. D. Grannis, then in the Hall, now Rector of St. John's Church, Fort Hamilton, New York.

Rev. Horace E. Hayden, then in the Hall, now minister at Point Pleasant, Ohio.

Rev. Wm. M. Postlethwaite, then in the Hall, now Rector of the Church of our Saviour, Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. George B. Pratt, then in the Hall, now about to be ordained at Davenport, Iowa.

Rev. Wm. W. Rafter, then in the Hall, now Rector of Christ Church, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Rev. Wm. E. Wright, then in the Hall, now officiating at Janesville, Wisconsin.

As I write these, the names of those now in the living ministry, whose faces I so vividly recall in connection with the Revival of 1867–8, I cannot but feel once more the old affection then borne to them by one who was with them as a lay College Professor—who is now with them in the Common Ministry of the Word—and who would desire to unite them in the prayer that each of us may be blessed, unworthy as we are and have been, with many souls, to be laid at our Blessed Lord's feet, as the trophies of His redeeming grace.

With two additional reflections I now close. The first is, that what seemed sometimes, when we viewed them closely at Gambier, weaknesses and imperfections and jarrings, now, at this distance, are lost in the true greatness of the general work, even if we should take this single small section of time as the sole test. And I cannot but think that such a retrospect should be a source of the truest comfort and encouragement to the Bishops of Ohio, and to the Professors at Gambier, amid the numberless trials and anxieties to which they are exposed. Greater uniformity and less individuality might probably be produced under a more rigorous and more highly keyed Church system; I question whether any other system could have produced truer and more efficient, and at the same time more varied, forms of ministerial life.

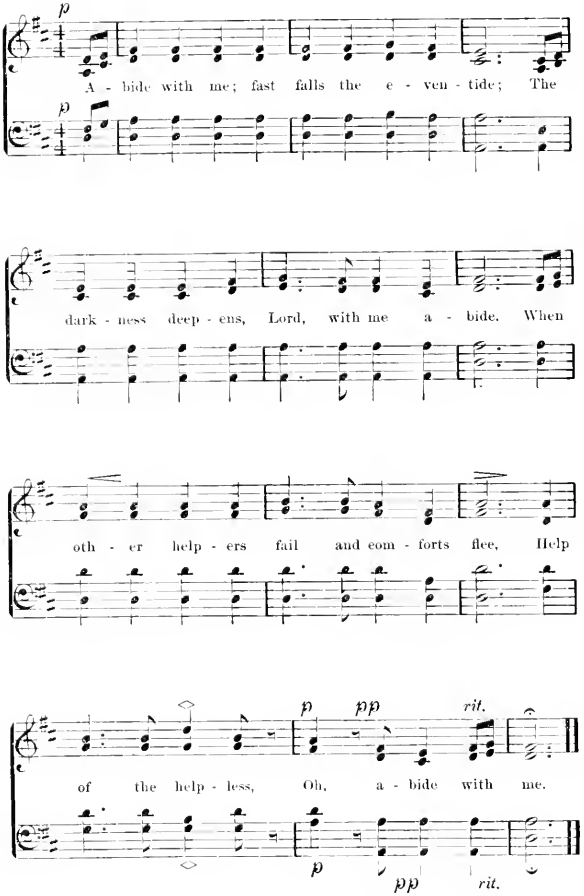
The other remark is, that it is possible for a Revival to be conducted in perfect harmony with, and strict obedience to, the rubrics and laws of our Church. During the time of the deepest religious interest at Gambier, the regular services of the Church were performed with the utmost exactness, though with a largely increased attendance. There was no interchange with other ministries; there has been, however, a large and most effective increase of our own, as well as an addition to our own communion of a body of faithful laymen, several of whom I have lately heard of as organizing

parishes, and conducting, with great activity, lay missions. Few among those who stood together in the meetings I thus recall, came forth other than earnest, devoted men—weak indeed, and feeling their weakness—but impressed above all things with a love to souls, and a determination to preach and to live, to perishing sinners, the fullness of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

F. W.

Brookline, March 7, 1868.

Abide with Me.



This memorial, though printed solely for private use, is reprinted here, because the lapse of twenty years has probably caused its loss among those who first received it, and though names are here made public, it is thought few would object to the loving words with which they are connected, if indeed Teacher and taught have not ere this met in the presence of their common Lord.

With the admixture of evil with good which is too generally the case in this fallen world, there were some undesirable results following this period of religious interest, which called for notice on the part of the professors, and finally of a letter from Bishop McIlvaine himself. This letter we give in part, not only because of the signature thereto, but as showing the confidence and affection existing between Dr. Wharton and the writer.

. . . . "As to its (the prayer-meeting) usefulness to the Students, I think that would be enhanced were it confined to them. The more they feel *themselves* to be the objects, and the less they feel as if a miscellaneous audience were aimed at, the more they will profit. I am always jealous of the influence of a meeting, on students, so secluded from society as ours, where there is the element of young ladies to draw their minds; and they are tempted to be going after girls to bring them to the meeting, or to take them home. Always at Colleges—the nuisances are the young women, unless they be very well taken care of at home. But woe is me if you let this idea be known as mine at Gambier! I have no doubt there is need of a watchful supervisor as to the officiating of students in the country places—that they may have such latitude as will be useful to them, without going beyond reasonable bounds, and begetting in them a loose idea of order, a contempt of wholesome restraint—and thus injuring not only themselves but the character of our institutions abroad. We must always expect to have among our young men seeking the ministry, a class of minds *well disposed*, but not *well settled*, as to modes and ways, as matters of order and expediency; persons who may be led to be all right—but on whom any extravagance, anything not easily defensible in point of order, anything that looks like dangerous tendency to irregularity is calculated to set them backwards towards stiffness and altitudinous churchmanship. We are not like congregations as usually situated—where the Pastor's influence is almost paramount. We have the Bishops and clergy, and divers others connected with the young

men, whose influence is on them, and we have special need of wisdom, of moderation as to modes, while as distinct and strong, and positive as possible in point of truth. With us, I have no doubt, it is much better to keep *within* the bounds of order and expediency, rather than run a risk of exceeding them, or of being thought by good men to do so. Now, I wish, at this time, to speak my mind more than I have ever done, as to the daily prayer-meetings at Gambier.

"When I first knew of them, they had been going on a good while, their order was established—differences of opinion calculated to do harm had arisen—good was being done—the feeling was up—I saw some things which I wished were not, and I saw what explained very easily why Mr. M. and Mr. K., etc., kept aloof, and which prevented me from thinking the less of them for it, and I had a severe question to settle. Shall I now disturb all this, and turn off attention to mere points of order and general expediency,—and create divisions—or is it better to turn in, and go along as far as I can, and say nothing to discourage any, and hope for the best? I adopted the latter, and said nothing. But now I can express my views without the injury then apprehended, but even now not for the general ear. These daily prayer-meetings were instituted as *laymen's* meetings after the example of such meetings elsewhere. I think there was an original mistake *there*. There is a question of difficulty to many earnest clergymen as to such meetings anywhere, so far (as generally is the case) as a clergyman, or the Pastors of the very people that meet are considered as having no more right to officiate than anybody else, however young or inexperienced. I confess I have always felt that, and when I have attended such meetings, I have had to get over it, only by saying 'I *will* officiate and take the proper place as an ordained minister, in consistency with the general order of the meeting.' But in the peculiar circumstances of Gambier, the difficulty was much increased. The meeting was *lay*, not merely as respects the equal rights and position therein of the lay brethren of the college faculty on one side, and the *clerical* brethren on the other; but of the lay brethren of the *students* in any department, with the lay professors on one side, with their Rector and all the resident clergymen on the other; so that on the theory of the meeting, a boy of eighteen had just as much right to get up and pray and exhort as his Rector. Though

this theory was modified in the practice, nevertheless it was the fundamental idea. Now, whatever its applicability to *union* meetings elsewhere, where the people attending are not chiefly *minors*—pupils under authority—and where there are plenty of experienced laymen to lead—the case is quite different when two-thirds of the meeting *is* of minors, boys—inexperienced, and two-thirds of the other laymen are their Professors, and many of the latter clergymen, related to them in a very peculiar relation. A congregation of pupils, and those young, is a very different sphere for such a theory, from one of miscellaneous laity, of all ages, and chiefly of persons long professing religion. Now when a clergyman, say Mr. A. or B., entered the meeting and was asked to pray or exhort by a student, it is not to be wondered at that he should feel the position to be very anomalous—calculated to injure the young men, and the reputation of the College, etc. I like prayer-meetings among students, and like to see them meet together and pray together, and this as much as possible, but I would have them always recognize the presence of a clergyman or professor *as such* when he should be with them.

"Again, I thought it was not wise to encourage the young men at once to make a public declaration of embracing Christ, as my dear boy, and others did—not that I suppose it did *them* any harm—perhaps it did them good, and may in these cases have done good to others—but in the long run, with the evil natures of men, and especially of youth, it was not well, I *think*. I did not particularly speak of it at G., because it was all over when I got there, and I hoped it would not occur again, and I wished not to *seem* more than was necessary to take exception.

"Now my idea of such a meeting, in such circumstances, is for the mode of it to be thus. Let the Rector institute it, as a parochial prayer-meeting, and when he can, preside over it;—when he cannot, have some clergyman, or some layman whose position and character are fit to preside; and let *him* select and give out the hymns, and if he *can*, arrange beforehand who will speak and pray. I have no objection to the freer mode of prayer, but in the College circumstances there is need of some rule or public feeling that shall prevent *certain* of the College students from offering to take part in prayer or address a miscellaneous meeting. Anywhere, when a minor, or any such young person, has put himself forward to pray

in the presence of an assembly of elders, I have felt it was not a favorable indication concerning himself. In such a meeting, for such of the lay professors and teachers as well as the clericals to take part in prayer and address—and the theological students also (with discretion as to the last)—it is not only right, but desirable.

"C. P. McILVAINE."

The Bishop's own son being one of those first interested in this revival, it is pleasant to think that his father felt that in his case at least it was a genuine work.

"Before I sailed, and after leaving home, I wrote to him much at length, especially as to reading and examining his heart. Now all this I say in confidence to you, that you may know what to do, and where to work for him and with him. Oh do be faithful with him! Would it do him good to be engaged as a Sunday-school teacher? Or had he better have the Sunday to himself? Here, in my room in Bonn, right under the walls of the University, and in a population of Romish superstition, my heart goes over to that dear boy at Gambier, and all its anxieties concentrate in this one desire and prayer that God in His infinite mercy will make a deep and thorough work of grace in his heart, that he may be indeed a follower of Christ, in whom the power of His Spirit will be glorified. The Lord be with you all.

"Yrs. very affect'ly,

"C. P. McILVAINE."

Again—

"RAGATZ, SWITZERLAND, Sep. 14th, 1858.

"MY DEAR BRO.:

"I wrote you a few days ago concerning my dear boy. My mind was too anxious about him. I wish now to say, and I do it with great thankfulness and joy, that I received yesterday at Zurich a delightful and most precious letter from him, entering sweetly into his state of mind. It was dated Aug. 13, and had been much delayed in reaching me. But it is just what I wanted, a sweet, natural, humble, tender endeavor to make me understand his mind spiritually. Blessed be God—for such a consolation! I could not have a letter from him more to my mind. I have but a few moments to write, as I wish before I go to bed to write to my son, and have been travelling all day. I have now entire confidence in

the work in his heart. The Lord be praised for His grace. He is reading the Scriptures regularly, and wishes to be guided to the best mode. You cannot serve me in any way more nobly than by endeavoring to promote in him the right way of becoming more and more enriched by, and in love with the Scriptures. Be his help in that. He is systematic in secret prayer, and has become fond of spiritual, searching reading. He mentions especially his sense of the value of, and his love for the little book, 'Advice to a Young Christian,' which I gave him, and which I much value. I am here in the S. E. of Switz'd—having come here to-day by Lakes Zurich and Wollenstadt, and thence S. E. If you take a S. E. line from the head of the latter till you meet the Rhine in lat. 47°—you will find my whereabouts—among the sources of the Rhine, and near to the baths of Pfeffers, celebrated for fine Alpine scenery, etc. This is an excursion from my main route. Now good-night. The Lord be with you all.

"Very affectionately yr's,

"C. P. McILVAINE."

"CINN., O., April 29, '57.

"MY DEAR BRO.:

"I have written a letter for the Vestry, and another for the man of the two named, whom they may choose. I hope one or the other may be got. I am now trying what I may be fit for in a visitation, and I find my head more disturbed than I hoped would be the case. I do not see that I can expect to endure, and escape a sudden and entire break down, except I can restrict my preaching to about once a Sunday, and perhaps once in the week (on visitation), and be exceeding quiet in the intervals. The latter is quite as difficult to effect as the former. Incessant talking—the worrying needs and infirmities of small parishes—the expectations which I cannot gratify—the troubles which I cannot relieve—seem to wear on me as much as preaching—at least on my spirits much more—so that I think my prospect of much more work, except in a very quiet way, is not good. I hope I am to have a son in the ministry, who will take up the message as I am dropping it. I have such a sense of the danger of leading in advance of the Lord, that I have purposely avoided putting the question of the ministry before him till within two or three weeks. I only want the Lord

to lead and he with a glad mind, to follow. I trust he will feel himself called by God, and ready to say, 'Here am I, send me.' He is now *in* the question, and I pray for him to Him who only can teach him. I hope he may escape his weakness of eyes this Spring. We were delighted with his spirit at home. He was, as before, disappointed and troubled (as much for my sake as his own) about his grading, and thinking he was placed lower in Butler than he deserved, and I should not wonder if it were the case, because with honest and independent men, situated towards me as the Professors are, the temptation, instead of being unduly to favor my son, will be so to show that they do not—that unconsciously and unintentionally they will err on the other side.

"Yrs. affectionately,

"CHAS. P. McILVAINE.

"F. WHARTON, ESQ."

"ELYRIA, May 10, '59.

"MY DEAR MR. WHARTON:

"As you are the only one who has introduced the matter of an Assistant Bishop to me since I went to Europe, I will communicate a little that is now on my mind *to you* as to that matter—not to speak of other reasons, for which I have special facility in writing to you on so delicate a subject. . . . If I am to have an Assistant to give me real relief, of course it must be one in whose harmony of views, spirit, and policy, I can justly rely. How many good men might be selected, in whom there would be peculiarities that would give uneasiness instead of the reverse. Again, the welfare of the Diocese, its position as to the whole Church, and the position of the College and Seminary before the Church, require, on the part of the Assistant and my successor, such a character, that there will be no letting down, no moderating away, no indistinctness or indecision as to those features of doctrine, action, influence which have placed Ohio where it now is. We can gain nothing by more moderation, less positiveness, more churchiness,—less prayermeetingness, etc. I have learned in three quarters that some talk of ——. I do not know *who* thus talk. It may be they imagine that such a middle man might carry with the evangelical men, and thus they would secure eventually what they want—one of whom they hope that the mitre and some antagonism would make him go up higher. I hope there will be no looking after any such man, and I hope

popularity of talents will have but a subordinate and very subordinate influence in the choice; last of all the consideration of a man's having means of supporting himself to some extent. Our standard is at the mast-head now, and has always been, and to that we owe all. It must not come down one inch to please anybody, or gain anything. Such as ——, I think a good deal of, and probably he would be a good choice in New Jersey—as good as could be arrived at there,—to avoid much worse—but we must have a more house-top man,—one who is more grown a great deal in the stature of gospel strength, and boldness and decision—one to be a Captain when spiritual boldness and decidedness for Christ are the great qualifications.

"Yrs. very affect'ly,

"C. P. McILVAINE."

"PIQUA, May 18.

"MY DEAR MR. WHARTON:

"Just before I left home, I rec'd yours acknowledging my last. I had some conversation with Mr. ——. He thinks Dr. A. would secure a larger vote than Dr. B., would be more easily supported, and would accommodate himself more readily to the Gambier plan. I like the idea of the Assistant residing at G—— if a suitable person, and I like Dr. A. for that purpose, but either would suit me. Dr. A. is Calvinistic, and in his strong positiveness of view suits me. Dr. B. you know has a prayer-meeting in his Sunday-School room, or at least it began there, and he intended, if it grew large enough, to have it in his Church. I was at them both. He is good there. A dash of Calvinism as A. has, gives definiteness, fixedness, strength, confidence in evangelical views, and saves them from dangerous neighborhoods and mixtures of uncertainties. But I love both—B. would bring us an increase of N. Y. interests in Gambier. Mr. —— says there is great activity for L——, and that he thinks they can count on a good many. I cannot imagine who they all are, but care must be taken that none whom we desire stay away—for want of knowing that they are called to a special and most important work. Much depends on an un-rent garment. But there must be much calling on God—"*Shew whom thou hast chosen.*" He can bow all minds to one. Let us feel our need of His guid-

ance and grace. Let us not put off prayer till we meet to vote. Let us each privately, constantly ask the Lord to take it all in His own hand.

"Yrs. very affectionately,

"C. P. McILVAINE."

About this time a movement was begun to collect an additional number of hymns to those in the Prayer-book. Dr. Wharton was one of those appointed by the General Convention to form a Committee on the Hymnody of our Church. In this work he was very active, and the following letters have been selected for their bearing on this subject and for their intrinsic interest.

"BALTIMORE, March 17, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I shall be most happy to contribute to your proposed work, and have been long casting about for materials wherewithal to set forth a *Hymnal* of the kind you have in view. It would be a valuable book at any rate, and if well arranged, would I think be adopted by the Church. Would it not be almost necessary for those who are to co-operate in this business to have *one meeting* at least 'eye to eye'?

"Let us take a Scriptural Basis:

(1) Psalms—versified.

(2) Hymns—and paraphrased Scripture.

(3) Spiritual Songs.

"Under this *third* head would come in such a song as Bishop Meade imagines to be '* addressed to a Star.' Was ever such a prosaic mind? As if the 'Star of Jacob' and 'Star of the East' were not recognized titles of our Saviour! Still, our book must be for all 'sorts and conditions of men;' men, whom God has made of bone and sinew, as well as those whom he has fashioned of finer fibre, and for different work. Let me hope that Bishop Burgess and Bishop Williams will be consulted. They have *peculiar* claims to be so in such a department. But may I suggest *caution* as to other Episcopal members of your 'Commission'—or *composition* rather,—whose talents may be great, but who

* Star of Bethlehem.

might not *work* with such a man as Bishop Burgess. Dr. Bowman's wise idea of uniting 'conflicting' elements may seem to require this abatement. But I say this *in confidence*.

"Always, with kind regards,

"Your friend and brother,

"A. CLEVELAND COXE.

"FRANCIS WHARTON, Esq."

"April 22d, 1857.

"MY DEAR MR. WHARTON:

"I fear you did not get my letter answering your last, and containing the newspaper cutting, which is underlined, relative to the authorship of the hymns. In it I stated that my engagements for the twenty-third and twenty-fourth render it impossible for me to leave home, but I shall be with you in heart, and if you can stop over a train, or a night and see me, I can get the results of the conference and work accordingly. Give my love to the brethren, lay and clerical. I wrote you yesterday about the allegations of Dr. T. All my assailants seem to dodge the main issue. None of them prove that the Society had a right to embark in this work. They all try to shew how great an improvement has been effected. This is matter of taste merely; the noble unity of feeling on this subject, which exists among us, and even among many others, is a good sign. An aged Congregational minister, a professor in one of the New England Colleges, has written to assure me that he entirely agrees with me in the main drift and scope of my argument. Bishop Williams writes me that he goes into the Hymnal business with all his heart. I return Dr. M.'s letter, and desire to present my kind acknowledgments to your mother for her kind invitation which will be not in my power to accept. Please present my kind regards to good Bishop Potter if you meet him.

"Faithfully yr's,

"A. CLEVELAND COXE."

"March 24th, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"Yours of the 23d is certainly a step in advance. It surmounts the first difficulties, but if our work is to be a valuable and permanent one, let us be prepared for greater difficulties as we advance. The price of all real good seems to me fixed by eternal

law to a certain ratio of labor. When we have collected our hymns, we must not take them crude, but submit them to castigation. There are excellent hymns abroad, which need but one word altered to be fit for a Church Hymnal, and I take it such words must be cast out. The object is, not to gather the literary treasures of the language; they may be found in the works of their respective authors, but we want hymns for the use of edifying, and cannot admit any false taste, or false sentiment. Is it not so?

"Then I think we should agree to publish our Hymnal on our own book, and merely aim to get it *licensed* for use (over and above those we have) where any congregations may desire it; not removing our present collection from the Prayer-book. If our work be well done, the way will open for the gradual absorption of the existing collection, and the *Hymnal* will have grown to shape and maturity. I agree with you as to making it a copy-right to pay expenses first, and then—to go to a fund for superannuated clergy, or something else good. I like the plan here suggested of examining existing hymn-books (what Romish ones are there if we except the Breviary hymns?) but would suggest not the striking out the bad ones, which will be legion, but that each member should mark those which for any reason he may desire to include. On the 1st of September your clerk can make out the list, and in October we can meet and compare, and consider suggestions as to correction, etc.

"2nd. I have anticipated this difficulty of personal authorship. Would it not be well to take the ground that no member of the Committee shall include anything of his own, nor allow anything original to be included? This is the *high-toned* principle which will give our brethren confidence in our work, as entirely above personal and ambitious aims. If, when we are dead and gone, the Church should add hymns of ours to her recognized treasures, why then *Laus Deo!* but can we *decently* propose any of our own (whinings or ecstasies) as fit for the public worship of Jehovah? I think not. As to Keble, I agree with you entirely, and as to the great desirableness of good translations from the Latin and German I also agree; but I fancy we must be content with existing translations. Your plan of sending to Bishop Potter is excellent, if the contribution of original paraphrases and translations is to be

tolerated at all. As to original Carmina—I hope they are out of the question, but translations are not altogether the same thing. I am really very glad you move in this business with so much energy. It requires somebody like you to drive together the congenial elements, out of which your proposal is to take shape and substance. I hope you will not only contribute your share, but keep the rest up to the work.

"Truly yours,

"A. CLEVELAND COXE."

"MARCH 19, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"By all means let us have a partial meeting if we cannot get together the whole body. I wish some Southern laymen (low-Church, if we must use such terms) could be added; and, by all means, let us *ask* somebody from South Carolina. It is impossible for me to leave before Easter, for I have classes and lectures, and all sorts of duties every day. But Easter comes April 12th. The 10th is Good Friday (when I should be sorry to have you engaged in moving by the way), and on the whole I fear we may not be able to get together much before May. The Board of Missions in the Autumn will afford a good chance for a rally. I do not anticipate much practical difference among ourselves. As you say, in prayer and praise we surely can agree, and all who have the root of the matter in them do agree far more than they imagine. I am a Low-Churchman too, if that means the *finest of the wheat for food*, but I am a High-Churchman too, because we want the bran besides for seed. My view is that the High-Churchman, who is not high and dry, values the outworks for the sake of the *inworks*, and the hulk only because when that is destroyed, you cannot preserve the vital principle. Where has the Gospel survived when the Church system has been lost? I suspect you go as far as that. However, we can sing and pray together to all Eternity. Perhaps (if we cannot meet) the time till next October might be profitably spent, by letting each member select all the hymns, etc. which he would care to include. Then let us compare notes, and half the work will be done.

"Faithfully yours,

"A. CLEVELAND COXE."

Dr. Muhlenberg thus writes:—

"NEW YORK, March 12TH, '57.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I am rejoiced at your proposition for a good Church Hymn-book, and shall feel it a privilege to have a hand in it, but it will be a work of labor, and of more labor I fear than is likely to be given to it. You name excellent men for it, but how much of their time, talents, and pains would they contribute? They cannot work apart, or at least not wholly so. They must meet from time to time. Passing manuscripts around and exchanging their criticisms in writing would be an endless business. Certainly there must be a preparatory meeting to determine the *principles* on which the selection shall be made—how large it shall be—whether for public or private use—or both, etc. The first thing is to get together those you name—and any others—and let them agree together heartily upon the work, and to prosecute it faithfully. I will attend such a meeting. The burden will fall chiefly on yourself. You should be the standing executive in the recess of the committee. In the outset, as far as I am concerned, I should like to have a good long talk with you, for which purpose suppose you run over here on Saturday, and spend Sunday with me. I wish you would. We should then have made a beginning. I cannot go to Philadelphia during Lent, and you must not put it off till after Easter, so it is demonstrable that you should come here.

"Yr's very truly,

"W. A. MUHLENBERG."

Mr. R. H. Dana thus writes:—

"MARCH 13TH, '57.

"DEAR SIR:

"You must pardon my too long delay in answering your letter. I have never paid particular attention to the subject on which you write, and to take part in what you propose so as at all to satisfy myself would require more of me than I can do now in my poor state of health. I wish that I could feel more hopeful of your success, but I fear that the result might be another instance of the truth of the homely adage: 'Too many cooks, etc.' Besides, we have been so used to singing narratives in verse—to singing one to another—each about himself—to singing doctrines put into

rhyme, and they often not of the soundest, that the distinctive idea of a hymn being a form of supplication, of thanks and of praise, of its being essentially direct worship of God possesses too few men to allow of a large Commission which would bring forth a selection worthy of the Church. If so, the authority which a large Commission would have over the people, would only serve to prolong the present evil, or at best but to practically soften and modify it. To start with, there must go to such a work, the prominent idea of direct worship; then a musical ear, nice discrimination, pure taste, depth and delicacy of feeling, and a susceptible imagination, easily borne upward. The thoughts and spirits of those working together must be in general harmony. Talk as we may, high and low can hardly act together with a natural conscientiousness in such a delicate matter, and if they cannot act *naturally*, the result must be little worth. For the most part, compromises only stave off present difficulties to meet us again by and by in greater force. Let compromises in among the finer feelings, and all will be quickly in a tangle. Defective as matters now are, would it not be better to wait for the day of minds better prepared for such a work, and are they not gradually forming? Or, if there must be action, would it not be best for some one person fitted for the work to undertake it, occasionally advising in a quiet way with a few, on whose judgment and taste he had reliance? The task done, and recommendations from those standing high in the Church being procured, the book would go forth with much the same authority as from a Commission, and probably with a character of much more self-congruity. Let the work be undertaken how and when it may be, would not two hundred, or even a less number be better than Mr. Beecher's three hundred pieces? "However great the selection, people become fond of, and commit to memory only a few out of the many, and it is curious to observe how common it is for all sorts of individuals to fasten upon the same hymns. A large number of pieces serve little other purpose than to distract the mind, and remove the distinct impression of the few—choice and few! If a selection should be made, what a blessing it would be if a *small* selection of tunes appropriated to the several hymns should accompany it. Is not a good deal of what I have said about hymns still more applicable to what is called sacred music? But who is the man to whom to entrust such a work?

Pardon my troubling you with all this. I had no thought of doing so when I began. The same things have doubtless been considered by you long ago.

"Truly yr's,

"Boston, Mass. "RICHARD H. DANA."

Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., thus writes:

"Cambridge (Boston).
"Sunday ev'g, March 22d, '57.

"My dear Sir:

"I feel flattered by being selected as one of the Commission for so laudable a purpose as you have in hand. A few years ago, I should have accepted the offer gladly, and from duty. But my engagements now are so pressing, I am so precisely in that 'dead waste, and middle' of professional life, between thirty-five and forty-five, when the decision for the condition of the rest of life is to be made, that I am sure I could not do justice to the Office, nor to myself. Another reason that influences, is that for many years I have lost all interest in metrical hymns, and their music,—so much so that I rarely open the Prayer-book when the hymns or metrical psalms are given out. I would gladly see the whole of our metrical psalms laid aside from the Prayer-book, and the Clergy at liberty to give out passages from the Psalter instead. Of the two hundred and twelve hymns in our Prayer-book I should probably use my veto against the two hundred, and be rather an impracticable member of a Commission. In my own family worship, the circle consisting of the two heads, and children under fourteen, we have never sung anything but one of three or four of the old Gregorian chants in unison, and we are extremely attached to them. I cannot expect all to feel as I do on this point, and I have no doubt that a book of hymns edited by this Commission would be serviceable and popular. But I should be an over-occupied and impracticable member, and perhaps this is not a permanent mood with me. On one point, your opinion rather surprises me—that is that there are not great doctrinal differences in hymns. It has always seemed to me that, especially with those who have no Liturgy, the hymns and versions of Psalms have been powerful, constant, and unperceived indoctrinations. I have found, on going to the bottom of the matter, that much doctrine can be traced to

them. For instance, how much of that melancholy, dubious, and mortuary view of the condition of souls after death, and opposition to prayers for the dead, may be traced to Dr. Watts's hymn: 'Life is the time, etc.' Grand and gloomy it is too! Let me ask you, by the way, if Crabbe's Methodist hymn in Sir Eustace Gray 'Pilgrim burdened with thy sin' is to be found complete and ungarbled anywhere? It seems to me one of the best of its kind. I congratulate you, my dear Sir, on having the heart and energy for this work. It will not return to you void, even if the Commission does not succeed.

"Believe me, very truly yr's,

"RICH'D H. DANA, JR.

"FRANCIS WHARTON, ESQ."

The following is from Bp. Bowman:—

"LANCASTER, Mar. 13, '57.

"F. WHARTON, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR: I thank you for two nice little Hymn Books this morning received. Ryle's selection I am acquainted with. The other is new to me. Ryle's is excellent. His 4th Hymn 'Just as I am, etc.,' is worth a score of the trashy productions we so often meet with, having neither Gospel nor Poetry to recommend them. I shall have pleasure in examining the other, as soon as I find leisure.

"I write now to excuse my seeming neglect in finishing an article promised for your columns. I am the less concerned, however, because I daresay your readers care very little whether they see it soon or never, but I have been unable to find time, and still more so to fix my mind upon it. To increase my distractions, P. has just received a very advantageous (pecuniarily) offer from Davenport, Iowa, which he has determined to accept. My resignation was in the hands of the Wardens, but not yet acted upon by the Vestry. Now I must recall it, and embark again in that most perplexing inquiry—'The search for a clergyman who will work hard on little pay.' If you know of such a one, pray let me hear. As soon, however, as I can, I will resume a subject on which my convictions grow stronger the more I investigate it. In the meantime I remain,

"Very truly yr. friend,

"SAMUEL BOWMAN."

"LANCASTER, April 7TH, '57.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"Your notes and the parcel have come safely. I thank you for them. I am afraid I shall not be able to do enough on the Commission to compensate for all the trouble I am putting you to; but I will be at least a willing laborer, if not a very efficient one. If there is anything to be done at the proposed meeting on the 24th, I certainly (D. V.) will come down. I should be very glad to meet some of the Committee, and hear the matter talked over. If then, Dr. Muhlenberg and Mr. Cox will certainly be in the City on the day named, I will try to meet them. My reason for not pursuing the subject of Free Churches with more alacrity, was, that I doubted if there was any lively interest felt in the subject. If you think it worth while, however, I will complete my original design, which indeed I had not abandoned, but only postponed.

"I thank you for your suggestion of the name of Mr. R. The greatest favor to me now would be to find a man of earnest spirit, capable of work, and not afraid of it. But if the politicians have faith to believe that the right man appears at the right time, Christians ought not to doubt, that if the work be really for the glory of God, God will certainly send some one to perform it. I think you take the right view in regard to new translations and original compositions, provided they are good, and of that, the Commission will judge, as they will in all other cases. Did you ever see a selection for public and private occasions published by the late Dr. Milnor, I think (for it was anonymous)? I had a copy of it many years ago, but unfortunately have mislaid it. It contained I think about two hundred hymns. I remember several capital ones that were in it, but they can be found elsewhere. If the meeting on the twenty-fourth should be abandoned, have the goodness to let me know. Hoping to see you at that time,

"Very truly yr's,

"SAMUEL BOWMAN."

"LANCASTER, Sep. 28, '57.

"DEAR SIR:

"Yours of the 22nd received. I have been looking forward with great interest to the proposed meeting in New York next month, but after all I must deny myself the pleasure of being

present. A wedding that I cannot be dispensed from officiating at, is fixed for the 14th of October. Of course it will be out of the question that I should be at both. I regret my disappointment the less however, because I think I should be of little service on the Committee. My thoughts have been too much distracted this summer by other and indispensable engagements at home to permit me to give that care to the business of the Committee that I find it requires. I am surprised to hear from Dr. Muhlenberg that he had made his selection of 600 Hymns, and has them all arranged under suitable heads. He has had large experience in this sort of work, and has probably acquired a facility that I cannot pretend to. From the progress I have yet made I doubt whether I should find 600 hymns in our whole language that would satisfy me. As I proceed, I am more and more struck with the superior finish and more uniform excellence of our own collection. Certainly, we have some that have no very high poetical pretensions, but where these are wanting, there is usually some clear enunciation of important Scriptural truth that more than makes up for the absence of poetic merit. In other collections I find a great many very commonplace hymns, and even hymns of acknowledged excellence are frequently disfigured by low, familiar, and irreverent expressions or words. Our hymns, for the most part, are carefully pruned of all this. With me, the process of selection is very slow. I find that after reading three, four, or half a dozen hymns in succession, I begin to lose the power of clear perception and just discrimination. I am puzzled to select, when there is often such an equality of merit, and pass over many hymns of considerable merit in the hope of finding enough that is better to make up the requisite number. I have now, however, no hope of doing that, and shall only indicate those, whether many or few, that approve themselves to my judgment. At the same time it is likely that upon a review I should in many cases throw out those that I had at first selected and admit as many that I had rejected. This preliminary selection will do very well for a beginning, but I am persuaded that the better plan will be for the Committee to be together in their examinations and selections; let the hymns be read aloud, and let the criticisms be made on the instant and from all sides. The collision will sharpen every one's faculties, and every man will do his part better, if he does it under

such a stimulus. As far as practicable, however, I suppose the Committee will follow this course. I am sorry that I can do little more than wish you a pleasant time, and a prosperous prosecution of the objects of the Committee.

"Very truly yr. friend,

"SAMUEL BOWMAN.

"FRANCIS WHARTON, ESQ."

In opposition to the somewhat wet blanket nature of the latter letters, are given below Dr. Muhlenberg's views as published by him at that time in his 'Memorial' pamphlet:—

"Singing in metre is ever the delight of the masses moved by religion. The hymn in the church answers to the ballad in the nation. The chorales of Luther did as much for the Reformation as his preaching. Not to cite from history the many instances in point, what would Methodism, at its rise, have done without its hymnody? What would it now do? It sprang from the bosom of the English Church, but not there did it get this instrument of its success—not there did it gather the rhythm of its hallelujahs that rent the air wherever the preacher lifted his voice. So little of sacred melody did its author find in use among the people, that for the stirring compositions with which he roused their devotions, he had recourse, in part, to secular airs. He has been blamed for this, but it was a necessity of the times. The people must sing, and they could sing only what they knew. He and his brother could not make tunes for all the verses they wrote. The tongues and ears of the common people had not been familiarized to the songs of Zion. The Evangelical movement was also marked by a new out-pouring of hymns and melodies which have been the means of cherishing divine affections in the heart of thousands from that day to this. Meanwhile the legitimate parochial psalmody kept on, from generation to generation, in the doggrel of Sternhold and Hopkins, or the somewhat improved rhymes of Tate and Brady, sung to the tunes approved by the parish clerk. Hymns were rare. The two of Bishop Ken for morning and evening (worth indeed an hundred of most others) were almost the only ones in general use. In the old English Prayer-books we find some half a dozen more, differing in different editions. The extreme poverty of the English Church in this aliment of popular

devotion is remarkable and indicative, may we not say, of her genius—how unlike the treasures of evangelical hymnody in the churches of the continent, particularly the Lutheran and Moravian? It is a healthful sign of late years that the use of hymns has now become much more common in the English congregations. In this respect their freedom is much larger than ours. Every congregation may have a book of its own. The church in this country has evinced a remarkable disaffection to hymns. Until the year 1808 the whole of the authorized number was 27, it was then enlarged to 56. In 1826 the present 208, not until after considerable opposition, were admitted (of which it is relevant to remark in passing, a large number are the compositions of non-Episcopalians), but with the retention of that most extraordinary rubric which forbids their use on any occasion when one of the psalms in metre is not also sung. This operates to the entire exclusion of hymns whenever the order for morning or evening prayer is alone used, although of that order the psalms make so large a part. Hence, in churches in which there is the daily service, not a song of praise is heard except on Sundays and holy days, in which a Jew as well as a Christian might not join. Whence this jealousy of evangelical devotion, and of a form of it, in which, as has been said, the common people especially delight? Is it a sign that ours is a church for the common people?

"The Church of England has a sublime song of her own in the choral service and glorious anthem of her cathedrals—that constant offering of praise, worthy of the great people of whom it may be considered as the solemn matin and vesper song of the nation. Grand as it is, in that point of view—*esto perpetua*—it yet touches not the immediate consciousness of the people. They are not active in it. It is the delegated service of the official choir, uttered six days out of seven, almost in solitude, and amid no crowds on the seventh. The common people pass the cathedral unallured by its time-hallowed strains, for the conventicle in whose hearty melodies they can take their part. We may say it is bad taste, and that it is the church's office to elevate men's tastes. Very well, but aside from the *de gustibus* it is not her first object; it does not come into her pioneer work. There may be rudeness, even coarseness to *our* ears, and yet true worship, which, too, may be all the heartier for those very qualities. We boast of the social character

of our service compared with that of some other Christians, as we may justly do, looking at its idea. But how is it in practice, in practice so nearly universal that there must be something in our system to account for it? where is there actually the most social worship? In one of our churches with the whispered response of the people and the song of praise confined to the quartette in the organ loft, or in the Wesleyan meeting with its shouted glorias and spontaneous amens?"

The result of the Commission is well known. A book of 500 Hymns, called 'Hymns for Church and Home,' was published, and used for some years; then superseded by a smaller number of 'Additional Hymns' bound up with those in the Prayer-book, and this was finally merged in the Hymnal now in use.

Dr. Wharton's editorship of the 'Protestant Episcopal Quarterly Review,' in conjunction with Dr. John Cotton Smith and Dr. May of the Alexandria Seminary, led to some correspondence of which these letters alone remain.

"THEOL. SEM., Feb. 6th, '57.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"Your letter from Pittsburg was very kind, and did me good. I rejoice to hear such a good account of Kenyon. Some defections among so many youths setting out towards the Kingdom of God are not strange, that is they are things which all experience would have led us to expect, but much good seed no doubt will ripen. Your project of a mission to Kansas is good—excellent, but we are to see you here first. Give us 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, etc. etc. of March, and bring Mr. Bohlen. Are we not to have more lectures? I vote yea most loudly. If no editorial Board for the 'Review' can be had in Philadelphia, could there not be a Board of Assistants there, and an Editor here? The 'Review' might be printed in Philadelphia and published in the two cities, New York and Philadelphia. Dr. Dyer remains the New York agent. I throw this out for consideration. It can be brought up when you and Mr. Bohlen come on. Dr. Dyer writes me word that since the January number, some new subscribers have been obtained. I received this week delightful letters from Africa. As I read them to Mrs. May and Miss Bowman, they were in tears. Such correspondence refreshes and helps me. It goes to my heart. Oh that all our Church could drink more of the Spirit given to

them. The missionaries seem now to be in good health, and much encouraged. The great want, which they especially feel, is that of more laborers.

"Affectionately your friend,

"JAMES MAY."

"LANCASTER, May 20, '58.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"Your last letter addressed to me here I received a few days ago. Providence favoring, I shall leave this to-morrow, and be at the Seminary next day. I should have been there this week, but that Dr. Sparrow wrote me my classes would be broken up by the large portion going to the Virginia Convention at Winchester. I received to-day a very well written article for the 'Review' from the Rev. W. M. Pendleton of Lexington, Va., on the 'Ancient races of Men.' I had had no intimation of his wish to write it, till I received it this morning. I shall send it to Dr. Dyer to be ready in case of need to fill up the July number. If not needed, it can lie over. What prospect or plan for contributions, for the next number, after July, can you present? Can you not engage some proper pens in our service? Could we not have an article on the Modern Theology of England? I mean Maurice's, Kingsley's, Jowett's, etc. Then you could give us besides that a review of Dickens, Currer Bell, Thackeray, etc. Be pleased to write me at the Seminary. I am in communication with no one who can give me news. My time is spent in Mrs. May's chamber. By the good Hand of God, she has respite from suffering and has been able, after being carried to a vehicle, to ride a mile or two. Though I get no news, I suppose Dr. Vinton or Dr. Bedell will be appointed Bishop. I wish I could slip out to see you at Gambier for a while, but now my duties at the Seminary will be doubled and trebled to the end of our term. My love to Brother Griffin. Mrs. May desires kindest regards to you and to him also.

"Yr. affectionate friend,

"JAMES MAY."

"THEOL. SEM., June 4, '58.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"Your letter having in the same envelope a letter to Bishop Bowman reached me this evening. You have done no more than

an honest and candid man should do. I highly approve of your letter to him. The election took me entirely by surprise. I had expected a majority on the first ballot for Dr. Vinton of twenty-five or thirty. The Lord's ways are not our ways. We may have been relying too much on the wisdom of man. Evangelical religion has not often been in power by means of majorities, and perhaps has been generally weakened when it has been. Its power lies in the preaching of the Word of God and prayer. A free pulpit, a free press, and free access to God in prayer cannot be taken away. I think we are called on to be more distinct, more decided, and more earnest in preaching the Gospel. We must rely less on the world, and be more simple in faith. If I could see you for some private conversation I might have some things to say. I shall be glad to be more closely associated with you in holding forth the truth through the Press. Do you move the 'Recorder,' and I would I could efficiently aid in moving the 'Review.' I do long to have the Gospel more distinctly and more earnestly preached. I hear much preaching, even from men reported to be evangelical, which as I look at the matter, is very defective. It is good as far as it goes, but it comes short of a full and faithful exhibition of the Gospel. God will not peculiarly bless anything but his own word, simply and faithfully preached. I have been tried, sorely tried in the suffering which it has pleased the Lord to send on my wife, but I trust good will come of it, in making the Gospel more precious. She is better, but still very weak. Hold you to the 'Recorder.' You know how to be faithful and honest, and at the same time courteous. You have, in that paper, the means of immeasurable power, but you need no testimony on that point. We need now and then some lesson of humility and dependence on God. The Lord will show us it is not by might nor by power that he builds up His Kingdom. If we become more humble and faithful, honor and exalt more and more his Word and Holy Spirit, we may look for more proofs of His favor.

"Your affectionate friend,

"JAMES MAY."

The election referred to in this letter was that of Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania. The enclosed letter referred to was one written to Bishop Bowman upon his election, and is as follows:

TO THE RT. REV. BISHOP BOWMAN.

"GAMBIER, May 29, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I have just seen, in the Cincinnati paper of this morning, the announcement of your election as Assistant Bishop. I cannot but congratulate you personally and express my gratification that since the election has not fallen on one belonging to the school to which I have been peculiarly attached, and to which I owe all my religious training, it has fallen on one so just and liberal as yourself. Had I been in the convention, I would have felt bound to cast my vote with those with whom my ecclesiastical associations have been most close; as it is I will be one of the first and most cheerful in acquiescing. But I cannot forbear in once more laying before you my earnest conviction of the paramount necessity of toleration in the choice of ecclesiastical mechanism, whether missionary or otherwise. You are about to assume the leading position,—second only to one whom we all pray God may long continue but whose failing health admonishes us of the precarious tenure we all have in his labors,—in a diocese in which I will probably never again reside, but in whose concerns I have for some years taken a most interested part. I firmly believe that any attempt to coerce uniformity in Pennsylvania for either school would be attended with the most disastrous consequences both to our prosperity and peace,—I believe that the unexampled prosperity of the last ten years is owing to such toleration having been allowed. I cannot but say this to you, speaking as one who greatly loves Pennsylvania and the church in Pennsylvania, and speaking to one who in future will have such great power for the common good.

"It may not be improper for me to add that I continue to be responsible for the general management of the 'Recorder,' so far as its literary and theological departments are concerned. My distance prevents me from taking any active controversial—or local part in its management. I can only say that while I continue to have control of the paper, however much you may have occasion to dissent from its course in matters of general polity, you will always find it yielding to you that personal and affectionate respect which has always been felt by me towards you.

"Yrs. sincerely,

"FRANCIS WHARTON.

"I hope that you will pay us a visit at Gambier. We have twenty Penna. students, most of them looking forward to the Ministry. I should be delighted to have you as a guest at my house."

To this letter we give Bishop Bowman's reply:

"LANCASTER, June 4th, '58.

"F. WHARTON, ESQ.,

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter was very kind and acceptable, hardly the less so coming from a theological opponent. Where such opposition is frankly avowed, as in your case, and where it is not felt that differences should produce dissensions and quarrels, I can see but little evil in those diversities which must ever exist among men, at least as long as they do not transcend the liberty which the Church allows us. It was the fault of the Church of Rome, in going beyond what was written, and attempting to define the *mode* of Christ's presence in the blessed Sacrament that gave rise to an agitation and a controversy that a thousand years have not been able to settle. I am for the largest liberty which the Church allows. I suppose you ask no more, and that you do not think it a Christian duty to break terms with me, because we cannot on every point, entirely agree. I am at a loss therefore to understand your zealous advocacy of separate missionary and other organizations. The mischief of division and the advantages of union are, to my mind such self-evident truths, that I am perplexed when I hear so conciliatory and sensible a man as yourself, apparently advocating divided action, on the grounds of expediency and principle. I wish to see all hearts in sympathy, and all hands joined in action, and on a ground of perfect equality. Or, if either side or school gain pre-eminence in our voluntary agencies by superior zeal or liberality, let them enjoy and use it. 'Ferat qui meruit palmam.' But for decency's sake, for the sake of our common Mother the Church, for the sake of Him who purchased that Church with His own Blood, let us not present to the world, the aspect of a divided house, the hideous spectacle of brethren wasting on each other's overthrow that zeal which ought only to be expended against the common foe. But I gladly quit the ungrateful theme, with the assurance, my dear Mr. Wharton, that however we may differ in questions of policy and expediency, or even of theological doctrine,

we shall never be found arrayed against each other in an unbrotherly strife. Regretting to hear you say, that you are not likely again to be a resident of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and sincerely hoping, that whatever future intercourse Providence may permit between us may be as pleasant and cordial as the past has been, I remain, my dear Mr. Wharton, with sincere and unabated regard,

"Your friend,

"SAMUEL BOWMAN."

It is to be regretted that so few of Dr. Wharton's own letters can be found to give to this Memorial. He wrote and constantly to many correspondents, but as his letters were generally for a purpose, they were confined to that purpose, and were brief and to the point. They have probably not been preserved. His letters to his family were, though most loving and affectionate, full of local and humorous allusions, which would only be appreciated by those who received them. Writing, as he did, so much for the press, his letters were his relaxation, and he very rarely touched on topics of general interest. A few have, however, been selected for publication, though their dates will carry us back some years.

TO MRS. CHARLES SINKLER (HIS SISTER).

PHIL., DEC. 13, 1851.

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"I am now sitting out a long speech of my colleague, Judge Champneys, in the distribution of the funds of the Bank of the United States—a matter you may recollect I have had in hand several years. Our first step, you know, was to get a judgment for over a million of dollars. Unfortunately, however, the judgment was against the bank herself. As she is now entirely insolvent, our next step was to attach the property she has assigned to trustees for the payment of certain debts. It is in this work we are now engaged. If we *succeed now*, we get pretty large fees. So you see we have something more at stake than mere glory. We have now been engaged in arguing the question for three evenings a week for nearly three weeks. I began as the junior counsel for the State, and was followed by George Wharton, Mr. Cadwalader, and Mr. Williams, for the trustees. We are now winding up the discussion with an elaborate speech from Judge Champneys. As I have got

through my part, I am now, under the semblance of taking notes, writing you a letter. If you find the *letter* somewhat disconnected, you must charge it to the speech. If Judge Champneys endeavors to prove my recollection of his speech, I am afraid he will find that recollection very much affected by the notions I am putting in this letter.

"I did get your letter about Robert, and I believe I furnished you with his right direction. In considering whether it reached him or not, please consider (1) that Robert has been on a long journey, and (2) that I have a faint recollection that he told me when in Philadelphia he had heard from you, and asked me to reply that he had answered you. He looked very gallant and high-spirited, and as if he would enjoy nothing better than soaring up in a balloon and dropping down at Woodford!

"I will send with this one or two Church papers, which will give you some idea how we are getting on in religious matters. Mr. Dalrymple (this is the last piece of news which is particularly for Wharton) is going not only to be a clergyman, but an Episcopal clergyman, and goes to Alexandria in a few weeks. So there is even a chance of his being a *Southern* minister, and giving Wharton a chance of hearing him preach.

"I am afraid St. Jude's comes on but poorly. I should not be surprised if Mr. Miller resigned in the course of a couple of months. The pews are no more filled up than they were on the first month, and there seems no chance of their being so under the present administration. I have a plan which in the case of there being a clear field I think may be executed. It is to have our old friend Minnegerode, who is one of the most eloquent preachers in Virginia, to preach both in English and in German—the latter in the evening. You know the Prayer-book has been translated into German, and yet, though we have 50,000 Germans in Philadelphia, we have no Episcopal German service.

"Kossuth's New York dinner speech is the subject—I don't want to use a superlative—of intense surprise and admiration. Since Peter the Hermit no political orator has ever spoken so. He says, when asked how he acquired the English language,—that he can't tell,—that it seems almost inspiration. I believe the feeling here is that history does not give another instance like this where a foreigner made such a speech, both as to language and material.

Mother has become a vehement Hungarian; and you can receive as some proof of this the fact that she listens, not only patiently but delightedly, as Henry reads seven columns of his speech consecutively.

"Ever yours,

"F. W."

TO CHARLES SINKLER, ESQ.

"PHILADELPHIA, Mch. 7, '52.

"MY DEAR CHARLES:

"This is my birthday, but unfortunately it is the first Sunday for several years that I have been detained in the house. I caught a heavy cold a few days ago, and having in vain tried all other remedies, last night, much against the wishes of the family, I took hold of your remedy,—viz.—hot water and hot tea, helped on by a Dover's powder. Of course I had to be hermetically sealed all day; but under the united influence of the three applications, I am getting quite well, and to-morrow shall be able to go to work as vigorously as ever.—I send you a circular of a new reading-room in which I am very much interested, and which we are about to open only a door or two below our house. I think you will enjoy it when you come on, as you certainly are going to do this spring. Aside from the religious newspapers which are the most questionable of its receipts, it will have on its tables all the practical foreign religious papers, and the current new books of the day.—But I think the feature which is the most beneficial is that you will observe in the circular, which provides for a series of visiting committees who will visit such young men as are strange in the city, connected with the Episcopal Church, and will provide for them suitable boarding-houses, church accommodation, etc. I consider these features likely to produce immense practical good; and the more so when you observe that the board of managers are almost entirely what may be called 'evangelical.'—If it were not that I would be afraid the term would be unpopular with you, I would say 'low church,' by which I mean a decided antagonism to ———, or worldly old school Episcopalianism, for which you know I have a cordial detestation.

"I think I wrote to Emily that D., who you took some interest in, left me some weeks ago for the Alexandria Seminary. He

staggered so much at the Westminster Confession that he at the last moment gave up Presbyterianism, and I think will be an ornament to our church, both from his piety and talents.

"H. has been in town for some time, and says he has written a full letter to you, explaining how his *first* miscarried. From the impression on his mind as to your direction, I should not wonder if the second went after the first.

"Mother remains really about stationary. She is in excellent spirits, however, and looks wonderfully. Henry is well. Give my love to Emily, Wharton (*my* boy) and Lizzy, and believe me yours ever.

"F. W."

"PHIL., Dec. 15, 1855.

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"Your very acceptable letters with the enclosed extracts for the 'Recorder' have duly arrived. As you probably have already seen in the 'Recorder,' the 'Scripture Florist' (if I have its name right) has already begun to make its appearance. One awkward mistake came near happening to the *Lily*, which emerged from the printing-office in the shape of *Tilly*. I believe it was Mary's investigating eye which discovered the discrepancy and led to its correction.

"It is out of the question for me to go to the South this winter. . . . I have gone into one or two extravagances lately in the shape of a chandelier and a grate in the library. The room is now almost the perfection of comfort.—I cannot always send you the 'Banner.' It often gets hooked off from my office, and sometimes is cut up. The 'Churchman' and the 'P. Churchman' are I suppose the next most entertaining. The 'Southern Churchman' I think is the best, but I generally make so many incisions into it as to make its remains scarcely worth having.

"I have written to Bishop Elliott (who is to be here in April) to stay with me, and I propose to ask all the South Carolina delegation (out of compliment to Charles), to come to my house at the General Convention in October. Why will not Charles get elected a delegate from South Carolina himself? I hope you will make a point of being in the city at that period, as there will be a great deal that will improve as well as amuse. I want you to spend the first half of your visit with *me* in the fall. I mean August and

September down to October 10. Then the S. C. delegation will come. I want you to pick out which would be the pleasantest, and invite them at your convention for me. I expect Mr. Reed and Mr. Shaw, if the latter comes, which I hope he will, as I have had a very pleasant correspondence with him.

"George desires me to say that he is quite an example, being now engaged in copying a very heavy extract for the 'Recorder.'

"Give my best love to Charles and the children.

"F. W."

"GAMBIER, Nov. 14, 1857.

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"I have just got home from a country school in which, in connection with one of the theological students, I have been holding services and 'preaching' all day long. I am now fairly settled here for the fall term; and indeed I am very glad to have escaped the turmoil and excitement of city life at such a time as this. I do not think things ever looked so badly. The foundations of character seem to be shaken. I was not so much shocked at P.'s defalcation, for I had known but little of him. . . . I had a letter from C. P. on Wednesday, and another from mother yesterday.

"I have lent the college $3000 on mortgage on a piece of land belonging to them, and they are putting up a house for me to occupy as long as I continue to lecture here. The situation is beautiful, being very much like John Bohlens', only there is a river flowing at the foot. The house is a plain one—three stories high in front, and two behind, with atties. On the first floor is the dining-room and kitchen. Over this are a parlor and a study, with a large hall. There are four chambers above, and two over that. The portico runs on three sides of the house. There is a balcony on the second story. The house will be ready by the middle of April, and I hope to move out the great body of my furniture then. I do trust you will be persuaded to spend next summer here. There never was such healthy mountain air, or such a place for children. I keep two horses and a carriage, and will buy a horse for Wharton if you come on. I have just superintended putting up a stable with three stalls for the horses, and stalls for two cows for the children. I have also an uncommonly

fine setter-pup (called 'Mill-Creek,' in compliment to one of Mr. B.'s parishes), raising for the boys. I cannot see how you can hesitate about coming.

"With love, ever yr's,

"F. W."

"GAMBIER, 1858.

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"Above you will find a picture of our new building (Ascension Hall), which I hope will meet with your approbation. I am sorry to say, however, that it will not be done in time for your visit, though before you are even to think about leaving, it will present quite a considerable front. I am happy to announce that notwithstanding all our fears to the contrary, we have just had a snap of cold weather which will enable my ice-house to be filled. So you may congratulate yourselves on having ice *ad libitum*.

"The house is almost finished. It is entirely plastered, with the exception of the final coating on the dining-room and kitchen. The rooms are very much the size of the rooms in my Spruce Street house, with the exception that my dining-room is not quite as large as that in Phila. I have two parlors with folding doors. The back one is to be a library, and turns out to be exactly the size of my library in Phila. It is to have the same carpet. The bedrooms are to have the same furniture as in Phila. I have a sweet little room for Lizzie. Since I have been certain of your coming, I have made one or two improvements, including a comfortable room for Wharton, and for Henry S——, if his mother would let him come, at which I should be much gratified.—You will be greatly pleased with my library. It has nearly doubled since you saw it. All the 'Recorder' things come regularly out to me, so you will have abundance of light as well as grave reading.

"So far as teaching is concerned you will have no difficulty, as that is the great staple of the 'Hill.' I have just heard that Mr. Granert, the German and French professor, and a graduate of Heidelberg,—he teaches piano besides,—will reside here during the summer. There is a capital boys' school, in which the vacation does not begin until Sept. 20th, and private tutors very cheap. What do you think of two hours a day for $8 a month?

"Your coming is looked forward to with great interest. I think

it was the settling influence with Elizabeth and probably Eliza. As to my man-servant you will find him quite a character. He is English,—severely pious,—writes a capital hand, and ponders over all sorts of theological books,—but at the same time is greatly hipped and pensive. Still he gets through a great deal more than Mrs. ——'s John, and almost as much as Daddy Henry or 'Ca Robin.* He tends the mares, whose friskiness gives him no little trouble, one of them having a way of waltzing round him as he leads the other to water, making him look very ridiculous; he makes the beds in my present rooms, trims the lamps, and sweeps the rooms with a little shovel not much bigger than a large spoon; he cleans the dishes, for I always have tea in my rooms; acts as deputy sexton in getting the basement ready for the Bible class; drives the carriage; and is now engaged in hauling ice. You can see what an important person he is to be in our future household.

"With a great deal of love to Charles and the children, ever yours,

"F. W."

"Gambier, Mch. 24, 1858.

"My dear Emily:

"It may amuse you to glance over a duplicate of an order for flowers, etc., which I have just sent for to help make the place look cheerful by the time you arrive. They form only a portion of what I have ordered, and I think on your arrival you will find things just in that condition which will involve all the taste that you and Lizzy can spare. Your own room has a porch and balustrade in front of it, and looks down directly on the hill-side. As for a nursery I have a grand one. It is a large and very airy room in the third story, and is to be fitted up in the most solid of ways—heavy oak bedstead, etc.—I think you will really be delighted with the place. What do you think of having ice-cream every other day? Among other of Thomas' (our Sancho Panzas) accomplishments, he is a great ice-cream freezer. He is now at work gardening, cutting away branches that intercept the view.

"I gave my farewell lecture to the Bible Class Sunday evening

[* Servants of Mrs. Sinkler's.]

before last. The spacious chapel, much larger than the Phila. lecture rooms, was jammed, and the window-sills and floors were occupied. I hope to favor you with one or two in the summer.

"We have a new rector and a very agreeable one—Mr. Craeraft. He is a very striking preacher and an extremely pleasant man. I think you will in several respects be agreeably surprised with the condition of things here.

"With best love ever yr's,

"F. W."

"GILMORE HOUSE, Baltimore, Dec. 17, 185 .

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"I arrived here this morning after a nearly two days and two nights journey across the mountains, prolonged by a detention at Wheeling which broke the connection. I found a note from mother, enclosing one to you, which I forward. G. comes with me to the East, and proceeds to Phila. for a day or two on his way home. I fear his health is seriously impaired. His symptoms are very distressing, at least to my eyes, and he has agreed to take Dr. Pepper's advice before returning to Salem. My fears are quite serious of his having permanently broken down. It struck me that in case of the doctors recommending him to give up study he might visit you at Belvidere.

"I shall await with much pleasure the arrival of the boys. I have concluded to give them 'Fort Tip,' to which I have had a chimney and stove added. This they can study in, and can take greater liberties there than in the house proper.

"One thing alone about the boys gives me any anxiety. I am willing to be responsible for them at their meals and the nights and evenings. As to their games, etc., I know you will relieve me on that point. Were they my own children I would desire to put them just on the line of Dr. B.'s boys—start them with skates and sleds, and let them take their chances, or rather, trust to Providence, only insisting that they were in at meals and study hours. My fear is unless Charles, A., and yourself take this view, I will keep both the boys and myself in a continual fret.

"Tell A. I am delighted to have Henry. I can manage two boys better than one.

"If Mr. C. leaves Gambier, as I suppose he will, I apprehend Dr. Butler will come.

"With love to Charles and the children.

"Ever yours,

"F. W."

In the Spring of 1859, a failure of health and some slight throat trouble made a change necessary. He took passage in the French Steamer Fulton for a trip to Europe, intending to be absent six months. Of this trip only a few private letters have been preserved, but as he wrote from time to time to the 'Recorder,' we have a tolerably full account of his life and impressions there. Before we close this chapter, however, a couple of Editorials have been taken quite at random from that paper to show the kind of matter he was in the habit of furnishing from his own pen, in review of matters both in Church and State. If it were desirable, a volume could be collected from these old files, and it would prove doubtless a surprise to those who are familiar with Dr. Wharton, chiefly as a legal writer to know how much he has also contributed to the controversies of the Epis. Church, and the cause of literature.

ENGLISH OR RUSSIAN?

"Some weeks since we adverted to the *religious* bearings of the present Eastern war. We cannot regard its *civil* bearings as tending to an opposite result. To a sound mind, indeed, the civil or the religious interest of either a people or an individual must unite in one point. True Christianity will necessarily generate the highest degree of personal freedom consistent with civil government. It will produce, also, to the very extent to which its influence is exhibited, the qualities of industry, honesty, fidelity to the claims of others, respect for their rights, and tenderness for their feelings. Just as far as positive evangelical religion has advanced, just so far have the education, the industrial capabilities, the individual liberties, and the national grandeur of a people been advanced. And the converse, also, is true. A vigorous and enlightened religion cannot survive in a despotism except in the dungeon of the captive, or by the stake of the martyr. Government can persecute it, but cannot fondle it into power. It wants no state endowments. The

moment the minister is endowed, he is crippled. To the degree that he is aided by civil authority he loses in spiritual influence. If we could have now a government which would take up the form of religion which we now hold most dear,—which would establish it, for instance in Turkey, and would provide a sufficient ministerial salary to every clergyman who should be willing to accept it, we would advise its rejection. Not that it is not likely that such a call would be inoperative. It would have a wondrous effect on Church comprehension, and would tend to extend Episcopal orders to a class whose numbers, at least, we fear would overtop very largely the accessions likely to be produced by the most liberal *gratuitous* system of Church extension that could be devised elsewhere. Each stipend would be readily adopted. Episcopal orders would be accepted, and the required interpretations of our standards professed. We have recently been told of a convert from another denomination,—one of that class who leaves because left,—who informed the hesitating examiner that he was a Hobart-Griswold churchman. In the economy of Divine providence, as it is at present exhibited to us, there is always a class of unstable men whose capacities are incapable of either definite perceptions or energetic action, who will turn the current of their religious-sentimental affections into any ecclesiastical channel, that could lead them through the fat meadows of comfort or the composing scenery of polite and respectable mediocrity. And there is a class far more capable and far more dangerous than this who will seize an endowed ministry with a rapacity as malign as the prize is splendid, and who will take a Hildebrand's part in directing that ship in whose cushioned cabins repose the elegant sentimentalist and the luxurious indifferentist. The consequence is that in a Church-state,—if not in a state-Church—two most dangerous elements enter, the one of which by controlling the other, too often seizes the helm, and ends in turning overboard whatever elements remain that may be true to the Gospel system. We have seen this in Rome. We see it in Russia. And we will see it wherever a compulsory faith is attempted to be enforced by a governmental clergy.

"The object being *toleration*—or in other words freedom of conscience to be guaranteed by the state to the individual,—the question next arises by which party in the present European struggle will this great sanction be most likely to be secured? And we

cannot for a moment hesitate here. The whole Russian system is despotic. Education is prohibited—Dissent is prohibited. Even the circulation of the Bible is prohibited. On the other hand, all the great safeguards of personal and religious liberty which the world now knows, take their origin in the British constitution. Thence came trial by jury,—freedom of the press,—courts of Justice open to the poor,—the right of habeas corpus,—and the right to worship God according to conscience. Some blemishes, it is true, still remain. The state alliance is an injury to both state and church. The House of Commons is on the one side too imperfect a reflection of the people,—more likely as it now stands to be influenced by a suppositious public sentiment, expressed through the press, or by mob meeting, than by real public sentiment, expressed through the ballot-box,—and on the other, it is every day less and less held in check by the vetoes,—now almost disused,—of the executive and the senatorial estates. The government of England fails now from that want of continuity and of independence which its exposure to the caprices of a single representative body gives, and from that want of self-confidence which could be strengthened by a more thorough correspondence between the people and their supposed representatives. It fails, also, because it is unwilling to adopt *abroad* what are its own principles at *home*, and to make that which is a matter of domestic principle a matter of foreign policy. It fails because it is trying to turn that which must be a war of opinions, into a war of interests, and to postpone that great issue which it provokes and yet shrinks from when it comes near. But the issue must come. The alliance of the liberator must be with the oppressed and not with the oppressor,—the alliance of the grand old spirit of the COMMON LAW, of the PROTESTANT FAITH,—of the ANGLO-SAXON BLOOD,—must be with the prisoners of the Vatican and not its jailor—with the people of Hungary and not their tyrants,—with Poland, and not with those by whom Poland is crushed. Come then that day: and come when it may, it will be found that centuries will recede, and pure Christianity will again be seen entering the straits of the Dardenelles, and lifting up its hymns on those hills from which it was driven *because* it ceased to be free, and which only when free again can it again conquer."

"The Catholic Work of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. A Contribution to the Cause of the Memorial. By a Presbyter. New York: Printed by R. Craighead, 53 Vesey St., 1855

"'Better Known, More Loved' is a saying that was very touchingly illustrated by a sketch given by us in our paper of last week of the attendance by the bed-side of a dying Scotch Fusileer,—a Covenanter, of a Romish sister of charity. Propinquity, it has been said, makes love, and it is equally true that acquaintance kindles charity. There may be some who will read these lines, who will recollect an incident in the life of one of our most venerated Bishops, which develops this very forcibly. He had nourished a prejudice against 'Calvinism,'—a system which he had been unconsciously preaching for a long ministerial life without knowing it,—which had led him to look with some reserve upon a most eminent and eloquent clergyman of another diocese who was suspected of leaning to that phase of doctrine. It so happened that a revival of religion occurred in their common neighborhood, in the midst of which the two—the Anti-Calvinistic Bishop, and the Calvinistic Presbyter,—were thrown together. It was the lot of the latter to preach, and in so doing he developed as he supposed, his own earnest and positive system of faith with all his peculiar eloquence and fervor. It was the lot of the aged Bishop to close with an address, bringing home, as he was accustomed to do with such wonderful felicity and pathos, the truths which the sermon had developed. He did so in the present case with an unction and beauty which showed how entirely the notes which had been struck awakened a response in his own heart. And then when the services were over, he grasped by the hand the preacher, from whom he had so long been alienated, at least in name,—and exclaimed, 'My brother, we believe in the same!'

"It is just this exclamation we feel ready to address now to many with whose earnest and loving hearts Dr. Muhlenberg's great movement has brought us in contact. Equally with us they are warmed with a true and earnest love to our own dear Church. Equally with us they feel that by her must be chiefly effected the great work of bringing the Gospel in contact with the Anglo-Saxon people. And yet equally with us, they feel that she is to serve as a Mother, as well as to reign as a Queen—that she must be taught

how to enter the hovels as well as to preside in the Court—and that to be properly loved she should be brought home to the heart of every man, so that the heart of every man can be brought home to her. Our Liturgy, when Cathedralized, is like,—if we can borrow an illustration we have used in another connection,—the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture that, when the young ladies become somewhat ambitious, it was determined to have encased with a large gilt frame as big again as itself. It was found, however, that the picture, which formerly readily found its way to the mantle-piece, now could not get through the door. It was but a cottage door it is true, for had it been the door of the rich or superb, the picture-frame and all could have easily got in. But though a cottage door, it was a door such as that through which alone three-fourths of our population pass. And it is the cottage door of the world that the Church must enter; and it is to the dimensions of that cottage door she should be reduced. We would keep on her gilt frame for Cathedral service, but we certainly would not cut off those to whom Cathedrals are inaccessible, or stated services are as yet unfamiliar, from the benefits of our Apostolic ministry and of the ultimate use of that PRAYER BOOK which is the first of all uninspired volumes, and next to the Bible and a preached Gospel, the greatest instrumentality we possess for the conversion of the world. It is to prevent such an alienation,—to reconcile the Masses to the Church and the Church to the Masses, —that the present writer as well as ourselves are now making common cause.

"The stand-point from which the author views the subject of discussion is that of a vigorous though genial High-Churchmanship of the Hobart grade. In what way the present condition of our communion exhibits itself to such a mind is vividly told in the following passage:

"'That worship which we hold dear is an exotic, transplanted from English soil, but never thoroughly grafted into the wild stock of American character. But if any Christian faith gain a national power, it must have a national growth; it must so far admit the action of a living principle as to give it a proper adaptation to American needs; and to this end it must in its early stages, amidst a population wholly indifferent to the forms of England, or Rome, or any other, fall back as far as possible on essentials, and make

its methods flexible. We can as soon build a York Minster, in a western clearing, as make the mass of American society accept a finished Anglican worship. There should be, first, an adaptation of the ministry to the people. A settled parochial clergy must be, of course, the chief reliance; but there should be, besides these, an order fitted by a proper culture to minister to the multitude, not trained in the church system. It is wanted directly around us for labor in half organized parishes, or among the ignorant and poor who cannot be now reached. It is wanted for missionary work; and when we say this we do not mean, as too many imagine, some little suburban province of church action. For a century to come our main labor in this continent is emphatically of the missionary character; our country is the valley of the West, and the broad fields now opening before us to the Pacific. Such a class may be created without detriment to learning or regular order; and to suppose otherwise is as absurd as to say that an army is spoiled by the organization of a corps of light infantry. We want both a highly educated clergy and a clergy for the people; and instead of lowering the standard we exalt it by a right division of labor. Its influence will be a living one to carry the church into the heart of society. Thus Wesley preached and began a work which the Mother Church, in her cold narrowness, would not appreciate, but hardened her heart against him, and forced thousands who might have been loving children into separatists. But, next, there should be an adaptation of worship to the same necessity. The very notion of one rigid ritual for every class, drilled in its use from infancy, or utterly unaccustomed to it, is an absurdity. Such modifications should be, and may be, consistent with the keeping always of the essential features of the Liturgy, with soberness and good taste; the self-same service will remain for the trained Churchman; but the vast class without the church, from whom she must have her recruits, should see and hear her in her Catholicity. She must show her willingness and capacity to meet their wants, to use every mode consistent with essential unity; she must make manifest her living, active, and generous spirit.'

"A very just tribute is then paid to our germinal powers as compared with those of the less perfect communions about us. It is said at the same time, with great truth:

"'Instead of a Church Catholic it is not to be mistaken that we

are in position a sect. It is true that we are among the most respectable of Christian bodies in education, refinement, wealth, and piety. Our growth has been considerable; our moderate doctrines free from theological heat; our broad communion; our attractive ritual, Protestant, yet without the bareness of New England worship; our dignified and sober character; our conservative tone amidst the whirl of religious and social reforms, have given us great influence. But our growth has been and is of a special character, mainly by accession from radical bodies of men, affrighted by the influx of unchecked opinion or wild piety; men of conservative feelings and good taste. This is all well, and to a certain degree may be said to show the influence of the truths we possess over one-sided sectarianism. But in another and much more frequent sense we have won those who care not a rush for the church, but who find in her liturgy and sober ways a comfortable refuge. It is for them a pleasant *Hotel des Invalides*. Our system does not reach the mass of the American middle class. We do not mean, of course, that it excludes them altogether, but that a comparatively small portion of them enter its communion. Methodist and Baptist take hold of such classes, but we do not. Can the fact be denied? We challenge the proofs; we challenge any to go through the parishes of our communion in city and country, and reckon the proportion. Where we have become a church for such classes, it is because certain new features, the first fruits of the harvest which we would more fully reap, *e. g.* the free-church system, have been introduced. To the vast multitude of the people we are a church of England not of America; an exotic, not an indigenous and native Christianity; a church of rigid and foreign ceremonies. But even if it be allowed that our influence is equal to that of the sects about us, which we by no means grant, the very allowance is the most feeble argument. If we be a Catholic church we should not be content with this; we should 'do more than others;' we should meet every class. As it is we stand virtually on the same platform with the Presbyterian, a Church for the upper ranks: wealthy, decent, with our peculiar, exclusive distinctions, not Catholic attractions; a little less rigid than they in theology and social habits, a little more so in worship; in fact, held by the world as in a kind of unstable equilibrium between Calvinist and Unitarian. There are enough who talk of 'the church,' but to call it

so in any practical sense, as having such a position or influence over American character, is simply absurd. Even in comparison with Rome we have far less practical efficiency; her system acts with a vigor we cannot have on the poor and half educated, and men begin to fear that she may be 'the church' of America while they have no fear whatever about us. Here indeed in the east and middle states we do not so fully feel the want, since our long establishment, our wealth and social resources, satisfy us; but in the valley of the west and the larger part of our vast continent it is a patent fact. It is very easy for our complacent churchmen to shut their eyes, and say, 'we are going on very fairly as we are; we need nothing better.' The signs of the times cannot be mistaken; the Memorial does not fabricate, but speaks a profound conviction of many of every party; the movements in Convention for a new order of deacons, the confessed dearth of clergy, the demand for special missionary work, are proofs that the need exists and is felt. It cannot be laughed down, or frowned down, or put out of sight by any who, like the old Aristotelian, will not look into the telescope for fear he may see."

The following passages sum up the practical views taken by our author:

"Two objects embrace the whole, the creation of a clerical order for extra-parochial and missionary work, and the allowance of a greater variety in our worship. This may be accomplished by an increase of forms of service of more stately harmonies for solemn seasons, of simpler modes for simpler uses. Or it may be done by the admission of a power, duly limited, of preaching the word and ministering the sacraments with less rigid enforcement of the rubric. These modifications will not break down the barriers of order. No material changes need be made in the ordinary service of our parishes; and in every case, while greater freedom is allowed for special occasions, we should preserve the essential features of our liturgy, *e. g.* the creeds, the absolution, the Lord's prayer, the necessary formulæ of the baptismal and eucharistic offices. Psalter, lessons, and collects may be left open for selection. Very far are we from those who would surrender our worship for random extemporizing; we want a well regulated liberty. There will be those who doubt the practicability of some plans proposed by certain of the Memorialists, as the admission of ministers from the Christian

bodies around us to orders with but few liturgical restrictions. Such a scheme may, indeed, have a wrong as well as a right side; yet we can conceive no difficulty in making such restrictions, though few, sufficient to preserve the faith and principles of the church. Certainly at present our episcopate has more the aspect of a denominational peculiarity than a Catholic institution; and we shall do well to consider in what practical way we may restore its Catholic function. But whatever our opinion of this or that particular, we may surely, if we desire heartily some improvement, find some way to accomplish it. It were poor evidence of our wisdom, if, for doubt of any individual scheme, we give up altogether, all aim after better things. There is ground enough to unite on if there be the spirit of unity. It is this we wish to awaken, this common feeling of the want, confident that it will overcome every seeming hindrance; and to this end we have written. We have therefore sought to place the movement on its right ground; to prove that it is no radical effort but a sound one to uphold the church. That claim we urge, not on the plea of worldly expediency; God forbid that we prostitute His cause to the base level of modern competition! but as a wisdom based on truth and justice. We affirm it false to the divine character of the church to stand before the world in any other than this Catholic position; we deny emphatically our right to enforce on every man, as the essential condition of entering our communion, conformity to our whole prescribed ritual. It matters not if it approve itself to a cultivated taste; it matters not if men should accept it for essentials although they love not its secondary forms. The church cannot compel assent, but she does so virtually, so far as lies in her power, by imposing on all alike these restrictions. Her duty is to provide largely for all. We do not speak here as reformers, but as churchmen to churchmen. If we be a sect, if we want only a sectarian system for a class of certain tastes and habits, we are justified. The Presbyterian is right in demanding subscription to his catechism and covenant; the Baptist is right in enforcing immersion and close communion; for each is and claims to be only a sect. If we be like them we may follow them, but if we be a branch of the church Catholic, we must show our Catholicity."

We must now close, but not without returning our thanks to the very able writer for the capable style and generous spirit in which

he has dealt with this great question. And we can have at least the consolation that if the memorial does not extend the boundaries of our communion, it will bind in closer union elements in her very heart which are not the least earnest and efficient in her composition.

IX.

Dr. Johnson said that the best rule was never to be solitary when idle, or idle when solitary. A late writer very happily gives another phase of this same truth, when he says, "Solitary thought corrodes the mind, if it be not blended with social activity; and social activity produces a restless craving for excitement, if it be not blended with solitary thought."

X.

For the minister to say, "You have no right to private judgment yourself, therefore form the private judgment that the Church is the infallible judge, and surrender to it your conscience," is the same as for the Sexton to say to the corpse, "My dear friend, you are entirely dead, so jump into the grave and kill yourself." If the man is *dead*, he cannot bury himself—if he can bury himself he is alive. If he has no power of forming an opinion, his submission to the church is a nullity; if he has the power of submission to the church, he has the right of private judgment. The advocate for "church principles," first states an untruth, then admits it to be so, and then advises a spiritual felo-de-se.

XI.

You cannot recollect the differences of old days. *Then*, intolerance was social rather than theological,—now it is theological rather than social. Then the evangelical man was tolerable as a churchman, but not as a man; now he is tolerable as a man but not as a churchman.

XII.

You,—I mean parents, teachers as well as preachers—make a great mistake in presenting reproof by *pressure* instead of by *puncture*. Truth may be shot into the system through a pin hole, but it cannot be forced into it even by the weight of a mill-stone—Martial's famous couplet I think bears here:—

> "An epigram is like a bee, a thing
> Of little size, with honey and a sting."

XIII.

Lady Blessington, herself one of the most demoralizing and demoralized of this world's votaries, gives us the following as one of the golden rules of the religion of which she was a prime minister:

"Be prosperous and happy, never require our services, and we will remain your friends.—This is not what society says, but it is the principle on which it acts."

Now see the contrast in *our* Gospel:

"BLESSED BE GOD, EVEN THE FATHER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, THE FATHER OF MERCIES, AND THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT, WHO COMFORTETH US IN ALL OUR TRIBULATIONS, THAT WE MAY BE ABLE TO COMFORT THEM WHICH ARE IN ANY TROUBLE."

XIV.

Consider that if we repent each night for each day's sins, when the night of death comes, we will have but one day's sins to repent of.

RUBRICAL RELAXATION.—DR. MUHLENBERG'S PAMPHLET.

We are glad to be able to state that among a number of communications received by us on the subject of Dr. Muhlenberg's pamphlet, and the positions assumed by us in respect thereto, there has not as yet been one which dissents from the general views we have expressed on this important issue. And without pretending to speak for that portion of the "High" Church party (and we are glad to say that it forms no inconsiderable fraction, either as to numbers or weight), which agrees with the main features of the memorial, we feel authorized to say that among our clergy and laity south of the Hudson who fall under the name of evangelical there is almost an entire unanimity in the belief that the agitation of the subject in the shape proposed is in itself a great benefit to the Church for which she is peculiarly indebted to the noble and unselfish spirit of Dr. Muhlenberg himself, and of those who have acted with him. So far as concerns the liberty asked for in his exposition, the opinion is equally decided that it should be granted, if not by the repeal of those rubrics which stand in the way, at

least by the general recognition of the principle that they are only obligatory in the performance of public worship in organized congregations on Sunday on occasions of morning and afternoon service. With regard to the legislation suggested by Dr. Muhlenberg, and particularly with regard to his views as to the consolidation of the discretionary power of dispensation in the Bishops instead of its dispersion among the parochial clergy, we are at liberty to speak in less decisive terms, and we would feel more difficulty still in connection with the views of the much honored author on the subject of the communication of our peculiar orders to other Protestant communions upon the terms he suggests. But these are in truth extraneous to the main point at issue, and as to that point we have no manner of hesitation. Our Church, to penetrate the inland,—to reach this village on the mountain side, or that valley whose dispersed population have to be first broken to the preaching of the Gospel by a process analogous to that of the Sunday school,—must reduce her service so as to enable her to ascend channels whose very first bar she would be unable to surmount in her full liturgical armament. We have already noticed as an illustration of the absurdity of this course the exploits of the late (English) exploring African expedition which, after having at great expense equipped a squadron to ascend the great inland rivers of that barbarous country, found themselves obliged to sail back again, when they had scarcely passed the seaboard, because they had neglected to carry with them smaller craft which would be able to surmount shoals which the heavy armed and gallantly equipped ships were unable to pass. We are doing just the same thing. Undoubtedly it is a spectacle of great sublimity to see our Church with all her sails set in the full pomp and grandeur of her liturgical apparel, bearing it away on a free sea, and in the glory of the morning sun. —We will join with Dr. Berrian in all his expressions of admiration at this; and we will go beyond him in our earnest aspirations that that noble flag,—with the cross wrought into it by martyrs' and confessors' hands,—may be carried further and still further, bravely and still more bravely, till the remotest heathen coast has acknowledged its presence and felt its blessing. But we must protest against regarding that gallant gospel ship as a mere piece of pageantry, and in considering that religion consists in keeping her at home in her full holiday trappings, and then taking out the

rest in voluble though inert admiration of her inglorious splendor. And we must protest also against such an impossibility as attempting to ascend our mountain streams or navigate our inland rivers with such an equipment and in such a style as this. OUR CHURCH, —and it is worth while to notice it,—HAS WITH A VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS, OHIO BEING THE CHIEF ONE, NO SELF-SUPPORTING EXISTENCE BEYOND THE SEABOARD. The Missionary reports show this. And if we examine the exception, with any carefulness, we will find that they fall within two classes,—(1.) Where there is a congregation of *ready-made* Episcopalians emigrated from the East, (2.) where the minister adopting the common law interpretation rather than the statutory text, adapts our service to the people as the only means of adapting the people to our service. It is just for this right we contend. As a matter of taste it is more than likely that we would agree with our eastern co-temporaries in desiring that the service as performed in our city congregations at present, should continue in future to be performed, with the exception, perhaps, of the change incident to a revision of the lessons, and the option to the minister to begin on Communion Sundays with the Litany or the Ante-Communion service. But with regard to missionary Agencies, and to informal services even in our thickly settled parishes, we believe that the present supposed rubrical restrictions should be broken down, and that there should be that full liberty allowed which is refused by no Church in Christendom but our own. And we believe that we do not speak without warrant when we say that these views are concurred in by the entire body of that portion of our communion,—at least south and west of the Hudson,—with which we have been for so many years identified.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SEBASTOPOL.—HOW TO FIND IT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We cannot but express most warmly our pleasure at your *noble* stand on behalf of our English brethren now fighting for the right before the walls of Sebastopol. But why do you stop here? Have you not a word to say in behalf of Miss Nightingale, Miss Sellon, and those other true-hearted ladies who are now in the same camp, exposed to equal dangers (of climate, infections, etc.), visiting the sick? I speak only for many when I

say that so noble an example has fired many a heart among their American countrywomen with a desire to share with those *sisters of mercy* their cross by the stormy Crimea, and then take part in their heavenly crown.

Very respectfully yours,

A——E.

[We are glad to hear that A——e and those with whom she has conferred are "fired" with so good a purpose. There is no reason why the motive power of enthusiasm should be surrendered entirely to the world. There is no reason why a Christian should stand shivering at the brink of a rivulet over which lies a little skimmed ice, when the man of business or the man of pleasure, to get at *his* object, will construct an ice-boat that will hew through a frozen river. We are glad, therefore, that A——e has enthusiasm enough to desire to go to Sebastopol. But we will tell her a secret. She is mistaken in her geography. Sebastopol,—at least *one* Sebastopol,—is not "by the stormy Crimea." The fact is that there are more than one Sebastopol in existence, two or three of which are in our immediate reach; and in order to give our correspondent and her friends as little trouble as possible in finding them, we will give them the following sketches by which they will not fail to identify the Sebastopols to which we refer:

A. There is a large house by the side of a river, with a white palace-like front, very much like the President's house at Washington, where an army of the sick and wretched are collected. Bands of pious women and men are organized under the Union Benevolent Society to visit and succor these. If A——e would find *this* Sebastopol difficult of access,—and we do not recommend it to all,—clothing or money or stores will be thankfully received and faithfully appropriated by that excellent institution.

B. Near the juncture of the Reading Rail Road and Front Street, in Philadelphia, in an old-fashioned country-seat-looking white building,—for it was once a country-seat in reality,—is a hospital where in the course of a year one thousand of the sick are relieved by out-door attendance, and hundreds are admitted to beds to be faithfully and kindly treated until recovery or death relieves them. This Sebastopol can be particularly recommended to A——e and her friends, because—1st, donations of books and

garments are here particularly valuable and most needed; 2d, visits of mercy and tenderness to the female wards can be organized under the Bishop and Chaplain with peculiar ease and delicacy; and 3d, the institution has extraordinary claims to such attention from the fact that it is the only hospital in our city where Protestant Religious Services are secured, and is at the same time the only hospital *at all* which is conveniently accessible to a population of at least one hundred thousand souls.

C. We come last to a multitude of Sebastopols still more easy of access. A——e and her associates, in order to find them, have only to go *home*. And here indeed we would particularly recommend those who would follow Miss Nightingale and Miss Sellon to go. It is true that there are cases where hearths have been so dismantled and made desolate by the storms of affliction that there is no home left. The discolored and decaying leaves that mat the damp earth may be all that remains to tell of the luxuriant foliage that once sheltered from the summer's sun as well as gave beauty and home-feeling to the scene. Death or misfortune or that disentangling hand which so often unravels the web of relationship, dividing those who once sat around the same hearth by hundreds of miles, may have come to throw the eye outward, and to make it seek occupation and find duty elsewhere. In such cases God himself leads the way to such objects as we have noticed, and though that way is sharp and rugged,—blasted out, as it were, from the solid rock by His Divine wrath,—yet is easily found. But *home* is more frequently within reach of us all—a spot where we can exert ourselves either to do or suffer for the good of others.

"The common round, the daily task
Should give us all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves the road,
To lead us daily on to God."]

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1859.

TO MRS. T. I. WHARTON.

"STEAMSHIP 'FULTON,'
July 1st, 1859.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

"I am taking a moment of calm to write you a few lines which will be mailed from Havre. After leaving you in Philadelphia I had a very pleasant journey to New York. I drove at once to the Anthons, whom I found very kind. They were all at home, and I spent all that evening with them in cheerful talk about old times. I was very sorry that I could not get up to see the Stoutenbergs, and that I had not time to visit Sarah. But I was kept all Friday in arranging business matters, about passports, etc., and on Saturday I had only time to write a few business letters, and get down to the steamship.

"Twelve o'clock was our hour for starting, and sometime before that hour the passengers were collected. I found Mrs. McEnen and Miss Ashhurst with two or three of the Ashhurst boys. The only other Philadelphians were Mrs. Dana, a very intelligent woman with a great deal of cultivation, her son, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, and George Biddle, with another Philadelphia lawyer, Mr. Junkin. There are about one hundred and fifty passengers on board, but they are greatly divided among themselves, forming about equal parties of Americans, of Frenchmen, of Germans, and of Spaniards. The French and the Germans are anything but inclined to fraternize, and this coolness spreads itself among the passengers generally. Prominent among the Germans is Karl Formes, a great opera-singer and actor, and at the same time an enthusiastic German patriot. You have no idea of the vehement antagonism of the Germans to the French. Napoleon they look upon with perfect detestation. The French gentlemen have taken possession of the large room at the stern of the boat, into which the

Germans, notwithstanding their fondness for cigars, which here are the staple, never intrude. On the other hand, when Karl Formes, the great singer, sang some of his finest songs yesterday evening, very few if any of the French attended.

"I was very fortunate in my state-room. The lower half of it was kept, in response to a telegram from Baltimore, but when the day came for sailing the applicant did not make his appearance. The consequence is that I have had the whole room to myself. So far the weather is delightful. I must now close, my dear mother. With much love believe me ever yours,

"F. W."

"BERLIN, Sept. 6, 1859.

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"I did not arrive here until last night, and did not get your letter and Henry's telling me of Kate's illness until this morning. I need not tell you how deeply I felt all you said. My trust and hope is that by this time Kate and the boy are quite well. To-morrow or next day I expect letters giving me her condition after the 11th. I suppose by this time you are back in Phila., having been to Gambier.

"I am now settled here for a month, and hope to master the German language finally. Mr. Griffin has joined me, and we have taken rooms where we have all the comforts of a private house. In this way hotel expenses are reduced one-half. In Dresden you can get a suite of furnished rooms, five or six in number, for about fifty dollars a month. No one there occupies a whole house, and the best families merely rent a suite of rooms. As to education it is very low. I had a sort of tutor-secretary who came every afternoon and spent three hours with me at a fabulously low rate. The table expenses are also much smaller than in Philadelphia. I suppose this is the reason why many American and English families come here to live. I am sure of one thing, that people can live in a *refined* way,—up to the average of refined people at home,—cheaper here than in America. Thus I think that $1200 a year would go much farther here in keeping up appearances. But for *comfort*, I do not think they come up to the way we live. And I think $3000 or $4000 a year purchases really more in America than in Europe. Then again Gambier is much cheaper in the

price of provisions than even Munich. I have no doubt, however, that Dresden is a far more economical place than Paris.

"I have written so often to Gambier and Philadelphia that I now feel almost like resting a little while. I have had a letter from Bishop Bedell saying that he accepts my offer to make my house his home between November and January.

"I write with great haste to save the steamer and remain ever yrs.

"F. W."

TO MRS. SINKLER.

"BERLIN, Sept. 18, 1859.

"MY DEAR EMILY:

. . . "I shall stay here—decidedly the most agreeable place I have yet visited—until about October 10th. Then I go to Italy again, then to Paris, and wind up in England. My passage I shall take in the 'Arago' for Dec. 13.

"I expect to bring Lizzie over some very good music. There is a young man here, an American, one of the most splendid performers in Berlin, who is going to make the selection for me. I am very glad the boys are going to spend the winter with me.

"Mr. Griffin is with me, and has entirely recovered. For myself, I have not had a headache worth speaking of since I sailed.

"My own belief is, that if you mean to visit Europe for the children's sake, there is but one place and that is Dresden. Switzerland is as dear as Paris, and Paris is one big cheat and falsehood. But here and at Dresden educational facilities are great, and everything is astonishingly cheap. Let me tell you of my yesterday's dinner, premising that the cooking is delightful.

'Soup	2 cents.
Roast mutton and potatoes . .	6 "
Mushrooms	3 "
Partridge	8 "
Pudding (very good) . . .	4 "
Compote	3 "
Total	24 cents.'

"Your dinner varies in this way from ten to thirty cents, and you can take either of the dishes singly.

"I can write but little now, for I am immersed in work, getting material for my book, etc. So, with love to Charles and the children, I am ever yr's,

"F. W."

TO MRS. THOMAS I. WHARTON.

"BELFAST, Oct. 11, 1859.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

. . . . "I have been spending a few days in the north and middle of Scotland, where I have met with the warmest and kindest reception. I have had numerous invitations from literary and religious quarters. On Saturday last I lectured at Glasgow (the largest city in Scotland) to a large audience of young men. The 'revival' among the Scotch is very remarkable, and whole villages are prostrated with a sense of sin. Half a dozen daily prayer-meetings are held in Glasgow. Mr. Hindt, the Episcopal minister there, told me that while he was preaching twenty or thirty persons would be 'struck down,' that is to say, would fall senseless, or almost senseless, on the floor. In many instances these signs would be followed by solid conversions. He discourages these bodily manifestations very much, and has succeeded in almost entirely repressing the physical excitement. The crowd at his church, however, is immense. I was there last Sunday evening, and had to go an hour before hand, in order to get a seat. There was only one case of prostration, and that not very distressing. But here in Ireland things are in an extraordinary condition. In one little village near here ten tavern-keepers have been obliged to give up from the want of custom. This great city seems really overawed with religious feeling. To be sure there are very extraordinary religious accidents. But notwithstanding these, the Protestant Bishop, and a large body of his clergy, have given in their adhesion to the revival meetings. I hope to remain here a few days and understand the state of things more fully. After that, I go to England, D. V., and then to Italy. I am preparing a little book of curiosities for you which I really think you will relish. . . . .

"Ever yours, affectionately,

"F. W."

TO MRS. SINKLER.

"HAVRE, Oct. 25, 1859.

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"I am writing a few lines in this place, where I am waiting for the train. I left England last night, having spent a most pleasant fortnight there, and you can form little idea of the real kindness I

met with. I have written to mother to say in general how much hospitality I received. Let me describe a day at Oxford, one at Cambridge, and one at London. Take my first day at Oxford. First, old Dr. McBride, the principal of Magdalen Hall, and one of the most distinguished men in the University, took me to see all the leading sights. Then I lunched with Mr. Litton, the author of the book on the Church, and quite a leading thinker. Then I dined at Mr. Golightly's, where I met a number of distinguished people. The next day Mr. Mansel (I suppose the greatest English metaphysician living) fairly took me to live with him, and I was perched up, in the afternoon, in one of the Chapel stalls, among all the dignitaries, in the exquisitely ecclesiological and antiphonal chapel of St. Magdalen.—Then for Cambridge. The afternoon I arrived there I was 'dined' and then 'wined' by the fellows of Caius College. Next morning I was breakfasted by Mr. Clayton, Simeon's successor. That evening I left for London, where I found the same kindness. Thus on Saturday I paid a very agreeable visit to the Archbishop of Canterbury at his country-seat, who gave me a volume just published by him, with his autograph inside. I then dined with a Mr. Walker at a very beautiful park in the same neighborhood, and spent the night with Mr. Silver, who has another place near by. I ought not to forget that I lunched and spent the greater part of Friday with Miss Marsh, the authoress.

"I have just taken my passage in the 'Arago.' I am delighted at the prospect of paying a quiet visit to Mary at St. Germains, from Nov. 25th to Dec. 12th, and then of returning home. I am excessively weary of travelling, and what makes it worse, my headaches have returned. I wish I did not have to make this Italian journey; but it seems absurd to be in Europe without going to Rome, and so I hurry on.

"I have not heard from you since you left Gambier, though Joe, Tip, Hamilton, and Ohl have all written to me. I sympathize deeply with poor Charlie in his being obliged to sit in the baggage-car on his way to Mansfield, and trust that he is now fairly rid of this ostracizing complaint.

"I am sorry to say Mr. Dallas, who has been very kind to me, thinks that the relations between England and America are very precarious. Lord Palmerston, it seems, has hurried off a fleet of

steam-frigates to St. Juan. His colleagues, however, hold him in check, and it is questionable whether he can carry a majority of them into any measures which will necessitate a collision. Mr. Dallas says that Lord Palmerston personally is very irritating towards America—very different from his conservative predecessors, who were very pacific and conciliatory.

"The preaching of the English Church is, I think, above the average of ours. Their sermons appear more effective, chiefly because they do not use notes. I must stop now.

"With love, ever y'rs,

"F. W."

"SCOTCH EPISCOPALIANS SCHISMATIC—A SECT.

"LONDON, July 24, 1859.

"A very significant debate took place in the House of Commons on the 13th instant. A Mr. Grieve, a Scotch Episcopal clergyman, petitioned for a private Act of Parliament to authorize him to officiate in the established Church of England. It was admitted that by the law as it stood, Scotch Episcopal orders did not enable parties receiving them to hold Anglican preferments. It was urged, however, that there were many precedents of private enabling acts such as the present. It was pretty soon seen, however, that the question was largely affected by doctrinal sympathies. For the bill were arrayed the Puseyites and the Nothingarians, against it was the entire Protestant interest. I give notes of one or two of the speeches:

"'Sir A. Agnew complained that in the bill Dr. Skinner was designated as Bishop of Aberdeen—an innovation he thought highly objectionable.

"'Mr. Steuart said the bill was presented to the house under extraordinary circumstances. They were called upon to deal with this case through the medium of a private bill, and not to take it up as a principle, and seeking to embody it in a general measure. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Grieve had fallen under the censure of the Bishop of the Diocese in which he had been located. He was a Sacramentarian of the most decided views and it was not right that he should be permitted to disseminate in England views condemned in Scotland. He should move that the bill be read a second time that day three months.

"'Mr. S. Estcourt said they had passed similar bills, under similar circumstances, and it might seem hard upon an individual that they should suddenly turn round after he had been put to considerable expense in bringing his case to that stage, though he granted that matters of this sort would be dealt with better by general acts of Parliament. If the bill were allowed to pass its present stage it might be sent before a committee.

"'Mr. Newdegate said the case stood so that this gentleman came before them in connection with the Episcopal Church of Scotland, standing condemned in that Church by one of its chief authorities, and through this peculiarity he was induced to come before Parliament. He thought it was doubtful whether any of these applications should be granted; the Episcopal Church of Scotland was not an established Church, and its formularies and articles were not identical with those of the Church of England. Great difficulties, however, stood in the way of a general measure, and the house ought to be very careful in dealing with the question.

"'Mr. Bouverie said it was time for them to stop passing these bills, which were of an entirely exceptional character.

"'Lord J. Manners (Puseyite young England) said that the honorable member for North Warwickshire (Mr. Newdegate) seemed to think that this gentleman had been censured for some matter of doctrine. Now that was not the case. The whole complaint against him was that he declined to pronounce an opinion in a case in which only one side had been heard. Although there was no doubt that the Bishop in question did write the letter of censure, it was also true that the same Bishop had afterwards written a letter in which he spoke of Mr. Grieve in the highest possible terms. The question before the house was whether, upon the statements made upon the one side, which were rebutted on the other, they were prepared to refuse to an individual who had already incurred a large expense in prosecuting his bill before the House of Lords, that license and that liberty which Parliament had assented to in numerous instances under precisely analogous circumstances. He held that it would be unfair to withhold that relief now which had been given in similar cases. He should therefore assent to the second reading.

"'Mr. Roebuck (Nothingarian) said it struck him that a fair statement of the case had not as yet been made. The member for

Kilmarnock (Mr. Bouverie) stated that he objected to any deviation from a general law which was a good law. He agreed with him in that objection. But what was the fact? There were two classes of men before the consideration of this house—first, the Catholic priest, and secondly the Episcopalian clergyman. Now, what did they do with the Catholic priest? They acknowledged his ordination the moment one of them called himself a clergyman of the Church of England, and he was allowed to take the benefit of it. But with the Protestant Episcopalian clergy of Scotland they did no such thing. When an Episcopalian clergyman declared himself to be a member of the Church of England he was compelled to go to the Protestant Bishop to be re-ordained. He believed that the real objection to this particular gentleman was that he was unlike a Catholic priest. This was a law considered to be most unfair towards our Protestant Episcopalian brethren of Scotland. Being a thorough advocate for the principle of free trade in religion, as well as in everything else, he was of opinion what was a rule for the Catholic priest ought to be also a rule for the Protestant Episcopalian of the Church of Scotland.

"'Lord Palmerston wished to state in a few words the grounds upon which he should give his vote in opposition to this bill. He quite concurred with his right honorable friend near him that the discussion upon the merits of the law as it now stood might be fairly remitted to a committee of inquiry into the whole subject—namely, whether the present law should or should not be altered or in some degree modified. But there was on the general principle a great objection to the passing of private bills establishing exceptions to a particular law. Although he regretted that the reverend gentleman in question should have been put to such great expense in this matter, he nevertheless thought it was time to stop those private bills, which seemed to express a censure of the existing law. He was of opinion that it might be desirable to appoint a committee to inquire whether the law should be altered or not.'

"The house then divided—

For the second reading	84
Against it	232
Majority against the 2d reading	——148

"So it is that even *special* permission will not be given to a Scotch Tractarian to officiate in the Church of England. As to a

general law permitting 'free trade' in this respect, the large majority above given shows that there is no prospect of such a measure passing unless coupled with a provision for a like interchange with the other reformed churches.

"How is it, I may ask, with our American Church in this respect? Did we not act inadvertently in swallowing in a gulp the Scotch Episcopal orders? We were then, it is true, in the turmoil of our own organic construction; but this affords no objection to our reconsidering the question now that a period of leisure has arrived. Independently of this, the validity of the Scotch orders is still an open question on which each individual Bishop must decide. Those orders, as is well known, were always disputed by the English Church. Consecration was refused to Bishop White, Bishop Provoost, and Bishop Madison, until they engaged to permit Bishop Seabury (who held the Scotch succession only), to join in no consecration of succeeding Bishops with them, unless he became a mere superfluity from the attendance of three Bishops of the Anglican line. This pledge was religiously kept. The consequence was that Bishop Seabury's orders are no more an integral part of our own, than those of Mar Yohannan, a supposed Syrian Bishop, who, it may be recollected, flourished in some of our Conventions and ordinations some years back. If, as is maintained in England, the Scotch orders are insufficient from a break in the succession, the Scotch clergymen stand on the same footing with the Methodists. Their orders are merely Presbyterian. I see no objection to their being admitted to our pulpits, provided they subscribe to our formularies. But I think that as they cannot be distinguished on principle from other ministers of Presbyterian ordination, the measure that admits the one should be comprehensive enough to admit the other."

"ARY SCHEFFER'S PICTURES.

"PARIS.

"Even the Louvre does not collect a greater crowd than the pictures of Ary Scheffer, now on exhibition in the Boulevard des Italiens. To Protestants, in particular, they have claims which the Romish altar-pieces, at least, do not possess. The latter may be idols; the former are *commentaries*. Take as an illustration of

the former the famous picture of the Conception by Murillo, a picture for which the French government paid over $100,000 at the sale of Marshal Soult's gallery. I pass the exquisite delicacy of this picture, a delicacy made still more refined by the haziness—the Indian-summerishness—of atmosphere with which the coloring is invested. But with all this, we cannot rid ourselves of the idea of a sort of gross and common idolatry which underlies this as well as all other pictures of the class. Angels are hovering round the Madonna, paying to her all sorts of obeisances, while the general tone of humility in her lovely countenance is not unmixed with an expression of dramatic condescension. How different it is with Ary Scheffer's picture of Mary at the moment where Jesus, after the resurrection, 'said unto her, Mary.' The face is purely human. It is that of one faint and pale with watching and grief. But is also that of one seized with sudden and delighted surprise. There is an *immediateness* about the expression that is very extraordinary. In other paintings the faces look as if they had looked in the same way for an almost indefinite period before. Even Murillo's virgin seems as if she had regularly composed herself for an audience with the angels. But here we can almost hear the lips, in the ecstasy of sudden recognition, cry, 'Rabboni, that is to say, master!' It is this naturalness that gives to Scheffer's paintings so much of the exegetical character. And with but one exception, which I may notice hereafter, the tone of this commentary is entirely in accordance with Evangelical teaching.

"With some of Scheffer's pictures I have no doubt that you are already acquainted. 'Christus Consolator,' and 'Christus Remunerator,' have found their way into so many print-shops that they have been accepted by not a few of our countrymen as among the truest expositions of Christian ethics.

"These do not appear in the present collection, though we scarcely feel their loss when we gaze at the noble body of paintings which remain. Prominent among these is Christ tempted in the wilderness, which arrests the eye as you enter the room. The conception of Satan, to my mind, is not only very forcible, but very new. Two general notions of Satan have run through our schools of art. The first is that of Milton, in which the fallen angel is painted as grand, austere and chivalric, retaining in all his

fierce and implacable resistance to the Most High, all the attributes which we might invoke to grace a human prince who is conquered yet not subdued. On the other hand we have the Mephistopheles of Goëthe, who is mean, malignant and petty; and who, instead of being as his Miltonic predecessor is, a *gentlemanly* rebel, is guilty of all sorts of small treacheries to men, while innocent of any grand scheme of resistance to God. I think that Scheffer's Satan is of a distinct and far more scriptural type. His nature is double. It is not merely the human rebel sublimated to the angelic, as with Milton, nor the angelic dwarfed to the lowest grade of the human, as with Goëthe, but it is the angelic and human co-existing, as two parallel natures, like two slides of a magic lantern, the two throwing together on the canvas their united and yet at the same time their distinct images. Thus we have it is true the fierce and in one sense unselfish animosity of the fiend—for it is an animosity which an infinitely foreseeing nature must know to be bootless—coupled with the weakness of the human. Of the latter Scheffer gives us in this picture a remarkable trait in the expression of passionate entreaty which grows over the face of the fallen angel as he makes his last request."

"NEGRO BISHOPS FOR AFRICA.

"You have already noticed Bishop Bowen's death. He fell a victim, undoubtedly, to a malignant tropical fever which desolates the part of Africa in which was his Diocese. His death was not unexpected to himself, and scarcely so to the Church. On this a *Correspondent of the Times* makes a very strong appeal against sending forth any more white missionaries to this part of Africa. In this the world heartily concurs. And yet the same number of the *Times* contains abundant notices of commercial movements to the same climates, each movement, no doubt, abundantly provided with white officers. The *Christian* then, is to withhold those sacrifices for the next life, which the man of the world thinks a matter of course for this. But what proof do we give of our religious convictions if we permit obstacles to hold us back, which the worshippers of mammon treat as of no account?

"F. W."

"MR. SPURGEON AND HIS PREACHING TO US.

"LONDON, July 26, 1859.

"From Westminster bridge to Surrey Gardens, a distance of about two miles, may be seen streaming every Sunday morning a procession of thousands who are on their way to the hall where Mr. Spurgeon holds service. When there, the scene, to an American eye, is very striking. The hall itself is situated in a large public garden. One hour before the time the several entrances are surrounded by a dense crowd. As you come closer, however, you observe that the crowd divides; one-half of it remains outside until thirty-five minutes before ten, when the hall is open to the public generally. The other half, by the payment of a shilling, obtains admission to certain preferred seats, which in fact occupy about one-half of the entire building.

"Let us enter, however, with the former class, at about a quarter after ten. The services do not begin until eleven, and yet we find at least five thousand people are in their seats. Each minute adds hundreds, until at last, when the period arrives for the admission of the public generally, the immense edifice, capable of holding from eight to ten thousand, is thoroughly crowded.

"The first view reminds us of Concert Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, as it was when occupied by the congregation of the Church of the Covenant. So far as concerns the general aspect of the building, as well as that of the congregation, there is at the first sight no difference. But soon one or two distinguishing features unfold themselves. The room on Surrey Gardens is twice the size of that on Chestnut street, and it has three large galleries. And besides this there is one noticeable distinction as to manners. There is no superiority of rank recognized in the female sex in England. In America, we all know that it is enough—I think rightly so, supposing a man to be in health sufficient to be able to stand through the service—for a woman to stop and look at a pew full of men, in which case the pew instantly disgorges itself. In England the men, in such a case, not only never budge, but appear entirely unconcerned. In fact, if there be a discrimination, it is *against* the female sex. 'Is there room for another on your bench?' inquired one of the church officers. 'Not for a *lady*,' was the reply, and the only two things that excused it were that it was

given by a lady herself, and that the present feminine costume in England as well as in America, takes double the ordinary sitting room.

"Until the services open the vast congregation waits in almost entire silence. It is not, however, a silence of listlessness. At least one person in every three has his Bible, and many are seen in diligent study. At last, however, a slight rustle is heard, and in a moment the preacher stands in his pulpit.

"There is no mistaking Mr. Spurgeon by any one who has seen his likenesses; but I must add that at the distance at which I was placed from him, which was that of about half the length of the hall, I did not perceive in his features that coarseness which you notice in the American prints. If you were to ask to whom in America he is most like, I would say, though with much hesitation, to Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, as I have occasionally seen the latter when speaking from the platform. There is a general, though it is true, slight resemblance of complexion and figure, and a more striking one in the tone though not in the cadences of the voice.

"The service opened with a brief though rather mandatory prayer, which was followed by the announcement of a hymn. 'You must sing out,' was the preface, 'we may even shout our psalms to the Lord.' The injunction, though given in colloquial words, coupled with a sketch of the earnest singing of the great meetings now holding in Wales, was uttered simply and impressively. It was obeyed. Almost every one in that immense congregation sang. The greater part were provided with books, and besides this the hymn was lined. The singing was very fine, though I could not but think not more earnest, than what I have often heard in the lecture room of dear Gambier. But it had, what of course we could not have there, a volume as of many waters. The airs were very solemn and yet very *catchable;* uniting as do so many of our most popular tunes, the Gregorian with what some of us might call the Methodist. I need not say that the effect was very solemnizing. It was a far nearer approach to worship with the voice as well as with the heart, than I supposed possible on the part of so large a congregation.

"I regret that I cannot speak equally highly of Mr. Spurgeon's way of reading Scripture. He took the 16th chapter of Ezekiel, and read a few verses, but these were smothered in a heterogeneous

mass of commentary which was neither very deep nor very shrewd. From this he passed to another hymn, then to another prayer, which I thought almost as deficient as the first in the supplicatory tone, and then came a sermon from the text, Ezekiel xvi. 54.

"From what I have already said you see that I am by no means inclined to give Mr. Spurgeon unqualified admiration. This much, however, I must now add, that for the purposes of such a vast assembly as he addresses, he is the best sermonizer I have ever heard. And having said this much, you will permit one, in view of the many in our own Church whom I think a similar culture might make almost equally as useful, to notice one or two of the qualities by which his speaking is marked. What he says is extemporaneous, so far as extemporaneousness means a disencumberment from the blinders and martingale of a written sermon. But otherwise it is not. There is the mark of very careful preparation. Underneath lies an analysis, none the less positive from its not being technically mapped out. On the whole texture rests a halo which leaves the impress of closet prayer as well as of closet study. Nor does the preacher hesitate for either words or illustrations. As it is in reference to both of these that the greatest exception is taken to his preaching, in reference to them I will say one or two words in detail.

"Mr. Spurgeon's language is certainly very colloquial, but by no means so much so as that of Latimer and Ezekiel Hopkins, whom the religious world has always endorsed, and no more so than that of Kingsley, whom the literary world has promoted to be its special clerical favorite. Take, for instance, the following passage which I give from memory and which I select as the homeliest in the whole sermon I heard. He is speaking of the way in which the world criticises the inconsistent professor of religion. He quotes the world as speaking somewhat as follows:

"'What do you mean by charging us with pride? Have you none? Your Doctors of Divinity—do they not occasionally sport *their* titles as well as our titled men sport *theirs*.' You talk of bearing the cross—do you bear it except occasionally it be one of gold? You talk of tribulation, entering into the kingdom, but if you have any it must be in secret. You talk of superciliousness—are there not among yourselves sisters in satin, who consider it a meritorious thing in them to worship on the same bench with

an unwashed laborer? You talk of avarice—are there not some among you who will make thumb and finger meet on the throat of a debtor until they sever his jugular vein?'

"Now had this been written for the press, it might have been desirable to translate it into phrases more stately. But the preacher meets his fellow men face to face, and it becomes him to use that language to which men are accustomed when thus meeting. We weary of an attitude which is novel to us, even though that attitude be one of attention. And besides this, in the use of homely language we have the authority of Scripture and the sanction of experience. What preacher of our own tongue ever held together large crowds of people, who was not homely in his choice of words?

"The same observation applies, I think, to illustrations and metaphors. Of these Mr. Spurgeon's use is copious and has at command extraordinary metaphors; the most insubordinate of allies are subjugated and tamed by him with a completeness which is one of the most extraordinary of his gifts. He ventured, in the sermon to which I refer, on a metaphor drawn from the practice of the Court of Chancery, of adding from time to time different defendants by special bill. As the topic was technical, and as I never heard of the speaker having had a legal education, I expected every moment to see him dismount or be thrown. But it was not so, for he kept his control of the metaphor until it answered his purpose, which it did perfectly, and then dismissed it.

"Then with regard to illustrations. He told the following with great effect. I give it as one which I think we can all apply to ourselves. The object of the sermon, let it be recollected, was to show the mischief of inconsistency among Christians:

"'A clergyman once preached a very awakening sermon. A young man who was in the congregation, was much impressed, and finding that the clergyman was to walk some distance home, joined him, in the hope of having some conversation as to how to be saved. The clergyman was walking with several others, and instead of the conversation turning on religious matters, it was light and even indecorous. Some years afterwards the clergyman was called to see a dying man in an inn. As he entered the room, the dying man started. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have heard you *preach*.' 'Thank God for that,' said the clergyman. 'But, Sir,' continued the man, 'I have heard you *talk*, and your talking has ruined my soul. Yes,

Sir, do you remember that day when you preached from that text? That sermon brought conviction to my heart. But I sought a conversation with you, and I walked home with you, hoping to hear something about my soul's peace, but you trifled—*trifled—trifled!* Yes, so you did, and I went home believing that you knew all the solemn things you said in the morning were lies. For years I was an infidel, but now, now I am dying, I am one no longer. But I am not *saved*—I have hated and now hate, and you did it. I will meet and accuse you before the bar of God.' And so the man died.'

"Now, you ask how was this, and passages equally solemn, delivered? I answer, in a tone almost entirely conversational, without a single eruption of that rant, by which our extemporaneous speakers sometimes break their force. It is true that Mr. Spurgeon's articulation is perfect, that his voice is sweet, clear, and strong, and that his cadences are such that not a single word is dropped. But I am confident that by adopting the same conversational, simple, earnest manner, even weak voices could be so used as to equally enchain the attention.

"But, after all, I have given but a sketch of the mechanism by which Mr. Spurgeon's great pulpit success is produced. The moving power is above this. It is not genius, for to this Mr. Spurgeon cannot lay claim. His gifts are certainly much above the average, but still not so much so as to achieve for him distinction independently of the subject matter on which they act. That subject matter, which he applies with such tremendous power, is the doctrines of grace as taught in the articles of our own Episcopal Church. And I draw from this, that if those doctrines are expounded with equal earnestness and simplicity, like results, though of course in a circle varying with the speaker's intellectual and elocutionary powers, will follow.

"One word more as to the blemish I have noticed in Mr. Spurgeon's services. I am clear that had a short liturgical exercise taken the place of at least his main prayer, the effect would have been more solemn, more devotional, more permanent. Such is the usage adopted in the working men's meetings, held in Exeter Hall, under the direction of the Bishop of London. Of one of these meetings—the most impressive service I think I have ever attended—I will speak in another letter.

"F. W."

"ZURICH, July 28, 1859.

"I am now almost in the centre of the diplomatic vortex by which the politics of Europe are convulsed. The peace congress meets here next week. Already some of its outriders have arrived. On looking over the names registered in the very noble hotel where I am writing—the Hotel Baur Sur Lac—I see at least one name distinguished in former diplomatic contests. It is that of a Russian princess, who, having had a good deal to do with the pacification of Vienne, now is ready to take a hand at that of Zurich. And let me remark that those who charge feminine strong-mindedness with being an American innovation, should be reminded that it is an European institution.—The peace treaty which settled the original boundaries of Holland, after the establishment of her freedom, was negotiated by women, and was called thence the 'Ladies' peace. That which restored Francis I., after the battle of Pavia, was negotiated in the same way. Charles V. employed his sisters and his daughters in his most important offices. And now, as in 1820, ladies stand behind the nominal leaders, often directing their moves.

"Then as to the peace itself. Writing as I now do for your columns, I do not feel at liberty to view it politically, but this much I may say in passing, that I still think that the preliminaries are a move in advance. It is true that Italy is in a ferment of irritation. It is true, also, that in England, those who were the bitterest in charging the French Emperor with rapacity in going to war, are now twitting him with his greenness in making so moderate a peace. It is true that deeper than this there lies a feeling of profound disquiet in the English breast, as to what may be the next move of this mysterious potentate, who has now obtained the control of the camp as well as the councils of Europe. For myself I have another impression, and that is that the vice of the peace is the perfidy that underlies it, not to *governments* or *princes*, but to men as individuals. These, subjects as they might be, and without any corporate existence, the emperor did not hesitate to invoke to carry out the war. He could engage with Kossuth to arouse Hungary; he could stimulate the middle provinces of Italy to cast off their governments; he could negotiate with Garibaldi. But when peace comes, he finds that those whom it was not below his notice to *fight* with, are now below his notice to keep faith with.

I and the Austrian Emperor; *I* and the Sardinian King; but not I and the vast bodies of men whom I invoked to insurrection. Now what I fear is, that while Napoleon III. piques himself on his gallant fidelity to his promises to *princes*, he considers *peoples'* as not entitled to such immunities. He broke his oath to the French people to sustain the republican constitution. He has now broken his pledges to the Italians, who flocked to him in his Austrian campaigns.

"And yet with all this, I must think that the peace is a gain to the cause of humanity and religion. It will *not*—and this is the general opinion among those best informed—restore the Austrian Arch-dukes in central Italy. It will leave Austria in a small minority in the new confederacy. It secularizes the Pope. Giant despair will have to come down from the cannon-mounted fortress of prerogative, and meet other men as his peers on the open plain. So much as to religion. And then as to liberty. I question whether a republic could possibly stand in Italy over a month; and whether, after all, the best she can have is not a strong government, acting on a liberal policy as to education and religion.

"LORD SHAFTESBURY, MR. KINGSLEY, AND ALMACKS.

"An advertisement in the *Times*, last week, announced that on that day (Thursday, July 20), the 'Society for the Promotion of Sanitary Knowledge,' which, after all, is only a society to tell mothers how best to treat sick children, would hold an anniversary meeting. The names of Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Maurice, who were advertised as speakers, brought me to the hall at the hour appointed. As I entered the room, there was a sort of faded finery about it that told of a world, very different from that whose sympathies were nominally invoked that morning. The walls were interspersed with pictures of graces, in light pink and blue gauzes, now made still gauzier by the effacing hand of time, skipping about in dances, or holding in their hands what I suppose were some kinds of instruments of music. The short-waisted and convolvulus-shaped skirts, the postures and styles of dances, all told of about sixty or seventy years back. Could they have told more, they would have narrated a story to which the world would listen with that eager attention, which the fashion of the present

gives to the history of the fashion of the past. For here was the old seat of Almacks. Here struggled, with a bitterness greater than that of the political chiefs whom they followed, the rival duchesses of Rutland and of Devonshire. To the gates of this room hurried thousands with a devotedness equal to that of the worshippers of Juggernaut. All these are now in their graves. Now, however, the scene has changed. Of all meetings of respectable ladies' societies that I have ever seen, this was one of the most sedate and subdued. Even one of our own children's homes or Dorcas meetings could not have presented a greater contrast to the old Almacks than did this. There were about one hundred ladies present, most of them of mature years. And the very few men whom I could see sat in the back-ground, as if in cheerful submission to feminine supremacy in this, its proper sphere.

"Lord Shaftesbury, who took the chair, is well known in America as the leader of the evangelical interest in the Anglican Church. For such a post he has peculiar qualifications. His courage and his consistency are as unquestioned as his piety. And he has, what in England is of much importance, not only political weight but patrician dignity. His noble ancestry gives him the second, and his connection with Lord Palmerston the first. He married a daughter of Lady Palmerston, and has been thus brought into close connection with that remarkable man who, having, in the course of fifty years, taken part in nearly every administration by which England has been governed, now occupies, for a second time, the post of Prime Minister. It is to Lord Shaftesbury's influence that Lord Palmerston's excellent ecclesiastical appointments are generally traced. Lord Shaftesbury did not appear to me to be much over fifty. He is tall, slender and was dressed in that plain and informal manner by which English gentlemen are marked. For this kind of dress, I may observe in passing, there are one or two reasons besides taste. The damp climate prescribes thick tweeds, and banishes, except for evenings, the glossy and dapper black broad cloths, which are so uniform among ourselves. But I can see another reason for this plainness among the higher classes. What might be called fine dressing among the men, is not only monopolized, but made ridiculous by the footmen. An American cannot look at the more exuberant specimens of this class without a smile: A wig whose circumference is edged by long

ridges of crisp white well powdered curls—a nappy black broadcloth frock or dress coat and trowsers to match—a shining white waistcoat—these, by their very absurdity, seem to exclude the dress they caricature from general morning use.

"The audience whom Lord Shaftesbury addressed was one almost exclusively of ladies, and what he was to speak to them about was what is peculiarly woman's work. He stood up behind a small table, and, hat in hand, began to talk to his audience in that hesitating manner by which English public speaking is so often marked. At first he was not well heard, but a hint was given to him of this, and he raised his voice to a tone which, though conversational, enabled him, without effort and with increasing ease, to fill the whole room.

"What he said was eminently feasible and practical. It was the peculiar duty of *women*, he declared, to *teach* women. Without the practical instruction which could so easily be given as to the best way of securing cleanliness and health, the gift of money would be comparatively useless. He mentioned the case of a parish, in which, by the introduction of white-washing, the number of dispensary cases had been reduced eight hundred. He advised the extension of what were called 'Mothers' Meetings,' in which mothers were instructed as to the best way of nursing children. He touched upon several injurious usages, one of which was the bench without a back, and another the velocipedes, in which very often a robust child was made to play baby, and a delicate sister to act horse. He closed by urging the advantages of a scheme such as this as a means of introducing the gospel, and at the same time its uselessness unless the gospel be made its accompaniment.

"Mr. Kingsley was next announced, and, you may easily suppose, at once arrested my attention. My first idea was that he was about thirty-five, though I have since been told that he is much older. His hair is raven black; his figure slight and slim; his eyes of a light blue, in marked contrast with his hair; his voice hard though clear. I think I have rarely seen a manner which was, at the first sight, worse. He writhed and twisted his naturally good shape into all sorts of outlandish attitudes. He let his voice out in wreathes and snorts like steam. Soon, however, this agonizing consciousness was lost, at least on the part of the hearer.

Thought after thought, as it escaped from the struggling engine below, wreathed itself like the steam-puffs that we sometimes see on a clear day, in symbols of beauty above. That what Mr. Kingsley said had a good deal in it of what we would call strong-mindedness in our own country—that it had a good deal of that affected humanitarianism which distinguishes the Boston sentimental philanthropists of Unitarianism, I do not dispute. But there was occasionally a thought of great energy and sense that demanded our respect. It is true that here, as well as in his writings, he gave the text of Scripture an occasional extraordinary materialistic wrench. Thus he interpreted: 'My father will not suffer one of these little ones to perish,' to mean that he will not suffer one of them to be dwarfed or destroyed by unkindness or maltreatment. One thought he pressed with great beauty. It was that the death of an old man might be tolerated, for that was in the course of nature; the death of a soldier on the battle-field might be tolerated, for that was voluntary, and with the previously accepted compensation of fame; the death of a mature man might be tolerated, for he had in some sense measured his course; but the death of a young child had an awfulness about it from its repugnance to God's own appointment of probation, and from its almost universal connection with that carelessness which generates disease. War, he said, had its courtesies, but not so the pestilence which man's selfishness generates. The *first* spares women and children; not the *second*. You have given us your peace society against *war:* now give us your peace society against *disease*.

"NO AFRICAN BLACK BISHOPS.

"The point I mentioned to you in my last, as having been formally agitated by the *Times*, has received a decisive solution. The *Church Missionary Society* has examined it fully, and made a report last week through Mr. Venn. They take ground against the policy of consecrating black Bishops for an Anglican Colonial church. They say that they see no objection to transmitting the Episcopate entire, when the time arrives, to an independent African Church. But they urge that while the Church remains colonial, it is better that its chief minister should be a white of Anglican descent. They add that they have consulted in this the colonial clergymen of Sierra Leone, and that they agree in the report.—I cannot but

think that this takes from our English brethren a good part of the edge of the weapons they have so often used against us. Beyond this position our Church certainly has never gone; and in the ordination of priests, all her sections have testified their Catholicity of feeling in the ordination by common consent of natives of China and West Africa.

"F. W."

"MILAN, Aug. 3, 1859.

"SWISS MOUNTAIN WORSHIP.

"The little village of Thusis derives its name from a colony of Tuscans, who are supposed, at a period early in Roman history, to have fled across the Alps and taken refuge in this spot. The Nolla, one of the first tributaries of the Rhine, gives that river a gray, soap-stone hue, which is drawn from a range of mountains which here arise. Thusis exhibits in a close and yet repellant contignity, the features of alpine and valley scenery. On one side lies a broad and velvet-like sweep of lawn, which even a park on the Isle of Wight might envy. On the other side, the advance guards of the Alps slant forward their austere heads, as if stooping over to gaze on the calm valley before them.

"But the alternations of scenery around Thusis are not so remarkable as the alternation of faith. The storms of the Reformation here rent asunder people with as fierce and final a blow as those by which the mountains are severed.

> 'A gloomy stream now flows between,
> But neither hail, nor storm, nor thunder,
> Can do away, I ween,
> The marks of that which once has been!'

"At Chur, which is a short drive of two hours from Thusis, the German language and the Calvinistic faith prevail. At Ems, separated from Chur only by a slender tributary of the Rhine, we have the Romaic dialect and the Roman Catholic faith. Reichenhau is German and Calvinistic; Bonadus, Romaic and Roman Catholic; Thusis, German and Calvinistic. It is of the last-named place that I now write.

"It is ten o'clock on Sunday morning. The bell in the church by our side, as well as that in Zillis, is ringing just in the same

way as our bells in Philadelphia, which is very different from the more tinny and flatter sound of the convent bells of the Romish Churches on the continent. When we enter, the church is quite full. Outside, like most of the Swiss Protestant Churches, it is shaped like a New England meeting-house, with a pepper-box tower in front, and an oblong body, distinguished, however, by a deep chancel. The congregation is a large one, and comprises the whole village. The men and women sit on opposite sides, and the children are collected by themselves in the chancel, facing the congregation. The spectacle, to an American eye, is very novel. The younger women have their heads bare, and the elder wear merely a knit cap. The men are dressed very plainly, and are most of them of the lowest order of peasants. That many of them come from a distance, I think is evidenced by the number of shepherd's and other dogs that skirmish about under the seats, most of them, I regret to say, engaged in warfare with the fleas, which form so serious a drawback to Swiss travel.

"Precisely as the bell stops ringing, the minister takes his seat in the pulpit. He is a thick-set young man, perhaps of about thirty. His clerical dress may be better described as a jacket than a gown, for it stops about his waist, while it is adorned with two bunches like shoulder knots on the shoulders. The old Geneva skull-cap he does not wear, nor has he any other badges indicating the clerical profession.

"The service is begun with a hymn, which we were not slow to recognize as Old Hundred, which is admirably sung by the whole congregation, sustained by an organ, which plays, however, nothing but the air. Then the minister reads from a book, the people standing, a confession very similar to that which begins our prayer book, with a brief liturgical service. Then comes another hymn, then a small portion of Scriptures, and then a short sermon in the German, though with a dash of provincialism which increased my difficulty in understanding what he said. But in the main, it was a practical and faithful application of St. Paul's doctrine, that those who are freed from the law through faith, ought nevertheless to fulfil all the injunctions of the law in the spirit. And this I may say, that a more earnest congregation I have never seen than that which was here collected in this Alpine Swiss church. Here, the faith has been preserved pure, and it shows its result in the

simplicity of the people. Poor, they undoubtedly are, for they inhabit but a miserable ledge of soil. But this poverty, by its separation from its ordinary incidents of vice and pauperism, indicates how energetic is the faith by which it is here enlightened.

"Crossing the Alps has been already often described in your columns by pens far abler than mine. It has been my lot to ascend most of the mountain ranges in our own country. Of these, the White Mountains alone give a standard with which the Alps may be estimated. The Alleghanies are a series of well rounded slopes; the Rocky Mountains a vast, desolate, and uninhabitable chain of rocks. Unlike the Alleghanies, the Alps push their rugged and bare heads far above the region of vegetation. On some of their summits lies perpetual snow. They extend their giant limbs in shapes the wildest and most distorted; a precipice of five hundred feet protruding over us in one direction, a deep ravine gaping up towards us in a second, and a cataract of Niagara height dashing by us in a third. On the other hand, the Alps differ from the Rocky Mountains in the excessive beauty of their valleys, in the rich cultivation by which their ledges are made productive, and in the number of the villas, villages, and castles by which they are studded.

"WAYSIDE ORATORIES.

"But I pass these more obvious features, to notice one or two which fall more within your particular range. The first is the testimony paid by these mountains, and by the slopes which surround them, to the existence of a religious sense. Stupendous works have been here done, but the most stupendous of all have been done for religion. Superb post roads, with bridges like those of our most substantial railways, span the Alps, but these roads are less expensive, were wrought with far less self-denial and voluntary grinding labor, than the chapels, the churches, and the cathedrals, which we meet on every side. Nowhere do we find greater proof that man knows himself alienated from his God; that he feels the agony of this banishment; that in his own blind way he seeks to find a home, by splendid decorations and by superb architecture, in which this God will condescend to dwell near men. But he does this with a conscience so depraved, and perceptions so debased, that the most splendid temple he erects, and the most im-

posing worship he offers, are suited only to a deity as narrow and weak as himself.

"I speak not now of the Swiss Protestant churches. They are plain, simple, and reverent, suitable places for the worship of him who is a Spirit and who is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. I pass, also, the magnificent Cathedral of Milan, under whose shadow I now write, and which, while it cost more than all the four hundred churches in Philadelphia put together, has a Sunday congregation not equal to one of our average Sunday schools. Let us go from these, the grander effects of this sense of banishment from God, and of a blind striving to propitiate him by human gifts, to the wayside oratories by which the roads are marked. To a stranger these are among the most remarkable proofs that we are passing from a Protestant to a Romish country. There they stand, one almost every half a mile. A little stone mausoleum, of about ten feet high and six deep, contains in its recess a tawdrily-painted image of the virgin and child, which is protected by an iron railing, in front of which are altar steps. But, alas! it is the Madonna who predominates over everything, and the Madonna in the least spiritual of shapes, spangled and satinned over as if going to a *fête*. I do not recollect seeing any worshippers at these shrines. But be this as it may, you will find nowhere else a more idle and degraded looking people. It is not because the soil is bad, as is the case in a great part of Switzerland, nor is it entirely on account of the numerous holidays which the Church requires to be kept undesecrated by labor. But I think the reason of this, and of the political imbecility of the people, is to be found in the way in which the religion of the land, instead of elevating the soul to heaven, lowers it below earth.

"WHAT THE PRIESTS LOOK LIKE.

"As soon as you descend into Lombardy, you become painfully struck by the appearance of the priests. In France they have the look of polished though decorous men of the world; in Germany, of benevolent old fogies; and in both these countries they appear but rarely, and also with a subdued demeanor, as of men walking among their equals. But in Italy, notwithstanding their recent rebuffs and the hatred borne towards them by the body of the people, they infest the streets, and stalk about with an air of insolent superiority, in

which there is neither courtesy nor kindness. Such is their general cast, though there are of course many varieties. Thus yesterday, in steaming through the Lake of Como, besides a number of the class I have described, there were two or three exceptions which particularly attracted my attention. One was a very jolly and fat old priest, who smoked his cigar, chatted pleasantly with the captain, and looked with a sort of scowl on the crowd of invalid French officers, of Sardinian free-booters and of American heretics, who occupied the rear of the boat. But still more striking were two Capuchin monks. Their heads were bare, though the sun was beating on them with all the force of an Italian August.—Wooden sandals were the only protection of their feet. Their bodies were covered by loose sacks of coarse, reddish, brown-worsted, girdled only by a rope round the waist. The elder of them was about fifty, with a countenance furrowed by exposure and suffering, but marked with a dignity far different from the superciliousness of his neighbors of the regular priesthood. The other was scarcely twenty-five. Lank, emaciated and brown, he had a haggard and agonizing expression, which those alone can appreciate who recollect Wilkie's picture of the young Spanish monk on his knees seeking solace from his superior. In that picture we have exhibited the vehement strivings of a heart which is shaken to its depths, by passions and aspirations to which the cloister opposes a menacing bar. He had tried to extinguish them but in vain. They storm the more violently than ever, for they are in part the natural instincts of the human breast for society, and their enthralment, while it increases their waywardness, increases their powers. He sinks on his knees, and piteously implores his director for succor and comfort, his countenance showing the intensity of the struggle going on underneath between the religious and the social instincts.—Such, I cannot but think, was the expression of the young Capuchin whom I met yesterday on Lake Como.

"Let me add that the arrogance of the regular priests is met by a bitter hate or contemptuous ridicule on the part of the great body of the people. Thus at Chiavennia, the main hotel, where the great body of travelers going across the Alps from Milan stop, the walls were distinguished by pictures exhibiting priests in the most ridiculous and indecorous lights. There was a priest gormandizing on a fast-day on all sorts of stealthy dainties; there was a priest

amazing even a trooper by the largeness of his potations; there was a priest eloping under circumstances still more discreditable. Is there a section of our own country where such treatment of the clergy even of the Romish Church—to say nothing of the Protestant—would be tolerated?

"F. W."

"BATTLE FIELDS.

"That flat, prairie like plain, that stretches for miles on each side of us, is Marengo, and there Napoleon I. won his first great victory over Austria. And there, a few miles to the East is the river Ticino, scarcely wider than the Vernon river at Gambier, but from its emerald clearness, and the babbling haste with which it is scampering down its bed, much more like one of our Alleghany mountain streams. Well indeed, may it seem burdened with many a message, for it has lately witnessed many strange scenes. A few weeks ago its waters were red with blood. Not far from its banks lies Magenta, where let us for a moment stop. There is the spot where the Austrians were driven into the town, made a final stand, and in that cemetery followed a desperate conflict in which the ground was strewed with corpses. And there, still further on, where you see the houses riddled with cannon and rifle balls, is the place where the Zouaves made their last desperate but successful charge. Not far off is the point where the French general, Espinasse, breathed his last. One mourner I saw there who told us that fidelity does not belong to man alone. A large brown dog, with a medal round his neck, was wandering about as if in search of something. He belonged to the General, and having seen his master last at that spot, has since then kept watch for his return. The remains of the General were a short time since removed to France, and his family sent out orders to have the dog brought after them. But this faithful companion knew not that all that remained of him whom he loved had gone before; and he broke loose at a railway station where his guard took him out to water. A few days afterwards he was found with his broken chain, at Magenta, at the very place where his master had fallen.

"THE CATHEDRAL AND THE LIVING HERO.

"Sunday, August 8th, was the day appointed by Victor Emmanuel for his triumphant entrance into Milan, the capital of Lombardy, which now for the first time he visits after it was assigned to him by the peace of Villa Franca. I was at Milan at the time, and though the want of any Protestant place of worship kept me very much in my hotel, yet the demonstrativeness of the Milanese left no doubt as to what was going on. I may here remark, in passing, that one of the most difficult sacrifices which an earnest Protestant is compelled to make, is that of abstaining from visits to the Romish churches on Sunday. When we have no other place of worship open to us, our heart yearns for one so splendid in its decorations, so fascinating in its music, and at the same time nominally, at least, devoted to the service of the same Lord. Many Americans—differing in this from their sturdier English brethren—yield to this temptation, and often think that they can do so with a devotional temper—I do not speak at all for such; but for myself I cannot but feel that these churches, on Sundays, are but spectacles and not places of worship, and however innocent a visit to them may be in the week, yet as you cannot hear a word that is going on, and as the whole service is a mere pageant, the visit, even though innocent, is nothing but sight-seeing. Let me give you, as an illustration of this, a sketch of last Sunday at the Milan Cathedral.

"I was in the vaults of the Cathedral the day before, on an errand I will presently describe to you, and was present at the exhumation of an extraordinary amount of trappings that had been buried a short time previous, to escape the apprehended sack. St. Charles Borromeo, certainly a most worthy philanthropist, and a devout though mistaken Christian, is the tutelary guardian of Milan, and all sorts of insignia commemorating him were being dragged out. First, tumbling feet foremost, came two silver colossal statues, the cost of which we were told was two millions of francs, or four hundred thousand dollars. Then was turned out with an irreverence in singular contrast with its nominal sanctity, a tooth of the saint, done up in a heavy silver casket. Then came a number of other relics, some pretending to be connected even with our blessed Lord, but all mixed up in a mass of

old refuse decorations—fire-works—stands for colors—and stage trappings, which had been used on prior public rejoicings. We have heard of shoes which followed one husband to his grave, and then danced at a wedding with a second. These trappings were something of the same class. Their last office had been to deck an Austrian triumph. The priests, wishing to be economical, thought that by erasing a spread-eagle in one place, and daubing on the tricolors in another, nobody would be the wiser if the same finery was brought out as an apparent impromptu to do honor to the Piedmontese conqueror.

"But the device did not succeed. The secret crept out, and a Milanese mob delighted itself early on Sunday morning with exposing the priests and baffling their designs by tearing down the exhumed decorations. Then came a struggle against time. Disaffection to any government, and particularly to a government that has as its allies such rapacious and irresponsible agents as mobs, is the last thing of which Italian ecclesiastics would be openly guilty. So at once all hands set to work, priests, attendants, and the workmen they could collect. The king was to appear at six in the afternoon. The hands could hardly be collected before noon. So the service at the Milanese Cathedral on that day was divided into three parts. In the first, officiated the mob; in the second, a crowd of milliners, upholsterers, carpenters and ecclesiastics; in the third, the king, the officers of state, the hierarchy, and the people in the full splendor of a Te Deum.

"AN ALPINE BROTHERHOOD.

"I have not heretofore written about church architecture, and I do not mean to do so in future, partly because you can get far better descriptions elsewhere, and partly because it is rather with those active elements which deal with our own thoughts that I want to treat. But I must pause a moment before the Milan Cathedral, the most superb specimen of Gothic architecture, in regard both to the majesty of its dimensions and the luxury of its finish. I have now seen St. Paul's, in London; the Madeleine and the Notre Dame, in Paris; and the Cathedral at Cologne. This, however, impresses me as much the finer. It is of white marble, and reminds you in some slight degree of Grace Church, New York, supposing that church to be expanded tenfold, to have its

decorations almost indefinitely multiplied and refined, and to be provided with a suitable number of transepts and chapels. Outside of it alone there are four thousand five hundred marble statues of the average size of life.

"The full grandeur of the pile can be seen from above. Four hundred and fifty stone steps lead you to the top. There you are on the summit of a vast marble roof, of about eight times the area of Girard College, but how different! *There* we have a flat plain; but *here* we have pinnacles, their bases fringed with the most luxuriant marble foliage, and their bare, alpine summits, divided from each other by deep ravines, whose white depths are almost hidden in their recesses by the shadows falling on them, and by the contrast with the sun-lit heights above. Not many miles off arise in the landscape the snow clad tops of the Monte Rosa; and as we stand on the Cathedral top, and view the Alps, with their like intermingling of snow glitter and ravine shade, we cannot but feel the beauty of Mr. Ruskin's remark, made, however, in a far different connection, that there is 'a certain look of mountain-brotherhood between the Cathedral and the Alps.'

"THE CATHEDRAL AND THE DEAD SAINT.

"There is a sight below, however, more strange, if not more impressive, than the sight above. Deep in a crypt lighted with funeral tapers, in a sepulchre and adorned with every beauty that wealth and art can provide, lies the body of St. Charles Borromeo. A dollar is the admission fee to see him, and I but followed the current in paying the visit. A coffin of plates of rock crystal welded together by gold, is covered by a silver case that by an ingenious piece of mechanism may be screwed down in such a way as to leave the body of the saint exposed. There he lay, the head, notwithstanding its mummy like state, recalling to you the well known portraits and statues. Over the brow hung an exquisite gold coronet, the work of Benvenuto Cellini. The body was covered with the cardinal's official robe of damask heavy with gold. One hand was gloved and held a crosier, and on the other, which was bare, sparkled several jewels, claimed to be of immense value. So glared and glittered the saint at us, his shrunk and blackened features in painful contrast with the jewels and gold that blazed on us as they met the light of the torch.

"Now to a taste not adjusted to European standards, such a sight as this, if it does not shock, will at least awe. I am sorry, however, to say that I found these feelings gradually weakening at the sociable, easy way in which the scene was treated by our attendants. One of them was an ecclesiastic who, before he could go down to the sacred place, felt obliged to put on a cape of lace. It would have been better, however, if he had put on the cape of a reverential temper, for when he got down to the vault he skipped about with such levity, and ran the torch with such vivacity towards different parts of the saint's body, chattering all the time about it with such familiarity, as to leave on the mind the impression of a second-rate menagerie exhibitor. In one of his skips he flirted against a tall silver crucifix and knocked it over. Knowing the reverence paid by the priests in public to these awful symbols, I imagined that he would at once stop, and with some decorum, place it again on its pedestal. Not so, however. On he went, chirping away as cheerily as ever, as he put the torch where this jewel or that bone could be best seen, while the eyeless and toothless and jewelled dead, still glared and glittered at us from below. It was for one of us, a Protestant, to replace the prostrate image, and soon after our attendants took us out as gaily and gossippingly as they took us in.

"Now I have dwelt on this, because I fear it is but a sample of the stage trick by which the Church of Rome, in Italy, itself faithless if not scoffing, turns the most solemn mysteries of our common humanity, as well as of our divine religion, into the subjects of exhibition and sale.

"F. W."

"PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN LOMBARDY.

"Already Protestant missions have been organized in Lombardy. The British and Foreign Bible Society has made a large appropriation, and many thousand Bibles and Testaments are at Milan. Even more propitious than this is the action of the Evangelical Society at Geneva, which has detailed some of its best agents to act as colporteurs in this fertile and populous, though but lately emancipated region.

"So far as concerns the Government, these movements have for

the present fair play. Victor Emmanuel, who, by the peace of Villa Franca, has absolute sway in Lombardy, has irrevocably committed himself to free principles. He governs in Sardinia through a parliament, and the fundamental sanctions of the Constitution which is there established are universal education, and what Mr. Bright, in a late speech in the House of Commons, called religious free-trade. The resignation of Count Cavour, does not seem likely to affect this policy. That very able and very enlightened minister found himself unable to hold office, it is true, under a treaty that guaranteed the continuance of Austrian sovereignty in Northern Italy. But his withdrawal will not be followed by a reaction. His successors are more advanced liberals than himself. I cannot think, in view of these circumstances, and in view of the necessity the Sardinian government is under of retaining its hold on the liberal interests, that there is any danger of interference with the Protestant missionaries.

"On the other hand, the ultra-montane party is uttering shrieks of alarm, at the introduction of the Bible into a country, from which it has for so long been excluded by fire and blood. They denounce it as a falsified gospel, and they declare that the intrusion of Protestant missionaries is a conspiracy against Italian peace. *L'Univers*, the high-Romish organ at Paris, calls upon the Emperor and the Sardinian King to stop the treason at the outset. On the other hand, the *Siècle*, with a great deal more good sense, says that even from a Catholic standpoint, these movements will do no harm. Opposition, it argues, only purifies and strengthens the Church. Even supposing the Pope to be stripped of his secular power, will not this help him? Was the papacy ever so powerful as when thus disencumbered?

"But where will these movements end? Is there any chance of the light breaking on these now darkened plains? Alas! I cannot say. No earnest Christian can now enter Italy without the exclamation bursting from his heart, 'When the Lord cometh, will he find faith among men?' The priests are now but a foreign element, hating and hated. They have no hold on the men, and but little on the *women*. You may traverse the churches—you may scrutinize the papers—you may bend your ear to catch the popular voice in its whispers as well as its thunders—but you hear no expression of reverence for the Romish Church. On the contrary, from every

quarter there strike you utterances of detestation, of ridicule, or of contempt.

"But is there any countervailing evangelical feeling? Is this opposition to Rome *religious* as well as *political*? I fear not. At the best, the assault seems to be from Atheism. No one can fail to admire the character of those Italian patriots who, under such heavy indignities and persecutions, have resolutely, though calmly, kept the liberal political faith. But the purest of these in rejecting Rome, have rejected revealed religion altogether. They speak, when they speak on religion at all, in the language of a vague pantheism. We might as well expect to make missionaries of them as of Horace Greeley or Theodore Parker. And so it is, though in a coarser way, with the people at large. Humanly speaking, I do not see how, even in Lombardy, the gospel is to be spread, except by the instrumentality of earnest, faithful preachers, capable of commanding and directing the attention of a people whose sense of individual religious responsibility, seems now almost extinct.

"ENGLISH CHURCH SERVICE AT LUZERNE.

"Whatever may be our political or social prejudices, I do not see how any right-minded American can travel on the Continent of Europe without feeling a pride in his English descent. The Englishman may be awkward, and in some cases—I have found them very rare—supercilious. But wherever he goes he carries with him, in all their integrity and pride, the institutions of his home. In a country where society is but one great lie, he speaks the truth. In a country where everybody cheats, he is not merely honest, but has a credulous simplicity about him which makes him a ready victim of imposition, until almost the last step, when woe to those who encounter his wrath. In a country where infidels as well as believers take off their hats to relics, and cross themselves with holy water, and dip down before altars, he tramps resolutely through cathedrals, and from his clumsiness, much more than from even his scepticism, jostles so rashly among the 'spectacles' as to draw down many a scowl from the priests in charge. But with all this defiant rejection of what he thinks wrong, we have an equal defiant maintenance of what he thinks right. With him—and he travels a great deal—goes his church. Of all intolerantly Roman Catholic communities

that of Luzerne has been the most so. Yet here we had, on Sunday, August 14, a congregation of nearly four hundred, attending our Church service, and listening to two most faithful sermons from the Rev. Mr. Alford. The scene was indeed remarkable, for the Church is one which the municipal authorities, I suppose from political considerations, lent to the English for public worship. It is called 'St. Maria, Hilf,' and blossoms all over with Mariolatry. The high altar has now a veil over it, but this does not conceal the immense picture above, representing the Virgin being worshipped by all sorts of personages, celestial as well as terrestrial, while on top are in large letters the words—from which the church takes its name:

HILF, MARIA, HILF!

Nothing, however, could be in greater contrast with this than the faithful sermons which were that day preached.

"ROMISH SUNDAY FESTIVALS.

"In singular juxtaposition with the severe majesty of the gospel call to worship, is the following, which I translate roughly from the *Luzerner Tagblatt*, of August 14:—

> 'Come every one to the church-feast,
> For all will be there, the greatest and least!
> Put on your festival jacket and gown,
> For dressed in its finest you'll see all the town.
> Come along on this Sunday, for here you will find
> All kinds of eating and drinking combined—
> With music and singing for those who are inclined,
> But Ave Maria to those who're behind.'

"And in response to this very extraordinary invitation, the streets of Luzerne were thronged even as early as six, with persons going to this 'Church-Feast.' Here was a procession of students, formed in line, singing their gay songs as they tramped along. There came a party of peasants, with their plaited hair and black bodices. What they did when they got to the festival I cannot say, but certainly their conduct on the way was anything but devotional.

"ENGLISH CLERGY—THEIR DIRECTNESS.

"One feature strikes me peculiarly among the English evangelical clergy whom I met in London during my visit there, and whom I have since seen on the continent. This is the very great positiveness of their theology. You know here this quality was noticed in Mr. Ryle's tracts, and how much they owe to it their success. Now I do not mean to say that this quality pervades *all* the clergy. But I do say that among those with whom I have been particularly thrown, I find a directness of exposition in respect to the doctrines of grace, and a simple clearness in the technical statement of the necessity of conversion, and of the consequences of an unconverted death, such as are by no means conceived even with the clergy holding the same general views among ourselves. Perhaps this is one of the few evil consequences which flow from our system of elections. The episcopate is a sore temptation, and so often is a seat in a standing committee, or in the General Convention, and as long as these things are held out as honors, they have a sad tendency to produce a weakness in the knees. Men are afraid to be considered ultra, forgetting that, humanly speaking, in an unconverted world, the truth must be always considered ultra by the great body of those who make up public opinion. And yet, yield to these—adopt a compromising, apologetic way of stating the truth—and you lose your main chance of converting the world to a real Christianity.

"EXETER HALL SERVICES.

"Let me, as illustrating this directness in the English clergy, go back to Sunday evening, July 24th, when I was spending a most happy day in London. I have now before me the programme, part of which I extract:—

EXETER HALL.

Special Sunday Evening Services.

FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

1859.

THE WORKING CLASSES ONLY ARE INVITED.

Seats Free—No Collection—Come Early.

"In the programme is a collection of nine hymns, comprising the following:—

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.'
'Once more, before we part.'
'Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove.
'Hark! the voice of love and mercy.'
'From all that dwell below the skies.'
'Come, quickly souls, and flee away.'
'Not all the blood of beasts.'
'Come, thou fount of every blessing.'
'Christian brethren, ere we part.'

"Now here was a service, one of a series, conducted under the direct auspices of the Bishop of London, a prelate certainly not a Low Churchman. Let us see how it was conducted; and in view of the wonderful success of this movement, not merely in spreading the gospel, but in extending the Church among the working classes, let me invite the more nervous among our American Churchmen to witness the scene. First, the minister of the evening, Mr. Cadman, stood up in his black gown, without chancel, reading desk, or stool, before that immense congregation. The service opened with a hymn, which was followed by the Litany. Then came another hymn, and then the bidding prayer, and then the sermon, which, like those of which I have already spoken, was faithful, direct, and full. Then came an extemporaneous prayer, and then a closing hymn.

"Now I have only to say to all this, that I have never seen in Episcopal worship so vast, so earnest, so deeply responsive a congregation. One great, deep voice of entreaty seemed to swell up in the responses, a shout of praise and joy—I hope I will be forgiven so indelegant an expression—in the hymns. Now, in view of the great brotherhood which, in the next world at least, is to exist, was it an objection that many of these voices were as rough and harsh as they were loud? There was a drayman next to me, for instance, whose hoarse notes, and coarse though clean linen smock, even the most fastidious might excuse, when they saw the tears trickle down his cheeks as the preacher dwelt upon our Lord's abounding love and the hardness of the heart that rejects it. Such is the movement that is now making the Anglican communion the popular as well as the national Church of England.

"F. W."

"GOD'S ACRE.

"Munich, of German cities the richest in works of art, has one spot which is, of all others, the best calculated to teach us that while life is short and art is long, yet neither is in the balance of any account as compared with eternity. At the southern end of the city lies a vast graveyard, or GOD'S ACRE, as the German tongue gives it. MAN'S acres lie about it, and richly adorned are they by human genius. There, in buildings, themselves of the most imposing architecture, is on one spot the finest display of ancient statuary in the world.—There, on another, is the most complete collection of Flemish, German, and North Italian paintings. On another is a library of 800,000 volumes, second only to that of Paris. There, on the west, in the midst of a Parthenon-like temple, stands a colossal image of Bavaria, distributing her rewards among the laurel-wreathed busts which are there arrayed. And there, to the north, is the temple of justice, where are distributed the rewards and penalties of the living.

"Let us go, however, to the field where lie the dead on whose ears the distribution of these earthly honors fall so lightly, but over whom a Judge Omnipotent has now pronounced his award. The population of this city of the dead far exceeds that of the neighboring city of the living. Many things strike us as we enter. The graves are far more artistic than with us. Each has its little pot of flowers, to which even strangers, in conformity with the permission which is given on the gates, bring their contributions. In front of nearly each grave stands an urn or pan of water, near which lies a stick, with a sponge or brush at its end. It seems to be a mark of pious care on the part of those who pass along the walks to sprinkle a few drops of water on the graves of those whom perhaps they had known or loved in life, so that there the turf may grow more greenly.

"Two teachers stand here, one small and the other great. The first speaks of the splendor and permanence of fame; of the value of glory; of the lasting gratitude of men. But the other, with an austere brow, rebukes this babbler, and points, as he does so, to the broken monuments under which emperors lie buried; to inscriptions, now illegible, over frames that once struggled as haughtily and successfully as the most splendid hero of the present.

"Then there are tombs which especially tell us how vain is all this talk of glory. In the centre of this graveyard, so overshadowed by more brilliant mausoleums as almost to escape observation, is an obelisk, on which is the following inscription:—

"'L'Armée du Rhin, commandée par le General Moreau, à la mémoire du General Bastoul, blessé a la bataille de Hohenlinden, le 12. Frim. mort à Munich, le 25 Nix, an 9. de la Repub. Franc.'

"Would not even that brilliant young general have thought, had he known what was to come, that glory was but a poor thing, if all that remained of it after fifty years was a cold gray stone upon which only a chance foot stumbles! Then as to the earthly objects, for which he, and the army of which he was one, struggled! The tombs around him answer. Numberless Bavarian captains lie there, speaking exultingly of each step that led to France's final humiliation. Some tell us how the republic vanished, and how the great first consul himself laid prostrate that liberty for which so much blood had been shed. Some speak of Russian snows, and of Frenchmen, and as well of Germans left behind in a frozen grave. Others come from Leipzic, with wounds gladly earned in that great people's fight. Others tell us that Waterloo, in witnessing the final defeat of France, witnessed also their own death in battle. But sadder than all, rises that sublime monument which was raised to Eugene Beauharnois by the genius of Thorwaldsen. I do not know but that this struck me as the finest piece of sculpture I have yet seen, though, perhaps, this may have been from its moral force as well as for its artistic beauty. The monument was erected by his widow, and there are few more touching illustrations of woman's constancy than that which the inscription exhibits. Forgetting the dynastic honors which her husband derived from herself, the daughter of a Bavarian King, she commemorates him—in words which must have rung harshly in Bavarian ears—simply as Eugene Napoleon, once Vice-Roy of Italy. He did not live long after his marriage, nor long after the final overthrow of the first Napoleon, and now as the singularly beautiful and majestic face of the son of Josephine looks down on us, what lessons does it teach of the shadowiness of human triumphs! He who lies underneath that stone would not now, if he still lived, have been an old man, and yet his life would have spanned in France alone the erection and the demolition of two

monarchies, of republican constitutions almost numberless, and of that splendid empire of which he was himself one of the noblest supporters.

"There is one more scene in this graveyard to which I must turn. As you reach the end of an arcade, under which are ranged the higher order of mausoleums, you come suddenly to a series of large glass doors separating you from a recess-chamber. 'How life-like,' you exclaim, for the first impression is that here in their glass cases lie waxen images of the dead. But no! they are the dead themselves.—Here they are from day to day, laid, as it were, in state for a few hours before their interment. They are dressed in their usual clothes, though decorated with peculiar care, and flowers lie abundantly around them. I could not but linger for a moment before one of those chambers. Two biers, around the head of each of which were flickering wax candles, stretched there. On one was a very aged man, his almost gauzy gray hair dropping lightly over a face whose wrinkles death had smoothed, his left hand grasping a cross, while his right enclosed a bell-rope, which is thus extended to give notice in case of resuscitation.

"In the next lay a woman whose face, on which the carefully braided brown hair scarcely showed a glimmer of gray, wore an expression very sad as it lay turned towards the window where I was standing. I looked at the register which was hung up by the window-sill, and saw her age was thirty-seven. 'Poor thing,' I heard a voice near me say, 'she had much sorrow, but she is now at rest.' It was one woman speaking to another; but I felt that it was a lesson to which all men might listen.—Sorrow and rest! To those who know their own hearts, how precious is the thought that the one is God's discipline to the other.

"SUNDAY AT MUNICH.

"I am sorry to give so unfavorable an account of Continental Sundays, but I am confident that there is no American but must on first view do the same. Here, indeed, there is far more of the heart engaged in religion than in France, and far more of the head than in Italy, but still even here, Sunday is a day which merely intensifies the pleasure if not the labors of other days. Most of the shops are open. The public amusements are magnified and multiplied. The 'Tages—Anzeiger,' which lies before me, gives

notice of three theatres, of a circus, of a 'carousal,' of twelve public balls, and of a juggler's exhibition. Now all this is for this evening, and a population of 130,000, in which, in the same evening, there is not a single religious service.

"On the other hand, so far as the churches are concerned, there is much more seriousness here, and a much nearer approach to Orthodoxy, than in countries of Romanic population. The Virgin sinks from a primacy to a subordinate station. We no longer see in pictures of the last day, men such as Napoleon footing his way upwards to heaven, through saints and martyrs as supercilliously and successfully as in earth he jostled his way through princes and kings. Frivolous relics are not by any means as numerous, nor frivolous holidays as frequent. The Church, also, shows a far greater zeal for public edification. I have now before me a list of Romish services for Sunday, Aug. 21st. They are over sixty in number, and distributed among twenty-eight churches. Now, though, this is but one-third of what there would be in American cities of the same size, yet it is twice as many as there are in Paris.

"CHURCH REFORM.

"Two importants steps have lately been taken towards German toleration. The Prussian Government, as you are aware, established some years back a system of compulsory uniformity, by which Calvinists and Lutherans were fused into a new national communion. The common-schools were placed in connection with this Church, and it was required that all Protestant children should attend these schools. This was peculiarly hard upon the old High-Church Lutherans, who had conscientious scruples against what they considered a pernicious latitudinarianism—I am glad to say that the present administration has removed this restriction. A decree has been issued authorizing dissenters from the state-church to establish schools for the religious instruction of their children, provided that nothing is taught in such school contravening the laws of the land. Other restrictions on the religious worship of the dissenters have been removed by a decree which took effect on July 20.

"On the other hand the Emperor of Austria has expressly denied a statement that the new foundations for the benefit of the orphan children of soldiers killed in the late war, were to be con-

fined to Catholics. It is true that in many cases the funds which make up these foundations are dedicated to Catholic use alone; and with these the government does not interfere. With its own funds, however, it makes no discrimination. The Emperor has made another move in the same direction, in giving a piece of ground for a Protestant Church at Vienna. I regret, however, to say, that in the promised decree for the relief of Protestants, no change is made in the provision, that the children of mixed marriages should in all cases be educated Catholics.

"THE HOLY PLACES.

"The disgraceful scenes which have been enacted at Jerusalem it is now hoped will be closed. A Convention has just been executed between the French and the Russian Emperor providing for the restoration of the sepulchre at their joint cost, and for future alternate worship between the two confessions.

"F. W."

BOHEMIAN VOICES.

"From no German city are there to be heard voices of greater religious significance than from Prague. Let me ask you to visit with me a few of the scenes from which these voices arise, and there to enquire whether we cannot draw from them one or two important lessons.

"FROM THE FEUDAL CHURCH.

"First let us go to the old Bohemian Metropolitan Church of St. Viet. Five hundred years ago it was begun, four hundred and fifty years ago completed. Like the Cathedral at Cologne, it exhibits in the Alpine severity of its many pinnacled heights, as well as in the grand gothic simplicity of its naves and aisles, the peculiar characteristics of that, almost the purest, era of Christian architecture. In its vaults lie buried the bodies of some of the earliest German warriors and confessors. St. Wenzel, is commemorated by a chapel whose walls are studded with Bohemian precious stones, over which is hung a tapestry marking the first period of German art. Here, also, are the earlier and more orthodox phases of mediæval theology, to be marked. In that recess is a copy, as

old as 1368, of the famous Byzantine picture of our blessed Lord; the only picture that comes down to us with any historical attestation. And it is worthy of notice how free, is this ancient and beautiful painting, from the symbols of subsequent corruptions.

"FROM THE HUSSITES.

"Let us come, however, a step further in the course of time. Here, in the Alt-Stadt, is the Teyn-kirche, built in 1497 by German merchants, who were beginning to be restive with the high ecclesiasticism which even then was creeping into the Cathedral. Here were the Hussite doctrines first preached. Look at that statute of the Virgin standing at the peak of the roof between the two towers. That statute did not always stand there. Once on that spot was seen a large golden cup, then a Hussite symbol; and underneath that cup stood a statute of George Podiebrad, who was crowned in 1458 in that church King of Bohemia. There it is that we are told of the fate of Bohemian Protestantism. On Nov. 8th, 1620, the Protestants, under the elector Palatine, Frederick V., then claiming the Bohemian crown, made a final stand against the Romish league. The elector had married a daughter of James I., of England, and was encouraged in his assumption of the Protestant leadership by promises from his vain and gasconading but cowardly father-in-law. The combination against him was at once powerful and prompt. But of this the English people, in those days of slow intelligence, knew but little, and when they heard of the defeat of the elector, and the annihilation of Bohemian Protestantism by the allied army under the command of Maximilian of Bavaria, there arose on the British shores a shriek of surprise and rage, which continued to resound until the Stuarts were dethroned, and until, under the grand menaces of Cromwell, the more demonstrative persecutions, at least, of the Romish princes, ceased. But of the intermediate period there is still something here to speak. That old town bell, which you see before the church door, has its particular tale. For there, on June 21st, 1621, were publicly executed twenty-seven of the Protestant chiefs, most of them Bohemian noblemen—and there, twelve years afterwards, Wallenstein beheaded eleven officers of the highest rank in the imperial army.

"FROM WALLENSTEIN.

"Let us descend, however, a little further. Here is a small palace, whose outside would remind you not a little, though its walls are thicker and more substantial, and its surface far more weatherbeaten, of that of Joseph Buonaparte, near Bordentown. But inside a very different scene presents itself. For here was the ducal residence of Wallenstein, that great and mysterious captain, whose reckless ambition, military genius, and love of splendor gave him so striking a resemblance to the first Napoleon, and his stealthy reticence to the third. In the Wallenstein family has this palace been preserved almost unchanged down to the present day. As you enter you see the artificial grottoes used by the duke as baths, and the large gardens, planned in the French fashions of those days, where he used to take exercise. A little further and you come to a small chamber, in which he himself caused the horse, which was killed under him in the battle of Lutzen, to be stuffed and preserved. There that horse still stands, in the bridle and saddle used by Wallenstein on that eventful day. And there, in strange proximity, are the turret in which he used, in company with necromancers, to consult the stars, and the chapel, in which, under the guidance of the priests, to address the Christian's God. Here are the very steps on which he ascended to the one, and the very carpet (of an old Persian pattern, but now greatly worn by the feet and hands of the curious if not by the knees of the devotional) on which he knelt in the other. If we could look a little further into the past, what a scene would be unfolded to us! There lies the great captain, with the blood from an assassin's knife streaming from his bosom. On his table are scattered maps, books of astrology and books of devotion, and it is said papers from which his intended treachery to the Romish and Imperial causes could be proved. Certain it is that in that dark and powerful intellect the plans were matured which would have once more broken at least the yoke of the Catholic league. But there he lies dead, and with him lies the last present hope of the restoration of independence in middle and southern Germany.

"FROM THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR.

"But not so, for, here, once again in the old metropolitan church, we come to a shattered pillar from which hangs a cannon ball which struck the church during the bombardment of Prague, in 1741, by the Prussians under Frederick the Great. Here, on the church walls, and on the bridge, are still seen the marks of the storming and capture of the city in that year, and near here the field of that final battle by which, in 1757, the cause of independence, if not of Protestantism was for the last time prostrated in Bohemia. And now, as if to seal the final submission of this once noble people to Austrian tyranny, we have monuments erected to those who in 1848 put down the liberal movements in Prague, and then trampled out the fire of liberty in Italy.

"From all this turmoil and confusion, from viewing a battle-field in which we see the cause which we love and hold true, thrice triumphant and thrice defeated, in which at last, we see its last defenders trodden down under heels so hard and remorseless, and with an arrogance so bitter and cruel that our very blood boils—what lesson do we draw? Is our God careless of his purposes, or uncertain in the execution of his design? Let us go a little further still, into another quarter of this ancient city of Prague, and see whether we cannot here find an answer.

"FROM THE JEWISH LIVING.

"View then, the oldest and most enduring monument of them all, a monument always changing in substance, never in feature or expression, on whose surface of flesh the eternal constancy of God's purposes is inserted in letters that never vary. See what meets us here, a population of 7000 Jews is forced together in 280 houses. These houses are like the worst we see in Water street, in Philadelphia, but are so close, that their upper stories—and they are very high—seem, as they totteringly bend to each other, almost to touch. The windows present a singular sight. Owing, I suppose, to the crowded state of the rooms, the feather beds, in which the inmates appear to have burrowed the night before, are hung out to air, giving, as they gush outwards from every house, a decamping and unsettled expression strongly harmonizing with that of the people below. For there they are, flitting and writhing

to and fro, sometimes selling goods in some temporary shanty, or peddling and chattering hastily together, but always huddling near to each other, with motions as you look down on them at a distance more like those of a swarm of suddenly aroused ants, than those of men. There they are, with that restless, packed up manner, as if always just about to start on some great journey, and yet never starting, with everything ready to move, and that feverishness which seems to speak of having been so long ready for the great steam-whistle to sound and the cars to start, they, standing as it were at the station, with their baggage all collected in sudden packages in their hands, and waiting and wondering and waiting, and yet the summons never coming though they and the great SUMMONS stand as it were there face to face, there they are, with that unmistakable physiognomy and manner and habits, there they have been for a thousand years, there they will be until He that cometh will come. TARRY THEN TILL I COME. So they have tarried, tarried the same, tarried waiting, but alas! tarried so blindly.

"FROM THE JEWISH DEAD.

"But still, a little further. A crowd of Jewish boys shoving up to us. 'Shall we take you here, or there?' But they slink back as a very bent old man totters up. 'I have the keys of the old graveyard; will you go in?' You enter, paying to your guide the fee that he jealously clutches. There are the quarters of the Jewish dead, even still more tangled and twisted together than the living. Strangely must those bones lie crossed and jostled, for, by that compressive and self-involuting nationality we see among the houses of the living, the grave-stones lie: here one creeping over another, others leaning as it were in a stack, and all together covering the ground as with a continuous heap of aged, long, weather beaten granite fragments. But look more closely and you will see what a mysterious history is here written. Stones are here whose dates go back to periods just following the destruction of the Jewish temple under Titus. The several tribes are here. The urn tells of Levi; the vine of Israel; the double hand of Aaron. So here they lie, the quick and the dead waiting together, to join in their own particular ranks in the procession of the great day. Unchanged have they thus waited, proclaiming how, over all the intermediate

and subordinate circlings of Providence, the divine purpose in its great lines of redemption and retribution marches on constant and unvaried. Here, as it were at this witness box, are the living and the dead, summoned to attest by evidence in itself a miracle, the truth of the divine word.

"F. W."

BERLIN AND AMERICAN STUDENTS.

"Supposing Philadelphia to have its streets widened by one-half, and its houses covered with a whitish-brown plaster, you have a fair idea of Berlin. No continental city—except, perhaps, Munich—is half so American looking, because no continental city of anything like the same size is by any means so new, and so adapted to business purposes. We no longer meet those vast but gloomy palaces, whose internal splendor but ill atones for their darkened exterior and iron-latticed windows. We no longer see the houses of the poor crowded so closely on their crooked lanes, that their upper stories almost touch. The picturesque old roof that beetles over the street, the quaint bow-windows, the short and crooked alleys, here give way to square houses, built in the most practical modern style, upon long and wide streets, crossing each other mostly at right angles. I do not wonder that these, that the very outside of Berlin, make Americans feel themselves at home.

"But there are other reasons why Berlin, especially for theological students, has peculiar advantages. That wild student-spirit, which is so dominant in the rural universities, and which makes the beer-cellar, the senate chamber by which an inexorable public opinion is pronounced, loses here its intolerance. It is, of course, just as easy to be rowdy here as it is elsewhere, but it is also easy to be quiet and orderly, to dress like a citizen, and neither to drink beer nor smoke pipes. And, besides this, the theological faculty is eminent for its ability, its orthodoxy, and its catholicity. To spend one year here, I am convinced, would to many minds bring peculiar theological and literary advantages, and to very few would present those dangers which arise from the latitudinarianism of most of the other German theological schools. So far, indeed, as concerns latitudinarianism of interpretation, the danger is very little. On this question Hengstenberg is here supreme; and I

presume there is no living theologian whose views, as to inspiration and authenticity, are more rigid and uncompromising.

"You ask as to the expense. It is much lower than you would suppose. Furnished rooms, equal to the best of those of our American seminaries, can be had for from $6 to $7 a month. Meals ought not to cost more than $2,50 a week, for living in this respect is very low and very comfortable. The expense for lectures is about $20 for the winter. I am clear, however, that no one should come over without having first learned enough of the language to enable him at least to read fluently.

"The American element among the students is large and growing. Last year there were forty Americans attending the lectures. —The indications are that this year there will be sixty. Nor is the American religious element idle. A prayer meeting of American residents is held weekly. A little chapel, which will hold over an hundred seats, is open for American religious services every Sunday. When clergymen are in attendance—and there is in this respect no denominational limitation—there is service every afternoon. When such is not the case, the American Ambassador, Gov. Wright, conducts a Bible class, which during this summer averaged twenty. I cannot, indeed, let this opportunity pass without paying tribute to the Christian fidelity, as well as to the personal liberality and hospitality by which the American legation at Berlin is distinguished.

"One other movement in the missionary way will perhaps strike you with surprise. Both here and at Bremen there is a regularly established mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At Bremen there is a publishing office which sells books to the amount of $30,000 annually, and a church which is very largely attended. Here there is a Sunday school every Sunday morning, German service every Sunday evening, and two German lectures during the week.

"BREAKING UP OF PRUSSIAN COMPULSORY UNITY.

"How, you may ask, does this introduction of a new Protestant communion accord with the alleged intolerance of the Prussian established church? As the answer to this involves points of much practical as well as theoretical interest, permit me to say one or two words beforehand by way of explanation. The Protestant

Church at the Reformation, as is well known, was divided into two great bodies. The first of these, the Lutheran, or, as it styled itself, the *Evangelical*, held to a view of the sacraments and of church authority, which was more or less tinged with what we now would call sacramentarianism. The second, the Calvinistic, or *Reformed*, ascribed to the sacraments no inherent power, rejected the idea of bodily presence altogether, and denied to the visible church the possession of supernatural virtue. Both held with equal vigor what we call the doctrines of grace; both used language in reference to predestination which we now would call highly Calvinistic, both held to the validity of Presbyterian ordination.

"I need not refer to the distressing controversies between these bodies. It is enough now to say that, for at least two centuries, statesmen as well as divines have been active in the effort to heal a breach which seemed so disastrous to the common cause. Foremost in this work stood the electors of Brandenburg, afterwards kings of Prussia, who attached themselves to the Reformed body. At last Frederick William III. took the occasion of the freeing of the country from the French yoke, to issue the celebrated proclamation of September 27, 1817, invoking a union of the two confessions on the approaching centennial celebration of the Reformation. The proposition was accepted by the Reformed in Prussia almost unanimously, and by the Lutheran Synod of Berlin by a large majority. In several of the minor German States (Baden included) the example was followed.

"So far as this union was voluntary, and so far as it tolerated the continued existence of other forms of belief, it was a great step in advance. But, unfortunately, the new church undertook not merely to invite, but compulsorily to annex, the adherents of other creeds. The old High-Church Lutherans were the first who revolted at what they considered a very latitudinarian amalgamation. Had they been let alone, all would have been right. But of all immoderate things, the most immoderate is compulsory moderation. So, first one old High-Church Lutheran minister was fined because he would not use the liturgy, and another was imprisoned because he was fractious in Synod. The consequence was, that instead of there being *two* communions, as before, there were three—the Union, the Old Reformed, and the Old Lutheran.

"In 1840, however, Frederick William IV., under much wiser counsels, recognized and licensed the Old Lutherans as an independent church. This was preceded by a decree declaring that the union did not absorb the two confessions, but that each continued to retain its distinct authority and integrity. And now, by a very recent decree, all the obligatory laws, requiring the education of children in the State Church, are cancelled. How this, at present, works, I will take another period to state.

"F. W."

PROTESTANT SISTERHOOD.

"Berlin is the site of the central Deaconess Institute, whose branches are now actively and beneficently at work not merely in Prussia, but in the foreign missionary field. Under the special charge of the mother institute is the Bethany Hospital, to which I yesterday paid a visit. The institution was originally under royal control, but its management has now passed into the hands of a board of an unequivocally religious character. The domestic order of the house rests entirely with the deaconesses. As the practicability of such an arrangement as this has been largely discussed among ourselves, I may be pardoned for stopping to notice its working in the present instance.

"One thing struck me at the outset as very remarkable. At Milan, a city, where of all others ecclesiastics abound, and where, after the battles of Magenta and Solferino, the hospitals were thronged with sick and wounded Roman Catholics, I went through wards containing several thousand patients, without seeing more then half a dozen Sisters of Charity. The main hospital was on a distinctly religious foundation, and yet, when the inquiry as to where the sisters were, the answer was that they did not attend very largely, and that the greater part of the work was done by hired servants. It is otherwise, however, with the Bethany Hospital, at Berlin. There are here about three hundred beds, with an average of about two hundred and fifty patients. On these sixty of the sisters are in attendance. Nor is their work purely sentimental. Here is the kitchen, where there is a most admirable application of steam to cooking. There comes a sister, and one whose manner and appearance show no want of refined culture.

It is no errand of mere elegance, however, that she is on. She has in her hand a heavy kettle, filled with the materials for soup. No 'servants' are around to help her, though some of the heavier work of the outer kitchen is thus divided. She goes, however, alone to the large cauldron in which the soup for the evening is to be prepared, and there, after an amount of fetching, carrying, ladling and turning, which would astonish the more delicate, the little lake of soup finally seethes and boils. I could not see that the work was done less effectively from the fact that it was a gentlewoman that did it. But of one thing I am sure. There was an air not only of neatness but of elegance about the work, which merely hired help could not have secured.

"So it was with the wards for the little children. One of the most trying things about our common hospitals, is the hardness with which little sick children are treated. Coleridge said that great reverence was due a child, as in itself, so lately from the Divine presence, as embodying so profound a mystery, as so open in its momentous mission, to be affected by the mere negligences of those who surround it. I could not help thinking of this when observing the gentle dignity of the attentions which were paid to this sick-nursery. The self-respect of the little patients was scrupulously preserved by the neatest surroundings. Remarkable little caps, so white and snug—snowy sheets, so soberly folded down above and tucked in underneath—tidy little pillows, swelling out with that attentive and deferential look, so comforting to the stranger when he arrives at a strange inn—the little tables, on which stood little tumblers and mugs—not big ones—so that the little patients might feel that things were really meant for them, and that, friendless as they may have been before, there were those here to care for them and love them, particularly, for all that they were so little—a little square play-ground, in the middle of the room, with a careful railing round it, so that the children might not get hurt or lost; all these things showed a tender heart as well as a comprehensive and judicious mind. It is hard to see this, and to learn that this kind of aid is given without clashing with the medical authorities—is unpaid, and as such, is far more economical than the ordinary system of a paid help—is disconnected with religious or other sentimentalism—without feeling that such institutions as these may be safely extended even in our own land.

"In one respect the buildings of the Bethany Hospital, noble as they are, are inferior to those of St. Luke's, New York. There the wards radiate from the chapel in such a way, that divine service can be heard by every patient. Here the chapel is distinct, and such patients only as are convalescent can attend public worship. This difficulty, however, is obviated by the admirable arrangements of the deaconesses.—They hold prayer meetings, consisting of short family worship, every morning and evening in each of the several wards. Biblical instruction is given by them to such as are able to attend. And besides this, the whole building is under the general charge of a pastor, who preaches regularly and administers the sacraments.

"HIGH CHURCH LUTHERANISM.

"Few points in German theology are so misunderstood as those which relate to the position of the High Lutherans. We are apt to confound them with the English and American High Churchmen and Sacramentarians, and to suppose that the two schools hold the same general views. This, however, is far from being the case. The High Anglican could not stand two sermons from the High Lutheran. I have never heard such rigid, uncompromising Calvinism as from the leading High Lutheran divines. Personal election—the absolute freedom of grace—the imputation of Christ's righteousness—justification by faith alone—the necessity of a miraculous change of heart—are here set forth with a boldness and precision, at which there are few of our American congregations who would not be startled. On the other hand, the sacraments are invested with a mysterious power which it is hard to distinguish from the *opus operatum* of the Roman Catholics. Language in this respect is used, not in preaching, but in dogmatic teaching, which is the same as that of the English Sacramentarians, and which is, therefore, in singular contrast with the highly evangelical character of the sermons generally.

"But besides this, the High Lutheran holds the most extravagant notions of ministerial authority. This is not because of any apostolical succession, for that he rejects. The extreme call of the Church, however, and the inward call of the Spirit, unite in giving the priest almost indefinite prerogatives. The last number of Dr. Hengstenberg's paper gives a discussion on the point which shows

how high these claims are. A young clergyman, it is said, found his congregation becoming very slack in attendance on church. He went to the mayor of the village in order to enter a complaint. The mayor had on his cap, which he did not take off. 'Which office is the higher,' said the clergyman, 'that of the mayor or the priest?' 'The priest,' said the mayor. 'Then take off your cap, and direct all the village to attend church next Sunday.' The mayor quelled, according to the narrator, by the minister's spirit, did as he was told, and the next Sunday the church was filled. And equally authoritative was the conduct of another young minister, who, when he found his congregation getting up to avoid an obnoxious service, planted himself at the door, and told them that to get out they would have to go over his body. These examples, the editor prudently tells us, are not given for specific imitation, but to show what is the proper degree of ministerial pluck.

"I am sorry to say, also, that the High Lutherans err very much in their treatment of other Protestant communions. The more uncompromising of them—the old Lutherans—hold that it is better to commune with a Romanist than with a Calvinist. Even many of those who have entered into the union of the two confessions, treat their Reformed brethren with supercilious distrust.

"In another point not only the High Lutherans, but the orthodox divines generally, have made a great error. They persist in treating liberalism in religion and liberalism in politics, as one and the same thing. Only the other day, at a clerical meeting in Silesia, it was declared that obedience was a Christian, independence a Cossack virtue. This does not hinder these nominally so submissive subjects from being excessively factious whenever the government attempts in any way to liberalize the Church. The error, however, shows itself in a constant denunciation of republicanism and political freedom of thought. Even some of the mildest and best of the orthodox divines have made this mistake. Tholuck's unction, and Krummacher's fire, are thus occasionally misapplied. The consequence has been greatly to weaken the Church by driving from it men of independent political opinion.

"PARTIES IN THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

"As the National or Union Church now stands, it is divided into three distinct parties. The first of these, or centre, embraces those who hold to an *ex animo* acceptance of such points in the Lutheran and Reformed confessions as are common to both, and to a liberty of opinion in all other points. To this class belong, I cannot but think, the great body of the most earnest and faithful of the German divines. Among them may be mentioned Tholuck, Krummacher, Nitzsch, Twesten, Hoffmann, Stier, Baumgarten, Ullmann, Dorner, Herzog and Jacobi.

"The right wing, to adopt Dr. Schaff's classification, includes the High Lutherans, who, though agreeing to the union, retain their distinctive sacramentarian and sacerdotal views, and their distinctive Lutheran loyalty. The theological leader of this party is Hengstenberg, so well known in America for his admirable commentaries on the Old Testament, and his vigorous and unflinching vindication of the integrity and inspiration of the Holy Text. With him are Stahl, eminent as the most retrogressively conservative of Prussian jurists and statesmen; Göschel, a layman of marked talent, and Büchsel, a most genial man and faithful preacher, who now holds the important post of General Superintendent (Bishop) at Berlin. The King, during the last years of his administration, was much induced to favor this party, with whose political views he agreed. The present Prime Regent, however, has taken decided ground against them, and it is not likely that High Lutheranism will retain the ascendancy it had reached before the King's abdication. On the other hand, the young men in the Church drift very much in this direction. There is an enthusiasm and singleness about Hengstenberg which is very attractive to an earnest-minded student. His ascendancy here is shown by the fact that while four hundred often attend his lectures, not more than a dozen are present at those of his semi-rationalistic associate, who lectures on the same topics at the same hour.

"The left wing includes the latitudinarians, who may be likened to the extreme Broad Churchmen of the Maurice school in England. At the head of this party Bunsen, I am sorry to say, has now placed himself.—With him, though representing different degrees of religious and political liberalism, are Krause and Count Schwerin.

Dr. Jonas, whose death occurred last week, was a leader of this school.

"It is from the last school alone that I should apprehend any deleterious influence on American students. However illiberal the *political* views of the two former may be, they cannot affect the practical experience of any right-minded American, or impress him with the truth of government *jure divino*. And they unite in teaching the doctrines of grace with an emphasis and positiveness which American divines would do well to study. No American student can be hurt in his politics by attending the Conservative lectures; many Americans would be injured in their religion by attending those of the Liberals.

"THE BROTHERS OF THE ROUGH-HOUSE.

"In my last letter I gave you a sketch of half a day in the life of the *boys* in the Rough-House of Hamburg. How, is the question you would naturally put, are these boys managed? These twelve or fifteen families, each containing twelve or fifteen boys—boys, many of them with no previous training but what was bad—who cares for them, guides them with sure hand and eye, and leads them, not merely in the way of order and improvement, but in the way of life? And then these groups of boy-laborers—of little carpenters, cobblers, bakers, weavers, tailors—who leads *them*? In all these studies you prescribe who are the teachers? Who are, the rare men who are capable of keeping together in harmonious working, parts so numerous and distinct, so that all the advantages of the most complete individualism are secured, with all the order and energy of an efficient centralism?

"Now ask the boys of the Rough-House who cares for them—who, in each family is father, teacher, nurse and friend, and you will hear one shout 'the Brother.' And ask these brothers themselves who they are, and you hear the following reply, which I translate from their own words:

"'We, the here assembled brothers, come from all corners of our dear Fatherland. Our home is in Prussia, in Baden, in Bavaria, in Hesse, in Würtemberg, in Thuringen, in Hanover, in Mecklenberg, in Holstein, and in Schleswig. There is not one of us who before we came here was not in condition to earn his daily bread, whether as teacher or mechanic, as farmer or merchant, or

in whatever other station he was placed. Want did not lead us to the Rough-House. But when in our distant homes, we read and heard of the work the Lord has here begun and continued, we prayed that we ourselves might be allowed to take part in the blessing and in the work. So one house-father has called us here as his helps in this labor. And no one of us has obeyed this call without his parent's blessing.

"'Gold or land has none of us brought to the Rough-House; and when some of us could and would have done so, wiser counsels than those of our own declined to receive the gift. What we all have, however, that we do give, our whole selves as thank-offerings to God. Whatever we may have learned, whatever inner or outer skill or handiness any of us has acquired, or may acquire here, that is here dedicated to the service of the boys of the Rough-House, to whom we would be as brothers, and this until he who called us here will send us forth in the name of the Lord, who will open the way in which we are to walk. So do we here stand with our house-father and the whole Rough-House in one faith in Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Lord. We are but unprofitable servants; Christ is our righteousness, his word alone is the light of our feet. We are not our own but his, and serve him, although in all meekness, yet in that truth and hope which he never refuses to those who ask. In this faith and spirit we are one, and hold ourselves as dear brothers in the faith, and in the labors that are presented to us.'

"Here it is that we find the impulse that brings and keeps these brothers together. The nerve of the whole lies in the positive and resolute Christian character, both of the body and of the individual members. The unity of the movement springs from a living faith in Christ, and in a practical application of the doctrine of the communion of saints, not merely with the present, but the absent.

"The brotherhood of the Rough-House now consists of about two hundred, of whom from thirty to forty are on an average retained in the institution to labor among the children, and to prepare for similar missions outside. Let us, in order to understand the movement more fully, view first

"THE BRETHREN AT HOME.

"Go first to the garden, and there you will find, in separate cottages, groups of from five to seven brothers domiciled together.

Each of these distinct homes are governed by fixed rules, its inmates doing all household work with their own hands. One brother takes the lead in the household management, and is responsible therefor; another, who is called the 'Family Brother,' is the leader of the groups of from twelve to fifteen boys, who are collected in the same house. The 'Family Brother' is brought into close relationship with the boys, being with them by day and night, at their meals, at their work, at their play. Besides this, they lead the boys both in their work and in their studies. Be it spinning, shoemaking, printing; be it cyphering, writing, or the sciences, there a brother presides in each group, learning by teaching, and not only keeping the school in Christian harmony and development, but fitting himself for his own future mission.

"THE BROTHERS ABROAD.

"From the report of 1856 I gather the following details of the fields in which the brothers who have left the institution are now laboring:—

173 in the management of houses of refuge.
50 in work, and poor-houses.
38 as city missionaries, of whom there are representatives in New York and New Orleans.
23 in orphan houses.
83 as moral instructors or wardens in prisons.
14 as nurses in hospitals.
65 as teachers.
67 in other capacities, among which are colporteurs, and emigrant missions in America, where nine of the whole number are now laboring.

"The objectionable features of the Romish fraternities are removed from that of the Rough-House. There is here no vow of obedience or of celibacy. There is a perfect liberty to give up the mission, whenever a brother thinks it best. It speaks very strongly however, for the faith and spirit of self-denial and mutual love of the brothers of the Rough-House, that very few have given up the work. One or two reasons may explain this. One is the ardent piety and faith with which the whole institution is charged. Under this we may notice the admirable mechanism Dr. Wichern has here put in action. He is the centre of an active correspondence which binds to the common home the brothers engaged in works of outside mercy. He receives the numerous applications for aid which

are made to him from all quarters of Christendom, and he details to each specific duty the brother whom he thinks best fitted for it. Without his assent the post cannot be resigned, and then the brother thus at large returns to the Common Home to be again recommissioned. Even in a purely worldly point of view, the system is very advantageous to the capable and industrious. The recommendation from the Rough-House authorities secures the confidence of the whole religious and charitable community. Such is the trust in them, and particularly in the exactness and the conscientiousness of Dr. Wichern's supervision, that the most important posts connected with the charities of Europe now seek their acceptance.

"Let me give an illustration of the beneficent working of the Rough-House brotherhood. In 1848 Upper Silesia was devastated by an epidemic typhus fever. Death and misery entered nearly every household. The heart of all Germany was touched. Money came in liberally, but this was not enough. There were the sick to be nursed, and the widows and fatherless to be cared for. Dr. Wichern called the brothers then at the Central home together, and asked which of them would go with him to this work. All craved to go, but only ten were necessary, and ten were selected. A great work of mercy at once was opened. The villages were crowded with the sick and dying. Thousands of orphans were wandering helpless through the land. So great was the pestilence that hundreds were at one time buried in a common grave. There the brothers of the Rough-House found their place. There for months they labored, and they brought health to the sick and solace to the desolate. They organized hospitals where the first were cared for, and asylums where the latter found a home. And they have received one of the rarest recompenses which religious history records. Within the very jurisdiction of the Church of Rome, evangelical orphan-houses were established, two of which remain to this day under the control of the brothers of the Rough-House. Christian loveliness and zeal so far conquered sectarian prejudice, that a Romish community placed its chief charities in Protestant hands.

"I must now close with noticing one feature about the Rough-House brotherhood which affected me very deeply. It is the intercessory prayer which they keep up among themselves. 'Through God's grace,' says Dr. Wichern, 'this has never failed.' I have

already noticed the intercessory prayers in the school at large. But besides this, there is a solemn communion in prayer of all the brothers, present or absent, on the first of each month. Those in the Brother-House assemble in the Hall, those elsewhere in solitude before the throne of grace. There they intercede, 'one for another, and all for all.' There special prayers arise for each brother by name. And once a year, on Good Friday, and on the first Sunday in Advent, the same solemnities are observed at the Holy Communion.

"F. W."

"ROME. November 14th, 1859.

"MY DEAR ——:

"I am afraid that you will find the accompanying copy of 'Hillard's Italy' a good deal the worse for wear. I made it a guide-book, for which purpose I think it is next to Murray.

"I think you will find in Rome a great deal of real practical interest and value. I hope you will not entirely reject Murray. If you will stand on the tower on the Capitol Hill with Murray's plan of the Forum in your hand, you will be able to trace out the whole profile of the ancient buildings. It is a sight which hours can be well spent on, in successive days. With this I think it will be well to take the last chapters of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' which treat of the various changes in the Forum. The streets here are even worse than those of Florence. I do not think that a lady can walk in them without an escort. And then the dirt! Bad as Florence is, I think that Rome in this respect carries off the palm, from the very audacity and intrusiveness of its filth.

"I think also you will find it useful to visit the Reading Room and Circulating Library at Piale's, in the Piazza di Spagna. The books are not very numerous, but are well-chosen, and are, I think, particularly adapted to the study of Roman history and art. . . . .

"With all the charms of Europe, and all the peculiar artistic and historic interest of Rome, I long to get back to our own America, where at least we find religious earnestness. What there is here, is merely ascetic, and is in the Church of Rome. It is a sad thing to see how careless the great body of the Protestants are. Last Sunday the whole hotel, with fifty or sixty English and

Americans, was out sight-seeing, with a few—very few—exceptions. It is a place, I think, that requires peculiar watching of the heart.

"Very truly yours,

"F. W."

"ON BOARD THE 'ARAGO.'
"Dec. 13th, 1859.

"MY DEAR ——:

"I suppose you are by this time enjoying yourselves in Rome. I send you by this mail a few of the late 'Recorders,' and I cannot help wishing, notwithstanding my unabated Americanism, that I could somehow be mailed with the papers, and turn up with them for a few days at Rome. Of all European cities it is the richest, and the one which I am sure you will most enjoy. The Vatican is worth a week's study by itself—I hope you will particularly visit the Christian gallery at the Lateran. The contrast between the simplicity and Gospel purity of the inscriptions, and the tawdry superstition of those in the churches, is well worth study. I hope also that you will visit the cemeteries lately opened in the Appian Way. I have seen few things which so vividly reproduced the old Roman customs.

"I was very much surprised to learn a short time since, in a way which did not admit of much dispute, of a positive evangelical movement in Florence. Prayer meetings are held periodically, and religious services on Sunday. Even the 'Times,' which has heretofore so much queried the truth of such statements, and has taken so skeptical a view of religion generally, admits that the movement is a real one. I found, also, on paying a visit to Basle a few days since, that a similar movement, only far more widely spread, is extending in Würtemberg. The persons interested do not dissent from the established church, which there is Lutheran, but is very dry, but worship inside of it, holding social meetings at such times as do not interfere with the regular services, as was the way with the early Wesleyans. So earnest is the foreign missionary spirit with them, that they have as many as twenty young men, springing from their midst, who are preparing for the work of foreign missionaries. I must say that the Basle seminary, where these young men are studying, was one of the most delightful spots

I visited in Europe. . . . . To-morrow we reach Southampton. At present we are about half way across the channel, and are meditating (or at least the captain is, with the aid of some thirty or forty of the passengers), chartering a small steamer, and visiting the Great Eastern. But it looks now as if we might have quite a breeze, and if so, I suspect some at least of the party will give out. At all events, I will have the opportunity of mailing this note and a copy of the latest 'Recorder.' There is a growing swell on the channel, though the 'Arago' certainly moves less under her machinery than any boat I ever was in. Still I realize that even in the 'Arago' it is possible to feel a little dizzy,—and that even were writing easy, reading afterwards might be very difficult.

"Very sincerely yours,

"F. W."

Shortly after his return from Europe he became engaged to a daughter of Lewis R. Ashhurst, Esq., of Philadelphia, and was married on December 27th of the same year (1860).

Some letters he wrote in anticipation of this event will show the cheerful and playful tone he imparted to daily life, and also give an idea of his occupations and surroundings at Gambier.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT GAMBIER.—(*Concluded.*)

"MONDAY, Sep. 3d, '60.

"MY DEAR ——:

"I am writing a few lines in the cars to say that I am quite well—almost the better for my indisposition of yesterday. The day is very lovely. The sunlight forms a golden flood on the Susquehannah, by whose banks we are travelling. It is now about 4, and in a few minutes we shall reach Harrisburg, and then comes the mountain scenery. We shall reach Pittsburg about one o'clock in the morning. . . . .

"FRIDAY.

"I arrived at Mt. Vernon very pleasantly and safely at 4 o'clock yesterday aft. The towers and spires of the little town were glittering gaily as we steamed up; but a brighter sight to my mundane eyes, was my carriage and horses. I would like to introduce to you the latter characters. They are very stylish and gay, of a dark brown, and only colts. Red Jacket, the younger, being but *four* and Dick, the elder, but *five*. Jacket, I am sorry to say, is by no means a grave horse. Perhaps it may be his youth or perhaps it may be his levity of spirits, but however this is, he has a remarkable number of fancy steps which without making him dangerous to drive, attracts to him very greatly public attention. This summer, he and his brother took country boarding, and have returned in great beauty and fine spirits—Red Jacket having learned at his watering place an entirely new figure—a figure I am sorry to say approaching to a *waltz*. But I can assure you, you will be able to drive them with perfect ease. I found Gambier looking very lovely. There had been heavy rain, and the grass had started up green and fresh. I feel bound to say also, that Franz, my German gardener, has done his vacation much credit. The house is almost covered with vines and flowers, and a bed of

Cannas have grown up into most showy and imposing plants. The house stands on the side of a hill—about one-sixth of the way down. In front of it is a river. The view from the front porch is really beautiful. It looks directly west, and has a sunset view of several miles of hills. Directly back are the College buildings, pictures of which I propose to send you in a few days. How do you all do at C. H——? I suppose this will reach you Monday or Tuesday. I can picture you all collected in the parlor on Sunday afternoon, your father reading one of those admirable sermons. Tell him I rarely felt more impressed than with those exercises. Perhaps it is from my Low Church proclivities, but I have a great liking for lay-services. For myself, though I have a great preference for the Ministry, yet my work is here. I can act more impressively perhaps on young men than on any other class. But I need your prayers and my own for greater fidelity and zeal.

"How can we live at this poor dying rate?"

"GAMBIER, Sep. 9, '60.

"When I last wrote I was just about going to dinner on Friday. It was a very warm afternoon, and I felt very 'mundane.' I was quite cheered up however, by the intelligence brought me by one of the servants that Bp. and Mrs. Bedell had come, and wanted me to come over and take some ice cream with them—of course I went, though it did not need this to tempt me. I found them very cheerful and kind. Mrs. Bedell I think you will particularly like. Both she and her husband are full of hopeful plans for the College. I have rarely seen more noble Christians. Though she has a large estate, they spare themselves in no way, travelling more than half the time, and undergoing all kinds of fatigue. They are not without, however, the elegancies of life—a fine piano with melodeon attachment having arrived for them yesterday. Did I tell you of our mishap in the vegetable line? Franz, the gardener, has been exerting himself to the utmost in the production of vegetables—beans, cauliflowers, tomatoes. All his German arts were concentrated on this, his first American garden. Unfortunately, however, several fine apple trees were in the garden. Some of the school boys of the neighborhood, finding this out, proceeded to the scene on nights, and left the gate open. A coterie of cows was visiting in the neighborhood, and finding the gate open, they sauntered in.

Nothing was more natural than for them to turn to the vegetables.—First came a snip at the tomatoes, then the Lima beans, and then a touch of cauliflower. I do not know what was the effect on the milk of the neighborhood, but one thing is clear, my vegetables are finished. One comfort however, is, Elizabeth had previously put up an extraordinary amount of canned fruit and vegetables. If a siege were expected, greater industry could scarcely have been shown. Now peaches are the great standby. The country is bearing them in great profusion. Monday we got six bushels—all of which are in glass jars. Now, I hope you will not think that I am dwelling too much on terrestrial things, but I am determined to have everything very bright in the future, if my efforts can make them so.

"I beg leave to add a suggestion of a prudential character.—If you put off coming till mid-winter, the house will be so full there will be no getting into it. Though I have said nothing to the servants about coming events, they have been seized with a most extraordinary passion for storing and preserving, till the house is beginning to look like a provision store. You ought to see the closets—like little organ lofts, fluted with bottles of brown tomatoes, green peas, and yellow peaches ranged in rows for the sake of symmetry. Last week I obtained a number of new flowers, which Franz assures me will bloom in Jan. or Feb.—But how little the conservatory looks! and how badly arranged for ladies' dresses! The only passage it has is so constructed that nothing like a skirt can pass through it without flirting against a number of infant fuchsias and verbenas, most of whom are anything but big enough to be improved by a knock."

"Gambier, Sep. 11th.

"What do you think of a fire so early? I have an open fire in the Library, and am sitting by it not at all impressed by the uncongeniality of the bright sun without and the blazing hearth within. The mountain air, of which we have a touch, is fresh and crisp, tho' not cold, and the wood fire is a sort of companion. The other companions around the house are entirely of the silent order. Over the mantel-piece is an engraving of Milton sitting at a table, writing as Secretary for Oliver Cromwell. Milton is festooned around with a series of minor characters, among whom may be

mentioned Napoleon, the Rev. Mr. Cooper, St. Jerome, Brother Holden, and Bishop McIlvaine. The walls are covered with book cases, containing some thousands of volumes.—'As I glance my eye around them, I find on my left hand, an alcove of light reading,' a taste for which you know is my weakness.—Then come biographies and histories—then theological treatises—then sermons—then ecclesiastical histories—then Biblical commentaries—then periodicals—then encyclopaedias and dictionaries—then text-books. —But do not think from this very dull enumeration that the collection is dull. It is *not;* on the contrary it is much diversified and has a good many elements of vivacity—and to increase this a series of very gay water-color paintings are hung over the alcoves lightening extremely the usual sombreness of a library."—

"NEWARK, Sep. 15th.

"—— ——:

"This morning I laid out to give Franz an experience in practical gardening. His German ideas do not quite enable him to work in American style. It so happens there is a gentleman in Newark (about 20 miles from G.), who is an accomplished agriculturist. So I made arrangements to meet him, and ordered the horses at half-past six. The drive that was to begin at half-past six saw eight before we started, but it was very beautiful—over a country yellow with corn husks, and that Indian summery haze. A 'lady' having directed us to go the 'right' when she meant 'left' caused us much delay, but at last we reached N. While Franz is scourging himself over the very superior '*verbenas*' he sees, I sit down to write to you . . . . you say there is 'nothing to say' about your cold, I hope it says nothing for itself in the way of coughing and bronchitis.— . . . . On Monday we hope to return laden with cuttings, etc. Do not expect too much from the greenhouse. Its main advantage is that it opens directly from the dining-room, making a sort of continuation of that less sentimental apartment. Mrs. Bedell gave me a book yesterday that I found very attractive.* 'The preciousness of God's Word.' Do get it and read it. May we follow its leadings and do or suffer His will as He appoints.

"I found everything in G. in good order, but it was well that

[* Dr. Octavius Winslow.]

I arrived. Both of my substitutes had surrendered their posts. Their books, etc., were lying on my table, and also the key of my room, indicating that if *I* did not go that afternoon, *nobody* would. Now as this would produce a disarrangement of the whole college, a thing which would have been afterwards remembered, I felt that it was a happy thing that I arrived, trying as it was for me to start. The servants had taken advantage of my absence to make a thorough house-cleaning. In the hall, parlor, and library, carpets were down and a winter transformation in the bed-rooms. Stoves stick out their ugly faces where before there was nothing but the serene marble of the mantel-pieces. I am sorry to say the grounds are also changed. They are looking very forlorn, with a jaded, dilapidated expression, like a set of oldish young ladies after a ball. Only the prim '*immortels*,' as Franz calls them (chrysanthemums), hold up their spry, crisp little yellow heads as if in righteous disdain of their fragile sisters. The greenhouse has however afforded a place of refuge for some of the sisterhood, and they look uncommonly well in this shelter. The arrivals from Mt. H— were received at first with mute politeness—afterwards with respectful admiration; the *Begonia* is pronounced very interesting and peculiar, and the cactus with a flower hitched to it like a label on a piece of goods, entirely new in our collection. Coming events, I suspect, cast their shadow or rather their sunlight before—; the servants I suspect have an inkling from their extraordinary activity.

"Where do you think I have been to-day? What will you say when Bp. Bedell, Mrs. B. and myself have been at what it seems was a 'Horse race!' The truth is, this week is the County Agricultural Fair, in which all the farmers of the neighborhood are expected to be present with their stock. Now the stock contains some marvellous items. Cows, horses, and pigs you might expect, but what do you say to pictures by native artists of Niagara, and extraordinary specimens of needle work from Samplers by children of six years in the oddest perspective! Now it is a sort of county *esprit de corps* that everybody should encourage this Fair, so we all concluded to drive there too. Yesterday, the servants at my house had holiday to go. Elizabeth and Eliza being dressed up in grand style, and Franz in a suit of black broadcloth, with mustachios an Victor Emmanuel, driving them in the open wagon. In consequence of this evacuation, I dined with Mrs. Bedell, and

to-day, her servants making a similar détour, Mrs. Bedell and the Bishop dined with me. But before dinner we determined to drive into the Fair ourselves. And I regret to say that we happened just at the hour—not of wholesome exhibition of cows and pigs, sheep and pumpkins—but of regular races. For it seems that even the neighborhood of Gambier is not considered too severe for the entrance of a party of sporting characters from the East who brought their horses with them, on pretext of trial of speed, but really for a race! What would you have thought of our watching the proceeding, and wondering how a horse exhibition could assume such exciting dimensions, and finally wondering if the 'exhibition' were not a race? But I am afraid I am writing what is scarcely worth reading. . . . I hope to be with you on Wed'y.

"Ever y'rs,

"F. W."

"October 21st.

"This is a gloomy wet day, but it is Sunday for all, and it has therefore its own comforts. With me they are very precious. First come the early morning prayers at which it is my turn to officiate. Then I have a Bible Class of Freshmen—from 15 to 20 students, and which I feel is one of my most valued privileges. This morning I took up the parables—treating them analytically. The topic I began with was the power of the kingdom of sin, both within and without, illustrating this by, 1st, the parable in reference to the unwashed hands; 2d, that about the light of the body being the eye, and 3d, that of the strong man bound. I endeavoured to use these so as to shew the subjective power of sin and the objective power of Satan. I trust the effect was not without use. As to preaching we are well off . . . . Mr. C. preaches only once a day. He is just beginning, however, for Thursday evenings, a course of lectures on Genesis, which I trust you will hear before they are through. May they be blessed to the conversion of souls! I am just reading a book which I will send with this, 'Phelps' Still Hour.' It strikes me not only as exquisitely beautiful—but as hitting some of the weak points in our religious character. Oh for grace to live more holily and prayerfully!"

"October 24th.

"We have had such glorious weather in the last day or two, as to make a rural contrast not at all to the disadvantage of Gambier. This day and yesterday have been so warm as to make fires unnecessary—and to give the open air almost irresistible charms. I have been improving it by having a new walk built. Quite a little piece of woods has been added to my grounds. I have been having these thinned away, and Franz's skill has been exercised in drawing a walk to be gravelled over and shaded for winter dryness and summer coolness. I have in my own dumb way been giving suggestions on the subject, which, however, Franz, in his superiority, does not always respect. Still the work progresses, and by November will be finished enough for practical use. I have been doing a little reading and reviewing in the last few days. Milman's 'History of Latin Xtianity' which (with Mr. P.'s help), I have been writing a notice of, is very attractive in the History line—well worthy of study, and fully capable of provoking it, although he is rather hard upon our friends, the Calvinists. I regret to say also, that I degraded myself last night by reading through a novel: though I saw at the outset that it was weak and silly. It is by Dr. Holland, and is called 'Miss Gilbert's Career.' The beginning had a sort of agreeable levity about it, which rather led me on, getting more disgusted, however, from page to page and yet with that perversity we sometimes have holding on to the end. Then think of my going back to Goldsmith! My college lectures, in the last few days, have led me in this direction, and yesterday evening, I took a really comforting *read* of the Deserted Village. How touchingly homelike and true it is! and how Goldsmith with retrospective touches of home life has been without a rival. And what a contrast he is to the hard sardonic tone of Swift, whom I have taken up concurrently. The bell is just ringing for evening prayers. Bro. C. has taken up Genesis, but not in such a profoundly learned a way as to disturb the popular mind. . . . . And now I am just come from there somewhat tired with a rather statistical summary of the details of the Pentateuch. We landed a great musical genius at the Hill during the last few days—a Mr. Alfred Pease, an old student of the College who has been spending some two years at Berlin, where I met him last fall. He is an extremely brilliant pianist, and I invited the College

band, and the several musicians on the Hill to meet him last night, my piano being about the best on the Hill. They all came, about 40 in number. As this is Sunday, I will put off telling you about it until to-morrow. . . . .

"Ever yours,

"F. W."

"The bundle arrived safely, and greatly did I wonder what it was. First I looked at the post-mark, which was greatly like Mont Motlin (the Queen of Spain's brother-in-law); and I wondered for a moment what so new a post-mark could have to do with so imposing a bundle. But I soon opened it, cautiously and respectfully, and the moment the green worsted appeared I knew what it was. Now, first as to the bag. It certainly is better than it would have been if it had preserved its original dimensions. *Now* it is abundantly large enough. This morning at eleven it is to make its first trip to college, having deposited in it two or three volumes of Addison, and as many of Johnson. The two latter authors form the topics of my morning lectures.

"Dreary, wet weather! I do wonder whether you are having the same! My cows are quite vindictive with disgust at the rain, and stand with their noses in the corners. Prince also has deserted his usual place for relaxation, which was in the centre of the grass plot, and has taken his bone (he is not allowed to eat meat, and his bone is merely symbolical), under the eaves of the wood-house. Paul Morphy (the cat), I regret to say, got into the greenhouse last night and must have danced a polka up and down one of the shelves, for six plants were knocked over, and an air plant had half its ringlets torn out, probably by Morphy's claws. I told you I would give you an account of my musical party of Saturday evening. I invited Mr. Pease to spend the evening, promising to invite the musical genius of G—— to meet him. To keep the number from being too large, I confined it to the young people, undertaking myself to act as 'matron' to the young ladies. The result was threefold.

"1st. The College band, which is entirely instrumental, and consists of about *eight*.

"2nd. The College choir, which is vocal, and has about the same number.

"3d. The village young ladies—distinguished for amiability.

"Then, as to the performance. First, a series of dashing pieces from Mr. Pease, as the Lion of the evening. Then followed Mr. Houghout, another piano player, a student here, and with great musical talent. Then the College band retired to the porch for the purpose of giving softness to their instruments, and serenaded the young ladies through the windows. Then came supper, in which Elizabeth, who was suffering at the time with rheumatism, lashed herself into peculiar activity, for the purpose, she said, of showing how a sick old woman could cook. Then, after supper, Mr. Pease played again, and then came some sacred music (vocal) from the College choir. Family prayers was the finale, at which I was heartily glad to close the day quietly."

"Friday morning—.

"This is, I suspect, going to be a short letter (with me a rarity). Nothing could be more placid than the current of the last week socially. After the musical effort of last Saturday nothing can be expected for some time, but the usual routine of lectures, church and driving. I took Dr. C. a long and pleasant drive of from ten to fifteen miles yesterday, finding him quite confidential and very intelligent. So you are almost alone at C. H. This, in the Spring, is comparatively pleasant, but I think that a solitary house in the Fall is doubly solitary. Everything here looks so dreary that I am glad you will not see it for the first time, as it is. Winter, with all its grimness, is better than this sad, dishevelled state of things, just as a real fine head of gray hair is preferable to a wig. I am afraid however it will look rather stern. The walks in particular have a ragged look—inside, however, all is cheerful and bright. The bituminous coal aids in this and the carpets and furniture have a very home-like look. But still to some extent the life is a missionary life! May God give us grace to faithfully discharge its duties, and to do everything for His dear Name. I am glad you are practising on the piano. Such playing as yours will be a great comfort to us on the winter evenings. So you are reading Bulwer's 'Last of the Barons'—I don't know that I have ever seen it. 'What shall he do with it?' is I think one of his best. Nothing can be finer than the character of Arabella Crane. I do little reading myself beyond the subjects of my lectures—which this

morning were Hawthorne and Poe. I am about to begin a critical notice of the Theology of Tennyson for the 'Recorder,' which I hope you will have leisure to read. The first on the Theology of the May Queen, and the second on that of St. Simon Stylites. I don't know that they will be worth much, though I am trying by them to show the contrast between a religion to satisfy the heart and one merely responsive to philosophy. This letter I fear will not amount to much more than a sheet of blank paper. It is written at the close of a very *tiring* day, when I suspect my pen is almost as dull as my mind.

"Ever y'rs,
"F. W."

"Nov. 9th.

"Your very agreeable and kind letter of Sunday last made quite a quick trip of it—I had a presentiment it was to be here. I really think you do me injustice as to the way your letters are read. They are first gone through rapidly, to get a perspective view; then they are read carefully a second time; then they are put away for a few days, or perhaps a day only, and then brought out and read again. When there is a long delay in the arrival of their successor, their reading is repeated perhaps a third or fourth time as a sort of secondary comfort. Could there be a more respectful attention paid to letters than this?

"Here the constant arrival of new books and periodicals, as well as the large library distributed through the house keep up my literary activity. I rec'd two large packages of books yesterday. One of these contained another instalment of the Rev. C. B. Taylor's writings, for which I confess I have little sympathy. He seems to me as dim as Mrs. Sherwood, and much more foolish. Two very admirable articles have just been published by Bishop McIlvaine. One on the 'Holy Catholic Church' in a distinct shape, and the other on 'Baptismal Regeneration' which appears in the 'Episcopal Recorder.' 'Littell's Living Age' I find the most entertaining of all the periodicals. I confess his selections are a little in the political line, but this is made up for by their vivacity, and by the fact that he draws almost all the *literary* talent from that portion of the English press which is inaccessible here. I am trying to keep up my German at least an hour every day—Franz not speak-

ing English, is an aid in the same direction. At the Faculty Meeting last night there was a disagreeable question of College discipline. We had an uncommonly long and troublesome session. One of the students, rather a favourite of mine, was guilty of downright insubordination. He had to be dismissed from the College, but this is always a painful thing to do, particularly when it is associated with a prior examination of the culprit. This we had last ev'g—being kept at work three hours. But this is only incidental or rather accidental to the great work in which we are engaged. I do believe that this College is united to the Church, and I feel that it is a comfort, in some plain way to be doing the Lord's work. Still the clouds sometimes will gather.

'Workman of God, oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt *know* where to strike.

'Oh! learn to scorn the praise of men,
Oh! learn to *lose with God*,
For Jesus won the world through scorn
And beckons us his road.'

"You don't mind my quoting hymns. I send you in full the hymn I gave you from memory at Berlin. The omitted verses are:—

'Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'r estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

'So I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outer life
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space
If thou be glorified.

'There are briars besetting every path
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot
And an earnest need for prayer;
But *a lowly heart* that *leans on thee*
Is happy any where.'"

"Sunday, Nov. 18th.

"I have a moment or two, before going to Bible Class, to begin a letter, trusting to the rest of the day to finish it. This is what we have not had for a long time—a rainy Sunday. Yesterday was very remarkable; so mild was it that the fires had to be put out, and the windows and doors opened. To-day, however, things look more like autumn. Everything moves on here with the usual quiet step. The days are very much like each other, varied only, perhaps, in the kind of study. Sometimes a faint dash of dissipation comes to break the monotony. On Friday, for instance, a committee of the students came to inform the President that a concert was to be given at Mt. Vernon by the Continentals. Now, Mt. Vernon is the Paris of Knox County, the grand metropolis of fashion, and the 'Continentals' are the Musards or Juliens who form the musical taste. At first the faculty determined it would not be best for the students to go. It was a piece of gayety which might lead to difficulty, and difficulty is a thing college officers are very shy about. But after a while the President relaxed; and as the boys were to go, and it was a fine moonlight night, I determined to go too. So I had Dick and Jack harnessed up and put in the carriage, to their great astonishment, they being accustomed to retire at *six*, and here, instead of going to bed, they were having their hair brushed, their clothes put on, and their best wagon fastened behind them. Dick expressed his surprise by two jumps in the air, and Jack by standing on his hind feet. They took us safely there, however, Dick merely escaping from the hostler and taking a tour of the town before recovered.

"Four gentlemen in yellow waistcoats, white trousers, cutaway blue coats with brass buttons, and long shaggy hair constituted the 'Continentals.' One had a melodeon, one a bass viol, one a violin, and one a flute. They sing as a quartette also. As I have rather a taste for music that is popular and not operatic—even having a latent inclination for negro minstrels,—I was prepared to relish it. One thing they did sing well—that was Poe's Raven. I have always had a sort of awe for that extraordinary poem, and this was increased by the mysterious rhythm to which the words were set. I am afraid I have not written a very Sundayish letter, and this

aft. I fell asleep after dinner. My only excuse is that I was kept up till after midnight the evg. before. . . . .

"Ever yrs.

"F. W."

"Great is my joy to find that the sharp frost of Friday night has done none of the injury to the greenhouse that was expected. The roses, it is true, are in deep mourning, but that is what Franz intends them to be, as early in the winter he shut them up in a dark room. But the geraniums are in high blossom, the heliotropes have not shrunk, either in leaf or bud, and the only plants that look touched are some of the more tropical Begonias, the ends of whose fingers were a little frost-bitten. Still I am sorry to say, they are by no means prepared to welcome you in the style they should. Franz had prepared his roses and hyacinths for Feb. and when I told him you would be here in three weeks—he said very politely 'Ich congratulire Sie,' but the flowers will not be ready. I might have told him that the brighest flower of all would be here. Elizabeth and Eliza expressed great satisfaction at your message. They have become familiarized with the place, and do not want to leave. You will find yourself welcomed with delight by all your new subjects. Prince has outgrown his 22-inch collar, and must have another. Outside all is dreary, but inside the greenhouse is bright and the canaries are singing sweetly. It is calculated to make us feel very strongly God's goodness and our own unworthiness. Oh for strength to live more completely to Him!

"I feel very sadly about the Southern news. I can only pray there will be no bloodshed.

"Mother is very anxious about Emily, and I think not unnaturally. She (Emily) lives on a plantation, her husband frequently away, with very few white persons about her and a vast crowd of negroes. Most of these are faithful and well disciplined, but they are as ignorant and as excitable as the blacks in Philadelphia. Anything like a spark might kindle them, and then the flame would be most disastrous. There is always danger that a political excitement, such as that now pending, may touch this unfortunate population. I know no greater misfortune than to be born with such a heritage; and yet, when it comes, I do not see how it can

be cast away. To manumit slaves, as experience shows, is to inflict on them the worst of injuries. Emily herself writes very sadly."

After Dr. Wharton's marriage, in 1860, the rumors of approaching war were beginning to be heard and to those who had relatives and friends in the South there was cause for grave anxiety. The College and Seminary too were largely affected by the coming cloud. Not only was there the difference of opinion among the students that then existed throughout the country and all its institutions, but there was an atmosphere of excitement and restlessness very unfavorable for calm and quiet study. Later on, by Feb. 1860, the Southern students mostly left the Hill, to join their States and in many cases the cause to which those States belonged, and Col., that is to say, President Lorin Andrews, drilled and headed a company of volunteers to be ready for use on the side of the Union. This state of things was very distressing to our peace-loving and beloved friend.—He could not bear coercion on any point and though he was brought finally to see the necessity for it, it was a painful and unwelcome recognition. He had, however, the great comfort of a happy home now and sympathizing friends around him. His warm attachment to many persons at the Hill, and its distance from the actual field of combat were great mercies to him at that period. As it was, however, the state of blockade that existed for some years, and the uncertainty as to the fate of those he loved in the South were often causes of depression and misgiving.

Fortunately new and absorbing interests soon came with his new domestic relations. On the 13th of Oct. '61, a little daughter was born to him and gave him a fresh and delightful duty as well as a solemn responsibility. This gift of a kind and Heavenly Father seemed to awaken in him a desire to do something further for the cause and the glory of the Giver. He had long been in the habit of lecturing or rather lay-preaching in the neighborhood. At the hamlets and farm-houses there were often cases where a regularly

ordained clergyman could administer the sacraments, and exert an influence that a layman could not. His old desire to enter the ministry asserted itself again, and this time there was no one to interpose practical considerations. After a year of special preparation, he was ordained Deacon at Cleveland in 1862, and a month later received Priest's orders of that Church to which he now devoted himself with a new and heartfelt consecration.

To those who have heard Dr. Wharton preach, the memory will not be an unmixed pleasure. His voice was never good and it gave one a feeling almost of regret to find how often his beautiful thoughts and earnest appeals seemed to lose force by his inability to express them. Still to the few, who would give him their close attention there was always a rich reward. There were few decorations, no repetitions, no ignorant speculations, but a simple exposition of the Word of God, that carried conviction to many a heart and disarmed both doubt and hostility. Cultivated men, who would not sit under an ordinary preacher, no matter how earnest, always were willing to listen to him, the doubtful had their heart questionings answered, while old believers, whose faith and hope were long since assured, felt a renewed joy in his clear and powerful enunciations of Divine truth. Several of his sermons have been published; one, notably beautiful, is called "A Root out of a dry ground,"—also a small volume of lectures called "The Silence of Scripture."

The loss of so many students from the Institutions at Gambier, and a desire for greater opportunity of preaching now led to a change, which will require another chapter to narrate.

CHAPTER VII.

REMOVAL TO BROOKLINE—SECOND JOURNEY TO EUROPE—LIFE AT NARRAGANSETT PIER, WITH LETTER FROM REV. W. WILBERFORCE NEWTON, D.D.

In the year 1863 he was called to the parish of St. Paul's, Brookline, Mass. This Church had been built, and its members for some years edified by the valuable ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Stone, and it was with some diffidence that the comparative neophyte began his labors there. He was, however, greatly encouraged by the result. The Church, a beautiful building, though small, became, under his administrations, crowded. His Sunday schools and Mission schools also. It was thought best to divide the Parish, and an active layman in his Church, Amos Lawrence, Esq., built for the overflow from St. Paul's the new Church of Our Saviour, Longwood, which is to-day a flourishing and well-established Church. After six years of successful and delightful labor, chequered, indeed, with some sad passages in the deaths of friends and parishioners who were dear to him, Dr. Wharton's throat began again to trouble him, and he projected a second trip to Europe, in the company of his wife and two little girls of 6 and 7 years. At this point we may perhaps date the revival of his interest in legal matters. He had, indeed, from time to time continued to revise and print new editions of his Criminal Law, as they were called for, and the research connected with this work, called his attention to the absence of good books on several other points. While he was abroad in 1870, he spent six months in Dresden. Here in enforced leisure, and with the command of good authorities on the subject, he completed his work on "Conflict of Laws," which was published on his return to this country. His knowledge of the German language and literature had ever been a source of great pleasure to him, and was now turned to solid account. About this time, also, began a correspondence with various learned men in Germany, Italy, and France, which resulted in his

election as a member of the "Droit International," a Society, and a correspondence which continued to claim him for the rest of his life. After his winter in Germany, he spent the spring in Italy, and the summer in Switzerland, being in the last named period, sometimes in the direct path of the French and German armies, who were contending for Alsace.

Of this time, his wife writes:—

"His stay in Dresden was a time of peculiar activity and enjoyment. He was never tired of observing the peculiarities of German character. Our home was in the 'Neue Stadt,' with the bare floors and rugs, and porcelain stoves, then such a novelty. Our children were almost old enough to take care of themselves, but relied for protection in their walks on Frederic, our German courier. There, with the Elbe flowing peacefully under our windows, and the German 'Sprache' ever sounding in our ears, he composed and wrote much that was useful in later years. In the afternoon there were walks by the river, or to the Alt Stadt, where the picture galleries enchained and fascinated him. Sometimes, in the evening, we found a rare treat in the concerts at the Hôtel de Saxe, or the sacred music at the Frauen Kirche, but more frequently, returning home, we sought, with our little ones, the humbler but more homelike strains in the Halle of the Schiller Strasse. There, as if we were Germans ourselves, we chose our table and watched our Deutche friends, with their wives and children, smoking their pipes, drinking beer, and consuming *wurst*, and *schinken* at their ease, while enjoying the music. He had ever great admiration for the domestic virtues of the German nation. It was difficult to break up our pleasant winter there, but on the 1st of March our time was up, and we prepared to descend to Italy. Crossing the Alps at Innsprück, after a short stay at Munich, we saw the mountains in all their winter beauty. There was no tunnel then to deprive us of one of the sublimest sights this earth can show—the white pinnacles of an Alpine range glistening in the sun, like the towers of the New Jerusalem. After a couple of weeks at Méran, rendered somewhat sad to us by the sight of so many sick and consumptive patients, who here seek, as a last resource, for health and strength, we reached Venice by April 1st.

"Much has been written and sung of the City by the Sea, but it will never lose in the eyes of a new-comer, a shock almost of

surprise at its wonderful beauty. We came in just at sunset. The palaces had turned in the evening light into jewelled battlements. Sea and sky were one vast burnished mirror, on which the many-tinted sails hung double. Then our way lay through Italy, in all its spring-tide luxuriance. The flowering season comes early there, and the sights of June are seen in May. The roses and jessamine of Bellagio, the blue waters of Como, the distant peaks of mountain fastnesses, and last, not least, the centipedes and tarantulas even, that come out with the summer sunshine—all contributed to the entertainment and variety that the memory looks back upon.

"On our way home we passed through Switzerland, and were inconvenienced by the presence in Southern France of bands of recruits on their way to the fields of action. It was then 1870, and the fate of the Emperor of the French was fast approaching. He was then encamped at Metz, and troops from all parts of his domain were hastening thither. We found the trains filled with these poor fellows, in their blue coats, who were all to fight on Alsatian battlefields, and many of them to sleep in death before Chalons and Sedan.

"At Berne we were detained three weeks by the difficulty of getting through to Paris. When we finally succeeded in reaching there, we found the smallpox there before us, and hastening on, were glad to place the Channel between us and the two contending parties.

"War to us was not heroic, except in the retrospect, and the only act of heroism we connect with this, our closest contact with it, was the kindness of the old French gentleman who gave up a portion of his reserved coupé to facilitate our getting through and administered Eau de Menthe from time to time to our various ailments and fatigues.

"Our voyage home had an event to mark it, which caused us some alarm, and detained us for several of those hours that seem so long on board ship. We ran down a small schooner called the 'Torpedo,' somewhere near the 'Banks of Newfoundland.' It was at night, and the Captain promptly stopped the steamer to ascertain the amount of injury done. There were only seven men on board and these declared their vessel useless. This also required investigation, so we remained all night alongside. In the morning it was found that the rigging alone had been touched, and that the hurt could be easily repaired. For some reason, however, best

known to themselves, the sailors refused to return to their vessel, and our Captain was obliged to send on board the mate of our steamer, with seven of our sailors to bring the vessel into port. This action of the Captain may have been dictated by policy, but it seemed to us singularly humane at the time, and the sailors from the injured boat no doubt enjoyed the good cheer they received on board of our ship. I am also happy to say, that, a few days after our landing, we saw the safe arrival of the 'Torpedo' announced in the newspapers."

Upon Dr. Wharton's return to Brookline, finding his throat still troubling him, he resolved to resign his parish, and accept a Professorship in the then Infant Seminary of the Episcopal Church in Cambridge.

Of the parting with his people, I can only say, in the words of one of his parishioners, who said it to me, "every man, woman, and child in Brookline will miss him."

His new field of labor, however, was not far off, and the friendly relations already such a trusted and sustaining tie, continued to exist long after the move had been made. The Trustees indeed of the new Institution were the Vestrymen of the Church he was forced to leave, and the change of relations was one that rather cemented than weakened the tie. Were there space and time, much cordial and kindly correspondence could here be given to show how close and affectionate these relations were. It is better perhaps, however, to hasten on, as the object of these pages is not to show merely the loving and lovable nature of the man they record, but to explain how that God, who "disposes of our ends" shaped out this man's life to ends that were far from being his own choice, and yet perhaps in their versatility and rich results reflect all the more credit on the name and cause to which he ever belonged.

Of his life in Cambridge, if we can say, with Luther, "to labor is to pray," it was a most devout one. His lectures at the Seminary were on Ecclesiastical Polity and Canon Law, but he made them include much beside. He accepted also a Chair in the Boston University to lecture on "Conflict of Laws." His year abroad had given such an impetus to his legal studies, and the libraries of Cambridge so facilitated this impulse, that he continued to write and

publish from time to time the various treatises that have made his name famous.

The "Negligence" soon followed the "Conflict of Laws." Then followed the "Agency" and the "Law of Evidence." The twelve years spent in Cambridge were indeed fruitful, and the amount accomplished would seem almost impossible in any other man. It must, however, be remembered that incessant work was the rule of Dr. Wharton's life. His very recreation was only a new form of work, and he was so thoroughly master of the themes upon which he lectured and wrote, that they gave him little trouble. It was his delight to load his carriage with a mass of miscellaneous literature each day, into which he pored till late at night. His brain could not rest except by changing its subject, and his faculties seemed to brighten and expand with the burdens laid upon them. What to many men seemed tasks, to him were play, and his vast reading was made to bear upon the work he had in hand. Perhaps, to this persistent mental activity, the atmosphere of Cambridge lent its sanction. It is a town of savants, and the cold winds of New England drive its inmates within doors for much of the year. The effect of much study and the east wind together may be seen in the galaxy of names of those who adorn the annals of American history and literature. The fancy is turned by force to poem and to picture, to quiet thought and scientific research, when there is little in the outside world to gratify and exhaust it. For the same reason the social life of Cambridge is a forced and wintry growth. Men of genius are apt to be absorbed in their specialties, and while there is much kindliness and neighborliness, there is little gayety and no dissipation. The long evenings, that in a city can be diversified in various ways, are here devoted to reading and study. How often does the writer recollect the sleigh or wagon filled with books, and brought home each evening, to fill the hours till morning dawned. Nothing was too heavy, and nothing too light, to satisfy an appetite that was insatiable. Fortunately, eyesight never failed, and he continued to regard this employment as the great pleasure of his life until its close.

The social tastes, somewhat held in check in Cambridge, expanded and overflowed in his summer holiday. He owned a cottage at Narragansett Pier, and here it was his delight, during some months of the year, to turn himself into a boy again and find

absolute relaxation. By this I mean not rest, but renewed liveliness and hospitality, and a partial defiance of the conventionality that was always irksome to him. His life having been passed in many places, he had often the pleasure of welcoming old acquaintances from other parts of the country, and they found themselves welcomed with a warmth and cordiality which made them feel at home, and in many cases drew them to the Pier, as their chosen summer resort, for years. The following letter will confirm and illustrate still further the extreme personal popularity he at that time enjoyed :—

REMEMBRANCES OF REV. DR. WHARTON—DAYS AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

BY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON.

My earliest recollection of Dr. Francis Wharton was as a boy at my father's house in Philadelphia, when the Doctor was Professor at Kenyon College.

He was then in the habit of coming back to Philadelphia every year, and used to return to Ohio laden down with enthusiastic young men whom he had influenced to study at Kenyon College. He seemed, in those days, to play the part of the famous bird-catcher of Mozart's wonderful composition, and he had but to play upon his magic flute, and the students were quickly around him. My old friend, Rev. William Barr, was one of these, and I myself, as a boy just getting ready for college, was envious of the lot of those who could go to Ohio to study with this genial and sympathetic teacher.

The next remembrance of the Doctor comes in the recollection of his life as a parish minister at St. Paul's, Brookline. I remember distinctly going out to his residence one Saturday evening, when he lived in Longwood, and I was on a visit to Boston. It was a very snowy night, in the early spring or winter of the year 1869, and the Doctor asked me to spend the night and go to church with him the next day. He was busy in the evening in writing a funeral sermon about Mrs. Kent Stone, who had just died, and at the same time he was correcting a large batch of proof in one of his law articles. Added to this, he was reading at intervals from some law book, in the conventional leather binding of the lawyer's

office, and he asked me to hunt up for him Tennyson's dirge, beginning—

"Now is done thy long day's work,"

which he wanted for the funeral discourse the next day.

This was the first time I ever witnessed his remarkable habit of doing two or three things at the same time, and it surprised me greatly as I looked on in youthful wonder.

The next day I read service for him at St. Paul's Church—little dreaming that in a year's time I was to be his successor there. On this Sunday the Doctor preached the funeral sermon about Mrs. Kent Stone, which he had written the night before.

Some years later I went down to Narragansett Pier, R. I., to look for a cottage for my family, after a long and distressing siege of scarlet fever during the first winter I spent in Boston as rector of St. Paul's Church. The Doctor was then Professor in the Theological Divinity School at Cambridge, and very frequently, in the goodness of his heart, walked in from Cambridge to help me with the service on Sunday.

Frequently he would dine with us, and on one occasion recommended Narragansett Pier as a desirable summer resort. The end of the visit was that I became the Doctor's tenant for three years in his little "Bonnet Box Cottage," as we termed it, until our own cottage on the point of rocks known as "Lion's Head" was built.

It was during these years at Narragansett Pier that the many-sided personality of Dr. Wharton manifested itself. He was a lawyer writing books, a clergyman preaching sermons, a trustee of St. Peter's Church at Narragansett Pier, a wonderful shopper and provider for his family and friends, a kind and indulgent landlord, a charming and courteous host, and in many ways the most striking personality of all that region.

The tea parties and lawn parties where boarders and cottagers mingled; the garden parties for the benefit of the Church and the Rectory, and the many miscellaneous gatherings of friends in his study, which was always fragrant with his graciousness and kindness of heart, are events which never can be forgotten by those who were made happy by his thought and care. Together we welcomed to Narragansett on one or two occasions the Clericus Club of Boston ministers, dividing the guests between us; while

all the time he entered into the picnic pleasures of the place with all the holiday spirit of a boy in vacation time.

The freedom and repose of this life at Narragansett Pier were most welcome to him. Whether it was his cheery cry for the omnipresent "Pat" or the faithful "Billy," the horse; or his bare-headed call on his tenants, at the impulse of the moment, to know whether they wanted to play "Nations;" or his frequent use of the provincial terminology of the place when he addressed his clerical friends as "Elder;" or his delightful and piquant description of the various lapses and escapades of the two Skye terriers, who were known as "Gyppie and Timmie Wharton;" or his frequent and unconventional call, as he used to lean upon the fence with his hand to his head and talked with his lady friends, bringing them some flower or fern or sharing some delicacy of which he had become the possessor.

The memory of the soul of the man clings to the place like the abiding of some happy dream which cannot be forgotten. He was in very truth the father of our social life at Narragansett Pier. Many a time I have known him to ask me to entertain some guests until he was through with a difficult passage of proof reading, so that it might be in time for a certain mail, and then he would appear and pour forth a flood of the most brilliant conversation, which beggars description and can best be remembered by the happy phrase coined by a friend and known as "Whartoniana." His vocabulary was simply boundless, and his droll manner of using obsolete, piquant, and unexpected adjectives whereby to describe a noun-like conception of persons, places, and things, was at times strangely original and irresistible. I remember him speaking of a certain ecclesiastical dignitary, upon one occasion, as "frisking his feathers like a fantail pigeon in a box at a county fair, where there wasn't room enough to turn around," and describing a change made in a certain city church as follows:—

"The dear old Quaker lady has had her cap and ruffs taken away from her, and is now like a stuffed lady in the shop windows."

Sydney Smith never said brighter things than Dr. Wharton was capable of saying. But he did not seem to say them; he simply emitted them, as the fire-fly emits its glow in the meadow land in the night time.

Never shall I forget a certain Metaphysical dinner at Narragansett at which the elder R. G. Hazard, President Porter, Dr. Grier and others were present. "Doctor," I said, as we were riding to the dinner, "if you are not brilliant to-day, at this dinner, I shall surely tell the story of the English showman, so I give you fair warning. If I lead the conversation up to the subject of Westminster Abbey, that is the sign that the English showman is at the door."

Two or three times at the dinner I managed to say something about Westminster Abbey only to see the Doctor's face flush, as he bounded off to some dazzling topic.

Whatever was of interest to the social or religious life of Narragansett Pier found a warm place in Dr. Wharton's heart. He founded and managed "The Pier Table" or Magazine Club for the cottages upon the Cliffs, and for many summers entertained the different clergymen who came to preach at the Little St. Peter's Church by the Sea.

Busy as he was in his multiform duties as correspondent, author, preacher, and editor, he was ever ready for the social requirements of this busy place and welcomed the coming, as well as sped the parting guest at the many hotels and cottages which have made a City by the Sea out of what was formerly only a provincial seaside resort.

He had always about him the methods of the progressive business man and was ever ready to lay out plans for the enlargement of the Church, or the building of the Rectory, or the developing life and growth of the Pier.

Many a time he would send for his resident friends to enjoy the companionship of his guests—and great pleasure has been given by the friendships thus formed—whose memory lingers as a delight in the mind which time and change are powerless to efface.

I think these Narragansett days produced a marked change in Dr. Wharton's outlook upon life. The former days of ecclesiastical and political contention seem to have become tempered to a gentleness of manner and breadth of view which admitted that there might be after all much to be said upon the other side.

Nature is always calming and quieting to the child of nature and teaches him many lessons not to be learned elsewhere. Dr.

Wharton learned at Narragansett Pier—I think—that lesson which all God's workers must learn somewhere,—that his methods are after all very wide and far reaching, and are not necessarily joined to our human haste and zeal.

There was very much of the Friend in Dr. Wharton's character, and his Quaker ancestry showed itself most markedly in the quiet days at the Pier. Some of his most valuable theological treatises were the outcome of his legal studies. Such as his paper upon "Causation" and "Petition in the light of Prayer" and other marked productions were wrought out in the quiet working hours of the familiar study at Flat Rock Cottage.

His papers at the clerical clubs in Boston were always listened to with the deepest attention, and his friendship was a prize coveted alike by the elder and younger clergy and by that distinguished group of laymen who were the founders of the Cambridge Divinity School, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the late Jas. S. Amory, Amos Lawrence and others.

His modesty, simplicity, and uniform courtesy always made him appear in the light of the chivalric gentleman whose guiding principle in life was the commanding motto, "Noblesse Oblige."

Dr. Wharton's little book, "The Silence of Scripture," made at the time of its publication a marked effect and was I believe the result of his legal investigations in the matter of Evidence and the withholding of testimony. His legal books while they were valuable in themselves and gave to their author a most envious and marked foreign reputation—were none the less valuable in their secondary use, the way in which they offered to his fresh and versatile mind new fields of illustration for the exercise of his theological investigations.

Weary and tired as he often was after a winter's work at author's desk and professor's chair, and that tiredness which comes by use of pen and use of voice, Narragansett Pier was always welcomed by him as the great freshener of his wearied brain, and he loved to sing the praises of the place which restored him to health and vigor of life and thought.

Ah! dear loving—kind-hearted friend—Host and Helper of other days—thou hast left us and the place seems desolate without thee! The wind speaks to us of thee as it comes over the Point

Judith Meadows: The Surf speaks to us of thee as its solemn monotone is heard by Flat Rock and Indian Rock and Lion's Head, and somehow in wind and surf and in every voice of nature we feel that thou art still here in the spot which thou loved'st so well.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE OF DR. WHARTON, AT CAMBRIDGE, BY REV. A. V. G. ALLEN, D.D.

In 1871 Dr. Wharton took up his residence in Cambridge. At the time of his removal, this ancient collegiate town still retained much of its earlier simplicity; it was still known as the village of Old Cambridge, its society was marked by a homogeneousness of refinement and aristocracy and literary distinction. To such a community his coming was an event of social importance. To one like himself carrying a wholly different line of antecedents, it was also an event of peculiar interest when he found himself transplanted to the centre of Puritan learning and tradition, the battle-ground of Puritan theological conflicts, the later home of its highest literary achievements. When it had been proposed to plant the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, he had warmly espoused the suggestion, in spite of the distrust which the suggestion encountered in the minds of others. To the Theological School still struggling in the weakness of its infancy, his presence as a resident professor was an element of strength and confidence.

Dr. Wharton had been connected with the School from its origin. Mr. Benjamin T. Reed, its founder, had intrusted to him the task of drawing up its constitution as well as the nomination of its first professors. A confidence so generous and unlimited was rewarded by the devotion with which Dr. Wharton threw himself into the plans of the founder. His legal attainments, his knowledge of the working of similar institutions, his insight into the ecclesiastical conditions of the hour enabled him to furnish a constitution, answering to the idea which Mr. Reed had conceived. The peculiarity of this constitution consists in giving to a board of lay trustees the supreme control. To them is intrusted not only the management of finances but the appointment of teachers. It is to the Trustees that the School makes its report and to whom its faculty as such are amenable. It was Dr. Wharton's conviction that the School,

separated from any organic relation to the diocese in which it was located, would thus escape the gusts and flurries of partisan feeling to which ecclesiastical conventions are liable and be enabled to maintain a uniform career consistent with the purpose of its founder.

In connecting himself with the School as a resident professor, Dr. Wharton was again rendering his services almost gratuitously to the cause which lay close to his heart. His disinterested generosity was the only limit to his devotion. From the time when he became solely identified with it, the School began to be known more widely, as he gave to it his reputation, his literary activity, and his wide hospitality. While he appreciated and valued the attractions of the parish life of a clergyman, yet the work of a teacher had always been to him congenial. And of all the departments of teaching, it was the peculiar work of the theological school for which he felt the strongest yearning. Even while at Gambier, connected with the college, the religious aspects of truth were always prominent in his mind. His book on Theism and Skepticism shows how he delighted in tracing the affinities between theology and the adjacent departments of literature and law, or of more recondite psychological speculation. Could he have chosen, he would have preferred to teach theology as the study in which he felt the deepest interest. But with his characteristic spirit of self-sacrifice, he preferred that others should choose their special fields, content for himself to take the work which fell to him when other chairs had been filled, or for which provision could in no other way be made.

His duties in Cambridge consisted in preaching in his turn in the chapel of the School and in lecturing on Liturgics, Church Polity, and Canon Law. For a few years also he gave instruction in Homiletics, Pastoral Care, and Apologetics. While the range was a wide one which these several branches of study represented, it was not too wide for a mind like his, characterized by its capaciousness and many-sidedness together with a vast capacity for work. Nor was there any one of these departments for which he had not been preparing himself by some special study or experience. He took the same delight in teaching students the relations between a pastor and his people, which he had also felt when as a parish minister in Brookline he had faithfully gone from house to house, advising, suggesting, consoling with his gracious and delicate

sympathy. As a sermonizer he had been indefatigable, while at Brookline, finding his highest pleasure in what to many is a burden. He was always revolving plans of sermons in his mind, quick to see the suggestiveness of texts, writing his sermons so long in advance that he had at one time accumulated more than fifty which he had not preached. If the range of his preaching was somewhat beyond the popular mind, there was always something to arrest the more thoughtful, which might become a fruitful subject for meditation. As he excelled in the reading of men and the knowledge of character, so as a critic of sermons or the art of their composition, he never failed to detect excellence, even in crude and undeveloped forms. He loved to recognize hidden merits, to find something to commend, where others were inclined to censure.

As a lawyer, interested in the literature of law, it might have been supposed that he would find a special interest in the study of Canon Law. With Roman law he was familiar, noting with deep interest the influence exerted upon it by Christian ideas and institutions. But though he lectured upon Canon Law, he was not attracted by it nor did he care to make it the subject of original research. His conception of Christianity did not emphasize its legal aspects. While he did not underrate the sacredness and importance of law as connected with the well being of the State or Society, he may have felt that in the Church lay the sphere of that higher freedom, where law passes out into the glad performance of duty under the influence of religious motive. Canon Law may even have been obnoxious to him, as for the greater part in its history a restriction of Christian liberty, concerning itself mainly with the interests of the hierarchy and not of the people, building upon foundations alien to the spirit and the teachings of Christ. In Church Polity he followed Hooker whose conception of law was akin to his own. He held firmly to the principle that order in the church was divine, while unembarrassed by notions of the divine right of Episcopacy or of any form of church government.

The department of his work, in which he most delighted, was what is known in theological circles by the unfortunate name of Apologetics. But he gave it a larger scope than it is sometimes construed as including. It stood to him for more than a mere negative reply to objections or to assaults upon the faith. It

meant rather the positive affirmation of the Christian idea beneath conflicting attitudes of opinion, or its confirmation by those aspects of Christian history or church life whose variance or discordance have seemed to so many to indicate weakness or disintegration. An article in the 'Bibliotheca Sacra' for July, 1880, entitled Church Parties as Apologists, may be taken as an illustration of his method. A fuller allusion to this article will be made hereafter.

It fell to Dr. Wharton in teaching liturgics, to comment upon the rubrics of the Prayer Book at a time when the mind of the Church was distracted by internal differences and dissensions. This part of his duty was not the most congenial to him. Strong as were his convictions regarding the general purport and spirit of the Book of Common Prayer, yet no one knew better than he how powerless were rubrics to enforce its purpose. He realized as a lawyer the limited capacity of human language to express truth in such a way that it should receive but one interpretation. Words were changing their meaning with successive generations. He was accustomed to allude in illustration of this fact to the statute of frauds, "which was adopted in England for the purpose of preventing frauds and perjuries consequent upon purely oral proofs of contracts and wills, and which provided that contracts and wills should with certain exceptions be in writing and be proved in a particular way; but there is no word in the statute of frauds which has not been the subject of innumerable suits and of the most intricate distinctions and subdistinctions." For these reasons he was not what is called a strict rubrician nor did he believe that it was possible for any one to adhere to the letter of every rubric. He was inclined to fall back upon the larger rubric of common sense in interpreting the Prayer Book, which would keep the Church true in the main to its standards, while preventing the scrupulosity which insisted on fulfilling obsolete or inconvenient injunctions, no longer necessary to the Church's welfare.

The charm which he threw about the topics he discussed, in the class-room or elsewhere, is more easily remembered than described. A certain versatility of mind, joined to his apt and capacious memory; the freshness and refinement of his illustrations; the wide relations in which he viewed commonplace subjects—these things are not forgotten when it is no longer possible to illustrate them in detail. The supreme quality which showed itself in all his work was

a large humanity—a sense of the human element which lay beneath theological issues or practical differences of opinion. In this respect he differed from many who are identified with ecclesiastical affairs. His large knowledge of the world never allowed him to be entirely merged with his clerical brethren in any question where passing fashion or prejudice or party feeling were concerned. He had somewhat of the manner of one who is looking at things from without, or, rather, who while he is within never forgets that there is a point of view from without. He was sometimes driven to accommodate himself to clerical or ecclesiastical standards when the free and independent course of his mind would have led him to a different view.

The element of humanism in his composition which impelled him to form literary judgments of theological issues kept him alive also to the essential humor which underlies the situations of life. While his attitude was always a serious one, his sympathetic vision, detecting at a glance the pathos in every phase of human experience, yet he had also, to more than an ordinary degree, that counter-balancing quality which prevented him from being overcome with the sadness which marks the course of history or is involved in every human career. The gift of humor, thus manifested, may be regarded as part of the divine endowment of the human constitution—a most important factor in human development. It may be abused, as may all other gifts and graces; but as a safeguard against absurdities; as a corrective of the "idols of the tribe;" as a means of putting men in true relations with life, it serves a valuable purpose in the religious world, even though it be misunderstood by those engaged in secular occupations. Humor may be illustrated when it is a difficult thing to define, for its source is lost amidst the mysteries of our being. With Dr. Wharton it was intimately allied with a deep tenderness of nature, serving somewhat as a shield to his quick susceptibility to every form of human failure and sorrow. It was a kindly quality, lending a charm to social intercourse while injuring no one, and not always appreciated except by those who knew him well. He allowed it free play upon his own experience, as when he showed himself conscious of the incongruity involved in his own career—the transition from the legal profession, in whose service he had spent so many years, to the ranks of the clerical order.

Deep and searching as was the spiritual revolution which drove him to abandon the law with its honors and emoluments, and the successes and attractions of social life for the work of the ministry, yet something of the outlook of the man of the world and fashion he still retained in his new calling as he strove to adapt himself to the peculiar external ways, the shibboleths, the conventionalities of clerical life. These things amused him, while also he strove to take them seriously. Occasional flashes of humor revealed a kindly recognition of weaknesses which he could not help observing. Like Sydney Smith, he always carried the consciousness of another world of interests and pursuits to which the clerical mind is, for the most part, a stranger.

The gift of conversation, sometimes referred to as one of the lost arts, was possessed by Dr. Wharton in a remarkable degree, making him a most attractive and delightful feature of the various clerical associations to which he belonged. It was more particularly in the Ministers' Club of which he became a member soon after coming to Cambridge that he shone with a lustre which was all his own. This unique association was composed of members of all denominations, including in its ranks the most distinguished clergy in Boston and its vicinity,—Unitarian, Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Universalist, and Methodist. Dr. Wharton's regular attendance showed his high appreciation of its value, each monthly meeting being to him a source of profit and delight. But, in turn, he was himself a large part of the life of the Club, and his contributions of learning and of literary criticism, illuminated with wit and humor, always formed a memorable part of every session. In this social communion with men whom he respected for their high position, their intellectual power and large attainments, he was inclined to give himself the rein, to indulge freely his gift of humorous satire or humanistic criticism with no danger of misinterpretation. His nature rejoiced in this varied and generous interchange of thought on the highest and grandest themes. It stimulated him to bring out all that was best in him, opening up vistas of possibility which had hitherto been undreamed of or unknown. It was one of the greatest charms of the Club in those earlier years that the meetings were held at the houses of the different members in turn, thus gaining a certain domestic and personal flavor which enhanced their interest and attractiveness.

How many, alas! of its members one now recalls, who are no longer among the living—Dr. Chandler Robbins, Dr. Rufus Ellis, Dr. John S. Stone, Dr. Blagden, and Dr. Manning of the Old South, Dr. Means of Roxbury, Dr. Latimer of the Boston School of Theology, Mr. Foote of Kings Chapel, Mr. Noyes of Wilmington, Dr. Gray of Cambridge. It was inevitable that discussion often turned upon points where opinion differed vitally; but though there was no concealment of opinion, yet unvarying Christian courtesy kept the members in harmonious feeling. But here as elsewhere, Dr. Wharton saw elements in the situation which enabled him to sit with a certain ease and freedom, where others might have been hampered by the limitations of sect. Again he was always inwardly amused at the fact that they should meet as members of varying sects, unable to throw off denominational ties which seemed to have so little significance, and yet to which they were expected to be loyal. The very fact that they could meet at all, seemed to put their differences in a confused light, and begat the incongruousness which is the soul of wit. Dr. Wharton loved to play with the contradictions and confusions, which the Club by its very nature originated. He could not forget that the Baptists were standing for immersion, and were bound to regard him as having no valid baptism; or that Methodist Bishops had been created as if by accident by an Anglican Presbyter; or that Congregationalists were abandoning those minor points of their attitude which had led them to revolt against the Church of England. He was quick to perceive high ecclesiastical claims on the part of those who had invalidated them in others, or utterances of a radical or unorthodox kind on the parts of champions of orthodoxy. There was one incident which he was fond of relating, as an illustration of the confusion which this Club produced upon the mind of a stranger unaccustomed to its method. On an occasion when it met at his own house, he had as a guest a venerable Episcopal clergyman, of the old fashioned Evangelical School, who for the first time listened to the discussion of a vital religious question, in which every possible attitude of criticism was represented, and who failed to find himself in the utterances of those whom he knew, or with whom he had naturally supposed he should be in agreement. But there was one utterance of the evening, to which his soul responded fervently, and when he inquired of his host after the Club had departed, who the

dear orthodox brother was who had so delighted him, he was told to his astonishment that it was Rev. Dr. P——, a distinguished Unitarian divine, from whom he had hitherto regarded himself as separated by an impassable gulf.

The same generous and graceful hospitality which had marked Dr. Wharton's life in Gambier and in Brookline was a characteristic also of his residence in Cambridge. He delighted in having the theological students at evening parties, and spent time and thought in devising sources of amusement or entertainment, as on festivals like Christmas or Thanksgiving Day.

Perhaps in later years he participated less in the enjoyment which he prepared for others, preferring to retire to his study while still happy in the consciousness of the pleasure he was giving. Distinguished foreigners visiting the country were frequently invited to make his house their home. Among these was Dean Howson, whose reputation was then great as the joint author with Conybeare, of the *Life and Writings of St. Paul.* But the visitor from abroad who created the deepest interest was Canon Kingsley. He had reached this country with his daughter in a condition of physical weakness—the indications, though we did not know it then, of that premature decline, which carried him off in the fulness of his years and mental vigor. Dr. Wharton rescued him from a position where he was wearing himself with evening speeches; and from the unhealthy excitement brought him away to the repose of his home in Cambridge. Here for some time he rested, enjoying quietly the society of those whom it must have been a pleasure to meet. Among others came the poet Longfellow, who dined with him and afterwards spent the evening. Kingsley at this time was nervous and irritable, expressing himself vigorously in denunciation of all things obnoxious, but under the influence of Longfellow's gentle ways and the genial unobtrusive manners of his host, he gradually softened and mellowed, till the man stood forth who had charmed the world with his books. Mr. Longfellow was trying to interest him in the subject of Roman ruins, and in a plan then recently suggested for draining the Campagna; but Kingsley refused to be interested, declaring that he had never been to Rome, because he could not bring himself to visit a city which gloried in its ruins; all that he cared to know about Rome he could gather from Longfellow's poetry. Mr. Longfellow spoke

of Hypatia as the finest historical novel which had ever been written. On Dr. Wharton's remarking that if Mr. Kingsley had not been in Rome, he had made a thorough study of Alexandria, Kingsley confessed to having gathered from books all that he knew of that famous city, where Hypatia lectured and St. Cyril so sadly misrepresented the spirit of the new religion.

This incident may not be out of place as a picture and a type of Dr. Wharton's domestic life. It recalls another occasion when Kingsley was brought into connection with the beautiful St. John's Chapel of the Theological School. Although Dr. Wharton had promised him that he should be exempt from speech-making while his guest, yet he was anxious that the students should have the opportunity to hear the voice of one of England's greatest preachers, that one who was chiefly associated with English literature in the popular mind should appear before them as a dignitary of the English Church. On being asked by Dr. Wharton to accompany him to evening prayers, Kingsley readily consented, and after being introduced to the congregation from the chancel, he broke his intention to be silent, making an address, which those who had the privilege of hearing will never forget—an address which was significant of his character as a man, and containing also an epitome of the theology for which he stood as the most prominent English representative. Referring to the Book of Common Prayer as a bond of unity amongst English-speaking peoples, and to the peculiar pleasure which it gave him to hear its familiar language so far from home, he dwelt upon the thought that there was one thing which it was always becoming to say, under any circumstances to any audience, no matter whether educated or uneducated, whether composed of students for the ministry or for any other profession, which should be taken for the lodestar of their theology and of their lives—"*He hath showed thee, O man, what is good*, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

During the first few years of his residence in Cambridge, Dr. Wharton continued to exhibit the same interest and activity in what may be called ecclesiastical politics that he had shown when a layman in Philadelphia or in Gambier or during his residence in Brookline. Politics whether secular or ecclesiastical was to him a natural sphere. He was at home on the floor of conventions,

enjoying the sense of leadership, recognizing the way out of the snarls and tangles of legislation, carrying in his mind easily the bearing and application of by-laws and constitutions, divining also the moods of popular bodies, and aware of the necessity of changing a course in time, in order to avoid defeat. Any one who has heard him or watched him on these occasions must have seen in him the ecclesiastical lawyer, who felt the superiority which he possessed in a knowledge of law and of men, together with the native delight which the exercise of his faculties was affording him; on such occasions he was supreme, and without a rival. Had he lived in the days when Kings chose their ministers of state from among the ecclesiastics of the realm, he might have performed services which in these times of separation of Church and State, are no longer possible.

The days in which he was active in conventions and concerned with ecclesiastical legislation were unfortunately dark days for the cause which he had at heart. In the decade of the sixties repressive measures were enacted or in contemplation by the General Convention which seemed to him to limit the rightful privileges and liberty of one of the great historical parties in the Church. It had been a marked feature of the Evangelical School that it cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of the various religious bodies, believed in exchange of services and generally sought to maintain that open attitude which has characterized the American church from the early days of this republic. But this amicable interchange was fast becoming obnoxious to the opposite party in the church, who building upon the tenet of apostolical succession, refused to recognize directly or indirectly the validity of other than Episcopal orders, and who felt outraged by the acts of their brethren which seemed to commit them to an attitude which they disowned. It may be admitted now that there was a hardship on both sides—that the conflict was an inevitable one, which the majority had the unquestioned power of determining, a dark day for the minority who saw what seemed a Christian privilege curtailed in the interest of a tenet which they abhorred. In these controversies Dr. Wharton had borne a prominent part and it fell to his lot to see a favorite cause defeated. He did not see then, though he did at a later time, that the defeat was but temporary, that the relief for which he worked would come, but in other ways than he advocated; that the

rising sentiment of Christian unity, if it became a sentiment of Protestant Christendom, would be sure to sweep away every barrier which thwarted its progress.

Any account of Dr. Wharton's efforts to prevent the adoption of restrictive legislation would be imperfect, without alluding to the motive which inspired him. It was not a narrow policy that actuated him, but a chivalrous attempt to defend a minority that seemed to him in danger of being ruthlessly sacrificed to the tyranny of a majority. This sympathy with those who were unjustly treated, whether parties or individuals, especially if those exercising the injustice were in positions of power or influence constitutes the explanation of much in his career, which would otherwise be inexplicable. A case of injustice awoke an instinctive sense of indignation, and it made little difference to him, what might be a man's religious or theological opinions, he was his champion and sympathizer. There are those who are keenly alive to the truth of this statement, who are conscious of owing to him their redemption from the disaster with which they were threatened by the narrow, bitter prejudices which so often, alas! prevail in ecclesiastical circles. And these, too, are men with whose opinions he had no sympathy, but in whom with his accuracy in reading character, or discerning talent, he saw something which was worth saving, and which he determined to save without regard to party affiliations.

Those miserable embittered days in which party strife was the characteristic feature of conventions have now passed away. The church has entered upon a new era. Those who lay the stress upon institutionalism in religion will always, of course, attach importance to legislation and find in the enactment or modification of canons and by-laws a certain satisfaction. Those who are contending for other things—as individual liberty of conscience or action, or who believe in larger principles than constitutions recognize, must be content with the appeal to reason and to conscience, as the best available means for preventing unwise or hasty legislation. It was a remark of the late Dr. Stone, that the Evangelical School made its great mistake when it went into conventions as a party, and sought to attain spiritual ends by unspiritual means. Dr. Wharton came also to the same conclusion, and regretted that he had ever engaged in the strife. His object had been not an unworthy one; he had aimed to rescue a party from defeat, which was the bearer

of spiritual traditions and aspirations, which had a legitimate home in the church, and this at a moment when the rising tide of ecclesiasticism seemed to threaten it with extinction. He had fought for the cause with weapons in whose use as a lawyer no one was more skilful; some temporary successes also he had gained. When defeat came, he yielded, accepting it with stoical fortitude, and retiring from the arena, in which the contest had gone against him. Once again however he came up to the exciting field of ecclesiastical warfare, at the time when the election of the present Bishop of Massachussetts brought all theological issues in the diocese to a crisis. He could not be silent or inactive much as he might have preferred to remain so. To his wide vision the scene of conflict lay open and exposed; he quietly watched for the decisive moment in the struggle, by his subtle adroitness he outwitted his antagonists in a manner sudden and unexpected, and gained the victory. From that time he retired finally from all participation in conventions, and interested himself in other things.

It was while he was residing in Cambridge, that the sense of failure to achieve their cherished plans was fast driving some of the leaders of the Evangelical School into a mood which was ripe for separation. With such a scheme Dr. Wharton had no sympathy. It was his attachment to the Church which had led him to identify himself with the Evangelical men in their heroic struggle; but he declined to be identified with any efforts to establish a separatist organization whose motive should be the mere negation of High-Church principles. His view of the function of parties within the Church, forced him to regard their mutual influence upon each other, as a desirable and necessary means of cultivating a comprehensive Christian life. But in these attitudes taken by themselves, or incorporated into sects, he discerned a mischievous narrowness which defeated its own end. He never abandoned the principles which had wrought so powerfully in him, as to drive him from the world, into the sphere of distinctly religious things. He continued to regard Christianity as having its ground as a religion in its redemptive aspects—he emphasized the grace which coming to the soul from without wrought in it a moral transformation, binding it also in personal relations of affection and devotion to a sovereign Lord. But for the rest, he was open-minded enough to see good in things with which he had no special sympathy. The

ways of High-Churchmen or of Ritualists he found no difficulty in tolerating; in their manifestations in history they seemed to him to have subserved a valuable purpose. As he witnessed the modifications which parties in the church had undergone, since he first knew them, he sometimes playfully remarked that he considered himself an old-fashioned High-Churchman. Though never in doctrinal sympathy with Broad-Churchmen, he found himself in deep sympathy with their practical aim, and with their conception of a comprehensive church, capable of including the various types of Christian belief. He was among those invited to attend the memorable meeting in New Haven which resulted in the organization of the American Church Congress. That Churchmen should meet as men for the free discussion of issues on which opinions differed, promoting by this means mutual understanding and good will,—with this principle he was in cordial agreement.

An article published by Dr. Wharton in the 'Bibliotheca Sacra' for the year 1880, entitled Church Parties as Apologists, is interesting in this connection as not only illustrating the workings of his mind or his methods of teaching, but as setting forth his convictions with an explicitness which leaves nothing to be desired. He there reviews the attitude and history of the successive parties that have risen in the English Church since the Reformation, finding in each much that is admirable but at the same time much to be condemned, while they are so organically related to each other, that all must be included in any picture of Christianity aiming to represent it in well rounded completeness. Dogmatism has its place and function as representing the intellectual life of the Church; it is a necessary phase in the history of every new movement in the Church, by which it defines and discriminates its tenets, distinguishing them sharply from that which has been rejected as untrue, and thus makes the truth it holds its own conscious possession. But dogmatism encounters great risks, when it passes over into a dead habit, after its true work is done; it violates intellectual liberty, it provokes reactions even against the essentials of its faith; it depreciates the importance of the ethical and spiritual elements in Christianity. But equally deficient is the ethical party rising in response to the needs generated by dogmatism as in the English and Scotch Churches, in the 18th century when it came near losing the distinctive quality of Christianity altogether. Nor can it be

said to have produced the moral regeneration, at which it professed exclusively to aim. There is no more striking contrast than between the ethical proclamations of the Latitudinarian pulpit and the discontent, the lawlessness, and depravity of the last century. What was chiefly needed was the touching of the emotions and the rousing of the will brought about by the Evangelical awakening under Wesley and Whitefield, which not only led to social reform but quickened the moribund institutionalism of the Church till it became a new power in the nation. But the Evangelical party showed indifference towards culture and scholarship, and its lack of appreciation for the æsthetic, particularly in music and architecture, fostered a prejudice against it among literary men. It exaggerated also the individual aspects of salvation, overlooking the relation of the individual to the organic whole,—to the membership in a race which Christ had redeemed. It needed to be supplemented by a larger institutionalism which should bind individuals together in the realization of a common life, enabling them to feel their oneness with the corporate church in all the ages. Institutionalism on the other hand without the saving grace of individual freedom and aspiration degenerates into a mere government which compresses and crushes, without fructifying, till it is ready to instruct a Paul to tremble before the Roman governor. Sacramentalism and sacerdotalism are attempts to fill the vacuum of institutionalism as an organism abandoned by life, by endowing the institution with the power of emitting grace. They have a certain affinity with current materialistic theories and from this point of view are not wholly without some justification. But sacerdotalism misunderstands and misrepresents the links and attachments in the outward order of the church; and sacramentalism while it has its valuable side as against too subjective a conception of God's relations to the soul, narrows the range of the sacramental aspects of life, and becomes pernicious and destructive when it seeks this substance of grace in the sign.

Ritualism, considered in its æsthetic aspect, is the outcome of an age which is both artistic and humane. The love of ornament in the home, which nourishes valuable industries and refined tastes, may also have its place in the house of God. God himself appears as loving the beautiful with which he clothes his operations in nature. It is well for the poor that there should be a home for them

glowing with rich colors, cast in impressive architectural forms, through whose aisles floats rich and solemn music. One need not cavil at the interest in his ecclesiastical vestments shown by the Anglican minister, nor at music and ornaments too florid which interest and attract the poor, provided ritualism stops at this line and does not regard ornamentation as a necessary means for the conveyance of grace.

The name *Broad Church* carries no special sense, and breadth is a relative thing. Those to whom the name is now applied may be regarded as advance guards standing on the frontiers of the Church, occupied in the vindication for Christianity of a place in the world's latest thought or acquisition. There is work to be done in the field of biblical criticism; in the study of theological dogmas by the light of psychology and sociology; in adjusting the principle of evolution to the authority of a divine revelation which teaches the dignity of man and the sacredness of conscience. A party engaged in this task acts under that instinctive energy of extension which inheres in Christianity; it aims to establish new defences of the faith on what was before alien ground. Nor is there any cause for fear, even though its conclusions should reject opinions or interpretations of Scriptures which to many are identified with the Christian faith. The attitude of free inquiry which some deprecate, dates back to an early age of the Church, and then, as now, those who were assailing an enemy to the Church were regarded by the more timid as assailing the Church itself. Christian history is a succession of victories achieved, of new eminences occupied by those whose fortune is often to be denounced at first, and afterwards accepted as defenders of the faith.

Views like these, so comprehensive and discriminating, whose tolerance was based on devotion, not independence to the truth, were not so familiar ten years ago as they have since become. They may be taken as Dr. Wharton's last message to a Church in whose affairs he had been long and deeply interested, from active participation in which he was soon to be shut out by a call to a wholly different work—it might seem to some an alien department of human labor.

The years of Dr. Wharton's residence in Cambridge, uneventful as they were in any striking circumstances, furnish but little material for the biographer; and yet these quiet years contain the

record of inward process and development. His nature, which fitted him for activity in the world of affairs, was demanding some larger outlet for its satisfaction. From the time that he came to Cambridge, he must have begun to realize that he was shut out from any adequate field of ministerial influence, and this, too, at a moment when his mental force was at its height and his capacity for work undiminished. From the ecclesiastical point of view, his position was proving a diminution and restriction rather than an advance and expansion. The gradual failure of his voice was excluding him from the privilege of preaching—that resource which had made the clerical office attractive. There was no longer an opportunity for the indefatigable sermonizer that he had shown himself in Brookline; he stood in no pastoral relation which would occupy his time and sympathies. Under these circumstances he found the necessary outlet for his energies in his legal studies. He never lost the consciousness of his ecclesiastical position, but the years of his sojourn in the Christian ministry had so widened his conception of religion, that it did not seem incongruous that he should continue in a religious spirit the work which he had for a time abandoned as a profession.

This is not the place to speak of the voluminous legal treatises which belong to this period of his life. The apparent ease, the rapidity with which he sent them forth to the world, was astonishing. His industry seemed almost appalling to those younger than himself who fancied that they, too, were hard at work. For some years before leaving Cambridge, in addition also to his work in the Theological School, he was holding a professorship in the new Law School connected with the Boston University. He was also pushing his inquiries as a lawyer into new and unoccupied regions. As he surveyed the opportunities which opened up their attractions to his vision, he often remarked that young lawyers would do well to cultivate what he called the literature of the law.

It was while he was thus engaged that his own health, combined with various domestic reasons, induced him reluctantly to sever his connection with the Episcopal Theological School. The education of life was still something other and larger than his own personal volition would have made it. His history has in it elements of breadth and comprehension which are profoundly suggestive. As the story of a life, one cannot think of it without being deeply

moved. The forces which acted upon him from without, and those which stirred him from within, reveal in their resultant a man cast in no ordinary mould, touching life at so many points that it is difficult to characterize or describe him. History, literature, psychology, philosophy, interested him as well as law and theology. We may think of him as the young and successful lawyer, winning a reputation in his early years with which many would have been content; or as the devoted layman and popular lay-preacher, giving his time and fortune to Christian work; as the clergyman and pastor and theological professor; the versatile and voluminous writer of legal treatises with a widely extended circulation and recognized as of high authority, covering so many departments of legal inquiry as to make it cause for wonder that one mind could have compassed them all; and finally ending his days at Washington as the legal adviser of the Department of State—a position where his vast legal acquirements and diplomatic skill found their fullest opportunity. But an impression of him remains to those who knew him best which abides in the various phases of his career. He was a man, faithful, generous, devoted, who delighted in the recognition of merit in others; whose heart responded in sympathy with the injured or oppressed. His deep and abiding interest in those with whom he came closely in contact; the delicate kindness, and the watchful care which he found time to devote to them in the midst of exacting avocations—these memories remain with those who, incapable of appreciating him in the wide range of his activities, can yet divine the most expressive quality of the man.

CHAPTER IX.

THIRD JOURNEY TO EUROPE, AND REMOVAL TO WASHINGTON.

AFTER twelve years of constant and increasing labor in Cambridge and Boston, Dr. Wharton's health began to show signs of breaking down. His throat had indeed long given him uneasiness, but now new and alarming symptoms appeared lower down. Difficulty of breathing while walking, or after meals were the form in which the complaint manifested itself. He consulted the best physicians in Boston and Cambridge, and they decided that an increase of size and weight, and an accumulation of fat about the heart were the cause of the trouble. He was placed upon a strict regimen as to diet and exercise, and after a time experienced great relief. Still the results of many years of comparatively sedentary life were not to be easily warded off. His numerous engagements had to be fulfilled. His Lectures at the Divinity School, Cambridge, and the Boston University were the chief claims upon him, but, besides this, new editions of his Law Books called for study and preparation. In the year 1881 he resolved to give up his professorships and confine himself entirely to his books and the research they demanded. This was a painful conclusion to come to, but that it was essential to the preservation of his life was rendered patent to all beholders, by an event which shortly followed. While taking leave of his long tried, and much beloved duties and associates, he was seized with an attack of faintness in the street, falling down and continuing insensible for over an hour. After reviving, he retained no recollection of any special cause for the attack beyond the usual strain of the day's duties, nor after his recovery did there appear any bad results, but it was evident that a change must be made. He must relinquish some of his work, and take time for recreation and exercise. He decided to return to his native city of Philadelphia. He had passed twenty or more years of absence, with only occasional visits; many of his early friends were gone, but there were still enough left to make the

prospect of being once more amongst them a heart-cheering one. He felt the warning he had received to be a solemn one, and thought his work was well-nigh done, and was far from anticipating that after a short repose there were still some years of active life before him. After resigning his position in Cambridge, he resolved to pass a year in Europe, trusting to the entire change to aid him as much as the freedom from care and study. Of this journey, however, no very cheering records remain. The effect was not quite as satisfactory as was hoped. A few letters written at the time, will best give the mingled pains and pleasures of the experiment.

"LIVERPOOL, October 22nd, 1881.

"As you will have heard, I hope, by cablegram, before now, we are all safe on dry land again, after a most trying voyage of nearly eleven days. We had a furious blow which lasted three days, but the ship was a good and safe one, and weathered the storm well, though extremely dirty and uncomfortable. Dr. Wharton was quite well all the time, and made lots of acquaintances. Among these were some Cambridge people whom we knew all about, an English clergyman and his wife, a family from Cleveland, and some New Yorkers, and last, but not least, some British young men. When we parted this morning at the Custom-house, it was like the breaking up of a tea-party. Dr. Wharton has such accessible manners, he seems to have been the life of the ship, and I heard nothing but expressions of regard, and hopes to meet again, and protestations of friendship, all of which, I suppose, will be forgotten before long. Here it is the same old, wet, black, smoky Liverpool—a big, dismal hotel, the Adelphi, but a warm fire in our rooms, and an excellent dinner. Dr. Wharton went to Church this morning, and now has gone to the evening service. We start to-morrow for a leisurely trip to London by the Midland R. R. We shall stop at the Peacock Inn, Rowsley, to see Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, which are in that neighborhood, and be in London before another Sunday. I am so relieved to be safely here and all well, that I can assure you I joined very heartily in the doxology which was sung on board the steamer this morning just before leaving, when all the passengers were taking their breakfast, and which had a most impressive effect."

"London, October 27th.

"We arrived here on Wednesday, having stopped on the way from Liverpool at Rowsley, where there is a country inn in a very pretty country. We meant to stay there some days, but when we got up in the morning we found a furious rain falling, which, by twelve o'clock, turned to snow. It was also extremely cold. We had stopped on purpose to see Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, so, determined not to be beaten at once by adverse circumstances, we ordered a carriage, and drove off. The country was invisible, and the steam on the windows of the carriage prevented our seeing even the driver. However, when we reached Chatsworth, we made a very satisfactory tour of the house, seeing all the curiosities and all the pictures with great names attached to them—Murillo, Holbein, Leonardo, etc. We were much interested in the historical portraits, of which there are many, and in the canopy worked by Mary Queen of Scots. Finally, after we had been all through the magnificent rooms, we were brought to a stand before a portrait of the present Duke, and right beside it one of his second son, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who, you know, was recently murdered in Ireland. It seemed to me placed there to show the vanity of the whole exhibition. As these pictures are the last thing shown, I spoke to the attendants about them, but they were very obtuse, and showed no sympathy, though both dressed in deep mourning. They told us some of the family were expected next day, and showed us the family dining-room, all prepared for use. It was carpeted with a magnificent velvet rug, which in places near the sideboard was pieced with carpet of a different pattern; so you see even dukes have to economize. Of course, we could not go through the gardens on such a day, and therefore returned to the inn, where, after lunch, the girls and Dr. Wharton walked to Haddon Hall, the rain having held up a little. This they enjoyed extremely. We decided, however, that the season is too late for England, and came on to London next day. We are now settled in a comfortable lodging on Half Moon Street, near Hyde Park, and only a few doors from Piccadilly. We went out to Sydenham to-day to see Mrs. B. There are plenty of people in London, as Parliament assembled on Tuesday, and I see some very stately, well-dressed people in the streets. But this is a bad season of the year for

London, and I think we shall leave here in two weeks for Brussels. Dr. Wharton is easily tired, and I think feels the effect of the steamer now, though he seemed so well at the time. We want to be settled in winter quarters in Rome by December 1st. There is really very little comfort in travelling here in winter, as there are no fires in the cars, and not much fire anywhere. Oh, for a grate full of good Narragansett coal! Our little smoky fire has to be watched all the time as if it were wood. How far behind is England in every comfort!"

"London, November 5th.

"Our visit to London is almost over. We leave here on Wednesday and go to Brussels, where our Continental journey will begin. I think we have made the most of our time. Dr. Wharton and the girls have been out every day and all day. When I read Hare's 'Walks in London' and find how every street and almost every house has a story, I feel that a year would not be too long to exhaust the interest of the city. Whitehall and the Strand are more to me than the grand new part of the town, and I read about them, and go out and imagine how it once was. Dr. Wharton lunched yesterday with Mr. Allen, Editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' and in the evening dined with Lord Coleridge, the Chief Justice. To-day, Mr. Westlake invites us to a reception, which being Sunday, we have declined. To-morrow, Sir Robert Phillimore has invited us to tea, and we also lunch to-morrow with Mr. Freemantle, a clergyman. Dr. Wharton's friends are all in the legal line; he has corresponded with them for years, and now enjoys seeing them. If it were only a different season, I should enjoy staying longer, but we must hurry on before winter catches us. I spent a long morning at Westminster Abbey, where one of the latest tombs, of course, is that of Dean Stanley. There is also a bust of Kingsley, and one of Keble just placed there, and there is soon to be one of Longfellow. Poets and Kings are the great, it seems, and above all, warriors."

"Wiesbaden, Nov. 12th.

"You see by this that we are further on our way, having arrived here last evening. We crossed from Dover to Calais in a fine stiff breeze and high sea, but it was soon over and we took the train for

Brussels, where we spent a day in going over the sights. A very fine gallery was the chief attraction. Although the Rubens, Van Dycks, etc., are the things to admire, I confess the lovely *modern* pictures held me longest. There are beautiful shops in Brussels, and Dr. Wharton has already bought a present for each child in the family. We left Brussels on Friday and continued to Cologne. There is not much to see on the journey, but of course the Cathedral was an object of interest at the end. Our hotel looked out on the Rhine, which was a sea of *liquid mud*. At nine next day we again took the train, and, I am happy to say, with a bright sun shining. Here the true glory of the Rhine begins. The road lies beside the river all the way, and every tower and castle is not only beautiful, but connected with some romantic legend. At two o'clock we arrived at Wiesbaden. Now we are delightfully established at the *Hotel des Quatre Saisons*, right opposite the Kursaal, and with the pleasant prospect of a stay of at least two weeks. This is said to be a particularly fine climate. Dr. Wharton and the girls have gone to church this morning. He is *pretty* well, but he feels any change in his usual habits, and I am very uneasy about him all the time. God grant we may be able to take care of him, and if we find he cannot be as well and comfortable here, we shall have to return home. But, so far, we have done very well. He enjoys things very much, and is extremely cheerful. Everything is bright and dry here, a blessed relief after the London fog and smoke. There are plenty of people but none that we know. A fine band plays three times a day opposite, and a good library of English, French, and German is close at hand."

"WIESBADEN, November 17th.

"We have now been more than a week here, and are nearly tired of it, but we are so comfortable that we hate to move. We have delightful rooms and good fires and food, and that in such inclement weather is a great deal. A storm of rain set in last Monday, and continued four days. Fortunately there is not much to be seen. We go every afternoon to hear the band play at the Kursaal. Scientific and popular music are performed in equal proportions, and in first-rate style. The large room is generally two-thirds full, but we never see a familiar face. In fact, this place is out of season for Americans. We shall leave here by Saturday,

and go to Heidelberg, on Monday to Basle, thence to Luzerne, and over the St. Gothard. By Thursday, I hope, to Milan, Friday to Florence, and thence to Rome. We intend to leave early in the spring, and come back slowly over the same ground. The spring, as you know, opens early in Italy, and we can see things to much greater advantage when the days are longer. Now it is dark by four o'clock in the afternoon, and we have really no time, as the one o'clock table d'hôte takes up the morning. We get up at seven and have our breakfast, and then read or if it is fine go out. At one comes dinner, according to the German custom. Of course it is too early in the day, but it suits Dr. Wharton remarkably well, and he has had no headache since he has been here. He goes with the girls to the theatre sometimes, but it is so very dull, so very decorous, so highly refined and classical, that they find reading at home more amusing. I went once and heard one of Schiller's tragedies, but though I am at home in the colloquial German, I found the long speeches and exalted sentiments of Schiller's heroes quite beyond me."

"Florence, December 3rd.

"It has been a longer interval than usual since I wrote, but we have been travelling constantly. We left Wiesbaden a week from last Wednesday, and came down to Basle, where we spent a Sunday, having passed through Heidelberg, and spent a day there. It was cold and rainy, of course, but looked more cheerful at Basle, where our rooms overhung the river and where we had a bright open fire, a sign that we had left German stoves behind us.

"We crossed the St. Gothard in a furious snow storm, and the hills around here are covered with snow. We have no thermometer but I should say that it was colder than at any time last winter in Philadelphia, and Dr. Wharton has not been at all well. We left Basle on Monday and came down to Luzerne, our party having been augmented by Rita, our Italian maid. It was for once a lovely afternoon when we reached Luzerne, and we walked about, and saw the queer old towers and Thorwaldsen's Lion, and next morning crossed the St. Gothard and reached Milan in the evening. The journey we used to make in three days was made in one. There are several tunnels in crossing, and when we came to the long one at Goeschenen it did not seem to me much longer than

the others. We came through in twenty-two minutes, and felt none the worse though both Dr. Wharton and I were a little nervous. We met a Cambridge acquaintance on the train, who told us he was on his way to Venice to meet Mr. Brooks, and they two were going to sail thence for Bombay to spend the winter in India. Mr. Brooks will, I suppose, go round the world before he returns. I rejoice to think we are now only one day from our most distant point, Rome, and after that only five days from the steamer to come home. You will be surprised at this sudden collapse of my enthusiasm for travelling, but I am extremely uneasy about Dr. Wharton. He is not well, and travelling does not agree with him. The changes of meals and hours are the worst thing for him. We shall not think of remaining abroad this summer, and I shall be thankful if we get through the winter. Although he tries to be cheerful it is very much against the grain, for in travelling it is impossible to make him really comfortable. Rita, our maid, is extremely useful, and perhaps in Rome, we can take an apartment and make things more homelike. We only stayed one day in Milan, but that was long enough to see the Cathedral, and the 'Last Supper,' and we reached here Thursday. We have a very pretty yellow *salon*, and the sun shines on us all day long across the Arno. We have already visited the Uffizi and the Pitti galleries, and hope to do the principal churches before leaving, though Dr. Wharton and I are pretty much *hors de combat*. Fortunately Rita is able to go everywhere with the girls, as she is a woman of fifty, and thoroughly acquainted with all the sights and places we wish to visit."

"ROME, Dec. 14th, '82.

"We came here from Florence last week, and found a comfortable suite of rooms waiting for us at the Hotel de l'Europe, Piazza di Spagna. It is the highest part of Rome, and we have the highest apartment in it. There are ten flights of stairs, but as there is an elevator, that does not matter. In Rome the value of rooms increases as you go up. The higher, the purer air. I think we shall avoid all chance of malaria. Their great charm, however, is that they look out on a terrace 50 ft. long by 20 ft. broad, where the sun basks all day, and where the stone balustrade and pots of aloes make it look very Italian indeed. It is laid out directly on

the roof of the Hotel, and commands a beautiful view of all the spires and roofs and cupolas of Rome and of every sunrise and sunset. It is peculiarly appropriate to us, as neither of us are able to go about much, and this terrace is a good place for exercise. We shall do very well, if we are only allowed moderate health, but sometimes my heart fails when I see how impossible it is to minister to a heart and mind ill at ease. The life here is too great a contrast to Dr. Wharton's habits for years, to be pleasant to him. Perhaps later he may endure it better, but now I sometimes think it might be better for us to come home at once, and not keep him in discomfort all winter. He is *not* well, and has few books about him, and after the girls have seen Rome, they will have seen *a great deal*, and we would cheerfully bear the discomfort of a winter voyage, if there was peace and contentment at the other end. Not that we have at present any positive idea of the kind, but I like to think it is possible. It is comforting to think we are only two days and a night direct route to Paris, and that the Cunarders are equally safe winter and summer. He goes out every day with the girls, and they are much interested in the ruins, etc., but twenty-four hours *have* to be got through each day, and we have not yet had time to hunt up any Americans. It is a great contrast to the going in and out of the Seminary and Lecture Room, and the meeting bright, clever people at home. The alleviations of climate and scenery, and interesting associations are nothing to him compared to society, and I am dreadfully afraid his recovery will be retarded by his present life, instead of assisted. I sent for a Doctor immediately upon our arrival here (he is the best in Rome and had been strongly recommended to us). He is *not* of opinion that we should return to America, but he is very uneasy about Dr. Wharton. He comes to see him every day, and is a great comfort to me. He gives him nothing but Bromide and Hunyadi water. This is indeed a gloomy letter, but I cannot write cheerfully when my heart is heavy. I must leave the sights to the girls, and write what is in my thoughts. I only beg you to help me with your prayers at this most trying time."

"Dec. 15th.

"To day things seem to improve. Dr. Wharton has had no bad symptoms, and is sitting writing comfortably beside me. If we

can only get into regular habits here, with sufficient occupation, 'we may be happy yet,' in God's mercy. I hope it will be so, as the account you give of the rigorous winter around you does not seem suitable for invalids. The details you give of home and Thanksgiving Day do seem very sweet and attractive however, and I hope ere another Thanksgiving Day we shall be settled in some modest Phila. mansion, and never again attempt a search for 'a mild climate and change of scene.' And yet, if we had *not* come, we should feel that we had *not* done all we could for *his health*, and now it is a comfort to me to think we have passed through the most fatiguing part, and can come home easily at any time. I wish you could look in upon us; Rita, our maid, is making the arrival of the week's 'lavage,' an excuse for much shrill French and Italian talk. You would suppose clothes had never been washed, mended, and paid for before. E—— is in her room, working at Xmas presents; neither her Father nor I are allowed to pass through this room, so we are perforce in the salon, listening to the tanging of M.'s guitar, and occasionally walking out on the terrace. If I had the spirits, I could make a romance out of this terrace. It overlooks the whole city, with its renowned temples, ruins, domes, and spires. It also overlooks all the neighboring windows and balconies, and thus makes a contrast between the mighty Past and modern Italian life. Right opposite is a complete pigeon house, under the care of a boy, about L.'s age. This boy must I think, be also an invalid, as he is out on his balcony, as much as I am on my terrace. He has built a range of very amateur buildings, and is feeding and petting his pigeons all day long. They come at his call from all surrounding roofs, and yet they are not *overfed* I am sure, as they pick up the crumbs I scatter for them the moment my back is turned. On another balcony is a complete kitchen, with ice-chest, pantry, and everything but a stove, where a family of children are coming and going all the time. If I had better eyesight, I could give you receipts for *polenta* and other Italian delicacies. More romatic are the many plants and flowers that cover all the neighboring terraces, our own included. Every house has its sky-parlor, with roses in bloom, orange trees in tubs, and oleanders and palms towering above. If we were certain of remaining here I should buy some sweet-scented plants to have the pleasure of tending them. As yet, we have only the aloes,

which are very stern. The flowers in the street are very cheap and for a few cents the girls can decorate themselves for the table d'hôte. About fifty people sit down every day, of all nations and tongues. Swedes are opposite to us, whose language I do not attempt. Several unattractive English families have evidently the same opinion of us; an Italian Duke with several children and some sociable Americans."

"JAN. 8th, '83.

"I believe I wrote you of the cold Dr. Wharton had taken at St. John Lateran. This developed into a *dysentery*, and it is now two weeks since he has left his room. He is not very sick, but afraid to go out, and with the disease sometimes worse, sometimes better. The Doctor comes every day and gives him medicine, and his diet has to be very careful, but it is very depressing to us, and not at all what we expected in coming abroad. He has been sick more or less, ever since we left Germany, and I attribute it to the dreadful weather we had there, when he could get but little exercise, and to the unwholesome food everywhere. Now he is on strict regimen, with only arrow-root and beef tea, and I am nursing him, with Rita's help, and a great deal of consideration from the Hotel, where I fear they are only too accustomed to sickness. He has got the idea that Italy does not agree with him, and as soon as he is better, we must make a move somewhere, though where to go, I scarcely know. The weather has been lovely, and everything favorable except his health. I go out but little; once for a walk on Monte Pincio, and once to St. Peter's, where E. and I enjoyed much the splendid church, with its monuments to the past glories of the Popedom. It is in much better condition than when I was last here. The mosaics are kept clean and polished, and everything has an orderly appearance. The King (Humbert) is to be thanked for all the added neatness of Rome, and its buildings. Even the streets are spruced up, and have not the evil odour they once had. His Court is regularly established at the Quirinal, and we often see him driving on the Pincian. On the other hand, the Pope says he is a prisoner, and never comes out of the Vatican. The girls go somewhere every day. The palace of the Cæsars interests them greatly. Much has been excavated lately and they see rooms and frescoes that were not exposed until very recently. The ground

which was a cabbage garden covers buried palaces, and new treasures are dug up daily. E. gets photographs of these interiors and that is, so far, all I know of them.

"I shall be sorry to leave Rome. Our terrace has been delightful, and also our walks on the Pincian, since Dr. Wharton has been better. The smell of the violets on its slopes, the beautiful old City below us, with its entourage of hills and pines, and the green Campagna beyond have been within our reach. Once we have driven to the Borghese and once to the Colosseum, where it was too damp to linger. We have seen, in the distance, most of the poor old venerable temples and arches, who look as if imploring oblivion after an existence prolonged well-nigh beyond endurance. The temple of Minerva, especially, seems to have *gone down on its knees* to beg to be covered up from the light of day. The temple of Janus, the arches of Constantine and Titus, and the Theatre of Marcellus have all been seen in passing, but the weather has not been such as to admit of our remaining long, and we have been satisfied with a passing glance. We shall go away before the Carnival, as it is all-important to get our invalid strong again. Naples, we have given up, as too debilitating. We shall go to San Remo, on the Riviera, which we hear is especially bracing, and I don't doubt we shall enjoy its gardens and sea-breezes, and I hope cheerful society. There have been plenty of people here, but not interesting to Dr. Wharton. Even Dr. N., the Am. Clergyman, has been to see him but once, as Dr. Wharton was too sick to return his visit."

"San Remo, Feb. 1st, '83.

"Here you behold a new heading to my letters. E—— wrote so fully a day or two since that I postponed my letter for fear of repeating her *verbatim*. Our leaving Rome, and our journey through Pisa to Genoa, has already been described. The railroad to Genoa is beside the sea, and Dr. Wharton seemed to improve the moment we sniffed the sea-breeze. He was so well when we reached Genoa that he wanted to stay several days, and go sight-seeing, but I begged him not to risk another attack in such a place as Genoa, especially as the weather was very cold. We spent only one day there, and left for this place the next. The road is beside the sea all the way, and would be beautiful but for the constant

tunnelling. Wherever, on the old Corniche road, there used to be a slight ascent, there is now a tunnel, so that many persons still take the old carriage road. With us, however, it was too important to get to the end of our journey, and although we did not leave Genoa till 12 M. we were very glad to reach San Remo by 7 P.M. This is a most lovely spot, and I can scarcely realize that we so lately left snow at Genoa. Here all is green, and tropical plants are all around us. The town lies on the slope of hills that shut out everything but the south, where is the sea, and these hills retain the sun's heat from day to day, so that it is much warmer than in the same latitude on the other side of the hills. Of course you know this, but it strikes one here with fresh surprise. Even at Rome we had cold winds, here only a gentle breeze from the sea, without which exercise would not be agreeable. Dr. Wharton seems delighted with it, and I hope we shall stay some time. Our hotel is a little out of the town, high, and with a view all round of the sea; exquisite gardens, roses, violets, and orange-blossoms all about us, and an atmosphere like summer. When there is a chill wind or cloudy day the habitués of the house apologize for the unusually 'bad weather.' It seems to me like Paradise. It may be just the place for Dr. Wharton to get well and strong again. He is so fond of the sea, and there are people and shops enough to make it entertaining. We hear nothing but the English tongue on all sides, and English hotels line the way for over three miles. The quaint old streets of the town proper are full of curiosities, a peculiar mixture of queer and ancient articles for sale, with a most common and modern trickery in selling them. Dr. Wharton is very full of shopping, and it requires all my persuasion to keep him off the Sorrento wood and Italian jewelry. I wish to reserve our resources for Paris. But it is delightful to see him again taking an interest in everything and enjoying himself. He is able to walk freely everywhere, and it is a happy contrast to the dark, damp, streets of Rome, where every step was fraught with danger, to him at least. There are some people in the house who promise to be companionable, and with books and sketches, and the inexhaustible walks, we shall find it very endurable. We went on Sunday to the English Church, and heard the usual English sermon—very good in matter, but delivered with a dismal drawl! I suppose the chaplains at these places are generally men in delicate

health, kept alive by the delicious climate. The walks and gardens are full of cripples and invalids, and even the well people get a sort of hobbling gait from sympathy. . . . . After a while we shall make some excursions to the neighboring towns, where, I believe, half the English aristocracy are assembled, but now we are glad to be quiet."

"SAN REMO, Feb. 15th.

". . . . Dr. Wharton continues to show wonderful improvement, he seems as well as ever, enjoys everything, and has recovered his spirits. He is much amused with the people in the house, he has a book on hand, of course, but he says it is only translating. He is a great favorite, and is having, I am happy to say, quite a flirtation with a clever English lady, who lends him books and talks history to him. There is a dear old lady up stairs, who sends for him to play whist in the evening—so that he gets on very well. He walks every morning to the town, where we have examined every shop ten times over. Dr. Wharton buys figs and chestnuts and the inevitable flowers. We often rest on the way to look at the lovely blue sea, with its points of sloping coast, covered with towns of white and yellow houses and basking in a summer sun. Near at hand are olive yards and vineyards, and a perfect redolence of violets and hyacinths from the gardens below. I sometimes feel like shaking myself, and saying, 'Do you *know* that you are having *June* in *February*, and that never again will you be at such a season in such a spot?' We get so used to our blessings, that after two or three weeks of loitering and basking, we begin to read and write again and even talk of the sights we shall see in Paris, and the shopping we shall do there. . . . ."

"FEB. 25th.

"There is a young Scotch gentleman here, who told me his left lung was consolidated, and that he never expected to be well again. He was as cheerful as if he had spoken of some approaching happiness, so I suppose that he is fully prepared. That is the comfort of these English people; they are religious by heritage and education; they never dream of staying away from church on Sunday, and they all come in the evening to sing hymns. One man whom I thought singularly 'worldly,' came in to ask for his 'favorite' hymn, and another, with the countenance of a *pirate*, we discovered

to be a leading elder in the Scotch church here. So you see we are gradually merging into intimacy and approbation. I think our standing has greatly increased since they have seen Lord Coleridge's seal on one or two of Dr. Wharton's letters; and are convinced now that we are first-class people. They are singularly ignorant about America, and will ask such queer questions as—'Where is the *city* of California?' '*Don't* you know Mr. Woods, of Missouri?' as if we lived next door. One lady asked me if Washington were not on the Mississippi? Still they are very friendly and pleasant, and our rooms are filled with visitors every day. Sometimes they do not quite appreciate the sobriety of our characters. An old lady warned *me* against *gambling*. She said, 'Americans are so inexperienced—they are carried away with excitement!' Another, a gentleman, said, 'I never play at Monte Carlo—but my wife does. If *she* loses 1000 francs, she stops, but I feel bound to make it up.' Here was a real live gambler!"

Perhaps the writer has lingered too long on this European journey, and the delightful episode of San Remo. It is, however, almost the last period of Dr. Wharton's history that she can look back upon with entire satisfaction. Restored to health, and with a mind free from care, he was for the remainder of the trip the life and soul of the party. After a devious, though pleasant, route through Northern Italy to Turin, and a short stay at Aix les Bains, they came to Paris in May. From thence to London, and set sail from Liverpool on May 19th. As he himself said, "he must be at Narragansett in time to dig his asparagus bed." The truth is he was tired of an idle life. The mere travelling did not occupy his mind sufficiently. "Get work to do; it is better than what you work for," was ever his motto, or, in his own humorous and highly poetical paraphrase, Constant employment is constant enjoyment.

The return of the Democratic party to power in 1884 will mark the next era in his changing career; a career I hope, it will be observed, whose changes were involuntary, and caused by events entirely beyond his control. He had spent nearly two years quietly in Philadelphia, fully occupied with revising his now numerous books, and had certainly no idea that anything further awaited him, when some intimations reached him that he would be a useful

and welcome aid to the new Administration. After some preliminary correspondence, the following letter was received from the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State:—

"DEP'T OF STATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1885.

"MY DEAR DR. WHARTON:

"I have your letter written yesterday, and write to ask you to come on, as soon as possible. You will go into service as soon as you come here, and your commission will follow upon the expiration of a short 'leave of absence,' granted to your predecessor.

"I believe you will find the position akin to your powers and your tastes, and one in which you can render valuable service to your country.

"Yrs. truly,

"T. F. BAYARD.

"Prof. FRANCIS WHARTON, Phila."

The office to which he was called was that of Examiner of Claims, or, in other words, Legal Adviser to the State Department. It was not without misgivings that he accepted this position. Not that he felt any hesitation about his ability to fulfil its duties. He had been familiar with the topics he would have to handle for years; his decisions would be governed by the result of many years' study of the very topics in question, and his studies would be stimulated by this practical application of them. But he had a reluctance to take up an occupation so exclusively secular. Though debarred by the state of his voice from officiating in any public service in the Church, he had never lost sight of his sacred calling, nor were the vows of his earlier dedication felt to be less binding. The following letter from a beloved friend, although written after his acceptance of the office, will show what were his scruples and in what way his advisers tried to remove them.

"CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

"Your gratifying and exceedingly interesting note has just reached me, on my return from visitation. It is an additional evidence of the reality of your friendship that you have taken the trouble to mention reasons for your acceptance of the present responsible position you hold under government; but believe me, my dear old friend, that no question has ever arisen in my mind as to the propriety of the act. I have rejoiced that the opportu-

nity was thus offered you to serve God so acceptably in an office so responsible, and I have rejoiced with our mutual friends that our country was so ably represented by a member of our Church. It seems, to me, at least, that Divine Providence has been preparing you for this high office, and by your peculiar education and experience—I refer especially to the ecclesiastical side of English polity—enabling you to interpret fully the mind of our English cousins. . . . .

"President Cleveland's choice of Mr. Bayard is to be highly commended. We have felt that our foreign relations were in safe hands. . . . .

"Believe me most affectionately your friend and brother,

"G. T. BEDELL,
"(Bp. of Ohio).

"Rev. Dr. Wharton."

After some further deliberation he resolved to accept the office temporarily. The letter in which he signified this decision to Mr. Bayard has been preserved.

"No. 1820 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
"March 24, '85.

"My dear Mr. Secretary:

"As I telegraphed to you this morning, I accept the proposition to take for three months the post of counsel to the state department, postponing for the present the question of an acceptance of the office as a permanency. After leaving you I met, at the Supreme Court, my old friends Mr. George W. Biddle and Mr. Rawle, who both advised me strongly to take the office, as one for which I was more or less fitted by my old training as district attorney, and subsequent experience as writer on and professor of international law. This morning I have seen my publisher, and looked over business matters, and find that there is nothing to prevent my entering on the work at Washington as soon as required. My present intention is to take lodgings until the question of permanent acceptance is decided, and then if this be determined on, to take a house. I would add that I would feel bound in any view to discharge the duties of the office until you found a successor satisfactory to yourself.

"Truly y'rs,
"FRANCIS WHARTON.

"Hon. T. F. Bayard."

Upon removing to Washington, Dr. Wharton found his hands full. Not only did he find the work at the Department of State exceedingly interesting and congenial, but he was received with much flattering attention by the various social circles of that brilliant city. Well known to the larger part of the employés of the government by his books, they were now glad to make his acquaintance personally. His nomination by President Cleveland was confirmed unanimously by the Senate with, in one instance, the significant remark: "I should as soon think of objecting to Chief Justice Marshall."

This was the bright side of the picture. On the other hand, the constant pressure and responsibility; the not too healthy climate of Washington; and, above all, the giving up of his summers at Narragansett Pier, presented a prospect that might have discouraging possibilities.

The impression that he made during the four years of his political life must be left to another to describe. The men and the measures of that administration are almost too recent to be written about freely. The same thing applies to his correspondence, which, though large and including some very distinguished names, is yet too full of the local and personal to be within the scope of the present volume. It is sufficient to say that the labor of these last years of his life seems to have exceeded that of all previous years, and that the loving and devout spirit that he had manifested in earlier and less trying positions never deserted him. He attended with regularity the Church of the Ascension, and much enjoyed the ministrations of the faithful rector, the Rev. Dr. Elliott. Often upon returning from these services, in which he never took part except as a worshipper, he would say: "How I have enjoyed the sermon! There is nothing like the good old gospel, after all."

There must always be, in the government of a great nation, times when a just and proper exercise of control will excite the opposition of those controlled; and the four years' term of our executive will always provoke agitation and party strife. But in political parties and angry contests Dr. Wharton took no interest. Though he considered himself identified with certain great principles held by his party, he never was betrayed by discussion of them into want of consideration for others. Many of his warmest

friends were his political opponents, and he was ever the recipient personally of affection and confidence, both from those who agreed with him and those from whom he differed.

Among the letters and memoranda he left behind him much may yet be found that would interest the reader, but it must be at a later date, and transcribed by another hand.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE AT THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

BY

HON. JOHN BASSETT MOORE,
Third Assistant Secretary of State.

EARLY in the year 1885 Dr. Wharton was invited to take the post of Examiner of Claims or Solicitor for the Department of State, at Washington. After due reflection he accepted the position, and late in March entered upon the performance of its duties.

It would be difficult to conceive of greater fitness of person for place than that of Dr. Wharton for the office to which he was called. Although he left the bar for the church early in life, the impress of his legal training remained, and his predilection for the law never forsook him. Whatever might be the subject that occupied his attention, it was to its legal aspects that he was especially attracted. His mind was singularly versatile, and his sympathies were broad and easily touched. He possessed, besides, a strong vein of sentiment, which not infrequently had a controlling effect upon his conduct. He was fond of poetry, and sought diversion and recreation in works of fiction. Endowed with such generous tastes and faculties, technical disputations were little to his liking. The narrow view of a question never appealed to him. It was in the discussion and application of broad and general principles that he found his greatest delight; and it was in the natural development of this liberal disposition that the lawyer became the eminent and accomplished student of jurisprudence.

In addition to his knowledge of law, Dr. Wharton possessed a thorough acquaintance with history. He was accustomed to say that Englishmen knew less than Americans of English history, and if he was to be taken as an example of his countrymen his observation was certainly correct. His knowledge of the history of England was singularly thorough and minute. It was not confined to the general and leading incidents which are stated in the

formal histories, but extended to the lives, the letters, and the minor accounts of men and women. With the exception of the history of the United States, he knew more thoroughly that of England than of any other country; but he was also a diligent student of history, both ancient and modern, in the most general sense. What he read he was enabled to retain by the possession of an unusual memory. He made few notes and kept no commonplace books, and did not burden his mind with useless dates and facts. His memory was philosophical rather than circumstantial. If questioned in respect to a particular circumstance, he often expressed an inability to answer. But, if called upon to consider a particular subject, he was able, with a rapidity and completeness seldom witnessed, to draw from the stores of his memory a copious supply of historical illustrations and analogies.

The labors of Dr. Wharton in history and jurisprudence, and his fondness for the discussion of general principles, led him to the study of international law, and prepared the way for his eminence as a publicist. His first important achievement in this field is found in his treatise on the 'Conflict of Laws,' or 'Private International Law,' which includes a comparative view of Anglo-American, Roman, German, and French jurisprudence. Concerning this work, an intelligent and discriminating critic in the 'Southern Law Review' expressed the opinion that upon it would rest its author's most lasting and solid fame. There is reason to believe that Dr. Wharton shared this opinion, for he took an evident pride in the book and often referred to the criticism in the 'Southern Law Review' as one of the most appreciative and satisfactory ever written upon any of his works. In 1885 appeared his 'Commentaries on Law,' which embrace chapters on International Law, both public and private.

Such was the preparation of Dr. Wharton for the discharge of his new duties. Learned both in history and in jurisprudence, and with a wide and established reputation as a publicist, he was able to speak as one having authority. He was not compelled to search for principles and precedents; he had already reduced them to possession, and it was only necessary for him to apply them. The value of such a preparation can be estimated only when we consider the distinctive character of international law as a branch of jurisprudence. The average practitioner, trained in the strict

school of the common law and accustomed to the technical disputations of the ordinary judicial courts, finds himself, when called upon to deal with matters involving international law, confronted with a new type of questions in the solution of which his previous education affords him little assistance. In reality one of his first tasks will be to rid his mind, so far as he may be able, of its prepossession for technical reasoning. The books which he has been accustomed to consult, with a view to obtain a "case in point," can no longer be accepted as guides. Even if he should find in the courts of his own country a decision upon the question which he has under consideration, he would then be required to ascertain whether that decision had been accepted as being in accordance with the principles of international law; for in such matters one nation is not bound to accept as conclusive the decisions of the courts of another. He would then find it necessary to embark upon the study of history and the works of publicists, and to apply with such guides the principles of reason and justice. Although in this department of investigation and study the United States can claim such distinguished names as those of Wheaton, Story, Kent, Lawrence, Field, and Wharton, the study of international law has for the most part been much neglected in this country. When the subject is taught in the schools, the course of instruction is usually confined to a few lectures of a more or less perfunctory character, and perhaps to a few lessons from text-books which deal with the most elementary doctrines. No attempt is made to trace the history of the subject, and the remarkable contribution of the Government of the United States to its progressive development is almost wholly overlooked. A gentleman lately in the diplomatic service of the United States recently told the writer that one of the most distinguished publicists of Europe declared to him that he found more to interest and instruct him in the annual volume of the Foreign Relations of the United States than in any other current publication on international subjects. This, he said, was due to the freedom and originality with which questions were treated; a circumstance in large measure attributable to the unique position of the United States in the family of nations.

Dr. Wharton entered upon the discharge of his duties in the Department of State with all his accustomed energy and enthu-

siasm, and for a time found ample occupation in the daily work of his office. Coming into the place soon after a change of administration, he was required to give opinions upon a large number of complaints which had in the interval been submitted to the Department with a view to their diplomatic presentation to foreign governments. This influx of claims attends every change of administration without reference to its political character. The principle of *res judicata*, though not infrequently invoked, is not applied with the same strictness in the executive departments as in the courts; and each suitor whose claim may have been the subject of an adverse decision finds room to hope that in the change of the head of the department his complaint may receive favorable consideration. In the first year of his official life, Dr. Wharton gave formal written opinions upon 221 claims, involving various questions of law. But his labors were not in the meantime restricted to the examination of claims. Questions of international policy were also the subject of his consideration. In the spring of 1885 the Colombian Government, with a view to suppress an insurrection which had arisen in that country, issued two decrees of great importance to foreign nations. By the first of these decrees, certain ports then in the possession of the insurgents were declared to be closed to foreign commerce; and the penalties and forfeitures affixed by Colombian law to smuggling were denounced against the goods which might be imported into or exported from those ports, and against the vessels which might engage in trade with them. By the second decree it was declared that the vessels which, under the flag of Colombia, were then employed by the insurgents in hostile operations against the port of Cartagena, to the detriment of foreign commerce with that port, did not belong to the Colombian Government and had no right to fly the Colombian flag; and for these reasons they were declared to be beyond the pale of international law and their repression by the armed forces of friendly powers was invited. These decrees raised two questions on which Dr. Wharton always held and expressed very decided views,—the rights of neutrals and the international status of insurgents. The United States refused to treat the decrees as sustainable on principles of international law. The right of a government to close, by a decree, ports not in its possession and not actually blockaded, was denied. At the same time the Colombian Minister was informed

that the United States would not treat the vessels of the insurgents as pirates. It is not improper to say that Dr. Wharton materially contributed, by his learning and skill, to the argument made by the United States on that occasion.

Before the close of his first year in the Department of State, Dr. Wharton began the compilation of a digest of the opinions and decisions of executive and judicial officers of the United States on questions of International Law, with legal and historical notes. The work being too large and scarcely popular enough in character to be undertaken by a private publisher, its printing was provided for by a resolution of Congress. An intelligent critic has recently observed, that if Dr. Wharton had done nothing else during his industrious life for the science of jurisprudence, the 'International Law Digest' would, quite apart from his labors in the field of criminal law and of the conflict of laws, be his enduring monument. Such defects as the work possesses are inherent in its character. It was drawn not only from published documents, but also from the unpublished records of the Department of State, beginning at the origin of the Government. In dealing with the latter it was necessary, owing to the number of subjects treated and the voluminous character of the discussions, to omit a great deal, and to select such parts as were deemed illustrative of the doctrines most consistently maintained. Such a process of selection necessarily reflects in some degree an editor's personal bias. But the 'International Law Digest' remains a monument to its compiler's learning and industry, and is full of interest and instruction. The first edition was soon distributed, and in 1887, by direction of Congress, a second edition was printed.

After the publication of this work, Dr. Wharton undertook the labor of editing the 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution.' Provision for printing was again made by Congress, and he worked at his new task incessantly up to the date of his death. Only a few days before that event, he received and corrected the last proofs of the first volume, which contains historical and legal notes in the form of an introduction to the correspondence. The latter he left in manuscript in the hands of the writer, as his literary executor, to whom Congress has given authority to continue the printing.

This brief outline of the life of Dr. Wharton during the period

of less than four years which he spent in the Department of State, presents a record of unusual character. The activity of his mind was incessant, and he wrote with rapidity; but, with all his learning and all his facility, it would have been impossible to accomplish, in the short space of four years the immense and varied tasks he undertook, if, in addition to his other qualities, he had not possessed that of untiring industry. "Dogged industry" was the term which he liked to apply to his habit of labor. His capacity for work seemed to be almost unlimited, and he was never idle. He rose early in the morning, usually before six o'clock, and immediately resumed his tasks. His labors the days could not be said to divide; for he gave few hours to sleep, seldom more than five, and often less, and the first hours of the morning generally found him still at work. Sometimes he went out early to walk, in order to refresh himself for the day's labor; and this was about the only physical exercise he took. He usually reached his office before nine o'clock, and he then worked through the day without intermission. He not only worked constantly, but also eagerly, in order to accomplish as soon as possible the task he had set. He possessed in the highest degree vivacity of intellect. This quality imparted to the severest labor keen and apparent pleasure, and contributed to sustain his exertions. He was also able to perceive at a glance any pertinency in what he read to the subject under consideration. In this way he was able to read with great rapidity. He possessed little fondness for books, for their own sake. They were merely his instruments. He valued them solely for what he could obtain from them, and, after extracting what suited his purpose, put them aside. He was not what we style a book-lover. Hence, as he lived for the most part in close proximity to large public libraries, he collected few books, and his private library, which was comparatively small, was not selected with reference to his work. His quickness of perception and his ability to appreciate at its relative value whatever came under his notice, enabled him to employ with unusual ease the labors of others. Moreover, he understood so thoroughly and so comprehensively the subjects on which he wrote, that, in directing and utilizing the labors of others, he was able to give to each thing its proper place and its appropriate effect. Thus he was not compelled to complete one branch of an argument before he proceeded to another. Keeping the whole

in his mind, he was able to pass from one part to another, and, where vacant places were left, to fill them up as his collection of materials was completed.

Dr. Wharton's capacity for productive labor cannot be more forcibly shown than by an enumeration of his principal works. His first reputation as a legal author was made by his writings on criminal law. His works on this subject are four in number, and comprise treatises on 'Criminal Law,' 'Criminal Pleading and Practice,' and 'Criminal Evidence,' and two volumes of 'Precedents of Indictments and Pleas.' The treatise on 'Criminal Law' embraces two volumes, and is now in its ninth edition; that on 'Criminal Pleading and Practice,' in one volume, has passed through an equal number of editions; that on 'Criminal Evidence,' is in two volumes, and is also in its ninth edition. The 'Precedents of Indictments and Pleas' is in two volumes, and has reached a fourth edition. In conjunction with Dr. Stillé he wrote a work on 'Medical Jurisprudence,' which is also in its fourth edition. He next wrote a commentary on 'Agency and Agents,' in one volume; then a treatise on the 'Law of Negligence,' which is also in one volume, and has reached a second edition. Following these came his work on the 'Conflict of Laws,' also in its second edition; a commentary on the 'Law of Evidence,' in two volumes, now in its third edition; a work on 'Contracts,' in two volumes; and 'Commentaries on American Law,' in one volume. Besides these practical treatises, he published a volume of 'State Trials,' a work full of historical interest, with notes written in a peculiarly charming style, which appeared in 1849, when the author was twenty-nine years of age. The 'International Law Digest,' to which reference has already been made, comprises three volumes, and the 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution,' is yet to appear. In order to appreciate the extraordinary facility with which this large number of voluminous works was written, it must be recollected that for some years his labors as a writer of treatises on law were suspended, and that all through his life he was a constant contributor to periodicals.

An attempt having been made to describe and explain, in a general way, the extent of Dr. Wharton's achievements as a publicist, it will be interesting to consider more in detail the qualities of his mind, his habits of thought, and the distinguishing traits

of his character. Such a combination of faculties as he possessed is seldom witnessed; and it was only after seeing him at his daily tasks that one could appreciate the richness and variety of his mental endowments. Reference has already been made to the quickness and breadth of his comprehension, to his capacity for labor, and to the exceptional character of his memory. It is only by this combination of faculties that we can account for the extent of his acquisitions. No industry, however constant, could have enabled him to accomplish so much, if he had not possessed extraordinary mental powers. His works show the extent of his erudition. It was in his treatise on the 'Conflict of Laws,' or Private International Law, that he attempted to cover the widest field of legal investigation. If his acquirements had been wanting either in thoroughness or in amplitude, the defect would then have been revealed. But none of his works was ever received with more instant recognition or with higher approval, not only by the public but also by scholars and jurists. It did more than any other of his publications to extend his reputation abroad, and no doubt materially contributed to form that high estimate of his learning and abilities which induced the University of Edinburgh to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and the Institute of International Law to enroll him as one of its members. For, when those honors were conferred upon him, the 'International Law Digest' had not been written.

Dr. Wharton also possessed powers of imagination of a high order. It is this that distinguishes the narrow logician from the creative thinker. Voltaire said of Dr. Clark, that he was a mere reasoning machine. This could never have been said of Dr. Wharton. He did not, indeed, possess that highest type of imagination, which has enabled a few men in different ages to create distinctive systems of thought, and to connect their names with new social, political, or legal theories. He made no profession of originality in this rare sense. He was always ready to avow his obligations to others, and was wont to disclaim any originality of thought. He declared himself to be especially indebted to German writers, whose language he understood and whose works he carefully studied. But he was never the victim of logic. He sought to discover and apply principles, and not merely to find reasons to justify other men's conclusions. He studied and comprehended questions in their

wider relations, and not singly and apart. He was especially quick to perceive analogies, and reasoned much in that way. This imparted to his discussion of various topics unusual breadth and suggestiveness, and exceptional harmoniousness of view.

With his great fondness for history, and his extensive learning, it is not strange that Dr. Wharton should have dealt much in precedents; but he was never the slave of authority. *Stare decisis* was not a rule whose limitative force he felt himself bound to acknowledge. "So it hath been decided" was not enough to silence his objections. That he diligently searched the books for opinions and precedents, in order to ascertain what had been determined, the wealth of his citations amply shows. He always knew the latest cases. But he never held himself to be precluded from criticising and disapproving what he cited, no matter how high the tribunal from which the expression came.

Though Dr. Wharton often dissented from the authorities he cited, his opposition was never factious, nor the result of a fondness for disputation. Controversies of a personal character he sedulously avoided, esteeming it a sign of weakness rather than of strength to seek to win a cause by abuse of an adversary. Where he found himself in opposition to the courts, it was because their action did not square with what he believed to be the reason, the justice, and the philosophy of the matter. When of this conviction, he did not hesitate to dissent and protest. The amplitude of his comprehension enabled him to work out a system of principles in law, politics, and theology, with singular clearness and consistency. To those principles he was devotedly attached; and he was always ready to maintain them. The basal principle of his system was that of liberty, and it gave color and direction to all his thoughts. There was nothing that appealed to him so strongly as the efforts of men and of nations to work out the problem of self-government. He never could forget that it was by the exercise of the right of revolution that the people of the United States attained their independence, and assumed a place among the nations of the earth. The annals of our early history, the struggles, the vicissitudes, and the triumphs of the makers of the Republic were always the subjects of his especial study and admiration; and to the exposition of the events of that period, and of the causes and course of the conflict, he devoted the last hours of his life. It is often mentioned as the

reproach of scholars and men of letters that in the contemplation of abstract themes they lose sight of and cease to appreciate the generous motives which operate upon the conduct of peoples in their struggles for freedom. In the critical study of the acts and character of individuals, they become oblivious of their sacrifices and patriotic exertions. It was not so with Dr. Wharton. He had no sympathy with that spirit of detraction which seeks to belittle the beginnings of American history. He was intensely patriotic and intensely American. It was his especial delight to dwell upon the simple life and the simple manners of our Revolutionary period. He was beyond that narrow conception which confounds simplicity with barbarism. It is the tendency of society in every age to consider itself as the best exponent of civilization, and to regard its forms and ceremonies as the embodiment and the test of progress and refinement. This delusion Dr. Wharton did not share. He was sensitive to the conventionalities of life, but he was able to look beneath its shows and ostentation, and estimate its purpose and value. He felt contempt for ignorance, and detested bad manners, and neither pretence nor display could conceal them from him, or shield them from the shafts of his ridicule. On the other hand, he thought that simplicity of life imparted dignity to character, and enhanced the effect of greatness.

It has already been observed that the fundamental principle of Dr. Wharton's system of thought was liberty. He advocated this principle as the beneficent source of all true progress. He believed in free thought, free government, and free seas. His views on all these subjects are fully expounded in his 'Commentaries on Law.' In law, as governing individual action, he belonged to what he termed the progressive division of the historical school, "holding that the law of a nation is the product of its conscience and need at each particular era." He was equally opposed to the analytical school, of which Bentham and Austin are the chief exponents, which looks to the final settlement of law by a code founded upon the doctrines of utility; and to the theocratic school, which claims for its rules *jure divino* sanction. In opposition to these theories he accepted the arguments of Hooker in his great work on 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' This work, as Dr. Wharton observed, is unfortunately chiefly known by a single passage containing a sonorous eulogium on law. Almost the only point on which he agreed with

Austin was in thinking that this passage is somewhat rhetorical. Dr. Wharton was accustomed to say that it was the least valuable sentence in the wonderful production, in which it is found. According to Hooker, divine law, when applied to men in their mutable relations, and not definitive of dogmatic theology, is also mutable. Much more so, then, must this be true of human law, which is necessarily formulated for the government of men under particular conditions. Referring in his 'Commentaries on Law' to Hooker's argument against the theocratic views of the extreme Puritans, Dr. Wharton says: "Two points were taken in the reply of this illustrious thinker, points equally fatal to any system of absolute law. (a) Reason and revelation, he maintained, including in revelation whatever law claims *jure divino* sanction, have co-ordinate authority; reason has to verify the credentials of revelation, then to define its meaning, then to determine its applicability. (b) Whatever concerns man in his mutable relations must of itself be mutable; the boat tosses with the wave on which it reposes, the plaster takes the mould of the face on which it is impressed." These views, which are practicable only when reason is left free, Dr. Wharton fully adopted.

But in order that men may be able to work out their destiny in accordance with the dictates of reason, there must be free government. On this ground Dr. Wharton advocated the widest liberty of individual action compatible with social order. Law must, he held, in order to be effective, be the emanation of the conscience and needs of the people; but he also maintained that it should impose as little restraint as possible upon the freedom of action of the individual. He was a disciple of Jefferson, and fully accepted the doctrine of *laissez faire*. He rejected the notion that a majority of the people, because they possess the power to rule, have also the right to mould the opinions and form and regulate the lives of the rest of the community.

In international law Dr. Wharton was a strenuous advocate of liberal principles, and in his exposition of the policy of the United States he laid especial stress upon the importance of preserving the rights of neutrals. Whenever he found a decision, either of the executive or of the judiciary, which seemed to him to be unduly restrictive of those rights, he never failed to combat it. There was one case in particular, arising out of the civil war in the United

States, whose authority he never neglected an opportunity to controvert. This was the case of the "Springbok," in which the Supreme Court of the United States condemned a cargo bound for a neutral (British) port on the ground that it was intended to be transhipped at that port and forwarded on another vessel to a port then under blockade. His most thorough and exhaustive discussion of this case is found in the 'International Law Digest.' The decision of the Supreme Court not having been accepted by the British government as being in conformity with the principles of international law, it was brought for examination before the British-American Claims Commission, organized under the treaty of Washington. That tribunal affirmed the correctness of the Supreme Court's decision, notwithstanding the able and convincing arguments urged against it. Among these Dr. Wharton was wont to refer with especial admiration to that submitted to the Commission by his lifelong friend Mr. Evarts, an argument full of learning and logic, and well worth the study of any one who desires to comprehend the principles involved.

It is not a little remarkable that the last published expression of Dr. Wharton's views on law and government should have contained a protest against the doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court and accepted by the Commission in the case of the "Springbok." In December, 1888, the editor of 'The Independent' addressed a letter to a number of eminent men requesting suggestions as to what changes were needed in the Constitution of the United States in order to bring it "into closer sympathy with the present status of political thought." Dr. Wharton was one of the persons thus addressed, and his reply was published, under the title of "'Patches' on the Constitution," only a little more than a month before his death. It contains the most comprehensive expression to be found in so small a compass of his opinions on law, politics, and government, and is in every respect so characteristic, both in substance and in style, that with the consent of the editor of 'The Independent' it is republished as an appendix to this sketch.

It is proper that something should be said in regard to Dr. Wharton's style. In a review of his 'Commentary on the Law of Contracts' a writer in the English 'Law Times' said: "In certain respects this is a peculiar law book. It is written with more attention to reasonable elegance of style than legal writers

usually practice. . . . . Full of learning and research, it is not wearisome to read. Matter is never made the slave of form; but, at the same time, the author avoids those awkward and by no means perspicuous attempts at expression, such as 'and which' or 'that that,' which disfigure our text-books and judgments. Lastly, in incidental sentences it will be found that, in estimating the value of principles, the author employs a native originality guided rather than expelled by the process of legal training." It is a distinctive feature of Dr. Wharton's books that, in addition to their convenience and authority as works of reference, they possess a peculiar literary charm. This is due in large measure to the freshness of his thought and the force and vivacity of his forms of expression. His tendency was to be diffuse rather than concise. He wrote with such facility, and could so easily command words in which to convey his thoughts, that he was little given to condensation; but with all the learning which his works display he never gives the reader the impression that his erudition was a burden to him. He read understandingly, and wrote with a view to elucidate the propositions which he wished to establish. He never consciously or unconsciously sought to impress his views by the employment of that vague and nebulous style of argument by which the reader is sometimes led to mistake mysterious and intangible generalizations for profundity of thought. If he ever indulged in speculations which could not be reduced to a definite statement, he never attempted to utter them. He often referred in a humorous strain to the mystical productions of writers whose ideas, he said, seemed to have been absorbed by an "inverted perspiration." Dr. Wharton always endeavored to be perspicuous. Occasionally his sentences are somewhat involved and complex in construction, but they are never obscure. They give the impression of having been thrown out fresh from the writer's mind, in the vividness and energy of rapid composition. He was much given to the employment of a colloquial or dramatic form of expression, in which the argument is put into the mouth of a person who is supposed to be speaking in an inartificial and familiar way upon the proposition under discussion. Another and constant quality of Dr. Wharton's style is the subdivision of his argument into separate parts, each one of which is pursued and exhausted by itself. The reasons advanced in each part are generally stated in

the same distinctive and orderly way. This method he always employed in his books, and the habit clung to him even in his briefer discussions and in his purely historical writings. This analytical method of statement imparted clearness as well as a certain didactic quality to his style. It was by the employment of a multitude of reasons, rather than by the selection and repetition of a single and overwhelming argument, that he sought to establish his proposition. It was the quick succession of blows, rather than the single ponderous shock, that overcame the antagonist.

It is often the fate of writers who contribute in no small degree to mould opinion to be little known except in their books. The life of an industrious writer of treatises on law is necessarily spent more or less in seclusion. He must have time not only for thought, but also for research. Unlike the author of descriptions of life and manners, who acquires his knowledge by contact with men, the writer on law must glean the books for his materials. His writings have little circulation among the mass of the people, and his labors do not reach the popular imagination; hence his personality is generally little inquired about and little known. Dr. Wharton, in large measure, escaped this fate. He was fond of social intercourse. He especially delighted in the society of young men, whose hopeful views and unchilled enthusiasm found a ready response in his own ardent and progressive temper. In mind and in thought he never grew old. In his studies and in his writings he possessed all the energy and vivacity of youth. These traits he carried with him into social life. Wherever a few persons were gathered together for social diversion, and Dr. Wharton made one of them, he was the life of the company. He led in the conversation, and was always sparkling, suggestive, and full of humor. He was a master of playful irony. It required a quick and sympathetic perception to follow and appreciate him, but even those who could thoroughly do neither could not fail to catch the contagion of his lively and spirited manner. At such times his countenance was peculiarly bright and expressive, and his eyes gave anticipatory flashes of the thoughts he was about to utter. His humor was of a rare quality, and was turbulent and irrepressible. There were few subjects so serious that he could not perceive in them a humorous aspect. One would scarcely look for such things in a work on criminal law; but in his treatise on that

subject we find, under the title of "Diversity of Knowledge among Judges," a disquisition on the intoxicant quality of liquors, in which the cases and decisions are discussed both upon principle and upon authority, but with a liveliness and humorousness of manner quite unexpected and entertaining. In the "International Law Digest" we find entertainment and instruction peculiarly combined in the chapter on official and social intercourse of diplomatic agents. The humorous passages found in his serious writings very well illustrate Dr. Wharton's manner in general conversation, and show the ease with which he could apprehend and state arguments.

Early in 1889 Dr. Wharton's physical powers began perceptibly to fail. An affection of the throat with which he had for a long time been troubled to the serious impairment of his voice, assumed an aggravated form, rendering his breathing labored and difficult and the effort to speak injurious. He was fully conscious of the critical features of his condition; but of all those who were concerned in his welfare, he himself exhibited the least anxiety. He was always reticent as to his feelings, and rarely referred to the personal incidents of his life; but he was, besides, not afraid to look to the end. By the first of February his malady had made such rapid progress that it was thought advisable that he should go to Philadelphia in order that he might undergo examination at the hands of consulting specialists. On the morning of the day on which he undertook the journey, he came to his office as usual, in order to look over his correspondence and dispose of any business that might require attention. Although fully aware of his danger, he exhibited no sign of despondency, but rather a quiet determination to face the worst that might come without faltering. The result of the consultation held in Philadelphia was communicated to the writer in a letter so illustrative of the temper and disposition of the sufferer that it is reproduced in this place.

"PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 4, 1889.

"DEAR MR. MOORE:

"I have been undergoing a thorough examination by a consulting committee of specialists to-day, and they coincide in saying that there are critical features in my case which can only be met by my being confined to my house and chamber for two weeks under a specific treatment. Now as the disease is purely local, it will

greatly amuse me if you will send as usual any papers which I can report upon. I will consider this a particular favor. I will also be very glad to see you, but I am positively ordered not to say a word, so do not come unless there is something you can explain to me better by talking than writing. Now be sure to send to me any questions that come up, just as you did before. Please show this note to Mr. Bayard, with my love.

"I write this in Philadelphia, expecting to return to-night.

"Ever yours,

"F. W."

Following this letter was a postscript requesting that a gentleman who was assisting him in the correction of some proof-sheets would call upon him at his house immediately after his arrival from Philadelphia.

After his return from Philadelphia, Dr. Wharton never left his chamber. The treatment under which he was placed required close confinement and absolute abstention from attempts to speak. For a time it seemed to afford relief, and he was encouraged to hope that he might be out again. It had been suggested that it might be necessary to perform a surgical operation and the prospect that this might be avoided tended to dissipate his apprehensions. On the 9th of February Dr. Wharton wrote as follows:—

"DEAR MR. MOORE:

"Please send down to my carriage a Congressional Register, giving a list of congressmen and our foreign consuls; also twenty or thirty sheets of foolscap Department paper; also my mail and anything else you may have for me. I am getting decidedly better. The Salisbury-Sackville paper is excellent. The assumption that it is for England to determine how far she will interfere in our politics and that by international law she is to be the exclusive arbiter of this, is intolerable.

"My lips are sealed, but I can listen, read, and write all the better."

The document referred to as the "Salisbury-Sackville Paper" was the communication which Mr. Bayard, on January 30, 1889, addressed to Mr. Phelps, United States Minister at London, in reply to the note of Lord Salisbury in the Sackville case, in which

his Lordship assumed the position that the Government of the United States, instead of dismissing Lord Sackville from the post of British Minister at Washington, was bound to submit the complaints against him to the judgment of his Government, in order that it might decide whether they were of such a character as to require his removal. Dr. Wharton's brief note discloses the activity with which he continued to work; and his observations on the Sackville case, show that his interest in current public questions had not abated, and that he was still capable of expressing his views with vigor and clearness.

About the middle of February, the symptoms of Dr. Wharton's disease became more unfavorable. He began to experience greater difficulty in respiration and the necessity of a surgical operation again became imminent. The tone of his communications lost its hopefulness, but he continued steadily at work, chiefly upon the 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution.' In a little book entitled the 'Silence of Scripture,' published in 1867, when he was rector of St. Paul's Church, in Brookline, Massachussetts, he uttered the following thought: "The oars of Providence are muffled. We know not our hour; and hence, we are to labor as if we were to live forever, and trust as if we were to die to-night." As we look upon his last days, and observe the unostentatious heroism of his conduct, those words spoken twenty years before seem prophetic of his end. A few days prior to his decease the dreaded operation was performed in order to save him from strangulation; but, while the shock weakened his vital forces, he uttered no complaint, and gave no sign of mental distress. Not long before his death he revised the last proofs of the first volume of the 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution,' and his corrections betray no evidence of disturbance of thought. He was laboring as if he were "to live forever," and trusting as if he were "to die to-night." From the calmness of his demeanor, one might suppose that he had long lived in the presence of death and had ceased to dread its near approach. His courage never wavered and his faith did not falter. The lofty purpose, the dauntless resolution, and the abiding faith which had borne him up through the vicissitudes of a life of unremitting effort, were never shown with greater clearness than in these last moments. In the presence of death the secret of his life was revealed.

Late at night on the twentieth of February, 1889, Dr. Wharton made the first confession of physical weakness which he uttered during his illness. He asked for nourishment and expressed a desire for repose. Then in brief sentences written on slips of paper—for he could not speak—he bade good-night to those who were watching by his bedside and begged them to retire to rest. Soon after midnight on the following morning, as he lay apparently asleep, he was observed to turn his head. He gave no sign of anguish but at that moment he ceased to breathe.

On the reception of the news of his death the Secretary of State issued the following order:—

"Department of State,
"Washington, February 21, 1889.

"Dr. Francis Wharton, the Solicitor of this Department, died early this morning in this city, and his funeral ceremonies will take place on Saturday next the 23rd instant at two o'clock P.M. at his late residence No. 2013 Hillyer Place.

"Such officers of this Department as may desire to attend the funeral, will not be required to be present at the Department after the hour of one P.M. on that day.

"In making this announcement the Secretary of State desires also to place upon the files of the Department a mark of recognition of the public loss sustained by the death of Dr. Wharton, whose eminence as a Jurist, and remarkable attainments as a scholar, are attested by his writings—and have enrolled his name among the most renowned publicists of our time.

"His books upon the law remain a monument to his sound learning, wide research, and untiring industry.

"Within the circle of those permitted to enjoy his personal companionship, his memory will be cherished as a beloved associate, an honorable gentleman, and a sincere Christian.

"T. F. BAYARD."

The funeral of Dr. Wharton took place on the twenty-third of February, and was attended by a large number of his friends. He was buried in Rock Creek Cemetery, near the city of Washington. He left to survive him a widow and two daughters. To attempt to describe the life of a man in the nearest and tenderest of social

relations always savors of desecration. From these no hand should seek to remove the veil with which all sensitive natures wish to shield their domestic life from the eye of prurient curiosity. The remembrance of kindness, sympathy, and devotion, is the appropriate treasure of those upon whom they are bestowed.

It is in keeping with Dr. Wharton's life that no studied tribute to his character, should follow the account of his death and burial. As with him the end of existence was the end of labor, so we may permit this brief sketch of his life and works to stand as his most fitting eulogy.

[The Independent, January 10, 1889.]

"PATCHES" ON THE CONSTITUTION.

BY FRANCIS WHARTON, LL.D.

Swift, in the "Tale of a Tub," likened the Christian record to three coats which a father left to his three sons with these injunctions: "Now you are to understand that these coats have two virtues contained in them; *one is, with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion as your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to always fit.*" It so happened, however, that the oldest of the sons, conceiving that the control of the coats belonged to him, proceeded to cover them with patches of whatever finery the fashion of each succeeding season might make popular, destroying, thereby, not merely the excellence of their appearance, but their durability and elasticity. They could not be durable if they should have their substance subjected to the fastening on and then the tearing off of successive layers of stuff. They could not be elastic, so as to grow with the body of the wearer, if they were stiffened and clogged by these heavy superincumbent brocades.

Swift's coat, as he thus describes it, is a symbol not merely of the Scriptural Records, but of all systems which are the products of permanent natural and social conditions. If they are such products, they represent in simplicity these conditions, lasting as long as they last, growing as they grow, and so enduring and adapting themselves because of their very simplicity. Chief among systems of this character is the Constitution of the United States, which is the emanation of such conditions of the people of the United States as are permanent. It provides for the co-existence of Federal and State sovereignties. It provides for the co-ordination of executive, judiciary and legislature. It gives the National Government, it gives each department of that government, certain clearly defined powers, reserving to States and people all powers which are not so assigned. In this way it provides, in case it should not be overlaid with a superstructure of artificial construction, impairing at once its durability and its elasticity, a system of government which, instead of being swept away by new social or economical developments, receives such developments under its own shelter as part of a harmonious and yet progressive whole.

But the Constitution of the United States, durable and flexible as it is itself, has had its durability threatened and its elasticity diminished by factors not unlike those which Swift allegorized in the "Tale of the Tub." The most potent and mischievous of these factors was the terroristic hyper-conservatism called forth by the French Revolution. Among men of conservative tendencies, among men who distrusted democracy on principle, there was a strong feeling that a general assault on vested rights was at hand, and that they must protect these rights by all available means.

In England, the school that was thus generated was led by Castlereagh, by Perceval, by Eldon, followed by the mass of the aristocracy trembling for their privileges, and by the great body of squires and country gentlemen who were incensed at whatever might disturb their bovine mastery of their own particular fields. By these classes both Houses of Parliament were dominated

The accession to power, in 1801, of the Democratic Party prevented the parallel reaction which had begun in America from affecting the executive and legislative departments. But extreme Conservatives despaired of the capacity of the Constitution as a barrier to resist the torrent of Jacobinism by which they thought civilization, religion, morality, threatened. By Hamilton the fabric was spoken of as "frail and worthless;" by Gouverneur Morris its failure was lamented, but, he thought, could scarcely be averted. All that could be done would be to prop it up by buttresses and strengthen it by exterior walls which might make it a fortress in which privileges could be protected, instead of a temple in which liberty was to reign by maintaining the full and harmonious play of State and Federal Rights, and by securing to the people the undisturbed enjoyment of business facilities and of political privileges within the respective orbits of state and of nation.

There was one great and courageous statesman and judge, however, who shared the convictions of Hamilton and Morris without sharing their despair, and who, in his position as Chief Justice of the United States from 1801 to 1835, aided by an unbroken ascendancy over his associates, was able to impose on the Constitution constructions which were designed to protect existing institutions, and to repel Jacobinical assaults, but which tend to deprive it of much of that elasticity and comprehensiveness on which its durability as well as its utility depend.

Marshall's great moral and intellectual gifts, as well as his capacity as a chief of conservatism in its then supreme conflict with liberalism can be best measured by comparing him with Eldon, who led the

same forces in England. Eldon had nothing to do with politics in his court which as an equity tribunal, excluded such considerations; but he had a great deal to do with them in the cabinet, in which, as Lord Chancellor, he held a leading position. Marshall had nothing to do with politics off the bench, but on the bench he dealt with them in the broadest and most effective way, as a large part of the business of his court consisted in settling questions of high constitutional law. Both were men of great political courage, yet Eldon, while prompt and bold in the cabinet, was singularly hesitating and procrastinating on the bench, while Marshall when in court never doubted his conclusions, announcing them promptly and emphatically and with a clearness and simplicity in singular contrast with the turgidity and involution of Eldon's style. Both were consummate managers of men, but Eldon's management was that of the supple courtier, Marshall's that of the majestic chief. Eldon was a tactician, manœuvering for present vantage ground; Marshall a strategist, planning campaigns whose field should be an empire and whose duration an era. Eldon's powers were weakened by his jobbery, his greed, his avarice; Marshall's grandeur was enhanced by his homely simplicity of life, his scorn of jobbery, his indifference to wealth, showing in his own person how little accumulated hoards of money have to do with greatness of the highest type. Both were great lawyers, but while Eldon was far more proficient in the delicate and intricate departments of equity, Marshall surpassed him in the application of common sense to the molding of common law. Eldon's Court of Chancery, as such, is now swept away, tho' many of the cardinal doctrines laid down by him in equity are accepted as part of the dominant law of England; and one of the reasons why his court, as such, fell under the ban was the discredit cast on it by his procrastination, his irresolution and the enormous expense his system of patronage imposed on suitors. Marshall's court is now the strongest and most influential tribunal in the world: and this is, in a large measure, due to the matchless dignity he imparted to it, and the strong, plain, ready sense which his example set for its judgments. And in their political achievements the contrast is still more marked. The result of Eldon's political labors—the black acts, the repressive and bloody legislation as a whole, which his resolute voice had so large a part in forcing through—are now utterly vanished. But the constructions Marshall imposed on the Constitution still remain in greater or less vigor. It has been a great misfortune for the country that some of these constructions have served, like the tags and patches put on Swift's coat, to impair seriously the comprehensive simplicity and the paucity of

limitation which adapt that great document, as it stands in the original text, to each stage of business or economical development as it arrives. Some of the more damaging of the restrictive "patches" thus imposed, I now proceed to consider.

1. Purchase and sale of negotiable paper, loaning money on such paper or on other assets, purchase of goods to meet advances at home or abroad, are matters which can be best arranged and adjusted by the competition of private interests, and which are, therefore, not within the scope of the Constitution of the United States, and cannot be brought within its operation without destroying that very capacity of adaptation to successive epochs which gives it permanency and comprehensiveness. In May, 1781, as a war measure—the war being then at its height, and the Treasury insolvent—Congress chartered the first national bank, under the title of the Bank of North America. In February, 1791, when the country had scarcely emerged from the turmoil of the war, when collisions with France and with Spain were threatened, and when Britain still refused to fulfil the stipulations of the treaty of peace, a charter was granted to the first Bank of the United States, with power to discount commercial paper and to issue exchange on deposits of assets. In February, 1816, a charter to the same effect was again granted, as a measure of Government relief, in the suspension of banking operations which the War of 1812 precipitated. This charter, if sustainable at all, was sustainable, as were those of 1781 and 1791, on the ground that a government bank was necessary to restore to its normal state the currency which the prior war had deranged. But in February, 1819, when credit was restored, trade returned to its natural channel, and the country entering upon a full course of enterprise calling for unfettered business activity, the Supreme Court of the United States, Chief Justice Marshall delivering the opinion, held that, not as a war measure, but as a permanent system of government, Congress could constitutionally put in operation a bank whose functions would include the buying and selling of commercial paper, and the issuing of exchange on deposits of all kinds, speculative as well as actual. Of this construction that by which, many years afterward, it was held within the constitutional power of Congress to force purchasers of goods to take irredeemable paper money in payment, and even to turn gold contracts into paper contracts, was a natural outcome.

2. The determination to protect existing institutions from the supposed enmity of democracy, culminated in the Dartmouth College case, decided in the same term as that which affirmed the constitutionality of the Bank of the United States. Dartmouth College

was then existing under a royal charter which the Legislature of New Hampshire undertook to amend. The Supreme Court held that such amendment was inoperative, because a college corporation is a "private" and not a "public" corporation, and because charters of private corporations are contracts which, under the Constitution of the United States, a state cannot lawfully impair. The reasoning of the court brought not merely colleges, but banks, insurance companies, and common carriers, when incorporated, under the head of "private" corporations, so that privileges and immunities and monopolies once granted to them could not be withdrawn. If that decision had remained operative, a charter giving a stage corporation the exclusive perpetual right to convey passengers from point to point would have shut out any other carriers or any other method of carriage forever from the route; a charter empowering them to fix their own rates would make those rates unassailable; a charter giving the owners of a particular reservoir the exclusive right to supply a city with water, would prevent any other water supply, no matter how inadequate such a reservoir should prove. Had this "patch" been unalterably worked into the texture of the Constitution, its life would have been short. "If you persist in your supposed conscientious conviction that you must veto all bills removing religious tests, your Majesty's crown," so the Duke of Wellington substantially told George IV., "must fall." The majesty of the Constitution would have been subjected to a like fate if it was held to contain provisions which made perpetual every monopoly, no matter how odious, that had been created in the past.

3. By the law of nations, as construed by the Continental Congress, and in the sense in which the term was used in the Constitution of the United States, freedom of the seas is secured to neutral merchant ships with certain well-defined restrictions. They cannot, without peril, after notice, enter a blockaded, belligerent port, and they are liable to confiscation if they attempt such entrance. They are subject to be searched at sea for contraband, and such contraband can be confiscated if found on board; but the term contraband is limited to munitions of war destined for belligerent use. Outside of these bounds they are entitled to traverse the high seas without molestation, and they can become carriers for belligerents and for belligerent property, the rule being that free ships make free goods. Over and over again Congress, during the Revolution, affirmed these positions, and a solemn adhesion was given by it to the armed neutrality which adopted them as the basis of its existence. It was with no slight exultation at the prospect of prosperity that such a system

would bring to American shipping that Franklin expatiated on the benignity and wisdom of a policy which discouraged belligerency and encouraged peace, and which would give the hardy seafaring population of America the control of the carrying trade of the world.

But other views were promulgated by England when engaged in her struggle with Napoleon. Her great enemy had from time to time the mastery of the Continent of Europe; she must sink unless she obtained the undisputed mastery of the seas. Then there emanated from her courts a series of judgments greatly extending belligerent privileges and greatly diminishing neutral rights. Merely constructive blockades were sanctioned, and, under what was called the doctrine of continuous voyages, it was held that if goods were designed (a question as to which prize courts leaned naturally against neutrals) for blockade-running, they could be seized at any point on the road, though they were to be transshipped at an intermediate port. Contraband was swollen so as to include whatever was of value to the belligerent, for whose use it was supposed to be intended. So far from free ships making free goods, enemy's goods were held open to seizure under neutral flags, and neutral ships could be searched for them; and the question of belligerent ownership was, like all other disputed questions, to be left, when the seizure was by a British cruiser, to a British prize court, the fees of whose officers depended in a large measure on making good the capture, and whose prepossessions were all in favor of strengthening belligerent power in favor of Britain, then in a struggle almost for national existence.

We must not look too harshly on the tendency of the Supreme Court of the United States to sustain, though sometimes in faltering tones, those modifications of the law of nations which came across the Atlantic under the great name of Lord Stowell, clothed in the fascinating diction of which that judge was a master, and appealing to the community of feeling which made Americans as well as Englishmen look with aversion at the unscrupulous ambition of Napoleon which aimed at the subjugations of all civilization to his own rapacious will. England, to many minds, seemed the only bulwark against this lawless Cæsarism on the one side, and an equally lawless Jacobinism on the other side; and much as we may be amazed, considering what went before, and what came after, at the devotion shown by leading Federalists to England in those dark days, we must be content to acknowledge that this devotion was at that juncture felt by some of the purest and noblest men our country has ever produced. It was not strange, then, that our Supreme Court should then have receded from the revolutionary doctrine of free seas, and

should have in a measure sustained the destructive views introduced by English courts for the purpose of preserving from destruction British maritime supremacy, and with it the cause of revolution itself. Nor was it strange that when we ourselves became belligerents, we should accept these doctrines, perilous as they are to neutral maritime rights, as settled law. But it is ground for profound grief as well as amazement that as late as December, 1866, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the famous case of the Springbok, should have held that it was good ground to confiscate the cargo of a neutral merchant ship, that the ship, at the time of search and seizure, was on the way to an intermediate neutral port for transshipment to a blockaded port of the enemy, though the seizure was made a thousand miles off from the port of final destination. When this ruling was made, the Civil War, by the judgment of the Supreme Court, had been closed for nearly a year. We were at peace with all the world. Our merchant shipping, it is true, was driven from the seas, but there was every prospect, on the basis of international law, as the Constitution meant it, of our old maritime strength being renewed. *Our* future had neutrality almost indelibly stamped on it, while the future of the Old World was marked by war which made each great sovereignty an armed camp and filled each great port with swift cruisers ready, in case of conflict, to pounce, not merely on an enemy, but on neutrals who might presume to do any carrying trade on the high seas. With such a prospect before us we deliberately gave away the opportunity of covering the seas with our merchant service. No wonder the English law officers chuckled with delight at such a surrender on our part, and declined, before the mixed commission afterward constituted, to impeach the Springbok ruling. It made England, already dominant on the seas, master not only of her shipping, but of ours. It would enable her next time she goes to war with a European foe, to cut matters short, and, in addition to blockading her enemy's ports of entrance, to blockade our ports of exit, and to say: "You are the feeders of my enemy—from you come the grain and other staples which nourish him—in addition to enlarging the list of contraband so as to comprehend most stores. I now, in conformity with your own law, as propounded in the Springbok case, blockade *your* ports so as to keep your ships from carrying out anything the enemy might use. *You* blockaded *my* neutral port of Nassau; *I* blockade *your* neutral port of New York." It is not strange that American shipping should languish when under such a ban as this.

Such are among the "patches" which have been woven into our constitutional coat by its guardians, and which so far as they are per-

manent, take from it the property which originally belonged to it of growing with our growth. One of these patches, that imposed by the Dartmouth College decision, has been substantially got rid of, partly by overruling by the court itself, partly by constitutional amendments in most States which preclude granting charters without reservation of power of amendment. The "patch" which assumed to the Federal Government the power to sell exchange to create illusory currency and to absorb banking privileges, has been removed, so far as it sanctioned a national government bank, by popular action; but it remains in its worst feature in the legal-tender ruling by which it is held that Congress can, as a permanent peace system, force the reception of irredeemable paper in payment of debts old as well as new. And the Springbok ruling, while repudiated by the executive branch of the Government, still remains unassailed in the records of the judiciary.

The Constitution itself requires no amendment; but what is required is the removal from it of the "patches," impairing its symmetry, its comprehensiveness, its elasticity and its durability, which have been imposed on it by the judiciary.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

APPENDIX.

Among the public testimonials that came in large number to express sympathy and appreciation after his death, the following are selected for publication :—

"The Columbian University,
"Washington, March 1, 1889.

"My dear Mrs. Wharton :

"At a meeting of the Faculty and students of the Law School of the Columbian University, held in the Lecture Hall of the University on the 25th ultimo, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted in honor of the memory of our late beloved colleague, Dr. Francis Wharton. The paper was prepared by Professor Maury, and was prefaced with some brief remarks in which I bore my humble tribute to the vast learning, the gracious virtues, and the exalted worth of your lamented husband.

"You and your family are called to sit at the point where the shadow of this great bereavement is deepest, but the shadow falls with an oppressive weight on the hearts of thousands besides.

"With sincere sympathy, I am

"Yours most truly,

"JAMES C. WELLING."

"In Memoriam.

"*Preamble and resolutions adopted at a meeting of the Faculty and students of the Columbian University, on the occasion of the death of* Francis Wharton, LL.D.

"The unlooked-for death of our learned friend, Dr. Francis Wharton, will be felt in this country and Europe as a serious loss to jurisprudence, and has deprived the Faculty of the Columbian

University of a member who was devoted to her welfare and ever ready to take part in her work, even when it seemed hardly possible that he could find time to do so, and at the risk of aggravating a malady which never left him, and which may have contributed to his death. His sacrifice of convenience for the purpose of lending his coöperation to the cause of legal education in this University will be remembered with affectionate gratitude. Of his lectures it is but the truth to say that they were as interesting as learning and felicity of style and manner could make them, and were listened to with an intense and ever-growing interest.

"Dr. Wharton's labors as an author have made his name familiar to every lawyer in the country for many years.

"The profession owe him much for the frequency with which he directs, in his discussions, the minds of his readers to the sources of jurisprudence to be found in the majestic remains of the Roman law and the works of the jurists of Germany and France; and there can be little doubt that the general aptness of these references, and the absence of display in making them, have had and will continue to have a tendency to excite a desire for studies which give a philosophical habit of thought and at the same time embellish the professional mind.

"He belonged to the historical school of jurisprudence. In his 'Commentaries on American Law' he introduces us to the opinions of Savigny and other jurists of Europe of that school, and what he says there about the Constitution of the United States being but the appropriate expression of a deep-laid and long pre-existent sentiment of the popular mind of the thirteen colonies was confidently appealed to recently, by a distinguished jurist, to show the fallacy of the remark of the great commoner of England that our plan of federal government was struck off at one heat, like the Constitution or the rescript of a Roman emperor.

"It is a satisfactory mark of the estimate that was placed abroad on Dr. Wharton's juridical labors that he was made a member of that august fellowship, the Institute of International Law. The honor thus conferred may be said to have been fairly reciprocated by the important contribution of his 'Digest of International Law,' which, in addition to being a service to the world, must tend to promote consistency and continuity in the foreign policies of the United States. So favorably impressed was Congress by this work

that, at its last session, it directed that the series of state papers known as the 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution' should be edited by him with legal and historical notes. It will be a cause for regret if it should turn out that he died before completing this work.

"When we contemplate his intellectual excellence and the graces and purity of his character, and that beautiful simplicity which belonged to him and which always goes hand in hand with a nature that is truly superior, we have before us a man of whom his country may justly be proud: *therefore, be it resolved:*

"1. That in the death of Dr. Francis Wharton we deplore the loss of a jurist whose labors have added lustre to the fame of his country in the field of jurisprudence.

"2. That in his elevated and stainless character we see reflected the influence of the teachings of the great science to which he dedicated so large a part of his life.

"3. That we tender the family of the deceased our sincere sympathy.

"4. That the chairman be and he is, hereby, requested to send a copy of the proceedings of this meeting to the family of the deceased, and to take the proper steps to have the same entered in the minutes of the Board of Trustees of the University."

"The burial of the Rev. Francis Wharton, LL.D., who, for the last three years, has resided in Washington, took place on February 23, the services being conducted by the Rev. Dr. John H. Elliott, and the Rev. A. Harding. This distinguished jurist was long connected with the Cambridge Divinity School, and for several years past with the State Department. His works are standard; and are a text-book in one of our best law-schools."

"FRANCIS WHARTON, D.D., LL.D.

"At a meeting of the Faculty of the Episcopal Theological School, held February 25, 1889, the following action was taken in regard to the death of Francis Wharton, D.D., LL.D., late Solicitor of the Department of State, Washington, D. C.

"1. The Faculty of this school desire to express their great ad-

miration of Dr. Wharton's abilities, both as a jurist, the field in which he served his country well and long, and as theologian, in which he served not his Church only but American Christendom.

"II. Their sense of the great service rendered by him to this school at its inception, as organizer, administrator, and general adviser.

"III. Their grateful recollection of many years of personal intercourse with him as a member of this Faculty and in the hospitable freedom of his home.

"IV. They resolve that the above action be entered on their records, and that the Secretary be requested to send a copy of the same to Mrs. Wharton, conveying to her at the same time the assurance of their participation in the irreparable personal loss sustained by herself and her family. Also that a copy be sent for publication in 'The Churchman.'

"ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN,
"Secretary of the Faculty.

"CAMBRIDGE, February 25, 1889."

"At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of 'St. Peter's by the Sea,' held at Narragansett Pier, R. Island, on Monday, June 24, 1889, the death of Francis Wharton, D.D., LL.D., having been announced, the following *Resolutions* were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*.—That the Trustees of 'St. Peter's by the Sea' have heard, with pain, of the death of their long honored friend and associate, as having occurred, since their last annual meeting.

"*Resolved*.—That, as *individuals*, we cherish the memory of our agreeable intercourse with him, here and elsewhere, during many years past.

"*Resolved*.—That, as *members of this Board*, we gratefully recall the steadfast interest, which he has displayed, and the valuable services which he has rendered since the first organization of the Board—his judicious counsels—his ready contributions of time, efforts, and money, in aid of the important measures, which, from time to time, have come before us.

"*Resolved*.—That we tender to his family our sincere sympathy with them in their bereavement, and the assurance of our warmest wishes for their happiness and welfare.

"*Resolved*.—That the Secretary be requested to place these Resolutions on the Minutes of the Board, and to transmit a copy of them to Mrs. Wharton.

"CHAS. E. BOON,
"Secretary."

"WALTHAM, MASS., July 16, 1889.

"MY DEAR MRS. WHARTON:

"At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Church Missionary Society holden in Boston, the Secretary announced the lamented death of Dr. Wharton, and the following minute was adopted and ordered to be placed upon the records:—

"*Whereas*, since the last meeting of this Society the Rev. Francis Wharton, D.D., LL.D., has been removed from the scene of his earthly labors, *Resolved*, That we put upon record our high appreciation of his many distinguished qualities, and his efficient service both to the church and the country. Dr. Wharton was for several years an active member of this Society, and we cherish an affecting memory of his wise counsels and genial presence. As a zealous and valued member of our executive committee he contributed very much to the usefulness and prosperity of this Society.

"*Resolved*.—That the Secretary be instructed to communicate this action to his family, with an assurance of our very deep sympathy.

"Very sincerely y'rs,
"THOS. F. FALES.

From the 'Churchman' is taken the following tribute from the able pen of Bishop Leonard, of Ohio.

"THE REV. FRANCIS WHARTON, D.D., LL.D., BORN 1820. DIED 1889.

"BY REV. W. A. LEONARD, D.D.

"The secular and religious newspapers have made mention in the past few days of the life and death of a remarkable man—the Rev. Dr. Francis Wharton. I do not propose to sketch an outline of his varied career, nor can I hope to do justice to his great gifts. Suffice it only to indicate some of his characteristics. The places he once occupied, and the distinguished positions he has filled with marked ability and conscientious fidelity, bear full testimony to his skill and his worth, while they measure the advances he made in

the several departments of learning which his presence adorned and his full scholarship enriched. We are apt to turn to Germany and England for our profound types of thought and erudition. From time to time we hear that this new land of enterprise and material advance has failed as yet to produce the philosopher, the laborious student, or the profounder intellectual cultivation that belongs to the cloisters and universities of the older centres of learning across the seas. Let us not be too oblivious of our own development, or blind to the character and quality of brain and soul that is produced now in our own fresher environment. Because in all departments of life and letters, it is splendidly true that men of devoted effort, and keenest scientific force—and profound intellectual grasp—and phenomenal industry and persevering patience, are being born here among us, and are serving their generation, of whom the world of two continents may well be proud. Dr. Wharton takes his place among this galaxy of scholars. His fellow countrymen have reason to be justly appreciative of his talents and his distinctions, and his Church has good reason to be thankful for the powers which he consecrated to her service. The work done by Dr. Wharton in Philadelphia, in Kenyon College, at Cambridge, and finally here at Washington, was characterized by sedulous attention, deepest investigating effort, large grasp, accurate accumulation, direct utilization and dominating strength. His work was not evanescent, but lasting; it lives, and he lives in it! He projected his investigations into remotest, loneliest and most difficult fields—whether in theology, philosophy, history, or law. He read and wrote continuously and constantly; in these later years, when holding the conspicuous and honorable office of law adviser to the State Department, his toil through winter and summer was subject of remark and of admiration. He was always busy with his books and papers, yet always kindly attractive and willing to impart to others what he had so diligently and carefully hived and stored. His mind was encyclopædic; he was an authority, and a very agreeable authority on such topics and subjects as were submitted to him for an opinion. His works on theology, on international law, on medical jurisprudence, on the criminal code; his knowledge of history, arts, inventions; his great learning in all these branches made him, though one of the simplest and most modest of men, one of the great scholars of his day. In speaking

of him to Dr. Welling, the president of our Columbian University, here at the capital, the following graceful expression was drawn forth, and I transcribe it most gladly as the added ornament to this simple chaplet of remembrance I would lay upon his grave: 'Having been honored with Dr. Wharton's friendship during the last fifteen or twenty years, I had come to be acquainted with the extent and accuracy of his learning not only in theology and jurisprudence, but also in civil and political history—especially in all matters pertaining to British and American affairs. His knowledge here was surprisingly minute.

"'Only a few days before his death I had occasion to consult him on an obscure point in our revolutionary annals (the part which Richard Henry Lee is alleged to have had in the cabal against Gen. Washington), and I had no sooner stated my question than fact after fact came pouring from his full mind in answer to my inquiry. This is only one of the many instances in which I have profited by the wide range, and at the same time, the thoroughness of his knowledge in our political history. He seemed as much at home in the "untrodden way" as in the beaten paths.'

"Indeed, this good man, who bore the mark of the priest and prophet on his heart, while he carried the lamp of truth in his hand, fulfilled the outline of the Roman Cicero when he said, 'I speak of that learning which makes us acquainted with the boundless extent of nature and the universe and which, even while we remain in this world, discovers to us both heaven, and earth, and sea.'"

[From the Episcopal Recorder.]

"FRANCIS WHARTON, D.D., LL.D.

"The public press a short time since recorded the death in Washington of one whose name was familiar to most of those who were acquainted with the long continued struggles in the Protestant Episcopal Church which led to the establishment of our own beloved refuge therefrom.

"While speaking of the achievements of Francis Wharton, LL.D., the Associated Press also mentioned the fact that he was at one time editor of the 'Episcopal Recorder.' Nor is the time so far removed that many of our older readers cannot recall the force and ability with which the work of the paper was carried on under his management.

"Possessing rare mental qualities, and a memory stored with an abundance of material always at hand, Dr. Wharton had a felicity of style rarely surpassed, while his discrimination and critical acumen, added to his clear conceptions of the truth, made him a writer not easily equalled in the realm of evangelical journalism. These characteristics were manifested by Dr. Wharton equally in the authoritative legal treatises which have given him an enduring reputation, and from their pages could easily be culled extracts which would prove the compatibility of the profoundest legal lore with the distinctive principles always upheld by the 'Recorder.' Those principles have continued to be maintained by the 'Recorder' through every vicissitude and many changes, and to-day, with whatever difference of ability in its conduct, the very same fundamental principles underlie its columns that led to its establishment more than sixty years ago, thus attaching to its name and history a significance which hardly belongs to any other of our contemporaries.

"While editing the 'Recorder' Dr. Wharton was a layman; later in life he entered the ministry, continuing in active service in Massachusetts for several years. Precluded from preaching however by an affection of the throat, which grew more serious until the time of his death, he resumed in some measure his legal labors, producing in this period of his life some of his most elaborate and highly esteemed treatises. Indeed, unceasing activity was a condition of his being, and we question whether there was a day in which he did not produce something that was to pass through the printer's hands. The last four years of his life were spent in the service of the State Department, where he shed lustre upon a position in itself subordinate, which was tendered him by the party recently in control of the government.

"Possessed of a most genial nature, and of wide and generous sympathies, few men made more warm and enduring friendships, or enjoyed a larger circle of more than passing acquaintances.

"The writer of these lines gazed upon the pallid features of our predecessor after the all-conquering hand of death had been laid upon them. The placidity and sweetness there fixed gave indications of the permanent influence exerted by the moulding hand of character, and the lineaments of the earthly tabernacle so soon to pass away, gave the sweet impression of rest attained, and of work accomplished.

"In one of the last conversations it was our pleasure to hold with Dr. Wharton, we found him maintaining the same religious opinions he so ably advocated in these columns many years before, though he was not one of those who felt impelled to sever his connection with the Church of his youth when Bishop Cummins took the step for which so many had long waited, and of which so few comparatively availed themselves.

"Bound to him by many personal ties, the writer can testify to the kindliness which flowed from his heart, and which conveyed so much pleasure to those around him, and which often turned the edge of an otherwise keen criticism. When his end was approaching he calmly met the event with entire submission to God's will, and without a pang he passed from earth to the presence of Christ.

"Others may well speak of the active labors in which he was engaged at Gambier, at Cambridge, and through the active years of his early life, labors unceasing, earnest and valuable, by which he sought to advance the cause of Christ and to preserve the truth in its purity within the Church of his love. Our duty is ended when we make this slight allusion to his connection with the 'Episcopal Recorder,' and add one flower to the chaplet which will be deservedly woven to his memory."

Of the letters from friends and neighbors, from early associates, from clergymen and laymen who had known and loved Dr. Wharton and mourned his death there is scarcely room in this memorial. It has rarely fallen to the lot of any man who has won a place in public esteem to have so endeared himself in private life that his death should evoke such universal sympathy. Nothing but the fear of violating private correspondence has restrained us from printing some of these. Two, however, to which the consent of the writers has been obtained, are given below:—

"Wilmington, Del., May 13, 1890.

"My dear Mrs. Wharton:

"The two notes written to your dear husband by me were read with much feeling, recalling as they did a relation always full of respect, confidence, and personal affection.

"Certainly, print them if you desire to do so. We were so much together that nearly all our most intimate correspondence was in

scraps of notes, by messengers, and conversations in the State Department.

"No one could have enjoyed, or left, as the legacy of his life, a higher or more enviable reputation than Dr. Wharton, and I shall have a sincere, even if melancholy, pleasure in the memorial proposed.

"The order issued by the Secretary of State on the occasion of Dr. Wharton's funeral was written wholly by me, and is a very restrained expression of the sense of public and private loss then sustained.

"It was always a deep satisfaction to me to have been instrumental in bringing the virtues, ability, and character of your husband into the service of the country, and making his real worth and accomplishments better known to his countrymen. Believe me to be, dear Madam, "Faithfully yrs.,

"T. F. BAYARD.

"Mrs. Francis Wharton."

The second of the notes referred to is as follows:—

"Department of State,
"Washington, April 30, 1887.

"My dear Doctor:

"I heard with great concern of your indisposition, and urge upon you great care in this *most treacherous* weather.

"I suppose that to work is now your second nature, and that like the retired butcher, who refreshed himself by killing a lamb now and then, you will tear up the claim of some poor innocent slave trader, and expose reasons why he should not be paid for want of success in the line of his pursuits. Mr. Moore and I are hammering into shape a third column of 'deadly parallel' to the observations of the British Foreign Office in our proposal for an arrangement of the fisheries.

"I begin to have some small hopes that the Canadians may not press us to the wall, and compel non-intercourse, and sincerely I hope that good sense may rescue our important trade from the senseless folly of the lex talionis.

"Take care of yourself, my good friend—you are wanted in this world, and among the rest

"By your attached friend,

"T. F. BAYARD.

"Dr. Francis Wharton."

The other tribute is from the distinguished pen of the

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

"UPLANDS, BROOKLINE, Mass., 21 Sept., 1889.

"MY DEAR MRS. WHARTON:

"I am most glad to learn that you are preparing a memoir of your lamented husband. Few things would afford me greater satisfaction than to contribute in ever so small a degree to its completion. I counted Dr. Wharton for many years among my most intimate and valued friends, and the longer I knew him the more I regarded him as one of the most accomplished men of our time.

"I recall the interest with which I listened to his sermons while he was rector of our Brookline 'St. Paul's,' and the even greater interest with which I read the lectures which he delivered and published on 'The Silence of Scripture.'

"Meanwhile his valuable and efficient services in building up our Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge, of which he was long a Professor and sometime the Dean, were familiar to me as one of the original trustees. He will be remembered at Cambridge, as well as at Brookline, by many warm friends, and the school will always include him among its earliest benefactors.

"But he will be longest remembered in his relations to jurisprudence and international law. His labors in this field were of the highest character, and I trust that they will be dealt with, in the proposed memoir, by some competent hand. I have spent many an hour with him, quite recently, in the State Department at Washington, while he was at work on his admirable 'Digest' and after he had entered on new researches, and I was always impressed with his singular adaptation to that position. Alas, that he should have been taken away so suddenly from a sphere which hardly any one else could fill so well! We may look long in vain for such rich accomplishments and so large a capacity for public usefulness, combined with so genial and affectionate a nature in private life.

"I need not say how sorry we all were to hear of his death, and deeply we sympathize with you and his daughters in this afflicting bereavement.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Wharton, with great regard,

"Yours sincerely,

"ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

"MRS. FRANCIS WHARTON."

The revered ex-President of Yale College, Dr. Noah Porter, has sent us the following, and it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to give in the words of one who knew something of the earlier life of Dr. Wharton, the closing tribute of this volume :—

"It is some fifteen years since the beginning of my acquaintance with the late Dr. Francis Wharton, an intimacy which matured into a warm friendship which I would fain hope may be ripened in another life. I was at Peacedale in Rhode Island, on a brief visit at the charming home of the kindly and hospitable philosopher, the late Rowland Hazard, when he proposed that we should call on Dr. Wharton at his cottage some three miles distant, near Narragansett Pier, and looking out upon the open ocean. This call led in the next season to an unexpected but most cordial invitation from the Doctor that I would spend a week most unceremoniously at the cottage.

"I could not easily withstand the attraction of the place, and the simple cordiality of the family of my host, and as a consequence for some twelve years or more I enjoyed a midsummer day dream, the spells of which were controlled by Dr. Wharton as the master spirit.

"It is not easy to interpret or describe the secret of his power or the charm of his genius. That he was no common man is evident from the variety of work which he attempted; and from the fact that he performed it so well, also from the fact that he commanded the attention and received the respect of so great a number and so great a variety of men each eminent in his specialty.

"As we review his life, we should not forget that he was Editor, Essayist, Advocate, Preacher, Ecclesiastical Lawyer, College, Seminary, and Law School Professor, and voluminous Author in a Legal and Political sense. Last of all, not least, he became Legal Advisor to the State Department at Washington, on points connected with International Law.

"We learn from those who knew him intimately when in College that he was by no means a hard or painful student, but performed his tasks with singular ease and rapidity, outstripping his older competitors with little effort, indeed, and with so little as to turn his tasks into pastimes. We know that before he had attained his majority he had taken sides as an editor and political partisan against the traditions of his family, and this not alone, if so some-

what, with the riant sportiveness of jubilant youth as with the graver earnestness of incipient manhood. The after development that came with bereavement and seemed to change the current of his inner life will tell its own story as it alone can explain how his manhood emerged into a new and unexpected form—at once so serious, so thoughtful, so strong, and again so gay, so sportive, and so dependent upon others.

"The Christian Catholicity of his temper and position were most interesting when viewed as the ripened product of his knowledge of the world.

"We have reason to believe that his opinions in respect to the relation of ecclesiasticism to the progress of the kingdom of God in this country may have changed under the varied experiences of his ministry in Ohio and Rhode Island, while his personal relations as preacher and rector were always most satisfactory, as they were eminently unselfish, while to his associates in the ministry his wisdom and technical knowledge could be no other than a boon. The preparation and proof-reading of so many bulky Law Treatises involved a discipline to the most accurate and pain-taking habits, while the higher ethical and religious aspects of Juri-prudence imparted a dignity and sacredness to jural and legal philosophy which seemed to turn the driest of his morning studies into acts of cheerful worship.

"To those who knew Dr. Wharton I need not recall the gentle humanity which lent such a charm to his manner and invested the occasional plainness of his speech with an indescribable sweetness.

"His unselfish interest in the summer residents and the transient guests, who came and went to and from the Pier with the summer weeks and months, will be gratefully remembered by scores of the recipients of his unexpected attentions. His painstaking services and his unwearied efforts for their personal comfort and social enjoyment exemplified to not a few some new conception of the injunction to be 'given to hospitality.'

"It need not be said that such a life as his was a very busy life and that there was reason to fear that it might suddenly be cut short. Dr. Wharton had himself begun to heed the voice of warning and to contract his sphere of public and professional duty when he was invited to the post of all others which his previous studies had qualified him to occupy with satisfaction to himself

and to his friends. To occupy this post involved no partisan allegiance nor even political sympathy, but simply a mastery of the public Law in its history and its principles as a guide for the public action of its officials. No post could be more honorable or more independent, and it was accepted with a just appreciation of its value, but it was taken to be relinquished, and thus to add one more to the many lessons which point us to another life as the explanation and completion of the life we live on this earth."

Among the numberless reviews and criticisms of his legal writings we select the following as doing partial justice to his merits:—

"FRANCIS WHARTON.

"The death is announced of Francis Wharton at Washington on the 21st of February, 1889, of a complication of throat troubles.

"Prof. Wharton was born in 1820, at Philadelphia, of distinguished ancestry, many members of the race having won eminence in Pennsylvania, and having affiliations with prominent South Carolina families. He was graduated at Yale College in 1839, at the age of nineteen, and after completion of the requisite legal curriculum, he was appointed, in spite of his youth, to an assistant attorney-generalship in his native State and city. This gave the ambitious young lawyer's attention a bent towards criminal law. Those who are familiar with the libraries of lawyers fifty years ago will appreciate the value to the then practitioner of any good work upon any subject. The young prosecuting attorney, as an induction from his court labors, published his well-known work on criminal law, which has ever since held its ground in the *hellua librorum* that have been issued since from the American press. The work gave the young man both reputation and financial reward, and probably induced him to regard law authorship as thereafter his special branch of the profession. There was nothing in Prof. Wharton's temperament which restricted him to the study of merely criminal law. His work (in connection with Stillé) on medical jurisprudence, his singularly able treatise upon private international law, his elaborate work on contracts, and his labors on the law of evidence, indicate how broad was his grasp of the field of jurisprudence. His studies have led to his selection as a professor for different chairs in law schools and elsewhere. We believe that from 1869 till his death he was an instructor in the Boston University. From 1856 to 1862 he occupied a chair of ethics and constitutional law in Kenyon College, Ohio, whither he was led by his strong affection for the Low Church side of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, of which that school was an educational nursery.

"As the writer of this tribute to his memory remembers him at that date, his lectures on Theism were strong expositions of the attitude and reasoning of the Evangelical Christian upon the then growing agnosticism or skepticism rife inside and outside the Episcopal communion, and which now find their index in the pages of works such as 'Robert Elsmere.' These lectures were, perhaps, in many respects a shooting over the heads of his audience; but there was one noticeable charm about the instruction he strove to impart, it was the wealth of illustration which he drew from his youthful experience at the Philadelphia bar, and from a period when the earlier greatness of the republic still held dominion over the practice of the law either by tradition or in the personal presence of men, the compeers of Webster, Choate, and Binney.

"The last formal employment of Dr. Wharton was, we believe, that of law adviser to the State Department at Washington. While a Democrat in politics, of the old State-rights school, Prof. Wharton never abandoned the impartial attitude of a lawyer weighing with deliberation every political or legal proposition; and it is no over-statement to characterize his employment under the outgoing administration as one of the fittest and most illustrious for the capacity wherein he acted that could have been made.

"As above suggested, Prof. Wharton was a devoted churchman in his church. He took orders, and at one time narrowly escaped election as bishop or assistant bishop of Kentucky."

"WHARTON'S CRIMINAL PLEADINGS AND PRACTICE.*

"The ninth edition of this work has just been issued. The text has been condensed in some places, but new matter has been inserted, so that it is now a volume of nearly nine hundred pages. It contains the law as it is to-day, and to those engaged in criminal practice it is of great assistance. The revision of this volume was about the last labor of Prof. Wharton, and it will rank among the best of his writings. He wrote the first edition when he was quite young—just entering on his career as a law-writer—and this edition is issued just as he had reached the end. A comparison of the

* A Treatise on Criminal Pleading and Practice, by Francis Wharton, LL.D., author of Treatises on Criminal Law, Evidence, Conflict of Laws, and Negligence; 9th ed. Philadelphia: Kay & Brother, 1889. 887 pp.; $6.

two editions shows, not only the growth of this branch of legal learning during the last thirty odd years, but the effect of the author's experience.

"Now that Prof. Wharton is dead, it may not be out of place for me to add here a few words of tribute to him. He had a legal mind in the best sense of that term. He appreciated the nicest distinctions, and discriminated closely and clearly. His mind was philosophical; he treated his subjects in that manner; he examined questions fully upon authority, and often went beyond authority into exhaustive discussions upon pure principle. He is best known as a law-writer, not as a practitioner, although he was for some years engaged in active practice at Philadelphia.

"His writings show, not merely a thorough knowledge of legal principles based upon the common law, but an extensive knowledge and familiarity with the civil law. His early writings evidenced an inclination to treat of subjects relating to the criminal branch of our profession, as witness his works on Criminal Law, Precedents of Indictments and Pleas; but in his later years he wrote his admirable works on Negligence, Evidence in Civil Issues, Commentaries on American Law, and Conflict of Laws.

"The last named is, perhaps, his greatest work. The style of his writings is remarkably succinct and forcible, wasting no words, yet leaving no thought imperfectly expressed. He wrote rapidly —exceedingly so—but he corrected his manuscript with great care. If a word did not suit him, or if he believed it capable of a meaning different from the one intended, or did not express the finished thought of his mind, it was discarded and another sought. His industry was wonderful. His endurance seemed to know no limit. If not, perhaps, our country's greatest law-writer, he certainly was one of the best, and no one can gainsay that he was the severest student and sturdiest laborer of them all."

"DR. FRANCIS WHARTON.

"The life work of Dr. Francis Wharton was so far and so much of a purely technical character that his reputation in his profession far overtopped his fame outside of the bar. Yet the death of such a man is as much of a loss to the public as to publicists, and it leaves relatively as wide a gap in letters as in law, for Dr. Wharton

maintained and preserved to our own day the earlier tradition of our juridical science which made a text-book in law an addition to literature.

"The value of his works to the bar of his own day has been sufficiently shown by their sale; but this compliment is but too often paid to treatises to which it is possible to attach importance only until some new compilation supersedes them. The volumes with which Dr. Wharton enriched the literature in which American letters has some of its noblest monuments, owed to style and philosophic arrangement no small part of the value they possessed, and it is these qualities which render permanent the work of a jurist. For in law as in all else, the form of a great work decides its survival, although it is powerless alone to give it value. It is one of the many proofs of the business character our law is taking that form is ceasing to be of much consequence in decision, brief or discussion. Codes, valuable as they may be, have done incalculable injury in the last forty years to the practice of law as an art instead of as a mere pursuit.

"Beginning his work as a legal writer just when the foundation of American jurisprudence had been laid by Kent and Story, Dr. Francis Wharton turned his early attention to criminal law and did much by his treatment and discussion to unite and co-ordinate the legislation and practice of our various States in a branch of law which only in the rarest instances comes for review before the Federal Supreme Court and in which the tendency towards differing systems is strong. His great work on American statute law is certain to have a like influence in another field and contributes one of the powerful agencies which unconsciously keep our jurisprudence marching abreast in its development under many jurisdictions."