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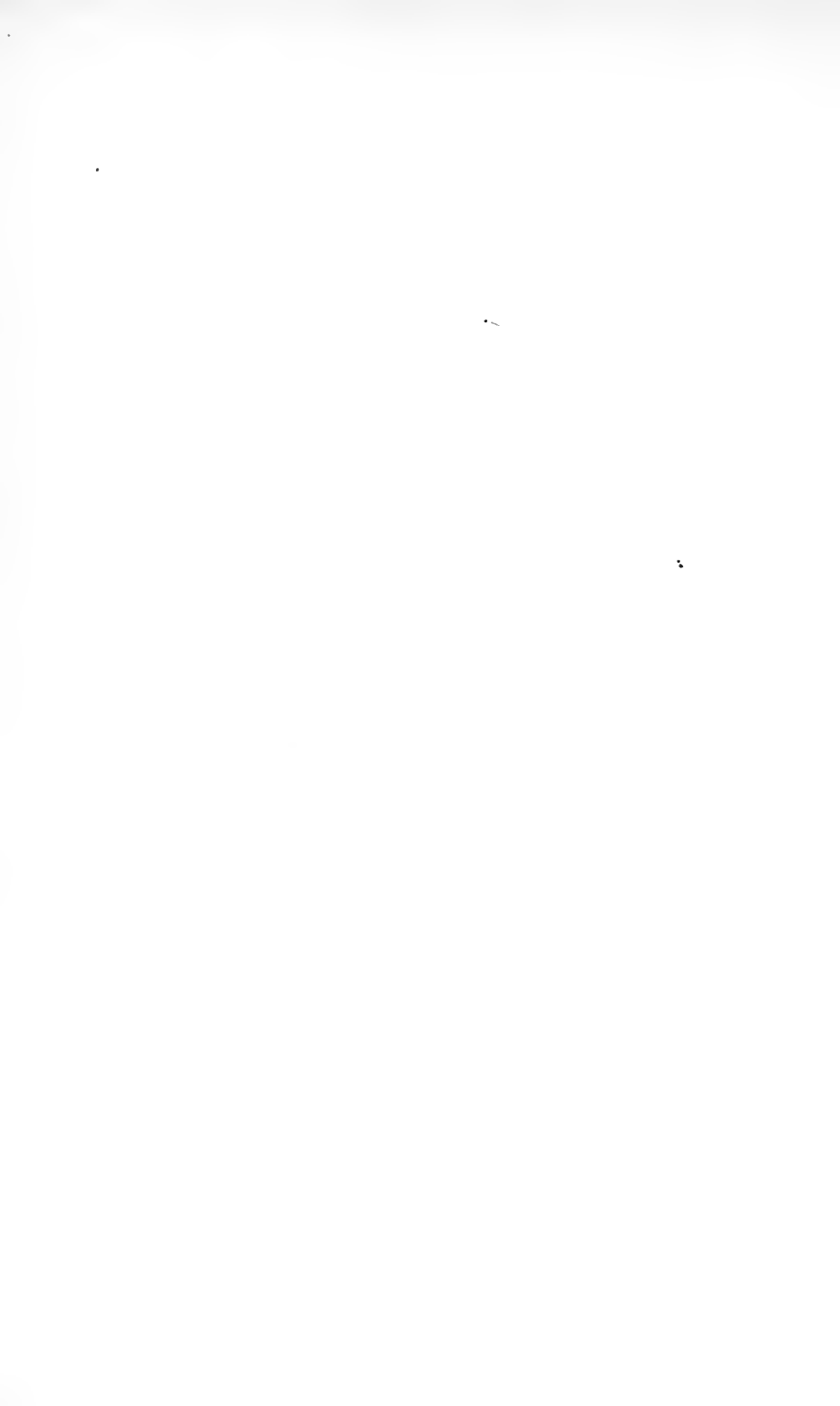


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Henry J. Bewditch

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
HENRY INGERSOLL BOWDITCH

BY HIS SON

VINCENT Y. BOWDITCH

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
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## CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
XVII. OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR — EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF AN ARMY AMBULANCE SYSTEM — DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON . . . . .	1
XVIII. REMINISCENCES OF KATHARINE DAY PUTNAM — THE "MEMORIAL CABINET" . . . . .	24
XIX. APPOINTMENT AS MEDICAL EXAMINER OF THE BOARD OF ENROLLMENT — TRIAL — LIFE IN THE READVILLE CAMP — DEATH OF LINCOLN . . . . .	31
XX. TRIPS TO THE ADIRONDACKS — VISITS TO JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE . . . . .	58
XXI. REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BROWN . . . . .	84
XXII. TRIP ABROAD IN 1867 — REMINISCENCES OF MADAME LA PLACE AND GARIBALDI . . . . .	103
XXIII. TOUR IN EUROPE, 1870 — NIGHT WALK WITH THE POLICE IN EAST LONDON — VISIT TO STRASSBURG AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT . . . . .	149
XXIV. MEDICAL WORK . . . . .	200
XXV. LETTERS, EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL, ETC. . . . .	264
XXVI. LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL . . . . .	315
XXVII. CLOSING YEARS . . . . .	355
APPENDIX . . . . .	371
INDEX . . . . .	381



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>Henry Ingersoll Bowditch. (Æt. 73.) From a charcoal drawing by John W. Alexander about 1883 . . . .</i>	Frontispiece
<i>Views of house at 113 (later 324) Boylston St., opposite Arlington St., Boston, the home of Henry I. Bowditch from 1859 to 1892 .</i>	24
<i>Library at 113 Boylston St., showing the "Memorial Cabinet" and the busts of La Place and Nathaniel Bowditch . . . .</i>	28
<i>Henry I. Bowditch. (Æt. 58.) From a photograph by Whipple about 1865 . . . . .</i>	104
<i>Henry I. Bowditch. (Æt. 65.) From a charcoal portrait by Miss S. J. F. Johnston . . . . .</i>	200
<i>Olivia Bowditch. (Æt. 70.) From an amateur photograph .</i>	364
<i>Facsimile of a letter from H. I. Bowditch to Charles Sumner. From the Sumner Letters in the Library of Harvard University .</i>	372



# LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY INGERSOLL BOWDITCH

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## CHAPTER XVII

OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR — EFFORTS IN BEHALF  
OF AN ARMY AMBULANCE SYSTEM — DEATH OF  
HIS ELDEST SON

1861-1863

CLOSE upon what has been recorded in the last chapter came the stirring events which shook the American nation to its foundations. They were years of intense meaning to my father. Although by nature utterly opposed to the horrors of war, and for years unwilling to believe that such a struggle was in store for the nation, he was finally apparently convinced that nothing but bloodshed would ever exterminate the awful curse of slavery from our land. The execution of John Brown in 1859, and the sentiments which that act aroused, he always believed precipitated the inevitable result. However rash and unwise he may have deemed John Brown's act at Harper's Ferry, he looked deeper and recognized the mighty heroism that pervaded the man's whole character, and revered his memory ever after as one who had given up home, family, and friends and finally met a martyr's death in the cause of freedom.

The comparative quiet of the months following this act my father felt with others to be but the "lull before the

storm," and that the nation was breathing deep and strong, as it were, on the eve of a terrific contest.

The signal was sounded with the first gun at Fort Sumter. The excitement of the people is pictured in the following extracts from my father's Journal : —

April 21, 1861.

A week since, three days before Nat [his brother] died, Governor Pickens of South Carolina took possession of Fort Sumter, and the American flag was trailed in the dust. Ye gods, what a change has come over the spirit of our people since that occurrence ! We had been lying as in a state of apparent listlessness ; there seemed no head, no man for the hour. Now, under the stirring proclamation of Lincoln and call to arms, the whole North is a unit. We allow no treason. Newspapers that have been preaching Southern sentiments are gagged and compelled by an insulted people to stop their vile treasonable talk, and the whole people is alive for the battle. We have no room for our volunteers to the sacred cause of our country and for freedom. The recruiting drum and fife are piping in our streets from early dawn, even on the day so sacred to Puritanic eyes (Sunday). A mass meeting in front of the Exchange will be held at twelve o'clock. Young and old, men and women, boys and girls, have caught the sacred enthusiasm. For myself, I feel chained down by a physical infirmity which prevents easy walking. Otherwise it seems to me as if I would like to be a " Peter the Hermit " for a Holy Crusade.

The times are ripening for the march of a liberating army into the Confederate States. If slavery is to be the corner-stone of treason, slavery will, must be, undermined.

God speed the right!

Sunday, April 28, 1861.

The times march on in magnificent enthusiasm. During the past week our people at times have been nearly desperate with the thought that Washington would be taken possession of by Jefferson Davis and his comrades. All communication between the Capital and the seething North was shut off by a Baltimore mob, which had, on the 19th of April (anniversary of Lexington battle), shot down men of the Massachusetts 6th. During the time of want of intercourse, the newspapers, feeling that nothing was being done by the Federal Government, called loudly upon it to be more in earnest and to wake up to the idea of our being absolutely in the midst of revolution. The New York "Times" hinted at "superseding" Lincoln, and George Law told the President by a letter that was published that if he did not rise to the leadership of the people in its present hopes and wishes, the people would assuredly see to the work themselves. Meanwhile all classes of citizens — old men and women, young men and maidens, boys and girls — vie with one another in efforts to aid in the common cause. The dear and beautiful banners with their stars and stripes float gayly through Washington Street from every house. Numerous new

flagstaffs have been raised, and now at midday (Sunday) flags float as usual. Wendell Phillips, the high priest and Patrick Henry of Disunion-Abolitionism, grasps the hand of Nehemiah Adams, the Pro-slavery priest. All the editors are of accord. There is no opposition. Meanwhile a lofty spirit of patriotism seems to thoroughly pervade the whole masses of the people. All desire to give. Rev. Mr. Stebbins of Woburn gives up a quarter of his salary annually during the war. School-teachers of this city resign one quarter of their salaries. The old farmer's wife sells her only cow to give money to her son going to the war. The cowards are marked. Captain S—— of H—— and the officers of Chelsea showed the white feather. Their men rode over them, chose new commanders, and have gone to the war. In a word, the great North seems sublimely grand in its entire unanimity of sentiment to sustain the idea of human government emblemed in our stars and stripes. Each man seems to feel that Revolutionary days were as nothing to these. We feel that we are fighting to see whether in all future [time] the American nation shall be a stumbling block to humanity in its struggle over the right of self-government.

Meanwhile the Confederate States seem resting, whether for a final spring at the [throat] of the nation or because unable to get forward.

Here the Journal breaks abruptly off. In a letter to a friend he again alludes to the outbreak of the war.



TO MISS MARY HUDSON.

April 19, 1861.

I thank you for your kind note in reference to my good brother's death. It was truly beautiful, and I shall cherish the memory of it to my dying hour. . . . I cannot think of him as dead ; although dead, he yet speaketh to my heart of hearts. . . .

What tremendous yet glorious times we are living in ! I glory in them, yet I believe we shall have a deluge of blood to wash out our two heinous sins, — slavery and national pride. God reigns and he never lets sins of man or of states go unpunished.

Through the four years that ensued, fraught with intense meaning for every man, woman, and child, my father devoted every leisure moment with unflagging zeal to patriotic service, although still keeping his duty to his profession uppermost.

In October, 1861, came the news of the terrible disaster at Ball's Bluff. William Lowell Putnam, a warm school friend of my eldest brother, Nathaniel, fell mortally wounded. My brother, then studying under Professor Jeffries Wyman at Cambridge, preparatory to a medical career, decided to enter the army, and in November, 1861, he received his commission from Governor Andrew as second lieutenant in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, and soon after began his career as a soldier in the camp at Readville, Massachusetts. In warmly seconding my brother's decision, neither my father nor my mother flinched in facing what the ever-increasing list of brave young fellows who sacrificed their lives for their country must have brought to their minds. From the outset they sought only to sustain and cheer their son in the path of duty.

A touching instance of the deep affection and intimate relationship between father and son is shown by an extract from a memorial sketch of my brother, written in after years by my father, relative to an incident of camp life while at Readville, when my brother was disheartened and fearful that he was unfit for his position. It runs as follows:—

He had gone out in the morning earnest and fully alive to the importance of what he was about to undertake. He came back and I saw at a glance he was thoroughly depressed. I asked him what was the matter. "Father," said he, "I am totally unfit for the work; I can never govern men if it be necessary to do what is now done at the camp. I must resign my commission."

I replied to him very nearly in the following language: "My boy, be of good cheer. You are new in this business. All things will be well, I have no doubt. You know, however, that it is not the custom for any of us to give up an important object until we have either gained it or have become convinced that we are unable to gain it. Then, and not till then, do we resign. Now let me say to you, you cannot at present resign with honor, and all you have to do is to learn thoroughly every duty pertaining to the office of second lieutenant. Having learned these duties, do them efficiently and go ahead, trusting in the Lord."

Instantly his whole deportment changed. He became cheerful and calm, and I believe he never, during his whole service, fell into such despondency again.

On Christmas Day, 1861, the regiment was ordered South, and on the 28th of December my brother left Readville for New York on his way to the seat of war. Subsequently, however much his heart may have been racked with anxiety, my father gave no evidence of any feeling other than the desire to help his son in the performance of his duty as a soldier. No word of disappointment at the interruption of my brother's medical studies appeared. Whatever fears he may have had as to the fate of his boy, his attitude was always one of hope and cheer to all.

In the autumn of 1862 my father, at the call of Governor Andrew for medical men to go to the seat of war, volunteered his services to assist in treating the wounded. His experiences while in Virginia were in some instances thrilling, and it was on this occasion that he discovered the shameful lack of a proper ambulance system for the care of the wounded.

Soon after his return North, therefore, he took active steps towards exposing the condition of affairs, and spared neither time nor money in placing the facts before members of Congress and the public. The result of his efforts will be spoken of later.

He alludes to his proposed trip to Virginia in the following letter to Miss Hudson:—

August 30, 1862.

Many thanks, my good friend Mary, for your remembrance of me on my birthday. I was away in the beautiful hills of Berkshire when your bouquet arrived; otherwise I should have answered you before this. I had one of the sweetest journeys I ever had, from Salisbury to Pittsfield in an open carriage. I know of no country more beautiful. I am now on the verge of starting for the seat of war

as medical assistant to the poor fellows wounded in the late battles. Mr. Stanton has just sent for twenty. I go as physician and medical aid to dress wounds and comfort, so far as I can, the poor fellows. I know I have your good wishes that I may be able to do something to mitigate the terrible amount of human suffering now undergone in Virginia. Nat is at Acquia Creek with two days' rations, and only what baggage he can carry behind his saddle. Livy is better. My "Le," thank God, is well,

H. I. B.

In an extract from the "Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery" he thus describes his experiences:—

I had never volunteered in any capacity save when our great war governor, John A. Andrew, summoned any number of physicians to go down "to the front" after some terrible disaster and our men had been wounded, and there was not sufficient medical or surgical aid at hand. On one of these occasions I was sent out in a long ambulance train as far as Centreville, and had my pity excited at the sufferings of our soldiers, and my hearty indignation aroused at finding the total want of discipline observable among the men, and sometimes among the officers, of the ambulances. For example: At one time, in the middle of the afternoon, when we had a flag of truce borne at our head, and we were on Virginia soil and Confederates were in some of the houses, one half of the train was stopped in order that the drivers of the ambulances might fill their

pockets and their bellies with the rich, ripe apples that hung from the trees in an orchard by which we were passing! In vain I protested that if we acted thus we were liable to be shot as marauders. I can bring up to my mind's eye one of the burly officers of the train who came galloping down to urge us onward (the last part of the train being far behind the first part of it), but who was laughing and munching his stolen apple while pretending to lead us to duty! On arrival at Centreville we found all had been left apparently to luck, for the poor soldiers were still lying wounded on the field. I did all I could to help gather in the poor boys to our carriages in order to transport them back to Washington. It was late in the afternoon when we started to return. I had taken under my special charge in the ambulance in which I came down, a poor wounded German who could hardly speak intelligibly, and who had been severely struck in the breast. His breath was short, and he had the aspect of one in agony, yet he made no complaint but mutely expressed his thanks for any service rendered. A cup of cold water was delicious to him. He and another less severely wounded were on the bottom of the vehicle with their heads towards the seat on which the driver and I were seated. I put the German directly behind the driver so that I could more readily serve him than I could if he had been laid directly at my back. Very soon after we started on that sad and terrible journey I perceived, by his volubility of speech and his constant profanity, that the driver

was drunk! It was bad enough to listen to such language, and I was glad when he became drowsy; but then another and a worse trial came upon us. He could not easily keep himself erect on the seat, and every now and then would fall upon my patient German. When I pulled the rascal off from the sufferer's head and chest and expressed indignation at his treatment of a wounded soldier, he answered only with a volley of oaths upon the poor sufferer. It was well that ours was not the sole carriage in the long line of the train; otherwise I fear we should have suffered more.

The horses kept in the right track, but I finally took the reins in my left hand and, passing my right arm around the drunkard's waist, and seizing firmly the front post of the covering of the ambulance, during the remainder of the night, I prevented the scoundrel from falling backwards, and I cared little for his tumbling occasionally on me. I should not have cared if he had fallen forward and been crushed by the wheels. I doubt whether I should have stretched out a hand to prevent death coming summarily to such a traitor to his country and to humanity. No such trouble, however, happened; nor was the lone German again disturbed.

At early dawn we arrived at Washington, and I reported all I had seen to Surgeon General Hammond. He told me that he knew the ambulance drivers were a miserable set of men, but that no organized corps could be had. He had vainly endeavored to lessen the trouble. I returned to Boston determined,

as I was in the Latimer case, to arouse the people and compel the Government to do something, and to have a regularly enlisted corps of ambulance attendants. To bring about this result, I determined to circulate pamphlets freely throughout the North. I determined to spare no one who I knew had been faithless to this idea. I appealed to the Society for Medical Improvement in Boston, and the editors of the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal" sustained me. I began in September, and during the remainder of that year I labored for this object, but apparently without success on Congress, although the people seemed to appreciate the efforts of myself and of others who ably urged the matter upon the attention of Congress. Henry Wilson, however, United States senator from Massachusetts, publicly opposed it. He seemed to deem it a preposterous notion of an unpractical enthusiast, and on February 24, 1863 (after a bill had passed the House of Representatives and had come up for the consideration of the Senate), he reported on behalf of the military committee, of which he was chairman, in the following words:—

"There is great interest in regard to it, but we think it is an impracticable measure to organize such a corps at this time."

Upon his suggestion the matter was "laid on the table." Charles Sumner, too, kept silence, and allowed the measure to be defeated.

It so happened that, a few days after this rebuff, I was called, as Professor of Clinical Medicine at Harvard Medical School, to deliver the valedictory

address to the graduating class. As the war was then raging, and I knew that a majority of the youths<sup>1</sup> before me would volunteer for service in the army, I was naturally led to speak earnestly to them of their duties as surgeons or surgical assistants to the diseased or wounded that would fall to their care. I urged them not to look upon the sufferers as presenting "interesting cases," but to consider how they could best relieve, by the most tender care possible, every pain and anxiety of those maimed and perhaps dying for liberty and country. . . .

The following letters to Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson are specimens of how my father was endeavoring to persuade members of the Senate to take some action in the matter.

December 10, 1862.

FRIEND SUMNER, — It was not until last evening that I was able to get these documents. We intend to ask the Board of Trade "to petition Congress to pass a law establishing a hospital and ambulance corps for the United States Army similar to that proposed by Hon. Henry Wilson, in the Senate of the United States, July 14, 1862."

Also, we shall ask the board to bring the subject to the early notice of the various boards of trade and chambers of commerce in the cities of the loyal states for concurrent action.

Let it be remembered that General — is *the* sinner on this occasion. That is the point. On him

<sup>1</sup> One summer we had not a single student. All had volunteered, usually as "medical cadets."



must and shall rest the odium of defeating every measure for alleviating the misery of the soldier. I am glad that some action is being taken on that infamous place, the Convalescent Camp (!!); at least it was such three months since, and I judge from what I hear directly from there it is now equally bad. It is a positive disgrace to all concerned; that is, all who have authority in the premises.

Yours truly,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

February 12, 1863.

Hon. HENRY WILSON, U. S. Senate: —

Allow me to urge you with all earnestness to bring up the Ambulance Bill, and pass it. The public have seen that it has been referred to your committee. They will deem that the chairman may, if he choose, bring it up again. They may be wrong, but nevertheless they will think so. Therefore I pray you to have some bill presented. Take care of the wounded soldier until he can be removed to the hospitals. At present there is no system, for everything is left to chance, save, perhaps, in the late Army of the Potomac. Do something, and have the blessings of the people upon you.

Faithfully yours,

H. I. B.

In the pleading for the soldiers my father little realized how soon the blow was to fall upon his own heart.

Within a week following his address to the students, and just as he was returning from the wedding of one of my

brother's intimate friends, came the terrible telegram from his nephew, Henry P. Bowditch, who was in the same regiment with my brother.

POTOMAC CREEK, March 18, 1863.

Nat shot in jaw. Wound in abdomen. Dangerous. Come at once.

My father left Washington immediately, buoyant with hope, however, that all would yet be well, and pictured the delight of ministering to his boy during his convalescence, to be met by a friend in the street who broke the news to him then and there that his brave son, the pride and hope of his future, had died in camp, twenty-four hours after receiving his fatal wound in a brilliant cavalry charge at Kelly's Ford, Virginia. Later, my father had to endure the agony of learning that, having been left for hours upon the field, my brother was at last painfully and slowly removed to the camp upon a horse's back by a fellow soldier, who found him suffering and alone, no ambulance having been provided for the wounded.

On the eve of March 15, my brother had written, brightly and hopefully, that by the early part of the next week he might be at home on a furlough. He spoke the truth, but it was not to be as he had hoped. Within the week he was brought home to his grief-stricken family and friends.

In the breast-pocket of his coat, in addition to a tiny cross, which my brother had carved from a piece of wood, were found a letter, filled with affectionate advice, and a copy of Körner's "Battle Prayer," both sent him by my father. Rain-soaked and worn, they had been his constant companions for many months; sweet but heart-breaking evidences of the mutual love between father and son.

Nothing could have been more characteristic of my

father, however, than that, although crushed and stricken at heart by his son's death, he would not repine, but instantly devoted himself, more actively than ever, to the cause he had espoused, using the incident of my brother's suffering upon the field as an additional proof of the shameful lack of care of the wounded in battle. In later years he alludes as follows, in the manuscript of the "Thirty Years' War," to his action in the matter :—

Only twenty-two days after Mr. Wilson crushed the Ambulance Bill in the Senate, and scarcely a week after the delivery of the address [to the students], the terrible tale came to me that my eldest son, a most dear youth, beloved by all, had also fallen, and had been left in torture on the battlefield by the side of his dead steed. I learned, moreover, subsequently, that a stranger horseman passing by, and perceiving his lamentable condition, had dismounted and persuaded the unknown officer to allow himself to be put on the stranger's horse. He had done so with difficulty, and leaning forward over the pommel of the saddle, had been painfully taken from the field, and even now it is a shock to me to think of the extra suffering thus entailed upon a brave young officer; and he was only one of the thousands thus deserted in the hours of agony by the country they were fighting to preserve! And bitter the thought that Henry Wilson and Charles Sumner and all the Senators of the free States, so far as I know, had been lacking in duty to their defenders. Nat was fortunate in having a "good Samaritan pass that way," while others, who should have long before

made arrangements for the care of the wounded, had either neglected that duty or openly opposed all action. This death of my son summoned me like the notes of the bugle to the charging soldier. It stirred me to the depths of woe, but at the same time seemed to me to be the harbinger of victory over all. I determined, a stricken father as I was, to lay aside all thought of self, save as a means of stirring the whole people in such a way that the Government would be forced to do something to prevent thereafter such vile treachery, as I deemed it, to every soldier of the Northern armies.

Accordingly, by the time the address was ready to be circulated, I had prepared, as an appendix to it, "A Brief Plea for an Ambulance System for the Army of the United States, as drawn from the extra sufferings of the late Nathaniel Bowditch and a wounded comrade."<sup>1</sup> My preface to the plea, which I sent out broadly and regardless of expense, was as follows:—

TO THE LOYAL AND HUMANE HEARTS OF NORTHERN  
MEN AND WOMEN:—

Some extra copies of this plea for an ambulance system in the United States armies are printed from an appendix to a valedictory address, delivered before a class of medical students.

I know of no other way in which any man can fully act up to the duties of the hour than by a faithful expression in thought and action of what-

<sup>1</sup> Boston : Ticknor & Fields, 1863.

ever his mind or his hand may find to do towards assisting the country and our brave army in their present trials. Providentially, as I deem it, I have been twice brought to know the wretched want of system now existing in the arrangements for taking care of the wounded on the field of battle; viz., during my visit to Centreville in September last, and from the dying statements of my son.

I am fully sensible of the imperfections of this appeal to the men and women of the North. I make it, however, under a solemn sense of responsibility. I should be faithless to what I deem a high trust were I to allow any fear of making an imperfect statement to deter me, and on that account should keep silent.

Let me earnestly appeal to all loyal and humane hearts to look into this matter for themselves, and then I am sure *something* will be done.

The responsibility of allowing these evils to continue rests with *you*. I pray you not to fail of using your most active exertions to overcome them.

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

To my utter astonishment and delight, within a very short time Mr. Wilson *volunteered* to introduce a bill for an ambulance department of men drilled for the purpose of taking care of the wounded. And my end was accomplished, for I cared not what special arrangement was made, so long as a corps of drilled men was thereafter to be with every army of these United States.

I have thought it well to give two or three letters, written to warm friends at this period, for they show my father's attitude of mind even in the midst of his great sorrow.

TO MISS HUDSON.

March 26, 1863.

I thank you for your kind letter. I knew I would have all your warmest sympathy. I never knew the golden treasure committed to my charge. Thank the Lord for all his goodness, for having vouchsafed to give to me so noble a son. With a simple religious trust in God, and with the fullest conviction that he was in the path of duty, he devoted himself to this sacred war. Entirely opposed by his gentle nature to aught allied to bloodshed or tumult, he nevertheless, under the steady inspiration of patriot devotion to his country in the hour of her trial, hurled himself, wholly without fear, apparently, upon the advancing foe, and I cannot but think, my dear friend, that at that hour he remembered a remark that I made in one of my late letters to him; viz., "If ever in the fight, strike hard and home in behalf of the noble cause of Liberty and Free Government." God, however, nerved the arm, and gave almost superhuman strength to his work, until overborne by the foe. I have most perfect letters from General Averill, Colonel Duffié, Colonel Curtis, etc., which I hope you will sometime see. I intend to prepare for his brothers and cousins a few memorials of him. I want to get all the facts I can regarding his young life. As you fortunately have preserved some of

my letters, I pray you to let me see them. I promise to return them, if you wish, immediately, after I have taken what extracts I wish.

TO MRS. WILLIAM HENRY THAYER.

UNDER THE BLUE HILL, MILTON, May 3, 1863.

I thank you most truly for your beautiful bunch of Mayflowers that have been perfuming my office ever since with their sweet fragrance, and charming my eyes with their delicate hues peeping from out their green bed ; but better than all, they told me of your kind-hearted sympathy with us in our loss, — shall I call it so ? — in our bereavement, and yet in our heavenly triumph in the unspotted life and beautiful self-sacrificing death of our sweet boy. I love to call him still my “boy,” and you remember him more as such than as the fully-developed, thoughtful, religious, manly youth. We have a perfect likeness of him as he was ere he went to this our Crusaders’ War. It seems almost like himself, and at times it sends a pang through me as I look at it, for by it I am reminded that I shall never again on this fair earth of ours see his bright smile, or hear his gentle, obedient voice, or touch his affectionate lips with mine. . . . Pardon, my dear Ellen ; you and your good husband will understand me. I do not repine. God has been very kind to me all my life long, and I have an abiding faith that this blow is only a disguised blessing. Nevertheless, at times, when writing to a dear friend, as now I write to you, I feel *crushed*. Well, it is all right ; I shall

find it out by and by, I doubt not. I hope you hear good news from Henry. I often think of you both as two of my best friends, and I am sure from your various acts and expressions I am not mistaken.

P. S. [By my mother.] When last I saw your dear Nellie, I promised to write a line to you, but I have never done it. How much I should like to see you once again, and live for a while in the happy past. I do not doubt the future will be happy, too, if we only do right, but the older I grow the more I cling to old friends and old times. Henry misunderstood me: I told him the flowers were from Nellie B. Thayer, and he thought it was you. Your dear husband sent us one of his whole-souled letters soon after our precious Nat's death. I am afraid sometimes if his comrades saw my silent tears they would not think me a worthy mother of such a hero; but I do not repine or murmur. I only feel an aching void, more sometimes than at others. I trust I may be with him when my time comes. How little do we realize the blessings these dear children are when they are with us. We are to spend the summer at Blue Hill, Milton. I am constantly reminded of our dear Nat by seeing the sabres of the second cavalry, whose camp is about a mile off. . . .

Affectionately yours,

OLIVIA BOWDITCH.

TO MISS HUDSON.

December 31, 1863.

I think I have never answered your kind remembrance of December 6. Thanks for it now, if I have not already sent them. That day is now one of the holy days in our calendar. A sweet circle of memories cluster around it, and it is ever brightest, for it is our first evidence that we have a home else-



where. Every day that passes causes me to look back upon the hour of his birth as one of the most sacred of my life.

His vanishing has caused a blank never to be filled in all my relations in this life. It has taken from me much of the zest of my professional success; because I have been for years always moulding my life with reference to his future. Now that future has gone, and I seem indeed to look heavenwards and to the far future beyond the grave, rather than to the present. But do not think me a croaker or a despiser of the present hour. On the contrary, I never felt the importance of acting up exactly to the *duty* of the hour so strongly as at present, and the spiritual presence of the dear youth aids me mightily. He cheers me, and beckons me onward in paths I should shrink from were not his dear shade with me assuring me that *he* did rightly and met a martyr's fate, and that surely no small or low motive ought to deter *me*. In fact, I have now three guides in heaven, and I should be mean indeed if their sacred influence did me no good. You understand me, because you have had the fullest experience in this respect. Sorrow, all pervading sorrow, brings in its train holy ministers of peace, who lift us, almost in spite of ourselves, into the region of a divine peace. I have never loved God, or felt so keenly for man, it seems to me, as since that heroic young soul breathed his last. Every moment of the remainder of my life here I would fain make worthy of the sacrifice. My whole nature warms, as I think

of him, with thanksgiving to God for his great goodness in vouchsafing to allow the boy to remain so long nestling near me. God bless and keep you.  
Ever

Truly yours,

H. I. B.

In spite of the brave spirit evinced by my father after my brother's death, the following short extract from his Journal of a year later gives proof of the sorrow he endured in his great loss.

March 17, 1864.

Nearly two years have swept onward, and how much has happened! Just one year ago the dreadful telegram reached me of another Nat Bowditch having fallen. My darling boy was a year since this P. M. wounded fatally when leading a cavalry charge, and died in twenty-four hours. Elsewhere may be found the testimony to his noble courage in the fight, and perfect serenity in death, making him worthy of being associated with his grandfather and uncle. But how much has all the beauty of life gone from me. I seem to have nobody to look forward to as my successor, and the sweet hopes I had formed of him are all vanished. His death seems to have added ten years to my age. God grant that I may derive from it all the good intended.

There is to me a beautiful yet tragic pathos resting upon this part of what may be justly called the stirring drama of my father's life, in its connection with the great anti-slavery movement and the death of my brother, when we call to mind the incident of the little boy of eleven taken from his bed in the early morning by his father to witness

the return of the slave to a life of bondage, and when we ponder upon the significance of that act to both father and son.

The deep and stern impression made on the young pure soul of the boy, and the desire of the father as he himself has said, like Hamilcar of old, to implant in his son a hatred of slavery, were but the foreshadowings of the events which were soon to follow. Twelve years later the stricken father was called upon to yield up his beloved son, cut down in the strength and beauty of his early manhood, as a sacrifice to what they both held as above price, — the sacred cause of human freedom.

As we think of this, and other innumerable examples of lofty devotion to an ideal within our own time, can we say that we live in a prosaic and unchivalric age?

## CHAPTER XVIII

### REMINISCENCES OF KATHARINE DAY PUTNAM — THE “MEMORIAL CABINET”

NO memoir of my father would be complete when speaking of this period without special mention of one who, from the time of my brother's death, was destined to be drawn to my father by the closest ties of affection and tender association.

My brother was engaged to be married to Miss Katharine Day Putnam, the eldest daughter of Judge John Phelps Putnam of Boston, a young lady who possessed not only beauty, wonderful charm and grace of manner, but great strength and sweetness of character.

Her love and devotion to my brother's memory seemed to hallow her in my father's eyes, and she became indeed a “veritable daughter in the household,” beloved by every one. No one who knew them could have failed to be impressed with the beautiful relation existing between my father and his “second daughter,” as he always loved to call her, and their devotion to each other previous to her death, twelve years after my brother fell in the war, make one of the most touching and beautiful features of his life.

I append here part of a letter written to my sister, in which he alludes to his “second daughter,” and his feeling for her.

PARIS, September 23, 1867.

I cannot tell you how I appreciated your remark in regard to our happy home. Well, Darling, I



103 BOWLSTON STREET BOSTON

The house is seen directly in the centre of both pictures



have a right to say it, that from the moment of your and Nat's and Ned's and Vin's birth, I have felt that whatever else might happen, you all should be surrounded by a loving atmosphere. Hence always the good-night kiss became with me a sacred duty, as well as a delight. Then, too, I now remember when you, a little toddle, would come and ask to sit on my knee when I was writing. Whatever I was doing I always granted it. And you even then seemed to understand me. You would sit as quiet as a little mouse, and occasionally play with some little thing on the table; but still oftener would pass your tiny fingers through my beard, and look up with your sweet eyes into my face so inquiringly, but not utter a word. They went right to my heart, as the thought of you goes now to my heart. Surely, no father and daughter ever loved better than we do. And now we have added a delight and treasure, Kate, my sweet *second* daughter, child by adoption, and the sacred love of betrothment to the dear dead young soldier. How much of a real wealth of love has she brought into the family! Poor dear thing, how sorry I am to hear of her sickness! Between you and me, Katy is a sort of household saint. I look to her in her fond, devoted love for Nat, as one different from others. She stands in a niche, — I put imaginary flowers at her feet, — and yet I am so glad, after all, she is a real, honest, loving girl, and that I can kiss her as I do you, as my devoted, affectionate second daughter.

Her whole life was one of devotion to others, and

especially to those most intimately connected with him to whose memory she seemed to have consecrated her life. It was not to be for many years, however; for in the spring of 1873, after a severe attack of scarlet fever, Miss Putnam began to show symptoms of pulmonary disease, which rapidly developed, and after nearly two years of patient suffering, in which my father was her devoted medical attendant, she died February 2, 1875. In this loss, so close to his heart, my father seemed sustained by the same lofty faith he had always shown. His sense of personal loss, moreover, was evidently softened by his keen sense of the beauty and poetic character of her early death, following twelve years of devotion to his son's memory, and her unwearied care for the welfare of those most dear to him. In this thought my father seemed to be lifted above the ordinary plane of personal grief. It was to him a glimpse of the ideal in life, and it was not for him to repine.

Not long after her death he prepared a short memoir of her, the manuscript of which, made by my mother, and illustrated beautifully by her and various artist friends, now rests as a fitting accompaniment to the mementos of his son collected in a "memorial cabinet" now in the possession of his children.

Soon after my brother's death my father conceived the idea of the "memorial cabinet," which should contain not only articles belonging to my brother, both before and during his active service in the war, but whatever objects should from time to time be added to the collection suggestive of patriotism and devotion to the cause of liberty.

For the anniversary of their wedding day he had had prepared for my mother, in the summer of 1865, a large book containing a short memoir of my brother, the text beautifully written and illustrated with appropriate pen and ink sketches, made by Mr. Frank Shapleigh, the artist.



With this book as a nucleus, as it were, gradually the "memorial cabinet" came into existence; and over this work of love my father toiled with unceasing industry, unconsciously building a monument to himself in his devotion to the memory of the "dear young soldier," a term he frequently used in after years when writing of my brother.

In the cabinet, carefully preserved and bound, are letters to and from my brother while in the army, collections of photographs of "fallen heroes," the albums appropriately illustrated by Miss Putnam and my mother. A large number of books and manuscripts representing the life work of the three Nathaniel Bowditches, — his father, brother, and son, — also rest on the shelves of the cabinet. The first edition of my grandfather's translation of La Place's "Mécanique Céleste," "Suffolk Surnames," the work of my uncle, and the numerous letters of my brother, with many pamphlets and papers relative to the great rebellion, all give interest to this product of my father's labors. Among many other articles of historic interest is a daguerreotype of Jonathan Walker's hand, taken at the suggestion of my father, when Walker came to his house in Otis Place in the early forties, not long after his hand had been branded with the letters "S. S." by a United States marshal in Florida, because of Walker's attempt to carry away several slaves to the North to free them. On the back of the daguerreotype is written in my father's hand: —

"This daguerreotype was taken by Southworth, August, 1845. It is a copy of Captain Jonathan Walker's hand as branded by the United States marshal of the district, in Florida, for having helped seven men to obtain life, liberty, and happiness.

"S. S. — 'Slave Savior,' Northern dialect.

'Slave Stealer,' Southern dialect."

On the wall of the cabinet hangs also the famous pistol which William Craft put into my father's hand while making him promise to shoot any man who should try to stop them as they started to drive out to Brookline together over the "Mill-Dam" in that eventful time when the slave hunters were in Boston.

Near by lies one of the "billies" made for the "Anti-Man-Hunting League," a significant emblem of the spirit of the times, although never used; and in another compartment is a piece of rope cut from the top of the mainmast of the Cumberland as she lay sunken at Hampton Roads, after the famous fight with the Confederate gun-boat Merrimac.

These relics, with a pair of pikes, belonging to John Brown when at Harper's Ferry, and two more "boarding pikes" from the old frigate Constitution, and other objects of personal and public interest, make a collection the value of which only increases as time adds the glamour of romance to deeds which were the stern realities of those stirring days.

The following Latin inscription, composed by my uncle, Mr. Epes S. Dixwell, is inscribed upon the cabinet: "*Monumenta filii carissimi ejusque commilitonum qui mortem bello pro libertate et patria oppetiverunt.*" (In memory of a beloved son and his fellow soldiers who sought death in the war for liberty and country.)

The preparation of this beautiful memorial to his son took several years, and would in itself seem to be the work of a lifetime when, upon looking through it, one sees the mass of detail necessary for its preparation, and the minute care bestowed upon each portion. It was the work of leisure hours only, however, and is but another proof of my father's power of resting by change of work, as well as of his indefatigable industry and system.

In a preface made for the two albums containing photo-



LIBRARY AT 113 BOYLSTON STREET



graphs of those who fell in the war, under the title "Our Martyr Soldiers of the Great Rebellion," he says:—

I trust that these memorials, combined with the photographs, even of the few here gathered, will show in some degree most fair likenesses of the sons of our State who devoted their young lives to save the nation. I think that they form a most remarkable collection of faces, indicative of high-toned character. It has been impossible for me to arrange the memorials until this apparently late day (February, 1875). But during the past few weeks, enforced time of leisure, owing to illness, has led me to undertake the task. It has been a pleasant labor. It has taken me from common cares and anxieties, and has carried my thoughts back to days that seemed far, far removed at the present hour. Under the date of "Seventh of twelfth month, 1864," John G. Whittier wrote as follows, when returning the two volumes of photographs and "Memoranda of our Martyr Soldiers," which I had lent to him, in order that he might carefully examine them:—

MY DEAR BOWDITCH, — I have looked over with the deepest interest this noble portrait gallery, this Valhalla of the patriot martyrs of our great day of trial, the young, the beautiful, the brave! I have read the touching, tender, but brave testimony of bereaved wives, mothers, and fathers. It seems to me that this collection is a most fitting memorial of thy own beloved one who so cheerfully laid down his

young life on the altar of country and freedom. Let me hope that thou wilt continue this collection. It will be of great and increasing value. With much sympathy, thy affectionate friend,

·JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MARLBOROUGH HOTEL, Seventh, Twelfth Month, 1864.

Since the above was written I have added a few photographs, and made many additions to the "Memoranda"<sup>1</sup> in this volume, which I trust will always accompany and serve to illustrate them. That they may serve at least in some small degree to keep green in the sight of my posterity the memory of those patriot youths, is the fervent wish of my heart. May the young men of my race emulate the examples of those dead in a most noble cause.

I have finished this most pleasant, though at times, sad task. May the blessing of God rest upon it.

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

<sup>1</sup> The collection of "Memoranda" is in a large quarto volume of 297 pages, containing data of 146 soldiers, mostly from Massachusetts.

## CHAPTER XIX

### APPOINTMENT AS MEDICAL EXAMINER OF THE BOARD OF ENROLLMENT — TRIAL — LIFE IN THE READ- VILLE CAMP — DEATH OF LINCOLN

1863—1865

IN the spring of 1863 my father was asked by the Government to act as medical examiner of the Board of Enrollment in Boston, for the purpose of examining recruits for the army.

The following extracts from his manuscripts,<sup>1</sup> in which he gives his reasons for accepting the position and his description of what occurred in consequence of a certain impulsive act of his during his service to prevent "bounty jumping," furnish as varied and vivid studies of human nature as are often given us to read.

On or about May 1, 1863, I was alike surprised and gratified at the reception of the appointment, under the sign-manual of the noble and efficient Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, to the highly responsible office of "Surgeon of the Board of Enrollment for the Fourth Congressional District of Massachusetts." Having never sought that or any other office under Government, I felt the honor to be the greatest because it proved that those in power

<sup>1</sup> *The Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery*, chapter ii.

trusted that I would be willing and able to serve the country.

I supposed that the contest for the rights of the soldier,<sup>1</sup> during which I had some interviews with Mr. Stanton, led to my appointment as one loyal, and one who could be trusted to work efficiently for the Government. John A. Andrew was also my friend. Whatever were the influences leading to the appointment (Surgeon of the Board of Enrollment), it caused a buzz among my friends; and one younger aspirant, speaking the thought of many, said to me that, with my professional duties and my private practice, he supposed that I would not accept the office. I immediately replied that the offer had come unsolicited, and the Government apparently wanted my services, and that I was thankful I could serve it in any way. Had I been a surgeon I should have volunteered at first. Now something had come to me, the duties of which I could perform as well as any one; and I begged my young interlocutor (who intimated that I might help him to the situation) to understand that I was prepared to spend any amount of time necessary, and lose practice if need be, if I could serve the country. And so I did serve her, from April 29, 1863, until I was honorably discharged at the close of the war-drafting of soldiers, or rather of citizens and others as soldiers, June 3, 1865.

After giving somewhat at length his experiences at the

<sup>1</sup> His efforts to obtain a proper ambulance system.



Board of Enrollment, he concludes his manuscript with these words : —

But all did not go smoothly, although I tried simply to do my duty faithfully. As a significant anecdote of my “Thirty Years’ War,” and to prove that it was not “all plain sailing,” as father used to say, I would relate the following.

He then gives the story of his attempt to prevent a confessed “bounty jumper” from continuing his work of cheating the Government. A more satisfactory account is given of this episode in the records of his trial following a charge of “assault and battery,” found in a manuscript<sup>1</sup> dated May 26, 1866.

To-day was decided a case that has been hanging over me for over a year, resulting from an act which, I now look back upon it, was in my view one of my praiseworthy deeds during the rebellion. Yet for that act I have been this day mulcted to the sum of \$1000 with expenses of court and counsel added thereupon, about \$1600 in all.

On the 21st of January, 1865, a man appeared before me while serving at the Board of Enrollment for the Fourth Congressional District of Massachusetts, and offered himself, with the story that he had within three months left the English service “from over the border” and without any discharge papers. In other words, he virtually admitted to me and my colleague, Mr. —, that he was an English deserter. As “bounty jumpers” were then making a good

<sup>1</sup> Volume xiv., paper 4.

business (we had arrested one who had "jumped" twelve times), and as I believed that, having deserted from one service "to mend his fortunes," he would desert from ours, after getting his bounty, I determined, after consulting with ——, an able lawyer, (who stood by me while I marked the man and *advised me to do so*), to mark him with a black mark of nitrate of silver, thinking it would last perhaps a week or two, and by its moral effect, likewise, a little longer prevent his enlisting at any other office. I marked him under the arm with the letter "D," by passing the moistened nitrate of silver four, or five times over the spot. Considerable irritation ensued, and he put on various applications, some of which apparently increased the trouble. On consultation with a furious copperhead lawyer of this city, who, from all I can hear has been one of the violent opponents of the Government, a suit of \$10,000 was entered. I heard of it and had various offers to compromise. I was advised by some friends to do so, on the ground that a jury would compromise and average, and thus carry up the verdict to a pretty high figure. Feeling that I had done a proper thing, although illegal perhaps, knowing that I could not have injured the man, I declined to do anything. Action was commenced, and in the October term, 1865, the case was tried. My counsel, Mr. Sohier, made no argument, considering the whole affair too trivial to be argued, and the jury disagreed. This month it was brought up again and had to be argued upon its merits, so-called. Mr. Sohier being ill,

I called on Governor Andrew, but he had no time and advised me to employ F. H. Sweetser, Esq., a lawyer of considerable eminence, and I think justly so, for he did his work for me most thoroughly. Meanwhile, Mr. —, lately of the Union Army, one of Nat's comrades, joined himself to — and opened the case. He began with a sneer at the small position I held as a second-rate "recruiting officer," which was false, and characterized my assault as of the most brutal character; also false. Dr. Buckingham gave evidence that the wound was being irritated by an ointment, of which the man refused to let him take even a small portion. He rubbed his own arm thirty or forty times with nitrate of silver in the presence of the jury. Drs. White, Minot, and Jeffries testified also to the perfect freedom with which the nitrate was used in practice. Mr. — and Mr. — and I testified to Mulcahey having given the false name of Fogerty, while claiming on the stand that he entered our office as Mulcahey. This was proved conclusively by the original records of the office, and my own private records, thus giving further proof of his miserable character and lying propensities. Mr. Sweetser said in defense that he was sorry he could not, as a lawyer, strictly defend me, although as a man he believed me guiltless. Technically I had acted illegally, but the jury would consider the motive I must have had, — to serve the country, to prevent "bounty jumping," which was then so rife; that I had accepted the position not from motives of gain; that I must have lost, in giv-

ing up my time, more than the salary paid (which was the exact truth ; for the office has nearly annihilated all my practice in Boston, except my office practice) ; that the injury to the man's feelings who could blazon out his shame would not be much, and [the injury] to his person, by the evidence of medical witnesses could not have been for any great length of time. He showed how he had lied on several occasions, and brought up the facts of irritating ointments having been applied. Mr. ——— arose, apparently in a violent passion and grew red in the face, said the defense was, next to the assault, the most infamous he had ever heard of, and tried to talk down our record ; declared that I had made them since the first trial, and that the clerk had done the same ; that Buckingham and I were in league to entrap the man and to burn him still more. In regard to myself, he said that if I had done the same to him, he would have killed me. "Why did you not kill him ?" he said, was common talk. "It would have rankled and rankled in me until one or the other should have died." In other words he virtually counseled Fogerty, alias Mulcahey, to attack and murder me. I was astonished that Judge—— did not check him, for its effect (unless Pickwickian in intention) was infernal ; yet the judge, neither at the time nor at the charge, alluded to his violent talk. The judge said I had committed assault and battery ; that my position and intentions could not be considered by the jury ; but they must give reasonable, not punitive damages. The jury, after being out from

12 to 1.30, returned a sealed verdict of \$1000. And so ends my case, and I think that justice legal may have been done, but justice moral has been woefully wronged. If I should not do the same thing under similar circumstances, the law ought to give the right to do so to some one, and thus prevent the wholesale swindling practiced by the bounty jumpers. I received the verdict as another of my offerings to the war. God be thanked that slavery and spurious democracy were killed by it.

. . . . .

I should have mentioned the fact that there is not now and never has been any scar, technically speaking, and only a discoloration now remaining. I forgot that the scoundrel swore that I said I was going to take off a mark that was on the side. Dr. Carney, their own witness, tried the experiment on his own arm by rubbing twenty times, and they were afraid to put him on the stand because it produced no effect. The fact is, the clients were base men, and any lawyer who would argue as — did, was their equal and no more. One learns human nature as one goes on in life. One of the saddest and one of the most disgusting features of the whole affair connected with my trial was the behavior of my supposed friend and my actual aid at the burning. Him I consulted at the time, and but for his aid and legal support would not have dared to touch the man. But Mr. —, from his standpoint of law, advised the act. He went with me into the private room. He actually held up the man's shirt while I

was marking him. When threats were made of trial, he advised no compromise. Said no jury would bring in a verdict, and that his firm would carry along the case and he would testify. All these latter things I did and he did ; that is, I followed his advice and intrusted his firm with the case. I soon found, however, that he was going to let me bear the whole weight, which betrayed a certain meanness which I could not understand ; but my astonishment knew no bounds when, among the items of contingent expenses, was a bill of \$100 for his firm. 'T is true that when the act of meanness was presented baldly to him, he had the decency to deduct his share, \$50 ; but his whole course was one reminding me of some of Dickens's lawyers.

A keen sense of the injustice of the verdict, and gratitude for the many expressions of sympathy which he received, led my father to send the following reply to a letter received from the Governor, Hon. A. H. Bullock.

BOSTON, June 2, 1866.

HIS EXCELLENCY, HON. A. H. BULLOCK, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS :

SIR, — I thank you very much for your sympathy, expressed through our mutual friend, Dr. H. G. Clark, in regard to the late trial before the Superior Court. Next to the consciousness of rectitude not only of motive but of action in the premises, I value the cordial sympathy I have received from many in this community. Coming from the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, it is peculiarly gratify-

ing. I shall do nothing further in the case, and even if I could, by any legal quibble, appeal, I should refuse to do so, on the ground that while a judge can sit silent, and allow a counsel to stimulate the plaintiff to a murderous assault upon the defendant, I, for one, will never appeal to the courts of Massachusetts.

Allow me to state briefly the facts in the case previously to mentioning the ground on which I support the above opinion.

After giving the facts of the trial he proceeds:—

. . . But I do not write this letter chiefly for the purpose of detailing to you my affairs. I have a higher object in view, viz., the maintaining, so far as lies in my power, the purity of the trial by jury, and the keeping unspotted the ermine of Massachusetts justice, both of which I think have been totally lost sight of in my recent trial by the opposing counsel, Mr. —, and by the presiding judge, during the progress of the case.

I pass over briefly all the browbeating of myself and of my witnesses by Mr. —. Such license seems to be taken by all low-lived attorneys in all our courts, however much such conduct may be despised by high-minded counselors in the same courts. Such browbeating and such hypotheses are considered right and fair in the courts of justice of Massachusetts. . . .

The whole harangue was a violent incentive to the plaintiff to make a murderous assault upon me.

. . . I looked to the Bench for my support, and as it appears I looked in vain. So far as any action on that occasion will justify a general inference, a judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts has no authority, or, if he possesses authority, he may not have the will either to defend a party in a suit from unjustifiable and atrocious attacks by counsel, or even to prevent in open court a counselor from inciting his client to commit murder.

Judge — sat, during the violent and disgusting tirade of Mr. —, silent, with unmoved countenance, apparently in stolid indifference as to the effect it might produce.

I still hoped, however, that at least in his charge to the jury he would protest against such language on the part of an advocate, and warn the jury not to allow their minds to be influenced by such invectives. But he said nothing in the way of protest, made no allusion to the fact. By this neglect I feel that he did a great wrong to me, and brought disgrace, so far as one man can, upon the pure fame of Massachusetts justice.

. . . . .  
I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

July 15, 1866.

SIR, — The foregoing is a copy of a letter I wrote to you more than a month ago. It is now sent to you after consulting with several friends. It is



right that the executive of the Commonwealth should know how the state courts are conducted, even if he have no authority to interfere. I reserve to myself the right to do whatever I may in the future deem best in regard to the communication thus made, and you have equal liberty to use it as you think appropriate.

With sentiments of most respectful consideration,  
I remain, H. I. B.

The following letters are inserted as typical expressions of the opinion of eminent men upon my father's action : —

FROM JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

—, 1866.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, — I have read with much satisfaction your letter to Governor Bullock. In my opinion it ought to be published. I do not think you can reach these irresponsible characters in any other way than by dragging them to the light. The press is the court of final appeal, to which every case is to be transferred which ought to have the stamp and sentence of public opinion affixed to it.

Truly yours,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

DR. H. I. BOWDITCH.

FROM JOHN T. SARGENT, ESQ.

13 CHESTNUT STREET, June 25, 1866.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, — My first impression, I confess, after reading your able document of address to Governor Bullock, was, that however "the end" you so wisely proposed in this case might "justify the means" you took in fixing the mark on "Fogerty," it had rendered you liable, as the event proved, to just that stringent course of legal proceeding and prosecution which he and his legal advisers might like to make money out of.

Nevertheless, you've done nobly and well in this courageous protest, as your instincts and temperament always lead you to do.

There are few men who have the moral bravery in such cases to take the risk of narrow verdicts in any earthly court for the sake of allegiance to that "higher court" of moral obligations.

In the hope that this manifesto of yours to the governor may take other form through the press for the fitting and timely rebuke of wrong-doers,

I am very truly yours,

JOHN T. SARGENT.

In thus recalling the facts of this extraordinary episode, it is without the least desire to excite bitter feeling or comment. It was an important event in my father's life, and as such must be recorded, although not throwing a pleasant light upon some with whom he was thrown in contact. To some, the decision of the judge and the jury was one of the necessities of the proper enforcement of law for the protection of person; to others, of whom there are many, as evinced by the numerous letters received by my father, and written in total disapproval and strong condemnation of the result, the decision was an outrageous perversion of moral justice.

Whatever the opinion, the fact remains that in accepting the decision, my father made no outward complaint; his dignified behavior under such trying circumstances being such as to excite the comment of all. Hurt and wounded to the heart's core as he was, not only by the conduct of those whom he had believed to be his friends, more especially by the one who had been his dead son's "companion in arms," but also by the fact that his own State, which he had faithfully served, could allow what he deemed, in the abstract, a great perversion of justice, he

said little or nothing, gently but firmly declining offers of pecuniary assistance from one or two generous-hearted citizens of Boston, who not only openly expressed their personal indignation that such treatment of a faithful servant of the Government could take place under the laws of Massachusetts, but begged him to allow them to assist in defraying the expenses of what they knew was a great drain upon his slender purse. Inasmuch as the laws of the State had permitted this, he preferred to bear the burden alone, at whatever cost.

In the summer of 1863, following his acceptance of the position in the Board of Enrollment, my father took a small cottage under the shadow of Blue Hill in Milton, the Readville camp being not far distant below.

The 55th regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, the second regiment of colored troops, under Colonel Norwood P. Hallowell, was encamped at Readville, and many leisure moments were spent by my father and his family at that spot previous to the regiment's departure for the South.

It was his delight to listen to the bugle call of the "reveille" in the early morning, as the notes were carried up to his home on the hillside, bringing with them sad yet sweet memories of his soldier son, who had formerly been encamped in the same spot, and who, a year and a half before, had bade farewell to home and friends to go to the seat of war.

My father took the greatest pleasure in watching the development of the negroes as soldiers, and frequently witnessed the "dress parade," held every afternoon; an impressive sight, with the long line of black faces outlined against the high embankment of the then unused New York & New England Railroad, the colored band marching solemnly up and down the parade ground, showing steady and daily improvement in its one martial tune, which the

poor fellows had slowly and laboriously learned; the tall erect form of Colonel Hallowell standing opposite uttering occasionally his quick commands.

At one time my father received permission to make an address to the men, at the same time presenting them with copies of a translation of Körner's "Battle Prayer," "Vater, ich rufe Dich."

With the soldiers assembled before him, one summer afternoon, he thus addressed them:—

Friends! Freemen! Soldiers of the Union!

With the permission of your colonel I now appear before you and ask your attention for a few moments.

Some of us have watched with the deepest interest the progress of this regiment from its birth, and it has been a real delight to note its rapid growth in numbers and military discipline. We have been pleased to hear of your temperance, your willing obedience to your officers. I have learned from experience the keen desire some of you have had for learning to read. You have overcome difficulties against which many that I know in Boston would not have succeeded at all.

We have visited your barracks at evening, and have joined with you in your regular religious worship. We have felt that such men, who close each day with such expressions of trust in the Father Almighty, must be just the men to go forward boldly to fight out the grand battle for human liberty now going on. Doubtless you have, most of you, heard that everywhere that the regiments of

your people have been brought face to face with the enemy, the unrepentant slaveholders, they have covered themselves with glory for their dauntless bravery in the fight, and their strict obedience to orders, even when heated with success. We know that the 55th Massachusetts will in like manner be proud to thus sustain the honor of the North. We feel sure that the 55th will be equal to any regiment, white or black, sent forth by old Massachusetts to fight the battle of the Union.

. . . It is fifty years ago this very year since a noble youth fell bravely fighting, and while leading a cavalry charge against a tyrant that threatened his country. For some time before this last fatal charge he had been accustomed to write stirring songs of patriotism, which stimulated his countrymen to do their utmost to drive off the invader. This young soldier-poet, Körner by name, and German by country, wrote the piece I will present to you. He lived thousands of miles off, and in Germany, but his songs and his fame have gone the world over, and will live forever. He was filled to overflowing with this religious fervor, and it made him what he was.

I have associations also with it of a dearer nature, for a copy of this very prayer I now shall give you was found lying close by a small wooden cross, that dear emblem of a Christian faith! Both lay near the heart of another young soldier, who, under the influence of a perfect trust in God the Father, bravely did his work, and now sleeps in peace by the side of others who have fallen in our noble cause.

Hundreds of human hearts of men, and young men always, have been stimulated to brave and noble actions by this glorious "Battle Prayer." I hope and trust that all of you will sometime be able to read it, but let those who can read teach it to those who cannot. In order that some of those soldiers whom slavery has kept ignorant and unable to read may hear it at least once, I will read it aloud. I would hope that all, even those who do not know how to read it, will preserve it. Keep it, if possible, somewhere about your person. Use it for no purpose save to do you good unless, perchance, you at any time need it as a wadding for your rifle; then in God's name use it, and may it reach the heart of any man who would impiously try to enslave another.

He then read the prayer.

And now, friends, I have done. May God, in his infinite mercy, rule this regiment as one man. Remember, each one of you, how much depends upon your own good behavior. All the North will be looking to see how you behave. Upon you, perhaps, will depend the future good or ill fortune of your whole people. Let us, your friends, always hear of the good and the brave 55th. Let it be fierce as a lion in battle, gentle as a mother to a fallen, wounded, supplicating foe. Let its watchword be God, Humanity, and Liberty. No regiment can fail with these three words as a guide for its conduct.

Soldiers of the Union and of liberty, farewell.

In the succeeding summer, of 1864, we were living still

nearer the camp at Readville. Although the barracks were only used as hospitals for sick soldiers, and no longer as headquarters for new regiments, it was still the family custom to visit the spot around which clustered so many associations. Even if unable to grasp the great and serious import of the war, these experiences at least gave me as a child a deep and lasting impression, which under other circumstances I should have failed to receive; and it was, I believe, largely for the purpose of inspiring in all his children a keen appreciation of the deep meaning of those scenes that my father selected the vicinity of the camp as a summer home during the war.

In the spring of 1865 occurred the deed which shocked the whole civilized world, and Lincoln fell.

My father's face and behavior when the morning paper brought the awful news are indelibly impressed upon my memory. I was standing in one of the rooms of the lower floor in the house in Boylston Street, when suddenly I saw him rush past the door, and go rapidly upstairs towards my mother's room. Knowing that something unusual must have taken place, I followed, to find my mother in tears exclaiming, "Oh, what will become of the country?" My father's stern, set face, but flashing eyes, and deep tone of voice, as he told me what had happened, filled me with awe-stricken wonder, and impressed me deeply with the awful nature of the deed.

In the stunning effect of the news upon every one, my father naturally shared; and his deep seriousness for some time was evident to all, until his naturally buoyant and hopeful nature reasserted itself, and he was able to see light through the deep gloom which enshrouded every one.

From his manuscript<sup>1</sup> I have taken the following extract, entitled "Thoughts on the Occasion of the Assassi-

<sup>1</sup> *Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery*, chapter xii.

nation of President Lincoln, April 19, 1865," evidently written a few days after the event had occurred.

The fatal assassin's blow was struck at Ford's Theatre, and our President fell. The nation was stunned. On Saturday morning when the news came, no one seemed to know what to think or do, and all felt but a word was needed for tears or blows. I early finished business, and went out on that morning feeling desperately savage, prepared to do or say anything to any dastardly copperhead who did not agree with me. I met one whom I knew to be true, Doctor Morland, a perfect gentleman. "How do you feel?" I asked. "I feel that if any one should not stroke my fur the right way I should throttle him!" Even brave men and boys at school shed tears bitterly, as they thought of the kind old man "murdered!" His last words breathed the peace of reconciliation, and yet the assassin, quoting the dastardly assumed motto of Virginia, "Sic semper tyrannis," slays him in cold blood. I felt like the rest of the community. We met at the Board of Enrollment, and immediately adjourned. I then wandered out, and everybody else seemed to be wandering in the streets to inquire the news as it flashed every half hour over the wires. Finally, I heard of a spontaneous gathering of the people at Tremont Temple. I went with the throng. Never was a people so stirred, and never did I see a man lay such hold upon the very hearts of the audience as Rev. Mr. Kirk did then and there. Eloquently, he brought up before us the bleeding dead body of our



leader, all sanctified as he then was by his bloody death, and three thoughts were impressed upon us. First, Death to the slave power. Second, Swift and sure punishment and death, if need be, upon the prominent traitors. And third, A strong, hearty, Luther-like belief in Almighty God: "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." Others spoke, but none met the wants, and no one received such wrapt attention or a heartier applause than he. He metaphorically described God as "tuning up" the heart of the nation, as the harpist tunes his strings, by successive twists of the keys. He had wrenched our hearts by "Ball's Bluff," and the successive reverses of the war, and the horrible tortures of our soldiers, until at length He had felt it necessary to send this last agonizing pressure in the sudden horrible assassination of the father of the land. As he thus described God's successive trials as really blessings, each gradually tuning us up to the great work before us, he led us as he pleased, from weepings to thoughts of justice to traitors, stern unbending legal justice, and from this point he led us, as with the gentlest of influences and sweetest of language, up to a perfect trust in God, the Father Almighty, Ruler in Heaven and Earth, and one who out of evil produceth good. Thus from entering all perturbed and irritated, ready to dash at any one, we came out sobered, and more trustful in the future, proud of being allowed to live and to minister to those noble events that were transpiring around us.

The people were all, apparently, in the streets that

afternoon. Spontaneous gatherings at the corners occurred, and men who never spoke before spoke to the crowd. Mourning drapery began to appear. The shops began to close. The streets looked like the Sabbath. Any man who dared to express any sympathy with the rebellion was put down. One was pitched overboard from a ferryboat in Brooklyn. Another was tarred and feathered and carried through the streets of Swampscott and compelled to carry the Stars and Stripes and cheer for them, and finally was allowed to go on condition of keeping the flag at half-mast for thirty days. At Fall River the people compelled a liquor dealer to do the same, because he expressed satisfaction at the death of the President.

In the evening I went to the "Courier" office, ready for a fight with any copperhead; that is, I was prepared to do or say anything severe if any chance should come. I asked for a paper, saying that I wanted to know where the "Courier" stood now, as I had not bought the paper for three years. My astonishment knew no bounds when I found that the leader of that evening was all that could be asked for in abhorrence of the vile deed. That editorial saved the paper, for I surely believe that if it had not put out signs of mourning, and written just such an editorial, the office would have been sacked. I think so from what was done elsewhere, and from what I myself, with others, was prepared to do. In California several Democratic presses were destroyed, the people having borne with their atrociously dis-

loyal sentiments until they could bear them no longer.

Next day being Sunday, I decided to hear Mr. Kirk. I knew he would speak the right word. The crowd was immense. The prayer uttered by him was very touching, and more exactly what was wanted than any extemporaneous prayer I ever heard, except, perhaps, by Rev. Daniel Foster, at the end of Long Wharf, on the rendition of Burns. Very few were there whose eyes were not dimmed by tears; tears, too, of submission, of peace, and of rest.

. . . During the two succeeding days we watched the papers to learn the first tidings of the arrest of the murderer. The people were invited to assemble in their churches throughout the country, during the time at which the funeral services were to be performed at Washington. I had heard enough eulogy, and I longed for the influence of the splendid old English service, modified, as I knew it would be, by Dr. Huntington. The services were very beautiful. Special selections were made, and the beautiful song "Oh, Rest in the Lord" was finely given. Dirges, and all music of solemn kind, were played. It seemed as if the nation were putting up one vast funeral mass. The darling's image (as his memorial window) was ever before me; and tender thoughts were constantly filling my heart. Dr. Huntington told me that he had the same thoughts, and that he often remembered me while engaged in the labors of the day. The church was crowded, as indeed were all the churches of the city.

Can it be that our nation will ever forget the lesson of this hour? The sweet "peace of God that passeth all understanding" seems to rest upon me as the day closes in. What will be the results of Mr. Lincoln's death? Some things are plain. Again our people are united as they were when Sumter fell. We are united upon the thought, first, that hereafter no compromise with slavery shall be allowed. Second, we feel stronger than we did a week since about justice being meted out to traitors. Justice of some kind will be meted to them. Third, no reconstruction with traitors leading in the rebel states. No coming back without freedom universal, and for my part I say without suffrage being fully given to those negroes who can read and write. "Nous verrons." I bide my time, and watch and wait, thankful that God lets me live in these glorious times.

. . . . .

#### LINCOLN'S BURIAL DAY.

May 4, 1865.

The day, which has been lovely, is closing in with a solemn booming of the minute guns from Charlestown Navy Yard. They give notice that the last burial services for our dear President are being performed, and he is finally placed in his Mother Earth, at the spot where four years ago he went out, asking his neighbors and friends to pray for him on his pilgrimage into untried scenes. How beautiful have been the many public utterances of that great man!

How reverently he bent before the Ruler of all, and "waited patiently" amidst the obloquy of enemies and ill-suppressed disgust of friends, for the full performance of every act that the times brought before him for decision and action. His three public speeches which show the peculiar traits of his excellent character, and which, as it seems to me, will ever be remembered as models of duty, comprehensive brevity, and of most touching pathos, are, first, his remarks on leaving Illinois; second, his Gettysburg address, in which he called upon his countrymen all over the land, although seemingly only addressing the assembled multitude, to devote themselves and to dedicate then their hearts anew to the noble cause in which these noble martyrs had suffered. His few words were the gem of all speech on that sad but glorious day; and, third, came his second inaugural. Even England is touched with that outbreking of the heart of this overburthened patriot and religious man. Yet with all our reverence and love for Mr. Lincoln, there is not a man among his supporters who has not long before this come to the conclusion that his death was most appropriate. His assassination has broken the last link that bound political partisans to the Slave Power. Men have set their teeth firmly, and no one has aught to say now about "misguided brethren." And so we now all say "Amen." God be thanked for the noble Lincoln, that he was allowed to live and guide us for four years and then went to his reward, his martyrdom for the cause.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have seen a funeral procession spontaneously got up with two bands playing dirges. They passed our house. How every one seemed moved as by one impulse! It is one of the loveliest of evenings, and I will now walk and see the multitude. The evening of the day of Abraham Lincoln's funeral is worthy of his life, — serene and of surpassing beauty.

The following series of footnotes, written in the foregoing account of Lincoln's death and burial at much later dates, although carrying us far beyond this period of my father's life, are here quoted because of their direct sequence, and moreover because they show the gradual change of opinion upon certain points which he, with others, underwent, and because they in a measure serve to illustrate a very marked feature in his attitude towards those who had formerly been ranked as enemies. The curse of slavery once removed from the land, his whole desire seemed to be that of peace and good-will towards the South. In this attitude he found himself not infrequently at variance with many of those with whom he had stood side by side during the anti-slavery contest, and he was at times accused of inconsistency, and even of infidelity to his cause. Far from that, it seems to me but the strongest evidence of his Christian desire that the sin once effaced forever, the sinner, as he deemed him, should be most generously and kindly dealt with. In the years following the war, he fearlessly approached those who had been on the opposing side; gave them the right hand of fellowship, and asked for their coöperation in healing old wounds and in reuniting the country.

Nov. 13, 1869.

I have given up prophecy, which was not my opinion only, but I spoke the common sentiment of all. Now I only watch and wait in faith, that as a God of Justice rules, so we shall be sure, either by doing rightly to be saved, or by doing wrongly to be damned. *Fiat justitia* even on my country, because justice and truth and righteousness are higher than the country.

Dec. 8, 1872.

The world has gone on, God, I believe, governing us by laws which are immutable and inscrutable in their nature. Charles Sumner now stands beside Andy Johnson, and calls for what? — for the North to give up its animosity and blot from all our battle flags the names of victorious fields, because “they promote discord.” Nonsense! He with his comrades promote discord by talking about what does not exist. The battle was fought on principle, and the nation was born anew on principle, namely, that we are to be one and not many. In future years the Southerners will rejoice that Gettysburg was fought and won by the North. What nonsense, then, to ask us to give up all of our glorious memories of battles fought for freedom, as they really were. I say this while feeling not the least animosity for the South.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> His criticism of Charles Sumner in this case he felt afterwards to be wrong, as he acknowledges in a beautiful tribute to his friend, given several years later.

Nov. 10, 1876.

One of the most curious phenomena I notice, not only in my own mind, but in that of many others in the community, is the entire blotting out of animosity towards the South, and an utter loathing for those rabid politicians who would stir up ill-will between the sections. At this moment we are passing through one of the most animated political contests for the presidency, and the Democratic party, which was so low during the war, is again on the eve of victory. Whichever party succeeds, it is evident that the people are tired of holding up the evil that has been done, and now seek for reconciliation and peace. I hope and believe that the Democratic party has been, in many of its elements, purified. Nearly half a generation has passed since the war, and a new idea sweeps over the land of Union and of peace. I bid it God speed.

April 7, 1877.

Thank God for President Hayes. He will relieve the South of Federal bayonets. The negroes will have their rights before the law, but will now have to defend themselves. We cannot, and ought not, by United States troops, to support Southern governors.

My father's utter disapproval of James G. Blaine shows itself only slightly in the following note:—

January, 1889.

But why disturb one's self about Blaine, when we think of the change that has come over all our



hearts as regards the "Rebeldom"? Thank God that under the direction of General Grant, and his terms of peace on the fall of Richmond, we virtually gave up all the usual "spoils of war," and told the soldiers to take their horses to help raise their crops. We at home could not, at the time, see the noble magnanimity to which he was then leading the nation, and to which I think we have at last arrived, notwithstanding that bitter partisanship may at times seek to divide us. We were never before such a united people as at this present moment. God be forever blessed for the fact!

Not long ago, Mr. Edward Atkinson, a former co-worker with my father in anti-slavery days, recalled to my mind an impressive scene, of which my father had more than once spoken to me. Soon after the war, the grandson of the high priest of slavery, John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, Robert C. Winthrop, who had formerly incurred the displeasure of the Abolitionists, my father and Mr. Atkinson, both strong Abolitionists, all met in or near Boston, and, in token of good-will, grasped each other's hands. I recall vividly my father's delight over this incident. It only illustrated what, in after years, he always strove to do with those formerly opposed to him.

## CHAPTER XX

### TRIPS TO THE ADIRONDACKS — VISITS TO JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE

1863-1878

FOR his summer vacation my father always preferred a life free from all conventionality, and for many years he selected the Adirondack region, which had not then become a fashionable resort. It offered him usually an entire rest from medical work; and allowed him to satisfy his love of nature to the full. In several of these trips my brother Edward and I, as boys, were his companions. Many are the charming recollections of those expeditions: whether floating down the beautiful silent Racquette River, or camping on the shores of Racquette, Tupper's, or Long Lake, all then in the heart of the primeval forest, miles from human habitation. It is pleasant also to recall now many scenes which at the time were less agreeable, although oftentimes ludicrous. My father's desire to know the region well led him, one summer, to travel vigorously from place to place, never resting more than one night in any camp. Fishing and hunting proved dismal failures in that ill-fated August. The guides became demoralized, the party fatigued, and tempers uncertain. Food had been reduced to salt pork, and bread so green with *saleratus* it rivaled the hemlock branch with which a member of the party one day compared it. Rough, hard "carries," during rather muggy weather, made this virgin forest seem a veritable wilderness, and we longed for

home and food. Beefsteak and boiled potatoes, at the hospitable log house of Virgil Bartlett, a few days later, changed our views of life, however; and having learned wisdom through that experience, my father, in after years, stayed quietly in one spot, making expeditions occasionally only.

My father's hatred of black flies, midges, and mosquitoes was something never to be forgotten, and his preparations against their occasional onsets were often droll. I recall a picture of him at Chateaugay Lake, one warm afternoon in July. Clad in a long, limp, linen duster, which came to his ankles, a huge broad-brimmed, black-and-white speckled straw hat on the back of his head, a handkerchief arranged as a "havelock" falling beneath upon his shoulders, a shawl about his ankles, staff in hand, he had fallen sound asleep sitting near the old "smudge-kettle," over which he was always the presiding genius, as a preventive against the attacks of his insect enemies. He would often shout with laughter at my description of it in after years. He never minded being made fun of, when he knew it was done without any spirit of ridicule.

During three of his visits to the Adirondacks he made pilgrimages to the grave of John Brown. In the last thirty years of his life frequent allusions are made in his letters and journals to his reverence for John Brown's character, and he always endeavored to glean all the information possible from those who knew John Brown personally, and many interesting anecdotes of this remarkable man are the result of his interest.

#### TO HIS WIFE.

BARTLETT'S, UPPER SARANAC, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1863.

Steve Martin's house is at the end of the "carry."  
. . . Our sail was pleasant enough, but the sky had

been lowering all day. It was bitterly cold, but I kept myself warm with paddling in the stern of my little boat, doing doubtless as much harm as good towards helping forward the voyage; but my guide, "Hovey," was good-humored, and allowed me to bother him, if by so doing I made myself more comfortable. Occasionally, during our voyage, we had seen a glimpse of a mountain peak, but I must say that very little of grandeur has been perceptible at any time, save once at sunset while staying at Bartlett's [?] when I looked off at old "Whiteface," lighted up by those rays of evening. My thoughts went tenderly back to the darling who is dead, and he seemed as usual to smile upon me and to bless me. Then my thoughts wandered off among the brave and true of other times and places, and as I knew I was near some of the peaks of North Elba, under whose shadows sleep the remains of John Brown, I could not but think of him. I learned from all his neighbors he was a sincere and pious man, of the noble old Puritan type. Family worship each day ascended from his hearth, and he lived in these wilds a patriarch of a numerous family, all of whom he educated in simple piety, and a noble love of liberty, such as these mountains always tend to give to a race. I reviewed in brief his history. I hoped on my return to pass along the stupendous places, which in themselves were worthy of a visit, but now so hallowed by being a martyr's grave. I was well aware that many would smile at, or perhaps curse any enthusiasm for him. I thank Heaven that I glory in

reverencing sublime self-sacrifice, even in a cause I cannot approve of. In this case, however, the cause was the noblest on earth, save that which carried the early Christians to their death. The means he used were totally inadequate, and as we look at the doings of the colored people in this rebellion, these vague and almost absurd attempts of John Brown to excite a servile insurrection seem absolutely futile. Still further, I would never have raised a finger to *excite* a servile insurrection, even if I knew it would be successful. I might have commended it, if it had arisen from the spontaneous uprising of an oppressed people, because then there would have been hopes of success, and the people so rising would have deserved success.

Well, well, upon all these subjects I mused as I silently traveled on. . . .

VISIT TO THE ADIRONDACKS, 1865.

RACQUETTE LAKE, July, 1865.

The first evening spent there was delicious. A gentle breeze was passing over the lake, and with Vin as my paddler I listlessly enjoyed the scene; the beautiful sunset, the entire rest, the expressive loveliness of all nature, with nothing but the occasional cry of the loon or the sound of our own voices to break in upon the stillness. The sunset was golden, and it was not until the evening shadows began to fall that we came back to camp, lighted to it by the clear half moon that shimmered over the water, and flooded the interior of our tent with its gentle, peace-

bearing beams. I was reminded of Chesuncook, on the Penobscot, and soft memories came floating up of two dear ones now no more, who then with me enjoyed a similar heavenly evening moonlight scene; John W. Browne, one of the purest, noblest, most conscientious of men, one of the cleverest heads and warmest of hearts, one whose whole nature seemed like crystal in its transparency, was with me as my comrade. My sweet Nat was there as my boy in whom I took delight. Both now lie in the quiet grave, dead by violence. The spirits of both seemed near me, and the richest of memories seemed to gather and to harmonize in their influence with all the sweet power that nature was exerting over me. How much I thanked God that he had given me such a friend, and so dear and noble a son! With these tender and delightful associations, I laid myself down by the side of Ned and Vin, blessing God, also, for them, and for all the dear ones still remaining to me. In the night I was awake and up as "stoker" of the party, namely, to keep the fire blazing. I enjoyed this rising two or three times during the night for two reasons, — I wanted to have William and the boys warm, and, second, the scene was magnificent when I threw the light, dry, moss-covered branches upon the smouldering fire, and in almost, at times total darkness, to have the sudden glare light up the lofty woods within a circle of two hundred feet. There was a certain weird look over all in that magic circle; and while all around outside was impenetrable darkness, I could look up and see

God's stars shining down in their quiet, ever serene beauty. I wish I could give you an idea of my real enjoyment. To some the pitchy darkness all around, and the thought that perhaps a catamount (eleven feet long from tip of nose to tail) was creeping not far off, would have suggested emotions of terror. I had none, for I knew the beast would be more afraid of me than I should be of him, and Nature to me is always like the kindest of mothers, even in her sublimest moods. But food was becoming rather pinched; one can't live upon pork and poor potatoes, and poorer newly made bread, or "flap-jacks." We had the best hunter in the woods. We had seen deer tracks, but "de'il of a deer" did our hunter catch. We *hoped*, however, for better luck.

In alluding to one of several mishaps, he says, —

John had left us, to hunt another morning and evening, and we hoped something from him, and Dan and Johnnie returned up the river to fish. No one was at the camp in the afternoon, and, alas! that at such a time we should have to learn that cows are omnivorous, for upon our return to supper we learned that sundry animals who had been very bold in coming near our camp had actually broken open our boxes, devoured all our pork and potatoes, and made a clean sweep of our rising bread, and of two blueberry pies, besides breaking two china plates. Verily, the gods and animals seemed combined against us. What a fight one has in this world! It reminds me of my fights with "borers," "cut-

worms," skunks, and squirrels at Weston. Everything seems made to prey on every other thing, exciting warm internal discussions and questionings in our minds in regard to the evidences of humanity in the arrangement of things in this world. However, we made up our loss by making another incursion upon Mrs. Graves's larder.

July 30, 1865.

Tell C—— that the night before visiting John Brown's grave we passed at Mrs. Nash's. Mrs. Nash having but one small bedroom, with two windows (one boarded up), and two beds for the five of our party, we determined to camp in the barn on the hay instead of in the house. She gave us a vile breakfast and tea, of poor bread and potatoes. Nevertheless, Mrs. Nash was well acquainted with John Brown, and spoke highly of him as a very intelligent public and private man, always desirous of improving himself and others; a practical man about roads and bridges of the country, a civil engineer, and a business man, given rather to wandering, and at times to wool speculations; a traveler at home and abroad, having spent two of the nine years which his family had been in North Elba in Europe on business. He had surveyed some of Mrs. Nash's own land. Above all, he was an excellent and sure friend of God and of man, having been a "consistent Christian," and a "member in regular standing of the Presbyterian church, and a high member of it." He seemed sensible, she said, in speech and action in all particulars, save the one he finally en-



gaged in, namely, the taking of Harper's Ferry, in the vain hope of rousing slaves to active opposition to tyranny. Upon his plans he had talked with her husband, and they knew something was to happen, and were not surprised when news came of Harper's Ferry attack. About this point, she said, that from the age of ten, when, as a little boy, he was in a slave State, and met with the following adventure, he had felt that he was called upon directly by God as the deliverer of the negro. His exertions in Kansas, and afterward, were founded on the idea thus early formed. It was always uppermost in his mind, and on whatever subject he talked he almost invariably finished with an appeal for money, and justice to the negro. The anecdote is as follows:—

He met a negro boy about his own age at the house he was visiting. The boy was a slave of the family. He talked with the little fellow, and learned a part of his painful history of suffering. He asked to be allowed to sleep with him, in order that the talk might be continued. The master refused to allow it, and blamed John for asking the favor. This refusal opened the eyes of John, and he felt "inspired by the Lord" to be "the deliverer of the negro race" from its bondage. Possessed with that idea he had gone through life. Mrs. Nash fully believed he had this impression, he had told her such was the fact. She, however, did not accept the proposition, and only remarked that he seemed perfectly "rational" in all other respects.

In August, 1869, he made his first visit to Chateaugay Lake, where later he bought, with his brother William, a tract of land, and erected a small cottage.

DR. SHATTUCK'S COTTAGE, August 10, 1869.

Breakfasted on trout, fried eggs, bread and butter. Trout is not so nice a thing when you have so much of it. So we always quarrel with our good fortune.

The day is lovely, with a gentle breeze, and we sit in the shade and read or write, or stroll out and pick blueberries and a few raspberries, as we will; and I, in order to leave some memento of my mechanical skill, have spent about half an hour in arranging what may be called a step and support for old codgers like myself in getting up from the shore to the green bank on which the cottage is situated. Though simple, it is strong, and will last, I hope, to be blessed by ladies and gentlemen who may hereafter take up their temporary abode here. I like to leave these relics. They serve to fasten the placid hours spent in making them deeply into my memory.

I have been reading with great pleasure, this afternoon, a review (Edinburgh) in *Littell* of "Vie de Madame de Lafayette," wife of the famous Marquis so well known in French and American history. The beauty of her character, her faithful love for her husband, her religious life, her influence over her children, and her great suffering, borne with such serenity of soul, all interested me very much. I mean to get the "Life" from the public library, and read it entire. At one part it alluded to the

repose which the family enjoyed at "La Grange." Immediately arose to my mind a beautiful scene that I witnessed when, as a youth, I visited that spot and spent one night at the old château. The old Marquis was at that time alive. His sweet and noble wife had been long dead, but her influence of love, and bright, sunny thought, still presided evidently over the family. We all gathered in the evening in the large salon, and the girls, who spoke English and French equally well, danced and talked with us, while the old General, very infirm, sat near the high chimney-corner in his accustomed seat, and looked on, apparently enjoying the scene. The girls were pretty and *piquante* to a young American, because of their own inherent loveliness, and of the respect which we involuntarily bore to the descendants of one to whom all Americans bent in reverence for what he had done for us and for mankind. At ten P. M., when he arose with some difficulty to leave for the night, each one of the granddaughters ran up and kissed him, and he returned their embraces, evidently proud of them. He then retired, leaving us young folks to frolic a little longer. It was near midnight when I was conducted to my little dormitory in the upper story of the old building. It was a glorious moonlight night, and I stood long at the open window, revolving all I had enjoyed. Mingling with these festive thoughts came trooping up historic memories of the French Revolution, of its horrors, and of the noble stand our host had taken; of his sufferings and imprisonment, his recent partial resto-

ration to power under Louis Philippe, and present shadowed future with the descendant of "Egalité," whom Lafayette's influence, more than that of any other, had placed on the French throne. All these and a thousand (it now seems to me) more memories and fancies and doubts came up as I leaned on the sill of the little dormer window, and looked out upon the courtyard, and up into the bright night sky. The château was large, and was built along the three sides of a rectangle. At the end of one of the sides was the clock tower, and it sounded strangely to me, wholly unaccustomed to such scenes, save as I had read of them in novels, to hear the deep-toned bell of the castle striking out with its rich, full notes the hour of midnight. I soon after went to bed to dream of all the varied events of the previous day.

On the following morning, I was allowed to visit the old hero in his *sanctum sanctorum*, and in another place to see the various American relics, which he seemed to value more than all else. I have but little memory about them or of their nature, but I well remember one large but light staff, presented to him during his second visit to America. I have been said to resemble father, and in nothing do I think I resemble him more certainly than in my love and respect for women, and my enthusiasm for noble, self-sacrificing men. Father, during that second visit of Lafayette to America, followed and cheered at the corners of the main streets, especially at the corner of Washington and State streets, oppo-

site the Post Office in State Street, as I felt impelled to do when young Colonel Shaw rode down in front of his black regiment, during the late rebellion.

But all must come to an end, and so my reminiscences aroused by the "Edinburgh Review" must cease; after simply stating that, of course, "heart-broken" I took leave of the sweet girls and fine old patriot, all too soon for my peace of mind, early the next morning, and fled back to the "Quartier Latin," where a year afterwards I was destined to meet her who has been the sweet "arbiter of my loving fate" in this life.

So good-by,

H.

In speaking of meeting at Chateaugay a lady who had been a playmate in his youth, he says, —

No boy ever revered the idea of pure girlhood higher than I did. I never did, said, or thought of harm to any of them. A beautiful girl to me was the type of heaven, and her good-will, provided it could be gained by honest boyish ways, I always wanted to gain.

BARTLETT'S, August 25, 1866.

I feel like a new creature, thankful for the coming work of autumn, instead of being perpetually harassed by hurrying to and fro, as I have been for a year previous. The woods! the woods! They are the elixir of life for me, and I was thankful to meet Dr. Jeffries Wyman here, among the wilds, for the same object as myself, namely, not for "sport" but for communion with nature. He is now at a

pretty camp, where, as he told me, he passed three years since one of the happiest weeks of his life with his wife, who recently died. He finds nature in all its varied beauty the same as it was then. The pleasant beach, which they had admired together, the moonlighted lake or evening sunsets over the primeval and extensive forest, — all remind him of past joys, but afford him real pleasure. He is alone with one guide, and comes, as I have said, not for sport but for the woods. . . .

We discoursed on many things. I like him. He is learned, and loves truth. He is free, and is no bigot, though a deeply religious man. I never meet him but I think it a Godsend; the moral and intellectual qualities are both so highly trained, and he is such a fund of information. He has counted no less than forty species of birds around his camp. He is quietly studying the sand waves as they roll upon his little beach, and argues back from them to the ripple marks of ancient sandstone. He has measured the largest, or among the largest of boulders in the known world, now resting on the shores of the lake, and brought there ages ago by flood or glacier, and showing what tremendous forces and means of transporting must have been widely diffused, which are now confined to more solitary spots on the earth's surface. Finally and naturally, we turned from nature to the God of nature, and we discoursed on the tendency of modern materialistic philosophy to refer all force to the sun, and thus, perhaps, some minds are led to ignore the greater

than the sun, namely, God, the unknown and unrecognizable, save by his works, and even by them how faintly.

I was glad he agreed with me as to the utter folly of stopping short at any bound, save the Invisible Living God. Thus we rolled away two hours, sitting under our tent, with the front open, letting in the full influence of the blazing logs.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE, July 23, 1875.

DEAR ONES AT "THE WHITE CAT'S PALACE,"<sup>1</sup> — I rejoice, most noble Queen of Heaven (I have been reading Lady Duff Gordon's letters, and fancy myself an Arab, and indulge myself in the usual speech of the East), at your contentment. I can hear you even now purring around and inwardly singing. Long may such peace continue to thee, my most sovereign lady! I am sorry to say, my liege, that I did forget, and perhaps forswear, doing anything about coal in the bins. Now, I will settle about both by writing a postal card to Marshall about the bins. They need never have been injured if it had not been for that wise young page of thine, that learned Ethiopian. Allah, send him mercy, for I fear I shall not. However, I shall write to the said Marshall, so that is done I shall order him forthwith to put them in order. After that, drive as sharp a bargain as thou canst with Mr. B., only do not promise to pay forthwith all that will become due.

<sup>1</sup> A name given by my mother to a relative's house in which we were living for the summer, near Boston.

And how fare the two pussies who occupy the palace with you? (Or perhaps you consider them mice to be eaten up.) How are their furs and tails? Do they frisk around with the "old 'un"? Do they sometimes indulge in a fight together? Mischievous young creatures! I should like to see them now. Or better than that, I would have them see me with overalls and slippers at three P. M.! Oh, glorious Freedom, how I love thee, even with mosquitoes in plenty, if one dares approach the woods. I took a stroll down "Rotten Row" this morning. (Between you and me, I dreaded to be attacked by the vermin, as I knew I should.) I worked about an hour, and got nearly to "Katy's Glen," and was finally stopped by the precipitate retreat of Henry (who was in the advance) from a nest of wasps, which I had stirred up just in his rear. We both fled incontinently, he leaving his axe behind him, and unwilling to return until the little miscreants had settled in the old hole, whence I must have dislodged them, or they had sought a new abode. I returned, "a sight to behold," my face as rubicund as any beet, my eyelids swollen and hot, closing both eyes. V. graphically described me as looking "about ninety, and as if I were going to cry." I stripped, and took a cold bath, put on dry underdress, and doffed my overalls. Oh, how lovely and loose and quiet looking, comfortable beyond expression! Our eyes were delighted with a long string of thirty trout. We live like fighting cocks. Give me oxtail soup every day in the year, and I will be content.



Having finished dinner, I have been looking over my consumption cases with my old zest. The heavenly rest and the superb champagne atmosphere set me up.

Lovingly,

H.

By the bye, the other day, just towards evening, several of us were on the piazza lolling or reading or talking. V. and S. were rowing on the lake in front of us at some distance off. Suddenly the sound of their voices came upon us singing "Ave Sanctissima!" It was really beautiful. We all stopped and listened, and I called for an "encore," and they passed slowly and repassed, singing several songs, such as "There's Music in the Air," "Sweet Genevieve," "Canadian Boat Song," etc., etc. The opposite mountains were just getting their rich evening brown; the atmosphere was simply delicious; and everybody felt extremely comfortable. I said: "Well, girls, if we were to read of this scene, we should call it romantic;" and then we had a short talk on "romance" or "natural religion," and "sentiment" or "sentimentality." We passed our half hour delightfully.

H.

After the lapse of several years, he again visited the Adirondacks, and on his way stayed at the home of Colonel Francis L. Lee, on Lake Champlain.

COLONEL LEE'S "EAGLES' NEST"

WESTPORT, N. Y., August 26, 1878.

Here I am again (in this life) at this most lovely spot, and in this charming dot of a homestead, with

the most hospitable of families. I awoke yesterday at Vergennes in a furious rainstorm. Fate seemed against me, but I read geology until after eight, while lying comfortably in bed! After breakfast I wrote to you, and of course while doing so was full of pleasant thoughts; and occasionally, as I looked up to the sky, I saw that it was gradually becoming less clouded and the rain fell more gently.

By ten the beautiful blue began to speck the heavens; so with umbrella to meet contingencies, I started to leave my card at the doctors who were so gracious to me last year. I met but one, and it was fortunate, because I had ordered a vehicle to be ready to start for Winans' in twenty minutes. Our drive to Winans' was lovely, for soon we came, as you will remember, within view of the glorious Adirondack range, stretching in beauty across the whole western horizon.

Musing and talking with my intelligent guide, I arrived at Wiltze's about one P. M. Immediately after, I started in a boat across the lake to Dr. Dickinson's. The weather was beautiful, the air mild, the water smooth. We had consequently a pleasant transit. On the shore appeared Frank and his father to greet me. They had driven the judge and Matthew Hale down to see the doctor and his wife. After resting awhile on the Dickinson's piazza, we started for this place. We sat up till 10.30, talking on all sorts of subjects. The judge told his stories; among others about John Brown. He says that he was known as one absolutely honest, a deeply reli-

gious man, and one capable of governing men under circumstances apparently the most adverse. He, of course, had deep reverence for his memory. The judge asked for a Bible, "if (he jestingly said) one is to be found here!" and read what he said had been quoted by a witty and learned Irish priest as a prophecy of the doings of General Butler in these later days. It is the nineteenth verse of the last chapter of Jeremiah. I advise you to look it up. It will, I am sure, please you for its aptness. Of course I was not silent. I read, among other things, "It is not I." Sam Bowles requested that it might be read at his funeral. I wish it might be read at mine and only silent prayer (in Quaker style) indulged in, unless perhaps some one would be willing to repeat that sweet invocation I learned at my mother's knee, as she learned it from her father and my dear old grandfather, beginning "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open." Well, what a letter writer I am! From grave to gay, from life to death, we slide along together in our correspondence; as it has been, so must it ever be, only every year am I daily more and more conscious of the end not being afar off.

This morning is superb. As I look up from this sheet I see the grand slope below me resting on the broad lake, and beyond, afar off, lie the various lines of the Green Mountains. The windows are open; the sun is pouring in in its warmth. All nature seems teeming with the soft sound of waving trees. The old house-dogs wander restlessly about me, seek-

ing my sympathy by wag of tail and occasionally a sound as if they would speak good-morning to me. All things are beautiful, and I feel well and I love you, and as it seems to me, everybody.

Lovingly,

H.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., August 27, 1878.

At ten A. M. yesterday I started, or rather attempted to start, with Frank Lee for this charming sequestered village in the mountains. I say "attempted," for neither horse seemed disposed to move, and one (Vin's unfortunate beast, who ran away, and ran also a great risk of breaking the dear boy's neck) was in the traces, joined with a mulish kind of beast who, when Vin's animal pranced and whisked his tail and snorted, dragged doggedly in the opposite direction. I meditated how I could most easily jump if necessary, and Frank "cosseted" the lively one and gently urged the other. It was a combination of acid and alkali, and an explosion seemed inevitable. However, I possessed my soul in perfect peace, feeling, like the devoted Arab, that I should not have my neck broken unless, indeed, the proper time had come, and if so, why, I was bound to receive the fact with reverent humility as perhaps one of the divinest of God's gifts. After about five minutes of such meditation, we contrived by gentle argumentation to the tail of one and the ears of the other animal to start down the narrow road, and soon were at the spanking trot on an open road toward the mountains. About twelve we ar-

rived at Judge Hale's. The judge is a grand, genial, intelligent, and most able man. In the late afternoon we took a delightful stroll by a wood path almost overgrown at times beside the stream. Oh, how lovely it was, and what high themes I broached with the judge — of man, of his future, on faith, on prayer, on doubt and belief. I found that he had gone through very much the same ordeal as I had, and had come out in the same way, in peace and joy. He said, however, that he thought many clergymen are now suffering the same pangs and yet dare not speak and preach what they believe. Time seemed to me to flow quickly as I conversed with him. After tea I listened to characteristics of John Brown, saw a very significant letter from him to Mr. Hale's firm, etc. Talked of Whittier, read "It is not I," etc., until 10.30 P. M.

At eight or nine I start with Harry Hale as driver, on the doctor's buckboard and with the judge's horses, for "Martin's," via John Brown's grave. . . .

Lovingly,

H.

BARTLETT'S, SARANAC LAKE, August, 1878.

Here I am at this spot, so full of beautiful memories, grand natural scenery, and of eventful life in the woods, — all mingled with the sweet thoughts of my two dear boys who have at times shared their sylvan delights with me. How vividly comes up now, at the moment while I write, one starlight night when in our wanderings I had stolen out from the

side of my sleeping companions in the tent, and of whom I now remember only our dear Ned. I was lying on my blankets, stretched upon a shelving rock near the stream on which our camp-fire was blazing. It was one of those golden nights in which there seemed nothing of impurity in the atmosphere to interfere with our sight of the heavens, and everything seemed covered with a heavenly influence. I lay and looked up and was perfectly content. While in this placid frame I heard a footstep, and the sweet Ned, having found out that I had left the tent and knowing the place he had in his father's heart, quietly opened my blanket and cuddled his dear head down upon my breast and then wrapped us both into one compact mass. Well, you may imagine how I greeted him, and what a sweet talk we had together — of God, of life, of death, and the "Great Hereafter." And perhaps I knew not exactly what, but I remember well that I took the occasion to try to impress upon his mind the thoughts that reign supreme in me. I wonder if Ned remembers the time? Perhaps, and probably not, for his heart was hardly tuned up, as my own had been, by previous experience.

Harry Hale, I found, had decided, if I were willing, to make part of the route with me. Dr. Hale lent his buckboard and the judge his fine span of horses. Were they not kind? And at nine A. M. we started. Our visit to John Brown's and arrival here will be in our next.

H.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE, August 31, 1878.

I now come to John Brown's house and its surroundings. It was a fit place for such a man to live in, and yet any place would have been fitting for such a religious, fervent soul, devoted to the truth and right and to liberty, and moreover, with a feeling akin to that of an ancient prophet; viz., that it was his duty and mission to redress the wrongs he saw perpetrated upon the slaves in America, and to do so even to human sacrifice if that were needed, either of himself, of his family, or of his opponents. That noble but singular man, Gerrit Smith, was, however, the cause of Brown's being at North Elba. "He (John Brown) came here," said Judge Hale to me, "as philosopher and guide and friend of Gerrit Smith's emancipated negroes, whom he, in his munificent, and in this case singularly misguided, beneficence, had transferred from their genial warm South into this northern mountain region of bitterly cold climate, North Elba." (I will state *en passant* that only one negro family, with name of Epps, now remains. All the rest have left, and their lands have been bought or taken by "squatters" and others, or have reverted to the State for taxes.)

. . . I could not help being impressed with the thought that I was approaching a spot that, while America lasts, or even a love of liberty exists anywhere in the human heart, will be honored by the most distant, and visited by pilgrims year after year, as the burial-place of a hero and a saviour. It is true that some miserable skeptic about human testimony

and worth will try to persuade his readers that John Brown, like William Tell, is a myth of the imagination, and moreover a common every-day sort of person, "not much of a man." Because human testimony repeats itself, therefore one or another great action must have been a lie, and two heroes or saints of similar tastes cannot have existed, unless one of them was a cheat. In spite of such skeptical thoughts I enjoyed mightily my own musings on this grand soul, as we drove towards the house which he last lived in (before going to Harper's Ferry), and near where his body, slain in behalf of liberty, is now resting.

. . . Just back of the grave rise the fine outlines of an immense boulder, which would weigh several hundred tons, and which you would have to ascend by means of three wooden steps. On the shelving top of this grand stone Colonel Frank Lee and George S. Hale had inscribed a few years ago, in large letters and an inch deep, the simple words:—

"JOHN BROWN

1859"

We went into the house, a simple two-story wooden one, but nothing remained of John Brown. His bedroom was pointed out, but not a single relic known to have been used by him exists there. Not a scrap of his handwriting could I get anywhere. Judge Hale, who had a fine letter, assured me that he did not believe that another piece of his chirography could be found in the county round about.



Hearing this from the judge, I did not hope for success, because I knew that the judge and his brother were two of the prominent citizens of Elizabethtown who received the body of the martyr during its triumphal march through those Northern regions and had it laid in state at the court-room of Elizabethtown for twenty-four hours. There it was visited by thousands. Judge and Dr. Hale joined the mourners on their way to North Elba and were present and heard the noble, eloquent words of Wendell Phillips at the homestead at the time of the burial.<sup>1</sup> Such a man's testimony as to the possibility of getting some autograph was sufficient. The judge, when I described the "Memorial Cabinet" and told him that I had on it, or near it, two of the pikes of John Brown and various other mementos of the war, thought almost of giving to me this valuable letter which John Brown had addressed to his firm on business matters. In fact, he left it to me to say whether I should have it or not, and I was compelled to say that under the circumstances I should feel conscience stricken were I to receive it. The letter shows many of the salient points of his character,—his love of justice and his strict integ-

<sup>1</sup> Wendell Phillips closes his eloquent tribute at John Brown's funeral with the following words:—

"God make us all worthier of him whose dust we lay among these hills he loved. Here he girded himself and went forth to battle. Fuller success than his heart ever dreamed, God granted to him. He sleeps in the blessings of the crushed and the poor, and men believe more firmly in virtue now that such a man has lived. Standing here, let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope."

rity, his dogged determination to get what he aimed for ; it was clearly and correctly spelled and quite coherent even in minute details. The judge smilingly remarked when showing me the letter that he was never more quietly but effectually snubbed than by John Brown on the subject-matter of that letter and its consequences from a legal point of view. Only three dollars were in dispute, but Brown thought he had been unjustly "fleece'd" out of them by the assessor. Moreover, it had been done meanly, inasmuch as, according to his own (the assessor's) rule, the assessor ought to have mulcted himself of a like sum. Mr. Hale said: "I sometimes am benevolent enough to give advice gratis to my clients, and I accordingly suggested to my client that three dollars was a small sum ; that for every dollar gained he would have to pay ten dollars in legal expenses ; and that, upon the whole, it would be cheaper for him to smother his indignation and let the affair drop." I thought I was making a reasonable proposition ; but John Brown straightened himself, and with the most deliberate look at me said, without in the least replying to my argument: "I am not aware, sir, that any opinion was asked of you upon that point, but upon a very different matter." "I never had a more complete snub," added the judge to me.

We stayed about half an hour, entered our names in the record book, and drove away. If I go by there at any future time, I shall make my pious pilgrimage to the spot. I call it "pious" because it is with

reverent feelings of respect and love that I always visit a spot associated with valor, self-sacrifice, and a noble life. Allied to the thoughts I should necessarily have when standing on Calvary were those which came over me while at North Elba. The crucified Christ and the martyred John Brown alike teach us all to rise above the mean things constantly tending to depress us to nobler thoughts of God and of duty to man.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE, September 9, 1878.

In three days we shall start from this lovely place. Last night the full moon rose superbly over the eastern hills. Carrie, Louisa, and I were off in a boat, they rowing and I paddling and steering in "Kate." We rowed toward and around the island which always stands, as we intended it should stand when we selected the spot, as a gem upon the waters from our eastern window. It lost none of its beauty as we approached.

. . . I have fastened our sign of "Katy's Glen" upon one of the young stalwart looking trees, where it could stand undisturbed for a quarter of a century. From all that I tell you, you will imagine that though I have not given daily details, I have been busy and truly happy. How happily life seems slipping away! I have read "Les Misérables." What a book it is, and what a man Hugo must be! But I have not done an iota of intellectual work. I have thought of consumption, but have always put it aside as incongruous with the scene around me.

Farewell, lovingly,

H.

## CHAPTER XXI

### REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BROWN

IN the foregoing journals of his visits to the Adirondack region so much has been said of John Brown, and of his influence upon my father, that it seems best to supplement his records of that period with other extracts from his Journal, and letters written at different times and under other circumstances upon the same subject.

Among the most interesting accounts of John Brown are the personal recollections of Mrs. George L. Stearns of Medford, who became a warm personal friend of my father in the later years of his life. His first acquaintance with her opened with a correspondence about a plaster cast of John Brown made by Brackett the sculptor, who was enabled, through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Stearns, to visit Brown in his cell just before his execution.

This cast of the bust was given to Wendell Phillips by Mrs. Stearns, and bequeathed to my father by Mrs. Phillips, with the desk upon which Theodore Parker wrote his sermons.

In what is called the "Anti-slavery Corner" now stand the bust and desk, with portraits of William Lloyd Garrison, William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, John G. Whittier, Charles Sumner, Charles Follen, and other champions of the anti-slavery cause, hanging upon the walls, while, as suitable accompaniments to these relics, a rifle and musket from the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts (colored) Volunteers are placed near by.

TO MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS.

113 BOYLSTON STREET, May 20, 1886.

MADAM, — Can you give me any information as to when and how Wendell Phillips obtained the bust of John Brown? Mrs. Phillips willed it to me, and I deem it so great a treasure that I want to know all I can about it. Can you also tell when the bust was made, and whether it is a true likeness, and, finally, who made it? I have a stand formerly belonging to Theodore Parker. Upon this John Brown's bust has stood for years in Wendell's study, and upon it the bust will stand in my office until I die.

You will pardon the trouble I give you, but when marking such historic relics one wants to be entirely true.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

FROM MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS.

COLLEGE HILL P. O., MASS.,  
RESIDENCE, MEDFORD, May 22, 1886.

HENRY I. BOWDITCH, M. D. :

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 20th inst. reached me night before last, and but for incessant pressure of affairs would have received earlier attention. You have been led to headquarters for the information you desire, and it is an animated satisfaction to furnish you a bit of history that is absolutely *true*, and it is quite probable that I am the only person just now on the planet who could furnish

you all the facts concerning the bust of John Brown bequeathed to you by Mrs. Phillips.

On New Year's Day, 1863, I sent the plaster cast of John Brown to my friend, Wendell Phillips, in commemoration of the "Emancipation Edict" of President Lincoln, which made that date an immortal epoch in the history of the republic and in the annals of civilization, most fitting for the eloquent advocate of the black man's freedom to receive, and, as you will presently see, for me to give. A few days after the event at Harper's Ferry I sent Mr. Brackett (the sculptor) to the Virginian prison to take, if possible, a bust of the hero who had by his undaunted moral courage and exceptional devotion to the "Golden Rule" once and forever settled the question of American slavery. The circumstances attending the mission of Mr. Brackett are most interesting history, which I hope to recall in the memoir of Mr. Stearns, and which I should be most glad to relate to you if your interest and leisure would serve to bring you to our beautiful old home one of these fine days. Wendell, as you call him, was our frequent guest, and delighted in what he called the historic house, for here came John Brown, Emerson, and Phillips to talk of weighty matters burning at the heart's core of each. This work of Brackett was an inspiration, and has been pronounced by J. J. Jarvis the finest bust of modern times; Greek, he said, in everything but the handling. It was so unexpectedly satisfactory that I gave the happy sculptor an order for one in marble, at present the only one in the world. Of course it is finer in that material than it could be in plaster, and you should see it. Seldom, if ever, did Mr. Phillips enter the hall without standing before it, always newly impressed with the moral sublimity, it is so superbly represented, and sometimes adding in my ear, with characteristic pleasantry, "I wish mine were as good as this."

I regret that his grateful acceptance of the "New Year's present" was made in person that same evening, when he came with the old hero's friends to uncover the marble bust, which he did in his own rare way, else I could forward you a note concerning my statement.

A reporter present, however, has preserved his faultless bits of speech on the inspiring occasion, enhanced as it was by Emerson reading his "Boston Hymn."

Be pleased to excuse this unsteady writing, as my right arm was very badly injured by an ugly runaway accident, and has never recovered its steadiness and flexibility of handling.

Hoping that you may allow me the pleasure of a longer story about your previous legacy, I am

Very truly yours, MARY E. STEARNS.

EXTRACT FROM HIS JOURNAL, 1886.

Of course I gladly accepted her most kindly invitation, and about a week afterwards I found myself in the luxurious and hospitable home at College Hill. I met there the saddened widow of George L. Stearns. She greeted me most cordially, and during my visit of about two hours seemed pleased to unbosom herself freely to me as an old anti-slavery fighter. She was one who regarded all Abolitionists as brethren. Her husband was one of the sterling type of manliness, who preferred to do rather than to be praised or known among men as a doer of just things. His magnificent house, large and airy, often hid the flying fugitive slave. The man-hunter found no quarters there, but his panting victim was fed and clothed and concealed until a fit time came for him to run to Canada. John Brown went there as one

always welcome, always honored and helped with funds, without stint, and without special inquiries as to the object he had in view. Mr. S. knew him as one who was devoting his means and his life to freedom, then cruelly crushed by the Southern slaveholder and his Northern abettors. He was, however, his confidant when he started with his brave boys to save (as he really did) Kansas from the incursions of Southern desperadoes, though called gentlemen. Brown had been long before that time known to Gerrit Smith; that philanthropist had employed him, a God-fearing, energetic, organizing man, to direct his colony of free slaves, collected in the mountains of North Elba; but when Kansas was likely to become a slave State under Virginia's bloody violence, Brown, with the zeal of a Hebrew prophet, and in full confidence that he had as a mission to slay, if need be, the enemies of the Lord, came down from Elba to stand with his five boys, calm and alone, in that Thermopylæ of liberty. Of course he needed warm sympathy and money for arms and men, if he could get them. Money and the warmest sympathy he obtained from Mr. and Mrs. Stearns in their hospitable home. Mrs. S. spoke to me of Brown as a man of the noblest figure and highest religious type; a knightly warrior against all the enemies of liberty; of immaculate honor and sincere piety; a knight-errant, in truth, in those modern days. She showed me the bowie knife given by Virginians to Clay Pate (I think that was the name), which that ruffian "gentleman" vowed



“should taste of John Brown’s blood!” The hero and saint was already well known among slaveholders for his courage and his tenacity of purpose as the warlike apostle of liberty. Brown had six or seven men with him, but when he heard of these threats he took an advanced and strategetic position to meet the thirty or forty all armed for that detestable object of crushing out liberty by overawing the people and destroying their ballots. Brown had evidently an unusual degree of military genius; and well knowing that an open fight with his small party would certainly be disastrous, he made a temporary defense with wagons upturned and brushwood, and quietly waited in his “*coigne* of vantage,” as it really proved to be. He told his men to speak not a word, and not to fire until he gave the order, but to be all ready then to pour in repeated volleys from their rifles. This plan was fully carried out. The bravo’s men fell every moment, cut down by an invisible and seemingly numerous foe. Those who were sure of victory were either killed or thrown into retreat by the gallant few. Pate, seeing disaster impending, raised a white handkerchief, in token of capitulation. He and another came in front of his party. John Brown, accompanied by one of his own men, went out to meet a flag of truce. Pate had a rough, dirty belt, holding the bowie knife intended for his opponent’s life. The terms were given, “Stack your arms, gentlemen, here;” and turning to Pate he said, “Give me that belt and bowie knife and leave the territory of Kansas.” Pate wished to

know the number of men behind the stockade, which request was, of course, denied. All the arms were stacked, but Pate did not want to give up his knife. "I cannot give it up." "If not," replied his conqueror, "then we will renew the battle, as my terms are not complied with." Thus driven to necessity, Pate unwillingly yielded up his murderous weapon. As Mrs. Stearns related to me these and other facts told her by John Brown during a visit to her home after Kansas had become a free State, she was much moved, and certainly no one could have heard her without being deeply interested.

The story was told to her just before John Brown's descent upon Harper's Ferry. I confess that I was horror-struck when Mrs. S. handed to me the bowie knife for inspection. It was, indeed, a terrific looking weapon, intended for "close quarters" by fiends, rather than the weapon of civilized warfare (if such an expression can be used for any weapon for the destruction of one man by another). It was bright and glittering when I saw it. When John Brown gave it to her husband it was stained, apparently with blood. It was about twelve inches long and double edged, sharp as a needle at the tip, one and a half inches broad at its handle, where it rested on a strong cross-piece of steel. An awful feeling came over me as I thought this was a specimen of Southern bloody civilization. I almost shuddered as I grasped the handle, ornamented with pearl, and thought of its object, — the drinking of the heart's blood of the heroic defender of human liberty.

The time and method of its being given into Mr. Stearns's possession were characteristic of John Brown. He had held it for a long time. Kansas, through his agency chiefly, had become a free State, while Brown had been meditating upon a descent upon Harper's Ferry, in the hope of arousing the slaves to defend themselves. Mr. Stearns had given money to him in aid of some new plan he had in view for the destruction of slavery, but Mr. S. knew not exactly the precise aim. He had entire confidence in Brown's sincerity of purpose and general humanity. They had been for years co-working in the sacred cause of freedom. It was more than love which Mr. Stearns and his wife bore to him. He was in their eyes a unique soul, dedicated to freedom, and armed with the zeal of a warrior prophet of the Old Testament type, grand in his human form and in his soul. He was about taking leave of them, preparatory to this new and to them unknown expedition. Handing to Mr. Stearns the bowie knife, which had been whetted for his own blood, he said solemnly, as he placed it in his friend's hand, "Mr. Stearns, I am about to leave this part of the country. I may never return. I give this knife to you, with thanks for your past kindnesses to me. It may, at a future time, become of some historic interest to some persons." He soon left the house, and he was never seen by either of his auditors again until his dead body was borne in triumph through the towns of New York up to its present resting-place at North Elba.

Mrs. Stearns saw that I was intensely interested in her story, during which she had, at times, touchingly and affectionately related anecdotes illustrative of her excellent husband's character, of his self-sacrificing spirit, and generosity to the slave and his defender, and of his earnest devoted work for the Government in raising black troops during the civil war. He was one of the right men who bore up Lincoln and Andrew by his sympathetic labors. Invalid as Mrs. Stearns was at that time, she, like Anne Phillips in her relations to Wendell, was always the devoted aid and support of her husband. "Leave me if your duty to your country calls you to this separation." For a time Mr. S. was constantly in consultation with, or an active worker for, Stanton, the Secretary of War, and Lincoln, and for weeks at a time was compelled to be absent on distant missions. How, during the war, were people gradually "tuned up" to deeds of bravery or of self-sacrifice, utterly uncalled for in less stirring times!

Mr. and Mrs. Stearns were not laggards in the great work. But in all that I have related, I have not given the details of that for which I sought the interview; viz., the history of the John Brown bust I had received from Anne Phillips.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Stearns, "that bust is a perfect likeness of John Brown as he appeared in Charlestown jail after his condemnation. Learning his sentence, I immediately commissioned the sculptor Brackett to go and get permission, if possible, to make a bust, and he has succeeded perfectly in giv-

ing Brown's aspect. I ordered a copy made in marble." (I had seen this when I first entered the house; it stands in the front entry, and no visitor can fail to see it.) "The cast you have I gave to Wendell Phillips."

Since the war I do not remember that my heart has ever been so deeply touched as it was by the simple narrative which I have attempted to write out. As the widowed woman spoke of the noble husband she had lost, and of his warm sympathy with the downtrodden, and of the generous aid he gave to the dead martyrs, her eyes at times were filled with tears; and in spite of all my best efforts to command myself, I found that mine were not dry as our interview closed and I took my leave.

In the pages of his numerous manuscripts (volume xii., Book I.) I found a newspaper article, taken from the "Topeka Daily Capital" of November 14, 1889; and although it was quoted verbatim in the "Boston Transcript" just after the death of Mrs. Stearns, in the winter of 1901-1902, I have thought it well to place it in the Appendix, inasmuch as it gives such an interesting account of the sculptor's visit to John Brown in his cell just before his execution.<sup>1</sup>

The following extract is from a letter written to the secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Rev. George E. Ellis, in consequence of what my father considered a great distortion of facts and libel upon the character of John Brown, made by one of the members. It was not in his nature to allow such assertions, coming

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Appendix (c).

from such a source, to pass unnoticed, and he accordingly, with characteristic ardor, proceeded to bring forth the proofs of John Brown's real nobility of character. His allusion to "Stonewall Jackson" is one of many similar instances of my father's great admiration of the man who won the respect of both friend and foe by his many noble qualities.

Accompanying his letter were photographs of the John Brown pikes and the bowie knife previously mentioned.

In speaking of the proof of the nobility of John Brown's character, he says, —

An autograph letter<sup>1</sup> sent by Brown to his wife twenty-four days before his execution — wondrously beautiful as it is — is a manifestation of the serenity at the prospect of his execution, of his calm judgment as to the movements of his wife, of his belief that his death would do more for the slave than he had been able to accomplish "in all his life," and of his deep and simple piety and submission to the will of God. His affecting appeal to his friends to be of good cheer, and to his family not to feel degraded at his dying the death of a felon, — all these characteristics of the missive make it a most fitting culmination of the latter days of his active work, and still more of the hours of his prison life, during which he compelled the jailor and his attendants, and Governor Wise of Virginia, who signed his death warrant, to respect his great soul. This letter proved to *my* mind, at least, that John Brown could never have been a common "midnight assassin,"

<sup>1</sup> John Brown's last letter to his wife. *Vide* Appendix (d).

although to the slavery-ridden mind of the North he was readily deemed a fanatic, grossly deceiving himself (but not others) with a hope that the negro slaves would flock in overwhelming numbers to his standard, and armed with pikes would defend themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains to which he intended to lead them. Grant, if you please, that it was "fanaticism" that guided his every-day life for many years and which carried him onward through his rash attack of Harper's Ferry, nevertheless that fanaticism made him a hero in defense of the poor downtrodden slave during life and a martyr in the world's eyes at his death. Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and other patriots of Europe bear witness to his mighty influence over all struggles for liberty in the Old World. Fanaticism like John Brown's breathes in the stirring and immortal words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." Doubtless the dear Christ appeared to all save a few faithful followers a fanatic of the highest type when dying under the exquisite tortures of the cross, but praying at the same moment for divine forgiveness of his enemies. Would to God that we had more of such fanaticism, for with it the world would be better than we now sometimes think it!

The letter was given by John Brown's widow to Mrs. George L. Stearns.<sup>1</sup>

I have thus, dear Dr. Ellis, laid before you these relics, and have expressed my views relative thereto

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Stearns gave it afterwards to Miss Clara T. Endicott of Boston.

and relative to John Brown's character and acts. I beg you to understand that I have brought them to your notice and written my letter for the sole purpose of vindicating, as far as I can, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, the fair fame of one of the noblest of the men this country has brought forth; and as he was the first martyr of our civil war, so had he lived I believe he would have been the "Stonewall Jackson" of our Northern Army, fighting, and perhaps dying bravely, for liberty.

Yours very truly,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

NOTES MADE UPON THE FOREGOING LETTER.

Note 2. Two of John Brown's pikes have been in my possession for several years. They were given to me by a friend to stand guard, as it were, on the sides of a "Memorial Cabinet" erected to the memory of the sons of Massachusetts, old and young, from all parts of the State, who sought death in battle for liberty and country during our civil war. By the side of the John Brown pikes stand two "boarding pikes" formerly belonging to Old Ironsides, that invincible frigate (the Constitution of 1812). I deem the four most fitting decorations for a monument dedicated to the valor and patriotism of the old Bay State.

Note 4. Hearing that Mr. George T. Downing, of Newport, R. I., had had an interview with Governor Wise some years after John Brown's execution, and that the purport of that interview fully



sustained what I have stated, I wrote to him and he kindly answered as follows : —

“ May 27, 1887.

“ DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, — In your note you make reference to an interview I had with the late Henry A. Wise of Virginia. My father knew him ; they were young men together. He frequently called at my grandparents' homestead in old ' Accomac.' I called at his office when I visited Richmond ; he greeted me warmly. Our conversation turned on the hero of Harper's Ferry, John Brown. He expressed deep regret at having been compelled to do as he did in that sad tragedy that took from the world one of the noblest men who ever trod the earth. The ex-governor extolled the character, the truthfulness, and honesty in intent of the martyr. He said it depressed him to think of the part he had to take in depriving so good a man of his life. I do not pretend to quote his words literally, but this is the substance of what he said and said freely. They had great effect upon me.

Yours truly,

GEORGE T. DOWNING.”

Note 5. Von Holst's estimate of John Brown's character, his acts, etc. : “ He (Brown) did not perceive that his undertaking could not have succeeded at any time, but he did see that the failure of his undertaking and the consequences of that failure achieved much greater results than its success could have done.”

Again ("Constitutional and Political History of the United States," page 134): "He gave the highest proof a man can give of the genuineness of his convictions; for their sake he stakes his life and that of his children without the possibility of any selfish advantage."

TO MRS. STEARNS.

BOSTON, January 12, 1888.

DEAR MRS. STEARNS, — When the "Transcript" arrived, I was thinking of writing to you to tell of the reception which my paper on John Brown has met with from two or three persons, — lawyers and literary and college friends. I knew I could speak to you of the gratification I have felt that they thought I had well and "strongly" defended our old hero. Of course I do not talk much about it, with most persons, for it seems as if we had of late become such devotees of pure science that many fools think that life consists in delving with the microscope or with chemistry into the elements of bodies, and all enthusiasm for nobility of soul and self-sacrificing action is crushed out of them or voted a "great bore." And what wonder that it is so when men cannot believe in anything save ultimate "cells" infinitesimally small, almost ethereal!

. . . While at Cambridge the other day I made a call upon the occupant of the room in Hollis which I had during my Senior year, sixty years ago. It seemed like old times. The old rafters and beams were just as I saw them in my youth, but smoothed

down by repeated coats of paint. The careless cuts of a penknife used a half a century since were to my eyes covenants, reminding me of the so-called "halcyon days of youth," not one whit more delightful, however, than has been my subsequent life at this glorious epoch of the century, and during which, "through the dear God's love," I have lived and have worked and at times have been "a part of" great events. I do not think we generally appreciate what a blessing this anti-slavery fight, culminating in the civil war, has been to us. We have for half a century had always at hand a "foeman worthy," in prowess at least, "of our steel." How quickly boys grew up into noble manhood in '61, '2, and '3! And how sweet have been the memories of some of them, and will remain so till the latest generation! Though dead they yet speak to us, trumpet-tongued messengers from their graves as they really are.

I received and read with great pleasure the John Brown article. Very well and aptly done I think. When will the translation be ready? I sent a volume a few days ago, of "Monographs" printed or typed, which I have written at various times. Among them is my John Brown paper. I am glad I "listened to the spirit" which told me to defend him from the conservatism of the Historical Association. I rather think it will be my last work in life. I feel myself getting old (seventy-nine and a half), and it is time to think of resting. "Whilst I live I will crow" if fate permits me.

Very sincerely yours, HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

The following letter was written to a friend with reference to the possible publication of his paper sent to the Massachusetts Historical Society : —

TO L. VERNON BRIGGS.

JAMAICA PLAIN, July 12, 1887.

MY DEAR VERNON, — Before we go a step farther about the “ Transcript ” or any other printing, I must stop and consider. In fact, I have already considered deeply ever since I let you have the manuscript, and I have decided that there is no valid reason for printing my paper. It has already been presented in a fair “ type-printed ” copy to the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is in their archives I presume, although it is true that no one has ever told me that it was received. It is true, however, that I read the queer remarks made by — upon the matter, as recorded in the “ doings of the Society, on a communication received from Dr. Henry I. Bowditch on John Brown.”

I wrote the paper not for the purpose of praising John Brown. He stands now before the world above all praise, as a martyr to liberty ; and wherever or whenever men may be hereafter fighting for liberty, there his name will stand as their watchword. I wrote the paper simply for the purpose of getting, by the exhibition of the three great relics, an idea into the minds of the Society somewhat different from that left by Mr. Lawrence’s remarks. The letter and the bowie knife, as they came before me from Mrs. Stearns, and under the sparkling influence

of her enthusiasm for the "old hero," made me feel that I must write it or be ashamed of myself for not doing what I thought common justice to his memory required of me then and there. But I have no such feeling now, so therefore I must, after these further thoughts, ask you to return the paper.

Perhaps, when I am dead, some dear friend like you may like to see it; or perchance some, feeling like my brother Ingersoll, may cry out, "Oh! burn it all up. Don't keep any family papers to be sneered at or condemned." Be it either way, at present I want the manuscript returned.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

The correspondence upon John Brown concludes with the following letter from Mrs. George L. Stearns:—

Evening of the 28th of October, 1889.

Your letter to-night, dear friend, "comforted my heart within me." How I wish I could take you back to the eventful year of 1856, and make you see the old frontiersman as he sat in our parlor on Sunday, talking of the border ruffians and the agonies of those Kansas pioneers,— of the monster Slavery, which was fastening its demoniacal teeth upon that infant colony. The hour for compromise had gone by. Then and there the terrible scourge must be met, and "thus far and no farther" proclaimed with no uncertain sound. "Mr. Stearns" (I can hear him now, and wish your ears heard the tone and your clear eyes could behold the man as he said), "Mr. Stearns, it is better that a whole generation of men, women, and children should be swept away than this prodigious injustice of slavery should continue one day longer. I consider

the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule one and inseparable." There was a magnetism in his personality that made you feel heroic, and as I came to know him more I could easily have died with him on the scaffold. How mean and sordid all ordinary life seemed in his sublime presence ! No boaster — modest, self-contained, and of rare dignity of mien. Something of the old " Ironsides " in his compact, well-knit figure ; and he might have stepped out of the frame of some pictured Cromwellian hero. Our beautiful boy, Carl, not three years old, never forgot the impression made upon him that day. The little fellow stood as if transfixed in the middle of the room, never taking his deep blue eyes from the man until his fixedness of gaze and position arrested the attention of John Brown, who, in the sweetest, most winning way, beckoned and invited him to sit on his knee and " he would tell him about a little girl he had at home." Brackett has caught the expression which was stamped into my memory on that first interview and renewed and strengthened by every subsequent one ; a moral grandeur which culminated in that miserable prison at Charlestown. On his return Brackett said to me, " Mrs. Stearns, you have never seen John Brown. You can have no idea how he dwarfed everybody in Virginia ; with what sublimity he sat in a dingy room, chained with ox chains to the floor !!! " That look must make the informing life of the statue. I did not mean to write all this, but the theme stirs me deeply. It takes me back to the heroic past of a deep and intense life. Yes, you are at liberty to make what use of my hurried letter you please.

M. E. S.

## CHAPTER XXII

### TRIP ABROAD IN 1867 — REMINISCENCES OF MADAME LA PLACE AND GARIBALDI

DURING the years from 1866 to 1870 my father decided, from motives of economy and other reasons, to live for the greater part of the time at Milton Hill. This was the beginning of a series of delightful associations and friendships for the whole family.

During the first summer he selected the old house which was built by the treasurer of George III., a picturesque specimen of colonial architecture, which has unfortunately gone the way of too many similar buildings, and is now replaced by a modern structure.

There was a legend about the old house that the former lady of the manor was so beloved by the poor people of the district that the wayfarer preferred to sleep on her doorstep than in the almshouse. Whether true or not, the legend threw a glamour of romance about the place and added to its charm.

It was during this summer that my father and mother made a visit to Naushon, the beautiful island in Buzzard's Bay belonging to Mr. John M. Forbes, alluded to in a previous chapter. Unfortunately, very little of the correspondence between the friends exists, only one or two letters written to Mr. Forbes by my father having come to light.

In consequence of ill health, largely due to overwork, my father was obliged to go abroad in the early summer of 1867, while we were at Milton Hill.

The entire rest and change produced the desired result, and in a few months he returned refreshed and invigorated.

His journal letters to my mother and sister during these periods are replete with interest. Even when taking his vacation he was not idle, but always seeking whatever would prove to be of service to him or his work in after years. He was a voluminous letter writer, recording all his sensations in his various experiences, so that the perusal of his letters was often a matter of hours and not of minutes. It was his custom always in traveling to take short notes of his experiences, and elaborate them later in his Journal.

Among the most interesting of his numerous letters are those containing recollections of his visits when a student in Paris to Madame La Place, the account of which he often used to read to his friends in after years, and of his first glimpse of Garibaldi, for whom he had always felt the most intense admiration.

#### TO HIS WIFE.

AT SEA, July 22, 1867.

. . . I forgot to mention a very interesting man who left us at Halifax; viz., Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic telegraph fame. He is a very gentlemanly, quiet person, though evidently of an active, bright intellect. I said to him when introduced: "You must feel, sir, a great satisfaction in the entire success that you have met with, and this, too, after the many rebuffs and misfortunes that have occurred, and, above all, that you have forced all skeptics to believe in the feasibility of your plans." He smiled quietly, and, without the least apparent





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“*pluming*” of himself on his vast success, simply said: “I suppose every one feels gratified in succeeding in whatever he undertakes.” I have in my mind’s eye a certain gentleman in Boston who, if the same remark had been made to him, would have given me a dissertation upon the exalted fame to which by his efforts he had risen, and, altogether, would have made a self-complacent ass of himself. Field had nothing of that, but was of a cordial, friendly nature, determined on success, and, satisfied with that success, claimed no praise. He told me that Mr. Seward paid in advance \$19,000 in gold for his dispatch to Mr. Bigelow at Paris relative to the French leaving Mexico, and that the Austrian minister paid \$7000 for a dispatch relating to Maximilian!! He described to Epes and me the exact situation of “Heart’s Content.” He said he was in an English ship cruising along the coast of Newfoundland in search of a place proper for the terminus of the cable, and in the centre of the large Trinity Bay he found embosomed in hills, and with a beautiful sandy bottom, a deep harbor capable of easily receiving seven or eight men-of-war at safe anchorage. Not a rock was to be found in it. It was a pretty place, and called, by the few inhabitants of that region, “Heart’s Content,” and situated about midway between two other places called “Heart’s Ease” and “Heart’s Delight.” Here he determined to drop his cable. The attachés of the cable made a small colony and were under a strict military discipline. The cable is constantly watched,

day and night, with relays of men, but they have not one third of their time occupied. He hopes to reduce the tariff so that more business and more money may flow in, but is not, of course, certain of gaining his end. He told us they were a month dragging for the end of last year's rope, and this to a depth of two miles!! How wonderful it seems that they should ever have found it! Yet he seemed to make but light of it, "because," said he, "we knew the direction in which it lay, and we had only to drag, when the weather was smooth enough, at right angles to that direction."

To show the entire certainty, a sort of inspiration that he had of success when he started from Valencia, in Ireland, when about to lay down the second cable, I will tell the following fact, which I learned from another than himself. He engaged an artist to go, with the understanding that he was to paint four or five separate scenes; viz., first, "The Start from Valencia;" second, "The Arrival of the Cable at 'Heart's Content';" third, "The Picking up of Last Year's Broken Cable;" fourth, "The Splicing of it," and, I think, fifth, "The Final Arrival of the Whole Party at 'Heart's Content.'" The artist smiled incredulously at the proposed paintings, and said he doubted whether anything more than the first would be accomplished. Mr. Field merely replied: "Never mind that. I ask you what you will charge to go and paint those transactions, which will take place." Accordingly the artist went, and Field has the originals at his house in New York.

I like that persistent faith. It was like George Stephenson with the locomotive ; Ericsson in his works ; in fact, it is the inspiration of any noble mind in any department of science or art.

. . . . .

LONDON, August 10, 1867.

I am sadly behindhand in my Journal. We called, after losing ourselves two or three times, upon Mr. Adams, our minister to St. James's Court. He received us very kindly, and afterwards returned our call. We asked him for a permit, if he could get it, to the House of Lords. He could do nothing, and as Epes said that the chief thing he wanted to see and hear in London was the leaders of the Parliament, we determined by advice of Mr. Adams's son to try the "golden key." It was omnipotent, and Epes, in his joy, after I had given half a crown, threw away another in his enthusiasm, whereat I doubt not the police thought "How jolly green the Yankees are!" We were admitted to a gallery with a railing so high that it was difficult to see over it without bending forward ; then the seats were rather hard, with no backs. We heard Lord Derby, Lord Kimberley, Duke of Cleveland, Lord Grenville, and Fortescue, and Lord Gray. The subject of discussion was the new Reform Bill. It was amusing to us to see these English lords evidently frightened at the idea of trusting the people with any more power, and using language which would never be thought of by any American. We have learned the lesson

of democracy thoroughly, and all these fears expressed by the lords we know to be mere shadows of their imagination. But you know my belief is that nine tenths of this world's evils arise from imagining occurrences are about to happen which, after all, do not happen. So these English lords are worrying themselves, —Marthas in pantaloons and wigs. . . .

In criticism of some cynical statement which he had come across, to the effect that no one can honestly feel emotion when in the dwelling-place or at the grave of some distinguished character, he writes as follows:—

Surely I never was more interested in anything than I was in first visiting the library in which Scott wrote "Ivanhoe." Never was I more in love with my work than when, on foot, I sought out every nook and corner made famous by Burns. The grave of Highland Mary, made sacred solely by Burns's holy love for the young highland lassie, was to me as interesting as Switzerland. But I labored as hard to see and enjoy as much in one as in the other spot. One spot brought out all the finer emotions of the heart, and I loved it because the forms lying under that sod at Greenock had really given to me through the Scotch bard nobler ideas of what a pure manly love ought to be than all the classics or any of the moderns I had studied. I believe a young man who has any soul would feel as I did by Highland Mary's grave; while I trust the same soul would bow in reverence with Coleridge at the foot of Mont Blanc. . . .

In the church (at Berne) is the gorgeous tomb of Bartholdi, the founder of the city, and in an adjacent recess were several tablets containing, in letters of gold, on black marble, the names of eighteen officers and six hundred men who fell fighting "für das Vaterland im Unglücksjahr 1798." I stood beside them, and my eyes filled, for I thought of the dead young soldier who, too, fell for the dear fatherland, who now sleeps at Mount Auburn. Darling child, how thy image seems ever near me! The smallest incident reveals it to me once again, as brave and beautiful and young you left us to go to Readville, and as you came back to us from Kelly's Ford. What a blank, yet what a treasure of sweet memories have you left in your fond father's heart! I turned away in sadness from the sight, for I thought that possibly each one of these youths had left in each home like treasured memories. . . . As Berne was the place where Fabricius Hildanus went about the first part of the seventeenth century, and held a high rank there as the chosen physician of the place; as all the sovereigns of Europe showered favors upon him; and as he lived to advanced age and died in Berne full of honors, and undoubtedly the first surgeon in Continental Europe, the real lineal (by right of mind and of works done) descendant of the great Paré, I thought I would like to see whether any memory of him still remained anywhere among the streets and libraries that he once honored by his presence. I asked my landlord and a person at the hospital adjacent to the hotel, and finally

I went to the library to see if I could get any token of his former existence. Nowhere, save at the library, did I find anything, and even that showed how little reverence remained for him after about two and a half centuries. In this latter place, after a good deal of searching, I saw some small, handsomely bound, gilt-edge editions of particular works; but the great folio volume, his "Opera Chirurgica Omnia," though on the catalogue, was gone — lost, apparently, for the custodian could tell nothing about it. "Sic transit gloria mundi." Here was a man that all the world delighted to honor for his great work as a man and writer, the "Father of German Surgery," who doubtless thought and dreamed of an immortal thing; and yet he is, in two hundred and fifty years, wholly forgotten in his home by adoption, and which became such by the votes of the authorities of Berne! George Von Olnhaus, the young student in 1626, traveled out of his way to visit Berne, apparently solely to get his autograph. Now nobody in Berne seems to remember or to care a fig that he ever lived. How absurd, then, seems all striving after fame when we see such things!

This library, whose alcoves appear to have come from a past century, so low and crowded are they with old, old looking, dusty volumes, contain some fine things. A most noble bust of Haller greets the eye on first entering; a grand, massive, intellectual looking head, — a head that demands instant respect as a noble representative of my profession. It is grateful to see him standing thus in the foremost



place in the library, and especially grateful after finding the utter neglect into which Fabricius had fallen.

. . . . .

Sunday Evening, September 6, 1867.

. . . I stopped short my narration because I found that the time has slipped by at which I had determined to call on the Lawrences previous to joining the Genevese crowd that was about to receive Garibaldi. I knew yesterday that he was expected to-day as a delegate to the International Peace Congress. As an American, and as a man, I wanted to do honor to him whom I have long deemed the manliest man of the world at the present hour; one who, though now living, I feel, when dead, will be placed among the noblest of the brave and honest souls who, by their actions, have elevated the standard of human excellence; one worthy to stand the peer of all the brave knights of olden and of the men of modern times, Godefroy de Bouillon, Bayard "sans peur et sans reproche," John Hampden, the noble Sidney, Marceau, the fearless, "falling for France whose rights he battled to resume," or, last though not least, the "beautiful young martyr," Shaw. All these and such as these who have made their mark in history, all will greet the noble Italian as a brother beloved when he, like them, shall be gathered to his fathers. How could I give up the opportunity of showing respect to such a noble living representative of the human race! Therefore if in anything I tell you I did or left undone this afternoon, which seems

to you to border on the "romantesque" or the ridiculous, pray put it down to the "rash spirit that my father gave me," who in former days was seen, as I was this day, with hat off, and his scanty white locks blowing in the breeze, shouting louder than all beside him when Lafayette passed through Boston some forty or fifty years ago.

The train was to arrive at 5.30 P. M. The crowd began to collect long before that time in front of the hotel where the Peace Committee held their meetings, and where Garibaldi was to be during his stay at Geneva. Banners had been floating all day from the beautiful buildings near the quays on both sides of the Rhone and on the bridges. I could overlook the whole from my window. About a quarter before five I sallied out to mingle with the gathering crowd. While near Garibaldi's headquarters the procession of citizens passed. It was like an American one. Many young and different trades appeared. The jewelers were out in great numbers. A musical society was there. Its two leaders, fine looking, manly youths, had slung over their backs, like huge hunting horns, great drinking horns, from which, on festive occasions, the whole club in turn drink. It is to them the "loving cup." All the societies bore banners, and the national flag of the confederation was among them. Many of the crowd wore red and white and green ribbons. The crowd was peculiar, more mixed and more good-natured and more reasonable than any crowd I was ever in before, and yet I never was more hotly pressed than

at times after Garibaldi came in sight. In it I saw perfect pictures of the intelligent, well-dressed gentlemen, some very sweet looking and simply dressed girls, evidently not of the *basse classe*. With them I saw all others of both men, women, and children of the smallest sizes, from the gentleman and lady down to the simple blouses of the common workman. They stood there united as one people. There seemed, what was strange to me, to be no police, and the last moment before Garibaldi arrived I saw little children mingling with the "big bugs" at the head of the procession. Everywhere there was gentleness and gentlemanliness, very different from the brusque, rough manners of an American crowd. All this I observed, when waiting near the station, but it was especially observable as the crowd rushed along. All that I saw seemed good-natured and forbearing. The natural politeness of the people saved them from roughness, even when roughness seemed almost impossible to be avoided. I had curious adventures enough. My blood tingled, and my heart thumped when the first shouts broke upon my ear. "What's the difference between youth and age?" I thought. "Does n't your blood thrill in your veins as much as when you were a youth?" I said to myself, as I pressed forward to get as near as I could to the wheels of the carriage, and caught the first glimpse of that grand soul. I instantly bowed before it. I could see then how Garibaldi was able to govern men. He is the handsomest man I almost ever saw. The women, I should think, would go frantic at

seeing him. If I were a young man I would follow him to the death. Why so? Look at him standing up in the carriage; and remembering his grand bravery, his self-sacrificing heart, his simplicity in life, his devotion to his country and to universal liberty; remembering, too, how his name is a watchword in Italy, and that to the whole world even it is an emblem of all that is noble and brave in human nature; with these thoughts I say, look at him himself in person as he stands before you. The first thought is, how magnificent his head in its round, full development! How lofty his brow! Erect, and like the Apollo's, full of intellect; yet how benignant and kindly his smiling, modest blue eye! How little of the warrior, and how great the real goodness and openness of his face! Would not you feel sure of the friendship of such a man? Could you not single him out among a host of other common men as one to whom you would open your heart, feeling sure of sympathy and honest counsels, and good wise advice also, for such a brow always carries with it the idea of calm wisdom? Do not think me over-enthusiastic. Everybody said, "How handsome, how good he looks, how benignant his smile!" The moment he appeared was the signal for me to off with the old "felt," and, swinging it high in the air, I sung out a loud and long hurrah, or rather roar, for I did not exactly know how the Genevese indicated their enthusiasm. I could not have helped doing so any more than I could have helped breathing. It was human nature in me, and human nature

responded, and my next neighbor shouted, and the procession started. I continued shouting, and doubtless caused some merriment to some of the young rogues about me; nevertheless, they joined, not irreverently, but I could see by the twinkle of their eyes that they were immensely tickled, and glad to have an old fellow like myself to set them an example they were glad to follow, as the roar ran along the line. We all roared, and threw up our hats and laughed together, and pushed along. We met women and girls and boys and men, the whole crowd kept shouting, and there was a waving of handkerchiefs from every window; and amid this chaos of human voices Garibaldi continued the same gentle, pleased, yet quiet look. At times bouquets and flowers were showered upon him from the windows on each side. (Nine and a half P. M. A beautiful band is now serenading him. I hear them from the other side of the Rhone.) At times I had curious adventures. I saw a mother vainly endeavoring to hold up a little girl about eight or ten years old, but the crowd pressed, and she had not strength enough. "As-tu vu Garibaldi, ma chère?" I said to the little girl. "Non, Monsieur," she replied with a disconsolate look. "Gedacht, gethan." I seized her little legs immediately in my arms, as if she had been my sweet "little Le" at her age, and raised her little head far above the surging crowd, so that she got a fair sight of, and I believe waved her welcome to, the great warrior and man. "Merci, merci, Monsieur," smilingly said the mother, as I put the

child down, and again taking off my hat roared and rushed along with the crowd. Another time I helped a poor little boy, who was getting rather frightened in the squeeze, to get fairly astride his elder brother's manly shoulders, much to the contentment of both. I kept as near the carriage as I could, all the while doing my best by example to keep up the cheers, which were continuous until we arrived at the hotel; and there the crush was fearful. My man, who began to shout with me at the station, was by my side there, still heartily sympathizing. Once during the course I caught, I am sure, Garibaldi's eye, as I called out lustily, "Viva, Garibaldi!" He smiled such a smile as I have not seen since I got those friendly looks from the "dear young soldier," Shaw, during his ovation in Boston at the head of his black regiment. I shall put the two in the recesses of my heart as two of my treasured memories. But everything must have an end. Garibaldi was at length fairly in the hotel. But the crowd would not disperse. On the contrary, it squeezed harder than ever. He appeared on a balcony. For five or ten minutes shouts rent the air, and nothing could be heard. One man with him vainly endeavored by dumb show to impose silence over the dense crowd below. At length he began, and before long I was able to hear something, but vaguely and in broken sentences. He said one thing, *i. e.*, that he was for peace among all the free people of the world; but I think he indicated that until people were free he hoped that there would

be some able and willing to march with the carbine with him. But perhaps to-morrow I will send printed his few remarks. I forgot one or two things that I must tell you: his form is grandly massive; he looks as if he combined the strength of a Hercules with the grace of an Apollo; his peculiar dress is beautifully appropriate and graceful, — a red flannel undershirt, seen about the collar and on the arms, well made and rather flowing in its fullness, while a “poncho” of white striped with black falls down over his back and front and partly covers the shoulders and arms. The dress is exceedingly handsome, and would be so for any manly looking person, as far more beautiful than any modern dress as the Roman toga is more graceful than a Shaker’s coat. Then, too, with all its grace, you see its evident utility. He can throw himself into that with the rapidity of lightning, and be able to shoot down a half a dozen opponents while one of our modern chevaliers is tying on his paper collar; so here a truly useful thing becomes synonymous, as it should oftener be in the management of this world’s affairs, with the truly beautiful. If men would but always unite utility with grace, how much more delightful, and really useful, would be our lives. And so ends the first scene of Garibaldi’s sojourn at Geneva. He will be here a week. Perhaps I may see him and touch his hand. That will be, indeed, a real pleasure, would it not? . . . (The Genevese seem beside themselves. They are roaring now at Garibaldi’s hotel, at eleven and a half P. M.) Good-night.

ZERMATT, August, 1867.

. . . On my return to the hotel, after arranging my Alpine stock and writing a few notes, I strolled out behind the house. Epes and Fisher were trying to sketch the Matterhorn. They were at a stone table intended for travelers at times to take their lunches at. It was a splendid sight, where one could feast his eyes constantly with a view of the Matterhorn. I was just preparing to sit down with them, when the letters "N. B.," strongly cut into the seat, made me almost start; and they brought out such a flood of sweet and bitter thought that I could say nothing, but could almost have wept. I kept my countenance, however, and as my two companions were busily occupied with their work and did not notice me or the initials, neither they nor I said anything, but I soon after wrote as follows: "The memorial left by an unknown stranger youth has unlocked all the sweet and sad thoughts I have garnered in my heart about the 'dear young soldier.' Epes and the doctor are writing; the roar of the distant subglacial cataraacts, and an occasional voice from the hotel, alone break in upon my thoughts, while the glorious scene around, above, and below me all seem alike to halo his hallowed memory, and harmonize with the pleasant thoughts, both of him and of all the dear ones at home, that come up unbidden from my heart."

The sunset was magnificent, and the evening grand and solemn, as the darkness covered over all and shut out peak after peak from our view. It was with a degree of solemn feeling that we watched the



various tops of Monte Rosa, etc., gradually losing the rays of the setting sun and subsiding into utter nightfall, when snowy tips and black-ribbed sides were all submerged in one common impenetrable shadow. About six we dined, and such a clatter of tongues of women and men, all telling of passes and glaciers and ascents and snowstorms, I never heard! Nothing else was the staple of conversation. We were above all humanity in its daily labors and trials. Garibaldi and the Pope, and Prussia and France, — who cared for them at the Riffel? We were all drunk with what Byron calls the “feeling” of mountains. Men and women stood equal, provided only they could equally tramp over snow-fields and glaciers. Whether it was this conversation or the perfect mountain air which seemed to stimulate every fibre in us, and which we drank in long draughts as we would Bavarian ale, I know not; but after all was over we strolled out again, and in the darkness saw only vaguely the Matterhorn rising in the western sky, mightily lessened in apparent size, and all the rest of the peaks one uniform black mass. The very spirit of fun and frolic entered into us, and I proposed that as they probably thought that as Americans we were simply Indians civilized, we should give the visitors at the hotel an idea of the Indian war dance and whoop. With that I began to caper and to twist myself into fantastic shapes, as I saw the Western Indians in Buffalo thus dance on our Common, and occasionally I screamed aloud an unearthly whoop. Epes and Fisher caught

the contagion, and we three danced "like mad" about the table, and Fisher at one time was on it pirouetting on one leg. We roared and laughed and danced till I was fairly "blown," and until I really thought we should bring some of the boarders or attachés of the inn to see what, indeed, was the matter. I do not know when I have laughed more heartily, and I rather think that Epes and F. will never forget the scene.

MONETIER, September 7, 1867.

Our company at the hotel has become interesting in some particulars. A very pleasant lawyer and wife and family of some four or five children were next to me at table. I discussed America, etc., with them. Just before I left [I talked with] a very opinionated Englishwoman, one who asked about what dinners one could get at one hotel and another, and who asked also if Garibaldi was the "only one" who was to be present at the Peace Congress, and whether some of the nobility, Prince Napoleon for example, were not going to be there. I felt as if her words ought to choke her. Just as if there could be any nobler man than Garibaldi. However, this worthy woman did appreciate art; hence I showed her some of my Albert Dürer and Haller photographs. She appreciated them much better than an American family in the South, who had a pretty but weak-looking daughter, evidently dying of consumption. These worthies *pawed* over my sheep to see if they felt as *woolly* as they *looked*, and stuck their

fingers on Albert Dürer's grand human faces in a way that made my blood run cold. The weak little daughter said, "Let me see, I am going to Rome this winter. Do they speak Italian there?" And to my quiet responsive "Yes," "Well, then, I must study the Italian." Heavens, what representatives of the culture of an American family! Another American, a Bostonian, traveling with his wife and daughter, remarked to Epes in a listless manner, about traveling in Switzerland, that for his part he "did not think much of going up these hills in a *vigilance*." Whew! put this party beside an Oxford graduate from Baliol or Trinity, the English scholar or simple gentleman, and what a figure such people cut! I took leave of all, much to the chagrin of my landlord, who evidently thought we were booked for two or three weeks.

. . . . .  
On Monday, September 9, Epes and I, by a piece of good luck, were enabled to meet and shake hands with Garibaldi. Early in the morning we had called on our consul, in order to hear if it would be possible for us, with other Americans, to see him, to express the sympathy we felt in his cause of Italian unity. By means of the energetic influence of our consul at Nice, Judge Aldis, we were introduced to his room while he was speaking with a deputation of Freemasons. He spoke very freely and fluently in French to them, and told them he hoped for their moral support; and bidding them good-by, he shook hands with and kissed each dele-

gate on both cheeks. Immediately afterwards we were introduced. I shook hands and told him that I was glad, as an American, to be able to do so, and to express my sympathy with his noble cause, and I hoped that God would bless it. He answered very cordially, and with the sweetest of smiles thanked me for my good wishes. I do not know when I ever enjoyed such a pleasure, mingled with pain, for I felt that very possibly he would, ere long, become a victim.

In the afternoon we went to the Peace Congress. It was a queer place to see Garibaldi, and yet, according to his own principles, he might readily be there; for he went for peace between nations, but for war to the hilt against tyrants. The meeting was held in the Electoral Hall. An immense democratic looking building, with uncushioned boards as seats. Over the tribune were arranged flags of various nations, surmounting the word "Pax." The Hymn of Peace was brought out by a large choir and orchestra, but I could not get interested in it. The entrance of Garibaldi was the signal for another ovation for the great Italian. The General was made President (honorary) of the Convention, and sat conspicuously on the platform. We saw and heard enough to convince us that the so-called Peace Convention was far from peaceful within its own borders. Every man who spoke seemed fiery, and often the arms of his audience were thrown toward him in the most threatening way. I was reminded of the engraving of the celebrated "Jeu de Paume"

of the first French Revolution, when Royalty and Democracy first clashed and closed for the deadly contest that subsequently shook France and Europe to its centre.

As we were uncomfortably seated, and could understand but little, we wedged ourselves to the outside ring of the crowd, after Garibaldi had made a few remarks and presented a programme of his own. One little fact, illustrative of French fears about the convention, I will mention. Several days later I subscribed for the *procès verbal* of the whole week's work. Unfortunately, two numbers were not published when I left, but I paid beforehand for them and for the stamps requisite to send them to Paris. They never came, and on inquiry I learned that all such were stopped on the frontier of France. A second copy met the same fate.

. . . . .

#### LAKE GENEVA.

. . . My young guide interested me very much. He had a beautiful, nut-brown face, with open, honest eyes, and evidently a merry heart. He told me some things worthy of remembrance. He had been well educated in one of the public schools of the canton. He said that every boy was obliged to attend school until he was sixteen, unless a good excuse was given, or pay a fine for the neglect. He himself was allowed, as the son of a widow, to leave at an earlier period, because he was needed for the support of the family. Here is a republic which,

knowing well that no republic can exist with ignorance, compels every child to be educated, as an act, on its own part, of pure self-defense. Let America learn from her sister and smaller republics a good lesson. I do not know when I have seen a youth who proved, by his whole deportment, the value of such a rule. . . . On our return to the shore we saw several boats had started since our departure. One, at a distance of about a mile from off our course, was a small skiff, rowed by a gentleman in front, and bearing a lady at the stern. Behind her was waving the dear flag of America. How my heart leaped up at the sight; for is not the flag doubly dear to all Americans since our young men went out to battle under its ample folds? I think I never loved it half so much as since it was the pall that covered the coffin of the "dear young soldier." I gave orders to my guide to turn directly at right angles to our true course, and we steered so as to run directly across the bow of the stranger's skiff, but toward which I was drawn by a feeling that I knew would be reciprocated by its occupants. Under the stars and stripes, surely, no treason or rebellion lurked. Swiftly we approached, but instead of running across the bow, I turned our path so as to run about four or five rods off but alongside of the other that was approaching. When within hail, and my bows were just abreast of the flag, I arose, and taking off my hat said aloud, "I salute the flag of my country." The lady bowed gracefully, and smiled in recognition of the compliment, and the gentleman replied,

“Thanks, sir, it has gone with us all over Europe ;” and we shot past each other, unknowing and unknown, and yet bound to each other by the mystic sympathy of love for a common country that has suffered, and has, by suffering, become nobler.

Our route to Paris, much to my disgust, as I found afterwards, ran through parts of the country teeming, as all these places do, with memories of great men and great deeds. We whisked through the Jura not far from the black castle of Joux, where Toussaint Louverture slowly died from disease after confinement in the damp dungeons in which the infamous Napoleon Bonaparte confined him, and by turning from our route only sixty miles (a mere bagatelle when traveling by thousands) we could have come upon the sacred spot, the last resting place of Chevalier Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*. To be inspired by seeing any spot allied to such a man was well worth a day at least, and yet we raced by with American speed and lost the golden opportunity of drinking perhaps sweet draughts of honor, bravery, simplicity, frankness, and humanity by the side of Bayard’s monument at Grenoble. I only hope some one of my descendants will redeem the error, and by meditation not only by the tomb, but ever after upon the varied virtues of that noble soul, engraft more and more of the sweet, religious, and brave character on our own race.

PARIS, September 17, 1867.

Laid up with a swelled face. Miserable enough, and doubtless blue enough. Relieved by abscess forming, but not before I was pulled down a peg too low for my own or for Epes's (dear soul!) comfort. On Thursday crawled out and visited the wards of La Pitié, the scenes of my youth. Went partially through the Jardin des Plantes. Left Epes there and slowly retraced my steps over the hallowed ground of the Rue d'Orléans (now Rue d'Aubenton). Touched the old gate handle of "No. 1 bis," and then kissed my hand that had so touched what formerly had been moved by my sweet "Le" when a "virgin fair and fancy free." Passing up, I turned into the old street leading to Ste. Pélagie, and was reminded of a scene, ludicrous enough, that happened when I lived as a student at Hôtel de l'Odeon. I had seized a lung that I wanted to examine more carefully, and had placed it in my hat to carry it home more successfully than I could otherwise. Bolt upright I approached the sentinel in front of the Prison, balancing my *sugar loaf* as well as I could on top of my head, when suddenly I felt liquid trickling down my cheeks. Putting my hand up, I found it was blood. Fortunately, I was able to hurry by the place, and then uncovering, placed my burden in a safer position than before. All this came up vividly before me, and involuntarily, as I approached the door of the Prison, I walked more erect and passed the guard with looks of suspicion similar to those I had had more than thirty years before.



After revisiting "Père la Chaise" and the tomb of Madame La Place, he thus recalls his former life in Paris : —

. . . I stood again by the side of La Place's tomb. The workmen were repairing it, and had evidently only a short time before inserted a slab containing the names and ages of the two wives of the great man. The first wife lived only twenty-one years, having been born in 1792 and died in 1813.

The name of the second was Marie Anne Charlotte de Couchy, Marquise de La Place, née à Besançon, 8 Oct., 1769. Décédée à Paris 20me Jul., 1862.

She was twenty years the junior of her husband, and from all that I saw of her at my various visits she was worthy of him. The desire I have to recall the excellent qualities of this lady induces me to weave into the pages of this Journal all that I can remember of my intercourse with her, which, now that she is dead, I regret was in reality so small in comparison with what I might have had if I had not been oppressed so much with a *mauvaise honte* while in Paris during my earlier days of student life ; and if, moreover, I had been willing to allow a little time to be given from medicine to the cultivation of Madame La Place's amiable society, and to mingle in the brilliant coteries in which she moved at the time of my first visit to Europe. The story runs as follows : —

In 1832, three weeks after leaving Boston, and in fact quitting the guardian care of my dear mother,

a perfect ignoramus in the polite life of the world into which I was entering, I stood in Paris *alone*. I had no letters and knew scarcely any one but James Jackson, that most admirable son of our well-known and beloved Dr. Jackson of that day. But I had one book that I was ordered to leave forthwith with Madame La Place. It was the second volume of the "Translation of the *Mécanique Céleste*." Seeking within two weeks after arrival the Boulevard des Capucines, Madame La Place's residence, I gave the book into the hand of the porter, with my address, and retired to the Quartier Latin, Hôtel de l'Odéon. I immediately received a very cordial response and an invitation to dine at Madame's country seat at Arcueil. Knowing only American French, having been able to communicate with the patients in the hospital only by "dumb show" or by previously studying up my questions, I was thunderstruck at the thought of dining out in French society. So I replied that I begged to be excused and that a "previous engagement" — which was only that I had gone to Paris to study medicine and not to dine out — would prevent my acceptance of the polite invitation. Madame was too admirable a tactician to allow of any such excuse, but she read my heart when she invited the American consul to go with me, and I was assured that I should meet some, at least, who spoke my mother tongue. Accordingly, less than three weeks after my arrival at the gay capital, I accepted the invitation and consulted with the consul as to how I ought to go to Arcueil. He advised

wisely that I should take a cabriolet, but that was to cost much more than to go *en voiture*. Alas! here was my first evidence of "greenness." This *voiture* and this drive I shall never forget. The carriage was a rickety, lumbering, old covered *cart* resting on a hard axle and rolling without springs on two wheels. My heart sank when I ensconced myself on the front seat with the driver, while a jolly fat husband and wife were squeezed in upon the back bench. The harness was half made up of rope, and the horses looked uncurried. Altogether it was an equipage far from fit for a young man on his way to dine at the country seat of one of the nobility! I comforted myself, however, with the thought that I could get down at the village and walk to the place. We had a ludicrous scene at one little village through which we passed, which I well remember. The worthy couple behind me were of the most jovial, chatty kind; evidently well-to-do peasants, and happy and easy in every-day life. Though I understood not a word of their talk, I became quite amused at what was to me a jolly French pantomime. In front of a hotel of a village the conductor got off his seat, and I, in order to stretch my legs, did the same, when *presto!* up went the shafts and back went our heavy couple, with their legs stretched in the air, sprawling on their backs inside of the vehicle. The screams of distress that arose inside were mingled with boisterous laughter outside and sudden threatenings of choking the poor beast confined in the shafts, and who was dragged up by the collar around his neck.

This ludicrous condition of things lasted, of course, but a very few moments, ere the crowd came to the rescue of man and beast. The merry old couple were philosophers enough to allow others to laugh, even at themselves, provided only that real laughter should be in the order of their day. After lumbering slowly along, and making me fear that I, "the chief object of interest," would be late to dinner, the carriage at length arrived at Arcueil. I walked to the château. I remember but little about the place, save that it was a large, well-built, gentleman's house, surrounded by the usual high, whitened brick wall. I remember being introduced to the salon alone. It was large and beautiful, with windows opening upon the shrubbery. An elegant table was in the centre of the apartment, which had but one article on it, and that was the identical volume I had a few days before brought for Madame. I was, of course, touched with this compliment to father in its delicacy, so characteristic of French politeness. It moreover assured me of the friendship of the lady. I waited a few moments, and very shortly a bright, rather *petite*, charming elderly lady, graceful in every motion and feature, entered and saluted me as an old friend. It is true I understood not a word, and was in fact dumb; but in a pantomimic way expressed my delight at meeting her. Taking my arm, she gayly led me to a colossal bust, which I inferred was that of La Place, about which she chattered as fast as she could speak, but about the purport of the talk I still continued obstinately

unable to comprehend a single word until at length, after various phrases, all given with the greatest good humor and without a trace of apparent consciousness on her part that I was so stupid, I suddenly caught a light. Yes, it was so. I was sure she meant to send the noble bust to father as a token of her respect and kind appreciation of his present to her. Of course, in broken accents of bad French, I bowed and spoke my thanks, which she apparently understood better than I did myself. In five minutes I was perfectly at my ease, and thought myself quite a Frenchman. "How did you come?" she asked. "En voiture," I replied. "Eh bien," was her sole response. Evidently she saw the predicament, but, good soul, instantly in her mind, I have no doubt, placed me in Magendie's chaise for my return to Paris. Soon the party began to collect: savants from the observatory; Bouvard, a quiet sort of plodding man; Magendie, the physiologist, and eight or ten more, all full of animated talk, with Madame as presiding genius over all. With Magendie I could speak English, for he spoke it. It may seem strange, nevertheless it was true, that I did not, after a very short experience of the marvelous tact of Madame La Place, *want* to speak English, but actually *preferred* to talk French! Phœbus! what French it must have been! Of how the dinner was served or what we ate and drank, I have no recollections. Two circumstances remain indelibly impressed; viz., first, that I sat by Madame's order between the consul and Magendie, and second, that she understood every

word I said to her, although I was at a loss at times to recognize what I really said in French. The fact is, Madame was charming; a widow between sixty and seventy years of age, but still full of vivacity and amiability, she fascinated every one who came within the sphere of her influence. I saw her once surrounded by four or five of the most noted *savants* of France, while she talked *badinage* of the brightest kind with all. The centre of all, she illuminated all and brought light out from all around her. She was never wanting, and always kindly and full of piquant vivacity. I thus spent nearly two hours, and I never spent happier ones; thought myself one of the party; laughed and made merry with them; and all the while forgot that I knew next to nothing of the language of most of the speakers, hardly recognizing one word in ten of all that was spoken. But for all that, I arose to depart with the full belief that I had had a "downright good time." All this was owing to Madame's skill. I never saw any Anglo-Saxon woman to be compared with this old lady of sixty-three. I drove home to Paris with Magendie, who promised to let me see certain cases of fatal disease just then having a recrudescence, most of the hospitals being filled up by them.

Of Madame La Place I am sorry to say I saw likewise but little, she living in the fashionable quarter, I in the Quartier Latin. She probably had had enough of me for a season. Meanwhile I had occasionally called and had always been received with that

bright, willing courtesy which was her distinguishing characteristic. I had one other dinner with her during my student days. It was a short time before I left Paris. I was then able to think in French. It flew from my tongue more freely even than did my native language. This time it was on the Boulevard des Capucines. There were sixteen in the party. Madame, I think, was the only lady; at any rate, she was the only one I remember; and again I saw her in full fun, with a party of learned academicians around her, evidently putting all perfectly at their ease, but at the same time stimulating their wit to the highest pitch. We sat at a round table, at which each had his "bouteille" before him and a plate containing a different article from all else on the table. We had these replaced three, if not four, times. It was the most perfect private dinner I ever sat at, when I consider the *cuisine recherchée* and the character of my associate guests. Over all Madame La Place reigned supremely, with a vivacious good-humored ease of manner that was enchanting. I went away regretting that so soon I was to leave forever the society of this admirable woman. My final call was entirely *à la française*. I had long felt myself a learned doctor and was about to leave for home and called to pay my respects. It was about mid-day when I left the gay boulevard and knocked at the 2<sup>me</sup> *étage* of the building where she lived. Much to my surprise, I was ushered into the boudoir of Madame and found her reclining in bed, with jaunty cap and morning gown of exquisite

character, evidently prepared for company. "Green to the last," inwardly ejaculated I, when, to my sympathizing remark, "Madame, je suis bien fâché de vous trouver malade," she, with one of her bewitching smiles and gentle laugh, replied, "Ah, Monsieur Bowditch, je ne suis pas malade, seulement un peu paresseuse !" We laughed heartily and chatted for some time, and it was with real regret that I quitted finally, and with the thought that I probably should never see her again. I had seen her but little, but that little had impressed me with the idea that, though thoroughly French and polished and of the *haut ton*, she was in her heart of hearts a cheerful, excellent, and bright woman, full to overflowing with kindness. She was, as I find by calculation made from the dates on the La Place monument, no less than sixty-five years of age. Accordingly in 1859, that is, more than a quarter of a century afterwards, when I went to Europe again, and when Madame was ninety, I called at the same place on the Boulevard des Capucines. When introduced into her presence I found her still more *petite*, but with the same charming brightness of manner, though evidently much broken in power. I am sorry to say her memory at first was treacherous ; she could not make out the comparatively gray-haired man of fifty-one as the young student of the former time. Suddenly the vision of past years seemed to come up, and all her graciousness and kindness of manner returned — she had been a little stately until that time : "Eh bien, maintenant je me rappelle et je suis bien contente de



vous voir. Vous dînez avec moi demain." I assured her that it would afford me but too much pleasure and, indeed, that I should be enchanted to do so. Poor thing, she was now truly old, yet how charming to see the grace of former days still lighting up in the wee face, much as it did years before when joking with many of the celebrities of Paris.

I remember but little of her conversation, but I was compelled to tell the history of my life after leaving Paris — of my English wife met in Paris, of my children, and of my sweet "little Le," whom I had left among her kinsfolk in London. To the dear daughter she sent a shawl as a souvenir, and wanted to see her. Altogether, I found my visit left as amiable a result upon my heart as any of my preceding ones. She had evidently formed a high estimate of father, and wanted to see and know all his descendants.

I remained in Paris eight days, and she wanted me to call daily and dine with her whenever I chose. One day only did I dine with her and her son, the present Marquis, Général de Division de l'Armée française. Madame La Place was simply charming to me, as she was to others, at sixty-five and ninety years of age, with the same traits visible.

All these memories floated before me as I stood by her grave at Père la Chaise. It was a tissue of sweet experiences which now, as I look back upon them, seem like a mental mosaic, so to speak, most fair to look upon.

Between my second and third visits to Paris

Madame had died. I was in doubt about the time or method of calling upon her son, the marquis, but I determined to call the day before leaving Paris. I prepared a letter telling of my visit to her grave, of my respect for the memory of his mother, and determined to leave it in case I could not find him. I called at the old place, Boulevard des Capucines. I found the now old marquis, and he received me with gracious courtesy, and was interested in my remarks about his mother. I told him of my pleasant reminiscences of her, and begged him to tell me of the years subsequent to the last time I saw her. I especially asked him to say whether that charming graciousness and kindness of manner which she formerly possessed continued until the last, and I hoped that she had not suffered. "Monsieur," he replied, "it continued even to the last hour. Elle n'a pas souffert. Elle était seulement éteinte." He then related how she continued well, but of course had the weakness of increasing age. She was able to rise, and could be dressed daily. On the morning of her death she slept longer than usual, and her maid awakened her. She was calm, seemed weak but not suffering, and with mind perfectly clear and serene, without the least trace of approaching death, fell asleep again a "few moments more," as she said to her attendant. She never awoke, but passed away without a struggle.

To me there is something inexpressibly beautiful in such a death. After a life of gentleness and kindness to all, always cheerfully opening her eyes

to God's bounties, and to all the pleasantness of this world, she quietly falls asleep in death, untroubled alike by ceremonials or by long, torturing pain of body or anxiety of mind. May my last hours be like hers.

I forgot to mention that before leaving I asked if he had any photograph of his mother. He told me that he had only one painting, taken in the dress of the first consulate. That portrait I saw. It was a full length, in ball dress, trimmed with flowers, etc., evidently taken long before I first saw her. I should not have recognized the likeness. This was in the parlor. In the opposite corner of the room, on a pedestal, stood the bust of father which, years before, we had sent to her. On each side of it were two candelabra with half-burned candles, evidently so arranged as to set off the head. I was reminded, as I looked at it, of my first entrance to Arcueil and of the sole book upon the table of the salon. Truly my memories of the La Place family will be ever pleasant, and I am glad to have this fitting opportunity to recall these few facts illustrative of my connection with it.

. . . . .

September 24.

We went out to breakfast, down into the Rue de l'École de Médecine, the scenes of my student life. How Maunoir and Bizot of Geneva came up, as I passed the house where I dined with them and the bevy of law and medical students thirty years be-

fore! On the doorposts formerly appeared, half worn out, the words "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." It had been the residence of Marat, that most odious of the French revolutionists. Every day, at that time, I passed up and down the very stairs that Charlotte Corday ascended when she went on her bloody work, and near our dining-room was the small bath-room in which he was murdered.

He had been much interested in the use of horseflesh as an article of food by the Parisians, and during this visit determined to seek out some restaurant and satisfy himself as to the merits of this form of diet.

I continued my tramp and strolled towards St. Sulpice market, where I heard there was a *marché au cheval*. I found one small shop with the above sign. The keeper of it was an ignoramus, and I could get but little from him that was of value, and where to get a horse steak in those parts was difficult to say. He told me that he used ten horses per week all the year around, or five hundred and twenty as a sum total, and there were from twelve to fifteen similar shops in Paris (really seventeen, as I heard afterwards). He advised me to call on Monsieur Pierre, Médecin Vétérinaire à Bercy. He could be found near the delightful Barrière de l'Enfer, Boulevard St. Germain. Accordingly, I started for a long tramp. It was a weary walk, through many new streets beyond the Luxembourg. On the way I dropped into one of those beautifully built iron markets recently erected for the convenience of the

Parisians in various parts of the city, — light, airy, and graceful, and redolent with the sweet aroma of rich, ripe fruit and vegetables. Stalls, very compact and very clean, are found throughout, each having its own salesman or saleswoman, who receive one with a smile, and sell fruit mightily cheap. With all my efforts I could not find Monsieur Pierre, but I found something perhaps quite as good, viz., a communicative vendor of horses. Seeing the sign formerly spoken of, I went in and was admitted, after a time, into the private room of the proprietor, who said as follows: —

“There are two chief seasons; viz., winter and summer, when the trade is most brisk. During winter” (I think he said) “there are four times as many horses killed as in summer. There are four abattoirs and seventeen shops in Paris.” He himself uses about forty horses a month in one season; twelve to eighteen in the other. The number of hippophagists is increasing. The people and the restaurants in the immediate vicinity of the shop use the meat less frequently than elsewhere. All horses are inspected, and if the slightest injury or sore appears on them, they are refused admission to the abattoirs. Mules and asses, being the same kind of meat, are also used. I wanted a lunch, and proposed to enter an adjacent restaurant and get a steak. My informant told me that would never do; that everybody about there was especially punctilious about the matter, and would deny their ability to give me one. He said the only way was for me to buy a

piece and get it cooked. Finally I agreed to take a piece, provided he would send his man with me in order "to put the thing through." With a certain mystery I followed him, and was ushered upstairs, after various whisperings with madame on the part of my guide, and mysterious glances at me. I took my *demi-bouteille* and bread and butter and little radishes, and seated myself at one of the neat tables, and read the news while listening to the conversation of a party of *paysans* and their *bonnes amies*. Their subject was horse meat and the horrors of eating it, although they said some had eaten it without knowing it; still, the majority evidently would have looked at me as a monster if they had known my intention. But doubtless they envied my delicious looking, smelling, and simmering steak when they saw it placed on the table before me. I boldly, yet with a certain shrinking, attacked it, but the taste was very little different from common beef — somewhat "gamey." It was deliciously juicy, and the gravy was excellent. I ate an excellent lunch. I congratulated madame, as I left, on her delicious cooking. Madame smiled and said it needed a connoisseur to cook horse meat well: it should be done over a quick fire and with plenty of sweet butter; then it was juicy, but over a slow fire and with less butter it became tough. Every article that is made with common beef can be made with horseflesh.

During this visit he had the pleasure of meeting his old master and friend, Louis, and in two letters gives an

amusing account of his controversy with a relative and opponent of Victor Hugo.

September 25.

Dined with Louis out by the Bois de Bologne Fauvel, the reporter of the International Commission of Cholera, and Woillez were there, physicians. A nephew and niece of Victor Hugo (Madame Louis's brother) were the only persons besides myself. I enjoyed the dinner, and yet I came almost to blows upon politics with the nephew, and had less talk than I could have wished with Fauvel. I learned from him, however, that although he considered cholera contagious, it needed a nidus of filth for its great development. The nephew and his charming wife were as the antipodes in their influence upon me. He was not only a *Réactionnaire*, and opposed entirely to republicanism, but careless in his expression of America and of the "people." I have rarely met so little real courtesy on the part of a Frenchman. Usually, if they disagree with you, they do not flaunt out opposing opinions, at any rate to Americans, but the utmost suavity of speech and manner is preserved, however much opposed they may feel — at least, this is my experience with the French gentlemen. But in the case of the young man above alluded to, he made several severe indirect allusions of contempt for our acts and institutions. I bore them calmly for a time, but felt my heart beating in a way that portended a *spurt* of vivacious talk. When that comes I *must* speak before its

throbbing will cease. After the word is uttered the disquieted heart becomes immediately calm.

. . . . .

September 26.

I dined yesterday at Louis's, and, as usual, he overwhelmed me with kindness. I never met with such. He attended me during the long illness in youth, and in my age he does what no one else does. About five days ago I called at his house in Paris, but learned that he was at Neuilly during the summer. I left my card with the word that he must not disturb himself, but that I would call some other day. On the following morning, however, he called and left his card, asking me to dine. The next day, apparently fearing I would miss the way, he again called, and by accident I had returned after breakfast. At the corner of the street Louis and I met. His manner was very cordial. He put his hand on my shoulder and talked and laughed, and said some complimentary things, which the French do so graciously, and then gave explicit directions as to how I must proceed to get to his house. Yesterday, the day appointed, I received a telegram stating that he would himself call for me. Of course I was ready at the house. He had driven in, and I drove out with him. He lives at a house directly opposite the Bois de Bologne, a lovely place. I found the drives very pleasant around the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, the dear though desecrated Rue Marbœuf by the Barrière de l'Etoile. I met at the house Madame Louis (sister



of Victor Hugo) and her niece by marriage and the lady's husband, Doctors Woillez and Fauvel, both eminent in our profession, both names well known in America. The dinner was simple and friendly in its methods, but sufficiently elaborate to suit a gourmand even. We had claret and champagne. The conversation was, of course, chiefly theirs, because I could not always keep up with them. There were, however, some little contrarieties between Victor Hugo's nephew and myself. He is evidently a strong Catholic, hates Garibaldi, abhors revolution and democracy. However, I ventured to suggest that I saw no good logical reason why the Bishop of Rome ("le Pape," they immediately said) should retain temporal sovereignty in order to have perfect independence in his actions as spiritual guide any more than any other bishop. It was a torpedo, and the man who was ashamed of his uncle, the noble exile (Victor Hugo), pitched into me. I made matters worse, I suppose, when, horrified at Dr. Woillez's saying that a priest suggested that Garibaldi would be simply "garroted," I replied, "It is impossible; they will never dare to strangle him," and I made the sign of bowstring about my neck. It appears that "garroting" does not mean in Italian what it does in Spanish, but simply tied or confined. However, I finished my remarks about the bishop by saying, "Ça ira," the very words of a revolutionary song of no good sound to aristocratic ears.

Louis, sweet old man as he is, came to the rescue and mildly suggested, "Eh bien, Monsieur Bowditch,

parle seulement sur des principes," and so the matter dropped. But the youth "riled" me again by his constant sneers against the American Constitution. This was while we were at dinner and in a general conversation. I thought it rather insulting, and was surprised that he should have made it, but my blood boiled over into something like this: "I am not in favor of a republic for all nations. Some cannot have it. For example, France cannot bear one. She is totally unfit for it. But let me say now that, notwithstanding all our late troubles and the immense amount of blood and treasure we have spent, notwithstanding we have lost our sons in this late war, the North generally was never more truly democratic or had more faith in the people than now." And again I subsided, and the conversation flowed on in the accustomed channel of nothings. The remark acted like a bombshell, and silenced the enemy.

Notwithstanding all this semi-fracas, I had a delightful time. Louis was benign, and as beautiful in his old age as you can imagine a man to be. He still presides at table and is bright and smiling, and kisses the forehead of his pretty niece with a kindness that is quite as charming as the manners of the ladies. So pray do not imagine I did not enjoy myself, for I did, and these talks and explosions were the *sauce piquante* requisite to give a real savor to the whole.

About eight we left in an omnibus for the railway to Paris. About nine I was in Epes's room detailing the story. During the ride back, Madame, the

niece, told me that the family did not like the course Victor Hugo had pursued; that she thought his niece by marriage had never seen him; that while giving him credit for not being criminal, they did not regard him as a "bon Chrétien." "A prophet is not without honor," etc. This lady seemed to be sorry, but not vindictive. She is intelligent, and speaks English tolerably well. She reminded me of that sweet Madame L. whom we used to see at times at our *pension bourgeoise* in former days.

. . . . .

In writing of his visit to the Conciergerie, and of his thoughts of Marie Antoinette and Robespierre, he says, —

Of course while standing on the spot, only dimly could I bring up any of the prominent facts of Robespierre's life. I only remembered him as the leader during the "Reign of Terror," when blood flowed from every door, and the heart of France bowed before a tyranny as much worse than that which preceded it as hell is worse than heaven — and all in the name of liberty. . . .

Retracing my steps, I followed my companions and came up again before the crucifix,<sup>1</sup> to which I have already alluded. I again passed my hand rapidly and carefully over the body and limbs of the representation of the Saviour, and seemed to feel in some measure ennobled by so doing. A portion of the pure spirit of bleeding humanity as it streamed down through the ages from the dear Christ, and

<sup>1</sup> In the cell of Marie Antoinette.

through his ill-fated disciple, the unfortunate lady who formerly had looked in agony towards it, seemed to descend on me, and without uttering a word, I passed out with the thought that never in my life had I had a more interesting visit to any shrine.

. . . . .

LONDON, Monday, October 14.

According to engagement, I called on Mr. Paget,<sup>1</sup> and consulted him, and he gave me relief from anxiety about the future of a trouble that had commenced. Mr. Paget I was glad to meet personally. He stands now at the head of the surgical profession of England. He is a gentleman in every respect, cordial and willing to aid; not perhaps quite so cordial as Sir Astley Cooper was in the days of my youth when I once breakfasted with him. Sir Astley was tall and handsome, as Dr. Reynolds of Boston; at least six feet high, with well-proportioned head, chest, and abdomen. He sought applause, and craved it. The applause of foreigners seemed apparently like the applause [illegible]; hence he greeted us with an *abandon* of politeness, letting his patients wait for us, and in spite of our protests. Paget saw me, greeted me with cordiality, and having told my tale, and he having said his say, I was allowed to depart, to make room immediately for another in turn. Mr. Paget has written one of the best books this century has produced, "Surgical Pathology;" but modern science does not let any book remain long useful or binding on its readers. He is the

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir James Paget.

most eloquent man I ever heard on matters of science. He speaks without notes, chooses the best and choicest language, carries all with him, and keeps them always entertained and interested, for he always teaches something new. I heard him nine years before in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution on the "Chronometry of Life."

Sir John Forbes or Sir James Clark, I forget which, gave me a ticket, saying, "You must hear Paget; everybody goes to hear him;" and after listening an hour to him, I did not wonder at the success he had gained. He wished to prove that there is a law of development in time throughout all nature as imperious in its demands as the law of gravity or any of the great laws of nature. And he drew his proofs from the operations of the vegetable and animal world and from, in fact, inanimate and animate nature, in a perfectly beautiful and striking manner. I wish he would lecture at the Lowell Institute. His surgical practice in London, immense as it must be, would prevent. I gave him my little pamphlet on the "Contagiousness of Consumption," which he thanked me for, and said, with my permission, he should send it to Dr. Budd, who only a few days before had written to him a letter stating his belief that that was one of the chief ways of its transmission. I spent about fifteen minutes with him, and then, his room being occupied with waiting patients, I withdrew.

His journal of this trip closes with the following:—

. . . . .

One day I was delighted, when passing one of the rookeries of London, at seeing two or three children, dirty and ragged it is true, but dancing to the tune played by a hand-organ. Beautiful to see joy bursting out, even in abject poverty, and sorrowful to think that possibly, as life wears on, all such sweet hopes will be cut off, and no merriment or joy be the daily course of the little ones of the hour.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### TOUR IN EUROPE, 1870 — NIGHT WALK WITH THE POLICE IN EAST LONDON — VISIT TO STRASSBURG AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

MY father's fourth and last trip to Europe, in 1870, was made an especially happy one by the presence of my mother, who, although far from well when she left home, rapidly regained her former health, and was able to enjoy to the utmost this visit to her native land. Circumstances had hitherto prevented their taking such an extended trip together, and this holiday made an epoch in their singularly united lives. It was during this visit that he made a tour of lower London with the police at night, and later went to Strassburg, just after the bombardment. Interesting accounts of these events are given in journal letters to my sister.

LONDON, May 26, 1870.

Here we are fairly settled in "dear old dingy London," inappropriately so named at present, however, for we have had a continuation of the lovely weather that has followed us from our start. I was early upon deck upon the morning of the 23d, at three A. M., in fact. It was raining, and although, as the captain said, we were probably within sight of the Irish coast, we could see nothing of it. I returned to bed, and at six, after a nap, I went again on deck, and was greeted with the beautiful sunlight,

and found myself fairly skirting the rugged shores of the Emerald Isle. . . .

At four A. M. of the 24th I was up, in hopes of seeing the mountains of Wales, but alas, it was hazy, and I was too late. The far-off peaks were only dimly visible at the south, and we were fast steaming on toward Liverpool. We passed the iron "bell buoy," famed in song and story. It was silent and motionless as the sea around. The day was lovely.

At 5.30 we dropped anchor, with the conviction that never had I had so delightful a voyage. It seemed so short a time, when calculating by days, since we left New York, but years long when calculating the friendships gained and events crowded into the same time. Above all, my sweet "English Le" has thoroughly enjoyed every moment, and the voyage has brought her back to her old self. . . .

With the 730,190th revolution of our screw, the ship anchored at Liverpool. . . . We then drove to the station, booked our trunks for London, and started for Chester. . . . We were received at the clean hotel, where Epes and I stopped formerly, and had a nice, neat dinner, excellently served. Your mother and A—— admired the perfect neatness of the chamber to which they were introduced. We went in an open carriage to see the old town. I enjoyed the zest with which the newcomers admired the cathedral, and was especially delighted to find how much of the antiquary lay locked up in the dear mother's heart. Her enthusiasm at the carving of the old choir, at the serene beauty and



quiet of the time-worn cloisters was great. Her youth was renewed like the eagle's. . . . Returning, we entered the train about five o'clock, and started through England's garden toward London. The dear mother kept her eyes and heart open to the sweet influences of the dear little English villages, with the old stone churches overrun with ivy, and sweet parsonages, and neat gravel walks leading through venerable graveyards to the church porch. I am sorry to say that my own eyes were not always open to these divine influences, and consequently she had no companion always to enjoy with her all the charms of this journey.

May 30, 1870.

. . . May Boston shine as brightly, and the air be as balmy with you there as it is with us in London. We shall decorate the dear young soldier's photograph with a few flowers from Covent Garden.

May 31, 1870, 9 A. M.

I left off for breakfast, and immediately afterwards went to Covent Garden; and now in front of the photographs, where they have been placed since yesterday, stand four flower pots containing, respectively, a fine rosebush, a geranium, a heath, and a mignonette, all in blossom. We intend to keep them or others there during the time we stay here. I hope the Memorial Day passed pleasantly, and that it had its proper and benign effects upon the people, even those who took no part in it. The memory of self-sacrifice never can do harm, and when for that

sacrifice a great good for humanity is gained, the effect is never lost. I should have liked to make an annual pilgrimage to Mt. Auburn and strew flowers over the grave of our dear one, but in spirit I join with the soldiers, and I know that some friends laid flowers for me upon Nat's grave. My day was spent with your mother and Mr. and Mrs. Washburn at Kew.

June 2, 1870.

“Hurrah for the Darby!” I wish I could give you even a glimpse at this “English institution:” as much so as the carnival at Rome or at Paris, or the “Praterfahrt” at Vienna illustrate the respective people whose chief cities I have mentioned. I might have added without blame the bull fight at Madrid, to attend which, on some festival day, the poor Spaniard will, it is said, sell his last shirt. To return to our special talk, the “Darby” at Epsom revealed to me more of the peculiarities of the English than any place or performance I have seen; while, at the same time, I saw that human nature itself is the same everywhere, that the love of pure fun and frolic exists in every people, and that a sufficient motive alone will serve to bring it out. I have never laughed more than I did yesterday, and I think the shaking up of “my liver” by the process will serve to keep off ill feeling for many a day to come. If ever I feel disconsolate, and perhaps begin to moralize on the sadness of human nature, I hope I shall think of Epsom. If ever I get cross and think all folks are cross with me, I shall need only to

remember the good humor everywhere displayed by the English people, while going, while there, and during our return; and I know I shall "snicker" outright, even in the presence of facts the most sobering in their influences. Jollity is the only word that conveys the least idea of the state of mind I was in from the moment of leaving Thorney Street till we arrived home again about eight P. M., after about ten hours of real labor; viz., a thirty mile drive and a stand or walk (chiefly) of several hours when away from our hansom.

July 25, 1870.

. . . You have, I know, attributed my long neglect of writing to the proper causes; viz., first, my having such an admirable amanuensis in your sweet mother, and second, my multiplicity of engagements, which prevent me from writing much more than the heads of my future journal. At present, having plenty of time unoccupied, I purpose spending an hour or more with you, and to give you "a night's stroll with the London police."

Three or four weeks ago I received a cordial letter from that dear old gentleman, Uncle Charles Yardley (formerly, as you doubtless remember, Chief of the Metropolitan Police under Sir Robert Peel, but now a retired officer living at Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, in dignified ease), inclosing another letter from the present Chief Commissioner, Colonel Henderson. In that I was informed that I had only to mention the day and an excellent police inspector would be detailed to accompany me so that

I could see the worst places and persons in the metropolis and in their dens at night. I wished to see them from no idle curiosity, but simply for the purpose of studying into this vast metropolis — this *microcosm*, so to speak, the very dregs of human nature. I wished to see how they lived, how they worked, and how they played, and their habits in every particular. I well knew it would be a new world to me, and I thought, as it really proved, that it would be one of the greatest interest to study. I knew, too, that human nature is about the same everywhere, and I did hope that I might gain something that might possibly be of service to dear New England, who, though younger and perhaps less steeped in misery and vice, I knew must have the same woes as London has on her more magnificent scale.

At nine p. m., July 20, your Uncle Vin and I, after an omnibus drive of about half an hour, were at Lehman Street Police Station at Whitechapel. I had taken the precaution to leave my watch with its gold chain and the greater part of my money at home. I had also dressed myself in full black, and instead of frock overcoat I put on a thin sack with pockets inside and falling below my hips. By these means I felt sure that even the small sum of money I had about me would be pretty well defended from the disciples of Fagin, who I knew would be numerous. Arrived fairly at the station, and my card presented, we were met most cordially. A glance at the countenance of one man dressed in a simple

citizen's dress showed me that he was there for the purpose of being our guide. He received us with great politeness, showed us all the arrangements of the station house for the comforts of the police and for the safe keeping of the prisoners. Under his directions three of the locked cells were opened. They were everywhere of bare wood. Five men were lying on the benches drunk and asleep. A woman with a babe was in the third. She was awake, her babe lying asleep on the board beside her. She was committed for an [illegible] assault. How apparently easy for any one even not a prophet to cast the horoscope of that sleeping child! What hope to save it from misery and crime! Yet there is at times a divine instinct inspired by the good Lord which even from the very depths of wretchedness leads up to heaven. Let us hope, therefore, that such will be the happy lot of the little sleeper who looked, as he lay totally unconscious of the degraded condition of his mother and as quietly at rest as if upon a loving, honest mother's bosom, as if some heavenly spirit was shielding and soothing him to his sweet slumber. We went into the rooms — sleeping, eating, working, reading, and amusement — of the police. Two hundred and fifty single men report to that station, and means for their improvement and pleasure must be provided. The house was an aristocratic looking place. The lofty ceiling and the twisted rounds of the staircase fully indicated that. Formerly, the guide said, they had a band and music helped, but the leader said it had been given

up, owing to the many discordant notes uttered by the members. "Let us try the highway," said our guide, as we stepped into the street. The broad street was lighted with blazing lamps, under which flaunted or quietly strolled along the poor degraded creatures that at that hour began their nightly promenades. We soon struck off into darker and more narrow passages, and finally came into Glasshouse Street Lane. It was literally lined and swarming with human beings of both sexes and all ages. The children seemed legion. Most of these persons were lying in various attitudes on the pavement, either talking or sleeping. The passageway was so narrow that we could not pass between the rows save by single file. To make the walk still more peculiar, a gaslight had been extinguished about midway down, so that only dusky human figures were visible, some looking like reptiles as they lay prostrate and generally silent. Our guide was evidently recognized, and an occasional kindly greeting from a man or woman who was standing proved to me that his relations with them were friendly, and at the same time firm. I could not help thinking of Dante following Virgil to the depths of Hades; and although the thought at first sight may seem very presumptuous, still in one aspect it is entirely appropriate, viz., the implicit confidence we put in our guide.

We slowly proceeded down the alley, followed by a bevy of children. One girl about ten years old, as I judged from her height, was during the whole

time fumbling where she supposed my pockets to be ; but fortunately my sack prevented all injury, and I quietly submitted, knowing myself to be secure. I only thought, " You are an inexperienced little creature, though not quite a novice in the business. Fagin can teach you something more." Nevertheless, I must confess to a sort of *creepy* feeling thrilling through me when thinking in what close proximity I was to the young thief's fingers. However, I showed no perturbation, and slowly followed. " Ah well, Mrs. McGinnis," cheerily said our guide, as we stumbled into an entry with floor uneven from broken boards and heaps of filth, " how do you get along ?" " Oh, indeed, sir, poorly enough," replied the person addressed. She was a middle-aged, haggard looking woman, with a husband half the time out of work, and four children, living in a room about six feet square, without a chair or bed or the slightest comfort in it. She was assisted by the Union with four loaves a week and a little money — two shillings. Not far from her was another room where the husband was more thrifty. There was a bed, a few Catholic pictures and emblems ; and the woman thanked God she had never been assisted. Whenever we stopped I was charmed with our guide's method of dealing with those he met. He always spoke cheerily, and the eyes that saw him evidently blessed him. Occasionally one referred to previous acts of kindness, so that I grew more and more confident in his power to lead us, and at the same time to defend us by his presence. " What would have

happened if we had by chance got into that alley alone?" I asked as we came out into the gaslight of the street once again. "Should I have risked my life?" "These are some of the most miserable, but not really criminal. You would probably have been hustled and in the darkness robbed, but not murdered," he replied. "A comfortable experience, and a new one," thought I, "to have been so near and to have escaped unharmed."

Suddenly our guide turned into a broadly open court, a sort of small square, surrounded by dingy looking houses, most of them having windows open, and at several were persons peering out upon the work that was going on below. A sad work it was! A mother, tall, bright, and intelligent looking, and her daughter about fourteen years old, were working on duck under the light of the single gas post that stood in the centre of the place. They were sewing strips of it together. It required real muscle to do the work, and the girl seemed to bend under it, but the well-knit muscle of the mother stood up well. "How are you?" asked our guide. "Oh, sir, getting along," smilingly answered the mother. The poor child spoke not a word, but quietly kept at her work, upon which mind and body seemed wholly absorbed. She took no notice of us, and I thought I could read in her face how the iron was entering her young soul. Here were these two; they had worked most of the day and were preparing to work until half past two A. M., and all for a miserable pittance; yet they must do that or starve



or steal in this Christian land. There was no joy, none of the buoyancy of youth, shown on that rather fair girl's face.

How could I wonder at drinking or saloon dancing or anything, in fact, to relieve the terrible life-long labor? Yet even in this court I was told that some of the children went to school. In another court of the same kind I saw another girl about fourteen years old. She was an orphan and had five young brothers and sisters all dependent upon her. She was very quiet and modest. She answered quietly, but with a sort of hopelessness, to our questions, and seemed annoyed by the congregation of boys and girls that immediately clustered around us as we stopped and began to talk with her. "Run away, run away," sternly said our guide. "Have you never seen anybody talking with a body, that you must need to crowd about us now?" and they immediately scattered like dew before the sun.

We went into one set of tenements about which there has been a litigation and no rent had been paid to any one since Christmas. Miserable enough was the aspect, but in one of the rooms was an old Greenwich pensioner, rather talkative with his liquor, and he told of the *amenities* of the place. Views of Greenwich, I should think, must often come before him, and yet he seemed quite fascinated with his present home. If he had been more sober, perhaps he would have viewed it with rather different eyes. With his beer, however, he was happy as the queen; nay, probably happier than Victoria at Balmoral.

The night wore on as we walked, and suddenly I almost fell as I stumbled up the narrow, dark, winding staircase leading to one of the scenes recently described by Dickens. In the story of Edwin Drood is the story of an opium smoker, as I am told ("Lascar Sal"); but I have never read the novel, and therefore was only influenced by the fact that Dickens had been there before me to have my interest in the spot greatly enhanced. The sight I met there would have been attractive to any one who cares to see human nature in all its phases. The room was small, dark, and ill ventilated. It was filthy everywhere. A foul looking bed was on one side, and on it, with her feet towards the edge and with her body at times raised upon her left elbow, or at times fairly recumbent on the side, lay an old woman. Her countenance was grim with dirt and smoke. Her lips and features were of dingy hue; her nostrils were large and animal-like, and bronzed like the rest. There was about her none of the rosy hue either of health or that from indulgence in liquor. Her eyes were dull and sluggish; her speech was slow and shameless, and yet it had a plaintive air, attractive to the listener, as she readily told her tale. She, too, had received kindness from our guide, for she gently alluded to previous mercies bestowed. "You look better and cleaner than usual," said he, as we all three stood with her alone in that wretched room. She was smoking a pipe made with a thick reed-like stem, fastened to an old-fashioned Wedgwood inkstand used as a bowl, into which she put her

opium. After years of as complete drunkenness as, from her own story, one ever saw, she had learned to smoke opium, which had mostly relieved her of her desire for liquor. "But as it is," she added, "I sometimes even now take a drop of gin or whiskey." For seventeen years she has used, on an average, one drachm of opium, purely extracted by the following process, a long and wearisome one. She buys with a few pennies some crude opium and boils it, in order to extract from it various evil articles mixed with it, and which she says are very "bad for the stomach." Having thus obtained all the virtues of the drug, she carefully boils down the infusion till it becomes of the consistency of treacle. Arrived at this point it is put in thimblefuls for her own personal use or for sale to Lascars and East Indian sailors, like those from whom she formerly learned the art. She was engaged in her delicious occupation of smoking as we entered. Reclining, as I have said, she lighted a small and dirty oil lamp and put around it a low but filthy glass. The wick was thrust in very low to prevent any smoking from it. Over this the hag held the mouth of the pipe, while at the same moment, with a piece of wire, she held at its point a small drop of the liquid. This was gradually dried over the lamp until ready for smoking, and then occasionally pressed on the opening of the pipe while it was held near the flame. While doing this she from time to time drew in deep breaths. Finally, with a blast as from the nostrils of an unearthly and almost devilish looking hag,

she blew out volumes of dense black smoke, to the distance of three or four feet. During this process her nostrils were widely distended, and the sense of evidently ecstatic enjoyment was manifest in every feature of her brown and beastly physiognomy. A quiet imperturbability of countenance gradually settled over her, but she continued to talk and ramble on with her horrid confessions. "Indeed, sir, if I lose my opium, I am distressed all over my body. It feels like electric shocks. Sometimes, when I have no money to buy opium, I scrape up even the dirt from my boxes in which opium has been kept, and I boil that and it comforts me. Many persons chew opium; that is worse than smoking, because the stomach is eaten by it. But few in England smoke it."

This, then, was Dickens's subject: the very person whom he had spoken to and had described. The last time he was in the room was last February. Her companions, the Lascar sailors who seek her abode as they come from the opium smoking creatures of the East, were not present.

With much difficulty we came down the narrow and broken staircase leading to the miserable abode thus made famous by Dickens, and turned up still farther into darkness. Keeping closely to the guide we ascended another staircase. Soon we entered another room already apparently crowded with seven or eight persons, men and women. The air was suffocating to us with animal effluvia and the smoke of lamps and fumes of opium. My breath grew

shorter and I felt oppressed. From physical suffering I longed to escape. Nevertheless, I was determined to see all that was to be seen. The room was very small and low, but a little neater than that last seen. It was the boarding-house of Lascar seamen. Two beds were in the room. Two men were on one of them, and they were lying in the same semi-recumbent posture in which the woman was previously seen. The dirty lamp, with its small wick just barely burning, was between them, resting on the coverlid. The two were enjoying together a "quiet smoke." The same processes, same dipping up of the little drops of liquid opium, the same burning, and the same deep draughts were carried on; only in the present case a real opium pipe was used, and it was every moment passed from the lips of the one to those of the other of the two miserable looking wretches before me. The night was hot, the window was but partially open; they lay there with their legs thrown toward the side of the bed and carelessly covered with their thin cotton of a dingy white color. They took but little notice of our presence and entered into conversation with us as if it were all a matter of course. The disgust and horror I felt when learning that one of these claimed to be a doctor was unbounded. A *native doctor* who had come, as he said, as surgeon in the ship! Overcoming my repugnance, I talked with them both, and examined their pipe, which they seemed willing to allow us to see.

"Well, how is the practice of medicine with you?"

Could you amputate an arm ?” I asked of the doctor. “I do all as the English books tell,” he replied. “I *hab* cut off one arm that was shot with bullet.” His language and whole deportment led your uncle and me to think he was a shallow pretender, and as I saw him lying there sucking in his infernal draught, I thought what misery his reputation must carry to the wretched victims that fall under his care. “Is it possible,” thought I, “that you ever felt the divine zeal for study, and for the acquirement of all knowledge necessary for any true lover of our, ‘noble art’?” I did not, however, express to him my doubts, but let him run on and tell of his exploits as if I believed every word he said was the exact truth. It was now about quarter past midnight, and these two we left still smoking and still constantly preparing in their sluggish way their (apparently) sole means of enjoyment. Could anything be more degrading to mind and body than their condition ?

Almost breathless from the close atmosphere to which I had been confined for ten minutes, and infinitely disgusted with the scene, I was glad to get out into the dark and dirty court.

I breathed more freely, and I had a sense of mental freedom likewise that was delightful ; yet I would not have failed to see that couple. It was another new experience, and taught me much of the horrible result of ungovernable appetite wholly unrestrained. Again we wandered forth into the night. The gin palaces of all grades were glittering with light. In the rear of some of them were dancing halls and

music halls, and in one case a very respectably sized theatre with pit and gallery. Everywhere we followed our guide, who seemed to have the "open sesame" to all. The theatre was filled with not disreputable looking men and women. I learned from Sergeant Gillies, our guide, that those in the pit were really respectable, but poor mechanics and their wives, able to visit this simple and cheap place. In the large gallery above, which we did not enter, were the "Cyprians." All was as orderly as at "Selwyn's." It was rather odd, as it seemed to me, for us three to be allowed to walk in, and amid the blaze of chandeliers to stand gazing upon the scene around us. It was indeed odd enough. A young man was just finishing a song as we entered. The audience seemed to pay no attention to us, so that I soon recovered my self-possession and calmly looked around as much as I desired to without offending anybody. As soon as the actor finished, some one of the audience gave out a subject, namely, "The present war," and called on him to improvise upon it. This he did with infinite glibness in doggerel lines. No regard whatever was paid to measure, but a series of true Alexandrian versification was volubly spit out by the youth. He only took care to produce a kind of jingling rhyme throughout the whole, no matter how long or short each line might be. As he talked of John Bull's glory and of Wellington and of Waterloo, he gained supreme applause.

Having stayed about ten minutes, we left and went into several other places of amusement. In one was

the "Fire King," so called, and we were asked (probably owing to our being considered distinguished strangers and allowed to enter everywhere without pay and received with most intense respect) if we would like to have him exhibit his powers in "eating fire." Undoubtedly we wanted to see all. Accordingly the little dancing nymph ceased pirouetting, and the music struck off from the fandango style of composition into the terrible and demoniacal character of perhaps "Der Freischütz" in the bullet scene, or the thump, thump, and ponderous beats of the tread of the commander in "Don Giovanni." We were not, however, afraid, being shielded by the ægis of our worthy sergeant. Suddenly a fantastically dressed, black-eyed man burst upon the stage, and after making various pantomime evolutions and ugly grimaces indicating that he was going to put tow into his mouth and that the gaslight had something to do with the operation, he began to pull bits of tow from a bundle of it that he held in his hand. He thrust rapidly piece after piece into his mouth till I thought surely he would either suffocate himself or prepare himself for some terrible indigestion at night, when *presto!* out came a puff of black smoke. He blew it furiously out, as the old hag blew her blast from her nostrils. Again his mouth opened and it seemed full of fire, while he blew sparks at a distance of eight or ten feet. "The devil!" inwardly ejaculated I. "What have we here? The arch-fiend, or whom?" I said nothing, however, but thought the more. Having blown fire to his



heart's content without apparently cringing in the least his black mustache and beard, he retired.

Very little applause was given, and I suppose spectators had become *blasé* in regard to his majesty's efforts. I watched the panting girl who had just finished her dance, and who sat patiently in front, with face partially turned toward me. She might have been fourteen years old; not beautiful certainly, yet by no means ugly. She seemed tired and weary. I tried to read in the features the thoughts that were stirring her. I like to go along the streets and to watch the faces of those I meet. I gain much instruction and serious warning or hope therefrom. I see many wrinkles made that might be avoided; I see care knitting the brow; I see thick sensual lips marking beastly propensity; I see serene faith and the beauty of a quiet hope marked in a few; above all, I often meet the perfectly happy faces of childhood. In the present instance I said, "You poor thing, you have nothing radically evil about your face. If you could get out of this vortex into which necessity must lead you, you would not be here. Who knows but the nourishment of some poor mother or desolate orphan sisters depends on what you gain here? Your eyes are modest and shrink from the look of the bystanders. Every motion is simple. What is your history? For my own comfort I will read it as I have written, and if I have read it aright, may God's blessing rest upon the sweet, self-sacrificing efforts!" Well, why not think of her as I could, and believe, as Dickens

often reveals to us, that diviner strains of heavenly music are sometimes heard in the hearts of those poor outcasts than we can hear in the palaces of the mighty and in the so-called refined of the earth. But, lo, the Fire King comes forth again. . . . Altogether, it was a strange sight, and one wonders that this man night after night should waste his talents in this low place, when, as I told the sergeant, if he would only go to America he would make his fortune and perhaps have a breakfast with X——, and all the aristocratic young ladies would be dying to shake hands with him.

We soon left and went down the street (far-famed "Ratcliffe Highway") and elbowed our way in single file between a row of men and women and the bar of another dancing hall, from which evidently the "liquor damnation" was being dealt out without stint. Going up a few steps, we entered a long room, and around tables were some men and women drinking. . . .

During all this time we had been running the rounds of the simply poor and vicious, not the really criminal. Of these I will tell by and by, but now I want to take you to one of the spots forever to be remembered in connection with Dickens. Many years ago this friend of man was making one of his night promenades with the police, as we are now doing, and he saw, even on a bitter cold night, men and women lying out on the pavement before the Union Workhouse. Refused admission even into this place! His heart bled, and he wrote and talked,

and finally persuaded the Government to establish "casual" wards everywhere. Now no homeless one is without food and shelter, at least for one night, in this vast metropolis, containing four million human souls.

On leaving the last place we walked towards the casual wards of Whitechapel Union, and at quarter past twelve we rang the bell. A light was in the entry, but the porter was evidently asleep. One or two smart raps on the door, however, soon aroused Cerberus. I felt somewhat conscience smitten thus to disturb the poor fellow. However, I was not unwilling to see all that could be seen and what was deemed worthy of being seen by our guide. After various rattling of chains, the door was opened about a foot, much as a warder in olden times must have first opened the trap beside the door when called by the bugle horn of some new arrival at a castle gate. "Well, well, come along," said our guide, in rather rapid, still kindly words. "Let us in. How are you all?" Immediately the door closed again, the chain was slipped, and we entered an entry exquisitely neat though narrow. The chief soon appeared and bowed to the officer and his friends. "We want to see your place," said the guide. We were led first to the bath-room. There were two splendid and perfectly clean white marble bath tubs, into which could be made to gush in full stream an abundant supply of hot and cold water. Into them every visitor, however dirty, was immediately put and thoroughly scrubbed. The women alone protest; they

hate to have their heads washed. Once cleaned, each has a clean night shirt and is put into a cot bed. Occasionally two boys sleep together. The cots are of wood and can be turned up by means of a hinge near the head, and all about them they have the same perfect cleanliness seen elsewhere. Every one has four ounces of bread given night and morning, and four of gruel in the morning. Men and women frequently return for the night's lodging. The police send permits to all whom they find wandering in the street. They had between sixty and seventy that evening. And they had more comfort in appearance than in the lodging-houses of which I propose to tell farther on. We went into the office in order to inscribe our names in the visitors' books. There was seen Dickens's simple signature, followed by that of Cyrus W. Field, who evidently accompanied him that evening. It was fitting that Dickens's name should be there among the first in precedence, and undoubtedly destined to be first honored — very naturally as it seemed to me. The officer turned back the leaves in order to show the unpretending signature. As he pointed it out to us his forefinger rested on the name of Cyrus W. Field. I was instantly reminded of the Roll of the Members of the Royal Society, and that the name of the successor of Sir Isaac Newton is wholly obliterated under the repeated finger smutchings of a long line of visitors. So Field's name, though worthy of kindred immortality, is destined to be annihilated at this casual ward by the superior fame of the great novelist.

Is not this casual ward business a step in a worthy direction? The authorities here undertake to provide shelter, and they make *vi et armis* men and women clean. In thus doing, the health and morals of the community are elevated. Why may not, by an extension of the principle, and on the ground of self-defense too, the public authorities eventually build houses, to be let at moderate prices and to be kept, forcibly if necessary, clean? We build school-houses and give schooling, and are talking of giving books free to the scholars. Surely the houses in which the poor "live and move and have their being" ought in like manner be cared for by the public; if not for humanity's sake, then for the sake of the public health. Every vile and dirty house is a plague spot, a centre of the abominable miasma of contagion. When shall we fairly grapple with this idea?

Leaving the casual ward and the memories of Charles Dickens, we retraced our steps a little, and our guide said that he would carry us into the streets and houses occupied by the thieves and burglars and all the most infamous in crime in the metropolis. It seemed rather a hazardous adventure, but we knew we had English law tempered by kindness as our support, and so, nothing daunted, we entered again the low streets and alleys. We passed many long and not very well-lighted ones. All, however, had some gas. Almost everybody seemed out of doors, as in the previous streets and lanes we had seen. I observed that many were asleep. Two young per-

sons, apparently brother and sister, were there. Both appeared to be in a midnight slumber, that is, it was so deep that they did not stir at our approach, nor did they notice the constant conversation going on among the others standing or lying around them. As I looked down upon this sleeping pair in White-chapel, not a trace of evil seemed marked upon them. Simple wretched penury was there evident, and whatever of vice may have stained them both during past days, the thought suggested was only that of pity for the necessity which compels any one so young to live in such squalid poverty that the flagging-stone of a sidewalk, even in a crowd, is more pleasant than their own abode. These last, as I heard, were filthy and filled with vermin; but even here it seemed to me that the beautiful traits of brotherly and sisterly confidence and love were manifest. The youth was lying on the stones, while the girl's head rested on his breast, his arm thrown somewhat around her, as if in attitude of defense. Thus, strange as it may seem to you, I could not help weaving a kind of Dickens's tale of heavenly hue around the young sleepers as they thus lay in the purlieus of crime under the starlight night. All this seems almost foolish to myself now, as I write it out; and yet, did I not have such hopes that even into the very depths of poverty and crime God sends heavenly rays of his purest light, I should be miserable at the thought of the scene I saw there around me. I do not remember whether I may not have mentioned an old woman that our guide stopped in the middle

of the street not far from a gaslight. She was the picture of poverty, age, and woes of all kinds. Her voice was weak and her frame tottering; she was "going home" at about half past one A. M.! She knew our guide. He addressed her gently and asked how she got along. I wondered why he kept her there under our eyes. "Well, well, good-night," he said in a cheerful tone; and as we left her he whispered, "That old woman is wholly alone in this world: no relatives left, nor children, of whom she has had no less than fourteen. All, without a single exception, have been transported!" Horrible, is it not? And what a tale of crime could that now widowed, childless thing reveal if she wished so to do! Doubtless no mother could be so bereft and be herself innocent; and alas, what an end! In poverty and crime, looking forward to death, still ever surrounded by crime and the same devilish influences; yet even here, I doubt not, God's bounty shines, and in some way unknown to us illuminates at times her heart. Her face was by no means worse than many I meet daily in Washington Street, and then too, how wrong for us to give her nothing but blame! Who knows what were the early surroundings of the little girl sixty or seventy years ago? Who knows but that she grew up under the evil influences of a Fagin or of a Dick Turpin? Perhaps a father thief or murderer greeted her every day and night with curses. Did any one ever speak to her of the dear Lord and the beauty of a noble life? What knew she save of crime? What knew she of the mercy of

men or of God? So I have mused as I have thought of the old trembling creature. Pity for her has arisen in full streams at the remembrance that Christianity has so little real influence in our every-day dealings with the poor and the criminal. I know this will seem to the politician all mere sentimentality and nonsense. Nevertheless, I thank God I can feel so, for I have full faith that *some time* my dreams will be realized by others, even if I die, as doubtless I shall, without realizing one iota of the hopes for the future of humanity that press upon me when speaking of such life.

During our progress we had gone into several of the public lodging-houses of the poor. They are all under the surveillance of the police. They must be kept clean and at least 300 cubic feet of air be allowed to each sleeper. Generally they were neat and very simple. The beds looked dingy, possibly from London smoke. Cots were arranged in various directions over the floor, and in them were lying often Herculean looking men, with bodies bare to the waist, sleeping heavily or quickly covering themselves as we went among them. Queer, was it not, that even with a police agent, I was able thus to intrude myself at midnight into the sleeping-room of any Englishman, every one of whom claims even a temporary home as his castle? The reason why it is borne is that, by this surveillance of police, much misery is really prevented. Each had his bed, and we could not disturb that. That was his castle, and defended by the whole power of English law, he



rested for threepence or sixpence per night, or one shilling sixpence per week, in peace.

A large fire in the basement enables each man to cook his own food. He uses his fingers or his own jackknife while eating. The landlord cannot provide knives and forks, for they are inevitably stolen. Everything the sleepers can steal disappears, even the brass stoppers to the wash basins go. Even here, and at dead of night also, we saw a little child running about. It was her home, and what a home it must be! We had seen nearly enough, and as we came out of the last place we told our guide so. We turned again toward home. The first person we met was a unique character, I must think. A youth, thin and wiry, met us. Nothing very marked appeared in his face. "Oh, are you here? When did you get out?" said our leader. He then entered into conversation with him, which we could not hear. "Well, remember the gentleman is still ready to help you if you will behave yourself." "Thank you, sir," quietly replied the young man thus spoken to. "That young fellow has been convicted and sentenced nineteen times for thieving. He seems to find it impossible to avoid stealing;" and we passed along our way towards the station.

"Oh, dear, dear! let me die, let me die where I am," were the words that rang piercingly down the narrow street, at the end of which we were passing. It was a female voice, and one conveying to our sharpened senses a certain degree of horror. It seemed as if our walk was destined appropriately

to terminate in a murder. We instantly turned and went towards the spot, a little distance off, where we saw a small group, whence the sound had come. We soon reached it, and found two men endeavoring to raise from the sidewalk the drooping form of a girl about twenty years of age. No constable was there. The young men evidently knew her, and they roughly spoke to her, telling her to "get up." At the same time they were almost vainly trying to raise her. An old woman was loudly swearing that it was too bad that "Crankie Jim Shaw" had murdered her daughter; that he had struck her when she had said nothing to him, etc. She immediately, and apparently with confidence, appealed to our guide. "Won't you have him arrested?" "I know all about him," was the reply; and we tried to see the exact condition of the young woman. Soon a constable, young and inexperienced, appeared. He had no authority in his manner and seemed scarcely to know what to do. "Turn a light upon her, constable," said our guide, "and let us see how much she is hurt." The light of the dark lantern was suddenly thrown upon the half-raised figure. Her hair was disheveled and it was thick with blood which had oozed from the right temple. She was not wholly unconscious, though she spoke not a word. The sight was horrible enough. "Why do you not see to her," said our guide. "Get assistance. Do you know me?" rapidly continued he. "No, sir." "Well, I am Inspector of the Police. See to her." The constable in-

stantly went his way to get the necessary attendance, Meanwhile the old woman pleaded for the arrest of "Crankie Jim," and the young men raised up the poor creature and prepared to carry her into an adjacent house. We went our way, and soon I fell to musing. The parable of the Good Samaritan would force itself upon me, and I could not help feeling a hearty self-reproach. I ought as a true physician to have followed and to have at least washed the bleeding forehead. Would the dear Lord have thus left even the Magdalen in sorrow and pain without even an attempt to help her? Even a word of pity would have been something, but we did nothing. I did simply as I always do — I shrink from surgery. I knew that medical aid would probably soon be at hand. I saw that no great artery was rapidly bleeding. I should compel others, and the guide, to wait longer. I knew we were all very tired and the hour was late. These and other suggestions flitted through my mind and I forebore to do what I now regret, and shall always regret that I did not; namely, listen to the promptings of the spirit which indicated instantly what the duty of a physician is under such circumstances. Alas! alas! how hard it is to be a real Christian at any time, and yet how easy for us to get ourselves into pleasant and, as we call it, religious thought by fine singing or preaching, while resting on cushioned or wooden seats, whether in lofty cathedral or in Quaker meeting-house.

So ends my walk with the police. I trust I have

not tired you out. I write for myself in the future, so skip all you wish and preserve this letter for myself alone, to ponder over at times when I return.

At two and a half A. M., as the dawn was breaking in the east, we reached Thorney Street. Farewell, darlings! How thankful I am I was born under different influences from those I have attempted to describe. How thankful I am that I have been able to shield you from such horrors. But let us all learn a lesson of pity rather than anger at the wrong doings even of those whose early lives are subjected to such terrible scenes. Let each one of us endeavor so to act that the world will be a little better, perhaps, when we die because we have lived. We are all well and happy. God bless you.

Later he went to Newcastle, to attend a meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.

#### TO HIS WIFE.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, September 24, 1870.

It has always been my theory, and I trust in some measure at least my practice, that we should always be striving to bring down into common, every-day life these higher enjoyments. The more we do so, the more we make home a heaven on earth. The more of the mountain or of the seashore freshness and life we shed over our children, the more will they love home. The more we put before them, by our reading and by our talk, noble examples of greatness and of goodness, the more will their dear

souls "given in trust to us" in their tender years, become themselves noble and true and good and really pious. If I can get a holy thought from St. Osric's shrine, shall I not throw it before them whom I love, while at the same time I also strive, and do at times strive, to press that thought into my own heart also? I am only humbly acknowledging my gratitude to that great, mysterious Father of us all, who has implanted in me this love of beauty and of goodness for my best interests. "And so endeth this discourse. Amen. Amen."

Now for the doings of yesterday. At ten we went to the general hall of meeting, in order to hear Lord N——, Justice of the Supreme Court of Scotland, deliver a general discourse on "Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law." You would hardly suppose such a subject would interest me, and yet I assure you that from beginning to end I was charmed. It was full of genuine wit and wisdom. He was evidently full to the brim of fun. Would not Judge Putnam or Judge Gray and he enjoy a bit of converse together? By a number of queer anecdotes he illustrated his various positions. For example, in the Neapolitan court, where the jury *always* gave a verdict directly in opposition to the ruling of the judge, there was a question of horse stealing. It was proved conclusively that the defendant was seen in the barn where the horse was tied at one hour, and at another place with the same horse three or four hours afterwards. The learned judge, in summing up the evidence, said: "It is

plain that the facts were exactly stated, and now the question arises, Did the defendant steal the horse, or did the horse steal the defendant?" His honor was inclined to hold the latter opinion, namely, that the horse ran away with the man. The jury, without leaving their seats, immediately rendered a verdict of "Guilty of horse stealing." Again, in another case, a clansman had sworn that his laird, who was accused of fighting against the king, had never stirred a foot from his castle, when it was well known he had led his followers into the disastrous fight. On his laird afterwards asking him how he could reconcile it to his conscience to swear to such an abominable lie, he said: "Aye noo, laird, I wad sooner trust my soul to the maircy o' God than your neck to the ropes o' these troopers." Occasionally, when he spoke of the eternal grand principles of the law, and of the great merit of those noble judges that have from century to century laid down one by one these principles for the guidance of our race, my heart swelled and I felt the real dignity to which a human being, obedient to law, can rise. Comprends-tu, ma chère? I was glad to hear this excellent discourse, for it proved an offset to the weakness and insolence of some at the meeting of the Section on Health. Sewage was again under discussion. Rev. Mr. M—— read, by means of another, a paper on his system. I was thunderstruck when I found it had literally stirred up a nest of hornets. Among the most conspicuous was X——, a great, gross looking, brandy faced bully. He called

Mr. M—— a “quack,” — a term he repeated several times. His manners were overbearing in the extreme. I understand this is his usual deportment to all that differ from him. He, the demigod, has only to shake “his ambrosial curls and give the word,” and all must obey. I felt vehemently inclined to “rush into the ring;” but all things are managed so strictly here that a man has to send up his card and wait his turn and speak but once, so that I restrained myself, and Dr. F—— and an Edinburgh man floored (if such a mass of insufferable insolence as Mr. X—— could be floored) the scoundrel. Now I have “let out!” Heretofore, from his writings and his sayings, I have taken for “law and gospel” everything that that man (gentleman is not the word to apply) writes. Hereafter, after such violence and ignoring of facts as he displayed, I shall decide by the “doctrine of chances” whether what he says is true or not. I have attended many meetings, but I never have been so disgusted with any man as with him. But he was only one. Don’t imagine I get nothing good here. On the contrary, I am learning daily. The English sanitarians have evidently come to this, namely, that the “excreta” must all be carried off; and some of the partisans pitch into each other as the schoolmen did in their theological discussions, as if their antagonists, though really agreeing with them on the fundamental points, are nevertheless fools and “quacks” because one pet theory or another is apparently opposed. But let them pass.

In the P. M. I went to a ladies' meeting. We men had been specially invited because the subject-matter for debate was about married women having their own property under their own control, instead of being, as now, under that of the husband. It appears that the poor working-woman has already for a small sum gained that by act of Parliament last session; but the ladies don't ask favors or generous behavior, but simple justice, and the "agitation" is to be continued at the next session of Parliament. One person was very striking, viz., a Miss Todd, of Ireland, a very intelligent and quiet talking woman. Her remarks on seconding one of the resolutions were far superior to those of any man that spoke, and that is saying a good deal, for there were two male speakers; but one was a perfect "fal-de-lal-de-liddle-O." I was quite ashamed of my sex, he was so sophomorical. Lady B——, a thin, intellectual looking person, very dignified, presided with great skill. Altogether, I came away quite impressed with the idea that such women will do no harm to society or to themselves by mingling in its public affairs. On this occasion I was a decided Woman's Rights man, although at Liverpool I "went in" for Human Rights, in opposition to the Woman's Rights platform.

In the evening we went to meet the antiquary, Rev. Mr. Bruce, at the old Norman castle. Strong and solid it still rises, as it has for centuries. It has borne the brunt of many battles, but has fought its last fight. It is now under the care of the Soci-



ety of Antiquarians of Newcastle to make a museum and library of it. He showed us the various rooms and all sorts of curiosities. The doctor leaned on a delicate staff of polished oak that undoubtedly was growing, or had already grown and been overthrown, the year the dear Christ was born. The old black oak chair in which the president of the Antiquarians sits has the same date. They were both found *under* the bog on which rested the foundation of the earliest Roman bridge, which was commenced in the early part of the second century; and those trees from which the relics were taken were large, evidently over a century and a half older. Certainly it was a curious feeling to place one's hand upon anything that was so old, and brought by the doctor's suggestion into such sweet thought, perhaps it may be said, distant relations to us.

And all this was only an introduction to the peerless walk of eight or ten miles over the hills just below the Cheviot Range, and within sight of them, which we took yesterday with Dr. B——, and during which we examined thoroughly the magnificent remains of the so-called Roman wall. But these more properly should be styled the grand series of fortresses united by the road and defended by a wall which ran in former times from Wall's End near Newcastle fairly across the country to Carlisle. Of these splendid remains I will talk in my next.

H.

## TO HIS WIFE.

NEWCASTLE, September 29, 1870.

This letter I have written to the bairns. As soon as you have read it, send it to them. I hope it will prove to one and all that I have not forgotten them in my long silence. To-day we finish with a visit to Alnwick and a lunch in the castle of the Percys. How can I help being stirred with the thought that I am about to visit the home of a renowned race? a race, too, that has been able to count in its line many brave, honest, liberal souls. Can I forget while there that perhaps the chivalrous and high-mettled Harry Hotspur often strode the very baronial hall in which we shall be walking? Can I not draw from the old walls a new scorn for meanness of soul? Cannot Shakespeare stir me when he puts into Harry's mouth the brave words:—

“And I will tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head”?

And so again:—

“I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Deil,  
By telling truth: Tell truth and shame the Deil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.  
Oh, while you live, tell truth and shame the Deil.”

As I drew inspiration from Wilton House and Bemerton Church, and all those lovely places we visited so lovingly together, so I anticipate “drinking deeply” at this seat of the Percys. But I must not anticipate, but will merely tell you that I at-

tended last evening a public meeting on the recent act passed by Parliament, which is now beginning to stir up the women of England, led by Miss Martineau and Florence Nightingale. I went to see the result, much doubting the expediency of the whole movement, and greatly doubting, moreover, whether any meeting could be conducted with propriety on such a subject, with men and women taking part in it. I was surprised, and I must say that I have greater respect than ever for the innate modesty and respect for real virtue observable in the common people of England; for in that vast, thickly packed assembly there was not a single word spoken or cry uttered that indicated any disrespect for women or for the highest morality; and I will say still further that the deathlike silence and wrapt attention of that crowd of laborers to the gentle but noble words of virtue and of a lofty religious faith, uttered by Mrs. Butler, were beyond all praise. As she stood there, the perfect lady in dress, in graceful language and gesture, and appealed for the fallen of her sex to her former fellow-townsmen, I could only think of the sonnet of Dante in which he describes the almost divine influence of Beatrice.

Ever lovingly, H.

In consequence of the illness of a dear friend, Mrs. Abel Adams, then in Switzerland, and of a letter from her requesting his presence as a physician, if possible, my father made a hurried trip to the Continent in order to escort Mrs. Adams back to England. It was during this trip that he was fortunately enabled to visit Strassburg.

BASLE, October 13, 1870.

Here we are, perhaps embargoed for twenty-four hours by the war difficulties. I thought it would be so because of my own difficulty in getting along, riding until ten or eleven P. M. instead of four or five, and with endless stoppages and détours. Louis, however (the courier), being very sensitive, and moreover very careful and thoughtful of every comfort of the ladies, I suggest no changes, but leave all to him. He telegraphs, and always gets excellent rooms and provides excellent dinners and fine extra old claret, real Burgundy, I should think. I have risen in his estimation wonderfully because I declared I had never tasted such delicious claret as he provided at Fribourg night before last. It appears that it was the real old genuine article and that I ought to have been just so enthusiastic. It is true, I think, I fell a little in his eyes when I did not recognize, and try immediately on raising my glass, the "bouquet," I think they call the aroma coming from the real thing. However, I raise his estimation each day by not treading on his sensitive corns and by not preventing him from making a "mutton pie" of me. I now care nothing for luggage or tickets, and generally I say, "Demit yah! Some one will take care of me and mine." And thus you see, under Louis's discipline, I have become more submissive in not working for myself than I have become under your dear labors for about thirty years past.

CARLSRUHE, October 14, 1870.

Nothing but the inspiration I always feel when writing to you would induce me to give the following account of my visit to Strassburg a few days only after its bombardment by the Germans. (Surrendered September 29.) The Adamses were kindly disposed to my leaving them even for one or two days in order to see the place. If I could not have done it in one, I should not have visited it at all. Accordingly, yesterday morning, Louis, at the early hour of 6.30 A. M., was ready to go with me to the station and to buy a first-class ticket (on Mrs. A.'s account, by her express commands) for Kehl. From that place I should "easily find my way to Strassburg." I had been led to believe that the city was only "just over the river," whereas it was distant at least three miles. A crowd of visitors were on hand at Kehl. Lines of vehicles of all kinds were also at hand, and they were likewise of all kinds, — some extemporized from wagons, etc. I declined all offers and trudged on, having left my *impedimenta*, as Cæsar has it, to be carried to this place by Louis. The weather was fair; the wind blew furiously. Fortunately my soft hat, wedged in a determined manner upon my crown, enabled me to avoid losing my top gear, which I should inevitably have done, had it not been for that blessedly comfortable felt affair. As I walked through the streets even at Kehl, I saw the dire effects of war. Numerous

houses bore the marks of balls, and as for the main station (a long and beautiful building of stone and brick), it was utterly ruined, and the walls alone stood partially. The clock's hands pointed to 3.30 as the hour when it finally ceased its work. All this had been done by the fire from the citadel, in order to pay back dearly the mischief caused by a battery that had been planted on the German side. I was among the first of a frantic crowd of Germans, all anxious to pay their one or two kreutzers and get over the floating bridge which now alone conducts travelers across the really rushing Rhine. I had a silver piece that I thought sufficient and good. "Nicht gut," was the reply by a fat, stolid fellow. I was thunderstruck. "Ich verstehe nicht," I knew from experience would be the reply to any appeal I might make to him either in French or German. Meanwhile a half dozen hands were thrust forward. My neck was fairly embraced in quite a loving manner by those earnest seekers after admission to the seat of the recent war. "It was Babel let loose." I retired a little to make another jump with another silver coin. That passed muster, and I again joined the crowd of walkers and drivers across the floating bridge of boats. The stream is magnificent; awful, in fact, for I thought that if I were once in, it would be all over with me. A splendid iron bridge was just below, with the Imperial Eagle in iron perched in the act of preparing to fly, with his beak directed towards Paris. On the German side there was "clink of hammers closing rivets up" while re-

pairing one large part of the structure, which had been blown up in the early part of the war when the Germans feared that the French would pass the bridge into "Fatherland." It appears from this that they had less hope of an offensive war than they have since this terrible fight. The huge iron mass which had been thrown up by the explosion was lying half in and half out of the river, a shapeless twisted ruin. Wholly new arrangements were being made. I, of course, looked at all these things while continuing steadily on my course. I saw the cathedral spire, and although it seemed near, it really was a good way off, owing to the circuitous route the road took. However, I did not regret my walk, except that the wind being in my face made it rather a difficulty to hold up against it. As I came up the road, everywhere were seen marks of war's devastating influences. Trees had been felled; others were cut with shot and shell; houses utterly demolished; nothing literally but a heap of bricks and charred wood. On the remnants of one I saw two or three women. They were possibly seeking to find their lost treasures. They were evidently acquainted with the spot. Moreover, a temporary railing prevented intruders from entering the premises. Along the railway I saw the evidences of its having been used as an intrenchment. Baskets filled with earth and pointed stakes still remained. It reminded me of my horseback ride over the battlefield of Antietam. Not far off from the road where this destruction had been going on, I saw a colored sandstone monument,

apparently uninjured. It had had, however, only a lucky escape, for the top of one of the huge pillars sustaining two solid iron chains that surrounded the monument had been fairly knocked to pieces by shot, so that three feet to the one side or the other would have hit the monument itself. It had on it these words: "Au Général Dessaux. L'Armée du Rhin. 1800."

It was erected by Napoleon I. at the fall of Dessaux at Marengo in 1800. Gardens were torn up; grapevines were laid low; cemeteries had their fences wholly taken down and their crosses thrown in every direction. As the walk became rather fatiguing, I jumped on the top of one of the omnibuses and after about half or three quarters of an hour approached "Pont d'Austerlitz." This is entered over a drawbridge, and by a second gate the city is fairly reached. A moat surrounds the whole. It was evidently made for solid defense. Nasty odors arose from the partially dried-up grasses and dirty stuff that always collects in such places. The hospital with its white flag seemed uninjured. It was a large and well-built place just inside of the wall. Crowds were everywhere in the streets. The shops were most of them open, but nothing brilliant was seen in them. Even the bakers had only one or two loaves in their windows, *placebos*, so to speak, for hungry stomachs. In the Place d'Armes was a large heap of filth, bricks, and dirt of all kinds, and the carts were still adding to it. During the siege the inhabitants were obliged to put various débris there, and now



they were only adding to it from various parts of the city, in order at one fell swoop to carry all off at once. I doubted the expediency of tipping up stinking manure in any part of the city, even for a moment, now the Germans have possession; but as I was not commander, or on the Board of Health of Strassburg, I gave no advice. But this, and other methods now followed by this people, proves that however scientific and excellent they may be, they don't dislike smells, nor do they have any idea of what cleanly comfort means. As the omnibus drove along towards Place Kleber, where that famous fighter stands in pompous French style, I observed that almost every house had been pricked more or less. Some had lost a window; others a blind; on others the roof was repaired recently; others had huge holes, evidently from an immense ball having struck and fairly passed through the thick wall, bringing destruction to the innocent wife or sleeping, unconscious child. Others, finally, were utterly gutted with marks of fire upon what remained of the walls. Some of the noblest of the private mansions apparently had suffered in this way, and I doubt if any public building escaped. Certainly the theatre, a beautiful museum, and priceless library, with all their treasures, are gone. The walls alone stand. Arrived on the Place Kleber, I dropped down from my omnibus, and found that large square filled with Prussian troops. They are certainly a fine looking set. I did not see a sinister face among them, but generally they had a ruddy, wholesome,

homelike expression about them ; very different from the "devil-may-care," or worse, which the French soldiers usually have. The city is, of course, ruled with a rod of iron ; but I observed no swagger, no airs of superiority, on the part of the conquerors. Policy as well as prudence dictate this behavior. Still, did not these motives lead to quietness, I believe the spirits behind those faces which I saw would keep the holders of them full of self-respect. I was constantly reminded of Nat while looking at those young warriors for the so-called "holy war" (*Heiliger Krieg für Vaterland*). I walked along, but not alone, for the streets were crowded, and I found, as I said above, I believe, most of the shops open. At first the inhabitants refused to work, except, perhaps, at extravagant prices. The governor soon put an end to that nonsense by ordering, under pain of expulsion from the city for disobedience, all mechanics and laborers of every description to call at the mayor's office and be registered for work on the public works for proper pay. He did that, he said, to prevent idlers from giving public annoyance. Another notice I saw, requiring all citizens to be in their houses at eleven P. M., instead of nine P. M., ordered previously. Again, at one time every citizen was obliged in the evening to carry a lantern. It was curious to see the different proclamations all on the same board ; from Ulrich consenting to the French mayor's continuing his functions immediately beside one of these "state-of-siege" proclamations of the German commander-in-chief. These things I

noticed as I strolled along towards the Hôtel de la Paix. This, not far from Place Kleber, is a splendid building with a front of extreme beauty. Fortunately this front escaped, while the back of the building suffered. Two sentinels stood at its entrance, so that I doubted my right of entrance. However, I presume they stood there because it was evidently the headquarters of some notable person. I called for potage and chops and was admirably served. I had bespoken a "commissionnaire" to accompany me, but he was not ready on my going out of the hotel, and as I did not know whether he would return, I strolled on towards the cathedral. I had studied the map of the city and supposed that I should find it easy to get to the citadel first, and accordingly went my way. Immense and beautiful buildings wholly ruined met my eyes in many places. Apparently with refinement of cruelty—and yet such is war—wherever a fire broke out the besiegers immediately made that point their objective and threw "shrapnel," which brought death to all who attempted to put it out. In theory at least, it was the object of Prussia to demand surrender, or, in case that order was not obeyed, to burn all the inhabitants in their own houses. Horrible, is it not? Yet such is war, legitimate war! It was considered a great feat for the first Napoleon to elevate all his guns, not upon his enemies who were retreating across a frozen river, but over their heads, so that the heavy balls, falling on the ice might break it, and thus ten or twenty would be drowned where one would be hit. Yet

such is war! I am wandering from my walk, and also losing my way; so I call a nice looking laborer who is picking up the broken limbs of trees cut by the balls, and ask him to show me my way to the citadel. As I go along I read the proclamation that a man having been insolent to a soldier has been shot, and the mayor warns the citizens to be careful. Another had been killed by the explosion of a shell which he had carelessly picked up, and people were told to give information of all such things to the proper authority. Again, notice is given that the Savings Bank had closed its doors, but hopes that all will come out right in a few days. On the theatre (walls only standing) I saw that the heads had been knocked off from one or two of the statues upon its front. Goethe and Molière stand a poor chance in times of war. My guide pointed after a time at the citadel and then left me. I threaded my way across the desolate space intervening between it and the city, and passed boldly one sentinel who doubted my rights; but as he seemed to doubt his rights to stop me, I continued on through one gate across the moat, and went calmly up to the second gate; but there the "crossed bayonets" met me. I offered to pay, as I had heard that admission was granted on payment of a certain sum that was to be given to the poor of the city; but no, I must return through unknown parts to the "commandanture" and get a "billet." Unfortunate H. I. B.! Disconsolately he turned his back upon such people and almost thought of giving up the matter. He

had seen inside. What was the use of doing more? He could see that all the barracks were knocked into one general "muddle." What was the use of particularizing? All these arguments passed rapidly through H. I. B.'s mind as he slowly retraced his steps towards the first round-faced Teuton who had meekly permitted him to enter. That worthy said something in unintelligible language, but it was doubtless, "I told you so, my old fellow." I passed by him in silence, but vowed that instant I would return "armed and equipped as the law directs." Accordingly, I hired a cab just outside the gate and drove to the city, and "here my story begins." "Voilà tout;" not a word could the driver understand, and he evidently did not know where the "commandanture" or even the "Hôtel de la Paix" was. Finally, he caught up a young lad who understood French, and by his aid I got to the hotel. I determined there to start afresh with a "commissionnaire." The rascally driver undertook to charge five francs for a fifteen minutes' drive, possibly one and a half miles, and the sentinel did not dispute the idea. At the risk of being arrested, I gave two francs and rushed into the hotel and sought my garçon who had brought my lunch. He took my part, and soon I was on my way again, with a voluble speaking "commissionnaire," to the place to get "billets." Arrived, after rather a long walk, at the entrance again, I met my Teuton with a smiling face, and he smiled in return, and really seemed quite contented at my success. I soon

passed the second gate. I was in an immense enclosure of several acres, capable of holding several thousand soldiers. Around and through it had been erected fine stone buildings several stories high for barracks and various offices, estaminet, etc. Streets were laid out, large gardens filled with grapevines and fruit-trees, vegetables, and flower beds were there, and yet there was most perfect desolation. The houses were a mass of shapeless ruin ; not a room was left ; only in the casements was there a place to stay ; but even these "bomb-proof" spots had to be defended by large heaps of sand bags fully stuffed and piled closely one upon another. The gardens were ripped up ; grapevines were torn down. Everywhere was "litter ;" soldiers' cast-off clothing, bits of broken shell, dirt and filth of every kind. A perfect hell must have reigned there when the Prussians from three or four different positions poured shot and shell at night into the place. It must have been awful ! I walked on the ramparts, or rather ran around them. These were everywhere torn up, but I did not see anywhere so great a breach as I had expected. Perhaps for want of time I could not see all, for as I looked from their top the other means of defense outside of this main citadel seemed immense. This gives one an idea of the genius of Vauban, who built it two centuries ago. The Prussians will restore it and keep it, and they ought to do so, unless they have confidence enough in their free institutions and universal instruction to be willing to give up such forts. But while we do not dis-

mantle the forts of our harbor, we cannot ask Prussia either to dismantle this fortress or to give it up, especially as Strassburg was stolen in the time of perfect peace by that great monarch, Louis XIV.

As I stood on the ramparts I could not help thinking that even A—— would say that for Prussia to have done so much and suffered so much, and then to give up a citadel to be used as an eternal menace to the opposite shore of the Rhine, would be utter folly. When I came out my “commissionnaire” had gone. I suppose he was gossiping with some of the laborers not far off, and, not wishing again to come in contact with my old enemy of five-franc memory, I made a “bee line” alone for the cathedral spire. Again in the narrow streets I could not see it, but going up to an old and fine looking officer I asked my way. “Tout droit, monsieur,” and I gladly went in and soon arrived at the side door of the cathedral. I was shocked to see how near this noble building had come to utter destruction. The finest two of the windows are intact; almost all the rest are more or less broken. The roof is pierced with numerous small balls, or holes at least, through which the sky shows itself. In one place a rosette forming the keystone is exactly thrown out, leaving a round space, only smaller, like that of the Pantheon at Rome. The beautiful organ at its upper part is wholly destroyed. The clock is stopped, but they say it is not much injured. The moment I entered I stood looking around to get the first general effect, when “thud” came a piece of the fretted carving

of a window high above me. It had been broken by a ball, and the high wind loosened it. It fell within a foot or two of a lady, and the way she flew to the other side of the church was very natural, yet at the same time excited my laughter "in my inside." The hoarse-voiced priests were chanting vespers, while crowds of curious visitors were strolling about the church. It seemed like mockery of religion. I soon left it with the feeling that the church richly deserves the reputation it has long enjoyed, and I could not be thankful enough that such a gem as that had not been more injured. I went outside. I saw where one huge ball must have pitched upon it. I saw the spire and it seemed uninjured, but one who knew better said that the cross that surmounted it hangs now by the lightning rod. Fearing to get late I soon left, went to my hotel, and prepared to walk back to Kehl.

Issuing from the city gates, I met a gentleman, who proved to be a physician from Lausanne. Under his kind care, he understanding German, I went along finely. We got into a cart extemporized to a carriage and drove to the river. That crossed, we were politely, and without any pay being demanded, invited to pass through a roughly made passageway three or four hundred feet long. We did not know why we were thus honored, especially as a broad street was open to us. I had smelt the wretched place in the morning, and had passed as far from it as possible. I grieve to say that neither nose nor sight were agreeably impressed, for in addition to a



terrible smell of chloride of lime, we were greeted with a terrible sight of eight or ten vessels all filled with a disinfectant fluid, and suggesting anything but agreeable associations. Seriously, was there ever anything so extremely absurd as this fumigation, for perhaps two minutes, of each person who leaves the lately beleaguered city, and may be supposed to have brought away with him some infection? And all this while they are still piling up inside the walls the nastiness that has gathered there, when they should be carrying it out of the city. After delays of an hour and a half, I arrived about eleven at Carlsruhe. My fame had preceded me. I was received with honor as Count "Demidoff." I called for tea and toast. Was asked whether they should awaken my "domestique," to which I tranquilly replied it was unnecessary. I retired to a warm bed, and so ends my history. . . .

Upon their return to America in November, my father and mother came again to the home in Boylston Street, where, with the exception of a few weeks in every summer, they continued to reside for the remainder of their lives.

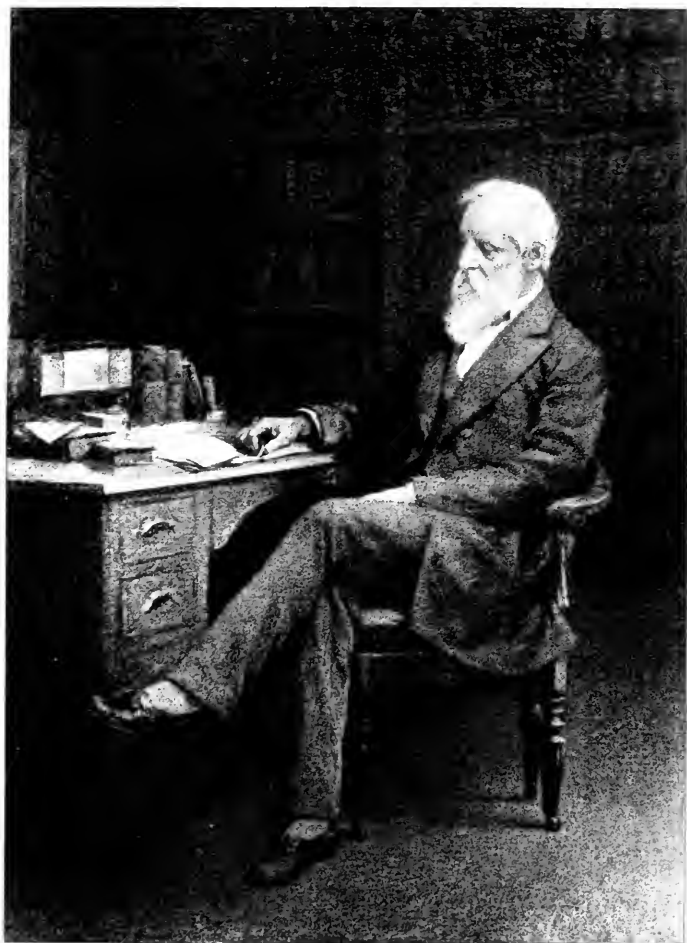
## CHAPTER XXIV

### MEDICAL WORK

WHEN we recall the fact that my father held his professional duties paramount to all other calls upon his time and strength, it seems fitting that we should now turn to his most important labors in the field of medicine, following that of paracentesis, allusion to which has been made in a previous chapter.

In June, 1854, the Massachusetts Medical Society requested him to make a report at a subsequent meeting upon the question of the distribution of consumption in Massachusetts. In his reminiscences of my father, Dr. William Henry Thayer writes :—

“The report on ‘Soil Moisture’ as a prominent element in the production of tubercular disease, which he presented to the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1862, was the result of years of patient investigation. His own observation of the relation of one to the other led him to undertake to obtain the general experience. He addressed a circular of inquiry to some physician in every town in Massachusetts. Failing to get replies from all at first, he wrote again to those towns from which he had obtained no answer, and continued to write again and again until he had received reliable returns from every one. This may be considered the greatest scientific work of his life, and certainly illustrates well his thoroughness and perseverance in what he undertook. Some of his cases made him suspect that tubercular disease was contagious, and he



— 11 —



published a paper on the subject with cases ;<sup>1</sup> but it was some years later that the fact was established and the infectious agent was discovered by the microscope."

In accordance with these views upon soil moisture, which he held for the rest of his life, he never failed to make rigid inquiries of his patients as to the character of the soil upon which they lived, in many cases insisting upon a removal to some dry locality if he found evidences of excessive moisture and a lack of sunlight in the houses. That such methods were followed by success in families showing a predisposition to consumption, he was able to prove in many cases.

In a preface to his published pamphlet entitled "Consumption in New England," he states that in consequence of his investigations he believes not only that residence upon a damp soil is a very potent factor in the production of consumption, but that the converse is equally true, that residence upon a dry soil is not only unfavorable to the production, but aids in the cure of consumption. He then adds : —

How such effects are produced I do not and cannot pretend to explain. I am inclined to believe that the explanation will remain long, if not forever, among the arcana, of which so many exist in our apparent knowledge of the causes of disease.

Again, in conclusion, he says : —

I ask practicing physicians in New England and elsewhere to examine thoroughly these doctrines and facts by the light of well-recorded statistical data in

<sup>1</sup> "Is Consumption ever Contagious?" A paper prepared for the Boston Society of Medical Observation. David Clapp, 1864.

their own townships, and if they will prove me to be in error I will be the first to acknowledge it.

Curiously enough, as it not infrequently happens when special investigations are being made, Dr. Buchanan of England was working in similar directions in his own country, and subsequently published his views, which coincided precisely with those of my father, neither writer being aware previously of the other's intention. In consequence of this work, a most cordial and lasting friendship was established between the two men, and their conclusions have been practically accepted by the medical world, the discovery of a specific germ of this disease, the *bacillus tuberculosis* by Koch several years later, having in no way weakened, but rather strengthened the original hypothesis. A letter from Dr. Buchanan in 1890 alludes to this fact.

L. G. B.

December 16, 1890.

MY DEAR DR. BOWDITCH, — I have been waiting to acknowledge your affectionate greeting in the hope of being able either to send you my own new report or to tell of the receipt of your pamphlet; but I must not further delay to write, as I want you to have a New Year's congratulation from your old friend on this side of the Atlantic. Accept, I pray, my very warmest good wishes for you in the coming year, and for every year that you remain with this "minority" and give it the happiness of numbering you among them. John Simon bids me add his own best wishes for your "having the happy old age he so well deserves." He reminds me of his having associated our two selves, in connection with our studies of phthisis etiology, in his book on "English Sanitary Institutions;" and I found it on page 305 of that volume. To think that those studies are some quarter century ago!

Simon "need not say" — and says it accordingly — that he agrees with your friend that *bacillus* makes no deduction from the truth of our joint discovery. Our workers in continental Europe about phthisis seem to have fairly lost their heads, and England and even America seem following this hysterical lead.<sup>1</sup> I have a strong notion that Koch has really got hold of important pathological facts that have applications far beyond tubercle; and it is a thousand pities that he should be put by his admirers into a false position, and be made to look (like themselves) deficient in common sobriety. I have laughed at English newspapers for ignoring elementary logic in their articles upon Koch; but I am told by people who have visited Berlin that these newspapers truly represent the attitude of the German medical profession at the present moment; that they really seem off their heads.

Once more a cordial handshake and loving message from your friends in England, most of all from your very sincere friend,

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

27 WOBURN SQUARE.

In regard to the contagiousness of consumption, he takes, in the pamphlet alluded to in Dr. Thayer's reminiscences, rather the middle ground. Basing his own views upon his large clinical experiences long before the discovery of Koch, which establishes undoubtedly the communicability of tubercular disease under certain conditions, he at that time advocated the necessity of strict hygienic care for all those who were in constant attendance upon consumptives, believing that there is evidence of the disease having been at times given by one person to another when in constant and close communication with each other. At

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the extraordinary excitement produced by Koch's first announcement of Tuberculin as a curative agent in consumption. — Ed.

the same time, he was unable to agree with the extreme views of a certain number who were inclined to believe that consumption should be classed as one of the most infectious of diseases.

In this pamphlet he gives an exhaustive review of the opinions of noted medical men from the time of Galen. The study of the paper is interesting if for nothing more than to show that in the history of medicine the pendulum of medical opinion seems to swing from one extreme to the other before definite conclusions are reached.

In 1863, when Professor of Clinical Medicine at the Harvard Medical School, he gave the valedictory address to the graduating medical students. It was entitled "An Apology for the Medical Profession as developing the Whole Nature of Man."

Were it not that by a vote of the class he was requested to present them with a copy of his address, I should hesitate to express my own opinion of it ; but their evident approbation will perhaps relieve me of the charge of filial prejudice when I say that I know of no address to any class of students that is upon a loftier plane than this.

Filled with the spirit of those stirring times in the history of the civil war, he infuses his own intense feeling into his utterances in a way that could not have failed to move the most unimpressionable of his auditors ; and the perusal of the address now leaves the conviction that the words came from the heart of one who, having the highest ideals for his own professional life, wished to hold those same ideals up to his younger associates just crossing the threshold of their medical career.

It would be out of place to quote at great length from this address, and yet I cannot refrain from making a few extracts.

The following letter is in reply to the request from the class for a copy of his address : —



March 13, 1863.

GENTLEMEN,— It has seemed to me a matter of doubt whether it would be proper to publish an address which was written and spoken to you much as I should have talked to you at my own office upon the experiences of my own life. Such a communication seems rather like a confession and is scarcely fit for the public eye. Nevertheless, as you ask for it, I give it into your control exactly as written.

I remain, very sincerely your friend,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, — Were I to follow my own impulses, I would adopt the laconic but admirable speech once made by a learned Greek professor of Harvard to a class of students about to leave Alma Mater, as you are about to leave us: “ You have done well; I wish you well.” But such brevity is not allowed me. In truth, it would indeed be strange if we, who have been so long intimately connected in the study of our art, which in old Greek phrase is “ of all arts the most noble,” could not spend a few moments in pleasant converse together. Nor does it seem inappropriate that one who by long experience knows the fate that betides most of the periods of professional life should at a time like this utter some words of cheery hope, or perchance of warning, to his juniors starting on their various pilgrimages. . . .

I propose, therefore, The Medical Profession; its noblest aspirations; the fair opportunities it offers for the development of the whole nature of man; its highest duties as connected with such opportunities. . . .

What should each one of you hold up before himself as the highest ideal of professional life?

After urging them to feel that neither riches, honor, "as the world uses the term," power, nor professional success is the chief thing to be desired in a physician's life, he says:—

If you question the deepest recesses of man's nature, you will find that every human being desires—  
First. The enjoyment of the outward world experience and a perfectly healthful physical existence.  
Second. He tends to friendship and love, and to that exercise of all those kindly emotions that cluster around the human heart.  
Third. He longs for the culture, growth, and free employment of his intellect.  
Fourth. Man tends, whether he will or not, as truly as the needle to the magnetic pole, at some periods of his earthly career—it may be during only the last few moments of it—toward faith or a religious life.

In speaking of the realm of the emotions in their tendencies to improve, repress, or modify man's development, he says:—

I would that I could give you even the faintest idea of what I feel that I have gained by my profession, in that it has given me numerous oppor-

tunities of studying closely the kindly influence of suffering and disease upon the sick, and upon all who minister to them.

He then relates at length a most touching incident of which he was the witness during the civil war, of the beautiful devotion of a young Zouave to his mortally wounded comrade.

A sort of Nisus and Euryalus friendship it really was, and as richly worthy of immortality from poet's heart and pen as that which the Mantuan bard has so sweetly sung. The young nurse was forever near the bed of his dying companion and springing to his aid at the slightest intimation. On one occasion we were dressing the wound and necessarily causing much pain, so that groans were wrung from the patient. His comrade seemed almost frantic with his eager sympathy. He flitted constantly around and in aid of the surgeon, ever and anon leaning over and murmuring into the ear of the sufferer soft words of consolation and hope; I certainly never shall forget it. . . .

Why detail to you these things? What have they to do with a valedictory address to medical students? Two reasons have I for bringing them before you. Similar events, modified by circumstances of time and place, you will constantly meet with in your future professional career; and by relating even imperfectly these unique scenes, I would lead you to open, not only your eyes, but your whole natures, to all similar purifying influences. We are made better men by being allowed to see them. . . .

Later he says : —

I now turn to the influences of our profession upon the intellect of man. . . .

Of course every man, if he read at all, will endeavor to keep up with the medical science of the day. I would earnestly advise you, however, not to limit yourselves to this phase of literature. A wise and liberal culture enjoins upon you a wider circle. Shakespeare will teach you human nature in a manner that no other writer can. Dickens, and others of similar stamp, will warm your hearts toward the miserable and poor, with whom you will be thrown in contact, especially during your earlier years of practice. Let broad farce, too, and keen humor have their places. I think a fine comedy helps digestion, and it will enable you to laugh off some of the whims of nervous patients. What grander appeals to independence and manliness of character, — what more touching warnings than can be found in Burns! Who does not walk more erect after reading Tennyson's grand dirge of the nation at the death of Wellington, the warrior, the statesman, the man of power? The mild genial philosophy of the "Excursion," showing, as it does, how much there is of real beauty in some of the commonest acts of daily life, has been of infinite service to me; and it is my firm belief that I am now a better practicing physician because Wordsworth has lived and has sung out his rich human notes from his poet's nook in Cumberland.

Read, then, not only medical, but as far as possible, good works in all departments of literature and science ; and permit me to add, that now is the appointed hour, the golden season of your lives. Accept, then, with joy this God-given privilege of leisure, and sow broadly the seeds of your future growth. Ere many years you will find cases accumulating, and the much-coveted business encroaching upon time. Then the scanty moment for reading will have to be snatched from toiling, almost drudging life, only at the dead of night. Lose not, I beg of you, these few precious years, now opening before you, during which, perhaps, you will have few patients and many weary hours, unless, with strength of will, and intelligently, you wring from them the means for your own nobler development for all future time.

I pass now to the last and most difficult, but the most important part of our subject.

What influence ought the profession you have chosen to have upon your religious character, and what are your most important duties connected therewith? Of course, I can merely glance at a few of the considerations naturally connected with these topics. As I have already hinted, when commencing this address, I believe as firmly as I believe anything, that every human being, whether wise or simple, good, bad, or indifferent, tends as certainly toward faith, or some religious belief, as he does toward death. No man, unless he be demented, can approach that final point of mortal life without being

compelled to think of that Divine and Supreme Ruler under whose laws he first drew breath of life, and in submission or opposition to whose laws he has, like a wise man or a fool, lived. At that hour, if at no other, all the shams of his previous career show their utter nothingness, and he bows in religious faith or fear to meet the impending fate. But thrice blessed is our profession, because the practice of it, if pursued in a truly loyal manner, tends to raise the physician, early in his career, to the broad and really catholic belief that there is a wise and humane Father who governs all things rightly, though often darkly to our most limited powers of perception.

This view, I know, is very different from that oft-repeated libel, made usually by bigots, that medicine tends to materialism, infidelity, and atheism. What monstrous absurdity! Can any man dissect the human neck, or examine minutely the marvelous workings of the human hand; can he watch the mysterious wandering of the microscopic germs, seeing and yet really *not* seeing their real processes of growth; can he watch, hour after hour, the wonderful revolutions of those apparently mere masses of granules, and observe how life and muscular action are mysteriously and inexplicably evolved during this simple motion; can he do and see all these things and be at the same time an atheist? Out upon such arrant nonsense! . . .

After a brief and stirring appeal to the patriotism of his hearers, he then concludes his address as follows:—

Gentlemen, I would not only have you esteem highly the profession you have chosen, but likewise, like true patriots, ever raise aloft the sacred banner of our country, made more sacred now that it has inscribed upon its ample folds, in letters of living light, "Freedom to every slave." Honor all who fight to sustain it; and deal gently, as with a brother's hand and heart, with the brave and dear ones who fall wounded in its defense. Do not, I beg of you, regard them merely as interesting cases for your professional skill; but bring the fact home to your hearts that they have, in reality, been fighting for you, and for the nation's life, and, whether they have thought so or not, fighting for human freedom. Therefore, you owe them an immense debt of gratitude. While commanding their respect, let them be compelled to give you their love for your kindness as well as skill. I know of no nobler field than that now offered to a young and enthusiastic surgeon in the volunteer army of the United States, provided he duly appreciates the grandeur of the contest now going on, and honors, as he should be honored, every wounded son of the Union. Oh, friends, young brothers, think of these things when, afar off, whether on the Western prairies, or in the sunny South, you have dealings with the suffering soldier. Bear ever with your steady, manly, surgeon's hand a tenderness worthy to be remembered with that shown by the youthful Zouave for his dying comrade. Thus acting you will do honor to yourselves, to us, and Alma Mater. Above all, while doing your

duty to God and to man, you will raise in the eyes of all beholders our "most noble art of medicine."

Gentlemen, farewell.<sup>1</sup>

My father was much interested in the growth of the American Medical Association from the time of its birth.

He believed in the broadening effect of these meetings upon those who took part, and frequently spoke of the influence for good which the friendships thus formed had had upon his own life.

The unfortunate bickerings which arose in later years upon the "code of ethics" were a source of sorrow to him, but fortunately he lived to see the breach between the warring factions healed and harmony restored.

From earliest times in the history of the medical education of women, my father advocated the cause. In consequence, he frequently found himself in a minority, but opposition seemed only to fire him to more strenuous efforts.

In a letter to his family from Cincinnati, at one of the meetings of the American Medical Association in 1867, he graphically describes his experience when the subject was broached as follows:—

CINCINNATI, May 9, 1867.

I have mentioned S—— and must not forget myself, for I disgusted the Association by my views on "women doctors." You see I am always "lugged in" and have to bear the brunt of battle for an unpopular idea. I can't help it; I cannot sit by and see an honest cause abused and spit upon without at least protesting.

<sup>1</sup> This address was given to the students just one week before the death of his son Nathaniel.



On the second day of the meeting, Dr. Washington L. Atlee of Pennsylvania introduced a resolution, the burden of which was that in the case of educated women our code of medical ethics should be interpreted in the case of female practitioners as we interpret it for male physicians. I saw a bomb-shell had come. Instantly there was a commotion, and as we were about to have a very interesting paper from Dr. Ray, previously agreed upon for that hour and for which we were all assembled, I sprang up and moved to lay the subject on the table. At the same time, I said nothing except to tell Dr. A. that, though I should not have brought up the subject, I was not opposed to it. On the last day of the session Dr. A. brought this question up again and moved the "previous question," but some of the opponents evidently wanted to pitch into it and deprecated this stopping of debate, and so he withdrew it and the battle began. That extraordinary man who, to say the least, had to live in Canada during the Rebellion, but whom we have brought into notoriety by expelling him at the meeting in Boston and afterwards eating our words and soaping him with flattery ever since — this man arose to address the meeting. I would remark that he is a lady's man. He waltzes divinely on his little feet, which are infinitely small and fairly proportioned. He took the floor. With winning grace, he proclaimed somewhat in this wise: —

"Where I come from no man accuses me of not being a lady's man, but, Mr. President, this proposi-

tion I cannot consent to. Why, Mr. President, only think of a young lady sitting down to study and bending over a microscope ! It is an absurdity, Mr. President. A young lady that studies anatomy unsexes herself, Mr. President."

And so he went on with about as much twaddle and self-complacency as a cock-a-doodle-doo lord of the creation ever exhibited. He having finished, Dr. Davis of Chicago, with his killing coldness but pure logic, "hoped that we would not waste time in talking on subjects of this kind ; that physiological laws would take care of themselves ;" and moved, apparently in order to stop and cover in eternal silence the whole subject, that it be referred to the Committee on Medical Ethics. My heart (as vice-president I was sitting on the platform in the presence of all) had been thumping hard, and I knew that forbode an "explosion" from the mouth of the "explosive individual ;" and amid loud cries of "Question," "Question," I sprang to my feet. The din increased. I felt then "as calm as a clock."

"Mr. President," I thundered out, "what *is* the question?" That produced silence, as I felt it would. The president named it. "Very well," I replied, "I will speak to it." I then said somewhat in this wise, and all the while felt "as cool as a cucumber," for *I knew I was right*, and that my opponents were wrong. I felt like a prophet and sure that what I was then and there about to proclaim would eventually be the action of the profession, although now the proposition was despised.

“Mr. President, *I* should not have introduced this subject into this meeting. I feel that this assembly is not in a fit state of mind to discuss it. Nevertheless, as it is introduced, and as I moved to lay it on the table yesterday because out of order then, I now feel called upon to say that I approve of the principle contained in the resolution, and I want the committee to know that some, at least, approve of it. Born as I was under the atmosphere of Northern liberty, I have always claimed the right to follow any profession or trade I saw fit to pursue. Guided by that principle, I *dare* not restrain any man or any woman in the pursuance of that form of study or trade he or she may see fit to pursue. The question has nothing to do with ‘physiological laws.’ The sole question is whether we will recognize honorable, well-instructed women as we do our own sex. For my part, I know there are such women. Two at least are now living in Boston who, for honorable deportment, original powers of mind, and sound culture in and knowledge of our profession, can stand by the side of any on this floor. Nay more, gentlemen; I say that in some branches of the profession they can fill a place better than men.”

I then stated two instances of young and delicate females, one of whom had been for three years a hopeless bed-ridden child, under our sex. Both of these I saw; and finding these facts, and recognizing that some local trouble must exist, I transferred them and actually advised them to consult with these two female practitioners.

I might in the estimation of the meeting have violated our code of medical ethics, although I did not think so. I felt that I had done rightly. Both patients have been wholly cured. The distant muttering of thunder I had observed, but I had kept the assembly quite quiet until this, when an outburst of "Question!" "Question!" and some hisses greeted my ear; but I had "said my say," my heart had become quiet and "merry as a marriage bell," and I was satisfied. I was not a sneak, at any rate, as I should have been had I, for fear of rebuke, kept silence. 'On the contrary, between you and me, I knew, and heard afterwards from many, that I had "uttered one good word for truth and justice," and I retired, not, it must be admitted, "amid a storm of tumultuous applause," as the happy orator likes to go, but with the entire approbation of the "still small voice" that always standeth by me in the hour of hard work, provided I do what I think is my duty. Now I know you do not love me less for this escape of the "impulsive individual."

In another letter he writes:—

But I am sure that the gathering has been, like its predecessors, useful. It has set men to thinking. It has rubbed down angularities. It has promoted friendships. For myself it has been a real boon to rest in the delightful home of the Larz Andersons. On Saturday I met Longworth and had a nice talk with him and saw some of his Auerbach pictures. In the afternoon I drove with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson to Walnut Hills, a most perfect drive. Saw Mrs.

Perkins in her sweet abode. Saturday evening had a talk with Captain Anderson. He was with Sherman in his progress to Atlanta.

The captain told me also about Dr. Mary A. Walker, now making some stir in England. She visited the front, at first, to lead like Joan of Arc. Finding no one to accept her as such, she tried to be a nurse, but that did not go, and finally she became a spy and was carried to Richmond. How much good she did I never learned. The captain evidently had no faith in her.

On Sunday I attended church with Mr. and Mrs. A. Mrs. A. charms me more every day. In the evening I was in a sleeping car bound for Cleveland and Buffalo. I parted with the two with great regret, but home called for me, and I was on my way. Splendid car! . . . H.

On September 15, 1869, the gentlemen commissioned by the Governor and Council to constitute the "Massachusetts State Board of Health" met for organization at the State House.

It consisted of seven members: Messrs. Richard Frothingham of Charlestown, P. Emery Aldrich of Worcester, Wm. C. Chapin of Lawrence, Warren Sawyer of Boston, Dr. Robert S. Davis of Fall River, Dr. George Derby and Dr. Henry I. Bowditch of Boston. It devolved upon my father to call the meeting to order and to suggest a plan of action for the board.

At a subsequent meeting (September 22) he was made chairman and Dr. Derby, secretary.

This action on the part of the state legislature was peculiarly gratifying to my father. With his strong be-

lief in the wisdom of "preventive medicine," he foresaw in the appointment of this board the consummation of his wishes, and with characteristic ardor he threw himself into the work heart and soul.

He retained the position until the foolish policy of combining the three Boards of Health, Lunacy, and Charity under one head compelled him to resign in 1879, after vain efforts to induce Governor Butler to restore the board to its former position.

In a sketch made by my father in October, 1887, of the birth and growth of the Board of Health, he says:—

Its origin was somewhat in this wise: In 1866 a committee of the House of Representatives reported, April 2, that it was "inexpedient to establish a state board of health," which report the House accepted. Private individuals<sup>1</sup> had urged the necessity for such a board before the above date, and doubtless afterwards, but nothing efficient was done until 1869. Hon. Thomas H. Plunket of Pittsfield was then leader of the Democratic party, and his influence carried the measure through the House. But we owe it to the excellent influence of his intelligent wife that the Democratic orator acted in the matter. She had read in my address before the Massachusetts Medical Society the following appeal to the society: "What ought the profession which should be the guardian of the public health—what ought we in our respective localities to do? We are bound not to let the legislature have peace from our annual petitions until investigations similar to, but more thorough than that which I have presented to you

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Shattuck, Dr. Jarvis, etc.

in this address shall be made, on the topographical distribution of all diseases, by an able and appropriately elected state board of health. I may seem unduly earnest, but it appears to me that our society could not do a better act — one that eventually will be of more service not only to the inhabitants of this State, but, by its example, to other states — than by united and persistent efforts to induce the state authorities to establish such a board of health, by whose agencies all these great questions, now so utterly ignored, may be investigated.”

These words were delivered in 1862. We had to wait seven years, for it was not till 1869 that Mr. Plunket led all his party to the establishment of the board, on the wise argument that “it is cheaper to try to prevent rather than to fail to cure diseases.”

May 24, of the same year, Dr. Estes Howe, from the joint committee on Mr. Plunket’s resolution, reported in favor of the measure giving the board power to investigate and advise on sanitary matters throughout the State, but with no power to direct or actively to interfere. June 21 a bill was passed. The Governor selected three physicians, one lawyer, one civil engineer, an historian, and one business man as members of the board. Their first meeting was September 15, 1869, and from that time till 1879, when that most unwise merging of it in the Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity took place, our board was a unit. Differences of opinion on various subjects existed, but we always gave a unanimous report to the legislature.

As chairman I addressed my colleagues at our first meeting as follows :—

“By orders from the Governor, it devolves on me to call you together. As the subject-matter for our discussion may be somewhat indefinite in all our minds, I take the liberty of addressing a few words to you, in order that you may know not only what I consider the general nature of our duties, but may also understand how high I place these duties when I consider them in their relations to the present and future health of the citizens of the State. I may be mistaken in my estimate of the importance of the movement, the commencement of which to-day devolves upon us. I confess to you I know of no higher offices in the State than those we now hold, viz., that of inaugurating the idea of ‘state medicine’ in Massachusetts.

“Upon our high or low appreciation of the position, and of the duties resulting from that position, and upon our wise or foolish performance of those duties, depends the success of the object aimed at in the establishment of a board of health. The last legislature, unconsciously, perhaps, on the part of many members thereof, has proposed a system that may be made by us capable of good to the citizens in all future time, or it may prove a perfect abortion. Our work is for the far future as well as for the present, and at this very opening of our labors we should try to place ourselves above the region of merely local or temporary excitement, or of partisan warfare, in order that we act wisely and for the ultimate good



of the whole people. . . . I have used one expression about which I wish to enter into some detail, namely, 'state medicine in Massachusetts.' What is the precise meaning of the expression? It is of very recent growth in our language. It has in fact arisen, I believe, within the last few years in England, where already it has become a great power for good. Its subjects rank among the most important matters now discharged by the highest intellects and humanest hearts in Great Britain. It is, as I understand it, a special function of a state authority which, until these latter days of scientific investigation, has been left almost wholly unperformed or exercised only under the greatest incitements to its operation, such as the coming of the plague, cholera, small-pox or other equally malignant disease. By this function the authorities of a State are bound to take care of the public health, to investigate the cause of epidemics and other diseases, in order that each citizen may not only have as long a life as nature will give him, but likewise as healthy a life as possible. As the chief object of the physician is to cure, if possible, any ailment which is submitted to his care, so the far higher aim of 'state medicine' is, by its thorough and scientific investigation of the hidden causes of diseases, which are constantly at work in an ignorant or debased community, to prevent the very organization of such diseases. Much has already been suggested in England toward the crushing out of fevers, etc. Still more recently, one of the grandest results of state medicine is its

virtual recognition under international law by the appointment of government commissioners for the investigation and spread of Asiatic cholera.”

When our first report to the legislature was published, it was received with favor, not only in Massachusetts but elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> We had gained in the estimation of our fellow citizens.

My colleagues were thorough gentlemen, and all seemed imbued with one spirit, viz., to serve the State in the duty which she had at length taken hold of with energy. All were men of honor, and some were of superior ability. I have served on many boards and committees, but never on any one so satisfactorily. During the ten years of its existence we presented essays by various individuals on many sanitary subjects, and we carried out plans for sanitary reform. I can point with pleasure and pride to the work thus done, as embodied in the annual volumes published by the command of the legislature. These volumes commanded respect in the various states of the Union, which have been stimulated to create state boards of health for their own territories. . . .

During these years of life and energy on the part of our Massachusetts board, we had jokes as well as

<sup>1</sup> The editor of the *Gazette Médicale de Paris* used the following language: —

“Le mois dernier on a fondé à Boston un comité de santé publique sous la présidence du docteur Henry Bowditch. Celui-ci, dans son discours inaugural, a tracé tout le programme que le propose le nouveau comité. Ce programme est très remarquable, par son étendue et par sa haute portée.”

work. I cannot forbear naming the following as they come up in my memory. One of the most intelligent members of the board had, at the beginning of our experiences, very exalted ideas of our relations to the community. We were a "high court of judicature" on sanitation in the old Bay State. We were, as he thought, bound to sit and "sift evidence" of nuisances as described by others. It was beneath our dignity to use any sense but that of hearing complaints, aided by our sight of the petitioners, and after that using our "pure reason" in coming to our judgments. This argument was strongly urged against our making any official visit and examination into the abominable and disgusting neglect of all sanitary laws, and, in fact, of all decent regard for the comfort of visitors in Brighton. In truth, before the board brought about a radical change, it seemed as if the inhabitants of the place were not aggrieved at their filthy condition, but really believed that their offensive odors were health-giving! Strange as is this idea, I think it is true, and that the following incident sustains me. A few years before the board was created, I was called one lovely springtime morning to consult one of the oldest and most respected physicians in Brighton. I had smelled Brighton before, but never so fully as I did that day while driving over a great length of territory. I was surprised at the prevalence of most filthy odors everywhere. Every house seemed to have its butchery behind it, from which steamed to heaven the smell of pigs wallowing in their own

*ordure*, mingled with the remains and excrements of slaughtered cattle! As I quietly jogged around with my companion in his "one-hoss shay," I gently remarked (for I knew he was a "rough diamond," a plain, often abrupt, outspoken man) that such a universally bad-smelling atmosphere must be disagreeable and perhaps unhealthy. But he instantly replied, "Oh, no, doctor! you are wholly mistaken; these are healthy animal odors only. Sniff them up, doctor." And he, doubtless, believed that he had squelched my foolish talk; for I talked not a word more upon the subject. As well, thought I, argue with a hog to keep himself clean as to talk longer on sanitary work with such a physician, whose influence, unfortunately, reaches more or less closely every house in the town.

Now the question arising in our board was this: "Shall we simply sit and gravely hear complaints of vile sights and fetid odors, and, after 'sifting evidence,' decide, or shall we officially, as the organ of state power, visit the 'infected districts'?" I am glad to say that none except the member above referred to objected to making the visit. To some of us the proposition to voluntarily give up the use of all of its senses by any board of health seemed quite grotesque, and finally we all went to Brighton. The first slaughter-house we entered was an "*argumentum ad hominem*" of the strongest kind upon our friend. He resisted the nauseating influence of the air as long as he could, when suddenly he left the premises, after making sundry contortions of body,

and very palpable signs of distress in his face, and left all further examination of the premises to the remainder of the party, apparently then and there convinced of the error of judgment shown by him in his previous argument. We never heard of it again, and he became a vigorous associate. The board, immediately after that visit, took up the question of establishing one great "abattoir" that was to sweep away all separate slaughter, and so arrange for the destruction of the offensive odors which the slaughter-house itself would create, that the town of Brighton could become, with its beautifully undulating territories, an attractive spot for human dwellings. That great object was attained by the labor and tact of our most worthy secretary, Dr. George Derby. All honor to his dear memory. If the board had never done anything but this cleansing of Brighton by his care, the State would have been well repaid. But every year we have made advances in sanitary work by means of essays and investigations by experts, etc.

. . . . .  
Years thus passed on, all coöperating cordially in the noble object we had in view, of indoctrinating our people with ideas of sanitary laws, and proclaiming the gospel of perfect cleanliness as the only way to health, while practically, as at Brighton, aiding in the removal of local nuisances.

I recall another ludicrous incident to which my father often laughingly alluded, for it appealed to his keen sense of humor.

One day the members of the board had made a visit out of town to some fertilizer manufactory which had been complained of as a nuisance by the surrounding country people. Upon their return, with their sense of smell evidently somewhat blunted by the unsavory odors which they had encountered, they entered a car, apparently quite unconscious that they carried about them suggestions of a most unpleasant atmosphere. They noticed on the faces of their fellow passengers the peculiar expression characteristic of people whose olfactory organs are offended, and yet who are too polite to express their feelings openly. Concluding that they were the cause of the discontent, they finally left the car, and as they did so my father heard one of the passengers question the conductor. "Who are those men?" The conductor, evidently appreciating the situation, replied with considerable emphasis, "That 's the State Board of Health, sir!"

Later he writes: —

In 1878 came mutterings of political disaster to the ruling powers, and forebodings of what the renowned General Butler would do with the numerous "commissions" (that of health among them) that were "spending wastefully the people's money." Accordingly, to attack this redoubtable general upon his political "flank," the legislature, under suggestions from Governor Talbot, merged the three departments of health, lunacy, and charity, a Cerberus, in fact, in its grotesqueness of head. Three commissions, all different in ideas and modes of action, jumbled into one heterogeneous mass, simply because the ruling party feared the advent to power of a political adventurer! The prospects were chilling

in the extreme to me, and I soon found two sad results; viz., heartburnings and jealousies among the increased number of members, and an almost total neglect of sanitary work. At one time, for three or four successive meetings, nothing was done about sanitation, the time being occupied in discussions on lunacy and charity, on both of which subjects, so far as they had relation to the State, neither I nor my comrades on the old board knew anything. Such neglect of that which we had been for years laboring for was distressing. I appealed in vain for a return to the single board. Political demagogism was rampant, and our efforts were fruitless; and finally, as a solemn protest against the absurd and fatal combination, I resigned, after months of fruitless effort to persuade a change.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

. . . Business on business has been heaped upon me by the Board of Health during the past weeks, so that I have had scarcely any thought except on subjects connected with our very important official duties. During these I have come in contact with lawyers, and have had some sharp encounters with one or two, young — and another pettifogging lawyer, Mr. — . In these encounters, armed with the panoply of state power and common sense and simple notions about the relations of lawyer to witnesses, I have come out victorious. These men wanted to break down witnesses, not by simple cross-questions but by brutal insolence. I quietly but

decidedly told them that, while I presided, no such treatment of a witness would be allowed. Mr. — sank down, after a sneer, into the most mellifluous speech. Mr. — glared at me like a lion and pretended that as I had said once that lawyers were not wanted in the case, and now that they were not gentlemen, he should decline further cross-examination. I simply denied *in toto* his allegations, and knowing that I was sustained by the whole board, preserved a “dignified silence.” Mr. Aldrich of Worcester, our legal associate, also said, “The board wishes it to be expressly understood that it has no wish to curtail the powers of the counsel for the defendant,” and he then asked Mr. — whether he wished to further cross-question. He utterly declined.

“Call another witness, if you please,” I said to the lawyer of the petitioners against the nuisance.

This amusing by-play was continued through at least four witnesses, Mr. —, looking fierce and “vicious,” declining, and I, in the blandest manner possible, asking him after each witness had been examined whether he wanted to cross-question. I was determined that the young puppy should not beat me or put the board in the false position of seeming to check a legitimate mode of examination. It was the richest scene I ever passed through. I knew I was right and felt “sustained by all the powers of earth and air.” The consequence was that my heart beat tranquilly and the moments ran on as merrily as possible. Finally, the absurd youth found that he



was wrong, and neglecting the case which he was bound to defend, and in the mildest, most gentlemanly manner cross-examined the last two witnesses. I hope he has learned one thing, that the Board of Health, while I am presiding officer, will not allow a simple, honest witness to be infamously badgered by any lawyer.

We were in session seven or eight hours each day for four days, and have, so far as the board is concerned, let the Brighton butchers, and other nuisance makers in other parts of the State, feel the power of the legislature granted us last winter, which obliges us, whenever petitions are sent to us relative to nuisances in any part of the State, to examine into such and abate them. Some of the lawyers threatened "unconstitutional questions," and all wanted delay. To both of these points we turned a deaf ear. We were there for work, not delay. They might go on with the cases of their clients, on which they had "due notice" in words dictated by the attorney-general of the State, or they might not go on, as they pleased; but the board was ready to take evidence about a nuisance. If the complainants were not ready, the complaint would be considered as withdrawn. If the opponents were not ready, it was not because they had not had sufficient time, but for reasons not deemed valid by the board. All the while I said that the board, while ready to admit the service that lawyers would render to the board, felt, nevertheless, that to examine into the testimony of a nuisance they did not need the services of a mem-

ber of the Bar. We sat as a board of health, not as a court of justice to punish anybody, and therefore should not be bound by any strictly legal rules, although we should always endeavor to keep strictly to the laws of the statute under which we acted. This always brought the legal profession to its proper relations with us, and generally they admitted that we were right in the position thus taken. . . .

One of the most important contributions to the reports of the State Board of Health was his article entitled "Intemperance in New England, and How shall we Prevent It?" published in 1871. This article was the result of a large correspondence with physicians and laymen in various parts of the civilized world upon the subject of intemperance. Following the course he had pursued in his investigations upon "soil moisture as a cause of consumption," he prepared a series of questions relative to the use of light wines, beer, and liquors, and the comparative frequency of drunkenness in the different countries. The replies to his questions justified him in the belief that in those countries where light wines and beer were used there was comparatively little drunkenness, and he became a strong advocate of similar methods being adopted here.

Although not a total abstainer, my father was always one of the most temperate of men in his use of wine ; and while he loathed intemperance and the evils which follow in its track, he believed the love of alcohol in some form to be too deeply rooted in the human race for total eradication ; so he espoused the cause of temperance in its true sense, believing that to be the surest method of lessening the frequent and horrible effects of the abuse of liquor.

Taking the experience of other countries as an example, therefore, he advocated the substitution of light wines and

beer for these stronger liquors, especially the wretched stuff offered to the poor in the open grog shops.

For holding this position he encountered the strong opposition, naturally, of the Prohibitionists, and a torrent of abuse from certain quarters was poured upon his head, one popular preacher going so far as to advertise a lecture entitled "Dr. Bowditch and Free Rum," an incident infinitely amusing to every one who knew my father.

Although he may have modified his views upon certain details of the liquor question, he never sympathized with the extreme views of the prohibition movement, believing that, after all, the cure for intemperance lies more in the moral education of the community than in legislative restrictions.

In this connection the following letters, written a few years later, are of interest.

November 13, 1887.

MRS. W. H. HUNT:

MADAM, — I do not like to be "thanked" for doing a duty, as you thank me in your postal circular of November 11, and especially as I do not agree to the false statements sent out under the sanction of the Women's Temperance Association; viz., the programme of Dr. — of Chicago. He has made grave and stupid blunders in his physiological doctrines, and when he advises physicians to wholly give up the use of alcohol in disease, he will find few practicing physicians to follow him. May I ask you what the Prohibitionist party aims at? I agree to the prohibition of all *open* grog shops, and under that term I include (now, though I did not formerly) lager beer saloons, for under this latter term we find by bitter experience that the strongest liquors are

always sold, and now I have no doubt that they are like common grog shops and promote intemperance. But if you ask me to accept Dr. ——'s false statement, and propose to prohibit the manufacture of alcohol in Massachusetts by an amendment of the Constitution, I reply that I cannot do so, because I believe that in many cases of disease alcohol is a necessary food.

I send by this mail to you, as I shall send to all of your friends on the circular, a pamphlet by an experienced and learned physiologist, which, if you carefully read it, you will find wholly refutes Dr. ——'s chief positions and really proves him to be "a blind leader of the blind."

Yours very truly,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

REPLY TO A LETTER FROM THE BOSTON WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

January 27, 1888.

MRS. H. B. CONE :

DEAR MADAM, — Although simply a member of the Library Association (having recently resigned the office of the vice-president on the ground of age and long service), I return to you the thanks of the Association for Dr. ——'s book, which you have so kindly given to the Library through my agency. I will see that it is deposited where it can be easily seen and read. I shall take the liberty, however, of fastening at the end of it Dr. Warren's pamphlet, which you deem such very indecisive and undecided

talk. I may make some remarks on the book, for, since reading your presentation copy, I have examined with some care all of it. . . .

To say that there are no good points in it would not be true, but they are so few compared with the amount of doubtful assertions and pure verbiage without knowledge about the processes and treatment of diseases, that I should never think of advising any young physician to buy it in preference to others. His ridiculous proposition to give up the use of all alcohol, even in moderate doses, and with due care by physicians, I think he will never persuade the profession to follow. I will protest as much as he or the strictest teetotaler against the common everyday use of alcohol by anybody, young or old, even in small quantities ; but if he tells me to give up all our tinctures when Dr. Warren's paper proves that alcohol is more or less a food, and as we know a very important one at times, as Lieutenant Greely found it to be during their night at the North Pole, I consider Dr. ——'s proposition not only absurd but wrong.

In conclusion, let me say that I will join with him or you or anybody for the plan of "no license," and for forcibly, if need be, shutting up all open grog shops, but without the least hope of being able to prevent wholly any one of the three vices suggested by these remarks.

Yours very truly,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

In March, 1874, he published an article for the Fifth Annual Report of the State Board of Health, entitled "Preventive Medicine and the Physician of the Future."

After speaking in general of the importance of the improvement of the public health, and the prevention of disease among the people, and after giving numerous recommendations as to the care of the health by the use of proper clothing, judicious forms of exercise, etc., he summarizes his remarks as follows : —

I have thus given you my views of the grand scope of preventive medicine, and as a most imperfect illustration of its future usefulness, I have run through a series of recommendations that I think any experienced physician might even now give according to the principles and rules of action that will weigh with the physician of the future. I believe that if these recommendations, with others that might be added by any family physician, should be thoroughly carried out by the parent during childhood, and by the man or woman when arrived at adult life, many that would otherwise possibly have died of consumption will escape that calamity. In saying this I do not mean to intimate that during the whole period no other remedies, strictly so called, might not be necessary. Doubtless they would be, and of the exact mode of application of those remedies, physiological experiment and clinical experience of physicians are teaching us more and more every day. I contend therefore that the physician of the future will stand higher than ever as preventive medicine advances.

In this statement I take a position exactly the re-

verse of that assumed by President Barnard in his late address before the Health Association at its recent meeting in New York. That gentleman quietly informed his medical hearers that their doom was sealed under the steady advance of modern science. Their services would become less and less necessary and would finally be no longer needed by the laity. I think he is wrong and that my views are correct, because, while human free agency and human imperfection exist, while accidents moral and physical occur, there will always be some occurrences tending to injure health which no skill or prophecy can foresee. The wise physician will therefore be summoned to act immediately on important cases of disease or threatened death. These he will meet not only by wise preventive regulations for the future health of his patient, but likewise by a careful administration of medicine, properly so called, during the actual attack.

In concluding his reminiscences of his work in the State Board of Health, he says: —

That the reports from Massachusetts were valued in England is seen by the following extracts from journals well known as the severest critics found in Great Britain. For example, the "Saturday Review," under date of August 29, 1874, says, "The reports of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts have acquired in America a deserved reputation for earnestness of effort to make them what such documents ought always to be, and the present report will increase this well-earned distinction."

. . . . .

Conclusion. Some may ask why I give in this volume this brief history of events relative to state preventive medicine in Massachusetts. I do so for the two following reasons : —

First, because I want to show the degradation into which sanitary science will be drawn if it once falls into the vortex of political partisanship, and I thus present Massachusetts as a warning to other states to avoid such a danger. Harvard alumni are in every State, and each man may do something to prevent such a catastrophe as has been here narrated.

Second, I confess that I have wanted to show the Nemesis that has seized on all these pretenders to the sacred calling of "state preventive medicine" in our State, inasmuch as, for their misdoings, they have been at length hurled from power. This sentiment may be unchristian, but it is human ; and all "pertaining to humanity" ought to have the right to claim some response from a Harvard alumnus.

In 1876 my father was invited to give the Centennial Address upon State Medicine and Public Hygiene in America at the International Congress in Philadelphia.

The address was received with such favor that, upon the motion of Dr. John L. Atlee of Lancaster, Pa., Dr. Trenholme of Montreal, and Dr. J. P. White of Buffalo, N. Y., it was voted that copies of the address should be sent to the governors of the different states and territories of the United States and provinces of Canada, also to the presidents of state and territorial medical societies and sanitary boards of the United States and Dominion of Canada.



In a note written several years later upon the fly-leaf of a copy of this address, I find the following : —

August 17, 1883.

As I look at the above votes (on the resolution to send copies of the address to the governors of the several states and territories and to the several provinces of Canada), I regard them as a proof that (as Carlyle says) men like sincerity. I told no *couleur de rose* tale. When the chairman of the Centennial Committee (the venerable Dr. Samuel D. Gross) asked me to deliver the Centennial Address on Public Hygiene, I declined on the ground that, properly speaking, nothing had been done by any of the states or by the national government in aid of the great cause of public hygiene, that we were all apparently enjoying our filth. The committee decided to have no address upon that subject. "Nay," I said, "that will never do. I can, if you will, tell a true story of the present condition of things, but it will not be a theme for glorification." The immediate reply was given : "Go forward." I commenced with great misgivings as to my ability to fulfill even my own plan, but the universal courtesy of my professional associates throughout the country, in replying to questions, enabled me to prepare the address. To them I wish to return my hearty thanks ; and it is a beautiful thought to me now that during my half century of medical professional life, I have always perceived the same courtesy shown to any one asking aid honestly and earnestly in behalf of any investigation upon the

public health, or the proper practice of our noble profession.

After working many months, I felt that I had gained one point; viz., of showing our utter neglect of everything like state preventive medicine. I felt that I had a truth, which, unpalatable as I supposed it would be to most of my hearers, must be told. "You have got to hear this, my friends," thought I, "so help me God!" Judge of my surprise when the above resolutions were offered — the first by Dr. Atlee on the day the address was delivered, and the last two on the succeeding day. I indeed felt gratified, but my innermost thought was of thankfulness that I had been called thus to strike a blow in behalf of the sacred cause of preventive medicine.

In the following letters to his wife, he alludes to his experience with the address.

CAMBRIDGE, August 30, 1876.

. . . William<sup>1</sup> has made a beautiful copy of the address ("Hygiene in America"), which I shall read from and leave with the secretary if he wants it; but I shall have a much more detailed affair to be printed by John Wilson. I must, "by hook or by crook," get that done. It is due to my last year's work and to the occasion, as a book of reference for the future. I am quite surprised at my equanimity at the prospect. I never felt more calm about anything. I think it is because I have endeavored throughout the whole of it to state the exact truth,

<sup>1</sup> A young colored boy in whom he was interested.

thinking that I should be led to see it. Now having done so, I should fear nothing, though all my hearers should scoff ; but I think they will not. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, September 6, 1876.

International Medical Congress. Just finished ; cool as a cucumber. A bad hall to be heard in. Whether liked or not I know not ; but of two things I am sure ; viz., first, that I felt not the least trepidation, and second, that whether liked or not I gave out some significant truths which I hope will do good : but, after all, what availeth all work ? The world whirls on and man hath only to perform his work and let God "give the increase," in case any increase is to come. I think one thing is certain, viz., that my report contained sufficient data to make it worthy of consultation by the future writers on the subject. The whole work of the year has been valuable to me, even if no one else is improved thereby. The fact that I labored and spoke so conspicuously before a congress from all quarters of the globe is of itself agreeable to me to think of, because I know that my "Le" and my "little Le" and my two boys feel proud that their father was found worthy to take such a high position before such a body.

. . . In a subsequent letter (September 6) he draws a picture of three ginger beer bottles. Under the first, with date September 4, the bottle appears tightly corked, and the words below "Bottled-up ginger beer." Under the second (date September 5), with the cork and contents

of the bottle bursting upwards, the words "Exploding of ginger beer." Under the third (September 6, 8 A. M.), the empty bottle lying on its side, the words "*Fade* remains of old ginger beer."

September 6, 5 P. M.

Above you have graphic representations of myself upon the "three days." . . . I have met with many nice fellows. Old Ashael Smith of Texas, full of former Parisian memories, introduced himself after hearing my address, and we have hobnobbed together quite easily. Dr. Turnipseed of Columbia, S. C., whom I had never met, but who has been very kind to me about my address, I have seen intimately, and I have talked with him very frankly about the war. He was Confederate surgeon during four years. To-day, I understand, a very handsome compliment was offered in relation to my address; viz., that copies of that single address should be printed and distributed widely in the states, and some of the Canadians added their country. Whether it was passed or not I do not know, for I heard of the fact only incidentally; but the single fact that any one should offer such a proposition, and that one of the most prominent physicians of Philadelphia at the meeting should second the proposition, at such a congress, is, of course, a pleasant compliment to me; and I lay it at your feet in the hope that it will afford you joy. I must say that the contents of the "beer bottle" have been suddenly transformed into a true Falernian wine of comfortable self-complacency.

H.

September 8, 1876.

Yesterday morning, as I was preparing to listen to the Centennial Address on Obstetrics, Dr. White, of Buffalo, arose, and after a few complimentary remarks moved that, in addition to the vote of the day before, whereby the address was to be sent to the governors of all the states, and to those of the Dominion of Canada, it should also be forwarded to the presidents of all state medical societies in the country, urging them to see that the measures suggested by me should be carried out. I thought of you and my family and rejoiced that I had succeeded. Above all (I tell this to you, my *alter ego*), I bowed in thankfulness to God who, through the whole work, has seemed to lead me and to support me.

H.

September 11, 1876.

I learned a curious anecdote from Dr. Stillé's brother last evening about the Swedish representative. Dr. Stillé asked him to go with him to attend the Swedish church. It was established before Penn came. From Lutheran it has gradually become Episcopalian. After the services were finished, Dr. Stillé asked him how he liked the form and aspect generally. With some unwillingness, "he thought that there was a little too much irreverence." "How so?" asked the doctor. Again, unwillingly, he replied, "Well, I observed that all used fans. We never use fans in church in Sweden."

The doctor afterwards asked the Spanish representative, and he replied laughingly, "Why, we use them everywhere." So does climate influence our views upon the most important subjects.

## H.

It was my privilege to accompany my father to Philadelphia at this visit, where, as a young medical student, I got my first glimpse of some of the medical lights of America. As guests of Dr. Alfred Stillé, we had the additional pleasure of living with a delightful host, and our time was divided between the International Congress and the Centennial Exposition. I recall with delight my father's enthusiasm for both attractions, as well as his desire to have me enjoy them with him.

Largely in consequence, doubtless, of the success of his paper at Philadelphia, my father was chosen president of the American Medical Association for the meeting in Chicago in June, 1877.

In a letter to my mother he thus alludes to his closing remarks in his address to the Association:—

CHICAGO, June, 1877.

I have just finished, as we say, "in a blaze of glory." I gave some reminiscences of my earlier connection with the Association. I think they liked my hits. At the termination I said as follows:—

"Let me now turn to the present hour. Soon we shall separate, some of us never to meet again. Let us part friends in deed and in truth, brothers of a most noble art. Last year South Carolina gave her right hand of fellowship to Massachusetts.<sup>1</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the fact that a South Carolina regiment marched

year Massachusetts extends her hand in most cordial friendship to Louisiana.<sup>1</sup> Where is the man in this nation who objects to this? Massachusetts supported on either hand by South Carolina and Louisiana! God bless the Union, and let all the people say Amen." Repeatedly during my address I was applauded, and at the end I had tumultuous expressions of the same feeling.

Under the provisions of the Act of March 3, 1879, my father was appointed by the President as one of the first members of the National Board of Health.

He was placed upon a special committee on epidemics and contagious diseases, and on state, municipal, local, and sanitary legislation.

He naturally took the deepest interest in the workings of this board, but his state of health at that time compelled him to resign his position not long after, and he was succeeded by Dr. Charles F. Folsom of Boston.

But few manuscripts or letters of special interest touching upon this work can be found.

Several years later, in alluding to the origin of the National Board of Health, he wrote:—

A National Board of Health was established in 1879 by an act of Congress. National sanitary power, guided by its efficient agent, Dr. John S. Billings, and with large aid from the national exchequer, was able to put an absolute *cordon sanitaire* around Memphis, and at the same time crush

in the celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill in Boston, June 17, 1876.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the election of a New Orleans physician as president of the Association for the ensuing year.

out a terrible epidemic of yellow fever prevailing there, which, without this external aid from the board, would have invaded towns above and below Memphis on the Mississippi River, thus causing great destruction of human life, as well as much interruption of commerce. This very season we hear from Louisiana how the state board, led by the energetic and wise Dr. Holt, has been able to crush out and limit the germs of this terrible disease at Biloxi, and has done so with an almost imperceptible interference with the usual course of trade at the mouth of the same mighty river. Indirectly I consider that Massachusetts has powerfully contributed to these two benign results by her earlier establishment of the Massachusetts State Board of Health and her inauguration of state preventive medicine.

TO HIS SON, THEN IN EUROPE.

BOSTON, October 28, 1879.

. . . I spent four days at the National Board meeting in Washington, busy in the matters of the country. The Southern and Western people would suck out of us every dollar of the five million put at our disposal by Congress. But we decided, *nemine contradicente*, that, first, we would spend as freely as possible to prevent the spread of yellow fever; but second, we would not let every twopenny township have its quota, as it is called, of the money put in our hands. Some of these Southern men demanded that we should build them systems of sewers, etc., and because we would do no such thing,



they have berated us. We have accomplished a magnificent sanitary work in keeping the yellow fever almost completely confined to Memphis, although about 300,000 people fled from the city and all business inside and from without was stopped. Only to-day, after a frost has come, have people been allowed to return. Before this, by means of our mounted patrol, no one was allowed to enter and no one to go out until after thorough disinfection. Last year, you know, the fatal disease swept the Mississippi Valley. This year it probably, judging from its violence at Memphis, would have done likewise. The national board, by aiding freely the local board and spending freely the nation's money, has prevented the disaster, and we shall probably be able to return to Congress more than half the money granted to us.

Our state board is in the state it was in when you left; viz., united to the Board of Charities. Our meetings are interminable upon questions relating to everything but sanitation. I get mad every time I go to a meeting, and have about made up my mind to resign after the governor is elected.

The following letter, written to Dr. A. N. Bell for publication, appeared in the "Sanitarian," and is interesting now, for it shows how little had been done throughout the country at that time for state sanitary laws.

BOSTON, MASS., December 6, 1882.

DEAR DOCTOR BELL, — In reply to your wish for a statement of my views upon what should be done

in America in regard to national and state sanitation, I will endeavor briefly to give them.

The genius of our institutions necessarily requires that power should reach from the highest federal official down, if need be, to the humblest personage or homestead in the land. When there is a perfect health organization of the nation, we should have: 1st, a national board of health; 2d, a state board of health in every State; 3d, county boards in every State; 4th, city or town boards in every State.

A national board should consist of seven or nine members, the majority of whom should be physicians; and of the minority one should be a lawyer, a second should be an able financier, and the remainder persons interested in the subject of public health. This body should have a general supervision of the country. The present board, for example, was able to grapple with yellow fever on the Mississippi during the earliest months of the existence of that epidemic. The board kept the scourge within comparatively narrow limits.

Since that time it has done good by various special investigations in different parts of the country. It has also stimulated to greater care in sanitary matters the proprietors in large watering-places, by inspections of localities to which people resort during certain seasons of the year; for example, Newport, R. I., White Sulphur Springs, Va., etc. I have reason to think that these inspections, having been made in a kindly manner, have graciously been

accepted by the inhabitants of the districts examined, and made the basis of future sanitary action.

The present board has met with injustice from the President. The refusal to allow the board to decide what should be done with the money granted by the last Congress to meet sanitary exigencies that might arise was one of the grossest of insults. Nevertheless, by that action on the part of the President, I think an idea is suggested which may be of infinite value to the future sanitary organization of the nation. I refer to his calling upon the Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service to take charge of the hundred thousand dollars granted by Congress. By this action, one who by age and by his profession must be considered a well-drilled expert in regard to sanitary matters should be called upon to provide against a threatened epidemic or any contagious disease being allowed to gain a foothold upon any part, even the most remote, of these states. He should have under his direction a very large number of junior officers equally well prepared to meet any emergency.

Now the thought I want to suggest is this. Of any future national board let the Surgeon-General of the United States Army be *ex officio* one of its members, with a seat in the United States Cabinet. The subject of the public health has been too long neglected by the official authorities of the nation. The time will eventually come (if it be not already at least partially arrived, as I believe is the fact) when the whole people will deem the health of the citizen

is of the highest importance, and as such claim the care of the Government as much as the administration of the various departments already provided for. When the proper time arrives for a department of the public health, let the surgeon-general act as secretary of it. It seems to me that, by this plan, a most thorough national organization could be effected.

I now turn to the second part of the subject; viz.,

STATE BOARDS OF HEALTH. — These are of infinite importance, and should be established in every State. Public hygiene is but commencing its career of usefulness. It should not be shackled by having any other departments united with it. The State should have a board consisting of at least five or seven members. The majority should be physicians. The chairman and secretary should generally be from the medical profession. This seems to me a most proper arrangement, and yet I would not have it so absolute that a man like Edwin Chadwick, for example, in England, should not hold the highest sanitary office in a State. Massachusetts has made in my opinion a fatal mistake for the public hygiene within her borders by joining all the immense works of charity and lunacy to those of public hygiene. To one department — viz., that of public hygiene — I am sure that nothing but injury has resulted. I think that Massachusetts will be a warning to her sister states to avoid all such grotesque combinations as she now presents.

The duties of a state board should be varied, among which would be named: —

First. The general support of the State's health. It should be ready to abate any nuisance tending to injure the public health. This it should do from its own powers, and still better with the coöperation of the local county or town boards of health. It should endeavor to cultivate friendly relations with the national board, other state boards, and with the county and town boards in its own State. In other words, it should, while attending to its own State's health, cultivate the most friendly relations with similar organizations in other states.

Second. It should invite the State to grant moneys to enable the board to employ experts to report upon any and all subjects bearing on public health. Among these works might be named public lectures and special essays on matters pertaining to public health. The third and fourth subjects may be very briefly spoken of.

Third, county boards will be specially needed where there are large districts with few towns in them, and yet the elements of ill health may be widely spread. Moreover, no town board would feel at liberty, perhaps, to act upon some nuisance which, though fatally influencing its territory, is not so situated within the town borders that it can cope with the evil. In such a case it ought to have the right of appeal to a county board and obtain redress.

Fourth, city and town boards of health should be immediately connected with the governments of cities and towns. Each board should have a paid

health officer, and one or more physicians or laymen should be members without pay. The board should have ample powers to abate any public or private nuisance bearing upon the public health. Such a board would gradually have all requisite powers granted to it by a willing public sentiment. Its relations with the county, state, and national boards should be studiously kept of a most friendly nature. There ought to be no clashing of interests, because the aim of each and of all should be the same; viz., the progress of the people in sanitary education and in the enforcement of sanitary law as it is being gradually, year after year, developed.

I have thus summarily laid out before you my general thought of this matter of public health sanitary organization. We are all ignoramuses and learners. From the very recent growth of knowledge, both theoretical and practical, we have few learned experts.

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

Not long after my father's resignation from the National Board of Health, the following editorial appeared in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," of date January 8, 1883.

"The National Board of Health has a chance to do valuable service to the country by investigating the Mexican cholera epidemic. The infected districts are near enough to ports in Central America to expose the United States to some danger. Chiapa, where the cholera first appeared, is in about the same latitude as the districts in India which first suffered from its ravages. The inquiry whether the disease is also a native of the tropics in this hemisphere is worth considering, and experts sent to the

Mexican states which are afflicted might throw light upon the subject. The board is accused of doing less than was naturally expected of it, and possibly one opportunity has come in the study of the cholera visitation."

In reply to this criticism my father wrote as follows:—

BOSTON, January, 1883.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER," — I cannot allow the following passage in your editorial of to-day upon the National Board of Health to pass unchallenged. You say, "The board is accused of doing less than was naturally expected of it, and possibly one opportunity has come in the study of the cholera visitation."

I would respectfully ask of you how the board can do anything in the premises? The money voted by Congress for the use of the board in meeting just such emergencies was deliberately taken from it by the President and given to the hospital marine service, whose chief declares that he will not move to prevent an epidemic, but will wait until called upon by the governor of a State, who is to officially inform him that an epidemic has already broken out within his territory. The National Board has been cruelly and contemptuously treated by the President, and has, as I have reason to think, no means at its disposal for any such "study" as you propose.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH,

Lately member of the National Board of Health.

Although obliged, on account of his health, to resign active work in all national or state sanitary matters, my

father's interest in the subject continued unabated to the last.

The growth of the idea of state and municipal sanitation he fostered by every means he could command, and he gave a willing ear to all those who, following in his footsteps, turned to him for encouragement and counsel.

In 1881, at the request of the Secretary of the Suffolk District Medical Society, my father wrote an address which was published in the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal" of August 4, 1881, entitled "The Medical Education of Women: the Present Hostile Position of Harvard University and of the Massachusetts Medical Society. What Remedies can be Suggested?" This paper was the result of years of endeavor on his part to make the Massachusetts Medical Society admit women to its ranks. It would be impossible here to quote at length from this paper, written in the fervid style he commonly used when deeply impressed by what he deemed injustice done by any one individual or collection of individuals to others. He bases all his statements upon the argument that no one person or collection of persons shall deny the right of others, whether male or female, to adopt the medical profession as a means of livelihood, provided legitimate methods are employed to obtain that end. He believed that the Massachusetts Medical Society, in declining to receive women into its ranks, not only virtually placed itself in the category of those who deny to others the privileges which they themselves enjoy, but that it hindered by its action the cause of higher medical education, and did harm to the community, by compelling capable women practitioners to go elsewhere for a livelihood, sometimes even forcing them into the ranks of quackery. This was his position from the first moment that he espoused the cause. It was not until the year 1884, however, that the efforts of my father and others were crowned with success.



In advocating the equal rights of men and women to enter the medical profession, my father was guided by no sentimental reasons. He hated injustice in any form or shape ; but although by nature and training always deferential to the opposite sex, he never allowed this feeling to interfere with his outspoken criticism where he felt he should utter a word of protest.

An illustration of this was given me by a fellow practitioner who was present at one of the meetings of a medical society soon after the admission of women. A lady physician read a paper which was open to criticism. Many who were present had supposed that my father, considering the circumstances, possibly would not follow the methods taught him many years before in the Society for Medical Observation in Paris. They were mistaken, however ; for when the reader had finished, he arose and forthwith proceeded to sharply criticise the paper in a manner that relieved any possible doubts in the minds of his hearers as to his future attitude on such occasions. It was but another way of expressing, not only his sense of justice, but his respect. Women had obtained the right to appear in that society. He had espoused their cause and fought for it, but henceforth their efforts would be placed upon an equal footing with those of their male competitors. Their communications would always be received with respect, but no sentimental considerations would shield them from meeting whatever true justice should demand in the way of frank, free, even merciless criticism.

His position upon co-education in medical work can be briefly stated. It was his earnest desire that Harvard University should offer medical instruction to women upon an equal basis with men, but he believed that in many departments separate instruction was desirable. In the paper alluded to, he pleads for the establishment of a medical school for women by the University, and gives

convincing arguments in favor of the plan. He did not live, however, to see his wishes upon this subject fulfilled.

In 1888 he wrote an address, at the request of the American Academy of Medicine, entitled "Tolerance and Intolerance in Medical Societies." This address was the result of the unfortunate and bitter discussions which had arisen not long before in the American Medical Association on the subject of its "Code of Medical Ethics," the attitude taken at that time by the Association having been one to cause him much distress.

After a few introductory remarks, he says :—

I propose that we should consider : —

Intolerance and tolerance in medicine.

Codes of ethics.

What code, if any, should this academy uphold ?

Before looking at these questions in their relation to the medical profession, let us study intolerance and tolerance as they affect mankind in general. Having briefly done this, we can better decide how and with what limitations these mental qualities influence our life.

Tolerance, or its opposite, intolerance, are two great moral forces, both of which, when properly used, are most beneficial, and perhaps we may say necessary, to man's progress.

In a line which is the resultant of these two forces, the world of thought and of action has been hitherto carried onward, and they will never cease to act. Without both of them, society would either stagnate as among slaves, or be liable to be subjected to the

wildest license and fury of an ungovernable mob spirit.

All persons tolerate virtue, each, however, according to his own light, or in accordance with public opinion of the country or age in which he lives. *Per contra*, they are intolerant of vice and evil-doers, save that in deciding on some actions usually deemed vile, there may be extenuating circumstances in particular cases leading us to toleration of the actor even while condemning the act. Nay, we may applaud or at least tolerate the act itself under the circumstances in which it may be done. Thus it appears that tolerance and intolerance, though usually so diametrically opposed to each other, may under diverse circumstances not only be not opposed, but each may assume the other's place! Intolerance becomes tolerance. Wrong apparently becomes right under the varied circumstances.

He then alludes to the experience of those who have endeavored to force new opinions upon the medical world, and speaks of Ambroise Paré, Jenner, and Harvey as examples of noted men maligned and almost persecuted for their views, which were destined to be accepted in later times by the medical world.

In the conclusion of the address he says:—

. . . Let us now try to answer the questions on the three topics laid down at the introduction of this paper. First. Intolerance or tolerance; which of the two ought the academy to sustain? From man's nature, as we have seen, we shall always have them as factors in human progress. But we must endeavor

to guide them, and never allow either to tyrannize over us. We may — nay, we ought — to be intolerant of any vicious act, or proposition tending to a vicious act, and consequent tending of the degradation of the profession, which we all love and respect; but let us tolerate any foolish (as we think) or extravagant opinion until at least we have fairly considered it in all of its bearings. As we have already seen, what may seem at first sight vicious must be at times interpreted liberally, or we may do wrong. Let, therefore, tolerance be the rule; intolerance (among honorable men) the very rare exception; persecution for opinion's sake, never.

Second. What shall we think of codes of ethics?

I am sure that few of this assembly would wish to adopt any "code" of ethics, if we may draw any inferences as to their harmful results from the doings of other medical bodies. The border lines of tolerance and of intolerance run so closely upon each other that no general rules can, I think, safely be laid down that will not, under the influence of passion and of bigotry, be liable to do much more harm than good to the body which adopts them.

Third. What code, if any, should this academy uphold?

It would be a gross presumption on my part to attempt to answer that question for such a body of educated gentlemen as I see before me. Nevertheless, standing as I now do before you, after sixty years' experience of our sacred profession, I feel called upon to state what I deem the only true code

that we ought to recognize either as men or as physicians. Neither you nor I can go far astray if we appeal to the instincts of any honest, manly heart; and I now refer to that noble rule of action which should govern alike the prince and the peasant, the college-bred and the clown; that rule which, coming down from the earliest dawn of history, the offspring of man's moral development even before Christianity appeared on the earth, was at least sanctified in the simple yet forcible language of Christ when he spoke as follows: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If any written code be needed for the academy (which I doubt), these words might well serve as all that is really required.

Brothers of the academy! If each one of us would from this time make this divine rule the guide, not only in his professional, but in all of his human relations, Tolerance and Intolerance would join hands in peace, and this academy, if it could induce all physicians to act upon it, would have accomplished one of its highest missions.

Believing, as we have seen, that tolerance and intolerance are two most important instruments in man's progress, this academy, if it adopt right maxims, may have immense power toward their being used more discreetly and more humanely than they have hitherto been. Let us all look forward to the better and fairer times of the future, when medical men shall have become more far-seeing and generous in their reception of all new ideas, and more able to

look carefully on all sides of a question before either accepting or condemning it, not deciding until after candid and careful, searching deliberation.

Brethren, in conclusion I can only hope that our academy will, with each year of its growth, by the work of individual members and its joint labors, tend to raise the whole profession in America to higher grades of sentiment of thought and of action, so that at length the calling of the physician may really become, what it has hitherto only erroneously claimed to be, a liberal profession.

The works which I have thus far referred to represent really but a fraction of the numerous articles which my father wrote upon widely varying medical subjects. His papers upon "Diaphragmatic Hernia," upon "Trichinæ Spiralis," and upon the development of the "Lymnea," were well known to the profession on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1879 I happened to be at the International Congress in Amsterdam, on my way to Germany as a student. It was my good fortune to be introduced to Professor Virchow, and I well remember the gratification I felt when, upon hearing my name, his face lighted up as he said, "Ah! are you a son of the Bowditch who wrote about trichinæ spiralis and about the lymnea?" His evident pleasure at my affirmative answer proved most eloquently his respect for my father's work.

His enthusiasm even extended to matters in medicine not strictly scientific in character, as the following incident will show:—

In October, 1848, through the agency of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, a friend gave to the Boston Medical Library a portrait, which Dr. Bigelow believed, with others, to be one of Ambroise Paré. The painting was an interesting

one as a work of art, and at first there seemed to be good evidence that it was a portrait of the eminent French surgeon. The head, however, was that of a very insignificant looking man. My father's reverence for Paré's genius led him, for many years, to doubt the authenticity of the portrait, and after considerable work upon the subject, he proceeded, years afterward, in 1885, to show Dr. Bigelow his reasons for doubting his conclusions.

A good-natured but energetic discussion arose. For several months my father worked with characteristic ardor to prove Dr. Bigelow in error. It was evidently a matter of conscience on his part to prove that Ambroise Paré, the noble man and great surgeon, could never have resembled the curious, almost apelike subject of this portrait.

He wrote to England and France wherever he could hear of an authentic portrait of Paré. He collected numerous woodcuts and medallions, and finally a photograph of a portrait said to be of Paré by Pourbus, in the Ecole de Médecine, in Paris. He invited artists to see the portrait, and to give their views; in fact, he left no stone unturned to prove the truth of his assertions. Finally, a meeting of the "Medical Improvement Society" was called to decide the matter, January 10, 1887. It was most entertaining to the younger men, for they knew that two of the most prominent members of the profession were probably to take opposite sides upon the question, and for this reason the greatest interest had been shown. The meeting was held; my father read his paper and gave his proofs, apparently to the satisfaction of all; for, at that time, the society voted, first, to reject the report of a committee which had proposed simply to place a point of interrogation after the name of Paré, and second, to adopt the suggestion of my father, that the inscription should state merely that the portrait was of an unknown surgeon.

Having accomplished his purpose, without the least ex-

ultation my father quietly expressed his satisfaction that what he considered a blot upon the memory of a great man had been removed. The name Ambroise Paré was subsequently taken off, and for nearly two years the picture hung on the walls as the portrait of one unknown.

During this time, however, Dr. Bigelow had made diligent inquiries as to the origin of the picture, and finally, in a brilliant paper before the Improvement Society, April 27, 1889, gave his proofs, obtained through Dr. Le Paulmier of Paris, that the picture was an original portrait of an eminent surgeon of Paris, François Hérard, painted by F. Le Sicre late in the seventeenth century.

Photographs of an old engraving found in Paris were shown, proving beyond doubt the correctness of Dr. Le Paulmier's statement.

Upon the motion of my father, the society then voted that the portrait have inscribed upon its frame the name of François Hérard.

So ended the history of a controversy which had extended over years at intervals. It well illustrates the perseverance and determined will of the two most concerned in the discussion.

In 1889, at a meeting of the American Climatological Association in Boston, he gave a paper entitled "Open Air Travel as a Means of Cure of Consumption." In it he gave the practical experience of his own father who, when about thirty-five years of age, having had a hemorrhage with evident signs of beginning trouble in the lungs, adopted a unique method of regaining his health. With a friend he took a long journey with a horse and buggy for several weeks, and succeeded finally in arresting the disease, which never again gave him trouble.

The following quotation from the introduction to his article<sup>1</sup> shows well his attitude of mind in such matters.

<sup>1</sup> "Prevention of Consumption." Volume ii., paper 4, of his manuscripts.



I have a record of this journey as kept by my father in 1808, when he was thirty-five years of age. It is eminently suggestive to me of the proper treatment of certain cases of phthisis, and, in the hope that it will be suggestive to others also, I now lay it before this society. To some sensitive minds it may seem to be of too private and personal a character to be placed thus freely before any public assembly. I have no such feeling when questions of human health and happiness are involved.

My father's description of this journey, his preparation of a map with different colored dots indicative of the stopping places and various stages of his father's convalescence, made a combination of charming narrative and scientific truth quite unique, and very entertaining to his auditors. It was the last paper he ever read in public.

In his practice my father was not what might be called a "therapeutist" in the common acceptation of the word, and he was always rather a skeptic in the use of drugs. Having begun to study medicine in the days of the heroic method of blood-letting, purging, blistering, and tremendous dosing, he early felt a distaste for such methods, and his association with Louis when in Paris only served to strengthen this feeling. The inevitable reaction from the teachings of the old school began to show itself in one form by the birth of homeopathy as taught by Hahnemann. My father never was tempted, however, to enter the ranks of homeopaths, because he believed their theories to be as extravagant and absurd in one direction as the methods of the old school were so in the other. He always maintained, however, that the mere introduction of homeopathy had a salutary effect upon the old methods of practice, by

showing that people could get well without the heroic methods hitherto employed.

In speaking of his professional life, one trait of my father's character deserves special mention; viz., his remarkable thoughtfulness of the feelings of his patients and their friends, and his dislike of inappropriate adjectives used possibly in the enthusiasm of the moment by fellow practitioners in their descriptions of cases.

Frequently I have heard him rebuke, always in a kindly way, however, some enthusiastic medical student who happened to speak of some "beautiful" pathological condition. "My friend," I have heard him say, "don't use such an adjective in such a connection. 'Interesting, it doubtless is, but it is not 'beautiful.'" The not infrequent thoughtless discussion of disease in the presence of patients he never tolerated for a moment; and any lapse in this respect was sure to meet with a gesture or remark of disapproval which checked further conversation in that direction. In short, with all his great enthusiasm for his profession, he never allowed his interest in his patient's case to hide the fact that he was dealing with a fellow human being.

He firmly believed that a physician should be as far as possible a man of general culture, and should not confine his knowledge to his profession alone, lest he become "a man of one idea" and of narrow vision.

I well recall his words to me when leaving for Europe as a student:—

"The chief advantage of your going abroad is to see the methods of medical men on the other side of the water; to find wherein they excel or are inferior to us. While medicine is your chief aim, remember that I want you to see all that you can of art and music. I often think I have done more

good to some poor weary patients by sitting down and telling them of a delightful European experience than by all the drugs I have ever poured down their throats.”

The philosophy contained in these words was, I think, the underlying cause of the enthusiasm and freshness of spirit which my father showed up to the last years of his life. The younger members of the profession especially felt his breadth of vision, his keen interest in the growth of medical thought, tempered by the conservatism which comes from long years of experience. His younger associates came to him always confident of his sympathy, certain of kindly affectionate counsel, given never in any pharisaical spirit, but simply as the expression of his earnest desire to give a helping hand to those just entering the profession he loved so well.

## CHAPTER XXV

LETTERS, EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL, ETC.

1871-1886

FROM my father's voluminous correspondence during the ten years following his return from abroad in 1870, I have selected certain letters, and extracts from his journal, which seem to bear directly upon important episodes in his life or emphasize marked traits in his character.

TO HIS DAUGHTER, THEN IN EUROPE.

BOSTON, Sunday evening,  
November 26, 1871.

. . . . .  
I am beginning to prepare my report to the Board of Health (on Intemperance). The "Crystal Palace" is going on swimmingly — more encouragingly than we any of us dared to hope. Drunkenness, profanity, fighting, are disappearing. Cleanliness and peace are beginning to shed their sweet influence over the foul spot, and all the influence and all the good has come simply from treating human beings kindly and decidedly.

Ned is much better, and is now pouring forth some of the sweetest of his notes to his mother's accompaniment. Louisa Brown, Vin, and I are his audience. I do think I am a lucky man, I have so many blessings given to me. Pray give my kindest

regards to Dr. Rothe. Find out if you can if he ever has received our State Board of Health Report. If not, I will send him a copy. Tell him I want him to let me know what he thinks of my idea of drunkenness according to isothermal lines that will appear in our next volume.

A few days ago I saw by the London papers that the famous mathematician and inventor, Charles Babbage of London, was dead, and a pang went through my heart that I should never see him more. And now if you will keep this, my letter, as a sort of journal of my lifelong interest in him, I will detail perhaps more or less clearly the history of my connection with him and some others in Europe during my visits there.

My father was a most modest man, and although he had corresponded with many of the *savants* of Europe, he gave me no letter to them, although I carried some volumes of his translation of the "Mécanique Céleste" to various individuals in France; not one of them, however, did I carry to England. After remaining a year in Paris, during which I became acquainted with Legendre, Poisson, etc., of the French scientific men, all of whom treated me with marked courtesy as the son of their compeer in America, I went over to England, and spent six weeks or two months there and in Scotland. I visited the residence of the great Sir William Herschel, at Slough, near Windsor, and saw his great reflector which had made him famous. I wrote my name in the list of visitors, and started on a walk towards

Windsor Castle. I soon heard footsteps, as of a man running after me. I turned, and an unknown gentleman wanted to know if my name was "Bowditch," and if I was a relative of the translator of *La Place*. To my reply that he was my father, Sir John Herschel (for it was he) regretted that any one of my father's family should have been in his house without having notice taken of him. He asked me to return, but I declined the honor, and saw him only a few times more at that time, and never really knew him.

Similar kindness was shown to me by the present Astronomer Royal, then Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge.

I was being led through the large library at Trinity College, Cambridge (I think), and asked my cicerone if I could, without any trouble to him, see a translation of the "*Mécanique Céleste*" made by my father, and which I knew he sent to the library. I then mentioned the name. "What," he said, "are you the son of Bowditch? Then I must tell Professor Airy. He would not wish me to let you come and go without his knowledge." Accordingly I was brought to the professor, or rather the professor was summoned. He and his wife were very kind; I took tea with them, and had a most pleasant evening chat. I had been then more than a year in Paris, and my rustic manners had been polished down. I could talk a little, and I enjoyed the company of two such persons. I took tea at the house, and Mrs. A. sang very sweetly several songs, — among others was Mrs.

Hemans's "Pilgrim Fathers" for my special benefit. Altogether I remember them both with pleasure, but I have never met them since, and they have probably both forgotten that I ever saw them. Mrs. Somerville, too, I had also met a short time previously at Paris, and she kindly gave me a letter to Sir James Mackintosh. Unfortunately he was absent when I called on him at Edinburgh. I name these things to indicate the relations in which I was able to stand towards these famous men and women simply because I was the son of my father.

But with Mr. Babbage I stood in very different relations. They were those (on my part at least) of the sincerest affection and respect, although I never could understand a word he said on mathematics, or any explanations he attempted about the powers of his calculating engine; for he immediately fell into cosines and angles and functions and square roots, etc., so numerous that my head utterly refused to comprehend them. Yet at every visit I ever made to London, even to my last, I always called upon him; and he always received me with a winning kindness and courtesy which, from the reputation he enjoyed in the world around him, I had little reason to expect. He always promptly replied to my call. Why this was so I knew not, save that in my desire to be able to explain to father all about the "machine" or "calculating engine," I spent nearly a whole day and the greater part of the night at his house. I went about 10 A. M., and he left me to turn and twist and to examine his machine till 5 P. M., when, as

previously agreed upon, I dined with him. His son Herschel and I were the only persons at the dinner.

After dinner he and I sat down in the long remembered study at Dorset Street, Manchester Square, and we let out our hearts toward each other. He wanted to know about my life, and about father. I had met Jouffroy (as told in a former letter) only a few months before. My most earnest thoughts were given to the highest themes of life and of death. I talked with everybody about them, and called out Mr. Babbage's views on some of them; I spoke also of the dear mother at home. My heart I saw touched his, and he spoke to me of his dead wife. He alluded to the struggles he had had with his father, who wanted him to give himself up to business instead of science, — of the contempt or at least neglect of those who he thought ought to have appreciated his scientific labors, and of the delight he felt when the sweet wife expressed her joy at his labors. "She alone of all I knew sustained me, and in the midst of my happiness with her she was cut down in her youth, and I was wholly alone. I shut up," he continued, "the parlors and confined myself to my library and workshop. I kept aloof from all society. My light seemed gone out. So it continued for two years. At the end of that time, at the earnest request of my sister, I determined to have again a gathering of friends. And so all arrangements were made. The rooms were lighted up and all looked gay, but I was not gay. The memory of all that I had lost came up before me. I went into the parlors. They looked



bright and beautiful. It wanted but a few minutes before the guests were to arrive. I stood still and thought. Everything looked well; but she who would have shed a light on all was no more, and I shall not see her here. I burst into tears."

All this was told so naturally and so tenderly that I was drawn toward him in a way that was wholly different to my usual feeling toward a man. Suffice it to say, that interview joined our hearts, and I never failed to see him, as I tell you, when I went to London. But we talked of higher things at that time, and afterwards; and although thirty-eight years have passed since, that, to me consecrated night, has never been forgotten. We talked of God, of life, of death, of the future, of the divine laws; I led him to speak of these higher themes because I was burning with desire to unravel to myself these great mysteries. It took me many years to gain the sweet peace I have now; and whilst in distress it was my delight to ask all the great minds I happened to meet what they thought. I do not remember all the purport of these remarks upon all of these subjects, but one I shall never forget. About the time I am speaking of, the 8th "Bridgewater Treatise" was published, and Mr. B. unfolded to me some of the views he subsequently brought out in the 9th "Bridgewater Treatise." He chose that time in consequence of his desire to show (as I thought) a little contempt for all of that which he considered twaddle, as given out by his predecessors.

Ever lovingly,

FATHER.

## EXTRACT FROM HIS JOURNAL.

September 15, 1872, Sunday evening.

Another real pang of sorrow shot through my heart this afternoon while reading in the "Medical Times and Gazette" of August 31, 1872, the fact that my dear friend and most honored master in medicine, Louis, died at Paris, after a very short illness, at the age of eighty-six. It reminded me of many most precious hours spent in his society when I was young and just entering professional life. Is it possible that I shall never see him again? Can it be that the good God ("le bon Dieu," as Louis called him at our last meeting) will not gratify these longings after a future, when the pure friendships we have made here shall be sanctified? At this hour my faith in the future is strong, as it always is when a loved one leaves me. I fear I cannot review with any skill the sweet and all-powerful influences exerted by Louis as a leader in medicine and as a dear friend upon my whole life, but I must try.

In 1832, late in the autumn, exactly, in fact, forty years ago this month, I was introduced to him by James Jackson, who had studied with him about two years. They had become most devoted friends; and Louis had trained Jackson's mind to strict observation, and had given him at the same time a little of his own contempt (shall I say?) or disrespect for all the crude theories of the past. Jackson left for America soon after, and I continued to follow Louis

at La Pitié for two years and three months afterwards, save during the journey that I took to England and Scotland in 1833. Louis and I became very intimate. He allowed me to visit and record the cases in his ward at any hour of the day. I attended, also, his autopsies; saw his careful methods of examination; followed at his visits, and caught some of his keen, rapid, but very truthful methods of observing. Louis was at that time at the height of his fame, and must have been about forty-six years of age. He was tall; and at times I thought a little severe in his interrogatories to some stupid patients, but generally he was genial, and his smile was most sweet. I felt at one of his analyses of a new case as if new scenes in medical diagnosis were suddenly opened before me. He always seemed to have such a reverent regard for truth that whatever he said, or drew out of his patient, seemed full of interest and worthy of remembrance; yet, owing perhaps to this very quality, which prevented him from "soaring" as Piorry or Trousseau did, he was always followed by a limited number of pupils. Rarely did more than a very few, perhaps eight or ten, follow at his visit, but those of us who did so valued our privileges the more. At his "conferences," that is what most folks would have pompously styled lectures, he had only a very few more than at the morning visit. His style of lecturing was rather cramped; his manner hesitating, and his hand trembled as he told us his "numerical" way about various diseases. But what he told us, and what we regarded as the very

gems of professional learning, he had gained by long, previous years of quiet study in the wards of his more eloquent friend, Chomel. No two friends could be more opposite in manner than these two. A gravity of manner, somewhat severe, and a quick mode of utterance, a brusque way, in fact, marked Louis. Chomel, on the contrary, spoke always as the genial gentleman and scholar, and his words came from his lips like the natural and easy notes of a bird. Chomel warbled out his eloquent, truthful lectures, winning all students' hearts as much by his grace and kindly manner as by the medical learning he displayed, and his frequent allusions to Louis's deductions won praise from all of us admirers of Louis. Louis, on the contrary, had not a very pleasing voice, except later in life, when mellowed by time and by sorrow, and then it had a tenderness all its own when greeting me as his old pupil. His words were jerked out hesitatingly, and he never allowed his imagination to run riot. Moreover, he never indulged in the abuse of any one, which was but too common at that time. Andral was another friend, eloquent, philosophical, and truthful, but as we thought, less strict than Louis in his deductions; but he, too, looked, we could observe, to Louis as his teacher in many things where facts and not theories were demanded. I had been following Louis for some months, never missing a day, and always studying diagnosis and treatment, chiefly of thoracic disease. I remember being complimented and encouraged by the late Dr. Peirson, of Salem,

who came with me on one occasion and saw what I did, and heard me talk of cases. "You probably know more about the diagnosis of disease than any one in Boston." I, of course, was pleased, but I turned all the credit to my master beloved.

Towards the spring I was taken with acute rheumatism, and had my first and only attack of acute rheumatic fever. For three months I was good, practically, for nothing. On the third day of my absence Louis sought my room to see what was the matter. He had inquired about me before. I had stepped out for a few minutes, and had been to visit a café for breakfast. He subsequently attended me as if he had been my father, with the greatest tenderness. How genial and merry his voice at his morning visits! "Well, my dear, are you taking notes of your own case? You can't do better. It will teach you immensely about the disease." He really meant this as truth while apparently addressing *badinage* to me. A few days afterwards when I told him of my study of special muscles being affected, but that now, both hands having been seized, I could not write: "But, my dear, you should dictate." This was more than my human nature would permit when, at a subsequent period of the disease, the pain was horridly acute. But where is the American professor who would feel called upon to hunt up a French medical student when ill, as Louis strove to find me? I fear very few would do it. In the following winter I presented a paper and claimed admission to the Société Médicale d'Observation at Paris. Louis

was president. Barthe, D'Espime, Maunoir, Bizot, all eminent men subsequently, were with others then members. Bizot, I remember, corrected my "observation," which I had sat up all night to finish, foolishly drinking *demi-tasses* of *café noir* to keep myself awake, — Bizot, the quiet worker and measurer of all arteries; who having achieved that, and written a memoir that always will be quoted, and according to his master's numerical method, retired to Geneva to practice medicine. What pleasant friendly times we had, my friend B. and I, in the old wards and autopsy room of La Pitié! Well, by thy aid, dear friend, I was able to run the critical race of introduction to the Observation Society. Oh, how hard and yet how good that criticism was to me! Scarcely any one let me escape, and every cut I got seemed to do me good. I grew more strong with each blow. Louis, in summing up, I remember, was as severe as the coldest truth. "In omitting to mention one thing," said M. Louis, "in one part of the paper, he lost it all, for without that the whole remark is worth nothing." I thought it hard, but nevertheless enjoyed it, for I knew I was learning much and would learn more under such treatment. At the next meeting, Louis said, extending his hand and smiling as *he* could, "Well, my dear, we cut you severely last time, did we not?" I said, "Yes, but I was grateful for it." And he replied, "A paper well criticised always is a good one. A poor paper is beneath criticism."

In 1834 I left him with regret. I then had

Champmartin's picture copied by Daubigny. It gives the severe look, but not the friendly face of the man. I saw him, as I saw Madame La Place, twice more. In 1859 I showed him my map of Massachusetts about consumption, and he was very glad to see me, and we talked long together. But the pleasantest time was when I again visited Paris in September, 1867, twenty-five years after my introduction to him.

And now he has gone and left me. Another friend and guide of my youth, helper of my mind, dear to my heart, gone away, where? Farewell to thee, noble, truth-loving soul. God will never allow thy rich nature to perish. But alas, that I shall never see thee again face to face on this earth! Shall we ever meet again? Who *can* answer that great question? Let us all hope, and have entire faith in God's graciousness. I feel that Louis's death has seemed to carry me nearer to the grave. May my old age be genial and placid as his was! When I left him he gave me a lithograph (excellent) likeness of himself. His autograph, which he pointed out to me, is entirely characteristic of the ruling passion (if I may use that term when applied to science) that governed Louis in every investigation he made. "Il y a quelque chose de plus rare que l'esprit de discernement; c'est le besoin de la vérité, cet état de l'âme qui ne nous permet pas de nous arrêter dans les travaux scientifiques à ce qui n'est que vraisemblable mais nous oblige à continuer nos recherches jusqu'à ce que nous soyons arrivés à l'évidence."

The following beautiful tribute was written while waiting at King's Chapel for the funeral services of Charles Sumner, March 17, 1874. The notes are made in pencil, upon small pieces of paper, and were found in my father's Journal.<sup>1</sup>

I am here to attend the funeral of Charles Sumner, who died a few days ago at the very summit of his fame as Senator of the United States. I will try, while we wait for half or three quarters of an hour, to give some memories of the great and good man. I have known him since he left college. I am not sure that I did not know him as an awkward youth at the Latin School, but certainly after leaving college I heard of him first as highly commended by the late Chief Justice Story, who spoke of him as the first of the young lawyers of the age. I knew him early as the most eloquent defender of the rights of the colored race, and as associated with that earnest soul Dr. Howe, Horace Mann, and Longfellow. By and by his fame led all of us to wish to see him in the councils of the nation, but his tendencies were so different from common politicians' that it seemed impossible. In the breaking of the Whig party, and the coalition being formed which finally placed him where he died, I was intimate with him. I knew all, or rather some of the temptations that beset him. He sat in his office and did nothing to promote his own election, saying always, "I do nothing. I am asked to pledge myself to one thing or another; to one political sentiment or another.

<sup>1</sup> Monographs, volume xiv.



I tell them," said he to me when I dropped in one morning to chat a moment, and to see how the fight went on, "I tell them one and all, if you choose me you must do so on my character as shown heretofore. I make no promises save to act as I deem right." He was elected; and has since been indefatigable in his efforts for human rights. I have at times wondered at his pertinacity in pushing forward his measures, but I see now that he saw deeper than I, and had the greatest good of the country at heart. He gloried in his country. "What a glorious thing for you," I said to him after the war, "to have been a leader and worker of this great Revolution." "Yes," he replied, "but still I wish I had been born fifty years hence, for then I should know of the surpassing glories of my country as it will then be." His influence over the country was greater than that of any other one man. Witness the influence of his speech after the capture of Mason and Slidell. Our country was (the dead march is now sounding, and the great bell is tolling. How solemn and yet how beautiful and appropriate the sound!) in tremendous excitement. (Pleyel's Hymn now sounds from the band outside.) The country was in intense excitement, and declared they should never be given up. "Nay," he said, "the country will never set aside its own decided words uttered since Independence. The right of such search we have fought against; and by that we stand. We must apologize to England and return the men." (I have returned to my office, the funeral finished, and now

will try to conclude these brief sketches.) “Mason and Slidell are small matters compared with the fact of the country doing rightly.” It was quite astonishing to see the influence of that speech. In less than forty-eight hours the whole nation changed its tone, and the ambassadors from the South went their way. I think he has done more toward shaping the country’s course to good than any other one man. He was a prophet. I was opposed to him when he proposed to vote for Greeley. I thought him hard on President Grant. His resolution about national battle-flags, from a misunderstanding, was opposed; and the legislature a few years since voted resolutions which two days before his death were received by him as rescinded by the free action of the present legislature. All he said about the flags was right. He was the wise prophet. His life and his death at his post will have immense influence for good upon the young men now rising. I see Vin full of desire to know all about him. His pure life, his exalted patriotism, will be remembered when the little smallnesses of his character are forgotten. He is said to have had inordinate self-esteem. I never saw it. Perhaps, after all, what was called self-esteem was merely an accurate estimate of his own powers and learning compared with those of others.

Well, peace to his remains! I will only add as one pleasant incident which came to my knowledge many years since, and which gratified me at the time; viz., that he felt gratified when I commended his course, because he knew I “would not flatter him

for effect. The doctor is one of the 'Old Guard' (of anti-slavery, he meant), and his praise I value." Our friendship was never disturbed, even when I assailed him and Wilson as recreant to the cause of the soldiers in not being active for some ambulance law.

May 15, 1874.

I was asked by the Executive Committee of the Boston Society of Medical Observation to preside last evening at a special meeting held for the purpose of hearing from Dr. Brown-Séguard a history of the case of Charles Sumner.<sup>1</sup> . . . Ever since the brutal attack made upon him in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Sumner has been a martyr to severe neuralgic difficulty; torture, in fact, in certain respects, which must have made his life a burden to him, and which, now that they are told to me by the great physiologist and personal friend, make me reverence his memory with the combination of deep sorrow for suffering, and of intense love and respect which I feel when perusing the life of any of the great martyrs of our race, from Socrates downward to the present. Sumner, moreover, suffered in secret; for some symptoms, though intolerable, could not receive any aid from sympathy. . . . In other words, he was, by this singular state of things, induced to labor all day in the Senate while almost deprived of comfortable sleep, save during the first hours of the night. After four A. M. he was usually wide awake, and doubtless in full thought upon his life's work, if not

<sup>1</sup> Monographs, volume xiv., paper 3.

suffering the tortures incident to his state. How little do we know of human suffering! How little do we appreciate the essential nobleness of silent submission to grief that, it would seem, would cause anguish beyond possible concealment!

In my life I have at times thought that Sumner fell short of duty as I understood it. Not infrequently I have disagreed with him. . . . How this history of suffering, nobly borne in entire silence, suffering for humanity's sake, makes all my previous opposition and low appreciation of him seem small and petty compared with his grand magnanimity! And he has gone! I wonder if he now knows what I think of him and of his many virtues, and how I love to think of him as a grand exemplar for this people; and for myself in an especial manner an incitement never to fail of hope of doing something to leave the world no worse for my existence in it and perchance, to a few loving souls, a little better.

The following letters to a dear, personal friend are inserted, because they show how wide my father's interests were, and how cordial his sympathy to all who were conscientiously working for the truth in whatever direction.

BOSTON, July 19, 1873.

MY DEAR MISS — : I am afraid that you will have to assume alone all the heavy duties of being a "discoverer," for I find our friend, Dr. Adams, shrinks from the task of becoming a musical interpreter, when he knows not a note of music. How-

ever, you have progressed so far that I think you ought not to turn back. I wish I were not sixty-five years old, and could think that my ungoverned diaphragm would teach me anything in the premises; but I want to put the matter before you as an item of duty. When one has found out anything that will benefit the race, it is no longer a question of pleasure, but becomes one in which a perhaps painful duty is to be performed. Now nothing would give me more sincere pleasure than to help you all I can by introducing your paper to Brown-Séquard and to his physiological friends. I should rejoice to hear all the opposition that might be raised, and would simply point to your facts and ask your opponents, "How do you explain these?" and until they were able to explain them I should like to tell them they must hold their peace. All you have to do is to get good records of your facts. I would sincerely advise you, therefore, to get all well recorded in the language which your pupils may prefer to use, and let them tell your story. I fear, if you wait till you find some one old enough and learned enough both in music and physiology to give weight to your views, the "discovery" may die with you.

On your return I shall be happy to talk with you. Meanwhile, throw away all music save the music of the birds and of the trees and of all nature. Rest awhile and be content.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO THE SAME.

BOSTON, February 26, 1874.

You have done in all this matter exactly right. Do not allow yourself to swerve from the idea of presenting all the facts to Dr. Brown-Séquard, and at the same time to Mr. B. I pray you think nothing at all of others, but simply and quietly, but under a certain sense of responsibility to mankind and womankind in general, give to all of us your physiological experience. I will certainly try to get the trio to dine with us some day, and then you can sound the depths of Brown-Séquard's learning to your heart's content; but do not worry yourself if possible about anything. The dear God rules over all, and doubtless all will be well, whatever happens, and no truth, I think, ever dies. Excuse sermonizing in the wrong place, perhaps, but when I get disturbed it is so sweet to me to feel that there is really and truly One on whom one can rest in perfect peace, and so I suggest the thought.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO THE SAME.

December 15, 1886.

I owe an apology for not sooner answering your two notes. The fact is that I have seemed to have every moment of time unworthily occupied, and yet I have left undone many things which I should have done. Therefore you will pardon me.

Your first seemed to imagine that there must be many fools in the world. I am convinced of that daily, and that doubtless I am myself often and upon some subjects as great a fool as anybody. When, therefore, I find myself evidently a fool among fools, I quiet myself with the thought to which you alluded in your last. It is (and every day I am more confirmed in the thought) the only fact of which I seem perfectly sure. All follies and sectarianisms, on any subject, vanish before that great beautiful thought that God reigns and in the long run will bring things out straight. Meanwhile, I shall not bother myself nowadays (as I used often to do formerly) about people being asses, and things apparently going wrong. The only thing we have to do is to strive, each in his or her little circle, and be happy if we have some little influence for good; looking sharply meanwhile that as little evil comes from us as possible. Possess now your soul in perfect peace.

Yours ever most sincerely,

H. I. B.

In a letter to my sister my father describes a visit to Dr. Jacob Bigelow, then in his ninetieth year. His account brings us so vividly in touch with a generation long since gone, and is so suggestive in the study of the history of medicine, that I give it almost entire.

Sunday morning, February 20, 1876.

. . . I had a delightful visit upon Dr. Jacob Bigelow day before yesterday, and instead of writing in my Journal I will give you all the items of our conversation.

Dr. B. was born February 27, 1786, so that he will finish his ninetieth year next Sunday. I have always acknowledged that he was *facile princeps* in the medical profession of New England. With the exception of Dr. James Jackson, Dr. Twitchell, and Dr. John Ware, he has been considered of vastly more powerful intellect than any of our contemporaries. He is naturally kindly. At times he could become indignant at wrong, but he always kept perfect control of his passion ; and though "angry he sinned not." He had always remarkably clear perceptions of things, and his opinion usually carried great weight because his prudence prevented him from imprudent speech or action. I appreciate such a character in these particulars from my very want of the same qualities. I have always considered him one to whom I could appeal and feel sure of an honest reply. Those who were his intimate friends have always loved him. All may love him now, so beautiful does he seem as he lies helpless, but bright as ever in mind, gradually approaching death. He graduated in 1806 and, having been born only ten years after the Revolution of 1776, his life nearly spans the centennial period. I knew he must have seen some of the principal actors of those early days, and I wanted therefore to get from his lips reminiscences of physicians whose works I had read. As the Philadelphia school of medicine has always been the most powerful of any in America, and as one of the professors, Rush, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, I asked Dr. B. first about



that school. Dr. Bigelow's manner of delivery was always very slow, at times tedious, in fact, during his lectures. That slowness of speech has augmented at least fourfold. In talking he sometimes seems to have ceased wholly, so long are the intervals between his terse and clear utterances.

“ Yes, I knew the professors of the Philadelphia school. They have always claimed to have the best doctors there. I and two others were the sole New England students. Rush and Wistar I knew. They were kindly, and the latter especially was warm-hearted. They received the students. Physic was a savage, and would have no intercourse with us; we never were allowed to enter his house. Barton, B. S., was egotistical, a bad reader and speaker. Rush was enthusiastic and eloquent; a great believer in medicine and drugs. He was an ultra practitioner. He often said, ‘ We can have no reliance on nature, gentlemen. We must turn her out of doors in our practice, and substitute for her efficient art. The *vis medicatrix naturæ* which Cullen taught is a delusion.’ When I was in Philadelphia there was constant battling going on between the professors belonging to the faculty; Rush and Physic on one side, Wistar and Barton on the other. The Philadelphia school had students from all quarters of the country except from New England; very few went from here.”

I asked about Nathan Smith of Dartmouth, and afterwards of Yale, a man whom I had always thought to be, and still think, one of our greatest

New England men ; a man of real native powers, which it is true were but imperfectly cultivated compared with those of Bigelow, Jackson, etc.

“Smith,” said Dr. B., “well, I always thought him a quackish sort of man, inclined to claim Dartmouth as a great centre of medical learning.”

“What is your opinion of Dr. Holyoke, the first president of the Massachusetts Medical Society?”

“Indeed, the only remarkable circumstance about him was that he lived till he was one hundred years old and was bright then.”

I do not think that Dr. Bigelow had a sufficiently high estimate of the worth of either of these men, who were really great men in our profession. If they were not leaders, I know not who may be deemed leaders. Certainly they both stood, and stand now, preëminent among their associates in the medical society of that day.

I then turned his attention to Louis, and to the effect, if any, produced by him and by his works, and he spoke somewhat as follows : —

“Before Louis came, a great many believed implicitly in the power of medicine to cure diseases, and it would have been deemed a heinous dereliction of duty not to prescribe a certain round of medicine in every disease. For example, when I began practice, I felt myself always obliged to give an emetic in every case of supposed commencement of fever, or I should have been held responsible for the death of the patient, in case he should unhappily have died under my charge. Louis’s works checked all this ;

taught us the importance and necessity of a closer study of nature and of each fact in medicine.”

Although Dr. Bigelow said little if anything more, I inferred that he considered Louis's influence as good in overcoming the tendency to believe in the common rules previously laid down for medical practice, and to which he himself had unwillingly submitted for a season.

I alluded to the times when Asiatic cholera struck our shores. He immediately commenced the following account, and went on uninterruptedly, save by the long intermissions between his terse nervous sentences as above alluded to : —

“ Yes, I remember those times. There was intense excitement in Boston when the news came of the cholera breaking out in New York. The town council immediately chose a medical commission to visit New York in order to learn all that could be learned for the benefit of Boston as to the treatment of the disease. Dr. John Ware and I and Flint [Hunt ?] (at that time the doers of the drudgery of the city work, called the city physicians) were the sole members of it. I hardly remember how we went, but I think by the way of the Sound boat, and arrived at the usual hour at New York. On landing we were immediately struck with the stillness that pervaded the city ; it was still as death ; there were no carriages, no pedestrians in the streets. Everything seemed stricken down. We went out into Broadway. I said to Ware : ‘ Ware, this is Broadway.’ ‘ Yes,’ he replied, ‘ it is the city of the plague.’

We could not choose a boarding place. 'No,' he immediately said, 'I should say we found it hard to select a boarding house.' All were vacant; and to select among the vacancies was difficult. Everybody was flying from the city to avoid the malaria. Indeed, people were dying at a rapid rate. We went to the hospital. A few patients came in, and I said to Ware, 'Let us mark these patients, all freshly attacked, and let us take notes of the progress of their cases.' Accordingly, we marked down names and beds of those most sick. Before night one half of them were dead. I saw several beds with two women in them, one dead and the other still alive. I saw several dead but unremoved bodies lying in the ward. The medical men were all at their posts trying to do what they could, but many of the nurses fled and it was hard to procure others. The current remark of every one was, 'The disease is death; if a man be taken, he is gone!' They did, indeed, die in an incredibly short space of time. I said to Ware, 'Look at these young and apparently strong men and women, persons who have a right to get well, if drugs will cure them;' and yet, at our evening visit the attendants were laying them out.

"We could learn nothing that cured, and thought it useless to remain. Accordingly, at the end of three days we decided to return to Boston to make our report to the authorities. All was panic in New York, and we drove a wave of panic before us, so that on our arrival in the boat before Providence,

a small boat came off telling us we could not and should not land. They would have no intercourse with New York. We protested, but in vain. Various messages passed between us and the town authorities. While the latter were deliberating, a mob of excited citizens surrounded the building and declared that no one should land. Finally it was told to us that the coaches would be allowed to take us up at Seekonk, on the other side of the river; [that] Seekonk was in Massachusetts, and that State might take care of itself, but that no one coming from New York should traverse Rhode Island. We retreated to Seekonk, and got back to Boston about midnight. The next day we reported to the town council. Our report was so unfavorable that its worst parts were not allowed to appear in print for fear of exciting a panic in Boston."

I referred again to the honorable fact that while all else were flying from the pestilence, the physicians stood bravely at their post. He added this noble tribute to our profession.

"During my life I never knew a medical man to refuse to attend upon any case, however dangerous, where he alone was concerned. Where he would be liable to carry contagion to any other patient, he would of course decline, and thereby resign virtually his practice."

Then, as if thinking as a general rule no physician ever thinks of personal danger when called to one sick, he added: —

“I can truly say that while in New York the thought of danger to myself never once occurred to me.”

I then spoke of the modern ideas involved in the expression “State or Preventive Medicine.”

“Epidemics, usually,” he said, “have been short, though at times severe; and when finished the people have felt relieved, but have taken no measures of prevention for the future.”

Into the thought of State Preventive Medicine, as at present understood, his mind had evidently not been led. Probably this was natural, because his thought had been simply to destroy our sovereign faith in drugging, and to foster the belief that diseases once produced would in many, perhaps most instances, run their course, and that the most that physic (using the term in its widest sense) could do, would be to relieve and palliate the more prominent symptoms. In other words, his labors, after resigning his professorship in *Materia Medica* were, first, to utterly break down what little confidence he had given us in the *Materia Medica*; and second, to inculcate in us a love of Nature as the curer of disease by self-limitation. Thus, about twenty-five years after listening to Rush, did he propound opinions precisely the reverse of those of his great master upon the relative merits of nature and of art as handmaids to the physician. Neither Rush nor Bigelow seized the modern idea of State Preventive Medicine. In my conversation I thought I recognized that fact, and I tried to unravel before him my views of the matter.

I spoke earnestly, because I believed warmly in the future success of that idea, now just beginning to germinate in this country and in Europe. He listened attentively, and when I described how much I hoped for the study, under the power of the State, of the causes of disease, and their prevention, he chuckled as he lay in bed, and looked like his old self when enjoying a quiet joke. I said nothing, but expected something racy from his dear old head. His assertions had been at times so pungent, so precise, and generally so true, that I thought from his manner while listening to my remarks that I should get some reply a little grotesque perhaps, but I did not expect so much of genuine good sense as is contained in the following sentences, which were poured forth with the greatest deliberation, but without the least change or hesitancy of speech:—

“Preventive Medicine! Well, Doctor, you lay out a wide field!— you will have to prevent intemperance. How can you prevent the improvident experience of men and women? You will have to teach them what common sense calls prudence. For example, suppose a public ball or public dinner— how prevent men and women from running into that fire? You will need absolute despotic power to do that. Then if you should attempt to use your power, you would have fifty thousand opponents to rise up against you to prevent your orders from being carried out.”

Here he remained silent, and then quietly brought out the following most wise culmination of all our talk:—

“All that can be done will be to try to open the eyes of the people to the dangers which surround them by a candid exposition of the facts, and of their consequences.”

And perhaps that is really all that can be done ; but even that is a vastly nobler, if a heavier task than to carry on contests like those of preceding ages for the support of various theories set up by one great leader after another, each and all to be knocked down by their successors.

I left Dr. B. after a two hours' conversation with him, deeply impressed with his really very able mind, which at the age of ninety was so clear, so sagacious, so witty, so precise in thought and in the choice of words to express that thought. I had spent a most delightful morning away from the turmoil of the hour, in the presence of a representative of the past ; of one capable of comparing from his own experience the thoughts of almost the beginning and the end of our centennial period.

After bidding him good-by, I talked a little while with his wife and daughter. As I had been led to respect him by what I had previously known of him as a physician and man, and as I saw him on his bed of helplessness, so I was induced to hold him in still higher honor when I learned the following facts. He began to be blind in 1870, and had been totally blind for more than two years. In 1873 he had a slight paralysis of one leg, and he is becoming still more helpless every year. He makes no complaint, and although as he said jokingly to Storer a



few months since, "that to live till one is ninety is not what it's cracked up to be," he never gives any expression of unhappiness in the presence of others. In fact, as one of his family expressed herself, very graphically and charmingly, "His deportment is so sweet and gentle on all occasions that his friends almost forget that he is so helpless and so permanent an invalid." I asked, "What says he of his thoughts of the hereafter?"

"He rarely speaks upon the subject, and dislikes to talk of theological doctrines, even of Christianity; but his faith in God is unbounded. He says, 'I believe; help thou my unbelief.' He believes in and hopes for immortal life."

Well, Dearie, what a long letter! I have written it at various times, and what I commenced this morning I close with a beautiful evening. God bless and keep you.

Lovingly, FATHER.

In the early spring of 1879 my father was crippled by the rupture of a muscle of the leg; the result of a fall in the street.

In a letter to his friend, Dr. Thayer, he thus alludes to his accident: —

I have been summoned twice to Washington by Dr. — to very important meetings of the National Board of Health and have not gone, and have pleaded that I sat all day, except one hour, when I was carried downstairs and rolled into the beautiful Public Garden for an hour, during which for half or three quarters of an hour I pull along very grotesquely

upon crutches — so the little girls and big Irishmen seem to think, for they stand and admire. Speaking of little girls, I saw the sweetest expression of the tenderest compassion for me spread over the face of one as she observed the difficulty with which I rose upon my crutches, and then wearily wended my way ; I was really repaid for my trouble by seeing that sweet face sadly watching me. I tried to make her laugh ; but it was no laughing matter to her. So you see, my dear Doctor, I continue to find some pleasant things connected with my lameness. I constantly think, when I see men and boys and women and girls skipping along, “ Oh, ungrateful creatures ! Do you daily give thanks for having two legs ? I don’t believe you ever think of them.” And yet what a loss when one leg is lamed or gone ! But I have had, notwithstanding all annoyances and petty pains, a great number of blessings. My friends have filled my room with beautiful flowers ; and each one seems to have vied with the other to show his or her kindness. I have traced, since my sickness, the noble life of William of Orange ; that great soul so far in advance of all around him, and exemplar to all subsequent to him ! I have re-read Wordsworth, etc. I have worked, so far as I could, for the National Board of Health, and so, by one thing and another my days have been filled with pleasant thoughts ; and to crown it all, my brother, noble soul ! has deposited in the bank every month a large sum, to tide me over the breakage of my practice. . . .

Affectionately,

H. I. B.

LETTER TO EDWARD T. FISHER, ESQ., OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.,  
SON-IN-LAW OF HIS FRIEND, DR. THAYER.

BOSTON, February, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER: . . . I have nothing to say about your general prospectus, because it is upon a subject which has not been in my line of thought. I have always been a practicing physician; not an educator of youth. There are two points, however, which I would commend most heartily, and as you desire my written opinion upon them I can hardly refuse to give it. During my entire school and college life I never met but one man who, *as my teacher*, presented any high ideal before me of my opportunities and my duties as a pupil, or, in other words, tried to make me a better youth or man. Charles Follen, when he gently and almost imperceptibly led me to study German for my own sake, and without the least reference to my position in the class, became one of the greatest benefactors of my life; and so far as his influence went, amended my character. To get above others was the sole aim presented to me by every other teacher I had met. Now, although this object was essentially a contemptible one, it nevertheless rested like an incubus upon all of us during the school and college life. I saw it produce favoritism on the part of the teachers towards the high-marked boys; it caused deceit and trickery on the part of the pupils. I saw teachers hoodwinked by that knavery; and they gave honors to classmates undeserving of them because

stained with that deceit and trickery. I shall never forget how this accursed love of gaining honors caused one of the most beloved and respected of our class, the peer of any for his intellect and moral qualities, a perfect gentleman, usually, in his manner, to tear up with scorn a paper just received from a venerable professor who doled out to each one of us his high or his low part. The youth angrily scattered the fragments of the paper upon the floor, as he returned to take his seat among the "elect" of that occasion. As I watched his fine and usually tranquil face, flushed with passion while doing this ungentlemanly act, I could not help thinking then, as I do now, that all such *stimuli* to study were essentially bad in their effects upon human character. In orthodox phrase, I was suddenly regenerated within a week after I left college. I then saw the utter folly of my previous life, inasmuch as I had been ever straining, not for true learning and the gradual development of my own life, but for the ranking of myself with others higher or lower than I was in the class.

It would have been much better for me if I had followed my father's counsel, who put before me the following maxims: "Do the best you can — no one can do more than that. I *trust you*. I do not care for your school or college *marks*."

But how could a poor youth resist the public opinion of his fellow students, stimulated as that was by their teachers' powerful influence, and this last supported by the great public outside of the

school and college walls? I bid "Godspeed" to your plan of instruction, that will seek to develop purely each pupil's own character, and rejoice that to aid you in this most desirable object you have decided to give up wholly the false system of "marking."

In regard to co-education of the sexes, I settle that question very easily in my own mind. As woman at every age tends, when pure, to elevate man above his lower propensities, so I never could conceive of any good reason for separating the sexes in our courses of instruction, from the lowest kindergarten up to the highest professional school. Of course a wise system of instruction should guide, guard, and warn pupils of the dangers which they may meet in their progress forward. With a care for human character which you propose, I believe that co-education will tend to the elevation of both sexes.

I remain, respectfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO DR. AND MRS. THAYER.

BOSTON, September 25, 1883.

I have read Dr. Beard's lecture<sup>1</sup> and have thought much upon it. Nay, I have studied the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, etc., in order to decide what he means, or exactly ought to mean, by the "moral" qualities. I am not prepared to answer Dr. Beard at length, because I cannot. "It is not in my line."

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Beard's "Moral Decline in Old Age," volume v., paper 7, manuscripts.

Still I have something to say, and shall frankly say it. You, Ellen, say that "you know I shall like it." I regret to differ from you, but I do not like it. It seems to me that Dr. Beard, while telling some home truths about some great men, makes us all feel somewhat as if a brute of a fellow should say to man in general: "Of what use is it for you to hold up before the people a noble ideal? If you live long enough, you yourself will become inevitably, I now tell you, either a coward, a sneak, or an absolute scoundrel." Now I do not believe in such a doctrine, yet I get that from Dr. Beard. Let us look at the matter a little more closely. Beard was, I believe, an honest believer in his doctrine, and also an able man, but I always thought he was somewhat wanting in balance of character as a scientific personage. Perhaps I am mistaken, but this is my judgment of him as a scientific man. I think that this lecture, while containing some truths, is fraught with evil to mankind if carried too far. I take the ground that the moral qualities, if properly trained through life, that is, from earliest years, may and do tend rather to improve than to deteriorate, even while the physical powers are diminishing. Enthusiasm cannot be said, I think, to be exactly a moral attribute. It is rather a temperament, varying more or less in different persons. What the philosophers may style it I know not. I regard it as that natural instinct implanted in man which spurs him to good or to bad deeds alike, — which leads a ranchman to enjoy hard

work with poor fare and freedom. It inspires the licentious, drinking young fellow to his wild dissipation and carelessness of all morals. It urges on his drinking "loving cup" potations which lay him and his comrades under the table. Enthusiasm for learning, for piety, for reform, etc., is invaluable to mankind, but it may stir men up to extravagance, perhaps, in youth, which may become in age more quiet and more broad, though less demonstrative. Now this quality may or may not lessen as the physical powers decay. So far as the bodily ability of the human being is concerned in carrying out all his or her plans for good or damnable or disgusting objects, it will fail in old age of its usual stimulus to the exhibition of physical or moral power. But I deny that a large set of qualities of a moral kind in mankind are thus lessened. I claim that there may be, in a majority of instances, a gradual elevation until the end, of high moral qualities in men and women. You and I have often seen some of them become more striking and more beautiful in old age. The fact is that some inherit infamous qualities, so that it seems almost impossible for them to resist even the smallest amount of temptation to evil; and, their surroundings being always bad, they become "devils incarnate," growing worse and worse till death. Others, on the contrary, are saints almost from their birth; and their temptations are very slight. Their good moral qualities, such as a keen conscience, good will, and respect for others, their truthfulness and

fidelity in all the relations of life, and their pious confidence in the Father of us all, — these qualities and others that might be named do not fail in men, but, on the contrary, bloom out after the “golden period” of active life has passed. The majority of mankind are born of the *juste milieu* type. Education as it is commonly carried on has no tendency, in cases of hereditary evil, to check that evil propensity; and very probably surrounding circumstances would defeat all the aims of education, even if we were to try to stem that evil propensity. Education, however, usually stimulates the intellect, and lets the morals take care of themselves. It often encourages low ambition, emulation for false honors, cupidity, selfishness, and other evil propensities. The intellect is inordinately stimulated while no enthusiasm for a real nobleness and real independence of character and religiousness of soul is excited in the minds of the youth. No wonder, then, that in many the moral seems to deteriorate in old age. The great intellect sustains the man for a time before the world, and in his own self-esteem. Perhaps, at times, he talks for effect’s sake, religiously and morally, when he may have neither quality, save in minimum amount, and it fades even faster than the physical powers after the golden age for work has passed. Then the low qualities, cultivated from earliest years, become rampant; and the victim may become more selfish, more crabbed, more fault-finding with his lot, and more contemptible in the eyes of



all, while perchance he may become a still greater sufferer from the fact of having at last gained his own self-content. Thrice happy is it for all, including himself, when he dies!

Dr. Beard cites several persons who in their lives illustrate his idea of man's life in this world. I can speak of but one, viz., Daniel Webster. His intellect was gigantic from the first; his morale almost nothing from the same hour. My father saw him once in a great case of some lawsuit about a cotton machine. Father was studying the machine for months. He and Patrick Jackson were in despair at finding that Webster, who was engaged as counsel, could not be induced to examine the model, or learn anything, apparently, of the case. Finally the day arrived for the trial, when, about an hour before they were to go into court, Webster ran into Mr. Jackson's office, where father was, and sat himself on the floor before the machine and said, "Make it move, and explain it as it goes!" For an hour he seemed totally absorbed. He went into court and, as father said, made one of the grandest and most lucid arguments he had ever heard. He gained the case, but my father in after life, while agreeing that his intellect was "godlike," had always a contempt for him, for his want of the many sterling moral qualities that, if he had had them, would have sustained him to the last. In fact, he never had a really keen conscience on any subject; and a "defender of the Constitution," he "denied that there was any higher law." If he

had possessed a conscience, even of the commonest kind, he would not have been perpetually in debt to the great Whig rulers of Massachusetts. Even the day before his seventh of March speech he deceived one of his truest and most devoted friends and partisans by leading him to believe that he was going to take a noble stand in behalf of liberty, but the cotton spinners of Massachusetts had so long held him as their paid agent that at the last moment he bowed very naturally to their power, and swallowed his own words spoken the day before to his friend. Webster did, indeed, seem to show at that occasion a sudden fall of moral power; but it seems that he never had any real moral power for self-government, and he could not fall lower morally in old age than he was in that respect in youth.

Well, I must stop. I felt impelled to protest against what I deemed, in regard to human nature, the degrading tenor of Dr. Beard's paper. Whether or not I have conveyed to you a single new idea on the subject, or whether you think my argument of any or of no weight against his position, it matters little to you. To me it has been a great deal. I honor and love human nature as I love and honor God, and my feelings, and I think my experience with men and women as I have met them in this world, assure me that I am right in my high estimate of what human nature may eventually become. Dr. Beard gives us not a particle of such hope.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

ANSWER TO A PHYSICIAN'S LETTER REGARDING THE AD-  
MISSION OF WOMEN INTO THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL  
SOCIETY.

BOSTON, June 29, 1884.

DEAR SIR,— You could not have been more surprised than I was at the result of the voting in the M. M. S. It only proves the truth of Emerson's (I think) remark: "Even one is a majority with God on his side." You quote C—— as an opponent. He has been for months one of the most efficient defenders of the propriety of admitting women to the M. M. S.

Suffolk County, while better than it was, has governed the Massachusetts Medical Society, and has had to succumb to the honest thought and love of fair play evinced by the country. The arguments used by —— and —— and —— were to my mind puerile and absurd; and so they seemed to a majority of the Council. Your argument about women going out of their sphere of motherhood, etc., is perhaps good for women bearing children, but there are many single women. Have they no right to study as they please? Have they not a right to support themselves? What right have you, a man, to prescribe what a woman should do in medicine? What argument against women can be drawn from the fact that quacks are abundant? I see no argument in the suggestion. What we want are educated and honest physicians, male and female. But, try as we will, while human nature exists as now, we shall always have a goodly number of

quacks, knaves, and idiots; with a smaller number of the nobler type. The Bible you quote against woman. My dear Doctor, having lived and having felt the damnable influence of proclaiming that Bible "inspiration" supported slavery, I care not a straw for any such argument against women's study of medicine. It seems to me not only wholly wrong, but it brings contempt upon the Bible to quote it for such a purpose. The fact that quackery is rampant, and that *we educated ones* (!) are neglected, seems to me irrelevant as an argument.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

In 1885, although seventy-seven years old, my father, whose interest in every new medical suggestion was as keen as ever, made a visit to his friends, the Thayers, in Brooklyn, in order to study the "Pneumatic Differentiator," a machine introduced to the profession by Dr. Herbert F. Williams, of Brooklyn.

BOSTON, March 29, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, DR. AND MRS. THAYER, — If you will be such "good fellows" as you always have been to me, you must expect such impertinence as I propose to show you in this letter.

For years I have been sighing for some means to dilate old and condensed lung, or parts of lung. Certain exercises (gymnastic, so to speak) I have directed some persons to take — but never have I thought of such an apparatus as that devised by your brother doctor in Brooklyn. Vin's return and explanation does not quite satisfy me, and I want

again to *begin to study* the new thing. I propose therefore (*Deo et meis amicis Thayer volentibus*) to be in Brooklyn on Thursday, P. M., with the intention of "*digging into*" not only the mysteries of the "Differentiator," but of the cases submitted to it. Can you let me be with you and yours till the following Thursday? If that be impossible, can you get me a quiet and good boarding place, near to Dr. Williams's instrument? I want to say that I am no longer a young fellow — I cannot dine out, or go to gatherings of any kind; and I shall not call on new physicians, excepting, perhaps, to learn from them something connected with the use of the "Differentiator." I feel as if I were carried back fifty-three years; and I see and hear Louis urging me to study carefully all the facts of this case, in order to record, weigh, and count them (*perpendendae et numerandae observationes*).

Ever affectionately yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

EXTRACT FROM HIS JOURNAL — THE BURIAL OF GRANT.

August 8, 1885, 1.10 P. M.

The guns that have been booming all day every ten minutes now sound from the Common every minute. I have just returned from a walk to Charles Street across the Public Garden. Everything is like a Sunday; nay, less busy than on Sunday. A few persons are on the Common. The Public Garden is gay with rich green from recent showers, and beds of flowers here and there. Butterflies flit over them,

but I meet only two or three pedestrians. I find no shop open. The tolling of the bells, — and now minute guns more frequent, I suppose correspond to some important part of the funeral pageant now going on in New York.

Well, it is right for the people to set the day apart as a notable one, as that of the entombment of the greatest general of any age. I write with thought of the exact meaning of the word. Others may have commanded as vast armies over as large a field ; others may be known wider than he for deeds of personal valor ; others may have held on to the foe with the same persistent energy. Every species of military renown may have been equalled by others. But who among them has had his real Christian magnanimity towards the vanquished foe ? Who ever before stood before an infuriated, victorious people and boldly declared : “ The terms are in my hands as commander-in-chief of the army, and I declare to those whom we have finally conquered that we will take no spoils of war. They are our brothers ; let them go uninjured, and let the vanquished soldiers take their horses and all they have and go back to their homes, and raise their crops ! ” This magnanimity of soul in Grant is what will make him, and the victory of Appomattox, for all coming time noted as the first time a conqueror ever did so glorious an act. Compare this act with what the English did in India, or still more recently what Germany did to France ; and in both instances, leaving rankling in the bosom of the conquered a feeling for revenge and future

slaughter! Look at the facts here; Confederate soldier and Southern men and women are now joining with us under the old flags as brethren! Among the last words of Grant were those of thankfulness that by his sufferings the people of the South have been led to pour in upon him words of sympathy because of his noble treatment of them. The fact of General Buckner offering to General Grant in his later days \$10,000, to help him in his poverty, and that two of the chief Confederate generals are now acting as pallbearers of their great and victorious opponent, tells me, more than words can express, what a power Grant, in the first instance, with the spirit of Lincoln to animate him in some degree, was towards making this country again one and indivisible by the bond of public love and sympathy. In all this praise bestowed upon our lost leader, none whom I have heard speak has brought out distinctly the most magnificent part of his story.

In a later manuscript he says:—

History records no nobler act done by a victorious army leader. It turns a new page in the history of war. It is the blossoming out of Christian civilization where least expected, and ought to give immortal honor to our great leader.

EXTRACT FROM HIS JOURNAL.

July 6, 1886.

As one of the interesting events of my life, I cite the following. After the late  $\Phi$  B K dinner, when we had, as usual, *badinage* and easy merriment from

all the speakers, our presiding officer, Professor James B. Thayer, called up Major Christie, of New Orleans, a Confederate officer, in the following terms, as "one who unfortunately was opposed to us during the late war, but who was a son of Harvard, though not a member of our fraternity." We were all on the tiptoe of expectation as the result of these words. A tall, thin American man, with flowing brownish-colored whiskers, arose slowly and hesitatingly. He seemed embarrassed; and the hall was in perfect silence, with all eyes upon him. As I remember, after warm applause from all, which followed the intense silence of the moment before, he spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I thank you sincerely. I came here simply as a listener, and not prepared to speak, and I know not what I can say in reply to your kind treatment; but I am a son of Harvard and I have delightful memories of days spent here. I met many friends. Among the dearest and most honored was an elderly lady named Lowell ('Miss Sally Lowell'). She seemed to take especial notice of us New Orleans boys, and received us as a mother would into her home, because we had left our own mothers and our homes in the South. We all loved and respected her, and felt grateful. I have seen little of Harvard since graduation, but I have never forgotten that home and its excellent mistress. I entered the late war for what we deemed right ('not for slavery, Doctor,' as he subsequently told me, 'but for state rights.') I was made a staff officer



under General Early. On one occasion our corps was strongly, impregnably, as we thought, intrenched at the rear of a long, level plain; but we saw a large force coming bravely and steadily to attack us. We knew that their defeat was inevitable, as they could not reach us when our batteries were open. A gallant young officer was leading them; we could see him plainly. When we opened fire, the ranks fell in 'winrows,' but still they came up to the attack; but in vain! Finally they retreated, and I was ordered by General Early to go out upon the field to see to the wounded and to gather up the arms that had been left. Among those apparently dead was the brave youth who led them. 'Who were these brave men, and where did they come from?' 'They were from Massachusetts, many of them from Harvard, and their leader's name was Lowell.'<sup>1</sup> Instantly all the sweet memories of Harvard, and of the dear lady named Lowell, came rushing back upon me, and I thought perhaps that dead youth was a relative of hers.

"I assure you, gentlemen, that then for the first time since entering the service I bitterly regretted my position. I was completely overcome. Pardon me, gentlemen, for speaking thus; but they were soldier's tears. I could not check them as I looked upon the brave youth and thought of Harvard. I placed a white handkerchief over his face to prevent injury to it, and directed my orderly to have him buried in a spot where his friends could easily find

<sup>1</sup> James Lowell.

him. I was glad to learn subsequently that he was not dead, but recovered sufficiently to be taken to a hospital, where he died. Gentlemen, I again sincerely thank you."

By the time the speaker had spoken thus much all ears were attentive, and the eyes of most of us were filled with tears. The silence for a moment after he ceased was intense, and then burst from all equally-marked applause. People crowded around him to shake hands with him, some actually weeping. H., when telling the incident to his father, said, "If he had talked any longer, we should all have been crying." This remark from H., who is not usually given to the "melting" mood, tells the tale better than my words. It was evident that nothing further from any one would be agreeable, and with one accord, at the suggestion of our president, we closed the meeting in our usual way, by joining hands all through the company and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

I put my left hand into that of my next neighbor, and threw my right across the dais table to keep the circle entire by the extended arm of an unknown professor from Philadelphia, who was one of the invited guests. That over, I pushed my way towards the Confederate brother, and said to him, "I lost my son in the war, but I want to thank you for the generous words of peace and reconciliation you have spoken." I then asked for his address and gave him my card. He seemed gratified by the cordial reception we had given him. Of the result

of that exchange of cards, and of the subsequent visit to Jamaica Plain, where he charmed all, both young and old, I will tell to-morrow.

July 7, 1886.

At four P. M. I escorted the Major in the cars to Jamaica Plain. He was to take tea *en famille* with Olivia and me. "We did not fight for slavery, but for state rights, which we hold to as strongly as ever. Slavery has been abolished, and we believe that is well. We want now Northern capital and cotton manufacturing to come to the South, where money could be made. Slavery could not have been abolished save by the war. By that the South and North are now welded into one country." I replied that state rights were dear to Massachusetts, subordinate to the idea of a national compact. "I was on General Early's staff; and I often saw and conversed rarely, and on matters of duty only, with General Lee. I had a reverent awe of him, as he seemed far above others. He was tall and dignified, always perfectly dressed, and of quiet, gentlemanly manners. I felt unable to approach him save as an officer of the highest character. I never met him without feeling so, and to converse with him on common topics was impossible to me. Stonewall Jackson I knew well. He was a noble man; of rough exterior, and he wore a slouched hat. His dress was usually that of a common man careless of his personal appearance. All, even the lowest soldier, knew him. Some often cursed him when he marched us at double quick for twelve or perhaps twenty-four

hours without food, day or night, on one of his rapid flights to cut off his enemy. If a halt had been finally ordered, and the soldiers still grumbling had thrown themselves down by their bivouac fires and with nothing to eat, if even then the news came along, 'Jackson is coming,' instantly every man was upon his feet rushing to the roadside with his share of the cheer, which was continuously given along the line. He, indeed, was a great commander and did thoroughly his duty, though utterly careless of personal appearances. He was a profound thinker and truly religious man. On one occasion I had been ordered to meet him at a certain time and place, — his headquarters. I went there at the time and was told that he was in the adjacent wood. I went as directed, and saw him sitting on an old stump apparently wrapped in thought, with his eyes uplifted, and a vacant look upon things around him, as if the spirit had left his body. (The Major was a thorough Swedenborgian in belief.) I said nothing and stood perfectly still, awaiting the result. In a few moments a sudden change occurred. His eyes looked natural. Seeing me then, apparently for the first time, he abruptly asked: 'Who are you? What do you want?' 'I came here, General, in obedience to your orders, and I await your commands.' 'Oh, very well,' he replied promptly, and then gave orders and I left. I felt that he had been deeply engaged in prayer, and that while so his spirit had temporarily left the body and that he did not really see me at first with his bodily eye."

(I subsequently found that while believing implicitly in all the visions and doctrines of Swedenborg, Major C. also thinks that they are manifestations of the doctrines of Darwinism and Evolution, and all spiritual manifestations are merely preliminary operations foretelling of the grander results that are sure to come.)

In the evening we went to H——'s to see his family and the fireworks (the 4th was Sunday). The Major attracted everybody, and the little ones sat upon his knee and clustered laughingly around him. Later in the evening H—— and he discussed the various campaigns good-humoredly together, and spoke of victories and fights of either party as necessities, — men upon the chessboard of battle. I was delighted to see them “hobnob” together on old lines. The Major did not wince when H—— told of his being among the first to enter Richmond at the head of his black cavalry, and how the streets were crowded by black men and women who wiped the feet of the Union officers, while every blind was closed in every house and not a white person was to be seen! All these remarks the Major accepted as *faits accomplis* and as the natural language of an enslaved people when greeting their deliverers. Now I was delighted to see this harmony existing between the two, but I thought then and now that the grand magnanimity of Grant to General Lee and his soldiers, and the subsequent action of Congress in giving all rights to every enemy, save the leaders, had brought about the feeling that enabled these

two officers to discuss harmoniously together the incidents of this mightiest war of the centuries for human liberty. The two were the illustration of what seems to me to be the real union we now have between the North and South; instead of the heart-burning and preparations for future war existing between France and Germany, India and her English conquerors, etc.

How much of real Christian charity and forgiveness have flowed from the one  $\Phi$  B K address of a Confederate officer, is the general feeling of all who were fortunate enough to listen to it, and of those who have heard of it since.

## CHAPTER XXVI

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL

1887-1889

TO MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS.

May 9, 1887.

DEAR MRS. STEARNS, — I forgot to leave with you the riddle<sup>1</sup> found in a book of autographs made chiefly between the years 1610 and 1630. The riddle has the date of 1742, and is signed by one Fulda, at that time the possessor of the precious heirlooms of the family Von Olnhausen ; and which had been carefully kept and transmitted to sons of that name for 132 years. The Von Olnhausens dated their origin from a gallant Crusader, Heinrich Olnhausen, who in 1388 had been made “ Knight of the Golden Spur ” at Jerusalem.

The autographs collected by one of his descendants (an earnest student, between 1610 and 1630) of all the great personages (nobility with their illuminated coats of arms, professors of many universities, pastors of churches, great physicians, and lettered young companions) were in two volumes,

<sup>1</sup> A M O R E S.

6. Sex fuge,

5. Quinque tene,

4. Quatuor fac,

Reliqua (R E S) tibi sequentur.

and by marriage had come into Fulda's hands. He, with a true instinct, felt that they ought to be in the hands of his young relative, the male descendant of the Von Olnhausens. Therefore in 1742 he transferred them to John Frederick Olnhausen, telling him that he hoped that these precious relics of the good youth of 1610 would stimulate his loving descendants to behave as heroically as his predecessors had done, and he gave the inclosed riddle, which as I have before stated I forgot to leave.

To finish my story, I ought to tell you how they came into my possession. Some few years before the war of the rebellion, a tall, middle-aged German came into my study, evidently very ill, I saw at a glance. There was intellect and great suffering seen in his face, but there was a serenity of manner and quietness of speech which charmed me. I soon found that he was hopelessly ill; his wife, an American woman, flitted around him, watching tenderly every word that fell from him. It was evident that they were poor. I advised him to enter a hospital, and I visited him as a friend several times before he died. I found that he was a patriot obliged to leave Germany, and had sought this country, devoted as he thought to freedom, and shocked he had been to find how rampant slavery was here. Just before death he willed to me his Schiller cup, from which he had drunk Rhenish wine from the time of student life on the anniversary of the poet's birth. He had brought the autograph books here, he being the last male descendant of his race. His wife soon after



his death left the books with me for safe-keeping, when she entered as a nurse the Northern hospital.<sup>1</sup> After serving till the end of the war, she went to Germany and offered herself, and was accepted, as a nurse in the Franco-Prussian war. By a strange coincidence, among her first patients was one named Olnhausien. He was of the family of her husband. She subsequently lived there some weeks, and then returned to America.

Excuse me for this lengthy story. When I fall upon the history of a really excellent German patient or friend I find much to interest me, and my pen flows on freely.

I remain very sincerely yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO THE SAME.

BOSTON, August 7, 1887.

DEAR MRS. STEARNS, — I neglected to answer your last letter because I did not forget your kind invitation to taste your strawberries at College Hill, and then I thought I could answer in person. But the Fates have been against me, and the weather has nearly melted me, and finally after attending the meeting of the "black Veterans" I had one of the sharpest attacks of real illness that I have had for years, and have been laid up from professional work and motion for nearly a week. I am now again, I hope, as well as I can be on the verge of seventy-nine. I used to con-

<sup>1</sup> The cup and books were returned after my father's death to the relatives of the Baroness von Olnhausien. — ED.

sider that a man who had arrived there upon his journey might well be prepared to "stack arms" and lie down to rest. But somehow I do not feel that, spiritually, I can enjoy less than I did, a moonlight night or a peerless day, a fine poetic thought, or a new advance on any scientific road that lays itself open to my view. I think I am more hopeful and more *faithful* than I was years ago. I seem to know that all things will go well with me and mine, whatever may happen. I do not look forward much, and as to the past — I let that go, with the satisfaction that I have tried never to be a sneak ; but to do the duty of the moment has been, as Grant says, " my superstition." Therefore, as I feel comfortable, and hope to be perfectly well, I will say that with your permission I will call on you at College Hill next Saturday at the usual hour in the forenoon. I mention that day because I shall go on a vacation for two or three weeks subsequently. I remain yours very sincerely,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

LETTER TO L. VERNON BRIGGS.

March 14, 1887.

20 minutes to 10 P. M.

MY DEAR VERNON, — Do not think me forgetful, for I cannot forget you. But the truth is, having nothing, I seem to have everything to do. You know I keep always busy. It is the only way I have to keep the devil at bay. I remember well the old bit of poetry I learned when a " little shaver."

" For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do." . . .

I have been reading with the deepest interest the first report of the state board of arbitration and conciliation, a most admirable document! finely prepared by men who seemed to appreciate their high object. I am struck with the fairness and simple renderings of the board. I am also impressed with the quiet, nay admirable bearing evinced by the employees, while some of the employers were anything but gracious. They acted, in fact, in a manner to bring contempt upon themselves, and in some instances seemed willing to resist the really Christian efforts of the board. The fact is that power once possessed by any man, tends to brutalize him. He acts like a czar over his small dominions, and considers all under him as mere serfs to his money.

There are glorious exceptions to this rule, still I think it holds good generally; and according to my old grammar rules, I say, "The exception proves the rule."

I have this day launched my address on "Homeopathy,"<sup>1</sup> etc. before the Rhode Island Medical Society in the form of a small edition by Cupples, Upham & Co.

I think I will send you a copy, and if you meet any doctor, I wish you would let him see it and tell me frankly his opinion. The young physicians, untainted with conservatism, will greet it with approval. It will be either derided or cursed by many of the

*"Past, Present, and Future Treatment of Homeopathy, Eclecticism, and Kindred Delusions."* Address before the Rhode Island Medical Society, June 10, 1886. Cupples, Upham & Co., 1887.

“ Old Hunkers,” nevertheless it contains, I believe, solid truth, or I would never have delivered it.

The ladies stop from “ Halma ” to send love.

Affec’y,

H. I. B.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BOYLSTON STREET, December 16, 1887.

MY DEAR OLD-TIME ANTI-SLAVERY AND POET-FRIEND, WHITTIER, — “ The Spirit moveth me ” to write a few words on the eve of the day on which, happily for all men, you were born. How many thousands of silent sympathizers there will be with me to-morrow to rejoice that you are still alive. During fifty of these eighty years I have known you, and what a delight and support you have been to me and mine ! For you have been a true man, and a bard who has known how to touch all the finest strings of the human heart. Two events come up vividly before me to-day as I glance back over our long acquaintance. One of them I am sure you will remember, because we have had a letter or two upon it lately. I refer to your inscription for my sun-dial. How much it has been and is still admired I had evidence last evening at our Thursday Club. Robert Treat Paine told me that your lines and those under the old dial in St. Mark’s in Venice he had had inscribed on the pedestal of a dial he has had recently put up at his country-seat at Waltham. Many years ago I told him the story of my old dial, and of my bold appeal to you for a motto for it and of your generous and most perfect response to my wishes.

The other event you may not remember as well as I do ; viz., that at my urgent appeal to you to give us something that would stir up our souls at the "Latimer Convention" to be held at Ipswich, you wrote and sent as your message "Massachusetts to Virginia." I read the lines at that meeting, and foolishly gave the manuscript to some editor who never returned it. At that time, however, my whole soul was bound up with the idea of freeing Latimer and of persuading the people of Massachusetts solemnly to declare by legislative acts that neither their jails nor their offices should ever again be used to catch and to hold the fleeing slave. I knew well that any lines from Whittier would give backbone to the wavering or the cowards, and stir up the hearts of all liberty-loving men and women ; and such was the fact. Whittier's poetry was like the morning bugle note which often stirred us who lived near the Readville camp, in the earlier days of the civil war ; and my heart now cries out : "Thank God for the boy that was about to be born eighty years ago ! What a blessing he has been, not only to me, but to our whole people in the world !" As a small token of my respect for your birthday, I send a "Greek Calendar" for 1888, which is just published, and is much admired. I think you will fully appreciate it as you read the selections. I have pulled apart my copy, and have seen how many thoughts, and in some instances whole phrases, which I had supposed to be modern, have been borrowed, and at times without giving them any credit, from these grand old hea-

thens, as we foolishly call them. To only two of these selections do I object, and they come from some physician hater, and they were not among the *old* Greeks, but at the opening of the second century after Christ. Instead of one, I quote Homer (*Iliad*), nine hundred years before Christ. Apollo goes as the great physician to cure the sorely wounded Hector, and when he came,

“He spake and into the great man’s breast  
Breathed strength and courage.” . . .

“So moved the swift feet of Hector, and he flew  
To cheer his horsemen on.” . . .

And for the second I quote two modern writers. Sir James Paget, September 2, 1887, says (“*British Medical Journal*”) of the physicians: “And so in toil but not in weariness they pursue their way, sowing seed of which they reckon not whether they reap any fruit; content because they are in the path of duty; blessed if they only see or think that they minister to the welfare of their fellow-men.”

Again: “There are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd; the soldier, the sailor, the shepherd not infrequently, the artist rarely, rarer still the clergyman, the physician almost as a rule. . . . He brings air and cheer into the sick-room, and often enough brings healing.” (See Robert Louis Stevenson’s Preface to “*Underwoods*.”)

And in citing these I think I have the best of the arguments. The poet, if he be pure and brave, and perfectly true to the highest ideals, is in my opinion

above all other men ;— a noble preacher, above all sects, of a perfect manliness and womanliness to the erring world.

My dear old friend, I mean no compliment, simply state what I believe to be true, when I say that I deem Whittier one of the selected few among the bards whose words will be forever held in high honor by all the English-speaking races of the entire world.

Good-by, my dear friend. May the peace of God ever abide with you and both of us until the end, which cannot be far off.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

On the 17th of July, 1888, my father and mother celebrated their "Golden Wedding" at Sunnyside, once the lovely home of his sister, Mrs. J. J. Dixwell, on the hill above Jamaica Plain overlooking the beautiful valley and the chain of the Blue Hills of Milton beyond.

I think no one who was present can ever forget it. The day was most beautiful, befitting the occasion which marked the consummation of fifty years of a perfectly happy wedded life.

In a letter to his friend of many years, Miss Mary Hudson, he thus alludes to it.

JAMAICA PLAIN, August 14, 1888.

DEAR MARY,— Your letter of the seventh reached me only yesterday here, where I have been ill for a week, but I feel much better to-day and shall go into town to "do duty" forty-eight hours, and hope to be quite well again then. Our memories run back

almost to *prehistoric* times, — that is, it seems to me that when I, as a young man, was careering around with a bevy of boys and girls at my heels on the greensward, at the time of one of our Warren Street Chapel excursions, it was ages ago. I cannot seem to connect the present and the past as one course. So much has happened and so many have grown up and are now old men, and so many have gone ; and I am just toddling onward so irresistibly towards the tomb ! It all seems so strange !

Our “Golden Wedding Day,” July 17th, was a perfect delight from morn till “dewy eve.” We had no idea what our young folks were preparing for us. We had many beautiful letters and gifts. Holmes, Whittier, Winthrop, all sent cordial greetings. These, with all others, I have put in a volume bound in red morocco ; with a preface by H. I. B. as a memorial for those who follow us of the sweet influences of every hour. This book will be put in Nat’s “Memorial Cabinet.” Towards evening, when only friends immediate and dear were with us, we joined hands and sang “Auld Lang Syne” — and the finale was from my sweet family trio, my “Le” and her two sons — she at the piano, they singing. Nothing ever is superior to that in my estimation. They sang fine German airs (Slumber Songs), and closed with the beautiful hymn to the dear Mother of Jesus, “Ave Sanctissima ! we lift our souls to thee.” We both felt that the day, after having been filled with jollity (Ned as you know always gets me into hysterics of laughter, and on this occasion was the



source of mirth in others), closed most fitly with prayer and praise. I said to "Le" as we retired, "This, I think, has been the happiest day of my life."

Well, Mary, I have "run on" and have not thanked you for your friend's pretty book-mark, which we shall use.

God bless you.

Affectionately,

H. I. B.

TO MRS. FREDERICK KNIGHT OF MILWAUKEE.

BOSTON, December 17, 1888.

DEAR (BISHOP'S LADY THAT IS TO BE) LIZZIE, — I am a bit of a Quaker, and the "Spirit moveth me" to write a word of congratulation on the new dignity from Milwaukee. What a prophet I was! Do not you remember that I told you I felt sure that your husband was destined for that high honor and privilege; also, inasmuch as a true manly bishop has it in his power to do vast good in his diocese, so the bishop's lady, also, has honor and corresponding duties devolving on her; and her influence for good or for evil, by example rather than by precepts, upon not only her own people, but also on those outside of her own church, will be great. The time has come when all religionists should look fairly at the state [?] of the times. Science is showing itself everywhere, and some fools among the scientists are claiming that religion is a small affair made up of mere ceremonials, grounded on imperfect data. At the same time, some over-anxious and devoted persons

seem pervaded with a panic about science and its work. This is most unfortunate for both. Honest science can never do harm to true religion. Intolerance on either side is mischievous. It never has done and never will do good, and I trust that my young old friends will be models in the community in which they are now called. May God's permanent blessing rest on both.

Ever faithfully yours,

H. I. B.

FROM HIS MANUSCRIPT.<sup>1</sup>

In 1870, while residing for some time in London, I visited, under the charge of the police, the dwellings of the wretchedly poor and vicious denizens of Whitechapel and Ratcliffe Highway. Our walk was from 9 P. M. until 2.30 A. M. I shall never forget that night tour through, probably, the vilest purlieu of London. I soon after met and conversed with Miss Octavia Hill and Sir Sidney Waterlow, both of whom were then famous for apparent powers of redeeming the lowest of the low from their degradation and inducing them at least to keep their houses clean, and to become more decent in many other ways, by providing for them good and neat homes. Miss Hill at the time was in the height of her brave experiment and real success, and was looked upon by all as a sort of Florence Nightingale in civil life. She explained to me all her plans; the details of

<sup>1</sup> (Vol. ii., paper 2), "Memorials of the 'Lincoln Building,' or 'Crystal Palace.'"

collecting rents herself, as landlady, and therefore as one "having authority." All seemed very simple, but experience subsequently proved to me that to undertake that work with the hope of pecuniary success, even of the most trivial character, needed some of the highest and strongest of human qualities ; with an amount of decision, with benevolence added thereto, which few men or women possess. It is an inspiration rather than education which is needed, and, like poetic genius, is rare in this world and God-given. Sir Sidney Waterlow was a broad-minded, generous, but most able capitalist. He had amassed riches, of which he was not miserly. It so happened that he had had for some time in his service, as chief mechanic, a Mr. Allen, whose heart was touched by the miserable abodes he saw that many of the worthy poor were obliged to occupy, much to their own discomfort and to the injury of the children that grew up around them ; and this tenderheartedness induced him to suggest and plead with the capitalist to allow him to design and to erect homes for the poor, which would be humble, but really homes to each family. And so the two, as it were, clubbed together for this worthy object ; both using their hearts and their brains, one to bring the funds and the other the mechanical and artistic skill. Forthwith the " Waterlow Buildings " arose, and had immense and perfect success. Philanthropy and a good interest on the money given were for a time united ; but here, as in the Hill case, there was a combination rarely to be found. I visited, of course,

the buildings, and conversed with the tenants. Many of them were very poor, but there was a simple dignity, and at times an æsthetic taste, exhibited by some which was charming. Flowers were growing in the windows of the humblest, which fact of itself proved, as Henry Ward Beecher used to say, "that the inhabitants who cared for the flowers would cordially receive a stranger; and become thereby raised themselves as human beings." "How beautifully fragrant your flowers are," I said to one poor woman as I was passing from her apartment; and she immediately replied: "And what blessings, too, the flowers are."

Coming back to Massachusetts, I reported these facts to the State Board of Health.<sup>1</sup>

Under the inspiration of these London workers and works, the "Boston Coöperative Building Company" was incorporated in May of the same year, 1871, and is now in a thriving condition, and paying of late three per cent. on its capital of over \$250,000. It has done, and will, undoubtedly, do much good hereafter, if rightly managed. In early enthusiasm for attacking the lowest and most vicious cases, the corporation met with serious pecuniary loss, much to the discomfort of those who hoped for the reward gained by the Hill, Waterlow, and Allen buildings. I regret to say I must confess to a fact (which the directors will not deny, I think) that it was a good

<sup>1</sup> "Homes for the People, Convalescent Homes," etc. Second Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health. 1871. \*

deal owing to my influence that the company leased the "Crystal Palace." This was an immense building three stories high, with outside corridors in front and at the rear and on each story. It was in derision named, from its very contrast to all that was lovely and grand in the fairy-like "Crystal Palace" erected under the guardian care of the prince consort. It was a huge mass of filth and vice; a brooding nest for all sorts of crime and vice. If ever an abode could be called a "hell upon earth," the "Crystal Palace" was one. Drunken men and women were often found upon the corridors; ragged and dirty children swarmed, and drank in profanity and wickedness every moment of their young lives. It was the kindergarten of future crime; a nuisance to the neighborhood and to all living in it. . . .

At our first official visit we found one drunken woman upon the upper corridor, lying exposed to all the passers-by upon the opposite side of the street, and so that two of us who led the party had to guide her stupefied body into the nearest open door to let the rest of the committee go its round of inspection. It was a bad omen, I feared, and augured ill for our success in philanthropic effort or pecuniary profit. We took hold of the work eagerly, however; we shut up the grog-shop; we declared that no drunkenness or filth should be allowed in the building, and gave due notice that failure on the part of any one to follow this rule would lead to the expulsion of the offenders. In like manner

we determined that there should be no more night brawls. We succeeded after a time in preventing the "Lincoln Building" (as we christened it on leasing it) from being a nuisance to the neighborhood; but the whole construction of the house was such that neatness and the real comfort of home could not be gained as in modern model lodging-houses for the poor. We endeavored to influence the children morally by establishing an industrial school for jobbing and repairing furniture. We opened also a system of five cents savings, which were deposited in the School Street Five Cents Savings Bank. The industrial school was a success. It was one of the first industrial schools in the city. It was, I think, one of the rootlets, so to speak, of the present magnificent establishment inaugurated (by Mrs. Quincy Shaw) in North Bennet Street, and of the industrial teaching recently supported by the city. . . .

In regard to the Five Cents Savings Bank, I hope some good may have come from giving to the children the idea of "saving their pennies." All of the eighty-nine children have been for many years in the maelstrom of life. Where are they, or still better, how are they? I trust not the worse for the influence of the "Lincoln Building."

The pecuniary result of the corporation was a serious loss, crippling it for years, from which it is slowly recovering with less enthusiasm for "fanciful" philanthropic enterprises than it had originally, but doing excellent service in its maturely selected sphere of beneficent work.

TO DR. BAYARD HOLMES, CHICAGO.

BOSTON, July 30, 1889.

BAYARD HOLMES, M. D. :

DEAR SIR, — I have to thank you for your very interesting and instructive pamphlet on “Secondary Mixed Infections,” which you kindly sent to me. The vast fields that are opening before us in the bacteriological studies of these later days (although at my age I cannot follow them) excite my warmest enthusiasm ; and I congratulate the younger members of my profession on what they are to glean in the future from these studies. How much will the already grand scope of preventive medicine be widened ! I shall not be one to help, but whilst I live I trust that I shall always be ready to give a cordial “Godspeed” to workers like yourself.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

In answer to an invitation from Dr. Charles A. Powers, secretary of the “New York Hospital Graduate Club,” to unite with the club at the fourth annual meeting, he writes :—

BOSTON, May 9, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR, — It would give me the sincerest pleasure to meet the members of the Hospital Graduate Club, but it is, I think, physically impossible for me to do so at present ; and then suppose I did appear among you, what could you do with me save to examine me as a fossil hospital graduate who had been buried more than a quarter of a century before any of you were

born into the sacred art of medicine from your various hospitals? Nevertheless, I cannot tell you what delightful associations your letter brought before me of some of the fine souls to whom that hospital apprenticeship introduced me! Who of you, residents of New York, for example, do not remember with affection and respect, my senior by one year in the Massachusetts General Hospital, that grand, generous, noble-spirited man and able surgeon, Willard Parker of your city? He met me as junior (he, however, being in the surgical department and I in the medical), and with that condescension so natural to his kindly nature made me feel at once at home in my new duties. He was one of those characters who doubtless do always more for other men than they have any thought of doing; and although I afterwards met him as an equal, I could never help looking upon him as a superior being, and these, my earliest impressions of him, I carried with me to his grave. I perhaps might speak to you of my father in medicine, James Jackson; the wise, careful, kindly and skillful hospital physician and warm friend, who first showed me where and how to feel the pulse fifty-nine years ago. Then, too, who could ever forget the great surgeon, John C. Warren, of that day, who was always cool and collected under all, even the most appalling circumstances; who never made more than one bold incision of the proper depth when he knew that would be enough, instead of torturing a patient and the crowd of students, as one of his colleagues



did, by half a dozen cuts, each one of which caused as exquisite suffering as the one bold one of the real surgeon, as Warren was. I never saw his superior in America or Europe. Remember we had no ether then. I forbear to mention the name of one of those bunglers. We had our quiet hours of admiration for the surgical ability of the one, and savage contempt for the presumption and overweening vanity of the other. You know as well as I that hospital "internes" always feel able to criticise severely their superiors behind their backs! It is our time-honored privilege, never to be resigned! But a truce to these thoughts. Let us follow a kindlier strain. How delightfully refreshing come up to me under your invitation the halcyon days of my hospital residence, with all their pleasures and their profits. I sincerely hope that each one of you can gather from the memories of that year of residence as much pleasure as I do now: with just enough and not too much responsibility — fine introduction to the weightier duties of active professional life. Then and there began a career that has always been to me one of the deepest interest, and which lessens not at all, but rather augments as each year rolls on. I hail with the liveliest joy each new glory of modern, clean, antiseptic surgery. These triumphs, with the fine developments of bacteriology, will mark the century towards its close as anæsthesia marked its earlier times as one of the greatest in the history of our art.

It ought to be a source of infinite joy that we are allowed to live in such a grand epoch, each prepared to do his share of the work coming before mankind. I thank God that now, on the verge of eighty-one years, if some fairy were to give me the power of selecting again my career in life, I would select our dear and noble profession before all others the world could offer; feeling assured that by so selecting I should be more certain of a true development, intellectually, morally, and physically, than by any other course I might follow. Let me terminate my letter as I began it, with thanks to one and all of the club. Let us all ever honor our profession, and by our own conduct in connection with one another and with the outside world, make our art in the eyes of all beholders more and more beautiful as a means of alleviating human suffering, and of developing in ourselves all the finer traits of human character.

I bid Godspeed to your club.

Fraternally yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO FRANCIS J. GARRISON.

June 15, 1889.

MY DEAR GARRISON,—I cannot consent to receive compliments at the expense of two men whom I hold in such high esteem as I do Bradburn and Wright. Both were of a “*sui generis*” type; men of power of speech and of writing; at times extravagant in both particulars, but true, however, I think, to their ideas of anti-slavery right. I found Wendell Phillips and

Edmund Quincy often quite as distasteful to me and as unjust to others as either Bradburn or Wright were. All four of them at times, were, I thought, offensively sharp on anti-slavery men who did not agree with them. I could bear with equanimity anything from your father. His glorious maxim: "My country is the world and my countrymen all mankind," and his first utterances in the "Liberator" that he "would not equivocate, and would be heard" on the great subject of human freedom, in my eyes, covered much that at times distressed me. I could bear everything from him, although I not infrequently differed from him in thought and actions, so much did I honor, love, and respect him, as the great leader of anti-slavery in this country; but I kicked against others, even when they used, perhaps, his language. I allowed his denunciation of the course pursued by the "Liberty party" and "Free Soil party" to pass quickly from my mind. Spiritually, I considered that he put on colored glasses when viewing those wretched or foolish persons, as he deemed them, who believed in voting rather than in the disunion cry. Smaller men *screech* his word, and were so far imitators, and almost intolerable to not a few of us in the vituperative denunciations of men as honest as themselves.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS, UPON HIS APPOINTMENT AS  
MINISTER TO HAYTI.

July 1, 1889.

HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

United States Minister to Hayti :

FRIEND DOUGLASS, — I thank God and take courage on the future prospects of the two races in this country when I learn that you, after all that you have gone through of abuse, riots, and trials of many kinds, have been chosen by the President of the United States to represent our whole nation at Hayti. I rejoice for your sake, for our own sake, and for the people of Hayti that such a wise selection has been made. How much good is involved in this nomination! May you show the wisdom and prudence you have shown in the past. I hope that your success may be perfect. God bless you and yours.

Ever sincerely your old anti-slavery friend,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

CEDAR HILL, ANACOSTIA, D. C.  
4th July, 1889.

MY DEAR DR. BOWDITCH, — Please do not expect me to give you the full measure of my thanks for your kind words and wishes in view of the new duties soon to devolve upon me, for I cannot do this in words. I can only say I thank you most sincerely. I am very glad you thought well to write me. I shall treasure your letter.

With many misgivings I accepted the mission to Hayti. I distrusted my qualifications for the office, but, coming

to me as it did, unasked, unsought, and unexpected, and with the earnest wish of the President that I would accept it in the interests of the peace, welfare, and prosperity of Hayti, I did not feel I could decline it. I shall leave a comfortable home and a healthy climate, and shall probably have to occupy a trying position; but I go forth hopefully, and all the more so because you and many other kind friends share my confidence and hope. The enemies of freedom are wont to point to Hayti as an argument against a happy future for the colored race in America. They say, "Look at Hayti!" And it is true, she is at this moment in a most unhappy condition; but so have been the South American states; so were we a few years ago; so is France now; and so has France been for many years. She has had twelve revolutions in a single century, and may have another in less than twelve months. Hayti is but a child in national life, and though she may often stumble and fall, I predict that she will yet grow strong and bright.

Again, my dear friend (the friend who first gave me shelter and a place at your board when I began my anti-slavery career here in Boston eight and forty years ago), I thank you for your letter.

Ever truly and gratefully yours,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

TO FRANCIS J. GARRISON.

ISLE AU HAUT, ME., August 7, 1889.

MY DEAR FRANCIS JACKSON GARRISON,—I have just finished the perusal of the sheets of your dear and honored father's life, and I cannot resist the inclination to write to you of a real delight I have had in so doing. I thank you heartily for letting

me see it. It gives a most just (as it seems to me) and full account of his Christian heroism from first to last. While evidently written by loving hands, you have not allowed yourself the privilege (which many would under such circumstances have taken) of expressing that love, save indirectly. The wondrous story from the first establishment of the "Liberator," with Knapp only to help print, and not one subscriber, until the last visit to England where everywhere he was honored by the best and noblest English men and women, reads in every line like a true tale, impartially and judicially given, I think. It is a perfect success. I congratulate all of you who have helped to raise this splendid monument to a man who, "take him for all in all," stands, I think, superior to all others of this country as a devoted lover of liberty, never dismayed, always self-reliant and hopeful, because he was a believer in the God of justice. Like an old prophet, he summoned this slavery-ridden nation before the bar of retributive justice, and made his accusations heard by all peoples. His memory will be revered by thousands who never saw him, and to untold generations he will be an exemplar of the embodiment of the loftiest virtue, undaunted bravery, and beautiful religious trust.

How blessed his children to have such a memory before them!

I remain, my dear Garrison, sincerely and affectionately yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

The following note is written in his Journal preceding an article from the "Boston Evening Transcript," of Monday, August 12, 1889, entitled "A Visit to the Home of J. G. Whittier by a Former Abolitionist, John N. Barbour." In the interview Whittier alluded to my father as one of his companions in the anti-slavery conflict.

I preserve this extract from the "Transcript" because of its reminiscences of anti-slavery scenes, which I deem some of the most important of my anti-slavery career. What a blessing the "Garrison Mob" has been to me all my life long, because by it I was led to take an open stand for liberty and justice, and at a time, too, when friends advised to the contrary, and my professional success was, in their minds, bound up in my following the crowd and damning or sneering at Abolitionists and their "isms." I have found all through life that the vigor given me by the earlier anti-slavery work has been of immense service in the various struggles for woman and for liberality of thought in the profession, etc. Garrison's sense of right and wrong, and his deep religious convictions, his clean, scimitar-like (at times) conscience, although I could and would not follow his lead in anti-slavery or other work, have been a perpetual stimulus to do rightly as I understand the right. The anti-slavery conflict, therefore, has always been a source of joy to look back upon, and to use if need be in actual life. Hence the idea that the dear and noble poet, Whittier, takes me as one of the remaining "brothers beloved" in that contest, is very grateful to me now [1889]

when tottering, as I well see daily, with increasing loss of power, to the grave. Thank God that I was true to my deepest, holiest instincts when I assumed, in spite of obloquy, the sacred name of "Abolitionist;" and now, if my voice or pen can touch the hearts of any of my descendants, I would beg of them always to be true to their own highest instincts, and then to leave the result with the dear Lord of all men of any and all sects, and of all religions and races. He has been my support all my life. Without it I would not wish for life. It seems to me that I could not live easily a single moment without it.

H. I. B.

The following extract from an address to the Harvard Musical Association at its semi-centennial anniversary recalls my father's sense of fun when he used, in the presence of his family, suddenly to carol forth in most extraordinary fashion a refrain from an old song, "Morning its sweets is flinging over each flower and spray," accompanied by various ridiculous pirouettes and gestures. After some unusual vocal contortions he would declare solemnly that when in Paris he had been offered one thousand francs a night if he could be induced to sing this song to the Emperor. My childish mind was always greatly impressed by this statement, which I for a long time supposed to be true; and I never shall forget my father's laughter when, in after years, I told him that I had always believed what he had told me, but thought that his voice must be greatly worn when I listened to him.

After alluding to my grandfather's love of music, and his decision to give up playing the flute because at one



time it brought him in contact with companions whom he thought undesirable in their morals, and in consequence of which he denied the study of music to his children, my father thus alludes to his own experience.

. . . But he could not stamp out the intense love of music which at my birth was implanted in me. I whistled as a child early, and at all times. My earliest impressions were of the notes I produced; they came as freely as they came from the bobolink who, dancing on the dry mullein stalk, warbles forth his rich notes in our spring days. I rejoiced in my tones as much as the lark does in his, as he "ascends towards heaven's gate." My loving mother, being a pious woman, would sometimes say, as I think now, in despair, "Do for the land's sake (she did not like to say Lord), Henry, stop whistling." My father would launch poetry at me, and cry: "He whistled as he went, for want of thought." Ah, no! How much was he mistaken, for some of the sweetest, divinest thoughts have come to me all my life long through music, although incapable of playing at any time or upon any instrument. How shall I ever forget the scornful look which father gave me on one occasion when, fascinated by the music of the Salem Infantry Company (I presume it was the Light Infantry, for surely even I, a little fellow, could never have followed the Republican [Democratic] Cadets of that day), I followed closely, marching with the soldiers up the main street in Salem, and expecting of course that they would turn down Federal or Chestnut streets, and bring me home in

time for dinner. I followed them a little way up along the turnpike, still hoping for their return. Finally, as I subsequently found, they were going to Lynnfield Hotel to have a "good time." I returned disconsolate, and was met with shocked looks from all. My father seemed to look upon me as contemptible. Alackaday! What troubles music had brought upon me! Nevertheless, I loved it; and though it became a part of my conscience even not to learn on any instrument, I still whistled. I entered college and soon was thrown in contact with my lifelong dear friend, Rev. Mr. Babbidge, of Pepperell, Mass. He played divinely, I thought, on the flute; and we had frequent "duets" at the open window-seat in old Hollis during my junior year, I whistling the "first" and he playing "second" to it. Such dulcet tones attracted the attention of Robert C. Winthrop, a classmate, president of the Pierian Sodality; and being in want of some bass instrument to play on in that body, proposed to me to try the bassoon. What should I do? Conscience said "Nay." Love of music said, more strongly, "Take up the offer." And so, braving my father's chiding and instructions, I plunged *in medias res*. Imagine me then, not knowing a single musical note, seated in my low-studded room in the upper story of Hollis; but Phœbus! what notes I brought out! "Whoop!" "whoop!" and "whoop!" again, without variation, was all that I could accomplish. I must say that I was thoroughly disgusted with myself and with all mankind about me; and the next day I po-

lately returned the bassoon to Winthrop, declined the honor of membership to the classic Pierian Sodality, and decided that I was too old to begin then to try to learn new tricks. But music has been all my life long my delight and my inspiration. I have listened (while standing three and a quarter hours in the Sistine Chapel) to the "Miserere," and was almost persuaded thereby to become a Catholic. Under the magnificent and grand arches of Westminster I have been thrilled by the magnificent anthem "His Body is Buried in Peace; His Name Liveth Forevermore," as it was sung before thousands of the great men and women of England, gathered there at the reinterment of the bones of John Hunter, one of the noblest of men, and whose name will float down the centuries as one of the grandest and ever-to-be-remembered disciples of our medical profession.

Thus, gentlemen, I have sketched the trials of my youth; and I compare them with what occurs now. Music is not now necessarily or commonly connected with drunkenness. Music can be the delight of every family, for every child now learns music as a part of the primary education.

Before closing, let me allude to two persons whose influence has been for the last quarter of a century leading up to this blessed result. I allude to John S. Dwight, who, by his "Journal of Music," and his very able and always generous criticism, has upheld the divine effect of music on the human mind and heart; and to Henry L. Higginson, who, by his noble

generosity, has sustained for so many years the Symphony Concerts, which have in reality educated the present generation to a high appreciation of all that is beautiful and noble in orchestral music.

TO MRS. M. C. WHEELER.

MOSS HILL, JAMAICA PLAIN, September 8, 1889.

DEAR MARY, — I return the fine patriotic extract from "Metastasio," because I think you may wish to keep it sanctified as it has been by being cherished by the patriot mother of two noble youths who were, in obedience to that thought or sentiment brought out by the poet, risking their lives for the country's weal. What a time that was! How young and old arose, determined to meet the emergency, even with their lives, and every kind of suffering if need be! I never think of those days without a thrill and joy unspeakable that I was alive and able to labor and suffer for the dear country's cause. A divine halo seems surrounding me and mine whenever I bring up to "my mind's eye" "the dear young soldier." He lives now in the young of our family. Alfred's Mary told me only two days ago that her little girl, having seen my little memoir of Nat, wanted "to know her 'uncle' who fell bravely in the war." The anecdote is very sweet to me, for it seems to prove two things; viz., first, that Nat's story stirs up the young of our race to thoughts of self-sacrifice for noble ends; and second, that I acted not foolishly when I printed the simple outline of his life and of his brave death, not for the

purpose of praising the dear, beloved youth, but for just the end attained, apparently, in this instance.

Affectionately yours,

H. I. B.

TO MISS MARY W. OWENS, OF SAVANNAH, GA.

BOSTON, September 17, 1889.

MISS OWENS, DEAR MADAM, — I was very sorry when I called yesterday morning at the Thorndike, to find you had only a few minutes previously left for the South. After the very short interview I had with you on Friday, I had not been in Boston till Monday morning. Then, as the weather gave some evidence of becoming pleasant, I was proposing to ask you and your friends to drive into the park and thence to Brookline. This would have given you an opportunity of judging of the pretty environs of our city.

I thank you for your kind note received on Monday. It comforted me, as I had felt that possibly you would think me very ungracious in my brief reception on Friday. Be assured, dear Miss Owens, it is not only my pleasure, but I deem it also a sacred duty due from every Northern man or woman to greet most cordially any persons from the South. North and South have both grievously suffered in consequence of the late struggle between us. Even in the midst of that contest, however, I always felt that the battle had arisen necessarily in the providence of God. I firmly believed that liberty and slavery could never in these days coexist under the

same banner ; but I said often that had I been a Southern-born man, I should have been as ardent for the Southern cause as I was for that of the North. I gave all credit to the bravery and thorough religious honesty of such a man as Stonewall Jackson as I could give to any of our Northern heroes. And since the war I have been very desirous in every way in my power to restore the kindly feeling between the sections as formerly bound old Virginia (mother of presidents) to Massachusetts, of Bunker Hill and Lexington fame.

Excuse this long letter ; but you must “take the will for the deed,” and I hope that if you or any of your friends visit our city, you will let us know early of your presence, so that we may do more than at our late interview I have been able to accomplish.

With kind regards to the family of my friend, Dr. Thomas, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

This letter was written in answer to a formal invitation from the Loyal Women of American Liberty to attend a mass meeting to protest against Southern outrages against the American negro, on November 20, 1889.

113 BOYLSTON STREET, November 17, 1889.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF LOYAL WOMEN OF AMERICAN LIBERTY :

LADIES, — I am obliged to you for your polite invitation to me and my family to attend a mass

meeting on November 20, in the interests of the American negro, but a previous engagement will prevent me from being present. If I could, however, attend, I fear that the meeting would not exactly please me ; or if I should speak my own mind I doubt if I should meet with anything but a faint response to my remarks, and I think I should have opposition from many. I do not believe in hypocrisy ever rebuking sin, as would be the case if the North were to utter its anathemas against recent "Southern outrages." When we of the North treat the negro as he ought to be treated, viz., as an equal, without the least thought of his color, so far as his rights and our duties are concerned, then, and not until then, should we have "mass meetings" against other people who view the matter differently. I hope you will not believe from this frank avowal of my thought that I would apologize in the slightest degree for "Southern outrages ;" not a particle more than I defended formerly the "outrages" perpetrated here under the influence of slavery. Lovejoy, Torrey, and Crandall, with a host of others whose names might be mentioned, — martyrs during our education to our present partial freedom and equality at the North, — would cry out against me as a recreant to human rights if I palliated "outrages" on any one, black or white. The South is going through the tremendous ordeal of self-education in the commonest principles of liberty and equality about which we Northern people prate, God knows, enough. But

where can you find a colored man who is received by universal public opinion in Massachusetts as an equal to the white man? My dearly beloved and most honored, ever-to-be-remembered friend, Lewis Hayden, came nearer than any one else I knew of to gaining that equality before the masses which is granted to a white man, however vulgar and low he may be. Great progress is daily making toward the more righteous judgment. Harvard and Cornell have both shown that the youths of the nation are preparing to deal justly in this matter; but they are sparse examples to be quoted against my statements in regard to general public opinion here. It is still grossly unjust and unchristian towards the negro. I do not, therefore, like, as I said at first, the idea of hypocrisy (in the North) rebuking "open deviltry," as it may at times be (in the South), in the treatment of the negro. The whole nation is slowly but surely being regenerated from the vile influences of slavery for centuries, and it is not fitting for one portion of it to claim a right to blame another, but we should help all, and be sure we ourselves are just. Let the "unco guid" first cast the beam from their own eyes before acting as reformers, save by their own brave examples to their neighbors.

I remain, ladies,

Respectfully yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

The reminiscences of Lewis Hayden, to whom my father alludes in the foregoing letter, make a fitting close to this chapter.



FROM HIS MANUSCRIPT.<sup>1</sup>

April 8, 1889.

This really noble specimen of humanity died April 1, after months of almost constant and at times severe suffering. Having known and loved him as a valiant comrade in the thirty years' war against slavery, I want to jot down while I can, some of my memories of him, and facts relating to him learned from others, and finally my own estimate of him as a man.

He was born a slave in Kentucky, and was married to his devoted and loving wife when she was scarcely fourteen years of age. She lives, his widow, and their golden wedding would have occurred in a few days had he lived. Their joint lives have been a complete tissue of loving and mutually-respecting work. She told me a few weeks ago, when speaking affectionately of him and of their long union: "Indeed, he had a chance given him to escape into Ohio, but he refused to start for the 'North Star' until he could bring me along with him. He had one master, and I another, and we had to be careful. Finally, all being arranged, we rowed across the river to Ohio and thence fled to Canada." There they lived four years. Afterwards they were at Detroit, and finally came to Boston, where he kept a clothing store in Cambridge Street.

When precisely I became personally acquainted with him, I cannot say; but it was almost immediately after the Garrison Mob. His house at No. 66 Phillips

<sup>1</sup> *Thirty Years' War of Anti-Slavery*, chapter xiv. "Reminiscences of Lewis Hayden."

Street was already well known to me as the temple of refuge for any hunted refugee from Southern slavery. He was no non-resistant, but was prepared to fight for them if necessary. William and Ellen Craft had shelter there. From there I carried William to Brookline (in 1850, when eluding the slave hunters). During all this time of dreary and dreadful waiting he was their inspiration. During the Shadrach rescue, Lewis Hayden was one of the leaders. I am well aware that members of the Historical Society will protest against all such acts. I thank God, on the contrary, that Lewis Hayden lived and led his followers to the deed. The act stirred the nation, and was one of the greater influences which led indirectly to the final extinction of the accursed slave system in the country, which was debauching some of the noblest of our citizens, and riding roughshod over all the commonest and plainest ideas of the liberty won by our fathers. All these years of anti-slavery zeal and honest labor had led those who knew Hayden to respect him as a man of uncommon bravery, having much of common sense and energy in any department to which he might be called. He was admitted by all, both whites and blacks, to be a born leader of men. He was just the man, therefore, to be called to aid our great "war governor" Andrew, when the government, after months of hesitation, decided to raise black regiments. Lewis was of infinite service in going West to gain recruits among the fugitive slaves in the Western states and Canada. In this work he be-

came associated with that singularly noble man, George L. Stearns, who, after having been for years one of the great and munificent aiders of the "Underground Railroad," was connected with Governor Andrew in gathering recruits, using his time and money without stint in whatever he deemed the most holy of causes. In 1858, Hayden was appointed messenger at the State House, and he held this office until his death.

Born a slave, and with the physical characteristic so far as color was concerned of the African race as we see it in this country, he raised himself to a lofty manliness by his practical good sense, his honorable behavior wherever placed, his undaunted bravery, and fortitude under difficulties, his modesty, his respectful treatment of others, joining with a proper self-respect unswerving integrity under all circumstances; and by these qualities he endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. Let us thank God that such a man has grown up amongst us to prove to all people that, with the aid of our free institutions, every human being can, if he will follow in simplicity and truthfulness the path which each day opens for him, finally reach that goal which all ought to aspire to, viz., the approval of conscience, or the voice of God within us, and the approval of mankind, and thus become perchance an exemplar for others who are to follow. Lewis Hayden's career from first to last ought to prove a beacon light to every one of us. God grant that we may not shut our eyes to the way it points out to us.

April 11, 1889.

An immense crowd was gathered at the African church this morning to attend the funeral of Lewis. The time passed by in various discourses, and the presiding officers asked for short speeches before I was called on. I "let out" briefly, unsatisfactorily, too, to myself. I never felt so oppressed before an audience, and I feel it now; as if I had lost in his death a great hold on life. Lewis has been for fifty years, without my knowing it almost, so great a part of my life's best thoughts that, without the idea that I shall meet him again, I feel intensely saddened. I seem to care to do nothing. I trust this paralysis of energy will not last long.

FROM MANUSCRIPT.<sup>1</sup>

January 7, 1890.

The Secretary of State said he considered him "one of the best men he ever knew," and as representative of the State he consented to act as one of the pallbearers at the funeral.

It was my privilege to see Lewis often during his life of active anti-slavery work, and my melancholy pleasure to minister to him in the great suffering during his fatal illness. His deportment was that of a man disposed not to complain of any suffering however great. It was a blessing to see him. His wife, whom he had loved for nearly fifty years, was devoted to him, although suffering herself from

<sup>1</sup> Volume xii., No. 15.

effects of chronic rheumatism. He always greeted me with the sweetest of smiles, and extended hand.

One day I said to Mrs. Hayden, "Lewis seems somewhat distressed. Is he comfortable about his money affairs?" "Ah, doctor! were he relieved of those he would be at comparative peace," she said. I then learned that the interest on a mortgage on the house was hanging over him. "It is a shame that a man who has been so excellent in every relation of life should be distressed about money in his last hours," I said. A committee, consisting of William Endicott, Jr., Colonel Hallowell, John Ritchie, and H. I. B., was soon inaugurated, and the result was the mortgage was paid off, and all debts liquidated, and a small sum, nearly \$1500, was invested. All were placed in Colonel Hallowell's hands.

Lewis's last hours were blessed with the feeling that he would die out of debt, and that his faithful wife (most worthy of him) would not be left without sufficient means of support.

About three weeks before his death he asked me to accept (as payment) a gold watch, which he said he had used from soon after he became connected with the State House, and when punctuality would be required of him. I saw it was a valuable one, and I laughingly said, "Ah, Lewis, you may want it again; I won't take it now." But he was determined, and a few hours before death his wife put it in my hands and said, "Lewis says you *must* take it," and Lewis smiled assent. After his death I thought of selling

it and adding the sum to her little property ; but when I spoke to her about it she would not consent. She was glad I had it, and Lewis wished it, and she could not consent to its sale for the purpose I spoke of.

I shall wear it till I die.

H. I. B.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### CLOSING YEARS

1890-1892

IN 1890 my father and mother moved early from the city and went to Peterboro', N. H., where they passed the summer and early autumn upon the farm of Mr. J. B. Shedd.

The house is situated upon the slope of one of the high hills above the little village, commanding a beautiful view of Monadnock and the intervening valley; a constant delight to my father, as he used to sit at his bedroom window when writing or reading or arranging old letters and manuscripts, the collections of many years.

In spite of increasing bodily infirmities, he indulged in his old love for making rustic seats in different parts of the farm. Upon one high, sandy knoll, part, evidently, of an old glacial moraine, in full view of the grand mountain, he erected a massive wooden seat, and dedicated it to the memory of some of his anti-slavery friends.

When the various structures were completed, he organized a procession among the inmates of the farmhouse, and rites, both of serious and comic nature, were performed, in which every one took part.

Frequent allusions to his work are made in his letters to friends during that summer.

TO MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS.

PETERBORO', N. H. At Mr. J. B. Shedd's.  
June 30, 1890.

DEAR MRS. STEARNS, — If any persons ought to rejoice, all anti-slavery people ought to do so, at the thought that Harvard has, at last, given a blow to colorphobia such as has never been given before. How much would Mr. Stearns rejoice at this marvelous change! What great events we have seen during the past half century! <sup>1</sup>

I am here away and under the shadow of Monadnock, amid superb scenery, living with my wife and daughter at an excellent farmhouse. The rest it gives me from the perpetual noise of Boylston Street is charming, but I do not gain strength since my fall in February. However, I walk a little, and with others' help have built up a solid rustic seat with "W" on its back, to mark our Whittier's initial. It stands under a wide-spreading maple, giving a dense shade all day. From it one has a splendid view of Monadnock. I call it Whittier's seat. Have you read his beautiful lines entitled, "Wachusett to Monadnock"? Read it if you do not remember it, and enjoy as we all enjoy anything that our friend writes.

. . . . .  
Sincerely yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the fact that the graduating class at Harvard had chosen a colored student for the class orator.



His allusion to Berlin in the following letter refers to the statements of Koch about tuberculin, which created such excitement among the medical profession at that time.

TO DR. HENRY B. BAKER OF LANSING, MICHIGAN.

(Within sight of the beautiful Monadnock.)

July 16, 1890.

MY DEAR DOCTOR BAKER, — I am here (just on the verge of eighty-two years of age) for a long rest from city work, and at a most delightful spot imaginable, at a farmhouse upon a hill, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills and semi-mountains six or eight miles distant, and with Monadnock as the “Kohinoor” of the whole. I am reveling in fresh breezes, and have plenty of good milk and eggs, bread and butter, and fish regularly. I brought up your report and a large number of medical papers, and to-day have thoroughly examined yours on the “Restriction and Prevention of Communicable Diseases.” If ever I envied any one I envy you the joy you must feel in making your final summary (p. 73). The idea that any State which has been under your guidance as a sanitarian for years has reached the point of saving human life that Michigan has gained, must be beyond measure delightful. I long to be young again, in order to be able to meet you and others in the same field, and to earnestly work with you in this most glorious and humane career. I do not fear to write to you thus enthusiastically, because I am sure that you sympathize with me. Everything you have done for your commonwealth has

far surpassed my most sanguine hopes as expressed at the closing sentence of my centennial address in 1876. You have youth and energy on your side, and I have no fear that you will cease your efforts, and you will gain still more rewards for your labors.

Good-by, my dear doctor. God bless and keep you ever.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

P. S. I hope you are going to Berlin. You ought to be there.

P. S. 2d. I wrote the above letter immediately after finishing the smaller pamphlet, and had passed over the larger on "The Climatic Causes of Consumption." This also you have done admirably, and given ample proof of the deleterious influence of exposure to cold air.<sup>1</sup>

I open my letter to ask you to send to W. D. Chase, M. D. of this place both of your papers. The State Board of Health of New Hampshire is sending out questions relative to phthisis, and Dr. C. has asked me to assist them, and I want him and the board to see what you offer for their consideration.

TO ABBOTT H. THAYER.

August 2, 1889.

MY DEAR ABBOTT,—Thanks for your kind note on my birthday, and for your affectionate remembrance

<sup>1</sup> This statement should not mislead the reader as to my father's views upon the importance of fresh air, of which he was a most earnest advocate. He only refers to undue exposure of the body to cold.

of me. The friendship existing between our family and yours has always been precious to me. Your father and Nellie sent to me most pleasant notes—all of which have tended to make my beginning of my eighty-third year day most sweet.

Ned and Vin came last evening, and I have heard their singing, accompanied by their dear mother on the piano.

The world increases in beauty as I pass onward. All events seem ordered in mercy, even when apparently most sad. I am an optimist, as I always was even in my dreariest hours; and I thank God I can always see Him even in the clouds that at times have surrounded me.

God bless you and keep you ever in His sweet peace.

Affectionately your friend of full "82,"

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO DR. WILLIAM HENRY THAYER.

PETERBORO', N. H., August 13, 1890.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I ought to have answered long ago the fresh and loving messages from you and Mrs. Fisher on my birthday. The only excuse I can make is that I have been daily devoted to physical work of putting up my two seats in front of Monadnock, and at evening I have been so "dog-tired" that writing has been impossible. To-day housed as I have been, save in the forenoon, by a magnificent shower, I feel able to respond to your friendly messages.

I said to Olivia, "Pray say nothing about my birthday — as I am quite happy and wish to avoid a 'fuss.'" But such messages as yours and Nellie's go right to my heart, and I thank you both most cordially for them.

Give my love to Nellie, and tell her I wish for her all joy and peace, and ask her to take this message as answer to her affectionate letter. I heard from Abbott. He had a "sitter from Boston" or perhaps he might have called here, as you suggested he might.

Good-by, my dear, long-tried, beloved friend; my love to your wife, whose bright face I now have vividly before me, as I knew it long ago.

Affectionately,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO DR. T. W. PARSONS.

PETERBORO', N. H., August 8, 1890.

DEAR DR. PARSONS, — Again I have to thank you for the "Collects" received. And what prayer can be more all-embracing than that for the "eighth Sunday after Trinity?"

This Monadnock, under whose benignant influence I have been living for two months, helps me like a perpetual aspiration to keep erect and true. Its phases are infinite; and all suggest God's power, glory, and beneficence. The sunset in its gorgeousness at times almost overwhelms me with awe. At other times it suggests supreme beauty and infinite graciousness in its light clouds, fringed at their edges

by long, delicate, and often wavy lines of a more than golden light. A few nights since, a curious, almost magic and stupendous, effect was produced. The top of the mountain was covered with heavy clouds of rough aspect, making it resemble the head of a huge animal; while the larger part of the mountain unobscured stretched far away along the horizon until it was lost to view. The whole was like a behemoth *couchant*. The effect was grand in the extreme, and by it I was led into a train of silent worship of "Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end."

For nearly half an hour this scene continued, and then the evening shades and heavier clouds carried all into the darkness of a starless night. I never but once saw an equally grand effect from mountain and cloud and sunlight, and that was nearly sixty years since, when driving in "vetturino" in the northern part of Italy, and Mont Blanc's peak appeared far above the clouds gilded by the setting sun, which had been long lost to us travelers. I wish you could have been with me on both occasions.

May the sweet peace of heaven ever rest over you.

Ever sincerely yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

TO ABBOTT H. THAYER: WRITTEN JUST AFTER HIS RETURN FROM PETERBORO'.

113 BOYLSTON STREET, October 20, 1890.

YOU VERY DEAR FELLOW, — I know you loved us just as well as if you had left your summer work to

come over and see us, and see and *feel* Monadnock from a point of view which we daily had for four months and a half. Only think of that! Then you could have enjoyed yourself in trying our various seats, so arranged as to show off the glories of that mountain with its coronet of hills, and all the while you would have been steeped in poetic and free thought such as I had while making the initials of Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, of Phillips, Garrison, Chapman, Stowe, Child, and Follen.

“The home circle” celebration you would have entered into, I am sure, with a zest all your own. But then you could not do these things and properly attend to your *own work*, which God has given you to do in this world. So let us sing with the French,—

“ Je suis content, je suis heureux,  
Chacun doit l'être dans ces lieux ;”

wherever that “lieux” might be. And yet, you dear fellow, I know you must have cause for deep sorrow. Nevertheless, you are one, I feel certain, who will bring out of your very woes a divine joy, after a time at least. All beautiful to me have been all the afflictions that, during my eighty-two years of this life, have from time to time fallen upon me ; for out of the very depths of my woes He has always sent His divine messenger bringing comfort and heavenly peace to my soul. One does not know what life is until he has suffered.

Well, good-by. God bless and keep you and yours. We are all well, and send love to all the

Thayer family — at Dublin, Brooklyn, and wherever else the various members of it may be.

Affectionately yours,

H. I. B.

The beautiful summer at Peterboro' seemed a fitting climax to the united lives of my father and mother. Never had the latter seemed more radiantly happy than in those memorable days.

In spite of the fact that, not long after their return to the city, my father showed symptoms of the return of a malady which it was hoped had been checked, my mother's beautiful serenity and sweetness of disposition in the affliction were never more apparent.

On Thanksgiving evening, she had the happiness of having all her children and grandchildren about her; and it was a picture never to be forgotten, as she sat with beaming face watching her little granddaughter, seated upon the library table, blowing soap-bubbles with all her might.

That night she showed the first symptoms of illness; the beginning of a heavy bronchial cold, as it appeared to be at first, but which, a few days later, developed into pneumonia; and on the morning of the tenth of December, surrounded by her nearest and dearest, she peacefully fell asleep.

My father's life virtually ended with hers; and although bearing his loss with wonderful patience and sweetness, he never rallied from the shock, and from that time on he grew visibly weaker. The following letter, written one month after my mother's death, to friends in Scotland, reveals his attitude of mind.

113 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, January 10, 1891.

MRS. AND MISS McDONALD, — Dear friends and friends whom I shall probably never meet in this world.

I thank you for remembering me and my saintly wife at Christmas. We have always highly valued your friendship, gained through our dear Vin.

You see I begin my letter as if I were alone; and in the following sentence I use the pronoun “we,” because the beloved “Le,” though gone from us, seems ever near to me, blessing me as she did when alive.

She died December 10, of acute pneumonia supervening on bronchitis. She retained her thoughtful, loving kindness to the last to all around her. She seemed to have no pain or special distress, for which I am so thankful.

I wish you two ladies could have known her, for I am sure you would have loved her as all others, young or old, did. A perfect wife and mother she was during her American life.

Believing, as I do, most firmly in a loving Father above, superintending all the events of my life — my own experience of suffering proving that just in proportion to the suffering is a corresponding blessing to eventually flow, if we suffer without complaint, so I await a supreme spiritual blessing from this last most terrible affliction.

In truth, I think I perceive already a kind of “re-generation” going on within me as each day rolls





. 11 70

*Olivia Bowditch*



by, and while living in the world I seem raised above its common trials, and hope for a Heaven-sustained peace which I would fain hope will give pleasure to the beloved one in her new sphere.

Excuse me if I seem to write unintelligible phrases for your perusal, to whom I must write my inmost thoughts or nothing.

May God bless you both, and keep you in his sweet peace.

Remember me kindly to the soldier and his wife! I should like to let all of you see Boston and the great places in the West.

Ever sincerely yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

Of his condition in the following months, it would seem almost too sad to write; and yet, were I not to do so, I should fail to emphasize that which gave to all who knew him best such lasting proof of his brave, sweet patience in bearing affliction.

For years he had recognized the symptoms of the malady which he knew would probably shatter him, both mentally and physically. It was a staggering blow to him when this was first recognized, about twelve years before his death, and great mental depression followed for a time. He rallied, however, and, without a murmur, accepted what seemed to be inevitable, never for a moment, apparently, losing the implicit faith he had always shown that, in his suffering, there was some purpose intended. For several years there was a cessation of abnormal symptoms, and it was hoped that the disease had been conquered; but just previous to my mother's death they again recurred, and from that time he had to endure the torture of mind

known only to those who, while failing rapidly in mental vigor, are, at the same time, perfectly conscious of their condition.

In the following summer of 1891, in accordance with his own wishes, he went again to Peterboro', to revisit the spot that had been hallowed by the memories of the previous year.

Although almost incapacitated for work, either mental or physical, the greater part of the time, he nevertheless, while in Peterboro', occasionally wrote a letter to an old friend, or walked about the farm, revisiting the seats which he had made in the preceding summer. His thoughts and words were constantly of my mother, of her beautiful influence upon his life; while his chief desire seemed to be that he should not be left long after her.

He wrote to his friend, Dr. Thayer:—

PETERBORO', July 7, 1891.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, — I cannot tell you what delight your Abbott gave me by making a call upon me at "our farmhouse" in front of Monadnock. He "dropped in" suddenly upon us yesterday, and I hugged him as I should a dear child, and for a half hour we had a sweet and bright talk, which seemed to put new life into me; for I must tell you, my dear Doctor, that since my sweet English wife left me I seem to be a wholly changed man — a prostrated man, soul and body, and Abbott's call was heavenly in its influence upon me.

What a man he is! What a talker he is! Free, sincere, full of honorable feeling and a true reverence. If he lives he has a high destiny before him, I think.

For myself, I feel daily more and more that my day for efficient work is past; and since Olivia died, my sole desire is to go where she is, although I have children and grandchildren of priceless worth.

Love to Ellen and to all your "folks" who are near you. God bless you, and give you peace.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

His greatest pleasure was in watching the ever-changing view of Monadnock, a constant source of delight. To him each sunset was more beautiful than the last; and as I recall him, seated upon the piazza of the little farmhouse, gazing at the beautiful view before him, the picture which Victor Hugo draws in "Les Misérables," of Monsieur Bienvenu's visit to the old reformer, and of his finding the gentle, sweet, old man, when dying, seated before his little house, gazing at the setting sun, rises before me.

In September he became rapidly worse, and we were obliged to bring him back in a special car to the city, believing that the end was not far off. Upon his return to the home on Boylston Street, however, he rallied again, and, at times, the mind so sadly clouded became clear, and there were flashes of his old-time interest in outside affairs.

One day, when receiving a call from a medical friend, he slapped him with vigor upon the back and said: "Doctor, are n't we going to do something with this Koch business?"

Even a short time before his death, he wrote the following birthday letter to Whittier, probably the last one he ever sent.

BOSTON, December 16, 1891.

MY DEAR WHITTIER, — How beautiful is the uprising of a people to do the poet honor for lifelong defense of liberty and righteousness! I pray let me, too, join in the chorus of happy voices that are blessing Whittier's natal day. I am too ill to leave my chamber, or I should personally love to call on one who has been such a lifelong delight to me.

I do so wish to see you at least once more in this world, but I quiet that desire at times by repeating some of your poetry, which has been such a blessing to all of us for so long a time.

May God bless you and long preserve you to us.

Lovingly your old anti-slavery friend,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

During the last weeks of his life, we had a small piano placed in the hallway, just outside his bedroom, and in the evenings he usually asked for some of the songs which had become dear to him through association. Weber's "Agnus Dei," and Mrs. Hemans's "Ave Sanctissima! we lift our souls to thee," were always the ones he specially selected. They were the last songs he ever heard, a few nights before his death.

One evening he said to my sister, "Good-night, my blessing, — blessing, — blessing. Feel every time you wake my heart's blessing on you. Vin has been up to sing me to sleep." My sister said, "I wish I could sing you to sleep, dear;" and he said, "You sing in your own way." Later, my sister read him the verses for the day, and he said, "How lovely our family life has been, don't you think it has? I have always tried to make home lovely, — oh! and your dear mother, — was ever any one

more lovely? If any one asks me my belief, I tell them I am sure the future is under the same loving care as the present, and I know all will be as beautiful in the future; so I have no care, but I can't give them details."

Days and weeks of sore mental and bodily weariness came, but finally, an acute onset of illness occurred and he rapidly failed. Two nights before his death, I leaned over him to ask him if he suffered, and the feebly-whispered words, "No, dear, — wish that the end would come," were the last he ever uttered. On the morning of Wednesday, January 14, 1892, he died.

Those of us who stood beside him then could have no thought other than deepest thanksgiving.

On the morning of Saturday, the 17th of January, previous to the funeral services at church, the coffin was placed in the library, and while there a touching incident occurred.

The widow of his friend, Lewis Hayden, came to the house, although old, and a cripple from rheumatism. She ascended the stairs with difficulty, and asked to be allowed to look at my father's face. As she stood by the coffin, she said, with deep feeling, but as if to herself, "You dear old saint! If it had not been for you I should have been in the streets," evidently recalling the fact of my father's efforts to redeem their home from the mortgage. She seemed inclined to linger, and finally, a dear family friend, fearing the effect of the cold room upon her, suggested that she should come into another part of the house and rest. Turning her head a little, she said, very gently, "Don't think me queer; you know the disciples stayed and watched; let me stay here alone;" and her wish was granted.

For many years my father had been not only her own staunch friend, but had devoted, she knew well, the best

energies of his life to the welfare of her down-trodden race. Thus, the old negro-woman, born herself in slavery, gave, at the last, her beautiful tribute of respect and love to his memory.

Later, services were held at the Arlington Street Church, by the Rev. Brooke Herford, and then my father was taken to Mt. Auburn and placed beside my mother.

In accordance with his wishes, a double stone now marks their united graves.



## APPENDIX

### A

#### LETTER FROM WHITTIER.

IN answer to a letter from my sister announcing my father's death, his friend Whittier sent the following reply: —

NEWBURYPORT, 2 Mo., 1, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIEND OLIVIA Y. BOWDITCH, — Thy letter, announcing the call from earth of thy honored father, was received with profound emotion. He was a dear personal friend, and my companion in the cause of Emancipation, of which he was one of the truest advocates. His great enthusiasm for freedom and humanity cheered and stimulated us throughout the long struggle.

He has passed on before me, and I, who must soon follow him, am with sincere sympathy,

Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### B

#### WILLIAM CRAFT.<sup>1</sup>

On Sunday evening, October 7, 1894, we had the pleasure of welcoming William Craft at our house, forty-four years after his famous drive with my father over the Mill-Dam to Brookline.

<sup>1</sup> See chapter x., page 209.

It was a most interesting evening. Craft was a tall, fine-looking negro, with rather an intellectual face. His deep, manly voice had a decided English intonation due, doubtless, to his residence in England for several years after his flight from Boston, in 1850. At our request he told us very simply, yet graphically, the story of his life, and recounted his escape with his wife from Macon, Georgia, in 1848. They came North as far as Philadelphia, where an old Quaker took them to his home outside of the city, and they remained in secrecy for about three weeks, in order to put possible pursuers off the track. Gradually they made their way to Boston, where they remained until 1850, when, as has been already told, they went to England.

He spoke without ostentation of his drive with my father, and of his reasons for the action at that time.

One day, while at his work in his shop, he looked up as a man entered, and recognized him as a slave-driver whom he had formerly known in Georgia. "What are you here for?" said Craft, putting his hand on the pistol which always lay on his bench. "Oh, I only came in to see if you had any messages to send to your old friends in Georgia. Won't you and Ellen come down to the United States Hotel some day where — (a famous slave-driver) and I are staying? We shall be glad to see you." Craft knew well that any such action on his part would only end in his being kidnapped and taken back to the South, and declined. The man then left his shop, and soon afterwards Craft learned that there was much excitement in the city over the presence of the slave-drivers. Boys and men followed them through the streets calling them "thieves," "slave-hunters," etc., sometimes stoning them.

The Southerners were advised by their lawyers to go to New York until the excitement should subside, and then to return to accomplish what they had intended to do, — arrest Craft and his wife, and take them back to slavery.

Boston Feb<sup>y</sup> 19 1856

My dear Sumner

I thank you exceedingly for the valuable reports recently sent to me - from Washington -

Though - I have never written I have watched

with intense interest  
the great battle which  
is just commencing  
between the Slave Power  
& Liberty in the halls  
of Congress. I trust  
God that you are  
there. & I trust  
that your colleague  
be an efficient aid  
I wait now to see

then Mr Keeler joins  
with the Representatives  
The next move in the  
mighty game of Europe  
on this continent will  
be either in Kansas  
or in the House upon  
the reception of Mr R.  
God speed the right -

Ever yours

Henry J. Bowditch

Gen Charles Sumner -



Craft's friends then persuaded him to flee with his wife. This had to be done with much caution, however ; hence the secrecy of the drive to Mr. Ellis Gray Loring's house in Brookline. Soon afterwards they made their way to St. John, New Brunswick, whence, after a few weeks' delay, they set sail for England. There they lived happily for nearly twenty years. At the end of this time they returned to their old home in Georgia, three years after the war, and were cordially received by their former masters. They then endeavored to establish a school, and, in spite of a good deal of opposition, partially succeeded ; but upon the death of his wife, three years before his visit to Boston, Craft devoted himself solely to farming. His return to Boston was sad, for most of those who had befriended him in earlier days had died ; Wendell Phillips, Garrison, my father, Lewis Hayden, and others.

During his conversation Craft alluded quietly and smilingly to his determination, before leaving Boston, never to return to the South alive and a slave. " One night," said he, " Lewis Hayden and I had a keg of gunpowder under his house in Phillips Street, with a fuse attached ready to light it should any attempt be made to capture us."

Craft's visit alone would have been a convincing proof, had we needed any, of the barbarism of slavery, which sought to deprive such men as he of their birthright.

He died a few years ago.

[ED.]

## C

### A BUST OF JOHN BROWN.<sup>1</sup>

Extract from the " Topeka Daily Capital " of Nov. 14, 1889.

During the time that John Brown was in the prison at Charlestown, Va., from the day of his arrest, October 18,

<sup>1</sup> See chapter xxi., page 93.

until his execution, December 2, 1859, a lady, Mrs. Mary E. Stearns, of Massachusetts, who had long been his devoted friend, sent the artist Brackett, and had him make studies for a model bust of Brown. The bust has received the highest encomiums as a faithful likeness and a very superior work of art. Mrs. Stearns is still living. She has long been a most interesting correspondent of the State Historical Society, and a valuable contributor to its collections. She is greatly in hopes that the State of Kansas will sometime give a statue of John Brown to the National Gallery at Washington. To promote the idea, she has now sent as a gift to the State Historical Society a plaster cast of the bust she had made for that object. Although not especially a friend of John Brown before then, the Boston sculptor, Edward A. Brackett, was one of those profoundly impressed by his heroism at Harper's Ferry. He had seen Brown once in a Boston street in 1857, and had been attracted by the dignity of his mien. The impression then and afterwards made kindled a glowing desire to perpetuate in marble this remarkable man. The story of his bust of Brown as he told it at the time runs thus: "I could hardly sleep or eat, so absorbing was the desire that took possession of my mind. I had no money to make the journey to Virginia, and I finally went in turn to Dr. Howe and Wendell Phillips, requesting a loan for the purpose. Neither of them considered a marble bust of Brown really important, with so many other things to be thought of; but I said there is one man who, if he cannot help me, will listen, and perhaps give me furtherance; so I went to Mr. Stearns. When I entered his counting-room he was just leaving it for Medford. In a few moments, while walking along with him, I explained in brief why I had come. He replied: 'You are right; it ought to be done; but just now I am fully occupied in



efforts to obtain funds for Brown's defense. I will mention the matter to Mrs. Stearns. Come to me to-morrow morning and you shall have her reply.'

"I did so, when, putting the money needful in my hand, he said: 'Mrs. Stearns says, "Take that and start immediately;" and these are her instructions: "John Brown will refuse to have his bust taken; he will say, 'All nonsense! better give the money to the poor;'" and if Mr. Brackett replies that posterity will want to know how he looked, he may also say, 'No consequence to posterity how I look; better give the money to the poor.' Then if every argument fails to convince him, let Mr. Brackett say that he has come at the express wish and expense of Mrs. Stearns, and that she will be deeply disappointed if he returns without the measurements.'"

"The next morning I was on my way to Virginia, and found on arriving at Charlestown that I had come an hour too soon. The excitement over the arrival of a stranger from the North was intense and ridiculous. I was seized, and only escaped imprisonment by appealing to Mr. Griswold, whose services had been secured for defense. Through his efforts and influence, the officials were reassured, and I was allowed to accompany him to the prison, but not to cross the threshold. Through the open door I saw the object of my pilgrimage quietly reading, but heavily loaded with chains. He was sitting in a chair with both hands chained, and his feet chained to the floor. Only those who saw him in that miserable prison can have any adequate conception of the moral grandeur of his presence! Everybody and everything was dwarfed in comparison. He looked up from his book when addressed by his counsel, and listened attentively to the request conveyed for me. Impressive as the scene was, I could not restrain a smile, when his reply repeated the

very words of Mrs. Stearns. 'Nonsense, all nonsense! better give the money to the poor.' When Mr. Griswold said that he must remember that he was becoming famous and that posterity would like to see how he looked, the prophecy was again fulfilled and the response came, even more emphatic: 'No consequence to posterity how I look; give the money to the poor.' For some time Mr. Griswold labored to change his purpose; but finally turned to me, still standing outside the door, and said, 'It is no use; he will not yield one jot. I am sorry for your disappointment, but it is useless arguing further.' The moment then had come for the last resort. 'Please say to him that I have come at the express wish of and pecuniary expense of Mrs. Stearns, and that she will be deeply disappointed if I return without the measurements for a bust.' I watched his face eagerly while Mr. Griswold repeated to him these words, and to which clung all my hopes. As he listened, I could see signs of interest mingled with surprise in his face; then a grave thoughtfulness. Presently his hands dropped at his side, and he seemed lost in thought. Then, lifting his head and straightening himself up, he said with emotion, 'Anything Mr. or Mrs. Stearns desires: take the measurements.' "

The measurements were thus secured, and the bust made. It shows to what extent the artist was inspired by his subject, and faithfully represents the moral sublimity of the martyr. Charles Sumner exclaimed on seeing it, "There is nothing the sun shines upon so like Michael Angelo's 'Moses;'" and the critic Jarves said, "If in some future age it should be dug up, men would ask, 'What old divinity is this?'" It is an idealized portrait of Brown, yet recalling the features of the man as well as his grand air.

## D

JOHN BROWN'S LAST LETTER TO HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.<sup>1</sup>

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VA.

8th November, 1859.

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN, EVERY ONE, — I will begin by saying that I have in some degree recovered from my wounds, but that I am yet quite weak in my back and sore about my left kidney. My appetite has been quite good for most of the time since I was hurt. I am supplied with all I could desire to make me comfortable, and the little I lack (some few articles of clothing which I have lost) I may soon get again. I am besides quite cheerful, having (as I trust) the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," to rule in my heart, and the testimony (in some degree) of a good conscience, that I have not lived altogether in vain. I can trust God with the time and manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony (for God and humanity) with my blood will do vastly more to advance the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote than all I have done in my life. I beg of you all meekly and quietly to submit to this; not feeling yourselves to be in the least degraded on that account.

Remember, dear wife and children all, that Jesus of Nazareth suffered death on the cross as a felon, under the most aggravating circumstances. Think of the prophets, apostles, and Christians of former days who went through greater tribulation than you or I, and were reconciled! May God Almighty comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes. To Him be endless praise. Think, too, of the crushed millions who "have no

<sup>1</sup> See chapter xxi., page 94. The letter is now in the possession of Miss Clara T. Endicott of Boston.

comforter." I charge you all never in your trials to forget "the poor that cry and those that have none to help them."

I write most earnestly to my dear, deeply afflicted wife not to come here, at present at any rate. I will give you some of my reasons for doing so: First, it will use up much of the scanty means she has now or is likely to have to make herself and her children comfortable hereafter; for, let me tell you that the sympathy that is aroused in your behalf may not always follow you. There is but little more of the "romantic" about helping poor widows and children than there is about trying to relieve "poor niggers." Again, the little of comfort it would give us to meet again in this world would be dearly bought by the pain of final separation. *We must part*, and I feel assured that for us to meet under such dreadful circumstances will only add to our distress. If she comes here she must be only the gazing-stock throughout the whole journey, both coming and going, and to be remarked upon in every word, look, and action by all sorts of creatures, and by all sorts of people throughout the whole country. Again, it is my decided opinion that in quietly and submissively staying at home with her children vastly more of genuine sympathy will reach her without such dreadful sacrifice of feeling as she must put up with if she comes on. The visits of one or two female friends who have come here have produced great excitement, which is very annoying; and they cannot possibly do me any good. Oh, Mary, *do not come!* but patiently wait for that meeting of those who love God and their fellow-men, where no separation must follow. "They shall go out no more forever."

I greatly long to hear from some one of you to learn of anything that may affect your welfare. I sent \$15 the other day; did you get it? I have also endeavored

to stir up Christian friends to visit and to write you in your deep afflictions. Write me care of Captain John Avis, Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va.

Finally, my beloved, be of good comfort. May all your names be found written in the Lamb's Book of Life. May you all have the purifying and sustaining influence of the Christian religion, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate Husband and Father,

JOHN BROWN.

P. S. I cannot remember a night so dark as to hinder or prevent the coming day, nor a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky; but, beloved ones, do remember that "this is not your rest," "that in this world you have no abiding place or continuing city."

To God and his infinite grace I always commend you.

Ever yours,

J. B.



## INDEX.

Unless otherwise stated all "letters to" were written by H. I. Bowditch, and all "letters from" were addressed to him.

- ABOLITION. *See* Anti-slavery.
- Adams, Dr., ii. 280.
- Adams, Mrs. Abel, ii. 185.
- Adams, C. F., and the Latimer petition, i. 134; at Hannum episode meeting, 180; presides at a meeting on the Fugitive Slave Law, 204; H. I. B. calls on, in London, ii. 107.
- Adams, J. Q., presents the Latimer petition to Congress, i. 135; presides at the Hannum episode meeting, 180.
- Adams, Nehemiah, at outbreak of the civil war, ii. 4.
- Adelaide, Princess, sister of Louis Philippe, appearance, i. 29.
- Adirondack Mountains, H. I. B.'s trips to, ii. 58-83.
- Agassiz, Louis, scientific excursion along Massachusetts coast, i. 192-201; on Humboldt's *Kosmos*, 199; on specialization, 199; on scientific rank, 201.
- Airy, Sir G. B., H. I. B. meets, i. 52, ii. 266.
- Aldis, A. A., consul at Nice, ii. 121.
- Aldrich, P. E., member of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, ii. 217.
- Allen, Mr., connection with Waterlow's tenement improvements, ii. 327.
- Alps, H. I. B. in, ii. 118.
- Ambulance corps, H. I. B.'s efforts to promote, ii. 7-13, 15-17.
- America, privateer, i. 6.
- American Academy of Medicine, H. I. B. addresses on the code of ethics, ii. 254-258.
- American Climatological Association, H. I. B. addresses on the influence of open-air travel on consumption, ii. 260, 261.
- American Medical Association, controversy over the code of ethics, ii. 212; and over medical education of women, 212-216; H. I. B.'s address as president, 242.
- American Revolution, reminiscences, i. 249.
- American society in Paris in 1833, i. 64.
- Anderson, Larz, H. I. B. visits, ii. 216.
- Andral, G. A., French physician, H. I. B.'s instructor, i. 18, 28, ii. 272.
- Andrew, J. A., connection with the Hannum episode, i. 181, 183; calls for volunteer physicians to go to the front, ii. 7, 8; appoints H. I. B. surgeon of the Board of Enrollment, 32.
- Anti-Man-Hunting League, organization and plans, i. 271-282; billies, 280, ii. 28.
- Anti-slavery, Garrison mob, i. 98-101; H. I. B. becomes an Abolitionist, 100; relation of the Warren Street Chapel to, 119-129; Latimer case, 133-141, ii. 321; meeting at Hingham in 1844, i. 156-161; imprisonment, death, and funeral of Torrey, 172-178; H. I. B. on the slave power, 170, 175-177; Hannum episode, 179-183, 190; Senator Hale on the political conditions in 1846, 184-187; H. I. B. opposes disunion

- views, 191; denunciation of Webster and the Fugitive Slave Law, 202-204, 209; Craft case, 205-212, ii. 371-373; Shadrach case, i. 212-215; rendition of Sims, 215-225; rendition of Burns, 263-271; Anti-Man-Hunting League, 271-282; excitement of the movement, 281-283; blessings, ii. 99, 339; H. I. B. on his relation to the leaders, 334; his tribute to Garrison, 338; Louis Hayden's connection, 349. *See also* Brown (John).
- Appendix cæci, cases of rupture of, in Dresden, i. 313.
- Appledore, H. I. B. at, i. 301-308; believed to be rising, 301.
- Arago, D. F., and Lafayette, i. 71.
- Arbitration, H. I. B. on industrial, ii. 319.
- Aspiration. *See* Paracentesis thoracis.
- Assance, Louis, educated Indian, i. 288; on Indian traditional songs, 289; on character of Indians and white men, 289.
- Assault and battery, H. I. B. convicted of, ii. 33-43.
- Associationists, H. I. B. attends their meetings, i. 192.
- Atherton, Misses, of Philadelphia, in Paris in 1833, i. 65.
- Atkinson, Edward, post-bellum incident, ii. 57.
- Atkinson, George, i. 280.
- Atlantic Telegraph, celebration at Isles of Shoals on its completion, i. 305-308; Field talks on the laying of, ii. 104-107.
- Atlee, Dr. J. L., of Lancaster, Pa., ii. 236, 238.
- Atlee, Dr. W. L., resolution, on women physicians, ii. 213.
- Auscultation, H. I. B.'s proficiency, i. 143; his work on, 152.
- Averell, Gen. W. W., ii. 18.
- Babbage, Charles, H. I. B. meets, i. 52, ii. 267-270; calculating machine, i. 52, 68, 111; on Nathaniel Bowditch, 110; death, ii. 265.
- Babbage, Herschel, i. 68.
- Babbidge, Rev. Charles, ii. 342.
- Baily, Francis, H. I. B. dines with, i. 52; letters of Flamsteed on Newton, 53.
- Baker, Dr. H. B., letter to, 1890, on preventive medicine, ii. 357, 358.
- Ball's Bluff, ii. 5.
- Bangor, Me., H. I. B. at, i. 284-286.
- Barbauld, Mrs. A. L. A., H. I. B.'s fondness for her poems, i. 238.
- Barnard, C. F., founds Warren Street Chapel, i. 112; opposes anti-slavery lectures, 122.
- Barnard, F. A. P., on the future of the medical profession, ii. 235.
- Barnard Memorial. *See* Warren Street Chapel.
- Barrows, Mr., i. 286.
- Barthe, Dr. J. B. P.; ii. 274.
- Bartholdi, tomb of, in Berne, ii. 109.
- Bartlett, Virgil, ii. 59.
- Barton, Dr. B. S., Dr. Jacob Bigelow on, ii. 285.
- Battle flags, H. I. B. on Sumner's resolution, ii. 55, 278.
- Bayard, Chevalier de, tomb, ii. 125.
- Beard, Dr. G. M., H. I. B. criticizes his lecture on old age, ii. 297-302.
- Bell, Dr. A. N., open letter to, 1882, on public sanitation, ii. 245-250.
- Berkshire, Mass., H. I. B. on, ii. 7.
- Berne, tablets to the memory of patriots, ii. 109; forgetful of Fabricius Hildanus, 109; library, 110.
- Bible, H. I. B.'s pocket, i. 3, 57, 291; Burns's gift to Highland Mary, 60.
- Bigelow, Dr. H. J., controversy with H. I. B. over a supposed portrait of Paré, ii. 258-260.
- Bigelow, Dr. Jacob, H. I. B. visits in 1876, ii. 283; ability, 284; physical and mental condition at ninety, 284, 292, 293; on the Philadelphia school of medicine, 285; on Louis, 286, 287; on experiences in the cholera epidemic of 1832, 287-289; on character of physicians, 289, 290; on preventive medicine, 290-292.
- Billings, Dr. J. S., ii. 243.
- Birch canoe, H. I. B. on, i. 295-297.



- Bizot, Swiss physician, fellow student of H. I. B. in Paris, i. 18, ii. 274; H. I. B. visits in 1859, i. 317.
- Blaine, J. G., H. I. B. disapproves of, ii. 56.
- Boards of Health. *See* Massachusetts Board of Health, National Board of Health, Preventive Medicine.
- Boott, Dr. Francis, of England, i. 87.
- Boston Coöperative Building Society, interest in tenement improvement, i. 189, ii. 328-330.
- Boston Courier*, comment on H. I. B.'s conduct at the rendition of Sims, i. 225.
- Bouvard, Alexis, H. I. B. meets, ii. 131.
- Bowditch, Edward, son of H. I. B., with his father at the Isles of Shoals, i. 300; and in the Adirondacks, ii. 58; and his father, 78.
- Bowditch, Elizabeth B. I., sister of H. I. B., i. 11.
- Bowditch, Dr. H. I., birth, i. 1; early life in Salem, 1-10; and his mother, 3, 72-74, 80-82, 105, 334; town fights, 5; Guy Fawkes celebration, 6; home life, 7, 8, 144-147, 151-154, 156, 164, 169, 255, 256, ii. 25, 71, 78, 178, 264, 368; schooling, i. 8-10; Boston homes, 10, 132, 308, 309, 335, ii. 199; pocket Bible, i. 3, 57, 291; at Harvard, 11-13; goes abroad to study, 14; voyage, 15-17; introduction to Humboldt, 17; Paris companions, 18, 28, 32, 39, 73, 80, 81, 317; and Madame La Place, 18-20, 320, 321, ii. 127-137; meets Magendie, i. 20; on the "three days" fête, 23-30; calls on Mrs. Somerville, 30-32; on La Croix, 33; social life in Paris, 35, 47, 64; on the theatre in Paris, 35; on Versailles, 39-41; on French political conditions in 1833-34, 41, 69-72; on Lafayette, 41, 71, ii. 66-69; on Jouffroy's lectures, i. 43-47; trip to Italy, 48, 65, 67, 74-80; illness in Paris, 52, ii. 273; in London, i. 52-56; on his father, 53, 86, 148, 150, 193; on Wilberforce's funeral, 54; expenses in Europe, 56; walking tour in Scotland, 56-61; admiration for Burns, 57-60; visits grave of Highland Mary, 58; sees her Bible, 60; treasures a lock of her hair, 61, 62; and Babbage's calculating machine, 68; motto, 73; on Mezzofanti, 76-79; engagement and marriage, 83-92, 96, 97; returns to America, 86-88; Dr. Thayer's reminiscences, 142-147; as a volunteer fireman, 144; friendship with Daniel Powers, 147, 153, 166-169, 171; on Carlyle, 149; physical condition, 164; home at Weston, 236-243; Whittier sun-dial, 239, 240, 245-247; trip to Holmes' Hole in 1852, 248-251; on Kossuth, 251; renewal of a childhood friendship, 257-259; friendship with Dr. Thayer, 260-262, 309, 335; trip in the wilds of Maine in 1856, 284-300; on the birch canoe, 295-297; at the Isles of Shoals in 1858, 300-308; on the sea serpent, 302; celebration of the Atlantic Telegraph, 303-308; in Europe in 1859, 310-335; on German feather beds, 311-313; revisits the scene of his courtship, 318-320; on Miss Martineau in 1859, 321-323; pilgrimage to Wordsworth's home, 324-329; repeats anecdotes on De Quincey, 331-334; and his son's enlistment, ii. 5-7; and the death and memory of his son, 15-22, 62, 109, 118, 151, 344; and his son's fiancée, 24-26; memorial cabinet to his son and others, ii. 26-30; residence in Milton, 43, 46, 103; in the Adirondacks, 58-83; in Europe in 1867, 103-148; on Cyrus W. Field, 104-107; on the House of Lords, 107; on Garibaldi, 111-117, 121; at Zermatt, 118-120; executes a war dance, 119; on table companions and Americans abroad, 120; at the Peace Congress of 1867, 122, 123; reminiscences of life in Paris, 126, 137; controversy with a relative of Victor Hugo, 141, 143-145; on

the Pope's temporal power, 143; in Europe in 1870, 149-199; on the voyage, 149, 150; on the Derby, 152; night trip through the London slums, 153-178; and his courier, 186; at Strassburg after the capture, 187-199; thinks Germany should retain Strassburg, 196; at the Centennial, 242; reminiscences of Babbage, 265-270; on the Olnhausen family, 315-317; golden wedding, 323-325; life at Peterboro', 355-362, 366, 367; on the death of his wife, 364, 365, 367; decline, 365-369; death, 369, 370.

*Professional life*: reasons for adopting the medical profession, i. 14; in Harvard Medical School, 14; enters École de Médecine in Paris, 18; instructors, 18, ii. 271, 272; on Louis, i. 37-39, 62-64, 75, ii. 141-147, 270-275; admitted to the Société Médicale d'Observation, i. 47, ii. 273; on the advantages of medical study in Paris in 1833, i. 49, 62; unfavorably impressed by medical conditions in England and Scotland, 55, 63, 64; on the Genoa hospital, 75; begins practice in Boston, 88, 98; professional profits, 94, 95, 225, 262; translates works by Louis, 130; connection with the Massachusetts General Hospital, 130-132; as an instructor and practitioner, 142, 143, 336, 337, ii. 262; authority on diseases of the chest, i. 143; interest in microscopic investigations, 143, 190, 193; interest in the Society for Medical Observation, 145; work on auscultation, 152; scientific excursion with Agassiz, 192-201; introduces operation of paracentesis thoracis, 231-234, 336; illness from blood poison, 238; specializes on lung and heart diseases, 239; *Life of Dr. Twitchell*, 252; European reception of thoracentesis, 310, 313, 314, 330; professional reception at Dresden in 1859, 313; and at Vienna, 314-317; researches on consumption, 330, 335, 337, ii. 200-204, 260, 261; as a medical volunteer, 7-10;

agitation for an ambulance corps, 7-13, 15-17; address to a graduating class on professional ideals, 11, 204-212; medical examiner of recruits, 31-33; convicted of assault for marking a bounty jumper, 33-43; investigation of horseflesh as food, 138-140; shrinks from surgery, 177; on the English Social Science Association, 179-182; method of research, 200, 230, 237; *Consumption in New England*, 201; *Is Consumption ever Contagious?* 201, 203; on medical education for women, 212-216, 252-254, 297, 303; on the code of medical ethics, 212, 254-258; and the organization of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, 217-219; on the work and methods of the board, 220-230, 236, 245, 248; on the scope and future of preventive medicine, 221, 234, 245-250, 331, 357; on politics and sanitation, 226, 236, 244; resigns from the Board of Health, 227; on intemperance and prohibition, 230-233; Centennial Address on hygiene at the International Congress in 1876, 236-241; address as president of the American Medical Association, 242; member of the National Board of Health, 243; on the work of the board, 243-245, 250, 251, 257; *Diaphragmatic Hernia*, 258; *Trichinæ Spiralis*, 258; *Lymæna*, 258; controversy over a supposed portrait of Paré, 258-260; as a therapist, 261; on homeopathy, 261, 319; professional enthusiasm, 263, 304, 333, 334; on Dr. Jacob Bigelow and his opinions, 283-293; recollections of his period as interne, 331-333.

*Anti-slavery and other public affairs*: witnesses the Garrison mob, i. 99; becomes an Abolitionist, 100; resulting social ostracism, 101, 102; on his anti-slavery views and agitation, 100, 114, 125, 136, 163, 164, 170, 191, 225, 228, ii. 339; becomes interested in the Warren Street Chapel, i. 112, 113, 115; commemorates the West

Indian emancipation, 119; resigns from the Chapel because of divergence of anti-slavery views, 120-129; anti-slavery views and connection with the Massachusetts General Hospital, 129-132; interest in the Latimer case, 133, 134, 136, 138; escorts Frederick Douglass through the streets, 137; describes an anti-slavery excursion, 156-161; on Torrey's imprisonment, death, and funeral, 156, 172-178; does not believe in disunion, 163, 170, 191; on the slave power, 170, 175-177; connection with the Hannum episode and vigilance committee, 179-181, 190; on political conditions in 1846, 187-189; interest in tene-ment improvement, 189, 190, ii. 326-330; on the Fugitive Slave Law and Webster, i. 202-204, 209, 281, ii. 301; connection with the Craft case, i. 205-212; on the Shadrach rescue, 213-215; and the rendition of Sims, 215-225; warned by the marshal, 221 n.; newspaper comment on his conduct at the rendition, 225; spiritual effect of the rendition on, 225-229; anticipates the civil war, 228, 269, ii. 1; and Sumner, i. 252-255, ii. 55, 276-280; on the Senate in 1852, i. 253; on the rendition of Burns, 263-269, 271; on the Anti-Man-Hunting League, 271-282; invokes cheers for Fremont, 285; on John Brown, ii. 1, 59-61, 79, 82, 93-101; on the outbreak of the civil war, 1-5, 344; address and presentation to negro troops, 44-46; on Lincoln's death and character, 48-54; on post-bellum change of opinion and reconciliation, 54-57, 242, 306-314, 345; anti-slavery corner of the Memorial Cabinet, 84; tribute to Grant, 305-307; on industrial arbitration, 319; tribute to Whittier, 320-323, 368; relation to anti-slavery leaders, 334; on Garrison, 335, 337-339; correspondence with Douglass on the Haytian mission, 336, 337; on treatment of the negro, 346-348, 356; reminis-

cences of Lewis Hayden, 349-354; Whittier's tribute, 371.

*Traits and opinions:* views on religion, i. 2-4, 72-74, 79, 103-105, 114-119, 148-150, 154, 162, 165, 191, 227-229, 238, 298, 323, ii. 71, 209, 210, 270, 325, 360, 364, 369; love for nature, i. 4, 153, 164, 195, 249, 259, 300, ii. 61-63, 69, 360, 361, 367; love for fun, i. 4, 308; patriotism, 6, ii. 124, 144, 211; early affections, i. 7; sympathy, 36; gratitude, 36; love for music, 7, 79, 80, 256, ii. 341-344; public spirit, i. 49-51; conscience, 145; enthusiasm, 146, ii. 68, 111; on his trials, i. 165; optimism, 165, 336, ii. 283, 359, 362; power of concentration, i. 230; on self-restraint, 261; antipathy to secret societies, 271, 274; on life, 309; hatred of insects, ii. 59, 72; reverence for pure girlhood, 69; wishes for his funeral, 75; as a letter-writer, 104; perseverance, 107, 259; on reverence for great characters, 108, 109, 125, 184; interest in human welfare, 148, 167, 171, 173, 177; on human desires, 206; sympathy with conscientious effort, 280-283; experiences as a cripple, 293; on education, 295-297, 300; on old age, 297-302, 317; on enthusiasm, 298; activity, 318.

Bowditch, H. P., nephew of H. I. B., ii. 14.

Bowditch, J. I., brother of H. I. B., i. 11.

Bowditch, Mary I., sister of H. I. B., i. 11; letters to, from Europe, 1832-34, 15-17, 23-30, 32-36, 39-41, 47, 51, 64-67, 69-72, 75-80.

Bowditch, Mary Ingersoll, mother of H. I. B., i. 1; religious attitude, 2, 334; letters to, from Paris, 1833-34, 36-39, 72-74; death, 80-82.

Bowditch, Nathaniel, father of H. I. B., i. 1; objects to music, 7, ii. 340; and his children, i. 7; first knowledge of the stars, 8; moves to Boston, 10; family, 11; translation of La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, 17, 21, 22, 32; appreciated

- in Europe, 19, 53, 69, 110, ii. 265, 266; presented with bust of La Place, i. 21; *Navigator*, 22; traits of character, 53, ii. 68; and his son's fiancée, i. 85-96; decline, 95; death, 96; French Institute intended to elect, to membership, 110; library presented to the Boston Public Library, 335; method of warding off consumption, ii. 260.
- Letters to, from Europe, 1832-34, i. 19-21, 30-32, 41, 48-56, 62-64, 67-69, 86-88; 1835, respecting Miss Yardley, 89-92; from Miss Yardley, 93, 94; letters from, 1832, on the La Place bust, 21-23; 1838, to Miss Yardley, 95.
- Bowditch, Nathaniel I., brother of H. I. B., i. 11; letter to, 1834, on the death of his mother, 81, 82; death, ii. 2; *Suffolk Surnames*, 27.
- Bowditch, Nathaniel, son of H. I. B., birth, i. 132; taken to the funeral of Torrey '78; taken to see the rendition of Sims. 219; accompanies his father to the wilds of Maine, 284; enlists, ii. 5; feels incompetent, 6; ordered South, 7; wounded, 14; death, 14, 22, 23; H. I. B. on the death and memory of, 15-22, 62, 109, 118, 151, 344; training and sacrifice, 22, 23; fiancée, 24-26; memorials, 26-30.
- Bowditch, Olivia, wife of H. I. B., *née* Yardley, meets H. I. B., i. 84; engaged, 85; engagement broken through his father's objections, 85; remains constant, 90; opposition withdrawn, 92-96; character, 92, 146; assists in translating the *Mécanique Céleste*, 94; crosses to America, 96, 97; married, 97; musical talent, 147; goes to Europe in 1860, 336; on the death of her son, ii. 20; accompanies H. I. B. abroad in 1870, 149; death, 363; H. I. B. on her death, 364-367.
- Letters from, to Nathaniel Bowditch, i. 93, 94; letter to, from Nathaniel Bowditch, 95; letters to, 1844, 151-154, 156-161; 1858, from Appledore, 301-308; 1859, from Europe, 311-335; 1863-78, from the Adirondacks, ii. 59-83; 1867, from Europe, 104-107; 1870, on the Social Science Association meeting, 178-185; 1867, 1877, on the Medical Association meetings, 212-217, 242; 1876, on the Centennial Address, 238-242.
- Bowditch, Olivia Y., daughter of H. I. B., letters to, 1867, on Miss Putnam, ii. 24; 1871, on Babbage, 264-269; 1876, on Dr. Bigelow, 283-293.
- Bowditch, Dr. V. Y., son of H. I. B., with his father in the Adirondacks, ii. 58; letter to, 1879, on the National Board of Health, 244.
- Bowditch, W. I., brother of H. I. B., i. 11; aids Craft, 207.
- Bowles, Samuel, ii. 75.
- Bowring, Lady, at the meeting of the English Social Science Association, ii. 182.
- Brackett, E. A., bust of John Brown, ii. 84, 86, 102, 373-376.
- Bradburn, Rev. George, as an anti-slavery man, ii. 334, 335.
- Brazer, Rev. John, letter to, 1835, on religion, i. 103-105.
- Brewster, Sir David, on Babbage, i. 111.
- Bridgman, Laura, Agassiz on, i. 200.
- Briggs, Dr. L. V., i. 98; letters to, 1887, on the John Brown paper, ii. 100, 101; on arbitration and homeopathy, 318-320.
- Brighton, Mass., Board of Health investigation, ii. 223-225.
- Brooks, Phillips, H. I. B. on, i. 119 n.
- Brookside, H. I. B.'s home at Weston, i. 238.
- Brown, John, H. I. B.'s estimation, ii. 1, 59-61, 79, 82, 93-101; pikes, 28, 96; recollections of a neighbor, 64; beginning of his anti-slavery devotion, 65; Judge Hale on his character, 74, 82; and Gerrit Smith, 79, 88; grave and house, 80; scarcity of relics, 80; Mrs. Stearns's bust and reminiscences, 84-93, 101, 373-376; last letter to his family, 377-379.
- Browne, J. W., on slavery, i. 228;

- trip to Maine with H. I. B., 284 ; H. I. B. on, ii. 62.
- Brown, Louisa, ii. 264.
- Brown-Séguard, Dr. C. E., on Sumner's suffering, ii. 279.
- Bruce, Rev. Mr., antiquary, ii. 182.
- Buchanan, Dr. George, of England, researches on consumption, ii. 202 ; letter from, 1890, on consumption, 202, 203.
- Buckingham, Dr. C. E., ii. 35.
- Budd, Dr. George, of London, approves of the operation of thoracentesis, i. 234, 310 ; on contagiousness of consumption, ii. 147.
- Bullock, Gov. A. H., letter to, 1866, on the trial for assault, ii. 38-41.
- Burns, Anthony, fugitive slave, rendition, i. 263-271 ; attempted rescue, 265-267 ; public condemnation of the rendition, 268, 269 ; Whittier on, 269-271.
- Burns, Robert, H. I. B.'s admiration, i. 57, ii. 108, 208 ; esteem in Scotland, i. 58 ; anecdote, 59. *See also* Campbell.
- Butler, B. F., biblical prophecy of his actions, ii. 75 ; and the State Board of Health, 218, 226.
- Butler, Mrs. J. E., address on behalf of fallen women, ii. 185.
- Byron, Lord, on Mezzofanti, i. 79.
- Cabot, F. S., interest in the Latimer case, i. 134, 141.
- Cabot, Frank, i. 161.
- Cabot, Mary, i. 157.
- Calhoun, J. C., H. I. B. on, i. 254.
- Calhoun, Patrick, post-bellum incident, ii. 57.
- Campbell, Mary, Burns's Highland Mary, grave, i. 58 ; Bible, 60 ; H. I. B. treasures a lock of her hair, 61, 62.
- Casual wards in London, ii. 168-170.
- Chadwick, Edwin, ii. 248.
- ChAMPLAIN, Lake, H. I. B. at, ii. 73.
- Chandler, Abiel, Salem teacher, i. 9.
- Channing, W. E., advice on religion and its observances, i. 116-118.
- Channing, W. F., interest in the Latimer case, i. 133, 141 ; views the rendition of Sims, 217, 221.
- Channing, W. H., Associationists meetings, 191.
- Channing, Dr. Walter, at the meeting to commemorate Torrey, i. 176, 178.
- Chapman, Maria Weston, i. 157.
- Chase, Dr. W. D., ii. 358.
- Chateaugay Lake, N. Y., H. I. B. at, ii. 66, 83.
- Chaumel (Chomel), Dr. A. F., H. I. B.'s instructor, i. 18, ii. 272.
- Chester, England, H. I. B. at, ii. 150.
- Child, Lydia Maria, i. 116.
- Cholera, in Boston, i. 22 ; Fauvel on, ii. 141 ; in New York, 287-289.
- Christie, Major G. W., Confederate officer, reminiscences on the civil war, ii. 308-313.
- Christmas festivities, i. 146, 255.
- Civil War, H. I. B. anticipates, i. 175, 176, 228, 269, ii. 1, 345 ; outbreak, 1-5, 344 ; care of the wounded, 7-13, 15-17 ; effect of Lincoln's death, 52 ; post-bellum reconciliation, 54-57, 306-314.
- Clapp, Mrs., at Appledore, i. 308.
- Clark, Dr. H. G., ii. 38.
- Clarke, Sen. Daniel, i. 306, 307.
- Clarke, Dr. E. H., i. 302.
- Clarke, J. F., H. I. B. advised to join his congregation, i. 117, 119 ; at the Hingham meeting, 160 ; letter from, 1866, on the conviction for assault, ii. 41.
- Classics, ancient, H. I. B.'s appreciation, i. 66.
- Clay, Henry, H. I. B. on, i. 119, 254.
- Cleveland, Duke of, ii. 107.
- Cluer, J. C., views the rendition of Sims, i. 217.
- Coleridge, Hartley, i. 329.
- Colver, Rev. Nathaniel, buys Latimer's freedom, i. 133.
- Cone, Mrs. H. B., letter to, 1888, on temperance, ii. 232.
- Consumption, H. I. B.'s researches concerning the influence of soil moisture, ii. 200-203 ; his opinion as to its contagiousness, 200, 203, 204 ; his opinion as to the effect of open-air travel, 260, 261.
- Cooper, Sir Astley, H. I. B. meets, i. 54, ii. 146.
- Craft, William and Ellen, escape from slavery, i. 205, ii. 372 ; attempt to arrest, in Boston, i. 205-208, ii. 350, 372, 373 ; escapé to

- England, i. 208, ii. 373; H. I. B.'s appeal on behalf of, i. 210-212; pistol, ii. 28; his visit to Boston in 1894, 371-373.
- Crandall, Prudence, mobbed, i. 99.
- "Crystal Palace," Boston tenement house, attempt to improve, i. 189, ii. 264, 329, 330.
- Curtis, Col. G. S., ii. 18.
- Curtis, G. T., commissioner in the Shadrach case, i. 212.
- Dana, J. W., Agassiz on his *Zoöphytes*, i. 201.
- Davis, Capt. Charles, i. 192.
- Davis, Dr. N. S., of Chicago, on women doctors, ii. 214.
- Davis, Dr. R. S., member of Massachusetts State Board of Health, ii. 217.
- De Quincey, Thomas, residence, i. 329; anecdotes of his appearance and opium habit, 331-334.
- Derby, English, H. I. B. on, ii. 152.
- Derby, Lord, ii. 107.
- Derby, Dr. George, member of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, ii. 217, 225.
- Devens, Charles, marshal in the rendition of Sims, i. 219 n., 220; offers to buy Sims's freedom, 221 n.
- Dickens, Charles, his Lascar Sal, ii. 160-162; interest in the London casual wards, 168; signature, 170.
- Dickinson, Dr., ii. 74.
- Dieulafoy, Dr. Georges, claim to the invention of thoracentesis, i. 233, 234.
- Disunion, H. I. B. opposes abolitionist idea, i. 163, 170, 191.
- Dixwell, E. S., inscription for the Memorial Cabinet, ii. 28.
- Dixwell, Mrs. J. J., ii. 323.
- Donaldson, Dr. Frank, on the introduction of thoracentesis, i. 233.
- Douglass, Frederick, H. I. B. escorts through the streets, i. 137; at the Hingham meeting, 156, 160, 161; at the meeting on the Fugitive Slave Law, 204; letters to and from, 1889, on the Haytian mission, ii. 336, 337.
- Downing, G. T., letter from, 1887, on Governor Wise's opinion of John Brown, ii. 97.
- Drasche, Dr. Anton, of Vienna, i. 315.
- Dresden, H. I. B. on his professional experiences in, i. 313.
- Duffié, Col. A. N., ii. 18.
- Duleny (Dulong), F. C., funeral, i. 69-72.
- Duponceau, P. S., Indian grammar, i. 79.
- Dwight, J. S., as a musical critic, ii. 343.
- Early, Gen. J. A., ii. 309.
- Education, H. I. B.'s schooling, i. 8-10; H. I. B. at Harvard, 11-13; H. I. B. desires to promote scientific, 50; in Switzerland, ii. 123; medical, for women, 212-216, 252-254, 297, 303; H. I. B. on wrong methods, 295-297; H. I. B. on co-education, 297; H. I. B. on its moral quality, 300; early industrial schools in Boston, 330.
- Edwards (Edmands), Gen. B. F., i. 268.
- Eliot, S. A., on the Garrison mob, i. 100; votes for the Fugitive Slave Law, 204, 209.
- Elizabethtown, N. Y., H. I. B. at, ii. 76.
- Ellis, Dr. Calvin, i. 316.
- Ellis, Rev. G. E., letter to, 1887, on John Brown, ii. 93-98.
- Ellis, John, Maine guide, i. 286; on Indians, 287; effect of *Hiawatha* on, 290.
- Emerson, C. C., letter from, 1835, on human character and Christianity, i. 105-107.
- Emerson, R. W., letter from, 1846, on the Hannum episode, i. 182.
- Emmons, J. L., connection with Warren Street Chapel, i. 120, 121, 143; and the Shadrach rescue, 213.
- Endicott, Clara T., ii. 95.
- Endicott, William, Jr., ii. 353.
- England, H. I. B. on the condition of medical science in, i. 52, 55, 63, 64.
- Enthusiasm, H. I. B. on its quality, ii. 298.
- Epizoötic influenza in Boston, i. 142.
- Espime (Espine), Dr. J. C. d', ii. 274.
- Eveleth, Joseph, i. 219.

- F —, Dr., at the English Social Science Association, ii. 181.
- Fabrieus Hildanus, William, forgotten at Berne, ii. 109.
- Fallen women, meeting in England on behalf of, ii. 185.
- Farrar, Mrs. E. W. R., i. 31.
- Fauvel, Dr. A. S., H. I. B. meets, ii. 141, 143.
- Feather beds in Germany, i. 311-313.
- Fessenden, Samuel, on the Hannum episode, i. 182.
- Field, C. W., and the laying of the Atlantic cable, ii. 104-107.
- Fisher, Miss, of Philadelphia, in Paris in 1833, i. 35.
- Fisher, E. T., letter to, 1882, on education, ii. 295-297.
- Five Cents Savings Bank of Boston, ii. 320.
- Flamsteed, John, letters on Newton, i. 53.
- Follen, Mrs. E. L., i. 157.
- Follen, Karl, on Spurzheim, i. 33, 41.
- Folsom, Dr. C. F., member of the National Board of Health, ii. 243.
- Forbes, J. M., letter to, 1866, on the sun-dial, i. 240-247.
- Fortescue, Lord, ii. 107.
- Foster, Rev. Daniel, prayer at the rendition of Sims, i. 223.
- France, political conditions in 1833-34, i. 41, 69-72; and the Peace Congress of 1867, ii. 123.
- Free Soil party, H. I. B.'s interest, i. 191.
- Freeman, Watson, guards Burns, i. 267.
- Fremont, J. C., H. I. B. provokes cheers for, i. 285.
- French, B. B., i. 306.
- French courtesy, ii. 141.
- French Revolution, influence on H. I. B. of places associated with, i. 51.
- Frothingham, Richard, member of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, ii. 217.
- Fugitive Slave Law, denounced, i. 202-204, 209.
- Fugitive slaves. *See* Anti-slavery.
- Furness, W. H., Jr., views the rendition of Sims, i. 217.
- Gairdner, Sir W. T., on thoracensis, i. 233, 234, 330; and H. I. B., 310, 330.
- Garibaldi, i. 322; reception at Geneva in 1867, ii. 111-117; appearance, 114, 117; H. I. B. meets, 121; at the Peace Congress, 122, 123.
- Garrison, F. J., letters to, 1889, on W. L. Garrison, ii. 334, 337.
- Garrison, W. L., mobbed in Boston, i. 98-100; at the Hingham meeting, 158; disunion views, 170; H. I. B.'s tribute, 191, ii. 335, 338, 339; does not see the rendition of Sims, i. 219; belittles Kosuth, 251.
- Gazette Médicale de Paris* on the Massachusetts State Board of Health, ii. 222 n.
- Geneva, reception of Garibaldi, ii. 111-117.
- Genoa, hospital, i. 75.
- Germany, appearance of troops in Strassburg in 1870, ii. 191; should hold Strassburg, 196.
- Geroux, Madame, i. 320.
- Gilbert, Mr., of Boston, i. 307.
- Grant, U. S., H. I. B.'s tribute, ii. 57, 305-307, 313.
- Gray, Mrs. Horace, i. 86.
- Greene, Anne, i. 64.
- Greene, Copley, H. I. B.'s friendship in Paris, i. 32, 39, 73, 80, 81; death of his father, 36.
- Grenville, Lord, ii. 107.
- Grey, Lord, ii. 107.
- Gross, Dr. S. D., ii. 237.
- Guy Fawkes Day, H. I. B.'s celebration, i. 6.
- Hale, Dr. Enoch, of Boston, i. 143.
- Hale, Harry, ii. 78.
- Hale, Sen. J. P., letters from and to, 1846, on the political conditions, i. 184-189; in the Senate, 253.
- Hale, Matthew, ii. 74.
- Hale, Judge R. S., on John Brown, ii. 74, 82; H. I. B. on, 77.
- Hale, Dr. S. E., ii. 78.
- Haller, Albrecht von, bust at Berne, ii. 110.
- Hallowell, N. P., colonel of a negro regiment, ii. 43; assists Lewis Hayden, 353.
- Hammond, Surg. Gen. W. A., and the ambulance service, ii. 10.

- Hannum episode, i. 179-183, 190.
- Harris, Hannah, i. 4.
- Hayden, Lewis, participation in the Shadrach rescue, i. 215; H. I. B.'s reminiscences, ii. 349-354; his widow at H. I. B.'s funeral, 369.
- Hayes, Pres. R. B., H. I. B. on his removal of troops from the South, ii. 56.
- Hayti, Douglass's appointment as minister to, ii. 336, 337.
- Henderson, Sir E. Y. W., chief of London police, ii. 153.
- Hérard, Dr. François, portrait, ii. 260.
- Herford, Rev. Brooke, ii. 370.
- Herschel, Sir John, Agassiz on, i. 199; reception of H. I. B., ii. 266.
- Herschel, Sir William, H. I. B. meets, i. 52; H. I. B. calls on, ii. 265.
- Hiawatha*, effect on a Maine guide, i. 290.
- Higginson, H. L., as a patron of music, ii. 343.
- Higginson, T. W., and the rendition of Burns, i. 265.
- Highland Mary. *See* Campbell.
- Hill, Octavia, interest in London tenement improvement, ii. 326.
- Hingham, Mass., anti-slavery meeting in 1844, i. 156-161.
- Holmes, Dr. Bayard, letter to, 1889, on the future of preventive medicine, ii. 331.
- Holmes, Dr. O. W., with H. I. B. in Paris, i. 18; discussion on Louis, 49.
- Holst, H. E. von, on John Brown, ii. 97, 98.
- Holt, Dr. Joseph, of the Louisiana State Board of Health, ii. 244.
- Holyoke, Dr. E. A., H. I. B. on, ii. 286.
- Homeopathy, H. I. B. on, ii. 261, 319.
- Horseflesh, H. I. B.'s investigation in Paris, ii. 138-140.
- House of Lords, H. I. B. visits, ii. 107.
- Howe, Dr. Estes, favorable report on board of health bill, ii. 219.
- Howe, Dr. S. G., connection with the Hannum episode, i. 181.
- Hudson, Mary, letters to, 1843, on religion, i. 148-151; 1842, on Daniel Powers, 166-169; 1852, on the Christmas festival, 255; 1861, on the war, ii. 5; 1862, on going South, 7; 1863, on the death of Nathaniel Bowditch, 20-22; 1888, on the golden wedding, 323-325.
- Hugo, Victor, H. I. B.'s experience with a relative and opponent of, ii. 141, 143-145.
- Hunt, Mrs. W. H., letter to, 1877, on temperance, ii. 231.
- Hunter, Dr. John, reinterment, ii. 343.
- Hunter, Dr. William, museum, i. 334.
- Huntington, Rev. F. D., services on Lincoln, ii. 51.
- Hygiene. *See* Preventive medicine.
- Indians, a Maine guide's opinion, i. 287; thoughts of an educated Indian, 288-290; trails, 295; H. I. B. on their birch canoe, 295-297.
- Industrial school, early, in Boston, ii. 330.
- International Medical Congress at Philadelphia, H. I. B.'s address on hygiene, ii. 236-241.
- International Peace Congress in 1867, ii. 111, 122, 123.
- Isles of Shoals, H. I. B. visits, i. 300.
- Italy, H. I. B. desires to visit, i. 65, 67; H. I. B. visits in 1854, 74-80; dialects, 78.
- Jackson, Dr. Charles, i. 290.
- Jackson, Dr. J. B. S., on a Vienna physician, i. 314.
- Jackson, Dr. James, H. I. B.'s instructor, i. 14; opposes thoracentesis, 231; specializes, 239; and Gairdner, 330; H. I. B.'s appreciation, ii. 284, 332.
- Jackson, James, Jr., H. I. B.'s friendship in Paris, i. 18, 28, 32, 39, 73; illness and death, 66, 67 n.
- Jackson, Patrick, and Webster, ii. 301.
- Jackson, Gen. T. J. (Stonewall), H. I. B.'s allusion, ii. 94, 96; a Confederate officer's recollections, 311.



- Jarvis, J. J., on the bust of John Brown, ii. 86.
- Jeffrey, Louisa, i. 108.
- Jeffries, Dr., ii. 35.
- Johnson, Oliver, i. 158.
- Johnston, A. K., Edinburgh map-maker, i. 330.
- Joinville, Duc de, appearance, i. 29.
- Jouffroy, T. S., lectures in Paris, i. 43-47.
- Kansas-Nebraska Bill. *See* Nebraska Bill.
- Kansas war, John Brown's connection, ii. 88-90.
- Katahdin, Mount, H. I. B. attempts to ascend, i. 294.
- Kelly's Ford, Va., battle, ii. 14.
- Kemp, Henry, views the rendition of Sims, i. 217, 221; and the attempted rescue of Burns, 266.
- Kimberley, Lord, ii. 107.
- Kirk, Rev. E. N., on Lincoln's death, ii. 48, 51.
- Klob, Dr. Julius, of Vienna, i. 316.
- Knight, Mrs. Frederick, letter to, 1888, on religious duty, ii. 325.
- "Knocker's Hokers," probable meaning, i. 5 n.
- Koch, Dr. Robert, excitement over his discovery, ii. 203.
- Körner's *Battle Hymn*, found on Nathaniel Bowditch's body, ii. 14; H. I. B. presents copies to negro soldiers, 44-46.
- Kossuth, Louis, H. I. B. on, i. 251.
- La Croix, S. F., H. I. B. meets, i. 33; appearance, 34.
- Lafayette, Madame de, ii. 66.
- Lafayette, Marquis de, neglected by Louis Philippe, i. 41; impression on H. I. B., 42; popular demonstration in 1834, 71; H. I. B.'s reminiscences, ii. 67-69.
- Lafitte, Jacques, i. 41.
- La Place, Madame de, receives H. I. B., i. 19-21; H. I. B. visits in 1859, 320, 321; H. I. B.'s reminiscences, ii. 127-137.
- La Place, Marquis P. S. de., Nathaniel Bowditch translates his *Mécanique Céleste*, i. 17; bust of, presented to N. B., 21.
- Lascar Sal, Dickens's, H. I. B. sees, ii. 160-162.
- Latimer, George, fugitive slave, arrest and purchase, i. 133; excitement, 133; *Latimer Journal and North Star*, 133; petition to the Legislature and to Congress, 134-136; effect on H. I. B., 136; effect in New England, 139, 141, 164; Whittier on, 139, 140, ii. 321.
- Law, George, warns Lincoln, ii. 3.
- Lee, Col. F. L., H. I. B. visits, ii. 73.
- Lee, Gen. R. E., Confederate officer's recollections, ii. 311.
- Legendre, A. M., H. I. B. expects a call from, i. 19; sends books to Nathaniel Bowditch, 21; H. I. B. meets, 33.
- Leighton, Mr., believes that Appledore Island is rising, i. 301.
- Liberty party, Senator Hale on, i. 185; H. I. B. on, 188.
- Libraries, H. I. B.'s desire for free, i. 50.
- Lincoln, Abraham, popular dissatisfaction in 1861, ii. 3; effect of his death, 47-54; best speeches, 53; death appropriate, 53.
- Lincoln Building. *See* "Crystal Palace."
- Literature, H. I. B. on the scope of a doctor's reading, ii. 208, 209.
- London, H. I. B. visits, in 1833, i. 52-56; H. I. B.'s night visit to the slums, ii. 153-178; theatres for the poor, 165-168; casual wards, 168-170; public lodging houses, 174; tenement improvement, 326-328.
- Longworth, Nicholas, ii. 216.
- Loring, E. G., commissioner in the Burns case, i. 267-269.
- Loring, E. G., harbors Ellen Craft, i. 206.
- Louis, H. I. B.'s courier, ii. 186.
- Louis, Dr. P. C. A., H. I. B.'s instructor, i. 18, 28; H. I. B.'s appreciation, 37-39, 49, 62-64, 75, ii. 270-275; H. I. B. visits in 1867, 141-144; Dr. Jacob Bigelow on his influence, 286, 287.
- Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe, appearance, i. 29.
- Lovejoy, Rev. J. C., at the funeral of Torrey, i. 177.

- Lowell, J. J., Confederate officer's account of his death, ii. 309.
- Lowell, J. R., letters to, 1846, on Torrey, i. 173-177; poem on Torrey, 174, 176, 178.
- Lowell, Miss Sally, reminiscence of, ii. 308.
- Loyal Women of American Liberty, letter to, 1889, on treatment of the negro, ii. 346-348.
- Lunt, George, and the rendition of Sims, i. 219 n.
- McDonald, Mrs., of Scotland, letter to, 1891, on the death of Mrs. Bowditch, ii. 364.
- McGuinness, Mr., of St. Louis, i. 307.
- Magendie, François, H. I. B. meets and studies under, i. 20, 28, ii. 131.
- Maine, H. I. B.'s trip to the wilds of, i. 284-300.
- Marat, J. P., house where he was murdered, i. 51, ii. 138.
- Maria II. of Portugal in Paris in 1832, i. 29.
- Marie Antoinette, H. I. B. on, ii. 145.
- Marine zoölogy, excursion of Agassiz and H. I. B., i. 193-199.
- Married women, agitation in England on property of, ii. 182.
- Mars, Mlle., H. I. B. hears, i. 36.
- Marstone cottage, i. 329.
- Martin, Elizabeth, cousin of H. I. B., i. 11.
- Martin, Steve, ii. 59.
- Martineau, Harriet, letter from, 1838, on Nathaniel Bowditch, Sumner, and her health, i. 108, 109; H. I. B. visits in 1859, 310, 321-323; interest in public affairs, 322; atheism, 323.
- Massachusetts General Hospital, H. I. B.'s connection, i. 130-132, 142.
- Massachusetts Historical Society, letter to, 1887, on John Brown, ii. 93-101.
- Massachusetts State Board of Health, organization, i. 217-222; work and methods, 222-235; combined with other boards, 226, 236, 245, 248.
- Maunoir, Dr. T. D. E., H. I. B.'s friendship in Paris, i. 18, ii. 274; H. I. B. visits in 1859, i. 317.
- Medicine, cholera epidemics, i. 22, ii. 141, 287-289; principles of the Philadelphia school, 285; Bigelow on character of physicians, 289, 290. *See also* Bowditch, H. I. (*Professional life*).
- Memorial Cabinet, ii. 26-30, 84, 96, 208.
- Mezzofanti, Giuseppe, H. I. B. meets, i. 76-79.
- Microscopic investigation, H. I. B.'s interest, i. 143, 190, 193.
- Mills, Charles, i. 192.
- Milton, Mass., H. I. B.'s residence at, ii. 43, 103.
- Minot, Dr. Francis, ii. 35.
- Miserere, effect on H. I. B., i. 79.
- Mitchell, William, i. 193.
- Mitchell, Z. D., Maine guide, i. 286.
- Morland, Dr. W. W., on Lincoln's death, ii. 48.
- Moule, Rev. Henry, paper on sewage before the English Social Science Association, ii. 180.
- Music, H. I. B.'s love for, i. 7, 79, 80, 256, ii. 341-344; Mrs. Bowditch's talent, i. 84.
- Naples, post office in 1834, i. 76.
- Napoleon III., Miss Martineau on, i. 322.
- Nash, Mrs., recollections of John Brown, ii. 64, 65.
- National Board of Health, organization and early work, ii. 243-247, 250, 251; suggestions on, 247.
- Nature, H. I. B.'s love for, i. 4, 153, 164, 195, 249, 259, 300, ii. 61-63, 69, 360, 361.
- "Naugus Holers," i. 5.
- Neaves, Lord, address before the Social Science Association, ii. 179.
- Nebraska Bill, effect on anti-slavery sentiment, i. 264.
- Negroes, troops at Readville, Mass., ii. 43; H. I. B.'s address to troops, 44-46; H. I. B. advocates suffrage for, 52; H. I. B. on treatment of, 346-348, 356. *See also* Anti-slavery.
- Nemours, Duc de, appearance, i. 29.
- New York, cholera epidemic, ii. 287-289.
- Newcastle-upon-Tyne, meeting of the Social Science Association, ii.

- 178-182; castle, 182; Roman wall, 183.
- Newton, Sir Isaac, temper, i. 53.
- Nichol, J. P., anecdotes on De Quincy, i. 331-334.
- Old age, H. I. B. on, ii. 297-302, 317.
- Olnhausen family, H. I. B.'s account and connection, ii. 315-317.
- Olnhausen, George von, ii. 110.
- Opium smoking, H. I. B. on London dens, ii. 160-164.
- Oppolzer, Dr. Jean, of Vienna, i. 314.
- Orleans, Duc de, appearance, i. 29.
- Otis, Madam (Mrs. H. G.), in Paris, i. 65.
- Owen, Sir Richard, Agassiz on, i. 201.
- Owens, Mary W., letter to, 1889, on the civil war, ii. 345.
- Oxnard, Henry, opposes Abolitionists, i. 101.
- P., E., H. I. B. on, i. 170.
- Paget, Sir James, H. I. B.'s impression, ii. 146; as a lecturer, 147; on the medical profession, 322.
- Paine, R. T., ii. 320.
- Paracentesis thoracis, H. I. B.'s effort to introduce the operation, i. 231; first operation, 232; priority of suggestion, 232-234; reception in Europe, 233, 234, 310, 313, 314, 330; apparatus, 336.
- Paré, Ambroise, controversy over supposed portrait of, ii. 258-260.
- Paris, H. I. B. studies in, i. 18, 62; "three days" fête in 1832, 23-30; American society in 1833-34, 35, 47, 64; Odeon Theatre in 1833, 35; political conditions in 1833-34, 41, 69-72; H. I. B. visits in 1859, 318; H. I. B.'s reminiscences, ii. 126, 137.
- Park Street Church, Boston, refuses to hold the funeral of Torrey, i. 175, 177.
- Parker, Theodore, his church and tenement improvement, i. 190; at Boston meeting on the Fugitive Slave Law, 204; views the rendition of Sims, 217; harbors the Crafts, 208.
- Parker, Dr. Willard, H. I. B. on, ii. 332.
- Parkman, Dr. Samnel, H. I. B.'s friendship, i. 261.
- Parsons, Rev. T. W., letter to, 1890, on a sunset, ii. 360.
- Pate, Clay, border-ruffian, and John Brown, ii. 88-90.
- Patriotism, H. I. B.'s, i. 6, ii. 124, 144, 211.
- Peabody, Mrs., in Paris in 1833, i. 47.
- Pearson, J. H., returns a fugitive to slavery, i. 179, 180; changed views on slavery, 264.
- Peirce, Benjamin, early mathematical tendencies, i. 9.
- Peirson, Dr. A. L., of Salem, ii. 272.
- Penobscot River, H. I. B.'s trip down, i. 284, 292-300.
- Percys, castle of the, H. I. B. on, ii. 184.
- Perkins, Mrs. T. H., i. 47.
- Perry, Com. O. H., H. I. B. sees, i. 6.
- Peterboro', N. H., H. I. B. at, ii. 355-362, 366, 367.
- Phi Beta Kappa dinner, incident during, ii. 307-311.
- Philadelphia school of medicine, Dr. Jacob Bigelow on, ii. 284, 285.
- Phillips, S. C., i. 178.
- Phillips, Wendell, at Boston meeting on the Fugitive Slave Law, i. 204; does not see the rendition of Sims, 218; at the outbreak of the civil war, ii. 4; on John Brown, 81; and the bust of John Brown, 84-87; as an anti-slavery man, 334.
- Phosphorescence, animal, Agassiz on, i. 196.
- Physic, Dr. P. S., of Philadelphia, Dr. Jacob Bigelow on, ii. 285.
- Pickering, H. W., schoolmate of H. I. B., i. 8.
- Pickering, John, i. 33.
- Pierpont, John, anti-slavery poem, i. 133; Whittier on, 140.
- Plunket, T. H., and the State Board of Health Bill, ii. 218, 219.
- Poisson, S. D., calls on H. I. B., i. 19; sends books to Nathaniel Bowditch, 21.
- Political conditions, in France in

- 1833-34, i. 41, 69-72; in United States in 1845, 170; in 1846, 184-189; the Senate in 1852, 253. *See also* Anti-slavery, Civil War.
- Politics and sanitation, ii. 226, 236, 244.
- Pope, H. I. B. on his temporal power, ii. 143.
- Powers, Dr. C. A., letter to, 1889, on medical affairs, ii. 331-334.
- Powers, Daniel, H. I. B.'s friendship, i. 147, 153, 166-169, 171.
- Preventive medicine, H. I. B. on, ii. 221, 234, 245-250, 331, 357; Dr. Jacob Bigelow on, 290-292. *See also* Massachusetts State Board of Health, National Board of Health.
- Propaganda, Rome, languages spoken at, i. 77.
- Psalms, H. I. B.'s appreciation, i. 3, 238, 243.
- Public lodging houses for the poor in London, ii. 174.
- Putnam, Katharine D., fiancée of Nathaniel Bowditch, ii. 24; relation with H. I. B., 24-26; death, 26; memoir, 26.
- Putnam, W. L., killed at Ball's Bluff, ii. 5.
- Quincy, Edmund, as an anti-slavery man, ii. 335.
- Quincy, Josiah, i. 33.
- Racquette Lake, N. Y., H. I. B. at, ii. 68.
- Ray, Dr. J. E., ii. 213.
- Readville, Mass., H. I. B. addresses negro troops at, ii. 43-46.
- Religion, H. I. B.'s views, i. 2-4, 72-74, 79, 103-105, 114-119, 148-150, 154, 162, 165, 191, 227-229, 238, 298, 323, ii. 71, 209, 210, 270, 325, 360, 364, 369; H. I. B. and Jouffroy on the question of development in Christianity, i. 45-47; C. C. Emerson on, 107; Channing on religious observances, 116-118; faith of Daniel Powers, 167; Miss Martineau's views, 323; views of Jeffries Wyman, ii. 70, 71; views of Judge Hale, 77; and science, 98, 325; and medicine, 209, 210; views of Jacob Bigelow, 293.
- Richardson, Mr., i. 302.
- Rignall, Mary C., (Mrs. Wheeler), letters to, 1844, on domestic affairs, i. 154-156; 1851, on slavery, 227-229. *See also* Wheeler, Mrs. M. C.
- Riley, J. H., marshal in the Shadrach case, i. 213.
- Ritchie, John, ii. 353.
- Robespierre, H. I. B. on, ii. 145.
- Rogers, Mr., views the rendition of Sims, i. 217.
- Rokitanski, Dr. Charles, of Vienna, i. 315.
- Roman wall at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ii. 183.
- Rome, H. I. B. visits in 1834, i. 79.
- Rothe, Dr. C. G., ii. 265.
- Rush, Dr. Benjamin, Dr. Jacob Bigelow on, ii. 285.
- Rydal Mount, England, H. I. B. at, i. 324.
- S——, H. I. B. on his domestic tendencies, i. 155.
- S——, Captain, shows the white feather, ii. 4.
- Salem, Mass., former prosperity and Sunday observances, i. 2.
- Sanitation. *See* Preventive medicine.
- Saranac Lake, N. Y., H. I. B. at, ii. 77.
- Sargent, J. T., letter from, on H. I. B.'s conviction for assault, ii. 41.
- Saturday Review* on the Massachusetts State Board of Health, ii. 235.
- Sawyer, Warren, member of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, ii. 217.
- Schwann, Theodor, Agassiz on, i. 201.
- Science and religion, ii. 98, 325.
- Scotland, H. I. B. visits in 1833, i. 56-62.
- Sea serpent, encounter with, i. 302.
- Secret societies, H. I. B.'s antipathy, i. 271, 274.
- Self-restraint, H. I. B. on, i. 261.
- Senate, character in 1852, i. 253.
- Sever, Anne, i. 170.
- Sewage, discussion by English Social Science Association, ii. 180.
- Seward, W. H., denounces the Han- num episode, i. 182.

- Shadrach rescue, i. 212-214; resulting excitement, 214; Lewis Hayden's share, ii. 350.
- Shapleigh, Frank, ii. 26.
- Sharp, Abraham, i. 53.
- Shaw, Judge Lemuel, and the Sims case, i. 219.
- Shaw, Col. R. G., H. I. B. on, ii. 69, 116.
- Shedd, J. B., ii. 355.
- Shepherd of Salisbury Plains*, tract, i. 334.
- Simon, John, greeting to H. I. B., ii. 202.
- Sims, Thomas, fugitive slave, rendition, i. 215-224; newspaper criticism of H. I. B.'s conduct at, 224, 225; effect on H. I. B., 225-229.
- Slade, William, denounces the Hannum episode, i. 182.
- Slavery and the churches, i. 114. *See also* Anti-slavery.
- Smith, J. V. C., mayor of Boston, and the Burns case, i. 267, 268.
- Smith, Mrs., of Holmes' Hole, i. 249.
- Smith, Dr. Ashael, of Texas, ii. 240.
- Smith, Gerrit, denounces Hannum episode, i. 182; negro colony at North Elba, ii. 79; and John Brown, 88.
- Smith, Dr. Nathan, H. I. B. and Jacob Bigelow on, ii. 285, 286.
- Social Science, H. I. B. on the English Association for Promotion of, ii. 179-182.
- Socialism, H. I. B.'s attitude, i. 192.
- Société Médicale d'Observation, Paris, H. I. B.'s experience in joining, i. 30, ii. 273.
- Society for Medical Observation, Boston, i. 145.
- Sohier, E. D., ii. 34.
- Soil moisture, influence on consumption, ii. 200-203.
- Somerville, Mrs. Mary F., H. I. B. calls on, i. 30; appearance, 31; kindness to H. I. B. in England, 52, ii. 267.
- Somerville, Dr. William, H. I. B. meets, i. 31, 53.
- South, H. I. B.'s attitude toward, in 1889, ii. 345; outrages on negroes, 346-348. *See also* Civil War.
- Southwick, Abbie, i. 157.
- Specialization, Agassiz on, i. 199.
- Spurzheim, Kaspar, funeral, i. 33, 41.
- Stanton, E. M., ii. 31, 32.
- Stanton, H. B., at the commemoration of Torrey, i. 178.
- State medicine, H. I. B. on the meaning of the expression, ii. 221. *See also* Preventive medicine.
- Stearns, F. P., on historical perspective, i. 283.
- Stearns, G. L., as an anti-slavery man, ii. 87-92, 374; during the civil war, 351.
- Stearns, Mrs. G. L., letters to, 1886, 1888, on John Brown and anti-slavery, ii. 85, 98; letters from, 1886, 1889, on John Brown, 85-87, 101; reminiscences and bust of John Brown, 87-93, 374-376; letters to, 1887, on the Olmhausens and on old age, 315-318; 1890, on his life at Peterboro', 356.
- Stebbins, Rev. R. P., ii. 4.
- Stevenson, J. T., and Webster's 7th of March speech, i. 203.
- Stillé, Dr. Alfred, anecdote, ii. 241; H. I. B. visits, 242.
- Stimson, Johnny, i. 237.
- Strassburg after the capture in 1870, ii. 187-199.
- Sumner, Charles, treatment by Ticknor, i. 101; reception in England, 108; letters from, 1838, on Babbage and Nathaniel Bowditch, 109-111; 1851, 1854, on politics, 252, 255; letters to, 1852, on politics, 253; 1863, on the ambulance corps, ii. 12; and the ambulance corps, 11-13; battle-flag episode, 55, 278; H. I. B.'s tribute, 276-280; and the Trent affair, 277; neuralgic suffering, 279, 280.
- Sun-dial, the Whittier, i. 239-247.
- Swampscott, Mass., copperhead tarred and feathered, ii. 50.
- Sweetser, F. H., ii. 35.
- Switzerland, education, ii. 123.
- Talbot, Gov. Thomas, ii. 226.
- Tappan, Benjamin, teacher in Salem, i. 8.
- Temperance, H. I. B. on, i. 114, ii. 230-233.
- Tenement improvement, in Boston, i.

- 189, 190, ii. 328-330; in London, 326-328.
- Thaxter, Levi, i. 301.
- Thayer, A. H., letters to, 1890, ii. 358, 361-363; H. I. B. on, 366.
- Thayer, J. B., ii. 308.
- Thayer, Dr. W. H., reminiscences of H. I. B., i. 142-147, 335, ii. 200; letters to, 1853, on meeting a friend of childhood, i. 256-260; 1857, 1858, on their friendship, 260-262, 309; 1860, on teaching and medical affairs, 335-337; 1879, on being a cripple, ii. 293; 1885, announcing a visit, 304; 1891, on birthday congratulations, 359; 1891, on the death of Mrs. Bowditch, 366.
- Thayer, Mrs. W. H., letter to, 1863, on the death of his son, ii. 19.
- Theatres, in Paris in 1833, i. 35; for the poor in London, ii. 165-168.
- Thompson, George, attempt to mob in Boston, i. 100.
- Thoracentesis. *See* Paracentesis thoracis.
- "Three days" fête in Paris in 1833, i. 23-30.
- Ticknor, George, letter, 1832, introducing H. I. B. to Humboldt, i. 17; accompanies Miss Yardley to America, 97; attitude toward anti-slavery, 101.
- Todd, Isabella, of Ireland, at meeting of the English Social Science Association, ii. 182.
- Topeka Daily Capital*, account of the bust of John Brown, ii. 373-376.
- Torrey, C. T., imprisonment, death, and funeral, i. 156, 172-178.
- Torrey, H. W., intended letter to, 1850, on the Craft case, i. 209-212.
- Toussaint Louverture, ii. 125.
- Traube, Dr. L. T., of Dresden, i. 313.
- Trenholme, Dr. E. H., of Montreal, ii. 236.
- Trent affair, Sumner's attitude, ii. 277.
- Tucker, Mrs., of New York, i. 47.
- Tukey, Francis, city marshal, aids in the Sims rendition, i. 220, 221 n.
- Turnipseed, Dr. E. B., of Columbia, S. C., ii. 240.
- Twitchell, Dr. Amos, H. I. B.'s Life of, i. 252; ability, ii. 284.
- Upper Saranac Lake, H. I. B. at, ii. 59.
- Vermiform appendix. *See* Appendix cæci.
- Versailles, H. I. B. describes, i. 39-41.
- Vienna, H. I. B.'s professional experience in 1859, i. 314-317.
- Vigilance Committee, Boston, formation after the Hannum episode, i. 179, 181; and the Burns case, 265.
- Virchow, Rudolf, on H. I. B., ii. 258.
- Vose, J. T., i. 120.
- Wakefield, Simon, i. 288.
- Walker, Jonathan, branded for stealing slaves, i. 144 n., ii. 27.
- Walker, Dr. Mary A., in the Civil War, ii. 217.
- Warden, D. B., sends books to Nathaniel Bowditch, i. 21.
- Ware, Dr. John, first professional profits, i. 95; ability, ii. 284; experiences in the cholera epidemic, 287-289.
- Warren, Dr. J. C., approves of thoracentesis, i. 231; as a surgeon, ii. 332.
- Warren, Mason, with H. I. B. in Paris, i. 18, 32, 39.
- Warren Street Chapel, Boston, purpose, i. 112; H. I. B. becomes interested in, 112, 113; and anti-slavery, 119-129; H. I. B. retires from, 124; floral procession, 126, 143.
- Washburn, Mr., ii. 152.
- Washburn, Gov. Emory, and the Burns case, i. 267.
- Waterhouse, Prof. Benjamin, sundial, i. 239, 244; H. I. B. on, 244.
- Waterlow, Sir Sidney, interest in tenement improvement, ii. 327.
- Webster, Daniel, H. I. B. on, i. 202-204, 210, 281, ii. 301.
- Welch, Samuel, interested in Warren Street Chapel, i. 120; opposes anti-slavery lectures, 124.
- West Indian emancipation, H. I. B. commemorates, i. 119.

- Weston, Ezra, Jr., interested in Warren Street Chapel. i. 143.
- Weston, Mass., H. I. B.'s home at, i. 236-243.
- Wheatland, Henry, schoolmate of H. I. B., i. 8.
- Wheeler, Mrs. M. C., letter to, 1889, on the outbreak of the civil war, ii. 344. *See also* Rignall.
- White, Dr. J. C., of Boston, ii. 35.
- White, Dr. J. P., of Buffalo, ii. 236, 241.
- White, William, i. 161.
- "White Cat's Palace," ii. 71.
- Whiting, James, opposes anti-slavery lectures in Warren Street Chapel, i. 124.
- Whittier, J. G., and the Latimer case, i. 139, 140, ii. 321; verses for H. I. B.'s sun-dial, i. 239, 244, 245; letters from, 1842, on the Latimer case, 140; 1854, on the Burns case, 269-271; 1864, on H. I. B.'s memorials of the war, ii. 29; 1892, to Miss Bowditch, on her father, 371; letters to, 1887, 1891, on his birthdays, 320-323, 368; H. I. B. dedicates a rustic seat to, 356.
- Wilberforce, William, funeral, i. 54.
- Williams, Dr. H. F., his pneumatic differentiator, ii. 304.
- Willis, Hamilton, change in views on slavery, i. 264.
- Wilmot Proviso, Senator Hale on, i. 185; H. I. B. on, 187.
- Wilson, Henry, and the ambulance service, ii. 11, 13, 17; letter to, 1863, 13.
- Winthrop, R. C., ignores the slavery issue, i. 170; post-bellum incident, ii. 57; as president of the Pierian Sodality, 342.
- Wise, Gov. H. A., on John Brown, ii. 97.
- Wistar, Dr. Caspar, Dr. Jacob Bigelow on, ii. 285.
- Woillez, Dr. Eugène, of Paris, H. I. B., meets, ii. 141, 143.
- Women physicians, H. I. B. on, ii. 212-216, 252-254, 297, 303.
- Wordsworth, William, H. I. B. visits his home, i. 310, 324-329.
- Wright, Elizur, as an anti-slavery man, ii. 334, 335.
- Wyman, Dr. Jeffries, ii. 5; in the Adirondacks, 69; H. I. B. on his character and beliefs, 70, 71.
- Wyman, Dr. Morrill, first to operate by thoracentesis, i. 232, 234 n.
- X—, behavior at the English Social Science Association, ii. 180.
- Yardley, Charles, ii. 153.
- Yardley, Olivia. *See* Bowditch (Olivia).
- Yellow fever, efforts against, of the National Board of Health, ii. 243-245.
- Zermatt, H. I. B. at, ii. 118-120.

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