



LIFE  
OF  
EDWIN H. CHAPIN D.D.

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*E. H. Chopin.*



✓  
L I F E

OF  
✓✓

EDWIN H. CHAPIN, D.D.

BY  
✓

SUMNER ELLIS, D.D.

“ His words seemed oracles  
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn  
And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,  
That with like dumb wonder answered him.  
You could have heard  
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.”

With Portraits and Illustrations.

BOSTON:  
UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.  
1882.

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UNIVERSITY PRESS:  
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

## P R E F A C E.

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DR. CHAPIN having left no record of his life, not even letters or notices of the press, and there being scarcely a reference to himself in his published works, the materials for this volume had to be gathered very largely from original sources, and the labor has been much greater than was expected when it was undertaken. A large reliance for facts was naturally placed upon Mrs. Chapin; but, while on the way to obtain these, the news of her sudden death was received. It is believed, however, that the leading facts in the life of this truly great man and almost peerless orator will be found in the following pages; and the author desires to return thanks to the many friends who have kindly aided him in his work.

S. E.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.,

Sept. 1, 1882.





# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. ANCESTRY . . . . .	7
II. BOYHOOD . . . . .	16
III. SCHOOLDAYS . . . . .	25
IV. LIFE AT TROY . . . . .	39
V. LIFE AT UTICA . . . . .	46
VI. SETTLEMENT IN RICHMOND . . . . .	64
VII. MINISTRY IN CHARLESTOWN . . . . .	79
VIII. MINISTRY IN BOSTON . . . . .	107
IX. MINISTRY IN NEW YORK . . . . .	115
X. PIGEON COVE . . . . .	158
XI. THE FUNERAL . . . . .	173
XII. THE TRIUMPHS OF ELOQUENCE . . . . .	189
XIII. ORATORICAL RESOURCES . . . . .	216
XIV. SERMONS AND LECTURES . . . . .	233
XV. HIS UNIVERSALISM . . . . .	254
XVI. THE CHAPIN HOME . . . . .	269
XVII. AN ODD-FELLOW . . . . .	274
XVIII. A REFORMER . . . . .	285
XIX. WAYSIDE HUMANITIES . . . . .	292
XX. HIS POETRY . . . . .	305
XXI. HIS WIT . . . . .	320
XXII. HIS LIBRARY . . . . .	326



## List of Illustrations.

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PORTRAIT . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CHURCH AT NEW YORK . . . . .	115
PORTRAIT . . . . .	130
COTTAGE AT PIGEON COVE . . . . .	158
FAC-SIMILES OF HANDWRITING . . . . .	233



# LIFE OF EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

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## I.

### ANCESTRY.

IN the eighth generation of American Chapins stood EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, the subject of this biography. Himself a "believer in ancestry and in the feeling it kindles," and referring with pride to the tradition that a "drop of the blood of the Black Douglas, the Scottish Knight 'without fear and without reproach,' ran in his veins," it will not be a misplaced act if we turn our attention briefly to the generations which have preceded him, from whom he derived his eminent gifts.

Near the middle of the seventeenth century Deacon Samuel Chapin sailed from England and landed on our shores, stopped for a time with "ye godly people of Dorchester," and then moved, in 1642, to Springfield, Massachusetts, at that time the most western outpost of the New England colonists. With more courage than discretion, it may be, he dared the awakened hostility of the Indians, — a hostility which made it fitly the last office of the household, before retiring at night, to examine the flint on the gun and offer a fervent prayer for protection, — and wandered into the unprotected wilderness.

The heroic Deacon was a good Puritan. In him were combined a sound judgment, a fervent piety, a tender humanity, and a rare gift of enterprise; and, with his noted contemporaries, Pynchon and Holyoke, he did much to give character and prosperity to the new settlement. He was early appointed one of the magistrates of the town, and not long after his appointment "his commission was extended indefinitely." In the absence of the minister of the pioneer church, or in the interim between pastorates, he exercised his talent of exhortation on the Lord's Day to the edification of the people, and was declared to be "exceeding moving in prayer." In November of 1665 it was voted in town-meeting "to allow Deacon Wright, Deacon Chapin, Mr. Holyoke, and Henry Burt £12 for their past services in the Lord's work on the Sabbath, to be distributed by the selectmen; and that in future they would allow at the rate of £50 a year, till such time as they should have a settled minister."

To Deacon Samuel Chapin was born, in 1642, Japhet, the eldest of his children. In Japhet reappeared the manly traits of his father — a sterling integrity, an ardent piety, a ready kindliness of heart, intrepid courage, and a rare thrift in business; but there came to him, as there did not to his father, a call to put his courage to the most practical test. Obeying the summons of an imperilled people, who talked by day and dreamed by night of the horrors of massacre, he took up arms against the invading Indians. On the fly-leaf of an old account-book he informs us, in an interesting bit of autobiography, that he took part in the great fight at Turner's Falls. "I went out volanteare against ingens



the 17th of May, 1676, and we engaged batel the 19th of May in the moaning before sunrise, and made great Spoil upon the enemy, and came off the same day with the Los of 37 men and Captin Turner; and came home the 20th of May." But in spite of his brave fighting thus for the safety of his family, his beloved daughter Hannah, three months after her marriage, was taken captive and borne into Canada. Holding firmly to the Puritan faith, striving with the hardships of a new settlement, steadily facing the terror begotten by the grim children of the forest, it is not to be wondered at that a visible shadow rested over his hardy spirit. Of his father's death he pathetically recorded that "he was taken out of this troublesome world." In the path along which his own feet walked, he "saw more of thorns than of flowers." But when he finally fell asleep, "Rev. Mr. Williams, of Deerfield, wrote a lengthy letter to his children, instructing them concerning the improvements they should make of his death, and speaking of him as having been a man of great piety."

To Japhet was born Thomas; and to Thomas, Thomas junior; and to Thomas junior, Elijah; and to Elijah, Perez, who was the grandfather of Edwin Hubbell. Through these generations the stream of life flowed in a manner characteristic of its source. Perez was a doctor of excellent skill; and very nearly on the hundredth anniversary of the engagement with the Indians at Turner's Falls, in which Japhet did valiant service, he was found in the thick of the battle at Bunker Hill, plying his surgical art for the comfort and security of the wounded. A graduate of Middlebury College, Vermont, he spent many years in practice, and died at Benson in that State.

To Perez was born Alpheus, the father of Edwin. In him the ideal Puritan appears somewhat modified. If the shadow of the past fell on him from behind, the cheery light of a new era shone in his face. He came upon the stage just at the time when the stern dignity of the earlier day was passing into the mellow and sweeter ripeness of the modern life; and in him we find an early fruit of the approaching harvest. He was a man eminent for wit and social graces, an excellent musician, with a special love of the anti-Puritan fiddle, an admirer and a student of the beautiful, and by profession an artist — a painter of ideal scenes for his personal delight, and of portraits for his daily bread. These are indeed new features in the Chapin portrait, but the old traits are by no means wanting. Into him an Apollo seems to have descended to keep company with the God of his fathers; and we mark those sharp contrasts of sentiment and expression, of gravity and mirth, of prose and poetry, of prayer and story, which were still more marked in his eminent son. In the parlor of a friend he was a fascinating guest, a conversationist of rare merits, happily seasoning good sense with pleasantries, and stimulating free expression in others by a genuine modesty in himself. So captivating were his gifts that, in the space of two or three weeks from their first meeting, he had won the heart of Miss Beulah Hubbell, one of the fair and talented young ladies of Bennington, Vermont, consummated the period of courtship, married her, and carried her away from the town, to be his companion and inspirer as he rambled from place to place in the pursuit of his art. "I never saw such company as grandpa was," says one of his grand-

daughters ; " he played the violin to please us, told us funny stories, extemporized enchanting romances with his ready imagination, and made himself one of us. It was such a delight to go and see him ! " To have sat by his easel for a portrait, while he spun his rare tissues of sense and nonsense, must have been an entertainment, and set the face into the best aspect for being transferred to canvas.

Whatever he did was done ardently. With a common enthusiasm he entered into a debate or told a story, painted a picture or worshipped his Maker, and at all times and in all places he was a magnetic presence. His portraits, many of which are still preserved and cherished, are hasty sketches, strong in likeness but deficient in finish. It was a theory with him, born no doubt of his temperament, that too much attention to detail, by the artist, not only imperils the truthfulness of a likeness, but weakens its effect on the beholder. To finish he would not sacrifice force ; and his portraits, strong but rough, indicate plainly that his hand was withdrawn too soon from the process of his art. On one occasion, while painting the picture of a weary and worn-out soldier of the American Revolution, the old hero, roused under the memories of the hour, erected himself into the attitude of a field-marshal, and exclaimed, " Put in some of the fire of '76 ! " We need not doubt the artist's success in answering the order. His ideal scenes are more carefully and fondly worked up, and two or three of his Madonnas are at least indicative of a latent patience in his hasty hand. His most ambitious pieces are " Christ Raising Lazarus," which brings in a group of over forty figures on a canvas of

vast proportions, and "Christ Healing the Sick," which was put on exhibition in Boston at a ninepence for each admission. On the whole, it is evident that Mr. Chapin's genius as an artist was greatly superior to his culture.

In the course of time he fell under the fervid ministry of the elder Beecher, and his devotions at once assumed an unaccustomed heat and zeal. The soul of Deacon Samuel Chapin, of the colonial church, seemed to reappear in his distant son. Having laid by his brush and passed into the filial charge of his son, who was already rising in fame, the old man now found no check on the open and to him inviting path to the altar. He became a familiar presence in the evangelical prayer-meetings of Boston. The ardor of a revival matched well his aroused spirit, and in prayer and song his voice was raised to a fervent key. At all hours of the day and the night he sought the shrine of worship. "When he should have been in bed, he was often on his knees in prayer," is the testimony of his widow, the second wife, who still survives him. The cheerfulness, so conspicuous in his earlier days, seemed to disappear from many of his later hours. Feeling deeply by contrast the infirmities of age, incapable of toil yet dependent, and sharing a piety not so hopeful as that of the Church of to-day, he fell into frequent sombre moods; and on the fourth day of March, 1870, at his home in Boston, he exchanged his earthly for his heavenly estate. In the last hour he was solaced by the sympathy of his devoted wife, and the affection and prayers of his brilliant son and benefactor. From the Central Church, of which he had been for several years a member, his body was carried to its final rest.

In the Chapin family, thus briefly noticed, the sentiment of religion was a marked trait; and as early as the year 1862 there had arisen among the offspring of Deacon Samuel Chapin not less than twenty-five clergymen bearing the family name, and as many more, no doubt, who bore the names taken by the daughters of the successive generations. Piety and eloquence were characteristic of the race; and it would not be easy to estimate the harvest of faith and virtue which has been reaped in our land, during two hundred and more years, from seed sown and cultivated by the hands of this group of toilers in the Master's Vineyard.

In the direct line of descent from Samuel to Edwin Hubbell Chapin the flesh appears to have been an adequate vehicle of the spirit. In the respective ages of the eight generations the stamina of the stock is well indicated. The number of the years of Samuel is not told in the "Chapin Genealogy," from which many of the foregoing facts have been derived, but he lived to a good old age. Not less than fourscore winters and summers had he seen before he was summoned from the earth. Japhet lived threescore and ten years. Thomas filled the measure of fourscore and five years; and Thomas junior, by a single year, overstepped this wide limit. The years of Elijah were eighty-seven; of Perez, eighty-six; of Alpheus, eighty-two; and of Edwin Hubbell, sixty-six. But while the latter failed thus to follow the law of his family, and fill the mould of time for which he was evidently intended, there is no doubt that in the higher estimate of life as a succession of vital states — ideas, sentiments, achievements — he surpassed them all, for his was a nature that bred

life with a signal rapidity and volume. He crowded into the hours and days and years a marvellous wealth of thought and feeling and activity. Like a wild mountain stream the vital current fairly rushed and roared as it passed through his being, and was the sooner spent. Apart from the fact that he was improvident of his energies and careless of the laws of health, it could hardly have been otherwise than that the vast fires in the living engine, and the rush of the overheated machine, should tell on its durability. "To live long it is necessary to live slowly," said Cicero; but to live slowly was not in the power of Dr. Chapin.

Not wholly an inheritance from the Chapins was the genius of this remarkable man. To his mother, and the generations of the Hubbells, he was indebted for some of the strongest and finest traits of his life. The record of the Hubbell family in America — reaching from Richard, who came here from England about the year 1650, to the present time — is one which reflects on it great honor. A numerous progeny, it has been as marked for worth and achievements as for numbers. To the "first of the name in America" a descendant has paid a grateful tribute in verse, in which the family type is made to appear.

"Thou, far across Atlanta's surging breast,  
Mad'st here thy home, loved, honored, blest;  
Here reared brave hearts, concordant with thine own,  
Taught them to hate a tyrant and despise a throne;  
A race with iron wills and iron laws,  
Firm as the granite hills in Freedom's cause;  
Stern as the Roman who condemned his son;  
Unchanging as those laws cut deep in stone;  
With stalwart physique, rough, yet not uncouth,  
Surcharged with love of God and Man and Truth."

From their first home in Connecticut, the Hubbells have wandered abroad and made homes in most of the States of the Union. The poet, whose words have just been read, refers to Richard Hubbell as the "sire of a thousand sons." But wherever they have settled, integrity, industry, thrift, and honor have attended them to a large degree. In all our wars they have been among our bravest soldiers; in the professions, they have risen to eminence; in positions of public trust, from humble offices to membership in Congress, their skill and worth have been placed at the service of the people. From such a race E. H. Chapin drew some of the blood that made him what he was in the vigor and strength of his manhood.



## II.

### BOYHOOD.

APART from a fond father and mother and the seclusion of a fireside, a boy needs many things, and especially these two,—a fixed habitation in city or country (better the latter) to supply the sweet romances of memory to after-life, and a steady schooling under the same teachers to give an early solidity and system to the mind. As we look back from the distant reaches and altitudes of our mortal journey, the scenes made familiar to our early years are delicious enchantments, of which no life should be deprived; while the timely discipline of our first schooldays strangely fashions the plastic mind into the mould of order and promise. From the haunts amid which is seated the old home, and from the old schoolhouse, whether in city or country, there moves forth with us, on whatever road we may travel, some of the best companionships of life,—memories and guiding influences which every one needs. But in these important particulars the lad, Edwin Chapin, was among the most unfortunate. Except in the love and care of his parents he had no early home.

A wandering artist, roving from hamlet to hamlet and city to city in quest of faces to paint on his waiting

squares of canvas, his father kept the little group on the move. No Arabian tribe was ever more given to shifting its encampments. It was a life of arrivals and departures, with hotels and boarding-houses for temporary quarters. "For months together we did not know where the Chapins were," writes a venerable relative of the family; "and when at length the mother and Edwin would surprise us, as they often did, by returning to the old home, the first inquiry would be: From what city or town have you come?"

As the environment of childhood, the scenery of his early life does not make a pleasing picture. An impulsive and versatile boy, needing most of all repression and drill, the aid of fixed conditions and regular habits, he was kept in the constant whirl of events, hurried from scene to scene, drawn into the distracting meshes of diversity and novelty, until his gift of order and patient application, never equal to his gift of spontaneity, had suffered serious damage. The habit of the systematic student is largely an inheritance from a very early discipline. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" so is the grown mind in debt to its early direction, and the aid of the primary school cannot well be spared. But until his fifteenth or sixteenth year Edwin Chapin knew little or nothing of methodical and scholarly mental action. Through following the family tent, never pitched long in one place, his tuition was necessarily intermittent and desultory. It was under strange teachers and with unknown children, in a round of cities and villages extending from Washington to the Canada line, that he found a seat in the schoolroom,—and then only for a few weeks or

months at a time, according to the demand of the special locality on his father's brush. In this method of schooling the interims of absence were broader than the periods of attendance; and the remarkable boy, who needed so much to have his wild and spontaneous power brought into subjection to the text-book and the tutor, was daily passing into a brilliant disorder, a romantic chaos of ideas and interests, a habitual vagrancy of mind, which it would not be easy henceforth to subdue. Even though seconded by the lessons his mother fondly imposed on him as they journeyed, such intermittent tutorage but poorly foiled the effects of a wandering life, and an ardent spontaneity was becoming the habit of the boy's study and thought.

At length, when Edwin was eleven or twelve years old, the roving artist came to a halt in Boston, and over the family was spread a home roof. In an uninviting part of the city, at the head of Sudbury Street, near Court Street, the Chapins took up their residence. Two sisters, Ellen and Martha, had now been added to the family circle, the former of whom is its only surviving representative. The gifted brother was now to be seen, not making his daily morning run to a school-house, but to a broker's office. As an errand boy he entered into the service of Aaron Dana, on State Street, then as now the haunt of the money-changers and speculators; and here, though still a mere lad, he must have gained some of the views and impressions of business life, which in after years were flashed from his teeming brain as he discoursed to eager throngs of the "Phases of City Life," and of "Humanity in the City."

But into the dryest details this romantic boy could

but infuse some fresh interest. If flowers had not been planted in his path, by the magic of his native genius he could create them. In the midst of these dry scenes, there was at least one fresh soul. The lad burst into poetry. Having swept the dingy floor, dusted the desks, run here and there with papers and verbal messages, gazed in wonder at the world around him, and given a ready ear to every story and each better word which was uttered, he still found time to make and recite rhymes on the most various themes. His usual auditor was the boy in the office overhead. Calling him to the window to listen, young Edwin, with upturned face, would deliver from the sidewalk his hasty effusion. In this juvenile diversion he doubtless reached some higher pleasure than the charm of the mated words at the ends of the lines, even the deeper stir of a poetic instinct. Pressing his little poem by his native eloquence into the heart of the boy upstairs, and then throwing it into the waste-basket, we can well imagine the zest with which he would seek another theme and create another ephemeral rhyme.

With the boys of the West End, his rare and unselfish gifts, his wit, his ardor, his honor, his power to kindle them into a happy enthusiasm, made him a favorite; and, when thirteen or fourteen years old, they elected him a member of their dramatic club, and at once promoted him to the conspicuous rank of poet and buffoon of the aspiring group. With an ambition characteristic of boys, this club had taken to itself its name, Siddonian, from the celebrated Mrs. Siddons of English fame; and it held its first meetings in a carpenter's shop on Pine Street; but some trouble having arisen

with their lessee, to whom they paid a mere pittance, they decamped in the night time with their theatrical effects, and moved into a hall in the Circular Building on Portland Street. For a couple of years, at least, they were accustomed to meet in this place for discipline and pleasure. Here they enacted tragedy and comedy from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" to Sheridan's "School for Scandal," with the accompaniments of song and recitation and feasting. As would be natural with boys, the pastime phase of their club life was made prominent. Begging or borrowing a few dishes and cooking utensils, the juvenile histrions made for themselves banquets; and now and then they turned themselves into a sort of gypsy camp, and marched out to Brighton, to a spot known as the Cave, and pitched their rude tent for the night, and cooked their supper and breakfast. Amid these hilarious scenes young Chapin found the keenest delight, and rose to an easy ascendancy through the exuberance of his wit and mirth.

But in this Siddonian Company there was also a spirit of ambition and toil in the direction of the histrionic art. No idlers at their tasks were some of these boys, since they were stagestruck in no ordinary degree; and from their sports they turned with a yet keener relish to the performance of their parts on the stage. There was real genius among them; and genius passing into its own sphere of action supplies the supreme delights of life. From carnal feasting it turns to its own greater feasts of inspiration and achievement. Thus among these Siddonians there were those who were feeling the first raptures of their awakening dramatic gifts; even

with a wild delight that must have lingered in their nightly dreams, they grew conscious of a power to sway the friendly audiences that gathered from time to time in their dingy hall; and, as a result, the stage became their first love, and the theatre the scene of their lifelong toils and triumphs. In this little group of aspirants we find the two comedians, Charles H. Eaton and John P. Addams, who were for many years favorites with the Boston playgoers; and here stood in conspicuous superiority the youthful E. L. Davenport, who afterwards became famous in two hemispheres as a delineator of tragedy, and who has left to the honor of the stage and its high art, not only a brilliant history, but his eminent daughter, Miss Fanny Davenport, who, as a tragedienne, has risen to a high rank among the daughters of America.

Between the two lads, Davenport and Chapin, a friendship sprung up that the flying years only confirmed. In their lives was a kinship of genius that awakened mutual esteem and love. For, however it may have seemed to a superficial observer that young Chapin was mainly a wit and born for comedy, to a deeper insight, such as young Davenport must have shared, there appeared in yet more conspicuous aspects the serious side of his life, and his strong sympathy with human greatness in its struggles and sorrows and triumphs. Under his wild exuberance were the throbings of a solemn heart. His noisy pleasantries were only like an ornamented gate opening to the inner majesty of an imposing temple, in which pious Glorias or Misereres are rendered in fitting music. To this juvenile stage he indeed brought a comic song and a

humorous recitation, and so triumphantly did he render them that his comrades gave him stormy applause; and it was a very natural illusion, with these sport-loving youth, that their rollicking companion was chiefly a lover of fun and a candidate with rare prospects for comedy. But he also brought to the Siddonians, and their assemblies, "Marco-Bozzaris," "Mark Antony," "Philip Exciting the Chiefs to Rise and Exterminate the English," and pieces of kindred sentiment; and it was in these declamations that the more thoughtful and the ripper in years saw and felt the most characteristic power in this lad's earlier and later life. Ever was his Mirth but the attendant on his Gravity. There being thus a common instinct and a responsive chord between the two boys, Davenport and Chapin, we need not wonder that the former, about to attempt the role of "William Tell," should call the latter to be his first support in enacting the great tragedy; and we might well envy those who were privileged to see the two aspiring performers bearing their high parts.

From the first coming together of these two gifted souls, we may turn to survey for a moment their last meeting face to face. Resting in his coffin, and followed in solemn procession by the brightest minds of New York City, the great tragedian was brought and laid before the pulpit made famous by the great preacher. Over the worn cushion and the open Bible bent the Reverend Doctor, himself feeble and fading, to take a last look at the noble face of his old comrade. With equal delicacy and depth of emotion he said, "I have known the deceased actor well, particularly in the



younger years of my life, and I always knew him to be worthy of love and esteem."

Apart from the instruction of his home, it was without doubt in that humble Siddonian Society that Edwin Chapin found the best school of his early life. It was there his genius was first kindled to a fervid flame, and he felt himself in possession of a great gift of eloquence. There the secret of his life seemed to burst upon his vision, and to the high art of swaying the public he consecrated himself. He chose the stage as his first love, and it rose before him as the lure of the coming years.

It was not without pride that his parents now looked upon their son, in whom a rare gift was thus making itself apparent. They were not insensible to the magic of his declamation and the lightning rapidity of his mental processes. But their pride was attended with anxiety and even alarm. Of Puritan training and pious predilections, they could but shrink with horror from the thought that their only and dearly loved son, for whom they had so often prayed, should take to the stage and give his life to the theatre. But so strongly rested the histrionic spell and purpose on him that their reproofs and persuasions seemed in vain; and it is a current rumor among the relatives of the family that he once ran away with a theatrical troop and actually appeared in the more serious business of the public drama. However this may be, it is certain his mother said "I came near losing my boy," and that his father sent him to the academy at Bennington, Vermont, to keep him from the stage in Boston.

When his little trunk was finally packed for the

•journey, his mother took from it sundry well-worn plays and declamations he had concealed in it, and in their place she deposited a copy of the Bible as her parting gift. Her cup of joy would have been full could she have foreseen how prophetic was this act of transfer!

### III.

#### SCHOOLDAYS.

PLEASANT for situation among the Green Mountains is Bennington, of Revolutionary and patriotic fame. Nestling close into the elbow of the enfolding arm of the mountain, it seems to be shielded from the northern and eastern blasts by barriers as friendly as they are imposing; while it lies exposed on the south and west to the open sky, and all the charms of the mid-day and the setting sun. Well might an artist or poet covet the scene to awaken his best sensibilities; for here blend, in a rare companionship, grandeur and beauty, forest and lawn, storm and peace, and mountain streams dashing into foaming cataracts or resting in lucid pools. Here every lofty or lowly mood of the heart may find sympathy and inspiration, as Ulysses found them in "craggy Ithaca," or Wordsworth in the beautiful Westmoreland scenery.

One of the prettiest of the New England villages is the Bennington of to-day, befitting its surroundings as a jewel does its fine setting. Its twenty-five hundred citizens are noted for honor, refinement, and thrift. Along its tidy streets, inviting resident and stranger to a walk or drive, are seen neat cottages and stately mansions, with a creditable array of churches and schools, stores and factories.

It was to this village, thus favored with a rare natural scenery, that Edwin Chapin, when fourteen or fifteen years old, was sent to attend school. It was hoped by his parents that he would here both forget and acquire, — forget, if it were possible, the old lessons and loves he had brought from the Siddonian stage, and acquire the new lessons of the text-books, and a promising bias for life.

Small as the village then was, much smaller than now, it nevertheless contained two rival academies. They were named the Old Line and the Pioneer. It was in the Pioneer that young Edwin's lot was cast. This choice between the institutions was, no doubt, determined by the fact that the headmaster of the latter, James Ballard, was in some way connected with the Hubbells, the relatives of Edwin's mother, who were both numerous and influential in the place.

But the choice could not have been more fortunate. Mr. Ballard was born to impress and inspire. In him were the blended traits of a Luther and a Melancthon, — the bold and energetic, and the gentle and tender; and there can be little doubt that young Chapin, and others who have risen to fame in our land, were under obligation to him for much of the noblest incitement and ambition of their early life. Indeed, it is probable they ever after felt the impulse he imparted to them, even as the flying arrow to the end of its flight feels the impulse of the hand that bends the bow. As a past age lives in the present, and a Plato or a Paul starts a wave of philosophy or love that flows along the entire stream of time, so a teacher, if he be an original and noble soul, becomes an abiding power in the life of his

pupils. A Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, became a part of the identity of a Thomas Hughes or a Dean Stanley. In a less famous way a Dr. Hosea Ballou mingled his life inextricably with the genius of a Starr King, and lent a tone to that enchanting voice which, by a sufficiently delicate ear, might have been detected in his latest sermons in his California pulpit, or in his final recital of the Twenty-third Psalm on his deathbed. And such a teacher was James Ballard.

His dominant traits were moral courage and an invincible will, and hence his energies rose with the difficulties of his task. While yet a student in Williams College, from which he honorably graduated, he was sought as master of those district schools in the vicinity which were the most turbulent. We are permitted to look at him in the midst of one of these scenes. "It was in Heath," wrote Dr. Holland, the lamented editor of "Scribner's Monthly," "that I was a pupil of Mr. Ballard, when he came to a district school to fill out a winter, broken by the turning of three masters out of school by unmanageable boys. It was one of the old time performances of which we do not hear much in these days. I remember his entrance upon his duties as if it were but yesterday. I remember the words he uttered. I could swear to them at this moment, though he spoke them fifty-three years ago: 'I come here to govern, and not to be governed, and if you do not obey me I will flog you, if you are as big as Goliath.' He was as good as his word, and he kept the school through; and his memory is embalmed, I do not doubt, in the heart of every boy of that school now living. In my young imagination he was a hero of largest mould."

One of his assistants at the Bennington Seminary was Margaret Woods, daughter of the celebrated Andover theological professor, and now the venerable Mrs. Lawrence, living at "Linden Home," Marblehead; but who will be best known to the readers of these pages as "Meta Landor," whose poetry and prose for years graced the periodical literature of New England. Looking back across a half century to the young master of the Pioneer, she pays him this compliment: "He was a wonderful combination of energy and gentleness. I believe he feared absolutely nothing but wrong. There was not the least pretence or claptrap about him, but a straightforward, resolute, persistent carrying out of his purposes. I don't think he knew the meaning of *cannot* but he certainly did of *will not*."

As the Norse heroes were thought to meet happily together in their Valhalla, or as the Sir Knights of King Arthur, Lionel and Bedivere, Lancelot and Tristram, met at the Round Table, or as hero ever meets hero in glad recognition of their mutual pluck and power, so met William Lloyd Garrison and this young Bennington master; and ever after were these intrepid souls fast friends. In common they shared a deep hatred of slavery and the full courage of their convictions.

Early withdrawing his great energies from teaching, and preparing for the ministry, Mr. Ballard spent most of his subsequent years in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in which city and state he was one of the leaders of the Congregational churches. In that rising city of the West, January 7, 1881, twelve days after the death in New York of his eminent pupil, Dr. Chapin, he peace-

fully closed his eyes in their final sleep, his soul as full of courage on the verge of death as in the midst of life. From Wordsworth has been borrowed this fitting tribute to his character :—

“ But thou, though capable of eternal deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave.”

In the fact that Mr. Ballard must be regarded as Edwin Chapin's only teacher in the technical sense, is found a justification of this extended sketch. Other teachers he had for brief seasons, but this one alone was permanent enough and powerful enough in this relation to mould and impel and inspire him in the way of study and aim. And every reader of this biography will rejoice that the brilliant youth, whose education had hitherto been so desultory and without promise, at length met a worthy teacher in whose strong and skilful hands, as clay in the hands of a potter, his plastic gifts were to be manipulated during a period of three or four years. Decisive years, indeed! As when a drifting ship on the broad sea is arrested and given to a pilot, and turned to a safe port, so was it when young Chapin, drifting no one knew whither on the wild sea of life, was taken in hand by this ruling spirit of the Pioneer. Through his teacher he found his destiny dawning upon him; or rather we, who look on the scene from afar, observe it was thus.

Of eloquence Mr. Ballard was an ardent lover, and the more impassioned it was the better it pleased him. It was no gentle breeze, but a whirlwind of oratory that he admired and sought in his models and his pupils. “He had a passion for elocution,” says Rev. Thomas Wright, one of his early students; “and if in his own

case this passion often led him to overcharge with the powder of emphasis, there was not lacking the hot shot of earnest thought to be propelled by it." The fiery Demosthenes was his ideal. In the great Irish orators, kindling to a stormy enthusiasm as they advanced in their orations, he found favorite examples to commend; and with equal pride he pointed to Patrick Henry and Henry Clay as American models for imitation. Before grace he placed energy as an oratorical accomplishment, and trusted less to thought than inspiration. Hence Edwin Chapin at once arrested his attention and won his pride and love, as a youth in whom the flame of eloquence kindled to a rare heat and glow; and he at once set about training him for declamation. And the boy took to the discipline as a lark to its song, or a duck to the water.

With an immense effect did he render the stirring selections his master made for him; and it was soon noised about the village that on Wednesday afternoons at the Seminary might be heard an eloquence that should not be missed. More and more the people came to sit under the pleasing spell. In the season of the year that would permit it, the little hall was forsaken and the yard outside was sought to afford ampler accommodation. Mr. Wright, from whom a word has already been quoted, says: "The speaking exercises of Wednesday afternoon were the great attraction of the week, the interest culminating when young Chapin appeared on the stage in Coleridge's 'Sailor's Return,' or Byron's 'Isles of Greece.'" Even the students of the Old Line, the rival seminary, were drawn to hear the young orator of the Pioneer. "I once went over



to Mr. Ballard's academy," writes the Rev. J. A. Wright, "to hear Chapin declaim. The speaking was out under the trees. I shall never forget the declamation. It was the only thing of the kind that ever impressed me, but it captured my imagination and in fact melted my bones. The title of his piece I cannot recall, but it was a bit of blank verse, made of a scene in the Revelation, Chapter VI. I think most of his school exercises were of a religious character. His poetical pieces were commonly on Bible themes." Upon the students of both seminaries he made a profound impression; and one of the number writes that "the attempts of the other boys to imitate him were curious and sometimes ludicrous." In vain does the sparrow seek to be the nightingale, or the lynx aspire to mimic the roar of the lion.

There is little doubt that the "bit of blank verse" above referred to, was written by him who delivered it; and that the visitor from the Old Line was overpowered by the thought as well as voice of the young orator; for Edwin Chapin was also the poet of the Pioneer. One who had written ephemeral stanzas, to deliver from a Boston sidewalk to a boy auditor in the second story of a broker's shop, was now composing more ambitious and enduring lines. In comic or serious humor the muse came often to his rapt soul, and he was pleased with her company. As there is a special affinity between love and poetry, it is more than probable, if tradition be true, that his poetic gift was now inspired by the tender sentiment. As the poetic harp of a Dante was swept by the fingers of a Beatrice, so some gentle hand may have touched the strings of this youthful soul and drawn from it an unwonted music.

He surely wrote under the heat of a true inspiration, and a number of his academy poems are still preserved and cherished. But as the discussion of his merits and demerits as a poet is reserved for a special chapter, the reader can only be gratified at this point with limited citations, with the hope that these will take a truer emphasis from standing in connection with the period of his life in which they were written.

In a poem of this date, on the "Attributes of God," he begins each stanza by a repetition of the attribute it is to celebrate. He thus seeks to exalt it. It is like the "holy, holy, holy!" in the Bible ascription, and reveals a sincere reverence. Three stanzas from the middle of the poem must suffice as a type of the whole composition.

"Almighty, Almighty, O Lord, — who could stand  
At the blast of Thy breath, or the weight of Thy hand?  
Saints, angels, archangels, before Thee bow down,  
And rejoice in Thy favor, but quail at Thy frown.

Omniscient, Omniscient, — our hearts Thou can'st see;  
Our actions, our thoughts, are all open to Thee;  
Thou knowest each folly, each passion, each fault,  
The proud Thou wilt humble, the humble exalt.

All-Present, All-Present, — although we may flee  
To the darkness of hell or the depth of the sea,  
To the caves of the earth or the realms of the air,  
To the desert or mountains, O God, Thou art there!"

The "Burial at Sea" is another of his schoolday poems, and one whose simple pathos has touched many hearts. Over it mother and maiden have often wept, and stronger hearts have been moved by its affecting narrative. When it finally appeared in the "Southern

Literary Messenger," it was copied by many of the periodicals of the day, one of these calling it a "great poem in small words."

"Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"  
 The words came faint and mournfully  
 From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay  
 On the cabin couch where, day by day,  
 He had wasted and pined till o'er his brow  
 The deathshade had slowly passed; and now,  
 When the land and his fond-loved home were nigh,  
 They had gathered around him to see him die.

"Bury me not in the deep, deep sea,  
 Where the billowy shroud will roll over me,  
 Where no light can break through the dark cold wave,  
 And no sunbeam rest sweetly upon my grave.  
 'It boots not,' I know I have oft been told,  
 'Where the *body* shall lie when the heart is cold,'—  
 Yet grant ye, oh, grant ye this boon to me,  
 Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

"For in fancy I've listened to well-known words,  
 The free, wild wind, and the song of birds;  
 I have thought of *home*, of cot and bower,  
 And of scenes that I loved in childhood's hour.  
 I have ever hoped to be laid, when I died,  
 In the churchyard there on the green hillside;  
 By the bones of my fathers *my* grave should be,—  
 Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

"Let my death slumber be where a mother's prayer  
 And sister's tears can be blended there.  
 Oh, 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throb is o'er,  
 To know, when its fountain shall gush no more,  
 That those it so fondly has yearned for will come  
 To plant the first wildflower of Spring on my tomb.  
 Let me lie where the loved ones can weep over me,—  
 Bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

“And there is *another*; her tears would be shed  
 For him who lay far in an ocean-bed.  
 In hours that it pains me to think of now,  
 She hath twined these locks and kissed this brow.  
 In the hair *she* has wreathed shall the sea-snake hiss?  
 The brow *she* has pressed shall the cold wave kiss?  
 For the sake of that bright one who waits for me,  
 Bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

“She hath been in my dreams” — His voice failed there.  
 They gave no heed to his dying prayer.

. . . . .  
 They have lowered him slow o’er the vessel’s side;  
 Above him hath closed the solemn tide.  
 Where to dip her wing the wild fowl rests,  
 Where the blue waves dance with their foamy crests,  
 Where the billows bound and the winds sport free, —  
 They have buried him there, in the deep, deep sea.

A singular theme for a young man yet in his teens to treat in a young lady’s album is — “The Grave.” Rarely has a youth paused to reflect on this subject enough to be stirred by it to those deep feelings that seek to take form in poetry. The youthful heart naturally turns away from the resting-place of man to contemplate the arena of his activities, and is much more likely to sing of war and fame, or to paint before its reader a scene of romantic peace and joy amid the vales of time. It shrinks from a gaze at the darkness and decay of the tomb. But Edwin Chapin, the most gleeful of youth, sat down and turned his own mind and the mind of some gentle friend to the final home of earth.

“The young and the noble, the brave and the fair,  
 In the cold silent tomb now are taking their rest;  
 The shroud is wrapt round them, they calmly sleep there,  
 And the clods of the valley repose on each breast.”

In this serious poem of four stanzas, as also in that on the "Attributes of God," is revealed the inmost soul of Edwin Chapin. A pious gravity, a solemn reverence, was ever his ruling trait. But he was also a rare lover of fun; and of this love he made an honest confession in the following lines by which, while at the Academy, he dedicated a Miss Pierson's scrapbook.

"The world's a scrapbook; and 't is filled  
With things of strange alloy, —  
With scraps of pleasure, scraps of pain,  
And scraps of grief and joy.  
But give me scraps with humor filled,  
With scraps of fun and glee, —  
They'll drive away the scraps of pain,  
And scraps of misery."

But our portrait of this academy boy has not yet received all its colors. He was more than orator and poet, and the inspirer of a profound admiration of his rare gifts. Not always along these high and solemn paths did he walk. He was also a wit and a mimic, something of a ventriloquist, a singer of comic songs, a felicitous story-teller, a provoker of laughter of the loudest type. "He was facetious and funny," writes a relative, "but large-hearted, manly, and noble." He was full of stage antics, — at one moment doing the clown, and at the next falling into the most tragic attitudes. What Macaulay wrote of Garrick is partly true of the academic Chapin. "Garrick often exhibited all his powers of mimicry for the amusement of the little Burneys, — awed them by shuddering and crouching as if he saw a ghost, scared them by raving like a maniac in St. Luke's, and then at once became an auctioneer,

a chimney-sweeper, or an old woman, and made them laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks." It was a favorite trick of young Chapin to imitate the singer who got a hundred dollars for a song, — fifty for starting it, and another fifty for stopping the unearthly music. "His face was flexible as his voice," says Mrs. Lawrence, from whom we have already quoted; "I have a distinct recollection of his grimaces, and of the mirth they provoked; and I remember thinking he would probably find his career on the stage." A humorous composition of his on "Timothy Ticklepitcher" is still remembered at Bennington. "He never studied, but always had his lessons," is a tradition yet current in the village. "Do you remember," said the writer of these pages to an elderly lady of the place, a relative of Chapin, "of any fix that this hilarious youth got into while here?" "None that he didn't instantly get out of," was her swift and proud reply. He was never at a loss for a repartee. In the homes where he boarded he had his own names for the children, and the cats and dogs, and to every name he hitched impromptu rhymes. To form a jingle of words suited the celerity of his mental action, while puns fell around him like leaves from the trees in autumn.

Thus strong in shades and lights is the portrait of this young student at the Pioneer. Rivals in their claims to his heart were Gravity and Mirth. At these two extremes of sensibility he stood conspicuous. A priest could not have been more grave, nor a clown more gay. But since mirth shows less reserve than gravity, is less a grace for private hours, the mistake was naturally made by his companions of reading his

future from the wrong page in the book of his life. "The students at Bennington," writes Rev. Dr. Pierson of Michigan, himself a student there, "generally predicted that Chapin would distinguish himself as an actor or as a poet. I think none of us at that time dreamed that his tastes would incline him to the pulpit." But they were deceived, as one looking at the newly poured wine might think it all foam and sparkle. For he who at that age of life was writing such poetry as we have read from his pen, declaiming blank verse on a scene in Revelation, and who neglected not to seek his closet daily in prayer and meditation, — as it was known at his Bennington home that he did, — must have been borne on by an undercurrent of piety that was stronger than any other tide that swept through his being; and a pulpit was the real goal toward which he was moving.

After four years in the academy, and in the home of Deacon Aaron Hubbell, he entered the home and the service of Henry Kellogg, lawyer and post-master at Bennington. Mrs. Kellogg was a Hubbell, and shared a family interest in the young man newly installed in her household. Here he spent two years as a clerk in the post-office. But literature was his lure, meanwhile, and the seminary and the rooms of its students were his favorite haunts. Again we quote from Dr. Pierson. "After the labors of the day Chapin would come up to the seminary and to our room, and I have a very vivid recollection of his there reciting comic pieces greatly to our amusement and that of our visitors. Sometimes he would take part in the debating societies of the older scholars in one of the schoolrooms. I recollect that on

one occasion the poetry of Byron was the subject of discussion. Chapin was present and, after listening to the remarks of others, rose and spoke at length in such strains of eloquence as completely overpowered the audience and carried it with him."

It was during these two years that influences conspired to turn his attention to the law as the profession he would follow. As he had been lured by the stage, so now, but with a less powerful spell, the bar rose to attract him. It was, no doubt, more the pressure of circumstances than the impulse of his nature that determined this choice. By the fact that he was living with a prosperous lawyer, and made daily conversant with legal transpirings, the law was made to seem to him the nearest and most natural calling to which he could give his mind and devote his years. And so, with a new suit of clothes, and forty dollars in his pocket, with such an education as he had been able to obtain in four years, and with an honest and ardent heart, he left fair Bennington by the mountains, of which he ever retained tender recollections, and turned his face toward Troy, New York.



## IV.

### LIFE AT TROY.

FROM Bennington to Troy by stage was a trip often made, fifty and more years ago, by young men seeking to begin their career in the world. Over that pleasant road have passed some of the notable men of the country. And hither came Edwin H. Chapin in May of 1836, with twenty years of life resting on his head and heart, a new suit of clothes on his back, a few dollars in his pocket, and a great hope leading him on.

But he only tarried here for a few months, as if some fate were pushing him on to other scenes. Before May of 1837 he had left Troy; and he left it not as he came, along a road cheered by the radiance of a flaming ambition, but by a path over which hung a cloud. On his heart had broken an unlooked for storm, and, like a shattered vessel, he went forth to seek a haven of safety.

During his brief stay in Troy he had touched the borders of the three great kingdoms — Law, Politics, and Religion; but this swiftness of vicissitude and stress of experience seemed to be too much even for his ardent and active temperament to bear. While in each of these three provinces he stood conspicuous, in the last he became an object of pity and solicitude.

On his arrival from Bennington he entered the law-office of Huntington & Van Schoonhoven. Here he took up the task of turning his forensic dream into a reality, and daily wrestled with Blackstone and Kent and legal forms. In an atmosphere void of all poetry, save that which he brought to it or created in it, he sat down to make himself master of the law and of the dry details of the court. But he must have felt like a wild bird brought from the free air of the mountains and shut in a stifling cage! It is the testimony of a fellow law-student and friend, the Hon. Martin I. Townsend, LL. D., ex-member of Congress, and still a resident of Troy, not that young Chapin bent fondly over the legal pages, but that "he was a cheerful, social young man, much given to declaiming choice selections from the classics and the dramatists." In his native domain of fervid eloquence he seems to have made a deeper impression on the tablets of memory, than at his new task of reading law.

But, nevertheless, Mr. Townsend contends that "Chapin would have been as conspicuous at the bar as he was in the pulpit, had he been as faithful to its demands." While admitting his love of literature, for he was ever discussing the merits of the famous books; acknowledging his passion for authorship, for he was much given to writing for the "Troy Budget;" and conceding his proneness to oratory, since he was habitually declaiming eloquent passages from the great orators and poets, — still he saw in him, as he thought, that subtle gift of logic and latent patience which lie at the base of forensic success. If he had inherited a talent from Demosthenes, so would Mr. Townsend claim that he held an equal gift from Solon.

But by another intimate friend this view of the case was not entertained. For some reason Chapin left the office of Huntington & Van Schoonhoven, and entered that of Judge Pierson. With the son of the latter, now the Rev. Dr. Pierson of Michigan, he had been on intimate terms at Bennington, and this friendship may have had some influence in determining him to leave one law-office for the other. Of his early companion Dr. Pierson writes: —

“I left Mr. Ballard’s school in November of 1835, and went to my home in Troy, my parents having moved there that fall. The next time I saw Chapin he was a student in the law-office of my father, who was surrogate of the county. While a law-student he had a host of friends in Troy, and I never knew of his having an enemy there or elsewhere. But the study of the law was not congenial to his tastes. His mind was not of a legal cast. It was too imaginative and poetical. He did not like the dry reading of law-books, but found his delight in reading biography and history and poetry. It was a great relief to him to throw aside Blackstone and take up Gibbon or Byron. I think he himself became soon convinced that he could not succeed in the legal profession.”

As between the verdict of the eminent lawyer and that of the eminent clergyman, it may not be possible to determine where lies the exact truth. Since Chapin early withdrew from the study of the law, it can only be a matter of conjecture to what success his gifts would have borne him in that profession. “If he had not equalled a Webster, he would have rivalled a Choate,” some one has said; but we have no means of measuring the speed and distance one may make along

a path he has never travelled. It cannot be proved that Homer would have made a great general or Napoleon a great poet, Channing a superior business man or Astor a fine preacher. It seems to be well settled that there is no such thing as a universal genius, but that all genius comes limited to some special bias. It is probable that no one can turn with equal ease and promise to any task, drawing at will a philosophy from the depths of meditation, or bringing down a great poem from the heights of Parnassus, or threading the labyrinths of a constitutional debate, or mounting the orator's stand with absolute mastery. Sailing its rare boat for the wrong port, genius is often doomed to make headway against wind and tide, and to the sadness of never reaching the desired haven. It is probable that Chapin was not equally fitted for the bar or the pulpit; and in the fact that he lost heart for the law in the eight or ten months he gave to the study of it, we have a seeming confirmation of Dr. Pierson's statement that he distrusted his fitness for its pursuit, and felt the real bent of his genius to be in another direction. It was denying to his Pegasus the use of his native wings. A born poet and orator, how could he love the severe exactitudes of juridical study and practice? Yearning for a free and fervid inspiration under the touch of sentiment, how could he submit to a patient and heavy plodding?

It is the opinion of Mr. Townsend that Chapin, while fitted for the law, was weaned from it by the fascination of the political platform, which offered him a theatre of eloquence. In the Fall of 1836 occurred the Van Buren campaign, and it was at Albany that the excitement culminated; and Troy failed not to feel the near

commotion. The romantic candidate was not only a son of the Empire State, but a chief spirit in the famous "Albany Regency," and in that section the conflict was doubly intense. To the election of Van Buren young Chapin and Townsend gave their hearts and voices. Together they "stumped" Rensselaer County, each making twenty or more speeches. From the platforms in the halls, or from dry-goods boxes brought into the public squares, the youthful orators harangued the people; and who can doubt that these modern Trojans would have drawn a line from old Homer, had he been one of their listeners! Not wholly unlike the eloquence of Ulysses could theirs have been, and of that ancient orator the poet says, "he sent his great voice forth out of his breast in power, and his words fell like the winter snows." Of Chapin's speeches Mr. Townsend affirms: "They were as successful in their line as his sermons were afterwards. Everybody patted him on the back and praised him for them. They were rough-and-tumble, but perfectly charming." In harmony with this is the testimony of Dr. Pierson. "Chapin took part," he writes, "in the presidential campaign of 1836, and I well remember hearing members of the Van Buren party speak in most exalted terms of his eloquent speeches at their political meetings." From one platform to another he was followed by enthusiastic hearers, not for instruction, but for entertainment, just to hear his speech repeated, and feel anew its magnetism.

Here once more Chapin laid his hand on his real sceptre, and was filled with delight. He rose to that oratorical supremacy which was his birthright. In this impetuous rushing out of his soul through his lips, and

in the responsive hush or the outburst of applause that followed, he found that strange rapture that ever comes when genius touches the path of its true destiny. As he swept on in his torrent of speech in behalf of his favorite candidate, and as the Dutch farmers and villagers warmed their hands and strained their throats in recognition of his marvellous eloquence, he must have felt indeed an inward ecstasy and sighed for some permanent rostrum from which to survey the crowds that would gather around him. Hence we are quite ready to hear Mr. Townsend say: "I found him gloomy after the campaign, and I said to my friends, 'He finds it dull to come back to the law-office and delve at the table alone, with none to applaud.' Within a short time he revealed a great depression of spirit." As one forsakes a natural friend who enchants, to cultivate a love for one not after his heart, so did he retire from the rostrum to the study of law.

But this is not the whole secret of the confessed gloom which darkened around that ardent soul. The young law-student and orator had fallen a victim to a religious revival, carried on after the Burchard style, probably by Burchard himself, having the depths of his spiritual life broken up for the first time, and after the most alarming fashion. Always pious in no ordinary degree, he now became in a measure religiously unbalanced. Ever had his soul been the dominant power of his life, but now it was hurled into a wild and melancholy supremacy. Under the terrific impulse his judgment yielded for a little its serene control, and, late at night, he was found in prayer at the street corners, and frequently wandered in a state of absent-mindedness, absorbed by the new and awful thoughts and fears that

swept before him. His days were filled with anxiety, his nights with terror. Life having assumed thus suddenly solemn and even fearful aspects, the law became still less interesting to him as a calling, and the ministry rose to his notice as perhaps a solemn duty, if not a privilege.

It is a tradition at Troy that he went to Rev. Dr. Beman, an old-fashioned Calvinistic clergyman of the city, to consult about his spiritual estate and the new purpose taking shape in his soul, but that he received no special encouragement toward the ministry, as his conversion was not wholly of an approved type.

With the life-plan he had formed a few months before thus broken up, and his new aspiration unencouraged, he left Troy, amid cloud and storm, and went to visit his parents and sisters, who were residing for a little time at Bridgewater, near Utica. "In great distress of mind he came to us," says his sister, who is still living. His mental and emotional distraction she well remembers, and recalls the efforts of his parents to re-establish his peace of mind and cheer his depressed heart.

To such an experience as he had thus encountered, no temperament was ever more exposed. Not given to logic and deliberation, but ever prone to cast himself on some wild torrent of impulse, he was just the one to offer himself a captive to a Burchard or a Finney. As one in natural sympathy with their fiery zeal, he gave them a ready ear and an eager heart; but, with their fervor that charmed, he had also accepted their dark errors, which bore to him a "fear that hath torment" and a gloom which rested like a pall on his life. It was from these he fled, and sought the peace of his home.



## V.

### LIFE AT UTICA.

HAVING enjoyed amid the sympathies of his home at Bridgewater a brief refuge from the religious storm that had swept over his soul, Edwin Chapin went with his father to Utica, where the rambling artist had some orders to fill. The father and son went into temporary quarters near the office of the "Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate," a Universalist paper published by Rev. A. B. Grosh and O. Hutchinson, the former being its editor and the latter its business manager. At this office were kept on sale the books of the Universalist sect, — especially those of an expository character, which were the ones mostly sought in that early day, — and also a limited supply of general literature.

Into this humble retreat for the friends of Universalism in Utica and the regions round about, came one day young Chapin. By what motive he was drawn hither we know not. In an idle hour he may have merely drifted into this obscure nook. It may be he was drawn to the place by the sign that indicated that here a newspaper was published, for already a newspaper had come to stand in signal favor with his heart, as a medium of bearing his thoughts in prose and poetry to the public. He was by instinct and habit an author. As an academy-boy and as a law-student, he



had written much for publication. Hence he found a fascination in the newspaper office, as a sort of gateway between his private musings and mental creations, and the kindling hearts of his readers. He may have come thus into the "Magazine and Advocate" office only to contemplate the open avenue, at that time, indeed, romantic to him, leading from an inspired seclusion to the light of day. But the guess better suits the mood in which the young man was then pining, that he had learned that here was held and advocated another view of religion from that in which he had been reared, and with which, in its more terrific aspects, as painted by a Finney or Burchard, he had recently struggled and was still struggling; and that he embraced the opportunity thus open to him to make some inquiries about this new theology called Universalism.

But failing to know the secret influence that turned his steps in this direction, it is certain that he came hither, and that he came again and again, as if some pleasant attraction drew him to the place. It proved to be the turning point of his life. On that morning or mid-day or evening walk that first bore him to the door of this newspaper office, we seem to see resting, like a pyramid on its point, the great career he finally made for himself in the Liberal Church and in the world. Here was the first step in the special journey he afterwards so grandly accomplished. It may have been a random or a self-directed step, or, as some would like to think, a step inspired and urged by Providence; but there it rises to our view in its broad significance! The old picture of a vast cloud hanging over the sea, gradually retreating into a little vase on the shore, is here

reversed. For the idle or conscious impulse of a moment expands into a great and solemn biography.

"Among the strangers who were in the habit of coming in to look over our stock of books," writes Mr. Hutchinson, "I one day noticed a young man, apparently deeply interested in examining some of our prominent Universalist publications. Having an eye to business, I entered into conversation with him, with the view of ascertaining his wants, when he informed me he did not come in to purchase, but would like to look over some of our books, as they treated of subjects of especial interest to him. He then explained that his name was Chapin; that he was stopping at a hotel near by in company with his father, an artist, who had come to Utica for the purpose of painting the portraits of some of the leading men of the city; and that it would give him pleasure to spend some time in examining our books, especially such as related to theological points in which he felt a deep interest. Perceiving that he was not only an earnest searcher after truth, but the possessor of a brilliant intellect, I determined to afford him every facility in my power, and assured him he was welcome to spend as much time in the store as he pleased, calling his special attention to such works as Smith on the Divine Government, Ballou on the Atonement, Williamson's Argument for Christianity, and other works which seemed to meet his wants. Thenceforward he spent much time in the store, where he soon became acquainted with Mr. Grosh and his brothers, and Rev. Dolphus Skinner, and other clergymen and prominent laymen who were in the habit of frequenting the place."

The proneness of the son to make a daily visit to this Universalist resort stirred the fears of his father, who directly placed him in the law-office of J. Watson Williams, at a salary of \$300 a year. But the new

link had been forged in the fire of the soul and could not be broken. The law-student's heart was now in the "Magazine and Advocate" office, kindling with the broader spirit and hope of Universalism, and feeling a new love of God taking the place of the old fear, which, in the few recent months, had darkened into a despair. The die was cast, and the throw could not be recalled. And so the young man went to work for his money on one side of the street, and stole across to the other for spiritual comfort and genial companionship. Before long his name appeared in the "Magazine and Advocate." On the first day of July, 1837, he had written a patriotic hymn for publication, and gave this paper a joint privilege with another to print it. Mr. Grosh thus introduced him and it to his patrons: "By the kindness of our esteemed friend, Edwin H. Chapin, author of the following Independence Hymn, we are enabled to give it to our readers one week earlier than if we had been obliged to wait to copy it from the 'Observer,' to which it was first sent for publication." In this period, from the editorial pen, Chapin's name, at length so familiar and so honored, appeared for the first time before the Universalist public; and in this hymn, which would do credit to a riper muse, we have the first beams from the star that finally shone with such magnitude and lustre in our sky. The poem is in the form of a nation's prayer, and is laid on the altar with a reverent hand: —

God of this People ! Thou whose breath  
Swell'd the white sail, and wing'd the breeze,  
And sped the Exiles' trembling bark,  
In safety through the stormy seas —

To whom our trusting sires look'd up  
For strength to rive the Tyrant's chain ;  
Whose wings were 'round them as a shield,  
Amid the thickest battle rain —

From the old Pilgrims' altar-rock,  
Far to the sounding Western sea  
A *Nation* wafts the voice in song,  
And pours the heart, in pray'r, to THEE !

Hush'd be the peal of booming gun,  
Hush'd be the lofty pæan now ;  
While low before each holy shrine  
We close the eye and veil the brow.

And, Father, be the pray'r we breathe,  
Of thanks to Thee for mercies giv'n ;  
For others' weal ; for *peace* and *light*,  
That *tears* be dried and *fetters* riv'n.

And when again the shouts ring loud,  
And when they tell of storied glen,  
Of haunted stream and hallowed sod,  
Linked with the deeds of mighty men,

When *the old Charter* meets our sight,  
And when our " banner flouts the skies " ;  
Oh *then*, may grateful thoughts of THEE  
Blend with our purest memories !

Still, Father, be our nation's Guide  
By night or day ; in darkness bow'd,  
Or rais'd to Honor's dazzling height ; —  
Be THOU our " *pillar* " and our " *cloud* ."

That when beside our lowly graves,  
Our *children's children* bend the knee,  
They still may praise for blessings giv'n,  
And shout the anthem " WE ARE FREE ! "

A sect could hardly choose a better form of advent  
than this for one who, in after years, would be its glory

and its pride, since he came thus in the power of the two great sentiments, so important to the world — Religion and Patriotism. Bowing at these most significant altars set up on our planet, the altar of a God and the altar of a nation, he was first seen by the denomination which he was to honor, and which would honor him.

In the column with this poem, which appears to have been written for the "Observer," we have Chapin's first words written expressly for Universalist readers. In them he turned his face and heart openly to the people he was to love and serve so devotedly in after years, and on this account an interest centres in them that will justify their transfer to these pages.

"MESSRS EDITORS:—The following apothegms I have culled from a work with which, from a slight glance at one of its volumes, I have been much entertained. It is entitled '*Laconics* ; or the best words of the best authors ;' and is indeed a 'collection of gems' from the richest Literary Caskets. Although it has been before the public these few years past, yet if its contents prove as pleasing to many of your readers as they have to myself, I am sure they will be gratified by seeing some of them published in your valuable and wide-circulating journal. To many, they may be as 'familiar as household words.' To many new and original. Be that as it may, to *all* I trust these friendly and 'sage advisers' will prove interesting and instructive. Should you see fit to publish them, I will endeavor from time to time to continue the selections. E. H. C."

A dozen apothegms were drawn from the book and set under the above communication ; and, as every one's task that is done from the heart is a mirror of the life,

so in these selections, which were continued in three successive numbers of the paper, we have at least some significant etchings, if not a full portrait, of this young man's genius and temper. Three traits of his life are made to appear — his high literary instinct, his love of condensation, and his humanity. He gathered these flowers and fruits from no common bushes. By a natural taste he took to the finest colors and flavors. But equally did he love the *multum in parvo* of these rare bits of greatness. With his ardent temperament, proximity had no chance to find favor. He could not wait on the slow pace of thought, leisurely travelling on through long periods and multiplying words in the ratio of its weakness. No Alexandrine measure, that "like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," could hold his rushing impulse. Hence he revealed himself in his early love of Laconics, and all through his life he was wont to create them in the white heat of his own mind. As the eager Spartans, according to Plutarch, "jerked out great sayings," so Chapin would hurl a great theme into a period, or paint a vast picture with a dash of his pen. But in these selected words the moral credit of the young man is most conspicuous. In the high principles and sentiments which served as touchstones to his soul, as he pondered over these terse pages, we have a sign of his true nobility. A humane period caught his eye as surely as Blondel's sweet song caught the ear of the Lion-hearted Prince. It is a pleasing tradition with the Mohammedans, because attesting the greatness of their Prophet, that, as he walked the earth, everything beautiful, birds and flowers, the finest music and the rarest thoughts, flew to greet him ;

and so are the generosity and honor of young Chapin mirrored in the noble Laconics which offered themselves for his pen to transcribe. "The English punish vice ; the Chinese do better, they reward virtue," is the first in the triple list, and drawn from Goldsmith. From Lord Herbert he quoted : "He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself ; for every one has need to be forgiven." In Sir Philip Sidney's words, "A just man hateth the evil, but not the evil-doer," he discovered the text of the true reformer, and foreshadowed the spirit he was destined to exemplify in himself. With like good taste and moral instinct he completed his task of culling Laconics for his readers, and thus attended by the Muse and the great authors he rose in the Universalist horizon.

With plenty of esteem and good-will to confer on their new and brilliant acquaintance, and but little money, Grosh & Hutchinson made up their minds to offer him an increase of fifty dollars a year in salary if he would come into their office. On his first appearance in their paper they had discovered that he could greatly aid them in conducting their literary columns and in general proof-reading, and their offer was made at once, and it was at once accepted. With the greater pay ranged on the side of the greater inclination, hesitation was out of the question ; and now, with a lighter heart than ever before, the young man crossed the street from the law-office to meet his newly found friends, whose service he was to enter, and to steadily breathe an atmosphere that had charmed him.

And this delight was the greater from the fact that Mr. Williams, too practical to enter into his poetical



and speculative tendencies, had spoken with disfavor, if not with derision, of his Fourth-of-July Hymn, and other pieces from his pen. These criticisms touched a tender spot. The Muse, a jealous creature, will not be spoken ill of. The fire of real genius cannot stand cold water. A Dr. Franklin's father might well enough laugh at his son's boyish doggerel, and tell him that "poetry led to the poorhouse and he had better not cultivate it;" for the lad had no poetic gift to feel the sting of such derision. His poetry was only a part of his worldly policy, to be held to or given up according to its financial value. He tells us of one of his poems that "sold prodigiously," and no doubt this was the one that lay nearest to his heart. It was a ballad on the capture of a celebrated pirate. But a Chapin's gift of poetry was too real, and too intense and devoted, to be calm under any but a helpful criticism, or to allow a business view of its value. It was to him as sacred as the Delphic Oracle to the Pythian Apollo. And so, between repulsion on one side of the street and attraction on the other, he came eagerly into the office of the "Magazine and Advocate," and in a very cheerful spirit went about his work.

Rapidly his mind and heart took on the faith of which this paper was the organ; and the dark cloud, that lowered around him at Troy, now rolled away and left a blue sky above his head. His conversion seems to have been silent and without a struggle, and at once he became buoyant and happy. So easily and swiftly did he take to the new faith, it would almost seem that without knowing it he had been a convert to it in advance. As the sun shines in all its glory behind the



cloud and tempest, so behind his darkened sky must have beamed the star of a universal hope. In his humanity Universalism must have been latent, even as it seems to be in all love; for the more love, the more heaven and the less hell, are the order of history. Hence, as the cloud was dispersed, he stood in the liberal fold in full form, and at peace with himself and his God. In a few weeks he had made up his mind to enter the Universalist ministry, but was wisely advised by Mr. Grosh to cherish his new purpose at least six months in his thoughts before taking any decisive step toward the pulpit.

Amid this new cheer thus dawning upon him, he entered the pleasant home of Rev. Mr. Grosh as a boarder; and the busy editor and sermon-maker declares that, amid his studies, he "had often to read the riot act, to disperse Chapin and the children from their romps." The young student was as full of sport as of ambition for study. Manifesting his love of rare books, it is well remembered, to this day, that "he read, sung, whistled, and made puns all at the same time." It was a strife between the boy and the man in him, with remarkable achievements on both sides.

When he had been two months in the employ of Grosh & Hutchinson, these gentlemen announced to their patrons that they had engaged an assistant editor, and were liberal in their praise of the unnamed person. In their next issue, on the 22nd of September, they printed the following item: "The assistant editor commences his labors in advance of the next volume in order that he and our readers may become somewhat acquainted with each other. The careful reader will

see by the initials, E. H. C., that it is the same Edwin H. Chapin who furnished the Independence Hymn for our columns in July last." Thus rapid was his progress, from an inquirer in this office to an assistant editor, and a preacher in aim and preparation. But whatever Chapin did he was under a constitutional necessity of doing swiftly and with all his might. No youth or man ever hammered cold iron less than he, or was more disqualified for slow processes. His vision was like the flash of the lightning, and his conclusions followed as speedily as the reverberations that accompany the electric flame.

He was twenty-two years old when he was thus promoted to the editorial chair; and a brief study of his work, beginning with October of 1837, and ending with May of 1838, will reveal some significant colors to transfer to the portrait of the workman. In some of his themes we recognize echoes from the academy. Such are his editorials on "Day Dreams," "The Debating Club," and "Mixed Metaphors," in the latter of which he ventured to criticise Shakespeare, accused Scott of making "a royal oak cast anchor," and declared: "I do not like to see winged creatures swimming, nor dwellers in the deep mounting sunward, nor trees walking, nor diamonds scattering perfume, and the like, — for I cannot bear to see the order of nature perverted even in metaphor."

Of nature he had already, in youthful prose and poetry, revealed his deep appreciation and love; but in his editorials he disclosed a special interest in this direction. It was at this period a lucky chance befel him, through which he reached a degree of ecstasy in

view of the beauty and glory of the outward world. In a moment of sport he put on Mr. Grosh's spectacles for lengthening the too short vision, and lo! the earth and the heavens were new to him. He thus discovered the secret of his near-sightedness, and that by the aid of glasses a larger and a fairer world was henceforth to be his. In rapture he beheld the contrast; and for months he revelled in the improved scenery of nature, making it the theme of conversation and of his elated pen. "Have our readers in this vicinity," he inquired in an editorial, evidently inspired by this incident, "noticed the appearance of the heavens these few evenings past at sunset? For our part, we have witnessed colors in the firmament more splendid than ever decorated an eastern palace, or glowed in dreams of fairyland. Just at the going down of the sun, there have shot athwart the western sky all beautiful hues, strange and gorgeous, emerald and crimson, and varied tints, as if the robes of angels had been flung over the battlement of the far heavens, or else

'The home

And fountain of the rainbow were revealed.'"

A similar thrill of joy is in all the periods of this composition, as if the sense of new riches had just been stirred within him. In a more thoughtful but not less grateful strain, he soon wrote an editorial on the text in Genesis, "and there was light." "Ah! what a moment must that have been," he exclaimed, "when first the clear, glad light broke over the earth which before had been 'without form and void,' and which dispelled the darkness that until then had rested 'on the face of the deep.' Then sprang into existence beauty, life, and

joy." In a brief season a poem burst from his soul on "The Waters," in which he vividly and fondly painted their changing aspects. The first lines of some of the stanzas will sufficiently indicate the range and rapture of his vision : —

"Oh ! mighty are the waters ;"

"Oh ! lovely are the waters ;"

"Oh ! glorious are the waters ;"

"Oh ! pleasant are the waters."

But in religion Chapin revealed himself in these editorial months in a light at once strange and almost unaccountable. With surprise at least, if not with a degree of wonder, we contemplate his attitude. A new convert, he scarcely made a reference to the doctrine he had embraced, of the final salvation of all souls, and wrote not a word in defence of it. Meanwhile he wrote an editorial parrying "A Recent Attack on Phrenology," and another in advocacy of that science. When most young men, newly converted and full of the spirit of championship, would have rushed into the thick of the theological strife, marshalling the arguments *pro* and *con*, he stood serenely above the militant arena, and seemed indeed to be quite unconscious of it. Shall we, therefore, doubt the fact of his conversion? Not at all. In hints and implications his Universalism is too evident to be called in question. And, moreover, the native honor of the young man would have forbidden his holding a place in form which he did not hold in spirit. In fact, a Sir Walter Raleigh was not more the soul of honor than was Edwin Chapin, and his good conscience would not have suffered him to stand before the Universalist public as one of its rank and

file, as he surely did stand, nor to meditate entering its ministry, if the faith had not taken the form of a conviction and possessed his heart. Another point in evidence of his conversion to the doctrine is found in the fact that Mr. Grosh, who knew best the secrets of his associate's mind, had no doubt of his acceptance of this faith. Indeed, such a doubt would have barred Chapin from the seat he was daily occupying in the office, and to which he was welcomed with pride.

How then shall we account for the fact that his pen, left to the largest liberty, wrote not a paragraph nor period in defence or advocacy of his new faith? It may be said he saw an excess, instead of a lack, of this kind of writing in the paper he was engaged on; and that he refrained from a needless performance, and sought to supply a department for which he had a special gift beyond any contributor to its columns. In this view of the case there may be a degree of truth. And it may also be said, he felt his crudeness as a young convert, and modestly and wisely yielded to the senior editor the offices of debate and exegesis, for which he was eminently fitted. Mr. Grosh had advised him to cherish his new faith in his thoughts at least six months before presuming to preach it, and says: "I think he saw the propriety of my views about his preaching, and applied it to his writing and publishing also."

But while these explanations may in part explain the silence in question, there can be little doubt that the main cause of it will be found in the very constitution of Chapin's inner life. His course at that time differed not from his method in all the subsequent years of his life. The same general silence about Universalism as

a doctrine ever characterized him. When he finally parted from this paper, so full of argument and exegesis, and went to his ministry where the faith was little known, and his own mind had time to ripen out of crudeness, still was the same silence maintained; and to the end of his days he rarely touched on this special theme. Hence it is probable that his reticence from beginning to end had a common source, and that source, no doubt, was in himself; as every great silence or great utterance has its condition in the soul. In his supreme interest in life as a present reality, by reason of his living it so intensely and greatly, his interest in any theory of its future became a comparatively subordinate thing. The richness of its possession drew his thoughts from its prospects. To-day stood as a towering mountain before which to-morrow was hidden, and only at wide intervals did his mind fly over to contemplate the unseen vales and the yet higher mountains that might lie beyond. In present life he was absorbed, — his nature bred it so rapidly and in such volumes through his contacts with nature and man and books and religion; and hence he wrote repeated editorials, in eloquent and urgent terms, on "The Spirit of Religion," but only incidentally treated of the hope it brings to man. Not rejecting the latter, he dwelt more constantly and ardently on the former. Early and late, this was his genius and his order of work. In short, he was a disciple and advocate of those practical principles of religion that are common to all the orders, that address all souls, and that stand free from the strifes that rage on the arena of controversial theology. Hence, in one of the editorials above referred to, he

wrote: "The banner we plant on our ramparts should not be the banner of a sect, the banner of a party, but the banner of Christ, the banner of salvation; and in our midst should be altars and prayers, and strivings for spiritual strength and the spirit of religion." In another of this series of articles he wrote: "Brethren, practical religion is the great essential of Christianity. We may toil, we may strive, we may work merely to build up a sect, — and yet, what boots it all? It is far better to have brought one stray sheep back to the Shepherd's Fold, to have turned the footsteps of one Prodigal homeward to his Father, to have poured light and gladness on the path of one sin-darkened wanderer."

Hence his remarkable reticence was not a policy based on the conditions of the hour so much as it was an outgrowth from his own nature. In the spirit of religion, and not in its theory, was his supreme interest. Before expectation he ranked experience, and wrote and spoke, from first to last, in the interest of a present salvation.

During these months of editorial work, Chapin neglected not to cultivate his oratorical gift. In the Berean Society — a company of young people who met once a week on winter evenings, in the Universalist Church, to discuss religious and social topics, and to read a paper of original contributions by its members — the young editor stood without a peer as a writer and speaker. In both wit and wisdom he excelled, and his fervent voice was without a rival. Across the sweep of forty years comes the remembrance of some of his speeches. One on Slavery is said to have awakened all



the thunders of eloquence which were pent up in his being. One of his efforts has passed into tradition as his "tearing speech." The honor of closing a debate had been accorded to him, and for some reason he came to his task wearing a friend's coat, which was too small for him. His friend saw the peril of the garment, and secretly hoped it would not be equal to the strain to which the orator in an excited moment would put it. His hope was fulfilled. In the midst of a stormy climax, a rent was made in the garment, and its owner whispered aloud to the Boanerges, "Chapin, you are ripping my coat!" "Well, let her rip," quickly responded the intended victim of the joke, and then added, with raised voice and expanded gesture, a free rendering of Sewall's famous couplet:—

"No pent-up Utica shall contract my powers;  
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

Another tear was the result of the frantic gesture, and a hearty applause rewarded the mishap.

At length the six months wherein he was silently to cherish his purpose to preach had passed away, and, encouraged by Mr. Grosh, who now understood him and confided in him, he made ready his first sermon. But his hilarious habits, his obtrusive levity, — more obvious to the people than his secret devotions, though not more real to him, — had awakened distrust of his fitness for the pulpit; and one and another went to his teacher to file their remonstrance. They dreaded comedy in the sacred desk. They did not desire to have the people, in the high hour of the Sunday service, mortified with a piece of wit, instead of lifted up and



blessed by a serious deportment and a reverent discourse. But Mr. Grosh knew better than they the deeper gravity of the young man, and urged him on to his sacred calling. He knew the supremacy of the soberer side of Chapin's life, and that when engaged in a divine service his exuberant wit would be as if it were not ; and hence he encouraged his clerical aim.

On the 9th of March, 1838, the senior editor informed his readers of the accession of a young man to the ministry, and then added, "I think I may promise the annunciation of another next week. Will our readers keep their ears open to hear it?" A week later the awakened curiosity was allayed by the printing of the following item in the "Magazine and Advocate:" —

"Last Sunday Brother E. H. Chapin, our worthy associate, delivered his first sermon in Spencer's schoolhouse, Litchfield, to the congregation to which Brother McAdam statedly ministers. Those who heard it speak of it as very creditable to him, both in manner and matter ; and when we say to our readers that he is as good in the former as in the latter, they will know what that encomium means. We anticipate a course of usefulness and honor for our friend, and pray that the divine blessing may ever rest on him and his labors."

Thus the devout youth and the born prince of oratory mounted his real throne — the pulpit. As the star finds its orbit, and moves gloriously in it, so had he found his true sphere, and easily rose to great usefulness and fame. In the following May he left Utica for Richmond, Virginia, and entered upon his first pastorate.

## VI.

### SETTLEMENT IN RICHMOND.

IN May of 1838 Edwin H. Chapin went to Richmond, Virginia, to begin his work as a minister of the Gospel. In two months from the preaching of his first sermon he assumed the responsibility of a pulpit and a parish. With no college or theological school behind him, from which he had brought the helpful resources of discipline and well directed reading, he entered upon his task in utter self-dependence,—or leaning only on himself and his God, in whom his native trust had but ripened with the passing years.

He was now twenty-three years old, not bulky in person as in after-life, but plump, and then, as ever, averse to physical exercise, save as the aroused spirit compelled the flesh. His life was from above downward, not from below upward, and his body waited on his soul. With his arms and legs he was awkward, and his fingers were all thumbs. But his eye was deep and glowing, his face mobile and earnest, his voice to a rare degree powerful and rich; and in character he was modest to bashfulness, jovial to the point of being boisterous and putting the proprieties in peril, religious as a Fenelon, full of tenderness and magnanimity as a William Penn, and with the soul of honor like a Channing.

He was a rare specimen of consecrated and magnetic young manhood, carrying in his gifts better resources than the schools can confer; and thus armed in himself, though unequipped from the armories from which the young minister usually starts out on his warfare, he at once rose to conspicuous popularity.

He had, however, one acquired source of success, to which many ministers, young and old, are quite indifferent, — he brought to his task the helps and honors of literature. Of the great books he had been a good reader from his earliest years, and their aidful power was upon him. No mean educators for the pulpit are the poets, since in them is the genius that kindles the gifts that open into a happy rhetoric and a moving eloquence, while they inculcate a religion that is broad and divine, a synthesis of the more universal ideas and sentiments of the kingdom of God.

Beyond any two professors of theology in the English realm, have Coleridge and Wordsworth been the teachers and inspirers of those English clergymen who, in our time, have attained to the finest spiritual insights, opened out to the Church the best views of religion, and touched the popular heart with the truest fire of eloquence. It is the high office and the mission of literature to give freedom to the mind, elevation to the tastes, range and vividness to the imagination, facility to the tongue and pen; while the books on theology too often cramp and damage the talents that should appear in the sermon, and turn the pulpit from a "lively oracle" to a dispenser of sleep and death. In the literary department of culture, thus helpful to the minister, young Chapin was strong; and his magnetic manhood,

thus panoplied, bore him on to an easy and remarkable victory in the proclamation of a plain morality and a broad and simple piety. At once the best minds in Richmond felt his sway, and his chastened and charged wand drew the intelligent crowd around him.

Not without surprise and wonder can any one trace his career through the brief two and a half years of his Richmond ministry. The honor of being the first orator in the South, a realm full of orators, was accorded to him by such men as Thomas Ritchie of the "Richmond Enquirer." In two months after his advent in the city, he preached in his own church a Fourth-of-July discourse, which was published and favorably noticed in the "Richmond Compiler." Aware of the prejudice that would then exist against a stranger from the North, he conciliated that prejudice, with the skill of a veteran orator, as follows:—

"Fellow-citizens, I have stood by the grave of the first martyr of liberty at Lexington, and my feet have pressed the green sod of Bunker's Hill. Several years of my life have been passed near the field of Bennington, where the brave mountaineers defeated the Briton, and gave the first impulse to those successes which resulted in victory. And now I am far from my birthplace, in your clime of the Sunny South. Yet I am not an alien here. I can look proudly around me and exclaim,

'This is my own, my native land.'

I am yet surrounded with monuments of my country's fame. I stand in a place hallowed by great names of my nation. I am in the vicinity of Yorktown, crowned with the glory of triumph. I am in the home and birthplace of Lee and Henry and Jefferson and Madison and Marshall! I am on

the soil that embosoms the ashes of Washington. You are proud of these ; so am I, — what American is not ?”

What a vantage ground he thus won to himself, from which to discuss the unity of the nation, and the conditions of its greatness and peace ! They who heard his oration were entranced, and they who read it were edified ; and when Independence Day again came round, many of the foremost citizens honored the young orator with an invitation to address the public on such a national theme as he might choose. He accepted the invitation, and in the First Baptist Church — so writes the Hon. Henry K. Ellyson, now of the “Richmond Despatch” — “he delivered to an immense assemblage of our people one of the most eloquent Fourth-of-July orations ever heard by them.” Mr. Thomas Ritchie pronounced it “the finest oration to which he had ever listened.” When it finally came into print, in answer to a wide demand, the editor of the “Southern Literary Messenger,” an ably conducted magazine, “devoted to every part of literature and the fine arts,” thus noticed it in his columns : “We were so fortunate as to hear Mr. Chapin deliver his address to a numerous and delighted auditory, and, charmed as we were on the occasion, we were somewhat disposed to ascribe a part of the thrilling effect to the fine elocution of the orator. Having given it, however, an attentive reading since its appearance in type, justice requires the acknowledgment that the high praise bestowed upon the performance is due to its intrinsic merits. Mr. Chapin’s style is unique and graphic. He represents to the mind’s eye a succession of vivid pictures, which are warm with life and redolent of beauty. He narrates

events with remarkable power,—grouping all their striking incidents with such force and effect as to enchain the listener's attention irresistibly." Thus had he fired the hearts of these eloquence-loving Southrons by his youthful oratory, and they were loud in their praise of his gift.

With an oratory thus kindled by the love of great and useful principles, and commended by a fine literary taste, Chapin was soon brought to the Lyceum platform. The Lyceum was then in its infancy, the first organization of the kind having been founded in 1826 by Josiah Holbrook, of Connecticut, who finally became a Lyceum fanatic and projected in Ohio a debating village which he named Berea. But the spirit of the colonized debaters for their chosen calling soon expired, and, instead of a town of wranglers, Berea became a hamlet of peaceful citizens. "A convention was held in Boston, November 7, 1828, to promote the interests of the lyceums, and to further their wide-spread organization. Among those who took part in this meeting were Webster, Everett, Dr. Lowell, and George B. Emerson." In 1838 a lyceum was instituted in Richmond, and on the 3d of April, 1839, Chapin gave its anniversary address in the State Capitol. But before this he had been called to the lecture platform in this city in a way that touched his heart and made a fixed impression on his memory. This call came from the Rev. E. L. Magoon, now of national fame as a Baptist minister and an author. Magoon, Chapin, and others, looking to the public good and seeking also a vent for their pent-up fires, "started a course of popular lectures, each speaker to provide his own arena and illu-

minate all comers gratis." Each orator was to furnish eloquence and pay the bills. Chapin gave his lecture in his own church, to an audience that crowded its limited space, and his effort was a triumph in every particular. Its theme was lofty, its treatment thoughtful and touched with a happy literary embellishment, and its delivery earnest and overpowering. "One of the hearers," writes Mr. Magoon, "then a young and obscure mechanic, now the distinguished co-proprietor of the 'Richmond Despatch' (Henry K. Ellyson), said to me, 'That lecture by Chapin was really great, and should be repeated before a larger assemblage.' 'Very well,' said I, 'let him come to the Second Baptist Church next Monday evening, and we will all endeavor to secure him a worthy audience.'" By this novel and liberal proffer the public heart was touched and won, and the people flocked to hear the young orator. But the heart most affected was his own, and never was he more eloquent than in this hour of generous recognition. "It was the oratory of a noble child of God," says Magoon; and the occasion was ever looked back to by Chapin as the first round in the ladder of his ascent as a lecturer. He was wont to refer to Mr. Magoon as "the father of his fame." We may well confess the generosity of this Baptist band that thus swung open the gate leading to the lecture platform; but, had it been withheld, the orator's gifts would at an early day have burst every barrier and carried him in triumph before the lyceums from Richmond to Montreal, from Boston to St. Louis.

Before the lyceum assembled in the State Capitol he said: "I lay down as the motto of my discourse



the broad maxim that intelligence is essentially requisite to the prosperity of a nation." He defined prosperity to be "all that relates to progress, happiness, and safety;" and the intelligence that would master these high ends he set forth as "the clear perception of truth and duty, and the universal diffusion of that perception." From an able treatment of these propositions, he passed to a discussion of the methods by which intelligence may be disseminated.

To a key thus lofty was his voice pitched in this first lyceum lecture, and it was never afterward lowered by a tone. To him the platform and the pulpit stood for a common mission. They who heard him twenty years from this date will have no trouble in detecting his identity in the following passage from his lecture in the Virginia Capitol: "A man is not now, like the athlete of old, distinguished by his physical superiority, — by his speed in the race, his power in the pugilistic combat, his precision in guiding the chariot steeds, or his skill in hurling the swift javelin, — but he has a part to perform in the intellectual arena, if he would come out from oblivion and become an acting portion of the age; and well should he be girded and prepared for the task. That mighty weapon, reason, should be ever ready and bright in his hands, and he should exercise and inure himself to the conflict of mind with mind."

Before the Madison Debating Society of Richmond, in 1840, he gave a lecture on "True Greatness," which was published in pamphlet by the society. Apart from usefulness he claimed there could be no true greatness, and ended his plea for virtue and love, as the needed inspirers of talent, with the following appeal:



“ Strive, then, after true greatness, my friends. Strive for the welfare of humanity. Labor in your vocations, whatever they may be, but do not shut up your sympathies within the narrow limit of self; let them flow out, broadly and warmly, for the race. Act for your country, for duty, for God; and may you enjoy the blessed experience of the truth that usefulness is the test of true greatness.”

But Chapin's great work at Richmond was in his pulpit and his parish. From May to September he preached without ordination. In the latter month he went North to take on himself two of the great vows that man is permitted to assume, — the marriage vow and the ordination vow, — in the one of which he pledges love and devotion to a woman, and in the other fealty to God and religion. At a conference of the New York Central Association held in Knoxville, Madison County, on the 26th and 27th of September, 1838, he received a letter of fellowship and ordination. The sessions were on Wednesday and Thursday, and at one of the earlier meetings Chapin had preached with great effect, and was appointed by general request to give the “ Addresses ” at the close of the Conference. The ordination took place on Thursday afternoon. Rev. D. Biddlecom read the Scripture and offered an invocation. Rev. A. B. Grosh, the special friend and teacher of the candidate, preached a sermon from the words of Paul to Timothy: “ Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine.” Rev. Job Potter prayed the prayer of Ordination. Mr. Grosh delivered the Scriptures and Charge. Rev. M. B. Smith gave the Right

Hand of Fellowship in behalf of the churches. Then followed the Addresses by Rev. E. H. Chapin.

"These addresses," writes Mr. Grosh, "were customary at all the Associations of that day, and concluded the meetings. They were made — 1st, to the preachers; 2d, to the delegates; 3d, to the congregation; 4th, to the church or society; 5th, to the choir. They generally embraced contrasts of present with past conditions of the cause, — sometimes reminiscences of persons and events of note, — exhortations to duty, diligence, &c., to go home and apply the lessons taught and the plans laid out by the meeting. They were intended to inspire brotherly love, zeal, enthusiasm, and afforded an opportunity for an eloquent speaker to make the close of the feast its choicest portion." It was in the deliverance of these addresses that Chapin's voice was first heard as an ordained minister; and to this day are well remembered the inspiration and power of his utterance. To strong and glowing thoughts he added a spirit of tender devoutness, which gave a signal prophecy of his future usefulness.

In a few days after his ordination he was married at Utica. The record of the event is here quoted from the "Magazine and Advocate." "In this city, on the 15th inst., by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Rev. E. H. Chapin, corresponding editor of this paper, and pastor of the First Congregational Church of Christ, in Richmond, Va., to Miss Hannah Newland, of this city." To this worthy young woman, as sound in judgment as devoted in her affection, he had been introduced by Mr. Hutchinson, who first gave him a welcome, in his little bookstore, to Universalist books; and to the end of his life

both the woman and the Universalism were his constant and beloved companions.

Returning to Richmond from his eventful journey to the North, he bent his energies almost exclusively to pulpit and parish work. He was at once missed by the readers of the "Magazine and Advocate," who had come to look with desire each week for the light that shone from this brilliant star; and Mr. Grosh, in making his December promises to his patrons in view of a new volume, expressed the "hope that Br. Chapin's contributions will be more frequently visible than they have been during the honeymoon." But his hope was in vain. The young man had found another bride that shared also the rapt devotions of his heart. The rival queen was Eloquence; and from the path along which she led him he could not turn aside then, nor ever after. From that time to the end of his days his pen was mainly the servant of his voice. In the preacher was absorbed the writer. He moulded his style for delivery, and suited his periods to the public ear. Aside from a few poems and hymns and brief editorials that the years drew from him, he wrote henceforth only sermons and lectures. But no one can doubt that in thus narrowing the tides that poured from his inner life, he gave to them greater depth and power. Sacrificing poetry and essay and narrative to the sermon, he became the more effective in the pulpit; and the crowd was soon drawn to his church as by an irresistible magnet.

In the two and a half years at Richmond he wrote and preached a course of lectures and some practical sermons, which, with slight revisions, were finally published

in two volumes, and have found readers and admirers in all denominations. They were his "Lectures to Young Men," and "Discourses on Various Subjects." In these volumes we have ample evidence that his was a remarkable ministry for a young man on whom the schools had conferred little aid. Only a rare greatness could have risen to such triumphs. It will not be easy to find, in all the history of pulpit orators, a parallel to this victory of the years between twenty-three and twenty-seven.

The popular tract from his pen — "What Universalism is not" — is one of his Richmond sermons, and shows his full acceptance of the doctrine of the salvation of all souls. The sermon had this more positive title: "Universalism; what it is not, and what it is." Having informed his hearers that "Universalism is not Atheism," "is not Skepticism," "is not Deism," "is not a doctrine which instructs its followers to make light of sin," "is not a doctrine which teaches that the sinner may pass unchanged to heaven and happiness," and "is not a doctrine which teaches that man shall be saved from punishment," he turned to inform them what this doctrine is. "It is a doctrine," he said, "which teaches that all mankind will finally be saved from sin and its consequent misery. This is an important sentence in our discourse, for it is a position of which our opponents seem not generally aware. Be it remembered that we do not enter the arena of discussion to argue against punishment, — against *future* punishment, — but against the *endless duration of sin and misery*. We do not believe that evil is ultimate in the government of God. We believe there will be

a period when the last enemy shall be destroyed, — when man shall bow in moral subjection to his Maker, and worship Him in the ‘beauty of holiness.’”

Not without a great debate and struggle with his heart, we may well believe, did Chapin withdraw his facile pen from inditing poems and writing editorials, for which it had a strong bias. For the haunt of the muse and for the newspaper office he shared a great love, and could only forsake them reluctantly, as one whose judgment compels his inclination. For the “Literary Messenger” he furnished a poem now and then, as if to ease his lyric passion, and in a quiet way stole into the publishing sanctum to do a little editing. For this interest and aid Mr. White, the publisher, felt truly grateful, and to the stipulated compensation, if there were such, he added the gift of a gold watch and chain.

Meanwhile Chapin had issued the prospectus of a religious journal to be called the “Independent Christian.” The ideal of a platform broader than a sect haunted him. His chief interest was in those more spiritual and vital ideas of religion common to all the orders, and he conceived and put forth the plan of a paper that should especially recognize and urge these views. In the era of general narrowness he was a broad-church man, and sighed to reach a hand across every partition wall and, in a hearty fellowship, grasp the hand of every one who held with him the great essentials of Christianity. But he was as one born out of due time. He was too early for a movement of this sort. “The patronage promised,” writes Rev. J. C. Burrus, of the “Notasulga Herald,” “did not justify

the undertaking," and the beautiful vision of a religious journal of that scope faded from his broad and ardent soul. But he still kept his faith in the idea and the spirit he would thus advocate; and, often urging the theme in after years, but never seeing his bright dream take the form of reality, he finally, amid the evening shadows of his life-day, turned to the "festival of redeemed souls, where there shall be no sect names, no party names; where, through God's grace and Christ's victory, we shall know one another, not by sectarian symbols, but the white robe and the palm; where there are no congregations but only one congregation; where there are no pastors or people, but one great flock, and one fold and one Shepherd."

In these early years, as ever after, he kept up his interest in great and good books; but he read literature as a preacher of the gospel, that he might draw from its rich resources wisdom and ornament for his sermons, and the influences that should kindle the gifts of insight and eloquence in his own nature. He knew the value of genius to awaken genius. He knew the stimulating air of Parnassus, and the inspiration to be found in the groves where the wise ones have meditated. He had thus early caught the book fever. On the 2nd of May, 1840, he wrote to Richard Frothingham, Jr., of Massachusetts, the well known historian of the "Siege of Boston:" "I have succeeded in procuring a copy of Bolingbroke's philosophical works. I procured four volumes at auction, and, strange to tell, happened to have the odd volume that just supplied the break in the set. I see occasionally, in the Boston papers, a sale of old books advertised that makes my

mouth water." A few months later than this he sent this chatty paragraph in a letter to the same friend:—

"So much for more serious matters of business. Now for a little literary chat. Have you bought any new books lately? I have purchased Bronson's 'Charles Ellwood' and Guizot's 'Washington,' and I have also sent for Guizot's 'English Revolution'—though whether I shall retain this latter, or sell it to a friend in Richmond or to the library of the Richmond Lyceum, I do not know. It is my intention to make a special study of the history of England from the Reformation to the departure of the Pilgrims, or rather to the Revolution of 1688; and there to take up the annals of our own country. A period fraught with great principles and brilliant events bearing on human progress,—is it not? I also intend to study particularly the character of Cromwell. I think the results would furnish valuable matter for a couple of lyceum lectures. It is my intention this winter to deliver a course of six lectures, probably Sabbath evenings, to business men. What do you think of the project? I have been reading with some interest 'Sartor Resartus.' I am pleased with it. There is a good paper in the last 'Christian Examiner' on 'The Pulpit,' containing hints which in my sphere, such as it is, I will endeavor to practise upon. Have you read it? In the July number of the same periodical Mr. Ellis has a fine article on 'Christian Antiquities in Rome.' You have read the 'Dial' I presume. What think you of it? And how comes on the 'History of Charlestown?' And do you still cling to the idea that there can be no such thing as a 'tyranny of the majority?' I hope you do; it will be a fine bone to be picked between us."

However much Richmond honored and loved her young minister, his fame could not be limited to her borders. There is good evidence that the eye of Abel



Tompkins of Boston, ever on the watch for a facile pen to contribute matter for him to print in magazine or book, and on the lookout for any superior preacher that might arise in the order, was first turned from New England to this glowing star in the southern sky. Visiting Washington in the early part of 1839, he made a flying trip to Richmond to see Chapin. Like fore-ordained friends the two men met. The mutual respect fostered at a distance flamed into a swift and abiding affection; and, writing to a friend, Chapin said, "I have seen Tompkins and found him a man after my heart." From this date it became one of the evident events of the near future that Chapin would be called to Boston or vicinity. The strife between the two regions soon began, and Richmond had finally to yield in the unequal contest. But to this day she remembers and honors her eloquent young preacher. Gladly would she have kept him, but she held not back her parting blessing as he passed from her borders to toil in a wider field.



## VII.

### MINISTRY IN CHARLESTOWN.

IN September of 1839 the General Convention of Universalists met in Portland, Maine. From his Southern home to this Northern city Mr. Chapin journeyed by stage and boat, to attend the meetings of this body, and to bring himself into a more direct fellowship with the ministers and the people whom he had only greeted from his distant isolation, with his pen. Dusty and weary he arrived in Boston on the 13th inst., not a stranger in the city, since here he had spent some of his youthful years, but a stranger to the friends he was to meet. It was a day of grief in our borders, for in Charlestown was reposing in the silence and majesty of death, and waiting the solemn hour of burial, the body of the Rev. Thomas F. King, the beloved pastor of the Universalist Church in that city, the father of the brilliant Starr King, and the friend of truth and humanity. The hour came, and with it "a spontaneous closing of the places of business, an impressive service in the church, a great funeral procession, and a gathering of thousands on the ancient burial-mound of Charlestown." On the fresh grave of a pastor, no warmer or more grateful tears were ever shed.

"On the evening of the day of this scene," says Richard Frothingham, Jr., in his "Tribute to Thomas Starr

King," "a young man, a stranger in the place, occupied the vacant pulpit, and discoursed of Faith; and, as the church was draped in mourning for the recent bereavement, the lesson was enforced with uncommon effect. The preacher followed his manuscript until near the close of his sermon, when, summoning the event of the hour for illustration, he left his notes and abandoned himself to his theme; then his deep rich voice was full of emotion and had a pathos and power which thrilled the large and breathless assembly. It was eloquence, for it was inspiration of soul." This eloquent young man was Edwin H. Chapin. So eager were Abel Tomkins and others to listen to the charm and power of his voice and to feel the magnetic sway of his soul, the fame of which had arrived in advance, that even in the midst of their sorrow, when silence and meditation would have been the more natural, they were moved to call an extra meeting and solicit a sermon from the Richmond pastor.

He gave his consent to preach. The evening brought a full church. But the demand of the hour was special, since the great shadow was still resting on the people, and every heart was in such a tender mood that no violence should be done to it. Only in the spirit of the day could an evening service be fitly made; but if thus made, having the emphasis of the previous service in its favor, it could not fail of a marked effect. By both instinct and judgment the preacher struck the true keynote for the hour, and made a music that comforted and cheered the souls who listened to it. If the strain rose to majesty, it also fell to the tenderest pathos. By his strong and vivid treatment of Faith, and especially

by turning the far-shining beams of this divine light on the glorified form of their late pastor and friend, he filled his hearers with a comfort and peace which were only equalled by their gratitude and admiration.

It was thus in a chance hour that he won a vacant pulpit, in which, with the elder King as his predecessor and the younger King as his successor, it was an honor to stand.

But the place he had won he did not occupy until the December of the following year, fifteen months from the date of his first sermon. The overture of the parish, made with little delay and great emphasis, was readily accepted by his heart, but did not draw his conscience into a prompt consent. He would deal honorably by Richmond. He was less the servant of inclination than of duty. On the 4th of November, James K. Frothingham, "chairman of the Committee of the Universalist Society in Charlestown," addressed him in these terms:—

"Many of our members, who heard your discourse on the evening after the funeral of our late Rev. Bro. King, have expressed a desire of hearing you again and of becoming better acquainted with you; and the committee have instructed me to communicate this to you with a view of learning whether your situation and engagements will admit of your visiting us and preaching to us several Sundays,—and, if so, how early and for what length of time,—hoping that a better acquaintance with each other may be the means of establishing a more intimate relation between us."

Seven days later Chapin replied from Richmond: "I will visit you as proposed, if practicable, in the month of January. It is, however, doubtful whether I

shall be able to do so. As I am situated at some distance from any ministering brother, there will be some difficulty in making an arrangement by which I can supply my pulpit during my absence, and unless I can, I shall be unable to leave."

On the first of January he found himself in the midst of a course of Lectures to Young Men, which had awakened great interest and drawn a crowd of young people to hear them. He now felt the pressure on him of a duty on behalf of the public. A flowing tide he would not permit to ebb. Hence he wrote to the friends in Charlestown to "Set me down for the first three Sundays in February, and expect me this time to fulfil my appointment, unless I am disappointed in my reasonable expectation of obtaining a supply. I hope your patience will not be wearied by this postponement. In your goodly land of ministers, you can hardly realize the difficulties which attend the catching of a stray one in this isolated region."

On the first of February he arrived in Charlestown, having arranged for three Sundays' absence from his home. The fame of his Lectures to Young Men had created a desire on the part of the Charlestown friends to hear them; and it was finally decided that he should give three of them on the Sunday evenings and the remaining three on the Thursday evenings of his stay in the city. In thought these lectures were brilliant as cut diamonds, in sentiment they were noble and elevating, in rhetoric they were remarkable, and in the fervor and force with which they were delivered they were truly majestic. No such eloquence had ever been heard in that ancient pulpit. But the people were not

more thrilled by them, than were they astonished that they could be the production of one so young. But, meanwhile, his more ordinary sermons had struck the deeper and more spiritual chords of the soul; and like his distant ancestor, Deacon Samuel Chapin, the eminent Puritan, he had proved himself to be "exceeding moving in prayer." Under the devout magic of his voice the passages he read from the Word of God revealed their deepest secrets, and to the oft heard hymns he gave a strange newness. By a most skilful management of emphasis and by fitness of feeling he made the successive pictures of thought to stand out in strong relief; and many a one said, "Never did I hear such reading before!"

In the young man the leaders of the parish, men of culture and discrimination, saw a rare nobility of soul, an unusual insight and power of mind, and the signs of a coming greatness as a pulpit orator which would place him among the few who, like Chrysostom the golden-mouthed, and Bossuet and Chalmers and Manning, had made eloquence the eminent servant of the Church and of the highest human interests. And all the more to his credit was it, in their estimation, that he bore his gifts so modestly, and was an ardent seeker after new sources of power, through a larger help from God, a deeper and wider fellowship with Christ, a closer sympathy with humanity, and a better acquaintance with literature.

On the evening of the 23d of February the parish met in full force and in a spirit of unusual enthusiasm, and

*"Resolved:* That in the belief that Rev. E. H. Chapin will prove faithful to the cause of his Master, that he will shun

not to declare the whole counsel of God, and that he is gifted with ability to declare the Glad Tidings of the Gospel in demonstration of the spirit and of power, we hereby extend to him a frank, cordial, and unanimous invitation to assume the pastoral charge of this Society."

To the hearty and flattering overture thus made to him, he was in a mood to give a prompt and eager acceptance; but his sense of duty to the cause in Richmond checked his response. Toward the flock he had gathered and loved, he felt the responsibility of a shepherd. If they had learned to love his voice, calling them to the green pastures of the kingdom, so had he an affection for them and a pride in their enthusiasm, as well as a feeling of obligation. Hence his reply, while it clearly revealed his desire, frankly stated the possible obstruction that might stand in the way of its realization, namely, the failure to secure a successor in his pulpit. The correspondence now took the form of urging and impatience on the one side, and of an unwilling but conscientious hesitation on the other. On the 2d of May he answered a personal appeal from Richard Frothingham, Jr. in these words: "I think the horizon of promise is now quite clear, and that the prospect that I shall settle with you is fast brightening. There is only one *if*, and that is, if we can get a minister here." In September the situation had not changed, save from a less to a greater impatience on both sides. On the 8th of the month he again wrote to Mr. Frothingham, showing a little restiveness under the rumors that had gone abroad that he had agreed to settle in Charlestown and was disregarding his agreement:—

“I believe I have always, in my communications to your society, stated that my settlement in Charlestown was *contingent*, depending on my procuring a preacher for the society in Richmond. Is it not so? I should be sorry to have any misunderstanding arise, or to be guilty of anything that might look like a breach of promise on my part. I have used efforts to obtain a preacher for my society, and as yet have failed, although I am not without hopes. Should I make every reasonable endeavor and fail, I had supposed it was understood that I remain in Virginia. I merely make this statement as showing my impressions upon the subject, and not as implying that I have given up the idea of going to Charlestown — no, not by any means.”

During the fall a decision was reached, and the first Sunday in December was set apart for the beginning of his ministry in Charlestown. But there came another halt in the progress of events. This time nature interposed and held the young minister amid the snowdrifts of New Jersey. On Monday, the 7th of December, he wrote from New York as follows: “Another disappointment! but I think a justifiable one. Here I am. The snow blocked the cars in New Jersey, and made them six hours later than usual; but had I arrived here I should have been worse off than I am now, for the boat that left here Saturday afternoon only got twenty miles on her route and then put in.”

But the blockaded pastor-elect, having sermons but no pulpit, either made himself known to, or was discovered by, a Universalist, who was one of a little group of believers who had formed the nucleus of a society. The result was a morning and evening service on Sun-



day by Mr. Chapin, in which he edified and astonished his hearers. Their hearts were warmed and thrilled, and on their memory was made an indelible impression. And it was to the future parish, of which these few hearers were the nucleus, that Mr. Chapin was destined to minister for thirty-two years. At the twenty-fifth anniversary of that ministry, amid a vast throng of people tumultuous with their greetings, A. A. Peterson, Esq., referred to the "cool reception given him by the violent northeast snow-storm," on the occasion of his missing the Boston boat and failing to appear in his Charlestown pulpit.

But even now the path to the office he had accepted did not appear to him quite clear of obstacles, and he was not sure that, although he had arrived in Charlestown, he should reach the pulpit and the pastorate that stood so near to him. It was another case of conscience. In that day of the textual defence of Universalism, he felt that to doubt the explicitness of the Scripture proofs of the doctrine would, especially in New England, be regarded as a defect or short-coming so grave as to debar him from the ministry there; and such a doubt had a few months before come over him. He saw at a glance that he could not adopt the method of a Ballou or a Streeter in his defence of Universalism; and he felt that so great might be the popularity of that method among the Charlestown people that he would not be welcome unless he came with the cherished armor buckled on and burnished for the battle. In the following letter he frankly confessed his doubt, and placed himself at the disposal of the parish:—



RICHMOND, VA., November 27, 1840.

BRETHREN, — The time is near at hand when it is contemplated that I shall assume the pastoral charge of your Society. To you, I doubt not, the prospect of a regular ministration of the Word is looked forward to with much joy. To me, the hope of a connection with you in all those dear bonds that unite a pastor and his people gives deep satisfaction. You have been, my brethren, long deprived of a settled minister, and when I consider the time which you have waited for me, the good preparation you have made for my coming, the kindness with which you treated me on my visit to you, I should be ungrateful and unjust indeed did I not find my heart full of warm and sincere thanks. I have, my brethren, an important matter now to communicate to you, which has been purposely delayed until this time for reasons given below, and which I wish you to receive and ponder in the same spirit of love and candor as that in which it is given.

It is but right that a people who are about to settle a pastor should know precisely the position which he occupies among the many sects of the Christian world — should know precisely his theological views. I am not one to keep mine back, or to be afraid to speak them, whatever unpopularity, hatred, or scorn may follow the announcement. About the fore part of last August I found my views in relation to the great question of human salvation assuming the following form. While I do most truly consider the doctrine of Universal Restoration as the most consistent with the best results of reason, with all our conceptions of the Divine Character, and with *the spirit* of Scripture, I do not see it so clearly revealed in the Bible as that I should feel justified in pronouncing it a plain unequivocal doctrine of the Gospel. Understand me. I believe that it can be deduced from Scripture by collateral arguments and by irresistible inferences; but the texts that are relied upon as unequivocally teaching it are to me not so

satisfactory as I wish they were. As to the doctrine of endless misery I most surely reject it, as I never was more firm in my convictions of its inconsistency with the benevolent spirit of Christ and the attributes of God, and I believe that the most rational and consistent doctrine is that of the *Universal* Salvation of the human family from sin and death. My reason assents to it, my analogical experience supports it, my philosophy feels its truth, my deductions from the Bible are on its side. If all men are raised from the dead, as the Gospel says they shall be, it appears to me conclusive that all shall be saved. If I could find in the Bible the doctrine that some would never rise from the dead, I should view it as the only faith that could stand by the side of the doctrine of the Restitution. But I *cannot* find this doctrine there; and I am led to the conclusion expressed above, that the most probable, the most consistent faith, is the faith of Universal Restoration.

There are texts in the Epistles of Paul that lean strongly to the Universalist interpretation, yet they *can* have other meanings, or at least other meanings can be so plainly defended as to leave my mind in doubt as to what is their true interpretation. There is another class of texts, which are adduced as supporting the Universalist interpretation, that I deem local and limited in their application. But I do not purpose here to discuss the reasons for my present doubt; more examination, very possibly, may cause me to see with that clear light which my Brethren possess. This is the important point, brethren, which I wished to communicate to you. As to my other views, they are in accordance with yours. I reject the doctrine of the trinity, of a vicarious sacrifice to appease the wrath of God, of total depravity, original sin, etc. etc.

With these, as I have said, I reject the doctrine of endless misery, annihilation, etc. With my other views, my *reason*

and my hope, bound together with golden cords of scriptural teaching, hold the sublime and beautiful doctrine of Universal Salvation.

Now brethren, you have a right to demand of me why this was not made known before.

This is my answer. As I have said, it was not until the fore part of last August, about the time of my last visit to the North, that I found my views settling in this form. I had no intention of imposing myself upon any man, or set of men, with a mask on. This is what I cannot do. I hold it to be the right of any man to have, when he doubts, the benefit of investigation, and that he is not bound to disclose to the loud-mouthed and exaggerating public every shadow of opinion that falls athwart his mind. Had I remained with the society here I should probably have announced my views ere this; as it is, I have reserved this announcement until now. My brethren, were there such a state of things as I would see in the Christian Church, when the pastor should be sought, not for the precise doctrinal views he might hold, but for his capacity to feed the intellectual and religious wants of his hearers, and to minister to them in joy and sorrow, in life and death, I should feel that this statement would not be required of me.

My capacity you have already passed upon; such as it is, should you see fit to settle me, it shall be devoted to the great cause of God and humanity — of Liberal Christianity — of the religion of love, and not of fear. My sermons have dwelt but little upon the points of doctrine. I have labored more for spiritual advancement, for moral and intellectual progress, than for sects or parties. The character of my preaching will be the same as ever. If under these considerations you see fit to settle me, I am ready. If not, I can but acknowledge that you will do me no injustice. I know that your society is an Independent one. I *mean* to be an Indepen-

dent preacher. Act, brethren, not so much for me, as for your own interests and your duty. I leave here next Wednesday (the 1st December) and shall be in Boston, if nothing occurs to prevent, on Saturday morning the 4th, prepared, should you see fit, to fulfil my appointment for the following Sunday.

God's blessing be on you all, and may He guide you in your deliberations is the prayer of your grateful brother,

E. H. CHAPIN.

In this case of conscience the parish saw no case whatever, and returned the prompt reply: "We are ready to receive you most cordially as our pastor." As they would not turn against the sun on the score that a spot, "a wandering isle of night," moved over its broad bright disc, no more would they reject on so slight a discount so complete a disciple of the broadest faith. In this reply we have, without doubt, the thoughts and words of Richard Frothingham, Jr., since it is signed by his name "in behalf of the Society;" and in the closing paragraph is reflected a regard for the freedom of the pulpit which is worthy of this patriot and historian, and which would be a true glory and source of progress if held by the Church generally. "We would have our minister 'an Independent Preacher;' one who would not be bounded by creed or sect; one who would yield to no dictation but that of his own conscience; one who would make Duty his principle of action, and Truth his guiding star; one who would stand ready to reflect whatever of new light he may receive, upon the people of his charge. Robinson, two centuries ago, charged his people never to be afraid to receive new truth from God's Word.

Shall *we* refuse to accept a liberty that is two centuries old?"

On the Second Sunday of December Chapin entered the Charlestown pulpit as preacher and pastor, and greeted the people who had waited fifteen months for his coming. But their patience they never regretted, so amply was it rewarded by a ministry at once rich in thought, consecrated in spirit, unequalled in the eloquence of its proclamations, fertile of personal friendships, and prosperous in the more outward offices of adding greatly to the numbers and revenues of the parish.

His Installation occurred on the 23d of December, in the presence of a large and happy congregation. On the service the Rev. Thomas Whittemore invoked the divine blessing. Rev. Benjamin Whittemore read selections from the Bible. Rev. Otis A. Skinner preached a sermon. Rev. Hosea Ballou offered the Installing Prayer. Rev. Hosea Ballou 2d gave the Charge to the new pastor, and put a copy of the Bible in his hand as the true light of his life and the guide of his preaching. The Fellowship of the churches was pledged by Rev. Henry Bacon. The society was addressed and counselled by Rev. Sebastian Streeter. The Rev. E. G. Brooks concluded the service by returning thanks for the hour, its high interests and its cheering hopes.

From these memorable hands the young minister took the Ark of the Covenant, and for five years he bore it in and out before this people in sacred fidelity to his vow. In the life of Chapin they were years of great activities and developments, of great triumphs and flattering prospects, of high lights and deep shad-

ows, of grand marches on radiant mounts and of pensive walks in the deep vales. Of all the years of his life they were perhaps the most plastic and formative; and, while the ore of his being was thus at its whitest heat, it was brought under the most favorable pressures. He had come to the best school the country could offer him, a school truly polytechnic and with competent teachers; and he came in the true humility and ambition of a pupil. Far more than Charlestown needed him, he needed Charlestown; and since his fullness, from which he gave, was not equal to the void in his being which he hastened to fill, it must in truth be confessed that he conferred, however great were his bestowments, less than he received.

In another chapter his relation to the Reforms will be treated; but it must be said here that it was in Charlestown he budded and flowered and bore signal fruit as a Reformer. He had come from the South in a state of indifference, at least, toward the causes which were then agitated in the North, such as temperance, anti-slavery, anti-capital punishment, and a universal brotherhood. By nature he clearly belonged with the reformers, for his heart was broad as the all-encircling sky, and his moral sense keenly alive to the distinctions of right and wrong and of good and evil; with the very elect in humane offices he had a birthright place; but in Richmond circumstances had not conspired to draw his thoughts and lure his heart in this direction, as there was a time when Wilberforce was to be found in the social clubs and not in the reform leagues, and when Clarkson had not pledged his will to the setting free of the oppressed. All the reformers

have waited for the clock of time to strike the favored hour in which they should awake from sleep and answer the morning drum-beat calling to a change of base and a new form of warfare. For Clarkson that hour was struck at college, where he joined the contestants for a prize-essay on the theme: "Is involuntary servitude justifiable?" It was while journeying on the Continent with his Christian friend, the Rev. Isaac Milner, that the call to be a reformer fell on the ear of Wilberforce. And so for Chapin was sounded the note of appeal as he passed into the atmosphere of Charlestown and New England, — an air hot with the breath of agitation, and resounding with the voices of Garrison and Parker, Pierpont and Gough, Horace Mann, Charles Spear, and their compeers. At once the young minister mounted all the platforms, and was everywhere in demand as the orator of the reforms.

But if a new trumpet tone, a clarion note of agitation, was here drawn from his being, so also was a new minor chord touched in his soul, and often heard in his preaching. Here he fell under his first great sorrow, in the death of his first-born, Edward Channing Chapin. His early hope in the child, indicated by the gift of its middle name, seemed to be happily confirmed as month by month the young life unfolded. "Little Eddie," writes Rev. J. H. Farnsworth, then residing with the Chapins, "was the brightest and sweetest of children, and the light of the house." In one of his letters from Richmond to Richard Frothingham, Jr., the father proudly sent "greetings from my infant Eddie." The advent of this child had opened a great fountain of affection in the young minister toward all children, as well as for this



one he called his own ; and in a new light he saw their little joys and sorrows. "The child's grief," he said, "throbs against the round of its little heart as heavily as the man's sorrow ; and the one finds as much delight in his kite or dream as the other in striking the springs of enterprise or soaring on the wings of fame."

But when the fatal shadow lowered over his cherished boy,

"All his hopes were changed to fears,  
And all his thoughts ran into tears  
Like sunshine into rain !"

Like the reed to the sweep of the tide, his stout and buoyant heart bowed under the grief. From this time on there was, however, a tenderer and sweeter strain in his sermons, a more subdued and trustful note in his prayers, than had been heard in them before. From the radiance of Christian hope the cloud soon took a silver edge, and he preached a memorable discourse on the "Mission of Little Children." And directly there came other pathetic and solacing sermons to join this, as in the evening sky one star after another comes forth to light the shaded scene. Into the volume entitled "The Crown of Thorns," these pensive, prose lyrics were gathered, and many are the readers they have comforted. With this first sorrow, it is very evident, a new and finer influence dawned in Chapin's ministry, and never faded from it. Only from the heart does the voice take its tones, and his acquired from this experience a touch of pathos that ever gave it a higher power.

At this period another tendency began to make its appearance, which proved at once a good and an evil, a source of applause and of reproach, and which, no doubt,



led to the first break in his health. It was a tendency to an undue absorption or engrossment in the theme that occupied him. Toward a single point the currents of his life naturally converged and rushed. His ardent and intense temperament exposed him to this excess of concentration; and his tasks had now so multiplied that he could accomplish them only by becoming lost in them, as it were. To meet the demands made on him required an oblivion of much that might well have engaged his thoughts and feelings. Considering his age, still under thirty, the demand upon him was simply enormous. Aside from the calls of his parish, the general public clamored for his eloquence. The lyceums must have him to give prestige to their courses. The Odd Fellows claimed him on all their festive occasions. The friends of temperance knew full well the value of his voice as an aid in their work, and made constant and urgent appeals for his presence on their platforms. At installations and ordinations he was frequently called upon to be the preacher. At college Commencements his oratory must be heard. Of the Massachusetts Legislature he was elected chaplain. Of the State Board of Education he was appointed a member. Before the Governor and Council he was called to preach the Election Sermon. In fact, the imposed tasks became so numerous and important that he could only make ready for them and discharge them by a sort of concentrated vehemence. At the peril of his health and the risk of neglecting social demands and duties, he permitted himself for a time, quite in accord with the ardent genius of his nature and his love of serving, to pass into these self-centered and frenzied toils.

While great good was thus accomplished for the many causes he had espoused, and his oratorical fame was enhanced, there began to appear other results, which were regarded with anxiety. The superb machine began to be rent by its own activity. His exaltations were followed by depressions equally marked. He who was so radiant and meteor-like became often a darkened orb. With the mainspring of his life half broken at times, it was the serene and strong will of his wife that buoyed him up and bore him on. The great enthusiast, swept on by torrents of impulse, had his hours when he needed to be cheered and urged; and in these seasons Mrs. Chapin was both a wisdom and a magnetism.

At length his mind showed signs of weariness and disinclination to work, and he asked for and was granted a season of rest. In his note of request he wrote that, "without laboring under any specific bodily complaint, I find myself unfitted for the mental action and labors of my office, and by eminent medical counsel I have been advised to suspend for a short time my pulpit and parochial duties, and avail myself of the benefits of a journey." From this season of recreation he returned greatly improved, and resolved to better observe the laws of bodily and mental health. The following item was soon published in the "Trumpet" by Rev. Thomas Whittemore: "Brother E. H. Chapin, having come to the conclusion that duty to himself will require him to discontinue the delivery of promiscuous lectures and addresses in different places, requests me to give public notice to that effect to save himself and others the trouble of writing letters." But the wise resolution was easier made than kept. In each case where there was need of eloquence, the people

saw a special reason why Chapin should be heard ; and so prone was his heart to serve, it was easy to make it appear to him that it was even so. Under a kindled impulse he would often answer with a Yes when a little later, his reason would dictate a negative ; but conscience would compel him to keep his promise, be the peril in so doing whatever it might be. And so the tide of his oratory rolled on, sweeping the crowds along with it.

But it was not only at the cost of the best conditions of mind and body that he permitted himself to be swept thus into rapt engrossments, but it was also at the sacrifice of ideal social bearings. He began to meet people as if he met them not ; even toward his best friends he wore at times an air of indifference. Lost in his moods of exalted musing and enthusiasm, which approached the morbid in degree, he took on at times an air of social coldness, and almost of social aversion, when his heart, back of the inner commotion that possessed him, was warm and kind as ever, and incapable of a real discourtesy. He was the victim of his moods. It is the testimony of Professor Tweed, than whom he never had a more admiring parishioner and cordial friend, — their common gravity and wit aiding their hearts to a happier fellowship, — that he has often had Chapin meet him at one hour of the day as a boon companion, and at another hour, as a stranger meets a stranger. It could but happen that they who understood him not should mistake this self-engrossment for social neglect, and lay at his feet the charge of violating the law of good society.

But this self-centering habit, a confessed misfortune,

also involved him in some felicitous blunders, over which he and his friends had many a hearty laugh. Thus one Monday morning he took a horse and chaise from 'a Charlestown livery stable and drove to the "Trumpet" office in Boston, where he spent, as was his wont, a little time in converse with the ministers of his sect who had assembled there; but he did not observe his turnout sufficiently to identify it. Even the color of his horse he did not fix in mind, and could not have told probably, when out of sight of it, whether his vehicle had two or four wheels. From a brief and impetuous visit in the office before which his carriage stood, he hastened up the street to visit a bookstore and make a purchase. Here his oblivion of outward circumstances took on a yet more intense degree. He became lost in a book or a theme; and when he left the store, he mounted the first carriage he came to and drove home, enjoying by the way, no doubt, some eloquent ecstasy. On arriving at the stable the proprietor, observing and smiling at his plight, remarked that he hoped Mr. Chapin had proved a good jockey, and brought home a round sum of money for boot as his end of the bargain of swapping teams. For a worn out and shabby carriage he had exchanged a stylish one, and for a valueless horse he had parted with a fine steed of another color. In due time his mistake was happily rectified, and was richly enjoyed all round.

About the same time, while absent from his home, he carelessly put on his short body a very tall man's coat instead of his own, and, looking like a man in a train, came home thus attired. These innocent *takes* were exceedingly enjoyed by his humorous friend Dr.

Ballou, later the honored president of Tufts College, who referred to them in a rollicking poem entitled "The Pilgrimage of Childe Edwin (Edwin H. Chapin) and Childe Cyrus (Cyrus H. Fay). A Romaunt. In two Cantos." The Pilgrimage was a four-mile walk, in darkness and mud, from the home of Dr. Ballou in Medford to the nearest omnibus stand from which a ride into Boston could be obtained. The two pilgrims had reached the railroad station too late for the last train to the city. With a formal invocation of the "Muse of Fifer" the sage Doctor began his poem, and introduced his heroes in the second stanza:—

"There were two rude and graceless imps of sin  
Who served the Devil, <sup>their</sup> Dad, with all their might;  
(Ah me! the wicked pranks they gloried in!)  
Childe Edwin *this*, and *that* Childe Cyrus hight.  
Were horse and chaise left fastened in his sight,  
Childe Edwin stole them straight in open day;  
Or, bolting into houses, he would dight  
Himself in pilfered coats, and then away  
Swift through the country in his harlequin array."

In a mood of similar abstraction he was one day passing the office of a prominent lawyer and politician of the city, a stranger to him, but who had a strong curiosity to meet him. Richard Frothingham, Jr., being in the office at the time, hailed his pastor and called him in, and introduced him to the lawyer. But the great preacher was incommunicative. His mind was so busy in its own realm as to take little note of his present relations, and while occupying his seat he began musingly to punch the broken plastering on the wall with his cane. After a season of manifest failure with his tongue and conspicuous success with his staff, he

arose and excused himself, and moved on his way. "He is an odd genius," said the lawyer, "but I must hear him preach." The next Sunday, taking a seat with Mr. Frothingham, he was thrilled by the outbursts of eloquence from the pulpit. The man who had impressed him by his strange reticence had now overpowered him by his marvellous speech, and he hardly knew whether he were in the body or out. At the close of the service he was asked how he liked Mr. Chapin. "Like him?" was his reply, "If he will preach like that he may punch my old office all to pieces!"

In the terse and quaint Scotch style of Rev. A. G. Laurie, an intimate friend of all the parties named, an amusing sketch of Chapin's ardor is furnished:—

Dr. Ballou, — *clarum et venerabile nomen*, — Starr King, and Chapin were climbing one of the White Mountains. Quietly climbed the Doctor; vehemently Chapin; and, quizzically observant of the shewings of their two opposite temperaments, after them loitered Starr. At every coigne of vantage paused the Doctor, took in effect of light and shade, and with sigh of satisfaction took up a new point of view. Deliberately drank he in the glories, to be settled in his mind forever. Just as lasting afterwards was their impression on Chapin's mind, but at first he swallowed them at a gulp. Then ever on to some new headland clomb he, with a cry thrown over his shoulder, "Come on, Doctor, come on." Patiently for long forbore the Doctor; for how he loved Chapin, and how Chapin loved him! But at last his irritation and his sense of its comicality broke out together, and as Chapin nudged him to "on, on, on," with his hand on Chapin's shoulder he stayed the impetuous, and, full in his face, said: "Chapin, when you go up to Heaven, and get inside the gate, you'll seize the arm of the receiving angel and cry, 'Here,

see, come now, what have you got to show a fellow?' And, taking in the view in a twinkling, you'll shag him forward to another point, and cry, 'Now, now, what next? what next?' And with that 'What next' you'll hurry through all eternity." Then pealed Starr King; and, recognizing the truthfulness of the Doctor's take-off of himself, shouted aloud among the hills the victim and the hero of the joke, while softly and soundlessly smiled the Doctor. Characteristic, I think, is the anecdote of the good-tempered cynicism of Starr King, of the placid humor and fun of Dr. Ballou, and of the energy, the impetuosity, the glorious boisterousness of Chapin!

Among the honors that were conferred on Chapin by his Charlestown friends, and that he took to his heart, was the giving of his name to a ship by a formal service. A Mr. Gondolpho, a Spaniard and a Roman Catholic, seeking a church of his faith, entered by mistake the Universalist Church, but was so well pleased that he came again and again, and at length took seats as a regular attendant. Very soon his admiration for the eloquent minister ripened into esteem and friendship. From a poor man he became a rich one, and entered into business at Mobile, Alabama. At the North a vessel had been built for him, and he honored his former pastor by giving it his name. The following account of the ceremonial of christening the craft is taken from the "Trumpet and Universalist Magazine:"

The ship (or more correctly the barque) E. H. Chapin was the scene of a very interesting service on Wednesday of last week. She then lay at Lewis Wharf in Boston. By the invitation of her owner, James Gondolpho, Esq., of Mobile, a large company of ladies and gentlemen assembled in her elegant cabins by eleven o'clock. At twelve precisely the com-



pany was called together on the promenade deck, under a beautiful awning, when a very fervent prayer was offered by Rev. O. A. Skinner of Boston. Mr. Chapin was then introduced to the audience. He said he felt himself peculiarly situated. His own name, as a compliment to himself, had been given to this vessel. He was thankful for so high a mark of respect. He then went on to speak of the dangers and vicissitudes of the sea, and said that we who dwell upon the land think too little of the wonders, sublimities, and beauties of the sea, and the dangers, privations and trials of those who do business thereon. He spoke of the advantages of the great commerce of the ocean, how it brought distant nations, as it were, together, and linked them to each other more strongly than if it were done with hooks of steel. His mind having been drawn to this subject, he should henceforth take a deeper interest in what appertained to the mighty deep. It was the custom, he said, when an individual had been honored by having a vessel called by his name, for him to present her with a set of colors. For obvious reasons he asked to be excused from the customary presentation, but he begged leave to present to the vessel a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Here he laid an elegantly gilt copy of the Bible, properly inscribed, upon the burnished head of the capstan. This was more than a suit of colors. It was chart and compass. He recommended it to the attention of the officers, passengers, and crew. He showed how true a guide it was in sailing over the stormy ocean of human life.

As in his editorial work at Utica and in his ministry at Richmond, so in his spirit and preaching at Charlestown, Chapin was the broad-churchman. An undoubting Universalist, he still sought a wider fellowship, and urged mainly the principles and sentiments of the Gospels which are held in common by all the sects. His



attitude is well set forth in a single period from the preface to a volume of his sermons published at that time : "The great principle to be propagated and established in the souls of all men is not this or that particular *ism*, but the Spirit of Christ." The idea of the unity of faith was most congenial to him ; and whenever and wherever that idea was set forward it kindled him like an electric spark, and his eloquence became easy and fervid. An exceptionally stirring speech, remembered to this day by some who heard it, was thus generated in one of his conference meetings. A Methodist from the State of Maine, a plain farmer, was in the meeting and had enjoyed it. At length he rose, and, making himself known, said, among other things : " I was one day sitting on a log with my Universalist neighbor, and I said to him, ' Suppose, neighbor, we try and see how much alike we are in religion, and not how we differ ; ' and I must tell you we were pretty much one after all." By this little homely touch of a great fact, Chapin was swiftly exalted into one of his most impassioned moods of eloquence, and thrilled the little company around him as it had rarely been stirred before by human speech. "The effort was magnificent," are the terms by which Rev. Mr. Farnsworth, who heard it, describes it. The little spark from the Methodist's heart kindled a flame in his own soul.

At Charlestown Mr. Chapin's salary, fourteen hundred dollars, although reasonably large for the time, was not equal to his fame nor to his expenditures. Every appeal to his generosity he met with an open hand. The aged artist, his father, was now almost wholly dependent on him, and had his needs met with a filial liberality.

The young minister, living in this more literary realm, had acquired a miserly greed for books, and those of the rarest and costliest type, and through the ardent and blind impulse of the moment he made debts which on the morrow he could not easily meet; but generous friends came to his aid, and sheltered him from the shower of unmet obligations. Meanwhile larger salaries were offered him in New York and Boston, which, with the wider fields of influence thus opened to him, lured him with a sway he could but feel and confess, and which, in the light of duty, he came to regard with favor. He accordingly accepted an invitation from the School Street Church in Boston, and became colleague with Rev. Hosea Ballou, at a salary of two thousand dollars. The following letter of resignation needs no comments: —

CHARLESTOWN, November, 1, 1845.

BRETHREN, — After, I trust, due deliberation, I have concluded to ask of you a dissolution of our present connection, in order that I may be at liberty to accept a call which I have received from the Second Universalist Society in Boston. I therefore now respectfully tender to you my resignation of my office as Pastor of your society — the connection to close at such a time as you may indicate.

Thus much formally. But, brethren, a connection of almost five years cannot be coldly broken. The conclusion at which I have now arrived fills me with emotion, and I should do injustice to myself and to you did I not say so. Those five years exist with all their vicissitudes and their results, and they can never be obliterated from my memory. The kindness and indulgence which I have experienced at your hands, the acquaintances I have formed, the seasons of communion we have had together, the words

which I have spoken and you have heard, and all the facts and opportunities of my ministry among you, have established a relation between us which cannot be broken by any changes. The connection between pastor and people is only excelled in nearness by that of the family ; and I now pen the words which, on my part, dissolve that connection with sad and prayerful emotion. But though I shall soon cease to break unto you the Bread of Life as your settled Pastor, as the Preacher and the Friend I shall always enter your pulpit and your houses as coming *home*, and shall always feel that you are still *my* people.

I trust, brethren, that in forming my decision I have not acted with an eye merely to my own interests. I have not been, nay, I am not now without some fears that my leaving you may be injurious to the interests of your society ; but I have reason, on the whole to believe it will not prove a permanent injury. I trust you will soon find a Pastor upon whom you will unite, and who will advance your temporal and spiritual interests. For your welfare in these respects I do now and shall ever earnestly pray. Commending you to God for guidance, blessing, and all needed good, I subscribe myself,

Yours Fraternaly,

E. H. CHAPIN.

In its reply to this decisive but cordial letter, the society with regret accepted the situation, and returned a not less kindly reply. The following extract from its communication will be read with interest :—

After a connection of almost five years, we cannot contemplate a separation without painful emotion. They have been years of harmony and prosperity with us as a society, and of uninterrupted friendship as individuals, in which you have been very near to us in our joys and our sorrows, and have

touched our hearts by your powerful Christian appeals. We feel that this connection has been mutually happy and profitable. The past will linger in *our* memories ; change shall not alter it, nor time obliterate it. And when as a Preacher you may enter our pulpit, or as a friend may enter our homes, be assured you will ever be welcome as one of us.

In the painful act of accepting the resignation you tender, we find consolation in the thought that you will be engaged in a more extended field, — that labors, so satisfactory to us, will be extended to brethren of the same faith ; and, also, that you will still be in our immediate neighborhood, so that, though the pastoral tie may be severed, yet the friendly intercourse may continue.

## VIII.

### MINISTRY IN BOSTON.

THE time had come when the venerable Hosea Ballou had filled the measure of his more active ministry in the School Street Church and Society in Boston. For years he had gone in and out before this people, who honored him for his virtue, admired him for his ability, and loved him for his devotion to their interests. He had been one of the great preachers of his time,—strong in logic, shrewd in the processes of his thought, impassioned in spirit, mighty in the Scriptures,—and had converted many thousands to his views in a manner so signal they could name the date and the place of their conversion. If the phrase “I was converted to Universalism by Father Ballou” could come flying from all the lips which have spoken it to some printer’s stand and be put in type, its repetitions would fill a good sized volume. But time and toil tell on every life, and their work had been wrought on the stalwart frame and native vigor of the aged pastor; and the question of a colleague came before the parish as one upon which they must act, alike out of regard to the need of their old friend of rest, and of the cause for a more active servant.

For many reasons the people turned to the Charlestown minister as their first choice. They had come to

know the Christian sweetness and ardor of his spirit, the untiring industry of his brain and hand, the charm and power of his eloquence; and they felt confident that eager crowds would press to their ancient temple on every Sunday if he were the minister in charge. And to these determining reasons for giving him a call was added another in the hearts of some of the leading members, a personal friendship already strong and sealed with the stamp of time. Accordingly on the 28th of September, 1845, a unanimous invitation was extended to him, with an offer of \$2,000 as salary, to settle as colleague with Hosea Ballou.

The invitation was accepted. With deep emotions of sadness, but with a sense of rightness in the act, as is indicated at the close of the previous chapter, he withdrew from Charlestown and took up the work in Boston, and was installed on Wednesday evening, January 26, 1846. On this occasion the Scripture was read by Rev. T. D. Cook; the blessing of God invoked by Rev. A. Hichborn; the sermon was by Rev. Hosea Ballou; Installing Prayer, by Rev. Sebastian Streeter; Charge, by Rev. Hosea Ballou 2d; Fellowship of the churches, by Rev. Otis A. Skinner; Address to the society, by Rev. C. H. Fay; and closing prayer, by Rev. A. P. Cleverly. At the conclusion of his sermon, the senior pastor "made a very affectionate and sincere address to the candidate in which he invoked on him great prosperity in his new relation, and assured him of the faithfulness and integrity of the society in their dealings with him."

His ministry in Boston was brief, reaching through a period of only two years, and was not marked by

anything special in the way of development or incident. Coming from Richmond to Charlestown, he had made in the latter place the great advance steps of his life. Under the shadow of Bunker Hill he caught a new vision of Liberty, and amid the temperance agitation of that time he gave his heart to Total Abstinence, and put his hand to the pledge; and for these great causes he became the eloquent advocate. Here also he had acquired a new and tenderer sentiment in his soul, a more pathetic tone in his voice, through the discipline of his first great sorrow—an acquisition as permanent as his life; and here his moods of enthusiastic abstraction, in which his friends even failed to arrest his notice, became characteristic. And with these developments put forth, like buds burst into full bloom, he removed to Boston only to keep the even tenor of his way; or if any change came to him, it was merely a change to greater activity and influence, through the demand imposed by his growing fame. “Mr. Chapin always seemed in a hurry,” is the way in which one, then a child in his parish, states her remembrance of him; and another says of his pastoral calls: “He came and went,”—thus indicating a marked brevity and haste in his social interviews. In part to his constitutional impetuosity, but in a larger degree to necessity, must we ascribe this obvious hurry, for the demand now made on his pen and voice was almost without limit. As reformer, lecturer, and preacher on many special occasions his field of toil was New England,—his hearers and admirers, the eager crowds of her population; while in the narrower sphere of his own pulpit he met on Sundays enthusiastic throngs, many of whom, hearing him for



the first time, marvelled at the spell his eloquence wrought on them. And for all these services his preparation was careful and laborious. Being naturally timid and distrustful of his powers, he bent every energy to the work of making ready for the triumphs he won. Never is the man whose success lies along the path of sentiment and impulse so sure of himself and of his goal as the man whose triumph is of the intellect ; for while the latter may know in advance just how it will be with him, and hence will quietly make ready for his task and be at peace, the former can never foretell his measure of success, and will be nervously anxious and especially painstaking in advance. Thus was it with Chapin. For his many special and ordinary services before the public he made a careful and even solicitous preparation, which left him no time to loiter by the way and indulge in extended social intercourse. To the seeming neglect of his friends, he must needs hastily greet them and pass on.

It is probable that his courage in preaching the reforms was never put to a severer test than in the School Street pulpit. Father Ballou was not a Radical to blaze an advance path through these kingdoms just then being newly entered with the daring purpose of conquest, and to call upon those lingering behind to come forward. The conservatism of his parish was considerable, and he had not much disturbed it. But Chapin came to the place with all the enthusiasm of a new-born reformer, and the prestige of the favorite orator of the reforms, and made slavery, intemperance, and war the frequent objects of his rebuke. The power and pungency with which he treated these themes are set forth in a remi-



niscence by his successor, Dr. Miner, in these words: "I remember on one occasion, in the suburbs of Boston, when, after discussing the great waste in a somewhat more general way occasioned by intemperance, he asked his auditory to reflect upon the waste that would be involved in gathering up the cereals of the Commonwealth, converting them into whiskey, taking the whiskey down to the end of Long Wharf, knocking in the heads of the barrels, and spilling the whole into the dock; and, said he, 'would it be any less a waste if you were to strain that whiskey through human stomachs and spoil the strainer.'" To men still bound by the chains of the old drinking custom, and more or less engaged, it may be, in the liquor traffic, his outspoken reproofs bore a pungent sting, and they grew restive and hostile. But he had the courage of his convictions and moved calmly on in his radical course, and won not only a tolerable peace for himself, but the grounds of an easier victory by the more radical man who came after him to this field of conflict.

In a manner which drew upon him the anxiety of some of his brethren, he betrayed at this period the native catholicity and toleration of his spirit. A fresh wave of Rationalism, flowing across the ocean from Germany, was just then sweeping over the American Church, and bearing away on its fascinating crest one and another of the clergymen of the various orders. Especially were Unitarian and Universalist ministers and laymen inclined to cast themselves on this flowing tide, and to try the open sea of reason and intuition, unguided by any chart of divine authority. The venture was pleasing to a restless and bold but noble order of souls, like a

Theodore Parker, Orestes Bronson, and a Ralph Waldo Emerson. Against these leaders and their more obscure followers Orthodoxy was everywhere aroused, and strove to draw them from the tide or drown them in it. The Universalists had their full share of these come-outers, as they were then called, or these entranced wave-riders to deal with; and with a conscientious vigor the leaders of the order set about the unwelcome task. But Chapin did not take up arms in the conflict. While not adrift himself on the wide sea, he still did not break his fellowship with those who were, but rather conceded they might be sailing within the circle of the Christian horizon, and that Christ might yet be the pilot on their small boat and to the little crew. He contended there were various approaches to the grand haven of Christian experience and life, and that Parker and the rest might still be moving in the right direction, even if not employing the Orthodox compass. Sharing himself a fuller acceptance of Christ than they did, he was not in favor of denying to them the Christian name. He evidently regarded them as within the pale of the Broad Church, which was to him at that time and ever afterward the ideal church, and felt they were to be met and associated with in the name and spirit of Christian fellowship. This attitude affected not his relations with his more exacting brethren, beyond awakening in them the sense that he was more tolerant than logical.

During his Charlestown ministry he had been twice invited and urged to settle in New York City. The Fourth and the Orchard Street societies entered into a generous rivalry to secure the young minister, but the Charlestown remonstrance prevailed against them.

But now the voice of appeal came once more from the Fourth Society, a young and growing and ambitious assemblage of thrifty men and aspiring women, who shared some of the best blood in Gotham. In fact, a delegation came to him in the bold determination to assume full powers and negotiate a settlement before they returned. Sharing in large degree the New York aptness for setting forth the greatness and prospect of their city, it was a tempting perspective they opened before him, and it failed not to tell on his heart and hope.

Variouly biassed, he accepted the call to New York, and on the 5th of February, 1848, wrote his letter of resignation, a brief and business-like note. For the effect of his withdrawal on the society he had no anxiety, since he had pretty well assured himself that his successor would be the Rev. A. A. Miner, then a successful minister in Lowell, and now a man known to the whole country and wearing fitting titles of honor. At the parish meeting which accepted Mr. Chapin's resignation, a call was extended to Mr. Miner to succeed him as preacher and pastor; and on the first Sunday in May, the one in New York and the other in Boston entered upon pastorates which were to extend through the remainder of their lives. For thirty-two years Dr. Chapin ministered to his admiring people; Dr. Miner is still the honored shepherd of his flock.

The regret in view of his leaving Boston and New England was general, and among his brother ministers and intimate friends it was especially felt, for he was to them a friend in whose friendship the finest qualities of head and heart were displayed. He was simple,

frank, social, thoughtful, affectionate ; and in addition to this, he was a tower of strength in their midst. And not without some expression of their regard and good wishes for his success in his new field could they permit him to leave them. "When it became known," wrote Rev. Thomas Whittemore, "that his intention to go was formed, there were several sad yet pleasant meetings of his friends. The mind very naturally reverts to one at which the writer was present. The thoughts of all were fixed on the fact of Mr. Chapin's speedy removal to New York. It was the last opportunity of meeting previously thereto, — perhaps the last they would ever enjoy of being all together on the earth. After an hour of free and generous intercourse, and when the party had left the table and convened in the parlor, a billet was handed to each person, which, on being opened, was found to contain appropriate stanzas. Gathered around the piano, the company with voice and heart, chanted the words in the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." This affectionate parting with Mr. Chapin fittingly took place at the residence of Abel Tompkins, who was the first to welcome the young preacher as he came to this vicinity from his Southern home ; and, meanwhile, meeting almost every day, they had mingled their thoughts and sympathies like two brothers. The hymn for the occasion was written by Rev. John G. Adams, and breathed the hope of a final meeting where friends shall no more part : —

"This thought, loved brother, be with thee,  
As now thou bid'st farewell  
To this long tried fraternity  
With other hearts to dwell."





## IX.

### MINISTRY IN NEW YORK.

ON the first Sunday of September, 1838, a little group of Universalists met in the Apollo Rooms on Broadway, and listened to a service conducted by Rev. William Whittaker. In that day of small things the number assembled seemed hopeful, and the spirit of courage possessed them. Electing Mr. Whittaker as their leader, they continued their meetings, and on the 11th of November organized as the Fourth Universalist Society. On the first Sunday of December they began to hold their meetings in the New Jerusalem Church on Pearl Street, and rented at once forty-three of the fifty pews in the humble structure. The remaining seven were soon taken, and there were earnest calls for more. A committee was appointed to look for ampler quarters, and a church on Duane Street, near Chatham, was leased for two years, and on the following April it was occupied. It was the third home of a society not yet a year old. At the close of the two years the society removed to the lecture room of the College of Physicians and Surgeons on Crosby Street. Resting here a couple of months, like an Arabian encampment, it went into its new church on Elizabeth Street on the first Sunday of May, 1841. In three or four years, as if smitten by



a migratory mania, it sold this church and returned to the Apollo Rooms, where it held its first meetings and from whence it started on its wanderings.

But if the rolling stone gathers no moss, the moving society had steadily augmented its ranks, and ripened an ambition to do some signal thing at its next turn. In short, it had come to the determination—at least, its leaders had—to engage the Rev. E. H. Chapin of Boston as its minister, purchase a commodious temple in as good a location as possible, and command the favor of the public by its enterprise, while securing to itself the benefits of a great leader and a rare oratory.

It was no sudden spasm of ambition which thus seized the rising men in this roving assembly of Universalists. For some years Mr. Chapin had been their favorite, the man after their heart, their ideal as leader along the lofty walks of Christian thought and life. Since the time when, in 1840, he had been providentially delayed on his journey from Richmond to Charlestown by a driving snow-storm, and became a chance occupant of their pulpit for a Sunday, his spirit and voice had haunted the few of them who had made his audience. On various occasions they had, meanwhile, secured his services, and the evidently growing power of the man deepened their desire to claim him as their preacher and pastor. Even more than the cooler and calmer Bostonians, it may be, they felt the special greatness of his gifts, and foresaw for him in their city a career of usefulness and fame of no common order. While he was yet a minister in Charlestown they had sent him an urgent call, emphasized by an offer of increased salary, to come and take up the work in their midst; and



their appeal was not unregarded by him. In fact, he submitted the matter to his people for their advisement; and they thus addressed his rising thoughts of leaving them : —

“ Resolved, that this society entertains with unfeigned regret even the thought of the dissolution of a connection which, in our part, is now so harmonious, profitable, and satisfactory; and confidently hope that our beloved pastor, on his part, will see his path of duty to lay in its continuance.”

This hearty remonstrance modified his view of duty as they hoped it would; and he remained two years longer as their pastor, and supplemented this term by a two years' settlement in Boston.

But the time had now come for another overture from New York, which, not less urgent than those of a former year, could be emphasized by increased wealth and numbers. Knowing the frame of mind in which the society stood, but bearing no message from it, three men, Messrs. William Banks, George A. Hoyt, and J. B. Close, went on to Boston with the solemn purpose not to return till they could bring back the tidings that Mr. Chapin had been secured as minister to the Fourth Universalist Society. In true Jacksonian spirit they empowered themselves to act without official advice, and they mutually vowed deafness to a negative answer to their entreaty.

But they found Mr. Chapin in a good condition for listening to their combined eloquence. Since their former invitation, New York had been a growing attraction to his enthusiastic soul. In her rushing and roaring tides of life he felt a sympathetic thrill, as for something

with which his own bounding pulses kept pace. With a wild zest he had visited the eager metropolis from time to time, and with unspeakable pleasure had kindled the quick enthusiasm of her crowds from platform and pulpit. And hence, on a very broad ground, the appeal of the three men was not unwelcome. But more specifically it called him to a sole pastorship from a divided one, in which, while he was free from friction and annoyance and even cheered by a personal friendship, yet, by reason of the wide contrast in spirit and style between himself and his senior, he could not have been entirely at his ease. A long and powerful ministry so unlike his own, and constantly suggested by the presence of its revered source, made an atmosphere in which he could but feel a degree of restraint. Hence in the New York call he saw an invitation to a more ideal freedom. But the more potent special bias in favor of the appeal he found in the financial offer of the three men. Mr. Chapin had no love for money, but he had a great need of it. With his generous hand, overruled sometimes by a blind impulse, especially in the bookstores, he scattered more than he gathered. As in Charlestown, so in Boston, he found his obligations maturing faster than his income. In his moments of ardor he made debts which came round in his calmer hours to haunt him. It was at this point the New York committee, speaking in their own name, met him triumphantly. They pledged him for three years an increase of a thousand dollars a year on his present salary, and would assume and immediately discharge his unmet dues. Thus variously weighted, the scale was made to tip in favor of New York, and the happy three returned to report their

victory to their enthusiastic associates, who had waited years for this hour to arrive.

At once a church was purchased on Murray Street, and on the 7th of May, 1848, Mr. Chapin, then thirty-four years old, entered on his ministry with the Fourth Universalist Society, — a ministry that was to continue unbroken for the remainder of his life, a period of thirty-two years, and which was to be more noted for its fruits than for its duration. Up to this date the migrating band had been ministered to by Revs. William Whittaker, I. D. Williamson, Moses Ballou and Thomas L. Harris. This was its period of struggle and self-sacrifice and slow growth. “Ere its days of prosperity were reached,” wrote one of the pioneers, “it had a hard and toilsome path to follow. Dark clouds often overshadowed it, but the silver lining was seen, and each one took courage. Faithful men and working women were ready to do and suffer to establish it.” For parishes, as for men, it is no doubt good that they should be called to bear the yoke in their youth; but of these early toils and contests with limitations, the members of the Fourth Society who came to it after Mr. Chapin’s gifts had made it prosperous and popular, have known and thought as little, it may be, as the children of wealthy homes, which were once poor, know and think of the labors and hardships of their parents.

The installation of Mr. Chapin as preacher and pastor to this people took place on the 8th of June. At this service Rev. R. P. Ambler invoked the divine blessing. The Rev. I. D. Williamson read a fitting selection from the Bible. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas Starr King. The Installing Prayer was

by Rev. Menzies Rayner; the Charge and Presentation of the Scriptures, by Rev. Otis A. Skinner; the Right Hand of Fellowship in behalf of the churches, by Rev. T. B. Thayer; and the Address to the Society, by Rev. Henry Lyon.

It was a graceful tribute of friendship in Mr. Chapin to invite the youthful King, then but twenty-four years old, to come on from Charlestown, Massachusetts, to preach the sermon on this important occasion. During the years of Chapin's ministry in that city King had been his parishioner, an admirer of his genius and the spirit of his life, cheered and blessed by his sermons, a frequent visitor at his study for philosophical and religious conversation, and more and more his companion and friend. In his letters he often referred with pride and gratitude to his pastor. In one of these he wrote: "I love him for his manly and free thought, his enlarged Christian charity, — capable of seeing the excellencies of his opponents and the defects of his own sect, — and, above all, for his practical appreciation of the realities of religion and the spiritual world. Seldom have I met a man who with a heartier communion sympathized with a great doctrine which every day becomes more important and more real and more dear to me, — the doctrine of a Universal Providence." But this appreciation and love were reciprocated, and Chapin was happy to say of his friend at a later day: "His name was felicitous, for he was a *star* in intellect, — lofty, clear, shining like a star, — and *king* in his large nature, swaying us, ruling us, by the sovereignty of his munificent love." With the affection of Paul counselling Timothy, Chapin preached the sermon

at King's ordination; and now, after two years, Timothy had shown such proficiency in wisdom and eloquence that he was asked to counsel Paul and his people as they were about to enter into new relations; and his wise and brilliant discourse justifies the friendly confidence which had been reposed in him.

No sooner had Mr. Chapin begun his work in New York than he was seen to be the right man in the right place. At once were his talents recognized and his success assured. The ardent hope of the leaders of the enterprise found an early fruition in the crowd which came to their church, and was ready to assume responsible relations with the movement. Men of wealth and influence sought the best pews, recognizing the cost as trivial in view of the great blessing they got in return, — in the uplifting of their thoughts, the kindling of their noblest sentiments, the awakening of their imaginations, the fostering of their trust in God and their goodwill toward men, and in their newly experienced raptures in the House of God as the waves of a mighty eloquence swept over them. Hither also came the poor, for in full sympathy with them was the preacher's heart, and to them he preached the generous gospel of a common humanity, the innate worth of character, and the bending of God with equal favor over palace and cot in which the law of love has a like fulfilment. Sorrow found a balm of healing in the prayers and sermons of this temple. Here the reformers were encouraged, sinners tenderly pleaded with, the young men inspired and cheered on, the upright in their dealings invested with a mantle of honor, the true statesman heartily approved, the tolerant in spirit commended in the

name of a broad Christianity, and the pious borne into a diviner atmosphere. With a magnetic oratory he touched the best life of souls, and they came in crowds to place themselves under his genial and mighty power.

It was not long before it begun to be manifest that the Murray Street pastor was to become New York's favorite preacher, the one to be most sought on Sunday and talked of on Monday; and it became evident that the church, which had been bought on his account for its commodiousness, must on his account be sold as unequal to the demand of the people, and arger quarters be secured; for it was now no novel occurrence for eager feet to press to its doors when there was no room for them within, every seat and standing-place being occupied.

At length a relief from this pressure was sought, but not found, in the purchase of the large church on Broadway, near Spring Street, then owned and occupied by the Unitarian Society of which Rev. Dr. Bellows was pastor. On favorable terms, \$93,000, the purchase was made, and on the first Sunday of November, 1852, the newly acquired temple was taken possession of, with an appropriate recognition of its advantages over the one they had left, and of the fresh hopes and responsibilities of its new occupants. At the evening service "about two thousand people were present, and hundreds went away unable to gain admittance." The new enterprise was inaugurated with an "overflow," which was but a prophecy of the coming years of prosperity. One hundred and seventy of the two hundred pews were already rented. And for

fourteen years, while Dr. Chapin went in and out as the preacher in this church, its fame in the city, in the whole country, and in foreign lands, as the theatre of a marvellous eloquence, and the oracle of a sweet and saving gospel, a broad and generous Christianity, a universal religion, was far beyond the aspects of the place. Vastly greater than the temple was he of the rapt heart and eloquent tongue who ministered in it; and, like a patrician mantle cast over a plebeian form, he covered it with a glory not its own. A roomy and comely building, it was the rare genius of the preacher which filled it with an air of the divine, made it solemnly cheerful with great visions of love and hope, turned it into a mount of higher communion and rapture, and, year after year, blessed the eager throngs which crowded through its vestibule.

The notable scene became the frequent theme of the newspaper correspondents, and their sketches were all the more interesting in that so many of their readers had seen the original; for among the things not to be missed on a visit to New York, was a Sunday at Dr. Chapin's church. Indeed, not a few business men and professional men from all parts of the land, called to make hasty trips to the city, were accustomed to so time them as to include an opportunity of listening to the thrilling eloquence in the Broadway Church. In the weeks or months of their absence the potent spell rested on them, and they were moved to seek its source again and again. From a racy writer in the "Salem Register," the following sketch is taken as one of the many attempts to portray the scene. He painted it as it appeared to a stranger:—



Approaching the humble entrance he walks into a long wide entry, rather a dark one, — walks on, his eyes turning right and left, half incredulous, half suspicious there's a hoax about it; which suspicion, however, is soon dissipated as he comes to the inner doors and spacious gallery-ways; which suspicion he is a little ashamed of as one of these doors opens and he looks into the great church, elegantly but modestly finished, made impressive by two rows of pillars reaching from roof to floor,— its Gothic architecture of dark shade relieved by soft light coming in at curtained windows and giving it the devotional appearance. No one seems to offer the stranger a seat, and he thinks he'll step up stairs; perhaps the seats are free up there. He goes up and, as he arrives, reads a notice in big letters, "Strangers are particularly requested not to take seats, except under the direction of the trustees." "Gracious! that is kind of mean," says our stranger to himself. He keeps saying so to himself, till at last the thought strikes him (curious it did n't strike him before) that every seat in the house is let! "Well, if a man hires a seat he ought to have it;" and our pious stranger grows disappointed and charitable at the same moment. The prospect is dubious. It's too bad. He wanted to hear Chapin in his own pulpit, and amid his own admiring people. He is on the point of leaving the premises. Happy fellow! he is prevented. He has got there early, and some one has told him he can use one of those boards that run across the windows. He does not hesitate a bit to accept even that fare. He plants himself on one of the boards. It's just as good a seat as any, only it is not so genteel. He goes to the farthest one, so that he can look right down on the pulpit, and there he sits. Now they are beginning to flock in. Group after group pour through the doors and throng up the stairs. Gentility parades itself fresh from the tailor's press, and plumed bonnets sail along the aisles to the music of rustling silks. Not half



an hour, and those two hundred and twenty-five pews are packed full, while around the doorways, above and below, are throngs who account it no hardship to stand, well knowing, as they do, that *that* voice will be heard, though it spoke from the remotest corner of a St. Peter's.

The minister has come in. He came in at a private door, unnoticed by our stranger, who was probably watching for him in the wrong direction. There he sits, a stout, fat, robust, swarthy-faced, black-haired, gold-spectacled, genial-looking minister; and while yet a tardy worshipper or two are tending toward their reserved places, he rises, looks his flock over — as does the shepherd — and announces the hymn, and the tune to which it is to be sung. He reads it in a deep, measured, solemn voice, and as the people look on they see a meaning they did not suspect in that hymn. It touches a chord in them that vibrates, and when the singing begins, it is generally a familiar tune, the whole congregation join — far more devotional is this — and fill the large house with a *heartly* harmony. The singing closes, and there follows a chapter of Scripture, pronounced in a resonant, yet subdued and effective voice; and if there occurs in it some passage well-known to his childhood, but become trite through oft repeating, it very likely has for him now a fresh import. It now seems like divine speech indeed. The Scripture is pronounced, and he that pronounces it leans on the open Bible in momentary silence, the congregation still sitting, and begins the utterance of a prayer. It is a short prayer, — obedient to Christian rule, — but comprehensive, leaving unasked no needful thing, leaving unacknowledged no blessing received. Another hymn, read as before, sang as before, and Whitefield, whom Hume has come twenty miles to hear preach, rises and gives you the text. Perhaps it is in these words: "What think ye of Christ?" Twice he repeats it, "What think ye of Christ?" and the multitude is hushed, nor refuses to be

“held by his melodious harmony,  
In willing chains and sweet captivity.”

He proceeds to tell them that, in this era of general intelligence, all have *some* opinion touching Christ; that the character who, in two thousand years of history, has figured the chief, necessarily enlists a universal inquiry respecting him; and as number the various answers to the inquiry, so number the classes of men of whom he would speak. There is a Speculative class, a Sceptical class, an Indifferent class, a Faithful class. On these severally he descants, administering rebuke, expressing pity, applying exhortation, according as it seemeth just. He has notes before him, but he scarcely sees them. He grows warm; holy fire kindles his brow, and the sweat rolls down his earnest face. He grows bold, his arms sway to and fro, indignation flashes in his eye; and he does not refrain to affirm that he would rather see a man stay at home of a Sabbath and study his Bible, though he study to refute, than see him come up with grave visage to slumber under the droppings of the sanctuary. Again he softens and becomes tender. His countenance beams with triumphant hope, and he pleads the matchless love of the Son of God.

Now he has forgotten all about his notes. Perhaps he wonders how he ever wrote those dumb words. Yea, he seems to have forgotten the words he spoke in the beginning; for now, with arms uplifted and voice ringing through the vaulted church, he declares: “Finally, brethren, there are but *two* classes of men in the world; one has turned its back on Christ and, forgetful, reckless, grovelling, hurries in its downward course, unenlightened by gospel truth, unsustained by redeeming love; the other, a glorious company, with face toward the living Jesus, presses upward with more than mortal confidence, sometimes falling a step backward, but, ever brave, ever strong, it gathers energy and struggles on to reach the great high place. Oh, he sees them in the

ranks unnumbered, their spiritual armor girded on, their lances couched and glistening in the heavenly effulgence. Let us join them. There is Paul away up there, the halo of glory about him. There are saints waving palms and beckoning us thither, and the strings of celestial harps are sounding. Let us join the jubilant army ; let us live forevermore ! ”

The sermon is preached. The preacher is silent, for a moment silent. The still audience draws the long breath that eases the overcharged heart, and *he*, leaning forward, utters the simple prayer of the Saviour. Another hymn, the benediction, and the congregated people retire slowly, thoughtfully, feeling wiser, better, happier, their fraternal sympathy strengthened, their sense of responsibility increased, and revolving perchance, in the recesses of the heart, those words of solemn significance : —

“ Our life is short ;

To spend that shortness basely — ’t were too long. ”

In the crowded vestibule, which the above writer calls “ a long, wide entry,” the standard inquiry was : “ Does Dr. Chapin preach to day ? ” And a negative reply to this question sent a shadow of disappointment over the heart, and set the feet to moving away in quest of some other temple where eloquence was to be heard, or to seek one or another of the many attractions of the city to a stranger. But now and then it happened that this inquiry was omitted, and strangers took their seats to find, not Dr. Chapin in his accustomed place, but some clergyman who had been called to conduct the service for the day. At once the retreat began, and, singly or in groups, timidly or boldly, the disappointed ones left the church. To spare his sensibilities the strange minister was ordinarily notified, by the sexton or some trustee, of this unavoidable occur-

rence; but not every one met the case so coolly as did the philosophical Scotchman, Rev. A. G. Laurie, who thus relates his experience:—

I had been warned that, seeing a stranger in his pulpit, the people would leave. "All natural," said I. And leave they did. In the vestibule, group after group whispered the sexton, and turned out. When I reached the pulpit the dribble increased. As I rose to the second hymn, half a dozen in the gallery slid to the door. Then said I: "I know that from all the country, visitors in New York flock to this church to hear Dr. Chapin. None is gladder than I that they do. None considers it more natural, than that when they see another in the pulpit, many should leave. I am pleased to see that, from consideration for the quiet of those who stay, the leavers move gently. I shall therefore sit down for two minutes, that those who have come to hear Dr. Chapin may go freely, and leave in peace those who have come to worship God."

The reader will not fail to find in this generous acquittal a shrewdly administered rebuke.

Into the fourteen years of his Broadway ministry came the three years of our Civil War; and it was to no ordinary test that the patriotism and courage of Dr. Chapin were subjected. His was largely a parish of merchants, and some of these were not only engaged in a Southern trade, but were also the victims of a pro-slavery bias. Of their opinions they were tenacious, and of reproof for holding them they were feverishly jealous. In the city their party was large and somewhat defiant, and in many instances its individual members would hush the voice of the pulpit from its advocacy of the Union cause. Dr. Chapin was thus

confronted; but he kept the even tenor of his way as a patriot, and now and then, under provocation, smote the opposition with a telling blow. Around his pulpit for many months he kept the national flag gathered in graceful folds, and into his sermons and prayers he steadily breathed the spirit and often introduced the theme suggested by the sacred symbol.

But not unfrequently amid his sharp rebukes of the spirit of the rebellion, active in the South and sympathetic and illy concealed in the North, and his outspoken encouragement of the aim to subdue it, were there demonstrations of disapprobation and even enmity in one and another of his congregation. In several instances he openly resented these displays of opposition. Thus, as one slammed a pew door and tramped heavily down the aisle, he said: "I shall not go out of my way to seek these topics, but when they are fairly before me I shall not turn aside to avoid them, though your pew doors should clap to like platoons of musketry." On one occasion he read an anonymous letter to his congregation, which he had just received, and in which his preaching was characterized in bitter terms, and then made the broad announcement to his people: "While you have absolute control of your temple, you have no authority over my conscience."

A lover of peace and harmony, and alarmed at war, he still confessed the dread necessity of resort to arms under the circumstances, and followed the councils of State and the national army with an intensity of anxiety and hope which robbed him of his sleep. By our reverses in battle he was greatly depressed, and by our victories he was not less elated. From Europe,

whither he went in 1862 to seek relief from his bodily infirmity, he wrote to a member of his society: "I have, like every loyal American, been very much troubled about our dear country. I think the aspect of affairs is better now — better, not so much on account of great military movements and victories, as on account of the renewed loyalty and consolidated feeling of the North. The result of all that I have seen thus far is, if possible, an increase of love for the institutions of my native land, and a confirmation of my faith in true democracy." On his return, his spirit had lost none of its loyalty, but his voice had gained in power, and in his pulpit, on the platform, at the raising of flags, he eloquently advocated his country's cause. In her interest, struggling thus with fate, he wrought out some of his mightiest thoughts and his most telling rhetoric.

But it was reserved for him at the close of the war, to make, before the State officials and the assembled citizens, one of the most pathetic and jubilant and therefore thrilling speeches of his life, — on the return of the battle-flags to the custody of the Commonwealth. By these shattered and soiled symbols, brought from the fields of conflict and hard-earned victory, he was deeply moved. They touched his patriotism, kindled his pride in view of the sovereignty of the Republic, reassured his hope of the future, moved his sense of honor and humanity toward the brave men who had returned with sunburnt faces and scars, bearing these tokens of their loyalty, or had fallen in the bloody strife, still cheering on their standard-bearers, and awakened his sorrow and pity for the many sad homes which the war had stricken. Thus aroused by the



Aged 46





suggestions of the occasion, he rose to one of the memorable triumphs of his eloquence.

From the Broadway Church, ever to be remembered as the temple in which Chapin won many of his greatest triumphs of oratory, in which a host of souls were thrilled, cheered, comforted, made more rich in spirit and firm in faith, the society removed, in December of 1866, to its new church at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. On this temple it has expended nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, and now holds the property free from debt. Here also for a period of fourteen years, as in Broadway, the great preacher taught the people, and made many souls happy and strong in the spirit of the broad and sweet gospel he inculcated. This was to him a sacred shrine, since it had been created under the inspiration of his own ministry ; and here he set forth the mature and chastened thought of his later years. To the crowd his presence became less magnetic, his voice less thrilling, his message less captivating ; but to souls seeking nearness to Christ, and spiritual communion and the hopes of religion, his Fifth Avenue ministry was especially helpful. With a diminished force, his services assumed a riper and richer spirit.

In Mr. Chapin's New York ministry there appears an evident growth of interest in the institutions of Christianity and in the Church-days. More and more he emphasized these in his thought and speech. To Christmas, Palm Sunday, and Easter he gave his whole heart, and on these occasions his services were distinguished by fitness and fervor. Nor was he unmindful even of some of the Saints' Days, as they came round in

the circle of the Church-year. In these traditional seasons he found a historic witness of the reality and power of the religion of Christ, and a fitting appeal to special ideas and sentiments connected with the kingdom of God and the growth of the soul. Ever was he in the spirit at the church-meeting and the communion table, and seemed grateful for the nearness of his Savior on these occasions.

But amid the array of forms and the recurrence of festivals, he wanted no creed to limit or rule his mind. In these high hours he would have before him the personal Christ, and not a formulated theology. He once said: "I do not know of any other Church standard than this—the life of Christ, the spirit of Christ;" and at the great Centennial Mass Meeting of Universalists held in Gloucester, Massachusetts, where the American branch of the order started, he said, in a sermon given at the service of holy communion: "There is a deeper Church than the Universalist Church; it is the Church of Christ."

At his annual church-meeting, over which he was wont to preside, a worthy brother, revering the creed, was accustomed from year to year to move the adoption by the church of the Winchester (Universalist) Confession of Faith; but, writes one who was regularly present, "the Doctor would at once become excited, and oppose it vigorously." But out of regard to the Doctor's wish in the case, the annual motion was withheld at the meeting following his death, its maker saying: "I should expect, if I made it, to see the Doctor start out from the desk, and resist it as he always did."

To the waiting and eager crowds which assembled in

his church, Dr. Chapin was wont to come as from a Mount of Transfiguration. From wrestling with his theme and with the Holy Spirit, it may be for hours, he came thoughtfully, silently to the temple, and needed not to warm his heart after reaching his pulpit, for it was already on fire. In the busy season of lecturing, when, as Dr. Sawyer tells us, "it was no uncommon thing for him to leave home on the first train out of New York on Monday morning, and not enter his own door until Saturday evening," he often spent the Saturday night — save that he would catch an hour or two of rest on the sofa in his study — in his preparation for the Sunday. When others were asleep he was in the rapture of unfolding some great topic, or of holding face to face converse with the source of all inspirations. Under the wakeful stars he continued his rapt vigils.

The Sunday mornings he habitually gave to thought and prayer, mainly the latter, in the seclusion of his study. Even when away from home, and to occupy a strange pulpit, he sought this sacred privacy in which to kindle the flame of love and worship on the altar of his heart. "Before starting for church," says his intimate friend Charles A. Ropes of Salem, from whose door he went annually, on one of his vacation Sundays, to occupy the Universalist pulpit in that ancient city, "he kept his room; and on his way to church he was all absorbed, silent, did not want to talk; but he was like a boy when his work was over." At home his retirement within himself and oblivion of others, that he might make ready for his public service, was more marked. He seemed to become lost in musing and devotion; and it was ordinarily by the urgent importu-

nity of his wife that he was drawn away from these moods, to take his seat in the carriage that was waiting to carry him to church. She rarely succeeded in getting him there in time. Oftener than otherwise he entered his pulpit ten or fifteen minutes late, especially in the most active years of his life. Even when to her importunity was added a resolution passed by the board of trustees, suggesting greater promptness, he still left his private sanctuary reluctantly and lingeringly. To the church he was wont to ride in deep thought. Silently, or with the fewest words possible, the sexton handed him the notices for the pulpit, for at all interference he was manifestly impatient. In the words of one who had heard him for thirty years, and knew him intimately, "he wanted no one to come between him and his preparation." Even the form of courtesy he would violate rather than imperil the mood of emotion and power into which he had raised his spirit. Happy and sovereign in his ardor, he thus jealously guarded the ecstatic spell he had drawn on by his meditations, as the Sibyl inspired herself by her contortions, and would reach his pulpit with the flame undiminished.

Into the whole service the sacred impulse was borne, but it gave to his first words a magical sway. Even though spoken in seeming calmness, his earliest utterance betrayed the heat of pent-up fires, and his hearers swiftly put themselves to watching and waiting for the bursting out of the suppressed flames. As Minerva is said to have sprung in full armor from the brain of Jove, so Chapin came to the church with eloquence fully developed in his soul, and ready to leap forth a spirit of beauty and power; and his audience became

at once aware of this full-grown Presence. Instead of making an anvil of his congregation, on which to hammer his coldness into a pleasing and effective warmth, he had generated the needed glow in advance, and there was an instant kindling of hearts to his preliminary words. A writer in "Harper's Weekly" discovered this swift command of attention, and wrote of it in the following terms: "Before the appearance of the preacher the suppressed hum of voices in conversation struck a stranger as irreverent, but the first tones of his voice wove a spell which hushed and subdued the mass of humanity before him till the final Amen was uttered."

It was by no ordinary labor that Dr. Chapin brought his parish to its rare degree of prosperity. Not only was he intensely active on Sunday from early morning till late in the evening, but on no day of the week did he find leisure. By temperament he was an enthusiastic worker at whatever he laid his hand to; and by reason of his superb execution, tasks crowded upon him with a clamorous demand. Reviewing his ardent and often excessive toils he once said to a friend: "I look upon my career as if I had been driving a coach and four at a rapid rate down the side of a mountain." But so dominant was his impulse to drive on and make the longest distance in the shortest time, that he seemed incapable of checking his speed even when he was conscious of peril. He could not be a moderate toiler. He only took rest when he was spent, as the wheels of a mill halt when the head-water or the steam is exhausted. When the vital machinery broke by overuse or misuse, as it did now and then, he stopped, but reluctantly, to make the necessary repairs.

The making of two sermons a week was his regular task, and by an imperious demand they had to be sermons of no ordinary merit. They must equal the great fame of the speaker, and the vast and intelligent assembly to which they were to be delivered. To be in his pulpit twice every Sunday was the rule of his ministry, the burden imposed on him by his fame, the tax laid on his distinguished gifts. On this basis his salary had been in a measure adjusted, and many of the pews rented; while he could but feel an obligation to the many strangers from all parts of the land, who came to hear his voice and be blessed by his message,—to respect their desire and honor their compliment. “Few ministers,” said Dr. Bellows, addressing Chapin’s people, “have been so constantly in their own places on Sunday as Dr. Chapin. Indeed he has so much spoiled you for any voice except his own, and has so made this church a place of eager pilgrimage from the hotels and strangers’ homes in New York, that it has been a sort of necessity that he should steadily occupy his own pulpit, and speak to his own audience.” By reason of this necessity he became a maker of sermons to an extent seldom required at the hand of a minister, and has left the marvellous number of eighteen hundred and twenty-five manuscripts. The traditionary “barrel,” which the clergyman is said to turn every now and then, would hardly hold this bulk of written paper. It makes the brain weary to think of the vast amount of thought it must have required to treat nearly two thousand themes, and to treat them freshly and strongly; and the hand shrinks before the immense manual toil involved, as the old clock grew tired and paused under



the contemplation of the millions of strokes that would be required of it. It would not be too much to say that Dr. Chapin wrought out in sermons at least two thousand topics, giving to them hard study and exhausting emotion; for many of his manuscripts must have been given away, or used up by the printers in making his printed volumes and in newspaper offices, while few of his briefs from which he spoke in his pulpit are preserved.

But the making of sermons to this extent was only a small fraction of Dr. Chapin's labors. He was the pride of the city, and in demand on countless occasions which required special and sometimes extensive preparation. His name was sought to rally the public, and his voice to add delight to the hour in which the people met. Speaking to his congregation at the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement, Dr. Armitage said: —

There was a time when it was your sole privilege to love and honor and trust your pastor, because then he belonged to you. So there was a time when the Kooi-i-noor diamond belonged exclusively to the man who discovered and prized and hoarded it. But its possession in the diadem of Great Britain, for a quarter of a century or so, has made it the property of the whole empire; just as the weight and worth and soul-light of your pastor, for twenty-five years, have made him the property of this whole metropolis.

Ever was his voice at the call of humanity, for he had not the gift to say No where his heart was enlisted. The two words Temperance and Charity were enough to rally him under any circumstances, and lead him forth in heat or cold, in calm or storm, to make his stirring appeals; and it was no uncommon thing for

him to hunt his way to two platforms in a single evening, in order to serve two distinct causes. He would often go to grace a festival with his fervor and wit, for he was not averse to toiling in the interests of pleasure; but he loved better to give himself to the more serious demands of society for his services.

It was his special delight to aid a weak church and encourage a struggling minister, by the gift of a lecture in their behalf; and in this matter he was quite indifferent about denominational names and lines. In nearly all the temples in and around New York, and there were many of them, which sought to escape the scorn and shame of death by debt, through getting some money by lectures, his eloquence—and he was never more eloquent than on these beneficent occasions.—was sooner or later heard. Full well he knew the value of his gift to such enterprises, and he was happy to place it at the service of all who needed it. He would sometimes foresee the demand and volunteer his aid. In a cordial letter to the presiding officer on his twenty-fifth anniversary, Rev. Dr. Burchard sent the following testimonial:—

Dr. Chapin and myself have stood side by side as personal friends, as advocates of virtue, temperance, and human rights, for the past twenty-five years. During that time I have received from him many tokens of personal esteem and brotherly kindness. When in a season of unparalleled and protracted suffering, and apparently nigh unto death, he came to my bedside and offered fervent prayer, and spoke words of comfort and hope. Since then my heart has been in full sympathy with him. When the twenty-fifth anniversary of my own pastorate was near at hand, and I was desirous that



it should be celebrated over a church entirely free from an oppressive debt, he was among the first and the freest to respond to the call for sympathy and aid, by offering to give one in a course of lectures which crowned the effort to relieve the burden.

This, however, was only one of the many hands which, inspired by his generosity, could have sent a grateful testimonial to the large and happy group gathered around him at the close of the twenty-five years of his New York ministry; and each tribute would have been an indication of the labors he took upon himself apart from the making of two sermons a week.

But we must follow him into the wide lecture-field, stretching from Maine to Illinois, if we would get a fuller view of the extent of his toils. During half of the year, for many years, he spent most of the days in the cars, and of the evenings on the lecture-platforms; and often a part of the night had to be taken from the hours due to sleep, that he might make some distant point to meet an engagement. These constant trips were often attended by special hardships and exposures: cars too cold or too hot, rides in sleighs through the sharp air of mid-winter, meals at irregular hours and of every possible order of badness,—from bad materials to bad cooking,—and the worst of beds in the worst of rooms. Amid one of these trials of body and soul he was happily sketched by the facile pen of George William Curtis:—

Some years ago, in the height of his prosperous lecturing career, the Easy Chair met him at the Albany Railroad station in the early evening of a winter day. He was snatching “a

bite" and a cup of coffee; and, as the bell rang, they hurried to the train, Chapin carrying a lumbering bag and shawls, and laughing and joking as they climbed into the car. He had been out all the week, starting early on Monday morning, after preaching twice on Sunday. He had lectured every evening during the week, travelling hard all day. "Up before light," he said gayly, "eating tons of tough steaks and bushels of cold apples, whizzing on in these stifling cars, and turning out just in time to swallow a cup of tea, and off to the lecture." It was tremendous work, as only the fully initiated know. But he made it all a joke, and his swift tongue flew humorously on from incident to incident, and presently began to discuss the new books and the new articles in the magazines with sharp and just discrimination. Suddenly the train stopped, evidently not at a station. The night was cold and stormy. Presently the conductor passed, and Chapin asked to know the reason of the delay. The conductor replied that there was some derangement of the locomotive, and Chapin said quietly, "This is bad business for a man who has to preach at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and whose sermon is not begun." His companion remonstrated; but Chapin's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Oh, you laymen know nothing about it. Burns sang the Cotter's Saturday Night, but the Minister's Saturday Night is yet unwritten. At least," he said laughing, "this one is likely to be unwritten." It was past midnight when the train reached the city. "Good-night," cried the hearty voice. "Go home and go to bed; I'm going to work." The next time the Easy Chair met the preacher, it asked about that sermon. "Oh, that was all right. I went home, and there was a bright fire in my study, and a brew of hot coffee, and I finished that sermon just as the sun rose." And the next morning probably he was off again for another week of the same kind.

Only the toughest fibre of flesh, cheered by a spirit which made the best of the situations, could have endured such wear and tear of the constitution for a score of years as he seemed to; but to this exposure we must ascribe in part, no doubt, the fact that he broke in health at sixty and died at sixty-six.

But in forming an adequate schedule of Dr. Chapin's labors the fact must not be left out of the account that he was a constant and vehement reader, when not otherwise employed. He was a man of books and of eager reading habits to an extent equalled by but few in our land. For a period of twenty years, between his earlier ministry when his purse was thin, and his later ministry when his powers were spent, there is little doubt that he averaged buying a book a day; and of these volumes, always of a high order, often exhaustive treatments of the greatest themes, he gained more or less knowledge by his swift mental activity. He swept over their pages with an eager glance for their salient points, as an eagle sweeps over the landscapes. He wrestled with their great themes, not critically and patiently, but with an intensity of interest and aim of which but few minds are capable. And to books he added, to a prodigal extent, newspapers and magazines, whose columns he scanned with a swift glance. Around him in his study these lighter issues from the press swarmed in a wide-spread confusion, and wherever he went were his companions. At all times and in all places, where propriety did not forbid, he was reading. A characteristic scene is set before us in the following period from the pen of George William Curtis:—

His old associates on the lecture platform will never forget his cordial greeting in the ear, as he looked up from the last new book on theology or philosophy or science or fiction, one hand resting upon the travelling-bag distended with the latest reviews and magazines, European and American, while the other grasped the new-comer, and drew him to a seat, and to a flood of merry, shrewd, kind, humane conversation that followed.

To be asleep, or intensely active, was a necessity of his being; and as a lover of books, bibliolater, in fact, his activity, to a large degree, took the form of reading.

As a pastor he was not given to going from house to house, as most clergymen do; but he was very faithful to the sick and the sorrowing, and made no discrimination between the rich and the poor in his attentions, — or if any distinction, it was one in favor of the latter. Notices of sickness among his people, and of funerals which occurred in his absence from the city, were often left with the sexton; and for these he would inquire on Sunday, and embrace the earliest opportunity to make his pastoral visits. But for the ordinary “call” he had little aptness and less inclination. He was not a patient waiter while the lady of the house lingered to dress her hair and robe herself in finer attire. Having no book or magazine along with him, he knew not how to occupy the restless moments, but only counted them by a frequent gaze at his watch, and computed their value if devoted to study. The brevity of the touch-and-go interview forbade the drawing on of any congenial rush of thought or feeling, and he was not content or at ease in conversation if he were not kindled. If not thus made self-forgetting he was painfully self-conscious,

silent or hesitant in speech, bothered to know what to say next, awkward with his hands, ill at ease generally, and wishing himself away. He did not like to meet strangers when he felt there rested on him the duty of making the time pass profitably. While he was a happy frequenter of a few homes, he shunned the many, as one who felt he could neither derive nor impart any benefit from the few moments he might be able to spend in them.

To the end of his days Dr. Chapin was the persistent and ardent laborer, and often went to his tasks when he should have gone to his bed, or on some restful excursion. Far beyond the measure of his strength were the desire of his heart and the urgency of his will. "His fiery soul was untamed by sickness or age," said Dr. Pullman, his friend and neighbor in the ministry, "and only physical infirmities checked him from the drive and push of his best days." He often preached when he had to climb the pulpit stairs by the aid of the railing, and to lean on the desk, while speaking, in order to make himself secure. In the midst of the most acute pains he would rise from his sofa and go and deliver his sermon or attend a funeral. As his physician, the celebrated Dr. James R. Wood, was one day prescribing for him, the hour came for him to go to his church to speak to a group of mourners who were to pause there on their way to the cemetery with their cherished dust, that they might have the comfort of his trustful prayers and hopeful words. The Doctor said to him, "Mr. Chapin, you are not able to go to the church." "Well, I am able to be carried there," was the reply. "But you cannot ascend the pulpit after you are there,"

added the physician. "Then I can stand in front of it," was the response. "But you are not strong enough to stand," replied the man who had his health in charge. "Then I can sit and talk, which is the more apostolic manner," was the rejoinder. "You will faint away," said the Doctor, striving to set before the sick man the most dubious prospect. "If I do," was the reply, "somebody will come with a smelling-bottle and bring me to, and I shall go on." When the carriage came for him he made his way to it with painful effort, and went to the funeral, leaving his faithful physician in his library.

He not only contended thus with pain and weakness, but with a serious embarrassment caused by his false teeth, which the best of dentists in his latest years could not make secure in their place. They seriously checked at length his freedom of utterance, and utterly kept him back from those moments of abandon and high climax in which he so much delighted and from whence he sent forth his most characteristic power, for he feared their fidelity to their duty. By reason of their treachery he was compelled to move cautiously and timidly in his discourse, and it may be on this account he gave up extemporizing, since he could not be as self-conscious and sure of his safety as in reading. He was often in the dentist's hands, and not seldom at his church on Saturday to test some new workmanship, that he might know how far to trust it on Sunday. But he took up the cross heroically and would not lay it down. Like a Spartan he fought with all of his infirmities, but a stronger fate compelled him to yield inch by inch the sharply contested ground.

In consideration of his growing ailments and evident need of assistance, the people from time to time brought before him, in some graceful manner, the thought of a colleague or assistant; but the idea was not a congenial one to him. He saw in it the hint of incapacity in himself, which he was reluctant to contemplate. He avoided the signs of decline in his own powers, as abhorrent to his heart and will; and would be blind to the "shadow feared of man," which began to walk by his side in aspects plainly seen by all other eyes. "It is a fearful thing," said he, while at the zenith of his power, "to have my reputation as a preacher, for I must at length disappoint the people and myself by failing gifts;" yet he fought against the inevitable to the end, as the wounded hero persists in pressing on in the thick of the battle. To the No-surrender order belonged his mighty spirit,—or to the order which gives up only when even the forlorn hope is taken away, and the case is hopeless, but which may surrender then as gracefully as it had contended heroically. Thus was it with Chapin. When at last he was utterly spent, and the flame of life flickered near the socket, and Rev. Dr. Ryder of Chicago, who had been invited by the parish to be its active minister—Dr. Chapin to remain as pastor *emeritus*—went to consult with him about the matter, tenderly introducing the subject, the spent minister exclaimed in ready submission and eloquent phrase: "Oh, I see; I am to vacate the quarter-deck, and you take command!" Still he never wanted to share the quarter-deck with another, but he would be sole commander so long as he could stand in the sacred place of authority and power by leaning on the pulpit. He had



the persistent courage and will of John Wesley, of whom Crabb Robinson writes: "The last time I saw him he stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits." While to such as these life remains, and is inspired by its great inner impulses, labor is a necessary part of their existence. They know not how to

"Husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose."

But while Dr. Chapin labored thus faithfully, in his days of health and of infirmity, for the good of his people, he got from them in return for so great devotion a glad and even proud recognition of his gifts and labors, and a steadily increasing salary, till it reached the liberal sum of twelve thousand dollars, to which were also added many generous presents. At the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement, Dr. Bellows said truly, addressing the society, "you could not have found a better minister, and he could not have found a better people." By the law of personal attraction, and the spirit of his ministry, he drew to himself the ardent and generous, the men and women of heart and impulse, by whom his dues were not likely to be left unrequited, nor any pains spared to add to his happiness. Their first act in his behalf was a benefaction. Even before he came to them they established their claim to his gratitude, by gathering up and discharging his unmet obligations. Not long after his settlement they placed on his life a liberal insurance, with a paid-up policy, — a favor he came near losing through a strange fear of the necessary medical exami-

nation. On his approach to the physician for this purpose his heart flew into a wild commotion, and gave so many strokes in a minute as to rule him out of the required exhibit of bodily soundness. The doctor suspected his nervousness, and asked him to call again in a few days. In another flurry he came to meet the ordeal, and proved unequal to the test. Not long after, the physician went to his house, caught him in his normal condition, and found his heart behaving so commendably that he at once made out the required certificate of health in his favor. In his best days Dr. Chapin was haunted by the fear of some lurking disease, and never had the courage of a calm self-examination on the side of the flesh. He was more or less the victim of his imagination, and needed that those around him should re-assure him of his good condition. But in this instance his timidity came near involving him in the loss of a parish favor.

Later in his ministry his people were moved by the generous desire to help him to a house and home. They accordingly purchased for him the spacious and elegant residence, No. 14 East Thirty-third Street, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, thirteen thousand of which they paid at the time of the purchase, trusting that from his large salary and ample income from his lectures he would be able to pay the remainder; but the debt stood for years uncanceled. With the growth of his means came an equal growth of demands. The house itself, his family, his library, the long train of suplicants for one cause or another, the daily dribble for nameless items, and foreign trips for health and pleasure, kept his income and outgo steadily balanced.

Meanwhile his people had gained in wealth, and had lost none of their pride, gratitude, or generosity in behalf of their eminent preacher; and when the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement came round, they made up a purse of ten thousand dollars to be applied toward the payment for the house. It was a free and spontaneous gift, the overflow of hearts he had himself filled with reverence for God and good-will to men, and with admiration for his own talents, gratitude for his services, and esteem and love for his character. In presenting the gift to him, before the great concourse of his friends, the Rev. Dr. Pullman rightly said of it: "It is ten thousand thanks to you."

The presentation occurred in the evening. The afternoon had been given to addresses of reminiscence and congratulation, amid which Dr. Chapin was silent, but deeply affected. The speakers were Rev. Moses Ballou, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Armitage, Rev. J. Smith Dodge, and Rev. E. C. Sweetser. Of the Doctor's silence Mr. Pullman aptly remarked in opening his presentation address: "It was quite funny to think we had a meeting in this church, and here was minister after minister getting up and talking, and for the first time in the memory of man Dr. Chapin was silent. I thought, now we are having a good time; we have Chrysostom bound, the 'golden mouthed' gagged." But when Mr. Pullman had delivered to him the rich gift, it was his turn to speak, and his words are at once a tribute to the generosity of his people and a witness of his own gratitude: —

It has been said that I was gagged this afternoon. What do you suppose I am to-night? I am gagged all over; mouth and breath and soul, eyes and brains, are gagged with

this solid and substantial liberality, and nobody can expect me to make a speech now. I only desire to extricate myself. I don't exactly know who I am or where I am. I have been beaten about the head and heart to-day with kindness until I am completely stunned ; and now, to-night, I am overwhelmed with this mountain load, so that I cannot struggle, as it were, out of this generous and blessed encumbrance. What can I do ? I think silence on my part would be more expressive than any attempt at speech. I feel all that you have said and all that this conveys, and this people will credit me enough to know that if I don't make any speech, it is not because I lack feeling, but because I am choked with the sense of this kindness and this respect. I know this is indeed an honest testimony. This is no back pay ; I am not in need of it. I have been paid amply and generously by this people, and it comes from a treasury of hearts richer than all the treasury of the United States, ten thousand times amplified. Every dollar of it is a warm and loving heart-beat, and it throbs with vital sympathy and generosity. My friends, the best I can say to you is that I appreciate it and feel it, and from my heart of hearts I thank you.

The small unpaid margin due on the house was finally paid by his friends, making the liberal gift of twenty-five thousand dollars in three instalments. But the generosity of the people toward their minister found other channels along which to flow. In several instances he was given leave of absence to make trips to Europe for rest and recovery of health, and meanwhile his pulpit was supplied. In more personal and private ways he was constantly remembered, one hand or another almost daily opening to confer on him a gift. As freely as they had received from him the best of blessings, so freely would they return to him the tokens of their gratitude.

But the time at length came when the people saw, with sorrowful hearts, that their great and loved leader along the paths of the Kingdom was nearing the limit of his earthly ministry. With the opening of the year 1880 his condition was critical, and there seemed to be little ground on which to base a hope that he would make the circle of the twelvemonth. The services he came to the pulpit to conduct cost him much effort and exhaustion, and the heart of the people was greatly saddened as well as blessed by them. It was the painful view of greatness in ruins, a tender and mighty spirit unsupported by the body in its brave and persistent ambition to do yet more for God and man, a gracious and powerful friend reduced to weakness. "With inexpressible sadness," said Henry Ward Beecher, "I used to meet Chapin in the last months of his life, and say to myself, 'The superb machine is shattered by over-use and misuse, and cannot be repaired.'" With a like pity all eyes now looked upon him. But to his own people, in whose hearts he had so large a place, the contrast was most affecting as he stood before them on Sunday, so weak on the throne where they had been wont to see him a very monarch of power, struggling and failing where great inspirations had so often and surely borne him to the grandest triumphs of speech. It was the pathetic view of a heroic friend striving against fate.

On Palm Sunday he preached his last sermon, and on the first Sunday of May he came to the church to meet his people for the last time. The service in the pulpit was conducted by Rev. J. Smith Dodge, but at the communion table Dr. Chapin received into the

fellowship of the church two old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour J. Strong. It was his final act in the temple, and was a joy to his heart; for nothing pleased him more than to welcome souls to a visible unity with Christ as the sign and seal of a spiritual oneness. We may well believe he would have chosen to lay down his ministry thus, in his own church and at the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

Advised by his physician to make the trial of one more trip to Europe, he sailed on the 22d of May. Before his departure he wrote to his people the following brave and affectionate message; it was his last to them:—

*To the Congregation of the Church of the Divine Paternity.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND PEOPLE,—It was my wish and my hope to have spoken to you a few words personally before my departure for Europe, and to have seen you all face to face; but the condition of my voice and my physical weakness forbid that privilege. Let me then in this manner take leave of you for what, I trust, will prove but a short time. Let me thank you for the great kindness, consideration, and patience on your part, interwoven with consecrated memories of many years. I exhort you to be firm in your faith and your loyalty to the church, and the great truths and interests associated with it. Do not forsake these, or become indifferent or discouraged. May God bless and keep you each and all. May He bring us together in due season, to meet in the meditations and the worship of this blessed house. But in humble submission to His will, I now bid you an affectionate good-bye.

Your Friend and Pastor,

E. H. CHAPIN.



The trip proved in vain. The ocean offered no rest, the foreign air no balsam, equal to his great need; and on the 7th of August he returned to seek the grateful comfort of his home and to be among his people. At his summer home at Pigeon Cove, and in his home in the city, he spent the few remaining months of his life. Under the most watchful care and tender nursing, with his family around him, he yielded patiently and painlessly day by day to the course of his disease, which the doctor called "progressive muscular atrophy," — a decline through the failure to absorb nutriment. In the city he lingered in his spacious and cherished study most of the hours of the day, and not a little of his time he spent in prayer and meditation. For one, two, or even three hours at a time would he be thus engaged; and only by the counsel of his physician, and the interference of his wife or the nurse, could he be kept from thus yielding to his spirit to the injury of his body. Called from prayer he would directly return to it. With the fading of memory, the repose of the mental powers, and the surrender of the will, his soul asserted an undue supremacy, and his altar became to him the chief desire of his life. As all else vanished in the shadows, God and Christ and Heaven came more into view, and early and late he would be with these supreme realities. Pleased to have around him his wife and children and grandchildren, glad to greet the friends who came to see him, ready to give ear to any news of the day which was announced to him, awake to the import of every inquiry made of him, he sought the first moment of relief from these to give himself to worship. It was a marked instance of the "ruling passion strong in death."



With unfailing regularity for years he had been accustomed to pray three times each day with his family, beginning and closing the busy hours and pausing in their midst with reverent and grateful thoughts to Him who guards the night and fills the day with blessings. "On no account would he set aside his prayers," says his daughter. Nor did he neglect to mingle with these prayers at the home altar the reading of the Word of God; and habitually he read at the table on Sunday morning the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm, beginning: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," or the Eighty-fourth, opening with the words: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" But now in his last days, with no demands of toil on him, and with the shadows of earth's night lowering around him, he gave his soul more than ever before to thoughts of God and immortality. Amid the eclipse of the visible, he sought the solacing vision of the invisible, and prayer was the mount on which he stood.

It was his wish to die in some favored moment when no one, not even himself, should take note of the passing change. From a farewell scene he sensitively shrank. If, as the Arab proverb has it, "Death is a black camel which kneels at every one's gate," he would have no herald to announce its arrival, but would mount as in a sleep. He had made his the sentiment of Mrs. Barbauld expressed in those lines which Wordsworth said he wished he had written:—

"Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through stormy weather.  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away, give little warning ;  
Choose thine own time ;  
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime,  
Bid me good morning."

This wish of the sick man's gentle heart was almost completely realized. On Sunday, the 26th of December, he woke to greet the morning light and his family, as he had done on a few previous days, in a painless but exceedingly weak condition of body. He spent most of the sacred hours in prayer or in sleep, now and then entering into a brief conversation with those around him, and indulging in one or two bits of pleasantry. In the evening he grew still weaker, but wished the family to retire and leave him with his nurse, who had come, through his tender and faithful offices, to be regarded by him as a friend. He bade them Good-night in a pleasant and hearty tone of voice; and it proved to be his last word to them. The nurse aided him to bed, and in a few moments discovered he was unconscious. Summoning the household, they could only stand by in silence and see the peaceful ending of his mortal life, the closing of his brilliant and noble career in which they had shared so largely and richly. Just before midnight he drew his last breath, and the great and gentle soul passed into the company of the redeemed;

"And doubtless unto him is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit,  
In such high offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven."

Alike were the manner and the place of his death after his own choice. No man ever loved his family or his library better than he, and with these around him

he spent his last days and hours. He once said : "If I had but four breaths to draw, I would draw one of them amid the sacred privacy of home," naming where he would draw the others. Dear to him were the faces which beamed upon him there, and the friendly books that looked down from their places to greet him.

For forty-two years Mrs. Chapin had given to him the great strength of her character, the thoughtfulness of her mind, the devotion of her heart; and he had come to confide in her in very many matters as a child trusts to its mother. In some important particulars she was a fortunate counterpoise to his own deficiencies. She was of a singularly firm and even temperament, while he was prone to oscillate between the extremes of ecstasy and depression, — to-day soaring to the mount of transport, and to-morrow walking pensively in some sombre valley; and hence it was often her lot to raise him from his moods of despondency, by imparting to him the cheer of her vision and the fortitude of her will. Her ambition was greater than his, and she spurred him on to achievements he otherwise would not have won, but from the toils of which in some instances, most likely, it were better that he had been spared, and urged to seek rest. By her rare administrative talent — a talent not found in the circle of his gifts — she was a constant and efficient aid to him, by wise counsels, as a writer of most of the letters due from his hand, and as a manager of his business affairs. To her he entrusted the entire management of the household, and gave himself wholly to his profession. She heartily shared his interest in the church and in humanity, and carried dignity, a high moral sentiment, and a steady zeal

into her labors for these great causes. Thus mutually blessed by their four decades of married life, they were not long separated. On the 22d of July, 1881, while at her home at Pigeon Cove, the messenger came unannounced and bore her to the side of her absent companion; and from her home in New York her body, queenly in death, was carried to share with his the long repose at Greenwood.

As he loved and honored his wife, so his heart went out in a strong and tender affection for his children and grandchildren. As a chief pleasure of his life he sat in their midst, and lived and toiled for them. His home seriousness was not of the monkish order, which would forbid jests and smiles, and impose thorny girdles. He invited mirth to season the domestic life, and would set the house to ringing with the laughter he provoked by his wit and frolic. Among the children he was often like a child in playfulness. With impromptu rhymes about their trifles he delighted to divert them, and often tested their skill at solving conundrums, most of which were original and off-hand. A single query put to his daughter in her younger years is characteristic of his sportive habit. She was a short and plump girl, seeming smaller than she really was, and a dark brunette, with a good Spanish face as one would meet in Madrid; and he addressed her with the question: "Marion, why are you like a famous Boston publishing house?" She gave it up. "Because," said he, "you are little and brown" (Little & Brown).

Two sons survive him, Frederic H. Chapin and Dr. Sidney H. Chapin, and one daughter, Mrs. Marion

Chapin Davison. Of the five grandchildren to whom he gave his patriarchal benediction, little Ethel Davison — the pet and companion of his months of sickness, following him through the bookstores, riding with him in the parks, and even going to the Monday ministers' meeting with him, a fresh tendril clinging to the falling oak — has passed from earth, to find, no doubt, her strong and tender earthly friends "watching and waiting at the Beautiful Gate" to give her their hearty welcome, as when, after a night of slumber, she came to them with her fresh morning face.

## X.

### PIGEON COVE.

BETWEEN Massachusetts Bay and Ipswich Bay lies a rocky, grovy, romantic reach of land known as Cape Ann. It is mainly occupied by the three towns, Gloucester, Rockport, and Annisquam. For sea views and sea air it is not surpassed by any part of the New England coast, and we may well believe the tradition that it was a favorite haunt for the Indians, as it is now the chosen summer resort of the cultivated. Even the rudest eye could not miss its charms, nor the most stolid flesh be insensible to the cool and refreshing breezes which, during the heated term, sweep across it.

The credit of making the first survey of this land is given to Captain John Smith, a romantic English adventurer, who came here in 1614, and followed the coast from Penobscot Bay to Cape Cod. Coming fresh from some Oriental adventures, and bringing a grateful memory of the kindness of a Turkish lady whose name was Tragebigzanda, he conferred upon the Cape, though a loyal subject of England, the name of his Mohammedan benefactress. Whittier saw the poetry in the scene and set it in verse:—

“ On yonder rocky Cape which braves  
The stormy challenge of the waves,









Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood  
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,  
Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag ;  
And, while from out its heavy fold  
St. George's crimson cross unrolled,  
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
And weapons brandishing in air,  
He gave to that lone promontory  
The sweetest name in all his story."

But a people who cared little for a Turkish woman, and whose tongues did not take readily to the burden of an Oriental term, soon found reason for re-naming their region after their own queen, the gentle Anne.

The northernmost point of the cape, commanding a full view of Ipswich Bay and an outlook upon the broadest part of Massachusetts Bay, became known as Pigeon Cove, and its most prominent elevation as Pigeon Hill. On their journey north, before crossing the water to New Hampshire or to the coast of Maine, these migratory birds were wont to assemble in great numbers at this point, and to make a landing on their return flight. Even now small flocks of pigeons are often seen here, while they are rarely found in other parts of the State.

The Cove itself is a sufficient recess in the rocky bluffs to contain a small village, which, before the transformations wrought in the interest of summer residents, was of most humble aspects. To-day the ancient buildings, small and rude in form, quaintly mingle with the larger and more ornamental modern structures, such as boarding-houses and hotels. Nowhere are the contrasts of old and new more striking.

Outside of the Cove, stretching along the rugged

bluffs which rise from the sea to the west, is a rambling street of spacious summer homes, and among these stands the picturesque cottage built by Dr. Chapin, and occupied, for a decade of summers at least, by the Chapin family. It is located on a site which was a great favorite with its builder, commanding an unobstructed sea view, and having a gradually sloping ledge, six or eight rods deep, from its waterside to the ocean, serving as a pleasant promenade. A few rods to the west is "Chapin's Gully, a great notch cut into the shore of solid granite where it is highest and boldest." The notch may be forty or more feet wide, and at its entrance from the land side is a broad rock, "at low tide half in the water," known as Chapin's Rock. This rocky enclosure seems made for a private bath, and here for nearly thirty summers was Dr. Chapin accustomed to go, with a chosen friend or two, to take his sport with the salt sea-water.

Back of the sea-wall, stretching away toward the villages of Annisquam and Rockport, are most inviting rambles by winding paths, through fresh plots of green sward, and through oak and pine groves, and on to rocky outlooks from which land and sea may be easily scanned, and a hundred vessels counted on a favoring day, with their white sails gleaming against the dark waters. But beyond Pigeon Hill or some near eminence Dr. Chapin rarely wandered, preferring to sit on his veranda, with a book in hand or a friend at his side, and to let nature, as land, sky, and sea, drift in on his receptive soul. His heavy form and clumsy walk ruled him out of the company of the light and nimble, who took happily to long strolls over the rough country.

And better than he loved the land he loved the sea, and entered with a keen sympathy into all its shifting moods. Its dreamy summer haze, in which the idle vessels seemed like phantoms, soothed him to a delightful rest. The storm, darkness, and mystery of its depths, and its boundless reaches, were a perpetual suggestion to him of the infinite; and he could say with the poet: —

“ In gentle moods I love the hills,  
Because they bound my spirit;  
But to the broad blue sea I fly,  
When I would feel the destiny,  
Immortal souls inherit.”

He loved the breaking of the day over the waters, and the morning newness and freshness of the ocean air. The broad, white lights, under the mid-day sun, pleased him. The cool eve, at the close of a burning day, the gloaming, the kindling of the lighthouse lamps on the rocky points, the rising of the moon and the brilliant path it lit up across the watery plain, the music of the darkened waves plashing against their rocky wall, — he took in the full inspiration of the evening scene, and went to his night's sleep as from a fitting prelude, to which he would add a reverent reading from his Bible and a trustful prayer. Nor was the wild uproar of the storm out of harmony with his soul, which rose gladly with the tumult into the mood of rapture; and amid the double commotion he would repeat the lines of Tennyson: —

“ Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.”

"If I had but four breaths to draw," he remarked once when speaking in Faneuil Hall, "I should wish to draw one of them in the air of home and sacred duty, one of them in the gorge of the White Mountains, one by the broad and foaming sea, and the other in old Faneuil Hall."

But not more by his love of the ocean, more loved at this point, where it had grown familiar and assumed friendly relations than at any other, was he annually drawn to Pigeon Cove, and filled with a boy-like impatience as the time drew near for the trip, than by the free and happy social life he there enjoyed with his friends, who, from year to year, made it their rule to meet him by the sea. For at least twenty summers he boarded with the Norwoods, who first kept the old Pigeon Cove House and later the new, and here came regularly a group of his Charlestown parishioners, Richard Frothingham and his family, T. T. Sawyer and his family, Starr King, and others, to renew, as fellow-boarders, happy associations with the man they honored and loved. Frothingham and Sawyer finally built their summer homes near the Chapin Cottage. Here he annually met Rev. Henry C. Leonard, than whom he had no more intimate friend, the twain sharing in common gravity, levity, simplicity, and a gift for long sittings in sweet converse. Often his most intimate New York friends came on to visit him at the Cove, since they could rarely find him, or find him unoccupied, at his city home. With the burden of ten months of hard toil—in his study, in his pulpit and parish, and on at least a hundred lecture platforms from Maine to Iowa—lifted from his soul, he revelled in his emancipation and gave his heart freely

to his friends, contributing, as seemed most to their choice, serious converse, or stories and flashes of wit.

In his earlier day, at the old Pigeon Cove House, he was the life of the evening in the parlor. Into the games he entered with a zest that was as diverting to the guests as the players themselves. His hearty laugh rang through the building, and his wonted exclamation, "Capital, capital!" as a good hit was made in any piece of sport, was as cheering to others as it was relieving to himself.

If any one ventured, as one now and then did in sport, to play on him some joke, he was sure to parry the undertaking like a skilful fencer, and turn the laugh on the person who made the assault. On one occasion, with mock solemnity of form and speech, a pumpkin, with a face cut on one side of it, was presented to him as a bust wrought by some great artist. The scheme had been conceived and conducted by his friend William H. Richardson, who made the presentation. Mr. Chapin promptly rose and responded, saying he had "long been aware of Mr. Richardson's friendship and generosity toward him, and they could all now see, since he could not give him his own head, he had given him the next thing to it." Returning thanks he took his seat, and Mr. Richardson took the hearty laugh that followed. With a no less apt reply did he turn back Starr King's attempt to corner him. It was at the dinner table, when all the guests were listening to the banter of the two witty friends, that King said: "Chapin, I have just been thinking of the difference between you and me. You have reputation and I have character." Before the laugh had time to get under way, Chapin replied: "You are right, King.

I have a good reputation and you have a bad character." Mr. King well knew his challenge for a fine retort would bring one, but it is probable he did not foresee the response as it came.

It was his delight in the earlier years to take two or three good friends, like Starr King and the Rev. Henry C. Leonard, and stroll away to the Chapin Gully, and, after the exhilaration of a bath, to sit on the Chapin Rock and tell stories and frolic with wit, or engage in more serious converse. One can but wish these stony walls might whisper the wise and merry words which have fallen against them from these lips now silent. More interesting than romance would be the recital; better than medicine for the dyspeptic would be the hearty laughter thus provoked. As a sample of the feasts here served, a single pun from the lips of Chapin may be repeated. In those long-ago days when Starr King was still a Universalist minister, but was often accused, by the "straitest of the sect," of preaching the doctrine too "indefinitely," he and Chapin had just come from a bath, when the former said :—

"Doctor, I can't hear very well; I have some water in my ear."

"Well," replied Chapin, "I am glad of it; anything to make you a little more deaf in it (*definite*)."

The sense of the pun is remote but apt, and must have drawn a hearty laugh from him at whose laxity of creed it was so deftly aimed.

Seated on the Chapin Rock, the brilliant King would sometimes favor the select group with one of his rare readings or recitations. In his most interesting volume on "Pigeon Cove and Vicinity," the Rev. Henry C. Leonard, one of these friendly triumvirs, says :—



Who of the company that used to ramble with him (King) will ever set foot on our shore, or hear the stir of leaves and the twitter of birds in our woods, without a thought of him? Sometimes the ramblers rested an hour in the shade of the pines where the sleeping sea, whispering as if in dreams, just made itself heard. Then he of youthful but regal presence, and of marvellously musical tongue, read the poetry of Wordsworth or the prose of Ruskin, making more vital and glowing the thoughts of either. Once, after a stroll and a refreshing bath, the same audience gave ear to the same orator and interpreter, in the amphitheatre-like pit of Chapin's Gully. None of the company so favored will ever forget the spell of the moments while he recited the stirring, musical lines, then new to all, of Tennyson's "Bugle Song."

Into the serious or festive moods of the citizens of the little hamlet by the sea Mr. Chapin entered with a quick and unaffected sympathy. On all special occasions of sorrow or joy he placed his eloquence at their service. Thus was it when the Atlantic cable had been successfully laid, linking the two lands, England and the United States, in immediate contact, and the people would celebrate the event with a commingling of gravity and festivity. He consented to be the orator of the day, and entered into all the arrangements with a hearty co-operation. From the Pigeon Cove House, where he boarded, were suspended the British and American flags, with the words, "Atlantic Telegraph," made of oak leaves sewed on a white canvas, stretching between the two flag-poles. England and America were personified in the procession by two young ladies dressed in white; and John Bull and

Brother Jonathan by two men, the one short and plump, and the other tall and gaunt, and each clad in character. From an old captured gun thirteen shots were fired in honor of the original States, and one each for England and America. After the reading of a poem by T. W. Higginson, the Poet of the Day, Mr. Chapin mounted the platform, and "from a humorous introduction proceeded to consider the event in four aspects: 1. its Utility; 2. its Poetry; 3. its Humanity; and 4. its Divinity, or Providential significance. He closed with an apostrophe to the ocean and the telegraphic wire." To the familiar hymn, sung to the tune, "God Save the Queen," he added the following stanza, which was chanted with emphatic fervor by a thousand voices: —

"God keep us all in peace;  
Let truth and love increase  
Both realms between.  
Long may the iron band  
Stretch forth from strand to strand!  
God bless our Fatherland!  
God bless the Queen!"

At his boarding-place in the evening there was a fine show of fireworks, and "amid the happy scene his clarion voice often rung out in peals of laughter." The occasion, looking to a greater fraternity of nations, had been one to touch the deepest sentiments of his soul, and fill him with joy.

But amid all the rest, and free and easy social life of the seaside, Dr. Chapin never forgot his Maker, nor neglected his daily devotions at the altar of worship. No conditions were permitted to rule out his reverence, or to hush his voice of prayer. He was much less a

wit than he was a worshipper, and no company, however congenial and hilarious, could lure him from his shrine. Wherever the morning and the mid-day and the evening found him, there he set up his altar and suspended every interest of mind and heart that he might engage in prayer. The spirit and habit of the man in this respect are well disclosed by an incident which transpired in another place. It is related by J. S. Dennis, who was at the time of its occurrence the pastor of the Warren Street Universalist Society in Boston, and an intimate friend of Mr. Chapin, who was still a resident of that city.

When I first knew Mr. Chapin he held his inner self aloof, and I saw little of him when out of his pulpit, except his levity. But gradually, and at first almost shyly, he opened the door to his deeper questionings and longings, and at last talked freely of his spiritual contests and victories, of his purposes and aspirations. I have heard him in public when most commanding and eloquent, when his moral and spiritual greatness and insight seemed more than human; but I have been alone with him when he moved my wonder and reverence immeasurably more. I recall one such occasion when I had driven with him out from Boston in the bitter cold, and heard him lecture to a small and, as I thought, stolid audience. He evidently lacked inspiration, and we went to our cheerless hotel quarters almost silent. Our rooms adjoined, a door opening between them. In his room was a nearly burned-out fire. We sat before it a few minutes, when he took from his satchel a Testament and read John's account of our Saviour's touching address to his disciples, beginning with "I am the true vine." His voice was low and tremulous, and at last almost a whisper. Closing the volume, and holding it in his hands, he knelt and prayed.

The prayer was not long, but it was so simple, so humble, so pathetic; it so anxiously besought the Divine support and guidance and spirit; he brought his loved ones for help and blessing with such tender solicitude; he thanked Heaven with such fervor and catholicity for the words and work of all good men; he left the race to the great providence of God with such quiet trust, and looked forward to the life beyond with such childlike confidence and hope, that I said to myself then, and the thought has grown with me ever since: "What wonder that he so moves others when his whole brain and heart and soul are so loyal, so chastened, so consecrated!"

But this touching experience of Mr. Dennis was not exceptional. Many have been thus surprised and impressed by the scrupulous fidelity of Mr. Chapin to his devotions, as well as by his simplicity and tenderness in them. "Nothing could keep him from his prayers," is the testimony of his daughter. Thus at Pigeon Cove he would call the merriest group to the evening worship before retiring for the night; and on Wednesday evenings, when there was a prayer-meeting at the little village church, he would leave the happiest social circle and go to mingle his devotions with the ten or twenty souls who would assemble for song and prayer. It mattered not that these were the humblest of disciples, and gathered in the plainest of rooms,—he loved their spirit and was helped by their sympathy, and was more than repaid by surrendering a festive hour for one of worship. The Rev. Mr. Vibbert, at one time pastor of the Pigeon Cove parish, says: "Dr. Chapin would come to our little conference meeting and speak most eloquently to ten or fifteen persons, and he would sometimes come when he was so feeble that some member of the family would follow him for fear he would fall by the way."

On each returning summer he was accustomed to give the parish a Sunday's service which became known as Chapin's Sunday. On this day the people, rich and poor, boarders and citizens, flocked to hear the eloquent preacher; and he made an annual appeal, at the end of his kindling service, for contributions to defray the current expenses of the society, hoping to draw aid from his wealthy hearers. His meeting was often held in some grove, or on some rocky bluff, to give the crowd, which would be mostly shut out of the little church, a chance to attend and engage in the worship.

"On one occasion, never to be forgotten," writes Miss Duley, "I heard him at Pigeon Cove when he preached an out-of-door sermon to a vast multitude collected, one perfect summer day, on the rocks. He seemed to translate to his rapt audience the very sound of the wind and waves. His topic was the Love of God. 'What else,' said he, 'will support us when the great waves are washing to our lips and eternity is pressing in upon us!'"

To preach by the sea was his delight, it so inspired him by its fresh air and its mystery and power, and furnished him such grand figures of speech. In his own poem on "The Waters" he had sung its effect on himself:—

"It is the soul's interpreter,  
That vast, mysterious sea, —  
A scroll from which the spirit reads,  
And knows eternity."

But aside from the Chapin Sunday at the Cove, he ordinarily occupied on the sacred day, by an appointment holding over from a previous year, a pulpit in Boston or vicinity, to which the people would crowd to enjoy an annual feast of eloquence. On the following

morning, having made, if possible, a hasty call at the Universalist publishing office, and told a new story or two to the assembled ministers, and visited a book-store to make some purchases, he would take an early train away from the dusty and stifled town and seek again the grateful coolness and odor of the ocean.

Dr. Chapin was both loved and esteemed at Pigeon Cove by its frank and trusty people, to whom he had become a familiar presence; and sad, indeed, were these kindly hearts when it was apparent that he had come there for the last time. This was in the summer of 1880. In the winter previous he had visited the place to see his dear friend the Rev. Henry C. Leonard, who was sick unto death. All the way from New York, himself broken in health and haggard in look, he had journeyed to meet his old comrade once more, and say to him a cheering word, and take a final look at his benignant face and a last grasp of his friendly hand. Gladly the two friends met, but it was painfully evident that both had wellnigh numbered their days on earth. Having called at Charlestown on his way, to see the historian Frothingham, who was sick and near unto death, yet hoping for the return of health, he told Mr. Leonard of this hopeful frame of mind, and said: "Well, Henry, that is the way for sick people; if I was going to die soon, I would not thank any one to tell me of it." "Neither would I," said Henry. "And when Dr. Chapin left, knowing my husband must soon die," writes Mrs. Leonard, "it was a hand-shake and 'God bless you, Henry,' and a parting no more to meet in the flesh."

Before returning to the place in the following August he had become a confirmed invalid, weak and

almost helpless, with many signs of the coming change written on face and form. Meanwhile, by advice of his physician, Dr. James R. Wood, he had tried in vain the virtue of a trip to Europe, departing on the 22d of May and returning on the 7th of August. Resting a little at his home in New York, he started for the last time on the familiar trip to Pigeon Cove, not now eager and hilarious as of old, but patient and silent. In sadness his old friends saw his helplessness, and one and another volunteered to roll him in his invalid chair from place to place, as a sort of sacred service. So many and eager were the hands waiting to take their turn at the kindly act, that the man employed for the task was hardly permitted to perform it. But not alone by their own hearts were these friends compensated for their kindness, for he was still both wise and witty, and charmed them with his rare sayings, while his gratitude was manifest to all. Many were the puns perpetrated from this rolling-chair, and some of them are cherished as among his best, and seem glorified as the happy utterances of a dying man. These bright strokes of wit, amid the gathering cloud of death, seem like the fabled notes of the dying swan, into which she pours her most cheerful tones.

As characteristic of the man it is fitting that a couple of these bright flashes amid the shadows should be here perpetuated. As a friend was one day rolling him, and discovered the wheel-marks of his carriage made on a previous day, he remarked: "I see, Doctor, you have already left your tracks here." "Yes," responded Chapin, "I was once a popular preacher, but all I am good for now is to go about the streets leaving



tracts (*tracks*.)" On one occasion some friends had rolled him to the residence of the Frothinghams, and lifted him and his carriage up two or three steps on to the veranda, that he might be one of the company there gathered for a social hour. During his stay Mrs. Frothingham rolled him about on the platform for their mutual diversion, and also treated him to some lemonade and cake. As he was about to leave he gratefully returned his thanks, saying, "Mrs. Frothingham, you have been very kind to me; you have given me lemonade, some cake, and a *roll*."

From the middle of July to the middle of September was the ordinary period of Chapin's stay at Pigeon Cove; and during this time he would read in his hasty way many books and magazines, re-write an old lyceum lecture which hard usage had worn out, or write one on some new theme, think into form and spirit a course of sermons for his pulpit during the coming winter, and preoccupy his mind and heart with texts of Scripture and topics for his more ordinary discourses. And thus would he return to his people with new sources of mental power, as well as a fresher spirit and a more buoyant physical life.

"As music, when rapt voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory,"

so lingered the inspirations of the sea in Chapin, and for months they reappeared in the clearness and force of his thoughts, the ardor of his sentiments, and the sway of his eloquence.

## XI.

### THE FUNERAL.

IT is a solemn hour when the gifted and powerful, laid low by death, are borne by friendly hands to the altar where the funeral rite is to be observed and the last look taken at the honored face ; but the solemnity leaves a deeper sadness when the distinguished departed has lived his life out of his heart, and been a helper of souls in the most sacred and tender ways. As the endearment is thus greater, the sorrow will be the more intense. Grief is born of love. The sad wail is a note from the stricken heart. At the funeral of a mighty statesman, if he has been only a maker or modifier of the laws, there will be a dignified mourning, but sighs and tears will not be conspicuous amid the scene. But if the statesman has been also a sweet and kind soul, cheering the people in dark hours by his sympathy, blessing them by a kindly wisdom, showing his love in little wayside acts of humanity, like an Abraham Lincoln, then will there be around his bier the breaking down of hearts, and sighs and tears will tell of the great sorrow within.

Thus at the funeral of Dr. Chapin it was evident that one specially dear to the people was mourned. In every aspect of the scene it was made apparent that

a man of heart and sacred ministries, in which many had shared, had passed away, and that a grateful love sought to pay him its feeling tribute. The draping of his church for the solemn hour, the hushed throng of people, women in tears and strong men bowing in grief, rich but plaintive music, and tender words by friendly and eloquent lips, told the story in a most touching way of Chapin's hold upon the affections. The scene was a testimony, not so much to the brilliance of his gifts, as to the strength and beauty of his character, his simple piety and broad humanity, his bold stand for the just and true, and his Good Samaritan readiness to pour oil on the wounded heart. It was not his eloquence that held sway in this sad hour, but the finer and nobler qualities of his life.

The sombre drapery of the temple was everywhere relieved, as was fitting, by some brighter color, indicating that grief was blended with gratitude and hope. The brilliant stained glass window behind the chancel was shrouded in black cloth, but over this were trailing festoons of smilax, with many white roses abloom on the flowing green. At the centre of the window was a large tablet of white flowers, and on this snowy disk were wrought in violets the words: "He is risen." A large floral field, from which a golden sheaf had been gathered, bore the device: "Our Shepherd." It was a tribute from the pastorless flock. The empty pulpit wore a black robe adorned with lilies and other fragrant white flowers. Crosses, crowns, and wreaths were placed in every possible situation; and waving high in the air were triumphant palms, telling of victory on earth and

joy in heaven. The fronts of the galleries and the organ were made expressive of this hopeful sorrow, by a skilful blending of lights and shades; and the large clock, with its hands arrested at the points indicating the moment of his last breath, 11.47, near the midnight hour, hung like a silent monitor wreathed with vines and flowers. Esteem and love had done their best to express in symbols their deep grief.

At an early hour the crowd began to gather into the solemn temple, which the great preacher had glorified and made a sacred shrine. As men and women took their seats it was observed that many wept, and many softly whispered their praises of the great and good minister, and breathed their regrets that they should never again hear his voice and feel the touch of his mighty flaming spirit and cheering love. Rapidly and silently the pews filled and the aisles were occupied, save the reserved space; and a crowd waited patiently on the sidewalk, in the bitter December day, hoping for admission, or desiring to see the coffin which contained the cherished form. They must somehow do honor to the dead preacher and friend of man.

As the funeral procession entered the church and moved slowly up the aisle with its sacred dust, the vast audience, rising to its feet, seemed overwhelmed with grief, sobs were heard from all quarters, tears fell from many eyes, hearts seemed breaking with their great sorrow. Meanwhile, the organ was sighing the funeral march by Mendelssohn. When the casket had been deposited in its place and the cortege was seated, the choir sung the dirge, "Sleep thy last Sleep," in a hushed, far-away tone, and the closing note was followed by a

moment of absolute silence, as if hearts were absent with the departed. The impressive pause was broken by the voice of President Capen of Tufts College, who read from the Bible and led in a simple and fitting prayer. "Oh, rest in the Lord," was sung, and the Rev. Dr. Pullman, appointed to conduct the services, rose and said:—

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—Under the sense of a heavy, remediless, and, for us, unspeakable loss, we have sought to discharge this service in some manner which would comport with the dignity and simplicity of the character of our departed brother; and we have therefore asked our friends, some of those who knew him and loved him, to come here and speak the words which for us, to-day, are impossible of utterance.

The speakers were Robert Collyer, Henry Ward Beecher, and Rev. Dr. Armitage, all of whom had come close to the heart of Chapin, and had some reminiscence of his life to set before the people, to show him in the light in which he had impressed them. So far as space will permit, it is fitting that their testimonies, in their own words, should appear on these pages. Mr. Collyer said:—

I could not but feel, dear friends, when I opened my paper the other day and read that line, "Dr. Chapin dead," that a mist of sadness had fallen on the brightness of our Christmas time, all over this city and all over this land. Where joy was, there would be a touch of deep and very painful sorrow in tens of thousands of homes, because we all know together how deeply and tenderly our dear brother dwelt in the heart of this nation. He was not only your friend and mine, he was not only a brother to the ministers who have gathered here this morning about his dust, but I always used to feel

that he had the widest and warmest friendship of almost any man I ever knew or heard of. Long before I met him in my residence, far away from this city and far from the scene of his labors, in the wild western country, on the prairies and lone places where a handful of men dwelt together, or in some utterly lonesome places as I can remember as I am speaking to you, where some one family dwelt, as it was my lot now and then for many reasons to travel through that country, the man of all men, of whom all men, as it seemed to me, would speak most tenderly and lovingly, was Dr. Chapin.

The wilderness and solitary places were glad for him ; the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose because he has lived his life. Men would come here from far and wide to catch some mighty word out of his heart, take it with them, and it would become a mighty word in their hearts again. So that word had a permanent value. Seldom can we pass for good current coin, with the sealed mark on it and full weight, through other churches and through our community. Sometimes, in proportion to the height to which a man attains in his own denomination of Christian folks, may be the question-mark that other denominations write against his name. I have heard men of every name and denomination speak of Dr. Chapin ; but I never to my recollection (and I have been trying to find out if I might not be mistaken) heard a man on this earth yet speak of him with a *but*. It was always with a loving and large loyalty, as of a man they could trust utterly, a man they could love utterly. All over the land where I have been travelling it has been the same ; among all the people I have met it has been the same.

I wish I could allow myself the time to say the word which is in my heart ; but I got up especially to say that it has lain in my way to see him a good deal during the months of his feebleness. We lived not far apart ; and I think I was

very selfish about it ; for whenever I wanted to get myself into some sort of accord with divine faith, if I could but think the dear man would like to see me, I would try and persuade myself that would be the way to do it, and I would go and talk with him. I could not help him, but I wanted him to help me. Saturday afternoons, when the Sabbath drew on, I wanted to feel the touch of the divine spirit ; I went to see him ; and it was so sweet, so lovely, to be with him an hour and have him talk with me. He did not talk much about those mighty matters that sometimes shake the soul and sometimes lift it up into heaven. We sat down and talked like two brothers of many things ; once and again he would touch the old, grand days through which he had come ; and I would try to tell him in some way of something he had done, something I remembered ; and it would touch him. But he was too humble to make much of it ; he left all that with God. But he was so bright, so cheerful. The joy of the Lord was his strength. I used to think that was his secret, and having struck this mighty truth to which he consecrated his life so utterly, — of the love, the eternal love, the limitless love, the perfect love of God, — he might even have made this the psalm of his life : “ When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing.” The love of God was the psalm of his life. Where is the man who has sung that psalm more grandly, more tenderly, or with deeper and diviner purpose ? It is the psalm that came out of his heart which beats no longer for us on the earth.

Mr. Beecher came to the funeral of his long-tried and genial friend, not as to a house of mourning, but to a place where the notes of triumph and hope were to be sounded. His thoughts were of a great victory won, a



worthy victor crowned, and his voice refused to fall into the minor key. With his keen zest of health, whose laws he scrupulously observes, his sorrow had been to meet Dr. Chapin in the later years as one whose body, worn and wasted, was no more an adequate instrument for his grand and fiery genius. He had compassion on the ardent intellect and teeming heart which were set at a sad disadvantage by their alliance with a broken machine, which seemed to have got beyond the possibility of repairs. He saw the time had arrived for his emancipation, and that he was fitly called from bondage to liberty. He said:—

I suppose that I have been asked to be present and take part in these services because I knew Dr. Chapin and because I loved him. I did know him; I did love him. We were thrown together for a whole voyage, and we were thrown together for short journeys many, many times, and we met together in various ways and divers places. And he was of that nature that once having opened himself and mingled his confidence with reciprocal confidence, there never could be any pause or hesitation afterward.

I am not come here, my friends, to mourn, nor to help any that mourn to mourn more. When the apostle declared at the close of his life that he had fought a good fight, that he had kept the faith, that the time of his departure was at hand, that a crown was laid up for him, he did not intend that to be a requiem, nor the key-note to sorrow. We do not grieve when the young man steps out well equipped in life, with prospects before him; and yet that is the time for sorrow, if any. When a man has fought life's battle all the way through and victoriously come to the end, that is no time for sorrow. Here has a great battle been fought, and a complete victory has been won; and I am here to congratulate you,

members of this Christian communion, and I am here also to minister to those who are so near and so dear, as that their very love, so twined with the charities of his love, will be filled with the gladness that ought to attend the departure of a soul so radiant as his was. I thank God that he has gone, that the golden door has opened. On the other side of life no sun shall go down again, and no winter shall come again to him. He stands where God is the light, and where the heart of God, through love, gives love and joy and every pleasant thing. Shall I mourn over him? I thank God for what he was. Every man has the chart of what he is to be marked out in him at birth. He was the son of an ancestry that inherited the promises of God; and he received as his birth-right the accumulated moral tendencies that belong to a New England Puritan ancestry. It worked out in this, that moral considerations lay at the base of every consideration throughout his life. I thank God that he gave to him that moral courage that has enabled him on some great questions to take the right side, and, having taken it, to fight, not with bloody weapons, nor with bitterness, nor with wrath, nor with ascetic conscience, but with love. It was that spirit of sympathy with mankind that allied him to the great Redeemer and to the fundamental conception of the High Priest,—one that could have compassion on the ignorant, and on those that are out of the way. His great heart went out to those that needed him.

There are two styles of instructors, both honorable; one of whom makes conscience the standpoint, and finally brings in love as an argument and accompaniment of the result. The other takes love for the standpoint, and brings in conscience as a discriminating element, a measuring and dividing influence. This is seldom absolutely pure. Men that have the element of benevolence also are more or less equipped with conscience. Men of a stern conscience have, though you

cannot find it always, a centre of sympathy and love. But Dr. Chapin belonged to that number whose soul was filled with love. The irrepressible personality of his disposition carried him in those ways that should give the largest sweep and scope to love; and all his deeds in life were inevitably influenced by that central element in his temperament, a spirit of sympathy with the unfortunate; and it made his life and that of those around about him blessed.

His mind travelled very widely,—not as an explorer, but as one travels round and round the globe to bring home something of the scientific treasures that belong to the air and to the sea and to every land. He kept himself in the front line of what was thought and what was found out by every principal man in his day and generation. Neither in his mind was it a heterogeneous mass, inchoate and undigested. He had a singular power of melting into his personality whatever he gathered from other persons; when it came to him afterwards it was his. I am not an ox because I eat ox; I turn it into myself, and make it work as I want it to work. He was not all other men because he took from them; he took it into his own economy and his own disposition, and it was his. He had the power, too, of making the greatest use of things that in themselves were sometimes coarse, and certainly homely and of little account. As in the kaleidoscope you may take a bit of glass, a button, a hundred little things of no worth when alone, but once shut up in that darkened glass they fall into forms of beauty, into every figure conceivable. So it was in the power of Dr. Chapin's mind to throw abroad his net and bring in everything, and when he came to use his acquisitions, how symmetrical and kaleidoscopic they finally became!

With all these gifts in him, he never sought himself; he was not a self-praiser; he did not walk about in an atmosphere of self-consciousness. He had the sense of humility

that apparently, as it were, drew him inward to a deeper consciousness.

It is a great thing to have been permitted to live as he lived, and what he did nobody knows now. He was a seed sower. Don't look for him in his coffin; I know he is not here; he has risen. Don't look for him in his church. But look where you please, only God knows how great was his wealth of influences, how diverse, widespread, and differing in their elements. He has made himself a part of his day and generation,—a monument, if there could be a monument. As there can be no monument to the sea, so can there be no monument to a man who has diffused his spirit throughout the whole breadth of the ocean of humanity. It is a great thing to have lived a healthy life, continually having that life consecrated to the best end of human life,—a life of conscious daily communion with God, a life of love, a life of trust. Such was his life. Now the best part of it has begun. The infirmities that clouded his later days are over forever. It was as if a bath of pain were needful to appear before the King. God gave him what discipline He knew to be needful for him, and at last He has taken him; and I am here to say to him, "Hail! and farewell!"—for a little time, for a little time. He walks in glory, and we go darkly on yet a few days.

Between Dr. Chapin and Dr. Armitage, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, there had ripened through thirty years of pleasant intercourse the full bloom of friendship, and it was fitting that the voice of the latter should be heard in this solemn hour when love and memory and hope were alike busy. Speaking in high terms of his friend's piety, his loyalty to Christ and his love of man, he dwelt mainly on a personal interview with him near the end of his days, when the

sands of life had wellnigh run out of the mystic glass. He said:—

Two weeks ago to-day, just before the setting of the sun, I went from the side of a loved friend, whom I had buried, to the bedside of Dr. Chapin, not supposing that a couple of brief weeks would bring us to the parting and him to the dust. It is my custom in entering a sick-chamber, especially the sick-room of a friend, to enter very cheerfully, trying to carry a beam of sunshine if I think it is possible, and utter a word of cheer. How beautifully he greeted that visit. I found him in his study, lying upon a sofa. The moment I entered his room, and Mrs. Chapin announced the name, he tried to rise; and, rising perhaps half-way, he said, "I am delighted to see you; come in, thou blessed of the Lord."

I saw that his mind was clear, but in half an hour's conversation there were now and then slight lapses of memory. All the other faculties of heart and soul seemed to be active. We entered into a very cheerful conversation about you, dear brethren, as a church, about your future—much more about you than himself. I said to him in a semi-playful way: "Now, Dr. Chapin, you know that ministers' wives always say that they have no pastor, and I am sure that we pastors have none. Will you allow me to-day, as your old-time friend, to be your pastor?"

He smiled, put out his hand, and said, "Welcome, pastor, welcome."

"Now," I said, "in doing pastoral duty, Doctor, let me call your attention to the beautiful words of our common Master, who said to his disciples: 'Go preach, and Lo! I am with you all days, even to the end of the world'"—quoting the passage from the version of 1380. "Now," I said, "Doctor, what a wonderful opening of the Redeemer's mind this promise grants you: Lo! I am with you all days! In days of prosperity when in the pulpit, in days of adversity

when in the sick-room, in days of sunshine, in days of darkness, in days of full power, and in days of full weakness."

He said, "How precious that is!"

I said: "Doctor, do you realize now the sweetness of the promise of Christ in your broken condition?"

He looked at me with the simplicity of a babe; but I saw a tear moisten his eye and a little tremulousness mingled with his voice, as he said: "My dear brother, what should I do without Christ? Christ is everything to me now." So he spoke of the loving Redeemer.

I said: "Well then, may I have this consolation, Doctor, of knowing that you, who have been in the ministry so long, labored so hard, done so much to lift up other minds and pour consolation into disconsolate hearts,—that you to-day realize the same breadth and fullness and sweetness of consolation in Christ that you have ministered to others?"

He simply made this answer: "Doctor, Christ to me is all in all."

I asked him if it would be pleasant to have a word of prayer. He made an effort to rise, as if he greeted the proposition with great joy. I said: "No, Doctor, you can't rise; do nothing; lie quietly, and I will kneel at your side with my hand in yours; let us give each other to God our Father to-day."

He said, "Well, we will." I bent at his side, and with such simplicity and brotherly love and confidence in God as I could summon, sought the blessing of heaven upon him. He joined in the prayer; he buried his brow in one hand, and held my hand with the other. He seemed to glow with love. I asked the Lord to give him strength, and if possible to spare him to the Church, and presented those wishes at the Throne of Grace which any of your hearts would prompt under similar circumstances. At the close of a brief prayer, as I said "Lord, Lord, grant these things to thy servant for

Jesus Christ's sake," holding my hand with a firm grip, and lifting up his eyes toward heaven, in the same ringing, fervent, strong voice that you have heard so often from his lips, his whole nature said, "Amen!"

Referring to what had been said of Chapin's love of Christ, Dr. Pullman, in a brief closing address, added these fitting words:—

Whoever has spent a day in his house, whoever has joined him in the simple morning service, in which he acknowledged God and the mercies of the day, had there an insight into the simplicity of that heart, which was as a little child's in the midst of all the gifts and graces with which he was endowed. Know his Saviour? Love his Lord Christ? Why, men and brethren, it was that that set him in this pulpit, and that kept him there, and that made the late dark days of life all open and bright before him.

But the best tribute paid to Dr. Chapin was the assembly itself which gathered around him. It was a notable body of people, attesting the order of his merits, the scope of his influence, the range of his friendships. Every one had plucked some flower or fruit from his tree of life, and came to cast an evergreen in his coffin. Here were those graced with the richest scholarship of the time, and those for whom the schools had done little. Here the rich and the poor met in a common sorrow. Genius came to confess its loss, and the weak in faith to lament that the strong staff on which they leaned had been broken. Those he had morally braced to meet the temptations of life, and such as felt themselves to be spiritually his children, were present to do him honor. Here met the white heads and tottering forms from the Chapin Home, and the fresh and sportive children and



youth from the Sunday School; and from all sects\*of Christians, the devout ones came to confess him a brother in Christ, and to rejoice that a crown had been given him in heaven.

Some months after the service Mr. Beecher said to the writer of these pages: "The audience at Chapin's funeral was remarkable. It came the nearest being a representation of the Church Universal I ever saw, or am likely to see in the flesh. Chapin made no sores. His thoughts were sweet and noble, and everybody believed in him. Not another minister in New York could draw such a diversity of people to his burial." The city papers noted and commented on this aspect of the congregation, and one of them printed the following classified but partial list of clergymen in attendance:—

Rev. Dr. James M. Pullman, of the Church of Our Saviour; Rev. Dr. E. H. Capen, President of Tufts College; Rev. S. A. Gardiner, of the Third Church, and Rev. Almon Gunnison, of All Souls' Church, Brooklyn,—all prominent Universalist ministers; Rev. Dr. N. F. Morgan, of St. Thomas's Church; Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, of the Church of the Ascension; Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church; Rev. Dr. R. S. Howland, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest; Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of the Church of the Holy Trinity; Rev. C. C. Tiffany, of Zion Church, Madison Avenue; Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, of the Church of St. Ignatius; and Rev. Edmund Guilbert, of the Church of the Holy Spirit,—all representatives of the Protestant Episcopal pulpit; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle; Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Church; Rev. Llewellyn D. Bevan, of the Brick Church; Rev. C. S. Robinson, of the Memorial Church; Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, of the West

Church, Rev. S. D. Burchard, of the Murray Hill Church ; Rev. M. R. Vincent, of the Church of the Covenant ; and Rev. James D. Wilson, of the United Church, — all Presbyterians ; Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, of the Fifth Avenue Church, and Rev. R. S. MacArthur, of Calvary Church, — Baptists ; Rev. Dr. William Ormiston, of the Collegiate Church at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, and Rev. E. B. Coe, of the Collegiate Church at Forty-eighth Street, — both Reformed Dutch ; Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, of the Central Methodist Church ; Rev. Robert Collyer, of the Church of the Messiah, and Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, of All Souls' Church, — Unitarians ; Rev. Father Hecker, Roman Catholic ; and Rev. Dr. Gottheil, of the Temple Emanu El, Jewish.

One can but wish that from some eminence the spirit of the great preacher and broad-church disciple may have looked down on this scene, which was so much like a consummation of his early dream and the ideal of his whole life. On some higher ground, common to all the sects, he desired to have Christians meet and fellowship each other ; and that his own coffin should be beyond precedent the visible centre of such an assemblage, must have seemed to him, had he witnessed it, like a benediction on the idea he had so long cherished and so earnestly advocated. It must have been a joy to him to have known that he himself had preached the gospel they all accepted, and lived so much in its spirit that they came up from the churches of every name to confess him a brother in Christ, and to crown his memory with a common wreath of esteem and praise. It was, indeed, a fit tribute to the breadth of his religion and the scope of his humanity. He loved them all, and they in return loved him, and it was a scene on which heaven could smile, as these

brethren, forgetting their sectarian names, came in the broader name of the Redeemer to do honor to one who had been his humble but devoted disciple.

When the impressive service had ended, and the throng of people had silently and thoughtfully moved away, the funeral procession took up its solemn march to Greenwood Cemetery, where the honored dust was laid to its final rest. But the vision of that form thus laid low still remains, the echo of that voice now hushed in the grave is heard all over the land, and the generous beat of that ardent heart, now so quiet, is yet felt by a grateful multitude.

## XII.

### THE TRIUMPHS OF ELOQUENCE.

FOR immediate mastery over man there are two rivals, Music and Eloquence; but to which belongs the crown of ascendancy it may not be easy to decide. It may be held by some that Art and Letters should be counted among rivals for instant impressiveness; and it is to be granted that Picture, Statue, and Book bear a marked sway at the moment of their contact with the soul. "The room in the Dresden Gallery where stands the Sistine Madonna alone," says a thoughtful traveller, "is always filled with visitors, men and women, from all parts of the world. They sit enchanted before the celestial vision of purity, sweetness, patience, tenderness. . . . The silence is scarcely disturbed by a whisper, never by a loud voice. The people enter and depart as if the place were a temple. Many sit there by the hour, and more than once I saw tears start from the gazing eyes, and roll down worn faces unchecked." Wide and deep and powerful is the instant sway of the great paintings, and especially over those whose sensibilities are prepared to receive their influence; and to the chiselled marble, given the form and only lacking the life of greatness and grace, belongs a vivid impressiveness; while many are the

books before which their readers are spellbound and borne into rare hours of exaltation and renewal. When Montaigne called books a "languid pleasure," he must have had in mind, not the volumes through which genius pours its fine and fiery tides on us, but the more common order of literature. On the contrary, a book may raise a tumult in our minds, set our hearts into a more rapid and hardy beat, and drive sleep from our eyes through all the watches of the long night.

But while we may grant to Art and Letters the credit of a direct influence which is indeed great, still must we accord to Music and Oratory a higher rank as agents that work instant stirring effects in the mind and heart of man; and their advantage lies in this, that while the artist is absent from his art and the author from his book, the musician and orator, coming with the same messages borne by Picture and Sculpture and printed page, are on hand in their own inspired personalities to enforce their arguments and appeals. They give themselves with their gifts. Thus Music and Eloquence are called by Plato the "living arts;" and as they come glowing from the heat of the spirit, they kindle and inflame as no other arts can. Apart from life they are nothing, but when this mystic force, in the degree in which it abounds in genius, is added to great ideas and sentiments, we have the very climax of human power over man.

But to which of these two rivals for direct impression and sway we should assign the first rank, may be as difficult a question to settle as that on which the owl is said to be ever musing by day, — namely, whether

the egg or the owl came first in the order of the creation. On one ground, at least, the claim of eloquence seems to entitle it to precedence as a potency : while it may be as impassioned as music, it addresses more of the group of gifts which make up the greatness of human nature and constitute the basis of feeling and action. It touches more of the strings in the living harp, and draws a deeper and more various music. It reaches with its mighty hand the rarer keys in the organ of life, and awakens the stronger chords and the more passionate notes. It is the chief mission of music to stir and enchant the æsthetic sensibilities, whose main end is their own gratification. It is mostly a pleasure-giving art, and as such it may surpass oratory. But it is the office of the latter, while not leaving the finer emotions untouched, to command the reason with a logic wholly outside the sphere of music, to arouse the conscience by appeals to which music can give no clear and strong voice, and to awaken, by more explicit teachings, the sentiments of reverence and humanity. It is a broader and stronger art. As it engages more of the powers of genius in its creation and deliverance, so it pours along as a fuller and more diverse tide or torrent of inspiration and power.

Hence the triumphs of oratory make a conspicuous chapter in the annals of man ; and among those triumphs there are none, perhaps, more marked in our day than those attained by Dr. Chapin. In him the secret of eloquence, caught by so few of the sons of men, was held as a scarcely diminished inheritance from the greatest masters of speech ; and it is no discredit to the very elect of oratory to add his name to

the short roll. As we would place a Tennyson or Longfellow in the small group of great poets, so would we rank a Chapin with the limited band of famous speakers, by whom audiences have been hushed into a rapt silence or roused to a tumult of enthusiasm.

His eloquence took a wider range and reached a more general audience than that of most of the great orators, while its effect seemed not to be abridged by its breadth; and since he spake thus on universal themes in terms common to the simple and the wise, his praises have been spoken in all quarters and by every class. Many a child has confessed to the sway of his words.

Rev. O. F. Safford writes:—

I was fourteen years old when I first saw and heard Chapin, and I distinctly recall my sensations under his oratory. As soon as he began to speak I was lifted into a trance. I had the sense of music, and of all beautiful things. Never before had I felt such a transforming power in human speech. Something like twenty-eight years have passed away since then,—so I am astonished to find,—yet I can now recall that address in all its points, my memory of it remains so distinct. It was spoken with the accompaniment of the raging storm; the flashes of the lightning through the windows seemed harmonious with the continual blaze of his spirit, and the reverberating thunder seemed the proper echo to his intensely emphatic words. It was wondrous music with a wondrous accompaniment. In closing he painted a word-picture of a sunrise in the Alps, as a symbol of the spread of light and virtue among the people,—a piece of fervid eloquence absolutely overwhelming in its dramatic vividness and moral grandeur. When he had closed and taken his seat, for some moments, even minutes they must have been, the audience remained transfixed, breathless, spellbound.



No one could move or speak. Every one in the hall had been seemingly magnetized by the orator. At last the chairman rose and crossed the platform to where Chapin sat. This broke the spell. Some one now began to applaud ; soon the applause became general, and increased almost to wilkness. As I went home that night I was scarcely conscious of walking on the earth.

This boy's rapture was much like that of young Hazlitt, who walked ten miles to hear Coleridge preach, and who returned to his home to make this record in his diary of the poet's oratory : "His words seemed like sounds from the bottom of the human heart, and I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres."

Another witness to the impression made by Chapin's eloquence on childhood is found in the following pleasant reminiscence from the pen of Rev. J. Smith Dodge. It was given in the presence of Dr. Chapin, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement in New York :—

I don't know how many years ago it was — I was a little boy then, and it must have been pretty soon after the Society went into the Murray Street Church, — that one Sunday evening my father proposed to me to go down with him and hear Mr. Chapin preach : —

"No, I thank you," said I.

"Well, why not ?" asked he.

"Why ? Because it's no use my going to church in the evening ; I always go to sleep."

"Well, but you won't go to sleep here," said my father.

"Oh yes I shall ; I have tried not to do it a great many times in different churches ; but it is no use my going, I shall surely go to sleep."

"Now," said my father, "if you will go with me and hear him preach, and you get to sleep while he is preaching, I will give you half a dollar."

Well, that was an inducement which surpassed anything as yet proposed to me that afternoon, and I now consented to go down to Murray Street. We lived in Bond Street. There were no horsecars, and the omnibuses did not run on Sunday. I remember it was in the cold season of the year, and we had a pretty brisk walk. Of course I did not expect to go to sleep immediately after taking my seat, and I listened through the opening service, and heard the music and what else there was, until the preacher stood up to preach. And now for my half dollar! You must understand that I am a good sleeper; I have slept on steamboats, close to the machinery. I have slept, in the aggregate, thousands of miles in railroad cars. I have slept at the Cataract House with the window open and Niagara just outside. But I did not sleep there. Chapin was too much for me; and if you will believe me, through the whole course of the long sermon, that remorseless man kept my eyes wide open and my mind on the strain.

Alike did he impress and arouse the rude fisherman, the rough miner, and the subtle philosopher, as we may learn from the testimony of his early parishioner and eminent friend, Starr King. It was a story King liked to tell, how a Pigeon Cove mackerel-catcher complimented the eloquent preacher on the mastery of his speech. As he was rowing the two famous ministers in his dory on an August day to the fishing-grounds, Mr. King asked him if he ever went to church. "No," said he, "I never goes to meetin', but I am goin' to hear Old Chapin who comes round here every summer, for my chummies say he's a buster." This humble but not

insignificant praise was enjoyed by King in an uproar of laughter, and by Chapin in an unsuccessful attempt at silence. But some years later the former wrote from California, after a trip through the gold-diggings, "In the mining regions, among the foot-hills of the Sierras, in huts amid the rocky grandeur of the Yosemite, I have heard men speak in gratitude of sermons heard, years ago in New York, from Dr. Chapin."

But while giving thus the testimony of the rude and humble to the effective eloquence of his friend, in yet more emphatic terms does King speak of the sway of that eloquence over his own soul. He says:—

I have been moved by Dr. Chapin in recent years, as many thousands have been, in the midst of great assemblies, when the cloven tongue of fire sat upon his soul, and the divine afflatus moved through his nature, as a gust through an organ. All that his conscious thought did was to touch the keys. The volume and swell and sweep of the music were of the Holy Ghost, flowing now in a wild surge through his passionate imagination, and waking the noblest chords of the religious nature of his hearers to devout joy, — now in a simple passage of melody from the heart, plaintive and tender, that persuaded tears from the sternest eye. He seemed to me, then, to be not a single nature, but the substance of a hundred souls compacted in one, to be used as an inspiring instrument in the service of the loftiest truths.

In a jubilant strain of compliment at a May Festival of Universalists in Faneuil Hall, Starr King responded to a sentiment in honor of absent friends, thus alluding to the great orator:—

What can be said fitly, by any single speaker, when we come to another name that is in all your minds? What can

be said that is adequate of E. H. Chapin, — God bless him ! Call upon the band to respond with all its instruments, if you would do proper honor to him, and to the feeling of this assembly for him. Nay, sir, some great organ should be wakened in answer to his name. Let the master draw the diapason, and open the pedal of the great leviathan of music, and he cannot let loose such a thrilling surge of passion as has swept this hall when Chapin has poured from his breast stormy denunciations of injustice, and fervid prophecies of future good ; and then let him draw the sweetest flute-stop, and he cannot pour out melody so pleading and pathetic as the Holy Spirit breathes through the tender, sunny, and melting tones in which Chapin portrays and illustrates the infinite love.

If it was a sign of military genius in Napoleon that he quelled the French mob with cannon balls, it must surely be a mark of oratorical power in Chapin that he subdued with words a riotous demonstration in New York. The scene may be best painted in the words of Rev. Dr. Bellows, who was a witness of it.

I recall an incident which happened in the very first years of his ministry in this city, and nearly thirty years ago, when at a public dinner, where a military company were either guests or escort or both, an uproar arose under the influence of wine, which threatened the whole occasion with disgrace. The presiding officer and several of the public men present tried in vain to still the tumult and bring the disorderly military, already coming to blows, to their senses. The disorder increased and seemed uncontrollable, when suddenly Dr. Chapin rose, and in tones of thunder, and with now a commanding and now a pleading authority and deference of manner, and a swelling eloquence, half humorous, half stern rebuke, addressed the boisterous rioters. In a short time, he

actually outstormed their fury, amused, abashed, and outwitted their temper, interested and moved them to forget their quarrel, and did not sit down until he had coaxed and cowed and subdued the rioters by a tremendous display of personal energy and consummate fact and an overwhelming flood of eloquence and persuasion. It was the greatest triumph of off-hand speech, used in the most effective way, at the most useful and critically perilous moment, that I have ever witnessed. It saved the occasion, and spared the company, what was becoming every moment more probable, the necessity of breaking up and leaving the place, at the very commencement of the intellectual part of the festival, in the hands of a mob of half-tipsy and thoroughly self-abandoned and quarrelsome persons.

In 1850 Mr. Chapin made his first trip to Europe as the travelling companion of B. B. Mussey, Esq., of Boston, by whose generous purse his expenses were defrayed. In the sailing-vessel, the "New World," the voyage was made in twenty-one days, and before Mr. Chapin saw again his native land, although the journey was a brief one, he had made some oratorical triumphs which are still graphic memories with those who heard them, and which survive in both English and American records.

As fellow voyagers on this vessel the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Chapin met for the first time, and begun a friendship which, growing with the years, proved the source of much mutual delight and benefit. The two men were wont to meet ever after only to have their wit kindle and flash, and a current of more serious thought set pouring through their minds. The eminent orators fell sick on the ocean, but finally rallied as the

vessel passed into an unusual calm, in which there was little movement ahead, but a regular lifting up and letting down of the craft on the recurrent waves. After some days of this wearisome delay the two men met on the deck in the early morning, and Mr. Beecher's salutation was: "Well, Chapin, we are still steadfast and unmovable." "Yes," was the reply, "but we are always a-bounding."

But these knights of the golden tongue could not be let off without some speech-making to their fellow-passengers. The commander of the vessel, Captain Knight, was a good man, a friend of the temperance reform, something of an orator, and a great lover of eloquence, and he called for two addresses on temperance. "Chapin was well over his seasickness, and made a rouser," says Mr. Beecher; "but I spoke sickishly, and the Captain told me if I could not speak better than that on shore, he would never come to hear me preach."

It was, however, before the Peace Congress at Frankfort-on-the-Main, to which Mr. Mussey was a delegate, that Chapin made one of the most thrilling speeches of his life. The theme was to him a familiar and favorite one; the occasion was one of world-wide significance; the importunity of the American delegates that he should speak had been urgent, and he came to the platform with all his rare gifts at their best.

Rev. J. W. Hanson, D.D., writes, nearly twenty years after the event:—

The scene passes before my mind's eye as though it occurred yesterday. I had repeatedly solicited him to speak as the exponent of the Liberal Church in America, represented in the Congress by Rev. J. T. Sargent of Boston,

Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence, Rev. W. C. George, B. B. Mussey, myself, and possibly others, but he had declined. I personally solicited Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith, himself worthy of being named among the orators of the age, to invite him, but was assured that the rule had been adopted to announce no speaker who had not previously consented to respond, and that Mr. Chapin had declined his urgent invitation to address the Convention. Disappointed, we concluded that our church must go unrepresented, for who would venture to speak on such an occasion, when he who should be heard was silent?

Cobden, Liebig, Coquerel, Girardin, George Dawson, and other less distinguished men had spoken eloquently. When the German Baron presiding announced Herr Shalpeen, the unfamiliar sound excited no interest in me till I saw the well-recognized figure moving toward the tribune.

Let the reader imagine a circular room surmounted by a dome, containing three thousand people of different nationalities, — perhaps three hundred English, as many French, thirty Americans, and, with the exception of a few of other countries, the rest German. There was no especial expectancy on the part of the multitude, for perhaps not more than ten in the vast throng had ever heard him speak. Cobden, in a vice-president's chair, was writing indifferently. The orator mounted the rostrum, we fancied, with a little embarrassment. His first sentence rung like a clarion on the delighted ears of the multitude. Before it was finished Cobden raised his pen and turned his head to listen, and, dropping his pen, lifted his hand into the position for rendering applause; and with the end of the sentence he gave the signal, which was responded to by the English present, as only the English people can respond, and was taken up by the Americans and prolonged by the rest, most of whom could not understand a word spoken, but who knew from the tones of



the voice, the action of the speaker, and that indefinable magnetism that goes to the soul, that the impassioned orator was before them. Indeed, one little Frenchman was perfectly wild with gesticulation ; hands, feet, shoulders, body, were all in motion as though he were hung on wires. Elihu Burritt, addressing him in French, inquired if he understood the speaker. "Oui, oui," was the answer, smiting his heart with vehement emphasis, where, no doubt, the orator found a response, though his hearers understood not a word of English.

I kept my eyes on Cobden, who held one hand upraised during each sentence, and brought it upon the other at the pause, when the enthused throng, taking its cue from him, went into paroxysms of enthusiasm. Women waved their kerchiefs, men swung their hats. The noise of hands and feet and cheers filled the air at the end of nearly every sentence. We never saw such enthusiasm. All the rest of the speakers produced nothing like it. . . . The language and sentiments were worthy of the great occasion. I had previously heard the speaker in the pulpit and on the platform, and recognized, passage after passage, the gems of several grand sermons and lectures ; but they belonged to the subject and occasion as thoroughly as though then and there conceived, and all were woven together in one splendid tissue, as if the inspiration of the moment had created the sublime thought, the magnificent diction, the divine utterance. I never listened to an effort apparently more extemporaneous, nor one more finished and perfect ; nor did I ever see an audience hang so spellbound on the lips of man. For forty minutes, that seemed scarcely five, the sublimest sentiments, embodied in words of golden fire, poured into all souls and inspired all — as we venture to say none of them were before or have been since wrought upon. For myself, I sat breathless, delighted, proud of our cause and the man who could thus represent it.

In this Peace Congress, held in the Parliament House of Germany, was an American Indian whose wild heart had been tamed by the spirit of Christianity, and who went as a delegate from his tribe, the Ojibways, to bear their Pipe of Peace to the assembled sons of the gentle Redeemer. His Indian name was Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, but he had taken the English name, Copway, to mark his conversion and set himself in easier commerce with the outside world, as it was the custom with ancient travellers to take a name familiar to the people they were about to visit. His presence in the Congress was the occasion of great curiosity and enthusiasm. A correspondent of an English paper wrote :—

The ladies direct their eyes no longer to the finely bearded men on the left ; the beardless Indian Chief, with the noble Roman profile and the long shining, black hair, takes their attention. He bears in his hand a long and mystically ornamented staff which looks like a princely sceptre, and wears a dark blue frock, with a scarf over his shoulders, and bright metallic plates on his right arm. The Frankforters are sorry he wears a modern hat, instead of a cap with feathers, yet this mixture of European elegance with Indian nature has a striking effect, which is increased by the reflection that he has come from the forests of the New World with a message of Peace to the Old World.

On this aboriginal, as well as on Cobden or Girardin, the great speech of Chapin fell like a whirlwind. In the following simple narrative he has left his remembrance of the scene :—

I might have done something toward leaving a good impression of the speaking powers of an aboriginal American, had not a portly Yankee come forward and taken from my

hand the laurels. But glad I am that it is an American who has won the best expression of feeling and approbation from the people. The speeches of Girardin and the matter-of-fact Cobden had shaken the pillars of the immense building in which the multitude were assembled, but *the speech* was yet to be delivered. The name of Chapin was called, and the man who answered to that name passed by my side and went up to the tribune. No sooner had he commenced speaking than there was felt to be something beyond the power of language, or the mere expression of ideas. The audience listened. Frequent applause escaped the assembly. He enumerated the reasons why we should expect peace, and the blessings which flow from it. In a few words, in vivid flashes, he pictured the whole course of improvement and reform which had followed the invention of the printing-press. The Bible was on its way; the sails of every land, and the mighty power of steam, were urging on the period of universal peace; oceans, lakes, rivers, air, electricity, all things were in motion to spread the event which is the desire of the nations. As he closed, the applause of the assembly made the very building tremble. In the midst of this thundering applause he again passed me, and as soon as he sat down I arose, not knowing what I was doing, and said it was well worth while to come four thousand miles to make such an address; and then sitting down and turning to my English friends I whispered, "Beat that if you can!" Certainly this was very injudicious, inasmuch as it might have been construed into an insult; but I could not help it, for my nerves had been so run away with that I lost all my self-command.

The English papers spoke in terms of unsparing praise of this American orator. One of them declared:—

He commands admiration by the kingly majesty and sublime beauty of his thought. Now he flings a page of

meaning into a single aphorism ; now he electrifies his spell-bound hearers with a spontaneous burst of eloquence ; now he dissolves their eyes to tears by a wizard stroke of pathos ; now he controls their hearts with the sovereign power of a monarch who rules the mind-realm. He infuses his soul into his voice, and both into the nerves and hearts of his hearers.

On his return to Liverpool to embark for America, the citizens demanded of him a speech, and he addressed an enthusiastic crowd in one of the largest halls in the city. Of this effort the following report is from the "Liverpool Mercury":—

Rev. E. H. Chapin of New York, the gentleman whose outburst of eloquence made such an impression at the Peace Congress at Frankfort, delivered an address on Temperance, on Tuesday evening, at the Tuckerman Institute, the Rev. F. Bishop in the chair. The room was crowded to excess, and never was deeper impression produced at such a meeting than that which followed the appeals of this eloquent orator. He carried the audience completely with him, at one moment rousing their consciences by enforcements of the duty of the temperate to aid the movement for the sake of their perishing brethren, and at the next awakening all their better sympathies by the pathos with which he depicted the personal, social, and moral evils that flow so plentifully from intemperance. At the close of the address, a large number of persons pressed forward, evidently under deep emotion, to join the Temperance Society connected with the Institute.

But the oratorical triumphs and honors of this European trip were not at an end yet. On the home-bound vessel, as on the ship that bore him to the Old World, he gave his fellow voyagers a sense and a memory of the majesty and beauty and sway of human speech

that stands solitary in the scope of their experience. The story is best told in the words of Mr. John E. Warren, who himself made a part of the scene: —

In the year 1850 I had the good fortune to be a fellow-passenger with Dr. Chapin on the return voyage from Europe to the United States. The trip was an unusually long and stormy one. Our vessel, which was one of the old Collins Line, sustained considerable damage, and there were periods when it seemed scarcely probable that we should ever reach an earthly port. Among the passengers was a stout, burly gentleman, whom nobody appeared to know, but with whom we all became acquainted, as people do at sea. A common danger has a strange dissolving power. The ice of conventionality melts away, and human hearts are drawn together by an invisible force. The oneness of mankind is never so strikingly shown as at such a time, when the skies are dark and men are alone upon the broad ocean, with only a plank between themselves and eternity. Our "mutual friend" suffered not a little during the passage with seasickness. But he bore up under this peculiar trial with a sweetness of temper that Job himself might have envied. So far from entering any complaint against Providence, or cursing the day he was born, as some of us similarly afflicted were tempted to do, our companion, on the other hand, seemed rather to enjoy the curious discomfort to which he was subjected.

He was as gay as a lark, overflowing with wit and humor, while many of us were in the dumps. There was no end to the pleasant tales with which he beguiled us. Anecdotes, such as are wont to keep the table in a roar, flowed from his lips as from an inexhaustible spring. He was never tired of talking nor we of listening. And thus was the tedium of the way relieved.

Charmed with our entertainer, we had no idea who he

was, nor did we take any pains to find out. He was so natural, so simple, and so unaffected, that it did not occur to us he might perhaps turn out to be an angel or a great man in disguise. He was a most agreeable companion, and that was quite enough for us.

Toward the close of the voyage it began to be whispered about that our delightful comrade was a clergyman, and that his name was Chapin. This report at first not only caused surprise, but struck us as altogether absurd. There was nothing about the man suggestive of the cloth, or calculated to give one an impression that he either was or thought he was holier than other men. That he was a preacher of any sort was a conception that had not entered our minds. It was the last thing we should have imagined. The clergy, as a rule, even when they try to be familiar, are in a sense isolated and remote. There is a subtle something which lies between them and us, and which marks them out as beings of another class. In the case of Dr. Chapin, as he appeared among his shipmates at this time, this mysterious and indefinable element was entirely wanting. He was not at all like a saint, but like a man among men, and it was on this account that he won all hearts.

If our miraculous story-teller was indeed a preacher, we must hear him preach. Upon that point we were determined. Somebody said that he had seen the name of a Mr. Chapin in the "London Times," mentioned as having made a most eloquent address before the Peace Convention which had recently met at Frankfort-on-the-Main. This was sufficient to whet our curiosity to the highest pitch. Could this be the man? He looked as little like an orator as a preacher. But in this world it is not safe to judge men by their looks. A rude garment of flesh may hide from us the beauty of the soul, until the lightning of the spirit breaks through its environment. Sunday came, and we made up our minds that



our new discovery must be tested ; our man must speak. But there were difficulties in the way, and for some reason he seemed indisposed to gratify us. He begged hard to be let off ; said his sermons were out of reach, that he did not like to speak without preparation, etc. But we were inexorable. Speak he must ! Seeing there was no escape, he finally said that at the dinner-table he would make a few remarks. The cabin was as still as death when he arose. We all felt that it was a solemn occasion. We had passed safely through a terrible storm, and were now nearing port. Our voyage was nearly ended, and soon we were to be scattered, each to his own, to meet on earth no more. Those who have been to sea know what this feeling is. It is strong and deep, like the sea itself. No language of mine can give even the faintest idea of the effect upon us of the words to which we that day listened. The writer has heard none like them since. Words, forsooth ! They were living, burning thoughts ! The spell they cast upon us was like that of some grand symphony, whose divine music rings in one's ears forever. None who were then present can have forgotten the wonderful scene. Many of us for the first time then realized what a mighty thing true eloquence is ! Every one present was moved as he had never been moved before.

I cannot describe it. It is indescribable. A whirlwind from some upper sphere seemed to sweep over us, and our souls bent beneath its power. Strains, sweeter than those of an æolian harp, fell upon our ears and sank into the depths of our hearts. It is only once in a lifetime that one can expect to hear such eloquence as that. It is only once in a lifetime that a great orator strikes his highest note. Even Dr. Chapin never struck that note again. The Voyage of Life, — that was his glorious and pathetic theme ! At such a moment, how impressive, how appropriate ! There were few dry eyes when the orator, in closing, alluded to the dangers which were past,



and the bitter parting that was to come, and spoke of the time when we should all meet where there would be no more parting and "no more sea!"

If, in the trial of eloquence on shipboard, Mr. Beecher, as he frankly confesses, though laying the blame in some measure on the state of his health, fell behind Mr. Chapin, there transpired, in after years, a still more conspicuous matching of the two men in speech, in which the former owned up, in the most apt way, that he was beaten. In this instance, also, he was set at a disadvantage, since, by mistake, the two men had been invited to speak to the same "toast," and Chapin was called on first. It was on the occasion of the National Publishers and Booksellers' Dinner in the Crystal Palace, New York. The crowd was large and full of intelligence and fame, and the speakers were Milburn, the "blind preacher," Chapin, and Beecher. Mr. Wesley Harper led Mr. Milburn to the platform, where he made one of his gentle and tasteful speeches, an address as fitting in thought as finished in phrase. He was followed by Mr. Chapin, whose topic was "The Power of the Press." The theme was great, and could not have been more congenial to the speaker. A careful preparation for the effort, and a sympathetic crowd, served to move in him all his powers of eloquence. It was in the time of the Crimean War. Sevastopol had fallen, the Redan had been taken, the combined armies had conquered; and from this history of the hour he drew an inspiration and a figure of speech which told on his hearers like an electric shock.

"I love to hear," said he, "the rumbling of the steam-power press better than the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently

attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs of vice and the Redans of evil, and its approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of the type in the composing-stick of the compositor better than the click of the musket in the hand of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force, and a surer aim, which will hit its mark, though it is a thousand years ahead."

With many strokes of thought and rhetoric equally pertinent and overpowering he moved through his half-hour of eloquence; and excited men in the rear of the room mounted the chairs and tables in their enthusiasm, and rent the air with their wild and oft-repeated huzzas.

When Mr. Beecher was called to make his speech, he came forward shaking his head and smiling a smile which seemed to say in clearest terms: "I am outdone; I give it up." As reported in the "New York Evening Post," his words were as follows:—

I know what my fate is on this occasion. After the profoundly eloquent remarks of the reverend brother who has just preceded me, what could I say that you would care to listen to? He has finished, but his resounding voice still fills this vast building; and in trying to say anything after him I am reminded of an experiment, which I once made when a boy, to ride behind two other boys astride a lean, bare-backed horse. I see you anticipate the result. You are right. I slid off over the crupper! I wouldn't like to try that feat again, with so many looking on as there would be here.

Rejoicing in the victory of his friend, with a generous good-nature, he took his seat; and he afterward said of Chapin's speech: "It was magnificent, like coruscations of fireworks." But when Mr. Beecher came to speak at the funeral of his friendly and genial rival,

whose rapt lips were silent now forever, he paid him a yet wider compliment: —

I have now been for more than forty years a speaker and conversant with all speakers, and I have never met or heard a man who, in his height and glow of eloquence, surpassed or equalled him in many qualities. It was a trance to sit under him in his ripest and most inspired hours; it was a vision of beauty; the world seemed almost dark and cold for an hour afterward.

Without peers in the American pulpit, and almost every Sunday put in comparison and contrast by many people, Chapin and Beecher knew no waning of friendship, and were mutually glad in each other's victories.

The speaker was to be pitied whose lot it was to be called to the platform after Dr. Chapin had spoken, for in him the eloquence of the occasion was sure to culminate, and any further words would be but as the sighing of the breeze after the roar of the gale. As Rev. Dr. I. M. Atwood has truly said: "After all the oratorical princes had competed for the crown, and Chapin was summoned, there never was any dispute as to who was king. In uplifting, thrilling, overpowering, unreportable eloquence, he left all contemporaries far behind him." Many a one, blessed with a rarely gifted tongue, has refused to come after him. On one occasion the eloquent Starr King, with a voice as golden and musical as that ascribed to a Chrysostom, and a thought and fancy which ever charmed the people, refused to speak except he could precede Chapin. It was at one of the series of May festivals held by the Universalists in Faneuil Hall. The president of the day was Professor B. F. Tweed, who had assured King that his request to

come first should be granted. An intimate friend of both the favorite orators, the Professor knew full well that this was the true order of succession. But by some blunder of the toast-master Chapin's "sentiment" was read first, and, amid a tumult of applause, he rose and spoke for twenty minutes or more, hurling wit and wisdom and emotion into a wild torrent of eloquence. Meanwhile, King had retreated to a corner of the hall, and sealed with a vow his purpose not to speak. After Achilles what hope for Patroclus?

The president summoned the Rev. Thomas Whittemore, a hero and a genuine wit, to lead the forlorn hope, thinking thus to atone the mishap of the programme in reference to King, and to give him time to rally his fallen courage. But, when at length he called upon the graceful and fascinating speaker, he got but a shake of the head in response. After a little delay, for the cheering to pass, he said: "The audience will tolerate a king, but not a kingdom (*King dumb*). We all know he is aching (*a King*) to speak. He seems just now to be a'thinking (*thin King*)."

This run of puns had the desired effect, and not in vain after the tempest did he wave his magic wand over the people.

On the lecture platforms Chapin made some of his great triumphs, and a good-sized book would not contain the adjectives put in the superlative degree by the newspapers, in twenty years, as descriptive of his eloquence. The current epithets were: "unequalled," "matchless," "simply magnificent," "never such thrilling outbursts of oratory heard before." Reporters were often overpowered, and dropped their pencils in the midst of his stormy passages, and awoke at the close of his lecture,

as from an opium dream, to find they had nothing to bear away for the space set apart for their reports. They often begged of him the loan of his manuscript to make up afterwards what they were unable to accomplish as he proceeded, and would leave it at his hotel during the night, or meet him at the train in the morning and give him his manuscript and their hearty thanks at the same time, and steal the privilege of an interview. He was often set in comparison with the contemporary favorites of the lyceum audiences, and given the first rank. An instance of this measuring in his favor is happily told by Harper's "Easy Chair":—

During the days of his lyceum lecturing no man was more popular upon the platform; indeed, probably no one was so universally popular as he. Jones, who used to lecture in the same courses, said that he was proceeding one evening to fulfil an appointment, and as he sat, dismal and homesick, in the cold car, he heard two men upon the seat before him talking, as they approached the city, of the lectures and the lecturers.

"Have you ever heard Chapin?"

"No."

"Well, there's nothing like it; he's the king of them all."

"Who lectures to-night?"

"Jones."

"Oh, Jones. Ever heard Jones?"

"Yes."

"How is he?"

"Good speaker, but tedious — tedious."

Jones said that his head sank upon his bosom; but that when he afterward told the story to Chapin, the generous king of them all shook and shouted with glee, and cried: "Pshaw! he knew ye, Hal, he knew ye, and meant to have his joke."

It is one of the tests of eloquence, that it is equal to the conquest of prejudice and the capture of the mind and heart in spite of their stubborn resistance. When the tongue proves stronger than the defiant will, then it has won the credit of oratory. Philip of Macedon, on hearing the report of one of Demosthenes' Philippics, or orations against himself, paid the orator the compliment of saying: "Had I been there, he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself." Of Burke's eloquent impeachment of Warren Hastings, the latter said: "As I listened to the orator I felt for more than half an hour as if I were the most culpable being on earth." Thus in the "Arabian Nights" the triumphant story-teller, Scheherezade, compelled the cruel Sultan to spare her life in spite of his fixed purpose to take it. And with a similar sway, on one occasion, Dr. Chapin straightened out a bigot, who had curled himself up in sectarian defiance. He was one of the old-time deacons who held Universalist ministers in holy contempt, but who, out of respect to his office in the temperance order, had come on the platform with others where the eloquent Chapin was to speak. With a frowning glance at the orator whom he had never seen before, he bent his head near to his knees and fixed his eyes rigidly on the floor. In a few moments after the discourse got under way, and the telling climaxes began to recur, it was observed that the deacon's head began to lift a little. Soon his face became visible to the audience. By degrees he assumed an upright posture in his chair, with his face actually aglow with interest, and his mouth open in wonder. No one had ever seen the deacon look so upright and tall before; and it was solely the rare

power of Dr. Chapin's eloquence that overcame his sectarian curvature.

It was a significant witness of Dr. Chapin's triumphant eloquence, that those who were wont to hear him generally regarded his last effort as his greatest. Their latest tumult of emotion made it quite impossible for them to exercise a rational remembrance. "I had a dear old friend," says Rev. Dr. T. J. Sawyer, "to whom I had preached fifteen years, — and who ought by that time, I thought, to know something about poor preaching, — who subsequently became a constant hearer of Dr. Chapin, and used to come every Monday to the office of the 'Christian Ambassador,' which I was then editing, to tell me about the preceding Sunday's sermons; and his report, besides some account of the subject and mode of treatment, which he was quite competent to give, was always summed up by the remark, that 'yesterday Dr. Chapin exceeded himself!'" And this was indeed the impression which the great mass of his hearers carried away with them from almost every service. The Rev. Thomas Whittemore rarely heard him speak that he did not report in the "Trumpet," of which he was editor, that "the orator went beyond himself," "he never spoke with such power before," "he surpassed his own high standard of eloquence," or a similar statement of transcendency. It was the illusion of a present great emotion in contrast with one of equal greatness, it may be, from which memory, "the fading sense," had permitted something of vividness to escape.

In a series of "Pulpit Portraits," John Ross Dix drew one of Dr. Chapin as he stood pouring his tide of eloquence over an evening audience which filled the



pews and aisles and pressed up the pulpit stairs of the Broadway Church. Studying the sermon and watching its effect he says: "Some of the most nervously sensitive of his audience will not sleep very soundly to-night, nor get to sleep very early; it is an opium dream, an enchantment, a fairyland through which he has led them." Referring to the effect of Chapin's sermons on him, Mr. E. B. Fellows, an old parishioner, thus expresses himself: "I knew I had heard what I ought to have heard, and what I wanted to hear; and yet so carried away was I, I could not recall what had been said. I was lost in feeling. I seemed in a rapture. It was heaven." Even so cool a head as that of Richard Frothingham, the historian, was intoxicated by the magical stimulus of Chapin's preaching, and he confessed to walking home from church repeatedly as one who seemed not to be in the flesh and walking on the ground. He had been lifted into a holy ecstasy. After the manner of one of whom Paul speaks, "he was caught up into Paradise," but he could not tell what he had heard, nor could he set forth his emotions. He had been a lotus-eater while sitting in his pew, had breathed ravishing odors from celestial fields, and went away in a rapt and sweet bewilderment. The eminent United States Senator, Henry Wilson, himself a Congregationalist, was accustomed to hear Dr. Chapin whenever he spent a Sunday in New York; and on one occasion, having been so moved in his heart as to express himself by audible sobs and the tears of a holy gladness, he remarked to a regular attendant at the church, "You know not what a sacred privilege you have who can hear this great preacher every Sunday!"

“He rules my emotions with the power of a monarch,” wrote some one in the “New York Metropolitan;” and the Hon. William H. Seward said, “No preacher ever so impressed me.” “In a state of religious indifference, but for old acquaintance’ sake,” says Mr. O. Hutchinson, “I went to hear Chapin in Murray Street, and he shook my lethargy all out of me.” In him the Rev. L. C. Browne found his dream of the orator and minister fulfilled:—

In early time I had a loved ideal  
Of heaven-tuned eloquence from human tongue,  
And sought in vain to find the vision real  
In the long-perished years when life was young.

At length I saw and recognized the being  
Born of young fancy while the heart was warm,  
And I was satisfied and charmed in seeing  
My early dream fulfilled in living form.

No man could blend so much of force and beauty,  
Such radiant imagery with tones so grand,  
Such strong persuasion to the way of duty,  
Such skill to move, to soften, and command.

### XIII.

#### ORATORICAL RESOURCES.

It is a legend of Plato that, when an infant, his father, Aristo, took him and his mother and went to Hymettus to sacrifice to the Muses, and while they were engaged in the divine rites the bees of that flower-land came and distilled honey on the lips of the child. Hence the sweetness of his words and the charms of his voice. The pleasing story is a hint of the fact that all rare gifts are derived from nature, that the great artist is in league with Apollo, the great poet is born and not made, and the great orator comes with a conferred outfit.

In this view of the case there is a large degree of truth; and hence in any just analysis of the eloquence of Dr. Chapin there must be a prompt recognition of his inherited good fortune. To the end of effective speech his body was a facile and powerful agent. It engaged the eye at a glance by its largeness and evident animation, its every step being firm and energetic, and its sitting posture full of positiveness and life, as if mighty inner forces were only held in temporary check by the power of will; and thus he aroused expectancy, which is ever a prime advantage with oratory, by simply coming before an assembly and taking his seat. For when the eye beheld him, the ear would hear him.

What the corporeally less favored speaker has to do by a studied exordium he accomplished by his mere presence, and could omit that difficult part of the art of oratory, which has to do with the fostering of a proneness to listen. And in his case this proneness was of the best type, because his apparent personality, divested of all suggestion of the trivial, struck the deeper life of the observer and set the soul on the alert. He came before the eye as the vivid embodiment of higher forces, and with the air of one bent on the most serious business. His was no classic and ideal form which art would seek to copy; in movement he was rather awkward than graceful; on his face were no soft and fluent lines or fresh tints; and his raiment was never a happy fit. Not at all to graces of this kind was his personal sway due, for then had it been less powerful; but rather to the graphic manifestation of character—the thoughts that breathe, the emotions that thrill, and energies that move with the might of nature's forces; and hence the best that was in man rose to greet him as he moved with a sort of roll, like a ship toiling in a heavy sea, to his pulpit or platform, and eagerly the ear waited to listen.

But if his bodily presence was thus a power in itself, —a speech in silence, a sufficient exordium,—it indeed grew to a startling and awe-inspiring figure under the magnetism of his soul, as he moved through the scenery of his discourse. In the life of Dr. Chapin there is nothing more remarkable than the fact that, while he was physically disinclined to exercise, — seeking a seat as his first choice, hazarding health rather than compel himself to take a walk, ordering a carriage to convey

him a couple of hundred rods sooner than go on foot, — still was his body a swift and facile and willing servant of his soul, and it was equal to the largest demand laid upon it by his rapt emotions, as the great organ in the Boston Music Hall is equal to the rendering of the vast and stormy harmonies of Bach. At the first wave of the wand of sentiment, he threw off his bodily inertia, and rose, like a giant from sleep, to an overwhelming energy. As a tree sways and vibrates in a gale, so would his massive form toil and strive as some strong gust of feeling swept down on it; and his audience would fairly lose its breath for a time amid the wild rush of emotion he would thus summon to their hearts. In the lofty passages of oratory it is doubtful if any speaker ever addressed the eye more overpoweringly; for in the show of passion a Demosthenes could not have surpassed him, — nor a Peter the Hermit in vehemence, nor a Luther in hot energy, nor a Rowland Hill in the rush and force of climaxes, nor a Patrick Henry in the majesty of declamation. When his inner gifts were in full play he was a most thrilling embodiment of eloquence; and so unstudied and real were his outbursts that the eye scarcely needed the aid of the ear to interpret them, and to bear to the soul their full force.

But his voice was another of his rare physical advantages as an orator. Only once in a very long time does nature endow a public speaker with such a voice. Its great volume was fully equalled by its fine qualities. It was at once strong, flexible, and rich in its tones. "Oh, hear that voice!" has been the exclamation of multitudes who have chanced to catch its notes on the sidewalk or in the ear.

"I recall distinctly the first time I ever saw Dr. Chapin," writes Miss Sarah G. Duley. "It must have been, I think, in the earlier years of his being at Pigeon Cove, for I was quite a little girl. I was at the waterside with my grandfather, who was busy about his boat, when two gentlemen drove up, and asked my grandfather if he could set them across 'Squam River to Coffin's Beach. He could and did. I remember distinctly with what pleasure I listened to every word uttered by the voice that sounded to my childish ears like some rare instrument. I had never heard such a voice, I thought. It was some days later that I learned that the gentleman with the wonderful voice was E. H. Chapin."

And it was a rare instrument she heard, — a finely strung vocal organ, whose power and mellowness struck the ear as alike remarkable. It was so grand and variant and musical, that to have heard only its tones, apart from the aid of words, would have enchanted the ear.

It was not the dry, thin, hard voice of the intellect, heard so often from the professor's chair, and not infrequently from the pulpit, but a voice rounded and enriched by emotion.

"He never had to put the pebbles of Demosthenes into his mouth," said Dr. Bellows, "to conquer any natural obstacles to clear utterance. Theodore Parker said of Samuel J. May that Nature made his voice to say the Beatitudes with. God made our friend Chapin's voice to ring through vast crowds of humanity, — to startle the indifferent, to fasten the attention of the careless, and to rivet the ears of listening thousands. Clear as a clarion, and loud as a park of artillery, it has been the apt vehicle for thoughts that breathe and words that burn. For his tuneful throat has been only the passage for a current of impassioned feeling and vigorous thinking; and eloquence in him has been the volcano's flame, fed from a fiery heart of

inexhaustible earnestness, and ever-active brooding on life's great problems. Nature made him for an orator, and Divine Grace adopted him as one of her most potent mouthpieces."

There was no idea so grand, no sentiment so lofty or beautiful or ardent, that his voice did not seem to glorify as it gave it utterance. The hearer was often startled at the fresh sense he would read into, or out of, the most familiar words. The old became new as he enunciated it, and the weak strong, and the strong sovereign. Saadi tells us of "a man with a feeble and harsh voice who was reading the Koran, when a holy man passing by asked him what was his monthly stipend. He answered, 'Nothing at all.' The man inquired, 'Why, then, do you take so much trouble?' He replied, 'I read for the sake of God.' The other rejoined, 'For the sake of God do not read; for, if you read the Koran in this manner, you will destroy the splendor of Islamism.'" But no splendor of Christianity ever suffered through being rendered by the soul-touched voice of Dr. Chapin.

But a supple and powerful body and a facile and ample voice do not make an orator, but are only the needful agents or instruments of the oratorical genius, which is a higher gift. What the superb organ is to the gifted musician and his music, such are the bodily powers to the eloquent soul. They are not the basis of oratory, but only its aids. Back of action and voice lies the secret of speech that charms and overpowers. In all ages the wise ones have heaped satire on the rant and noise, born of the abundant flesh, which affect to be eloquence. The Scotch proverb says: "The greatest bumner is never the best bee;" and Shakespeare was



deeply incensed at the speaker who substituted sound for sense: "Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it." In a like spirit of impatience does the great London preacher, Spurgeon, rebuke this corporeal excess in oratory: "It is an infliction, not to be endured twice, to hear a brother, who mistakes perspiration for inspiration, tear along like a wild horse with a hornet in its ear, till he has no more wind and must needs pause to pump his lungs full again."

In his earlier life Chapin may have been sometimes betrayed by the exuberance of his physical powers into this fault so exposed to satire. The subtle mind of Starr King, his youthful parishioner, detected at a glance, as his eloquent young pastor entered the pulpit, the order of oratory which was about to be displayed. If Chapin came with poor outfit for the service he dashed into the pulpit with a sort of frenzy (as King noticed), rushed from seat to desk and desk to seat, worked his body into a fever and sweat, gave his arms to a wildness of gesture, and pressed his voice to an uproar. Chapin confessed to having lost the favor of the Boston Mercantile Library Association by the boisterousness of his first lecture before it. His ordinary preaching, in that heyday of his life, when his inner resources scarcely balanced his outer energies, was, no doubt, as largely mixed with physical forces as the laws of a sound criticism would allow. It was, however, a coveted and not

injurious magnetism to the people, who flocked to have the fiery currents sweep through them, and a sure sign of a riper greatness of no ordinary type, since it is the law of eloquence, with the advancing years, to draw less of its sway from the body and more from the soul.

Passing to a study of the higher sources of Chapin's oratory, we shall find the chief merit must be accorded to his rare spiritual ardor or enthusiasm, which seems to be the prime quality of all effective genius, the secret of greatness in art, music, and poetry, as in speech. Without its aid great talents will lie dormant, but by it they will be set at their best and made mighty in power. Every one knows what advantage lies in being kindled; for he who could say nothing before, can say anything now, and with rare logic, imagination, and force; sterility becomes suddenly fertile, as if the sandy desert were to bloom and bear fruit in abundance; cowardice gives place to courage, or we have exchanged our fawn for a lion. Is man the same being to-day he was yesterday, — *now* so aerial and lithe, full of rapt visions, eager for better communions, having down his rare books for rare occasions, or fleeing to gaze again and worthily at some fine landscape or work of art, but *then* only a mole without eyes in some dark corner, or a foolish bat flying blind in the open day? The same and not the same; the same *plus* a heat that has set free the frozen and pent-up currents, or a quickened sensibility that gives him to himself, installs him in full command of his powers, and befriends him at whatever task he attempts, as a crisp air gives quickness and vigor to our whole being. In this gift of emotion, thus effective,

Chapin took rank with the most ardent souls known in the history of man.

It is not enough to say that he warmed toward his theme; he indeed flamed as he mused on it and spoke of it. In the years of his prime he only needed to engage his thoughts and rise to his feet to have the inner fires set to burning like a furnace. "His capacity of glow," said Dr. Bellows, "never failed in any public address to make that which only smokes under the heat of other orators to flame from his lips." Or, to turn from fire to water for a type of his enthusiasm, we find it set forth by Mr. Beecher: "His eloquence was not a canal but a rushing river."

But Mr. Chapin did not violate the true law of oratory by a monotony of enthusiasm and energy. He was the master of climaxes, and was studied by a Forrest, a Davenport, a Lawrence Barrett, that they might catch his art of hurling his whole being tumultuously, and seemingly at his pleasure, into a single period or a paragraph, making it startling like the flash of lightning and the crash of thunder, and then instantly assuming a calmer mood. The swiftness and sweep of his alternations were surprises even to the masters of passion. Said Forrest, "Chapin beats the tragic stage for explosive effects." Indeed so great and perfect was his command of his muscles and vocal powers and passions that, if he saw fit, he could make a thrilling climax of a platitude, electrify and awe his hearers with a commonplace, make a molehill play the part of a mountain with its crags and caverns and clouds; and the reader of one of his printed sermons would hardly be able to tell where, in the preaching of it, if it were

preached in his mid-years, he swept his audience into breathless moods of wonder and rapture. In fact, he did it very much at his pleasure ; or rather, he yielded his swift and strong feelings and mighty powers of expression to the touch of a kindling phrase, of which the ordinary reader would take no note. There are not wanting many telling climaxes on his printed pages, for to such the ardent writer is ever borne, but he felt and made more than others would detect.

In this rare heat and glow, diffused in all his being as he spoke, now a serene fire and now a wild flame, and ever increasing as he moved through his discourse, we have the prime secret of his eloquence. He was earnest, ardent, enthusiastic, and therefore he was eloquent. The art of his oratory was primarily in the heart of it. Because he had more sentiment and passion than others was he more mighty in speech.

The remaining sources of his eloquence are to be found in those intellectual and moral conditions which are tributary to enthusiasm, making it a greater certainty, raising it to a higher level, giving it more commanding forms, and rendering it more nobly effective. Whatever else there may be, without heat there is no eloquence ; and Dr. Chapin looked well to the supply of fuel with which to kindle and inflame the heart. To this end he sought great themes for his sermons, since these would greatly stir his soul and arouse his sentiments. Not only had he the gift of looking his subjects into their broadest proportions, but he sought broad subjects, before which he would naturally kindle, as before a great work of art or a towering mountain. The deeps of the inner life are not likely to be broken up

and agitated at the contemplation of a trifle, an empty whim, a theme so trivial and remote from the life of man as a moral and religious being that its discussion were a matter of indifference. The soul is rational, and rises before its topic in proportion to its greatness and value. A penny print cannot affect it like a great fresco, nor a petty conceit like a solemn question of faith and ethics. Hence Dr. Chapin chose such vital and inspiring subjects as would arouse him as he mused on them. A list of his themes, filling the space of a chapter, would be excellent reading for clergyman and layman, as showing the shrines at which his soul was set aglow in its contemplations, and before which every one would be likely to offer an earnest worship. Turning from the thin and useless topics too often discussed in the pulpit, the mere bric-a-brac of theology, the metaphysical puzzles of the creeds or the temporary caprices of the hour, about which the soul has no concern, how great and stirring do his subjects appear: "The Divine Providence," "The Principle of the Divine Kingdom," "Faith and its Aspirations," "Life in Christ," "Ideals of Life," "The Inward Springs," "Longing for Righteousness," "Overcoming the World," "The Spiritual Resurrection," "The Heavenly State." Solemn appeals are these to the heart in every age and place, and in the study of them it will find its noblest sentiments stirred, as well as its richest joys enhanced.

While Dr. Chapin avoided trivial topics, and those which address the intellect chiefly, — the dogmas around which debate raises its din and dust, while the soul turns away its gaze and waits to hear a better word, — he also left untouched, because they are uninspiring, all

subjects on which his mind was not made up and his heart full of confidence. He avoided the chill of doubt in making his messages for the people. He felt the incompatibility of skepticism and enthusiasm, of a distracted mental state and an earnest frame of spirit, of a suspended faith and an effective eloquence, and selected his subjects from the circle of his convictions. He was not open to the criticism of the celebrated Rowland Hill, that "some ministers choose dubious themes, which they treat hesitatingly, as a donkey mumbles this-les." He dealt in great affirmations, and hurled his whole being unimpeded along the channel of his thought. He would be on the best of terms with his subject,—a full believer in it, an ardent lover of it,—and then glow before it in his study, as he unfolded it, and in his pulpit, as he bore it to the waiting people, that it might affect them as it affected him.

Another fire at which he warmed and kindled his soul, and enhanced his eloquence, is the mystic but mighty flame of beauty. In the words of Plato: "Beauty is a kind of tyranny to which man gives himself in a ready captivity." In the classic picture Beauty rides on a Lion, to signify its majesty and sway; or, in Mr. Emerson's phrase, "Beauty is the form under which the intellect prefers to study the world." It is one of the secrets of the universe which is most inspiring of love, enthusiasm, activity, and power. He who is its creator, and adorns his work as he executes it, will not tire at his task, but will realize a growing ardor and power in its performance. Thus the orator is touched by the music of his own voice, kindled by the felicity of his rhetoric, aroused by his happy tropes and similes,



braced by his lucky condensations, and cheered by the skill of his arguments ; and Dr. Chapin's eloquence was under a heavy debt to these helps to emotion. He asked Beauty to come and sit by him as he made his sermon or meditated his speech, that she might breathe her inspiring breath on his soul.

Rarely has a preacher equalled him in the art of ornamentation, and thousands upon thousands of entranced listeners have exclaimed: "How beautiful! how grand!" as his glowing imagery passed before them, not aware that that imagery had reacted on the soul of the speaker and the deeper sentiments of their own being, making a divine enthusiasm the ally of the æsthetic delight. "The orator must be, to a certain extent, a poet," says Mr. Emerson. "We are such imaginative creatures, that nothing so works on the human mind, barbarous or civil, as a trope. Condense some daily experience into a glowing symbol, and an audience is electrified." But speaker and hearer are alike susceptible to the magic of beauty, and awaken at the touch of the imagination, as Memnon's statue awoke at the streaming in of the morning sunlight. A commonplace period is a poppy, and invites sleep in the one who makes it and in the one who listens to it. A platitude is a sponge dipped in morphine. A common thought in a common dress is uninteresting and tiresome to everybody, and a continuous procession of such will set all parties to yawning. But periods that are fresh and strong and decorated, and paragraphs in which the imagination plays its part, will set thought and sentiment at a vast advantage ; and to this source we must trace one of the secrets of Dr. Chapin's eloquence. His man-



uscript was illuminated, and he was the first to glow before the magical radiance. He created around him a pictorial realm, and was inspired by the scenery. He found a happy incitement in a terse phrase, and his soul rushed into a graphic figure of speech. He could compel force into a platitude, but a strong and poetic statement aroused all the powers within him.

Nor must we overlook his humane spirit in our attempt to account for his enthusiasm in the pulpit and on the platform. A loving heart makes eloquent lips. For those we love we can speak with a fervor to which indifference, or a cold art, can make no approach. It is a standard demand in the books on oratory, from Quintilian to the latest writer, that the speaker must be in full sympathy with his hearers, that he may successfully engage himself and them. "Love is the sap of the gospel, the secret of lively and effectual preaching, the magic power of eloquence," said the great French preacher, Abbé Mullois. "The true evangelical fervor comes with affectionate interest in souls," says Dr. Storrs; and Phillips Brooks, in his Yale Lectures, declares that "no man preaches well who has not a strong and deep appreciation of humanity." But Chapin had a great and tender heart toward every class of his hearers,—a keen sympathy with the poor and the sorrowing, a swift pity for the sinful, a sincere regard for those struggling to conquer temptation, a ready and hearty interest in those striving to realize a true ideal of life, a ready compassion for the honest skeptic, esteem for the pure and good, and an abounding gladness in all joy; and in this humanity of his heart his themes rose before him as beneficent opportunities, and his

words became touching and powerful as he wrote and spoke for the good of souls.

Another source of his eloquence was his deep and fervent piety. In all ages the most inspired lips have been touched by the Divinity. From Isaiah to Dr. Channing, faith in God, and a keeping of the soul in unity with the Holy Spirit, have quickened the genius of the great preachers and made their words welcome and effective. In the light of immortality the preacher's office is magnified; under a divine government, sin and holiness assume gravest aspects; and he who goes to his pulpit with the strongest conviction and sense of these facts will go most in the spirit of his service. He will not stand there as an idler, nor a time-server, nor a seeker of his own glory, but as one who has a most serious business on his hands, to which he would commit every gift of his being. In Dr. Chapin's implicit and ardent faith in God we must see one source of his fervid eloquence. On this point the Rev. C. R. Moor truly remarks:—

The religious resource of his oratory must ever rank as the most special and the highest; this entered largely into and determined very much the quality of whatever was noblest and best in all he did and said. They who heard him only on the lecture platform, or when he was considering subjects that did not legitimately require and to which he could not thus bring the full force of his religious powers, never fairly heard him at all. More than all things else, he was a religious genius; in every best sense he was pre-eminently a Christian preacher, whose eloquence had large root in the religiousness of his natural constitution and large flowers and fruitage in the atmosphere of the Kingdom of Heaven. His

Christian zeal, enthusiasm, and passion, that might have swept him into fanaticism but for their balancing and hence conservative forces, were thus turned into currents of deepest, truest life, and breathed through congregations as mighty winds of the spirit. His volumes of sermons, — Crown of Thorns, Hours of Communion, Lord's Prayer, and The Beatitudes, — preached for the most part during the earlier years of his ministry, are illustrations of his reverence for and faith in the simplest and highest truths of religion, as themes by which sacred eloquence, the highest of all eloquence, could most effectually educate and bless mankind. It was a direct consideration of the pure Gospel — some scene in the life of Christ or his apostles, some special principle or influence of Christianity — that always most inspired the mind and heart and tongue of this master of oratory, and by which he most thrilled and helped his hearers. He was so much of a religious genius, and he had so large Christian culture, that he saw symbols, suggestions, and lessons of moral and spiritual life everywhere. They filled nature and human history and experience — the whole world — so full to his vision, that it seemed very easy for him to shower these upon the souls of his fellow-men in richest abundance. But the Cross of Jesus was the sign of it all; around that centred his greatest and holiest thoughts and feelings, there glowed his most lofty, tender and impressive speech.

Among his oratorical resources must also be noted the mood of engagedness and emotion into which he was wont to bring himself on the eve of speaking, by secluded musing and prayer. He sacrificed all else to the generation of enthusiasm in his own heart. He made sure of his emotion before coming to the public to address it, not willing to risk even his quick and strong sensibilities to the fortune of the hour. He was

self-exacting as an anchorite, who spends an arduous preliminary season in making ready for his matin or vesper service. It might be said of him as it was of Whitefield: "He was the prince of preachers without the veil, because he was a Jacob within the veil. His face shone when he came down from the Mount, because he had been so long alone with God on the Mount." As an athlete dare not come to the arena unless he has set every nerve and muscle at its best by a fitting excitation, so Chapin feared to undertake his sacred task, not merely in sluggish or frivolous frame of mind, but unless he had made sure of being in the spirit and power of his service. To this end he devoted a preliminary hour, or, it may be, the entire Sunday morning. He sought solitude and its high offices. He mused that he might set the fires burning. Amid the currents of spiritual influence, which never sweep over the soul except to freshen and inspire it, he sought to place himself. With his theme he wrestled in advance. By a sense of the needs of the people he would awaken his heart.

"I have seen Dr. Chapin," says Rev. C. R. Moor, "when he was soon to speak on almost every variety of occasion and theme, and generally under circumstances that rendered his being alone, or having complete possession of himself, the most difficult; but I recall no such time that he did not find a vacant room or office, or, if this seemed impossible, retire into himself quite as surely, while his body remained with friends, and sometimes with the multitude. When I was pastor in Portland, for several years in succession he gave one of the hottest of the summer Sundays to my people, always preaching three sermons, and probably never preaching better.

He usually made his home, while in the city, with his esteemed friends, James L. Farmer and family; but I remember, as clearly as if it were yesterday, one day he gave to me and mine, and nothing of that home visit do I recall more distinctly than the fact that at least an hour before each service he began to walk his room with a quick, firm step, peculiarly his own at such times, which was continued, with seemingly increasing rapidity and solidity, until the church bells struck their last call. I hear those footsteps of twenty-five years ago at this moment as certainly as I heard 'a voice' that day which 'is still,' or possess now any of the life deeply quickened then in the congregation as it came from one who gave because he had received, and who knew the meaning of every kind of true preparation more thoroughly than most successful men far less gifted by nature."

## XIV.

### SERMONS AND LECTURES.

PERSISTENCE of habit must be regarded as one of the marked traits in Dr. Chapin's life. That which he had become accustomed to do seemed to assume a sacred aspect before his eyes, he put such zest into the performance; or it impressed him as a necessity, by reason of the awkwardness which he often experienced in striking out and following some new order or method. Thus having in early life made Pigeon Cove his summer resort, he kept on doing so to the end of his days, spending more or less of the heated terms at this place for thirty-one years. Year after year he had his pocket diary of one size and style, and, if it might be so, of one man's make; and, says his bookseller, "it was often a heavy job to fill his little order for a diary." In the fashion of his manuscripts this adherence to habit stands out in a conspicuous degree. At least sixteen hundred of his eighteen hundred and twenty-five written sermons are as like in form as they could possibly be under the changes which have taken place in the paper-making art. The small-size "note paper" was the measure of his page, and the area of the writing, as well as its style, appears in the printed fac-similes. For more than thirty years he held to this precise form, which every

minister but one in a thousand would declare to be the worst form possible, generating a cramped penmanship, imposing a hardship on the eyes, and giving steady employment to one hand to turn the leaves and hold the small, perverse manuscript from closing. All who were wont to hear Dr. Chapin will recall the tax levied on his attention by this form of his sermon. While it was true of him, as of the old Scotch woman's minister, "The gude man ha' a pith wi' his paper," it is quite likely that pith was at times less pungent than it would have been had his page been more open and his chi-rography bolder. In Dean Swift's advice to a clergyman even Dr. Chapin might have found a useful hint: "Let me entreat you to add one half-crown a year to the article of paper, to transcribe your sermons in as large and plain a manner as you can, and either make no interlineation, or change the whole leaf; for we, your hearers, would rather you should be less correct than given to stammering, which I take to be one of the worst solecisms in rhetoric."

But, while Dr. Chapin had full command of the size of his manuscript and could thus gratify his habit of persistence, there is one diversity in the aspect of his written sermons over which he had no control. However it may have given pain to his eye, time wrought its inevitable contrasts. Between the deep buff of his earlier manuscripts, bathed for a generation in New York smoke and dust, and the fresh whiteness of his recent ones, there is a wide breach in color, and a couple of fac-similes of this non-uniformity would be at least amusing. In many instances the great preacher brought about an amalgamation of the two colors, setting them



country roads, flutters towards  
the flame in which too often  
he is sucked & smothered.  
Budding genius, - a, rather, po-  
-tential, sprouting conceit, - fancies  
that here it will find due  
recognition of its powers, & fol-  
-lows its fancy to the bitter  
end. Thus, for one reason  
or another, thousands plunge  
into this glittering net, pouring,  
at length, to grasp some  
portion of their idol, but  
finding also to sink, a while  
back in wretched conditions from  
which they cannot escape.

But whatever  
may be the nature of the  
influence exerted by great  
cities, there can be no doubt



rital & spiritual love, that "the  
clarity of the form is their  
Power."

I am truly yours.  
Wendell  
these days of suffering.

The human form of  
"Rich & Poor."

Just to show what  
a Prof y. test.

and yet, - we'll be  
so-called "Gates."

The man who has been  
this.

There is no such  
a thing as a man. Pl. Aug.

"Fate of the world."

In the "a style  
for life, in the other lot.



in the same manuscript, like the marrying of an octo-  
roon and a blonde, or the blooming of a tea rose and a  
white rose from the same stem. He often sewed an  
ancient and modern manuscript together; in a few  
instances three sermons of different ages were tangled  
into one. He knew the art of clerical economy, and  
eked out a new discourse by stealing from an old one,  
or gave to an old one a modern finish, as an old house  
is sometimes given a new story and a fresh style. His  
more frequent transit, however, was from the white to  
the yellow, as if in the treatment of his theme it came  
over him that among his hundreds of manuscripts he  
had one or more in which he had made the points he  
now had in mind, and hastened to avail himself of the  
labor-saving suggestion.

His manuscripts reveal yet another stroke of econo-  
my in toil to which he often resorted. From his writ-  
ten themes he frequently extemporized at a later date,  
and made his briefs or notes on the pages opposite  
the written ones. Thus the same manuscript carries the  
sermon in two forms, and has done a double service.  
Here are the etching and the full painting ranged side  
by side, but the moving pictures flashed on the vision  
of the people must have been much the same. On  
some of his sermons appear two or more dates, indica-  
ting their repetition, and generally at not very wide inter-  
vals apart, as if the themes were still haunting his soul  
and appealing for a second or a third deliverance; and  
occasionally the word *Repeated* appears on the front  
page. But it is a comfort to know that this hard-  
worked minister was thus not wholly blind or averse to  
some arts of easing his tasks.

But the most remarkable feature of Dr. Chapin's manuscripts is their uniform incompleteness. It is very doubtful if in sermon or lecture he has left a completed composition. In no habit was he more persistent than in that of beginning to write with evident care and fulness, and ending with illegible phrases and words; and it is easy to trace, as he advances, his lapse into fragmentary paragraphs and periods and degenerated chirography. This tendency appears in the printed fac-similes, which are an earlier and a later page of the same discourse. In a few pages from the start his manuscript shows signs of haste in his hand, and soon becomes sketchy and unreadable; but, as he wrote, the real sermon rose and rushed toward an ideal completeness. The worse the manuscript the better the sermon. A compelled haste may now and then have been responsible for this method of work; but it was no doubt mainly due to psychological conditions, the laws and processes of his inner life. No sooner would he get fairly to musing on his theme and opening it out on paper than his mind would so kindle and his impulses so acquire impetus that his pen was utterly powerless to make record of his swift visions and rapt feelings, and did little more than indicate by meagre scrawls the grand unfolding of his discourse as a mental and spiritual achievement. As a hurrying traveller through a forest cannot delay to make a road, but only blazes a tree here and there to keep him on his path if ever he passes that way again, so Dr. Chapin, swept forward by a whirlwind of thought and feeling, could not pause to write out with plainness and fulness his sermons, but dashed on, only leaving such hasty

traces of his course as would enable him in his pulpit to find again the lofty path he had traversed in his study. It may also have been in part a policy with him to leave these unwritten gaps and conclusions, since he knew his rare gift of off-hand speech, by which he could fill the voids with thrilling climaxes. For the fullest deliverance of himself, and the best effects on his hearers, he may have sought moments of entire abandon to the rush of thought and feeling. He could wisely trust his emotions to a spontaneous utterance, since they were of that intensity and elevation that hurled them into forms of beauty and power, as crystals burst under great heat into charming shapes.

But passing to a deeper view of Dr. Chapin's sermons we fail to find in them some traits for which those but partially acquainted with his character would naturally look. An exuberant wit, still are his sermons uniformly serious. A hearty lover of fun, having an eye to detect puns in almost every combination of words, freely seasoning his conversation with the spice of wit, it was yet a rare occurrence in his preaching that he drew a smile from his hearers. It would be difficult to find a jest in his dozen or more volumes of published discourses. They are cheerful but never witty; full of sunny thoughts and sentiments, but free from all facetiæ. He now and then approached satire, but rarely surrounded it with an air of levity, as did the witty Sydney Smith. If his thrusts were sharp, they were still more serious than humorous. It is not probable that he had a theory on this matter to which he conformed his practice, but that his gravity was the real and free mood of his spirit. Intellectually he would



agree with Cowper, that "'t is pitiful to court a grin, when you should woo a soul, to break a jest when pity would inspire pathetic exhortation, and to address the skittish fancy with facetious tales when sent with God's commission to the heart;" but he would also accord wisdom to the statement of Milton, that "even this vein of laughing, as I could produce out of grave authors, hath oft-times a strong and sinewy force in teaching and confuting." It was no doubt due to his temperament that he was kept thus from blending gravity and levity. His native ardor bore him exclusively into one mood or another, so that when devoted to sacred things his wit was as if it were not; and when, on the other hand, he gave himself to frolic, it was with an equally undivided surrender to the passing mood. His current feeling was so marked and strong it precluded the intrusion of a counter-feeling. He was too intense to be versatile.

To this trait of his character we must also ascribe, no doubt, the absence of literary allusions and quotations from his sermons. A constant reader of the choicest books, a student of the poets and dramatists, versed in the legendary and folk-lore of many lands, an eager reader of the best works on art, familiar with the authors who treat of social and moral philosophy, and conversant with all the Broad-church writers from Tauler to Martineau, — a very devotee, in short, of high and quotable literature, — still he rarely made a reference, and more rarely a quotation, which indicated the range of his reading. In his earlier years he was much more given to reflecting his wealth of literary treasures than later in life. His first and last book reveal a marked con-

trast in this respect, not that the former is at all pedantic, but that the latter is strangely exempt from all echoes and glimpses of the great authors. Mainly as an unconscious influence, a wisdom and beauty and energy assimilated and made personal, does literature at length reappear on his written and printed pages. No more in name and phrase, or but rarely, do we find Homer and Milton, Raphael and Ruskin, Fenelon and Channing, pressing into his composition; but there can be no doubt that, as the fragrance of the flowers fills the air unseen, the fine spirit of these sons of genius pervades his inspired and glowing periods. It was not in vain that he had communed with them, and perhaps we get the more of them in spirit, as we get less in formal allusion. It was said by the eloquent Dr. Alexander, in his later ministry: "I am less and less in favor of quotation in sermons. My tendency used to be very much that way; but as my manner becomes warmer and more practical, I let these brilliant patches alone." So did Dr. Chapin sacrifice literary embellishment to his fervor and impetus in the hour of composition or of extemporaneous discourse. He rose above the frame of mind which is discursive and can freely range the field of literature, and pause to recall and set in form a happy quotation or to consult and quote from the original text. In his ardor he freely created the phraseology which would best serve his purpose, and cared not to look about for less glowing and graphic terms. A high inspiration is self-sufficing, and hindered, rather than helped, by any attempt to borrow assistance.

Nor do Chapin's sermons, in manuscript or in print, disclose to the reader many of the looked-for passages

by which he wrought overwhelming effects in delivery. The majority of his climaxes may have been extemporaneous, outbursts from his soul in the moments of its rapture; but they were not all thus independent of the written page. He often seized upon the periods his pen had cast and rendered them startling to the hearer. He would turn a paragraph into a battery by which he would electrify and thrill his audience. Into a phrase he would hurl a tempest of passion. But this he did very much at his pleasure, or in response to the instantaneous concentration of the fire in his soul. Hence his manuscripts were especially dependent on his marvellous personality. It required his kindled heart and magnetic voice to break their steady energy into a most impressive diversity of effects. They were supple instruments in his hands, and made to work wonders beyond anything that the reader would suspect. While they are full of beauty and strength which cannot be hidden from the eye, he made them tenfold more grand and impressive to the ear.

In like manner will the reader look in vain to Chapin's sermons for references to himself. He rarely indulged in a word of autobiography, but treated his themes on the most impersonal grounds. In this he may have been modest beyond what is wise; for, while there is a vanity in many a preacher which makes him tedious in his garrulity about his own experiences and deeds, there is a use to be made of personal history, of inner and outer events, which, while imparting a human interest, may serve to unfold and enforce divine truth. A bit of autobiography is often a source of pleasure and instruction, and to a biographer it is a desideratum; but

Dr. Chapin modestly avoided to speak of what was personal to himself. With a master's hand he painted the portrait of his Saviour, but never sketched his own face as a side picture. He shrunk from being an official figure-head in the Church. "Men have," said he, "a great deal of respect for the clergyman on account of his office. I do not want any such officious respect. I do not want any of that feeling for the parson as a sort of embodiment of cold ecclesiastical formalities,—for instance, that kind of respect for the clergyman that will check a man from swearing in his presence: 'Ah, I beg pardon; I see there is a minister present.' Never beg my pardon for swearing; if you don't care about offending God, you need not trouble yourself about offending me." As a star is lost in the effulgence of the sun, so in his pulpit would he be lost in the greater light of the Divinity,—lost to his own self-consciousness and to the consciousness of his audience. He preached not himself, but the Gospel.

The traits in Dr. Chapin's sermons which most commend them are their broad and lofty themes, and the sincere and poetic earnestness with which they are treated. No man ever shared a keener or stronger sympathy with human life, for in him life was abounding riches, a charged and surcharged battery, a majestic and swift tide, a thrilling pilgrimage, a stirring drama, a grand warfare. That which is indifferent to the low and sluggish nature was all-absorbing to his living soul. In his more placid hours he might say with Emerson: "Life is sweet as nitrous oxide;" but he was oftener in a mood of more intense delight, and could exclaim with Schiller: "Oh God! how lovely still is life!" But a

stronger adjective would better serve his frequent experience, and with the Persian Dabistan he could cry out: "Oh Life! thou art the Flame of flames!" Open to almost any page of his printed sermons and this favorite word will greet you, standing alone like the evening star, or in groups like the shining clusters of the later night. It is the theme of many of his sermons; and of his twenty-two courses of sermons which remain in manuscript, in full or broken sets, the following general titles are characteristic: Discourses on Life, Elements of Modern Life, Conditions of Personal and Social Life, Phases of Life, Religion in Every-day Life, Spheres of Life and Conduct, Spheres of Life and Duty, Life Lessons from the Book of Proverbs; and to these may be added the title of one of his published volumes, — Moral Aspects of City Life. The little word was so great with meaning as he shaped it out of his experience that it fairly haunted him, and he returned again and again to the theme. He was so much a man of the heart and the imagination that he cared not to contemplate principles and sentiments in the abstract, but grew enthusiastic over them as they took the forms of life and experience. Hence his love of history, legend, folk-lore, and anecdote. It was when the universal became personal and passed into living aspects, taking to itself love, hope, virtue, heroism, filling public and private spheres, toiling and striving, traversing the arenas of tragedy, comedy, romance, saintship, that his interest was enlisted and his genius fired with passion to paint the scenes and aid the actors in the midst of them. "The crowd in the city," said he, "affords comparatively little interest, when we contemplate it

merely as a crowd. But when we resolve it into its individual particles, and consider each of these as endued with the attributes and involved in the conditions of humanity, our deepest sympathies are touched. Every drop of that great stream is a conscious personality. In some shape the Universe is reflected in it. In some way it takes hold of the reality of life ; and the living organism of which it is composed both acts and suffers, receives from the world around it and contributes to it." Thus in personality, and the play of the invisible principles of the universe in daily deeds and feelings, he found a favorite topic of discourse.

And it was for this reason that Christ was so often the theme of his preaching. In him he saw religion taken out of its abstract form, and brought home to the heart and set before the imagination. He felt it a privilege to turn from the creeds, so cold and barren, and fix his gaze on a living Christianity in the Son of God. He shared a devotion to his Master that any Saint of the Romish Church might have envied. To him he gave his love ; him he glorified with his reverent and poetic genius ; and to him he most desired to lead his fellow-beings, that like Mary they might sit at his feet and be helped. In a sermon of his early life, preached at the ordination of Rev. C. H. Fay, he defined the office of the pulpit in the following words :—

It should exhibit Christ to the world. Not the Christianity of the Church, not the Christianity of the Creed, — but Christ as he lived, Christ as he taught, Christ as he appeared in all his moral power and loveliness, apart from the systems and tenets of men, Christ as he spoke at Olivet, Christ as he prayed in Gethsemane, Christ as he wept at the grave of

Lazarus, Christ as he died upon the cross, Christ as he arose from the sepulchre. Here is enough to move the heart, to start the penitential tear, to call forth from the welling fountains of the spirit gushings of love and tenderness. Oh! there is a boundless theme opened for the preacher in the character of Jesus. Here are topics for his discourses, examples for his imitation, and the noblest motives that can be brought to bear upon the universal mind.

To this early conception of the office of the Christian pulpit he remained steadfast to the end of his days; for it was a conception alike congenial to the native bias of his heart and imagination, which demanded that the universal should become personal,—and kindling to his gifts of eloquence, by its appeals to love, gratitude, veneration, and a soldierly devotion to a great and worthy leader.

Of God and man, duty and destiny, law and compensation, he often treated in his sermons; but always strove to set these themes in concrete and living forms. He brought them on the arena of life, and invested them with a human interest. He treated them pictorially and graphically, as a great artist or poet bodies forth the unseen.

His references to nature are as poetic and reverent as they are frequent. He approached it as if it were a shrine, and his soul gladly confessed its deeper significance, the light within the light, the beauty which is the soul of the beautiful, the love that glows in all its forms and outgoings.

“It is a great thing,” said he, “to see the spiritual truth that all nature symbolizes. Take that familiar and grand fact I saw on the verge of Niagara. There were the crystal battle-



ments ; there was the rainbow round about the throne ; there, ascending and descending, were outlines of spirit-forms, with their sweeping, glorious garments of white ; there, in perpetual acclamation, with the voice of many waters and with the voice of mighty thunderings, went up the ascription, ‘ Allelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth ! ’ ”

As an expression of a more quiet sympathy with nature, a conscious rest of the soul under her mystic sway, a silent reading of her far-off tokens of love, a drawing of hope and trust from her calm immensities, the quotation given below can but soothe and bless the reader : —

In calm, fine nights of the latter summer, when the woods are clothed with the luxuriance of maturity and the corn stands fully ripe, — in the clear midnight, when all else is still, — there comes a manifestation as of the conscious earth communing with the conscious universe. There rises a low, deep murmur of the sea upon its shores, and the leaves shiver with a sudden ecstasy, and a light of answering gladness ripples along the firmament and sparkles to the edge of the remotest constellations. It is as if nature herself knew the counsel that embosoms all things, and for a moment confessed the glorious purpose. This may be fancy, but surely it symbolizes a consoling fact. As in space, so in the immensity of God’s plan and among the ministering influences of his Providence, our world is carried onward, — with the graves of the saints and the martyrs on her breast, and the crescent good slowly spreading over her ; and the seeds of truth and righteousness, planted with great pains and buried often in seeming defeat, are swelling with life and bursting into victory.

As it was said of Mrs. Siddons that she was tragic in all things, — even stabbing the potato she took from the

dish to her plate, and asking for her fan with a histrionic air,—so it may be said of Chapin's genius: pre-eminently spiritual and moral, it never began to act but it fell into the making of a sermon. His earliest poems were sermons. His speeches in the Van Buren campaign, when he was a law-student, could not have been anything but sermons. The many speeches he made during the years of his popularity as a speaker, however they may have started off amid an effervescence of wit, directly passed into a serious temper and treated some grave problem of life; and usually the division between the sport, which was for an instant, and the ardent preaching which followed, was as marked as that between the glittering froth and the deep-hued wine below it, or between the gay crest of some oriental bird and the sober plumage which covers its body. His editorials, with rare exceptions, were sermonical in theme and spirit, and the great majority of them had been preached in his pulpit as parts of his sermons. His lectures, whatever their titles may have been, and their drapery of history and reference to current events and anecdote, were essentially sermons. On the platform he was the preacher still, seeking to enlighten and inspire souls by a discussion of moral truths and principles. Every one of his sixteen published works was first preached in his pulpit. Even as a necessity is laid upon the acorn, in case it passes into germ and shrub and tree, to become an oak, so he seemed compelled by some deeper sway of his genius to bear every topic into a higher than temporal light, and to discuss it with reference to "building and being." On this ground Mr. Emerson, who says that "necessity does everything well," would account

for their power as sermons. "A fortunate necessity is superior to art," says Æschylus ; and no one can doubt the good fortune of Dr. Chapin as a preacher, in this commanding proneness to think and feel in the direction of the true, the beautiful, and the good, and to plead ever for more saintly living.

A list of his published volumes will be read with interest as an index of his character and work. It bespeaks the practical mind, as well as the devotional heart. If the creed is absent from it, the spirit and worth of religion as a presence in daily life are made manifest.

Duties of Young Men, exhibited in Six Lectures ; with an Anniversary Address, delivered before the Richmond Lyceum, 1840. Abel Tompkins, Boston, publisher.

Discourses on Various Subjects, 1841. Abel Tompkins, publisher.

The Philosophy of Reform ; a Lecture delivered before the Berean Institute, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, January 20, 1843 ; with Four Discourses upon the same general topic, delivered in New York and Brooklyn, 1843. C. L. Stickney, New York. publisher.

Hours of Communion, 1844. Abel Tompkins, publisher.

The Crown of Thorns, a Token for the Sorrowing, 1847. Abel Tompkins, publisher.

Duties of Young Women, 1848. Geo. W. Briggs, Boston, publisher.

Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, 1850. Abel Tompkins, publisher.

Characters in the Gospels, illustrating phases of character at the present day, 1852. J. S. Redfield, New York, publisher.

Moral Aspects of City Life, 1853. Henry Lyon, New York, publisher.

Humanity in the City, 1854. De Witt & Davenport, New York, publishers.

Christianity the Perfection of True Manliness, 1854. Henry Lyon, publisher.

Select Sermons, 1859. Henry Lyon, publisher.

Discourses on the Beatitudes, 1853. Abel Tompkins, publisher.

Extemporaneous Discourses, 1860. O. Hutchinson, New York, publisher.

Lessons of Faith and Life, 1877. James Miller, New York, publisher.

Church of the Living God, 1881. James Miller, publisher.

"Select Sermons" was republished in 1869, by Williamson & Cantwell, of Cincinnati, with the title, "Providence and Life." This issue has a brief but appreciative biographical introduction by Rev. A. D. Mayo. "Extemporaneous Discourses" was republished in 1881, a few months after the author's death, by James Miller of New York, with the title, "God's Requirements, and other Sermons."

In 1846 "The Fountain, a Temperance Gift" was edited by Rev. John G. Adams and Rev. E. H. Chapin, and published by George W. Briggs of Boston. Three of the articles in this volume were from the pen of Mr. Chapin. The Temperance Movement, An Appeal to the Influential Classes, and the Young Drunkard. In the preface the editors jointly "invoke Heaven's blessings on our *Fountain*. May its living waters gush out and flow forth in gladness to many a soul." During the same year these genial coworkers compiled, and Abel Tompkins published, Hymns for Christian

Devotion, especially adapted to the Universalist Denomination. This hymn book was compiled with true spiritual and poetical insight, and is found in many of the churches of the order at the present time.

In 1860 Rev. Orren Perkins collected many of the gems from Chapin's printed works, and these were published in a large and handsome volume by Abel Tompkins, under the general heading, "Living Words." On the titlepage Mr. Perkins set the ambitious motto:—

"Jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle forever ;"

while Rev. Thomas Starr King, in an introductory letter sent from San Francisco, ventured to claim much in behalf of Chapin's gift of condensing broad areas of light into brilliant flashes. A paragraph from his letter will be read with interest:—

Each new volume by Dr. Chapin has borne testimony to advancing and ripening power. This one, doubtless, will show, more potently than any other which the public has seen, the breadth and vigor of the intellectual gifts which he has so faithfully dedicated. Books of this character are peculiarly adapted to our American hurry and impatience of elaborate and artistic address. Very often the best thing in a sermon or speech — the only original paragraph or passage — is an illustration or an aphorism, or a sudden gleam of imagination which condenses the meaning of the discourse, or sets an old truth at an angle where it glows like a gem. Whoever masters this one passage holds the value of the whole effort. The richest minds of the pulpit are those which sprinkle their pages most freely with these seed-thoughts, or from whose extempore utterance can be caught the most of the sentences

which are lenses for the rays of Christian truth. Diffuseness is especially the vice of pulpit speech. The formula which Carlyle stated as to books is peculiarly true of sermons: "Given a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap, to lather it up in water so as to fill one puncheon, wine-measure." Volumes like Mr Beecher's "Life Thoughts" save for us the solid matter, and give us what is vital in the preacher, disengaged from what is mechanical. There are comparatively few who can bear this test of husking off the accessories, and selecting only the original germ-passages which are quickened by the preacher's own insight and experience. The poverty of many a fair looking discourse is patent when this process is tried upon it. The volume of selections from Dr. Chapin's sermons and writings will show, I am sure, that his mind is one of the richest, as well as that his heart is one of the most fervent and simplest, that is now in communion, as a preacher, with our American life.

Before the lyceums of the country Dr. Chapin gave the following lectures: — Orders of Nobility; Social Forces; Modern Chivalry; Building and Being; The Old and the New; The Roll of Honor; Man and his Work; Woman and her Work; The People; The Age of Iron; Europe and America; John Hampden, or the Progress of Popular Liberty; Columbus; Franklin.

In these lectures there is more of the head and less of the heart than in his sermons, and for this reason they were less favorable to an overwhelming eloquence. In them his genius did not come into its freest and fullest play, since there is less of the divine in them at which he so readily kindled. They surpass his sermons in rhetoric, but fall below them in feeling. They are more studied and less inspired, more didactic and less poetic, more logical and less lyrical, more fitted to

awaken admiration and less to subdue the soul to wonder and awe, and sweep it into a holy rapture. Their scenery is less mountainous and romantic, and their atmosphere not so morning-like and refreshing. They are more removed from the high region of First Causes and the arenas on which the heavenly lights descend, and hence were not so likely to engage the oratorical powers of the speaker, which were mainly tenants of his soul. At a long range their arguments suggest the forum and their dramatic passages the stage, while the pulpit, which was Chapin's real throne, is not made to appear in fullest view. Only as the musical theme plays through the variation does the sermon linger and bear rule in the lecture; and by as much as it fails to be the sole genius of the composition, by so much are the fervor and sway of the orator diminished; and yet for twenty-five years he was an acknowledged prince on the lyceum platform.

The lecture on the Orders of Nobility is one of his earliest and best, and seems to have been a favorite with its author as well as the public. It remains in two well-worn manuscripts. To secure a bolder and plainer handwriting all of his lectures are copied into blank-books of letter-paper size, and for durability they are bound in flexible leather covers. The more used lectures are in duplicates of this form, the one worn and soiled, the other fresher and brighter; and the dates of re-writing indicate that he usually made this a vacation task. On the older copy of Orders of Nobility is the record of ninety places in which he delivered it; and in the later copy, which is a revision and improvement, he made note of two hundred and forty-seven deliveries. The



prices which this lecture brought range from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty dollars. When some one asked him what he lectured for, he replied: "For f-a-m-e, fifty and my expenses." But this was in the long-ago, when lecturing was a more serious but less paying service than it has been in more recent years. If we take, however, the low figures indicated by the witticism of the author, as the average price for each delivery, we shall find the income from this lecture reaching the liberal sum of sixteen thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars. It is probable that twenty thousand dollars would be a closer estimate. But this was only one of several lecture mines from which he quarried. Modern Chivalry must have been delivered nearly as many times. His most worn manuscript contains this lecture, but in it is no record of places or prices. It is probable, however, that it must have served on nearly three hundred platforms. A later copy gives information of seventy deliveries. Even his much more recent lecture, on Building and Being, was given one hundred and thirty times, and in one season, 1874-5, it brought him the handsome reward of three thousand and thirty dollars. His John Hampden appears with three titles—"John Hampden and his Times," "John Hampden and his Times, or the Progress of Popular Liberty," "John Hampden, or the Progress of Popular Liberty"—and in five manuscripts, which do not indicate any great degree of service. On one is the record of thirty-two deliveries, with prices ranging from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

But while Dr. Chapin thus turned genius and toil

into money, a fair and legitimate exchange, he carried a great blessing to the public through his lectures. He gave better than he received. In thought his messages from the platforms were progressive, in spirit they were chaste and noble, in rhetoric they were surpassingly brilliant, and in the eloquence of their delivery they were the sources of an enthusiastic delight. In some degree they were witty and satirical, and sent ripples and waves of laughter through his audiences; but in the main they were glowing discussions of great and useful themes, and made the world better and happier.

## XV.

### HIS UNIVERSALISM.

A SCHOOLMATE of Dr. Chapin, the Rev. J. A. White, D. D., of Michigan, in a letter to the "New York Evangelist," written soon after the death of the eloquent preacher, said :—

The remarkable thing about Chapin is his getting into a Universalist pulpit, for his education was after a strictly Orthodox pattern. . . . But he carried to that pulpit a goodly youthful training and a knowledge of the Scriptures. And though I have not heard him preach, I have many times heard *from* his preaching ; for people at the West who visit New York, are apt to hear celebrated preachers of any denomination. The testimony of such was, when they heard him, that "there was nothing in his sermons of Universalism, or that in any way marked his denominational connection." I have heard, too, that this has been a subject of complaint with Universalists.

While the sense of his loss was fresh in the public heart, Mr. Beecher said in the "Christian Union :"—

Probably a stranger might have attended his ministry for many successive Sundays, and surmised his denominational relations only by his uniformly tender and sympathetic portraiture of God.

The editor of "Harper's Weekly," near the same date, wrote:—

Chapin was the reverse of dogmatic in his spirit, and he seldom referred to the distinctive doctrines of Universalism. Only once did the writer of this notice hear such a reference; at the funeral of Horace Greeley he spoke briefly but pointedly of Mr. Greeley's firm adherence to the faith of the Universalist Church.

In terms similar to the above has Chapin often been referred to by editor and correspondent, and in private conversation; and not seldom has a statement been pressed, through ignorance or a questionable motive, to the extent of a denial of his faith in the final salvation of all souls. But to all who may give to this chapter a careful reading, it will be evident that such a statement rests either on a partial view of facts, or on a wish which is "father of the thought." That both of these errors should have transpired has been quite natural. On the one hand, his Universalism, having been revealed more in the spirit of his preaching than verbally, might easily be missed by such as heard him only to a limited extent, and were watching for an open assault on Calvinism and the eternity of punishment, and trimming their ears to hear a formal declaration of the creed of universal redemption; and on the other hand, it has been exceedingly human and pleasant on the part of those not of the Universalist sect, to claim one so full of piety and so popular, as being of their persuasion.

From the start, as a youthful editor in Utica, to the end of his ministry, he maintained a uniform habit of making but an occasional statement of his faith in the

final triumph of good over all evil. It is probable this was never the main point of any sermon he wrote or preached. It was never his uppermost thought. Not in the form of a proposition to defend, but rather as an inference from premises already defended, did it come into his discourses. It was the veiled statue always standing at his side in the pulpit, whose drapery he lifted now and then, as with an impromptu but ardent hand, — and none could mistake the figure. The graphic form was distinctive Universalism. Its identity with that which stood constantly derobed by the side of a Ballou and a Streeter is unmistakable.

Whoever chanced to make one of Chapin's audience when he thus unveiled the statue needed no voice to tell him he was in a Universalist church. We may listen to a single witness, as the representative of many. A member of the English Parliament, William Edward Baxter, came to visit our country, and on his return wrote a book entitled: "America and the Americans," in which, among other eminent clergymen, he speaks of Chapin. He thus reports his sermon : —

He preached from Luke, 19th chapter, 41st verse, — Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. It was in some respects the greatest rhetorical effort at which it has been my good fortune to be present, either on this or the other side of the ocean. For brilliancy of description and splendor of imagery I do not think it could well be excelled. I can almost fancy that I hear him yet apostrophizing the Holy City, as looking down from Olivet he pointed out its temple and palaces, and recalled the associations connected with it in the minds of both Jew and Gentile, the Christian and the Mussulman, the American who dwells in a new country far away over the sea,

and the Arab who feeds his camels by the ruins of Tadmor in the wilderness. I thought of the well-known passage in "Tancred," descriptive of Jerusalem by moonlight ; but Chapin attempted and succeeded in a higher flight than was ventured on by the genius of Disraeli. The speaker proceeded to say that his text illustrated, in the first place, "the intense humanity of the Saviour," under which head he declared that the majority of Christians at the present day remove him from their sympathies in a vain attempt to do him honor. This part of his discourse was distinguished for its touching and stirring appeals and its undisguised Socinianism. In the second place he remarked, the text showed "the philanthropy of Christ," of whom he spoke as a manifestation of the Divine love. Then followed a wonderfully eloquent peroration on the love of God to men, which he declared was the one and the only moral influence fitted to regenerate the world ; and he called upon the congregation to look forward to that happy time when the influence of God's love shall be felt by all who need it, and when universal humanity shall respond "Hosanna in the highest."

In a discourse written and preached during his ministry in Richmond, entitled—"Universalism: What it Is, and What it is Not," and which is now one of the most popular of the tracts issued by the Universalists, he made the following point:—

In regard to the extent and duration of punishment, there is a difference of opinion among us, as there is on other points among other sects, who yet maintain the same general views. Some hold that sin and its consequences extend not beyond the resurrection state ; others, that the effects of sin, at least, are felt in another existence, and that, therefore, misery is produced to those upon whom they operate. The last is the opinion of your speaker. But it is sufficient for the present

occasion to say that all Universalists believe in complete punishment for sin, and therefore Universalism is not a doctrine which teaches that men may do evil with impunity; but it is a doctrine which teaches that all mankind will finally be saved from sin and consequent misery. This is an important point in our discussion, for it is a position of which our opponents seem not generally aware. Be it remembered that we do not enter the arena of discussion to argue against punishment — future punishment — but against the endless duration of sin and misery. We do not believe that evil is ultimate in the government of God. We believe there will be a period when the last enemy shall be destroyed, — when man shall bow in moral subjection to his Maker, and worship him in the beauty of holiness.

In a sermon on “The Heavenly State,” he substantially repeats the doctrine set forth by the previous selection.

I am willing to say, and deem it proper that I should, that I do not hold that death destroys the effects of sin. The argument from identity that I have employed above, it seems to me, naturally leads to this conclusion. If we look upon the soul as the seat of thought and motion, I can conceive that, even tabernacled in a body that is not liable to physical death, the soul can suffer the consequences of its guilt. It seems to me that in the future life there may be a distinction of good and bad. I have not, then, been stating the glories of heaven as the immediate possession of all at the end of this life. I have represented it as the true Christian’s home, to which, in every storm and every peril, he may look with faith’s clear vision, and be comforted and strengthened. But were I to pause here, I should lay myself open to misunderstanding on the other hand. It is at the position of *endless* punishment that I halt. Between endless and limited



retribution in the future world there is an *infinite* difference. The arguments which support the one cannot be pressed into the service of the other. I would ask, then, those who hold the doctrine of endless punishment: Can you reconcile it with your best ideas of heaven and immortality?

A firm disciple of the doctrine of free-will, and of the fact that God will never subject the will to compulsory pressure, he still felt no misgiving, as do the Uncertain-arians, as to the issue of that freedom under the moral government of God. In full accord with its personal liberty, he felt that every soul will at length be saved and join in the great song of redemption. In the eternal perversity of the finite will against infinite wisdom and love, which is the ground on which eternal punishment is now predicated, he no more believed than he believed in the power of man's puny arm to resist the sweep of Niagara. In the day of Divine power the soul, he felt, will be a willing captive. On the vast arena of moral conflict and discipline,—with God and the angels and all loving and holy powers on the one side, and the sinner on the other, he foresaw, as in a vision of implicit faith, the banner of a universal victory raised at last on the divine side.

“Believing as I do,” he observes in his sermon on “The Joy of the Angels,” “that the upshot and result must be final good for all, I cannot hold to that upshot of final good as coming by any desecration of man's personality. If I could believe that, with all these influences brought to bear upon him,—the greater loves of the nobler spheres,—man could still hold on to perverse, selfish sin, then I could believe in endless sin. I believe God poised man upon free action, and that all the good that comes to him must come, not from

external pressure, but from his own choice, influenced, perhaps, by that pressure. Therefore I say there is no barrier on the side of Heaven. Here stands man, untouched in his freedom and personality, moving onward to a wise and holy result, in perfect consistency with that freedom and personality."

In God he saw a wise and beneficent Creator, and a Ruler equal to all the demands of the universe, and hence he declared: "I cannot think that evil is ultimate in the designs of God, or that his designs will not be accomplished." In these words we have an echo of Dr. Johnson's celebrated statement: "We know that God is infinite in wisdom, in power, and in goodness; that therefore he designs the happiness of all his creatures; that he cannot but know the proper means by which this end may be obtained; and that, in the use of those means, as he cannot be mistaken, because he is omniscient, so he cannot be defeated, because he is almighty." Dr. Chapin, like Dr. Johnson, believed in the undisputed supremacy of the divine sceptre, when the great battle shall be fought to its end. The contest is an unequal one and the victory assured. Already the tendency of the strife indicates its issue. Good slowly gains upon evil; errors have fallen on many a field in the great conflict with truth; cruelty has felt the sway of love; and the kingdom of darkness recedes from the kingdom of light. With the process of the suns, measured by a wide sweep, we may see the ripening of the divine purpose, and hope flies on from the pages of history to read the final account of a triumphant God. "Limited as is our sight," observes Dr. Chapin in a sermon on Humility and Hope, "seeing through

a glass darkly, still we see enough of the working of this stupendous mechanism of things to look for the victory of Goodness over all forms of evil — for universal light and peace.”

As a child confides in its father and mother, so he trusted in Providence, and his heart was steadily cheered. To him the “bow in the cloud” was no unmeaning symbol, but on it he read the prophecy of the rolling away of all the darkness and storm of the universe, and the coming of the clear and peaceful day. Under God all will be well in the end. “Every atom of that dishevelled water [at Niagara] is held in the curve of nature,” said he, “and descends by law, and combines and sweeps onward to the broad lake. So with human events: they are governed; they accomplish a majestic course; and over their maddest plunging, their most terrible anarchy, there arches the superintending Providence.” Hence the passages in the Psalms and the New Testament which breathe the spirit of a boundless trust were the ones he oftenest read. His favorite hymns were those that were full of confidence and love in the direction of the Everlasting Father. In Bryant’s over-watched “Water Fowl,” he saw the symbol of himself, and quoted to his own heart the closing stanza: —

“He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.”

But the love he saw around his own path, hedging all fatal digressions, persuading to the goal of all good, he saw bending over every child of the Infinite Father, and

bringing it at last out of the Wilderness into the Land of Promise. Discoursing of Humanity in the City, he said:—

All the belts of civilization intersect along its avenues. It contains the product of every moral zone. It is cosmopolitan, not only in its national, but in its spiritual sense. Here you may find not only the finest Saxon culture, but the grossest barbaric degradation. There you pass a form of Caucasian development, — the fine-cut features, the imperial forehead, the intelligent eye, the confident tread, the true port and stature of a man. But who is this that follows in his track, under the same national sky, surrounded by the same institutions, — that stunted form, that villanous look. Is it Papuan, Bushman, or Carib? . . . There sits the beggar, sick and pinched with cold; and there goes a man of no better flesh and blood, and no more authentic charter of soul, wrapped in comfort, and actually bloated with luxury. There issues the whine of distress, beside the glittering carriage-wheels. There, amidst the rush of gayety, the selfish, busy whirl, half-naked, shivering, with her bare feet on the icy pavement, stands the little girl, with the shadow of an experience on her that has made her preternaturally old, and, it may be, driven the angel from her face. Still, we cannot believe that above that wintry heaven which stretches over her, there is less regard for the poor, neglected child than for that rosy belt of infant happiness which girdles and gladdens ten thousand hearths. And here, too, through the brilliant street and the broad light of day, walks purity enshrined in the loveliest form of womanhood. And along that same street by night, attended by fitting shadows, strolls womanhood discrowned, clothed with painted shame, — yet, even in the springs of that guilty heart not wholly quenched.

But as over himself, as over the whitest saint that has ever graced our planet, so over all this confused

mass of human life, he saw the bending arch of a Divine Providence, and read on it the promise of universal salvation. Not as Dante saw the many groups of sinners passing into the world of doom through a gateway over which was written: "Whoso enters here, let him leave hope behind," did Dr. Chapin see any souls moving in hopeless paths. "The Infinite Fatherhood encircles all," said he; and in the face of the seeming chaos through which humanity is groping on its way, he quoted the trustful stanzas of the poet:—

"Each, where his tasks or pleasures roll,  
They pass, and heed each other not.  
There is, who heeds, who holds them all,  
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem  
In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end."

In his reading of Scripture, Dr. Chapin drew his Universalism more from the spirit than from the letter of the Sacred Book. "By a single text," said he, "you may prove transubstantiation; you may prove the trinity or the unity, or total depravity. Taking simply the textual letter alone, you may prove eternal damnation or universal salvation; you may prove anything by a single text." Approached in this superficial manner, with an eye to verbal forms merely, the Bible, he felt, is a book "where each his dogma seeks, and each his dogma finds;" but he who reads it with a broader view is the one who will read it aright. And in his sermon last quoted from he tells us how one of these narrow interpreters, blind to the broad and loving and soul-seeking spirit of the New Testament,—

Sees the phrase "everlasting punishment," and without regard to the great fact that the word *eternal* is to be interpreted by the subject with which it is connected (if it is the "eternal hills," they cannot be as enduring as the "eternal God," if it is the "eternal priesthood of Aaron," it cannot mean as much as the "eternal kingdom of Christ"), he takes a text, alone, by itself, and crowds it to its extreme literal meaning, and upon that builds the dark, crushing, and terrible dogma of eternal damnation. For that stands simply upon the strict interpretation of words; the human heart rejects it, the human reason rejects it; but the sharp textualist thrusts forward the phrase "everlasting punishment," and upon that builds his dogma.

When some one asked Chapin if he thought Universalism was running down, he replied: "Yes, I think it is running *down* and *out* into every sect in Christendom;" and, as one sees with delight the dark cloud receding from the shining of the sun, so with pleasure did he witness the yielding of the old faiths, created in a sterner era, to this version of Christianity, which is at once old and new. "The modern doctrine of endless punishment, set forth by Joseph Cook," he exultantly remarked, "resembles the old as the domestic cat resembles the Bengal tiger." Addressing the graduating class of Tufts Divinity School, on the 9th of June, 1878, he referred more at length, but with no less evident satisfaction, to the drift of theological thought away from the Calvinistic standard, toward the creed of universal redemption, with which, as it will be seen, he variously identified his own conviction. In his language to these young men, candidates for the Universalist ministry, we find at once a note of triumph and a confession of denom-

inational relations. The passage is indeed significant, as standing among his final words to the public, and given on an occasion which rendered them conspicuous: —

Although as Universalists we have made no change of *latitude*, there is decidedly a change of *climate*, and we may be in danger of being too popular. I need not dilate upon the extraordinary transformation that has passed over the theological world. With a few verbal qualifications, thinking men in all the sects have come to the conclusion that while there may possibly be an endless something that is evil, it is *not* endless misery. At least, the entire substance and sting of the doctrine of endless punishment have been extracted and cast aside. The bars have been loosened and the coals have dropped out. Nothing is left but a mere formal grating of abstract propositions. We have been lifted from the blaze of vindictive fire into the thin ether of metaphysics, and left to vindicate our faith in view of some inconceivable perversity of the human will. And let us not neglect the illustration furnished by our fathers in the faith. Without any great learning or critical apparatus, guided by clear reason and the deep instincts of the human heart in simple loyalty to convictions, they affirmed this so-called heresy, until now we see this apparent element of discord dissolving into an element of unity. But this view of the divine government is to be valued not chiefly as a dogma, but as an *influence*, a transforming power — the power not of mere logical assurance, but of the infinite love of God in the soul of man. With this conviction of the evangelical efficacy of the truth you hold, go forth to your chosen field of labor.

While the occasional listener to Dr. Chapin's pulpit efforts, and casual reader of his published sermons, might miss such passages as have now been quoted, which set his faith in Universalism beyond a question, to his reg-



ular hearers, and those who read him widely, they are as conspicuous as mountain peaks rising from broad plains, and as certifying as if they recurred on every passing Sunday. To them the veiled statue, ever standing by him, was no uncertain figure; for once, and again and again, had they seen the drapery removed and the fair form standing in full view. As they who have heard the *Vox Humana* in some great organ know full well, when the master at the instrument leaves the pleasing pipe silent, that it is there holding its music in reserve, so they who were wont to hear Chapin preach knew that back of his grand and inspiring terms, in which he set forth the universally accepted truths, this special word was ever waiting to be spoken.

Dr. Chapin was not a debater, not given to affirming or denying the disputed points of theology. He was no text-explainer, manifested no exegetical talent, cared not to divide the mind of his audience by any discussion, but preferred to draw its heart into a saving sympathy with some great moral principle or humane sentiment. He sought to awaken in his congregation, not a strife of thought, but a unity of spirit. "I would like to have such a sermon," says one who is a disciple of the broad faith, but who loves the spiritual things of religion still better, "that if a stranger were present he would not know he was in a Universalist church, except perhaps by the great love and hope that might pervade the discourse." Such were the sermons, for the most part, which Dr. Chapin preached. They did not reveal his creed, but they filled the temple with a sacred light, disclosed visions of truth and life which every eye was blest in behold-

ing, melted all hearts into a common sentiment of love, hope, worship, aspiration, gratitude, or consolation. In the words of a writer :—

His converting power was immense, only that he converted men to a love of the good and beautiful, rather than to any creed or special form of faith. He converted men from partial, embittering creeds, and from all sectarianism, to a larger and nobler appreciation of the great Christian truths—the paternity of God and the brotherhood of man. One half, we doubt not, of his vast audiences—for vast they were, crowding even upon the steps to his pulpit, where they sat and drank in the words of hope and promise that fell from his tongue, even as the bees of Hymettus clustered around the lips of Plato—was composed of persons who were not professors of, and very likely not sympathizers with, his creed,—persons who might hear him preach for months, nor learn nor think nor care what his formal creed was. For this reason it is that he exerted such a wide spread and potent influence. His eloquence brought the most diverse creed-men together, and then sanctified to them the great spiritual and practical truths taught by the gospel and by nature.

His supreme interest was not in a creed, but in Christ and in the Christian spirit among men, making life sweet and beautiful and strong. With a monk's devotion to the personal Saviour, and a poet's gift to set him forth in all the glory of his spirit and power, he would make religion chiefly a love and aspiration toward this great soul. Hence he said :—

If ever there arises—as I verily believe there will—a church as broad as the earth, ample as the free spirit of God Almighty, and glorious as the truth that came from heaven, a church of devout men and free minds, a church

that shall not be hedged in by intellectual limitations, but bound only by one great cord of unity, that cord will be union with Christ Jesus. Then meeting with him, taking hold of him, touching him, we shall come together. Oh, these crooked roads of diversity through which the sects have wandered, these briers and thorns of controversy, these weary speculations! Come out of them; come to the centre from which you have diverged, and you shall meet Jesus Christ, — Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian, Universalist. We may not agree in a statement about Him, but believing in Him, and touching Him, we shall all be one.

But more and more, with the passing by of the years, did he come to think a more formal statement of Universalism essential; and he expressed a regret to Rev. Dr. Pullman, who, moved by the wide interest taken in the Canon Farrar discussion of "everlasting punishment," was in the midst of a course of doctrinal sermons, that he could not join him in such a work. "I can't do it," was his expression. He felt himself to be comparatively powerless in a discussion, and that it was his mission to bless and save souls by drawing their attention to undisputed themes. From the General Convention of Universalists he was rarely absent, and in the educational institutions of the order he was deeply interested. Among the later acts of his life, when too weak to preach, was a visit to some of his wealthy parishioners, in company with President Capen of Tufts College, to urge on them the claims of that school. Under the banner of the Universalist Church he early enlisted, and to the end, by word and act, he stood true to his colors.

## XVI.

### THE CHAPIN HOME.

AMONG the fruits of Dr. Chapin's ministry, which may be regarded as a wide and various harvest of character, comfort, and good deeds, none is more characteristic than the Chapin Home for the Aged and Infirm. Begotten and fostered by his life and teachings, regulated in its methods according to his broad and generous views, it stands before the public as a fitting tribute to his humanity, and rightly bears his honored name. From the first annual report, made in 1874, the following quotation will be read with interest and approval:—

Two thoughts seem to have been in the minds of those who conceived the project: first, that the best monument to him who has nobly served his brother man is that which will best illustrate the spirit of his life; and second, that our city needed an institution whose charities should be as broad and beneficent as the genius of freedom is divine and universal. The Chapin Home was the outgrowth of these sentiments. It is at once a memorial to Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., whose name it bears, — being erected by his friends in the city which has been blessed with his ministry for over a quarter of a century, — and a home where the aged and infirm may find that loving care so much to be desired in the decline of life. And that it may fitly commemorate the beloved and honored

preacher, and harmonize entirely with the Christian thoughts that gave it birth, they who ask its shelter are not required to state their articles of faith. The question is not, "What is your creed?" but "what is your need, my brother or my sister?"

The Act of Incorporation, applied for by Mrs. Edwin H. Chapin and twenty other women, passed May 1, 1869; and it is stated in the Act, that "The general business and object of said corporation shall be to provide a home and support for aged and infirm persons." To the conditions "aged and infirm," the constitution adds "worthy," since it was the purpose to gather into the Home a group of the needy ones in the afternoon of life, who could spend their remaining time on earth happily together, amid scenes more suggestive of home and social intercourse than of charity; and all the appointments of the institution are tenderly and delicately ordered to this end. "The rooms are all furnished handsomely, but not alike," as one of the reports affirms, "the desire of the managers being to have them harmonious in color and comfort, but to avoid the painful uniformity that usually characterizes philanthropic institutions." The beautiful pictures on the walls have been mostly transferred from the parlors of the wealthy and benevolent. Into the ample library have been gathered not a few of the choicest of books, better even than are found in the average home. In the style of their raiment the members of the Home are permitted to gratify their personal tastes, which gives a pleasing variety. As at a generous fireside, their friends are made welcome; and the lady managers mingle in the venerable company much like kindly neighbors and friends, or even as younger sisters and daughters. In

sickness an affectionate care is bestowed; and for no part of his flock did Dr. Chapin share a more personal and tender concern. He went often to see them, sometimes climbing the many steps leading to their rooms or their assembly parlor with painful effort; and many were the kindly and cheering words he spoke to them, the filial pleasantries by which he entertained them, the comforting prayers he offered with them, and the beautiful and touching tributes he paid them as they fell asleep in the hope of an eternal youth, "where the inhabitants never say, we are sick" or old. Indeed, a charity so homelike and ideal is rarely to be met with. At the first anniversary after the death of Dr. Chapin, Dr. Howard Crosby said truly: "The Chapin Home is not like most charitable institutions, which are little better than prisons, but a true home in the full sense of that sweet word."

By the terms of admission only those can become members of the Home who are "not under sixty-five years of age." But the larger portion of the venerable group must have moved on to the eightieth milestone on the journey of life, and are here waiting in comfort and peace, as on the highest height of time, for their departure to the heavenly city. Rescued from the cold and harsh waves which beat against the aged poor, here they find shelter and rest as in a sunny haven; and whoever pays them a visit will bless the great preacher who inspired this unspeakable favor for their last days! Cheered thus at the evening of life, soothed in their sickness, made tranquil in death, and buried with affectionate regard, — the spirit of Dr. Chapin must be seen ever standing amid these mercies and urging them on.

The death list of the Home for the year in which he also went to join the absent ones, suggests with pathetic force his usefulness in time and his honors in eternity. "From among the most aged of our household," says the report, "five have gone to their final rest: Mr. Samuel Pryor died January 22, aged eighty-seven years; he had been an inmate two years. Mrs. Elanor Williamson died January 23, aged one hundred and four years; she had been an inmate two years. Mrs. Emeline Hubbard died April 8, aged seventy-three years; she had been an inmate eight years. Mrs. Elizabeth Romaine died April 8, aged eighty-three years; she had been an inmate five years; and Mr. Brewster Jarvis died April 11, aged eighty-one years; he had been an inmate eight years." It must have been a scene to enhance the joy of the angels, as this venerable group, in the Better Land, gathered around their benefactor and friend to bear him their greetings!

While "only ladies of the Universalist Denomination of Christians shall be eligible to election as Trustees of the Institution," the administration of the charity is carried on in the most unsectarian form and spirit. Only on this ground would Dr. Chapin consent to its being founded in his name. Hence the Sunday services at the Home, which are held regularly, are conducted by preachers of every denomination except the Roman Catholic. The second annual report, in 1875, says: "The number of inmates is thirty-five. Six of these are Presbyterians, nine Episcopalians, three Baptists, ten Universalists, two Unitarians, four Methodists, and one Moravian." The fourth report says: "There are at present thirty-five inmates, representing nearly every denom-



ination of religious faith." The eighth report says: "There are forty-seven inmates," but makes no reference to sectarian names, a silence that would be most congenial to Dr. Chapin. The Christian love he felt, and mused on and enjoined, was broad as humanity and impartial as the sunshine. And the Trustees of the Home, referring to the loss of their great leader, well say: "Let us look to it that the standard raised by our departed friend is not lowered, that the principles he inculcated are exemplified, that the lessons of love he taught are the rule and governance of our conduct. So shall this Institution be a witness to our fidelity and love, a monument sacred to his name and memory."

The Chapin Home is located on Sixty-sixth Street, New York. It is a handsome brick building with brown stone facings, and has a frontage of one hundred feet. It is five stories high, exclusive of turret. It contains sixty-seven rooms, besides closets, pantries, and bath-rooms on each floor. It is heated by steam and lighted by gas, each room having a heater and burner, and each floor hot and cold water. The annual cost of its support is about ten thousand dollars, which is furnished by contributions from its friends,—mostly by members of the Church of the Divine Paternity, of which Dr. Chapin was the beloved pastor. From its foundation in 1869, to the time of her death in 1881, Mrs. Dr. Chapin was its active and honored president. If earthly good accomplished rises as a memorial to our credit in heaven, then will the Chapin Home be regarded among the glorified as an honor to these two souls that gave to it so much of influence and active service.

## XVII.

### AN ODD-FELLOW.

IN the Order of Odd-Fellows Chapin became eminent as an officer, editor, and orator. As he was rising toward the zenith of his power and fame, some of his best hours and days were given to the defence and advancement of this organization. By its practical benevolence, its aim to render into life the beautiful sentiment of love, he was drawn to it as the needle is drawn to the magnet. Its terms Brotherhood and Relief, — so often recurring in its literature, its formulas, addresses, and poems, — touched and enticed his broad and generous heart. Its keynote was in full accord with that which was sounding in his own soul and in his pulpit eloquence; and, while he grandly chanted this noble strain outside, he hastened to join the fraternal chorus within.

Nor was he indifferent to the social hours he found among these banded brethren. He took to the friendly interchange of ideas and encounters of wit for which the Lodge furnished an opportunity. With heart and voice he could join in singing the Odd-Fellow's favorite stanza : —

“Where Friendship, Love, and Truth abound,  
Among a band of brothers,  
The cup of joy goes gaily round,  
Each shares the bliss of others.”

But no sooner had he taken his place in this Order, than his gifts were drawn into the most active service.

Of the "Symbol, and Odd-Fellow's Magazine," published monthly in Boston, and having a wide circulation and influence in New England, he was made sole editor. To great acceptance for two years he filled this important position, and finally retired only out of regard to his failing health and need of rest. In his first editorial he paid the Order the following compliment:—

We believe it is calculated to soften those asperities that are induced by our isolated and selfish individuality, that it is calculated to awaken sympathy by those bonds of intimate acquaintanceship which it creates, that it banishes those prejudices which are the results of ignorance, and which a knowledge of our brother man is apt to dispel, that it excites emotions of kindness and generosity, and is eminently calculated to make the stranger a friend, and the adversary a brother. If these are its tendencies, and we think they are, then is ours a charitable institution, an association peculiarly devoted to the spirit of love, — to the kindly emotions, the generous deeds, the voluntary sacrifices, the beautiful amenities that spring from that great principle, and bless those with whom they come in contact.

In a later editorial he affirmed:—

We place Odd-Fellowship upon this single ground, — that it is an agent in relieving the distress that is in this world, and cherishing and diffusing the great sentiment of human brotherhood. On this ground its claims can be defended, and it will stand; and we can show that it possesses a peculiar efficacy for the accomplishment of these results.

While giving his editorial pen mainly to the promotion of brotherly love and relief, he sometimes placed it at the service of other interests that enter into the well-being of man. He enjoined all the virtues on the brotherhood with a signal emphasis, while he pleaded for temperance with a zeal only second to that with which he advocated humanity. Occasionally he burst into some poetic inspiration, and painted before his many patrons some pleasing scene, as if he would enchant their leisure hours. One of these dainty pictures he wrought out as "Thoughts for the Summer-time," putting the interest and skill of some great landscape painter—a Turner or a Bierstadt—into the scope and detail of his sketch. Read amid the snows of December this prose idyl restores to the very feelings the air and aspects of June.

"It has kept for after treats,  
The essences of summer sweets."

But how liable is one's finest hope to be dashed with disappointment! Thus the mother who decorates her baby for a show finds the whole effect spoiled by the perverse behavior of the little one. An exquisite statue is broken by being carelessly lifted to its place, and the poor artist's heart is more marred than his marble. And thus Chapin's delicately finished editorial, sent from his hand as a gem to please by its lustre, was sadly damaged in printing. In the next issue of the "Symbol" he indulged in the following pleasant wail:—

DEAR READER, — We are not one of the best of penmen. We write after the most approved fly-tracks that we know of, but the printer cannot always decipher us, though he generally does better than we expect. In our leading article in

the last number, however, we are called upon to pay a penalty for our cramped penmanship, that we are not willing to suffer without explaining to you. If you did us the honor to read our "Thoughts for the Summer-time," in about the seventh line of that article your eye caught these words, by which we intended to carry out the simile of nature as a temple: "Its *psaltery* is the flushed and kindling clouds." If you noticed this, no doubt you were somewhat puzzled to know what kind of *cloud* music this might be. But we did not so write. For the word *psaltery* substitute the word *upholstery*, and we flatter ourselves that our idea will seem clearer. In the thirteenth line, too, instead of "*wave* of the dewy grass," we wrote *odor* or *fragrance*; we confess we do not exactly know which, but it was something of the kind. A little further along we spoke of the ocean that "unrolls its *mottled* splendor before us." Alas! it was printed *wreathed* splendor. And in the very same line, when we were endeavoring to describe as well as we could the Summer heaven, by speaking of its "serene and *starry* aspects," our picture was overclouded by the printer, who made it "serene and *stormy* aspects." On the next page, the fourth line from the top, we wrote that every sinew of nature "is strained and *busy*;" but the whole anatomy of the figure has been changed, and it reads "strained and *bony*," and goes on to speak of "every element in the *sprigs* of the mountain," when we meant the fly-tracks to say *springs*. In the fifteenth line from the top, for *preferable* read *palpable*, and we shall be better suited. So shall we be if, in the eighth line from the bottom of that page, for the word *divinity* you substitute the word which we wrote, *charity*; we certainly have a right to ask for charity here. We will not decipher further now.

If there is any truth in the oft-repeated conceit that a bad penmanship and genius go together, the former

being the sign of the latter, then is Chapin's title to a high rank among the gifted well established. Simply fearful was the responsibility of a proof-reader who, as in the above case, ventured to take his "most approved fly-tracks" and carry them without help of their author to the printed page. In 1842, two years prior to the date of "Thoughts on the Summer-time," he gave an oration before the Odd-Fellows of New York, in the Broadway Tabernacle. The electrified brotherhood, as with one voice, pleaded for it in print. The result was a pamphlet "entered according to the Act of Congress;" but on the margins of the pages of a copy sent by Chapin to an editorial friend, he entered thirty-eight publisher's mistakes, ranging all the way from the very serious to the extremely amusing. In a moment of sport he remarked to a brother Odd-Fellow that the Order had poured over him its applause and slung at him its types. He was keenly sensitive to a misprint, and yet no one was oftener the victim of maltreatment in this particular.

The hour in which he delivered this Tabernacle Oration was one of the great hours of his life, both in the inspiration and eloquence that filled it, and in its sequel. Drawing to him the attention and admiration of leading men in that eloquence-loving city, and especially among the Universalists, it at once set New York into a sharp rivalry with Charlestown, and later with Boston, for the privilege of listening every Sunday to the might and magic of his pulpit oratory.

"By the way he said *Brethren*, as he came before the vast assemblage of strangers," observes one who heard him, "he captured every heart, and the storm of

applause burst before he went any further." The entire introduction is as fine in spirit as felicitous in rhetoric, and will be ever read with a pleasure second only to that produced by listening to it.

BRETHREN,—I am happy to greet you upon this anniversary, happy to meet you surrounded by your insignia of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH — emblems of great and beautiful ideas that hover in the van of the race, ideas that live in the proudest chisellings of the sculptor and breathe in the deepest thoughts of the poet, and yet find a home by every fireside, a shrine in every beating heart. You have come up here to-night, and sweet music wafts its melody around you. But it has no martial strength, it bears no stormy memories of conflict. It speaks of kind words and gentle offices, and thrills us with a loftier sentiment. From yon rustling banner-folds great truths shed down their light upon us; but they reveal no dogmas of sect, no hackneyed maxims of party; they are watchwords of humanity, written on the brow of every man. Here is assembled a vast, dense multitude, like those throngs that of old waited upon some mighty spectacle or purple victory. But no motive like this has summoned us. In all this array and circumstance we answer not to the Past, but to the Idea of this Present Age. Therefore, again do I greet you. And this allusion to the Idea of the Present Age may lead to some considerations that will be found appropriate for us at this time.

He discussed the topic, the Present Age an Age of Amelioration, and drew vivid and hopeful pictures of Love moving abroad among men on her mission of reform and comfort. In art, in literature, in the laws, in asylums, in fraternal organizations for social and charitable ends, he saw this queen of a better age gaining place



and power, and hailed her coming as one who had given her his whole heart. In his notice of this discourse Rev. Thomas Whittemore said: "It is full of printers' blunders, but every sentence sparkles with gems."

Not less signal was Chapin's oratorical triumph among the Odd-Fellows in Boston. On the 19th of June, 1845, the Order from all the regions round came up to the ancient city to hold a high festival in commemoration of the revival of the Order in Massachusetts. The morning hours of the memorable day were given to exercises in Faneuil Hall, the most notable part of which was a lengthy and able oration by James L. Ridgely, Corresponding Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States. About noon, eight thousand men, wearing the insignia of the Order, fell into the procession, which marched through prominent streets to the music, made in fitting alternation, by twenty-four brass bands, — the line of march ending at the grand pavilion erected for their accommodation. Plates were set for seven thousand men. At the close of the banquet Chapin spoke eloquently to the sentiment: "The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts — behold her resurrection!" But the climax of his oratory was reserved for the evening gathering in Faneuil Hall, where were assembled many of the patriarchs and officers of the order, with a brilliant and happy concourse of men and women. The best portrayal of the scene is in the words of one who saw it, and is here given: —

Old Faneuil Hall in flowers! The dingy pillars were wreathed with garlands of roses and evergreen, and its heavy Doric capitals bore on their plain mossy brows unwonted

clusters of Flora's loveliest gifts. The beautiful parasites clung in fragrant arches about the ancient windows, and depended in graceful festoons from the time-stained walls. How brilliant the lights! how inspiring the music! The banners of the Order glistened as they waved from the front galleries, or hung in beautiful relief against a back-ground of green leaves and tinted flowers. How delicious the atmosphere, as if the clear west wind had brought its fragrant burthen into the midst of our close and sultry habitations! . . . And eloquence had found its inspiration. Chapin, ever fervid and felicitous, moved every soul, prepared as all were to respond with deep feeling to his impassioned appeals. Skilfully, as a true master of oratory, did he use the many and varied influences which the place and the occasion afforded, invoking the spirits of the mighty dead to quicken the affections of the living. Patriotism and philanthropy were the great themes of which he spoke, and in their advocacy he entranced his hearers with the glowing spirit and graceful charms of his oratory.

Before the Odd-Fellows of Maryland, assembled at Baltimore, he gave one of his best orations, on the Practical Recognition of Human Brotherhood the Great Want of Society. It was his old and favorite theme, and never did he throw into it more compactness of thought, more of the fire of deep feeling, the rich fertility of imagination, or the overpowering vehemence of delivery. But of this effort Chapin was always pleased to say; "I failed to keep my level, commencing on a lofty plane and concluding on a lowly." The discourse was pronounced in Howard's Grove, near the city, a very elevated platform having been provided for the orator and the officers. In front of the platform, but in immediate contact with it, a reading-desk had been mounted on

separate standards to bear up the speaker's manuscript. "After Mr. Chapin had become pretty well warmed up with his subject," writes Rev. James Shrigley, then a resident of Baltimore, "the front part of the platform gave way and left the orator clinging to his desk, his feet dangling in the air. On being relieved from this unpleasant predicament, he mounted a box some three feet high and proceeded with his discourse, with manuscript in hand. But seeing the people resting their eyes on the high desk, which looked much like a gallows, he cried out in his ringing voice: 'Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate!'" His happy turn of the calamity was taken as a pleasant part of the occasion, and holds a place in memory with his eloquent plea for a more practical recognition of human brotherhood.

A more formal statement of the history of Chapin's connection with the Odd-Fellows, and of the esteem in which he was held by them, will be found in the following quotation from the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts for the year 1881:—

From the records of Friendship Lodge, No. 10, of the city of Richmond, we learn that E. H. Chapin was admitted a member of that lodge December 31, 1838. His card of clearance from Friendship Lodge bears the date of January 4, 1842. This he deposited in Bunker Hill Lodge, No. 14, Charlestown, Mass., and was admitted a member. In August, 1843, he was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of Massachusetts, a position which he filled with credit to himself and honor to the Fraternity. In August, 1844, he was elected Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States for that year. In this position he gave evidence of his

wonderful gifts and accomplishments, which he did not hesitate to use for the advancement of Odd-Fellowship. He was appointed chairman of the committee to revise the work of the Order, and much of the beautiful language contained in the several degrees, before the last revision, is attributed to his gifted pen.

"The Remembrance D  gree," another writes, "was made up partly of the old matter, and the manuscripts submitted by Chapin, the eloquent opening lecture of the Noble Grand being his production. Then taking up the Scarlet Degree, recourse was again had to the beautiful conceptions of moral duty embodied in the manuscripts of Chapin, from which were selected the opening charge of the Vice-Grand, and also the first paragraph of the lecture of the Noble Grand."

The great field of labor which now opened before him in other directions evidently demanded all his time and attention, for we do not again find him actively engaged in the work of the Order. But we recall with pride and gratitude that, in the early days of the revival of Odd-Fellowship, he was able to give to our beloved institution the weight of his great name and character, the aid of his unequalled eloquence, the support of his clear judgment and eminent learning.

The entire Order was stimulated by his enthusiasm, and became instructed in its principles and tenets as by his voice and pen they were displayed and elucidated. His words and wisdom will continue to greet the accession of every new brother, and will fall with never-tiring repetition upon the ear of the whole Fraternity.

We join with all our hearts, and with a fraternal satisfaction, in the praises widely bestowed upon our departed brother. While we rejoice that for a time, in no limited measure, his great gifts were lent to us, we do not fail to recognize that his commanding spirit found in many ways fullest employment in the service of God and humanity. As a Christian min-

ister he was so high in position, so eloquent in discourse, so catholic in method, that he seemed lifted above all denominational limitation. As a platform instructor, always engaged upon lofty themes, he so tasked his energies to respond to continual demand, that it might almost be said that the whole country had at some time been his auditor.

Desiring to place on record our appreciation of his worth and character, we would offer the following resolutions :—

*Resolved*, That as members of this R. W. Grand Lodge, as citizens of this Commonwealth and of our common country, we realize the great loss sustained in the death of Edwin H. Chapin, P. G. Master.

A feeling of sadness pervades us when we contemplate that we are no more to be instructed and uplifted by the magnetic power of his living words ; that the sympathetic heart, which for upwards of threescore years was continually pulsating, and by voice and pen exerting a powerful influence for every true reform, has ceased to beat. But in the abundant fruits of his labor we find the results of his having carried into practice the noble principles which in his earlier days he had done so much to engraft upon the flourishing tree of American Odd-Fellowship.

## XVIII.

### A REFORMER.

DR. CHAPIN might be hot or cold, but he could not be lukewarm, and when at length he came from the Conservative South to the Radical North, and was touched by the genius and aim of a more progressive type of society, he at once took the side of the reforms: and, blending a rare zeal and an overwhelming eloquence, he was hailed far and wide as the master of the platforms. Dignified as a Father Mathew, loving the right with all the zest of a Garrison or Parker,—if not hating the wrong so severely,—holding in command the wit and pathos of a Gough, he also shared, what these did not, the most intense ardor, and the golden tongue of the great orator. No one of all the reform speakers could so successfully conquer apathy, and sweep his audiences into a tumult of enthusiasm as soldiers in the army of reform. Garrison and Parker may have been more convincing, but they were less moving, and often they set enmity into a defiant temper by their asperity, while he conquered hatred by love. He seldom drew from the vocabulary of invective, and ever spoke more in sorrow than anger of wrong-doers. If he was less dramatic than Gough, he was greatly his superior as a master of the conscience

and heart. John Pierpont was more poetic and caustic, but not so broad in spirit nor so mighty in word. Horace Mann was his peer in kindness and catholicity, but took no rank with him as an orator.

It is not difficult to trace the sources of Chapin's devotion to the reforms. He was a man of large heart, and felt a keen sympathy with every condition of mankind. He also shared no ordinary vision of good and evil, virtue and vice, holiness and sin, and of the experiences of such as are living in one or the other of these states, since his was the graphic and strong vision of the moral genius. As Angelo saw no ordinary scenes inviting his brush and chisel, because he looked out from no common depth and power of feeling, as Milton saw "with larger, other eyes than ours," because of his vast poetic sensibilities, so the fervid soul of Chapin beheld the varied lot of man in the strongest lights, and he was greatly moved by his conceptions. His were no half-views of the conditions of society, such as the sluggish nature shares, but he saw the living scenes in all their vividness. He missed none of the lights and shades which rest on the landscape of life. With a glad eye he noted the fine-cut features, the open brow, the manly bearing, the look of honesty, sobriety, and peace; and with the most acute pain he beheld, to quote his own words, "dark minds from which God is obscured; deluded souls, whose fetish is the dice-box or the bottle; apathetic spirits, steeped in sensual abomination, unmoved by a moral ripple, soaking in the slums of animal vitality." And seeing thus, with no dull eye, the beauty of the true life, and the darkness and deformity of sin, he was moved by the intensity of his vision to be an ardent reformer.



He was also cheered in this work by his faith in human nature. In man's lowest estate he saw something hopeful,—a spark of divinity there covered but not quenched, an image of God, marred and defaced but not wholly obliterated, and capable of being restored to its primal beauty, or even of being exalted into the more positive aspects of the divine, as the restored portrait of some ideal saint may still be improved by a finer art. The undying germ, in man, of the true life, escaped not his searching and sympathetic eye. "The human soul is a great deep," he affirmed, "and we must take into view the nebulous possibilities that are brooding and waiting there, and notice the films of light that reveal themselves even in the darkest spaces. . . . That son of infamy is still a man, though his manhood is crushed and disfigured; he is still the offspring of God, not unwatched by him, not outside the circle of his help. Why, then, should you and I cast him off and stand aloof? . . . Who says any man is hopeless, utterly degraded, fit only to be destroyed? He falters from the confidence of Christ. . . . The mystery of this soul enshrined in flesh, even though it be sinful flesh, is that there is in it that which enables it to claim kinship with God." He discovered a moral sense in the most depraved, a capacity of hope and aspiration in every child of God, a power to rise in those who have sunk the lowest; and, holding such a view of human nature, he approached it with reverence and confidence, and pleaded with it tenderly and earnestly to turn from sinful paths and walk in the ways of honor and gladness.

His zeal as a reformer was, moreover, a natural outgrowth from his creed, as the oak from the acorn, or

the eagle from the royal egg. Between his head and his heart there was the most intimate friendship, and his ideas passed by a short and rapid current into speech and act. Hence his doctrines of the universal fatherhood of God, the common brotherhood of man, and a common salvation for all through renunciation of sin and turning to righteousness, inspired him with the broadest sympathies and a holy enthusiasm to aid in working out the great issue. Of these convictions he *felt* the full force, and could not rest from the toils they imposed. Fraternity was his great watchword, and fellow-helpfulness the strong impulse of his heart; and for years, while in full health and strength, it was his meat and drink to do service for erring and sinful man, — in pointing out to him the better way, painting before him the beauty and gladness of virtue, and inciting him to rise, like the Prodigal in the parable, and turn from the dreary wilderness to the Paradise whose gates are ever open to the penitent.

It was on the basis of this all-inclusive premise of reform found in his creed, that the scope and diversity of his words and toils on behalf of his kind may be accounted for. He confessed his kinship with the race of man, and fell into no narrow channel of sympathy and work. He did not love a drunkard and hate a bigot, nor strive to save man from the hardships of his lot and leave woman to be the victim of injustice and cruelty. From his lips fell the most impassioned arguments in favor of peace among the nations of the earth, liberty for every citizen of the state, temperance in every life, equality of rights in man and woman, toleration of every form of faith and doubt, and broth-

erhood in all the walks of society, instead of caste and hostility. For justice toward all and malice toward none, for right against might, for the suppression of every wrong and the triumph of every form of good, he pleaded with all the fervor and force he was able to put into words; and among the possibilities of literature is a compendium of arguments for all the reforms drawn from his sermons and speeches.

But he saw no redemption for man save in the name and spirit of Christianity. In superficial reformatory devices and fanatical panaceas he had no faith, but in the simple motives and sanctions which Christ awakens he believed with all his heart. He placed great reliance on spiritual covenants, but not so much on formal ones; and hence he was no disciple of Fourier, no advocate of the phalanx or community as a means of redeeming man. He agreed with Emerson, who, criticising the defect of the Brook Farm scheme, said: "Spoons and skimmers you can lay undistinguishably together, but vases and statues require each a pedestal for itself." Into a personal relation with God and Christ and virtue he would bring the soul, as its true condition and the secret of its strength and safety. While he worked with some of the more general reform organizations, he still made organization subordinate to moral and religious appeals. "It is too late," he said, "for reformers to sneer at Christianity; it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it is enshrined our faith in human progress, our confidence in reform. . . . If any one maintains reform as a substitute for Christianity, he attributes to the stream the virtues of the fountain; he ascribes to the arteries the central function of the heart.

For from Christianity beats the great pulse of the world's hope. . . . A man that has the spirit of Christ in him has the spring and energy of all positive power. . . . That life of Christ! It has achieved unspeakable victories — victories which mailed hand and armed host never could have accomplished. It overturned the marble gods of Greece; it plucked dominion from the throne of the Cæsars; it tamed the rude barbarian as he stood exulting amid the ruins of ancient civilization; it carried its meliorating power into the very heart of the Middle Ages; it spoke in the grand doctrines of the Reformation; it came with the Pilgrims through the stormy ocean of December; it is in the van, far in the van, of the noblest efforts and the best hopes of the present age. . . . Religious principle operating through individual hearts — this is the great want of the age."

He was in the fullest sense of the term a Christian reformer, with one hand clinging to God and Christ, and with the other reaching forth to rescue the sin-tossed from the wild and fatal waters. Standing on the firm shore of the divine, he sought to draw thither the morally wrecked and drowning ones for safety and peace. In kindling the sacred instincts and aspirations he placed his main trust. As the best means of saving the erring he sought to make them see and feel their rank and privilege as children of God and heirs of immortality, and to look ever up to the perfect ideals.

In the temperance reform he had a deeper and more active interest than in any other; but while he was the orator of the organizations he was not a member of them. He advocated the pledge as a help to the weak.

"For multitudes," he said, "the simple fact of signature, the tremulous writing of a name, the making of a mark, has had a binding sanction, that no silent resolution and no verbal declaration could have secured." He also looked with favor on the law as a possible help in this work of reform. It might be made to check the sale of intoxicants, and thus limit temptations along the path of the weak. Like many others he had a hope in prohibition, which has not yet been realized in experience. He often repeated a little story, at one period of his life, to illustrate the power of the law. There was a wager between two New Orleans men that one of them could not stand for ten minutes the bites of the mosquitoes on his naked shoulders. When the long and trying moments were nearly at their end and the bet likely to be won, some one behind the foolish hero touched his exposed flesh with the lighted end of a cigar, which sent him away with a leap and the exclamation: "I can stand the mosquitoes, but a gallinipper is too much for me!" The gallinipper being a larger mosquito, with a much sharper bite, was too pungent an opposer for his purpose to withstand; and thus did the great orator seek to show the advantage the law might have over moral suasion in breaking down the persistence of the liquor-dealer. Withstanding the assault of words, he might quail before the sheriff's warrant.

But far above pledge and law did Chapin place moral appeals and Christian sympathies as the best aids in bringing man to a true character and an ideal behavior. Ever inspired and guided by principle himself, he felt it was the basis of all right life. To it he looked in hope, and with it he wrought in faith.

## XIX.

### WAYSIDE HUMANITIES.

THAT Dr. Chapin had a broad and strong love of man must be evident to all who have read of him as an Odd-Fellow and a Reformer. We saw him borne into those relations by the humane impulse of his heart; and if in later years he ceased to be the former, and was the latter only in a degree, it was not that love had become a faded and withered plant in his heart, but solely on the ground that his energies were taxed to their utmost, even beyond the limit of safety, in other offices of love. His position as a preacher had assumed a signal prestige, and he keenly felt the privilege and responsibility of his sermons as avenues of blessing to his fellow-beings; and along them he poured, in ample volume, the warm stream of his sympathy in the various forms of instruction, reproof, incitement, spiritual quickening, and solace. In his weekly congregations, gathered from all parts of the land and from all lands, and crowding pews and aisles and pulpit stairs, his heart found a rare province for toil. In noticing a volume of his sermons, the editor of the "Christian Register" said: "If we were to describe the distinctive peculiarities of Mr. Chapin's preaching, we should say it is affectionate and humane. It breathes throughout a generous, hopeful, and frater-

nal spirit." Whenever his theme led him, as it often did, to speak of the common brotherhood of man, his hearers were sure to be stirred by his most impassioned eloquence.

"I am a man," said the Roman poet, "and nothing pertaining to humanity is foreign to me;" and such was the breadth of Chapin's sympathy, as seen in sermon and prayer and lecture and essay.

His genuine kindness is betrayed in the fact that he saw the good and not the evil in man, as a rule. He was no cynic. He never looked through a blue glass at the people. He never sneered like a Voltaire, nor scorned like a Byron, nor chafed with contempt like a Carlyle, nor even fell into a momentary fit of suspicion like Mr. Emerson, who said the reformers are seeking to save those who are not worth saving. On the contrary, he was always in a good humor toward the race. In man he saw something great, and he honored and loved him as a child of God, and threw over him the rosy arch of hope. "The old cynic took a light to find a man; but we find men everywhere," said Chapin, "in the poorest home and in the darkest lane. Beneath the coarsest vestment there throbs a human heart, upon the most degraded brow a mother's hand of love has been laid, and through the dimmest eyes there shines a quenchless soul." No bitter word ever slipped from his rapid pen, or fell from his swift tongue. "For thirty years I have heard him preach," says Mr. Fellows, "but I never heard him say a word against anybody. He criticised institutions and reproved sins, but was generous toward men." It is the testimony of one of his most intimate friends, Charles A. Ropes, that "he never



spoke ill of any one." It is doubtful if he were capable of entertaining unkind thoughts of any one in his singularly tolerant and generous mind.

While referring the reader who would study the wider scope of Chapin's humanity to other chapters of this book, it is proposed here to call attention to some of the tender trifles to which this strong man stooped, and in which, as the sky is mirrored in a drop of dew, the greatness of his heart is reflected. He needs no rosary, the thread of whose life is thus strung with the small beads of love, as he moves along in the obscure walks. In this more private record may be reflected the prime credit of the soul. Here is best seen, it may be, the actual spirit of the man. As the blazing meteor passes into a cold and dark stone as it leaves its conspicuous place in the sky and falls on the earth, so many a luminous spirit before the public darkens and chills as it enters the private walks. Only when lifted up should they be looked at. But it is not so with Dr. Chapin; but, rather, there is a finer spirit and beauty of love to be seen in this man's life as we follow him in the hidden byways of his pilgrimage.

In the early days of his ministry he chanced to meet with a worthy young man in whose soul was sounding a call to the ministry, and learning that his means were sadly unequal to his ambition and promise of usefulness, he took him to his home and gave him bed and board and encouragement and instruction for some months as a gratuity. At every suggestion of payment he closed the young man's mouth, and bade him share in peace of mind the proffered hospitality and help. He had once been poor

himself, and knew what it was to stand gazing up the mountain of education without money to purchase an ascent, and had hastened to his profession without much help from the schools, as a necessity of his lot in life. And hence his heart was made happy by thus aiding Rev. J. H. Farnsworth over an interposing barrier into the ministry he has honored for many years, and still loves and serves.

Carefully folded and preserved in his pocket, he carried for several years a little flower which a child had sent him. To his fond eye the withered leaf was beautiful and the folded bloom was precious. He who yearned toward the waiting crowd, and bore humanity up in his daily prayers for God's blessing, paused in his grand career to throw his arms around a little child and cherish a rose it had plucked for him.

Another keepsake of his was so humble a piece of mechanism as a bootjack, over which a poor mechanic had spent affectionate and grateful hours to serve and please his pastor. At length its maker was brought to the Chapin Home in poverty, to spend the rest of his days amid the aged ones there cared for. "In his final sickness," writes Mrs. Wallace, then matron of the institution, "Chapin often visited him, and, coming a day or two before he died, read to him from the Bible and prayed with him; and, on bidding him good-by, said: 'Brother Inglee, I have something to remind me of you, — a bootjack you made for me many years ago, which I shall prize more highly than ever when you are absent from us.' 'Have you got that yet?' said the old gentleman with a glad expression in his eyes. That night I watched with him, and many times did he speak

of it, — so many times, I at last asked him to tell me all about it. ‘Well,’ said the old man, ‘I got just as nice a piece of mahogany as I could find and made that thing, and put two rows of brass nails on the edge. It *was* handsome. I took it to him one New Year’s day. He seemed pleased, but did not say much. I have often wondered if he used it. But he has; and to think that he should speak of it now!’ Afterward I spoke to Dr. Chapin about it, saying: ‘Your prayer and visit were a great comfort to Brother Inglee, but the mentioning of that bootjack did him more good than either.’”

Another touching little picture Mrs. Wallace has painted in which the warm tint of love is conspicuous. “There was at the Chapin Home,” she writes, “an aged and poor Scotch lady, a member of the Doctor’s church, and made comfortable by it during her last days. Mrs. Chapin and I had watched with her, and, seeing the end was near, Mrs. Chapin said: ‘I will go home and notify the Doctor before he leaves on his lecturing tour, for I do not think she will last during the day.’ He came, prayed with her, and, bidding her good-by, said comforting words to her, meanwhile laying his hand gently on her head. Almost her last words were these: ‘His voice was sae sweet, his prayer sae comforting, but aye, that hand on my head!’ The daughter of this old lady, a school-teacher, and the mainstay of her mother, had died a year previous. She was sick a long time. Dr. Chapin was very attentive to her. She often spoke of his visits and of his kindness to her. I well remember his offering my husband money to supply her wants, and asking him to get her a rocking-chair, as she was sitting up in a hard,

low-backed chair." "It was to the poor, the sick, and the dying," Mrs. Wallace adds, "that Mr. Chapin showed a tenderness and sympathy of the rarest type." It is also the testimony of Mrs. Jameson, one of his most intimate friends, at whose home it was his custom to take his Monday lunch, that "the kindness of his heart was seen in the time of trouble and sorrow, and for that sympathy every one loved him. I never knew him to neglect to visit any one when in trouble, and especially the poor."

While making a brief European trip in 1872, one of the members of his Sunday-school, Elsie M. Odell, had fallen sick and died. Her funeral was attended by Rev. Charles Fluhrer of the Universalist Church in Harlem. On his return Mr. Chapin, having learned before sailing from the other shore of the Atlantic, or directly on landing in New York, of the sorrow which had befallen one of his families, ordered his carriage to be driven to the home of the afflicted before permitting himself to be taken to his own residence. It may well be doubted if one preacher in many thousands would have been thus overruled by his sympathy with sorrow, and been borne from the welcome waiting him at his own door, to mingle his prayers and tears with the sad ones in whose house was a vacant chair. "It shows the large, tender-heartedness of the man," as Mr. Fluhrer truly observes, "and that love was his only directing impulse for the time being."

The sight of a stranger in humble circumstances and in evident need was sure to arrest his attention and enlist his sympathy, and he was often a prompt volunteer in the noble army of helpers. There appeared in

the "New York Tribune," soon after his kind heart had ceased to beat, the following letter, which is an interesting part of the general eulogy then pronounced on him :—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE :—

SIR, — I would like to lay a fragrant little flower upon the grave of the great and good man who has gone out of the Church of the Divine Paternity into the Church of the Saints above. Men are known, not from their public utterances, or their professional work of whatever kind, but from their unstudied acts among those to whom they can never look for favors, either of applause or advancement ; and it is from a side view into the simple-heartedness of the man, under circumstances which left no doubt of utter spontaneity, that I have been able for a long time to place an estimate upon Dr. Chapin's character, which I could not otherwise have obtained. I happened, some ten years ago, to be on a Hudson River railroad train going to Albany. In my car, a few seats ahead of me, sat Dr. Chapin, buried in books and newspapers, and apparently so absorbed as to be impervious to ordinary sights and sounds. On the opposite side of the car were two untravelled countrymen, who seemed, from their fitful conversation, to be at a loss as to the station they should stop at, and the means of reaching their destination. Their remarks were not obtrusive, and they seemed to have a delicacy about troubling any one with inquiries, and yet it was easy to see that they were in a serious quandary. The ordinary traveller, who prides himself on attending to his own business and letting other people do the same, would find this a good opportunity to put his maxim in practice. Not so Dr. Chapin. He laid his books and papers quietly aside, crossed the aisle and pleasantly accosted the countrymen. After getting at their difficulty he explained to them in the

most clear and painstaking way the course to pursue, leaving nothing whatever to be inferred. He then went back to his seat, and in a moment was buried in his reading, evidently thinking nothing of what he had done, but feeling that sort of relief which comes from knowing that some one else is relieved. Had he but glanced at the faces of the men he would have been amply repaid for his trouble, but this would have been too much like exacting some return for a service he could not help but render. Little did the countrymen know who had so kindly served them, but I did, and it was to me the best sermon I ever enjoyed from the great preacher and greater man.

Amid another scene we witness his interest in the lowly and the obscure. At the close of one of his lyceum lectures he met his old friend the Rev. Mr. Grosh, in whose home and editorial office, many years before, he spent happy days at Utica. "So eager was he," writes Mr. Grosh, "to learn of his office-companions, that he seemed quite indifferent to the distinguished people around him, who were waiting for an introduction. His heart was lost in the recollection of the humble friends of his early life."

As through a keyhole we can see the distant mountain looming in its massive glory, so through a tender word, a little favorite story, we may discover the greatness of a human heart. Unspeakable may be the credit that lies behind a smile, or that is revealed in so trivial an act as relating an incident. The glory of Abraham Lincoln, made conspicuous in that high hour when he enjoined love toward all and malice toward none, was seen in a more distant view, but in no diminished lustre, as he retold for the twentieth time some little anecdote.



dote in which a tender sentiment made the turning-point, the golden hinge, to his loving eye. And thus was the kindness of Chapin's heart seen in favorite stories as in a mirror. Of these a single one, reported by Mrs. Jameson as having been often repeated at her lunch-table, will serve as a sample. A rich man and his son met a poor German and his dog. The rich man's son took a fancy to the poor man's dog, and asked his father to buy it for him. The father's reply, that it was only a cur and not worth the having, did not check the lad's importunity; and the man turned to the poor German and asked him for what money he would sell his dog, and got the touching reply: "It is, sir, only one cheap dog, worth no money, but you could not buy it; for the wag of that dog's tail when I come home I would not sell for all your money." The tenderness of the little story made it very pleasing to the heart of Mr. Chapin, and by each repetition of it he revealed his sympathy with the poor man in his love for his homely cur.

With all this love in his soul, running broadly like a river in his regular work, and rippling like musical brooks in his private hours, he still wore the seeming of coldness sometimes toward those he met, — holding his lips sealed when words were looked for, moving brusklly away when it was expected he would linger, and variously running counter to the usages which an ideal courtesy demands. At times his social habit seemed to do violence to the law of his life as it appeared in his general thought and spirit, and in countless little exhibitions of the chief grace. It was much as if the sun should at times move before us like a darkened orb.



It is the testimony of one who knew and loved him well, the Rev. Dr. Atwood of the Canton Theological School, that "he was not a particularly approachable man. He had his friends and favorites with whom he was as cordial and companionable as a boy; but he was not easy in general society, nor did he appear to care to meet strangers or to make new acquaintances. Many who admired and loved him from afar were baffled in any attempt to cultivate familiarity."

How shall we account for his appearance thus in two rôles, — in one of which the heart gave the chief inspiration, and in the other of which it failed to move him? How could he be at one hour so luminous with the light of love, and at another hour so seemingly destitute of this finer radiance? Here is indeed a problem to be solved, a paradox to be explained. It was said in the chapter on Chapin at Charlestown, that a "tendency began to make its appearance which proved at once a good and an evil, a source of applause and of reproach, and which, no doubt, led to the first break in his health. It was a tendency to an undue absorption or engrossment in the theme that occupied him." Both temperament and the demands laid upon him conspired to draw him thus into moods of self-exaltation and almost of morbid frenzy, in which the outside world fell from his view, and he met friends and strangers, as if he met them not, or, at least, gave them but a cold and compelled notice. He had no ill-will toward them, but was simply oblivious in their presence. He was in his own world of thought and feeling, and was held there by a law of engrossment, of whose sway the ordinary temperament knows but little, and the man of few and

light tasks almost nothing. In these rapt hours he seemed to lack the capacity to flee from himself, even to heed so imperious a demand as that of social courtesy, and friends and strangers alike shared the apparent neglect. Says Professor Tweed, one of his best friends: "I never suspected Chapin of losing his heart for me, but I have met him many times when he made no show of it." He was the victim of abstraction, the slave of his reigning idea and impulse. "His head was so full of what he was thinking about, that all else was crowded out," is the statement of Mr. Marshall, for thirty years one of his parishioners. On Sunday mornings the social instinct and the gift of conversation seemed to forsake him, and whoever met him before he ascended his pulpit was likely to have an interview which, though it might not disturb one who knew him well, could hardly fail to astonish and trouble a stranger. And even after the service was closed by his benediction the enchaining spell often rested on him, and he was not easily got at for anything more than a shake of the hand. Strangers often wondered at the impetuous haste with which he left them as they lingered to greet him and say some words of grateful praise; even those who had some claim to notice might not fare any better than others in their efforts to gain it. He was still in the midst of his mental and emotional maelstrom, and, if not entirely oblivious of the laws of etiquette, his was not that calm frame of mind that would permit him to properly regard them. He was still swept on by an unspent ardor that made an easy and deliberate conversation quite impossible.

But on another ground we may account, in part, for

Chapin's seeming recoil from friends and strangers, thus disappointing their desire and expectation. What he could not do with a heat and enthusiasm, he could not do well or with pleasure, and shrunk from attempting to do; hence he was not himself and not happy in ordinary conversation, and was indeed almost incapable of it. It was hammering at cold iron, and he was constituted for working metal only when it was raised to a white heat. The process was too slow, the results too trivial. Since he had not the patience for it, it was to him a sort of martyrdom, and so he fled from it as the warm-blooded animal flies from the chill of the northern air. He was a poor conversationist, in the ordinary sense of that word, and felt embarrassed when subjected to the necessity of a commonplace colloquy; and, without meaning any disrespect to others, but unconsciously following the bias of his spirit, he would often make an ungraceful retreat from a desired interview. "Even in our ministers' meetings," says Rev. Dr. Pullman, "we had to start Chapin by some special impulse in order to have his voice heard." "He needed one like himself to converse with," says one who knew him well. By a high theme or a happy story he could always be kindled and drawn out, and rendered a marvel of brilliance and gladness; but for a chat about such trifles as make the staple of ordinary conversation he was disqualified. He seemed under some inborn necessity of being great and conspicuous, or of being nothing and standing apart from the gaze of watching eyes.

He was also smitten by the ancient and recent infirmity of bashfulness. There was a shyness in his blood that led him to a desire to escape from the eyes

which were too closely fixed upon him. "Bashfulness," said Aristotle, "is an ornament in youth, and a reproach in old age;" but if this latter charge be true—which may well be doubted—it is a reproach they cannot escape whose ancestors have forced on them the shrinking fibre. Nature is steadily perverse and refuses to yield her whims even; and so they who are born in bashfulness will die in bashfulness. They can never lay off the sensitive mantle in which fate has robed them. And in Dr. Chapin we have only another instance of genius loving best its own hidden sphere, or its chosen work, with a familiar friend or two.

It is to be further said of his seeming lack of affability toward strangers, that it may have grown into a sort of habit in his later years, when his fame drew toward him, in addition to the persons who might fitly seek his presence, an army of curiosity-mongers, ventilators of vapid schemes, hunters of autographs, and social imbeciles. "A tedious person," said Ben Jonson, "is one a man would leap a steeple from;" and not a few of this sort turned their feet to Dr. Chapin's door, or confronted him on the streets, and he was obliged to practise a degree of social fencing in justice to himself and his great work.

But after the view we have had of Chapin's humanity,—in its scope like the arch of the sky, and in its details like the sweet flowers that spring up by hidden paths,—it is hardly needful that we detain the reader with an explanation of a seeming discrepancy in his life in this particular. His general spirit and work of love—broad as his life, at once the heart of his eloquence and the inspiration of his toil,—is his sufficient defence, and the brightest jewel in the crown of his fame.

## XX.

### HIS POETRY.

"SAD is his lot who, once at least in his life, has not been a poet," says Lamartine; and we must believe there are few of the better order of minds that pass the romantic age between childhood and maturity without at some moment dallying with the muse. Many of these only write clandestinely, and timidly and fondly read the rhymes to which a mystic warmth in the heart has given shape. It is likely that an equal number for once or twice aspire to that extent of publicity afforded by a newspaper corner. With a small group of the poetic band the sweet flame is less ephemeral; the eye continues longer "in a fine frenzy rolling," and more ambitious flights are ventured. But ordinarily the short-lived bloom of the tree in spring, which soon gives place to the soberer tasks of growing leaves and fruit, is the symbol of the poetic outburst of early life. But we may well rejoice, as Lamartine suggests, that even for a day or an hour only the soul falls in love with the Muse and essays the divine art of poetry; for never after will the fine sensibilities then felt, the romantic tints then discovered in earth and sky, the radiant hopes in mortal progress and immortal glory then cherished, the sense of the divine then ex-

perienced, fade wholly away and leave life quite as prosy as it would otherwise have been. If

“’Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all,”

— the experience remaining as an enchanting memory and an unspent tenderness,—so there is a real blessing to all after years, when toils and cares press on the hands and the heart, from these youthful poetic visions and raptures.

In the large group of those who have given some hours in the morning of life to the making of poetry stood Dr. Chapin ; and his success so far transcends the ordinary achievements in this province that it merits a passing consideration in this record of his life.

The celerity of his mind — seeing at a glance the rhyming possibilities of the language, the words which mate in a vocal harmony — and the musical sense of his ear made him in early life a constant rhymster. He may indeed have prattled in rhyme. At twelve years of age he made rhythmic jingles for his amusement as a broker’s errand-boy, and read them to a comrade to divide with him their charm of melody, which must have been about their only charm ; and at fifteen he was poet to the Siddonian Club. In his academy days higher poetic gifts opened out, and for a few years he wrote lyrics in which he gave signs of promise as a poet.

For the beautiful in nature and life he had a poet’s love. With a true poetical temperament he touched the divine, and lingered fondly on the confines of mystery. “If,” as Goethe says, “it does not injure the poet to be superstitious,” he shared also a degree of that merit. Like a poet he was tender, pathetic, im-

passioned, and so blessed with ideality, fancy, imagination, the creative instincts, that he could glorify the common, and turn every scene into romantic aspects.

But his defeat as a great poet, had he pursued the high calling, would most likely have been brought about by the ardor and haste of his impulses, which would have refused to wait for a constructive or Miltonic imagination, had he shared it, to work out its vast and sublime pictures. He probably lacked the patience and repose of the great poet, of whom Mr. Emerson says:—

“ God, who gave to him the lyre,  
Of all mortals the desire,  
For all breathing men’s behoof,  
Straightly charged him, Sit aloof.”

But Chapin could hardly have obeyed this divine command, to which all the great poets—from Plato in his grove, Homer in his unknown nook, Milton in his blindness, Tennyson and Whittier and Longfellow in their solitudes—have been obedient. He was a life rushing into passion and expression, and his vehemence would have caused him to overleap that long interval of brooding over his theme and the dawning of remoter lights and grander visions, in which all great and endearing poetry has been written. His genius was too eager to permit him to be a master-builder with the imagination, and his pictures are flashes rather than labored and overpowering creations of the poetic art. Even a sustained allegory or colloquy in composition would have been beyond his power, by reason of its slowness of process. Hence his poetry, which is rich in fancy, charming in its lyrical and musical qualities,



ideal in tenderness and pathos, pure and noble in sentiment, — flies the deeper depths in which the famous poets have found their power and from which they command the mind and heart of the ages.

Chapin was a lover of a musical refrain or cadence at the end of a stanza, and wrote several poems in this style. Of this we have a sample in the following quotation from a pleasing little poem given as a valedictory at the close of his academic life at Bennington, which was also at the close of a school term : —

Things of earth should ne'er enslave us, —  
 Earthly things are all but dross ;  
 But like Him who died to save us,  
 May we humbly bear the cross ;  
     Dear companions,  
 May we humbly bear the cross.

Then resisting each temptation,  
 Onward for the heavenly prize !  
 Oh ! secure the great salvation,  
 Seek a home beyond the skies ;  
     Dear companions,  
 Seek a home beyond the skies.

An obscure scene of suffering or sorrow, glorified by some touch of beauty, by some triumph of love, or by some great light of faith shining through it, was to him a favorite theme around which to place a poetic wreath. In his own experience he may have felt the truthfulness of the wise saying of Donne: "He tames grief that fetters it in verse;" or with Tennyson he may have found that

"For the unquiet heart and brain  
 A use in measured language lies, —  
 The sad mechanic exercise  
 Like dull narcotics numbing pain."

As by instinct he allied pathos with poetry ; and many of his songs begin in the minor key, but sing themselves into a major strain before they reach their close, the muse seeming to serve him as a comforter. Of this order is his poem entitled —

## THE ITALIAN GIRL.

She lay by th' open window. Calmly fell  
The first, faint shadow of the coming death  
Upon her pallid countenance ; and passed,  
Slowly and sadly, from her full, dark eye  
The light of life and beauty. It was not  
An unexpected messenger who breathed  
A chill and blighting o'er her throbbing heart,  
And called her spirit from commune with earth  
To its far home of glory. She had known  
Of its approach, and watched — nay, wished — the time  
That brought its solemn coming ; and she bowed  
In silent and in sweet humility,  
When the strange thrill that shot across her frame  
Told her that shadowy messenger was there.

Yes, she was ready. There was but one tie  
That held her soul to earth, and that was twined  
In the fond, bursting heart of one who stood  
In agony beside her dying couch,  
Shedding thick-falling tears upon her brow.  
It was her mother ; but e'en this dear tie  
Faith taught her how to sever, and blest Hope  
Told her would reunite in yonder heaven.

Her story was a simple one. She was  
A flower of Italy, the soft, bright land  
Of sunlight and of music. She had grown  
In humble beauty 'neath a mother's care —  
For years the sole light of that mother's home.  
Retired, she lived thus, till she saw and loved  
And wed a stranger from our western clime.

With him and that loved mother then she left  
The scenes and shrines of childhood, for the land  
Of him who won her love. A gale arose  
Upon their voyage. The ship survived its power ;  
But *ten*, whose forms had glided o'er its deck,  
Slept in an ocean sepulchre. And *he*  
Among them ! *He*, her hope, her very heart,  
Was swept beneath the billow and the storm !  
They came here. With the little they had saved  
From once-sufficient wealth, they bought a home —  
A pleasant cottage home. There she, of whom  
We tell this gentle story, day by day,  
Was wasting with no visible disease,  
But with a growing sickness of the heart ;  
And though, at first, they fondly hoped again  
To tread their birth-land, and to look upon  
Its vineyards and its beauty, and that she  
Might pass to rest beside the hallowed graves  
Where slept her kindred — yet that happy dream  
Soon faded, and she bowed herself to die  
Calmly, as we have seen, with a blest faith  
Bright'ning with every moment, and a hope  
Fledging new pinions for her struggling soul.

And thus she lay till, startled by the tears  
That on her forehead fell so frequently,  
She raised her eyes with a sweet, patient smile,  
And to her mother breathed these gentle strains :

“ I am dying, dearest mother ; I am going to that land  
Where our loved that went before me dwell, a blest and glorious  
band.

Weep not, dear mother, but let faith still make thy spirit strong,  
For in that clime of happiness we'll meet again ere long.

“ I know you'll want me, mother — your hearth will be so dim  
When you see no more my cherished form — and you'll miss my  
evening hymn ;  
And my voice no more will blend in prayer, nor breathe above my  
lute ;  
To you 'twill seem all pleasant tones of joy and hope are mute.

“ And oh ! I’ve yearned to look once more upon bright Italy,  
Where the golden sunlight ever rests and the soft winds float so free ;  
’Twould have been so grateful to have died among my native bowers,  
And passed down gently to my grave, mid the music and the flowers.

“ But I’m going to a brighter clime, a home that beams for me  
With a light so pure that mortal eye may never hope to see, —  
Where radiant streams roll fresh along, ‘ fast by the throne of God,’  
Mid harps and songs, an angel land, by blessed spirits trod.

“ Oh ! earth was dark and hopes were crushed, and my spirit’s depths  
were sad,  
Till God lifted up his countenance, and all was light and glad ;  
Then be thy heart not desolate ; on thy vision, pure and free,  
His light, who lighteth all, will shine, — in Him thy trust shall be.

“ Weep not, weep not, for time and death, they cannot long divide ;  
Soon, dearest mother, thou wilt rest in the green grave by my side.  
Let these parting words be sweet to thee as some bright seraph’s  
song :

Thou wilt follow me, dear mother — we shall meet again ere long ! ”

It was at  
The gorgeous time of sunset, and the hues  
Of many glories lingered in the skies,  
And filled the earth with beauty and with smiles.  
Through the small lattice of a cottage-room,  
The solemn sunbeams rested. Solemn ? Ay —  
It was the room of death. There knelt and bowed  
That mother by her dead Italian girl !

Go, search the scroll of history ; go, read  
The cenotaphs that laud the mighty dead ;  
Bring record of all proud triumphant deaths :  
The warrior in the red fight cloven down,  
’Mid helms and glaives and banners, and with smiles  
Grasping his wreath of glory, — or the sage,  
Unshrinking, cold, and passionless, enwrap  
Within his mantle, “ sitting down to die ” —  
Bring all of these and others’ dying hours,  
And show one trait so calm, so beautiful  
With heaven’s own beauty, as the Christian’s death.

His poem on the Battle of Bennington, which he recited with great effect, while yet in his youth, at a celebration of that important event by citizens of the region, is entitled to a high place as a battle-song. Its spirit is truly patriotic, its movement lofty and heroic, its historical references apt, and its grateful tribute to the men who fought for the cause of liberty is as full of feeling as it is of dignity. The following stanzas well describe the humble aspects but heroic temper of the ranks as they marched to the field, and the spirit of their brave commander, and fairly represent the entire composition :—

Theirs was no gorgeous panoply,  
 No sheen of silk or gold ;  
 No wrought device of battle blazed  
 Upon their standard-fold ;  
 But the free banner of their hills  
 Waved proudly through the storm,  
 And the soiled garb of husbandry  
 Was round each warrior-form.

They came up, at the battle sound,  
 To old Walloomsac's height :  
 Behind them were their fields of toil,  
 With harvest-promise white, —  
 Before them, those who sought to wrest  
 Their hallowed birthright dear ;  
 While through their ranks went fearlessly  
 Their leader's words of cheer.

“ My men !— there stand our freedom's foes,  
 And *shall* they stand, or fall ?  
 Ye have your weapons in your hands,  
 Ye know your duty, all.  
 For me, this day we triumph o'er  
 Yon minions of the Crown,  
 Or Molly Stark a widow is  
 Ere yonder sun goes down ! ”

One thought of heaven, one thought of home,  
 One thought of hearth and shrine ;  
 Then, rock-like, stood they in their might  
 Before the glittering line.  
 A moment, and each keen eye paused,  
 The coming foe to mark, —  
 Then downward to its barrel glanced,  
 And strife was wild and dark.

But let the reader turn from this stately and solemn war-song, to another which celebrates the final reign of peace, and note the fitting jubilancy that enters into its measure and spirit. Chapin's fine sensibility guided him to a true poetic art. This poem is based on the words of Isaiah: "And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more ;" and one may almost fancy that the great prophet himself would gladly have heard this echo of his utterance !

There sweeps a rush of armies past with banners proud and high,  
 And clarions waft their thrilling strains triumphant to the sky :  
 No dread munition in their ranks, no fearful steel, they bear ;  
 No "warrior-garments rolled in blood," no panoply they wear ;  
 But on each brow the olive-wreath is twining fresh and green,  
 And in each lifted eye the light of peace and joy is seen.

Gay barks, with music on their decks and pennons to the breeze,  
 And silks and gold and spices rare are out on foamy seas :  
 Safely their bright prows cleave the waves ; there is no foe to fear ;  
 No murderous shot, no rude attack, no vengeful crew is near.  
 Where battle strode o'er ruined heaps, and carnage shook its brand,  
 And red blood gushed, the purple grapes and clustering harvest stand ;  
 And dews from bending branches drip and quiver in the flowers,  
 And merry groups are rushing out from cots and shady bowers :  
 "There is no sword our hearths to stain, no flame our roofs to spoil ;  
 There are no robber-hordes to seize the treasures of our toil :

Ho ! sing ye, then, the harvest-song, and twist the viny leaves,  
And let your shining sickles laugh among the plummy sheaves ; —  
The falchions we 'll to ploughshares turn, the days of strife are o'er ;  
The spears we 'll beat to pruning-hooks, there shall be war no more ! ”

Nation with nation strives no more : the golden chain of love,  
Through the wide earth, links soul to soul, descending from above ;  
The Indian by his hundred streams, the Tartar in his snows,  
The Ethiop 'neath the burning sun, its gentle impulse knows.  
From every tribe, in kneeling ranks, upon the silent air,  
Up to the Throne of Thrones, go forth the sacred words of prayer :  
“ All praise to Him whose hand alone, whose own right hand hath  
done

This blessed work, and made the hearts of all his children one ! ”  
Then, like the strains Ephratah heard hymned by the angel choir,  
From every lip a song breaks forth and sweeps o'er every lyre.  
The peopled mart, the temple-arch sends out the jubilee ;  
It echoes from the forest-shrines and green isles of the sea :  
“ Our falchions we 'll to ploughshares turn, — the days of strife are o'er ;  
Our spears we 'll beat to pruning-hooks, — there shall be war no  
more ! ”

Dr. Chapin's muse did not desert him even in the earliest years of his ministry, and he wrote a few hymns which will be likely to hold a permanent place among the favorites for special occasions in Church work. It was said by Wordsworth that “ Poetry is most just to its divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the thoughts of religion,” and it was Chapin's special gift to make it the oracle of the soul. In spiritual lyrics or hymnology he would have found his true vein as a poet, and we may justly regret that he did not add more hymns to the number he has left for the use of the Church. In their elevation of tone and spirit, as well as in their free and musical flow and their felicity of rhymes, his hymns remind us of Moore, Bowring, and Pierpont.



## ORDINATION.

Father ! at this altar bending,  
Set our hearts from world-thoughts free ;  
Prayer and praise their incense blending,  
May our rites accepted be :  
Father hear us,  
Gently draw our souls to Thee.

Deign to smile upon this union  
Of a pastor and a flock ;  
Sweet and blest be their communion :  
May he sacred truths unlock,—  
And this people  
Plant their feet on Christ the Rock.

Be his life a living sermon,  
Be his thoughts one ceaseless prayer :  
Like the dews that fell on Hermon,  
Making green the foliage there,  
May his teachings  
Drop on souls beneath his care.

Here may sin repent its straying,  
Here may grief forget to weep ;  
Here may hope, its light displaying,  
And blest faith — their vigils keep,  
And the dying  
Pass from hence in Christ to sleep.

When *his* heart shall cease its motion,  
All its toils and conflicts o'er ;  
When *they* for an unseen ocean,  
One by one, shall leave the shore, —  
Pastor, people, there, in heaven,  
May they meet to part no more.

## FOR A CHARITY MEETING.

When long the soul had slept in chains,  
And man to man was stern and cold ;  
When love and worship were but strains  
That swept the gifted chords of old, —  
By shady mount and peaceful lake,  
A meek and lowly stranger came ;  
The weary drank the words he spake,  
The poor and feeble blessed his name.

No shrine he reared in porch or grove,  
No vested priests around him stood ;  
He went about to teach, and prove  
The lofty work of doing good.  
Said he to those who with him trod :  
“ Would ye be my disciples ? Then  
Evince your ardent love for God  
By the kind deeds ye do for men.”

He went where frenzy held its rule,  
Where sickness breathed its spell of pain, —  
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool,  
And by the darkened gate of Nain.  
He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,  
He raised the contrite sinner's head ;  
And on the loved one's lowly rest  
The light of better life he shed.

Father, the spirit Jesus knew,  
We humbly ask of thee to-night,  
That we may be disciples too  
Of him whose way was love and light.  
Bright be the places where we tread  
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,  
Till we shall come where tears are shed  
And broken sighs are heard no more.

## CHRISTMAS.

Hark ! hark ! with harps of gold,  
What anthem do they sing —  
The radiant clouds have backward rolled,  
And angels smite the string.  
“Glory to God !” — bright wings  
Spread glistening and afar,  
And on the hallowed rapture rings  
From circling star to star.

“Glory to God !” repeat  
The glad earth and the sea ;  
And every wind and billow fleet  
Bears on the jubilee.  
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,  
Or Hebrew seer hath trod,  
Each holy spot has found a tongue :  
“Let glory be to God.”

Soft swells the music now  
Along that shining choir,  
And every seraph bends his brow  
And breathes above his lyre  
What words of heavenly birth  
Thrill deep our hearts again,  
And fall like dewdrops to the earth ?  
“Peace and good-will to men !”

Soft ! — yet the soul is bound  
With rapture, like a chain ;  
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,  
And heaven repeats the strain.  
Sound, harps, and hail the morn  
With every golden string,  
For unto us this day is born  
A Saviour and a King !

## DURING OR AFTER A STORM.

Amid surrounding gloom and waste,  
From Nature's face we flee ;  
And in our fear and wonder haste,  
O Nature's Life, to thee !  
Thy ways are in the mighty deep,  
Thy tempests as they blow,  
In floods that o'er our treasures sweep,  
The lightning, and the snow.

Though earth upon its axis reels,  
And heaven is veiled in wrath,  
Not one of Nature's million wheels  
Breaks its appointed path.  
Fixed in thy grasp, the sources meet  
Of beauty and of awe ;  
In storm or calm all pulses beat  
True to the central law.

Thou art that law, whose will — thus done  
In seeming wreck and blight —  
Sends the calm planet round the sun,  
And pours the moon's soft light.  
We trust thy love ; thou best dost know  
The universal peace, —  
How long the stormy force should blow,  
And when the flood should cease.

And though around our path some form  
Of mystery ever lies,  
And life is like the calm and storm  
That checker earth and skies,  
Through all its mingling joy and dread,  
Permit us, Holy One,  
By faith to see the golden thread  
Of thy great purpose run.

It is a current tradition that Dr. Chapin wrote this last hymn during a thunder-storm. It has also been said that he wrote it at sea, at the close of a tempest which all on shipboard despaired of outriding. These renderings of history are impressive, but they are as untrue as they are romantic. The real fact in the case is given by Rev. John G. Adams:—

The hymn was written in my study at Malden, where most of the work of compiling our hymn book was done by us. It was in July, in the afternoon of a very hot day. We were nearing the end of the afternoon's work, and were about closing up our package of copy for the printer, when in searching for a hymn to be placed in the miscellaneous department, suitable to be sung during or after a destructive storm, we could find none, in the many other books we had used, which satisfied us. As I had written one hymn myself expressly for the book, I now solicited Mr. Chapin to furnish one in this emergency. I was not surprised that he objected, considering the oppressive heat and his weariness; but my plea—and his willingness to do the best under the circumstances—prevailed; and applying himself to the task, he soon wrought out that admirable hymn.

## XXI.

### HIS WIT.

A CHAPTER on Dr. Chapin's Wit revealed itself as a necessity to his biography, but as a terror to his biographer. Like dropping a note from the musical scale would be the omission from his life of this conspicuous trait; but wit is one of the dishes which must be served hot or not at all, except at the risk of spoiling the feast. As a note of the musical scale may be enchanting in the musical combination amid which the composer has placed it, which would be quite ineffective as a separate tone, so wit must share the aid of its accessories, or it will prove witless; but the accessories are often so subtle and evanescent, so impossible of reproduction, that when the wit has been once spoken it will thenceforth remain stale and insipid, like champagne when the cork has been withdrawn. "Wit is the god of the moment, but Wisdom is the god of the ages," says Bruyère. For its best effects it must share the happy conditions of its origin; but who is able to reanimate with all its mercurial life a dead scene? The age of miracles is past.

It has been the aim of the writer of these pages to permit Dr. Chapin's pleasantries to fall into the composition as they came to claim a place, hoping thus to secure

them a more fitting surrounding and to render less needful a special attention to them, with an attempt to supply the accessories. It may be that enough has already been contributed from the store of his wit to indicate its type, and to give it its due prominence; for this trait in his life, conspicuous as it was, was still but incidental as compared with the more serious attributes which have been treated. It was only as the blossom on the tree, the ripple on the broad, deep river, the meteor in the wide expanse of the sky.

In Dr. Chapin the distinction between wit and humor is brought into full view. If humor is like the steady twinkle of the star, and wit like the sudden flash of the lightning, then Chapin was no humorist, but he was a wit. He was ordinarily in a grave and thoughtful mood, with at least the distant shadow of a cloud on his face, but he was occasionally — and especially when touched by the mercurial wand of a Starr King, a Beecher, or a Barnum — raised to the highest pitch of frolic; and then, to quote Mr. Beecher's words, "his wit flashed like the spokes of a wheel in the sun."

The primal law of his life — that whatever he did he must do with all his might, and conspicuously — reappears in his gift of jocularità, rendering quite impossible a quiet humor stealing along amid the mental activities, like a king's jester in a royal procession, but making it signal for rare triumphs. By his intense temperament he was denied the privilege of blending the serious and the sportive as do the less fervid; but in this loss of versatility there was the gain of point and power, which is always the reward of concentration, or doing one thing at a time.



The essence of every piece of wit is surprise, a light not looked for, the disclosure of a lurking sense or unexpected association, the showing of odd resemblances in things unlike, or strange contrasts in things similar; and nothing of this sort, when Dr. Chapin was in a merry mood, was missed by his swift eye. Since wit is of the nature of a surprise, a flash, the instant arrest of the mind from its foreseen path and diversion to an unlooked for and eccentric association of ideas, the celerity of his mental processes made him master of the amusing art. Quick as lightning was his detection and delivery of a piece of wit. Thus in the midst of an outdoor speech at College Hill, as the cars on the Lowell Railroad went thundering by only a few rods from him, and confused alike speaker and hearer, he instantly observed: "It is difficult to conduct a train of cars and a train of remarks at the same time. It is a train of circumstances unfavorable to a train of thought."

As he was one day limping along by the aid of a cane, and suffering a twinge at every step from a rheumatic foot, he was met by one who sought to engage him in a religious conversation, and led off by asking him if Universalists did not believe that people got their punishment as they went along. "Yes, that's my case exactly," said he, and hobbled away, leaving the inquirer to ponder on the wisdom of the reply.

At a Sunday-school meeting, in which Rev. Dr. Pullman gave an account of a new enterprise among his teachers,—namely, the sending of a committee to visit the "flats" in the neighborhood and invite the children not going to any other school to attend theirs,—Dr. Chapin rose and said: "I like the new enterprise very

much; but I wish that Brother Pullman and his teachers would now choose a committee to visit the *sharps* in their vicinity and get them to come to church."

Some urgent matter connected with his church led the trustees to hold a meeting on Sunday, just before the evening service. Their session held them beyond the proper time, and they crept slyly into their pews as the congregation was standing and singing the hymn after the prayer just preceding the sermon. At the close of the service one of the number observed to him that his trustees came in after prayers. "Well," said he, "I don't know who needs to come in *after* prayers more than my trustees."

As he was one day intently reading a poster announcing that a famous opera company would perform Rossini's celebrated oratorio *Stabat Mater*, the Rev. Dr. Emerson accosted him with a salutation, and was instantly greeted in return with this conundrum: "In what respect were Rossini and Bishop Berkeley alike?" Mr. Emerson did not see the point and surrendered. "Because," said Chapin, "they both made a *stab at matter*." Berkeley was an idealist, and ruled matter out of existence.

As he and a party of friends were one day riding up the Catskill Mountains in an old and overloaded carriage, some one observed that one of the wheels creaked. "Oh," said Chapin, "it complains because it's *tired*."

He lectured one evening before the New Haven Lyceum, and, desiring to take the nine o'clock train to New York, found he must close his lecture a little early and hasten with all despatch to the station. To save a bit of hindrance he requested the audience to remain

seated till he had passed out. Closing with a grand climax, he seized his manuscript and strode down the aisle, but had left his hat behind. Meanwhile the crowd had pressed into the pathways of exit, and rendered the prospects of securing both his hat and the train quite dubious. A friend in the hall, aware of his fix, lent him his broad-brimmed slouch. The next day Mr. Chapin sent it back, and said in a note of gratitude to his friend: "Your kindness and your hat overcame me very much; both were *felt*."

When he and Mr. P. T. Barnum crossed each other's paths it was like the meeting of Greek and Greek, and instantly the tug of war began between the famous punsters. A single pass at arms must be taken as the type of their many contests. Mr. Barnum held a Poultry Show in the old Museum Building. After three or four days of exhibition, Mr. Chapin visited it, but found the air around these many fowls was not as salubrious as it is among the mountains in June. Meeting the great showman he said to him: "I thought you were going to charge more than twenty-five cents for admission; but I find you only take twenty-four." "That is n't so," said Barnum, "I take twenty-five." "Yes," replied Chapin, "but you give every one back a *scout*."

Sitting down one day on Rev. Dr. Emerson's stove-pipe hat, he instantly rose and passed the crumpled thing to its owner, saying: "You ought to thank me for that, for your hat was only silk, but now it is *sat-in*."

While these pieces of wit—to which many others might be added—seem trivial as compared with the

sober greatness and nobility of the man's life, and there is almost a disposition to apologize for their presence here, yet it must be remembered that they were a part of his experience, and supply a color which is essential to a complete portrait of him. His wit was fellow to his wisdom, piety, humanity, imagination, enthusiasm, eloquence, and must have its place in the conspicuous group. And it is to be said to his honor, that he ever carried the gift in kindness. He never turned it into a sting. It was said of Ben Jonson — let us think, wrongly — that “he would sooner lose a friend than a jest ;” but no one ever had an occasion even to suspect this of Dr. Chapin. Only for the pleasure of others and himself did he permit his tongue to utter a witty word. Nor can we fail to rejoice that the hard-working man, given overmuch to solemnity and earnestness, found these reliefs, and possibly a longer, as well as a happier life, by reason of this play of his wit.

## XXII.

### HIS LIBRARY.

FEW private libraries in this country have been collected with so much of enthusiasm and liberality of expenditure as was that of Dr. Chapin. He was a rare patron of the booksellers; but they loved him far less for his interest in their latest bulletins and his free purchases, than for the ready wit, the keen intelligence, the fine social qualities, and the true friendship he brought to their stores to enrich their deeper life. Better was the good cheer he brought with him, the strong thought, the swift and brilliant repartee, than the full purse; and many are the pleasant reminiscences the booksellers have to relate of their genial customer. Around him would gather a choice group of listeners as he talked of books, or discussed the questions of the hour, or told the latest stories.

Dr. Chapin was not only a reader of books, but to some extent a worshipper of them, and liked to have around him even such as he never read. It was not altogether the contents of a book that charmed him, but the age of a volume, its history, or its scarcity, had for him a pleasing effect.

He gathered a library of nearly ten thousand volumes, the printed catalogue of which makes a book of two

hundred and sixty-eight pages; but a study of this catalogue gives no clue by which to trace even the life-calling of Dr. Chapin. It was a miscellaneous collection of rare and valuable works which he made, with less completeness in the department of theology than in several other lines of reading. Aside from his devotion to books for some special charm they might share, he was ruled in his purchases by his supreme interest in human life. Hence he gathered almost everything which fell under his notice in the form of folk-lore, legends, anecdotes, ballads, biography, history, social philosophy, practical Christianity, and poetry. A book that touched any one of the great questions of civilization, and dealt with the vital interests of humanity, was quite sure to find a place in his library. He sought everything in the line of progressive thought. He was a lover of the Broad-church literature, as an inspiration to his soul and an aid to his preaching. He had the power of easily melting into his own personality the thoughts and philosophy of the advanced theologians of the day. They spoke for him a native language. His tendency in this direction is indicated by the fact that he had gathered to his shelves twenty-two works by Maurice, twelve by Kingsley, ten by Martineau, eight by Stopford Brooke, and thirteen by Dean Stanley. He had little interest in what is called systematic theology, or in Biblical criticism, but sought to make himself familiar with the philosophy and spirit of religion, that he might enjoy himself the deeper and diviner things of the kingdom, and make a better sermon for his pulpit. He read books as a preacher. The practical part of his library bears upon the themes he would discuss

on Sunday ; and when a parishioner suggested to him once that he might be extravagant in the matter of book-buying, he replied, "You are the last one who should complain, because you will be the first who will get the benefit of my purchases."

He felt, what every preacher may well feel, that the English classics are especially helpful to the clergyman ; and there is scarcely a work in that department of literature that did not stand upon his shelves. He sought the most costly editions of the British dramatists, essayists, poets, orators, sermon-makers, and historians, and these were among his most read volumes. He found in them strength and beauty, the deepest insights into human life, a rare suggestiveness, a kindling influence, and a better — because a more natural — religion than he found in the formal books of theology.

For old books he had a tender regard, and delighted to bring new accessions to his list of venerable volumes ; and it was an enchantment to listen as he told the story of their origin and history. He cherished them as a memorial of bygone eras, a sort of mental ancestry that survives the natural term of book-life. "We were amused," says Rev. Almon Gunnison, "at seeing a touch of this book-lover's infirmity in the Doctor. Guiding us through a dry and dusty stratum of old works, his keen eye detected the absence of some musty copy of a priceless first edition.' He remembered that he had loaned it, and it had not been returned. It was easy to see that he was annoyed and disappointed. He protested that he would not lose the book for a hundred dollars." He had fourteen volumes printed before the year sixteen hundred, sixty-five volumes printed be-



tween the years sixteen hundred and seventeen hundred, and four hundred and forty-seven volumes which came from the press during the century preceding the present. Many of these old books were clumsy specimens of the printer's art, but to his eye, which had acquired a strong antiquarian bias, they were as idols to be revered.

At least three quarters of his library was made up of English prints, and with a scrupulous fidelity he sought the first editions, which are so precious to the lovers of books. Of a work or an edition of which a limited number only was printed, he spared no pains or cost to secure a copy. If the press gave to the world but a hundred copies, he set the booksellers of New York and London on the search to make him the happy possessor of one copy. Illustrated works were great temptations to him, and in spite of their cost he gathered several hundreds of them into his library. Of Doré's illustrations he had the *Legend of the Wandering Jew*, Dante's *L'Inferno* and *Le Purgatoire et Le Paradis*, *Les Contes de Parrrault*, *Don Quichotte de la Manche* by Cervantes, *La Sainte Bible selon la Vulgate*, *Fables de La Fontaine*, Tennyson's *Elaine*, *Guinevere*, and *Vivien*, Hood's *Poems*, *London: a Pilgrimage*, *Œuvres de Rabelais*, *L'Espagne par le Baron Ch. Davillier*, the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, *Fairy Realm*, *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, and eleven fine plates from *L'Album de Gustave Doré*. He had a copy of Dickens, illustrated with proof impressions from designs by Darley, Gilbert, Cruikshank, Phiz, and others. Of this edition but a hundred copies were printed, and his copy brought, at the auction sale of his books, two

hundred and eighteen dollars. He had in his library twenty-five different works by John Ruskin, ten of which were illustrated. His copy of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, in five volumes royal octavo, sold for one hundred and ninety dollars; the *Stones of Venice*, in three volumes, for one hundred and twenty-three dollars. His Dibdin's *Decameron*, with numerous fine illustrations on copper and wood, was bought at one hundred and fourteen dollars. His Bryan's *Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, in three volumes, with about six hundred extra illustrations, comprising portraits, rare plates, etchings, including original engravings by Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Hollar, and others, sold for two hundred and two dollars; and his copy of Peter Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwynn and the Sayings of Charles the Second*, inlaid to large folio size, and extra illustrated by the insertion of one hundred and forty-nine rare and fine portraits and plates, was bid off at two hundred and ten dollars. At the sale of his library, quite a number of his illustrated volumes brought between one and two hundred dollars, and many works not illustrated, but rare and curious and tempting to book-worshippers, sold at prices nearly as high. The entire library brought at public sale the handsome sum of twenty-three thousand dollars, which is probably less than half its original cost.

In the department of ballads his library was, no doubt, most complete. His collection of these tales of the people set in verse is quite noteworthy. "I know a very wise man," said the poet Fletcher, "that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads,

he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Dr. Chapin seemed to coincide with this estimate of their influence and value, and sought their pathos and power for his own soul, and to render him a greater master of the sentiments. He felt their sway over the heart, and found in them happy illustrations of the simplicity of a tender and touching rhetoric. They were studies in the art of sermon-making. Hence we are not surprised that he had brought to his library thirty-eight different collections of ballads.

Dr. Chapin's reading habits, like all his habits, were characterized by enthusiasm and persistence. He read books with great haste, sweeping over a page to catch its salient points, as the eye of a painter glances at a landscape. He was like Gladstone, who, it is said, could master a book in fifteen minutes. He went through a volume as Sydney Smith went through an art gallery, taking in the general impression but not the detail of the scene. He was content in many cases to study merely the index and three or four chapters of a book, for he thus made himself the possessor of its substance and value. In this way he obtained a vast general knowledge of books and an extensive culture, without being critical in any department of learning; and not without honor to themselves did Harvard College confer on him the degrees of A. M. and D. D., and Tufts College the degree of LL. D. His genius, industry, and attainments, and the worthy use he made of learning, entitled him to such a recognition in the world of letters. He was no more devoted as a patron of books, than he was faithful as a friend of humanity, in

transmuting his wisdom into beneficent offices. When his star sunk in the west a great and useful light disappeared from among men ; but many are the hearts which will delight to catch its lingering radiance in the words he spoke and in the life he lived.

















