Family History and Reminiscences

Hugh L. Hodge, M.D., LL.D.

MEMORANDA

OF

FAMILY HISTORY

Dictated by

HUGH L. HODGE, M.D., LL.D.

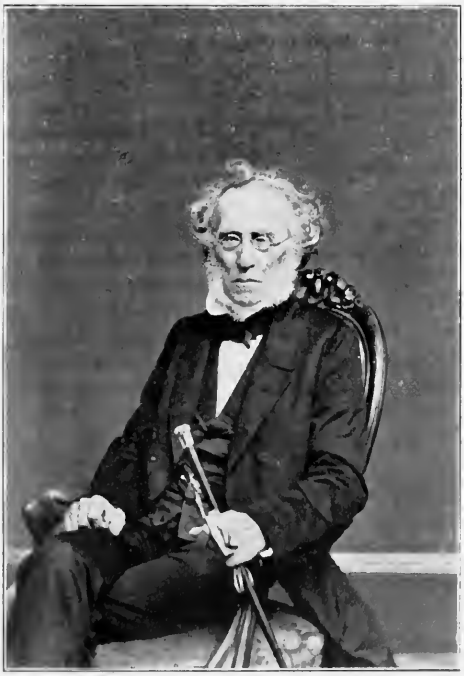
UPON

The Earnest Solicitation

OF

HIS DAUGHTER

HARRIET WOOLSEY HODGE



Introductory Statement

The following pages comprise family history and reminiscences as dictated by father to Harriet Woolsey, brother Lenox's wife, at intervals during the last years of his life. The precious manuscript is now the property of Lenox's son, Hugh Lenox Hodge. With his permission and assistance, and with the coöperation of my brothers, I have prepared it for the press. Places left blank I have been able, in most cases, to fill from entirely trustworthy sources; but some are necessarily left unsupplied. The utmost care has been taken to secure accuracy as to dates; and where an evident mistake occurs in the manuscript, the true date is put in brackets. It was inevitable that sentences given by dictation should occasionally need to be rewritten; but it will be found that the text as now given is a faithful reproduction of father's work. The thread of the narrative, moreover, was often broken, and there were sometimes repetitions. An effort has been made to produce a continuous story by bringing the separated parts together, and by the omission of what had been already narrated. A few footnotes have been added where an explanation seemed to be necessary, or where additional information could be given. To these footnotes I have added my initials to distinguish them from the rest of the work.

EDWARD B. HODGE

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 1, 1903

Family History and Reminiscences

Dictated by our Father, Hugh L. Hodge, M.D., LL.D.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, William Hodge, of Scotch-Irish descent, lived in the north of Ireland, during the reign of William of Orange in England.

William Hodge died, according to the old Bible record, in 1723. The record reads thus: "My father, William Hodge, Snr., Dyed the 14th of Janr., 1723, about nin a cloak att night." Another record runs thus: "My mother Dyed the 15th of 8r.,* 1730, Margret hodge, about 11 or 12 of ye Clock at night."

There was, according to this old Bible, a son William, born in the old country in 1704, the 24th 9r (November, old reckoning).* A second son, Hugh, was born July 28th, 1706, and died 1711, five years of age. A daughter, Elizabeth, was born the 28th of March, 1709, and died 1711, aged two years. Andrew Hodge was born the 28th of March, 1711, and Hugh Hodge, the second son of that name born to William Hodge, was born January 11th, 1713. Jane Hodge was born February 15th, 1714, but of her subsequent history we have no record.

Then there are, besides these, in the family Bible, notices of Mr. John Wormley and of his daughter, Nellie; the latter of whom was born in 1755, and died in 1773. The names of Elizabeth and William Duncan also appear, of whom there is no other record, unless it be this: "My father died Thursday, 6th of November, 1740, about ten o'clock in the morning." It does not appear what connection these had with the Hodge family, unless it is *possible* they were the descendants of Jane Hodge, of whose marriage and death there is no record.

These children of William Hodge were all born in Ireland, and it does not appear that either he or his wife ever came to America, although my cousin, the late John Ledyard Hodge, was under the im-

*In England, from the 14th century until the change of style in 1752, the legal and ecclesiastical year began March 25th.—E. B. H.

pression that they died in America, and were buried in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

About the period of, or during the year, 1730, when Mrs. William Hodge, Sr., died, the three brothers, William, Andrew and Hugh, emigrated to America, and settled in this city of Philadelphia as merchants. From these are descended those relatives of ours in this country to whom we are so much attached.

William Hodge, the oldest of the three brothers, was born in 1704 in the north of Ireland. He married, and his first and only child, Mary, was born November 6th, 1737, and the child's mother died seven days after, on the 13th of November, 1737. The old Bible has the following touching entry: "Marrey Hodge Borne Novr. ye 6th 1737. Hure mother Marrey Hodge Dyed ye 13th Ditto & do." At the foot of the page in the family Bible, where all valuable writings seem to have been kept in those days, is a receipt for the mother and child: "Recit for Elixir Paragorice to Rest them to Sleep."

Mary Hodge, for whom the mother gave her life, was married, when twenty years of age, to Mr. William West. "Marrey Hodge was married to William West ye 18th of August 1757, one Thursday evening."

The descendants of William and Mary West are numerous.

John, one of William and Mary West's sons, had several sons and daughters; among others William, John, and Frank; the last a physician who died unmarried in 1869. Another son is Captain West, who is still living (1872). Two sisters are also still living and unmarried.

Captain West, who is still living (1872), has two sisters, who are also still living and unmarried.

One of the daughters of William and Mary West married Mr. Frazier, and had several children, among whom were William, Nalbro, and John, many of whose descendants survive. William and Nalbro are also still living. Their eldest sister married a Mr. Nesbit, and lived and died in Alabama. The youngest sister married Mr. Cabot. Mr. and Mrs. Cabot and their children are still living. A second daughter of William and Mary West married a Mr. Conyngham. This couple were the parents of Judge Conyngham, of Wilkes-Barré, Pa., and of Mr. Conyngham, of New Orleans; also of Mrs. Peters, late of Georgia. Two others, single ladies, still live in Philadelphia.

The descendants of Mrs. Peters and of Judge Conyngham are numerous. It appears also from a statement of Mrs. William L. Hodge (Sally Bayard), that there was another daughter of William and Mary

West who married a Mr. Stewart, who settled in Baltimore, where his descendants still live.

ANDREW HODGE, the third son of William Hodge, Sr., was born in 1711 in the old country. After coming to America and establishing himself in Philadelphia he married Jane McCulloch in 1739. Jane had a brother, Hugh McCulloch, an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, and a man of much influence. He was very positive in his opinions even when science was opposed to him. He never would render assent to the declaration that the earth moves round the sun, maintaining that it was contrary to his own observation as well as to the authority of the Bible in which Joshua is represented as commanding, not the earth, but the sun, to stand still. His character is said to have been imbibed by our family: "Oh, there is McCulloch blood" being quite a saying among us.

This Mr. Hugh McCulloch had a son who settled in Baltimore, where some of his descendants still survive. He, like his father, Hugh McCulloch, was a man of strong opinions. He entered the Revolutionary Army, and was advanced to the rank of Colonel. When war was declared with England in 1812 he could not be restrained from entering the volunteer corps of the Baltimore militia, and with them encountered General Ross at the battle of North Point. He there received a shot which caused a fracture of the thigh. Notwithstanding this severe fracture in his old age he recovered and lived for many years on his farm near Baltimore. Here I and my brother Charles, when we were lads, were taken by mother to pay him a visit; of which visit we have very pleasant recollections.

A daughter of Hugh McCulloch married Dr. Burkhead, of Baltimore, and they had several descendants. Another daughter married Colonel Anderson, and there are descendants from this union also. Colonel Anderson was a man of education and talent. Mrs. Anderson was the mother of Mrs. John Lapsley, and also Mrs. Pennington Shewell, and also of Mrs. ——— ————, who married and settled in Kentucky. Mrs. Shewell died without children.

Mrs. William L. Hodge informs me that Dr. Ashbel Green's third wife was a McCulloch, and Dr. Green's son, Jacob Green, a lawyer of Princeton, married also a McCulloch, the niece of his step-mother.

These must have been the daughters of another son of Hugh McCulloch, of whom there is no record. Mrs. Jacob Green, above alluded to, still survives, and her daughter is married to the Rev. Samuel Dod, of the "Stevens Institute of Technology," Hoboken, New Jersey.

We now return to Andrew Hodge, who married Miss McCulloch. He and his wife had a large number of children: Margaret, born 1740, married to John Bayard of Maryland; Agnes, born 1742, married to Dr. James A. Bayard; John Hodge, William Hodge, Andrew Hodge, Hugh Hodge, and Jane Hodge, born 1757, married to B. Phillips of England; Mary, born 1761, married to Major Hodgson; James Hodge, and others who died in childhood.

The eldest child, Margaret, was born, as mentioned above, in 1740. Her husband, John Bayard, of Maryland, afterwards settled in Philadelphia, where he lived for many years and became an officer of the grade of colonel in the Revolutionary Army. After the death of his wife, Margaret Hodge, he married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, of New York,* and, after her death, a Mrs. White, with whom he lived at New Brunswick, N. J., where he died at an advanced age. His children were those of his first wife, Margaret Hodge. One of these was Mr. Samuel Bayard, afterwards Judge Bayard, who lived at Princeton, N. J., was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and treasurer of the college. His wife was Miss Pintard. Their daughter, Susan Bayard, died at fifteen years of age. Their son, Samuel Bayard, Jr., is now living at Camden, N. J. He married Miss Dashiell, of Cincinnati, O., by whom he had one son, General Dashiell Bayard, a bold cavalry officer in the late War of the Rebellion, who was killed by a cannon shot at Fredericksburg, Va. Samuel had also three daughters, two married and one still single. Lewis Bayard was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and married a Miss Rhea, by whom he had several children.

Another son of Samuel Bayard, Sr., was married, and had several children. He resided in Jersey City, and died there.

A second daughter of Samuel Bayard, Sr., was Julia, who married Mr. Washington, a resident of the State of Virginia. There she lived and died, leaving one daughter, Augusta. This daughter married a Mr. Wirt, son of Attorney General William Wirt, of Maryland, and she is living at her home on the Rappahannock River, Virginia.

The third daughter of Samuel Bayard, Sr., was Caroline, who married the Rev. Mr. Dod, professor of mathematics in Princeton College. Caroline's husband died, leaving her in restricted circumstances. Her eldest daughter married Edwin Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., who died some three years ago, leaving his wife in possession

*In the "Life of Charles Hodge" (p. 5) it is said that James A. Bayard, son of John and Margaret Bayard, married a daughter of Dr. Rodgers.—E. B. H.

of the family mansion at Hoboken, and the mother of a family of five or six children. One daughter, handsome and interesting, died at Rome, at six years of age.

Two other daughters of Mrs. Dod married in succession Mr. Richard Stockton, son of Mr. Richard Stockton, of Princeton, many years Senator of the United States. Caroline, the older of these two daughters, and the first wife of Mr. Stockton, died leaving several children. Susan, the younger of the two, and the second wife of Mr. Stockton, still lives, and she also has several children. The fourth daughter of Mrs. Dod married Mr. Walker, a lawyer of Washington, son of Robert J. Walker, once Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, and Governor of Kansas during the trouble which there existed before the late Civil War.

Mrs. Dod had also three sons. The eldest, Albert, married a Miss Mackintosh, who did not live long. He served as an officer in the late war, and was at the battle of Chattanooga. A second son was Samuel B. Dod, who married Miss Isabella Williamson Green, daughter of Jacob Green, and granddaughter of Dr. Ashbel Green, President of Princeton College. This Mr. Dod settled as a clergyman in Monticello, N. Y., and afterwards at Wilkes-Barré, Pa. He now is President of the Board of Trustees of the "Stevens Institute of Technology," at Hoboken, N. J.

The third son, Charles, was an officer on the staff of General W. Scott Hancock in the late Civil War, and died while so employed. (For further information about the descendants of John Bayard and Margaret Hodge see p. 10.)

The second daughter of Andrew Hodge, Agnes Hodge, married Dr. James A. Bayard, of Delaware (No. 1), the twin brother of Colonel John Bayard.

One of their children, Mary Bayard, died single. Another, John Hodge Bayard, who was, I believe, a physician, died in Cumberland, Md. Still another son was James A. Bayard (No. 2), a lawyer, who devoted himself to politics, and represented the State of Delaware in Congress at the time of the contested election respecting Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr for the Presidency of the United States. He has the credit of having given the casting vote by which Mr. Jefferson was made President. He was afterwards Senator from Delaware, and in 1814 signed, in conjunction with Clay, Albert Gallatin and others, the treaty of Ghent, which terminated the War of 1812 with Great Britain. He was soon afterwards attacked with a severe inflammation of the throat, and died August, 1815, a few days after his return from Europe, in his home at Wilmington, Del.*

His eldest son was Richard Bayard, who studied law and married Miss Carroll, of Carrollton, Md. He also became later a member of the United States Senate. In course of time he moved to Philadelphia, and died in the spring of 1868, leaving a wife and four daughters and one son.

Miss Caroline Bayard was the second child. She never married. Her death occurred at Wilmington, Del., December, 1871.

James A. Bayard was the second son of James A. Bayard (No. 2). His wife was a Miss Francis, of Philadelphia, who died a few years ago, leaving several children. He succeeded his brother Richard as Senator from Delaware, but later retired from public business, and is living at Wilmington. He has the great satisfaction of seeing his son, Thomas Bayard, taking his place as Senator in the United States Congress. He has also two daughters, Mrs. Lockwood and Mrs. Kane. James A. Bayard (No. 2) had a third son, whose name was Edward, who married Miss Walworth, daughter of Chancellor Walworth, of New York. He studied law, but turned afterwards to the study of medicine, and is now a homœopathic physician in New York.

A fourth son was Henry Bayard, who married Miss Dixon, of Victoria, Pa., where Mr. Bayard was engaged in the iron business. He and his wife survive, and have a family of children.

Having thus given some account of the Delaware Bayards (descended from James A. Bayard and Agnes Hodge), we now return to take up the story of the descendants of John Bayard (twin brother of James A. Bayard), who married Margaret Hodge, elder sister of Agnes.

One of the sons of John and Margaret Bayard, Mr. Samuel Bayard, who became treasurer of Princeton College, has already been mentioned (see page 8).

Another son was Andrew Bayard, a merchant, and afterwards an auctioneer in Philadelphia. He was subsequently the first President of the Commercial Bank and also of the first Philadelphia Savings Institution, now situated at the corner of Washington Square and Walnut Street.

Andrew Bayard married Sarah Pettit, daughter of Colonel Pettit, of the Revolutionary Army. His eldest child was Sarah Pettit

*The death of Mr. Bayard is ascribed by Sally Bayard Hodge, not to inflammation of the throat, but to necrosis of the breast bone.—E. B. H.

Bayard, who married my cousin, Mr. William L. Hodge, and is still living in Washington, D. C.

His second child was John Bayard, a merchant, who died unmarried in the month of October, 1869.

The third child was Elizabeth Ingersoll Bayard, who married John S. Henry. She is now a widow, living in Germantown, Pa. She has three sons, Alexander, Charlton and Samuel, and two daughters, Sarah, married to the Rev. Samuel Clark, an Episcopal clergyman, residing at Elizabeth, N. J., and Theodosia, who lives, unmarried, with her mother.

A third daughter of Andrew Bayard and Sarah Pettit was Theodosia Graydon Bayard, who did not marry. She lives with her sister Mrs. Henry, of Germantown.

Mr. Bayard's second son was James Bayard, who was educated as a lawyer in the office of his cousin, Joseph R. Ingersoll. He was at one time a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania. He married Miss Mary Backus, daughter of Mr. E. F. Backus, of Albany. Her mother was a daughter of Colonel Samuel Chester, of Connecticut. They now live in Locust Street, above Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia.

A fourth daughter was Anna Maria, who married Dr. Stewart, and died a few years afterwards, leaving two children, one, Bayard, who died in infancy, the other, Thomas, who is living at Washington Square and Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Mr. Andrew Bayard's third son and youngest child is Charles Pettit Bayard. He became a merchant and afterwards a broker, and has lived many years in Germantown. He married Miss Adeline McKean, daughter of Judge Joseph McKean, and granddaughter of Governor McKean, of Pennsylvania. They had several children, Charles, Anna Maria, James, William and Caroline.

I have now traced the descendants of Andrew Hodge and his wife, Jane McCulloch, through their two older children, Margaret and Agnes. *The oldest son was John Hodge,* of whom I know nothing, except that he was born in 1747 and died in 1770.

The next child was William Hodge. He was born in 1750, and was educated as a merchant. My cousin, John Ledyard Hodge, speaks of his uncle William as being known abroad as "the handsome American." He became a secret agent of the United States Government at the time of our Revolution. He had authority, as the agent of the United States, to send arms and ammunition to America from

France. A vessel was stationed for this purpose in the harbor at Brest, and Mr. Hodge worked secretly in Paris.

The movements of the vessel excited the suspicions of the British at Brest, and complaint was made to the government at Paris. Orders were accordingly sent for the seizure of the American vessel on the charge of violating neutrality laws. The execution of these orders, which were several times repeated, was evaded by various devices, such as altering the color and appearance of the vessel, so that it eventually escaped. The accusations of the British officers, however, were directed so distinctly and emphatically against Mr. Hodge that the French Government felt compelled to arrest him and commit him to the Bastile. A secret intimation, meantime, was given to the superintendent to treat him with all kindness. In actual fact, therefore, he lived on the fat of the land, all of his wants being abundantly supplied, and in due time he was liberated through the intercession of our government. He subsequently returned to America, where he died, unmarried, in 1780.

Andrew, the fifth child of Andrew Hodge and Jane McCulloch, was born in 1753, and was educated practically with the expectation of his becoming a lawyer. He entered the Revolutionary Army, however, and served as a captain at the battles of Trenton and Princeton. He afterwards became a merchant in Philadelphia, and married Anne Ledyard, half-aunt of the author and traveller, and by her had several children. His oldest son was John Ledyard Hodge, who was brought up in Mr. Robert Ralston's store, and went as supercargo with Mr. Ralston on several voyages to the West Indies and the Mediterranean. He afterwards settled down as a co-partner with a merchant at Marseilles, and became quite rich. As he was of a social character, and exhibited considerable talent, united with an excellent memory, he became very acceptable to the French inhabitants and to the authorities. In after-life he gave very interesting anecdotes of his various friends and acquaintances in Paris as well as in Marseilles, many of whom were in high literary as well as political positions during the time of the First Napoleon. He served on the staff of one of the French generals in the Army in the North of Spain, during the Napoleonic invasion, and was in the siege of Barcelona.

He suffered much personally while detained in that city during the prolonged attack upon the place by the English and Spanish forces, being at times so badly off as to eat rats. After his liberation, and upon a review of the state of his affairs at Marseilles, he retired to

Tunis, in Africa, where he spent many years in mercantile business. Here he had many friends among the English and Americans, and had much influence with the governor. Here, too, he indulged his taste for reading, and also collected many valuable and rare medals and coins, said to have been collected from the ruins of old Carthage and representing many of the old emperors. These were afterwards given to his nephew, J. Ledyard Hodge, and some few to his niece, Theodosia, by whom they were arranged in the form of a bracelet. Many years afterwards he returned to Philadelphia, and recommenced his mercantile pursuits, which were not, however, prosecuted very vigorously. Nevertheless he had considerable property. Through his personal influence with leading bankers during the troublesome times between 1830 and 1840, he contributed to the interests of his brothers William and Andrew at New Orleans. By President Fillmore he was appointed Consul at Marseilles, and remained there during his administration, and also during two or three years of the administration of Fillmore's successor, President Pierce. At the port of Marseilles Mr. Hodge exercised extensively his social disposition, kept an open house, especially for Americans, and was visited, of course, by all the commanders of our public and private vessels, upon whom he had frequently the opportunity of conferring favors. These visitations were the more numerous from the fact that the time was that of the Crimean War, so that large numbers of transport vessels, as well as men of war, stopped at Marseilles.

Among other incidents was the arrival of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who, after his liberation from Turkey, came to this port. Much disturbance was caused, and Mr. Hodge had much trouble in resisting the plans of Kossuth, and in preventing any breaches of the peace. They had a sharp controversy, which was carried on by letters, which were afterwards published, affording probably the first evidence that the aims of Kossuth were not always correct and praiseworthy.

At the termination of his Consulship Mr. Hodge returned home, but did not resume business. Sometimes he was to be found in Washington, sometimes with his sister, Mrs. Sands, and sometimes travelling through different parts of the country. A greater part of one winter he spent in Texas and Mississippi. Subsequently he spent a winter with his sister in New York, and afterwards, as his health was becoming poor, his winters were spent in Philadelphia, as he was attached to the place of his birth, and hopeful that he would be permitted to die there. This desire of his heart was granted, and his death occurred in Philadelphia on the 4th of February, 1870, about two months before the conclusion of his eighty-sixth year. Mr. John Hodge never married, but everywhere he was very popular, having fine conversational talent, abounding in humor and in anecdotes, especially concerning the great men in Europe. He had seen and read a great deal, and his memory was very retentive. His manners were very polite and polished, but accompanied by so much cheerfulness of mind and heart as to dissipate any impression of stiffness or reserve, while his impulses toward his family and his friends were always affectionate and generous.

The next child of Andrew Hodge, Jr., and Nancy Hodge (Anne Ledyard) was Jane, who was born in 1786. She grew up a handsome and intelligent girl; but, owing to a shock of electricity, her nervous system was much injured. She became afterwards subject to cataleptic turns, which recurred at intervals during her long life. She married Dr. Robert H. Rose, a very intelligent Scotch gentleman of great cultivation and taste. He purchased a large tract of wild land in Susquehanna County, Pa., and erected a handsome house on the border of Silver Lake, where he exerted for many years a great influence, contributing largely to the comfort and cultivation of the numerous settlers who followed him to that locality, giving them, among other things, the use of a large library. His name is preserved in that of Montrose, a town not far from his home at Silver Lake.

Jane became the mother of several children. The oldest was Ann, who married William Main, at that time a civil engineer. He subsequently moved to Philadelphia, where he has occupied almost to the present time the position of recording secretary and treasurer of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church. Ann had three children. Alice, the eldest, died of consumption at twenty years of age. The next was William, a civil engineer and assayer, now living in Colorado. He married Miss Fillebrown, belonging to a New England family, now resident, however, in South Carolina. The third was Annie, who married Mr. Giles, descended from a Virginia family. His present residence is in Minnesota, to which State his wife's parents have now resorted.

Dr. Rose died many years ago, but his wife, Jane, lived until February 8th, 1866. She was eighty years of age at the time of her death.

Another child of Andrew Hodge, Jr., and Nancy Hodge (Anne Ledyard) was William Ledyard Hodge, born in January, 1790.

Owing to the circumstances of his father his early education was much neglected; but, being a man of great talent and excellent memory, he improved every opportunity by reading and attention to business, so that he became, not only only an excellent merchant, but a man of extended influence, especially by the use of his pen. He settled as a merchant in Philadelphia, and for a time was very prosperous. He married Sally Pettit Bayard, eldest daughter of Andrew Bayard. Soon afterwards, however, he failed in business, and went to Marseilles. He returned to America after a few years and entered into business in New Orleans, where his younger brother Andrew had acquired a large fortune. In the troublous times attending the failure of the United States Bank he again failed. He then became the editor of the *New Orleans Bulletin,* which he carried on with credit until the election of General Taylor as President of the United States. Soon afterwards he received the appointment of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under the Honorable Thomas Corwin, and for a time was Acting Secretary.

At the end of the administration of Mr. Fillmore, who succeeded General Taylor, Mr. Hodge continued his residence in Washington, doing business as an agent. He was subject to occasional attacks of gout, and about the year 1865 or 1866 it made serious inroads upon his health. His heart became much diseased in 1867. Dropsical symptoms supervened, and he died on the 22d of January, 1868. He had just completed his seventy-eighth year. He had seven children. The eldest is Anne, now wife of Rear Admiral Rodgers, of the United States Navy. Three or four children were born to William Hodge in France. Two were twins, and died early. The next was a son, Bayard, a beautiful and intelligent child, who died very suddenly of scarlet fever in Philadelphia. Another was Sarah, who died at two years of age of convulsions. The next daughter was Theodosia, who was born on the 4th of July, 1832. She still survives, a very intelligent and cultivated woman. The next and last child was John Ledyard Hodge, a young man of much talent and promise, who was born in 1834. He received his collegiate education at Princeton, studied law at the University of Virginia, and was licensed to practice that profession in Philadelphia. Here he remained until the War of 1861, when he entered the Paymaster General's office in Washington, where he continued to live after the conclusion of peace. He married a Miss Wilson, whose father lived on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Another child of Andrew Hodge, the second, and Nancy Hodge, (Anne Ledyard) was Andrew, who died in infancy. Another was James, who was educated for the Navy. He died some years afterwards at Norfolk, Va. A daughter, Ann, was born in 1794, and was married, in May, 1819, to her cousin Austin Ledyard Sands, of New York, by whom she had several children, four of whom survive. They are Dr. Austin Sands, now of Newport; Samuel Sands, a broker; William Sands, a merchant or broker, and also Andrew Hodge Sands, a lawyer. The three first-mentioned are married, and Samuel has a large family of children. Mrs. Sands still lives, the last of her family.

Another child of Andrew Hodge, the second, and Nancy Hodge, was Andrew, the second Andrew of this family. He was born in 1797. He was educated, like his brothers, in Mr. Ralston's counting-house, made two or three voyages to Canton, and afterwards settled as a merchant in New Orleans, where he acquired a large property, becoming an extensive land-owner in Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Mississippi. He also became very influential as President of the Bank of New Orleans. He became involved in the pecuniary troubles of 1835 and 1836 and 1837, etc., and retired, after losing most of his property, to a sugar plantation on one of the bayous of Louisiana. Here he so far succeeded as not only to support himself, but to leave a small property at his death, which occurred in 1857, when he was in his sixtieth year.

The last child of Andrew Hodge, the second, and Nancy Hodge, was Austin. He had the misfortune to be afflicted with curvature of the spine, accompanied by large abscesses, seriously threatening his life until he was sixteen years of age, when he recovered with the usual deformity. The disease existed in the lumbar vertebræ. He attended somewhat to mercantile business, and spent some years in Marseilles with his brother John. In course of time he returned to America, and died in the city of New York of consumption, when he was about twenty-eight years of age.

The next child of Andrew Hodge, the first, and Jane McCulloch, was Hugh Hodge. He was their sixth child. His birth occurred in 1755. He received a classical education, entered Princeton College as a student, and was graduated in 1773. He was among the original members of the literary society at Princeton, known as the American Whig Society. His diploma from this society is now in the hands of his son, and is probably one of the very few extant.

Immediately after his graduation at Princeton he commenced the study of medicine as the pupil of the then eminent physician, Dr. Cadwalader. On the breaking out of the War in 1775 his medical studies were prematurely arrested; nevertheless he sustained an examination and was admitted as a surgeon in the Army.*

He was captured by the British at Fort Washington, N. Y., but, through the interposition of General Washington, he was liberated on parole. Circumstances then compelled him to enter into mercantile business with his brother Andrew. He again, however, returned to the practice of medicine; and, about the year 1789, he became acquainted with Miss Mary Blanchard, of Boston, with whom he became united in marriage in 1790.†

He speedily obtained an influential practice in the city, and had a prominent part to play during the terrible epidemic of yellow fever in 1793, and again in 1795. His constitution became impaired by the exposure which was incident to his labors on these occasions, and he suffered from frequent attacks of jaundice and other lymphatic complaints. Under their influence his strength failed, and he died on the 14th of July, 1798, at the age of forty-three years. He left his widow with two children. His first child, a daughter, was the first victim of yellow fever in 1793. His second daughter and a young son also died in 1795.

The accounts of the yellow fever as it prevailed through the winter of 1793 are most terrible. The extreme temperature exceeded everything remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

"Great flocks of pigeons flew daily over the city, so numerous in their flight as to obscure the sun. They were shot from numerous high houses, and the markets were crammed with them. They generally had nothing in their craw besides a single acorn. The superstitious found out that they presaged some evil, and, sure enough, sickness and death came." Think of a desolation that shut up nearly all of the churches. The pastors generally fled, and their congregations were scattered. The few that still remained assembled in small circles for religious exercises; not, however, without just

*"In Committee of Safety, Philadelphia, February 7th, 1776, Dr. Hugh Hodge, having been examined by the surgeons and physicians appointed for that purpose, was recommended by them as a proper person to be appointed surgeon to a battalion, therefore, Resolved, That the said Hugh Hodge be appointed surgeon to the third battalion of troops to be raised."

"December 2nd, 1776. Resolved, That Mr. Joseph Redman, Jr., be appointed Surgeon, and Mr. Hugh Hodge, Jr., Surgeon's mate to Colonel Bayard's Battalion of Militia of the City of Philadelphia."

†In 1793 Dr. Hugh Hodge was made a member of the College of Physicians.

fears that their assembling might communicate the disease from one to the other. No light and careless hearers there appeared, and there was no flippant preaching to indulge itching ears. All was solemn and impressive. A feeling possessed the minds of the little congregation that they would not all meet again on a like occasion. Death, judgment and eternity occupied the attention of all who assembled. Look which way you would through the streets and you saw the exposed coffins on chair-wheels, either in quick motion or waiting to be taken. The graves were not dug singly, but in pits, which might receive many. Men saluted each other as if doubting to be met again. Such was the greatness of the calamity at this time.

What is now Washington Square, on Walnut Street, between Sixth and Seventh, was a Potter's Field, and its "final Golgotha" was after the yellow fever of 1795. Then the City Councils forbade further interment, but not until 1815 was it made into the beautiful square as we now see it.

During the fearful epidemic described above, Dr. Hugh Hodge and his family lived in their accustomed place in Water Street. In this locality dwelt all the householders of Front, Water and the side streets up a short distance westward. The merchants of those days lived under the same roof with their stores, as in Holland now. After 1793 people began to change their domiciles from the water side; and it may give an idea of the change to state that, "when Mr. Markoe built his large double house out High, now Market Street, between Ninth and Tenth, in the front centre of a fenced meadow, it was so remote from all city intercourse that it was a jest among his friends to say that he lived on High Street next door but one to the Schuylkill Ferry." In Front Street, adjoining to Elfreth's Alley, were Callender's grand houses. Then, four doors above, came Waln's double house. Opposite was Drinker's, and at the corner of Drinker's Alley, next door northward, stood Henry Pratt's house. Next door to this was Dr. Hodge's, with Hodge's wharf running out directly in front. A few years later, in 1796-98, Mr. Morris purchased the whole square extending from Chestnut to Walnut, and from Seventh to Eighth, for £10,000; a great sum for what, until then, had been the capital. It was used by the Norris family as a pasture-ground.

Its original elevation was from twelve to fifteen feet above the present elevation of the adjacent streets. With such an extent of high ground in ornamental cultivation, surrounding what was virtually a palace fronting on Chestnut Street, human grandeur must have achieved a signal effect. Immense sums of money were expended. Arches, vaults and labyrinths were numerous. The house exhibited four sides of entire marble surface, and much of the ornamentation was in expensive relief. He had provided, by importation and otherwise, the most costly furniture, all of which, in time, together with the marble mansion itself, had to be abandoned to his creditors, who, by slow and patient labor, pulled it down. Some of the underground labyrinths were so deep and massive as to have been left as they were, and in some future age may be discovered to the great perplexity of the *quid nuncs.** The materials thus taken down were sold in lots; and the square, being divided into building-lots, and sold, much of the material was brought into use.

Mr. William Sansom soon procured the erection of his "row" on Walnut Street, and many houses also on Sansom Street. Thus, by building ranges of houses similar in appearance, a uniformity was produced, often since imitated, but never before attempted in our city.†

Near the northwest corner of Sixth and Walnut Streets was a little ice-pond for skaters. On the southeast corner of Seventh and Chestnut Streets, where Waln's house was afterwards erected, stood an old red-painted frame house, looking strangely to the eye by being elevated at its ground floor fully fifteen feet higher than the common level of the street. On the northwest corner of Seventh and Chestnut Streets was a high grass lot, enclosed by a rail fence, extending halfway to Eighth Street. Except one or two brick houses at the corner of Eighth Street, you met not another house this side of the Schuylkill. In 1790, the year of Dr. Hugh Hodge's marriage, John Nancarro, a Scotchman, had a furnace under ground for converting iron into steel. It stood at the northwest corner of Ninth and Walnut Streets. There was also a furnace above ground at the northwest corner of Eighth and Walnut Streets, having a large chimney tapering to the top. There a curious fact occurred, which, but for this record, might puzzle antiquaries at some future day; raising in their minds, perhaps, the question whether the aborigines had not understood the art of fusing iron. The fact was this: A great mass of five tons of iron bars, which was in the furnace, was suddenly converted into a huge rock of steel by reason of a fissure in the furnace, which let in the air and consumed the charcoal, whereby the whole ran into steel equal to four or five tons. Some houses of very shallow cellars have since been erected over the place, and all are quite unconscious of the

*See "Life of Robert Morris," Desilver, Publisher, 1841.
†Father afterwards mentions living "in Sansom's Row."

treasure which rests beneath. It was an open lot when so used by Nancarro.*

In 1800 the names of the streets were changed. For example, "Bloody Lane," so called because a murder had been committed there, was changed to "Noble Street;" "Garden Alley" was changed to "Coombs Alley," as Mr. Coombs was a tenant on the Front Street corner; "Cedar Street" was changed to "South," because it was the southern limit of the city; "Sassafras" was changed to "Race," because it was once the road to the races out there; "Mulberry" was called "Arch," because of an arch or bridge across that street at Front Street; "High Street," which had been so named because it was the highest elevation from the river, was changed to "Market," because the markets were there. "King Street" was changed to "Water," because of its nearness to the Delaware River; "Valley Street," which had been so named because of its situation between two hills, was changed to "Vine;" "Wynn Street," named for Thomas Wynn, was changed to Chestnut; "Pool Street," so named as leading to Dock Street water, was changed to "Walnut."†

Dr. Hodge's two sons, Hugh Lenox and Charles, were left in early infancy to a widowed mother, and with slender means of support. This intellectual and gifted woman was, however, equal to the emergency. By untiring energy and self-abnegation she not only contributed to the necessities of her children, but secured to them a good classical education, and they completed a full course of instruction in the College of New Jersey.

She came to Philadelphia with her brother John, it is possible as early as 1785, when she was about twenty years of age. She was introduced to our family by letters to my uncle, Colonel Hodgdon, and thus it was that she became acquainted with my father, who was then engaged in mercantile business with his brother Andrew Hodge; a business which proved unfortunate, and a cause of delay in the marriage of my parents. Indeed, my father was occasionally absent from Philadelphia, going sometimes to the West Indies. My mother's situation was probably very lonely, for father, in a letter to his sister, Mary Hodge (afterwards Mrs. Hodgdon), urges with much feeling that she should be as attentive as

*Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, Vol. ii, page 426.

† Whatever changes were made in 1800 in the names of streets, there nevertheless remained on the signs for more than half a century afterwards such old names as "High St.," "Mulberry St.," Sassafras St.," as I very well remember.—E. B. H.

possible to Miss Blanchard. At this juncture of affairs my grandfather, Mr. Andrew Hodge, died, and my father then determined to resume his profession, and was married in 1790 by the Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green. My father was then about thirty-five years of age, and my mother twenty-five. They went to housekeeping in Water Street, below Race, next door south of Mr. Henry Pratt's house and stores. My grandfather, Andrew Hodge, owned three buildings on the east side of Water Street, bounded on the east by what is now termed Delaware Avenue. The wharf and dock in the rear of the houses were also in his possession, and went by his name until near 1840. The most southern of the three houses my grandfather and grandmother lived and died in, and by his will my grandfather left it to his son Andrew. The northern house, which my father lived in, was owned by Captain James Hodge, his brother. The building between was a large store, and became the property of my father. My uncle Andrew occupied the family house after the death of his father Andrew. At this time Philadelphia was very small, and a large number of wealthy and influential families still had their residences in Water Street, which was narrow and in every way disagreeable.

My father was very much favored, and soon obtained a most excellent practice. I have often heard my aunt Mary Hodgdon speak of his fine appearance and pleasant manners, so that he became a favorite with his patients, many of whom were members of the Society of Friends, then so numerous in Philadelphia. The late Mr. Thomas Biddle, who died a few years ago, confirmed this account to me, saying that he had a strong recollection of my grandfather as well as of my family. In 1866 I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Jonathan Meredith, whose early life was passed in Philadelphia, but who lived later in Baltimore, where he died in February of this year (1872) at the age of eighty-nine. He also had a distinct remembrance of my father, who was family physician to his parents then residing in this city. He often trundled his hoop as he carried messages to my father's office.

In 1791 my mother's first child was born. It was a daughter, and was called Elizabeth. She was a healthy, promising child, but was suddenly taken sick in August, 1793. The symptoms of her disease were novel and peculiar; so much so indeed that Dr. Benjamin Rush, who was called in consultation, thought it might be hydrocephalus. It proved, however, to be yellow fever, of which she became the first victim in the terrible epidemic which then commenced in this city. Various suggestions have been made as to the origin of the pestilence. It may be well, therefore, to state that my mother has told me that the children of different families were accustomed to play in a store belonging to Colonel Hodgdon on the wharf, a few doors south of our residence. At this wharf a vessel had lately arrived from the West Indies, and had discharged upon the premises a large quantity of damaged coffee, the effluvia of which was very unpleasant. The disease spread in every direction. My sister's nurse, a handsome, healthy young girl from Wilmington, died. My father and mother did not take it immediately, but subsequently had it in a moderate degree. Indeed very few families escaped entirely, and very many valuable members of society perished; among others Dr. Hutchinson, a friend of my father's, and grandfather of the present Dr. Hutchinson, of Philadelphia. My father had seen the so-called yellow fever in the West Indies, but thought that the disease in Philadelphia was of a different type. This was the opinion also of the late Dr. Mongez, a French physician, who practiced in San Domingo, in the West Indies, but succeeded in escaping from the terrible massacre of the white inhabitants there, and arrived with his friends, Drs. La Roche and Matthews, about the middle of the epidemic in 1793. Dr. Mongez told me very emphatically that he never saw yellow fever in San Domingo such as he observed in Philadelphia. Dr. Mongez and his confrères, however, profited much by their reputation of having seen very much of the disease. My mother has informed me that in some highly inflammatory cases my father had employed the lancet prior to any of his contemporaries, and before Dr. Rush had recommended this agent. It is well known that Dr. Rush became the great advocate for the lancet in almost every period. He became famous also for his powders, consisting of ten grains of calomel and ten grains of powdered jalap, which was so frequently given that they received the cognomen of Dr. Rush's "ten pound ten."

My mother's second child, Mary, was born in 1792, and her third child, Hugh, in 1794. When the latter was about a year old, my mother, after an absence of many years, paid a visit to her home in Boston. Unfortunately, Mary was soon afterwards taken sick with the measles. Of this circumstance she was informed by an excellent letter written by my father. She immediately left Boston in the mail stage, and after travelling three days and three nights, arrived at her home, to find, not only that Mary was dead, but that Hugh also had died of measles, so that she was again childless.*

My father's health also was beginning to suffer, for, although not disabled, he had frequent bilious attacks with symptoms of jaundice. Still, however, he pursued his avocations, although with less spirit and energy on account of the debilitating influence of these complaints.

Their fourth child, Hugh Lenox, was born on the 27th of June, 1796. The next year my father was persuaded to move from Water Street, which since the fever of 1793 had become deserted and given up to business purposes. He took a house on Arch Street, above Fourth, which belonged to Mr. Thos. Stewartson, who was his next door neighbor on the east. The house was the third door from Christ Church burying-ground. The most easterly house was occupied by Mr. Sansom and the next by Dr. Magaw, an elderly clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and at that time quite an invalid. With these families we became intimately associated, and of my early days in that neighborhood I have pleasant recollections. Two doors to the east of us lived also Mr. Edward Thompson and his wife, with whom also an intimacy ensued, and they were very kind to me. Mr. Thompson became a wealthy tea merchant. He was the father of John Thompson and of Mrs. Joseph Norris and Miss Addie Thompson; both of these daughters being now living. The eldest son died in early manhood. John, who married a Miss Stockton, in Princeton, became a Senator of the United States from New Jersey. He died a few years ago.

Directly opposite to us on Arch Street lived Samuel Hazard and his wife, who were intimate friends of our family. Mr. Hazard was an excellent and influential man, and given up to literary pursuits. He was an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church. His daughter, Betsy, married a Mr. Vermilye, afterwards the Rev. Mr. Vermilye, the associate pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, in New York. Samuel Hazard, the eldest son, died in Germantown, in

*Of the death of this child there is an allusion in a letter which Mrs. Blanchard writes to her sister, Mary's mother, dated Wenham, October, 1815. Speaking of the loss of her own daughter, Lucy, she says:—"I used to tell her of what you were called on to suffer, and a kind of sympathetic scene occurred while here we passed those sultry days which seemed to increase your gloom. Lucy was sporting before us, and, as was her wont, recalled the parting looks of your little Mary. You said that, when you were setting out, she followed you to the door, and, though not used to cry at parting, and not aware of so long an absence, yet so it was that the tears came into her eyes as she stood in the passage holding the little clean slip which to her, and to her cousin Lucy, was a cure for common sorrows. I often related this tender scene, even while we supposed your children were living, and, having heard of the sad event, I thought your cup must be full of bitterness."

his eighty-sixth year. His second son, Erskine Hazard, was a partner of Mr. White, and they were pioneers in the coal business; being the first to open the coal mines in Mauch Chunk. Erskine Hazard died some years ago. His widow still lives in the city, and there is a son, who is engaged in the iron business.

My brother, Charles Hodge, was born December 27th, 1797. Old Mrs. Hannah Hodge always inquired for that strange-named child, Charles, as it was a new name in the family record.

My father's health continued to decline, and the following June, 1798, he became seriously ill, and on the 14th of July, after great suffering, he died. His death was chiefly owing to inflammation and spasms, excited by biliary calculi. My mother was thus left a widow with two infant children and with small resources. Colonel Hodgdon became the administrator of my father's property, which, however, amounted to little more than a few professional fees.

By my grandfather's will my father, Dr. Hodge, was virtually entitled to the income from the store on Water Street, one-third of the proceeds of the wharf and one-third of the country residence on Mud Lane, now Montgomery Avenue, and also one-third, or one-half, of the house and grounds on Frankford Turnpike, not far from the toll-gate. The management of this property was in the hands chiefly of the administrator, Colonel Hodgdon, but part of it was in the hands of my uncle, Mr. Andrew Hodge. The property in the country brought no income of any consequence. The rent of the stores and wharf amounted to a moderate sum at the time of the death of my father, and for a few years afterwards, until the commencement of the troubles with Great Britain, when they were diminished, and in time destroyed, by the non-intercourse and embargo laws, and afterwards by the War of 1812. The first year after my father's death his widow remained at housekeeping, but was fortunate in having the assistance and companionship of two young ladies, nieces of my father, Miss Margaret Bayard, afterwards Mrs. Harrison Smith, of Washington, and Miss Anna Maria Bayard, afterwards Mrs. Samuel Boyd, of New York.

Mother later rented the front room in the second story of her house to the Rev. Jacob J. Janeway, then lately installed as collegiate pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church with Dr. Green. In the fall of 1799 my mother sold most of her furniture, and my uncle, Mr. Andrew Hodge, with his wife and children, took possession of the house, my mother reserving the front room in the third story for herself and her boys. This arrangement continued very satisfactorily until the fall of 1803; the previous winter of 1802-03 having been passed in Norfolk, Va., with our uncle Thomas Blanchard, and the summer at Wenham, Mass., with our uncle, Mr. Samuel Blanchard. On her return mother took a house at the northwest corner of Eighth and Arch Streets. The building still remains, although converted into a grocery store. This winter, or the winter succeeding, mother received as an inmate our cousin, Jane Bayard, the only daughter of John Murray Bayard, and afterwards wife of Dr. Alexander Stevens, of New York. At this time we boys began to go to school, first to a school for boys and girls; and somewhat later I went to a school taught by a Mr. Getty, on the north side of Arch Street, between Front and Second Streets. I have a vivid recollection of breasting many a northwest wind, and often a northeast storm in my trips to school twice a day. My mother, although thus devoted to the support and education of her children, became interested in the welfare of others. She, with the first Mrs. Robert Smith, daughter of Mrs. Rhea, and Miss Olivia Sproat, the daughter of old Dr. Sproat, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, were among the founders of one of the earliest benevolent institutions of this city, institutions which have since so greatly multiplied. The society was termed the "Female Association," for the relief of widows and single women in reduced circumstances, of whom there are always a great number; the death of friends and relatives leaving them, after lives of comfort, with slender means of support. My mother was very zealous in this work, taking an active part in every effort. One of these efforts I remember well, when she insisted upon having a small building arranged for making soup upon a large scale, where also groceries and other necessary articles were collected at wholesale prices and sold at cost, or distributed freely to the destitute. My mother often personally attended to the distribution of these provisions. I remember trudging with her through snow-paths many squares to this building, which was imperfectly warmed, to spend an hour or two in these useful and self-denying labors.

This society has adopted other measures since that time, and now labors on, after seventy-three years of good works, a benevolent and successful enterprise; all of the founders having gone to their reward.

In 1805 my mother moved to No. 22 Sansom Street, half-way between Seventh and Eighth, on the south side, a house recently built. It was a very comfortable and pleasant dwelling, with a southern exposure to the yard, and with a row of poplar trees intervening between the houses in Sansom Street and those in Walnut Street. The yard was a convenient one, and my mother adorned it with grass and flowers. The house, with its office front, was built in what is now considered an old-fashioned manner. There was one stair-case, running up between the front and back rooms, so that all the rooms in the house, except the front parlor, occupied the whole width of the house. There was a basement kitchen and a cellar. In this home several happy years were spent.

I commenced my classical studies at the Grammar School of the University of Pennsylvania, under the care of Mr. Thompson, who had for his assistant the Rev. Mr. Wylie, afterwards a doctor of divinity and a professor of languages. Mr. Thompson was also himself advanced in time to the dignity of a professor's chair. The school was held in a large and handsome building, which had been erected for President Washington by the State of Pennsylvania during the sessions of Congress in Philadelphia. The President, however, never occupied the house, for the reason that, before its completion, the seat of government was moved to Washington in the District of Columbia. The site of this building is the same as that now occupied by the University buildings on Ninth Street, below Market. This was an interesting portion of my life, for I was not only imbibing the first rudiments of classical learning, but forming those intimate associations with other boys, which often tend for weal or woe in after-life. Providentially my associates were pleasant, and many of my boyish companions have since occupied some of the highest stations in the professions, and also in the government of the country. I may mention among the acquaintances which have been perpetuated for years those formed with the Hopkinsons, Darrachs, Biddles, Merediths, Ingersolls, Hays, Gratz, Lewises, et al. A large number of these are dead. Some, however, still survive, and have passed their three-score years and ten. My brother Charles went to school to a Mr. Johnson, a very bright, social and enthusiastic Englishman, who made the boys regard him as a friend and companion rather than simply as a preceptor. My brother was a great favorite with him. He contracted, as was his uniform custom throughout life, intimate friendships. Among others whom he made his friends at this time were Montgomery Dale, Robert Griffith, brother of the present Mr. Edward Coleman, and Louis Turnbull, afterwards Chief Engineer of the United States Military Bureau, and serving with General Scott in the

Mexican War. I also became intimate with these same young men, as well as their teacher, Mr. Johnson. When we were still quite young Mr. Johnson obtained permission to take several of us on an excursion in the summer season to Baltimore and Washington. Such an expedition was to any one a great exertion in those days when there were no canals and no railroads. We left Philadelphia in a sloop for New Castle and then crossed the Delaware isthmus to Elkton on the Chesapeake. Thence we went by vessel to Baltimore; a journey which consumed no little time. Baltimore was then very small, occupying merely what is now called Lower Baltimore, and consisted only of a few narrow streets on the Bay. All the top of the hill, now ornamented by beautiful houses and a fine monument commemorating the repulse of the British, was a handsome park owned by Mr. Howard. Washington was then quite new as a city, and it was a dreary place, notwithstanding the existence of the White House and the first Capitol, which was destroyed by British soldiers. A few small brick houses on broad avenues remain impressed on my memory. I paid a visit to my cousin, Mrs. Harrison Smith, who had been married and had lived in Washington since 1800; her husband being the founder and editor of the *National Intelligencer.*

My mother, on moving to Sansom Street, to assist her income, took as inmates Mrs. Rhea, and also her daughter, Mrs. Higginson. Mrs. Rhea was then quite old. She was the mother of the first Mrs. Robert Smith, to whom we have above alluded. Mrs. Rhea's daughter, who had married a Mr. Higginson, of Boston, was now a widow, devoting herself to the care of her aged parent. She was remarkably cheerful and pleasant as a companion, and very intelligent. As she had many friends in Boston, my mother and she had common sympathies and acquaintances; hence our home was very pleasant, and probably the happiest portion of my mother's life were those few years spent in Sansom Street, where she had much social intercourse and many excellent friends, whose number was enlarged by her connection with the Female Association, the members of which met often at our house. The secretary of the association at this time was Miss Gratz, then a young lady, a Jewess, who always lived in strict conformity to her profession, but who, nevertheless associated intimately with her Christian friends. She became, afterwards, I think, the first secretary of the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum, a position which she retained for nearly fifty years. She was exceedingly dignified in her carriage and deportment, very cultivated and refined, and, of course, very much respected and beloved. She lived until about two years ago, a single lady, and died at the advanced age of eighty-six or eighty-seven years.

About a year after we were established in Sansom Street, a Miss Faires, another friend of my mother's, contributed much to the social company, as she was very cheerful and pleasant, and had many acquaintances. She was not young; nevertheless she attracted the attention of my mother's excellent friend, Mr. Robert Smith, who had been a second time left a widower. The courtship went on very easily, and even to us boys was quite amusing. Two of Mr. Smith's young daughters often paid visits to their father. The eldest was Mary, who still lives in Clinton Street, unmarried. The other was Ellen, the second wife of Mr. Griffith. She died in 1870. Her husband still lives in Clinton Street. The consummation by marriage of this intimacy between Mr. Smith and Miss Faires occurred in December, 1807. They were married in the front room of the second story of our house, which had been retained as a parlor and drawing-room. This was the first wedding which I ever witnessed. The parties drove off in a snow-storm to the residence of the bride's husband, a large, handsome house in Front Street, below Walnut.

We boys were now growing rapidly, and it was time for my brother to commence his classical studies, and to leave his friend and teacher, Mr. Johnson. The question became a subject of much anxiety to my mother how she could carry on our education, especially as the income from our grandfather's estate had now become very trifling owing to the disturbance of our intercourse with England. Having heard of a good school in Somerville, N. J., where board and tuition were moderate, she accepted an invitation from our excellent friend and cousin, Mr. John M. Bayard, the father of my cousin, Jane Bayard, to visit him and his wife at their place on the Millstone River, N. J., four miles from Somerville. She left home during some pleasant days in March, 1810, and had to travel the whole way by stage. This was in itself fatiguing, but unfortunately a severe frost ensued before her return, and the roads were exceedingly rough, so that the journey proved too severe for her. She became seriously ill; and, as her complaint was supposed to be of an hepatic character, she took mercury, as was then customary, by the direction of Dr. Wistar, to insure salivation. This sickness was a very serious event for her, occurring, as it did, at this particular crisis of our affairs. She slowly recovered, but her health had been impaired. She managed, however, to get her boys ready for school, and we were sent, for the first time in our lives, away from the superintendence of our devoted parent. I was hardly fourteen, and my brother was nearly twelve. We left early in May by the "Swift Sure" mail coach running to New York. This coach usually occupied one day in getting to Somerville, N. J., where the New York passengers spent the night, hoping to reach their destination by supper-time the next day. We were detained, however, by a severe storm, and did not arrive at Somerville until the next morning, May 10th, 1810. After our departure mother gradually recovered her health, and soon broke up housekeeping. The following summer she, with our cousin, Mrs. Andrew Bayard, passed through Somerville on her way to Schooley's Mountain, hoping by this change of air to renovate her strength. Mother afterwards returned and spent some weeks with us, boarding at a small hotel, kept by Mr. Meldrum. His daughter, Miss Meldrum, was very attentive to our mother, and very kind to us children. Mother returned to Philadelphia for the winter, and there took private lodgings. She again visited us in the summer of 1811, and spent some time at Mr. Bayard's at Millstone.

She had the supreme gratification of living long enough to see both of her children married and settled in their several professions, in which they occupy important stations. The younger son, Charles, entered the theological seminary at Princeton about four years after its foundation, and in 1821 was ordained a minister of the Gospel. In 1820 he was appointed an instructor in the seminary. In 1822, when little more than twenty-four years of age, he was appointed, by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, a professor in the same institution, as colleague of Dr. Archibald Alexander and of Samuel Miller, his former teachers; men who were among the most honored clergymen of the Presbyterian Church. This position he has ever since occupied with great credit to himself and usefulness to the seminary and the Church.

Hugh Lenox, the elder son, was born June 27th, 1796, General Washington being President of United States at the time. Soon after his birth his parents moved from the bank of the Delaware to the south side of Arch Street, between Fourth and Fifth, and the third door east of Christ Church burying-ground. This was in 1797. In July, 1798, the family were still residing in this house; Mrs. Hodge having had for her companion during the winter Miss Margaret Bayard, afterwards Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, and also Miss Maria

Bayard, afterwards Mrs. Samuel Boyd, of New York. Dr. Jacob J. Janeway had recently been elected co-pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church as the associate of Dr. Ashbel Green, and he occupied one room of the Hodge house as his study. The following year Mr. Andrew Hodge moved into the house; my mother and the children occupying the front room in the third story. In December, 1802, Mr. Thomas Blanchard, my mother's brother, took our family to spend the winter at Norfolk, Va., where he was living, having married a Miss Amy Newton, a sister of George Newton, afterwards President of the United States Branch Bank, and of Thomas Newton, for many years a representative of that district in Congress. My mother returned to Philadelphia the following season, and then took us to Salem, Mass., for a visit. Her brother, Mr. Samuel Blanchard, who married a niece of Timothy Pickering, at one time Secretary of State under Washington, resided on a small estate at Wenham. This was in 1803. Soon after our return to Philadelphia my mother took the house, still standing in 1872, at the northwest corner of Eighth and Arch Streets. She then had for inmate Miss Jane Bayard, the only child of John Murray Bayard and Margaret Bayard. She had come to Philadelphia to complete her education at the then celebrated school for young ladies, taught by Mr. Samuel Jaudon, who was an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church. This young lady afterwards, in 1814, became the wife of Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, of New York, for a long time one of the most distinguished surgeons of that city.

From the first introduction of my brother and myself to cousin Jane Bayard to the time of her decease we were always treated by her in the most sisterly manner. My school days now commenced. My first introduction was to a school for girls and boys, where my cousins, Miss Sally Bayard and Miss Elizabeth Bayard, went. Soon afterwards I went to a school for boys, taught by a Mr. Getty, between Second and Third Streets. In 1806 or 1807 we moved to No. 22 Sansom Street, on the south side, between Seventh and Eighth. My mother had living with her a friend, Mrs. Rhea, Mrs. Susan Higginson, and her widowed daughter, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Atley. Soon afterwards Miss Faires also came to live with us, but in a short time she was married to Mr. R. Smith, then a wealthy merchant in Front Street, and an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church.

After we took up our sojourn in Sansom Street I attended, as I have already stated, the classical school of Mr. Thompson in the academy of the University of Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 1810 my mother determined for many reasons, chiefly prudential, and largely in view of the fact that her health had become considerably impaired, to break up her establishment and place us boys at an academy in Somerville, N. J. The village was on high ground, very healthy, and on the line of the "Swift and Sure Mail Coach Line" to New York, and near the confluence of the Millstone and Raritan Rivers, about ten or twelve miles west of New Brunswick.

A letter written in 1810 by Mr. Frederick Blanchard, Mrs. Hodge's nephew, speaks of going to Somerville to see the boys. "My choice of the Swift Sure Mail Line of stages for the purpose of seeing your boys in Somerville cost me much fatigue and some delay. The country was inundated by the rain and all the bridges carried away and the woods destroyed, so that it was not until the end of the third day after leaving Philadelphia that with much exertion and every kind of conveyance, ox-cart, horse and wagon, etc., that I reached New York. I had only a few moments to pass with them. I could only judge of their personal appearance and first address, and with these, I can say with much sincerity, I was extremely pleased, beyond even what I expected. They were not less pleased with the letter I brought them. I left New York on Sunday, and arrived in Boston on Tuesday." The school in Somerville was taught by the Rev. Mr. Boyer, a gentleman of some reputation as a teacher, very kind to the boys, and having the happy faculty of interesting them in their studies. I now for the first time felt the importance of mental improvement. It was indeed at this time that I made up my mind that I must either study or starve, and in this frame of mind I entered seriously upon the study of the classics. Our social relations were very pleasant. We boarded with a Mr. and Mrs. Vandeveer, a very excellent and respectable family. Mrs. Vandeveer was a sister of Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen, afterwards the distinguished Senator from New Jersey, and President of the New York Bible Society. In the fall of 1810 our domicile was changed, and we boarded with Dr. Stryker, then the leading physician of the place. He occupied the position of Brigadier General of Militia, and became a Senator in the Legislature of New Jersey. He lived to be ninety years of age. His family consisted of a wife and several daughters, with whom our intercourse was very agreeable, forming the subject of pleasing reminiscences even to the present day. Many intimate friends were also made in this school, with whom intercourse was continued for many years at Nassau Hall, Princeton. I finished my course of study in the fall of 1811, at fifteen years of age. It became necessary that I should have further advantages preparatory to my entering college. My brother remained at Somerville and I went to New Brunswick to secure private instruction in mathematics from Prof. Adraine of Rutgers College, N. J., then called Queen's College. Prof. Adraine was a gentleman of great reputation. I was kindly received and affectionately entertained by Judge Kirkpatrick, then Chief Justice of New Jersey. The family consisted of three daughters and two sons. The only survivor is Mary Ann, the widow of the Rev. Dr. Howe, of New Brunswick. Miss Fanny Martell, a French lady from the West Indies, was also an inmate of the Judge's house and a teacher to the children. I also took lessons in the French language from her. I was happy, although I sorely missed my brother; it being the first time we two boys were ever separated.

The winter passed pleasantly and usefully and I was to enter college in the spring of 1812. My mother's health being somewhat restored she took a house in Witherspoon Street, Princeton, directly opposite to the college, and, in order to give her children the advantages of a collegiate course, she took into her family four additional boys, all of them being relatives and connections. They were our cousin, Alexander Hodgdon, of Philadelphia; Nicholas Bayard, son of Dr. N. Bayard, of New York, my cousin, and two Masters Ward, stepsons of Mr. N. Bayard, who had settled in Savannah, and married Mrs. W., a widow who was connected with the MacIntosh family of Virginia. This arrangement lasted for a year, when the Ward boys returned home to Georgia, Alexander Hodgdon to his father's house in Philadelphia to pursue mercantile business, while Mr. N. Bayard took rooms in the college dormitory. Their places in the house were then occupied by Mrs. William Bache, the widow of Dr. Bache and sister of Caspar Wistar; the latter a distinguished professor in the University of Pennsylvania and President of the American Philosophical Society. At this time Mrs. Bache had three children, Sarah, Benjamin Frankline, and Catherine. Sarah was about fourteen or fifteen years of age, well-grown and handsome, full of imagination and exceedingly enthusiastic, taking the deepest interest in everything which happened to occupy her attention, and becoming therefore a most agreeable companion. No wonder, therefore, that she attracted the attention and love of my brother Charles, young as he was. The result was that nine years afterwards they were married by the Right Reverend William White, Bishop of Pennsylvania, the first bishop of the United Colonies. Mrs. Bache's son, Benjamin Franklin, so named for his great-grandfather, Benjamin Franklin, philosopher and politician, was then, in 1813, about twelve years of age, a boy of much talent and great peculiarities. He was put to a grammar-school and entered college. There, however, he was much dissatisfied. Under these circumstances he allowed himself to be persuaded, although not without a good deal of remonstrance, to take a long voyage at sea before the mast. On his return he was found very willing to become a student and return to college. After graduating he studied medicine and became a surgeon in the United States Navy, where he obtained great influence, and was gradually promoted to the highest post. He was finally placed in the Navy Yard in New York. He had always manifested a great devotion to practical chemistry and pharmacy; and hence under the patronage of the government he established a very large laboratory at Williamsburg, where were made all the pharmaceutical preparations of the United States Navy. The excellence of the preparations, and the pecuniary saving to the government, were so apparent that during the late Civil War their distribution was extended to the Army. Although upon the retired list in 1871 he still exerts a great influence at his home in Brooklyn.

The third child, Catherine, was only seven years of age. She was then in delicate health, and has been much of an invalid during the whole of her life. She never married. Her home is in Philadelphia, where she lives in the enjoyment of many attentions from her relatives.

My mother was thus established with her children in the classical town of Princeton. My brother entered the preparatory school of Mr. Fyler, where he remained six months under this most excellent instructor, and was able to enter the sophomore class of the college in September, 1812. I entered the sophomore class May, 1812, after due examination, at the commencement of the second term. The president of the college at that time was the Rev. Stanhope Smith, D.D. He was a son-in-law of the celebrated John Witherspoon, who was his predecessor in office and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Dr. Smith was always celebrated for his fine appearance, his refinement of manners, his talents and acquirements, and his chaste and fervid eloquence. At the time of our entering college he was old and infirm; yet his appearance was very venerable, and his instructions exceedingly impressive and valuable. I shall always remember his lectures, or rather, as they may be called, conversations, on the principles of moral philosophy.

College boys, it may be said, were just like those of the present day.

I was now commencing a new life, with new objects in view, all of an intellectual and scientific character, with new associates who had been gathered from all parts of our Union, especially from the Southern States. With many of these students I formed intimate friendships; as with Mr. Walker from Georgia, Mr. Barrow from Mississippi, and William and Robert Dunbar from the same State. One of my intimates was William M. Atkinson from Petersburg, Va. He was educated as a lawyer, but subsequently became a Presbyterian clergyman. He had a brother, the Rev. John Atkinson, who was also a Presbyterian clergyman. Another brother was Bishop Atkinson of the diocese of North Carolina. My other Virginia friends were Henry Carrington, afterwards General Carrington, and Jno. B. Dabney, a young man already at that time displaying much intellectual power and cultivation. He afterwards became a judge of the Virginia Court. These are all dead. The pleasure of my association with these gentlemen was enhanced by the fact that they were all members of the American Whig Society of the College; a society which has always contributed greatly to the intellectual development of the members and to the formation of liberal ideas.

If I became a hard student it was due to a realization of my own deficiencies and inexperience, and to the fact that my ambition was excited to obtain a high position in my class; a feeling which must be ascribed in a large degree doubtless to the wish I cherished to satisfy my thirst for knowledge, but also largely to a desire to please my mother who had made such great and painful sacrifices for her children. I was also stimulated by a sense of necessity. I took comparatively but little exercise. My studies were pursued in my bedroom, which was in the attic of a two-story house. Others slept in the same room, and there was no proper ventilation. A small sheet-iron stove warmed me, and my only light was from the burning of a small oil-lamp with a single wick, which served to contaminate the air, already vitiated by the respirations of several people. It was indeed often the "midnight oil" that was expended, even to a later hour, into the watches of the night. Although this was for a long time borne with impunity, still the natural result, as will appear hereafter, showed itself in the inevitable deterioration of health.

The summer passed away usefully and pleasantly. The fall of 1812, however, brought great changes to Princeton. The resignation of the venerable and beloved Stanhope Smith was accepted by the trustees, who appointed as his successor the Rev. Ashbel Green, D.D., who had been for some twenty-five years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. To me this was a great event, as Dr. Green had been the untiring religious instructor of my youth. He married my parents and baptized their children; and now we boys, after a separation of only two years, were again happily placed under his surveillance.

This autumn was also memorable in the establishment of the first theological seminary of the Presbyterian Church in America. At a meeting of the General Assembly in the May previous it was resolved to establish the institution as something absolutely necessary for the interests of religion in this branch of the Church. The Assembly determined that it should be located at Princeton, and elected Dr. Archibald Alexander as its first, and for a time its only, professor. The Rev. Samuel Miller, D.D., was, however, soon afterwards appointed as his colleague.

As no building had been provided theological students resided in the college, where their influence proved most advantageous over the minds and conduct of the students. They not only administered to their moral and religious education, but won their esteem and affection by assiduously waiting upon them during their hours of sickness and suffering throughout an epidemic of dysentery.

In the manner already related I passed my junior and senior years at college with great advantage, making constant and increasing progress in the various subjects of literature and science which were successively presented to my mind. At length the final examination came on, always the time of varied interest and excitement to most members of the class who aspire to any distinction, and even to those who had no such aspirations, especially as they might belong to either the American Whig or Cliosophic Society, the rival literary institutions of the college.

The arrangement for ascertaining the relative standing of each candidate was in those days by no means so precise as at present. No wonder therefore the faculty had difficulty to determine who was entitled to the first honor. In fact, they were so embarrassed that they made no decision, but very politely gave the coveted position to no less than four young men, leaving it thus to the pleasure of the candidates and their friends to determine who really deserved the honor. The recipients of the first honor, under these circumstances, were Mr. Saunders, afterwards a clergyman; Mr. Jno. B. Dabney, afterwards a judge; Hugh L. Hodge, subsequently a medical professor, and Bloomfield McIlvaine, who entered the legal profession, was married, and had every prospect of taking the highest position in law, but in a few short years died of an acute disease. He was a brother of Bishop McIlvaine of the diocese of Ohio. Mr. Saunders delivered the Latin Salutatory Oration. I spoke upon the subject of Moral Science, and Mr. McIlvaine delivered a very eloquent Valedictory, which procured much admiration. During the delivery of Mr. McIlvaine's oration an incident occurred which I cannot help recording as connected with one of the great characters of our country, and as exhibiting the character of the youthful speaker in a very creditable light, proving him to be both ready in conception and happy in execution.

Our commencement was held towards the close of the War of 1812 with Great Britain. and soon after the decisive victories of Lundy Lane and Chippewa. The hero of these battles was Col. Winfield Scott; at the time of the commencement Brigadier General. He was seriously wounded in the shoulder in one of these engagements, and, being thus upon the wounded list, was making slow journeys from the lakes to his home in Virginia. He had just arrived in Princeton, and, although very weak and emaciated, he accepted an invitation to sit upon the stage with the president and trustees of the college. He was received, as he entered the building, with every demonstration of enthusiasm, manifesting the gratification of the audience at the presence of the hero. The degrees having been conferred on the members of the class, Bloomfield McIlvaine arose to deliver the Valedictory. He first addressed his fellows, then suddenly turned to General Scott and directed his remarks to him in strongly complimentary style and with much eloquence and feeling. The General, as he afterwards confessed, was more taken by surprise than if he had been attacked by a whole regiment of Britishers. He attempted to rise more than once, but finally was forced by his strong emotions and his weakness to remain quiescent. Years afterwards he informed me that few attentions had ever given him so much and such lasting gratification. This was in September, 1814.

Various reasons have been given why the termination of a college course should be termed a commencement. The best explanation is that the youth, having finished the usual curriculum of study, must now commence the real business of life with all of its anxieties and with all the attendant uncertainty as to the future. Hitherto he has gradually been led on by others, step by step, in the constant succession of academic and collegiate studies, with very little thought as to their bearing upon his future and as to his own character and his further progress in the world. He has been acting rather as a child. Now he must begin the business of manhood, and must choose his profession and business, and be thrown upon his own talents and energy for whatever success he may afterwards attain. Now others may advise and assist, but he himself must be the actor and assume the responsibility of the action. My choice of a profession seemed to be a matter of course. My father, whose name I bore, and my mother, whose aims for her children were high, had long expected that I would follow in his steps. Indeed, it seemed to be a necessity. I did not regard myself as suited for any other profession, and business was never in accord with my taste or views. The medical profession, therefore being determined upon, my mother wrote to my father's friend and hers, Dr. Caspar Wistar, asking the great favor that he would receive me as a student, of course without fee or reward: she had none to offer. To this proposition Dr. Wistar most kindly and readily assented, although he had, in a degree, retired from practice, and declined to receive any other student, thus placing me under peculiar obligations, which I and my children should ever gratefully acknowledge.

My mother remained at housekeeping at Princeton for another year until my brother could complete his college course.

In November, 1814, I left in a stage coach for the city of Philadelphia. It so happened that an old chaplain of the War of the Revolution, as well as of the War of 1812, was sitting behind me in the coach, and, discovering immediately that I was to become a medical student, horrified my inexperienced and sensitive nature by informing me that henceforth I should be obliged to imbrue my hands and arms in human blood with as little concern as if it were cat's blood. I was indeed inexperienced, and, I may add, diffident and sensitive, so that I shuddered at the idea of mixing with the world of men, and of entering upon the business of life with all its responsibilities.

In Philadelphia a residence was provided for me by my uncle, Andrew Hodge, in the old domicile on Arch Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, where I spent a year, receiving the attention and enjoying the comforts extended to me by the family, espcially by my excellent aunt Nancy and her daughter, Ann, now the widow of J. Austin Sands, of New York.

I immediately reported myself to Dr. Wistar. He introduced me to Mrs. Wistar, then young and handsome, and exceedingly kind and affectionate. She made me feel at once at home, and the blessing which her home and her presence afforded she continued to extend to me for many years afterwards until all was terminated by her death.

The lectures at the university were commencing, and I took my matriculation ticket, and with it the tickets of the professors of Anatomy and Chemistry, which Dr. Wistar thought sufficient for my first year in addition to Practical Anatomy. In this last I had some privileges, as I was admitted to the private rooms of Dr. Wistar, then under the direction of Dr. Davis, who was most materially assisted by Dr. Edward Shippen, a grandson of Prof. Shippen, a predecessor of Dr. Wistar and one of the founders of the University of Pennsylvania.

These privileges proved very advantageous as giving me the opportunity of being present at all the preparations for the public lectures, and I was therefore the better able to understand them when delivered. During the interval of the lectures I was much occupied, not only in study, but in various other ways, making myself useful to Dr. Wistar. By his politeness also I was furnished with a ticket to the Pennsylvania Hospital. This was also an advantage, as it gave me personal acquaintance with the leading surgeons and physicians of the hospital and of the city. Dr. Philip Syng Physick, Professor of Surgery; Dr. Dorsey, his nephew; Dr. Thomas Hewson, Dr. Joseph Parrish, and Dr. Joseph Hutchinson, were then, or soon afterwards, surgeons. Dr. Parke, then quite old, and Dr. Otto and Dr. T. C. James, were the physicians. In those days it was customary for medical students to be bound as apprentices for five years to the Pennsylvania Hospital. The advantages were very great, as to them were assigned all the duties of resident physician and apothecary, and, in addition to the privileges thus enjoyed, they were furnished with excellent board and lodging, and also with all the tickets necessary for their instruction at the University.

There were three of such apprentices at the hospital. The youngest of them was in charge of the apothecary shop and of the putting up of prescriptions. The second in age was termed a dresser, and acted also as librarian. To the oldest was assigned the duty of prescribing for the medical and surgical wards. This last position was occupied in my time by Dr. John Rhea Barton, nephew of Prof. Barton of the University. He was a man of great tact and industry, who knew how to profit by his advantages, and thus laid the foundation for the great eminence which he afterwards enjoyed as an operative surgeon.

Dr. Benjamin H. Coates was dresser. He was a gentleman of a peculiar type of character. He afterwards became a practitioner well known for his talents and for his extensive and varied knowledge. There was at the time of my attendance at the hospital a vacancy in the apothecary's department, and I anxiously hoped to be sustained by the patronage of Dr. Wistar and his friends and to have obtained the situation, which would have been very desirable under the circumstances. The appointment was, however, given to Warbeck Miller, a young gentleman from Alexandria of much talent and prepossessing manners. I soon became intimate with him, and to his friendship was much indebted for my improvement during the time that I was on duty at the hospital. His career was short. In a few years he became consumptive and soon died, bringing by his death great loss as well as sorrow to his friends in the profession. Although I was disappointed in my hope of becoming a resident at the hospital, yet, through the kindness of both Dr. Coates and Dr. Miller, I had the privilege of staying several weeks at the institution during the summers of 1815 and 1816, acting as their substitute while they were absent from the city for recreation. This arrangement proved greatly for my advantage.

Nothing special occurred during the winter of 1815 in a medical point of view. Politically the country was electrified by the great victory of General Jackson on the 8th of January of that year over the veteran troops of Great Britain that had lately fought in the Spanish Peninsula. The following February the delightful news of peace with England came, and great were the rejoicings manifested on every hand. There were processions, the firing of musquetry, and the illumination of the whole city. James Madison was President at the time.

The medical students of those days had few opportunities of improvement during the intervals of lectures except in the offices of their instructors, where but little was to be gained, and by walking the wards of the hospital. Hence the students were often listless, while the prescribing physicians and surgeons imparted very little instruction, and that only on prescribing days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. By the advice of Dr. Wistar, however, I went every day; and thus became more familiar with the course of duty, especially as I assisted very much in the care of the patients. Dr. Wistar introduced me also to Dr. Nancrede, a young physician just returned from Paris fraught with the latest teachings in that capital. He was one of the vaccine physicians of Philadelphia, and, as vaccination was still a novelty in our country, Dr. Wistar was anxious that I should be acquainted with the phenomena attending its use. Hence I went with Dr. Nancrede as his companion and pupil, and afterwards acted as his substitute among the lanes and alleys, and in the suburbs also of the city, where now houses are thickly clustered.

The session of 1815-16 at the University would, under ordinary circumstances, have commenced in November. But there was no teacher for the Practice of Medicine, as Dr. Barton, who had eighteen months previously been elected successor to Dr. Rush, was then a great invalid. His strength rapidly declined, and he died in December, I think. No new appointment was made that winter, but lectures on the Practice of Medicine were delivered by the professors in addition to those of their own chairs.

That winter the position of Demonstrator of Anatomy was filled by a very promising young man, Mr. Bertram, who had attracted Dr. Wistar's attention by the accuracy of his anatomical knowledge. He proved, however, inadequate to his important duties. The assistance ably given in this department by Dr. William E. Horner made amends for his deficiencies. Dr. Horner was graduated in 1814 and entered the United States Army. He had just returned from the military hospital near Buffalo when he came and settled in Philadelphia. He was a most admirable dissector, very precise, industrious and persevering, so that he made himself a necessity to the school.

During this winter I took more tickets at the University, but still did not enter upon a full course. The summer was passed very much as the previous one had been spent; except that, owing to my connection with Dr. Nancrede, I saw some patients among the poor, and occasionally ventured to prescribe. In May, 1816, Dr. Chapman, of Virginia, who had been practising in Philadelphia for some twelve years, and who had been professor of Materia Medica since 1813, was translated to the vacant chair of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine. He proved to be a brilliant and successful teacher, as he was also a good practitioner. He became very popular, contributing therefore greatly to the existing prosperity of the medical school. During many years its reputation was at its height, supported, as it was, by such distinguished men as Wistar, Physick, James, and Chapman (Nat Chapman, the boys called him).

Having laid the foundation of my medical studies I now became seriously engaged in the study of the practical branches; my views, as well as my knowledge, being rapidly developed under the instruction of our excellent professors. My employment during the summer of 1817 was so far varied that I now walked the wards of the Philadelphia Hospital, or Almshouse. The mass of buildings thus termed were then on Spruce Street, and were enclosed by a high brick wall extending from Tenth Street to Eleventh; there being open lots between the Pennsylvania Hospital and the Almshouse, which were used as pasture-lots for cows. What is now Clinton Street in part is built on the Almshouse lots.

As I expected to be graduated in the succeeding spring, I took the precaution of preparing my thesis during the month of August. The subject was "The Digestive Process." My endeavor was, by some observations and facts which I enumerated, as well as by many approved arguments, to sustain the idea, received from Dr. Physick, that the essential part of the process of digestion was effected during the progress of absorption, or, as perhaps it may be termed, endosmose.

The course of lectures for the year 1817-18 began under the happiest auspices. The building for the medical department had been greatly enlarged and improved, and the number of medical students was probably never greater. A sad trial, however, awaited me, as well as the school and the profession. Dr. Caspar Wistar, so long revered and beloved, and whose influence had been so manifestly for the good of the school, died on the 22nd of June, 1818, after a short and severe attack of congestive fever. Great as was the loss to the University, it was still greater to me personally, as on him alone I depended for professional support and advice in the prosecution of my studies and in preparation for my life-work. The future was therefore now very dark to me. Six weeks after this mournful event, and after the usual examinations, I was graduated as a Doctor of Medicine, in conjunction with many of my friends, not a few of whom survive to the present moment. One of them is my excellent friend, Dr. George B. Wood, from Salem, N. J. He had wished to become a pupil of Dr. Wistar, but, as this could not be, he entered the office of Dr. Joseph Parrish, a former pupil of Dr. Wistar, and at this time enjoying an extensive reputation and practice. Dr. Wood and myself were always together, sitting on the same bench, taking notes of the same lectures, belonging to the same examining, or quizzing, club, and now introduced at the same time to the privileges of the medical profession. The friendship, thus begun, still continues to old age, and has been marked by other coincidences which will hereafter be mentioned.

How I was to live, and what I was to do, were the questions which I had now to solve. How was I to make the knowledge I had acquired practically useful to myself and others? This was certainly a most interesting and important question. I had as yet no income from our grandfather's estate. The income indeed had been arrested during the War of 1812, and the debts which had accumulated during our university course would probably sweep away the whole of the principal. My mother was still laboring for her own support and for that of her children. Indeed, money had to be borrowed to pay for my last course of lectures and for my graduating fees. Notwithstanding all these discouragements and restrictions I had a strong desire to spend a year in Europe for my professional improvement. Through the kindness of my cousin, William Hodge, then a young and thriving merchant in Philadelphia, a way seemed to be opened for the accomplishment of my purpose. It was suggested that I should go on a voyage to Calcutta as surgeon on a merchant-vessel. This was then quite a common arrangement. The necessary money could be borrowed from the insurance office on what were called respondentia bonds; a profit, if any, to be paid to the borrowers. The deductions, however, such as insurance, interest, etc., were considerable. Still, as we would have nothing to pay for commissions on freight and purchase and transit of goods, there was a fair prospect of securing a sum which would afterwards enable me to visit Europe.

Several months passed before the arrangement could be made; but finally I sailed from New York, on the 8th of September, 1818, in the ship "Julius Cæsar." She was commanded by Captain Charles Marshall, an experienced sailor reared among many trials; a manly, cheerful, and excellent seaman. I may add that he became very successful as a captain, and afterwards as owner, of the celebrated packet ships from New York to Liverpool. He died some years ago, numbered among the rich men of New York. His life was quite a romance. Mr. Foster, our super-cargo, was a most upright and excellent man. He had made frequent voyages to India, and was still under the necessity of leaving wife and children in order to secure for them a proper support. I shall always feel indebted to him for his constant, unwavering attentions, and the almost paternal care which he extended to me in these my first wanderings from home. Our other companion in the cabin was a Mr. Shelton, a young clerk from New York, and Mr. Oswald

Guest, of a Quaker family, whose mother, Mrs. Guest, is still living. He returned to Philadelphia, and entered into business, but did not survive very long. The voyage was to me very pleasant, notwithstanding all the disagreeable incidents of occasional storms and calms. I enjoyed greatly the motion of the vessel, the alternate pitching and rolling; and I took great interest in the wonderful management of the ship, now sailing pleasantly and with delightful breezes, anon struck by a heavy squall, or strained in every timber by a violent tempest. Of course the time was tedious. Day after day there was the same routine, and nothing was visible but sky and water. I however immediately adopted a plan of having an occupation for every hour. Meals, of course, were punctually served at the regular watches. After breakfast, until noon, studies and writing, chiefly upon medical subjects, occupied the time, until all rushed to the deck, about midday, to learn the altitude of the sun, and afterwards, with the assistance of the chronometer, and sometimes in favorable conjunction by means of the sextant, measuring the arc of the heavens to determine our latitude and longitude, and, of course, the distance run. In this way we formed anticipations for the future, always vain and usually ending in disappointment. We had a good run in a southeast direction towards the Azores: a very pleasant sail through the northern trades; but, alas, slow was our progress through the equatorial regions. We experienced hot suns, no winds, calm after calm, for nearly forty days until we reached the southern trades. By these we were, of course, taken again across the Atlantic, approximating South America, passing between that continent and the island of Trinidad, of which we had a delightful view. We passed near to it at sunrise on a beautiful clear morning, while a moderate breeze was blowing just sufficient to ruffle the clear waters of the deep ocean. This was the first land which we had seen since we left New York, and it gave us great pleasure to observe the outlines of its valleys and cliffs with the ever-varying tints reflected from the beams of the rising sun, which at this early hour was occasionally shut out from view by the intervening rocks. The wind now freshened and we spread sail again and sped across the Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope, which, however, we did not see, as we passed too far to the south. We arrived at this longitude apparently at the termination of a fearful storm, for we found the sea greatly disturbed. A very strong westerly gale was blowing directly in opposition to the strong current which always sets west from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. The waves, or seas, for that is their proper name, were indeed very high, so that sailing was now dangerous. The great anxiety of the captain was evident. Nothing could persuade him to leave the deck where he kept a watchful eye upon every lurch of our frail bark and upon every rope and spar. Mr. Foster, who had made many voyages, said he never witnessed longer or deeper seas. As we were going directly before the wind there was nothing to steady the vessel. She therefore rolled, first to larboard, then to starboard, into the water; rising upon the mighty waves, then dipping down apparently to the depths below, when again suddenly her prow would rise, seeking the top of another wave. After a few hours the wind moderated somewhat, so that the apprehension of danger was dissipated. Still, however, we continued our eastern course with the wind to (from?) the west, and in the same style as before; the vessel rising and pitching with the monstrous seas, rocking alternately from side to side; our mast describing a large segment of a circle. Thus we sailed on in the Indian Ocean for some seventeen days when again the cry "Land ho!" was heard. The land sighted was the Island of Saint Paul, far south of the East India islands and about the longitude of Java.

The captain thought it best to make up his "easting," as we were out of season with respect to the monsoons in the Bay of Bengal. These blow at this season from the northeast, and are therefore head-winds to the voyager to ports on the bay. The head of our vessel was now turned to the north. We eventually came in sight of the Island of Sumatra, famous for the cultivation and export of black pepper. When still in sight of the island we experienced a shock as from a blow upon the bow of the vessel. We all concluded that it was the shock of an earthquake; but, as it was felt but once, and as the way of the vessel was not interrupted, the true cause remained hidden. In the course of the voyage we had seen many large whales, and possibly we may have been struck by one of these monsters. We had planned to stop at Madras, on the Coromandel coast of Hindustan, so that our course was nearly northwest. Another fearful storm was now encountered entirely diverse from the former. The vessel hove to under her storm-sail, while the fierce wind, dashing amid the rigging, made every rope a whistle, and the sea, to use the sailors' language, "was kept down by the violence of the gale." This all took place in Bengal Bay. A few days afterwards we arrived in sight of Hindustan, and we cast anchor a short distance from land at Madras roads. There was no harbor; only an open roadstead. Hence the strong easterly storms. The danger of being wrecked in particular seasons is exceedingly great, and this coast is therefore avoided by seamen. The day of our arrival was very beautiful. Under a clear sky, and with a gentle breeze, moderate undulating seas broke their waters, partly upon shoals, and partly upon the mainland. The whole appearance of Madras was exceedingly attractive. The waves rolled in upon a fine, hard, sandy beach, while, about three hundred yards from the water, there extended as far as the eye could reach, what appeared to be a magnificent row of buildings, many of which were ornamented with handsome corridors and lofty porticos with columns much of the Grecian order. Some of these were the public buildings, the Custom House, the Post Office, etc. A large proportion, however, were the stores of the wealthy English merchants, the lower parts of which, termed "go-downs," were devoted to goods, and the upper parts to the transaction of business. These upper parts were tastefully furnished, and generally contained at least one large room where collations were regularly served for the refreshment of the occupants and also of visitors. Few of these gentlemen-merchants reside in the city. Their homes are scattered for miles south of Madras in sight of the beautiful ocean, and a most excellent road extends to St. Thomas's Mountain, hardly visible in the distance. We found these country residences of the merchants all detached, each surrounded with cultivated ground of more or less extent. Hither they retired about five o'clock in the afternoon for their domestic and social pleasures. The background of the city of Madras was not very inviting. There were wide streets and low houses, doubtless made of brick and plaster. Here for the first time I saw Asiatic cholera. Our ship had hardly anchored before the bronze, olive-colored boatmen appeared about the vessel. Generally they came singly, each in a small canoe. These canoes appeared like little logs upon the water. They were governed with much dexterity by a single paddle. The men soon came up offering fruit and vegetables for our refreshment, themselves needing, and presenting therefore, in that warm, delightful climate, no other dress than a piece of muslin about the loins. Myself and some of my companions took lodgings upon the shore. The approach to the land was quite narrow. The boat which we engaged was a very long double-ender, and very deep; probably four or five feet deep. The seats were divided for our tawny oarsmen, the oars being necessarily very long, for the boat was high out of the water. As we approached the first shoal, over which the sea was furiously breaking, the natives broke out into one of their songs, and with much effort dashed the boat in a straight line, crossed the breakers, and soon landed us high upon the sand.

We were greatly attracted by the beautiful dress of the upper-class natives. The white turban ornamented the head, a short-gown of muslin covering the breast and arms, over which was often thrown gracefully a shawl; around the waist apparently numerous yards of muslin were entwined, reaching in folds below the knees. The feet were generally protected by light slippers. This simple light muslin dress, contrasting with the olive complexion of the Hindu, gave to the wearer a dignified, imposing appearance. There were always many small children playing about. Their games and wrestlings and teasings were so like what I had seen at home that I had to exclaim that, after all, human nature is the same everywhere.

Our stay at Madras extended only to two days, our super-cargo having given orders for goods to be delivered on our return. We again set sail to the north in the month of January, 1819. We were, of course in opposition to the northeast monsoon, and hence our progress was necessarily slow; and, as tacking was necessary, we went by a very zig-zag course. The weather and the temperature were delightful. The number of our company was augmented by the presence of an English captain, whose manners were genteel, and his experience and information extensive. Hence he was able to contribute much to our pleasure. In about three weeks we reached the mouth of the Hoogley River, which is one of the larger of the several streams which mark out the delta of the famous river Ganges. Here we took our pilot, who was, I believe, an American. He had some twenty years' experience in his business, but, like all the white inhabitants of India, he still anticipated the pleasure of going home. The ascent of the river was easy, and, after receiving oranges, bananas, etc., from the natives, our vessel was safely moored in a parallel line with others at Calcutta, about 120 miles from the bay, about five months after leaving New York. Calcutta, the great centre of English India, is located on flat, barren land in the delta of the Ganges; no high ground being anywhere visible. It is on the east side of the river. Some distance from the city is the magnificent Fort William, surrounded by a large esplanade, which is kept in beautiful order. The fort itself is in every respect well-ordered. A fine boulevard with trees serves for driving and other recreations toward the close of the day, while the ears of the passers-by are regaled by excellent music from the military band. It may here be remarked that those who blow upon wind-instruments in this climate seldom last more than two or three years. The southern part of the city we found occupied by the English. Their houses had generally a very imposing appearance. They were built of brick and roughcast, with stone floors and flat roofs. Many were ornamented with colonnades, bay windows, etc. The palace of the Governor-General of India is an imposing mass of buildings, surrounded by handsome grounds. The streets of the city are very wide and smooth, made of pounded brick. The dust is kept down by constant wetting by the water-carriers, who were continually parading the avenue with their goatskin water bags. Tanks are to be seen at frequent intervals; the water being confined by walls of masonry, occasionally broken by wide stairways going down to the water's edge. We found these tanks very numerous in the country. They were doubtless filled during the rainy season, and maintained, not only for drinking-water, but for the preservation of fish.

All the northern and most extensive part of Calcutta was given up to business and to the native population. The houses of the Hindus are very small and simple and on narrow streets. The houses of the wealthy Englishmen are large and showy, as stated above, and all, or nearly all, of a dull yellow or cream color. The houses of clerks of the departments are very similar to our own, being built in rows, often three stories in height. The business houses generally intervened between the English and the native portions of the city, and were intermingled, as we saw them, with houses of every kind. They often combined the store-house and the dwelling-house. The one which we occupied, for example, was a large quadrangle, perhaps sixty by seventy feet in size. One half of this lot in front was surrounded by a high wall, through which was a gateway, the only means of access to the house. On either side of this yard was a piazza, and there were low, one-story buildings in the rear. These were for our numerous servants, and for protection to the palanquins. The building occupying the back part of the enclosure was of two stories, the lower one being as broad as the whole lot. It was termed a "go-down;" that is a storehouse where goods were stowed and where business tranactions were accomplished. The second story was much narrower than the lower, so that some ten or twelve feet extended from either side of the story, while the depth extended nearly to the depth of the building. In front of this was a veranda to which was attached the staircase from below. Over the second-story was a flat roof, with a parapet wall, to which, as is customary in the east, resort was had in the evening for purer air, for retirement, and even for exercise. The interior of the second story was composed of one long room from the front to the rear, constituting the dining-room, parlor, etc. On either side were three rooms, so that our party of five were very comfortably arranged, each with his bed-room. Very little wood-work was perceptible. The floors were all covered with mortar, and then again with mats. The windows were the usual size, and furnished with outside Venetian shutters. The bedsteads had generally high posts, so as to furnish a support for a canopy and for gauze curtains; mosquito bars being here an absolute necessity.

The native shops were generally congregated in rather narrow streets, contiguous to each other. They were termed "bazaars." Here almost every want could be supplied, although much tact was necessary to procure a good article at a reasonable price; the honesty of the seller being by no means proverbial. A few women, and these only of the lower class, were visible. We often met them carrying an infant on the hip.

As soon as our ship was fairly moored, about the 5th of February, the cabin passengers disembarked. I previously thought that it would not become a freeman and an American to be carried on men's shoulders; but, when on shore, under a burning sun, where there were no horses or carriages visible, I had little hesitation in throwing myself into a palanquin to be carried with considerable rapidity by four men to our new dwelling. Indeed, I must say that I found it decidedly the most pleasant and luxurious mode of travelling I ever enjoyed. The palanquin is an oblong, rectangular box, about six feet long, with sliding doors upon either side. It stands on four legs about eighteen inches from the ground. On the interior the bottom is covered by a morocco mattress with morocco pillows, square in form, and supported by a strap from one side to the other in an oblique position so as to sustain the head and shoulders of the traveller. The rest of the body and the limbs are extended on the mattress. There are small windows of glass to let in light in case it should be necessary to close the doors. At each extremity of the palanquin, about a foot from the roof, a broad and rounded bar projects, convex upon the upper and lower surfaces, and about two feet in length. These rest upon the shoulders of the bearers, two of whom take their places in front and two in the rear. In this way they stand close to each other so that they execute what is called the lock-step; the left limb of each moving forward simultaneously, and then the right limb in a similar manner. This is done with great precision and rapidity, so that they often travel at the rate of five miles an hour with a kind of wriggling, or pacing, motion, without any rising or falling of the shoulders. Consequently, the occupant of the carriage is never jolted. To complete this luxurious arrangement there is always a fifth man, or head-bearer, who trots alongside bearing a tall bamboo parasol, ready to cover the traveller when passing from the palanquin to the house. Each of us five gentlemen therefore had his five bearers and his own palanquin. The head-bearer was also regarded as our constant attendant in the house, and took charge of the bed-room, keeping the mosquitoes off in the day-time by means of small brushes, and tucking in the mosquito-net at night, being very careful that not one of these blood-thirsty creatures should get within the precincts of the bar.

One night, after I was safely tucked in, the bearer came with home letters, and I found it hard work to get out of my net.

The peculiar superstitious feeling of the Hindus did not permit them to wait upon us at table where animal food was presented. They themselves live almost exclusively upon rice and curry, occasionally indulging themselves in the luxury of some small fish. Under these circumstances we were obliged to employ Moormen, who were Mohammedans, doubtless the descendants of the former conquerors of Hindustan. There were fine-looking men, thinner and taller than the Hindus. Their complexion was rather lighter than theirs. Their dress of muslin was similar, but they seldom wore a shawl. Three or four of such men as these constituted our waiters and cooks. The cooking process must have been skilfully executed, for it produced very savory results, and all without the usual appurtenances of a kitchen fire; a little brazier of lighted charcoal taking its place. Our table was provided with the usual supply of vegetables; but, in addition, and almost without failure, with curried rice and chicken, the excellency and the utility of which can be comprehended only by those who have visited the East. The curry was also presented to us occasionally in the form of soup. It was very hot in every sense and bore the name of "mulikotawney." It would generally produce an internal and external warmth, followed by profuse perspiration, which does not seem to be injurious, but, perhaps, rather useful in a climate which is so exhausting.

During the month of February the weather was most delightful. We had a clear sky and a cool atmosphere, resembling our mildest weather in October. There was never, therefore, a necessity for fires, and during the whole winter the European does not require glass for his windows or woolen clothing for his person. The natives, however, shiver somewhat from the cold, having no other covering than their thin muslin short-gown, or oftener a muslin shawl. Our bearers were furnished with a white muslin turban and the usual belt over the loins and hips. Besides this they had a piece of muslin which performed the double duty of protecting them from the insects and from the weather. When they were called to action the shawl was immediately rolled up, and rather tightly wrapped around their loins; by which action an ocular exhibition was given of what is intended by the phrase "girding up the loins." Thus equipped they would be ready to travel with rapidity under a tropical sun, and apparently with entire impunity. How they could endure what they did was not a thing easily explained. Their skins were always soft and moist; but there was seldom any profuse perspiration, even after a five-mile run.

The weather began to get warm in March, and toward the equinox the change became more pronounced. This is the season on the ocean for storms, hurricanes and typhoons; and during the same wonderful period the change is accomplished by which the northeast monsoon, which gave tranquil and delightful weather, ceases, and the southwest monsoon begins its course of six months duration, during which tempestuous weather is often experienced.

The months of April and May were excessively hot. It would not fully express the actual fact to say that they were warm. The thermometer was often at 106 or 110 degrees in the shade, and 140 in the sunshine. In our rooms at night it would rise to 95 and 98 degrees. All nature withered; all signs of vegetation disappeared; the clay soil became hardened and cracked. The native people seemed to endure it; but the foreigner became listless and exhausted. He had to confine his labors to the early and later parts of the day; while no one who possessed a few sous would venture out of doors except in his palanquin. The effect of the heat upon my own person was peculiar as well as exhausting. At first the effect was not unpleasant, as my perspiration and other secretions, as well as my appetite, were good. Gradually, however, I seemed to wither and lose my appetite. My mouth became clammy and dry. There was little or no perspiration of the skin, while my hepatic and other functions were equally torpid. Of course, I became emaciated and listless, but without any positive disease. Under these circumstances my professional duties gave me the greatest anxiety. I had charge of various bilious and other tropical diseases; and, in addition, was alarmed by being called to cases of malignant cholera; a disease the name of which had hardly reached Europe or America, but the ravages of which have since been so fearful in every part of the world; while the nature of the disease and the proper treatment are still the subject of the most anxious scientific inquiry; an inquiry resulting in great discrepancy of opinion.

Among the first observers of the complaint in India were the French, who noticed it toward the Island of Ceylon, and from its fatality termed it "mort de chien."

It was not, however, until the year 1817 that it prevailed, to the great consternation of the inhabitants, at Calcutta and throughout India. Deaths were exceedingly numerous, and nothing availed to arrest the progress of the disease. The following year it was less general and less severe; and now, in April, 1819, although there was no epidemic, numerous sporadic cases of cholera appeared. My own ship's company, and those of other Americans were among the sufferers. Although I had the opportunity of consulting the recent publications on the subject, yet I had no experience with the complaint. Accordingly I called into consultation Dr. ————, an elderly English physician, who had been very attentive to Americans in Calcutta, and who, as I was surprised to find, had attended lectures at our University in Philadelphia. Some of our sailors died; others recovered. I providentially, notwithstanding all my labors among the others, escaped sickness. The weather continued very hot, although now and then there was a slight thunder-shower; and I looked forward with desire to the time of our departure.

Our church privileges were considerable in Calcutta. There were large and handsome Episcopal churches, and a very handsome Scotch Presbyterian church, where every worshipper was supplied with a comfortable armchair. The chairs were arranged in pews so-called; marked, however, by no enclosure, but simply by a rail; while the whole congregation were fanned by two large punkas. But my favorite place was a small Baptist church; doubtless the original dissenting chapel in Calcutta, the pulpit of which was occupied by the celebrated Dr. Carey, who, in early life brought up as a shoemaker, became one of the first missionaries to India. This was at a time when the East India Company did not countenance the propagation of the Christian religion. Hence, Dr. Carey had to establish himself and his co-laborers at Serampore, some twelve or fifteen miles up the river and under French domination. Here he set up a Baptist school and university, and had the honor, I believe, of being the first to translate the Bible into the Hindu language.

I made two or three little excursions from Calcutta. One of these I made with much interest. It was made for the purpose of visiting a young Brahmin, a man of great intelligence and much cultivation, who had published several tracts in English, as well as in his native language, on religious subjects, which were indeed so excellent that he was reputed to be a Christian. I found him at his country-place, about five miles out of town, and spent a very pleasant hour with him. He was a handsome-looking man, of rather light olive complexion. He conversed very easily in English, but soon dissipated all hope in my mind of his being a convert. He claimed everything for the ancient Hindu religion, even the origin of Christianity, intimating that Christ was a Brahmin; but still repudiating the idea that idolatry was part of the religion of his people. He represented it as tolerated for the sake of the ignorant, but not enjoined. He maintained the existence of one universal Spirit, who was everywhere and in everything; assuming thus a pantheistic position, as it seemed to me. One high compliment, however, he paid to Christianity. He said it was far superior to any other religion in its moral precepts. These precepts, he declared, he intended to translate and publish for the benefit of his countrymen; a task which he afterwards executed. I am sorry to add that this interesting and valuable man, after a visit in England for the second time, became the victim of smallpox.

Another excursion was down the River Hoogley, some eight miles to the Company's Botanical Gardens. It was a pleasant excursion, as we passed by many English country-seats, where the level country was broken by artificial hills, covered, even in the dry season, with green grass, kept alive by constant irrigation. The Gardens were very famous, as they were extensive and costly. It was the effort of the Company to have, if possible, specimens of trees from all parts of the world. This design was, of course, but partially carried out.

As the weather was very hot at the time of my visit, vegetation was not thriving. I was gratified, however, to see the celebrated Banyan tree, under whose extensive horizontal branches even regiments of cavalry may be sheltered; the branches being supported by occasional projections rooted in the ground beneath. Still another excursion was up the river to Serampore, the seat of the Baptist institutions above alluded to. On the opposite side of the river was the Company's menagerie, where the animals were accommodated in really spacious apartments. A large royal tiger especially arrested my attention. On our passage up the river we were called upon to witness one of those horrible immolations, known as the suttee, or burning of a widow with her dead husband; a practice even then common in India, but since prohibited by the British authorities. The funeral pyre was erected close to the river, and around it the poor woman was conducted with various ceremonies amidst the harsh and noisy music of drums and kettles. She made no resistance as she was laid upon the pyre, where she was immediately concealed from view by the light brush-wood which covered her, and which was at once fired on all sides. The hope was felt that she was suffocated with the smoke before she could have felt the flames.

On the 4th of June, 1819, just before the rainy season was anticipated, our moorings were loosed, and with joy and gratitude our vessel was directed down the river. It was a beautiful clear day; the atmosphere was delightful, and the wind and tide were favorable for our descent. Not many hours afterwards the tide changed, and I became a very interested spectator of the velocity and power of the flood-tide in the Ganges. At this season of the year the southwest monsoon drove all the waters of the Bay of Bengal to its upper, or northern, extremity. The wind was trifling, but no ship seemed capable of withstanding the impetus of the waters. The vessels dragged their anchors, although they were buried deep in the mud. Our vessel retreated before the torrent in opposition to our two large sheet-anchors. Still no accident occurred, and the next morning found us at a safe anchorage in a cove on the inside of Sangur Island, a place of low jungles full of tigers, where our pilot had thrust us to escape the effect of a severe gale of the night previous. Soon afterwards we had the pleasure of seeing a very large three-decked Company's vessel. She had just escaped the storm, which had driven her from the bay up the river. This vessel, in addition to her usual number of officers and men, had on board the Marchioness of Hastings, wife of the Governor-General, accompanied by a large number of young ladies, whose appearance was pleasant, especially as months had elapsed since we had any intercourse with ladies of our own race. These girls were said to be visitors to India, that they might discover their brothers or cousins who had preceded them to this heathen land. The weather being now pleasant, we rounded Sangur Island and pointed our vessel to the south, but against a head-wind, as the southwest monsoon was blowing. Our course, therefore, was tedious, and the sea became tempestuous. Our ship, no longer buoyant, but heavily laden with saltpetre and piece-goods, rolled badly in the seas. Sudden squalls would arise, and, occasionally, as we landsmen thought, threaten to capsize us. Nevertheless, we made our way slowly to Madras, and in a few hours took on board the goods formerly ordered. We then fairly set off homeward, but still with head-winds and stormy seas, so that by the time that we had gotten well into the Indian Ocean our vessel was evidently strained, especially in her upper works. The pumps did not indicate much water in the hold, but sea-water was beginning to ooze between the planks at the stern of the vessel, and appeared upon our cabin floor. This indication, in professional language, was bad; and, as it might increase, and as we were still to expect storms off the Cape of Good Hope, it was determined, after a regular consultation held by the proprietors in the cabin, to bear off more to the westward, and make for the Isle of France. This change of course was accompanied by more favorable weather and winds; and, after many days, one very beautiful, sunshiny morning, we caught sight of this fair island on its eastern aspect. As the port of St. Louis, its best, and almost only, harbor, is on the west side, we had to describe the semi-circumference of the island. As our charts were not minute, and as we had no books to direct us, the question was agitated whether we should go round by the north or by the south. The captain decided to take the southern course, which we afterwards learned was not usually followed, as dangerous reefs were supposed to exist. Ignorant of danger we enjoyed a beautiful sail under a delightful wind along the coast of the rocky and picturesque isle. Toward evening we made the outer bay of Saint Louis near sundown, and then sailed toward the city, the lights of which could be seen at a distance in the twilight. We hoisted our flag for a pilot, and repeatedly fired our gun, but got no response. It was now dark, and the captain gave orders for veering the vessel, standing out to sea till morning under easy sail, and we all quietly retired for supper. This was hardly ended before the ship struck and shivered, so that our glasses upon the table were shaken. Then she stood still, and we all rushed to the deck and found the vessel grinding her keel upon a coral bank. The cause of the accident evidently was that, although the vessel was headed to the west, a strong current had carried her too much to the south. The agitation on board was great, and for the first time our excellent captain lost his self-command. He soon afterwards recovered himself, ordered the sails back, and sought in this way to drive the vessel sternwards; but all without effect. A boat was then ordered over and manned in order to drop an anchor, and by this means draw the ship away from the rock which we had struck. Unfortunately the boat proved to be leaky, and could not be kept afloat, even when men alone were on board, much less if the anchor were taken in. We had thus no other resource than occasionally to fire a gun for assistance. Our situation seemed to be constantly more precarious, as it was evident that the tide was falling, and rocks, before not visible, appeared above the surface of the water. Our vessel was evidently higher from the water as the tide receded, and there was danger, therefore, of her falling over upon her side, in which case she certainly would have filled. Happily, however, this did not occur. The wind was fortunately blowing from off shore, so that there was very little sea. Such was our unpleasant condition for four hours, during which we were kept in a state of considerable anxiety. At length the flood-tide came in; the rocks about us were again submerged; the vessel was once more in deep water; and suddenly the shout was heard, "She moves!" True enough, the ship was moving, and all were in ecstasy. No leak was detected. The captain ordered the jib to be hoisted. The vessel was turned from the rocks, and, with her prow directed to the west, we hastened on our course with glad, and I trust, grateful hearts.

In the morning we turned landwards, took a pilot, and were soon safely moored in the inner port, a very picturesque spot, surrounded by high hills, at the foot of which lay the town of St. Louis.

The vessel was placed under the direction of the United States Consul. After a regular survey it was not deemed safe to continue our voyage without examining the ship's bottom. As there were no docks at this port, it became necessary to remove all of her cargo, and take down the upper mast that she might be brought down upon her side on the land. It was found, after all, that no serious injury had been sustained. Part of the false keel was found to have been ground off, and this, of course, had to be replaced, and all her upper works, which had been strained in previous storms, had to be caulked and painted. This was a tedious process, occupying six weeks, and, as part of the cargo had been damaged, it was sold to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. Under these circumstances we took a house on shore, and passed our time very pleasantly. The weather was beautiful, cool and refreshing. We walked and rode amidst the valleys and the hills and along the shore, penetrating as far as the old stone church described in the romantic story of "Paul and Virginia." We found this building greatly dilapidated, with grass-grown steps, and probably unused.

We were shown two small monuments in a gentleman's garden, separated from each other by a water-tank. These were said to be commemorative of the two romantic lovers, and we cut off portions of bamboo as mementos of our visit. Just north of St. Louis is a beautiful valley which appeared to be shut in by the sloping sides of three mountains. It was employed as a kind of plaza, or promenade, where we had an opportunity of seeing the inhabitants on Sundays and holidays in their best attire. They were chiefly French and Roman Catholics, as the island had been settled and governed by France, as the name implies. It was, however, at the time of our visit, in the possession of the English, whose civil and military officers were often seen, and also the regiment of soldiers who occupied the forts.

At the Episcopal Church on Sunday a body of troops, without arms, were always present. They conducted themselves with great apparent devotion.

Standing on a hill I observed with great pleasure the regular march of these men in close column as they advanced with movements so nearly simultaneous that there seemed to be one instead of many bodies.

At the Isle of France also I had an opportunity for the first time of beholding slavery, which had been introduced into the island under French domination; and, although the government was now in possession of the English, the mind and the conscience of these people had then not been illuminated by the eloquence and moral power of a Wilberforce.

Not only were the most menial services performed by slaves, but the labor of beasts of burden was often executed by them, and we not infrequently saw them at work in chains. A large cart, for example, filled with stones, which required at least two horses for its removal, was pushed and dragged by human beings attached to the shafts, wheels, etc. Water-carriers were sometimes seen with iron collars around their necks, an iron chain binding two of them together. This was probably a punishment. Human nature, however, wonderfully accommodates itself to circumstances. By my evening rambles in the quarters of these negroes I found there was at least as much merriment and dancing to the sound of the violin as among their English masters.

The time of our departure at length came. The ship was again floated, her masts rigged, and her sails spread, more buoyant than before, as part of her cargo had been sold. On a fine day, about the middle of September, 1819, I bade farewell to the beautiful port of St. Louis. We made a good offing for fear of hidden rocks, taking a direct course to the south, leaving Borneo (Bourbon?), another French island, upon the right, and the cliffs of the Isle of France astern. We were greatly favored by wind and weather, finding once more, however, a rough sea south of the Cape of Good Hope; so rough indeed that water frequently was flowing on the decks from the stem nearly to the stern; and we then rejoiced that, in consequence of our former mishaps, the vessel was not so deeply laden as when we left Calcutta.

Some days after leaving the Cape in the South Atlantic we spoke the ship ————————, which had left Calcutta only a few days after we did; so that, while we were safe and comfortable for six weeks in the Isle of France, she was buffeting the storms off the Cape with the loss of some of her masts and rigging.

A few days brought us to the southeast trades, which drove us rapidly to the north, and allowed us to take a distant view of the Island of St. Helena, at that time the prison of Napoleon Bonaparte.

There was no necessity of crossing and recrossing the ocean, our course being north-northwest. We were sailing beautifully, the weather was delightful, and, having reached the latitude of Cape Hatteras, we expected in two or three days to be in the Delaware. But disappointment will occur upon the ocean. Strong northwest winds directly ahead rendered the taking in of sail necessary, and drove us to the northeast along the edge of the Gulf Stream, where storm after storm occurred, preventing headway. We were much at the mercy of the current for a time, and, to the best of our reckoning, were carried off near by the shoals of Narragansett. The sea, disturbed by winds and currents, was very irregular, and we were, therefore, exceedingly uncomfortable. It was cold and rainy besides.

On Saturday, the 18th of December, we were greatly favored in being able to take a pilot off the Delaware, and to effect an anchorage within the Capes at the "Buoy of the Brown." I say greatly favored, for outside the storm raged fearfully, and the unfortunate vessel we spoke in the South Atlantic was driven upon the New Jersey coast, near Long Branch, where the captain and super-cargo, who were my patients and companions in Calcutta, perished, as well as most of the crew. As for us, we rode out the night in safety, and weighed anchor. There was a comfortable pilot-boat going up the river, and myself and Mr. Guest and Mr. Foster embarked on board of her, and arrived at the Navy Yard early on Sunday. I jumped to the shore with alacrity and with joy, but still excessively anxious, for nearly twelve months had elapsed since I had heard from home. Where was my mother? I did not dare to go to her house, but took my way to my uncle Andrew's, the old homestead on Arch Street, where my arrival created much surprise. I was glad to find that all my relatives were well, and that, although we were four months after our time, they had not had many evil forebodings respecting us. My mother was well, but had changed her abode.

In 1815, upon the graduation of my brother from college, she had once more resumed housekeeping in Philadelphia, and established herself in Tenth Street, below Chestnut. The following year, however, she removed to another house in Sansom Row on Walnut Street, below Eighth. She there had Miss Susan B. Smith and Mrs. Graydon, the widow of Alexander Graydon and sister of Mrs. Andrew Bayard, as her companions: while Mr. Richard H. Bayard, my college classmate had opened his office in the front room. I was often surprised at the energy manifested by mother, and the spirit she maintained amidst all the reverses and anxieties which accompanied her various positions, not only discharging so admirably her various duties to her children, but those which she owed to the various institutions with which she was connected; ever enjoying the society of her friends, and taking a deep interest in civil and political affairs. Her patriotic feelings, imbibed in early life in the cradle of American liberty and on the knees of General Warren, never deserted her. She took broad and large views of subjects, deprecated the contentions and virulence of parties, and was a great admirer of the institutions of her country, especially as developed and enforced by President Washington. The contrary policy, introduced by Jefferson, she could not admire, and regretted exceedingly the disposition then manifested to encourage the immigration of foreigners to this country, who were without morals or education, foreseeing the evils which must result from such an admixture with republicanism, often saying that she would not live to see, but that I would, the bad effects of this adulteration. The evil has grown upon us, and is still increasing, inasmuch as the full right of American citizenship is given to those who are not only ignorant of our institutions, but who cannot read or write, or even understand our language. Nothing but a moral and religious education of the masses can act as an antidote for the poison which now infects the body politic of our beloved country.

In a pecuniary point of view the results of the voyage were unfortunate. The mercantile world had much collapsed. The goods I brought were not all salable; and, when the interest and the insurance were paid to the officers upon their bonds, little or nothing was left. The cherished thought then of a European visit, with all its advantages, for which such risks and sacrifices had been made, had to be abandoned. And so it came to pass that, without professional patronage, and with an empty purse, I had to undertake the duties of my profession. Still I had my mother, she was everything; as full of energy and spirit, although physically not as strong as formerly. I was very kindly received by the heads of the profession, and I had many friends. I secured the house No. 181 Walnut Street (now No. 715), part way between Seventh and Eighth, to which we removed in a few weeks. It was the third occupied by us in that row. I took the front room as my office, and began practice in the year 1820. Mrs. Graydon and Miss Smith remained with us. Soon afterwards they were joined by Mrs. Ingersoll, another sister of Mrs. Bayard, and mother of Charles and Joseph Ingersoll, then leading lawyers in the city. Soon after taking possession of my office I was complimented, and, of course, encouraged, by visits from Chapman, Dewees and others of my teachers, and afterwards by invitations to their social parties. There are turning-points and incidents in every man's life on which his happiness and fortune seem to turn. One such turning-point in my life was the unexpected visit of a young physician whom I barely recollected as senior pupil when I commenced the study of medicine, and who afterwards went to Europe. This was Dr. Edward Barton, a man of great intellectual capacity, refinement and cultivation, who had been very carefully educated in Connecticut by the Abbé Tisserant. To me he was always remarkably affable and pleasant, proving to be one of my best friends, He was naturally, however, very reserved, and, although generally much liked, somewhat satirical in dealing with the faults and weaknesses of others. He was also the subject of much morbid feeling. This was partly owing to the circumstances in which he was placed. He was the son of Lord Bolingbroke, who had married a well-educated and excellent German lady, by whom he had three sons. These were sent over to America for their education under the Abbé above mentioned.*

I find in an old book, "Memoirs of Eminent Physicians," the following: "Edward Barton was under the immediate care and superintendence of the Abbé Tisserant, a French gentleman of uncommon attainments and exemplary piety, and of peculiar sweetness of manner and disposition. To the parental care of this accomplished scholar Barton was indebted for an excellent foundation in classical learning, which was built up with singular success. After the usual course of academical instruction, he passed some time, with great advantage to himself and with usefulness to others, at the Roman Catholic College in Baltimore, where his classical education may be considered as having been completed. His views relative to the business of life were directed to the profession of medicine. He attended a course of lectures delivered by Dr. Smith at Hanover, N. H. He came to Philadelphia, and, as an immediate pupil of Dr. Physick, passed through the course of medical studies required by the University, receiving his degree with peculiar favor and approbation from his instructors. Soon after he graduated Dr. Barton went to Europe, and there devoted himself assiduously to the attainment of knowledge which he could easily command in Great Britain and France. He returned to the United States in a few years, and settled in Philadelphia for the purpose of practicing physic and surgery. When his ambition was most ardent, and his prospects most flattering, it pleased God to visit him with a pulmonary affection, from which he and his friends apprehended his speedy dissolution. Under the advice of his friend and preceptor, Dr. Physick, he sailed from Philadelphia on the 4th of August, 1821, for Lisbon; and from that port he went

*Note by Mrs. H. Lenox Hodge:—"Lord Bolingbroke married this German lady, and afterwards deserted her, and married in England a lady of wealth and rank. Being off and on in America, he left his three sons here. On one of these occasions he lived for some time in Elizabeth, N. J., and my grandmother, Abby Howland Woolsey, knew him, and mentions him afterwards in her letters from England."

to Genoa; at which place his eyes were closed in death by strangers. He was in a sick room vigilant, tender, untiring, faithful to the last. His mind was of too lofty a character to suffer him to avail himself of adventitious circumstances to obtain the favor of the community. He scorned even the appearance of seeking to earn that favor by any other means than by his merit. We will venture to assert that the impressions which he made upon the hearts of those who enjoyed his friendship will never be effaced." Dr. Chapman wrote in a note to this: "He was a man of no ordinary talent, highly cultivated by a liberal education, of great proficiency in his profession, and with an exquisite sense of honor which 'feels a stain like a wound.' "*

Colonel Chester, of Wethersfield, was the guardian of Lord Bolingbroke's sons, and hence in this city the colonel's son-in-law, Charles Chauncey, paid great attention to young Barton, and made him the physician of the family as assistant to Dr. Physick. Under the patronage of Mr. Chauncey, and also of Mr. Tangu, an Englishman, and the Librarian of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Barton obtained an excellent social position, and made a favorable commencement of his professional business. Such was the friend so unexpectedly offered to me. As I had nothing to do, I immediately accompanied him in his visits as Dispensary Physician, thus increasing my practical knowledge.

Another compliment I received was from my excellent friend, the widow of my late preceptor, Dr. Wistar, who adopted me as her physician and friend; a valuable relationship which I sustained for many years until the time of her death. This event served also to bring me into intimate connection with another of my former teachers, Dr. Thomas C. James, a most excellent and erudite professor in the University, who always extended to me professional confidence and friendly attentions; so that here also I eventually obtained the position of family physician. Under such circumstances as these I commenced the practice of medicine in my native city with much spirit, and even with hopeful aspiration for the future. I became a candidate as physician for the Southern Dispensary, then situated in Catharine Street, between Third and Fourth. This was at a time when there were no cars, cabs or omnibuses in the city to get to the place. A vacancy having occurred in the fall of 1820, I was appointed as physician, and immediately entered upon the duties incident to the position. The district was then the most southern

*Philadelphia Journal of Medical and Physical Sciences, Vol. 5.

in the city, extending westward from the Delaware. It comprised, in name at least, the most degraded portion of the city. The work which I thus undertook proved almost too arduous and exposing. In the latter part of November I was taken sick with typhoid fever, which confined me for a month or six weeks, during which I was attended most assiduously by Dr. Edward Barton and Dr. Physick. I did not return to my duties in the Southern Dispensary, having received a more eligible position as physician to the City Dispensary, located, as it still is, in Fifth Street, opposite Independence Square, and next door to the building occupied by the Mercantile Library. My district was the best, extending from Chestnut to Vine Street, while westward from the Delaware I occasionally went as far as what are now Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets. The work which I thus undertook was family business, and therefore much diverse from what I had hitherto been more familiar with in hospitals, almshouses, etc. For three months every year I was extensively engaged in this out-of-door practice, while, at other periods, with less practical work to do, I had time for study, reading and recreation. In the early autumn of 1820 my friend, Dr. William E. Horner, the prosector of the Anatomical Chair, was appointed Assistant Professor of Anatomy to Dr. Physick. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Welsh, daughter of Samuel Welsh, a thriving merchant in Philadelphia. The following summer of 1821, Dr. Horner determined to visit Europe for his improvement, and requested me to take charge of his anatomy class, which was also under the instruction of Dr. Chapman and Dr. Dewees. It was familiarly known as "Chapman's private class." In May, therefore, I made my first essay in teaching, carrying it on until the last of September. This experience, of course, was serviceable as giving more precision to my studies, and more confidence in myself. About this time the health of my excellent friend, Dr. Barton, was rapidly declining. Dr. Physick, as detailed above, advised him to abandon his business, and resort to the southern part of Europe. He sailed, therefore, for Lisbon, as the voyage was then favorable. His complaints, however, became aggravated, and it was with difficulty that he reached Genoa, where he died among strangers. One of my own friends, Mr. Ashbel G. Ralston, paid him every kind attention, and later forwarded his effects to me, as he had expressed a desire that his medical library and personal property should come into my possession.

This loss to me was very great. Prior to Dr. Barton's departure he had introduced me to Mrs. Emily Phillips, who was intimate with

Mr. Charles Chauncey, and indeed with all the Chester family, who were originally from Wethersfield, Conn., where Mrs. Phillips herself was born. This lady had taken Dr. Barton not only as a physician, but almost as a son. She was a lady of great intellectual culture, warm imagination, and a very nervous temperament, and yet possessing admirable judgment and prudence; traits not often united in the same person. She lived with her husband in New Orleans, but was on a visit to her friends North. He died, and their small property nearly disappeared. She had, however, numerous friends, and through them was introduced to Dr. James Brown, then professor in a medical school at Lexington, Ky. Dr. Brown immediately committed to her care his only daughter, Susan Brown, now Mrs. Ingersoll. This child was then a girl of eleven or twelve years of age. She was placed at the school of Madame Segoigne, which was then in high repute. Mrs. Phillips boarded in the family, and was charged with the maternal superintendence of her protégé.

On the departure of Dr. Barton, from Philadelphia, Mrs. Phillips gave me her confidence and affection, to which I have been most deeply indebted. Her devotion to me continued for many years, and it was only terminated by her death, which occurred at Wethersfield, Conn., which was the place of her birth.

Nothing of importance occurred during the succeeding year, 1822. I might mention, however, that Dr. William Gibson, Professor of Surgery, invited me this year to join him, with the late Dr. John Rodman, in the formation of a private medical class. This invitation, for some prudential reasons, I thought best to decline. My acceptance would probably have interfered with a much more advantageous offer, made to me the next year, to which I will now refer. In March, 1823, Dr. Chapman, who was always very popular, finding that his private class of pupils had greatly enlarged, determined to give them a more extensive and efficient course. He accordingly organized the class into a Medical Institute, and, in addition to the original teachers, Chapman, Dewees and Horner, he selected Dr. Samuel Jackson to be lecturer on Materia Medica; Dr. John Ball to be lecturer on the Institutes of Medicine, and Dr. John K. Mitchell to be lecturer on Chemistry. In the May following my excellent friend, Dr. Horner, called upon me and offered me, in the name of Dr. Chapman, the position of Lecturer on Surgery. This was indeed a surprise; and, to myself at least, it is no wonder that I hesitated, as I had not devoted special attention to this branch, and as I was not intending to be an operative surgeon. I took a few days to consider the question and, having received some encouragement from Dr. Horner, especially as to the onerous character of my duties, I determined to accept the proffered position. This was the second important turning-point, or incident, in my life; as, had I declined this offer, I should probably never have been a teacher, and might not have succeeded as a practitioner. My mind and my time were now fully occupied in preparatory studies for my lectures, and in their preparation, as I wrote them out in full. I once more experienced the exhaustive effect of mental labor. Still, as I had exercise out-of-doors, no evil consequences resulted. My success as a teacher was better than I anticipated, especially as I found, after some experience in study, that, as Dr. Horner, expressed it, I knew more than the students, and realized the important truth that to teach is the best way to learn.

Another event of great importance occurred to me in September of this year, 1823. A vacancy occurred in the medical department of the Almshouse Hospital, in Spruce Street, above Tenth, in consequence of the sudden death of one of our most promising physicians, Dr. J. B. Lawrence. By the influence of my friend, Dr. Chapman, and also especially of Dr. J. K. Mitchell, I received the appointment of attending physician; a very responsible and arduous position. This proved to be particularly so during my first year of duty; for there was an endemic in the hospital of typhus fever, in consequence of the introduction of German immigrants, who had just arrived, suffering from ship-fever. The atmosphere of the house became impregnated, so that comparatively few escaped the poison. Even the nurses and resident students were affected, and one of them died. The mortality in the house was great.

One peculiar advantage of my position at the Almshouse, in addition to that of mere practice, was the privilege it gave me of acting as clinical teacher. The practice at that time was for the student to accompany the physician through the wards, where it was his business carefully to examine the symptoms and the history of the case, and thence to deduce the pathology, and to state the indications for treatment resulting. This practice was very improving, and necessitated, what to me was very desirable, the habit of extemporaneous speaking.

In 1824 (?), as it was impossible for me to lecture upon the principles of surgery and also upon the operations during the short session, Dr.

Thomas Harris was appointed lecturer upon operative surgery. He was originally from Chester County, but was now a leading surgeon in the United States Navy, and had become a resident of Philadelphia. He married one of my cousins, Jane Hodgdon, and afterwards became chief of the Medical Bureau of the Navy, and was stationed at Washington. After the death of his first wife he married Miss Hettie McPherson, granddaughter of the late Bishop White. She was a lady of much talent and character, exerting great influence in the social circles of Philadelphia. The Medical Institute, thus reinforced, continued to exercise an excellent influence upon medical students, whose time, instead of being lost in the summer season, became fully occupied with attendance upon lectures and at the hospitals.

My private practice increased, although very gradually, and the pecuniary reward was very small.

No further incident in my professional course of special moment occurred for several years. My friendship, however, for Mrs. Phillips became more intimate, and about this time her protégé, Miss Brown, left school and went with her uncle, Mr. James Brown, to Paris. Mrs. Phillips was therefore only occasionally in Philadelphia at this time, but she favored me with frequent epistles replete with good thoughts and good feeling, and enlivened with imagination and culture. In the last of July, 1827, I made an arrangement with my cousin, James Bayard, to recreate ourselves a few weeks in an excursion to the North River and Niagara. I rceived a letter from Mrs. Hammond, of Westchester, N. Y., stating that Mrs. Phillips was very ill at her house and exceedingly anxious to see me. I therefore anticipated my proposed departure, and went to New York. Procuring a vehicle I went about twelve miles into Westchester and drove to the beautiful mansion of Mr. Hammond, where everything was very delightful and luxurious. I was then introduced to Mrs. Hammond, the daughter of Mr. John Aspinwall, Sr., of Flushing, N. Y. She was a tall, fine-looking woman at this time, very dignified and lady-like in her appearance, her stateliness perhaps a little augmented by a custom, not very uncommon in those days, of wearing a white turban. She was to me very polite. After I had visited my friend and patient, and contributed to her comfort, I was taken into the parlor, and dinner was soon announced. I was introduced to Mr. Hammond, and to his daughter, Mary Hammond, and also to Margaret E. Aspinwall. After our repast was finished the young ladies took me in charge, and we strolled in the garden and on the lawn, which extended down to the East River. Beginning at the northern extremity of the lawn was Throgmorton's Neck, which stretches out into Long Island Sound. It is now (1872) owned and occupied by the United States as a fortress. This most delightful visit was terminated by a solitary and dark drive back to the city. I had learned from Mrs. Phillips that she had been long intimately acquainted with Mrs. Hammond, and with her brother, Mr. John Aspinwall, Jr., of New York, and also with his wife, who was Miss Susan Howland. Indeed her friendly intercourse had extended to most of the Howland family, especially to Mrs. George Woolsey and Mrs. James Roosevelt, with whom she had become acquainted at Norwick, Conn., as the family of Howlands have long resided in that place. Of course, Mrs. Phillips took a great interest in the daughter of Mr. John Aspinwall, always speaking of Margaret in the most exalted manner; a circumstance which confirmed my prepossessions in her favor.

I met Mr. Bayard in New York, and together we ascended the noble Hudson River by steamboat, admiring its picturesque scenery as we went, and arriving at Albany the next day. As Mr. Bayard had some acquaintance with the family of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patroon, he ventured to introduce me to his house, where we spent a pleasant afternoon and evening. The building was very large and commodious. I think it was but two stories in height, but the hall and rooms were of great size, and adorned with scenery paper, so that these, and indeed the whole building, had an antiquated, and to me a very novel, appearance.

Miss Catherine Van Rensselaer was then there in all the elegance of young womanhood, and greatly admired by innumerable suitors. She afterwards married Gouverneur Wilkins, and still lives as his widow. There were no railroads in those days. Mr. Bayard and myself took easy stages from Albany, and spent a pleasant afternoon at the beautiful town of Waterford. We visited also the falls on the Mohawk. These have furnished water-power for several mills. In a short time we found ourselves at Utica, a handsome, well-arranged town, with wide and shady streets. It was not at that time a large place. We took a stage to Trenton Falls, where we spent a night in an excellent and famous hotel. The next morning we descended into a ravine of the precipitous stream, which for nearly two miles tumbles over high rocks, and sometimes down into deep caverns, while in other places it spreads itself out like a broad and quiet lake, bounded on either side by banks 1800 feet high, covered with beautiful verdure. The explorer had to make his way with great care and precision, occasionally by means of artificial stairways, occasionally by natural steps, slippery and dangerous, as below there were often deep whirlpools of water. At other times the course was very easy. It was often completely overhung by rocks, where we had plenty of time for musing on the combined beauties and romance of this ever-varying specimen of natural scenery. Leaving Utica, and still travelling in stage coaches, we stopped at Rochester and Auburn, where we visited the prison, and also at Syracuse, where we observed the great salt-works. We eventually arrived at Buffalo, the great city of Western New York, then a very busy place, but now increased in an enormous degree. Niagara Falls was, of course, soon seen and viewed in various aspects from below, from above, from the American and from the British side, from the little row-boat crossing the river, and also from Goat Island, which divides the American from the British Falls. In those days there was no "Maid of the Mist," and no wonderful railroad bridge to facilitate the movements and to increase the admiration of the traveller. To Niagara Falls we must apply the word "grand," while we must speak of Trenton Falls as romantic and beautiful. I had to hasten home in the shortest possible time to resume my professional duties on the 1st of September as teacher and practitioner. I should have mentioned, perhaps, that the class of the Medical Institute were kept together during the winter by the lecturers, who reviewed for the benefit of the class the lectures delivered at the university at their examinations or "quizzes." I took the subject of surgery, which was then taught at our school by Prof. Gibson.

During this winter of 1827-28 my correspondence with Mrs. Phillips was continued, and through it I was introduced to a knowledge of many of her personal friends, and indeed learned much of the history of the Howland and Aspinwall families. Hence, I was gratified to receive a note of introduction from her to several members of these families, who were about to visit Philadelphia. Mr. James Roosevelt and his wife (Miss Harriet Howland that was), and Mr. Samuel Howland and his wife (Miss Hone that was), having determined to visit our city, they invited Mrs. John Aspinwall, Mr. Howland's sister (Susan Howland) with her daughter, Margaret, to accompany them. They left Jersey City in their own carriages in the month of May, 1828, and made easy drives through New Jersey, crossing the Delaware at Trenton, and after two or three days arrived here, and took lodgings at Head's Mansion House, on Third Street, near Spruce, a private hotel, but one of great reputation through the country. The Mansion House itself had been the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, who were among the wealthiest citizens of Pennsylvania, and whose establishment had been very large and costly. Mrs. Bingham herself was the centre and leader of fashion. The grounds originally belonging to this house extended from Third Street to Fourth, and from Spruce Street north some four or five hundred feet, and were filled with beautiful trees. The family had died off: the grounds were covered with buildings; but the beautiful mansion, with its noble hall and white marble staircase and extensive rooms, still existed to be occupied by strangers. Now (1872) this also has been entirely swept away, and the space is filled with houses, which are comfortable, but of small dimensions. Of course, I and my friend, Mr. James Bayard, were not slow in profiting by my letter of introduction, but presented ourselves promptly at the Mansion House, and were not remiss in our subsequent attentions. We accompanied our friends in their various excursions to private and public institutions, and soon felt ourselves to be intimately acquainted. We regretted, therefore, to hear, at the conclusion of a sojourn of some two weeks, that the hour of their departure was approaching. Not many weeks after I took the opportunity of visiting Mrs. Aspinwall and her daughter in Bleecker Street, New York, where I became acquainted with the rest of the family. As Mr. and Mrs. Aspinwall and Mrs. Phillips contemplated an excursion through New York in the month of August I most gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. John Aspinwall and their daughters, Margaret and Emily, together with Mrs. Phillips and myself. We left New York in the beginning of August, stopped a night at West Point, then went to the Catskill Mountains, then to Lebanon Springs by the way of Hudson, then to Albany, Utica, and once more to Trenton Falls. As I was in this way brought again into intimate association with the elder daughter, Margaret, I could not but give a most cordial endorsement to all that my friend, Mrs. Phillips, had said about the excellencies of character and the attractive qualities by which she was distinguished. I was therefore most truly gratified that she accepted my offer to join our fortunes for life. After the visit to Trenton Falls Mr. and Mrs. Aspinwall left us to visit Niagara, and I became the protector of the other ladies. We accordingly retraced our steps to Albany, and proceeded thence to the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie that we might visit "Rosedale," formerly the seat of Mr. James Roosevelt; but now occupied by his son, Isaac Roosevelt, who, a year previously, had married Mary, the third daughter of Mr. Aspinwall. I had thus what was, under the circumstances, a very exciting, as well as a most interesting visit. New attachments were formed with the sisters in Mr. Aspinwall's family which have since been strengthened by years of affectionate interest in each other's welfare; attachments which still remain unbroken. Here this eventful journey terminated. I returned to my mother in Philadelphia, and resumed my hospital duties, my lectures, and my practice, in the month of September. But naturally my mind and thoughts were much in New York, and communications in those days were slow. Still I was able occasionally to visit Mr. Aspinwall's house, and was glad to have an early day appointed for our marriage. This very important event in my life was accomplished at 31 Bleecker Street, New York, at the residence of Mr. Aspinwall, on the twelfth of November, 1828. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George Upfold, then rector of St. Thomas's Church, at the corner of Broadway and Houston Street, who afterwards became Bishop of Indiana. He died recently at an advanced age. There was on this occasion a crowded room of relations and friends. Alas, how few remain! Of the older members of the family not one. The next day we went to Westchester to visit aunt Hammond for a few days, and, on our return to New York, were entertained by different members of the family. About the 24th of November we left New York for Philadelphia, accompanied by sister Emily. We took the steamboat from the city very early in the morning for New Brunswick on the Raritan, and went thence by private coach to my brother's house in Princeton, where we arrived in time for dinner. At Princeton we remained for a day or two, and on the 27th of November came to our house in Philadelphia, where I had the gratification of introducing my mother to her new daughter. My cousin, Theodosia Bayard, on my mother's invitation, spent the evening with us.

Our residence at 181 Walnut Street had undergone several changes. The two sisters, Mrs. Ingersoll and Mrs. Graydon, had taken apartments in the neighborhood, and the house had been, in some good measure, refurnished. This was accomplished by the use of the little money which remained in my mother's possesssion, the last remnant of my grandfather's estate. Everything was very plain but comfortable, and in such circumstances we were destined to spend some pleasant years, from 1828 to 1836. On the day following our arrival, according to the customs of those times, I received my male acquaintances to a noon-day collation on the 28th instant; and early in the following week Margaret held a reception, and was favored with a large number of visitors, to most of whom she was of course a stranger, but many of whom she retained as valuable friends. During the subsequent months of the winter we were frequently entertained at evening parties. Sister Emily remained with us many weeks, and Margaret herself paid a visit to New York about mid-winter, crossing the Delaware at Market Street in a small "wherry-boat" on the ice.

After my engagement with Miss Aspinwall mother had gone to make a visit to our cousin, Mr. Samuel Boyd, in New York. She was now introduced to the family of Mr. Aspinwall, with whom she was evidently much gratified. Her quick perception detected the excellencies of their character, and their practical acquaintance with the duties of life. She returned home for the re-organization of our house, preparatory to my marriage, which was celebrated, as above related, on the 12th of November, 1828. She gave up the whole house to us, retiring to the front room of the third story, saying and feeling that the great work of her life was accomplished, for her children were both married, and were both engaged prosperously in their respective professions. Few mothers have manifested more self-denial, and more spirit and energy than did this devoted parent to her fatherless children, and that under very adverse circumstances in a city where she had none of her own personal relatives, but where she secured, not only the admiration, but the love and confidence of her husband's relatives and a wide circle of devoted friends. She survived my marriage three years and five months in very tolerable health, free from anxiety and trouble, and greatly enjoyed the company and attentions of her new daughter. Two of my sons were born during this interval, in whom she took the greatest interest, and to whose comfort, and also to the comfort of their mother, she greatly contributed. The mother and the daughter had a mutual respect the one for the other, and rejoiced in a connection so intimate and so fruitful in blessing.

As might be expected, my professional influence was augmented by my marriage. My practice, which had always been sufficient as to quantity, but deficient as to profitableness, now increased in value month after month; almost insensibly, it is true, but positively and permanently.

In the year 1829 new duties and new anxieties came to us, for on the second of September of that year my eldest child was born, and was named Charles Blanchard. The previous summer had been very oppressive, so that, under the circumstances, Margaret suffered more than usual: indeed, for a few weeks she was seriously ill, erysipelas having come on her face and head. Nevertheless, she did very well, and was soon able to perform all her maternal duties to her first-born. The child was small and had an unusually pallid and white complexion, but was remarkably healthy, never suffering under the usual trials and pains of infancy. In March, 1830, however, my own health began to decline. I had a few sick days in the last of the month. These were followed by a complete suspension of the functions of the liver, so that I became perfectly jaundiced. This did not entirely incapacitate me for duty; but the disease produced its usual effects; great inertia of mind and body, loss of appetite, etc. As medicine did not seem to have much effect I visited my brother at Princeton to try the efficacy of change of air and exercise, including working in the garden, etc. As a result of this treatment my strength increased, and I returned to Philadelphia the last of May. Soon afterwards the jaundice began gradually to diminish, and in a few weeks entirely vanished, owing perhaps to the use of the fresh vegetables of the season, and especially strawberries. June and July proved very warm, and, as my practice was increased, and as I had no vehicle, I was much exposed to the sun, and exhausted by fatigue. The result of all was a serious attack of remittent fever, which kept me confined the whole month of August. I had to send to New York for Mrs. Hodge, who had gone thither with her infant to escape the heat of the summer. In September I found myself greatly emaciated and weak, with an enlargement of the spleen. I then left the city, travelling with my cousin, Mr. Andrew Bayard, then also quite an invalid, in a carriage to New Brunswick, and thence up the North River to West Point, where I joined my sister, Emily Aspinwall. Finding myself, however, again very miserable I rapidly returned home. The cool weather of the autumn gradually revived me, and I entered once more upon my professional duties, which were then continued for a number of years without intermission or sickness.

In December, 1830, my friend, Dr. Thomas C. James, resigned his position as obstetric physician at the Pennsylvania Hospital, and I was immediately selected as his successor. In consequence of this new appointment I resigned my position as attending physician at the Philadelphia Almshouse, where I had labored for seven years.

About this time also I became a communicant in the Second Presbyterian Church (Mr. Sanford being then pastor), to which my parents and grandparents had been devoted. This Second Presbyterian Church resulted, in a great measure from the preaching of the celebrated missionary, George Whitefield. Many of his hearers, and some persons also who belonged to the First Presbyterian Church on Market Street, worshipped in the old Academy on Fourth Street near Arch. It was termed the Whitefield Chapel. They were soon regularly organized as a church.* A lot of ground was afterwards bought at the northwest corner of Third and Arch Streets, and a building with a steeple of brick was erected about the year 1745, the Rev. Dr. Gilbert Tennent being pastor. My grandfather, Mr. Andrew Hodge, and my great-uncle, Mr. Hugh Hodge,† were among the original trustees. Colonel John Bayard, who was my uncle by marriage, and whose wife, Jane, was a daughter of my grandfather, Andrew, also became a trustee. The building was situated east and west, a large front door being on Third Street, and the steeple at the opposite, or west extremity; so that the general aspect was very similar to that of St. Peter's Church at the southwest corner of Third and Pine Streets. I have distinct recollections of the appearance of this church about the beginning of the present century. A very large and high mahogany pulpit, with a stair-case on either side, was placed on the north side of the church, and over it was a large sounding-board, which, to my youthful imagination, suggested much danger to the preacher. In front of the pulpit was a high mahogany desk for the precentor, whose duties at that time were performed with great earnestness and zeal by Mr. Eastburn, who was afterwards ordained as an evangelist. In this station he proved exceedingly useful and popular, especially among sailors; and to his efforts we are indebted for the first mariners' church in Philadelphia and probably in the United States. There was a middle aisle in front of the pulpit, which, of course, was comparatively short, running from north to south to the long aisle from east to west. Most of

*The date was December, 1743.

† Mr. Hugh Hodge's name does not appear in the list of original trustees in the charter granted by Thomas Penn and John Penn; but later (March 3, 1780,) in "An Act for re-establishing the Charter of the Second Presbyterian Church in the City of Philadelphia, &c."—E. B. H.

the aisle was paved with brick; but nearly one half toward the pulpit was covered with the tombstones of the former pastors, Tennent, Davis* and Finley,* who were there buried in accordance with an old usage. It is much to be feared that these old and venerated stones have been lost or stolen through neglect. The pews also were of the old pattern. They were high, of simple wood, painted white, and surmounted by a mahogany rail. As the aisle in front of the pulpit was curved, there was a corresponding curvature in front of the two pews at the head of the middle aisle; hence, these pews were triangular, having one long seat and one short one at right angles. There were many square pews also, especially on the southern side of the building: one of these in particular was called the Governor's, or President's, pew. It was situated directly opposite the pulpit in the middle aisle against the Arch Street wall. It was surmounted by a wooden canopy, supported by two carved wooden columns. There is still in possession of the church a small glass chandelier which was purchased from the effects of General Washington, and tradition says that it hung in this pew. My first recollections of this chandelier were after the altering and rebuilding of the church in 1809. There were galleries on three sides of the church, which were comparatively short on the east and west extremities, while the one on the south side opposite the pulpit was long. The main door of the church was on the east side on Third Street. There was a smaller door on Arch Street toward the west end, corresponding therefore to the western aisle. There was another small door on the north side near Third Street. This opened upon a wide passage extending west from Third Street. On the north side of this passage was a high row of buildings occupied partly for stores, a carpenter shop, etc., and partly by our congregation for a lecture-room. On the western extremity of this building was a school-room, to which I once went as a pupil. The tower was on the west end of the church building. It was made of brick and was surmounted by a wooden spire, and there was a room under the tower occupied as a carpenter shop. Dr. Ashbel Green, former colleague of Dr. Sproat, was the senior pastor of the church, and Jacob J. Janeway was his colleague. The sexton was Mr. Lesley, a cabinetmaker, and the chief undertaker of the church. The church building stood some distance back of the legal line on Arch Street,

* This name does not appear in the list of pastors. The epitaphs of Gilbert Tennent, Samuel Finley and James Sproat are preserved.—E. B. H.

so that there was a very broad pavement; and on every Sabbath morning, as soon as the services had commenced, iron chains were drawn across Arch Street and Third Street to arrest the passage of vehicles, that the congregation might not be disturbed. This privilege, which was granted in those days very respectfully to our own and other churches, was afterwards withdrawn as trespassing upon the rights of the masses. In 1808 complaints were made respecting the stability of the spire of our steeple. These complaints were considered to be well-founded, and the spire was taken down. As the congregation was then very prosperous it was determined to remodel the whole building. Accordingly the structure was entirely demolished, except the north, south and east walls, and in its reconstruction the space formerly occupied by the steeple was taken into the main building, which was thus greatly enlarged. The old and venerable mahogany pulpit with its appurtenances disappeared, and a neat wooden pulpit, ornamented with some carving, with a staircase on either side and a precentor's desk in front, now occupied the west end of the building. The middle aisle was now the long aisle of the church, extending east and west. The pews also were modernized, being much lower and furnished with cushions. The galleries were reversed, so that there were now two long ones and one short one, the last being at the eastern extremity. Glass chandeliers for candles, including General Washington's, appeared at regular intervals, while candelabra were affixed to the pulpit. Churches in those days were very seldom warmed. Little foot-stoves, or hot bricks, enveloped in carpeting, were often brought in by servants for the comfort of the elderly and the invalid. Just about this time stoves were introduced into our church, with their long, black pipes, extending nearly the whole length of the building and under the galleries. Wood was burned at that time, and much inconvenience was sometimes produced from the droppings of a dark fluid from the joints of the pipes. The whole interior of the building was painted white, and had a very pleasant, cheerful look. The windows were large and numerous. The exterior of the edifice was now rougheast, of a dull light color, which gave it a neat appearance. But, after all that could be said for it, the church, as reconstructed, was a long, narrow, barn-like affair, without ornaments or architectural pretensions of any kind.

The congregation re-entered their building in 1809, a large, prosperous and united body of people. The eloquent Dr. Green was much beloved, and although often weak and nervous, always attracted large assemblies, while his less admired, but excellent colleague, Dr. Janeway, was heard with respectful attention. The church was, however, destined to sustain a great loss by the removal of their senior pastor to the presidency of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, to which situation he was elected in June, 1812, upon the resignation of the venerable Samuel Stanhope Smith.

The duties of the congregation were too onerous for Dr. Janeway, so that an assistant became necessary. Under these circumstances Mr. Thomas H. Skinner, then about twenty-two years of age, was called to this important position. He was a young man of great talent and piety, exceedingly enthusiastic under the impulse of a warm imagination and a strong desire to do good. His style of preaching, which was very eloquent, was exceedingly diverse from the grave and didactic soundness to which this church had been accustomed. His voice and his manner corresponded to the intensity of his feelings, and he poured forth in tones of fervid eloquence, not only the blessed invitations and promises of the gospel, but also the terrible threatenings and denunciations of the law, not infrequently broaching sentiments which were thought to be not quite orthodox, and which were afterwards denominated "new school" doctrines. The excitement therefore was great, and at the time I left college, in 1814, was approaching its crisis. The old elders of the church, and a large number of the congregation, were so decidedly opposed to his preaching that Mr. Skinner eventually resigned his place and retired with twelve or fifteen families to a building on Locust Street, above Eighth, where the Musical Fund Hall now stands. His popularity greatly increased, and he became so strong that his friends succeeded in erecting a handsome building, which still exists in Arch Street, above Tenth. Here Dr. Skinner was so much favored as to organize a strong and devoted church, which, notwithstanding some reverses, owing to change of pastors, is now exceedingly prosperous under the pastoral care of Mr. Withrow. Soon after this event Dr. Janeway resigned his office in the church and was elected a professor of theology in the new theological seminary at Allegheny City, while Rev. Mr. Sanford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., became pastor of our church. He was a young man, and acquired much reputation as a speaker and pastor. He had lately been married. His coming was full of promise, and his preaching was generally very acceptable, so that the church was well attended, and for a time everything seemed to be doing very well. Nevertheless, a secret dissatisfaction exisited among a portion of the congregation as to the teachings and doings of the new pastor, while enthusiastic devotion prevailed among the rest. Most lamentably this division extended to the elders and leading members of the church, so that much dissension resulted, and efforts were made both to remove and to retain Mr. Sanford. Such a state of things could not continue. Finally, the friends of the pastor, led by such excellent men as Alexander Henry and Matthew Bevan, determined to withdraw, while Mr. Robert Ralston, Mr. Charles Chauncey and others of equal importance, adhered to the old church. But before the unnatural and unfortunate separation was accomplished, the Rev. Mr. Sanford was taken ill and died, and many of us trusted that the party feelings engendered would be allayed by this solemn dispensation of Providence. It is mournful, however, to record that this was by no means the case. The feelings of both parties had become too much excited for reconciliation. Consequently, when the funeral services of Mr. Sanford had been performed in the church, all his friends, amounting to nearly one-half of the congregation, retired and organized themselves into a new church, and soon afterwards erected a commodious building at the southeast corner of Eighth and Cherry Streets. They procured as pastor the Rev. John McDowell, who for some twenty or thirty years had been a most acceptable and successful pastor at Elizabeth, N. J. The Second Church, thus reduced in numbers, obtained the services of the Rev. C. C. Cuyler, an influential clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

In the course of a year or two it was deemed expedient to dispose of the property at the corner of Third and Arch Streets, and to erect a new building in Seventh Street, south of Arch, on the east side. The front of this building was of marble, and the interior very chaste

*One of the innovations of Mr. Sanford to the old quiet habits of the Second Church was his practice of calling upon all new members to stand up when their names were read and to give their assent to the great gospel principles of the Church and to enter into covenant with the people. In those days also it was customary at the administration of the Lord's Supper to have narrow tables, covered with white cloth and furnished with benches, extending down the aisles. To these all the communicants resorted while the elements were passed along. When some retired to their pews others took their places, so that two and even three tables were often thus filled, at each of which addresses were made by one or more clergymen. Formerly, moreover, it was customary on the Friday evening previous to the communion to distribute little lead tokens to each communicant, and it was the business of the elders to collect these as each table was filled, and before the elements were distributed. This practice, whatever may have been its utility, had been abandoned by our Church. I myself, however, well recollect its regular enforcement.

and commodious. The pulpit was built, somewhat in the form of a mausoleum, of pure white marble on a platform about a foot high. It was about fifteen feet long, and about five feet high, a complete parallelogram, at the middle portion of which was another piece of marble, five feet in length and two or three feet in height, surmounted by the cushion, in front of the pulpit, while below there was a communion-table of mahogany, somewhat carved and ornamented and covered with a slab of black marble. In the rear of the pulpit and in the recess was a tablet of white marble in memory of the first pastor, Gilbert Tennent.*

It is a painful fact to state that neither of these two congregations, although thus well furnished with new buildings and new pastors, was at all prosperous. After many years Dr. McDowell was compelled to resign his position; and it is only within the last few years that the congregation has been much increased. It is now thriving under the care of Rev. Alexander Reed. In Seventh Street we lingered and dwindled in numbers from deaths and removals under the care of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, and, after his death, under the Rev. Dr. Shields, now professor in the College of New Jersey.

In 1865, upon the retirement of Dr. Shields, the Rev. E. R. Beadle, who had been a missionary in Syria, and a pastor in New Orleans and also in Hartford, Conn., became our pastor. He had made a great reputation, especially as an earnest and eloquent preacher; a reputation which he fully maintained upon his arrival in Philadelphia. The church improved very much, but not with sufficient rapidity to satisfy the mind of our pastor, to say nothing of many of our people. The cause was attributed to the removal of influential Presbyterians from the eastern to the western part of the city. Hence, after much discussion, it was determined to sell our present church building and erect another in a more promising situation. The sale was soon effected by auction, and we, therefore, most unfortunately had no place to go to, and, what was a still more unfortunate circumstance, there was the greatest difference of opinion as to what would be a suitable location. We made a temporary engagement at Horticultural Hall, on Broad Street, above Spruce; a place which proved to be very uncomfortable, and did not therefore in any way contribute to harmonize our sentiments. After considering various propositions, we determined to purchase the lot at the corner of Twenty-first and Walnut Streets in the autumn

* This tablet is to the memory, not only of Gilbert Tennent, but of George Whitefield as well, "to whose evangelistic labors the church owes its existence."—E. B. H.

of 1867. But even this resolution, although supported by a handsome subscription for the lot, did not quiet our troubles. Early in January, 1868, some of our most influential people were anxious to accept a proposition to merge ourselves with the congregation in Arch Street, above Tenth. This was again the source of great difference of opinion and debate. The congregation being nearly equally divided on the subject, an appeal had to be made to the Central Presbytery of Philadelphia, who almost unanimously refused to sanction the proposed union. Notwithstanding this decision, it was impossible for some time to settle upon a locality for the church. Various points were suggested, examined, and voted upon, and it was not until the 22d of June, 1868, that a decisive vote was given in favor of the lot on the corner of Twenty-first and Walnut Streets. The ownership of the lot had by this time changed hands, and we had to give $7000 more than would have been required in the fall of 1867; and moreover, although a very large majority of the opponents still adhered to the old church, still we lost several of our most influential and wealthy families. Nevertheless, the determination to go forward in what seemed to us a great and important work for the cause of religion in general, and especially for Presbyterianism in this section of the city where a church was very much wanted, and where a population, cultivated and influential, was rapidly increasing, was rewarded by the obtaining of subscriptions amounting to some $33,000. A highly architectural plan was prepared by Mr. Henry A. Sims, and ground was broken on the 26th day of March, 1869, and since that time we have steadily persevered under many discouragements and difficulties in the prosecution of our work, until now, in February, 1872, the walls have been erected, the roof has been finished, and the work is so far advanced that we hope to enter the building before termination of the coming spring. In November, 1868, with a view to securing a regular attendance of our members, and to increase our numbers, we commenced the erection of a plain building on the southern extremity of our lot. To this building we transferred our old pews, gas-fixtures and part of the pulpit, and secured in this way quite a home-like, though humble, place of worship, which we occupied with mutual congratulations on the 17th of January, 1869. This experiment has been quite successful, inasmuch as our income is now sufficient for our annual expenses, including $4000 for the salary of our pastor, and there have been so many additions to our membership that seats can hardly be provided for them. We trust, therefore, that a very good nucleus has now been formed, under the blessing of Providence, for the resuscitation of the old Second Presbyterian Church to its former influence and usefulness at home and abroad.

My own health, after my illness in 1830, was quite good, and my practice was constantly increasing, and as the fatigue of walking had, under these circumstances, become great, I determined, although my income was still small, to procure a gig; a two-wheeled vehicle for one horse. It so happened that our arrangements were just completed on the 12th of August, 1831, and on that day my second son, John Aspinwall, was born; his brother Charles being not quite two years of age. He was apparently a stronger child than his predecessor, and did very well, although for six weeks he had the icterus infantilis. His dear mother was also very well.

In the spring of 1832 I was destined to experience my first great affliction. My mother, who had been somewhat of an invalid for some two or three years, as she suffered from a slight bronchial affection, became unexpectedly very ill early in April, 1832. She had been subject to wandering pains, generally in her limbs, which were of a gouty character, attended with slight depositions in some of the finger joints, and occasionally with more or less distress in the region of the stomach. She had taken a slight cold, which for two or three days did not seem to be of any importance; but this was, to my surprise, followed by pulmonary congestion and mild delirium. She died April the 14th, after an illness of a few days, too soon for my brother even to reach her from Princeton.

On Friday morning, the 14th of April, she was evidently sinking, and toward two o'clock she fell asleep without suffering and without anxiety. She had long felt that her work was really done. She had made a good profession, not only as a faithful communicant in the church, but by a constant self-denying devotion to the duties of a life emphatically consecrated to the welfare of others. To her her sons are indebted for their education, and for all the influence for good which they may have exerted or which they may yet exert. Truly they are blessed in having had such a parent.

She was interred in the Presbyterian burying-ground in Arch Street, above Fifth. The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Dr. Ashbel Green, by whom she was also married. Dr. Green had moreover baptized her children, and delivered an eulogium over the grave of her husband. Dr. Hodge. Her mother's maiden name was Hunt, and she was probably of English descent. Her father's name was Joseph Blanchard. He came doubtless of French ancestry, descended, I suppose, from the Huguenots, who were exiled from France. Her early years were spent in Boston. She was born in that city in November, 1765. Her youthful experience, therefore, was amidst the excitements preparatory to the rebellion of the colonies against the authority of Great Britain. Of course, the opportunities for education were few. These few, however, were well employed, for she early manifested a great love for reading. This taste was indeed so strong that she often retired from the fire-side circle, and in a cold room, in a Boston winter, enveloped in a blanket, would read and commit to memory passages from Pope and Dryden, many of which she could still repeat even in the latter portion of her life. Her family physician was the celebrated Dr. Joseph Warren, afterwards Major General Warren, of Bunker Hill memory, and one of the first martyrs in his country's cause. Her recollections of him were very vivid. He occasionally came to see her, as she suffered somewhat from weak eyes. On such occasions she would be taken upon his knees, not so much, however, to receive medical attention as to hear him discourse on the exciting controversies of the day, as he early devoted himself with enthusiasm to the cause of the colonies. He boldly uttered his denunciations against the Parliament of England to crowded audiences of Americans and English in Faneuil Hall, even when the galleries were filled with the red-coats of the British Army. On one occasion, in her father's parlor, Warren was advised by his friends to be less severe, as otherwise he would doubtless be imprisoned. He cooly turned up the ruffles at his wrist, and stretching forth his arms exclaimed: "These were never made for fetters." So it proved, for no one ventured to disturb him.*

* Note by H. W. H.

It is sometimes interesting and curious to observe in the lives of people points in the road where for a moment two paths touch and diverge again. In Dr. Warren there is a slight meeting of the Hodge and Aspinwall families; for this gentleman, so kind a friend and so honored a physician in the childhood of father's mother, was also a kinsman of William Aspinwall, M. D., who was a relative of father's wife, Margaret Aspinwall. He was born in Brookline, Mass., on the 23rd of May, old style, 1743. His ancestors emigrated from England about the year 1630 with some four thousand others. Peter Aspinwall first settled at Dorchester, and afterwards at Brookline about the year 1650. William was a descendant of this Peter. He completed his education at the hospital in Philadelphia, where he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. About the year 1768 he returned to his native village and commenced the practice of medicine, being the first physician who settled in the place. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, under an enthusiastic impulse to espouse the cause of the country he applied for a commission

My mother never gave me many details of her early life; but it would appear that her parents died when she was young. Her brothers and sisters, mostly married, and she came to Philadelphia, at twenty or twenty-two years of age, with her brother, Mr. John Blanchard. Another brother, Mr. Samuel Blanchard, married a niece of the Hon. Timothy Pickering, who was a colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and afterwards Secretary of War under Washington. Mr. Blanchard settled himself on a delightful farm at Wenham, near Salem, Mass. He had three children, Henry, Francis and Lucy. Henry devoted himself to a sea life, and never married. Lucy married Mr. Orne, of Salem, but died without children. Francis married a sister or niece of Mrs. Colonel Gardiner, who died, leaving one child, who was brought up by Mrs. Gardiner. Francis himself

---

in the Army, but his kinsman and friend, Dr. Joseph Warren, afterwards Major-General Warren, persuaded him from this pursuit, and induced him to serve his country in the medical department. Accordingly Dr. Aspinwall received the appointment of surgeon in General Heath's Brigade, and soon afterwards that of Deputy-Director of the hospital at Jamaica Plains, by the recommendation of General Warren. On the memorable day of the battle of Lexington Dr. Aspinwall was a volunteer and was personally engaged in the conflict. He bore from the field the corpse of Isaac Gardiner, Esq., whose oldest daughter he afterwards married. Dr. Aspinwall had the body of his revered friend carried to his house and buried at midnight in order that the number of our martyred citizens might, as much as possible, be concealed from public view.

Dr. Aspinwall erected hospitals for inoculation in Brookline, and perhaps no practitioner in the United States ever inoculated so many persons and acquired such skill and celebrity. He had made ample accommodations for enlarged practice, and established what might have been justly deemed a sure foundation for prosperity, when the vaccine inoculation was introduced. He well knew that, if this method of protection from smallpox possessed the virtues ascribed to it, his schemes of fortune and usefulness from inoculation in his hospital were ruined, and his anticipations of wealth would be blasted. Nevertheless, as an honest and faithful physician, he gave the new method a fair trial, promptly acknowledged its efficiency and relinquished his own establishment. The following account is given in the "Medical Intelligencer" of that time:—"I had invited all the elder physicians of Boston and the vicinity of Cambridge to see the first vaccine pustules ever raised in the new world. They gave them the ordinary inspection of an unusual eruption on the skin; all but Dr. Aspinwall, whose attention was riveted on the pustule, its areola and efflorescence. He came the second time and viewed the inoculated part in every light, and reviewed it, and seemed loath to leave the sight of it. He seemed wrapped in serious thought, and said repeatedly, 'This pustule is so like smallpox, and yet is not smallpox, that, should it on scabbing take out a portion of the true skin so as to leave an indelible mark, or pit, behind, I shall be ready to conclude that it is a mild species of smallpox hitherto unknown here.' Some time afterwards I gave him a portion of the virus to make his own experiments with. To crown the whole of his remarkable conduct he some time afterwards took all those of my family whom I had vaccinated into his smallpox hospital and there tested them, and then said to me and to others:—'This new inoculation of yours is no sham. As a man of humanity I rejoice in it, although it will take from me a handsome annual income.' He died on the 16th of April, 1823, of natural decay, having nearly completed his eightieth year. Dr. Aspinwall was endowed with a strong intellect and a resoluteness that shrunk from no labor or duty. He was a fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and also Justice of the Peace throughout the Commonwealth."

died of consumption about the year 1811 or 1812. His daughter afterwards became the wife of the Honorable Robert Winthrop. She lived some years, and died leaving two or three children. (See letter of Miss Pickering.) Two of these children are living, I believe, and one was educated as a lawyer. This young gentleman married, and spent some time in Europe. Another brother of my mother's, Joshua Blanchard, lived in Boston. As far as I know, he had two daughters. They were both married in succession to Mr. Winslow. Several children were the issue of the first marriage. One of the sons brought his wife on a visit to Philadelphia. Her health was bad, and they went to spend the winter in Barbadoes. He afterwards wrote me a very pleasant letter, giving an excellent description of the climate and productions of this island, and of the benefits which his wife derived from her winter there.

About the year 1860 I had a visit from one of his sisters, Miss Winslow, a remarkably cheerful and pleasant woman, possessing evidently a warm and affectionate heart. She exhibited no little delight in seeing a son of her beloved aunt Mary. She informed me that her uncle, Mr. John Blanchard, was at that time living at Boston, seventy-five years of age, the only one remaining who retained the family name. I had a correspondence with him respecting the family history.

Mr. John Blanchard, my mother's brother, married in a manner disagreeable to her, and this event with other circumstances of an unpleasant character, destroyed their intimacy. Some of his grand-children are still living in Philadelphia. My mother's youngest brother was Mr. Thomas Blanchard. He, rather early in life, went to Norfolk, Va., and there married a Miss Amy Newton, whose brother, Thomas Newton, was for many years a member of Congress. Another brother, George Newton, was president of the United States Branch Bank at Norfolk. Mr. Blanchard had several children, Charles, Henry, Alfred, Edward and Carey, and one daughter, Georgianna. I believe his children were all born in Norfolk. Soon after their birth Mr. Blanchard, out of pecuniary considerations, established himself near Natchez, Miss., where he soon afterwards died. Charles and Henry were lawyers, but died early. Their father's widow, Mrs. Amy Blanchard, found herself with this family of children, and with very limited resources. She was remarkably quiet, but judicious, and filled with energy and spirit. After selling off her plantation in Mississippi, she purchased land in Louisiana, on the Red River, near

Alexandria, then a very wild country, so that the land was very cheap. She was greatly prospered, and became quite wealthy before her death, which occurred in 1837 or 1838. The three elder sons died before the family left Mississippi. Edward entered the United States Navy, and many years afterwards married a French lady, and settled at Natchitoches, in western Louisiana. He died suddenly from an accident, leaving several children. Mrs. Amy Blanchard's daughter, Georgianna, married a Captain Wilkinson, U. S. A. He soon afterwards resigned and settled at Alexandria, La. They lived for several years, and when they died left several sons and daughters, who were taken care of by their uncle, Carey Blanchard. One of these daughters married a Mr. ——— ———, of Louisiana, but died early, leaving however, three or four children. Two of her boys, grandchildren of Georgianna, have visited Philadelphia lately, and are now being educated in Virginia. Their father has been married again, and still lives in Louisiana. A second daughter of Mrs. Wilkinson's died during the war, and a third daughter is living, I believe, in Baltimore, whence she wrote me a letter some two years ago. The younger son of my uncle, Thomas Blanchard, Mr. Carey Blanchard, succeeded his mother on the plantation near Alexandria, La., where he brought up a family of children. He had the misfortune to lose one wife after another. His last, and fourth wife, was of French extraction, a widow with three children, and possessing considerable property. He was married to this fourth wife in 1860, and immediately afterwards paid a visit to the North, staying a week with us at our home near Germantown that summer. He returned to Louisiana in the fall, but died two or three years afterwards during the war. I have heard indirectly that his widow is still living with her children on her own plantation. I have not had for a long time any direct news of many (any?) of the family in Louisiana. Carey Blanchard in Louisiana and John Blanchard in Boston were the last of my mother's nephews. In 1860 John was still living in Boston, a bachelor, seventy-five years of age. I have reason to believe that he is now dead, although I have received no direct information upon the subject.

The summer of 1832 was rendered memorable by the invasion of cholera maligna. It had prevailed for some weeks or months in England, and its first appearance in America was at the north of the St. Lawrence. The profession as well as the public became much interested and excited. A committee of physicians, among whom were Dr. Jackson and Dr. Meigs, were sent to Montreal to study the complaint and the means of prevention and cure. Our public authorities facilitated our wishes. Comfortable and airy rooms were secured in all parts of the city, and the numerous appliances requisite for a hospital were provided. About the third week in July the disease suddenly appeared, and in a rather singular manner. Many of the earliest cases occurred in the Almshouse Hospital, where I was prescribing physician, and the various modes suggested by the English doctors were adopted with no very favorable results. My tour of duty having expired on the 1st of August, I was fortunate enough to procure the appointment to one of the city hospitals, situated on the Delaware River, in Penn Street, below Pine, where I had as my assistants Drs. Smiley, Uselma Clarke, Musgrave, and Edward Peace, one of my former pupils. I had also a great many private patients, so that I became much employed and greatly interested in the management of this dreaded complaint, having always a strong confidence that it should usually be successfully combated by remedial measures, provided a collapse was not complete. The inhabitants generally behaved very well. Many of the wealthy left the city, but a large number boldly remained to render themselves useful, so that among the lower classes much distress was hunted out and alleviated. Children were often found without protection, father and mother having both died. Several ladies procured subscriptions for opening a refuge for these poor unfortunates, and my college friend, Benjamin W. Richards, who was then Mayor of the city, gave them a home for their asylum on Library Street, above Fourth, opposite the present Custom House. The Committee of Supervision were Miss Margaret Keppele (afterwards Mrs. John Latimer), Mrs. Charles D. Meigs, Mrs. H. L. Hodge and Miss Jane Phillips. These ladies were very devoted, and had the great satisfaction of not only preserving the health, but doubtless the lives of these fatherless children.

It may be recorded that no cholera occurred in the institution, and a few who were brought in sick were transmitted to some of the hospitals. The epidemic, and, of course, the alarm of the citizens, subsided by the last of September or the 1st of October, though a few sporadic cases were seen during the course of the winter. The usual congratulations were extended, and the city authorities passed a vote of thanks to the medical profession, and presented a silver pitcher to each of the physicians of the cholera hospital as a more lasting memento of their respect.

The succeeding year, 1833, passed as usual. I was once more favored by the birth of another son, James Bayard, who was born on the 12th day of December, 1833, a strong, vigorous child, whose future development corresponded to these early beginnings.

In 1826 the health of Dr. Thomas C. James having somewhat failed, Dr. William P. Dewees was appointed as his colleague in the University; an arrangement which proved very satisfactory to the profession. In the winter of 1833 or 1834, Dr. James was so enfeebled that he resigned his professorship, and soon afterwards he died in the month of June. Dr. Dewees, who had been always a strong, healthy-looking man, suffered also during the spring from some congestion of the brain. The debility resulting left it doubtful whether he would be able to carry out the duties of the professorship now vacant. He, however, retired from the city for several months, and in a great degree recovered by the succeeding autumn. He was, therefore, elected by the trustees to fill the vacant chair. The duties of the appointment he managed with some effort to perform during the following winter, but it was necessary for him to recruit in the summer of 1835. The death of Dr. James and the bad health of Dr. Dewees left an opening in their branch of the profession for young aspirants. Dr. Charles D. Meigs and myself were benefited by these events, so that our social and professional influence was enhanced. At the opening of the session of the medical course it was immediately apparent that Dr. Dewees was actually incapable of lecturing, owing to disease of the brain. He made but one attempt, and then his resignation, now unavoidable, was immediately made. Dr. Meigs and myself were the chief candidates, and the question so vital to our interests had to be decided in a few days. The friends of each of us were, of course, very active. Among the Board of Trustees our supporters were alike influential. I avoided all personal solicitation, leaving the canvass entirely to my friends. The election early in November was in my favor. This was very gratifying, as I thus ascended to the highest seat in this department of the profession. At the same time I felt overwhelmed with a sense of the labor and responsibility which it involved. As the lectures had already commenced, it became necessary, three days after my appointment, to deliver an introductory discourse. This period was spent, therefore, under the influence of much anxiety and excitement, as much was expected of me, and I was not prepared to do myslf justice at so short a notice. I was enabled, however, to perform this duty and to pass through the whole course of lectures, to say the least, without any decided failure, being encouraged by partial friends and the attentive interest manifested by my pupils. This winter, however, in a pecuniary point of view, was a loss rather than a gain. It was then customary for a new professor to pay to the trustees an entrance fee of six hundred dollars. In the present case, however, an additional burden was imposed, for the medical faculty had promised Dr. Dewees that the whole proceeds of the course, after the expenses were deducted, should be paid over to him on condition of his resignation. Although this condition of affairs was known beforehand, yet neither Dr. Meigs nor myself, as candidates, could in any degree demur. I had, therefore, to labor without pecuniary reward, and at the same time was subjected to great expense for the entrance-fee and for other objects. My cousin, Mr. John Hodge, assisted me in this emergency by an advance of money, and, as both Mrs. Hodge and myself had learned to practise economy, we were enabled to provide for all necessary disbursements. In consequence also of my appointment as professor, confidence in me was increasing, and my practice was correspondingly augmented. Hence, I learned to cherish brighter hopes, and with renewed alacrity went forward to meet the necessary labors and anxieties of the future. My most excellent friend and counsellor, Mr. Charles Chauncey, to whom I was chiefly indebted for my appointment as professor, strongly advised me to change my domicile, believing that a more imposing residence would increase my influence, and that I would be able gradually to meet the pecuniary responsibility thence resulting. As this large house, on the northwest corner of Ninth and Walnut Streets, which covers two lots and includes two large offices, had been recently vacated by Professor John Coxe, who had built it, Mr. Chauncey strongly advised me to purchase it. I yielded to his judgment, although it was contrary to my own opinion and prudent plans, inasmuch as nearly the whole of the purchase money had to be borrowed. I could not but take into consideration the possible failure of my ability to work, involving a complete loss. Although this purchase has apparently resulted favorably, yet even at this late hour of my life I remain doubtful whether it was a wise measure. On the 29th of June, 1836, after making many repairs and some alterations, some of them of an expensive character, we entered our new residence. We left the house in Sansom Row with many regrets, for there we had been very comfortable and happy with comparatively few responsibilities. There we passed the first happy years of our marriage; there three of my children had been born, and there also I had laid the foundations of my professional success. There also my mother lived with me for twelve years, four of which were after my marriage, and there she died, after enjoying the great satisfaction of seeing me, in some degree at least, reap the fruit of all her anxieties and the labors and self-denials which she had endured for her children. Her work was done. She left her boys happily married, blessed with children, and with every prospect of domestic and professional prosperity.

Our mutual happiness was again augmented this summer by the birth of my fourth son, Hugh Lenox, on the 30th of July.

Of course, my children had to remain in town during the summer, but our whole family continued well and enjoyed their new home, where the rooms were large and where consequently they had plenty of room indoors, while the garden afforded them the opportunity for play and exercise.

No important event occurred during the succeeding year, but I was destined to suffer another bereavement early in 1838. My first-born son, Charles Blanchard, although rather thin and pallid, had never been sick, but was active, cheerful, intelligent. Without apparent cause he became unwell, with feverish symptoms and disorder of the digestive organs. My friend, Dr. Chapman, paid him every attention, but without effect; and, after a sickness of eight days, the child died on the 16th day of March from hypercathärsis, and we have reason to believe that a perforation of the bowel had occurred. The trial was very great to his mother as well as myself. As he was the eldest, we necessarily looked to him, not only for our own comfort in times to come, but for the good influence which we trusted he might exert over his younger brothers. Still, while suffering thus, without murmuring we bowed to the will of God. The mother's health continued good, and on the 14th of June she gave birth to our fifth son, William Henry. He was a delicate-looking child, but nevertheless, like all my children, quite healthy.

The year 1839 and part of 1840 were passed in the usual manner; but in July, 1840, as the summer was warm, and as my son William, now upwards of two years of age, had not finished his first dentition, and was weak and miserable, we determined to spend a few weeks at Cape May for the sake of the sea air and the bathing. All of the party were much revived by this change. William recovered his appetite and his animation. As to myself, although I had never been able to bear cold bathing, I ventured into the ocean two or three times; at first with apparent impunity; but after the last bathing I had a chill. Immediately after my return to Philadelphia, after a visit of ten days, I became quite ill with inflammation of the larynx and lungs, for which, as was then customary, I was bled and blistered, so that for four or five weeks I was kept at home for the first time since my severe illness of 1830. I recovered and was very well, so that in September I was actively employed in practice, and I was able to lecture during the following winter. Owing to my position at the University I had by this time obtained considerable reputation in distant places, especially in the South and Southwest, from which we drew a large number of our medical students. Hence, a very pleasant, and even lucrative, practice resulted. I had a large number of ladies from Maryland and from Virginia, as well as from farther South, who came for my professional care in succession, and with many of these I formed close and abiding friendships. This interesting part of my professional experience continued rather to increase until November and December, 1860, when it came to an abrupt termination by the political dissensions which terminated in the Civil War of 1861, by which the minds and hearts of the people, especially in the South, have been so embittered.

Another epoch occurred in our family history in the winter succeeding my illness, marked by the birth of my son, Edward Blanchard, on the 5th of February, 1841. He was a strong, plump boy, and proved to be of fair complexion, and, as he grew, he had more bloom in his cheeks than his predecessors.

Our family of boys had grown rapidly, and the elder sons commenced school with the Misses Donaldson, who kept an excellent primary school in Walnut Street, above Eighth. They were sisters of Captain Donaldson. Of course, the boys occupied much of their mother's attention, who in the most quiet manner always exerted a decided influence for good over all their thoughts and actions. Her authority was supreme, and yet so quietly exercised as to insure the respect, and to awaken at the same time the love of her children. They were fortunate also in having a most judicious and excellent nurse, Mrs. Betsy Harding. "Mammy Betsy," as she was called, began in early life to take charge of children, and pursued the practice of nursing unremittingly, with the exception of a short interval during her married life. She was a Scottish woman, and always maintained the respectful manner and sober dress characteristic of persons of her station in Europe, but which is too frequently laid aside by immigrants to America. She had nursed in a large number of the most cultured families in our city, and also in Washington (Baltimore?). I first saw her about the year 1824, when she was taking care of the eldest child of my late friend, Dr. J. K. Mitchell, and in the spring of 1834 or 1835 she came to us when my son Bayard was about five, or seventeen, months old. From this time on she was the only child's nurse we had, as her health was generally good, and she was unremittingly, and even anxiously, devoted to the innumerable wants of her charge.

About 1860 or 1861, when even our youngest child was well grown, Mammy Betsy was becoming infirm from years, and her sight also became somewhat dim. We gave her to understand that she must always regard our house as her home, and that the children over whom she had so tenderly watched would always be happy in making her comfortable and in seeing that her every want was supplied. The force of habit was strong in her, and she always felt gratified in the belief that her superintendence of the boys' wardrobe, etc., was quite important. She never became, however, a burden upon the family, or indeed at all helpless. Early in September, 1869, she had a severe bilious attack by which she was completely prostrated, and on the 8th of September she died. Two of her protégés were still absent in Europe. These were my sons William and George. Her funeral was attended by her former patroness, Mrs. J. K. Mitchell, her son Weir, and her daughter Elizabeth Mitchell, and many of Mammy Betsy's old friends.*

She was interred in Monument Cemetery, on Broad Street, in a lot which I owned. A marble stone was placed at the head of her grave, on which was inscribed her name, her age, which was eighty-four, the day of her death, and the words: "Faithful unto Death." This was a just tribute to one who had so well served her generation in what is too frequently called an humble sphere, but which is really one of the greatest importance and usefulness.

Although Betsy was old and infirm, I and my children sincerely mourned her loss, and were exceedingly grateful for all the blessings which she bestowed upon our family. The following notice was published in the daily papers:

"Died.—On the 8th of September, 1869, Elizabeth Harding, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She was a native of Scotland, but came over to this country in 1796 when she was still very young.

*The funeral service was conducted at the house at the corner of Ninth and Walnut Streets by Aspinwall and Edward, the two ministerial sons who were at home.—E. B. H.

She was early married, but was soon left a widow, having also lost her only infant. The work to which she devoted her life was the care of children, and in fulfilment of this service she lived successively in many of the most influential families of this city and Baltimore. A number of those she watched over in infancy have lived to occupy important stations in society, both professional and political. During the thirty-four years preceding her death she lived in one family. The children whom she brought up thoroughly engaged her thoughts and affections. In the discharge of her duties to them she was discreet, judicious and attentive, sedulously watching over her tender charge night and day, displaying affectionate interest, and securing the perfect confidence of her employers. Her sense of propriety was a conspicuous feature of her character, constantly exhibited in her dress and manners as well as in her conversation.

"She always manifested a devotion to religion, and in her declining years her solace and hope were found to be resting exclusively on her Redeemer. We may safely say of her, 'She hath done what she could,' and must believe that she has received the welcome declaration, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

In the next three or four years after the birth of my son Edward in 1841 no event of importance transpired in my family or profession. There were a few cases of cholera maligna to be heard of now and then; but, with the exception of one or two cases, they did not happen in my practice, and no alarm was created. Indeed, with exception of the cholera epidemic in 1832, our city has been wonderfully free since 1820 from endemic diseases. Of course, there were small visitations of scarlatina and measles; but they were very seldom of a malignant type. It must be confessed that in the summer season the deaths of infants are always numerous, a circumstance which must be ascribed to the combined influence of a hot atmosphere, ill-ventilated apartments and gross errors in diet. On the whole, our rate of mortality, especially among adults, was comparatively small.

My practice had now become very engrossing, sometimes oppressive; but the income derived from this source, and also from my professorship, had nearly, if not quite, enabled me to pay off the heavy mortgage upon my house, so that I began to feel more like a free man, and to hope that my wife and children would have at least a moderate support in case that I should be disabled.

After a much longer interval than usual, my seventh and last child, George Woolsey, was born on the 20th of May, 1845. He was a little, delicate child. Still, he enjoyed good health until the summer of 1846, when, unfortunately, a necessity for weaning occurred. No diet seemed to suit him, and with very little positive disease he became greatly emaciated and very fretful and irritable, taxing the patience and good-nature of his excellent Mammy Betsy. He gradually recovered when the cool weather began, and ere long became as vigorous as his brothers. In the summer of 1845 Mrs. Hodge took her infant to her friends in New York, and Mammy Betsy and the other children were boarded at Princeton, where Mrs. Hodge soon afterwards joined them. As my family were too numerous to travel about in the summer season we engaged a stone building for our summer residence in Fisher's Lane, near the main street of Germantown, the first house east of the cemetery. The house was old-fashioned, but very comfortable. There was about an acre of ground attached to it, well shaded with trees, and with a stable in the rear. As I had procured a little coach and had two horses, one of which was kept out of town, Mrs. Hodge and the children enjoyed some pleasant drives. I also procured a pony for the elder boys, which, of course, proved very useful, while at the same time it afforded great enjoyment. I had taken the precaution previously of having the boys in succession instructed in horsemanship. Hence, although many minor accidents occurred at various times, they never sustained any serious injury. From May to the last of September the time was spent very advantageously and pleasantly in a region of country which has always been famed for the healthful character of the atmosphere. While the schools were still open the elder boys went regularly into town by the railroad cars, which passed then a few rods from the house, and returned by three o'clock to dinner. July and August were given up to recreation. They had their excursions into the woods and lanes, while, in addition to the pleasure derived from riding and driving, they had that which was afforded them in the care of their dogs and rabbits*

My own practice at this season was to visit Fisher's Lane at irregular intervals, very seldom spending a night out of town. But still I enjoyed very good health, so that my business was not interrupted.

*There were two stables in the rear of the one-acre lot on Fisher's Lane. One of these was appropriated to the horse and pony, "Fairy," while the other was a cow-stable, which we boys used for our own purposes *ad libitum*.—E. B. H.

Nevertheless in the summer of 18—, I was persuaded for the first time to take a holiday in August, so far at least as to spend my afternoons and evenings in the country, carrying with me my books and papers when I went. This, therefore, was quite a recreation to mind and body, and brought me more directly in contact with my children, especially as they also at this time were free from their schools. Our location at Fisher's Lane was the more pleasant from the fact that my cousin, Mrs. Henry and family, lived within four minutes' walk of our house, and Mr. and Mrs. James Bayard, with Mrs. Bayard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Backus, soon afterwards took a house next to ours.

In 1847 my eldest son, Aspinwall, being now sixteen years old, was prepared for college, having received his classical education at the Grammar School of the University under the superintendence of the Rev. Samuel Wylie Crawford, a most excellent teacher and a good, upright man. His discipline was strict, and had been severe. It was said now to be much moderated, and the boys regarded him, not only with veneration, but also with affection. As my brother and myself had graduated at Princeton, where my father and uncle had also been taught, I was quite desirous to send my boys to that well-established college. Nevertheless I could not tolerate the idea of exposing my children to such temptations as college life implies at a time when their principles had hardly been formed or strengthened. Home influences, especially that of their mother, I deemed of paramount importance. Aspinwall was, therefore, entered in the collegiate department of the University of Pennsylvania, the Rev. John Ludlow being then provost. Of course, he began at the Freshman class, and hence had to remain four years.

In 1851 he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and determined to devote himself to the ministry. I advised him, however, to give at least a year to general studies and to the languages. As he did not seem to be very strong, and as his uncle Edward and aunt Emily Woolsey were in Europe, I determined that he should join them abroad. He did so, and travelled with them for a few months through England. On their return to America in the fall Aspinwall settled himself in Paris in the house of a Protestant clergyman, and afterwards went to Switzerland and Italy. In these excursions he met with several of his mother's family, Mrs. Charles Woolsey and her daughters, Mr. Robert Howland, and also young Mr. Joseph Howland, who was then travelling with his father, Mr. Samuel Howland.

Aspinwall also, while abroad, made the acquaintance of Miss Lottie Morse, whom he afterwards married, she having been for some time at Geneva under the instruction of Dr. Cæsar Malan. Leaving such pleasant friends he made his way to Berlin to pursue his studies in German, but, as he was without friends or companions, in the following spring, being quite homesick, he returned to America before a full year was ended. It gives me pleasure to mention that his uncle, Mr. William Aspinwall, insisted on bearing the whole expense of this trip to Europe.

During the next few years, following 1847, there was little or no change in our family history. The boys rapidly developed mentally and corporeally, and greatly enjoyed their studies and amusements. This seemed to be especially true of my son Bayard. He was of a bright, healthy, florid complexion, had grown quite tall, with a well-developed bony and muscular system. He was full of animal spirits, but of excellent morals, with strong religious tendencies, securing the approbation of his teachers at the Sunday-school of St. Andrew's Church, and also of the rector, the Rev. William Bacon Stevens, D.D., now Bishop Stevens. All our bright hopes of him, which were great, were destined to a speedy and sudden destruction. About the 5th or 6th of December, 1850, after retiring to bed, apparently in best health and spirits, he was awakened about two o'clock in the morning with a chill. This was followed by some fever with much delirium. I immediately sent for my friends, Dr. Caspar Morris and Dr. Samuel Jackson, who sedulously attended him, but without being able to detect the precise character or cause of his complaint. On the third or fourth day an eruption appeared of a peculiar type in the form of numerous well defined spots of a purplish color, upon the breaking out of which the delirium ceased, and he was comparatively comfortable. On the morning of the eleventh, however, he was seized suddenly with intense pains, especially in the right temple. A few leeches were applied with other remedies, and the pain greatly diminished, but his delirium returned and gradually increased. Before one o'clock he became comatose, with an effusion of tears from the eyes. A short time afterwards he expired. So my bright boy passed away upon the morning of the 11th of December, one day prior to the termination of his seventeenth year. I can only describe this affliction as overwhelming. Time has softened, but not destroyed it. His poor mother, who had constantly watched him during the night, kept up to the last; but then her nervous system was disturbed, and she required immediate and constant attention. Bayard's funeral occurred on the 14th of December in the presence of his companions at college and of our family friends. Dr. Stevens, Dr. Henry A. Boardman, and our then new pastor, Dr. Shields, conducted the services. His remains were the first to be deposited in my lot at Laurel Hill, which I had purchased several years previously, and to which I now translated the remains of my son Charles. At the time of his decease Bayard was a member of the Junior Class of the University, where he had secured the esteem of his teachers and the love of his companions.

The following year my son, Hugh Lenox, then fifteen years of age, became a member of the Freshman Class of the University of Pennsylvania.

My health continued good, notwithstanding the fact that another decade* had passed, until February, 1853, just before the close of the lectures, when I had a very severe catarrh, and some fever, so that my voice was in some measure lost. Nevertheless by a little active treatment there was a rapid solution of the complaint, and I was able to finish my course.

I now thought it best to change my summer residence at Fisher's Lane for a more elevated and airy position, and accordingly rented from Mr. George Carpenter a very comfortable house at the corner of Gorgas's Lane and the Township Line Road, a mile east of Germantown, opposite to Mr. Carpenter's large establishment. The house was about forty feet square with a basement story. There was a long parlor on the south side, and a dining-room and a servants' room, or pantry, on the north. In the second story there were four good bed-rooms, with a wide hall extending the length of the house, and also a bath-room. In the third story there were six rooms. The middle room on the north was occupied by a tank supplied with excellent water by means of a ram at a spring at the bottom of a hill behind the house. The roof was flat, and the whole was surmounted by a square cupola with two windows on each side, from which there was an extensive outlook, especially to the south, where, it was said, that the city, some eight miles off, was visible. This place proved to be a pleasant resort to the boys, and was occupied as a study upon occasions. The plot of ground occupied ten acres, the house being situated toward the centre, facing the Township Line Road. The

*Father seems to allude to the fact that the few illnesses from which he suffered seemed to come at intervals of ten years.—E. B. H.

front portion was reserved partly for grass and partly for the cultivation of corn or potatoes. Behind was a garden of flowers and vegetables; the garden extending also toward the south side of the lot. There was quite a convenient stable for horses and carriages, and also an ice-house. Near-by was a delightful small grove of trees, providing a pleasant retreat even during the noon time of a summer's day. Altogether we were delightfully situated, and were permitted to enjoy this retreat during nine successive summers.

My brother-in-law, George Woolsey Aspinwall, who assisted me in procuring this house in Gorgas's Lane, was then in very delicate health in consequence of a severe pneumonic attack. From this attack he but partially recovered, and determined to sail around Cape Horn to Panama in a new steam-vessel. This plan was frustrated, however, by his being wrecked at sea. Some of the passengers were lost, but the greater portion were taken up by a foreign vessel, and arrived, after great suffering, in an exhausted condition at New York. Mr. Aspinwall's disease was thus confirmed. Nevertheless he made a voyage to Havana, and afterwards went to Europe. He returned to Philadelphia the last of May, and took a house in Germantown, near the main street. But he did not long survive, his death occurring June 19, 1854, when he was in his fortieth year. He left a wife, formerly Miss Annie Coleman, and two children, Georgina, who was nine years of age, and Edward Coleman, two years old. My brother Woolsey was a tall, fine-looking man, with a well-developed frame. He had always been very healthy, and was remarkable for his cheerfulness, and even sprightliness, of manner. He was exceedingly amiable, possessing a very loving heart, attaching himself greatly to his friends, and, of course, drawing them very closely to himself. To me personally the loss was very great, as he had been a dear, affectionate brother to me as well as to his sister. As he lived in Philadelphia, and had been for a time an inmate of our house, our mutual interest in him became very strong. It seemed mournful, as well as mysterious, that such a young man should have been cut off so early in his career when there was every prospect of his attaining influence and becoming a most useful member of society.

In 1853 my son William, being then fifteen years of age, followed the example of his brothers, and entered the Freshman Class of the University.

My professional duties had gone on without any serious interruption, and, although occasionally oppressive, were discharged without any great inconvenience. A serious trouble, however, was gradually coming upon me. Although I had always been near-sighted, a circumstance which necessitated the use of spectacles since I was fourteen years of age, nevertheless my sight was, within proper focal distance, clear and accurate. About the year 1848 or 1849 a little dulness of vision was perceived, which almost insensibly increased, so that reading was becoming an effort. Hence, when I was called upon in March, 1850, to deliver a valedictory address to the medical class, it was necessary that my manuscript should be copied in large, round letters that I might read it correctly. This was the last time I ever delivered an address from manuscript. Nevertheless this defect of vision increased so gradually that for years it did not seriously impede me in the discharge of my professional duties, as I managed to read print, to write prescriptions and even compose with pen in hand my work on "Diseases Peculiar to Women." The latter part of this work was finished, in August, 1860, with considerable difficulty, so far as my eye-sight was concerned, and this was the last effort which I could make with my pen. With the assistance of my son Lenox, now a practising physician and surgeon, this work was carried through the press and published in November, 1860.

In my valedictory address to the graduating class in March, 1850, I gave a short notice of the resignation of Dr. N. Chapman, Professor of the Practice of Medicine, and expressed the high sense always entertained of his great excellency both as a practitioner and as a teacher. A large proportion of the reputation of the University was due to the two eminent professors of the Practice of Medicine, Dr. Rush and Dr. Chapman; both of whom were exceedingly popular with the students. This popularity was due to their eloquence and their urbanity, as well as their talents and attainments. They were diverse from one another in most respects, and advocated theories which can hardly be said to have borne the test of experience. These men, nevertheless, had crowds of admirers. Dr. Rush was very enthusiastic and dogmatic, and made, therefore, a great impression upon the minds, and, of course, upon the opinions and practice of the young men. His grand doctrine of morbid excitement, leading even to the maintenance of the unity of disease, was enforced with so much earnestness and sincerity that even minds of much cultivation were carried away in sympathy with their teacher. He was among the early professors of the University, having been associated with Dr. Morgan and Dr.

Shippen, the founders of the Medical Department. He became professor of the Practice of Medicine on the resignation of Professor Kuhn. He contributed greatly to the reputation which our University had acquired toward the beginning of the present century. He died at his residence on Fourth Street in May, 1813. An immense crowd attended his funeral procession to the place of interment in Christ Church Burying-Ground, at the corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, manifesting in this way their great regard for him personally, as well as their admiration of him, not only as a physician and a professor, but also as one of those noble patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, who enjoyed a great reputation as a botanist, and who had been for some time professor of Materia Medica, succeeded Dr. Rush in the practical chair. His health, however, was very delicate, and, after vainly attempting to recruit, he died in December, 1815. This was in the middle of the course of lectures, and the deficiency in the course of instruction upon the practice of medicine, thus created, was partly supplied by the remaining professors, who discoursed on various practical subjects. Dr. Chapman, who, since the death of Dr. Rush in 1813, had occupied the chair of Materia Medica, was now appointed to be the successor of Dr. Barton. I was among the pupils who had the pleasure of attending his first efforts in this department during the winter of 1816-1817, and the winter of 1817-1818. We soon found that the hour of his discourses had the charm of novelty. He had not entirely abandoned the opinions he had received from his teacher, Dr. Rush, but had greatly modified them by promulgating his own peculiar views as to morbid irritation and sympathy. These opinions, although now regarded as very superficial and unsatisfactory, certainly had one advantage. They were practical, and enabled the young physician to enter the sick room with more confidence in himself and his profession than was otherwise possible. His course as a teacher was long and successful, extending really from 1807 to 1850. During the latter part of his career his strength and even his mental power had become weakened. His resignation was, therefore, offered and accepted, and he afterwards lived in great retirement, both mind and body gradually failing, until he died early in July, 1853. He was buried on the 4th day of that month in a vault connected with St. Stephen's Church, on Tenth Street. He left behind him the reputation of being probably the best practical physician Philadelphia had ever enjoyed, and numerous friends to whom he had become endeared by his social qualities and excellent humor.

About this time the profession had to lament the loss of Dr. William E. Horner, who had been made the professor of Anatomy upon the resignation of Dr. Physick in 1831, and who had obtained a great reputation as a practical anatomist. His steady industry and perseverance, as well as his ability, in this department has a standing, and, we trust, a permanent memorial, preserved in the University under the name of the Wistar and Horner Museum; a large portion of this being a collection by his own hands. It was generously bestowed by him in his last testament to the school which it so much adorned. The value of this gift is estimated at $10,000, and it has rendered our anatomical museum far superior to anything in the United States, and made it a rival even of some of the most ancient museums of Europe. An organic disease of the heart in its large blood-vessels gave him great distress during the last year or two of his life. The immediate cause of his death, however, in March, 1853, was peritonitis. He was always one of my best friends. I had become very intimate with him toward the close of the session of 1815-1816. He had been a surgeon in the war with England, and at that time entered the practical rooms of Dr. Wistar, to whom, and to his successor, Dr. Physick, his labors became more and more important, so that in 1820 he was made adjunct professor of anatomy, and afterwards full professor. As formerly mentioned, he was associated with Dr. Dewees in the teaching of Dr. Chapman's class, and when this had become organized as a Medical Institute, he requested me to be associated with him as a teacher of surgery in May, 1823. An intimacy thus continued and strengthened was prolonged during his life, and I must always regard him as one of my best benefactors. Dr. Leidy was immediately elected successor of Dr. Horner in the anatomical chair.

My health, which had been very good since 1840, had a trifling interruption in February, 1853, owing to cold affecting chiefly the larynx, causing loss of voice. This seemed to be quite unfortunate, as I was much engaged with lecturing prior to the termination of the course. A good bleeding, however, with some adjuncts, enabled me to resume my duties in a few days.

In 1855 my son Edward, being fourteen years of age, was entered in the Freshman class of the University, the same year that his brother Lenox was graduated as Bachelor of Arts.

At the Commencement Lenox delivered the Greek Salutatory Oration, having taken the first honor in his class. After some reflection he intimated his wish to study medicine. To this proposition I gave my assent, although with a nervous apprehension on the subject for fear that he might be called upon to encounter the anxieties and responsibilities to which I had been subjected. I had many years previously formed the opinion that almost every young man should follow the bent of his inclinations, or rather his taste, in determining his occupation for life; for I felt confident that, in every business, demanding for its successful pursuit devotion of mind and heart, such zeal could hardly be expected unless the work was voluntarily undertaken. Nevertheless I thought that such desires should never be formed, or at any rate indulged, until after a complete college education, which, while it enlarges one's knowledge of literary and scientific pursuits, at the same time matures the judgment and gives a wider view of human affairs. As already intimated Aspinwall thus entered upon the study of theology, and eventually my son William also, who was graduated at the University in 1857, after deliberating the matter in his own mind for a year, entered the theological seminary at Princeton in 1858.

Lenox immediately commenced in the fall of 1855 to attend medical lectures at the University, nominally as my student, but receiving instruction from Dr. Henry H. Smith and several others, kindly extended to him in my behalf. He received his medical diploma in the spring of 1858, and in the fall of that year enjoyed the privilege of becoming an interne of the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he had a term of service more than usually long.

Edward was graduated in college in the summer of 1859, being a few months beyond his eighteenth year. He also took the first honor, but being rather young he did not commence his theological studies, to which his attention was turned, until 1860; so that both he and William had the advantage of a year for reading and studying prior to their theological course.

My son George entered the collegiate department of the University in 1861, having received his classical education chiefly at the school of Mr. Faires; the preceptor of his brothers, Dr. Crawford, having unfortunately resigned his position at the Academy. George received his degree of A. B. in 1865, and immediately determined to commence his studies for the ministry at the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, which had lately been established in West Philadelphia. In the autumn, however, he was unfortunately taken sick with typhoid fever, which confined him for some six or eight weeks. The class with which he was connected at the school finished their studies in 1868; but, as I determined to send William and George to Europe for recreation and improvement, the latter did not at that time take orders. On the 27th of June the two boys, in company with their aunts, Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Aspinwall, sailed in the Ville de Paris for Havre. The party visited Paris, then Switzerland, and afterwards the Netherlands and Holland. Their aunts returned to Paris to meet other members of the family, and the boys afterwards visited Sweden, and then St. Petersburg and Moscow. Subsequently they went to Berlin and met their aunts at Dresden. Soon afterwards they pursued their course to Vienna, Munich, Verona and Venice. The latter part of the winter and spring was spent at Rome, whence excursions were made to Naples, Capri, etc. They returned north by the way of the Italian Lakes and the Mont Cenis pass; the railroad tunnel not being then completed. In May the party went to England, and, after spending some weeks in London, visited the Isle of Wight, Chester, Salisbury, York, and other places of interest. Afterwards they went to Edinburg, the Scottish lakes and Glasgow, and from thence they sailed for Belfast, in Ireland, and visited the Giant's Causeway, and Londonderry, descending to Dublin, to Cork, and to Queenstown, whence they embarked for home in the Scotia, arriving in New York on the 14th of September, after an absence of nearly fifteen months. The whole time was passed very advantageously and pleasantly. They were mercifully preserved from accident and disease. They returned immediately to Philadelphia, where William became interested in a mission-school in the northwest part of the city, which in May, 1870, was organized into a church under the name of the Columbia Avenue Presbyterian Church. It was situated at the southeast corner of Columbia Avenue and Twenty-first Street. A handsome stone chapel was immediately erected, which was dedicated on the seventh of December, 1870. William was married on the 13th of April, 1871, to Miss Alice Cogswell Weld, of Hartford, Conn., and a dwelling-house being erected on a lot next to the church, he and his wife took possession on the 7th of December, 1871. He has now every prospect of building up a church in this important location.*

*William took for his first charge what was then known as the Church of Red Mills, near Lake Mahopac, in the State of New York. As he was a bachelor he put a family in the manse and boarded with them. The church building was refitted

George immediately applied for orders in the Episcopal Church, and was ordained deacon on the 12th of November, 1869. He was first employed as a reader to Bishop Stevens at Holy Trinity Church, and then offered his services to Dr. Foggo, rector of Christ Church, in the spring of 1870. The following June, as Dr. Foggo was to be absent, George was ordained a presbyter that he might take full charge of the church. In the autumn of 1871, he was appointed assistant rector to Dr. Foggo, both of them taking charge at the same time of Calvary Church, which was built as a memorial to Bishop White. It was situated at the corner of Margaretta and Front Streets. In this position George has continued. He has become engaged to be married to Miss Mary D. Powell. He anticipates the consummation of his happy prospects on the 23d of April, 1872.

Having mentioned the choice which had already been made by my boys of their professions, I may state here that Aspinwall, after finishing his theological studies at Princeton, accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church at Mauch Chunk in November, 1856. On the 14th of May, 1857, he was married to Miss Lottie G. Morse, daughter of the Rev. Richard C. Morse, lately one of the editors and proprietors of the *New York Observer*. He remained at Mauch Chunk for eight years. In February, 1866, he accepted a call to Hartford, Conn., and on the first of May moved his family to that city. There, after much labor and anxiety, he has been favored in having a new building erected at the corner of College Avenue and Clinton Street. The church is now happily out of debt with every prospect of success.

My son Lenox, having finished his term of service at the hospital, opened his office in my house for the practice of medicine, devoting himself chiefly to surgery. He soon became associated with Dr. Cheston Morris and with Dr. Bolling in private teaching. Dr. Morris presently retired, and Dr. Hutchinson was put in his place. These three gentlemen have since continued as co-workers in this important business. They have been successful in establishing an excellent summer and winter school. Lenox also became an assistant to Dr. Smith in the surgical clinic at the University. The Civil War broke out in 1861. Out of thoughtful and affectionate consideration for his parents Lenox did not regularly enter the army, yet on various occasions

under his administration and greatly improved. Mr. George Lane, of New York city, spent some months of the year at a summer home on the lake, and he and his wife and daughter did much to brighten William's life at this place. He resigned this charge in 1868 in order to take advantage of the trip to Europe described in the text.—E. B. H.

performed duty as a volunteer surgeon, making several excursions to the York River during the Peninsula campaign, and before and after the battle of Williamsburg. He spent also much time in the hospitals on York River. In 1862 he had charge in a military hospital in West Philadelphia, and, on the invasion of Pennsylvania, in June, 1863, offered his services to the Surgeon-General of Pennsylvania. He was instrumental in establishing hospitals at Harrisburg, and was afterward sent on professional services to Shippensburg and other places. After the memorable and decisive battle of Gettysburg he was immediately put in charge of a large hospital in the college filled with Confederate wounded. The college was not long afterwards emptied by the removal of the patients into hospital tents, and Lenox returned home in August much exhausted and threatened with a serious illness. Normal health soon returned and he resumed his professional duties here with his usual activity. In the following year (1864), after the terrible battles of the Wilderness, he again volunteered for Fredericksburg, and, in connection with Dr. Hamilton, of New York, was put in charge of a hospital in a Baptist Church. Lenox, fortunately for his patients, had them located in the audience room of the building, which was large and airy, while the patients of Dr. Hamilton were lodged in the basement story, and did not fare so well. This was Lenox's last military excursion. He came home to be employed in the practice and teaching of surgery, acquiring a considerable reputation among the students, and even among the professors of the University, so that, in the fall of 1870, without solicitation, he received the appointment of Demonstrator of Anatomy from his Alma Mater, lecturing during the winter season on Regional Anatomy. In August, 1868, he became engaged to be married to Miss Harriet Roosevelt Woolsey, daughter of the late Charles Woolsey, Esq., of New York, and was married January 7th, 1869.

My son, Edward, after spending four winters at Princeton, received a call to the Presbyterian Church at Burlington, New Jersey, a position made vacant by the resignation of the Rev. John Chester, who had received a call to a church in Washington City. Edward entered upon his duties in May, 1864, and has prosecuted them with much and gratifying success. In June, 1867, he became engaged to be married to Miss Alice Cogswell Van Rensselaer, but was not married until May, 1868. His wife is the daughter of the late Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church.

I now turn again to the story of my own progress. I have already intimated that I had completed and published my work on Diseases Peculiar to Women. The second edition of this book was prepared and published in 1870.

The war of 1861 having commenced, my Southern practice was destroyed. I had now therefore more leisure, and determined to fulfill a long cherished idea of remodelling and working out in full my lectures in the University on Obstetrics. I secured an excellent amanuensis in Mr. De France, and commenced reading and writing for the purpose in view in May, 1861. I devoted two hours every day to this work, and was gratified to find how much could be accomplished by this regular devotion of a short period of daily labor. My work therefore, was ready for the press in July, 1863. Messrs. Lea & Blanchard agreed, in August, 1863, to publish it in one large quarto volume in double column, making a book of five hundred pages. It was illustrated by handsome lithographic engravings copied from photographs, and also by wood-engravings taken from different authors. The preparation for the publication of this book occupied my son Lenox and myself, with the assistance of the amanuensis, very laboriously for nearly nine months, so that the work did not appear until 1864.

My other publications were of very minor importance, consisting of reviews in the *North American Medical and Surgical Journal,* together with papers concerning cases of puerperal fever, observations with regard to the *modus operandi* of cold, and also concerning the various forms of congestion dependent on irritation, or sedation, or mechanical causes. In 1833 I published in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* my views and experiences of cholera maligna, recommending the "evacuating" system, which of late has been improperly called "eliminating." My professional duties were subsequently too absorbing to allow of my resorting to the pen until the last few years, when a few papers of mine appeared again in the *Medical Journal* in the form of reviews, and also two papers on the subject of synclitism; a theme, in my judgment, of great importance.

The diminution of my power of vision, which, as already mentioned, was first manifest about 1858 or 1859, had been very gradually, but steadily, increasing, so that some points of practice had to be abandoned, and I began to refuse taking more patients. My lectures, too, had to be delivered without the aid of notes; a method which I did not find difficult; but it became every year more and more troublesome to make the proper illustrations and demonstrations before the medical class. Hence, it was necessary, at the termination of the course of 1862-63, to offer my resignation to the Board of Trustees of my professorship which I had retained for twenty-eight years. My resignation was accepted by the Board, who sent me a complimentary letter, and bestowed upon me the title of "Emeritus Professor." The class also requested that I should sit for my portrait. To this request I acceded, and the painting, executed by Mr. Waugh, was presented by them to the Wistar and Horner Museum. In this way my course as a teacher of medicine was terminated; a course which began privately in the Medical Institute, and was then publicly continued in the University of Pennsylvania. The forty years thus passed among many anxieties and labors, both as a teacher and practitioner, were, I venture to say, prosperous, and at the same time years of usefulness to the profession, and also to the public. My work at any rate is virtually ended. Nine years, it is true, have since elapsed, and it is possible that I may be spared a little longer, yet I cannot expect to exert much more influence. Indeed medical science has changed, and is still changing rapidly. Many new facts have been developed, especially through the medium of the microscope and of chemical analysis, and of course new hypotheses and new principles have appeared, very materially altering the practice of the profession. Pharmacy, too, by the agents just mentioned, has become almost a new science. Old remedial agents have been carefully analyzed, and their constituents have been presented in a more condensed and active form, while numerous remedial agents of the most active and efficient character have been discovered, or rather created, by the art of chemistry, often giving us control over diseases formerly regarded as incurable, and acting, in many cases, as excellent and more valuable substitutes for old remedies. The crowning victory is the introduction in this country of anæsthesia by Morton, Jackson, and Warren, who recognized this wonderful power in ether when administered by inhalation. Afterwards Simpson, of Edinburgh, after many even dangerous experiments upon himself and others, established the fact that chloroform was even more efficient than ether. Experience has yet to determine which is the more valuable agent for the purpose. The power of each is complete in suspending all sensibility even under the most severe operations; but so many deaths have resulted in the exhibition of chloroform, and, on the other hand, so few comparatively in the exhibition of ether, that public confidence in this country is given to the latter, notwithstanding the fact that chloroform is more agreeable to the smell, and operates more speedily.

Margaret E. Hodge died on the 19th of December, 1866. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of his life. She worketh willingly with her hands. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and honor are her clothing. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. A woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised. Let her own works praise her in the gates."

Memorandum of My Brother Charles Hodge.

Charles was the fifth and last child of Dr. Hugh Hodge and his wife Mary. He was born in Arch Street, the third door east of Christ Church Cemetery on the 28th of December, 1797. His father died in the following July, before his last child was quite six months old. Charles's first school instruction was under the direction of Mr. Taylor, a warm-hearted, cultivated and enthusiastic Irish gentleman, who always took a great interest in his scholars, and perhaps especially in my brother.

Charles through all his life has had intimate friends. At Mr. Taylor's school he was associated with Samuel Morris, Robert Griffith, William Turnbull, Montgomery Dale, and others, whose friendship he retained for years. He did not commence his classical studies until we both went to Somerville in May, 1810, under the instruction of Mr. Boyer. Two years afterwards we moved to Princeton, and for six months attended the Grammar-School of the Rev. Mr. Fyler. In the fall of 1812, Charles entered college in the Sophomore Class half-advanced, and graduated at the College of New Jersey in September, 1815. Here he first manifested a quickness in obtaining knowledge without being much of a student. He was among the first in his class, being numbered among those who obtained the first honor, and delivered the valedictory address at the commencement. His three college years were passed by him very delightfully, as the acquisition of knowledge was to him easy, and consequently he had much time for the indulgence of his social propensities. He was exceedingly intimate with Mr. Isaac Platt, and with Mr. Thomas Biggs, both much older than himself; men who afterwards occupied important positions as ministers of the Gospel. At this time also he formed his acquaintance with Charles McIlvaine, who was in a class below him, and also with John Johns, who was his fellow-classmate. During the winter of 1814-1815 there was a great revival of religion in the college, and these three young men became at that time communicants in the church. The intimacy, thus cemented, has continued to the present day, although the three have been much separated by place and circumstances; my brother remaining at Princeton, a professor in the Presbyterian Church; Johns, after being rector in an Episcopal church in Maryland, becoming

Bishop of Virginia; and McIlvaine being at one time chaplain at West Point, at another a rector in Brooklyn, N. Y., and afterwards Bishop of Ohio, and now almost senior Bishop in the Episcopal Church.

The health of my brother, after graduation was not very good, and as my mother determined that he should spend a year in recuperating, he travelled in Virginia, and afterwards went to Boston in company with his intimate friend, Mr. Biggs, a very superior man, who was for a number of years a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Mr. Biggs' life was not of long duration.* In Boston Charles was quite unwell. He suffered from bleeding of the lungs, and was put under the care of Dr. Jackson, a distinguished physician of that day. In 1816 he commenced his theological studies at Princeton in conjunction with his friends, Johns and McIlvaine, the latter being his room-mate.* His course of study terminated in the fall of 1819, when he was licensed to preach the Gospel. During his residence in the seminary he attracted the special notice of Dr. Alexander, who formed a high estimate of his powers, and advised him not to take a position as pastor, but to prepare himself for a teacher. He spent the winter, therefore, of 1819-1820 in occasional preaching, but chiefly in theological studies, and upon the meeting of the General Assembly in May, 1820, on the recommendation of Dr. Alexander and of Dr. Miller, he was appointed tutor of Hebrew, etc., in the seminary. The duties of this position were so well performed that two years afterwards he was recommended by the same gentlemen, and by the Directors of the Seminary, for the position of a professor. He was, in accordance with this recommendation, duly elected, and entered upon the duties of his office the following autumn. He was now under the necessity of becoming a hard student, particularly in the ancient languages. He also studied French to a certain extent, and afterwards devoted much attention to German. In 1826 it was thought best by his colleagues that brother should have the advantage of two years' study in Europe. Means for this purpose were provided chiefly by the Lenox family, and Charles, after spending about three months in Paris, went to Havre and thence to Berlin. He was very kindly received by the professors in the German schools of theology, and formed an intimacy with Tholuck, then a student, but later a distinguished theologian and

*According to the "Life of Charles Hodge," by his son, A. A. H., Mr. Thomas J. Biggs was his room-mate the first year, Mr. John Johns the second year, and Mr. T. S. Wickes the third year. Mr. Biggs lived until Feb. 9, 1864.—E. B. H.

professor, with whom constant correspondence has been kept up. After a short visit to Switzerland and England brother returned home in 1828, resuming the duties of his professorship with renewed earnestness. Before he went to Europe, at the instigation and with the support of his colleagues, and with the patronage of other professors and the clergy of Princeton, he undertook the publication of the Biblical Repertory. This was a quarterly religious periodical, devoted chiefly to notices and reviews of books. It has continued to the present day, remaining until 1872 almost entirely under the sole supervision of Professor Hodge. It is now termed the *Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review,* and is conducted by Professor Atwater, of Princeton, and Professor Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. The character of this work, as maintained by Dr. Hodge, was very high. It was always regarded as representing the peculiar views of Princeton Seminary. It took, of course, a strong and decided part in the various theological discussions and controversies of the day, dealing with the interests of the Church in general, and particularly with those of our own denomination, especially such as characterized the last forty or fifty years. Among these were some that issued in events of a very momentous character, involving a division among the brethren and a disruption of the Church. These controversies have happily ceased. A union having been effected between the Old and New School parties, their representatives met in May, 1870, in the old First Church on Washington Square, Philadelphia, constituting once more the united General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. In all the controversies of this period brother's paper bore an influential part, and much credit has been rendered him for the spirit of candor which has characterized his writings. After the death of Dr. Miller and of Dr. Alexander, brother became the senior professor in the seminary, and now occupies the chair of Systematic Theology. Two of Dr. Alexander's sons, James and Addison, became his colleagues, both of whom have died. For a short time also Dr. John Breckenridge, a son-in-law of Dr. Miller, was associated with him in the faculty. Dr. Breckenridge returned, however, to his labors in the pulpit, and after some years died. My brother's present colleagues are Prof. W. Henry Green, Prof. A. T. McGill, Prof. Charles A. Aiken, Prof. James C. Moffatt and Prof. C. Wistar Hodge.

Brother has thus labored in the cause of the Church very steadily, and, at the same time, pleasantly; and, it may be added, with great success. In 1862, the fiftieth anniversary of the seminary was celebrated, and brother delivered a speech upon the occasion, as one of the professors, in which he recalled the time, vivid in his recollection, when he, as a school boy, seated in the gallery of the church, witnessed in 1812 the inauguration of Dr. Archibald Alexander as the first, and at that time, the only professor. Ten years later, in 1872, a remarkable jubilee was held at Princeton to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of my brother's professorship. The church, and indeed the whole town, was crowded with distinguished men from various parts of the country, and a very eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea on "Theology as a Science." Congratulatory addresses were made by Dr. Henry A. Boardman, President Woolsey, of Yale College, Mr. Prime, of the *New York Observer,* and many other distinguished Americans, while Professor Porter brought the hearty greetings of the Church in Ireland. Numerous complimentary documents were also received from Great Britain and other foreign countries, all testifying to the superior character of Professor Hodge as a teacher and a writer of theology. The event was gratifying to all interested; at the same time it wore an air of solemnity, and brother occasionally was much overwhelmned by these manifestations of confidence and affection. If Prof. Hodge has managed to secure, not only the respect, but the love of his pupils, it has been on account of the amenity of his manners, his benevolence and especially the warmth of feeling which always characterized his instructions, especially when he was dealing with subjects of a practical character. As an author he is well known through the numerous reviews which have appeared from his pen in the *Biblical Repertory,* many of which have been republished in separate volumes. He has published besides a history of the Presbyterian Church; and also a very valuable practical essay for young persons, issued by the American Sunday School Union, and called the "Way of Life." This work was written at the instigation of Mr. Packard, for many years the indefatigable Superintendent of the American Sunday School Union. He was anxious to have a work to place in the hands of young people, who felt the need of something more elaborate than the common instruction which they received. "The Way of Life" is nobly adapted to this purpose. It became exceedingly popular. It has been scattered through the country in numerous editions, and everywhere favorably received, many young people dating their first serious impressions from its perusal. The British Tract Society republished it in full without alteration, and sent it to almost every part of the British Empire. Translations have also been made of the work into the French, German and Hindustáni languages, so that its influences have indeed been wide and extended.

My brother's sons have been long anxious that their father should prepare his theological lectures for publication. This work he finally undertook to do. First everything was to be carefully rewritten, and there was necessarily a re-examination of all prevalent theological opinions, and also a careful study of the various phases of modern infidelity, supported by the most learned mental and physical philosophers of the age. The work was indeed arduous, but providentially, it has been brought nearly to a conclusion with a success that could hardly have been anticipated. Two volumes have been published, which have attracted the profound attention of theologians in America and in Europe, by whom they have been considered as presenting a clear and decided view of theology, and also as containing a very candid and powerful criticism upon the various heresies and infidel opinions which are promulgated by many learned men of the present day. The commendations of the press, representing different denominations of Christians, have been very general and very favorable. The third and last volume is now nearly completed, and, as brother's health continues good, and as his mind is still active, it is to be hoped that he will be preserved to perfect, as far as possible, a work which may prove the crowning effort of his life's labor.

In his domestic life brother has been greatly favored. He was still a boy in college when he formed an attachment to Miss Sarah Bache, whom he afterwards married. On her paternal side she was descended from Benjamin Franklin, whose daughter married a Mr. Bache, by whom she had many children. One of these was Dr. William Bache, the father of Sarah. Dr. Bache married Miss Catharine Wistar, who was a sister of Dr. Caspar Wistar, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania. Perhaps it will be interesting to state that Miss Wistar was a very superior and high-toned woman, and lived for many years with her brother, Dr. Wistar, and thus made the acquaintance of many distinguished men, both native and foreign, whom Dr. Wistar had great pleasure in entertaining. His house became the centre of the literary and scientific people of Philadelphia. He was in the habit of having them meet there on Saturday evenings, usually twelve or fifteen in number. The entertainment was of the most frugal character, but the society was interesting and valuable. As Miss Wistar, and her friend and companion, Miss Eddy, were present at these receptions, they had the privilege of enjoying company which they found both agreeable and profitable. I have often heard her refer to the few years thus spent at Dr. Wistar's as being the most gratifying period in her life. It was terminated, however, by the second marriage of Dr. Wistar to Miss Elizabeth Mifflin. Soon afterwards Miss Wistar married Dr. Bache, and Miss Eddy married Dr. Hossack, a pupil of Dr. Wistar's, and afterwards professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. Mrs. Bache had four children at least. The eldest was Sarah, then Benjamin Franklin, then Emma, who died at seven or eight years of age, and Catharine, the youngest. The son, Benjamin Franklin, of whom additional particulars will be found on page 33 of these memoirs, was educated at Princeton, and was afterwards graduated as a physician at the University of Pennsylvania. He was a man of much talent and considerable cultivation, especially in chemistry and pharmacy. His conversational powers were great, and he abounded in dry humor and pleasantry. Still his character has been very eccentric, and he has laid himself open to considerable criticism. This fact, united with other circumstances, diminished his popularity and his influence. Sarah, the eldest child, came to Princeton in 1813 or 1814. She was then a fine, blooming girl of fourteen years of age, abounding in vivacity and intelligence, giving herself up to every new object of attention with apparently a total abandonment of self-consciousness. Thus free from affectation she became a most agreeable and interesting companion. An early attachment occurred between my brother and herself, to which allusion is made on page 32 above, but it was for years kept concealed until the death of her mother, which took place in Philadelphia in 1820. Immediately after the appointment of my brother to his professorship he and Sarah were married at Cheltenham, at the house of a mutual friend, Judge McKean. The ceremony was performed by Bishop White, of Pennsylvania. It so happened that our cousin, Elizabeth Bayard, was married the same day to Mr. John S. Henry, son of Alexander Henry, of Philadelphia. After my brother's marriage he and his wife took lodgings in Princeton at the house of Colonel Beatty. They afterwards took the house at the corner of Nassau and Witherspoon Streets, opposite the college. Here their first son was born on the 18th of July, 1823. He was named Archibald Alexander, in compliment to his father's friend and preceptor of that name. Archie, as he was always called, was a large, strong, healthy-looking infant, and early manifested much intelligence. He received his academic and collegiate education at Princeton, and then passed through the theological seminary. For a short time he served as tutor in college. Having determined to be a missionary, he obtained an appointment to Allahabad in India. Previous to his departure he married Miss Elizabeth Holliday, of Winchester, Va., niece of the Rev. Dr. McFarland. He sailed for India in 1847. The health of his wife, which had never been strong, was wretched during the voyage. After much suffering, however, they arrived safely at Calcutta, and eventually at their mission station. Alexander's position was to him very satisfactory and pleasant at Allahabad, as he found all the surrounding circumstances, especially regarding the American and English population, agreeable to his feelings, and he saw before him a great prospect of usefulness. His first child was born about the year 1848, and was named Sarah, after his mother, but by the natives was called "Bibi," the Little Lady, a name which she has ever since borne. A year afterwards another daughter was born, who was named Elizabeth, after her mother, but by the Hindus she was called "Bini," or Sister of the Lady, and the name clung to her through life. In consequence of these events, and by reason of the great heat of the climate, Mrs. Hodge's health became so prostrated that her physician declared it impossible for her to remain in India. Alexander, therefore, and his family returned to his father's house in America, after an absence of three or four years. He soon accepted a call to a small congregation in Cecil County, Md., near to the Pennsylvania line, where he eked out a scanty support by teaching. He afterwards received a call to Fredericksburg, Va., where his position was very agreeable. He made friends with all the various denominations of Christians, and his preaching attracted much notice. He found time also to prepare a theological catechism, which is considered an able work, and gave the author a reputation, not only in this country, but also in England.

When the Civil War broke out Alexander, with his family, made his way through West Virginia and Maryland into Pennsylvania, and thence to his father's house in New Jersey. He soon received an appointment as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Wilkes-Barré, Pa., and afterwards, when a vacancy occurred in the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, by the resignation of the Rev. William S. Plumer, Alexander was made professor of theology in that institution, with which he is still connected, enjoying a high reputation as a theologian and teacher, as well as a pastor, for he has charge also of a congregation. His reputation was much enhanced by the publication of an elaborate work on the Atonement. The opportunity for issuing this work was afforded by the excited state of the Presbyterian Church, when a union was proposed between the Old and New School bodies. It was, therefore, extensively read. Alexander has since published a smaller book with the title, "Presbyterian Doctrine Briefly Stated." His wife, Elizabeth, died in 1867, and he was subsequently married (Dec. 20, 1869,) to a Mrs. Wood, a widow-lady [whose maiden name was Margaret McLaren]. She is a woman of much intelligence and of excellent character. She had no children.

The second child of my brother Charles was Mary, who was named for our mother, who made the request that Elizabeth should be added to the name in commemoration of my mother's two daughters, both of whom died in early life. Mary was born on the 31st of August, 1825, an intelligent, interesting girl, and, as the first daughter in the family, peculiarly acceptable. In 1848, when she was twenty-three years of age, she was married to William M. Scott, of Ohio. Mr. Scott had lately been graduated at Princeton Theological Seminary, and had been called to a professorship in Centre College at Danville, Ky. In this place he resided for a number of years, finding the society very agreeable, and enjoying a position which was one of influence. He afterwards accepted a call to the Seventh Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, and subsequently was made one of the original professors of the Northwest Theological Seminary just then established in Chicago, Ill. His increased labors and the severity of the climate in that locality ruined his health. He felt compelled, therefore, to resign his professorship, and came to Princeton with his family in December, 1861, and there soon died of consumption.

Mary Scott's first child was born in Danville, Ky., in July, 1849. He was named Charles Hodge, after his grandfather. He was, therefore, about twelve years old at the death of his father. He was of course, educated at Princeton, and, having graduated at college, made up his mind to be a business man. He went accordingly to his uncle Alexander at Allegheny, and soon obtained an important position in a wealthy iron commission house with good prospects before him.

Mary's second child was John, who was a great sufferer from disturbance of his digestive organs, and he died when he was very young. A third son was Hugh Lenox, who received that name in compliment to myself. He obtained his academic education at Princeton; but, being enamored with the idea of a roving life, he determined not to enter college, but, if possible, to be educated as a military man at West Point; and at this institution he was entered in June, 1870, and still anticipates the pleasure of a military life on the prairies and the mountains of the West. Mary's fourth son was William, so named after his father. He is now fourteen years of age, a boy of remarkable intelligence and piety, who, even at the age of ten, was number one in a class of twenty-five at Mr. Faires's excellent school in Philadelphia. He is now pursuing the study of the languages, mathematics, etc., at Princeton; and, although he is already fully prepared for college, his entrance has wisely been postponed for another year.

Mary Scott was greatly favored, on the death of her husband, and in the distress attendant upon the restricted circumstances in which she was left, by finding a home once more in her father's house. Her health, providentially, has been good, and she has constantly labored industriously and anxiously for the maintenance and the education of her children. Her labors have been greatly blessed. She is still well and strong, looks better and younger than she did many years ago, and has the great satisfaction of seeing her children grow up intelligent and well-educated, and, therefore, greatly respected.

My brother's third child was Caspar Wistar. He was born on the 21st of Feburary, 1830. He was named after his granduncle, Professor Caspar Wistar. He, like the other children, distinguished himself by his talent, taking high places in school and college, and delivering the Latin Salutatory as the first honor man at graduation. He had the special privilege of enjoying the personal instruction and companionship of Professor Addison Alexander, so well-known for his genius and his writings, as well as for many peculiarities of character, some of which his pupil may have imbibed. Wistar studied theology, and, having been licensed to preach by the Presbytery, was a short time tutor in the college. He married Miss Mary Stockton, daughter of the late Lieutenant Stockton, and granddaughter of the Hon. Richard Stockton, of Princeton. He accepted a call to Williamsburg, L. I., and about a year later was settled as pastor at Oxford, Pa., where he had the misfortune of losing his wife, who died of consumption. On the death of his former teacher, Addison Alexander, he was appointed by the General Assembly professor in the theological seminary, at Princeton, as a colleague to his father, and filling the chair of New Testament Literature and Biblical Greek. This position he was very unwilling to accept; but it was so strongly urged upon him that he could not refuse. He still acts as professor, with reputation acquired for himself, and to the evident advantage of the students. He has not made use of the press, and maintains a reserve in general as to appearing before the public which has always characterized him. After being a widower for five years he married Miss Harriet Terry Post, of Huntington, L. I., granddaughter of Professor Post, the surgeon, of New York. Unfortunately her health proved to be bad, and in nine months after her marriage she died of consumption.

In October, 1869, Wistar married Miss Angie Post, a fine, healthy, intelligent woman, who has made herself very acceptable to all the family by the excellency of her character, and by her pleasing manners. By this marriage Wistar has two children, the eldest being a boy, named after himself, and the second, a girl, named after her mother.

Brother's fourth child was Charles, who was born on the 22d of March, 1832. He grew up to be very intelligent, but, at the same time, somewhat peculiar in his thoughts and character, having much dry humor, and with a sociable disposition, which led him to make acquaintance with everybody, and somehow always to be more or less useful to his many friends. He was more fond, therefore, of companionship, of social pleasures and of out-of-door exercise, than of study. He did well, however, both in school and at college at Princeton, and afterwards as a medical student in Philadelphia.*

After graduating in medicine he was favored by obtaining a position as Resident Physician in Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, and at the conclusion of his term of service determined to settle in Trenton, N. J. He there obtained an appointment as physician at the New Jersey Asylum for the Insane, which was under the care of Dr. Buttolph, who married a daughter of Dr. Dorsey, of Philadelphia, and granddaughter of Robert Ralston. Charles was treated with great attention both by Dr. Buttolph and his wife. About this time he was married and entered upon the practice of medicine in the city of Trenton, where he still resides, enjoying the patronage of many influential families. He married, in 1858, Martha Janeway, daughter of the Rev. Thomas L. Janeway, and granddaughter of the Rev. Jacob J. Janeway, who was for many years co-pastor with Dr. Ashbel

*Charles made his home at father's house in Philadelphia during the progress of his medical studies.—E. B. H.

Green in the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. By this marriage there are now six children; two daughters, Alice and Sarah, and four sons, Charles, Thomas Janeway, Hugh Bayard and Archibald Alexander.

The fifth child of my brother was born in 1834. Brother named him after my cousin, Mr. John Bayard, who was settled at Millstone, four miles from Somerville, N. J., and to whom my brother and myself were indebted for innumerable attentions, even of a paternal character, and at whose house we passed some of our happiest days. John grew up and was a stout, healthy boy, but did not display that devotion to study which characterized his brothers. As he manifested, on the other hand, a desire to become a farmer, he was sent to spend some time near Salem, N. J., in company with, and under the direction of some cousins of his mother. Afterwards his father purchased a farm four miles from Princeton, on the Millstone, where he placed John in charge. This experiment was continued for some two or three years, but was not successful. John accordingly accepted an appointment in a railroad office at South Amboy. John is an excellent, conscientious young man, and is making himself useful in the church. Up to the present time he has not married.

Brother's sixth child was Catharine Bache, named for her grandmother, Mrs. Bache. Catharine was educated almost exclusively at Princeton, to which place and its inhabitants she is most devotedly attached. She is of a very active, intelligent mind, with much humor and pleasantry, so that she is a very agreeable companion. She is a communicant in the Church, and devotes a large part of her time to labors in the Sunday-school, and in furtherance of the various benevolent operations of the First Presbyterian Church. Up to the present time she has remained single. She was born on the 31st of August, 1836.

Brother's seventh child was Francis, named for Francis Blanchard, son of Samuel Blanchard, of Wenham, Mass., and the favorite nephew of our mother. Francis was born on October 24, 1838. Of course, he also was educated at Princeton, graduating at the college, and eventually at the theological seminary. He had considerable difficulty in pursuing his studies, as one of his eyes suffered much from inflammation, the result of an accident. Hence, knowledge was acquired in his case very largely from oral instruction. Nevertheless he made rapid acquisitions, and, as he had a fine voice and manner, he had the honor of being Junior Orator, and of delivering the Whig

Hall Anniversary Oration. After being educated for the ministry he was settled at Oxford, Pa., in the position previously occupied by his brother Wistar. Here his intelligence, great amiability and devotion to his parishioners, united with considerable eloquence of voice and manner, obtained for him much popularity and influence. His congregation was augmented in size, and, although chiefly composed of farmers, they were induced to pull down their old building, and to erect a handsome brick structure as a substitute. When Frank's brother, Archibald Alexander, vacated the church at Wilkes-Barré, Pa., (and after Samuel Dod's four years' ministry), a call so urgent, and pressed with so much importunity, was presented to Frank from this church that, after much hesitation, and with many regrets, he left his friends at Oxford, and is now settled at Wilkes-Barré. Here he has new and admiring friends who are devoted to the comfort of himself and family, while he maintains a great popularity as a pastor and preacher. He was married in Princeton to Mary, daughter of Professor Stephen Alexander, of Nassau Hall. She is the mother of three children. They are Louisa Alexander, named after her maternal grandmother; Charles, named for his grandfather, and Stephen Alexander, named for his maternal grandfather.*

The eighth and last child of my brother was Sarah, named for her mother, who unfortunately died when this, her youngest child was but nine years of age. Sarah's primary education was at Princeton, but she had the advantage afterwards of going to Miss Haines's school in New York City, which was in high repute. She resembles her mother perhaps more than any of the other children, both in person and in manners, being remarkably cheerful and pleasant as well as affectionate. In August, 1866, she was married to Colonel Samuel Stockton, grandson of the Hon. Richard Stockton. About this time he retired from the Army and devoted himself to agriculture, having purchased an excellent farm ("Hay Ridge") about a mile from Princeton, being part of the property which had belonged to his ancestors. Soon afterwards, owing to the death of Mrs. Rhinelander and Mrs. Harrison, his father's sisters, he became interested in the estate of Commodore Stockton, as he was next heir after these ladies. The affairs of this estate were very complicated; and, as a compromise, after many judicial decisions, Samuel agreed to receive as his portion the family mansion and farm known as Morven, on Stockton Street. This

*Three children were born after 1872: Sarah Blanchard; Joseph Henry (Ob. 1884); and Helen Henry.—E. B. H.

property, however, was subject to very heavy mortgages, and these became naturally a subject of much anxiety and labor. Samuel has, nevertheless, the satisfaction of reserving the house which has been occupied by several generations of those whose name he bears. He has been enthusiastically devoted to his agricultural pursuits, and has already obtained much influence by his talents, his amiability, and his kindness, both in Princeton and elsewhere.

Samuel and Sarah have three children. The eldest, Mary Hunter, bears the maiden name of her grandmother, now Mrs. Charles Hodge, and formerly Mrs. Stockton. The second is Sarah, named for her mother. The third is Charles Hodge, named for his grandfather.

My brother's wife, Sarah, the mother of the eight children above enumerated, enjoyed from early years really excellent health. Nevertheless, she was greatly disturbed by nervous feelings and apprehensions, and was often tormented with nervous and sick headache. About the year 1848 her health was evidently declining. In the summer of 1849 she went to Kentucky to be with her daughter Mary during her first confinement. She returned home, with Mary and the infant, in a state of much exhaustion. Unhappily she did not recover her strength, and on the 25th of December, 1849, she died. Her bright mind and imagination, her lively and pleasant conversational powers, and her great amiability and warm-heartedness, united with agreeable manners, won the minds and hearts of all her relatives and friends. The loss of his wife was a sore trial to my brother. His sister-in-law, Miss Bache, took charge of his household for some years. Eventually my brother paid attention to Mrs. Samuel Stockton, the widow of Lieutenant Stockton of the United States Navy. Mrs. Stockton was a daughter of Dr. Hunter, who was for years professor of mathematics in the College of New Jersey, and afterwards Chaplain in Washington, D. C. She was also a niece on her mother's side of the Hon. Richard Stockton. She was the mother of two children. Mary, the elder, was afterwards married to my brother's son, Caspar Wistar Hodge; while Samuel, the younger, was married to Sarah, my brother's youngest daughter.

Mrs. Stockton's health, prior to her second marriage, had been very delicate. She suffered from cough and from pulmonary hemorrhage, and at one time these disorders assumed a serious character. A journey to Chicago, Detroit and other places, and a visit to her brother, General Hunter, during the summer season, greatly renovated her; and, since her marriage to my brother, she has gained much flesh and strength; and now for many years she has had no return of cough or hemorrhage. Her health and spirits are good, excepting that her nervous system is always easily depressed, and sometimes it is greatly prostrated. She has proved an invaluable blessing to my brother and his children. My brother's own health has been also generally good, notwithstanding his leading a rather sedentary life. Pulmonic symptoms which he had when in college are gone. When about thirty-six years of age he became quite fleshy. He had a severe trial, however, in an obscure disease located in his left lower extremity. In March, 1820, after much exercise he would complain of aching sensations in his limb, which, on examination, was found to be smaller than its fellow. Although the uneasy sensations were in some measure done away with, yet they occasionally returned, producing a feeling of weakness, and strong suspicions were entertained that the hip-joint was the source of the mischief. After he had been examined by different surgeons, counter-irritants were ordered, including cups, blisters and even moxa, while rest from the use of the limb was enjoined. Some benefit appeared to result; and on his visit to Europe in 1826 he experienced great improvement, which he attributed in some measure to the climate, but chiefly to the rest he enjoyed from bodily exercise while laboriously pursuing his studies. His ability to walk increased so that, prior to his return home in 1828, he endured with impunity much pedestrian travel in Switzerland.

In 1832, after walking a great deal in New York City, much pain in the hip returned, and his friend and relative, Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, professor of surgery in New York, said that he must immediately go to bed, as he regarded the symptoms as indicating the commencement of serious disease in the joint. This diagnosis was confirmed by surgeons from New York and Philadelphia. Perfect rest in bed was enforced, and all motion of the joint was prevented by splints, which extended from the axilla to the foot. This treatment was supplemented by mild counter-irritants. Under this practice the symptoms were ameliorated. The rest enjoined was continued without remission for several years. Indeed, after he was permitted to go about upon crutches, he did not adopt a sitting posture, and eleven years elapsed before he was permitted once more to enter the pulpit. Although thus confined without motion, so that he could not even turn in bed, his general health rather improved, and he gained in flesh. At the same time his mind and heart were in good condition, and he attended to all his professorial duties; the classes from the seminary coming over to his rooms to receive instruction. At this time also he prepared his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, which gave him much theological reputation. No bad consequences, therefore, resulted from his long confinement, and there never has been any positive development of local disease. His power of locomotion seems to be very good; but the limb has remained smaller than the other, and is more sensitive, especially to cold, so that extra covering is required. Apart from this complaint there has been little to affect unfavorably my brother's health. The irregular pains which he occasionally feels about his chest are not of a character to give rise to any anxiety.

At the beginning of February, 1871, after some exposure to very severe weather toward the last of January, he became seriously ill, with typhoid symptoms. The attack, however, was of a mild character, although his brain was somewhat excited and his dreams were disturbed by the metaphysical questions which he had been lately agitating. After a week or ten days of anxiety to his friends he became convalescent; but two or three months elapsed before he could meet all the demands which his position as professor made upon him.

He is now in the seventy-fifth year of his age, in the enjoyment of excellent health, looking well for his years, and showing himself fully capable of exercising his mental powers in the completion of his great work on Theology. He is now numbered among the oldest inhabitants of Princeton, most of his companions and predecessors having died, and an entire new generation of professors and teachers having appeared in the college and seminary. He enjoys life, surrounded, as he is, by devoted families, and receiving attention and respect from numerous friends at home and abroad. His domestic and professional happiness seems to be complete. May it yet long continue!

Andrew Hodge, the First—(continued). Hugh Hodge.

Note.—On page sixteen father begins the story of the sixth child of Andrew Hodge, the first, and Jane McCullough, i. e., of Hugh Hodge, and his descendants. The narrative now returns to the seventh child of the same Andrew Hodge.

The seventh child of Andrew Hodge, the first, and Jane McCullough, was Jane. She was born in 1757, and was married to B. Phillips, of England. She and her husband passed most of their married life in the West Indies. At her death she left one child, who was adopted and brought up by her aunt, Mary Hodgdon. This child, whose name was Jane, grew up to be exceedingly tall and very delicate. She was, however, a most devoted Christian, an untiring friend and relation. She made herself very useful in the Church, and also during the epidemic of malignant cholera in 1832, being one of the ladies who took charge of the asylum for poor and neglected children, left helpless by this epidemic. She died a few years afterwards of disease of the heart. Her aunt, Miss Phillips, an Englishwoman, whom we all designated as Aunt Phillips, also lived with Aunt Hodgdon, and was a most congenial and excellent character. She died suddenly of apoplexy many years before Jane.

The eighth child of Andrew Hodge, the first, and Jane McCullough, was Mary. She was born in 1761, and married Major Hodgdon, who had served in the Revolutionary War, chiefly as Quarter-Master-General. He was originally from Boston, where he was very intimate with Colonel Sargent, with whom he was associated in business. He afterwards settled as a merchant in Philadelphia, and for a time was prosperous. He built for himself a large house in Arch Street, above Sixth, now 604, having Mr. William Montgomery to the west, and Mr. Maybin to the east, both of whom built houses similar to his, and their families became intimately associated. Major Hodgdon died when about seventy-five years of age. Mary, his wife, had remained unmarried until after the death of her parents (Andrew Hodge and Jane McCullough), but devoted herself to taking charge of her father's family, her sisters having married. Her father died in 1789, when about seventy-eight years of age. Soon after his death her marriage with Colonel Hodgdon took place, and she became the mother of several children. Her oldest child was Mary Ann, who early became a communicant in the Church. She remained single, and lived until about seventy-two years of age. She took care of her mother while she lived, and afterwards kept house for her brother Alexander. She died of cancer.

Mrs. Hodgdon's second child was Samuel. He was of a peculiar temperament. He entered into mercantile business, was married early, and retired to Montrose, in Susquehanna County, Pa. He had several children, became a communicant in the Church, and made himself very useful. After the death of his first wife he married a sister of Judge Jessup, of Montrose, by whom also he had children. Upon her death he married as his third wife a lady from New Jersey, who survived him. After this third marriage he transferred his residence to Newark, N. J., and afterwards to Germantown, Pa. He there died of disease of the heart when about seventy years of age. One of his sons, named Henry, lived and died in Kentucky. Another, Captain James Hodgdon, was in the mercantile service. He eventually commanded steamers running between Philadelphia, Mobile and Savannah. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War he was employed in the transport service, chiefly in the Gulf of Mexico. He there contracted disease of the liver and stomach, of which he died in Philadelphia. He married a Miss Dana, of Wilkes-Barré, Pa., and left but one son, who still lives (1872). His widow afterwards married Samuel Belton Henry, youngest son of John S. Henry, and she now resides with him in Virginia. A daughter of Samuel Hodgdon married a Mr. Urquhart, who lives in Wilkes-Barré, Pa. Another daughter married Dr. Messier, of Kentucky, who had a lucrative practice there, and during the war occupied an important position. Being much interested in chemistry he has since that time established a large chemical manufactory in Connecticut, some ten miles from Hartford, where he and his wife are exerting a great influence for good.

Another daughter born to Mary Hodgdon was Elizabeth, who died early in life. Jane was the next daughter. She was born about the year 1797, and was a girl of much talent, and great vivacity, making herself very agreeable to her associates. Of course, under these circumstances, she had intimate friends. Among these may be mentioned Matilda Maybin, Augusta Sperry and a Miss Smith, a very handsome young woman who married and died; also, Matilda Henry, daughter of Alexander Henry, and afterwards wife of Dr. John K.

Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell died only a few days ago. When Jane Hodgdon was about twenty years of age she married Dr. Thomas Harris, of the United States Navy. Dr. Harris was twenty years older than herself, a very intellectual man, of a quiet and sedate demeanor, but one who exerted much influence, even outside of his profession. At one time he had a very large and fashionable practice in Philadelphia. This was broken up by chronic disease of the spine, so that he became almost incapable of going about. He was largely instrumental in establishing the Naval Asylum on the Schuylkill River for sailors; the father of the institution being Judge Southard, of Trenton. Dr. Harris was afterwards transferred to Washington, where he received an appointment as chief of the Naval Bureau, soon after its establishment. Some years later, his health being very feeble, he was put upon the retired list, and came to Philadelphia, where he died of cardioplegia. Jane Hodgdon and Thomas Harris had several children. The oldest was William, who studied medicine, and entered the United States Navy, but did not attain much influence. He married a lady in Norfolk, who afterwards died, leaving him with several children. William is still living in Norfolk. His second child was Mary, a very fine, intelligent girl. She married a Mr. Dorsey, of Maryland, where she afterwards lived. She had three or four children, one of whom only survives. He was taken by his father to Virginia, where he entered the Rebel Army, and is still living. Mary Dorsey herself died while still young, soon after giving birth to twins. Her husband, Mr. Dorsey, subsequently married into the Mason family in Virginia, and went to that State to live.

The next child of Thomas and Jane Harris was Elizabeth. She married Judge Daniels, of Richmond, Va. He was Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and was then an old man with a family of children. He was, of course, a gentleman of great influence, but the difference of age between himself and his wife was very marked. Elizabeth had at least two children, who were brought up by his family; their mother perishing when quite young in consequence of her clothes taking fire while she was dressing for a party.

Thomas Harris, Jr., was another child. He early entered the Navy, and was actively engaged in the public service during the Civil War. When the war was over he spent most of his time upon the ocean, and is now captain of a United States vessel in the South Pacific. He married Lucy Jaudon, daughter of Ashbel Green Jaudon, and granddaughter of Daniel Jaudon, well-known as a most successful teacher of young ladies in this city, and as an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church. Lucy Jaudon had three or four children, and lives in Pine Street, above Twenty-first.

The last child of Thomas and Jane Harris was Charles, who was, I believe, a short time in the Navy, and afterwards a clerk in one of the Washington offices. He is now residing in Baltimore.

The next child of Colonel and Mary Hodgdon was Alexander, who is about seventy-four years of age at the present time. He never married. He was educated as a merchant, took up business in Philadelphia, and for several years was engaged in the same in New Orleans. He then returned to Philadelphia, and took up his residence with his aged mother and his sister. Since their death, which occurred some years ago, he has lived by himself in a house in Spruce Street, above Tenth. He was a young man of talents, with an excellent memory, having great mental and physical activity. He now owns a valuable property in land on the Delaware River, north of Richmond. He has also considerable personal investments. He has taken great interest in useful and public affairs. He was President of the Columbia and Harrisburg Railroad, retrieving it from many of its difficulties until it was eventually absorbed in the great Pennsylvania Railroad. He afterwards devoted much time and energy to the advantage of the Girard Bank, of which he was a director. He was elected a member of our Common Council, and afterwards of the Select Branch, and has frequently been honored with a re-election. He is constantly employed as a member of the various committees of the City Council, such as the Highway Committee, the Finance Committee and the Water Committee. In this last office he has co-operated very successfully with Mr. Graef, the Chairman and Engineer, to whom as well as to Mr. Hodgdon, the citizens of Philadelphia are greatly indebted for the supply of good water which they are enjoying without any real increase of expense. As a member of the Councils Mr. Hodgdon has been very diligent and punctual in all his engagements, manifesting a good deal of business talent, and showing himself practical and eloquent in resisting, and often with success, unnecessary expenditures and fraudulent impositions upon the public. In these pursuits he is still engaged with earnestness, not manifesting any decline of vigor or any of the infirmities of age.

The next and last child of Andrew Hodge, the first, and Jane McCullough, was James. [He was the ninth in number.] He early entered the mercantile service, became a captain and part owner of vessels, and was to a certain extent prosperous. About the year 1793 he undertook a voyage to the East Indies, and sailed from Philadelphia. Since that time no news has come from him except a verbal report of a sailor, who states that the vessel was wrecked on one of the East India Islands, supposed to be Borneo. He also affirms that Captain Hodge and all the crew but himself were surrounded and destroyed by the inhabitants. He himself escaped by hiding in some bushes. Captain Hodge left some property, which was paid by the underwriters on his vessel to Major Hodgdon, the executor of his will. He was interested also in the third of the real estate of his father. A part of this included a house on the east side of Water Street, bounded on the north by the house and stores of Henry Pratt, Esq., and on the south by the stores belonging to his brother, Dr. Hugh Hodge. My father, Dr. Hodge, rented this property from his brother, and lived there until 1797. It was in this house that I and my father's other children were born, with the exception of my brother Charles, whose birth occurred while we were living in Arch Street, above Fourth, in a house next west of Thomas Stewartson's, to whom it belonged.

Of the three brothers who came over to this country, the youngest was HUGH HODGE. He also settled in Philadelphia, first as a regular merchant, but afterwards in a dry goods store in Market Street, above Second, on the north side, where he earned a very comfortable support. He, like his brother Andrew, was a trustee of the Second Presbyterian Church (in 1780). He also filled the office of deacon, and this position he occupied during the remainder of his life. Hugh married a Miss Harkum, whose maternal ancestors bore the name of Doz, and were of Huguenot descent. She was connected with the First Presbyterian Church, then on Market Street, and afterwards with Christ Church. Miss Harkum early in life had religious tendencies, but it was not until she came under the influence of the celebrated Mr. Whitefield that her religious character was confirmed. It was her habit to make every sacrifice to attend the preaching of the great evangelist, walking even twenty miles, if necessary, to accomplish the purpose. She was married many years without having children. Then a son was born, but he soon died. Afterward another boy was given her, whom she called Hugh, after his father. My impression is that he received a classical education at Princeton; but, from the account given me by my mother, it would seem that he became interested in mercantile pursuits, and soon after the peace of 1783 he, and many other young men, embarked for England to engage in business. The vessel in which he sailed was never heard of.*

The loss of their only son weighed heavily upon his parents. They nevertheless attended steadily to their occupations, and to their religious duties. Mr. Hodge's house became indeed to a certain degree a centre where Presbyterians collected for the purpose of worship. This character of the house was maintained by his wife after the death of her husband, which occurred in 1783.† Hence, it came to pass that Aunt Hannah was soon denominated "A Mother in Israel." Her house, and even the yard of her house, was crowded with worshippers. She received a great deal of attention from clergymen, especially from Dr. Ashbel Green. Soon after the demise of her husband she received as an inmate of her house Mrs. Finley, the widow of President Finley, of the College of New Jersey, who was blind. This good lady stayed with Aunt Hannah as her companion until the death of the latter, when she went to pass the remainder of her days in the family of Dr. Jackson, at the corner of Fourth and Arch Streets.

Aunt Hannah survived until 1805, and then, without much suffering, she passed away in the eighty-fifth year of her age, leaving a record for good long to be remembered in the Second Church. By the will of her husband she enjoyed a life-interest in the property; but, on her death, all of it, including the house on Market Street, was transferred to the Trustees of the College of New Jersey as a permanent fund, the interest of which was to be appropriated to the collegiate education of pious young men looking forward to the ministry. The fund still remains constantly productive in accordance with the wishes of the giver.

Perhaps I may add that I have some mementos‡ of my Aunt

*"My uncle, John L. Hodge, always stated that Hugh Hodge, son of Hugh Hodge and Hannah Harkum, graduated from Princeton about 1773, being in the same, or about the same, classes with his cousins, Andrew and Hugh Hodge, and that his father sent him abroad for a trip, or to complete his education, and that the vessel was wrecked on the coast of France, and young Hugh Hodge was drowned. There seems to be no reference to a record of him during the time of the Revolution when his cousins, sons of Andrew Hodge, all took a more or less active part; and I think that he died, or was lost at sea before the Revolution."—J. Ledyard Hodge.

†According to Dr. Ashbel Green, in the General Assembly's Missionary Magazine for 1806, the date was 1783; but, in the genealogical tree in the possession of Mrs. J. Ledyard Hodge, and on his tombstone, it is given as 1784.—E. B. H.

‡"Henry Wilson Hodge, son of J. Ledyard Hodge, Esq., has a pair of gold link sleeve-buttons, marked H. H., formerly belonging to Hugh Hodge, which he often wears, and which are almost identically the same pattern as those used to-day, a century later."—J. Ledyard Hodge.

Hannah. Some of her family silver came to my mother. This silver, being in a very battered condition, was remelted and converted into plate, consisting of a tea pot, a sugar bowl and a cream jug; also, two dozen teaspoons, all of which were marked with the initials M. H. To me also came as an heirloom a large old-fashioned clock, probably made toward the beginning of the seventeenth (eighteenth?) century, or perhaps earlier, although it is uncertain when it came into the possession of my uncle Hugh Hodge. This clock has a handsome mahogany case, a metallic face and a musical arrangement so contrived that a tune is played every hour before striking. It is a most excellent time-piece.

I have also an old-fashioned secretary in my office, some eight feet high, furnished with large drawers, a writing-desk and a large number of pigeon-holes for papers and books, as well as several arrangements for the concealment of money and papers. This piece of furniture was left by Aunt Hannah to Dr. Ashbel Green. Dr. Green's son, Jacob Green, Esq., politely presented it to me after the death of his father, who lived until he was eighty-six years of age.

With the death of Aunt Hannah came to an end this branch of the Hodge family, while the descendants of the two brothers, Andrew and William, were, on the other hand, very numerous.

Memoir of Hannah Hodge, Widow of Hugh Hodge,

WHO DIED IN PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 17, 1805, IN THE EIGHTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

(Written by her pastor, the Rev. Ashbel Green, D.D., for the "Assembly Magazine." See the Panoplist, February 2d, for the year ending June, 1807. Philadelphia Library.)

"Hannah Hodge was born in Philadelphia, January, 1721. Her father's name was John Harkum, an Englishman by descent. Her mother, whose maiden name was Doe or Doz, was a descendant of a French Protestant; who fled from France on account of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. He and other French Protestants were principally instrumental in founding the First Presbyterian Church, on Market Street above Second, of which afterwards the Rev. Jedediah Andrews was pastor. There was much dissatisfaction among some of the members concerning Mr. Andrews, so that Mrs. Hodge's maternal grandfather and others joined the Episcopal Church. Her own parents, however, remained with the First Church. Mrs. Hodge became a communicant at the age of fifteen or sixteen; but she regarded her true conversion as having occurred under the preaching of Whitefield. At one time she walked twenty miles to hear him preach; but in after years she did not approve of such excursions. Particulars are given of her conversion and also of the trials and actual persecutions to which she was subjected in consequence of her devotion to religious subjects. Even her father drove her and her sister from the house; and these two girls were obliged to support themselves by keeping a small store and doing needlework. The father, however, before his death, was reconciled to them, and expressed his regret for his severity.

"In 1743 the Second Church was founded by Gilbert Tennent and the converts of Whitefield, one hundred and forty being received as members, among whom was the subject of this memoir. In, or about the year 1745 she was married to Mr. Hugh Hodge, the youngest brother of William and Andrew Hodge, who also was himself converted under the preaching of Whitefield, and who became a deacon in the Second Church, which position he retained until his death.

"To support themselves they opened a store on Market Street, above Second, on the north side. They were married eleven years without having children. Mrs. Hodge says: 'Nor had I ever any particular desire for them until one Sabbath when there happened to be the baptism of an infant, when it suddenly came to me what an honor was conferred upon a mother to train her child for the Lord. I then prayed earnestly that this blessing might be given me. My prayer was answered, for, in the course of one year, my child was born, presented to the Lord, and taken to himself.' This was a daughter. She afterwards had a son, who grew up to manhood, and studied medicine. During the Revolutionary War this son went to sea on a voyage of enterprise*

"The house of Mr. and Mrs. Hodge was the resort of clergymen for religious meetings, and prayer meetings were held sometimes so large that the people, not only filled the house, but even crowded out into the yard.

"Mr. Hodge died in 1783. His property was left so that the proceeds were received by his widow during her life, and, after her death in December, 1805, the principal was transferred to the College of New Jersey on the condition that the annual income thereof should be devoted to the education of pious young men destined for the ministry. This endowment is still preserved.

"After the death of her husband Mrs. Hodge still maintained her religious associations established early in life. Her house became often the abode of clergymen, and a place for religious conference and prayer.

"(For many years after the death of her husband she continued) to supervise her store, now no longer necessary for her sustenance, but the instrument of her charities in various directions; for every penny that was made in this store was devoted to benevolence.

"Until within two years of her death Mrs. Hodge maintained good general health and much activity of mind and body, although with two or three temporary interruptions from congestion of the brain. From these attacks, although serious, she wonderfully recovered. The last two years, however, she rapidly failed in mind and body, and on December 15th, 1805, had an apoplectic seizure, which terminated fatally on the 17th, when she was in the eighty-fifth year of her age."

*My mother afterwards told me that young Hugh Hodge, with a number of young Philadelphia merchants, embarked for Europe immediately after the peace of 1783, but that the vessel was never heard of. My cousin, John L. Hodge, thought that he sailed in the United States ship "Alliance," and that he was lost in some of her adventurous undertakings.—H. L. H.

See also Note by J. Ledyard Hodge at bottom of page 126.

Dr. Green concludes his notice by a very high eulogium upon her character. Solid, sterling integrity, and sincere piety, united with great humility, the love of truth and abhorrence of hypocrisy, were her chief characteristics. This gave her an influence among her Christian associates perhaps superior to that of any other individual.

She made her house the home of the stranger and the orphan; and for the last few years of her life she enjoyed the companionship and the friendly attentions of Mrs. Finley, the aged and amiable widow of the Rev. Dr. Finley, President of the College of New Jersey. At the death of Mrs. Hodge, Mrs. Finley* (née Clarkson) became the inmate for a time of the family of Mr. David Jackson.

Whitefield, under whose preaching Hannah Hodge was converted in 1739, preached to a crowd of fifteen thousand persons on Society Hill, so called as being used by the Free Society of Traders. It had its summit on Pine Street and rose in graceful grandeur upon the precincts of Spruce Street. An old letter of the time says: "The change in religion here is altogether surprising through the influence of Whitefield. No books sell but religious, and such is the general conversation."

The Second Church at that time became housed, according to a paper in Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, in the old Academy, a building which was originally constructed on subscription money raised by the celebrated Whitefield for the use of itinerant preachers forever, as well as for the maintenance of his peculiar views and tenets, then called "New Light," the promulgation of which caused his former friends in the First Presbyterian Church no longer to hold fellowship with his followers. The building was begun in 1741, and, when the walls were but about four feet high, it was preached in by Whitefield to a great congregation. It was finished in 1744, faster than money had been procured to pay for its erection. Under these circumstances Dr. Franklin in 1749 raised seven hundred and seventy-seven pounds for the purchase of the property, and it was converted into the first Academy in Philadelphia, with the condition that a preaching hall should be partitioned off and reserved to the use of itinerants forever. In 1753 (June 10, 1755) it was made the College of Philadelphia, and November 27, 1779, the University. Dr. William Smith was inducted as first Provost, beginning his labors, however, in 1754.

*The first wife of President Finley (Sarah Hall) was the great-grandmother of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, whose inventive genius gave the telegraph to the world, and of Sidney E. Morse, and Richard C. Morse; the last being the father of Charlotte G. Morse (Mrs. J. Aspinwall Hodge).—E. B. H.

The Second Church was then built, Rev. Gilbert Tennent, Pastor, at the corner of Third and Arch streets. The Rev. William Tennent, who came from Ireland, arrived in New York (?) in 1718,* and in 1721 removed to Bensalem, in Bucks county, Pa. Soon, however, he settled in a Presbyterian church of small consideration at the forks of the Neshaminy (he had been ordained a Churchman), where he opened a school for teaching the languages, etc. There he formed many of the youth of early renown, and many of the early clergymen of the Presbyterian Church, among whom were Rowland, Campbell, Lawrence, Beatty and others. It received the name of "Log College." His four sons all became clergymen Gilbert was remarkable for his ardor in Whitefield's cause, and the schism he formed in the Presbyterian Church. He lived for many years at Bedminster, described as a neat country-place, having a fine collection of fruit-trees. It was at the northeast corner of Brewer's alley and Fourth street, which was then considered far out of town. In the year 1755 it was advertised as a "very rural, agreeable place." Its proper front was upon the present Wood street, formerly called Brewer's alley because of a brewhouse. Rev. Gilbert Tennent laid the foundation of the Presbyterian Church at the northwest corner of Third and Arch streets, then bearing the name of the New Meeting-House. It was at first without a steeple, but an effort to raise one was attempted among the society, and it "falling much short," they, in the year 1753, succeeded to draw a lottery and have it finished. The steeple was afterward taken down for fear it would blow over It was a very neat and ornamental structure; and the Episcopalians, of no mind to see their architectural beauties rivaled, gave rise to the satirical couplet:

> "The Presbyterians built a church, and feign would have a steeple ;
> We think it may become the church, but not become the people."

"When Tennent lived at Bedminster country-seat he was one day overtaken in a storm of rain, and put into the tavern known as 'The White Horse,' at the northwest corner of Brewer's alley and Third street. Having hitched his horse to the buttonwood tree then there, he went into the house; and, while he was seated by the fire drying his clothes, lightning came down the chimney and melted the silver buckles on his knee-bands and shoes. The people thought him invulnerable as a saint of God."

The ground where the Second Church was built was at one time owned

* William Tennent "came to America in September, 1716," according to Webster ("History of the Presbyterian Church," p. 365). According to Dr. Sprague, "he landed at Philadelphia on the 6th of September, 1718" ("Annals of the American Pulpit," Vol. III, p. 23).—E. B. H.

by one Richard Hill, proprietor of the land extending from Arch and Third streets to Vine and Fifth streets, which he used as a kind of farm; and, when the Presbyterian church was built, it was spoken of as "on Dr. Hill's pasture" (From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," volumes 1 and 2).

"A sketch of the connection of the Hodge family with the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia (as) collected by the oldest survivor of the family at this time (1870), from early recollections and accounts occasionally given by friends and relatives of a former generation." (This is copied from the paper of Cousin Sally Hodge, wife of William L. Hodge, of Washington, and formerly Sally Bayard.)

At the time of the formation or collecting of the Second Presbyterian Church, Mr. Andrew Hodge, (the first), with his son-in-law, Col. John Bayard, and his brother, Mr. Hugh Hodge, were among its most able and zealous supporters, and contributed largely by money and personal influence to the erection of the brick building at the corner of Arch and Third streets. Here each built a pew, which, in process of time, was transmitted to their successors respectively. A congregation, large for that time, was soon collected, and the first Pastor was the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, whose descendants remained in the church until within a very few years (say 1860). After the death of Mr. Hugh Hodge, his widow, the much respected and venerated Mrs. Hannah Hodge, having no children living, proposed to her nephew, Mr. Andrew Hodge, that he should take her pew as his, reserving for herself a seat in it, thus leaving his father's pew to Dr. Hodge. That transfer could not be made without the consent of the trustees of the church, as by the charter there must be a sale (in fact, but nominal in this case) to render the transfer legal. This was early effected, and the fifth pew from the pulpit on the south side of the middle aisle became the possession of Andrew Hodge, and the first pew from the pulpit on the north side of the same aisle was the property of Dr. Hodge. On his death it rested with his widow as the guardian of his sons, then children, and (so) remained during her life. It is now the property of Dr. (Hugh L.) Hodge. (Subsequently it belonged to his son, Dr. H. Lenox Hodge, a ruling elder in the church.)