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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

Memories of
Eighty Years



1849

John H. Hollister



Memories of Eighty Years

AUTOSKETCHES, RANDOM NOTES
AND REMINISCENCES

BY
JOHN HAMILCAR HOLLISTER



Chicago, Illinois
1912



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My dear *Friends*; —

For many years Dr. Martin and I made it our custom, when not otherwise engaged, to go over to the old home at 3430 Rhodes Avenue, late in the evening, for a "just before bedtime" chat with the dear people there. Almost invariably we found them seated before a bright open fire, my father reading aloud from some big book — nothing frivolous, mind you — and my mother fashioning a dainty gift from ribbon or from a bright bit of worsted for some loved friend. Often our conversation turned to bygone days, and so interesting was it and so varied, that over and over again I exclaimed "Papa, why don't you talk this into a phonograph. I shall forget it all and some day I shall want it so much!"

Then one fall, the fall of 1908, came a season of great mystery — a dropping of newspapers over unknown somethings in unexpected places and a hasty pushing aside of innocent looking bits of paper. As a result, I received, that Christmas, a square white box. In it, neatly typewritten, were sixteen chapters of "Memories." Each chapter had been tied by my mother's dear fingers with a bright scarlet ribbon and a sprig of holly, and I need not tell you that of all the gifts of my life, this was the most precious.

That was our last Christmas as an unbroken family. My mother died the following February, and in his great loneliness my father turned with unanticipated pleasure to the continuance of this self-appointed task. Having laid aside the responsibilities and duties of an unusually active life, he now found that this labor of love was indeed a blessing in disguise. Many were the chapters that we planned for future writing and many were the sketches outlined to be filled in. Much that I long to have remains untold, but I am glad there were pages still unwritten, for I rejoice

Historical Society
1/11/1908

Handwritten scribbles or marks in the bottom left corner.

to think that he never felt that the sands of life had quite run out while work yet remained for him to do.

In his manuscript there are one or two slight inaccuracies which, owing to the fact that our books are all packed away, I have been unable to verify or correct. These, however, are trifling and unimportant.

His medical career is here somewhat briefly touched upon because in a series of articles which he had recently written, and to which he here refers, he had dealt at length with his professional relations. The most vital period of his life seems to have been that of the Civil War. Over and over again, he referred to the experiences covered by those crucial years, and always with the deepest interest and intensity. The chapters upon African Slavery were written during the summer of 1910, which he spent with us at Midlothian. All day long he would sit absorbed in some big volume, until the lengthening shadows would have tried younger eyes than his; and early in the morning, upon our upper porch in the treetops, I would hear him clicking away upon his little typewriter, as he copied the work of the day before.

And now I am sharing what the dear hand has written with you, because I know how much you loved and respected my father and because I hope this little remembrance of him will prove a real joy to you. It is the last effort of a long and busy life; a life singularly simple and unassuming in itself, yet of such inspiration and strength to those about him; a life full of dignity, earnest purpose and power, yet withal full of hope, happiness and love; a life fully completed and rounded out, of which our hearts all may say "He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith."

Yours most truly
Louella Hallister Weston

Hotel Metropole,
Chicago.

Foreword

THIS little book does not aspire to publicity. It is written at the request of my wife and children. As they are responsible for its production, so must they be for its imperfections.

To my wife, let it be a memento of sixty years of married life; to our children, Dr. Franklin H. Martin and Isabelle Hollister Martin, a Christmas gift.

CHRISTMAS, 1908.



Contents

CHAPTER I	
ANCESTRAL HISTORY	11
CHAPTER II	
FAMILY HISTORY	20
CHAPTER III	
LIFE IN MICHIGAN	27
CHAPTER IV	
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES	33
CHAPTER V	
SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS	40
CHAPTER VI	
SCHOOL TEACHING	44
CHAPTER VII	
MEDICAL STUDIES	49
CHAPTER VIII	
SEEKING A LOCATION	53
CHAPTER IX	
COUNTRY PRACTICE	57
CHAPTER X	
MARRIAGE AND SETTLEMENT	62
CHAPTER XI	
REMOVAL TO CHICAGO	67

Contents

CHAPTER XII	
FIFTY YEARS' MEDICAL PRACTICE IN CHICAGO	71
CHAPTER XIII	
MEDICAL TEACHING	76
CHAPTER XIV	
MEDICAL SOCIETIES	80
CHAPTER XV	
CHURCH MEMBERSHIP	83
CHAPTER XVI	
MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS	88
CHAPTER XVII	
THE CHICAGO FIRE	104
CHAPTER XVIII	
TRIP TO EUROPE	109

Homeland Outings

CHAPTER XIX	
FIRST VISIT TO CHICAGO	121
CHAPTER XX	
EXCURSION TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER	124
CHAPTER XXI	
VISIT TO EASTERN COLLEGES	129
CHAPTER XXII	
SOUTHERN VISIT—1865	135

Contents

CHAPTER XXIII

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876 . . . 140

CHAPTER XXIV

THE DISCOVERY OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK . . . 144

CHAPTER XXV

THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE 154

African Slavery

CHAPTER XXVI

AFRICAN SLAVERY 165

CHAPTER XXVII

BRITISH EMANCIPATION 174

CHAPTER XXVIII

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES 192

CHAPTER XXIX

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES . . . 216

CHAPTER XXX

REMEMBRANCES OF MR. LINCOLN 237



Memories of Eighty Years

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRAL HISTORY

IT has seemed to me desirable to perfect, so far as possible, the Genealogical Records of the Hollister and Chamberlin families, with which I am connected. To this end I have sought their records from various sources and recorded them at length in our Family Bible, a brief synopsis of which is here given. Of our English ancestors but little can be learned, from the fact that, by reason of the War of Independence, so alienated were the colonies from the mother country that few of our American families cared to maintain relationship with their kindred in England and were indifferent as to the records which might relate them to their ancestors. So far as I have been able to connect our families with their antecedents the results are here briefly outlined.

THE HOLLISTERS IN ENGLAND

No satisfactory conclusion has been reached as to the origin of the family name. It appears in English records as early as 1563 and is believed to be of Anglo-Saxon origin. Numerous families of that name were located principally in the counties of Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire. There are records of births, marriages and deaths

Memories of Eighty Years

in these counties dating from 1563 to 1677. The records also show that some of them were men of means and were extensive land-holders, as in the case where Lord Berkley, in the sixth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, sold one fourth of his manor of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, to John Hollister and others.

In the language of Heraldry the Hollister Coat of Arms is described as follows:

“*Sable* between a greyhound *courant* blendwise and a dolphin *hauriant* in base *Argent*, three roses *gules* in a chief of the second two slips of strawberry fructus proper.

“*Crest*: an arm in armour embowered holding a branch of holly proper.

“*Motto*: Fuimus, et sub Deo erimus.”

We also find record of a will made by John Hollister, merchant, in Bristol, England, dated July 15, 1575. The name John Hollister was of record frequently previous to the time of the arrival of our ancestor who came to America. From which of the families he was a descendant we are not able to determine.

THE HOLLISTERS IN AMERICA

John Hollister, the *Immigrant* from whom all the families of that name so far as we know are descended, was born in England in 1612, and migrated to America in 1642.

From the prominence to which he soon attained it is evident that he was a man of culture and strong personality. The year following his settlement in the Connecticut Colony at Hartford he was made a “freeman,” and the next year, 1644, he was selected to represent Wethersfield in the



OLD HOLLISTER HOUSE AT SOUTH GLASTONBURY, CONNECTICUT

Ancestral History

Colonial Assembly, and continued to act in that capacity at nearly every session for ten years. He made additions to what was known as "The Naubuck Farms" and there he built the celebrated "old red house," in which he lived and died, and which remained in possession of his descendants of that name for 233 years, until in 1888 it passed to other hands.

That he was one of the foremost men in social life is evident in that Joanna Treat, whom he married, was the daughter of Richard Treat, Senior, one of the patentees named in the charter granted by Charles II to the Hartford Colony. He was almost continuously elected to official positions in the infant colony and was appointed Tax Collector also for the support of students at Cambridge. Robert Treat, a brother of his wife, was Governor of Connecticut for many years. Colonel Hollister, as he was called, was thus brought into intimate relation with the most prominent families in the colony.

In his church connection he was not entirely happy. It was an unusual thing at that day for a layman to withstand and antagonize his minister, but that was what he did. For some reason, which I am not able to learn, the minister informed him that he had excommunicated him from the church, whereupon Colonel Hollister demanded a copy of his charges and a hearing before the church. This was denied him. The result was that a portion of the church members withdrew and united with him in the formation of another church. As the new organization included the names of a number of the most prominent citizens, and also that of the Governor, it seems evident

Memories of Eighty Years

that he was strongly supported in his contention. That he also was inclined to be belligerent is apparent from the fact that the report made by the Council to which the matter was finally referred, stated that in their view both of the contestants had been unwarrantably rash and that both were amenable to criticism. The pugnacious pastor not long after resigned his position in the old church and sought a pastorate elsewhere.

The physical prowess of Colonel Hollister is well indicated by a quotation which I am tempted to make from Chapin's History of Glastonbury for Two Hundred Years, in which he writes as follows: "The nearest approach to hostilities that has come to our knowledge is furnished by the following tradition in regard to John Hollister which has been supplied by a member of the family now abroad. While Col. Hollister continued on the West side of the River he was accustomed to go over and cultivate in Nauaug unprotected by company. On one occasion a huge stout Indian appeared before him saying he had been told that he, Mr. H., was the stoutest paleface in the settlement and proposed a trial of strength in a fight. Col. H. assented and at it they went. After engaging in a conflict until each was exhausted they mutually agreed upon a truce and sitting down upon a log rested themselves. Having recovered breath and strength they fought again, and again they rested, fighting and resting until sundown, when neither having conquered they exchanged tokens of friendship and ever after lived in peace."

Colonel Hollister died in Wethersfield in 1665, aged 53 years. His wife died in 1694, twenty-nine years later.

Ancestral History

To this family eight children were born, of whom John, Jr., their eldest son, was our paternal ancestor.

John Hollister, Jr., was born in Wethersfield in 1644 and was married to Mary Goodrich in 1667. He was one of the principal men in Glastonbury, Connecticut, and died there November, 1711. Seven children were born to this family, of whom, in the third generation, Thomas was our ancestor.

Thomas Hollister was born in Wethersfield January 14, 1672. He married Dorothy Hill, of Glastonbury, and died there in 1741. By occupation he was called "the weaver," and held the office of Deacon in the church. To this family thirteen children were born, five sons and eight daughters, of whom seven daughters were married and one died at the age of seven years. Of the five sons, Charles was our forefather.

Charles Hollister, of the fourth generation, was born in Glastonbury in 1701. He was married to Prudence Francis in Wethersfield in 1729. He settled in Eastbury, Connecticut, and died there in 1753. His tombstone is to be seen in the old burying-ground in Eastbury. His family consisted of nine children, seven sons and two daughters. Of these, his third son, Francis, was our progenitor.

Captain Francis Hollister was born in Glastonbury in 1733. He married Betty McKee in 1753. They resided in Tyringham, Massachusetts. He was a sea captain and died in Havana in 1770. They had seven children, four sons and three daughters. Of these, Abner, the oldest son, was our ancestor.

Abner Hollister of the sixth generation, was born in 1754.

Memories of Eighty Years

He was a soldier in the Revolution and was with Arnold in his march to Quebec. After Arnold's surrender he made his escape through a pathless wilderness, and, after suffering great privation, reached his home. By his first wife, Sarah Betty of Tyringham, whom he married in 1775, he had twelve children, of whom my father, John Bentley Hollister, was the tenth child. For his second wife he married Elizabeth Granger of Oneida County, New York. No children were born to them from this marriage. He died in Cato, Cayuga County, New York, in 1813, aged 59 years.

OUTLINE RECORD OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

Born	Died
1612 John Hollister, Immigrant Married Joanna Treat	1694
SECOND GENERATION	
1644 John Hollister, Jr. Married Sarah Goodrich, 1667	1711
THIRD GENERATION	
1672 Thomas Hollister Married Dorothy Hill	1741
FOURTH GENERATION	
1701 Charles Hollister Married Prudence Francis, 1729	1753
FIFTH GENERATION	
1733 Francis Hollister Married Betty McKee, 1753	1770
SIXTH GENERATION	
1754 Abner Hollister Married Sarah Betty, 1775 Elizabeth Granger, 1802	1813

Ancestral History

SEVENTH GENERATION

1795	John Bentley Hollister	1831
	Married	
1797	Mary Chamberlin, 1821	1890

EIGHTH GENERATION

1824	John Hamilcar Hollister	1911
	Married	
1827	Jeannette Windiate, 1849.	1909

THE CHAMBERLIN GENEALOGY

In the above, my mother's family is represented. In treating of the Chamberlin history I am mainly indebted to the researches of Mr. William Chamberlin, a native of Dalton, Massachusetts, and for some thirty years or more before the Civil War, a merchant in Natchez, Mississippi. He thinks that our ancestry dates back to the one who held the position of Chamberlain to William the Conqueror when he went over to England. Be that as it may, I am only interested to trace that branch of the family now so numerous in our own country and from which our immediate line is descended.

Joseph Chamberlin was the name of our first American ancestor. He was of English antecedents, born in Wales, whither his father, who was a stanch Protestant, had fled to escape the persecution so intense during the reign of Charles I. He was born in 1653, in the fourth year of the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and lived through the successive reigns of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Ann, George I, and more than half of that of George II. For the same reason that their father fled to Wales, when his estate was confiscated, three of his sons migrated

Memories of Eighty Years

to America in 1670. Of these, Joseph, our progenitor, was only seventeen years old. He settled in Colchester, Connecticut, where he lived to see five generations of descendants born. He died in 1750, aged 97 years, respected by all who knew him. He was married at Colchester and reared a family of five sons and five daughters. The sons' names were William, Freedom, Joseph, Benjamin, and John. The names of the daughters were not given. Our line descends from John, the youngest son. He was a farmer and resided in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and died there, aged 85 years. His son Joseph was the founder of the fourth generation.¹

Joseph Chamberlin, the founder of the fourth generation, was the father of four sons and five daughters. The sons were named Martin, Jacob, Gad, and Dan. The names of the five daughters are also given.

Eunice, who married Dr. Abel Kittredge.

Lois, who married Samuel Baldwin.

Abia, who married Levi Day.

Saphronia, who married Eliphalet Chamberlin.

Jerusha, who married Smith Parmlee.

Gad Chamberlin, of the fifth generation, the third son of Joseph Chamberlin, was my grandfather. He was born in Colchester, Connecticut, in 1770, and removed to Dalton, Massachusetts, when he was but a child, and there he grew to manhood. He was married to Lydia Baldwin of the adjoining town of Windsor. He settled first in Greenville, New York, later in Sangersfield, then Lima, New York, and

¹Both the second and third generations of our branch of the family were represented by John Chamberlin. My father realized that he had omitted one of these, but neglected to make any change in his manuscript. I. H. M.

Ancestral History

in 1827 removed to Romeo, Michigan, where he died in 1846, aged 76 years. His family consisted of eleven children, of whom Mary, my mother, was the oldest. Their names were as follows:

- Mary, who married John B. Hollister.
- Samuel, who married Eliza Collins.
- Platt, who married Phoebe Parkhurst.
- Addison, who married Lydia Leach, and Ann Parsons.
- Electa, who married Rev. William T. Snow.
- Nelson, who died, aged ten years.
- Julia, who married Rev. Luther Shaw.
- Harvey, who married Juliette McKeen.
- Joseph, who married Olive Warren.
- Nelson P., who married Hannah Potter.
- James B., who married Margaret Chamberlin.

Lydia Baldwin Chamberlin, the mother of this family, died in Greenville, Michigan, and is buried in the family lot in Romeo beside her husband. A monument to their memory has been erected in that place.

The union of the Hollister and Chamberlin families was consummated by the marriage of John B. Hollister, my father, with my mother, Mary Chamberlin. To them, reference will be made in the succeeding chapter.

As family records sometimes become of special interest to later generations, it has been a matter of interest to trace the genealogy of these two families from the landing of their progenitors in America, and this data may possibly be of service to those who may come after me.

CHAPTER II

FAMILY HISTORY

JOHAN BENTLEY HOLLISTER, my father, was born in the town of Adams, Jefferson County, New York, in 1795. His mother died when he was hardly six years old, and he went to live with an older sister, the wife of Rev. Chauncy Cook, then the resident minister at Pompey Hill, near Syracuse, New York. The Pompey Hill Academy was then one of the most popular educational institutions in the state, and there many noted men were educated. My father's prominence as a student in that institution is evident from the fact that at the age of sixteen he gained the highest award for scholarship at the annual examination. The prize awarded was a standard volume of Johnson's English Dictionary, a rare and somewhat expensive work at that date. It was the standard authority both in Europe and America. It was not until years later that the first edition of Webster's Dictionary was given to the public. While he was a proficient student of the languages, he was especially fond of mathematics and early became an adept as a land surveyor. In those days there was a very great demand for such service. At the early age of eighteen years he had chosen this for a permanent calling, and in 1818, only two years after the close of the war with England, he was employed to fulfill a contract with the United States Government, to survey the base line of the present State of Missouri, separating it

Family History

from the territory of Arkansas. He made his journey by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to St. Louis, then a mere hamlet, and only known as a French and Indian trading post in which as yet few Americans had found a home. From here he was to penetrate the heart of the Indian country for one hundred and fifty miles.

Although peace with England had been declared two years previously, the war spirit was still burning in many an Indian breast, and the invasion of their hunting ground was ample evidence of the white man's future intent. The surveying party must needs be well armed and strong enough in number for self-defense. His company consisted of thirty men. Fully armed and equipped, they set out from St. Louis with their pack train, following the West bank of the Mississippi to the territorial line, where they began the original westward survey. He had in his company as wiry a set of men as only the wild west could produce, and every man was doubly armed. After my father's death, when I was but seven years old, my mother used from time to time to recount many of his experiences as she had learned them from his lips, and these are among my most abiding memories. To a few of them I will briefly refer. The question of subsistence was one of the chief concerns. When once these thirty men had cut loose from their base of supplies it was not long before their bread supply was exhausted. Beans, a limited amount of flour, and the various kinds of wild game of every sort were to be their main reliance. One man of all the company came to be named the "mighty hunter," and slight as the chances might seem to other eyes, he never failed to round up an

Memories of Eighty Years

ample supply. Another serious question was that of water in those hot summer months. The tributary streams that fed the Arkansas were sometimes far apart and the ravines and swamps were so thoroughly dried that the party often suffered from extreme thirst. Once their lives were in great peril. They had occasion on their route to pass over an extended ridge of prairie which lay between them and the next waterway. They had been misled as to the distance, and for three days they were compelled to make a forced march under a burning sun, without a drop of water to slake their thirst. Their tongues became too much swollen to be retained within their mouths, and bled from overpressure upon their teeth. They finally came upon a ravine and from the moist earth, little by little, succeeded in gaining enough water from the oozing mud to save their imperiled lives. It was my father's impression that if they had come upon a full supply of water at once they might have died from its excessive use. That experience was never to be repeated. Ever after, outriders were sent to locate their water supply.

Another not so serious experience befell them. The tall prairie grass was a constant and serious impediment. If it could be swept away by fire this hindrance would be removed, and besides, the time had come when the wily Indians might so encompass them with fire as to threaten their lives. One day, when the wind seemed favorable for their purpose, the grass was set on fire; and none but those who have been eye-witnesses can comprehend the meaning of a prairie fire. For a time all went well, but soon the wind changed and blew directly toward their

Family History

camp, which was pitched upon the bank of a stream several miles away. By a circuitous route they made their way as best they could to the place of their encampment, only to find it a smoldering ruin. Many of their valuables and most of their supplies had been destroyed in the flames. But these were minor losses compared with the value of my father's field notes. By a wise forethought, happily, these had been preserved. Had they been destroyed his summer's work would have gone for naught. His unique precaution saved him from this loss. He seemed to have an intuition that some misfortune might befall the camp, by fire or other mishap, and so he made disposition of his surveys as follows: the topographical maps and field notes were first wrapped in oiled silk, then folded in a rubber cloth to insure against dampness, and then again, to secure against fire, they were wrapped in a green buffalo hide prepared for that purpose. This hide was charred to a crisp but the contents were safe.

Upon this line, which formed the boundary between the Missouri and Arkansas territories, the future subdivisions of Missouri were to be based. This was the first of like invasions upon the Indian territory beyond the Mississippi. On these broad prairies there were no trees to be blazed and no stones to serve as landmarks, but stakes carried on pack mules were driven deep in the ground, and sods cut from the prairie and piled around them would tell their story for ages. But often for miles and miles the Indians would follow the surveyors and obliterate these landmarks.

It was late in the autumn of 1818 that my father's con-

Memories of Eighty Years

tract was completed. Returning to St. Louis his company was soon disbanded. His returns to the Government were forwarded for approval and he set his face homeward. In the meantime he had purchased a famous saddle horse for his homeward trip, which was afterwards disposed of to his brother Abner Hollister and was noted as the "John Horse," from bearing my father's name. For many years he was a great pet, and when he died of old age was buried with special honors. Father traveled on horseback through the states of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and returned to Cato, Cayuga County, New York at the close of the year.

Earlier reference should have been made to father's military career. As my ancestors had been active participants in the War of the Revolution, so my father was likewise engaged in the War of 1812. Although he was but seventeen years old he joined the army as a substitute, being mustered in as a private of the New York State militia. While his company was serving under the command of General Scott at the battle of Lundy's Lane, he was detached to drive one of the teams charged with the delivery of ammunition from the base of supplies to the firing line. While thus engaged, a flank charge was made by British cavalry, breaking our line, and he received a severe cut on his head at the hand of a dashing cavalryman. His cap was cut and he received a severe scalp wound, the scar of which he carried through life. A button upon his cap was cut nearly in twain, and to this protection he attributed the saving of his life. He received an honorable discharge, and a pension was accorded to my

Family History

mother, who lived to be ninety-two years old. At the time of his death, in 1831, he held the rank of Colonel in the State Militia of Michigan, and I well remember his prominence in the annual military training, as I once undertook to run to him when he was maneuvering the troops on the field, and he detailed a soldier to take me to the guard house. Thus a few words with regard to my father's early life.

Mary Chamberlin, my mother, the oldest of ten children of Gad Chamberlin and Lydia Baldwin, was born in Greeneville, Green County, New York, December 15, 1797. In her early childhood the family removed to Sangersfield, Oneida County. In 1816 they again removed to Lima, Livingston County, where she remained until her marriage. It was a special purpose of her father that his children should enjoy the best educational facilities that the times and his means could afford. In addition to the advantage which Lima offered, my mother later attended the Young Ladies' Seminary at Moscow, New York, then in high repute. Her special fondness was for English Composition, in which she so far excelled as to receive a letter of special commendation from the principal at the conclusion of the final examinations.

During the years of her young womanhood strong attachments were developed among the young people of Lima and its environments, resulting not only in a number of intermarriages, but also the continuance of those friendships in the families which were to be.

During my father's absence upon his surveying tour his brother-in-law, Rev. Chauncy Cook, with whom he had

Memories of Eighty Years

lived in Pompey, had assumed the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Lima, New York, and hither my father came and taught the district school in that town in the winter of 1819 and 1820. There he made mother's acquaintance in 1820. They were married in Lima in 1821, Rev. John Barnard officiating, and removed to my father's former home in Cato, Cayuga County. The following year they located beside their Baldwin relatives in Riga, Monroe County. Here their first-born babe, named Harleigh Hamilcar, was accidentally scalded and died a few hours later. Here at Riga I was born, August 5, 1824, and two years later my little sister, Juliette, who died when she was two years old.

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN MICHIGAN

IN 1825 the Erie Canal had been completed to Buffalo, and by it communication by way of the Lakes was established with the great Northwest. The Territory of Michigan was then being opened for settlement, and the tide of emigration was strongly set in that direction. My father early saw that in establishing the metes and bounds of these early settlers his services as a surveyor would be in constant requirement. He also foresaw that in the development of this new country there would be an unlimited opportunity for personal advancement. Grandfather Chamberlin was also strongly inclined in the same direction. With a large and growing family, his ambition was to settle his children comfortably around him and to give to each of his seven boys a farm. Here, it seemed to him, was his opportunity. He little knew that four of these sons would be buried in Mississippi, one in Oregon, and only one in Michigan. The Territory was awaiting the coming of such men, and there, to his heart's content, he could convert the forest into fruitful fields. Other families, like-minded, joined him in the organization of a little colony numbering some thirty persons. A canal boat was chartered at Pittsford, New York, and the people and their effects were soon landed in Buffalo. The old steamer United States was one of the first steamboats on Lake Erie, and in that they skirted the southern shore

Memories of Eighty Years

of the lake and landed, after three days, at Detroit, May 10, 1827. That town then contained about four hundred inhabitants, a majority of whom were French and half-breed Indians. The objective point for our people was then called Indian Village, situated forty miles north of Detroit, and to reach this point with their effects required three full days. Romeo is the name now given to the village which they helped to form, and where before the winter set in the colony was comfortably housed. During the summer Grandfather erected a sawmill in connection with his farming interests, and thus lumber, so much needed, was soon supplied.

The coming of the colony gave a marked impulse to the settlement of that part of the county of Macomb. New settlers were wonderfully kind. Men turned out far and near to assist at the raising of houses and barns, and women were unsparing in their devotion to those who were sick. The needs of the children in the new settlement were early recognized and promptly provided for. A year had not elapsed before a frame schoolhouse had been erected. It was the first frame building in all that part of the county, and from that day the settlement never failed to maintain both summer and winter schools quite above the average of district schools then in vogue. Not only were schools fostered, but religious meetings were soon inaugurated. By common consent the schoolhouses throughout the country were at the service of religious denominations. The Methodist people led in this pioneer work, and circuit riders, as they were called, rendered a most important service. Within a year of our arrival there were stated

Life in Michigan

preaching services in our schoolhouse, people coming from a distance to attend the meetings. On special occasions, such as a quarterly meeting, it became necessary for want of room to hold services in an adjacent barn, where, as I well remember, a little later I was one of the boys on the hay mow. It was a desirable class of people which located in Michigan in those early days. Persons and property were perfectly secure and the commission of crime was almost unknown. The majority of the people were religiously inclined, and in an early day the various denominations were permanently organized. Especial attention was given to the subject of education. The territory was yet in its infancy when schools became one of the chief concerns. The Michigan University of to-day is the logical outcome of its district schools and the academies which they developed. I know not how it is to-day, but twenty-five years ago there was more mail delivered to the citizens of Michigan per capita than to those of any other state in the Union.

In this connection it may not be amiss to speak of rural life in those early days. Nothing could be more democratic than the methods and manners of the early settlers. There was no class distinction between employers and employed. That could not well be, for all had to work. The man or woman who would not, if able-bodied, would be considered an outcast for whom there was no use. Workmen were housed under the same roof with their employers, ate at the same table, and held position according to their merit. In cases of large families with limited means, it was the custom for the older boys and girls to

Memories of Eighty Years

work out as "hired help." I recall the histories of a number who worked in our own and grandfather's families. The wages of young men from twenty to twenty-five years old averaged from ten to thirteen dollars per month, with board. Girls were employed at from fifty cents to one dollar a week, according to the value of their services. Young men frequently hired out at one hundred and fifty dollars a year and "found." At that time land at a dollar and a quarter an acre could be found within five miles of us in almost any direction. It was the ambition of every aspiring young man to own eighty acres, purchased by his first year's earnings, and then, from the proceeds of a second year, to place himself in comfortable condition in his own new home, with five or ten acres clear. The first home was a simple log house, more or less complete, according to the ability of the owner. Hardly less important was the building of a barn for the protection of his cattle and his crops. While the young man had been working for the purchase of his acres, usually a girl of his acquaintance was working in like manner and as saving of her earnings, and when the minister made them one she went with him to the new home, moderately supplied with clothing, and taking as a dower from her parents, a pet cow and a feather bed. The young couple were of one mind. They rose early and toiled late. Year by year the fields were enlarged and the flocks increased. It was a signal event when a span of horses was added to their stock. I could name not a few families who thus began life when I was a little boy. I have known the histories of those families through two generations. Not

Life in Michigan

many were ever improvident; hardly ever did a child fail of good common school education and most of those settlers continued to old age as prosperous farmers. Many of their sons were college bred, some became ministers others lawyers and doctors, a number were distinguished statesmen, while some strong men still held the old farms.

There has been a strong tendency during the last fifty years for both the boys and girls to leave the old homestead and settle in the rapidly growing cities. Thus the cities have been constantly growing at the expense of the country. For years it has been a matter of constant observation that the conspicuous men in the professional and in the financial world were largely country born, strong in physical and mental development, leaders in finance, education, and in the development of moral and religious institutions. Not only have the cities made such demands upon these homes, but such has been the rapid growth of our western empire and such the inducements to migrate thither, that almost every town and hamlet in the older states has contributed its numerous representatives in the settlement of the West. The result has been that in all the newly acquired territory the American spirit has been dominant, and the foreign population has been steadily and rapidly Americanized. The trend of influence among the great masses of our people is toward the right, and their final pronouncement is always safe.

Another source of safety for our commonwealth is found in the fact that there are no entailments of large estates. The toilers in vast numbers are the owners of the soil they till, and this love of possession is one of the strongest

Memories of Eighty Years

factors that can be relied upon for national preservation. Every owner of a homestead can be counted on as loyal to his country and a defender of the people. Thus, while, within the period of my memory, the population of this country has increased from fifteen to over eighty millions, there never was a time when the people, whether home or foreign born, were more sincerely loyal to every interest than they are to-day. A million lives have already been given to the preservation of the union. A million homesteads and the hearts of their possessors are pledged for our national perpetuity.

CHAPTER IV

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

TURNING from ancestral history and the experiences of our people in pioneer life to matters personal, it seems natural to refer first to some of my earliest childhood memories. There are many which I can recall, but a few only must suffice. Trivial as they were, they have in later years held an abiding place in my memory. It may not be a survival of the fittest, but it is surely a case where the first shall be last. Thus it seems to me of those I can recall after a period of eighty years.

My first attempt to acquire property by conquest occurred just eighty-two years ago. It was a case where thus early I assumed that might made right, and that possession held at least nine points in the law, a rule not even yet entirely obsolete.

A Mr. Voorhies had purchased my father's farm just before our removal to Michigan, and for a few weeks the two families were dwelling under the same roof. I was the active representative of my father's family, and Katherine was the only child in the other. I was two years and eight months old, and Kate was six months older than I. The acquirement of property is a fashion not confined to individuals. The United States coveted a part of Mexico and got it by no fair means; England treated the Boers in like manner. It was in precisely like manner that Kate and I went to war. England and our country have not been

Memories of Eighty Years

spanked for their injustice—they may be as time goes on; but Kate and I got ours from whichever mother first reached the scene of action. Day by day our fights went on. These mothers constituted a kind of Hague tribunal for the settlement of our affairs. Between Kate and myself the “casus belli” was a pretty little green chair. It belonged to Kate by right of possession. I saw no good reason why it might not be mine by conquest. As a boy I think I had a little the advantage in the matter of muscle, but Kate had the advantage of age. Our battles were at close range, nor was the conflict conducted in silence. If I remember rightly, Kate did most of the screaming. When it came to the punishment, Kate and I sang a duet. When the chair was taken from us and hung upon a nail, we looked at it, then we looked at each other, and both were satisfied and went at some other mischief.

My first serious fright occurred about that time. Among our family possessions to be disposed of was a fine flock of geese. The time had come for their removal. I know nothing of the purchaser, nor of the later history of the geese, but the method of their capture has never faded from my memory. A team was driven to our door—I remember the big, green wagon box, and how the men placed the boards to cover it. I well remember the terrible conflict which finally ended in the capture of the geese. Again and again around the house the geese fled as best they might, and around and around the house the men pursued them. Those geese had wonderful command of language. I could not understand it, but to me it was terrific. If I had known of the Judgment Day, I think I should have

Childhood Memories

thought that day had come. Such horrible screaming and such clapping of wings were entirely too much for my untutored nerves, and it was only when the geese pressed their heads from their imprisonment in silence and the wagon was gone from the door, and my mother's arms, which had tightly held me, were released, that I slowly came to my former self.

Our people, on their way to Michigan, had reached Lockport, and while the boat was passing through the lock it was the custom for those who could to leave the boat and walk up an incline on the tow-path. Dear old Aunt Lucy Day, the mother of a family of eight well-grown children, who formed a part of our colony, consented to sit on deck and hold me in her arms while the boat was passing through. When the water from the lock came plunging and foaming and the boat was tossed from side to side as though it were but a shell, my terror began. That mother's arms had cuddled seven sturdy boys, as only a mother's arms can, but this was a new experience. I know not how hard I struggled nor how loudly I screamed; I know that I was frightened for all there was in me. In later days good Auntie Day told me that this was the supreme effort of her life, and that she really thought for a while I would break from her arms and go overboard.

At a little later time I should have been frightened when I was not. It was a case where ignorance was bliss and it was folly to be wise. My uncle, Addison Chamberlin, and my father, had located their farms a half mile apart, and a dense woodland lay between. It was the height of my happiness to visit my Aunt Lydia, and I was never ready

Memories of Eighty Years

to leave her until I was sent home. I was then nearly six years old. The twilight was coming on, but the moon was in full. I was midway in the wood, following a well-cleared road, when I heard the loping, as I supposed, of a dog belonging to a neighbor, with whose hunting hounds I was very familiar. I whistled and called the animal to come to me. Just then in an open space he came in full view, dropping upon his haunches, lapping with his tongue and panting as though he had been running. In that dim light he looked strange to me, and as I continued my call he turned suddenly and with a lope was soon hidden from my view. Just then my father's voice reverberated through the woods, calling me by name. I hastened home, and was duly reprimanded for being out so late. A few moments later and the familiar howl of a wolf was heard in the dense swamp that lay not far from the roadside where I had been, and into which my strange dog had gone. Soon there came a responsive wolf-howl far away. Nearer and nearer they were heard until the two were united. There were ominous glances from parental eyes and shaking of heads which I still remember.

From my own experience I learned never to promise a child anything unless I was prepared to fulfill it to the letter. When I was about five years old, there was a quilting at our house and the women ran short of thread. My Aunt Julia, later my first school-teacher, said to me that if I would run down to a neighbor a quarter of a mile away and bring a spool of thread, she would give me a sixpence. Be it remembered that in that early time nickels and dimes were yet unknown. Time went on, but I remembered that my

Childhood Memories

Aunt Julia had promised me a sixpence. Winter came, and one evening when a jolly party was out for a sleigh ride they came to our fireside for a warm-up. Aunt Julia was one of that party. I remember the little black mitten which she took off, and just how she jingled out a bright sixpence and handed it to me. It was the first money I ever earned. I have remembered it through all the years; not so much for its money value, I think, but from the fact that she promised me the sixpence and didn't forget it.

I equally well remember another promise which was made to me about the same time, but never fulfilled, and never forgotten. A Frenchman who owned a sawmill had previously located not far from our settlement and was the owner of a large drove of Indian ponies, which roamed at large and which often crossed our roadway. One evening as he was paying our people a neighborly visit he took me upon his knee and, with the politeness peculiar to his people, he promised to give me a pony. From that time on I never passed that drove of ponies but that I wondered which of those ponies was to be mine. Time went on when, one evening as I was returning home from my first school, I met the Frenchman in the road, and I said to him, for I had been taught to be polite, "Mr. Trombley, will you please give me my pony?" He said something in French, so emphatically that it is probably well that I did not understand him. It was now a matter between him and myself and as our environments were changed he wasn't a bit polite. Others may have had a like experience, but I never got the pony nor forgot the promise.

To these I must add one more of my childhood memories—

Memories of Eighty Years

one so sad and so deeply graven on my heart that time has had no power to efface it. It was that of the "little boy that was lost," my first little schoolmate, Alanson Finch. The first schoolhouse in our new settlement, now called Romeo, was built in 1828. Gideon Gates had taught the first winter school, and my Aunt Julia had followed him and had just opened the first summer term. Alanson Finch was my seat-mate. He was about six years old, and I a little younger. We were very chummy, as little boys often are, and at recess we always played together. A little natural lawn lay between the schoolhouse and a little brook near by. It was springtime, and we found that by digging with our little hands a foot or so beneath the sod, water would flow in and give us real, live little wells. With strings attached to little billets of wood we improvised little buckets for drawing water. I don't remember the condition of our hands when called from recess back to school but presume that other boys and other teachers have had a like experience. From the days of Cain until now I think it has been the delight of older boys to bother the little ones, and we were the little ones. Older boys would take round sticks of wood of the proper size and drive them so firmly into our little wells that we could not pull them out. Our last effort was successful. As we dug we carefully threw the dirt into the brook and covered our wells with a slab of wood. As the spring opened there was a real freshet and the roads were so intolerable that the school was adjourned for two weeks; and on a Friday night Alanson and I parted company, taking our last look at the little well.

Old Mr. Finch, the father of a large family, of which

Childhood Memories

Alanson was the youngest, lived a quarter of a mile away from the schoolhouse, and upon the rear end of his farm there was a fine forest of maple trees. The men were now busy making sugar. On Saturday following the closing of the school, Alanson and Addison, his next older brother, spent the day in the sugar bush. Towards night the little boys were sent home. About midway the path which led through a dense poplar grove divided, one branch leading to the home and the other to the schoolhouse. Evidently to see his little well, Alanson took the one leading to the schoolhouse. Addison refused to go with him and each went his way. At the supper table, inquiry was made for Alanson. No answer was made, as the evening came on, to the shouting of voices and the firing of guns. A bonfire was quickly kindled, every home in the settlement was visited, and yet no tidings. The next day the whole settlement was astir. My father, who was then colonel of militia, organized men and women into hunting bands, and mapped out districts for a systematic search. People came from a distance and united in this search. Two full weeks were given to the effort, which was continued many miles around, and then the little boy was given up for lost, and never was there word heard of him afterwards. His aged parents were overborne with grief, and within less than a year both were numbered with the dead. The final conclusion was that Alanson had been stolen by some of the roving bands of Indians, between whom and the older Finch boys there had been trouble, caused by the alleged stealing of Indian ponies. The stories of that search rang in my ears for many years and were the source of many troubled dreams.

CHAPTER V

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS

I DO not know when I first learned to read. I remember to have surprised my father by demonstrating the fact when I could count a hundred. I could read quite well when I first went to school, and when eight years old was in the class with the oldest ones, and stood up by one on a stool and read from the "English Reader,"—now long out of date, a copy of which was recently presented to me by a friend at a cost of nine dollars. When six years old I had committed to memory, by my mother's dictation while I was tumbling on the floor, the first three chapters of the Gospel according to Matthew, to be recited in the Sunday school which had just been organized in our town. Those chapters are now more familiar to me than any writing that I have memorized in later days.

Gideon Gates was the first school-teacher in Indian Village, and by sufferance I was permitted to attend for one day when I was five years old. It was not a day of comfort for me. The boys were restive and turbulent. The teacher seldom rose from his stool in the center of the little room, and when he would reach out his long whip and give a boy a whack over the head, I had something of the sensation I think I would now have in the midst of a menagerie surrounded by wild beasts. For five successive years I attended the district school taught in the winters by Messrs. Prentiss, Hallock, Brown, Yates, Bailey, and Buzzell, and

Schools and Teachers

in summers by Misses Julia Chamberlin, Sarah Baldwin, Saphronia Ewell, and Emily Church. Then for one year I was the pupil of Miss Jerusha Shaw, who taught a select school in the audience room of the Congregational Church. In the fall of the year 1835 an event occurred, when I was eleven years old, which had much to do with my early education. Mr. Ornon Archer, a recent graduate of Williams College, came to Romeo and founded the Romeo Academy, which soon became one of the most noted schools in the State and drew to it students from all parts of the country. For three years he and his wife boarded in our family, and I was thus under his immediate instruction. During that three years mine was an unbroken course of study under the best of supervision, while out of school hours the chores and the woodpile gave me very few idle moments. Of these three years there is nothing marvelous to relate. I suppose I was as boisterous and uncouth as boys at that age usually are. I think I was just about an average boy with a boy's crudities. I surely was spared the misfortune of being considered a prodigy. In 1839, Mr. Archer closed his relations with the Romeo Academy and the school passed to other hands. During that summer Abner Hollister, my father's oldest brother, came West and visited us. He proposed that I should go East and spend the winter in the Jordan Academy, (conducted by Professor Stowe), in company with his son, Cousin Abner, Jr., who in age was six months my senior. This was my first experience of life away from home, and do what I would, there sometimes came over me the dire sensation of homesickness. I was now in my sixteenth year, and I found that I had a

Memories of Eighty Years

good many things to learn and not a few of them to unlearn. I had to learn to take as well as give and had no one to fall back on for counsel. It was then that the training in the Romeo Academy came to my aid, for though I was the wild and woolly boy of the West, at the final examinations I had the good fortune to receive the highest prize with the autograph and commendation of Professor Stowe. On our return from Jordan to his home in Cato, I showed Uncle Abner my embossed tablet with Professor Stowe's letter. He was much pleased, but as I stood and looked at him as he read it I almost wished that it had been Abner's.

The spring was at hand and I could ride on a canal boat at a penny a mile and board; thus I made my way from Cato to Rochester on my way home to Michigan. At Rochester, Uncle George A. Hollister, my father's youngest brother, had built up a large business, and was heavily engaged in the lumber trade. The generous man he was, made me the offer that if I would return in the fall I should have a home in his family and a year's schooling in the Rochester Collegiate Institute, then the most noted educational institution in western New York. Thus in October, 1840, while the whole country was going wild singing Whig songs and drinking hard cider, I entered the Institute. I had in mind fitting myself for teaching as a future employment. I saw no way of acquiring a profession, and I was too poor to buy a farm. I had hardly entered the Institute before I said to myself: "Here is my opportunity, and for a year I will make the most of it." The Legislature of New York, influenced by Horace Mann, had created a number of normal departments for the education of teachers,

Schools and Teachers

and this institution had secured one of them. While I continued my classical studies I gave my full energies to those in the Normal course, and went through thirty-three weeks' session without missing a single recitation. Near the close of the year, unbeknown to me, my uncle had a conference with the preceptor, and as the result, my uncle said it would be the wisest thing for me to remain another year and complete the Normal course, and receive a State certificate entitling me to teach anywhere in the State without further examination. It seemed the opportunity of my life; of course I stayed and received my certificate in due form, and my school days were ended.

CHAPTER VI

SCHOOL-TEACHING

AFTER an absence of nearly two years, I returned to Michigan in the spring of 1842. The need of my help had caused a pretty severe draft on my mother's resources. I was not yet eighteen years old, and, while too young to seek a permanent situation as a teacher, I must at once do something to earn our daily bread. I determined to seek a position for the following winter in a district school not so far away but that I could be near enough to lend a helping hand at home. By August a school such as I desired had been secured, but it was eight miles away and I could only reach my home by walking. There yet remained four months before the school would open, and now in good earnest I turned farmer. I hired a yoke of oxen, a plow, and a harrow. Our home lot contained twelve acres. Six of these were reserved for pasture, and the other six I plowed, harrowed, and with my own hands sowed broadcast with wheat. When it came up I was complimented for having sown it so evenly. I will forecast its history to say that during the next season I cradled the wheat in due time, threshed it in the barn with the flail, and had wheat to sell.

My first winter's experiences were pretty severe so far as physical endurance was concerned. The year 1842 was long remembered as the hard winter, when deep snow was on the ground from October 15th, the day my school opened,

School-Teaching

until the middle of the following April. A description of my doings for a given two weeks is a sample of the winter's work.

I would rise on Monday morning at 5 o'clock, and with a bucksaw add to the pile of stove wood enough to last for two weeks. At 6:30 a hot breakfast was in waiting. At 7 o'clock I started on my eight-mile trip, and often had to break the path where the snow was knee deep. I was rarely a minute late at school, for I could do some good running if it were necessary. At noon I ate a cold lunch with the children. I "boarded 'round," and sometimes walked from one to two miles after being on my feet all day, for I could never teach while sitting down. During the first week school continued on Saturday also, and I remained in the district. On the following week it would close on Friday night, and at 7 o'clock of that evening I was at my mother's supper table. The next morning I was at the bucksaw again until breakfast time. Then I went on the double-quick to my uncle's, a mile or more away, and borrowed a yoke of oxen and sled and drew the girdled timber, sled length, from the wheat lot to the house until, at five o'clock, I had a formidable woodpile again. The team returned, and supper ended, I spent two hours or more with that bucksaw. Sunday was a day of rest and I knew to the full what it meant. To be sure, there was church service, morning, afternoon, and evening, but even singing in the choir was rest. This history of one two weeks was a sample of the others, with little variation.

I had very pleasant experiences in boarding 'round, some of them very funny, which I shall not relate. It was a rich

Memories of Eighty Years

farming country, and of course I had the fat of the land, for the schoolmaster was sure of the center cuts of all the best things. My indoor experiences in the school were somewhat peculiar. Nineteen of my pupils were older than myself, and such had been the intermarriage of families that by far the larger number of the children were cousins. Besides, I had been advised by the school inspector that there might be need of more or less despotic government, since the big boys the winter before had run the little teacher outdoors because he could not "do the sums." Things went well for a little while, when one morning a fellow two years older than myself came in late, and in the center of the room, started in upon a regular breakdown double-shuffle to knock off the snow. What happened just then I cannot explain. I remember I had him good and tight by the coat collar, that he made a sudden whirl, and went into his seat with a crash. He didn't say anything — neither did I. I went back to my work, and he to his, and the scholars were taking long breaths again. Incidentally, as the boys went out at recess I heard one of the smaller ones say to another, "He'd kill us — wouldn't he?"

Another incident occurred soon after which again put me on my mettle. A girl, some eighteen years of age and overgrown, had taken a seat belonging to one still older than herself and refused to give it up. The one standing turned to me and requested her seat. I said, "Certainly," and requested big Mary to move along. She gave neither look nor answer. I said, "Mary, take your seat." No response. I said, "Mary, take your seat or I shall punish you." She turned up her nose but made no move. I had

School-Teaching

a large ruler, some two feet long, the inheritance of some former age, in hand. I gave her a blow as severe as I thought safe upon her fat arm, which was covered by a close sleeve. She quivered but did not stir. I raised my hand for the second blow. At the instant, she made a plunge for her own seat in the corner, and with a force that made the house jar. That was the end of all trouble in that school, as far as discipline was concerned. The fact that I taught in that same school during the next winter gave evidence that my efforts had been successful, and those who before had been turbulent seemed proud of their teacher, for they said they could not run him out.

It seems fitting, in this connection, to state that on January 1, 1843, while teaching my first school, I changed my purpose from being a teacher by profession to that of being a physician. To this I will refer later under the head of Medical Study. I only refer to it now to state that from this time on, in connection with teaching, my spare time was devoted to medical reading until my graduation five years later.

During the following summer I worked on our little farm and continued my medical reading. I returned to teach for four months in the district where I had taught before.

My next venture was the summer district school in Romeo. Though all else had changed, people and buildings having come and gone, yet it was the same old district school, and only five minutes' walk from my home. Following this I taught in the Philips district, six miles northeast of Romeo, and was able to spend my Sabbath at home.

Memories of Eighty Years

Of my attendance upon medical lectures I purpose to speak later; suffice it here to say that as the medical department of Michigan University had not yet been organized I had concluded to attend the Berkshire Medical College, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Its sessions commenced in August and concluded in November, thus enabling students to teach, or attend lectures elsewhere, during the winter months. I arranged to return from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, to Lima, New York, the old home of my parents, and teach in the same place where both of my parents had taught in a generation gone by. The parents of several of my pupils had attended their schools in the olden time. Of course there were many recitals of former events in which I was deeply interested. The following summer I read medicine with Drs. Smith and Lovejoy at Riga, New York, and returned to Pittsfield for my second course of lectures, and came again in time to teach the same school a second winter. At the time of my graduation in medicine, Lake Erie was frozen, there were no railroads west of Buffalo, and my only route home would be long and tedious by stage through Canada. I could save a winter's wages and could best seek a medical location in the spring. Here in the midst of friends, new and old, I spent the pleasantest term of all my teaching. We arranged for an evening exhibition at the close of the term. It grew to be quite an event; children and their parents were very happy in what they deemed a great success. I closed this second engagement with that school March 31, 1848, and then the days of my school-teaching were ended.

CHAPTER VII

MEDICAL STUDIES

I HAD returned to Michigan after concluding the Normal course in the Rochester Collegiate Institute, fully intending to make teaching my profession. I could teach in district schools, and in the meantime more fully prepare myself for a professorship in some institution when my age would warrant it. With this general plan in view I had engaged in my first winter's school as before stated. At that time Dr. J. P. Whitney who had been our family physician for years, and for whom I had a very high regard, took me in hand and we had several long conferences together. His proposition was that I should abandon the idea of a professorship and fit myself to enter the medical profession. He was the most prominent physician in the county, had a good library, and would offer me every facility. More and more it seemed to me that that course was not only feasible, but an open door to a wider opportunity. By means of the school-teaching in winter, and reading during spare hours and summer months, I could pay my way until the time should come for entering a medical college. I canvassed the question for some weeks and my mother seemed equally interested in the matter. I reasoned thus: I wasn't good enough to be a preacher nor pugnacious enough to be a lawyer. I had not means to set myself up in business, nor money enough to buy a farm. The question narrowed itself down to this: "Shall

Memories of Eighty Years

I be a pedagogue or a doctor?" It was a turning point. I chose the latter and on January 1, 1843, I entered my name as a medical student with Dr. Whitney. This course I pursued for three years, teaching school each winter, and then left home to attend lectures at the Berkshire Medical College, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. There were several reasons for choosing this institution. First, negatively, the medical department of Michigan University had not yet been organized, or I should probably have gone there. Secondly, I was very fond of Dr. Chester Dewey, President of Rochester Collegiate Institute, and he was Professor of Chemistry also in the Berkshire School. Thirdly, the medical lectures commenced August 1st and closed November 15th. This would give me an opportunity to teach during the winter months. Finally, Berkshire County was the birthplace of my grandparents and there were many homes in which I would find a hearty welcome. I left Romeo July 10, 1846, and on my birthday, August 5th, heard my first medical lecture, an opening address by Prof. Alonzo Clark, the famous pathologist of New York, to whose invaluable lectures I was permitted to listen for two successive years. At the close of my first course of lectures I returned to Lima, New York, as I have stated, and taught school. At the end of the term I went over to Riga, the town where I was born, and read medicine with Dr. John R. Smith, whose wife was a cousin of my mother, and where I met a most hospitable reception. Here I pulverized Spanish flies, compounded pills, made up mixtures and kept the doctor's saddle bags well supplied. I also rode with him, and at the bedside of patients looked the wisest

Medical Studies

I knew how. I am inclined to digress from my story a little and state that in August I laid down my books and went into the harvest field, and for eighteen days cradled wheat at a dollar and a half a day. There were five cradlers in the gang, and I soon caught on to the fact from their sly winks that they intended to "bush" the young doctor. But as I have said, I had cradled wheat before, but of this I said nothing. I simply took my swath, and, as good luck would have it, I had the best cutting scythe of the lot, which in the long throws would hold its edge to the end. I had been crowded a few times when it came my turn to follow the leader. I cleaned my clip even with his until near the end, and then cut him clean out of his swath. To be honest, his cradle was probably at fault. I had to try my hand with another fellow, and with the same result. After that I was a jolly good fellow and everything went smoothly. I may further state that with that twenty-seven dollars I had a dress coat made, about as nice as any I have ever worn since. In it I graduated, and later in it I was married.

During this summer the question of finance was daily in mind, and caused me some sleepless nights. I had not in hand the means to pay for my board and second course of lectures. I may say that at this time I was carefully considering my mother's needs also, and that from my earnings in Lima, I sent her twenty dollars the first winter, and during the second, thirty dollars. This leads me also to speak of wages. The first two winters I received fifteen dollars a month and board; the third winter in Michigan, sixteen dollars. In Lima, the first winter,

Memories of Eighty Years

eighteen dollars, the second winter twenty dollars; but dollars sixty years ago went a long ways. I was debating in my own mind the question of turning aside and teaching for one or two years, and then of graduating at Philadelphia, which would be the height of my ambition. I finally opened my heart to Dr. Smith and sought his advice. Soon, unbeknown to me, Dr. Smith went to Rochester, ostensibly on business, but really to confer with Uncle George Hollister, my former benefactor. Dr. Smith's advice to me was: "Borrow the money, get into the profession as early as you can, and you can soon pay it back." Upon Dr. Smith's return he said he had hardly time to open the case when uncle interrupted and said: "Of course, I'll lend John the money and it is ready any time." I went to Pittsfield with a glad heart, debtor as I was to my uncle, and graduated November 7, 1847. The day I passed the "green room" I spent at Hinsdale with a party of young people with whom I took a ramble for berries through fields and woodland. There was not a ten-rail fence in sight over which I could not leap without a trip, especially as I was one of three to read my thesis in public. Does any doctor ever forget the day when he passed the "green room"? As before stated, Lake Erie was closed, no railroad ran west of Buffalo, and to go West was impracticable. So I returned to Lima and taught there for a second winter.

CHAPTER VIII

SEEKING A LOCATION

MY school in Lima having closed, there yet remained two full weeks before the opening of navigation on Lake Erie. I could have spent the time pleasantly visiting with friends there and in Rochester, but there was a chance to earn an honest penny and I was on the lookout for such. I bargained with my cousin, Mr. Alexander Parmlee to fell trees and cut off logs for rail timber. I received in payment fifty cents a day and board, and several blisters on my hands besides. I worked for him twelve days, and with the six dollars, two weeks later in Rochester, I purchased the two standard volumes of Miller's Principle and Practice of Surgery. These I still possess as relics of both a shipwreck and the Chicago fire.

News came that the lake was open and I started for the West. I boarded the steamer Oregon at Buffalo, on the evening of April 18, 1848. Hardly had we been two hours on our way when a regular hurricane from the northeast struck us, and soon our smokestack broke from its mooring and fell with a fearful crash upon the upper deck. The flames from the furnace shot up twenty feet in the air, and in the blinding darkness of the night it seemed as though the whole ship was on fire. I shall never forget how heroically the mate, Harry Miller, who later became one of the most noted captains on the lake, grasped a hose pipe just at hand and turned a stream of water into the furnace below, and

Memories of Eighty Years

almost instantly had the fire under control. Then, too, the rudder chain broke, and we were rolling utterly helpless in the troughs of the sea. An attempt was made to run up a small foresail. It was caught by the wind and torn to shreds. There were about forty cabin passengers, and added to a seeming impending horror was the fact that one hundred emigrants were stowed away between decks, their shrieks and howling outclassing those of as many wild beasts. At last our anchors caught and held us, just as we seemed to be running upon those high clay banks near Cleveland, and there we outrode the storm, and then were towed into port. It took nerve to take another steamer the following evening and start for Detroit, but there was no alternative, and in another day, after an absence of nearly two years, I was again at the old home in Romeo. The next day I drove to Pontiac, twenty miles away, to meet my Jenny Windiate, to whom I had been engaged for nearly three years. We were married nearly sixty years ago, and as I write she is sitting by my side.

Closing this long prelude, I come now to the subject of my story. Up to this time I had not the least idea as to where I would commence medical practice. I had a favorable word from Racine, in Wisconsin, but my means would not justify a removal beyond the Lake. I had decided to look for a place not far away and, if it did not prove to my liking, bide my time there until I should be able to choose a permanent location. Having this in view I hired a good saddle horse and visited six county sites while crossing the State of Michigan, but in not one of these did I find an acceptable opening. There seemed in

Seeking a Location

each a surplus of doctors of all sorts, sizes and creeds. I reached DeWitt, Clinton County, and another day's ride would bring me to Otisco, where Dr. Levi Day, an associate of mine when reading with Dr. Whitney, was located. I arrived at his home at ten o'clock on one of the darkest nights I have ever known. A day's conference brought this result: that I should locate with him. We were to share the proceeds of our practice equally. He was to go to Cleveland in the winter and graduate, as he was longing to do. Matters at once took shape. I could here, in this thriving newly settled country get the initial experience which in the absence of clinical teaching I had been unable to acquire and also add to my limited stock of ready means. I lost no time but traveled back across the state with a feeling of content such as I had hardly ever before known. I met Jenny at her home. We set the date for our marriage and the next day I was in Romeo, after two weeks in the saddle. Affairs at home were quickly arranged. I procured a splendid riding beast, as balky as she was good. I bought her for that reason for fifty dollars, and gave my note, due two years later with interest in payment. An ingenious harness maker had made for me an extra nice pair of saddle bags and with this outfit to be completed at Pontiac, where my brother Harvey was engaged in a drug store, I started out without as much knowledge of my profession as I could have desired but bound to succeed. I reached Otisco, Ionia County, Michigan, May 15, 1848. The next day I made my first professional visit. My patient was a muscular ten-year-old boy who was supposed to be poisoned by eating a noxious weed.

Memories of Eighty Years

I held him down by main force and gave him a double dose of ipecac. I had been in town only two weeks when I was waited upon by a committee of farmers and was requested to prepare and read a series of toasts at a general celebration on the 4th of July just at hand, which I did, the exercises being held in a barn. I felt quite set up on that occasion when I heard that boy's father say to a neighbor: "That doctor saved my boy's life." It was the prelude to other calls, and the crisis was passed.

CHAPTER IX

COUNTRY PRACTICE

I THINK few young physicians fail to remember the varied experiences connected with their first year of medical practice. I surely well remember mine. Not having had the benefit of clinical instruction, for such was not afforded by the medical colleges sixty years ago, I was often thrown upon my own resources in the translation of teachings and books into actual practice, especially as I often had to prescribe for patients at a distance from home, and with no possibility for consultation. During the summer and autumn of 1848 the diseases which I met at Otisco were nearly all of the malarial type. Four miles distant several sawmills had recently been erected and new land had been overflowed, and the drawing down of these ponds every day caused malarial exhalations that bred disease in every direction. Besides, the entire farming region was being rapidly converted into cultivated fields, and the upturning of the virgin soil was an equal menace to the general health. Hardly a home but had its invalids, and the calls for medical treatment were as numerous as the most ambitious doctor could desire. It was years later that Laveran, of Italy, discovered that *Plasmodium malarix* was the cause of all this trouble and that quinine would kill the invader. I then only knew that quinine would cure ague, but was entirely ignorant of the why. But for my practical purpose the result was sufficient. For

Memories of Eighty Years

two hundred years the "Jesuit bark," named for its discoverer, and later known as "Peruvian bark," indicating the source of supply, and later as quinine, the active principle, had been used empirically until the discovery made by Laveran only twenty years ago.

Nearly all of the diseases which I was first called upon to treat yielded so promptly that my reputation as a young practitioner fresh from the schools, grew in favor as rapidly as I could have desired, and I myself began to harbor the impression that I was quite a remarkable physician and could cure nearly everybody that came within my reach. But when the winter came, and when one and another of my patients dropped away with acute pneumonia, and a severe epidemic of brain fever, as it was then called, invaded our settlement and suddenly took from us a number of our most prominent citizens, both old and young, I was not long in coming down from my high perch, and began to doubt whether I could cure anybody. Dr. Day was now in Cleveland attending medical lectures, and I had the field all to myself, save as I could summon counsel from Ionia, seventeen miles distant. Still, keeping my counsel well to myself, I was able to hold my footing, and much to my surprise the people had more confidence in me than I had in myself. I surely served them as best I knew, and was grateful for their fidelity. I have been engaged in medical practice for sixty years since then, and during that period have treated many thousands of patients, but never since have I been so elated as during that first summer, nor so distrustful of myself as during that first winter. I flatter myself in looking back over this long period that a vast

Country Practice

number of my patients were returned to health through my agency. Just how many recovered in spite of it I have never been able to determine. I have this to say in passing, that the young physician in the city who can at once summon the aid of an able consultant, and with him divide the responsibility in the treatment of critical cases, knows nothing of the trying ordeal which confronts the country doctor. But such experiences are not without their compensations. Thrown back upon his own resources he develops a sturdy self-reliance which could be acquired in no other way, and many a suggestion which has been a help to me through life came from the lips of a rough and rugged country doctor.

Who but cherishes a tender regard for Dr. Ephraim McDowell, who in that little hamlet of Danville, Kentucky, single-handed and alone, performed the first ovariectomy of which there is any record in the annals of surgery; or who, like Sims, fought his way from the rounds of a country practice to one of the foremost positions in the world as a gynecologist? It was Jenner, a country doctor, who gave us the boon of vaccine. It was Williams, who from being a country doctor, became the foremost pathologist of his time in England. And so the list could be extended almost indefinitely of those who came to eminence from places of comparative obscurity. Not a word of disparagement for those who have every advantage for clinical instruction and the command of able consultants. But the real fibre of the man is surely found in the country doctor.

During the first year I had quite an extended obstetrical practice, and some cases that put my mettle to the test, but

Memories of Eighty Years

I since think that I was then wise in not being over-officious, as the outcome was satisfactory.

A country physician twenty miles away from home, in the selection of remedies is limited to the contents of his saddle bags, and a doctor called from such a distance is expected to do something. I had thus been called and of course I must do. The case was that of a little boy who had been bitten by a venomous snake. In all that region whiskey was a popular remedy for snake bites, and of course I prescribed whiskey. The old fellows gathered from the entire neighborhood, and those who were familiar with that article heartily endorsed my prescription, and agreed that the young doctor was up to date on snakes. But it occurred to me that something more must be done, since I had come twenty miles, and the neighbors could have prescribed whiskey without any help from me. So I ransacked my brain to select from my saddle bags something a little above their comprehension. It was purely a matter of accident that I hit upon a bottle containing aqua ammonia and sweet oil. Its repeated application would give the people something to do, and the fumes of the ammonia would convince them that it was something "mighty powerful." That snake bite gave me the business of that neighborhood. But the real point is this: the London *Lancet* some thirty years later quoted at length an article from an East India journal stating that in the treatment of snake bites, the external application of the spirits of ammonia had proved to be one of the most serviceable remedies. I had prescribed better than I knew.

Country Practice

Sixty years have elapsed since that time. I have passed through many and varied experiences in a city which numbered sixty thousand when I came to it and now contains over two million inhabitants. I have been familiar with all phases of city practice, with hospitals and medical teachings, and all these experiences are pleasant memories; but in all this time I have never forgotten my crude and sometimes amusing experiences during my first year's practice as a country doctor.

CHAPTER X

MARRIAGE AND SETTLEMENT

MY engagement with Dr. Day contemplated but a single year's residence in Otisco, a newly opened hamlet in Ionia County, Michigan, and of course it was a matter of serious consideration as to where I should locate permanently. In the early summer, in company with the doctor, I visited Grand Rapids, some twenty miles from Otisco, to recruit our stock of medicine. Though to-day Grand Rapids numbers more than one hundred thousand inhabitants and is the second city in the state, it then numbered but about twelve hundred residents all told. Its nearest railroad approach was forty miles away. At that early day it had the tidy and thrifty appearance of a typical New England village. I was strongly impressed that if I could gain a footing there it would prove just the place for which I had been looking. I visited the village a month later and had a confidential talk with the leading druggist at that place. He had fitted up one of the finest stores to be found in the State. We had opened quite a trade with him during the summer; our bills had been promptly paid and he seemed to take kindly to me. I made a few inquiries as to rent and the cost of living, and returned to Otisco with my mind made up to make Grand Rapids my home. My summer experience had not as yet suffered its later trials, but had so developed my courage that, doctor or no doctors to be my competitors, patients or no patients

Marriage and Settlement

to be my patrons, I was willing to take my chances at Grand Rapids when my contract with Dr. Day should terminate. My plans now began to take definite shape. In September I made a hurried ride across the state and met Jenny Windiate at her home at Drayton Plains. We fixed the date for our marriage in the following January. I then went to Romeo and conferred with mother with reference to the sale of our home there and her removal to Grand Rapids. I returned immediately to Otisco and resumed medical practice while Dr. Day was in Cleveland attending medical lectures, as had been stipulated. In December I arranged with Dr. Fallas, a neighboring physician, to take my place while I went home to be married. After three years of engagement our marriage was consummated at Drayton Plains, January 2, 1849, Rev. Dr. Wilson of Pontiac officiating. A merry company from Romeo, with friends of Miss Windiate, joined in giving their most cordial congratulations. We went with our friends to Romeo and I remained at the old homestead for six weeks, when my Otisco engagement called me thence. As it was midwinter and there were no public conveyances across the state, we thought it best that Jenny, for the time, should remain with mother, while they and I should be perfecting our plans for removal to Grand Rapids. On May 1, 1849, at the conclusion of my engagement with Dr. Day, I returned to Romeo and was ready to negotiate a cash sale of our home, possession to be given the following September, and arrange for our permanent removal at that date. Again leaving Jenny and mother at the home, I recrossed the state to Otisco, this being my seventh journey

Memories of Eighty Years

over that route on horseback. I closed up business matters as best I could; sold my balky mare to Dr. Fallas, who had arranged to take my place with Dr. Day, purchased a splendid driving horse, and was ready to go to Grand Rapids. On the 11th of June, 1849, I left Otisco and put up that night at the National Hotel, kept by Canton Smith, in Grand Rapids.

I at once set about securing a desirable location in which to open up my office. It was my good fortune, in this land of strangers, to make an early call upon Mr. William G. Henry, then the most prominent justice of the peace in town. I was able to secure an office in his suite of rooms, and better yet, to obtain board in his own family as a private boarder. Theirs was one of the most prominent families in the place. Our acquaintance was from the first congenial, and their influence in my behalf was most helpful. The first patient for whom I prescribed was their daughter Nettie, a sweet little girl eight years of age. I may say that later she was the wife of General Alger, who became Governor of Michigan, then Secretary of War, and finally United States Senator. Though I had some homesick days at first, prospects seemed to brighten, and slowly I began to build a practice which in six years fulfilled my first hope. The principal of a young ladies' private school was suddenly married, when I had been there two months, and the vacancy had to be filled. I conferred with Mrs. Henry, and through her influence my sister Jeannette came at once to supply it. That position she filled with marked success, and remained with us as a teacher until her marriage with Mr. William M. Ferry of Grand Haven, Michigan.

Marriage and Settlement

The final removal from Romeo was made in September, and in a neat little cottage we were soon duly installed at the modest rental of sixty-five dollars a year, and quite on a par with our neighbors; but that was sixty years ago, the days of small beginnings. During the summer months Jenny, my wife, had been at her old home with her brother and sister, and there she met with an accident, and was so severely injured that it was not prudent for her to make the journey until November, as there was some forty miles of staging between Grand Rapids and the nearest railroad point. But the change was then successfully made, and on Thanksgiving Day, 1849, we sat at our own table, a happy family, Jenny, mother, Sister Jeannette and myself. To the development of my medical practice I gave most assiduous effort, making rides twenty miles and more away and also gaining a desirable practice in town. In 1850 we were able to purchase a desirable house and lot on Fulton Street, and at a second purchase an adjoining lot was secured, thus giving us a frontage of one hundred feet by one hundred and fifty feet. We had so far beautified the garden the following year that it became one of the attractions in the town, in the way of flowers, shrubs, and vegetables.

During the year 1851 my brother Harvey James, who had been a drug clerk, came to occupy a position in a dry goods store with Mr. William H. McConnell. Soon a clerkship was offered in a drug store, where he remained for a year. In the meantime Mr. Daniel Ball was organizing the first bank to be opened in the place, and as the result of a fine offer brother Harvey became his clerk and cashier. When the First National Bank was organized he became its

Memories of Eighty Years

cashier and one of its directors, and there on that identical corner where the first bank was located for fifty-six years, from 1852 to the present date, 1908, he has been cashier, leading director, and vice-president. Beginning with a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars, the stock of that bank from time to time has been increased, and now with its surplus amounts to over two millions of dollars.

The special event in our history at that date was the advent of a beautiful baby boy, to whom we gave the name John Emmett. John was the name of our first ancestor and of his eldest son. It was the name of my father, and it was my name also. Emmett Hollister of Rochester, New York, was my favorite cousin. So much for name's sake. Johnnie became an active little fellow and we all loved him dearly. Of him I shall speak later.

In six years my first hope had been realized. Our village had become a city of two thousand inhabitants, and it was evident that we should soon be in direct railroad communication with the outside world. Here, by close attention to my profession, I could acquire a comfortable competence, but in a comparatively limited field. I was conscious of a constantly increasing desire to be so located as to be in touch with a superior class of medical men, with hospitals, and with medical societies. Railroad connections were now established between Chicago and the East, and that city was now forging ahead by leaps and bounds. It seemed to me the time and the place to realize my desire. In 1854 I came to Chicago and conferred with a few physicians whom I had known, and determined to make my home in Chicago as soon as the change could be effected.

CHAPTER XI

REMOVAL TO CHICAGO

WE closed our home in Grand Rapids, April 10, 1855, having sold it to my brother Harvey, with whom our mother was to reside during that summer, while my wife and Johnnie were to be with her sister, Mrs. Townsend of Battle Creek, Michigan, until I could make provision for a home in Chicago. It was not without misgiving that I was relinquishing a sure thing for an uncertainty. I was laying down an active practice to build again anew, and that among strangers, and in a city where competition was sure to be most strenuous. During the summer I procured day board at the Matteson House, and roomed in connection with my office, which was located in Metropolitan Hall. In October Jenny joined me and we boarded with Mr. Rufus Hatch, later a prominent banker in New York City. In 1856 I purchased a lot and built a pretty cottage at 192 West Washington Street, and again we resumed housekeeping. The West side was rapidly growing in population and I was soon able to secure a very satisfactory medical practice. Our home to us was very pleasant, and many of our former friends in their coming and going were our welcome guests.

Here, on May 1, 1858, we met our first great sorrow. Our dear little boy had suffered severely from whooping cough. This was followed by a fatal attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis. The light of our home went out, and

Memories of Eighty Years

we were childless. He had gladdened our hearts for five years. Such grief is only known by those with like experience. Yet, stricken as we were, we were able to say, "Thy will be done."

A year later little Nettie was born to us, but was ours only for a single month, when she too was bidden home, and for a second time we were childless and our home was desolate.

As I came to know the city better I was confident that in the end a location in the South division would prove most desirable for a permanent home. So, having rented our house, for a year we took rooms and boarded at the Stewart House, corner Washington and State streets, and here our daughter Belle was born.

In 1864 I sold my West side home and purchased one known as 30 East Washington Street. It was in a brick block, with a frontage of twenty-three and one half feet, and a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet. The house was three stories and basement, with a brick barn in the rear. The cost was eight thousand five hundred dollars. Three years later, without much thought, I was induced to put upon it a price of fourteen thousand dollars and its free use for two years, and it was taken before I had time for second thought. That property is now valued at eight thousand a front foot, but that was nearly fifty years ago and was considered at that time a good sale. This led to the purchase of three hundred and fourteen feet on Rhodes Avenue at fifty dollars per front foot. In 1868 I built the house, number 3426 Rhodes Avenue, intending to make this our permanent home, but, suffering from a severe accident

Removal to Chicago

which imperiled my life, I was obliged to suspend business entirely and seek a residence in a milder climate. I sold the house and sixty feet of ground, taking in part a house to be constructed for me at Riverside. The fall from which I suffered occurred in April, 1869. For two months I was by the physicians considered to be in a very critical condition, but, slowly recovering, it was deemed desirable that I should be conveyed to a cooler climate, and was removed to Mackinaw. I went from Chicago one day when the thermometer registered 102° in the shade. I was hardly better in November when we decided to spend the winter in Louisiana. I returned to Riverside somewhat improved, and we occupied our new home there in April, 1870. While living at Riverside the Chicago fire occurred, on the 9th of October, 1871, in which my library, containing twelve hundred volumes, my medical papers, my instruments, and office furniture were consumed. Of all my medical outfit only my pocket case, which I carried with me, remained. My health was being slowly regained, and I made an effort to do a little business, though my former patients were scattered far and wide. I opened an office with Dr. Bingham on State Street, corner of Eighteenth, at the south edge of the fire limit, and took board for wife and Belle with Mrs. Heron, on Michigan Avenue, near Twenty-second Street, for one year. Later, for two years, we boarded at the Atherton House, then resumed housekeeping for five years in the Follansbee Block, near Twenty-second Street, and in 1879 we built another home on Rhodes Avenue, on ground which I still hold, and is known as 3430. Here we have lived from 1880. Here

Memories of Eighty Years

our daughter Belle was married to Dr. Franklin H. Martin, May 27, 1886. Here our mother died, after a lingering sickness, June 12, 1890, aged ninety-two years. Here Jenny, my wife, suffered from the removal of a large ovarian tumor in 1887, and again from a removal of a portion of the large intestine in 1898. From each of these operations she has made good recovery. Here we relinquished homekeeping, and in October, 1899, we began a series of winter visits to California.

CHAPTER XII

FIFTY YEARS' MEDICAL PRACTICE IN CHICAGO

I HAD graduated from the Berkshire Medical College in 1847; one year of practice in Otisco and six years of practice in Grand Rapids had prepared the way for my permanent settlement in Chicago. It is the purpose of this chapter to outline very briefly the manner in which, during a half century, I have been engaged in medical and surgical practice, in college lecturing and in clinical instruction in the wards of the hospitals. My relations with medical societies will require another chapter. For five years after my arrival in Chicago my home was located at 192 West Washington Street, while I also had an office on the South side. The population in the West division was being rapidly multiplied by new arrivals and a satisfactory local practice began to develop from the first. An office down town enabled me to make the acquaintance of, and come in close touch with, the principal physicians of the city who were located in like manner.

In 1862 it had become apparent that, looking forward to future years, a residence in the South division would be preferable. For the time it involved the surrender of a good share of my family practice, although for several years many of my best patrons continued to call me to the West side. Though I shall have occasion later to speak of a limited surgical experience, my preference had been to en-

Memories of Eighty Years

gave in the general family practice of medicine. This, in a word, has been my purpose, steadily adhered to for over fifty years. I rarely took time for a vacation, except for attendance upon the meetings of State and National societies, until within the last few years. I might write a volume, were that my purpose, of matters pertaining to family practice. Very near and dear, nay sacred, are many of the relations that pertain to the family doctor and his patients. My early records were all consumed in the fire which occurred in 1871, but as nearly as I can estimate with those that went before, and in connection with subsequent ones, I have attended a little over two thousand cases in confinement, and as I look back I wonder that results were as fortunate as they were. For forty years I did not suspect the existence of a microbe. I knew only too well the possibility of infection, but the manner of its transmission was yet to be discovered.

I remember well when the stethoscope began to be utilized in the study of diseases of the lungs. As late as 1855 Professor Brainard, in Rush Medical College, advised students not to put too much trust in the revelations of the microscope, saying: "I think if you have a fruitful imagination you can find almost anything you are looking for." But from then until now the advances in medicine and surgery have been simply marvelous. In fact, during this period any text-book ten years old, if not revised, is not a competent authority. But I bear witness that in my childhood days there were physicians not a few that had a wisdom not written in the books. Their practice was largely empirical, but nevertheless they were skillful in

Medical Practice in Chicago

the handling of diseases. They could read more in a facial expression than do many of the physicians of to-day. Their general survey took in the essential organs, and this general knowledge gave them a decided advantage over many a specialist now in practice. Specialists are a necessity and are not to be ruled out, but for the all-round needs of the family the old family doctor will have the last smile. He may disappear for the time, but he will come back again, and when he does he will come to stay.

Limited as were the former facilities, no physician worthy the name but has witnessed with delight the rapid advancement made during the last twenty-five years. The mysteries of infection during that time have been solved. Preventive medicine has become the chief vocation. Asepsis renders antiseptics needless. The pain which comes with the knife is no longer a dread, and the average of life is every year extended. Though knowledge be increased and the superabundance of wealth is becoming an embarrassment, yet the ministries of medicine outweigh them all. Witness the sanitation, not only of hospitals, but of cities; witness the control of yellow fever in Cuba, and the immunity of those who built the Panama Canal. As I look back over the past years I marvel that such progress has been made, and I wonder if the world will ever witness the like in the same number of years to come.

My surgical experience, in comparison with that connected with medical practice, has been limited. The teaching of anatomy had well prepared me for surgical practice, but as that was never my preference it was only as an emergency seemed to require it that I entered the surgical

Memories of Eighty Years

field. A good deal of minor surgery had, of course, fallen to my lot, but not until the period of the Civil War did duty seem to demand surgical work at my hands.

When the Soldiers' Home was established in Chicago I was requested to take charge of both its medical and surgical departments. That position I held for four years, and that without assistance, save by a relay of medical students to serve as internes, nor did I for such service receive a dollar in compensation. My chief work was that of caring for invalid and wounded soldiers returning from the South. This Home was a resting place until they were so far recovered as to be sent safely to their respective homes to complete their recovery. Of course, holding this position, a large amount of secondary surgical work fell to my lot. Resections of almost every sort, and secondary amputations almost without number were required. I did not remember the fact, but the celebrated Dr. Nicholas Senn, at a recent banquet, stated that it was when I was holding the forceps that he did his first surgical work by tying an artery. These were four eventful years of hard work when added to my private practice, and they were rich in surgical experience. During the two years that my lifelong companion, Dr. Edmund Andrews, was in the field as a surgical director, I was requested to take his place as Surgeon-in-Chief in Mercy Hospital. At this period it fell to my lot to perform a large number of capital operations and to give clinical lectures in connection with them. After the battle of Fort Donelson I went as a volunteer surgeon to assist in caring for the wounded at Paducah, where the churches were turned into hospitals and filled with cots. At the

Medical Practice in Chicago

conclusion of this work, as more fighting was anticipated near at hand I was commissioned by General Sherman to superintend the removal of a boatload of convalescents from Cairo to Louisville and Cincinnati, and was in command of the boat. I had a captain who was wondrous kind, and all went well. In due time Dr. Andrews returned and resumed his position as surgeon at Mercy Hospital, and I went back to medical practice. I should also state that, while having charge of the Soldiers Home, I also held the position of contract physician (Colonel Mulligan in command) at Camp Douglas, where fourteen thousand Confederates were confined. My ward contained sixty beds, and I went through it thoroughly every day. Many a message was taken down by me from poor sick men doomed to die, with the hope that dear ones at home might have a last tender word from their imprisoned boys. From some of these many messages I have had grateful expressions in later years. We had a severe winter; at best the improvised barracks were cold; the Southern men were not inured to such a change, and many perished from pneumonia. On Sunday mornings in our ward we held simple Bible reading and prayer service. We had little use for creeds, but we all had common needs, and the place and hour seemed fitting for seeking their supply.

Memories of Eighty Years

from 1857 to 1894, a period of thirty-seven years, I was continuously engaged, with the exception of one year, when I was laid by by reason of an accident, in medical teaching. The students whom I met year by year, and always pleasantly, have gone world-wide in the practice of our profession, and with hardly an exception have highly honored their alma mater. Many have grown gray in active service, and many, oh so many, have been called to lay down earthly cares and are with us no more. And our professors — they have gone. Not one of the faculty of Rush with whom I was associated is living. The old faculty of Lind University have all gone, and not one of my associates as charter members of the Chicago Medical College remains.

I seem like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed.

This seems to me very literally true, as now in 1909, I, in my eighty-fifth year, still linger, the last "of the old guards." In this connection I look back upon a life of labor. None but those who have traveled the same road can appreciate its cost, so to keep abreast with the rapid strides which in that time have been made, as to warrant the holding of a professor's chair.

I was a candidate for graduation when Dr. Warren of Boston first used ether as an anæsthetic. In my early days it was deemed a fatal deed to explore the abdominal cavity. Cleanliness was enjoined, but the whole list of antiseptics was unknown; and it was far along in the course of my

Medical Teaching

teaching before the microbe was discovered, or that malarial fevers were dependent upon the plasmodium, which Laveran discovered some twenty years ago. With most of us it requires the consumption of midnight oil lest we become back numbers.

CHAPTER XIII

MEDICAL TEACHING

MY first experience in medical teaching dates from September, 1857, when I was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy in Rush Medical College. The exposures and real dangers I underwent in the fulfilment of duties connected with that position seem almost incredible. The procuring of subjects for anatomical teaching was sometimes at the peril of life. At that period nothing in a community would so incite a mob as the invasion of a graveyard. It was at a time, too, when not even the failure of the regular lectures would so soon bring discredit to a medical college as the failure to provide subjects for dissection, and the demonstrator was responsible for the supply. It is needless to speak of the decoy letters, of shadowings by police, of the mutilation of subjects in the darkness of the night to prevent their recognition when the authorities were about to pounce down upon our college on a voyage of discovery. I might speak of visits to other cities and the sending home of barrels marked "Chemical Erasive Soap" so that the contents might not be betrayed by the odor. Only once was my life, I think, really in danger, and that was when I approached a half-open grave and one of my helpers, deaf as an adder, grasped his hatchet to brain me, mistaking me for a policeman. I threw my hat in his face; he recognized it and sank down in complete collapse. We got our quota of subjects

Medical Teaching

all right. To prove to myself that I could do it, I went one dark night and procured a subject all alone. I did it then, but I don't think I would do it again.

My college and hospital connections have been as follows:

In 1857 I was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy in Rush Medical College.

In 1859 I severed my connection there to accept the chair of Descriptive Anatomy in the Medical Department of Lind University.

In 1862 I occupied the chair of Materia Medica then made vacant, the more to perfect myself for medical practice. In 1864 I was requested to take the chair of Physiology and Public Hygiene.

In 1866, at my request, I was appointed Professor of Pathology and Public Hygiene, and held that chair for seventeen years in the Chicago Medical College, when I resigned from didactic teaching. At that date, 1883, I was appointed Clinical Professor of Medicine, and for eleven years devoted my time to bedside instruction in Mercy Hospital. I was made a member of the Medical Staff in Mercy Hospital in 1860, and held that position continuously until my final resignation in 1894, a period of thirty-four years. In 1894, upon my retiring from active service, I was given the title of Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine, and I still continue to sign diplomas of the Northwestern Medical School. For two years, at an earlier date, I was appointed upon the medical staff of the Cook County Hospital, and for that time served as Chairman of the Medical and Surgical Staff. Political changes led to the retirement of the entire staff. Thus,

CHAPTER XIV

MEDICAL SOCIETIES

DURING the years of my medical life it has been my pleasure to be closely affiliated with medical societies. During the six years of my residence in Grand Rapids, Michigan, the physicians located on Grand River, though few in number; were able to organize a medical society which for the time was interesting and profitable. The Chicago Medical Society was well organized when I came to the city in 1855. The year following I was elected Secretary, and for some time held that position. The Society had varied experiences, but never in the early days was a minority of its members, though so inclined, able to organize and sustain a rival society. The members of the faculty of Rush Medical College were among its most active promoters, and several were lifelong members. In a medical history which I have recently prepared for publication in connection with the work entitled "History of Chicago," published by Lewis & Brothers, I have given a pretty full list of the most prominent members, and it need not be repeated here. The society was for a time at low ebb, but was again revived, and now, with a central head and its affiliated societies, it has become the largest medical society in the United States. It was my pleasure to serve in the early days as one of its Presidents, and often one of its delegates to the State and National societies.

Medical Societies

My membership in the Illinois State Medical Society dates from 1857. At the annual meeting of the Society held in Rockford in 1907, it was the pleasure of the Society to present me an unique and beautiful autograph volume, commemorating the fiftieth year of my connection with the Society. Of course it is a gift which I prize above measure, expressing as it does for me the very kind wishes of my associates and containing the autographs of over two hundred physicians representing every part of the State. I was made President of the Society twenty-five years ago, and for twenty-two consecutive years, except when acting as President, I served as Treasurer of the Society and published its transactions.

I first joined the American Medical Association in Louisville in 1858, and in the successive years have attended its sessions in nearly every prominent city in the Union. During later years I became more closely associated with it in an official capacity, serving for eight years as one of its Trustees, and for two years as Editor of its journal. With Dr. Nathan Smith Davis, who by common consent was termed the "Father of the Association," I held most intimate relations for forty years in college and hospital teaching, and it was largely through his influence that I came to occupy a somewhat conspicuous position in connection with these meetings of the association, bringing me in close relation with a large number of the most prominent physicians and surgeons of our country. The privilege of such associations has been one of the special pleasures of my professional life. I was called to preside over the section of Medicine, and gave

Memories of Eighty Years

the annual address before the association at Cleveland, I think, in 1888.

It has never been my good fortune to attend any of the International Medical Congresses when held in foreign countries. I was a delegate from Illinois to the one held in Philadelphia in 1876, at which time Dr. Samuel Gross was the presiding officer.

One of the strongest ties which helped to bind the people of our country together during the Civil War was the fraternal feeling maintained by the medical profession; and though they had been combatants on the field, it was marvelous how soon they were again comrades when brought face to face in meetings of the association. Nothing so much as this could have demonstrated the loyalty of the association. The commonwealth is far more indebted to the influence of medical societies than it has yet had power to express.

CHAPTER XV

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

ROMEEO, Michigan, is situated forty miles north of Detroit. When our people settled there in 1827, only a half dozen families lived within hailing distance and the post-office bore the name of Indian Village. It received its present name and was incorporated in 1830. Through the agency of Father Ruggles, who resided in Pontiac, a Congregational Church was organized in 1829. It numbered only nine members at first, including my grandfather, Gad Chamberlin, and my mother. Grandmother Chamberlin and two of the daughters had united with the Methodist Church which had been previously organized. In 1831, the year of my father's death, the church had succeeded in securing the Rev. Luther Shaw as a settled pastor. At a communion service later in that year, mother stood before the altar with her three little children, Jeanette, Harvey and myself and received the ordinance of baptism. I well remember the occasion, for I was then seven years old. In 1837 a powerful religious revival occurred extending its influence to that region of country. On a single Sabbath fifty-two persons were added to the Congregational Church and other churches were blessed in like manner. I was one of the number of those who united with the church at that time. I was then thirteen years old. Our home was in close proximity to the church, and for several years previously I had been the sweeper of the

Memories of Eighty Years

church and the bell ringer for the town at a salary of three dollars a month; and with that salary I had paid for my clothes. From its early settlement Romeo had been very like a typical New England village. Religious influences were strongly predominant, and the environments were such as to largely protect young people from evil influences. It was a long time before a saloon found its way there; and as to smoking and drinking, I do not remember a single individual of our younger set who indulged in either of those habits, and the habits there formed have influenced me for life.

In 1849, when I settled in Grand Rapids, I transferred my membership to the Congregational Church at that place. I was a member of the choir while there, and one of the Trustees. For three years before leaving there I was made Superintendent of the Sabbath school, which numbered three hundred pupils, and was a school after my own heart. At my departure I received a beautiful silver pitcher, which has been in service for fifty years, and bears this inscription: "To our beloved S. S. Superintendent, Dr. John H. Hollister, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1855."

In 1856, after our removal to 192 West Washington Street, Chicago, we united with the First Congregational Church, then located at the corner of Green and Washington Streets. Rev. George W. Perkins, a man greatly beloved, was the pastor, and it was my great sorrow to be his physician when he suddenly died of acute peritonitis. Few pastors gained such a strong hold upon their members and the community at large, as did he. This was the

Church Membership

pioneer Congregational Church in Chicago, and was largely made up of members from other churches who were outspoken opponents to slavery and refused to be represented in a presbytery where the question of slavery was ignored. Beside these, constant additions were being made from people newly arrived. The activity of these was best evinced by the hearty manner in which they entered into the development of mission Sunday schools to which I shall have occasion to refer later.

When we came to reside on the South side we transferred our membership to Plymouth Church, uniting there on January 1, 1864. This has been our church home for forty-five years and through all its varied vicissitudes and labors we have been closely identified with its interests. Multitudes of people have come and gone, numbers have been called to their reward, and now besides Mrs. Hollister and myself, I know of but one remaining who was a member when we united there. Since uniting with Plymouth Church, our successive pastors have been: Rev. H. D. Kitchell, who came to us from Detroit and greatly strengthened us in the days of our weakness. When he was called to the Presidency of Middlebury College, Rev. Lewis Matson, from Madison, Wisconsin, became his successor. He came to us in the beauty and loveliness of his youth, but the seeds of fatal disease were soon manifest. He sought relief in the climate of Southern Italy but died in Lyons, France, in 1868. Rev. William Alvan Barlett, from Brooklyn, New York, was next called and under his administration our church was greatly prospered. He

Memories of Eighty Years

was with us at the time of the Chicago fire and came with us to 26th Street when Plymouth and the South Church were united, and was active in all that pertained to the building of our present edifice on Michigan avenue. Rev. Charles H. Everest was his successor, and remained with the church for eight years. Then it was our good fortune to secure as our pastor the Rev. Henry M. Scudder, D. D., who by his power in the pulpit and strong personality was able to build us up as never before in spirituality and in material prosperity. Declining years and failing health alone severed the relation which bound him so strongly to a loving people. Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, now President of Armour Institute and pastor of Central Church, a man of world-wide reputation and one of the most eloquent of pulpit orators, next became our pastor, and for twelve years we enjoyed the rare privilege of his administration. A call to a wider field down town seemed to beckon him to larger opportunities, and the vast audiences that wait upon his ministry seemed to confirm us all in the conviction that his duty lay in that direction. For nearly two years Rev. Artemas Haynes was his successor. He was a remarkably attractive preacher, and won many ardent friends to his support. His delicate health compelled him to lay down his work for an indefinite period and again our church was without a pastor. Rev. Joseph Anthony Milburn, of Indianapolis, then accepted a call to our church and has been our able pastor since 1900. We have suffered severely during the past few years by reason of the death of many of our prominent members and especially from removal to other suburban churches. Business

Church Membership

is crowding at the very threshold of our doors and it seems the part of wisdom not long in the future to locate in the vicinity where most of our people and their children reside. Plymouth Church has had its mission, and I think it will have its mission still.

CHAPTER XVI

MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS

UNION PARK SUNDAY SCHOOL

EXPERIENCE gained as a teacher in the public schools prepared the way for Sunday school work, and when I came to Chicago with the pleasant remembrances of the school in Grand Rapids fresh in my mind, I was strongly inclined to take up a like work in this City, When we united with the church it had besides its home school three mission schools under its supervision, with competent superintendents and well supplied with teachers. The first request that came to me was that I should assist in the development of an adult Bible class in connection with the home school. The class, that numbered five members, steadily grew in number and interest and was continued at the noon hour for the six years that I remained on the West side, with an average of fifty members. It was made up of young married people, young men and young ladies, most of whom, later in the day, went as teachers to the mission schools. I was later engaged in superintending the school to which I will soon refer. My interest in that adult Bible class was never lessened and many were the pleasant acquaintances there formed which proved to be lifelong.

During the years 1857 and 1858 that whole western portion of the city, which until then had been a pasture

Mission Sunday Schools

ground known as Bull's Head and now known as Union Park, was being rapidly occupied by the newly made dwellings of those who had just come to make Chicago their home. No church had yet been organized and the time and place for the founding of another mission school seemed most opportune. Deacon Philo Carpenter, who had been termed the Father of Congregationalism in Chicago, in the early days had located one hundred and sixty acres of government land at a nominal price and still held large holdings in this vicinity. I was invited by him to visit the field, and as the result, at his urgent request, a school was soon organized and I was requested to act as superintendent. Space on the prairie had been reserved for a park to be called Union Park, the only evidence of which as yet was on paper. Having faith in things yet to be, we named ours the Union Park Sunday School. There was but one brick building in all the region, with the exception of the "Brown" school building just completed. A small wooden schoolhouse, which had had its day, yet remained beside the new building and was on rollers to be moved away. We were permitted to use this building for three Sabbaths. On the next Sabbath, though it had started on its journey it was only one block away and we followed it for one Sabbath more. Then we had a school growing rapidly in numbers but without shelter. I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the enterprise and ingenuity which were developed by a band of young men who improvised temporary resting places for our accommodation. Frame buildings in process of erection were numerous and near at hand. In one of these, as soon as the roof was on, per-

Memories of Eighty Years

mission to occupy, was sought and gained. Rough floors were improvised, nail kegs, saw horses and planks did service as seats. Such a building could only be occupied for a brief time, for when the plasterers came it was the signal for us to move on. We occupied several houses in like manner during the summer and autumn. Only once did we fail to find temporary shelter, and then we met on the grass on the shady side of the public schoolhouse to which I have referred. Down our people sat upon the prairie sod, and had a session enjoyable beyond expression. Before the winter's snows were falling, the First Church had erected for us a commodious building with high ceiling and pretty windows, the dimensions being thirty by sixty feet. Many prominent families whose names later became inseparable with the early history of Chicago had located near by and many of them entered heartily into our work.

In 1859 the Chicago Theological Seminary was organized in connection with the Union Park Church. As they were to occupy this field, we made to them a formal transfer of our mission, which numbered three hundred teachers and pupils, and from that date to this it has constituted the home school of the Union Park Church.

On the second Sunday of June of this year 1908, just fifty years from the day and the hour when our mission was organized, it was my privilege as the first superintendent to meet with the people of that splendid school, to be the recipient of its hearty greetings and to take by the hand just a few of the old veterans who were fellow-workers on this ground fifty years ago. A deeply spiritual interest pervaded the school from first to last. I think our teachers'

Mission Sunday Schools

prayer meeting held immediately after the close of the school contributed largely to this result. I may cite a single incident indicative of their influence. Mr. and Mrs. Dean, lovely young people, had completed their home near our school. Mrs. Dean soon became one of our most active and efficient teachers. She was unconsciously laboring for results that were to be the joy of her heart for years to come. Mr. Dean used to come in and sit on the bench in the rear of the room because he wanted to come with his wife and he liked to walk. One day I went to him and said: "Here is a little class without a teacher. Can't you teach it?" He said: "I have never taught." "Well," I said, "Go and sit down with the boys; they are interesting little fellows" (Luther Laffin Mills was one of them). He went and sat down. The boys were alert, and they began to ask him questions. They said when the lesson was over, "Won't you come and teach us again?" He could hardly refuse. He came the next Sabbath. After our school, when we had our gathering as usual for prayer and conference, Mr. Dean arose and with trembling voice said: "My boys have been asking some questions that I could not answer. Will you pray for me?" And we had a session of prayer. Do you know that man was for years and years an evangelist traveling and holding meetings in various states, and the first prayer he ever uttered in public was in our little after service?

NORTH MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL

This school had its inception in a car house on West Kinzie Street near Halsted through the courtesy of Colonel

Memories of Eighty Years

Charles G. Hammond, general superintendent of the Burlington road. Its superintendent and teachers were from the First Congregational Church. The school occupied passenger cars for the time stored in that building. It soon outgrew its novel quarters, and in the autumn of 1852, a lot was secured and a commodious building was erected at the corner of Curtis and Third Streets. To a portion of the people in that vicinity such a school was unwelcome and on a Saturday night the building was burned. It was an incendiary fire, since no residence was near it, and for a week no fire had been lighted in the building. With an energy characteristic of the men and women engaged in that work, a new and much more commodious one was soon raised in its place. The first superintendent was Mr. J. A. Kinney, greatly beloved by all who knew him, and his early death seemed an irreparable loss. Mr. T. T. Gurney, one of the prominent members of the church, succeeded him for two years, but his business called him so often from the city that the school suffered from his absence. As I had just resigned my connection with the Union Park School, at Mr. Gurney's earnest request and other members in charge, I assumed the superintendency of the school in August, 1860. The Chicago Sabbath School Union, then an official organization, so divided the mission field into districts and assigned them to Protestant churches as to prevent as far as possible the duplication of work on the same field by different denominations. By this arrangement, about forty squares were assigned to our school. In September of that year, a thorough canvass was made, and for each block, a special little book was prepared in which

Mission Sunday Schools

to enter the name of every family and the names of the children also. The denominational preference of each family was recorded. We had just forty teachers, and to each of these a little book was given, containing the history of the particular block assigned to each of them. They were to call upon the families who were friendly to our work, and knowing every name, could claim intimate acquaintance with each family, and this intimacy was really wonderful in its results. As early as the third Sunday in each month, each teacher was to hand to Major Whittle, later superintendent, a brief report of the visits, and on the last Saturday evening of the month, the officers and teachers were to meet in one of our private homes for social reunion. A summary of those reports presented by Major Whittle, in his peculiar way, became one of the most enjoyable features of our meetings. In our field some squares were densely occupied and these were assigned to our most willing workers. A few blocks yet remained unoccupied. To these, those who seemed too timid for the work were assigned, with the understanding that when the first building went up on their block their work of visiting would begin. Although these were troublous times, our school grew rapidly in numbers, and there was the most delightful harmony.

During the year 1860, our country was passing through the most critical period of its history since the American Revolution. Mr. Lincoln had been elected and a threatening war cloud was resting heavily on all the land. The firing upon Fort Sumter in 1861 was another signal shot heard around the world. Six noble young men from our

Memories of Eighty Years

school answered the first call made by President Lincoln. Each of these made a brave record, and to the preservation of the Union two of them gave their lives.

In 1861 we changed our residence to the South division and I was requested to take charge of the home school, and for a year, until the autumn of 1862, had supervision of the two schools, the home school meeting at 12 o'clock, and the mission at 3 P. M. In October, 1862, Mr. Walter N. Mills, who during all my connection with the North mission had been my most efficient assistant, and to whom I was greatly attached, succeeded me in its superintendence. At a surprise party given to Mrs. Hollister and myself, then boarding at the Stewart House, by the officers and teachers of the Mission School, we were presented with an album containing the photographs of the entire number. We still preserve it as one of our most cherished treasures. The school continued to prosper under the superintendence of Mr. Mills until it was merged in the Tabernacle School of which it was by far the strongest constituent.

CLINTON STREET MISSION

This mission has an interesting history. It was situated on the corner of Clinton and Wilson streets, two blocks west and two south of 12th Street bridge. It was a part of a subdivision made by Drs. Brainard and Evans, with whom I had been associated in Rush Medical College, and was now owned by Dr. Evans. He had removed to Denver, had been elected Governor of Colorado, and was a warm personal friend. Dr. Evans, for whom Evanston was named and who had been most active in the organiza-

Mission Sunday Schools

tion of the Northwestern University, had desired that somewhere on that twenty acres there should be at least one Christian church. To this end, he had rented this corner to the Society of Friends on a long lease with the anticipation that in due time they would be able to purchase it. They proceeded to erect a substantial frame building about thirty by fifty feet in size. After occupying their building for a brief period, it became evident to them that their best interests required that their permanent location should be on the South side, and they were desirous of finding a party who would either buy or rent their building and assume the lease. Mr. Adams, a member of the First Congregational Church was anxious that they should take up that work, but having three missions besides their home school to provide for, they felt that their hands were full. Mr. Adams then endeavored to assume the work individually, but became in arrears for rent and with much regret felt that the field must be given up. These facts coming to our knowledge at Plymouth Church, Mr. P. L. Underwood and I went over to visit the school on the first Sabbath in May, 1867, and found Mr. Adams more than anxious that we should assume the work which he felt that he must relinquish. We conferred with our church friends. We were now located in our new building at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Eldridge Court. We could reach the school by crossing 12th Street bridge. We could draw upon our bible class for any number of teachers. The only remaining question was, Could we finance the enterprise? We conferred with the parties interested, agreed to pay up the back debt and

Memories of Eighty Years

assume the rental for one year, with privilege of renewal at our option. We assumed charge of the school in June, 1867. We employed two omnibuses each Sabbath afternoon to convey our teachers from the South side. Our young people were enthusiastic in their work and the school grew rapidly upon our hands until, at Christmas, there was hardly standing room. Our friends were liberal contributors and by that time we had our rent fully provided for. From February to June, 1868, I was in Europe. Our lease had been extended another year. Upon my return Mr. Underwood said to me, "I have just seen Mr. Tuthill King, who said 'If you will buy the ground and keep it free from debt, I will give you a thousand dollars, but it must be kept free from all incumbrances; and I do not deem it wise to subscribe for current expenses.'" Mr. Underwood said to me: "This is too good to be lost; we must raise the money." I at once wrote to Governor Evans as to his price for the lot. He had just been elected United States Senator and was to be in Chicago on his way to Washington in a few days. He had held the ground at three thousand five hundred dollars and a party was now considering it at that price, but said he: "If you want it, I will donate five hundred dollars and give you a clear title if you will have three thousand dollars ready for me when I come." Mr. E. S. Pike, a newly-arrived citizen, was interested in our work and subscribed two hundred and fifty dollars. After another conference with Mr. Underwood, I wrote to Deacon Carpenter, who then resided in Aurora, and laid the whole matter before him, stating that if he would give us a thousand dollars, we knew where we could raise the rest. By

Mission Sunday Schools

return mail we received his check for that amount, and the remaining seven hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Underwood and I divided between us. We then went among our friends, regardless of church relation, and obtained six one-hundred-dollar and twelve fifty-dollar subscriptions, with which we purchased the building. The property was ours and paid for. To make the matter secure, the title was vested, at our request, with the trustees of Plymouth Church. During the next year, the school had so outgrown the building that an annex with a seating capacity for one hundred scholars was added. A church was soon organized, with the younger Mr. Bascom as its first pastor. Our Plymouth Church continued to meet the expenses for three years longer, when those of church and school were assumed by the people on the field, and at a later period it was turned over to the City Mission Society. The inhabitants in that section became so changed, and those who had located there had so little sympathy with our work, that a different location seemed desirable. The property was sold for eight thousand five hundred dollars, which was used by its people in the building of the present Ewing Street Church. When the Clinton Street Church and school were assumed by the home people the Plymouth workers withdrew, to engage in another mission on the South side.

ARMOUR MISSION

At the conclusion of our work at Clinton mission, when a church had been formed which was to take charge of its Sunday school, our band of teachers from Plymouth Church, who had labored so faithfully there, stood ready to

Memories of Eighty Years

engage in a new enterprise. The home school was then under my charge, and Mr. William McGill, who had been my faithful associate in Clinton Mission, was ready to superintend the new enterprise. We took a morning drive to find a desirable location, as yet unoccupied, for another mission school, and after canvassing the field as far as the stock yards, came to the conclusion that the best point would be west of State Street, somewhere between 29th and 35th streets. The result was that Mr. McGill came upon a saloon keeper who was anxious to dispose of his lease and would immediately vacate. The saloon was rented; it was located on 33rd Street just west of State Street. Within a week the barrels were removed, the place was renovated, a full supply of superfluous settees from Plymouth Church obtained, and on the following Sunday afternoon the new work was initiated. It was my privilege to act as chairman at the organization. The following officers were elected: Mr. William McGill, superintendent; Mr. Arthur Farwell, assistant superintendent; Mr. Wilmarth, treasurer, and Mr. James Nickerson, secretary.

At that time Plymouth Church was not in a position to guarantee its support, and the expenses were met by private subscriptions. For several years it was known as the 31st Street Mission. Mr. McGill was greatly interested in the work, and prodigal of time and money in its support. He was able to secure a monthly contribution of five dollars each from six young men to meet its rent, one of whom was Mr. Joseph Armour. The current expenses were paid by the school and its friends, and no debt was

Mission Sunday Schools

allowed to be incurred. The school grew rapidly in numbers, and the upper front room of the building was secured for its use. Very soon arrangements were made for preaching service on Sunday evening, and students from the seminary were engaged to conduct the service. The fee, at first being five dollars per evening, was soon increased to ten, and was doubtless a material help to those thus engaged. A choir was organized which was quite popular, and large additions of young people were made to our number. At the end of two years the school had so far outgrown its rooms as to necessitate its removal, and Apollo Hall, at the corner of State and 28th streets, was secured for its use. The hall was in the third story of a wooden building. It was ample so far as room was concerned, and all right in the summer time, but the dread of fire in the four living rooms below, in the winter time, was hard to be endured. Such a risk ought not to be taken. Every precaution possible was observed, but such a danger with our narrow flights of stairs was unwise. At the conclusion of a most successful career in this school, and while occupying that place, Mr. McGill tendered his resignation, and Dr. Doremus Scudder succeeded to his place. Plymouth Church had now assumed its support, and it was then known as Plymouth Mission. Dr. Doremus Scudder had completed his medical course and was preparing to go as a missionary to a foreign field. After a few months he resigned as superintendent and at the urgent request of Reverend Dr. Scudder, then pastor of Plymouth Church and of the Prudential Committee, I became superintendent. I assumed that work with the condition

Memories of Eighty Years

that Mr. McGill should be my associate, to which he assented, and our work went on happily together. When later Mr. McGill removed from the city, Mr. Edwin Burritt Smith became his successor. Unwilling to risk the lives of our children in that upper hall another winter, we were able to rent the entire lower floor of a large brick building then in process of construction located at the southwest corner of 31st and Butterfield streets, now known as Armour Avenue. Here we had ample room for our school, and the dread of fire was unknown. We had now an average attendance of four hundred children and forty teachers, and a Bible class numbering from thirty to forty people. Preaching services were well attended, and our monthly sociables were always looked forward to with special anticipation by all concerned. Thus far I have traced the beginnings of 31st Street Mission and its further development as Plymouth Mission. It is next in order to note how it became known as Armour Mission. During the time that Mr. McGill was conducting the school, Mr. Joseph F. Armour became especially interested and contributed liberally to its support. He had recently made a public profession of religion and had united with Plymouth Church. He was rapidly acquiring a very prominent position as a successful business man. He had ample means at his command, and early conceived the idea of securing a permanent home for the mission. While Mr. McGill was yet superintendent the two men made several carriage drives in quest of a suitable location, but no definite result was reached. During the autumn of that year Mr. Armour suffered from ill health and went to

Mission Sunday Schools

Florida hoping to be benefited. He grew rapidly worse, and the promising career of that noble man was prematurely cut short. Mr. Armour died in Florida. It was found that in his will he had set aside one hundred thousand dollars for a building and the endowment of his cherished mission school. After his death his brother, Mr. Philip D. Armour, determined that the purpose of his brother Joseph should be fulfilled. He too became greatly interested in the enterprise and determined to build a memorial structure which should fittingly express his affection for his departed brother. He acquired five acres of ground fronting the corner of Armour Avenue and 33d Street and constructed a magnificent building for the school. He covered the entire five acres of ground with a fine apartment building, the rent of which should be used for the use of the institution, and thus provided for its permanent endowment. While living, he conveyed the title to this property, costing a million and a half of dollars, to a board of trustees having power to nominate their successors. The building went rapidly forward to completion, and on a bright Sunday afternoon our school, now numbering about five hundred pupils, left our old quarters, headed by our Young People's Bible Class, fifty in number, and marched in procession with banners flying to occupy the new home. Within two months our numbers increased from six to twelve hundred, and by Christmas time we had a membership of eighteen hundred. Our building was arranged to accommodate three large departments. In each of these the exercises were conducted by assistant superintendents and had their own exercises. They were named the Primary and Inter-

Memories of Eighty Years

mediate Departments, and the Main School. There were twelve Bible class rooms, which opened by folding doors into the main audience room. These were all occupied by Bible classes, which participated with the main school in the opening and closing exercises. We had the benefit of a fine organ, and the singing was a very impressive feature in our service. Four times a year we held quarterly services in the audience room, when all the children were massed in one grand assembly. They occupied every available seat, crowding the spacious galleries, the Bible class rooms, and every inch of the main floor. On our second Christmas day our school and its visitors numbered two thousand two hundred by actual count. It was not unusual to have from two to three hundred visitors on a single Sabbath. Mr. Armour gave us fifteen hundred dollars with which to furnish a Sunday school library. The work of procuring and classifying it was committed to Edwin Burritt Smith. Another important feature was that of the Teachers' Prayer Meeting, which was held immediately after the close of the school in a large side room. Though we were thronged with numbers, many of whom were visitors from idle curiosity, this gathering served as a great help in making spiritual influences dominant in all our work. Our whole working force was there assembled, three associate superintendents, the leaders of the Bible classes and a hundred and fifty teachers. Teachers' sociables were held once a month, where mutual acquaintance was secured, and were in every way very delightful.

A permanent pastor was employed, and on Sabbath evening the audience room was well filled. A large choir

Mission Sunday Schools

under an efficient leader was organized, consisting entirely of young people connected with our own work. A voluntary church organization numbering some eighty members was effected, and Sabbath evening preaching became one of our prominent services. For twelve years I was connected with this organization, and upon my resignation Mr. Edwin Burritt Smith, who for years had been my associate, succeeded to the superintendency. At the time of my resignation, in 1888, I received a rare collection of books, eighty volumes in number, as a Christmas present from those who had been associated with me in the work. At the conclusion of Mr. Smith's service, I consented to again resume the charge of the school — to "bridge over" as was stated—but it was four years more before the end of the bridge was reached. With this second ending of my work at Armour Mission my days of Sabbath school superintendence ended, although I have been connected with the Bible class work to the present date.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CHICAGO FIRE

THOUGH now a bit of ancient history, in its time the Chicago fire was a fearful fact. The very elements seemed to conspire for the destruction of the city. For six weeks there had been no rain; the place was like a tinder box. At the time the fire was started, the wind was blowing at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, and in a direction to sweep the town.

The fire originated from an overturned lamp in a stable in the southwest part of the city. The result was a mass of ruins covering twenty-six hundred acres of what had been the center of the city, with nothing remaining which a heat of twenty-seven hundred degrees could destroy.

The record of that night, Oct. 9, 1871, will never be effaced from the history of Chicago. The story of its disaster was told in all lands, and those who witnessed the conflagration were wont to tell of their experiences for long years afterward. In fact the tale seemed never to grow old.

During the early part of that year we had resided in a summer home at Riverside, while nearly all of our effects were still in Chicago. While sitting at our breakfast table on the morning of October 10th, our next door neighbor, Mr. David Blakely, proprietor of the *Chicago Post*, came in upon us so excited and so ghastly pale that we thought surely he had gone mad. "What!" he exclaimed. "You

The Chicago Fire

here, and don't know that Chicago is all burned up! Your office is gone, my presses are gone! There is not a printing press left, not a hotel, not a church—the city gone, and *you don't know it!*” Then I thought surely poor Blakely had gone insane. He continued: “I have worked all night in the desperate effort to save my sister and her children, and thank God we got them here.” In all earnestness I exclaimed, “Where?” “There!” he cried, pointing to his house. It was but a step across the lawn. In a moment I was there. I was sure the man was mad. I met that sister at the threshold of the door. With arms uplifted far above her head and tears streaming down her cheeks, with breath too choked for utterance, she could only say with broken sobs — “Oh doctor, isn't it awful?” The appalling fact was upon us that the half had not been told. The western train going to Chicago was just at hand and I was soon as near the confines of the fire as safety would permit. Already the entire center of the city was burned, the flames were eating out the margins and still spreading desolation far away on the North side. From Madison Street north the West side had been spared, and skirting the burned portion, I followed up Halsted to Lake and came on Lake to the river, which parted me from the fiery furnace. The corner of Lake and Canal streets was occupied by a lumber yard, where upon its highest pile I climbed and had a near view of the whole scene. It was then 9 o'clock in the morning, the sun was slowly rising from over the lake and its face was as red as blood. I think I must have stood there transfixed for a full hour.

Memories of Eighty Years

How many had perished in the flames I could not know. How the poor patients in the hospitals with which I was connected had fared I could not tell. Whither had these thousands of people, so many of them our friends, fled, or how many of them had fallen by the way — to these questions there were no answers, and fear outweighed all hope. As a physical phenomenon, that scene was passing wonderful. For two square miles before me, the whole field was heated until iron melted like wax and stood in pools in the cellars where large hardware stores had been. The very air over that region was visible and its waves rose and fell as distinctly as though they had been water. How long unbidden tears had been flowing down my face I do not know, but I found myself murmuring a piteous wail, "Poor Chicago! Poor Chicago!" During the day the fire continued to rage, completing the destruction on the lake shore, and sweeping far and wide upon the North side until every house save one had been consumed. The following night, it is said, one hundred thousand people were resting unsheltered upon the open prairie on the West side. During that night the rain had come, at last the drought so long continued was broken, and the heated earth, too warm for comfort, was cool again.

The news of the disaster flashed to every land, and donations never before paralleled were soon counted by millions. Train loads of provisions blocked every avenue; every church in the suburbs was an eating house, and the doors of every private residence far and near stood wide open. From every land, and from the islands of the sea, came con-

The Chicago Fire

tributions almost beyond measure, until it seemed as though the treasures of the world were wide open. Even for two years after the fire, some of the delayed ones were seeking their destination. The personal losses were enormous; treasures and heirlooms beyond number and beyond price were swept away. The records of the city of every sort had perished, and titles to property were gone.

The whole area of the burned district had to be re-surveyed to determine metes and bounds. It has always seemed a marvel to me—the manner in which our hospitals were emptied and the lame, the halt and the blind so rescued from the flames that only two hundred persons should have perished.

To show how utterly Chicago seemed to be destroyed, I give a single fact which implicated myself. Two days after the fire a message reached me from the proprietor of a newspaper in Michigan, with a request that I should prepare an article in answer to the question: "Will Chicago be rebuilt?" And I confess I took the matter so seriously that I sat down and penned a reply a column in length, giving my reasons in all sober earnestness why it would and must be restored. I smile as I remember that in less than a year the tall derricks in all the central streets looked like the masts of vessels in a crowded shipyard.

The history of its rebuilding needs no recital. The answer is that in two decades the World's Fair brought to it the finest fabrics and choicest works of art which the world could produce, and its beautiful "White City" gave evidence never to be questioned that Chicago was rebuilt.

Memories of Eighty Years

I saw Chicago in 1846, when it had fifteen thousand inhabitants. I was a citizen when it numbered sixty thousand people. Since then it has increased to over two million inhabitants, and were I to forecast the future, I would confidently predict that it will be the dominant city of the continent, and that not long in the future.

CHAPTER XVIII

VISIT TO EUROPE

ON February 22, 1868, I left New York on a voyage to Europe. Rev. L. E. Matson and his wife were my traveling companions. He was going to Italy in quest of health and was specially committed to my care. Mrs. Hollister was not strong and our little daughter Belle had need of her constant care. So, much to my regret, I was to make the journey without them.

We sailed on the French steamer St. Lawrence, and after nine days landed at Brest and went by rail to Paris. We left New York when the thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero. The second day out we encountered a terrific northeaster, and if others have suffered more from seasickness than we did, our profound sympathy is at their command.

Three weeks were given to my first visit to Paris. Napoleon Third was then emperor, and though Paris was, as always, everywhere gay, I somehow felt that a kind of surveillance and espionage was everywhere present. Beneath the buoyancy and cheer, so characteristic of that city, there seemed to be an underlying spirit of unrest. I think Napoleon at that time was seeking a war with Germany that he might avert a war at home. I little dreamed that within two short years the German flag would wave over Palais Royal, that terms of peace would be dictated at Ver-

Memories of Eighty Years

sailles, that Alsace and Lorraine would be surrendered, and that an enormous indemnity was to be paid by France to Germany. Neither the world outside nor France itself would have known how rich she was until that enormous indemnity had been met and paid by her own people. Statistics show that, notwithstanding this immense strain upon her resources, per capita, France is still the richest nation in the world. France was humiliated, but she bides her time. The wound may seem healed, but the scar remains, and gives no evidence that the result will prove permanent.

I had long desired to visit Paris and my anticipations were realized, for it is a beautiful city. My visit to Versailles was a charming one, and the Louvre had its endless attractions but my interest mainly centered in its medical institutions. In former years many of our foremost men had been in the habit of taking a course in Paris for the more perfect rounding out of their medical studies. By the hearing of the ear I had learned much, but I had longed to see for myself. Monod, who since became one of the foremost surgeons in Paris, was just then beginning to win his spurs. His brother had been my patient in Chicago, and from this brother I bore a letter of introduction to him. That was all I needed. I was made a welcome guest, not only in the wards of the hospitals, but in private families as well, for not only was Monod a favorite with the profession, but one of his uncles was a member of the Legion of Honor. I divert to say that while I was a guest at the table of this uncle, I referred to the popularity with which

Visit to Europe

their medical schools and hospitals were regarded in America. "Yes," said he, "that may be true, and we are glad to believe it, but you have one thing which we have not," and then after a pause he said, "that is liberty." The whole Monod families were stanch Huguenots, and his words meant more than I then knew. In a little more than two years France was to be a republic.

But to return: Surgeon Monod gave me his card with a commendation written upon its back, and that card gave me an open door and a place of honor wherever it was presented. I spent most of my time for two weeks walking in the wards and listening to lectures from a large number of leading physicians and surgeons. They were days of profit, and much that I saw and learned was to be utilized in Chicago. I had a special invitation to a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, where I saw and heard many celebrated men whose writings had been my text books. What a reward came to me from the treating of a little wandering Frenchman in Chicago.

Leaving Paris we started on our way to Southern Italy. We spent a day at Dijon, another at Lyons, and two days at Marseilles. We then boarded a little ship with no accommodations for passengers, but of almost incredible speed. We learned that it was built as a blockade-runner during our Civil war and later had been sold into the Mediterranean service. Skirting the northern coast of that beautifully blue inland sea, we were soon at Genoa, the proud commercial rival of Venice in the fifteenth century. Of course Columbus was my uppermost thought as we neared the quaint little city, and a monument to

Memories of Eighty Years

him gave evidence that his memory is honored at home. It did not then dawn upon my imagination that twenty-five years later the "White City" in Chicago would be built in honor of his discoveries.

After two days in Genoa, a night's ride in a little sailing vessel brought me to Leghorn, once so renowned as a seaport town. An inland ride of eighteen miles and we came to Pisa. From childhood, as often as I had seen its leaning tower pictured in my school books I had cherished the hope that some day I might see it. Of course it seemed then but an idle dream, but now it was to be realized. Not the beautiful scenery and the snow-capped Apennines in the distance could command my interest until I had climbed the Tower of Pisa. From its top a magnificent view of the Mediterranean is to be had, and the approach of vessels could be discerned thus far away. As I descended from the tower step by step I found myself saying, "I've done it; I've done it." And yet that childish thought of mine, now fulfilled, was of small matter. How I did crave to have someone speak to me from out the past and tell of the peoples of the long-gone centuries, of deeds which they had done, and by whom this leaning watch tower had been built, giving timely warning of buccaneers from the far-off Lythian shores. Like footprints on the sands of time, the record is mingled with myths, and only a fragment here and there remains to tell of the things that were.

From Pisa I went to Florence. I had left my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Matson, at Genoa, and from thence was to make my journey alone. Florence is a beautiful city situated on either side of the Arno, which is spanned by

Visit to Europe

from six to ten bridges, some of modern construction and others of very ancient architecture. The history of Florence, so named perhaps from the profusion of flowers upon its native hills, has been written and rewritten by those who have known it best, and I need not here register the limit of my knowledge. I will write only of what I saw. First the beautiful little river Arno, which has cut its way through the Apennines and is in haste to get to the sea. Second, the hillsides which skirt the river on either side, surrounded by imposing cathedrals, immense private dwellings and beautiful villas, which tell of the grandeur of Florence in its palmy days. As regards galleries of art, it must easily rank with the foremost cities of the world, and for three days I spent my time mainly in viewing these art treasures, the works of the old masters. The collection of paintings in Pitti Palace is said to be the finest in the world, and tourists by hundreds, from all parts of the world, make this one of their objective points. The Uffizi gallery contains several masterpieces of Raphael's and Titian's. One room, called the Tribune, contains the most celebrated statues of antiquity. Florence is also celebrated for its libraries. I think the National library, which contains two hundred and eighty thousand volumes, will be found eventually to be one of the richest mines in the world to be worked by historians in later ages. The stores in the Vatican will hardly exceed it in matters of ancient history. Historians tell us of Florence as a republic, of her conquest by the French, of her importance when she was the capitol of Italy under Victor Emmanuel, until as the capital she gave place to

Memories of Eighty Years

Rome in 1870. Here was the home and the life work of that wonderful man Savonarola. Here too, in his day, Michael Angelo founded his famous "School of Art," whose works are today numbered among the choicest treasures for which Florence is renowned. It is, as I said, idle to write of Florence. One must see it; he must study it before he goes—study it there and study it afterwards.

From Florence I passed through Rome direct to Naples, planning to spend Easter at Rome on my return. It was night when we reached Naples, and as we approached the city I had my first sight of the red glare of Vesuvius, then in violent eruption. In the morning, from my open window I beheld the beautiful Bay of Naples immediately before me, and there at anchor lay our grand American Squadron with Admiral Farragut in command. This was in March, 1868. Not since I left home had I seen the Stars and Stripes unfurled, and if a tear did drop from my eye that was a matter of my own. Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum, made immortal by the younger Pliny, were of absorbing interest, but none of these could command me as did that day spent at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. The very earth trembled as the belching flames rose high in air, and the melted rocks seemed like meteors in the sky. A stream of lava was running down the mountain, a cooling, crushed mass which was slowly pushing itself upon the plain before us, while here and there a crack in the crust would permit the liquid fire to appear. We lingered upon the mountain side until nearly midnight, making heavy requisitions upon our well-supplied larder; and this I will confess—that after the manner of our crowd I did drink a

Visit to Europe

bottle of *Lachryma Christi*. As a physician, it was purely a professional act, for I must know its quality if I were to advise its use. At midnight we were half-way down the mountain, and tarried for a time at the Hermitage, where kings in seclusion had hidden away in times gone by. The moon was at the full; almost beneath our feet was a city in its slumber. The rippling waters of the bay gave back to us the silvery light of the reflected moon, and in the dim distance rose the beautiful island of Capri. There was but one such balmy night — one such Italian moon, one such city and one such bay. A day and a night such as these were worth living for.

After two weeks I returned to Rome. It was Easter week and pilgrims from the ends of the earth were there. Pius IX was then the spiritual potentate of the Catholic world, and his appearance in St. Peter's on Easter day was the crowning event of the week. Of course I visited the catacombs, walked out on the Appian Way by which Paul had entered Rome, and paid a visit to the tomb of Matelli; saw the illumination of St. Peter's at night, and attended a Protestant service outside the city wall on Sunday, for at that time no such service was permitted within its limits. What a change has come over Italy since that day!

I visited the Coliseum at midnight under a full moon. It seemed to me that in the shadow of those walls I ought to discern the gladiators and the martyrs, hear the cries of the infuriated mob and the howling of wild beasts, while the gentle moonlight was faintly representing the glare of burning Rome with Nero looking on.

Memories of Eighty Years

After a week in Rome and another day in Florence I crossed the Apennines. It was night, and I was locked in an apartment with a rough looking fellow who just fulfilled my idea of a brigand. If he chose, it might be but a moment's work to pitch me from the open window down the mountain side and appropriate my effects. So I presumed to sleep wrapped in my immense plaid shawl, but all the while keeping one eye out, when what should I discern but that he was doing the same thing. With the light of morning dawning we had a conversation, but neither knew the other's language. Soon we were in the beautiful city of Venice, and my first ride in a gondola took me to the Hotel l'Anglais. Of course I had a day on the Grand Canal, passed under the Bridge of Sighs, saw the old Venetian paintings in the Doge's Palace, visited the Cathedral of San Marco and the Basilica, since fallen; but all the way my uppermost thought and wish were that Jenny might be there to enjoy it all with me. Another day and I was on my way from Venice to Vienna. Our route lay along the valley of the Sommering. We were skirting the crested spurs of the Eastern Alps, and in the course of the day passed through fifty-two tunnels, so the guide books say. While the snow blockaded the paths at our stations high on the mountain side, we could discern the peach-trees in bloom in the valley far beneath. I was in a compartment with a German teacher and two young ladies. He was teaching them English, and such English I have not the power to describe. I did not let on until near the end of our trip, when I spoke to him in English. To this day I have enjoyed the confusion which my question produced.

Visit to Europe

At Vienna I was at once in the midst of medical surroundings and busy. I was not an adept in the German language, but by the aid of some of my former pupils who were attending lectures there I managed to get along quite satisfactorily. I had the pleasure of hearing the celebrated pathologist Rokitansky as he gave his last course of lectures, and Hebra, too, who at that time was a world-wide authority on skin diseases. Bilioth, also yet young in his profession, had come to Vienna, where his laurels were yet to be won. In company with our American students I visited the wards day by day, studying their methods of medical and surgical teaching and treatment.

From Vienna I returned to Paris for a few days, and then crossed over to London. I was introduced to the private library of Professor Beal, saw the original drawings from which the illustrations in his books were made, and there studied his rare microscopical specimens for two weeks, in connection with a walk each day in some one of the great hospitals. I was most interested at Guy's Hospital, King's College Hospital, and St. Bartholomew's. Through the courtesy of Professor Beal I had the pleasure of attending an interesting session of the Royal Pathological Society, where I saw a number of London's most eminent men and listened to their discussion. They have a curious custom there which, while it seemed rude, might be sometimes used to advantage in America. If the man who had the floor had not something original or well worth the hearing to say, those old veterans would commence rubbing their feet on the floor until the din would compel the speaker to sit down. London is by all odds too big.

Memories of Eighty Years

It is impossible for any man, though he be a resident there, to take it in. I did my best at the rate of sixteen hours a day for two weeks, but aside from medical colleges and hospitals I only brought away a few relics.

I had the exquisite pleasure of an evening in the House of Commons when Gladstone and Disraeli were there. Of course I visited Westminster Abbey and looked at the monuments and tablets dedicated to the memory of departed heroes. I spent an evening at Exeter Hall and heard the oratorio of Elijah rendered by five hundred picked singers of the kingdom. On Sunday I was one of the immense crowd and heard a sermon by Spurgeon in his famous tabernacle. I also spent a whole day at the Tower, and as I gave a good-sized tip to my custodian he just laid himself out in his recital of its marvelous histories, some of which I knew from previous readings to be true. His toggerly would have secured for him a first-class position in a dime museum in America. The crowns of departed kings were there, the armor of old time warriors, the court where so often the bloody ax had fallen, and the deserted cells whose histories, if they could be retold, would cause the blood to curdle in the bravest heart. Let the dead past sleep without a resurrection and the Tower remain as it is today, one of London's chiefest side shows for the entertainment of tourists.

But now the day for the sailing of my steamer was at hand. A rapid ride took me to Liverpool and a seven days' voyage on the Russia brought me to New York, whither my wife had come to meet me. The homeland was never so dear, and the reunion was best of all.

Homeland Outings





JOHN HAMILCAR HOLLISTER

JANUARY



JENETTE WINDIATT HOLLISTER



CHAPTER XIX

FIRST VISIT TO CHICAGO

FOR several years I had been a member of the "Romeo Band." It numbered fifteen members, and several of them were talented musicians. It had quite a reputation throughout Michigan and, notably in the political campaign of 1844, was continuously in demand at mass meetings as they were held throughout the state. Two of our members were nephews of Mr. Oliver Newberry of Detroit, who was among the first to inaugurate upper cabin steamers on the Lakes. These boats made weekly trips between Buffalo and Chicago and were immensely popular, there being as yet no railroad communication with the West. Mr. Newberry was the granduncle, and one of our boys became the father, of our present Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Newberry invited our band to take a pleasure trip from Detroit to Chicago on his favorite steamer, "The Illinois." It was a gratuity not without its compensations, for it was an event on these upper lakes when a vessel steamed into the various ports with a full band of music on board. We had a jolly time in passing the St. Clair Flats and the old historic Fort Gratiot. All went merry as a marriage bell until we entered Lake Huron, where off Saginaw Bay we encountered a heavy rolling sea. Mal de mer soon took possession of us; the smiles on our faces soon wore off, and most of us were at the rail pretending to count

Homeland Outings

stars in the bottom of the sea. But we outrode the storm and were pretty well recovered when we came in full view of Mackinac. It was a summer evening with full moon at midnight. The dark green foliage which skirted the hill-tops was in strong contrast with the whitewashed buildings and picket walls which outlined the fort. It seemed to me, as we steamed up to the shore and the notes of our music came echoing back from the bluffs, the newest approach possible to an earthly paradise. When, on our return at midday three days later, I beheld the squalid huts of fishermen and the untidy Indian tepees skirting the shore, my first fond illusion was dispelled and this ideal of my dreams was entirely outside of heaven. We went, as was the custom in those days, from Mackinac to Manitou Island to take on wood. It was a sight to behold the enormous quantity taken on board at a single landing. It gave us some little idea of the cost of running a steamer in those early days.

We lay in the Chicago Creek for a part of three days. The city had been incorporated only nine years. It numbered about fifteen thousand inhabitants. There were no paved streets, save a few planks laid in Lake Street. There were but three or four brick buildings on Lake Street, and property owners on that street were striving to induce business men to come over there from South Water Street, which fronted on the river and its docks. But Lake Street was yet too far away — too far south. I gained permission to run up to the crosstree of a schooner that lay alongside of our boat, and from this masthead had a fine panoramic view of the whole country. It was heavily wooded on the

First Visit to Chicago

south side below Twelfth Street, and on the north side beyond Chicago Avenue. Only a little stretch of prairie was to be seen on the west in the direction of Riverside.

On the first night the officers provided us with a carryall, and with a four-horse team we went serenading the town. In the matter of music our only competition arose from the opening of windows, the rattling of blinds, and the clapping of hands. As a special compliment to some aristocratic families we were driven to their residences, "away out on Madison Street." This was then the far south of the city. The next evening a reception was given on board the steamer, and the long cabin was filled to overflowing by citizens of Chicago, and music and dancing held the gayly attired visitors until the small hours of the morning. On the third day we steamed down the creek, giving to the city a parting serenade, and that ended my first visit to Chicago.

CHAPTER XX

EXCURSION TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

IN 1855 the Burlington Railroad had been completed from Chicago to the Mississippi. The great event of the year was to be duly celebrated, and Colonel Charles G. Hammond, the general superintendent of the road, had planned an excursion worthy of the occasion.

A train of fifteen cars was put in service to accommodate the invited guests, numbering many noted men and charming women. Among the men most prominent were Hon. Lewis Cass of Detroit, the old-time Governor of Michigan Territory, pre-eminently the great pioneer of the Northwest, and later successively United States Senator, Secretary of State, and in 1848 the Democratic candidate for the Presidency; the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas then Senator from Illinois and breasting the opposition of the North for his successful effort to repeal the Missouri Compromise; Hon. Zachary Chandler, formerly Governor of Michigan, later to be known as the stalwart leader of the Republican party, the war horse in the Civil War and the days of reconstruction; Hon. Thomas W. Ferry, later United States Senator from Michigan; Levi D. Boone, Mayor of Chicago, and members of the Common Council, including such prominent men as Isaac N. Arnold, then our Representative in Congress, and author of a *Life of Lincoln*; Lieutenant-Governor Bross, one of the proprietors of the *Chicago Tribune*, and Hon. Wm. H. Brown, one of Chicago's

Excursion to the Mississippi

most distinguished citizens and an early Illinois pioneer. Together with these were several Eastern capitalists controlling the road and a goodly number of ministers, lawyers, doctors, and prominent citizens of Chicago. A full complement of brilliant ladies completed the list.

Northern Illinois in its primeval state was a garden of beauty. Its vast stretches of virgin prairie were then covered with a profusion of wild flowers, and the groves of timber skirting the inland streams and occasional hillsides gave to the whole scene an indescribable beauty. Isolated farm-houses here and there dotted the then vast plains where now are fields of waving grains and where cattle by the thousands are herded. It seems incredible that only fifty years ago this garden spot of the world was awaiting the coming of the thrifty husbandman. The choicest of land could be had for two dollars and a half an acre, where now one hundred dollars for the same would be refused. It seems, as I again traverse the road, literally true that a nation has been born in a day. At that date, at the point where the Burlington crosses the Freeport Division of the Illinois Central, there was a depot just finished and only two farm-houses in sight. To-day it is the spot occupied by the beautiful and flourishing city of Mendota. The saplings then planted by the incoming people, beautifying their homes, have grown to be forests.

We left Chicago at nine o'clock in the morning, had lunch in the freight house where Mendota now stands and reached the river opposite Burlington at four o'clock. Here we were met by the Mayor and Common Council of that newly incorporated city and a large delegation of citizens who,

Homeland Outings

with ferry boats, had come across the river to meet, welcome and escort us to their city.

Though in later years we have traversed that mighty river many times, and from St. Paul to New Orleans, this was the first time that we had set eyes upon the veritable stream where La Salle and Marquette had led the way. We had to cross it by ferrying, since as yet not a bridge had spanned its waters save the little wooden structure at St. Anthony's Falls — now known as Minneapolis. While crossing the river, and midway in the stream, when a welcome from the Mayor of Burlington had been responded to by the Mayor of Chicago, a jug of water from Lake Michigan was poured into the river, symbolic of the comingling of friendship and the unity of interests that should in the future bind these people as one. Hotels and private homes were thrown wide open and nothing left undone which could insure the comfort of their welcome guests.

The Rock Island road had also reached the river, connecting Chicago with the towns of Rock Island and Davenport. At Burlington the next morning our party divided, a part going down to view the deserted town of Nauvoo, and the other up to Rock Island by way of the river. I joined the latter party and spent the following night in a hotel at Rock Island. I was not at all well and retired to my room at an early hour. It happened to be located across the hall from a large reception room in which Judge Douglas was to entertain his friends and give to them a recital of his exploits in securing the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It was an exceedingly warm night and all doors and windows were wide open. It will be remembered that the

Excursion to the Mississippi

Judge was then in the zenith of his popularity, and, notwithstanding the antagonism of the new Republican party, was again to be elected Senator. The matter of his coming had been well advertised and his admirers were there in full force. I think the real purpose of the Senator was to furnish his political understrappers with lines of argument with which to turn the tide which was sweeping thousands of men from their ranks into those of the "Free Soil Democrats." Though his room was crowded to the utmost, his position was near the door and I could hear with the utmost ease. Of course the clinking of glasses was a familiar sound to such an audience, and the Senator had not proceeded very far in his specious argument until a goodly number of his devoted friends began to be extremely hilarious and to cheer his utterances longer and louder than they knew. The Judge's arguments lay essentially along the same lines as those he later used in his celebrated debate with Mr. Lincoln. Up to that hour, although abhorring the work he had done, I still had respect for Mr. Douglas. But from that time I was obliged to write him down not only as an arch scheming politician, but as an unprincipled trickster. One of his methods of securing a vote for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was narrated to his audience, who went wild over his success. The men of that day have nearly all passed away; the issues then rife have long since been settled. It may be charged that I was only an eavesdropper and have no business to repeat what I there heard. His utterances were in his usual vociferous style, without the least suggestion that they were confidential. He said: "On the evening before the day when the Nebraska Bill

Homeland Outings

was to be finally voted upon, a distinguished Senator who had another very important bill which was soon to be voted on, and in which he was greatly interested, came to me and said: 'Senator Douglas, if you will give your influence for the passage of my bill, I will vote for the Nebraska Bill to-morrow,' whereupon I affected great rage and denounced him roundly. I said: 'If you cannot vote for the repeal of the Compromise as a matter of principle, then I don't want your vote at all. Do you propose to bargain the great measures as though they were a mess of pottage? It is beneath you as a Senator and an insult to me, and so sure as I stand in that Senate Chamber to-morrow I will publicly denounce you.' He made a most piteous plea, but I was strenuously insistent and closed the interview abruptly. My bill was put upon its passage the next day. When the roll call reached his name there was no response. It was called a second time, and he faintly responded 'Aye.' Gentlemen, I had him! And I was not committed to his bill, which was to come up later, neither did I intend to be.'" I said to myself, if one vote for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was thus obtained, how about the others? How about great principles?

A charming ride the next day, of only five hours over the Rock Island Road, brought us again to Chicago. We had had a delightful time, and laudatory resolutions were passed by acclamation. Many pleasant acquaintances had been made. My special regret was that Jenny was in Michigan and could not share that pleasure with me.

CHAPTER XXI

VISIT TO EASTERN COLLEGES

THE earlier years of my Chicago life were closely devoted to my profession. My means were limited, my medical practice, upon which I was dependent, was yet to be built, and must of necessity command my closest attention. Besides this, after my first year in Chicago, and for forty years, I was continuously engaged in medical teaching in college and hospitals. In the furtherance of my medical interests, I at once became a member of the local medical society and after a year became its secretary. A year later I joined the Illinois State Medical Society, and at the fiftieth anniversary of that event I was kindly remembered at the annual meeting by my associates in Rockford in 1907. I also became a member of the American Medical Association at the annual meeting in Louisville in 1858. In connection with the State Medical Society, I was enabled to form pleasant acquaintances with the leading medical men in the state. I was honored with the presidency of the society, and for twenty consecutive years was made its treasurer and charged with the annual publication of its transactions. When I became treasurer, the society was fifty cents in debt; when I left it, the cost of transactions had been paid and there was a balance of four hundred dollars in the treasury, arising from the persistent collection of annual dues. By this time I was pretty well

Homeland Outings

known throughout the state, especially by those who were slow in making payments.

As a member of the American Medical Association, I came to know large numbers of prominent physicians throughout the Union. In the earlier years I was not always in attendance, but later when for a number of years I held official relations with the Association, I traveled far and near to attend its meetings. It was not until 1862 that I broke away from medical matters at home, and from attendance upon medical lectures, to make a trip purely for pleasure; and even this was to be turned to utmost practical account. It was at the close of a severe winter, during the second year of the Civil War. I had lectures four times a week in the college; my wards at Mercy Hospital were crowded with patients, and the "Soldiers' Home," of which I had sole charge, required my daily attendance, so that by April 1st, I was thoroughly tired out.

Ever since the commencement of my medical teaching I had had a desire to form the acquaintance of those who were doing similar work in the older institutions. The lectures in the Eastern colleges did not close until the first of May. This gave me a full month for observation. Fifty years ago Philadelphia was the medical Mecca of America. The most ambitious of northern students went there if their means would permit. It was the common resort for students from the South, it was the city from which nearly all our medical books emanated; and, whether North or South, we of the profession were ready to take off our hats to graduates of Jefferson University. So, as others

Visit to Eastern Colleges

had done before me, I made Philadelphia my first objective point. I made my home at the old Continental Hotel. It was a model of neatness and of elegant moderation, so characteristic of that city in the olden time. No one seemed hurried, and yet everything went on with silent precision. It was an opportune time for such a visit, for a number of the professors were well advanced in years and were soon to retire from active service. Professor Robley Dunglison was one whom I especially desired to meet. His dictionary, his volumes on Medical Practice and on Therapeutics had been my text-books since the day I commenced the study of medicine. It was now a delight to listen to a living author for whom I had cherished such profound respect. In his style, as in his writings, it was evident that he sought not to be ornate nor eloquent, but simply in a colloquial manner to make his points with such lucidity and precision that one could hang his hat upon them years afterwards. I doubt if we have yet had another so all round learned in his profession as was Robley Dunglison.

Professor Meigs was another of the older men soon to retire from teaching. His manner too and his utterances were in keeping with his writings. He was an attractive speaker and very popular. He would charm for the time, he was pleasing to the ear, but his points were so ornately dressed that they were well-nigh lost in their drapery. Still his works on Obstetrics and Diseases of Children were the leading text-books in nearly all our colleges for many years. As Professor Meigs had been the successor of the renowned Dr. Dewees, so now Dr. Pepper was soon to

Homeland Outings

succeed Dr. Meigs, with whom he was already associated in the writing of medical text-books. Dr. Pepper was just entering upon a career in which later he was to be eminent.

Professor S. D. Gross was in the prime of his manhood. He had come from Louisville and was fast acquiring a national reputation. I think he was the first American to publish a work on Pathological Anatomy — one of my early text-books. I rode with him, saw several of his private patients, and often met him in the wards of the hospital.

This it will be remembered was during the second year of the Civil War, and the lines of communication between the North and the South were absolutely closed. During all the previous years there had been a large representation of students from the Southern states; but now these were all cut off and the effect upon the school was most conspicuous. I think Philadelphia has never regained the prestige she held before the war, for up to that time she was pre-eminently the leading medical center in America.

After two weeks, in which every waking hour had been fully occupied, I went from Philadelphia to New York and made my home at the Metropolitan Hotel. I at once found myself in very different surroundings. Here everyone was in a hurry. They all seemed to think they had been born a little late, but were determined to catch the next train. I not only found I was in a strenuous world, but soon got the move and was planning to the utmost what could be accomplished in each single day. I first went to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and again heard a lecture from Professor Alonzo Clark, to whom I

Visit to Eastern Colleges

had listened for two successive terms fifteen years before at Berkshire College in Massachusetts. Fifteen years had wrought their changes, but there was the same elegance of manner and the same beauty of diction which, in times past, had so endeared him to his pupils. He had always been my ideal as a lecturer, and it was a sincere pleasure to listen to him again. He, more than any other man, was the originator of clinical teaching in the hospitals of New York, and I can almost feel that one betrays his ignorance of medical men if he has not known Alonzo Clark.

There, too, I met Professor Willard Parker, then the most noted surgeon in New York after Valentine Mott, who had already retired from active practice. I was especially desirous of meeting Dr. Parker, since I had corresponded with him with reference to the death of his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Perkins, who was my patient and whose death, upon post-mortem examination, proved to result from appendicitis. Of this disease he wrote me that he had tabulated forty-two cases, and that they were uniformly fatal. Such was the testimony of Dr. Parker in 1856 with reference to that disease, and I well remember that at that date to open the peritoneal cavity was considered an unwarranted procedure. Thus a word with reference to the advances in surgery. Before their college classes and in the wards of the hospitals, I met a number of noted men, such as Gurdon Buch, Van Buren, Markoe, Sands, Dallon the physiologist, and Bedford the leading obstetrician. I listened to their didactic lectures and was daily present at their clinics and was very kindly received by them all. To me it was like taking a post-graduate course,

Homeland Outings

and I was richly repaid for my effort. I think I fully appreciated the work of those splendid men, and at the same time came home with the conviction that Chicago Medical College was holding a creditable place with the best of them.

CHAPTER XXII

SOUTHERN VISIT — 1865

THE Civil War ended with the surrender of the Confederate Army in April, 1865. For four fearful years had the two great opposing armies been contending with such supreme effort as has no parallel in modern history. To what the South had been led to believe was their righteous cause they had given their last available man. The blockade of their seaports had cut off foreign supplies, their treasury was exhausted, and, with no further hope of foreign intervention, upon the surrender of Lee's army the last hope of secession perished and the war was ended.

It was in October of that year that Mrs. Hollister and I went South to visit friends residing in Memphis, Natchez, New Orleans and Thibodaux. We traversed by land and by river a country where prosperity had given place to desolation, and where as yet no signs of recuperation were visible.

During all that desperate struggle, save perhaps at Gettysburg, the war had been waged on Southern soil. On land, camp-fires had done their worst with all combustible material, and the unfenced fields were desolate. Along the river, in going from Memphis to Natchez, the ravages of war were still more apparent. No more were there the throbbings of commercial life, for the marts of trade were deserted. Her ablest and bravest men had followed the fortunes of war, many of them never to return,

Homeland Outings

while others were seeking as best they might to retrieve their fortunes elsewhere. Vast numbers of slaves still clung to their old plantations and sought the fostering care of those they had always served, but the idle, the dissolute, the vicious were still hanging around the wharves, seeming to cherish the idea that somehow they were to live without work and that freedom included daily bread.

Only six months had elapsed since the capture of Jefferson Davis and his confinement in Fortress Monroe. The Southern leaders who survived were submitting to the inevitable, uncertain yet as to the future status, not only of themselves, but of the revolted states as well, for as regards political relations their country was in utter chaos and under military control. Grief for the "lost cause" was in no wise assuaged, nor destined to be for many a day to come, and in many hearts, never. Yet in the main the people were inclined to accept the result quietly and were glad that the war was over. Our friends towards whom our footsteps were tending had long anticipated the result, and were not suddenly surprised when the war was ended. We were received with open arms, for, though the struggle had been desperate, there had been no estrangement of kindred ties, and the reunions seemed more than ever dear. But among strangers in our travels it was sometimes otherwise. This was perhaps most noticeable on some of the Southern steamers. While there was already much of Northern travel on the river, there were steamers who were officered by men outspoken in their sympathy for the Southern cause. Such boats were specially patronized by Southern ladies. The Steamer

Magenta was one of these, and in going from Natchez to New Orleans, we happened to take that boat. Unfortunately for us our costume indicated the region from whence we had come, for mine was the only silk hat on the boat, and Jenny's mink furs told the rest. We soon observed that wherever we located in the cabin the seats adjoining were quietly vacated, and in the course of the voyage one lady, in passing by, gathered her skirts and described a slight semicircle to avoid a too near approach, and to indicate that we were "personæ non gratae." But once among our old friends the contrast was most marked, for strangers introduced by our friends received us with all the cordiality so characteristic of Southern hospitality, and all the while our hearts went out to them in deepest sympathy, borne down as they had been by the crushing weight of war. The reasons which brought on the sad conflict were never matters of discussion.

Slavery had been a national sin, and a nation's sacrifice was to be the price of its removal. There was never a battlefield where "boys in blue and boys in gray" had not fallen side by side, to rest in a common hallowed ground. Especially sad did it seem, as we entered places of worship on Sabbath days, to see nearly all the ladies heavily draped in mourning. These simple emblems told of griefs beyond expression, of sorrows too heavy to be borne. We, too, were mourners, for sad remembrances came of those whom in this conflict we had loved and lost.

While the deepest sorrows and losses that could never be recovered were hidden in stricken hearts, the country

Homeland Outings

everywhere told of desolation which in the four years had overtaken this fair land. As we crossed the river at New Orleans to visit very dear friends in the quaint old town of Thibodaux, our route lay along a broad, desolate expanse where immense sugar plantations, that had been the pride of the South, were now swept by the besom of destruction. Nor were either Northern or Southern armies alone responsible for this destruction. Alternately and in quick succession each army had occupied this ground, until everything that could serve a soldier's purpose had been utilized or ruthlessly destroyed. Here and there grand old trees remained; where stately mansions had disappeared, only fallen chimneys survived the burning; and skeletons of machinery were the only remnants of the immense sugar houses which had yielded such bountiful revenues to their opulent owners. Much as we loved our beloved Union, it was sad that its preservation must needs be secured at such a price. No braver hearts have lived than those born on this Southern soil, and those who followed the teachings of their leaders were ready to give their all in what they deemed their righteous cause.

State rights had been the doctrine promulgated by Calhoun and his followers, until at last "The state first, whether in or out of the Union" became the battle-cry of the Rebellion. And finally, when the die was cast and war with all its devastations was ended, there were no braver hearts than these, to sweep away the ashes and rebuild the old waste places. The spirit of the people is overborne, but it is not broken. Slavery is no more,

and Southern people generally will welcome its departure. It relieves them of a heavy burden in caring for their slaves, and it has long been a question whether, in the long run, paid labor was not more profitable. The entire nation mourns the loss which the Civil War entailed, but seemingly the result could be attained at no less price. The Union is preserved, and the Stars and Stripes will be common to every state and to our ships on every sea. The stain of slavery is forever removed, and no more are we to be taunted as a free nation while holding five millions of people in bondage.

And now that the question is settled, an unwonted prosperity surely awaits the South. The natural products of her soil are destined to yield the larger revenue to the national treasury and her manufactured staples will be carried to all lands. The ties that bind us are inseparable. The South has need of the Union and the Union has need of her. Many sorrows encompassed our visit, but there was much to gladden our hearts. Kindred ties seemed never so strong, and the thought that we were yet to be of one people, live under one flag, and share the precious heritage of a common ancestry, brought joy to all our hearts.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION HELD AT PHILADELPHIA, IN 1876

IT was one of the most eventful days in the world's history when the independence of the American colonies was declared in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776. From the window of that hall the Declaration was first given to the world, and from that window our flag was first unfurled, proclaiming that a new nation had been born. It was a daring deed when the brave men, as they stood around the table, gave their signatures to that instrument which, in case of failure, might prove their death warrant. I think it was Franklin who there said: "We must all hang together or we will hang separately."

The first of the colonial settlements had been made at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, and in 1620 the Mayflower was at Plymouth Rock. The granting of charters, with metes and bounds so indefinite and often so preposterous, was ample evidence of the ignorance of the British King with reference to these colonial possessions. There were three dominant reasons which impelled to the colonization of these remote lands. The most trivial of these was the love of adventure; the second was the love of gain; the third and strongest of all, the privilege to worship God without persecution or restraint.

With all the colonies, whatever their religious tenets

Centennial Exposition

might be, the question of subsistence was the first essential to success, and begat in a vast number of the colonists habits of rigid economy which it would be difficult for their present descendants to understand, much less to practice. In the meantime the colonies were growing apace, and unconsciously laying the foundations for a great republic, and developing an inherent power which was soon to astonish the world. It was not the fostering care of the mother country that was bearing them along, for, as said by Patrick Henry, "They grew by her neglect."

With the Declaration of Independence went forth a decree that only republics would possess this Western continent, only Canada, which occupies the position of a semi-republic, being the exception to this decree. When the centennial was reached, the colonies as states had spanned the continent. Florida, the French possessions beyond the Mississippi, the northern half of Mexico, and Alaska had been added to our national domain. Our population, which in the time of the Revolution numbered but three millions, had now increased to forty-five millions of people, inhabiting the entire central belt of North America. Blessings beyond measure had been meted out to our country. It was in the heart of every loyal citizen to fittingly commemorate this centennial year, and there was never a question but that Philadelphia should be the place for the centennial gathering.

In common with the hundreds of thousands from our own land and from foreign countries, our little family, consisting of Mrs. Hollister, our little daughter Belle, and myself, visited

Homeland Outings

Philadelphia. The weeks of our sojourn there gave us one continuous unfolding of wonderful experiences. Our journey in going was over the lines of the Pennsylvania Central, a route heretofore by us untraveled. The mountain scenery was a continuous charm, and the "Horseshoe Curve" seemed to us the triumph of engineering, for we had not as yet traversed the distant Rockies, nor at that time had those daring feats of mountain climbing been realized. The exhibition had all the advantage of novelty, and to all eyes Fairmount Park seemed a veritable fairyland. For two weeks we made our daily rounds, and each night wondered if our tired bodies would permit a repetition on the following day. We went, we toiled, we saw, until hardly another thing, be it never so startling, could tempt us farther.

By a wise forethought it had been planned that the meeting of the International Medical Congress should be held in Philadelphia at this time. There was a large attendance of delegates from foreign countries, and the profession in our own country was ably represented. It was my privilege to be a representative from the Illinois State Medical Society, and I have counted my attendance there as one of the special privileges of my life. It was eminently befitting that Professor Gross, a citizen of Philadelphia, and without question then the foremost surgeon in this country, should be made the presiding officer. That Congress revealed to me a dignity and a power possessed by our profession such as I had never before appreciated. After what they had been permitted to see and to hear,

Centennial Exposition

no loyal heart but gladdened at the thought that he was an American citizen.

We came to our home in safety — grateful for such an ancestry and for such a heritage. Many an evening hour has been spent at our home fireside in living over the pleasant hours we spent at the Centennial Exposition.

CHAPTER XXIV

DISCOVERY OF YELLOWSTONE PARK

I THINK the most unique and interesting homeland excursion I have ever made was that when, with Mrs. Hollister and our daughter Isabelle, I joined the memorable excursion of "The Hatch Party" for a formal opening of Yellowstone Park, which was under the control of the Yellowstone Improvement Company, in 1883. It was unique in this respect — that for days we traversed vast stretches of the "Wild West" until, passing beyond the last traces of civilization, we entered this, in many respects the pre-eminent "wonderland" of the world.

And if we were to seek the reason why this land of wonders had remained so long unknown, we shall not go far to find it. Of the Indian nations who held primal claim to that vast region there were three — the Siouxans, the Algonquins, and the Shoshones. Of the Siouxan tribes, the Crows were the most formidable and warlike. Of the Algonquin family, the Blackfoot tribe was the most belligerent, and ever at war with the Crows. The Shoshones were an inferior people, held in derision by the stronger tribes, and by reason of their poverty and effeminacy were termed "sheep eaters." They dwelt where the stronger tribes did not care to follow. But, brave as the Indians were as warriors, they were all in deadly fear of the geyser lands as being the gateway to the infernal regions, which, in common with the rest of the human race, they preferred not to enter. To them it was

Yellowstone Park

the ghost land, the demon land, the land which, if a good Indian entered, he could never be a good Indian again. Hence there are but few Indian legends which refer to this purposely unknown land. Of these I have found but one, and that is this—that no white man should ever be told of this inferno, lest he should enter that region and form a league with the devils, and by their aid come forth and destroy all Indians. Hence the trappers, who were the first white men to enter these western wilds, learned little or nothing from that source; and, having ample hunting grounds near at hand, were not ambitious to invade those of warlike Indians, only so fast as peaceful relations could be established. And thus time went on until, in the closing years of the last century, its wonders were to be revealed.

In speaking of its discovery, meager as my sketch must be, there are two names that stand out so prominently as to deserve a passing notice. They are those of John Coulter and James Bridger. Coulter was a member of the memorable expedition of Lewis and Clark to the Pacific Coast, and had been of special service as a leader of a small band when explorations were to be made which were deemed more or less hazardous, thus becoming one of the most valuable members of the exploring expedition.

After wintering upon the Pacific Coast, the party, in the spring of 1806, began its return, and in due time was encamped upon the bank of the Missouri River at a point near by which the present city of Bismarck is now located. Instead of continuing with his party down the river to St. Louis, Coulter, in connection with two trappers who had accompanied their expedition, determined to explore the

Homeland Outings

wild and wholly unknown sources of the Yellowstone River. Under solemn assurance on the part of the rest of the party that they would not break their contracts, Coulter was honorably released, with flattering testimonials and a generous outfit. He set out upon one of the most wonderful expeditions then possible in this country, and such were his powers of observation and such his estimates of localities that his notes of discoveries have proved to be surprisingly correct. The Lewis and Clark map, issued in 1814, gives in dotted lines the wanderings of Coulter as he entered and left Yellowstone Park, marking it as "Coulter's Route in 1807." The trails and mountain passes described are therein termed discoveries, since no white man had been there before of whom there is record. He was the discoverer of Yellowstone Lake, and first saw that wonderful sight of a mammoth boiling spring, so impregnating the air with the fumes of tar and sulphur that the stream that issued from it was named Stinking River. This was but the beginning of his discoveries, which included many of the geysers and mammoth hot springs. For three years he continued his explorations and trappings upon the tributaries of the Yellowstone and the upper Missouri rivers, until, in the spring of 1810, he dropped into a canoe and, traversing a distance of three thousand miles, reached St. Louis on May 1, 1810, after an absence of six years. His descriptions of the geyser land seemed so incredible that they were a constant source of ridicule, and the region he described was termed "Coulter-shell," and it was fifty years later before his statements had been so fully verified as to find a place upon the map. When the later Astoria party, so finely

Yellowstone Park

equipped by Mr. Astor, was to start from St. Louis for that far-off land, Coulter had a longing to accompany it, but a newly married wife and a newly made home a little above St. Louis proved the stronger attraction, and with this decision he passes from our sight; but Coulter had been the first man to tread the wonderland and make a record of his travels.

James Bridger, the other pioneer explorer to whom I refer, is sometimes spoken of as the "Daniel Boone of the Rockies." He was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1804, went west at an early age, was a member of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company at the age of twenty-two years, and was known as the "old man of the mountains" before he was thirty. His achievements and his discoveries were many, and as a pioneer of the great West, he surpasses any other man of whom we have knowledge. As a discoverer in the great Rocky Mountain region he, for a long time, was the leading spirit. He was the first white man to discover the Great Salt Lake — the first to discover the great mountain pass which bears his name. He built Fort Bridger, so intimately associated with the Mormon movement, the center of many thrilling events in connection with the Indians, and the resting-place for many a weary "Forty Niner" on his way to the gold fields. It is written of him that he was a born topographer, and that his intuitions were such that he could smell his way when he could not see it.

In his time he became familiar with the whole geyser country, its lakes and streams, its mountains, and its waterfalls, and in later years it has been a matter of constant surprise that in his rough way he should have given the

Homeland Outings

topography of the country with such accuracy. As we have said, Coulter's explorations were concluded in 1810, while Bridger's far more exhaustive ones continued until 1824, the year of my own birth. His reports, like those of Coulter, for years were utterly discredited. He sought the publication of his discoveries in various prominent journals, but they seemed so incredible that his purpose was refused, and the editor of the *Kansas City Journal* was told "that he would be laughed out of town if he published any of old Jim Bridger's lies." But Bridger outlived it all, and before his death, which occurred fifty years later, his statements had been verified, and these men who had held him in such derision were prompt to apologize. Among them was the *Kansas City Journal*, which might have been the first to give to the world a knowledge of his discoveries thirty years before. He lived to see his discoveries amply verified, and died in Washington, Jackson County, Missouri, in 1881, aged 77 years. Following these reports from Coulter and Bridger came others from trappers and miners, so numerous and so confirmatory that, as late as 1859, the United States Government took the matter in hand and ordered a corps of topographical engineers to explore the region of country through which flow the principal tributaries of the Yellowstone River, and the mountains in which they and the Galatin and Madison forks have their sources. This was named, in honor of its commander, "The Reynolds Expedition," and James Bridger, so long held in derision, was appointed as its guide. With what commendable pride he must have led, as step by step he unfolded to them the wonders of that land, and with them verified the statements

Yellowstone Park

so long held in derision. The report of that expedition had barely been made when the outbreak of the Civil War permitted no further thought in that direction.

Four years after the close of the war the work of exploration was again resumed. It was first undertaken as a private enterprise by a party of three men, who determined to confirm or refute the wonderful statements that were being made. This was in 1868. The famous Yellowstone Expedition of 1870 was partly organized by Government sanction and partly maintained by private enterprise. General Henry D. Washburn, Surveyor-General of Montana, was chief of the expedition, and Lieutenant Doane, in command of the United States Cavalry, with one sergeant and four privates, was detailed from Fort Ellis to act as escort; and that it might represent the Government and the civilian makeup of the enterprise, it was known as the "Washburn and Doane Expedition."

It was a formidable undertaking, for the Indians were still on the warpath and eager for scalps. When the hour for movement arrived, they found only nine men who were willing to encounter its hazards and brave its dangers. They started from Helena, their objective point being Fort Ellis, one hundred and fifty miles distant. There they met their escort and completed their outfit.

The party as thus organized numbered nineteen persons, as their historian says, including two packers and two colored cooks; their thirty-four horses and mules and provisions for a month's absence completed the outfit. It was to be an expedition surrounded by perils, and, though its men were brave, they were not without their misgivings. Mr. Hedges,

Homeland Outings

one of the number, who wrote fully of their expedition and from whom I quote, says: "I think a more confirmed set of skeptics never went out into the wilderness than those who composed our party, and never was a party more completely surprised and captivated by the wonders of Nature which were encountered." Lieutenant Doane, so highly esteemed by all who knew him, in his able official report of the expedition confesses that at the outset he shared in that conviction.

The expedition left Fort Ellis August 22, 1870, and struck what is now the north border of the Park at the mouth of Gardner River, where it enters the Yellowstone. This point is but six miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs, the great northern gateway to the Park.

On August 26th they entered the park, and from that time on encountered a scene of wonders of which the half had never been told. It is not within my purpose to attempt to tell of what was unfolded to them day by day. It must have been when, after several days' encampment, they stood at length at the summit of what is now Mt. Washburn that their enthusiasm reached its utmost limit and their last misgivings forever vanished. From that grand mountain, towering ten thousand feet above the sea, the like of which is hardly elsewhere known, could be seen in the far view the canyons, the falls, and the beautiful Yellowstone Lake, while the vast plain before them was dotted all over with steaming pits and spouting geysers that seemed without number. Although they had now but barely entered upon their work of exploration, what wonder if, standing upon this mountain peak, where no white man

Yellowstone Park

had ever stood, their first enthusiasm gave place to reverential awe, as though the earth were preparing for its final doom. At the close of the day Lieutenant Doane writes: "I am more than satisfied with the opening of this campaign." From the mountain's height they had beheld the vast panorama. They were now to descend and examine it in detail. They were soon in camp at the Yellowstone Falls, where for untold ages the river has been carving out that wonderful chasm whose many-colored walls give to the canyon an indescribable beauty. They were also at the Upper Basin at an opportune time, when in a single day they saw seven of the principal geysers in action and gave them the names which they bear to-day. "Old Faithful," then, as now, was offering its hourly salutations, and then, as now, commanded unbounded admiration.

As I have stated, the expedition had left Fort Ellis, August 22, 1870. Its first encampment within the park was on August 25th. Their last camp was pitched at the point where Gibbons and Firehole rivers unite to form Madison River, on September 19th. From this point they made an uneventful journey homeward.

The news brought back by this now famous expedition at once went worldwide, as it gave to the public their first reliable information respecting this "Prince of Wonderlands." The official report of Lieutenant Doane, made to the Government in December, 1870, is a model in its way, and was the first official report upon the upper Yellowstone country.

Who first originated the idea of reserving the whole geyser region from sale and the converting of it into a great nation-

Homeland Outings

al park has been a matter of much discussion. The importance of such a reservation was freely expressed at the camp-fire even before the expedition had left the park, and it is believed that an article published in the *Helena Herald* on November 9, 1870, written by Cornelius Hedges, a member of the exploring party was the first public reference to the park system.

Hon. Nathaniel P. Langford of Helena was one of the most ardent advocates for the creation of a great national park which should include the entire wonderland. During the fall of 1871, he wrote a series of articles in *Scribner's Magazine*, and lectured in Washington and other cities. In all these the creation of a park was the burden of his theme. The *New York Tribune*, under date of January 23, 1871, quotes from one of his addresses as follows: "This is probably the most remarkable region of natural attractions in the world, and while we have our Niagara and our Yosemite already, this new field of wonders should be at once withdrawn from occupation and set apart, as a public national park, for the enjoyment of the American people for all time."

A bill for its creation passed the Senate with practically a unanimous vote on January 30, 1872. The bill was concurred in by the House on February 27th, and on March 1st received the President's signature. In 1891 a large addition to the park was made, as a forest reservation, increasing the area under park control to five thousand square miles. In each year succeeding the famous pioneer one in 1870, important explorations were made both by the Government and private parties. A series of park superintendents

Yellowstone Park

were placed in control, some of them above reproach and some notoriously otherwise. For a time its management was committed to an organization known as the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company. The description of its formal opening must be reserved for another number.*

*This chapter was written as an introduction to an account of the wonderful excursion given by Mr. Rufus Hatch to a party of an hundred foreign and American guests at the opening of the Park in August, 1883. Our family were members of this party and it was my father's intention to write his remembrances of this trip, but he never did so.—I. H. M.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE

WE had left Santa Barbara on the morning of April 17th, and arrived at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco at eleven-thirty the same evening. At 5:15 the next morning we were awakened instantly from a sound sleep, and at once recognized that an earthquake was convulsing everything around us. One must pass through such an experience to appreciate what we realized, for it cannot be told. Although the severity of the shock lasted a little less than a minute, it seems now perfectly incredible that so much of thought and dread could be compressed into a single moment. The rotary motion of our immense building was terrific, and when one vertical thud was succeeded by a second, it seemed as though a third would bring the walls crashing down upon us. We were in breathless suspense, but the third was not to come. Soon only the gradually subsiding tremors were felt, and in a few moments all was still. The heavy stucco ornamentation had fallen and broken glass was all around us, but the walls of our room were intact and we were unhurt.

The doors were no longer perpendicular, and ours could not be opened. For the moment we seemed shut in, not knowing what next might befall us. Fortunately our room faced inward upon the immense court — one of the characteristics of the Palace Hotel — and happily our window yielded to my effort, and through this window we could



IN CALIFORNIA, 1906

San Francisco Earthquake

reach a balcony, at the end of which was a series of stairs by which we could effect our escape. As soon as we had completed our dressing—for all was now at rest, so far as the earth was concerned—we emerged from our prison, and found our way down and into the open street. Here was a scene to behold! Men, women, and children had escaped into the streets for fear of falling walls, and were now a commingled mass in a dazed condition, uncertain what next to do. As our hotel was seemingly free from danger, my wife and I returned to the rotunda and found, by the glimmer of a distant tallow candle, that the office had opened for business. I went thither, found an old gentleman, utterly confused but trying as best he could to run the finances, and settled my bill. I had so far recovered myself that when he handed me a nickel in place of a five-dollar gold piece in making change, I declined the offer. At the moment of the earthquake shock, the preparations for early breakfast were well under way and the doors of the immense serving room were thrown wide open. Not a servant was on duty, although I attempted to corral one as he went running through the court. The first look into the serving room revealed the fact that here was an opportunity. A little man of Jewish persuasion had preceded me, as they often do, and had his hands full of food for his wife and children. Not to be outdone in a thing so laudable I quickly entered upon the same business. There were piles of plates, cups, and spoons, a huge tank of hot coffee, and another of cream; hot rolls were in the chute that sent them from the bakery. With none to say nay, I gathered a free supply, and soon Jenny and I

Homeland Outings

were sitting at one of the many lunch tables in the court, preparing for what might come next over our delicious dishes of coffee and hot rolls. Our morning meal completed, we again betook ourselves to the street, where crowds of people were still as uncertain and aimless as before. We had already heard that the city in the distance was on fire, but now, as we looked down Market Street in the direction of the ferry, we saw it in full blaze, and the fire under the pressure of a strong breeze coming toward us.

Our purpose had been to cross over to Oakland, but the fire was between us and our friends. Our next thought was to go to friends — the Eastman brothers and their families on Valencia Street. To go to them seemed the safe and immediate thing to do, especially as our course led us away from the fire, which was now assuming alarming proportions. It, by this time, became evident, also, that fires were starting in many places independent of each other, where furnaces were in blast and their chimneys had been shaken down. Our course lay up Market Street, some three miles to Valencia Street. Mission Street runs parallel with Market Street, and up that street the fire ran so rapidly, consuming wooden buildings, as to keep even pace with us, the best we could do. Of course we were on foot, for not a vehicle could be had for love or money. Our fear was that the fire would get in advance, cross over to our street, and shut us off from our destination. Thus we forged on as best we could, and outran the flames and met our friends. Our meeting was a great surprise, as they had thought us yet in southern California. The first one discovering us at our approach ran, put his hand

San Francisco Earthquake

upon my shoulder, looked me in the face as if to be sure, and exclaimed: "Lord bless my soul and body — where did you come from?" The fronts of their buildings were lying across the sidewalks, the families were in the street, and, of course, human emotions were at their height. It was a glad hour, for now, for the first moment, we felt safe so far as fire was concerned. Whether the earth would again tremble we did not know, but our friends had plenty of teams and men in their employ for our safe conveyance should the fire finally reach this point — as it later did.

During the afternoon the men pre-empted a little resting place in Mission Park, to which a retreat could be made if necessary. It was a fearful afternoon, and for several hours, from a high point, we could only watch the progress of the fire slowly coming towards us as block after block of the finest buildings in the city were being consumed. Steadily the fire was coming towards us, and at two o'clock that night we left the old Eastman homestead, which was soon to disappear, and made our way to a brother's house about a mile away. We had no need of the light of the sun nor of the moon; even the light of the stars was shut out. The blaze of that burning city was all too bright to be endured. We reached the home of Edward Eastman, and awaited the coming of the day. Every hour the fire had been steadily approaching, and at ten o'clock a cavalry officer came dashing up the street, his scabbard rattling at his side, and shouting, "You must all move on at once; these buildings will be dynamited within an hour." The explosions of dynamite in the destruction of buildings for the last twelve hours had been terrific. A walk of another mile brought us

Homeland Outings

to the early selected camping place at Mission Park. It was now densely crowded by fugitives from the fire, and every available spot was occupied. As the sun rose in the heavens the heat was almost unbearable, and our umbrellas were our only shields. In the early afternoon it became evident that we must make still another move. This need had been early anticipated, and a beautiful spot on a shaded lawn in Golden Park had been secured; and to this sheltered retreat we made our fourth move; and for the first time, at the evening of the second day, felt ourselves safe from the further encroachment of the fire.

There were now some six families represented in our group, and a sufficiency of food and clothing to make us comfortable. Our men soon improvised a very efficient camp-fire, and for the first time in the two days since the earthquake we all partook of a substantial meal, prepared as only old prospectors and miners knew how to do it. That twilight scene as night drew on was one never to be forgotten. The heavens were ablaze with the light of the burning city, and the great forest trees that intervened seemed sharply silhouetted upon the sky. At ten o'clock we betook ourselves to mattresses spread upon the grassy lawn, canopied by beautiful shrubbery and stately trees, and with our umbrellas so spread over our heads as to shield us from the dew and the falling ashes. Despite the scenes through which we had passed, there was yet a humorous side. With both homes gone, dear Bessie Eastman put her hands upon the shoulders of her two brothers and, with a nervous laugh, said: "We are all here, and that is enough to be thankful

San Francisco Earthquake

for." As I have said, two of the men in our company were old-time hunters and prospectors, and most at home when camping out. It was they who prepared our meals upon a little sheet-iron pocket cook stove. It was they who prepared a specially nice bed for Mrs. Hollister and myself. It was one of them who went to Jenny and said in a quiet way: "Mrs. H., your bed is now ready; you can say your prayers and go to bed." It was he who came in the small hours and inquired if we wished a cup of hot coffee. We wakened up just enough to say, "No, thanks," and were again sound asleep. Despite the fact that there were one hundred thousand people camping in the park, and they were constantly coming and going, we both slept soundly and awoke in the early morning refreshed and even invigorated by the pure fresh morning air. A well-prepared breakfast was soon awaiting us.

Knowing the inexpressible anxiety from which our friends, who knew that we were at the Palace Hotel, must suffer, as they must yet be ignorant of our fate, we longed to be with them. The Eastman brothers determined to make the effort to shun the fire and land us at the ferry by which we might reach our friends in Oakland, and they did it. Mr. George M. Eastman, with a powerful horse and a strong business wagon, finally reached Market Street, which had been swept by the fire, the heat of which had scarcely died down; and along that street, over heaps of brick from fallen walls, along gaping seams of earth, and between falling ruins yet hot and smoldering, we made our way crashing over barricades of brick which well-nigh filled the

Homeland Outings

street, and finally reached the ferry at 8 A. M. We were soon with our friends in Oakland, who had been nearly wild and sleepless by reason of their anxiety.

The churches in Oakland were all turned into eating houses, and we both lent a helping hand for three days in the feeding of the multitudes. How we did strive to get telegrams to our children, only to find, after depositing several, that there were five thousand messages ahead of ours, and it was not until five days later that our children had knowledge of our safety.

Our friends in Sacramento were claiming us as their guests, and for a few days we were with them. In the golden days of the early fifties, this was, next to San Francisco, the most famous city on the coast. Here was the famous Fort Sutter, whose owner, Colonel Sutter was digging a mill race in which gold was first discovered. The fort has passed into the hands of the Sons of California, and will be a rallying point for all time to come.

Another week was spent at Salt Lake with Sister Jeanette, her two daughters, and their families; and then, turning homeward, we reached Chicago on Thursday, May 9, 1906, after an absence of four months.

The question has often been asked us as to what became of our baggage. The answer is worth recital. When leaving Santa Barbara for San Francisco, I requested to have our baggage checked to Oakland. The agent said he could only check it to San Francisco, as my tickets would need to be validated at San Francisco, and until that was done the baggage could not be checked beyond that point. "But," said he, "I can check it to the Ferry and you can

San Francisco Earthquake

send over from Oakland, and it will be delivered to you when your tickets have been signed." So instead of its going to our hotel, where it surely would have been lost, during the night it had been transferred, and when the earthquake occurred it was safely housed at the Ferry. As the fire swept down and threatened to burn the baggage rooms in which were stored cords upon cords of trunks, steamers were chartered and loaded with trunks and went floating in the bay until the fire went down and then were returned; and on the fourth day our trunks came to us safe and sound.

African Slavery

CHAPTER XXVI

AFRICAN SLAVERY

PREFATORY NOTE. At first it was my purpose to trace the progress of slavery in the United States during the period of my remembrance, and the causes which finally led to its overthrow. But that period is so inseparably related to the time and manner of its introduction into this country as to necessitate the further consideration of the subject while we were yet colonies. In this connection we are brought directly face to face with the African slave trade, with the thirty years' struggle for British emancipation,—the declaration that the slave trade was piracy — and thus, to the general subject of slavery.

The consideration of these several subjects in a successive series of chapters seems best to prepare the way for a very brief review of the progress and final overthrow of slavery as I have been permitted to witness it, beginning with slavery itself.

HUMAN SLAVERY

IT is impossible to trace back to any period in the history of the human race when slavery was unknown. More than three thousand years ago it was in full development, for then the Phœnicians were actively engaged in capturing people wherever they might and selling them as slaves. The Chinese records show that slavery was prevalent in that empire more than thirteen centuries before the Christian era. The same was true in Syria, in Persia, in Babylonia, while in Tyre and Sidon, slaves constituted a majority of the inhabitants. In Abraham's time men

African Slavery

were held in bondage. At that date the Numidians were slave dealers, and when one of their caravans was on its way to Egypt, it seemed vastly better for the sons of Jacob to sell Joseph into bondage rather than that he be left to perish in a pit. The kindred of Joseph went down into Egypt, seventy in number. In process of time their tribes numbered three millions, and all were slaves. It was then that the sons of Ham were the masters and the pale-faced children of Shem were their servants. In our day the line of color is drawn otherwise. The status and treatment of slaves varied greatly, not only as to the age in which they lived, but also in the usages of those nations to whom they were in bondage. Of all the nations, the Germans seemed to have been the most considerate. Many of their slaves became skilled artisans, others, men of letters, and some even became councilors of state. But, though they were sometimes vested with great responsibilities, they were never promoted to the dignity of citizenship. Such conditions must have been indeed exceptional, for the most abject servitude was the common lot of slaves. Both before and after the Christian era wars were waged—nation with nation, tribe with tribe—not so much for the conquest of territory as for the capture of slaves; and there seems to have been little regard as to the nationality or color. When the Roman legions swept over Gaul and the shores of Scythia, thousands of captives with blue eyes and yellow hair were sent to Rome, and when told that they were Angles, it is said the pontiff exclaimed, "These are the angels."

African slavery seems to date from about the time

Human Slavery

commercial relations were established between Rome and the city of Carthage, when domestics were imported to the former city, as articles of merchandise. During the days of the Roman republic, domestics were largely obtained in this manner. It was when Rome passed under the rulership of kings that Africa paid heaviest tribute in slaves. When Regulus invaded Carthage in B. C. 256, after a deadly conflict, he took twenty thousand slaves back to the Roman capital.

But Roman conquests had extended elsewhere far and wide. Africa furnished but a small percentage of those brought home as slaves. When Julius Cæsar had conquered Gaul, he sent home, first and last, more than half a million captives. Augustus Cæsar sold thirty-six thousand slaves, the larger part of them able-bodied men, to replenish the cost of his campaign. Slaves were in those days considered of commercial value the world over, and often only by this means could the tribute of a conquered people be secured. The result was that, in process of time, Italy literally swarmed with slaves. It was at that period that agriculture was considered the noblest of all callings, and land estates often assumed vast proportions; and we are told that upon one of these alone twenty thousand slaves were employed. But the day of doom for Italy was yet to come, and when it did come the slaves became the masters. During the first century of the Christian era the power of the Gospel to mitigate these evils was markedly manifest. While slaves were still obedient to their masters, masters were also counseled to treat their slaves as Christian brethren. Paul's letter to Philemon

African Slavery

was a special plea for Onesimus, a runaway slave. Wars were continually waged between Christians and the Turks, and while a Christian might not sell his brother, it was no sin for him to sell a Turk. The fortunes of war varied, and on either side large numbers of captives were held, either for sale or ransom. As evidence of this, two instances will suffice among the many that are recorded.

When the Turks were defeated at the Battle of Lepento in 1577, twelve thousand Christians were liberated; and still earlier, in 1535, when Charles V captured Tunis, he liberated twenty thousand slaves. The capture of defenseless people to be sold into servitude was long continued.

As late as the fourteenth century the corsairs of the Mediterranean were still a terror to western Europe, and indeed it was not until our own vessels, in 1816, went after them that they were finally exterminated.

As the years of the Christian era went on, and revolutions in Italy and elsewhere gave freedom to vast numbers whose ancestors had been bondmen, the traffic in slaves nearly ceased, since slavery was no longer found remunerative, and it was no longer possible to enslave the Caucasian race. Gradually for several centuries the demand had been falling off, until not more than three or four hundred slaves were imported in a single year. But with the discovery of America there dawned a new era, and with that discovery began the saddest chapters in the history of human slavery. The discovery of the West India islands led to their early occupation by Spanish emigrants, and the rich, alluvial soil of those islands gave such large

Human Slavery

returns that field labor was at once in great demand; and it was found that one African negro was worth four of the natives in the cultivation of the soil, since the African climate specially fitted him for the work to be performed in tropical climates. An unlimited demand for African slave labor was the result, and to meet it there commenced a traffic in human beings, known as the *African Slave Trade*.

The first introduction of slaves to the West Indies was made in 1603, when a cargo of African slaves was landed in Hayti, and put to work on the plantations there. The trade had received the sanction of the Spanish Government, when the King, in 1510, ordered fifty slaves to be sent to Hispanola, to work in the gold mines there, thus antedating their introduction to Virginia by one hundred and nine years. It was not until 1582 that England became implicated in this African slave traffic, when John Hawkins, partly by trade and partly by violence, secured a cargo of slaves, which he sold in the West Indies at an immense profit. Queen Elizabeth reproved him sharply for this transaction, but seems to have shared in the profits, and later bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood. That Queen Anne also lent her sanction to the trade is evident from the fact that when the "Royal African Company" was formed, which contracted to furnish the English Government a sufficient supply of merchantable negroes to meet the demands of her colonies, she subscribed for one fourth of the stock. That the slave trade was considered a legitimate business is evident, for between the years 1729 and 1750, the British Government made appropriations to the amount of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars

African Slavery

for the building, repairing, and maintaining of forts and slave pens on the coast of Africa. An important fact should here be noted, that in the year 1641 the culture of sugar cane was first introduced into the island of Barbadoes. This new industry soon became exceedingly profitable and greatly increased the demand for slaves. From this time on, the slave traffic, under the British flag, went forward by leaps and bounds. In 1662, Charles II chartered "The Royal Trading Company of Africa," which bound itself to deliver three thousand slaves annually to the British West India islands. As evidence of the enormous proportions to which the traffic early attained, we have only to state the number of vessels in the leading English ports, fitted exclusively for that purpose. Thus the records show that, in the year 1762, London had 135, Bristol 157, Liverpool 187, numbering in all in these three ports, 479 vessels devoted to the slave trade.

It is asserted that, at this time, the Government thus derived a greater revenue than from all other sources combined, and it is a proud record for the English people that, in the face of such pecuniary profits, they were able to achieve a bloodless overthrow of slavery, by the triumph of moral sentiment. But the day of deliverance was not to be, as we shall see, until after a desperate struggle which lasted for thirty years. In the West Indies the demand for slaves far exceeded the supply, while during our colonial period the culture of tobacco and indigo made slave labor immeasurably profitable, and especially so after the culture of cotton was introduced, and the cotton gin had been invented by Eli Whitney in 1793. The soil in the Gulf

Human Slavery

states was not only wonderfully adapted for its cultivation, but the climate was just suited to its needs. The invention of the cotton gin increased the production and manufacture at home, and the exportation was simply marvelous. England soon entered largely into its importation, and it was not long before the larger supply was received from the United States. The Gulf States were awakened to unparalleled activity in securing slave labor. The demand for slaves so far exceeded the supply, both in the West Indies and the United Colonies, as greatly to enhance the price, and the profits were such as to stimulate the utmost exertion.

In securing slaves for shipment, no means, however diabolical, were left untried that would insure the result. Kidnaping in every form was common, and when this method was exhausted, every conceivable means were used to incite intertribal wars; and these wars for the securing of captives to be sold to the coast trade extended far inland, tribe after tribe was annihilated until African soil was literally stained with blood. Captives thus taken, consisting of men, women, and children, were hurried to the coast, gathered, assorted, and sold by the cargo. In all human history there is but one bloodier picture than that which describes the horrors of the *Middle Passage*.

This term may need a word of explanation. Whether they sailed from England or America, slave vessels made their first voyage to the African coast to secure their cargoes. When freighted with slaves the voyage to the place of sale was termed the middle passage, the third being the return to the home port.

African Slavery

Of the horrors of that middle passage no adequate description can be given. Able writers have essayed the task, only to find themselves unequal to it. So far as its history has been written, every line seems written in blood and every page crimson with crime. The insatiable thirst for gold seemed to blot out the last vestige of human sympathy and render men veritable devils incarnate. Such were the profits derived from the trade that, if half the cargo died on the way, the surviving ones would yet yield a handsome income. If slaves could be bought in Africa at fifteen dollars each, and sold in the Indies or the American colonies for from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars each, a prosperous voyage brought quick returns, no matter what their condition, nor how many died on the way. A few words as to the condition of slaves on shipboard must suffice. If the slaver was successful in securing a cargo, the capacity of the ship was taxed to the utmost, the number varying from three hundred to one thousand, according to the size of the ship and the success in gathering the shipload. The men were handcuffed, two and two, and then ankle-chained to long iron rods, from which there was no possibility of escape. Temporary shelves were also constructed between decks, and every possible space in the hold was utilized. The average space allowed for each slave was eighteen inches abreast, four and a half feet in length, with three feet of breathing space above. Sometimes vessels were becalmed, and when food and water gave out, a portion of the living were thrown overboard with the dead, that the surviving ones might yet be sold and thus, so far as they might, diminish the loss.

Human Slavery

These horrors were still more intensified when pestilence was bred in the vessel and the ship's crew were so swept away that not enough remained to bring the vessel into port. It is reported that the odor from these floating charnel houses could be detected for miles at sea. Human sympathy and pecuniary gain alike should have prompted a treatment more humane, but to those claims ignorance and avarice were blind. The sufferings of those poor heathen, torn from their homes and their children, doomed to perpetual slavery, can never be told; and yet some pious souls there were who sanctioned the traffic, since these benighted heathen might thus be brought into the pale of civilization and *Christianized*.

But at length the cup of their suffering was nearing the brim, and the day of their deliverance drew nigh. His eye that never slumbers and His ear that is never deaf saw their sufferings and heard their piteous prayer. The day of their deliverance, both in England and this country, falls within the period of my remembrance, and this fact has prompted the penning of these chapters. At last the command "Let my people go" sank deeply into the hearts of men, and by men, as the instruments of God, His purpose was fulfilled.

England, which had been most responsible for the wrong, was first to hear the mandate. After a struggle which lasted over thirty years, the moral sense of her people triumphed over every pecuniary obstacle, and every slave in the British empire went free.

The history of British emancipation is so replete with interest as to warrant a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII

BRITISH EMANCIPATION

THE struggle which went on in England for over thirty years, and which eventuated in the abolition of slavery in all the British Empire, represents one of the most remarkable triumphs of moral principle that the world has ever known. It easily ranks next to that of the triumph of Christianity in its inherent power to move the hearts of men and bear them on to victory. The opening paragraph of our own Declaration of Independence was no idle assertion — that men have certain inalienable rights, for those rights our colonies had fought and won. During all the years of that eventful war, deep down in the hearts of Englishmen there dwelt a consciousness that our cause was just, and in the year 1787, the very year in which our people were forging that wonderful instrument, “The American Constitution,” there began that great movement in England which resulted in the emancipation of slaves throughout the British Empire.

Volumes have been written descriptive of the inception, development, and conclusion of that gigantic struggle, and at most I only propose to touch upon a few of the most salient points in its history.

The enormities of the slave trade, though they had been steadily increasing for more than a hundred years, had thus far failed to arouse the public conscience; partly through ignorance, and partly through indifference, that conscience

British Emancipation

had slumbered on. It was not until the iniquity of the trade had reached its utmost limit and the cup of sorrow had been filled to its brim, that the hand of the oppressor was stayed and the captive set free — and by Him who rules the destinies of men, it was ordered that, as man had been enslaved by man, so by man should he be set free, and not by miraculous interference.

Momentous events in the world's history have often had their inception in very limited and even obscure beginnings, a fact well illustrated in the commencement of the great abolition movement. And let it ever be remembered to the honor of her sex that it was a woman who fired the train which was to convulse the whole British Empire and bring to a finish the work of emancipation.

The beginnings of that movement are of such interest as to warrant me in referring to them somewhat minutely.

The first case that I find on record is that of a slave who was liberated in the English court by a technicality, and not on the ground of his inherent right to freedom. The case was this: A slave named Strong had been brought to England by a Barbadoes planter. Strong ran away from his master, was recaptured and sold to one John Kerr and placed on shipboard to be sold in Jamaica. A kind-hearted brother of Granville Sharp became aware of the facts and was deeply interested in the man. Through his influence, Granville Sharp, one of the most noted advocates at the English bar, took up the case and, by a writ of habeas corpus, the slave was brought into Court and was liberated on the ground that he had been kidnaped, and therefore could not be legally held.

African Slavery

But there was soon to follow another, in which the question of slavery in England was to be settled for all time to come. It became widely known as the celebrated "Somerset Case." Its history briefly is this: In November, 1769, Charles Stewart, a Virginia planter, brought a slave to England named James Somerset. As in the case previously cited, Somerset also ran away; he was captured and placed on shipboard to be sold in Jamaica. Here again Granville Sharp appeared as counsel for the slave. This time a writ of habeas corpus brought the slave into the presence of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and his enslavement or his freedom was not to be determined by a technicality. The influence of that decision was to be far-reaching for while it only pronounced the rights of slaves in England, the principle would be world-wide in its application. At that time the hindrances to the liberation of slaves seemed almost insurmountable. The sympathies of the masses were but little aroused for that portion of the race of which they had little knowledge. Again, the prejudice against the African as a sort of human being upon whom, somehow, the curse of Cain rested, was well-nigh universal. But a far more powerful influence than ignorance or racial prejudice was that of commercial gain. In time the slave trade had become almost inseparably related to nearly all the business interests of the world. Government revenue — the profit in slaves — the agricultural demands for slave labor and all the varied interests that derived profit from its continuance, conspired to prevent the least interference with that traffic. And there before that court, single-handed and alone, stood Granville Sharp

British Emancipation

and his poor slave representing in his person the rights of a man.

Opposed to him were the ablest barristers that the wealth of England could procure, strongly buttressed by the strong prejudice of an ignorant public sentiment. At length the last argument for the rendition of the slave had been made, and the hour for Granville Sharp had come. He had rightly measured the magnitude of the issue, and he was equal to that hour. When he came to plead for the rights of a man, rights so dear to every English heart, his words were sharper than any two-edged sword, and when his peroration culminated in the question: "Shall right prevail in England?" it struck a thousand responsive chords in British breasts, which later were to espouse his cause. The case was not to be decided in an hour. From January until June, 1772, it was under advisement, and what a waiting there was for that decision. Justice was listening; the dealers and the planters were listening; all moneyed interests were listening; not only Granville Sharp, but the friends of the slave both in England and America, were listening also. At length the decision was handed down. The terse, calm, but forceful utterances of Justice Mansfield were such as to place his name among the ever memorable blessed. I can only quote the closing sentences, in which he says:

"The power claimed in this return was never in use here. We cannot say the cause set forth by this return is allowed or approved of by the laws of this Kingdom, and therefore the man must be discharged." The final fruitage of that decision was to be the abolition of slavery both in Europe and America. How it was to be accomplished no mortal

African Slavery

could yet forecast. It is now one hundred and thirty-eight years since that decision was made. The deed has been accomplished, and that through human agency, controlled by an overruling Providence. England wisely gave to the question a peaceful solution. The United States did otherwise, and the retribution that followed was commensurate with their guilt. In England the appeal to the moral sense was not in vain. Slowly but surely the public conscience was aroused and awakened to the enormity of the crime, but it took fifteen years for convictions to culminate in action. The inception of that action was as follows:

During the period intervening between 1772 and 1779, Sir Charles Middleton, in command of a British man-of-war, was stationed in the West Indies. He had aboard a surgeon named Ramsey. Dr. Ramsey married a lady at St. Kitts, and settled on that island. While there he concluded to take orders and enter the service of the Church. He went to England, took orders, and became a clergyman. Returning to St. Kitts, he saw a great deal of the manner in which negroes were treated, and felt the greatest pity for them. Having become acquainted with the horrors of the trade by which they were obtained, he was still more shocked by the indignities and cruelties to which these poor creatures were subjected on their passage from Africa to the islands, and by the brutal manner in which, like cattle, they were bought and sold, and by the severities of the servitude to which they were subjected.

Later he returned to England and settled at Maidstone, near Kent. His special patroness was Lady Bouvière, a friend of Lady Middleton, and the wife of Sir Charles

British Emancipation

Middleton, to whom we have referred as commander in the British Navy, but who was now a member of the House of Commons and represented the important Borough of Rochester. Lady Middleton was a lady of exceptional ability and of indefatigable energy. As she listened to the recitals of the knowledge and personal experiences of Dr. Ramsey, her heart was so stirred within her that she could not rest, and she went at once to her husband and said: "Sir Charles, I think you ought to bring this subject before the House, and demand parliamentary investigation into the nature of the traffic so disgraceful to the British character." Sir Charles at once admitted the justice of her proposal, but, as he had never made a speech in Parliament, he stated that she would be committing it to bad hands, but that he would strenuously support any able member who would undertake it.

She then wrote an urgent letter to Dr. Ramsey, urging him to publish for the English people the facts as he had known them with reference to the African slave trade and the treatment of slaves in the West Indies. In compliance with this request, Dr. Ramsey issued an essay, "On the Treatment of, and Traffic in, Slaves." The book produced a profound impression and raised a storm of indignation. It was published in 1787, and for two years the author stood for its defense, breasting the most violent opposition, until, borne down by overexertion, he died in 1789.

In that memorable year, 1787, the question was being canvassed as to the member best able to champion the petition to be presented to Parliament. Casually the name of Wilberforce was mentioned. Though yet a young man,

African Slavery

he had been triumphantly elected from York, the strongest borough in the kingdom, and had already displayed superior talent and great eloquence in the House of Commons. Lady Middleton at once implored her husband to write to Mr. Wilberforce and urge him to present the petition to the House. Mr. Wilberforce did not deny the request but promised to take the question under advisement. As we proceed we shall discover how, by previous interest in the slave question, by his rare talent and his commanding position, he proved above all others the one needed to lead in the coming struggle. That the miseries of Africa had long attracted his attention is evident from an extract from his journal, in which, in his early boyhood, he says: "It is somewhat worthy of attention as indicative of the providential impulse by which we are led in particular lines of conduct, that as early as the year 1780, I had been thoroughly interested in the condition of the West India slaves. And in a letter asking my friend Gordon, then going to Antigua, to collect information for me, I expressed then my determination, at least my hope, that some day or other I should redress the wrongs of those degraded beings." All along his younger years the subject had been much upon his mind. And here, I think, we may note another marked instance where a man is specially raised up under Divine Providence for the fulfilment of His purposes.

Mr. Wilberforce was now to enter upon the great work of his life and, after a struggle of more than thirty years, was permitted to witness its final triumph. As he began this work, his previous interest in the slaves and his knowledge of their conditions were to be turned to practical account. At

British Emancipation

this date, 1787, he writes: "It was the condition of the West India slaves which first drew my attention, and it was in the course of my inquiries that I was led to Africa and abolition." He further states: "God has set before me two great objects — the suppression of the slave trade and the reformation of manners."

Not Middleton's alone, but many noble hearts in England were being moved as by a common impulse. The famous decision of Lord Mansfield, five years before, and the later triumphs of Granville Sharp worked like leaven and accomplished a wonderful result. The records show that for months a number of prominent men in private life, in confidence, had been exchanging views upon this subject. As a result of these private conferences they determined to take immediate action, and form themselves into a committee to raise funds and collect information necessary for procuring the abolition of the slave trade.

Their first meeting was held May 22, 1787. Twelve persons were present, mostly London merchants, and all but two of them Quakers. At this meeting, Granville Sharp was made chairman, and this, I think, was the first anti-slavery organization in England. It grew rapidly in numbers and in influence, and in the coming struggle became a most efficient power.

For the time, it was not deemed wise that Mr. Wilberforce should be publicly identified with the organization, although from the first his was the guiding hand in all its movements. From every available source, Mr. Wilberforce had been indefatigable in his efforts to obtain exact data, to fortify any statements he might make with evi-

African Slavery

dence that could not be questioned. He had prepared a motion to be presented to the House for the appointment of a committee to consider the conditions of the slave trade, the discussion of which should be fixed for some later date. Just then he was smitten down with a severe illness, and for a time it seemed a serious question as to his recovery. His overardent abolition friends were impatient of delay, and he himself saw the necessity of heeding that impatience. William Pitt, the leader in the House of Commons, and deemed the ablest debater in that body, was not only a close friend of Wilberforce but, like him, 'an ardent abolitionist. At the earnest request of Mr. Wilberforce, Pitt consented to introduce the motion, which was to be again and again repeated until, finally, slavery was overthrown. It is worthy of remark that, though the great majority of the House was opposed to its introduction, and thus becoming a national issue, four of the ablest men on that floor were strongly committed to the abolition question. Their names were William Pitt, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, and William Wilberforce.

To show the strength of Mr. Wilberforce and the manner in which he was regarded by the organized Society, when quite a formidable movement was made by those who despaired of his recovery or of his future ability to lead the movement in the House, and suggested that his successor be appointed, the reply of the Society was that if, at last, Mr. Wilberforce should be unable to resume his post, they would leave to him the naming of his successor. At the same time they wrote to him for his advice in the emergency.

The session of the House was now far spent, and it was

British Emancipation

deemed advisable to postpone the discussion of Mr. Pitt's motion until another session. In the meantime, a number of Mr. Wilberforce's friends, under the leadership of Dr. William Dalson, determined to inspect the condition of the slave-ships and see for themselves what those conditions were. It had been stoutly asserted that self-interest on the part of the owners would prompt them to provide comfortable quarters and proper care for the slaves while making the middle passage. On the contrary, these investigators found that slaves were crowded into spaces so exceedingly small as to aggravate their sufferings, and cause, from the spread of infectious diseases, a prodigious mortality. At once it was determined that such enormities should not go unheeded and that a bill should be introduced during the present session, limiting the number of slaves to be carried in accordance with the capacity of the ship, and providing certain precautions against their sufferings. The bill encountered fierce opposition on the part of the slave merchants and those who were reaping profits from the trade. It resulted not only in bringing these conditions to the knowledge of Parliament, but also to the English people generally. The immediate effect which this report produced is evident from the fact that the bill, introduced May 14th, passed the house on June 10th, was carried in the House of Lords on July 11th, and on the following day received the royal signature. True, the bill for the abolition of slavery was to slumber for another year, but the pronouncement against such inhuman treatment of slaves was preparing the way for that discussion.

African Slavery

During the latter part of that year, Mr. Wilberforce was slowly regaining his health and collecting by every possible means unquestionable evidence for the truth of the assertions he was preparing to make when the motion was called up. Months were spent in the collection, and he availed himself of much associate help in maturing the work. Every objection of his opponents was studiously anticipated and as fully as they could be formulated he was prepared to answer them. He firmly believed that Providence was on the side of those who carried the heaviest guns and a full supply of ammunition. It was known for months, that in the discussion of that question, he was to encounter the most ferocious opposition which the allies of the slave trade could command, and one of his staunchest supporters wrote to him jocosely as follows: "I shall expect to read in the newspapers of your being carbonized by the West India planters, barbecued by African merchants, and eaten by Guinea merchants, but be not daunted, for I shall write your epitaph."

At length, on the 12th of May, 1789, the question was brought before the House, and we must remember that his auditors were the leading men of the nation. The manner in which, in his journal, he makes mention of his effort well indicates the modesty of the man. He writes: "When I came to town I was sadly unfit for work, but by the help of Divine Grace I was able to make my motion so as to give satisfaction in three hours and a half. I had not prepared my language or gone over all my matter, but being well acquainted with the whole subject, I got on." His speech was a masterful one, and his shafts pierced the vitals of the

British Emancipation

slave trade with wounds that were never to be healed. As to its effect upon the House, a few quotations will suffice. While still under its influence, Mr. Burke said: "The House, the nation and Europe are under great obligation to the gentleman for having brought forward the subject in a manner the most masterly, impressively and eloquently." Mr. Fox said the principles were so well laid down and supported by such force and order that it equaled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the remains of Grecian eloquence. Mr. Pitt was equally enthusiastic. Bishop Porteous, then Bishop of London, who heard the speech, wrote on the following day to Reverend Mr. Mason as follows: "It was with heartfelt satisfaction that Mr. Wilberforce yesterday opened the important subject of the slave practice in the House of Commons, in one of the ablest and most eloquent speeches that was ever heard in that or any other place. It continued upwards of three hours, and made a sensible and powerful impression upon the House. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, and all agreed in declaring that the slave trade was the disgrace and opprobrium of the whole country, and that nothing but abolition could cure so monstrous an evil. It was a glorious night for the country. I was in the House from five until eleven o'clock." Wilberforce's facetious friend, Mr. Gisborne, who had promised to write his epitaph, wrote: "I congratulate you, not only on account of your speech, but for the effect it has produced and the manner in which it is supported by others, even by the inconsistent and incomprehensible Burke. Lord Erskine wrote: "I congratulate you sincerely on the auspicious appearances

African Slavery

which have followed from the exercise of very great talent in a very great cause." These, from many similar expressions, must suffice. The opposition succeeded in producing witnesses to challenge the truth of his assertions, and a heated debate went on until the 23rd of June, when the question was laid over until the next session.

In the meantime, the Middle Passage Bill was re-enacted by a very large majority. The House was willing to mitigate the miseries of slaves on shipboard, but not to abolish the trade. From this time on, the opposition adopted the tactics of delay and sought by every means to controvert the statements of the advocates of abolition, bringing all manner of witnesses to their help. Thus the discussions went on, in the successive sessions of 1789, 1790, and 1791. The tendency of the nation was to political repose, and more and more to repress the cause of abolition; and, though there were few able defenders of the trade on the floor, there was a silent vote which told heavily against it, so that in 1791, when the question came to vote, it stood 88 for and 163 against it. (Mr. Wilberforce's motion.)

Though it was useless to seek to effect a change in the House, it was evident that the appeal must now be made to their constituents. During these years Mr. Wilberforce and his friends had been busy in preparing literature to be circulated among the people. Among the many documents prepared was one containing the evidence, and another, the discussions in the House. Mr. Wilberforce prepared an abundance of literature, conducted correspondence far and wide, and, being the possessor of wealth, was able to disseminate his views over the entire country. Mr. Clark-

British Emancipation

son and Mr. Dickson were employed as agents to spread abroad this literature in all the provincial towns. Although Mr. Clarkson thus simply acted as an agent, he afterwards wrote a book upon the History of Emancipation, in which he claimed to have been the leader in the great work. He was employed to make addresses, but he never made one in the House of Commons, or acted otherwise than as an employed agent. The appeal was to the moral sense of the English people. Both in England and in Scotland its influence began to be felt very largely. County mass meetings were held and master petitions from all over the country went up to the House of Commons, and, be it said to their credit, the clergy were in favor of it to a man. In 1792, the House put itself on record as favoring gradual emancipation, without fixing the date, by a vote of 283 to 85. The abolition promoters were congratulated on every hand and yet, says Mr. Wilberforce: "I am humiliated, for I never will bring forward a Parliamentary license to rob and murder, and we must force the gradual abolitionists to allow as short a time as possible."

On the 23rd of April, 1792, Mr. Dundas brought forward a bill for gradual emancipation to go into effect January 1, 1795, which was defeated by a vote of 181 to 125, but nothing daunted another vote was taken, making the date January 1, 1796, which was carried by a vote of 157 to 132. By this vote the House placed itself on record as favoring General Emancipation in 1796, and its friends were earnest in their congratulations. Still an appeal was taken from the vote, and the debate went over to another session.

To appreciate the struggle in its behalf and the opposi-

African Slavery

tion which it encountered, it is well to note the action taken by the House during the successive years. In the year 1793, the bill was carried in the house but was lost in the House of Lords. For five following years it was introduced each year, and each year defeated. For three years more, from 1800 to 1804, final action was deferred until the next yearly session. But, during all this time, the friends of the cause remained undaunted, and were successfully educating the people as to the extent and turpitude of the crime. In 1804 there seemed to be a tidal wave in their favor, and the most sanguine were surprised at their own success when, by the aid of the Irish members, the vote was carried in the House by 124 to 49, but lost in the House of Lords. A year later the vote in the house stood 99 to 33, but was again defeated in the House of Lords.

Now, for a time, the further progress of the work was seriously retarded, for Napoleon appeared on the scene, and all Europe, for the succeeding years, was in most anxious suspense. It seems necessary to refer briefly to his career so far as it affects the progress of emancipation.

In 1799, Napoleon had become first Consul of France, and at once assumed the rôle of dictator. His ambition was to glorify France, that France might glorify him. In the fulfilment of that purpose England was his most bitter rival, and England must be humiliated. The English people knew full well the situation. They knew that across the narrow channel were two hundred thousand enthusiastic soldiers, eager to obey his command if Napoleon should seek to plant his legions on British soil. At once the ut-

British Emancipation

most efforts were put forth for its defense, and at this critical period there was no room for minor questions. As yet the real purpose of Napoleon had not been revealed, which was to extend his conquests far and wide upon the continent, and then, by the accumulated strength of conquered provinces and the *éclat* of repeated victories, crush England by sheer force, or compel her to surrender by cutting off her supplies. First came the subjugation of Austria, then the Germanic provinces, and, later, Italy and Spain. These were to be but preliminary movements for the subjugation of England and the establishment of a dominating French Empire, over which he should be the ruling monarch. The British at the outset failed to divine his vast project and, laboring under the impression that they were to be the immediate subjects of his attack, put forth every possible effort to resist invasion.

It is not necessary to further divert to a history of that struggle more than to state that, while England was thus agitated to her utmost, the cause of emancipation had taken such firm rooting in English minds that the cause was steadily advancing, and that, while there was intense loyalty to the Government, there was a constantly growing sympathy for the slave. The later elections gave evidence in the changed complexion of the House on the slave question. When, in 1806, a resolution was offered in the House of Commons declaring the slave trade to be contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and sound policy, and that the House proceed with all practicable expediency to abolish it, the vote stood 100 to 14. Such

African Slavery

an expression could not be ignored by King George, or by the House of Lords. The crisis in the House of Lords came a year later when, on January 28th, the vote for the abolition of slavery passed that body by a vote of 100 to 32. On the 22nd of February following, the question of the abolition of slavery came up in the House of Commons for the last time. With the large accession of new members, the enthusiasm engendered in the debate was beyond all precedent, and when, in connection with the struggle which had continued for thirty years, the name of Wilberforce was mentioned, the house broke forth in a tumultuous cheer, a thing unknown in that august body. Now came the last final vote, which stood 283 to 16. On the 26th of March, 1807, the bill for the abolition of the African slave trade received the royal signature.

But, while England had declared the slave trade piracy, she had yet to deal with the slaves held in her own colonies, and it was not until 1833 that the supreme hour came, and she voted a tax of one hundred millions of dollars as compensation to be paid to their owners for the liberation of one million slaves. For thirty years she had expended a million dollars annually to maintain her African squadron for the suppression of the trade, and it would seem that her zealous search of slavers carrying the American flag, quite as much as the alleged seizure of American seamen, brought on the War of 1812.

While England had been most responsible for the development of the slave trade, to her honor be it said she was foremost in its abolition, and, finally, in freeing every slave beneath the British flag. That was a glad day for the colored

British Emancipation

race when, on August 1, 1834, every slave on British soil became a freeman. So recently did this emancipation occur as to fall well within my own remembrance, for I was then ten years old. The United States refused to profit by this noble example, and was destined later to reap the terrible fruits of her refusal.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES

WHILE it is my purpose to write of African slavery as it has existed in the United States during the period of my remembrance, it seems essential to make brief reference to its earlier history. At the time of its introduction, our Colonies were subjects of Great Britain and the traffic in African slaves was universally considered legitimate. We have to remember that at that period various forms of peonage were prevalent the world over. Among the nations of Europe men often sold their service for a period of time, and even that of their wives and children in payment of debt, and it was not unusual for persons to sell their service for life as a provision for old age.

In all our colonies there were large numbers of emigrants who pledged a definite amount of future service in payment for their transportation hither. It must be remembered, too, that in the planting of these colonies there was everywhere a most urgent demand for manual labor. This was especially true in Virginia, as a large number of her first emigrants were unaccustomed to the kind of labor needful for the securing of their daily bread. The brain was there, but the brawn was wanting. The colonists were well advised of the profits which the planters in the West Indies derived from slave labor, and it was but a short step from indentured service to the employment of slaves for life, and just then the time seemed ripe for such an opportunity.

Slavery in the United States

It was then that the Dutch were the leading maritime traders of the world, and the commander of one of these vessels, while nearing the West Indies with a cargo consisting partly of negroes, was advised to try the market in Virginia, and he immediately set sail for that shore. For the precise date of his arrival we are indebted to the notes of Mr. John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, from which the following is an extract: "A Dutch man of war, that sold us twenty negroes came to Jamestown late in August, 1619." While neither the name of the commander nor that of the ship have been preserved, this record fixes the precise date of the introduction of slavery into the United States, then the British Colonies, thus antedating by one year the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth.

From that time on, the introduction of slaves steadily increased, as the colonists found means for their purchase. An instance in point is this:

In 1630, an English slaver which had secured a cargo of slaves brought them directly to Virginia and exchanged them for eighty-five hogsheads and five bales of tobacco which went to the London market. Nor was the traffic confined to our own Colonies. The Dutch then held possession of Manhattan, now New York, and immediately upon their settlement there, slaves were introduced. The first record of transaction in slaves shows that as early as 1629 the business was well under way, since a permit was then granted for the incorporation of the "West India Company," in which it was stipulated that "the company shall endeavor to supply the colony with as many Blacks as they conveniently can and shall allow to each Patroon, twelve

African Slavery

Blacks, men and women, out of the prizes in which negroes are taken." Thus the grant seems to have been given for a consideration, and it appears that "graft" was even then in vogue on that island, and destined to flourish there in later days.

While England, since her treaty with Spain in 1713, had held the monopoly of the slave trade upon the high seas, she had made large and continuous appropriations for the building, repairing and maintaining of forts and barracoons upon the African coast. Between the years 1729 and 1750, the sum thus expended amounted to five million, four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

While England was thus enriching her national exchequer, and constantly developing her maritime power, shrewd men in her New England colonies saw no good reason why they might not lend a hand and share in the profits, and were it not a matter of history we could hardly credit the extent to which the New England colonies were responsible for the introduction of slaves into this country.

The first vessel built in New England and designed for the slave trade was launched at Marblehead in 1636, and named "The Desire." From that date on, and in spite of all law, and long after it had been declared piracy, the traffic was carried on under the American flag, nor was the smuggling suppressed until our Southern ports were blockaded at the outbreak of the Civil War. Very early in its history the men of New England became noted the world over for their seamanship. In 1789, Governor Granston of Rhode Island reported that between 1638 and 1708 one hundred and three vessels had been built in that state, all

Slavery in the United States

of which were trading with the West Indies and our Southern colonies. They took out lumber, fish, and merchandise to the Indies, and from thence they made their way to the African coast for a cargo of slaves to be sold in the Indies, or in our Southern colonies as the market might best warrant. Coming home they freighted with salt, tropical products, and molasses for the rum trade. That the slave trade was their principal business is evident from such records as those of Dr. Samuel Hopkins, who wrote as follows: "Rhode Island in 1770 had one hundred and fifty vessels in the slave trade," and later in 1787 he makes this remarkable statement: "The trade in human species has been the first wheel of commerce in Newport on which every other business has depended. The town has been built up and flourished in the past on the slave trade, and out of it the inhabitants have gotten most of their wealth and riches," and he adds incidentally, "It has enslaved more Africans than any other colony in New England."

Such were the relations with the northern colonies and slavery. Both North and South were in the business for profit. It was for one party to supply the slaves and for the other to reap the reward of their labor. While the profits from their labor in the West Indies was rapidly increasing the demand for slaves, such was not at first the case in our own colonies where it was often a question whether the profits of their labor would warrant their importation; and so limited was the demand that before 1630 no vessels dealing exclusively in slaves came to our colonies, those thus imported being billed as part of a cargo with other merchandise. In 1635 only twenty-six slaves were imported

African Slavery

to Virginia; only seven in 1642; eighty-seven in 1649; and in 1650 the entire number in the colonies was only a few hundreds, or less than a single cargo as they were brought in later years. The severity of the climate was unfavorable for their introduction at the North, and in the South the profits from the production of pitch, tar, turpentine, and wood ash failed to be remunerative. Indeed, the opinion was very generally prevalent, both North and South, that negro slavery was destined to die out.

In all the colonies, the greater part of field labor, such as chopping, digging, and field culture was performed by working men and women who were brought to this country under contract to serve for a stated period of time, and when they arrived in Virginia such service was often sold in the open market to the highest bidder, and by these indentured servants the heavier field and house work was performed. But while this was true in Virginia, it was less so in the North, where the settlers were usually able-bodied men with large families who relied but little upon hired help, and who very generally put into practice Franklin's popular maxim: "He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive."

While such service for a definite time could be put on the market, it seemed but a step further to purchase such service for life. And yet so far as the question of buying and selling of African slaves was concerned, there were many persons in all the colonies who strongly protested against the custom. On the other hand, there were those who were ready to defend the trade on moral and biblical grounds, deeming it a most righteous act to bring these poor,

Slavery in the United States

benighted heathen from the jungles of Africa to this gospel land where they could be Christianized.

Thus matters remained, with little discussion, for a series of years. Pecuniary gain was hardly a sufficient incentive and the moral convictions of the would-be missionaries counted but little to stimulate slave importation; and if only pitch, tar, turpentine, wood ash and even tobacco had remained the chief articles of export, doubtless millions of negroes who were destined to toil and die on American soil would never have left their native land. But the hour was at hand when new industries were to make unparalleled demands for slave labor and revolutionize the commerce of the world.

As early as 1612 Captain John Rolfe, of Pocahontas fame, had introduced the culture of tobacco in Virginia, and such a market had sprung up abroad that its production was becoming exceedingly profitable. The growing of tobacco involved severe manual labor to which the ordinary "apprenticed" labor was ill adapted. It was found that negroes inured to a tropical climate were eminently fitted for just this kind of toil, and as there was a constantly increasing demand for tobacco so there was an increased demand for slaves and an increase in their value, and when there was added to the raising of tobacco in Virginia the culture of rice in South Carolina, and of sugar cane in the gulf states, still larger requisitions were made. But when the cotton gin was invented by Eli Whitney in 1797 and cotton became "king," then began such a demand for slaves as was never satisfied up to the day when slavery was abolished.

African Slavery

It has been said that cotton was the cause of the Civil War, and a few words with reference to this staple may not be amiss here. As a fabric it had been known in China for ages, and there and in Egypt it had been cultivated to a limited extent, but it was not until the opening of the 18th century that England began the greatest market in the world for its manufacture and sent its fabrics to all quarters of the globe. A brief reference to figures will best indicate the rapidity with which her trade was developed. In 1700, the import of cotton was 1,000,000 pounds; in 1720, 2,200,000 pounds; in 1750, 3,900,000 pounds; in 1800, 51,000,000 pounds; in 1820, 151,000,000; in 1850, 688,200,000 pounds; and in 1870, 1,101,191,250 pounds.

To meet such needs, England went the world over in search of cotton, but nowhere was the quality equal to that grown in the United States. Hence our exports went forward by leaps and bounds, assuming enormous proportions, and, save for the sugar crop all other Southern industries sank into insignificance. The entire Gulf States were eminently adapted to cotton culture, and awaiting the coming of the planter and his slaves. Several thousand acres were often included in a single plantation, and, so widely separated, the slaves had little knowledge of the outside world, and could be the more easily controlled.

Thus situated, it was entirely impracticable to organize district schools for children. Tutors were employed on the plantations: and it was common for students to complete their educations at seminaries and colleges in this country or in foreign lands. Accordingly, in a vast number of cases, a high grade of culture was attained, and the South abounded in men

Slavery in the United States

and women who, in cultivation and refinement, had no superiors, while to the poorer classes the advantages of common schools were largely denied, and illiteracy was the result. The consequence was the development of a cultured aristocracy which came to dominate not only the plantation but the social and political life of the states, and also for years to control our nation. It was but natural that the slave holding people should resent the least interference with this domestic institution which meant so much to them, and leading men like Mr. Calhoun, Hayne, Jefferson Davis and a thousand others held "States' Rights" paramount to national obligations. Hence secession was threatened as early as 1832, and fatally attempted in 1861.

In an early day Southern statesmen foresaw the incoming of a mighty host of free white from the old world, destined to people the great Northwestern territory, and if they were to have an equal number of states and representation in the United States Senate, they must rapidly increase the area which might in the future be counted upon for slave states. So when the Louisiana Purchase was made in 1803, all that portion south of 34.30 degrees was secured to the slave interest. There was calling all along the line — England calling for more cotton, planters for more slaves, the South for more slave territory, and Southern statesmen for better protection for their institution, on the part of the government, and the right to take their slaves into territories hitherto free. Hence the connivance with the slave trade by all clandestine means, and the incessant demand that went to Virginia as a slave-breeding state. Hardly had the Louisiana Purchase been acquired when in

African Slavery

1819, Florida was purchased and became slave territory. After a bitter struggle and a second compromise, Missouri was admitted as a slave state. Southern statesmen also early saw the necessity of acquiring Texas. Under Mexican rule it was free territory. By strategic means it was wrested and became a slave republic, and in 1846 it was admitted as a slave state, with the provision that, if need be, four states might be created from the same. Soon filibusters reached out for Cuba, but were foiled in the attempt. Then it seemed desirable to lay hands upon the free territory of Northern Mexico, that in due time slavery might be extended to the Rio Grande. Hence came the Mexican War with a large slice of Mexican territory, and to round out the Southern border, the Gadsden purchase of more of that territory was secured. It seemed then but a simple matter to push the Southern line to the Pacific coast and take in California. But the discovery of gold in that state and the influx of gold seekers nipped that scheme in the bud.

The rapid increase in slave population raises the question as to the sources of supply. Of these there were three: first, the purchase of slaves in the Northern slave states, which led to the business of breeding slaves for the Southern market. In this business, Virginia outdid all others combined. In her palmy days she was justly styled "the Mother of Presidents." In the days of her infamy she was the breeding mother of slaves. In proof of this, let a single fact be given. The *Niles Register*, one of the official organs at Washington, under date of October 8, 1836, quotes from the *Virginia Times*, which states that no less than forty

Slavery in the United States

thousand slaves had been exported from Virginia to other states during the preceding fiscal year; that the price of these averaged six hundred dollars a head, bringing to the state the enormous sum of twenty-four million dollars. If that be the revenue derived in a single year, what must have been the income from the traffic for more than half a century? The second source of supply was from the West Indies, where slaves captured in Africa were landed for the time and held for deportation elsewhere as the market might best warrant. The proximity of those islands to our coast rendered it difficult to prevent the smuggling of slaves even had the government been diligent for its prevention, and since it had become the settled policy of the government not to interfere with the domestic institution of the South, the laws concerning piracy had become well nigh a dead letter, and were never more flagrantly violated than during the years immediately preceding the Civil War. We have the statement of Senator Stephen A. Douglas that, in the year 1859, fifteen thousand slaves were thus smuggled into the Southern states. Nor was this an exceptional year, for the trade had been thus carried on year by year with seeming impunity. The third method of supply was by shipping them directly from the African coast. From the administration of Jackson to the close of that of Buchanan, a continuous traffic had been carried on under the American flag, not of course with governmental sanction, but in spite of its efforts for its prevention.

While our government pretended to co-operate with England in maintaining a squadron on the Atlantic coast for the suppression of slave trade, the official reports sent

African Slavery

home constantly declared that no slavers were discovered, and our flag was in fact a protection from capture by the British squadron. As a burlesque and a seeming menace, one of these slave ships was named "The Martin Van Buren" and another "James Buchanan." To cap the climax, Commodore Perry, commander of the African squadron, writes to A. P. Usher, secretary of war in 1848 as follows: "I cannot hear of any American vessel being engaged in the transportation of slaves, nor do I believe one has been so engaged for several years." And yet that same year our consul at Rio Janeiro, Mr. Wise of Virginia, writes: "We are a byword among the nations, the only people who can fetch and carry everything for the slave trade without fear of English cruisers." This Commodore Perry was just the man to be put in command of our Gulf Squadron during the Mexican War. Let his name never be confounded with that of his noble brother, Admiral Hazard Perry, who opened up to us communication with Japan.

The scene changes when the African comes under the command of Admiral Foote, and eleven slave ships were captured in 1858. And yet Secretary Toucy of the navy had previously said that his department had been active, and that if Cuba were to pass under the Constitution of the United States by annexation, the trade would then be effectually suppressed.

To show how base, bold and shamefully untrue this statement of Secretary Toucy was, it is only necessary to consider the action of a single citizen belonging to one of the most noted families in Savannah, Georgia—Mr. Charles L.

Slavery in the United States

La Mar. The facts came to light through the accidental discovery of his letter book which had found its way to a paper mill, and from thence to the public in the North American Review in November, 1886. The entries there made give evidence of the condition of the trade so far as he was concerned, in the decade before the Civil War, when he was killed in battle. I will here cite only one or two quotations:

His first letter referring to slavery was written to his father, criticising him for not sympathizing with him or approving of the slave trade, to which the son was now devoting himself. The letter to his father is dated October 31, 1857, and says: "You need give yourself no uneasiness about the Africans and the slave trade. I was astonished at some of your remarks in your letter. They show that you have been impressed with something more than the panic by your association with Mrs. ——. For example, you say 'an expedition to the moon would have been equally as sensible, and more according to the will of Providence. May God forgive you all your attempts to violate his will and his law.'" Quoting these notable words from his father's letter, the younger La Mar continues his reply as follows: "Following this train of thought, where would it land the whole Southern Confederacy? You need not reproach yourself for not interposing with a stronger power than argument and persuasion to prevent the expedition. There was nothing which you or the government could have done to prevent it. Let all the sin be on me. I am willing to bear it all."

But it seems his vessel did not go to sea without hindrance,

African Slavery

for, with the suspicion that it was intending to put to sea as a slaver, the post collector did not seize the vessel, but detained it and promised to grant damages for detention. The bill rendered to the government for such detention was for thirteen hundred and twenty-one dollars. La Mar writes to Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Navy, under date, July 27, 1857, or rather as Secretary of the Treasury under President Buchanan, stating that "the vessel had been detained eight days, the collector saying the Government would not reply to my claim for damages."

The district attorney and all the lawyers he consulted and the custom house officer united in saying there was nothing to cause suspicion and the vessel, was released and the bill for damages was paid. The captain of his vessel he says though honest, was fearful of capture on the African coast. The vessel made a failure and returned to New Orleans. A significant remark of his shows the attitude of the government with reference to slavers in the time of Buchanan's administration. La Mar says: "He ought to have known he was running no risk. The captains and the crew are always discharged. If Grant had been equal to the emergency, we would have been easy in money matters." In a letter to Theodore Johnson of New Orleans, dated December 23, 1858, he says: "In reference to Grant, discharge him — pay him nothing, and hope with me that he speedily land in hell." But La Mar was in no wise discouraged and soon prosperity came to his company of smugglers, and three efficient vessels, the E. A. Rawlins, the Richard Cobden, and the Wanderer were put into the trade.

Slavery in the United States

La Mar also contemplated buying a steamer for the same purpose. Under date of May 24, 1858, he wrote to Thomas Barrell, Esq., of Augusta, Georgia, as follows: "I have in contemplation, if I can raise the amount of money, the fitting out of an expedition to go to the south of Africa for a cargo of African apprentices, to be bound for the term of their natural lives, and would like your co-operation. No subscription will be received for less than five thousand dollars. The amount to be raised is three hundred thousand dollars. "I will take \$20,000 of the stock and go myself. I propose to purchase the *Vigo*, an iron screw steamer of 1750 tons, now for sale in Liverpool for \$150,000 cash. The cost, \$375,000. G. B. La Mar can give you a description of her. She is as good as new, save her boilers, and they can be used for several months. If I can buy her, I will put in six Paixhen guns on deck and man her with as good men as can be found in the South. The fighting men will all be stockholders and gentlemen, some of whom are known to you, if not personally, by reputation. I have, as you know, a vessel now afloat, but it is in my mind extremely doubtful whether she can get in safely, as she had to wait on the coast until a cargo could be collected. If she ever gets clear of the coast, they can't catch her. She ought to be due in from ten to thirty days. I have another now ready to sail which has orders to order 1,000 or 1,200 to be in readiness the 1st of September, but to be kept if necessary until the 1st of October, which I intend for the slavers so that there may be no delay. With her, I can make a voyage there and back, including all bad weather if I encounter it, etc., in ninety days, certain and sure, and the negroes can be sold as fast

African Slavery

as landed at \$650 a head. I can contract them to arrive at that price. The *Vigo* can bring 2,000 with ease and comfort, and I apprehend no difficulty or risk save that of shipwreck and that you can insure against. I can get one of the first lieutenants in the Navy to go in command and can whip anything if attacked that is on that station, English or American. But I would not propose to fight, for the *Vigo* can steam eleven knots an hour, which would put us out of the way of any cruiser."

In a letter to Mr. Roundtree, of Nashville, he states the cost at \$300,000. The sale of 1,200 at \$650 each, \$780,000. Net profit besides steamer, \$480,000.

But this scheme did not materialize and it is only quoted to show the condition of the slave trade in the United States in the year 1858, during the administration of President Buchanan.

Of the three vessels named, the career of the *Wanderer*, briefly sketched, will give the history of the last of the piratical slave ships. The *Wanderer* was built at Port Jefferson, L. I., for Mr. J. D. Jefferson, a wealthy member of the New York Yacht Club, in 1857. It was said of her that she could fly instead of sailing, such was her speed. In May, 1858, she was sold and sent South, her captain being a brother of the Confederate Admiral Symmes. She went to Charleston and thence to Trinidad, ostensibly on a pleasure trip. From thence, she went to the Congo coast, still flying the flag of the New York Yacht Club. On the coast she entertained officers of British cruisers with the idea that she was a pleasure craft. She was fitted up in magnificent style, and even won a handsome race with a

Slavery in the United States

British yacht, and entertained her British guests elaborately on shore. The British sailed away. Then, according to a statement in the *New York Sun*, she went to Baracoas on the Congo River and purchased seven hundred and fifty young negroes. She cleared from Africa with a full cargo of slaves and reached the coast of Georgia, in December, 1858. The owners of the *Wanderer* were Captain Corey, the original purchaser, Charles A. La Mar of Savannah, N. C. Trowbridge of New Orleans, Captain A. C. McGee of Columbus, Georgia, Richard Dickinson of Richmond, Virginia, and Benjamin Davis of Charleston, South Carolina. The cargo was now upon the coast of Georgia, but the difficulty was to secretly and safely land it. In an interview with a reporter for the *New York Sun*, several years later, Captain McGee related how it was done.

He stated: "The most difficult part of the voyage was to get into port. The only way to enter the mouth of Savannah River was under the black muzzles of the guns of the fort, and it would have been madness to attempt to enter with that contraband cargo in the daytime. Instead, Captain Symmes crept into the mouth of the Great Ogeechee by night, and ascended to the big swamp and there lay concealed while he communicated with La Mar at Savannah. La Mar thereupon announced that he was going to give a grand ball in honor of the officers and garrison of the fort, and insisted that the soldiers as well as the officers should partake of the good cheer.

"When the festivity was at its height the *Wanderer* stole into the river and passed the guns of the fort unchallenged, and made her way to La Mar's plantation some distance up

African Slavery

the river; the human cargo was soon disembarked and placed in charge of the old rice-field negroes who were nearly as savage as the new importation." But the tricks of the smugglers were not entirely successful, for La Mar wrote to N. C. Trowbridge of New Orleans, under date of December 15, 1858, that the United States District Attorney was after him. He said: "I returned from Augusta this morning. I distributed the negroes as I could, but I tell you things are in a hell of a fix, no certainty about anything. The government has employed H. R. Jackson to assist in the prosecution and is determined to press the matter to the utmost extremity. The yacht has been seized. The examination commenced to-day, and will continue for thirty days at the rate things are going on.

"They have all the pilots and men who took the yacht to Brunswick here to testify. She will be lost, certain and sure, if not the negroes. Dr. Hazlehurst testified that he attended the negroes, and swore that the Africans were of recent importation. I don't calculate to give a new dollar for an old one. All these men must be bribed. I must be paid for my trouble and advances. Six of those who were left at Monts, who were sick, died yesterday. I think the whole of them now sick will die. They are too sick to administer medicine to. I am paying fifty cents a day for all I took up the country. It was the best I could do — I tell you hell is to pay. I don't think they will discharge the men, but turn them over for trial."

And since his confidence was betrayed there was still more trouble. In a letter to Theodore Johnson of New Orleans, he writes: "I am astonished at what Governor

Slavery in the United States

Phinz writes me. The idea of taking negroes to keep at fifty cents a day, and then refusing to give them up when demanded, simply because the law does not recognize them as property, is worse than stealing."

It seems that at this time La Mar had three vessels in the slave trade, and he writes to C. C. Cook of Blakely, Georgia, as follows: "You are aware that this is risky business. I lost two out of three. To be sure, at the first I knew nothing about the business. I have learned something since, and I hope I can put my information to some account. I have been in for 'grandeur,' and been fighting for principle. Now I am in for dollars."

But while in trouble himself, and deeming his own arrest probable, he seems to have been true to the men of his crew, for he wrote to Captain C. D. Brown, one of the men under arrest, as follows: "Your attorneys will visit you before the trial. If a true bill is found against you by the Grand Jury, it will be done upon the evidence of Club and Harris, and they will of course testify to the same thing. In that case, I think you all ought to leave, and I will make arrangements for you to do so if you agree with me. I have offered Club and Harris \$5,000 not to testify, but the government is trying to buy them also."

In the same letter he says: "I am afraid they will convict me, but my case is only seven years and a fine. If I find they are likely to do so, I shall go to Cuba until I make some compromise with the government." The result was that the arrested persons escaped punishment. La Mar did not go to Cuba, but the vessel, the *Wanderer*, was condemned and sold at auction at one fourth its value to its

African Slavery

former owners, to be used ostensibly as a merchant schooner. In the disposal of the negroes they were more fortunate. Captain McGee, already quoted, says: "The slaves which had been purchased for a few beads and a bandanna handkerchief, were sold for six and seven hundred dollars apiece. The owners of the vessel paid Captain Symmes \$3,500 for his services, and cleared upwards of \$10,000 apiece for themselves."

The capture of the *Wanderer* created intense excitement throughout the country, for the slave question was at fever heat. Senator Wilson introduced a motion into the Senate, calling on President Buchanan for all the facts which the government had in its possession in the case. His reply to the Senate was as follows:

"I concur with the Attorney General (J. S. Black) in the opinion that it would be incompatible with public interest at this time to communicate the correspondence with the officers of the government at Savannah per the instructions which they have received." But he promised to make every practicable effort to discover the guilty parties and bring them to justice. With respect to the *Wanderer*, which had been condemned and bought in by its former owners, Captain McGee had this further to say: "In the spring of 1859, the *Wanderer* again sailed for the West coast of Africa, Captain Symmes again in command. The King was ready to treat with him on the most liberal terms and delivered to him at the mouth of the river a valuable cargo. They were more intelligent than the first cargo, lighter in color, and better in many respects than those captured nearer the coast. A number of them died during the

Slavery in the United States

voyage and the *Wanderer* was put to her best speed on several occasions to get away from undesirable acquaintances. But she was never overhauled and arrived off the Georgia coast in December, 1859. She was caught in a violent gale, and in attempting to enter Jeckyl Creek between Jeckyl and Cumberland Islands, she ran aground on a stormy night. A number of the captives escaped from the hold, jumped into the sea, and were drowned.

The negroes were sent to New Orleans, except a few who were scattered about among the Georgia planters. The profits were quite as large as from the first expedition, and but for the Civil War and the blockading of Savannah harbor, the *Wanderer* might have made another voyage in 1860. As it was, she was hemmed in up the river by the blockade, and finally sold to the Confederate government. She was finally captured by the Federal forces and for a time was used as a revenue cutter at Pensacola, and was finally wrecked off the coast of Cape Henry."

I have quoted thus extensively from the private letter book of Mr. La Mar, as published by John R. Spears, entitled "The American Slave Trade," to show in a single instance to what extent the slave trade was being carried on within our own states, after having been for forty years declared piracy.

Up to the very year of the Civil War, Admiral Perry was reporting to our Secretary of the Navy that he had seen no slavers upon the African coast, and did not think there had been any there for several years. True, now and then a slaver had been caught, but never until after the election of Mr. Lincoln had one been hung. Of that one I will

African Slavery

speak. The last sad story of American slavers as narrated by Stearns, from which this statement is briefly summarized, is this:

In the summer of 1861, Captain Nathaniel Gordon, a native of Portland, Maine, took his ship, "The Erie" to New York, obtained a portion of his supplies, then sailed to Havana, completed his outfit, and, sailing to the African coast, went up the river forty miles, where she discharged a cargo of liquors, and after fitting the vessel for their reception, came down to the mouth of the Congo and took on board a cargo of 890 slaves, of whom but 172 were men and 106 were women, the remainder being boys and girls, as Gordon deemed them safer. They might scream but they could not strike back. The ship, thus densely crowded, set sail for Havana August 7, 1860, and while crowding all sail was overtaken by the United States Warship Mohican, and taken to New York, the negroes being taken to Liberia and landed there. This ship was sure to be confiscated, for half of her sale went to the captors. The ship was sold for \$78,239, half of which went to the ship's crew of the Mohican as prize money. But what about Gordon, its commander? It is reported that this was his third slave voyage. Mr. Lincoln had been elected and the Republican party was now in power. For forty years the death penalty for this crime had been on the statute books, yet of all the slave smugglers not one had been hanged.

The first effort to convict him resulted in a mistrial, but before his second trial a new party had come into power and he was again placed on trial November 6, 1861, Judge Nelson presiding. The Civil War was now commanding

Slavery in the United States

the public attention. Gordon had once before been tried and the jury disagreed, and so little attention was given to the trial. On Friday, November 8th, the arguments were closed, and Judge Nelson delivered his charge to the jury. At seven o'clock that evening the jury retired and in twenty minutes brought in the verdict, "Guilty." President Lincoln granted a respite of two weeks, but refused further to interfere in the case. There was a frantic appeal to the Governor of the state, and the threatening of a mob, but all of no avail, and on February 21, 1862, Nathaniel Gordon was hanged — the first and the last of American slave pirates to suffer the full penalty of the law.

During the administration of President Buchanan there was a very strong movement for the purchase of Cuba, for the extension of slave territory, and if Spain had consented to the sale, such was the preponderance of Southern influence in Congress that doubtless the transfer would have been made at a cost of fifteen million dollars. Such had become the pressing demand for slaves that the re-opening of the slave trade was seriously considered.

In November, 1858, the following appeared in the *De Bows Journal*: "It cannot be denied that the Southern states, especially those in which are grown the great staples of cotton, sugar, and rice, demand a greater number of negro laborers than can now be secured by their natural increase or from those home sources which have hitherto yielded but a spare supply." And he proceeds to quote the prices of slaves sold in the perfect market, at auction, as follows: "Able bodied men were sold for \$1,836 apiece, and very indifferent ones, the lowest for \$640." As a means

African Slavery

of relief, campaign literature was circulated advising the opening of the slave trade. Public conventions were held for the discussion of this question. At a convention held at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 10th of May, 1858, Mr. Spratt of South Carolina, chairman of the committee on the slave trade, introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved: that slavery is right, and that being true, there can be no wrong in the natural means for its formation.

Resolved: that it is expedient and proper that the foreign slave trade should be reopened and that this convention will lend its influence to any legitimate measure to that end.

When the more conservative members of the convention questioned the adoption of the resolutions, Mr. Yancy said to them: "If it is right to buy slaves in Virginia and carry them to New Orleans, why is it not right to buy them in Cuba or Brazil or Africa and carry them there?"

At a convention held in Vicksburg in 1859, a resolution was adopted, by a vote of sixty to nine, that all laws, state or federal, prohibiting the African slave trade, ought to be repealed; also that a fund be raised to be disposed of as premiums for the best sermons advocating the re-opening of the slave trade. And we can hardly blame these men, who in convention were passing these resolutions, when such men as Alexander Stephens, later Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, in bidding farewell to his constituency, is reported to have said: "Slaves cannot be made without Africans. I wish to bring distinctly to your minds the great truth that, without an increase of African slaves, you may not look for more slave states." Mr. Jefferson Davis, one of the largest slave holders in Mississippi,

Slavery in the United States

was opposed to the immediate opening of the trade, lest an influx of Africans should diminish the value of his property; but he hastened to add, "The interest of Mississippi, not of the African, dictates my conclusion. This resolution with reference to Mississippi is based upon the present condition and not on any general theory. It is not supposable to be applied to Texas, New Mexico, or any further acquisitions to be made south of the Rio Grande."

This last expression is peculiarly significant, revealing the purpose to expand a Southern Confederacy as the slaveholding interests might require, after severance from the Northern states had been achieved. The time for the severance was at hand; only a pretext was wanting. That pretext was the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency and the triumph of the Republican party. The means put forth for the further extension of slavery, and the secession of the Southern states, culminated in its overthrow.

CHAPTER XXIX

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES

IN judging the acts of peoples and of nations, justice requires that we carefully consider the age in which they lived, their environments, and the public estimate of their acts. It will be necessary to remember that when our progenitors landed on these shores they were subjects of Great Britain, which was then the leading nation engaged in the slave trade, and deriving her largest revenue from that source. The Royal Family had personal interest in the trade, and the legitimacy of the business was not yet questioned. And yet, both in England and in the Colonies, there were many who regarded with abhorrence the capture and enslavement of human beings, however savage. This innate opposition to human slavery, though very general, had as yet no organized method of expression. From the date of the first purchase of slaves, in 1619, to that when our independence had been achieved, there had been a strong protest against their introduction into this country.

During all that period, the slave interests had control of the British government, and the profits to be derived from the traffic depended largely upon the success with which slaves could be disposed of in her various colonies. Of the introduction of slaves into our Colonies, Senator Wilson has written as follows:

“British avarice planted slavery on American soil; British legislation sanctioned and maintained it; British

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

statesmen sustained and guarded it, and under the fostering care of British legislation over three hundred thousand African slaves had been imported into these Colonies before the Revolution. It will be remembered that, while our own seamen and their vessels were engaged in this trade, and were deriving immense profits therefrom, they were still subjects of Great Britain, subject to her laws and enjoying her protection under the British flag. When, in 1726, Virginia levied a tax upon slaves brought from Africa, lest their rapid introduction might lessen the value of her own, and when, in 1760, South Carolina did the same, they were sternly rebuked by the British government. In 1712, Pennsylvania protested against the further introduction of slaves. In 1771, Massachusetts adopted measures for the abolition of the slave trade, but she was a British subject and her action was thwarted by Colonial order."

And Madison, who later was to be president, says: "The British government constantly checked the attempt of Virginia to put a stop to this infernal traffic."

Thus much is cited to show how largely England was responsible for the introduction of slavery, while we were yet colonies. The industrious habits of the Northern colonies, and the severity of the Northern climate were not such as to encourage the importation of slaves in that direction. But in the South it was otherwise when cotton, rice and sugar began to be cultivated, yielding large returns, and slaves from the tropical regions were especially fitted to endure the arduous work; and when the broad stretches of the most fertile soil in the world seemed impatient of cultivation, the inducement to employ slave labor

African Slavery

seemed irresistible. So great were the profits to be derived therefrom and such were the demands for the products of such toil as to cause the system of slavery to take deep root, and demand recognition and protection as a condition for consummating the union. But such development was not without most solemn protest and frequent legislation in many states. In its "Code of Liberties," as early as 1641, the Colonial Legislature of Massachusetts enacted "that there should never be any bond slavery unless it be of captives taken in just wars or of them who willingly sold themselves to them." This seemed to intimate that Indians taken in war might be sold as slaves.

To Rhode Island belongs the honor of first enacting laws prohibitory of slavery within its domain. It provided that "no black mankind or white, serve more than ten years, or after the age of twenty-four years should be set free." This was in 1652, but before this, in 1646, Massachusetts enacted that "if a man steal a man or mankind, he shall surely be put to death." And four years later, Connecticut, in its New Haven Colony, passed an act making man-stealing a capital offense.

During the ten years preceding the Declaration of Independence, in which the rights of men were sharply discussed, the injustice of slavery was made more and more apparent, and there was a growing desire for the extinction of the slave trade and the emancipation of slaves. The Society of Friends was the first to take action on this subject. It began at a yearly meeting of a small body of German Quakers at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1688. In New England, the Quakers, at a monthly meeting held at

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

Dartmouth in 1716, sent to the Rhode Island Quarterly Meeting this query: "Whether it be agreeable with the Friends of the truth to practice slaves and keep them for a term of life."

That same year the Quakers, at Nantucket, sent forth a declaration that "it is not agreeable with the truth for Friends to purchase slaves and hold them for a term of life."

While the Friends were everywhere bearing testimony against slavery, they were by no means alone. Burling, Keith, Sanford, Lay, and many others were publishing pamphlets and creating public sentiment for its abolition. For twenty years following 1746, John Woodman of New Jersey traversed the middle and Southern colonies, his theme in his appeal to Christians being that "the practice of continuing slavery is not right, and that liberty is the natural right of all men equally."

John Wesley, after his visit to America, denounced slavery as "the sum of all villainies, the vilest that ever saw the sun," and that men buyers are exactly on a level with men stealers. George Whitfield, who traveled extensively in the South, denounced the system in unmeasured terms, declaring "that the masses of the negroes were less cared for than the brutes." Perhaps the most outspoken pastor in favor of emancipation was Dr. Samuel Hopkins of the Congregational Church in Newport, Rhode Island. Newport was then the great slave mart of New England, and there, from 1770 to the outbreak of the Revolution, he threw himself body and soul into the cause of emancipation and the extinction of the slave trade. He

African Slavery

preached, he wrote, he visited from house to house, in the prosecution of his work.

He dictated the document to the Continental Congress which is said to have been the ablest production on that subject which had appeared in the English language. It was printed in pamphlet form, and had a large circulation among public men, and had a powerful influence upon public opinion. In 1773, the eminent surgeon, Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, also threw his powerful influence in the same direction, publishing "An address to the inhabitants of the British settlements in America on slave keeping." But most important of all was the pronouncement of the First Continental Congress, in 1774, "that it would neither purchase nor import slaves and would wholly discontinue the slave trade." The arraignment of the British King for forcing slavery upon the American colonies, as drafted by Jefferson in his original draft of the Declaration of Independence, was stricken out through the influence of Georgia and South Carolina. But at this period in our history, leading statesmen, both north and south, including Washington, Madison, Hamilton, and Randolph, looked forward with confident expectation to the eventual abolition of the slave trade and slavery.

The Pennsylvania Abolition Society, the first of its kind in the world, which had been dormant during the last years of the Revolution, was resuscitated at its close, and for the next fifty years was the most potent opponent of slavery. When, in 1787, it revised its constitution, it took the name, "The Society of Pennsylvania, for Promoting the Abolition

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

of Slavery, the relief of Negroes Held in Bondage, and for the Improvement of the African Race." Benjamin Franklin was its first president, and, by his wonderful sagacity and executive ability, was greatly instrumental in insuring its success. For fifty years that society labored incessantly for the suppression of the slave trade and the abolition of slavery. It sent copies of its constitution to the governors of states and to statesmen generally. It corresponded with prominent men in the United States, in England, and in France. In 1818 it condemned the colonization scheme as impracticable. In 1819 it appointed a committee to watch the struggle for the admission of Missouri as a slave state. In 1830 it secured governmental aid for colored schools. In 1830 it secured laws against the kidnaping of negroes.

In the meantime, the question of slavery was a constant theme of discussion in all the North. The New York Abolition Society was established in 1785. In that year a bill for gradual emancipation was defeated, and it was not until 1779 that the bill was passed. In 1789 the Rhode Island Society was formed. In 1790 a like society was formed in Connecticut, and in 1792 an Abolition Society was organized in New Jersey.

During all these years slavery was taking firm hold in all the Southern states. The question of profits outweighed all other considerations, and even the morality of slavery was argued on biblical grounds. The independence of the colonies was acknowledged in 1782. Then came the years of national construction. As the result of the treaty with Great Britain, our territorial limits were extended to

African Slavery

the east bank of the Mississippi River, and by our purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, the line was further extended to the Rocky Mountains. Long and fierce was the struggle as to the admission of slavery into this vast territory. By the ordinance of 1787 it had been excluded from the territory north and west of the Ohio River. As the result of the contest, for the time, the question was set at rest by the agreement that all the lands north of $34^{\circ} 30'$ latitude should be free territory.

In the convention which assembled to form the Constitution of the United States, there were many and serious questions to be considered. The commercial relations of states with states and with foreign powers were to be adjusted; the relations of the smaller states to the larger in entering the Union; the question of representation in Congress; and the adjustment of legislative, judicial, and executive powers—all called for most profound consideration; but, beyond and transcending all others, was the bitter struggle in the determination of state rights, particularly as these pertained to the states' control of the question of slavery, and of their representation in Congress.

Georgia and South Carolina utterly refused to enter the Union unless their own control of their slaves was permitted, the discussions being long and acrimonious. The question narrowed down to this: "Anarchy or the admission of slave states," and, as the result of the bargain, the South won out. The struggle for slave representation in Congress was especially protracted, and finally settled on a three-fifths basis. The ultimatum was reached when

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

General Davis of North Carolina stated to the convention that his state would never confederate on any terms that did not give to their slaves a three-fifths representation. He said: "If the eastern men mean to exclude them altogether, then the business is at an end." This was the second victory for the slave holders.

In 1792, Congress passed a bill for the rendition of fugitive slaves. In the meantime, the limit of the foreign slave trade had been extended to the year 1808; besides, slaves were being smuggled in from the West Indies at the rate of fifteen thousand a year, while the State of Virginia became such a breeder of slaves as to furnish them for the southern market at the rate of forty thousand a year.

For a number of years after the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, in 1830, there was a lull in the excitement with reference to the extension of slavery. Men seemed willing to purchase peace at any price. The great body of conservative men lent their influence to the scheme of colonization. This was not especially inimical to the South, for it provided a way for the export of free negroes who were a menace, and the riddance of others who, from age or impotency, were a burden that could be thus well disposed of.

But there were others, not a few, who held the whole business of slave trading and slave holding to be a crime against God and man, and would have no fellowship with slavery in any form whatever. Of these an extended history has been given in the publications by Elias Hicks, which he began in 1814. At that time there was a strong anti-

African Slavery

slavery feeling manifesting itself in Tennessee and Kentucky, and many planters crossed the Ohio River that they might free their slaves on northern soil. Despite all compromise and all legislation, the question of slavery was never at rest.

Among the New England abolitionists, the name of William Goodell stands prominent. In 1820 he published a series of anti-slavery articles in the *Providence Gazette*, and for thirty years after, was connected with the anti-slavery press. But in those early days, between the years 1815 and 1830, the name of Benjamin Lundy, a New Jersey Quaker, transcends all others. His intense horror of the slave trade in Wheeling, Virginia, as he met it there, it being one of the most prominent slave marts in the state, incited him to action, and, though he was a prosperous tradesman, he gave his life-work to the cause of abolition, a name then everywhere detested. He married and settled in Ohio, and in 1815, in his own house, called together his friends and organized "The Union Humane Society." He traveled far and wide, organizing auxiliary societies wherever he went. He worked heroically in Illinois and in Missouri. He went to St. Louis and entered into that struggle, using the press as his chief method of warfare. But his influence did not stop there. William Lloyd Garrison, who later was to be the most ardent champion of the slave, had this to say:

"Now if I have, in any humble way, done anything in calling attention to slavery, and bringing about the glorious prospect of a complete jubilee in our country at no distant day, I feel that I owe everything in the matter, instrumentally and under God, to Benjamin Lundy."

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

In 1828 he visited New England, and traveled on foot to find Mr. Garrison, then editing a paper in Vermont, and persuade him to join him in the conduct of "The Genius of Emancipation." Mr. Garrison says: "He came, staff in hand, and had traveled all day to the Green Mountains. He came to lay it on my heart, my conscience and my soul, that I should join him in this work of seeing the abolition of slavery."

Mr. Garrison, whose sympathies were already aroused in that direction, further says: "He so presented the case that I said to him, 'I will join you as soon as my engagements here are ended, and then we will see what can be done.'"

Mr. Lundy labored with a zeal worthy of his cause, founding anti-slavery papers successively at different points, enlisting Mr. Garrison and Mr. Whittier in the editorial management. He died, while valiantly vindicating the cause of the oppressed, at the early age of fifty years, but his greatest achievement was the discovery and enlistment of William Lloyd Garrison upon whom his mantle fell.

Of Mr. Garrison it is not needful to write. He has made history that will be imperishable. But in those earlier days it may be well said of him that "He was a man despised and rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He was imprisoned for his utterances, and a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for the deliverance of his head in Georgia. His writings first appeared in the *Free Press* published in Newburyport, Massachusetts, next in the *National Philanthropist* in Boston, then in the *Journal of the Times* in Bennington, Vermont, then the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*

African Slavery

at Baltimore, and finally in *The Liberator* which he published in Boston for thirty-five years, until slavery was abolished. Mr. Garrison lectured in all the principal cities of the Northern states. For his utterances in Baltimore, he was imprisoned and after six weeks was liberated, Mr. Arthur Tappan, of New York, paying his fine.

Legislation and threats were used to prevent the publication of *The Liberator* in the South, and the mails were closed against it. But in the meantime, the abolition cause was taking root and gaining strength in all the Northern states. Within nine years from the establishment of *The Liberator*, nearly two thousand anti-slavery societies had been formed, with a membership of two hundred thousand. The abolition movement finally encountered the opposition of the American Colonization Society, and, from that source, some were led to counsel violence. The free blacks held conventions and pleaded that where their fathers had fought in the Revolution and where they had been born, they might die and be buried. Arthur Tappan at length withdrew, and declared that the effect of the colonization scheme was one of perpetual slavery.

The New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed in the office of Samuel E. Sewell, a young lawyer in Boston, December 16, 1831, Arnold Buffam being the first president and William Lloyd Garrison, corresponding secretary. The first public meeting was held in Essex Street Church, Boston, January 29, 1832. The address was made by the Reverend Moses Thatcher, who declared its object to be "neither war nor sedition. The influence must be that of moral suasion, not of coercion."

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

The number of slaves held at that time was estimated at two and a half millions. Public opinion was intensely strong against the abolition movement. David B. Ogden, a leader of the New York bar, called them fanatics and opposed to the Constitution. Theodore Frelynghuysen denounced the movement as the wildness of fanaticism. But such men as John G. Whittier and Amos A. Phelps, and the pen of Mrs. Lydia Maria Childs, were entering into the work of disseminating anti-slavery literature and sending it broadcast. At this time colored schools were very generally denied. New Haven opposed the organization of a collegiate institute for colored students. Noyes Academy, which admitted colored students, was broken up. The schoolhouse where Miss Crandall taught colored children was drawn out of town by seventy yoke of cattle, furnished by the inhabitants of the town.

In 1833 a national anti-slavery convention was held in Philadelphia, at which time the National Anti-Slavery Society was organized, an executive committee appointed, and an office opened in New York City. Arthur Tappan was president.

The Emancipator was started as the official organ of the society, and sustained by large personal subscriptions, Mr. Tappan contributing one thousand dollars; in rapid succession sixteen hundred auxiliaries were added to the parent society, with a membership of nearly a quarter of a million.

The first anniversary of the society was held in New York, in May, 1834, when the home of Arthur Tappan was broken open by a mob. The whole country now began to feel the

African Slavery

influence of these societies, far and wide, and Congress was deluged with petitions, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and its restriction from the territories. Year by year the number of petitioners rapidly increased until, between 1837 and 1839, two million signatures were sent to Congress.

In 1832, Theodore Weld, a noted abolition lecturer, went to Huntsville, Alabama, as the guest of James G. Birney, a lawyer and slave holder, and laid the whole subject before him. Mr. Birney had been an advocate of the colonization scheme. The result was that, in 1833, Mr. Birney became an out-and-out abolitionist, made his home in Danville, Kentucky, and there emancipated his slaves. He prepared to start an anti-slavery paper in Danville, but was forbidden to make the attempt. He removed to Cincinnati for that purpose, and there his persecution began. On June 12, 1838, his press was broken up, and handbills were posted in Cincinnati, offering a reward for his apprehension and delivery in Kentucky. A committee of citizens of Cincinnati was called in July, 1836, to determine whether an abolition paper should be published in that city, and, as the result, a mob threw Mr. Birney's press, upon which he was printing *The Philanthropist*, into the river. This was repeated three times, but *The Philanthropist* continued to be issued. The making of abolitionists continued, and men of wealth and social position were found to encourage it. The more the favorable sentiment grew, the more bitter was its opposition. The use of Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," was refused for the holding of an anti-slavery meeting. Wher-

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

ever abolitionists proclaimed their sentiments, they were denounced in unmeasured terms.

George Thompson, the champion of British emancipation, came to this country and lectured extensively and very effectively. He was mobbed in Plymouth County, and rescued by friends in Boston. In 1835, Mr. Garrison was seized by a mob in Boston, and a rope put around his neck. He was put in jail to rescue him from its fury. During that same year, a meeting of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, which convened at Utica, was broken up, and, at the invitation of Garrett Smith, completed its sessions under his protection at Peterborough. There was a riot in the staid little city of Montpelier, Vermont, and a little later, and on the same day, there were mobs in Boston, Utica, and Burlington. Mr. Henry B. Stanton was one of the most noted abolition lecturers. He delivered over one thousand lectures in New England and New York, and one hundred and fifty-three of these were broken up by mobs.

Pennsylvania Hall, dedicated to free speech, was formally opened on May 14, 1838. It had been built at a cost of forty thousand dollars, and in it the friends of the slave were not to be denied a public hearing. At the dedication, David Paul was the orator and Mr. Whittier was the poet. Three nights later a mob assembled at the place, and the building was burned to the ground.

At this time, there was a warfare in Congress on the right of petition, and from that time on, John Quincy Adams, "the Old Man Eloquent," was for years its champion and defender, while furious "fire-eaters" raged around him. The most

African Slavery

drastic laws were enacted in the South to prevent the transmission of incendiary documents through the mails. General Jackson, in his annual message to Congress in December, 1834, denounced the abolition movement in unmeasured terms, which received a most scathing reply, ten days later, from the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. In 1836, the Democratic party, at the North, united with a nearly united South and gave Martin Van Buren an overwhelming majority as the successor of General Jackson, and his administration was conspicuous for its obsequency to the South.

The nation was startled by the news that, at Alton, Illinois, on the 7th of November, 1837, Elijah P. Lovejoy had been killed, thus becoming the first martyr in the anti-slavery struggle. It seems singular that a meeting should have been called at Faneuil Hall in Boston to condone that outrage, but it was serving the cause better than it knew, for in reply to the commendatory addresses, it brought to the platform a man hitherto unknown as an orator, no less a man than Wendell Phillips. He gave the obsequious crowd a scathing which was never forgotten, and which startled his hearers as he denounced the oppressors and paid his withering attention to their obsequious apologists there present. He was the man for the hour, and at once became famous throughout the land as the most eloquent champion of freedom.

It was at this date that I began to have some little appreciation of the anti-slavery movement, for the death of Lovejoy produced a thrill of excitement through the whole country, since free speech in the State of Illinois, as

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

well as the anti-slavery movement, were thus assailed; and the masses of our northern people began to discuss the question as to what extent such encroachment upon their liberties might be permitted, with liberty of speech denied.

My personal knowledge of negroes and of negro slavery though limited, dates from very early childhood, when an uncle of mine, who had become a planter in the South, came North to visit his parents, accompanied by his wife and a little servant boy named Dan. Very few people in our community had ever seen a negro before, and Dan was as much of a curiosity as though he had been a monkey. He was not over ten years old, and soon became very vain from the curiosity which he excited, and, feeling his importance, in his plantation dialect boasted of his money value. He said: "My massa won't take five hundred dollars for me. My massa ax six hundred dollars." His funny sayings became bywords among our boys, and this speech fixed the price of a slave upon my mind, although I was only six years old.

The first question touching the subject of slavery that I ever heard was asked by my dear old grandmother, who had a tender heart and always had an open hand for the poor. It was this: "O Samuel, how can you bear to buy those poor creatures?" To which he replied, "We keep them in families, and they are far better off when they have somebody to care for them." But I could see from my grandmother's looks that her inborn sense of justice was hardly satisfied. It was only a chance conversation, which I overheard when I was a little child, but it was never forgotten and more fully appreciated later.

African Slavery

The beginning of my knowledge of the slavery question dates from the year 1836, when I was thirteen years old, and when Mr. Ornon Archer, a graduate of Williams College, came to our village, Romeo, Michigan, to establish the Romeo Academy. He had resided previously in Utica, New York, and was a warm admirer of the noted abolitionist, Garrett Smith, whose name was everywhere in bad repute and spoken against. Mr. Archer was an ardent abolitionist and the outspoken friend of the slave, and the slavery question was about as regularly discussed at our table as our meals were served.

I shall never forget the expression which came over Mr. Archer's face when, as we were sitting at the table, some one came and stated that E. P. Lovejoy had been murdered. Looking down upon his plate as though his eye would pierce it through, and oblivious to all else, he said in a low, impressive tone: "That shot is the beginning of the end of slavery." I was old enough, at this time, to appreciate the bitter prejudice that was abroad against the word "abolition," and to know that to be an abolitionist was to be classed as a fanatic of the baser sort. This fact was apparent in our own community, though much less so among our better people, while even a few were sympathizers.

For several years it was apparent that the anti-slavery movement was steadily gaining ground, and those high in authority were strongly set against it. In his last message to Congress, General Jackson took occasion to denounce it in unmeasured terms, and when Mr. Van Buren came to the Presidency, in 1836, he gave ample assurance to the Southern

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

states that the power of the Government would be exerted, to prevent any encroachment upon or interference with, their domestic institutions. But the alignment was fast being made between those who would thus prevent any interference with slavery and those who were opposed to the further extension of slavery and claimed the right to petition Congress to that effect. For years that right was constantly affirmed by the North and still more vehemently denied by the South.

The heroic defense of the right of petition by John Quincy Adams, "the Old Man Eloquent," forms one of the most interesting and exciting chapters in the history of the abolition movement. The struggle which had culminated in emancipation in England was now to have its parallel on American soil, and each was to be successful—the one by peaceful means and timely legislation, the other by the terrible abitrament of civil war. In the progress of the great struggle for emancipation, the opposing forces seemed hopelessly unequal. As in olden times, so now, on the side of the oppressors there was power—power in a subservient Congress; power in all the marts of trade, power in foreign courts, by reason of able ambassadors, carefully selected to conserve Southern interests; power by the very general racial prejudice existing at the North. Besides these, personal indifference was to be overcome, and, more than this, the feeling that abhorred conflict and was willing to purchase peace at almost any price, providing it did not jeopardize personal interests. Such in the aggregate were the influences which confronted the anti-slavery movement. Only a single question confronted

African Slavery

them. It was "the injustice of oppression and the right of man to his freedom." That right must be vindicated, or the very foundations of our government must give way and our Declaration of Independence become a hissing and a byword. Next to the greatest moral issue the world has ever known was at stake, and to the everlasting honor of our nation the moral question triumphed. The manner in which this was accomplished may be stated in few words.

The Anti-Slavery National Association, which was organized in 1833, was conducting its work on strictly moral grounds when there was a split in the party, and while Garrison and his followers strongly protested, the other party entered the political arena. It numbered such men as James G. Birney, a former slave holder, Arthur Tappan, Gerrit Smith, John G. Whittier, Edward Beecher, John Jay, and Thomas Morris. This branch met in a convention at Warsaw, New York, in November, 1839 and nominated James G. Birney for president. In April, 1840, a national convention was called in New York City. The nomination of Birney was confirmed and the organization took the name of the Liberty Party.

Notwithstanding the prejudice which existed against the movement, its friends were able to poll 7059 votes at the presidential election in 1840. In August, 1844, it held another convention, again nominated Birney for President, cast a vote of 62,200 at the presidential election, and, by defeating Henry Clay, secured the election of James K. Polk and the admission of Texas to the Union.

As a purely abolition party its friends deemed a separate

Abolition of Slavery in the United States

organization no longer advisable, since the question of slavery was now paramount in both the great political parties; and so, in 1848 and 1852, it cast its vote with the new Free Soil party. This Free Soil party was organized as the result of a split in the Democratic party in the State of New York, and Martin Van Buren was nominated for President. Its platform was "Free soil, free speech, free labor and free men."

The defection of the Democratic party in New York was so great in 1848 as, by a union with the Free Soil party, to carry the State of New York and elect General Taylor as President. The election of Franklin Pierce in 1852 was a signal triumph for the South, as was also that of James Buchanan in 1856, both of whom were subservient to Southern interests. I was an ardent admirer of Henry Clay, and in 1844, as a member of the Romeo Brass Band, attended many political conventions, and was so confident of his election that his defeat brought unbidden tears to my eyes. I lacked a year of being old enough to vote, but I was just as ardent for all that, and I blamed the Free Soil party with all the hate there was in me. For with the election of Polk, the admission of Texas as a slave state was assured, the increase of slave territory seemed beyond bounds, and the future of a free government to be at an end and hopeless.

But, in a way unknown to all, the extreme energies put forth both by the North and South were conspiring to one sad result. Four years of civil war at a cost of nearly two million men and billions of money were to be the price of the contest. The secession of the slave states had long been seriously considered by Southern statesmen, and the

African Slavery

project had been so far advanced as only to await the election of a Republican President to warrant that act.

Pending that election, the excitement in the whole country was simply terrific. In the halls of Congress it was painful in the extreme. Sumner was smitten down with a bludgeon, violence was ready to break forth at any moment, and secession was on every lip. President Buchanan in his vain hope to placate the South had given his most important Cabinet appointments to Southern men. As the result our navy had been ordered to the most distant seas, and the contents of our naval arsenals transferred to Southern stations. A deep-laid plan had been matured for the development of a great Southern confederacy which should embrace northern Mexico, California, Cuba, and possibly a part of Brazil. Cotton would ensure recognition by England; Southern ambassadors had well prepared the way in foreign courts, and it only awaited the signal from Southern leaders to attempt the secession of their states from the Union and establish the Southern Confederacy, in which slavery was to be the chief corner-stone. The crisis came and the firing upon Fort Sumter was the signal to arms.

CHAPTER XXX

REMEMBRANCES OF MR. LINCOLN

I FIRST had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Lincoln in the summer of 1855. I had not yet completed my arrangements for the settlement of my family in Chicago, and they were spending the summer with friends in Battle Creek, Michigan. I was at that time boarding at the Matteson House, only a block away from the Court House. At that time there was on trial one of the most noted cases which has been adjudicated in Illinois. It had to do with the settlement of land claims in what was known in Illinois as the Military Tract. In their time the French had made land grants, to be followed by others when the English gained possession, and finally the whole country east of the Mississippi passed under the control of the United States at the close of the Revolutionary War. The present owners were innocent purchasers, and the question was as to what extent the United States could issue valid titles. The trial lasted nearly two months, and nearly all the noted legal talent in the state had been retained in the interest of the great number of settlers whose titles were involved. A large number of the lawyers were in the habit, at the noon adjournment, of going over to the Matteson House and dining at what was held in reserve and known as the "Lawyer's table." It was a famous gathering of men, and when the pressure was off and for an hour they could cut loose and unbend it is needless to say they never lost their

African Slavery

opportunity. Such sallies of wit and such keen repartee I had never before heard, nor have I since, nor do I expect to hear again. It was my custom to dine at the same hour, and I was not long in selecting a side table where I could have full view and be within good hearing distance. There, unnoticed, day after day, I quietly listened to one of the rare treats of a lifetime. No one could at that time dream of what was to be the future career of that wonderful man, but even then Mr. Lincoln was one of the most conspicuous in that group of eminent men, and no dinner seemed complete until he had been heard from. His very gentleness made him great, and as for stories that would convulse the crowd he had no equal. It was thus that I came to know much of Mr. Lincoln that I could have learned in no other way.

I next had the opportunity of hearing him as a public speaker. It was during that same summer. The land case had at length been concluded, and Mr. Lincoln had consented to make a public address upon the political situation of the country. He spoke in Dearborn Park where the public library is now located. It will be remembered that Mr. Douglas had effected the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise," and Chicago was Mr. Douglas' home. It was during the administration of President Pierce, and within a year of the time when General Fremont was to be defeated by Mr. Buchanan, when the Whig party was to be dissolved and the Republican party was to take its place. Mr. Lincoln, amidst most adverse conditions, had been a staunch old line Whig; but even now his far-discerning eye foresaw the formation of a new party committed to present

Remembrances of Mr. Lincoln

issues. Then the paramount question which eclipsed all others was that of the further extension of slave territory. "No more slave states and no slave territory" was everywhere in the North becoming the battle cry. Mr. Lincoln had at this date fully identified himself with the new movement, and more than any other man in Illinois he was instrumental in adjusting the differences between the old line Whigs and the new Republican party. Such was the popularity to which Mr. Lincoln had attained that the park was crowded to its limits. He spoke for an hour and a half, and as I looked over that vast audience I could at once perceive that his speech was making a profound impression. Especially do I remember one of his statements which was more of a prophecy than he knew: "This Union," said he, "will not be dissolved. If we, the North, are outnumbered, we'll still stick to the old flag, and contest every inch of free territory from the influence of slavery. But if our brethren of the South resolve upon secession and proceed so to do it will be our duty to whip them in." Such was the pitch to which the audience had been carried that it went almost wild, as with impassioned utterance and a gesture peculiar to himself he uttered these memorable words.

My next opportunity of hearing Mr. Lincoln was in 1858, when from the balcony of the Tremont House in Chicago he held a joint debate with Senator Douglas. It was a side discussion closely related to the celebrated joint debates held in various cities in the state when they were each candidates for election to the United States Senate.

The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was at a public recep-

African Slavery

tion given at the White House, in Washington, in 1863. Thousands were in the procession, and to each he gave a welcoming hand. But there was a kind of subdued sadness behind his gentle smile which told of the desperate struggles he was making, while as yet the issue was in doubt as to whether he could lead his armies on to victory without a star being torn from the flag and yet there was a grandeur in that sadness which only hope could have inspired.

Then came that last sad hour. The assassin had done his infamous work. Tongues were silent; grief was too profound for utterance. The Nation was in tears. Even those who had termed him a despot were horrified now that the deed was done. On that memorable journey as the remains were being conveyed from Washington to Springfield they rested for a while beneath the dome of the Court House in Chicago, and there I took a last sad, lingering look at the remains of the man so wonderful in life — now peaceful in the sleep of death. Even death itself had not yet effaced the benign expression of those features which was his when pleading for the return of his “misguided brethren.” Crowds of people from far and near came to do him reverence. Far away on Michigan Avenue the line of march was forming, and with silent tread and muffled drums all that day and all that night the procession moved, four abreast, until the hundreds of thousands had taken their last tearful look at that loved face. All night the silent throng was moving beside my open window, and hour by hour I listened to that solemn tread.

I was only an observer of Mr. Lincoln, but it is one of the joys of my life thus to have known him.



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MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS CHGO



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