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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
AND MEMORIALS
OF
REBECCA TAYLOR
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REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

1818-1904

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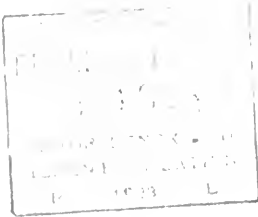
REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

1818-1904

PERSONAL
REMINISCENCES
AND
MEMORIALS



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W. H. BROWN
NEW YORK
1905

“Her children arise up and call her blessed.”

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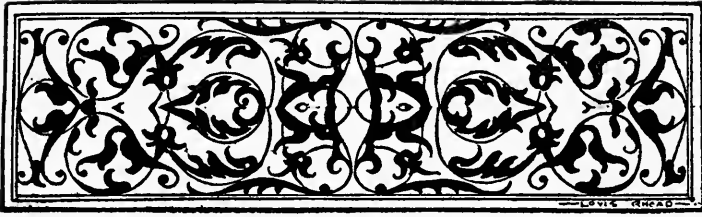
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

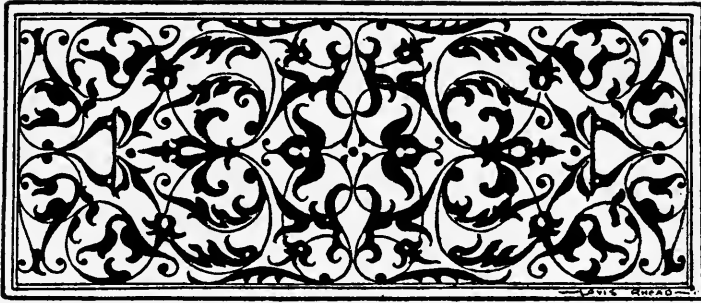
MRS. WALTER T. HATCH, the author of the following reminiscences, has been for many years an inspiring presence among us. We recall her sincerity and sympathy as a friend, her quick interest in all loyal and beautiful service. We recall, too, her pleasing reminiscences of a period unique and representative, and of which she stood as one of the last noble exponents.

In her desk has been found a closely written note-book, bearing the date 1886. In it she goes far back, giving a graphic picture of that old New Haven life, and of those master minds that have done so much towards moulding the intellectual thought of our own day. Then, recalling her own early life and friendships, she

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

touches on many subjects of literary and historic interest.

From these goodly memories, preserved by her clever pen, we make the following extracts:



REMINISCENCES

MY parents came of a fine old lineage, conspicuous for their intellect, public spirit, genius for friendship, simplicity, and modesty of living. My great-grandfather, Rev. Nathanael Taylor, was the second minister in New Milford, Conn. He had been chaplain in the French and Indian war. When the Revolutionary war broke out, being too old to go, he gave a year's salary to the good cause. In regard to this, I quote from "Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit":

"Rev. Nathanael Taylor, class of 1745 (Yale College), was a zealous advocate of the American Revolution. One of the ways in which he evinced this was by remitting to his people, during the contest, an entire year's salary. This fact the Parish Records show, under his hand, bearing date April, 1779."

He died in 1800, at the age of eighty. He left three sons, Nathaniel, William, and Augustine, the last, the General Augustine Taylor who served in the war of 1812. In Johnston's admirable history of "Yale and her Honor Roll in the American Revolution," he introduces General Augustine Taylor as follows: "Augustine Taylor joined the Connecticut Continental Line as Second Lieutenant or Ensign of the Seventh Regiment, his commission dated January 1, 1777. The Regiment joined Washington's army in Pennsylvania, taking part on October 4th, in the battle of Germantown. Doubtless Lieutenant Taylor was there, as he was at Valley Forge during the following winter—1777-1778. He was also present at the battle of Monmouth, June 28th, 1778; here he suffered some permanent injury to his eyesight. On June 20th, 1779, he received promotion to a first lieutenancy. During the following winter the regiment encamped on Monmouth Heights, and thereafter in the Highlands. Lieutenant Taylor remained with it until his resignation, June 25th, 1781. Returning to New Milford, he became an influential resident. In 1812 he was appointed Major-General of State Militia, with the command of the Posts at New Haven and New London. He is described as

a martial and 'elegant-looking man.' The General was the uncle of Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Taylor, the New Haven theologian."

My father was named for his grandfather. The following extract from a letter written by Judge Sherman Boardman gives a pleasant glimpse of his childhood:

"He was a remarkably fine and fair-looking boy. His appearance was aided by the very neat and handsome attire in which his parents, especially his mother, who idolized him, always kept him dressed. His manners were good and his conduct free from reproach. He was, I believe, little, if at all, addicted to any of the mischievous tricks which most boys are prone to indulge and take pride in. At the common schools he was said to be always at the head of the classes in which he was successively placed, and he gave his instructors no trouble. At an early age he was sent to the school, then of high repute, kept by Mr. Backus—afterward Dr. Backus—at Bethlehem; here he continued for several years."

He was about fourteen years of age when he entered Yale College; until then he had liked to sit on his mother's lap and be called "Natty." After entering college he wrote to his grandfather and signed his name *William N.*

Taylor. This brought such a reprimand from the old gentleman that he always afterwards signed his name as he had been baptized—
Nathaniel William.

Twice he was forced to leave college on account of rheumatism and weak eyes, and he finally resolved that he would never return to Yale, to be set back a year. But his grandfather knew well the promise that was in the lad, and so arranged that he should twice return.

During his Junior or Senior year he was "under months of depression," as it was then termed, but after this deep conviction he became a decided Christian. The depth of these convictions doubtless enabled him, when later he became a preacher, to present with greater power the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the fulness and freeness of salvation by Jesus Christ. The first ray of hope which came to him in his distress was hearing Dr. Dwight, in one of his prayers at college, repeat the text, "A bruised reed shall he not break, the smoking flax shall he not quench."

It was at about this time that a friend said to him: "Now, Nat, you would better study theology with Dr. Dwight and come back to New Haven to live; we will build you a new church and the steeple shall reach the heavens."

The present Centre Church was later built for my father. The steeple is the highest in New Haven, and many a soul he led heavenward from its pulpit from 1812-1822.

My great-grandfather Hine lived in the village street of New Milford below the Taylors; the Town Hall now stands upon the site of his home. My mother was named Rebecca for his wife; she passed much time at her grandfather's home. He said to her one day: "Becky, get up to the top drawer in that cupboard and you will find a box which contains your dear grandmother's jewelry." She did so, and he gave it all to her—a string of gold beads, a gold watch, earrings, and rings of gold.

When a little girl, my mother was sent to New Haven to school, and boarded in the family of Parson Hubbard, the Rector of Trinity Church. At Miss Hall's school, then considered the best in Connecticut, she found many congenial young friends, and later, when the young minister, N. W. Taylor, and Rebecca Maria Hine were settled at the Centre Church, these friendships ripened into blessings that made their life in New Haven lovely and valuable for nearly fifty years. Among these friends was Susan Dagget, daughter of Judge David Dagget; she married the son of Dr. Dwight.

Then there were Maria and Caroline Lef-fingwell; the latter became the wife of Mr. Street, who founded the Art School, and gave the money for the Art building at Yale.

Also Henrietta Edwards, the great-grand-daughter of President Edwards, the great New England divine; she became the wife of Eli Whitney. And Louise Shipman, who married the Rev. Edward Payson, of Portland, Maine.

My mother's most intimate friends, however, were the daughters of Noah Webster. Julia, the elder, became the wife of Professor C. A. Goodrich, of New Haven; they lived for fifty years on one corner of Temple and Wall Streets, while my parents lived on the other. Emily, the younger, was the dearest of all. I have sixty letters from Emily to Rebecca, embracing a period from youth to old age, full of vivid pictures of that time, sprightly, intellectual, religious, worthy to be called letters.

Referring to a letter brought her by my father, then a junior in the college, she writes: "I have my dear Rebecca's letter; hearing a knock, I opened the door, and it was handed me by Adonis himself." This refers to my father's personal beauty, which was very great.

Old Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, once told me that he entered Yale College with my father,

and that he never could forget the impression that his beauty made upon him ; it was more than he could describe.

Harriet Webster married Mr. Cobb, and later became a beautiful young widow ; afterwards she married again, this time Professor Fowler of Amherst College. She was the mother of Mrs. Emily Ellsworth Ford, of Brooklyn.

As sons and daughters grew up in both families, visits were exchanged, and the friendships have been continued for three generations.

My mother being an only daughter, her father was very particular in all things relating to her appearance and manners. Her saddle-horse was never ridden by anyone but herself ; her clothes and shoes were usually purchased in New York. I have one chair which stood in the house ; the back of it is very straight. Since it came into my possession I have never wondered at the erect carriage of my mother.

She was visiting at Dr. Webster's when my father graduated in 1807. On the evening of that day there was a large party at Mrs. Lef-fingwell's house. This, with the Whitney and Hillhouse mansions, were all homes, where, in my mother's childhood and youth, she was a frequent visitor. President Dwight was present at this party, kindly speaking to both ; he con-

gratulated my father on the success of the oration which he had that day delivered at his graduation.

I said to my mother, when she was talking to me of those days of her youth: "I suppose you were engaged at that time?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "we were always engaged."

The following verse is taken from a poem found among my mother's papers. The poem was probably one of the little love-letters sent by Nat to Becky during his Sophomore year:

"There is something in her air
That greatly hits my fancy;
'Tis not her face, her shape, her hair,
But 'tis the whole of Nancy."

I also copy one from a set of verses descriptive of the class of 1807:

"Nat Taylor, fair beyond compare,
The pride of all Yale College O—
He wins each heart and makes it smart,
And glories in his conquest O!"

My father, when pursuing his theological studies, was an inmate of Dr. Dwight's family. He greatly revered and loved that eminent man, then the President of Yale College; he felt that no other ever exerted so great an influence over

him ; even his very presence was an inspiration.

After finishing his course he went to New Milford, and was married there on October 15, 1810. The wedding took place in my mother's home ; it had, if I remember, a wide hall running through the centre, and a ball-room on the third floor.

Then my father received an invitation to preach as a candidate in the first church, known as the Centre Church, New Haven. This Centre Church had a reputation as high as any in New England. He modestly declined. No wonder that the young minister declined the call, for at this time—1812—Dr. Noah Webster, the American lexicographer, Seth P. Staples of the legal profession, Eli Whitney, Mr. Leffingwell, Judge White, and many other superior men were parishioners there. Then Dr. Dwight wrote to him : “Young man, you know not what you do.” Dr. Dwight's word was law ; he went. In talking to me during his last illness of those early days, he said, “I came, I stayed, and here I am !”

My father occasionally supplied pulpits near New Haven. One Sunday, on returning from East Haven, where he had been preaching, he said : “I have had a great compliment to-day.

I lingered after the service, and as I approached the church-yard gate two young men were just going out. They did not see me, and I heard one say to the other, 'That was a good sermon.' 'Yes,' replied the other, 'as good as Old Hundred!''

He was, as a preacher, so fervent that he won all hearts. There was one sermon which he loved to preach when there was any unusual religious interest. It was called "The Rock Sermon," and this was how he happened to write it:

It was at a time of special religious interest; extra services were being held during the week, and the young people of the congregation were asked to come on a Saturday afternoon for personal conversation. Some young ladies whom my father had hoped would be there, had, instead, arranged with some of the students for a picnic to East Rock. When the absence of these young women was discovered, and the reason reported, my father was greatly disappointed, and he exclaimed, "Oh! their rock is not as our rock." He went to his study, wrote a sermon on this text, and preached it the next morning. This sermon was greatly blessed, for it not only became the instrument of bringing all these young people into the fold, but also many others.

His persuasive powers were very strong. Once when making a defense in an Ecclesiastical council at Litchfield, and having won his case—Dr. Beecher being on the opposite side—Judge Roger Minot Sherman said to my father, “Dr. Taylor, you have mistaken your calling; you ought to have been a lawyer.”

In 1822 he received a call to the Theological chair in Yale College, just established by a son of Dr. Dwight. There was much opposition expressed to his leaving the Centre Church. Many meetings were held, and the matter was much discussed. Finally Deacon Nathan Whiting rose, and, renouncing his own opposition, called on his brethren to do the same, saying, “The Lord is in it; we must let our young minister go.”

The new Professor of Theology at Yale made a great impression and the “New Divinity” great progress. Revivals had always followed his preaching, and now they followed his teachings. In regard to his work, we quote from Professor Fisher’s historical address, at the semi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Divinity School of Yale University:

“Unquestionably the central figure in the Seminary was Dr. Taylor. This was not due merely to his intellectual powers, or to his mag-

netic quality as a teacher, but it was owing in some degree to the fact that the taste of the time turned strongly in the direction of metaphysical theology. I have not room for the attempt to characterize at length this body of friends and associates. Dr. Taylor blended the attributes of a philosopher and an orator; of a philosopher subtle, logical and strong to deal with the most intricate inquiries; of an orator whose conceptions were vivid as well as clear, and whose earnest and impressive delivery enabled him to enchain the attention and sway the feelings of his hearers. When he arose in any assembly,

“ ‘ his look
Drew audience and attention still as night.’

“ Many can look back in memory to his lecture-room and see him in his chair discoursing upon the high themes of moral government; lifting his dark lustrous eyes as he closed a sentence of peculiar point or weight; then proceeding in that deep-toned, modulated voice, and rising at times to a strain of powerful and stirring eloquence. You cannot know him from his printed works. There was vastly more in the man than can be transferred to paper. Everything seemed different when it was warm from his lips. His extemporaneous flashes often sur-

passed his most elaborate discussions. He had a royal nature; a weight of personality more easily felt than analyzed; an intellectual fascination that cast a spell over all within the circle of his influence. His heart was the fit associate of such a mind. He had a soldier's courage, that rose as dangers thickened; but he was as gentle as a child. His brief series of lectures in Homiletics were considered at the time and for the time to be unsurpassed in merit."

My father loved his students, but he was not blind to their faults or to their stupidity. I have heard him tell the following story of himself: A very stupid young man entered the Seminary—so stupid that he could not see the point of an argument. I felt it my duty to say to him that perhaps he had mistaken his calling, but neither hints nor advice would deter him from being a minister. So he went on and was licensed, more because of his goodness than because of his ability or attainments in theology. I once sent him to a neighboring town to supply the pulpit. One day some weeks later, meeting one of the Deacons of the church, I inquired, "Well, how do you like Mr. Babit?" "Oh, Doctor," was the reply, "some of us think he is equal to the Doctor himself." Then, laughing heartily, my father added, "This was

the first and last time that I ever ventured such advice.”

My father was a man of intense convictions and of intense purposes, and the power of propagating them. These qualities, combined with a nature both sympathetic and courageous, enabled him to exert a wide influence in the theological world and in the community where he lived for nearly fifty years. Professor Silliman said to me after his death that no death had occurred since that of Dr. Dwight which had been so deeply felt in all New England.

It is said that conversation is among the lost arts, but I think it had not been lost, or else had been revived, as I recall the society and conversation in the old home in Temple Street. When very young it was my delight to sit near my father, and hear him talk with visitors and theological students. The moral government of God was always a favorite theme ; one of his remarks was that “The next best thing which God did after He made the world was to govern it.” I laid this up in my mind and often pondered over it. His lectures in two volumes on this subject have been published, as well as two volumes of essays and sermons. He used to like to convince the intellect, as well as to touch the heart. He told me in his last illness that twice he had de-



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livered these lectures to the Academic students by their request, and that both times their delivery was followed by powerful revivals in the college.

My father sometimes went to New York to attend and address anniversary meetings, but he was most fond of his home, wife and children, and always dreaded leaving them. I have often heard my mother say that during the early years of the theological controversy, in which my father was engaged, he was so engrossed that she often had to be satisfied with only a smile from the opposite end of the table at meals.

Had he lived for two years longer, the golden wedding would probably have been celebrated, but he died on March 10, 1858. The funeral services were held in Centre Church, which was draped in black. They were attended by the college students, both Academical and Theological, and by a large number of friends, many from neighboring towns and from New York. Dr. Bacon, President Woolsey and Professor Goodrich conducted the services, and later funeral sermons were preached at the North Church and at the College Chapel.

The family have placed to his memory a bronze and marble tablet in Centre Church, and a memorial window in the College chapel. The

simple epitaph on his monument is as follows :
 " O how love I Thy law."

His death changed the whole face of the world to me, his record of honor and sweetness was an ennobling consolation. My mother survived him for ten years. Her deafness was a great trial to a sensitive, cultivated woman ; sometimes regretting that she could not hear some special thing, my father would say, " Ah, my dear, you did not lose much, and you seldom do lose one-half as much as you think you do. There is a great deal of nonsense which you escape."

My mother died in 1868, while we were in Paris with the families Packer and Bellamy, and with Alice Silliman. When asked by Professor Porter what I thought would be a suitable epitaph on her tablet on my father's monument, the picture which came to my mind of her in her ten years of lonely widowhood, suggested the text, " Thou Lord hath holpen me and comforted me." It was accepted by the family as a proper expression of the faith, confidence, and resignation which had characterized her life.

On one of my last visits to my mother in 1867, she gave me some things which she had cherished. One was a large piece of embroidery which she had worked on satin in the year 1808.



It represents a young female, standing in melancholy attitude by a harp, "Malvina" being the name on the frame. I have since discovered her to be the Malvina of Ossian. She also gave me the dress of light blue silk which she had worn on the evening of the party at Mr. Lefingwell's, after the Commencement day 1807, when my father had graduated. A quaint little dress, short-waisted, and scanty, with a train. Also her wedding dress of white satin, made in the same style. The low neck and short sleeves of both had been trimmed with lace, and had been robbed of their lace trimmings. These had been very likely appropriated by one of the four daughters. It did not then, as now, take twenty yards of stuff for a dress. The little white kid shoes and silk stockings were there also. When I saw these articles I exclaimed, "Oh mamma! why have you never given or even shown me these things before?" She replied, "You would all laugh at them, they are so quaint and old-fashioned. And I am sure you will laugh, when I tell you that the Sunday after I was married, as was then the fashion, I went to church and wore my wedding dress, with a pretty light silk shawl, and a cottage straw bonnet, trimmed with broad white satin ribbon." Then, waiting a moment, she added: "And your father preached and

I couldn't tell you how handsome he looked." Among the other things which she then gave me, was a small, square blue silk shawl, given her by Mrs. Trumbull, wife of Governor Trumbull, and a pretty embroidered shawl given her by Madame Dwight. This had been embroidered by Mrs. Eli Whitney. The brocaded vest in the box was part of a dress belonging to Mrs. William Taylor, wife of Colonel William Taylor, the "Aunt Nabby" of New Milford. I have also two table-spoons marked A. H. (Abel Hine), which my mother gave me, saying, "These spoons belonged to my grandfather, and are at least a hundred and twenty years old." And this, as I have said, was in the year 1867. I have two cups and a wine glass which belonged to my great-grandfather, Rev. Nathanael Taylor, also another most valuable relic, a powder horn bearing this inscription :

"Nathanael Taylor, his horn.
Chaplain at Crown Point, 1762."

Also his tall standing clock. He had been a member of the Corporation of Yale College for twenty-five years, and my father remembered his starting off for New Haven on his black mare. I have also one of his books, "The Religion of Nature," by Mr. Wollaston, bearing the

date 1738. I have also a pair of silver decanter stands, an oval mirror, and a table with leaves, which belonged to my grandfather, Nathaniel Taylor, and a portrait of his wife. I have a set of spode, belonging to General Augustine Taylor. This china is both rare and valuable, the decorations being on each piece.

There are three portraits of my father, one taken by Earle, a contemporary of Copley, and representing him as a boy of ten or twelve years. Another representing him when he was forty years of age. This was by Jocelyn of New Haven. The third was by George A. Baker of New York. It was painted when he was sixty-seven years old, and it is now in my possession. I have also a miniature on ivory, painted by Samuel F. B. Morse, and presented to my mother about 1807. The Morse family have been for three generations the well beloved friends of the Taylors. There is also a medallion, profile view, by Miss Tyler of Amherst. This, also, is excellent.

The portrait bust in marble, by Ives of Rome, is perfect as a likeness. It was ordered by the Theological alumni for Yale College. Ives, the sculptor, was a native of New Haven. When on a visit to his early home, he modeled the head, took it to Rome and there cut it. The vessel

in which it was sent over was lost, and a second was ordered the following year by the alumni. When in Rome, in 1871, I ordered, with my husband's permission, a duplicate.

I have also a lovely portrait of my mother, who, though not beautiful, was possessed of a fine, well-proportioned form. She was a little above the medium height, with small hands and feet, bright dark eyes and hair, superlatively beautiful teeth, a sweet expression, graceful, refined manners, a cultivated mind, and a cautious tongue. It was indeed "the whole of Nancy" which in childhood had won and kept the heart of Nathaniel. The young and the old trusted her, and to the day of her death she was loved and revered by all in the community where she had lived from early youth.

Recalling my parents' pictures brings to my mind other old family portraits which have been for over a hundred years in the old homes of the Taylors and Boardmans at New Milford. When eight or ten years old I went with my sister to make a visit there. It was in the latter part of winter, and my father took us in a sleigh. We stayed in the house of my uncle John Taylor, the house where my father was born. Near this stood another spacious mansion, the home of my great-grandfather, Rev. Nathanael Taylor, the

second minister in New Milford. His wife, Tamar Boardman, was the daughter of the first minister. She belonged to the Sherman family. The three brothers now living are General Sherman, Senator Sherman and Judge Charles Sherman, father of Mrs. Don Cameron of Pennsylvania. In the study in this house is still to be seen, between the front windows, a painted coat of arms. A copy of this in copper I have, which belonged to the Rev. Nathanael Taylor.

When I made this visit my father's uncle, Col. William Taylor, and his wife, Abigail Starr, of Danbury, always called Aunt Nabby, lived here. His portrait and hers, in powdered hair and quaint costume, were hanging in the parlor, and in an oppositeroom the portraits of my great-grandparents, parson and Mrs. Taylor. These four portraits have been removed to a more modern dwelling, which has since been built. It is occupied by a descendant, Dr. Charles Taylor.

In the homes of my uncle, Judge David Sherman Boardman, and in that of Hon. Elijah Boardman, were other most imposing and interesting portraits.

My father had a cousin whom I never saw—would that I might once have laid my eyes upon her. In our youth, and talking as girls will, over the beauty of this or that one, he would

say : " Beautiful, oh, if you could have seen my cousin Polly Northrup! Such beauty never existed before or since!" We believed it to have been superhuman! Her dark brown eyes and hair, her beautiful moulding, her brilliant coloring and pearly teeth have been my ideal ever since.

My eldest sister, Mrs. Porter, and my cousin, Charlotte Taylor, Mrs. Huntington, were both settled in New Milford, one as the wife of the Congregational, the other of the Episcopal minister. I think that New Milford, Conn., must always be a place of interest to my children and grandchildren, for it was the birthplace of so many of their ancestors. The old homes are still there, the old portraits and many distant relatives, and the cemetery where repose the remains of both my father's and my mother's ancestors.

Neither will New Haven have less of interest for them, having been for fifty years the home of their distinguished grandfather, the birthplace of their mother, and as they have better known it, the home of their aunt and uncle, President and Mrs. Porter.

Miss Betsy Whittlesey lived opposite us in Temple Street. About 1840 the house was sold to the widow of Elbridge Gerry, formerly Vice-President of the United States. There were four

daughters, only one of whom is now living. The old family portraits by Gilbert Stuart were most interesting, as well as other family relics. Among them a collection of autograph letters of men distinguished in our colonial history. I remember one of Benjamin Franklin, describing his awkwardness when he attempted to leave the presence of the King and Queen of France, the difficulty he had in backing out. He was our first minister to France after the Revolutionary war.

Dr. Eli Ives was at this time professor in the medical school, and the "Beloved Physician" of both the rich and poor in New Haven and its vicinity. His son and grandson are now leading physicians in New Haven.

On the left of my father's house, when I was a child, lived an aged couple who had spent their earlier lives in Boston, but who had come, in their old age, to reside in New Haven. They were the Rev. Dr. Jedediah Morse and his wife. He, the father of American geography, was a tall, noble and venerable man. Mrs. Morse, with tidy black gown, white kerchief crossed over her bosom, and high mob cap, was the picture of a matron of '76. She had more than once called me in for a nice bit from her table. With Susan and Charlie I was always allowed to run

through the garden and studio building. This building was occupied by the son, Samuel Finley Morse, who was then an artist, and who afterwards became so celebrated. Sidney E. Morse, editor of the New York Observer, was another son; although he lived in New York, he was a frequent visitor, and there were no frolics like those which he inspired; once he built us a church with a quantity of wood which had been prepared for winter use—a pulpit, pews, a tower and a bell. My little brother Nat mounted the pulpit, the preaching I do not recall. I think that it was the only pulpit that he ever filled, for he became a medical man. Professor Morse's wife died at the birth of her third child. Professor Benjamin Silliman, Sr., wrote a most remarkable epitaph, which is on her tombstone in New Haven.

Professor Morse later removed to New York, to pursue his electrical experiments, and afterwards to Washington. I went in 1840, with my dear friend Susan, his eldest child, to her father's rooms in New York. He took our daguerreotypes. In 1842, on the twenty-fourth of May, he sent from the rooms of the Supreme Court at Washington, to Baltimore, the first telegraphic message. It was sent to Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of Hon. Henry Ellsworth

of Washington, and it read as follows: "What hath God wrought!" Five days later the intelligence of the nomination of Mr. Polk was wired from Baltimore to Washington. Thus began the use of that invention which now thrills the world as with a single pulse.

Susan Morse married a merchant of Porto Rico, with large estates and numerous slaves; when slavery was no more, his riches decreased. On returning to the States in 1885, his wife died on the passage—a most sad event to her only brother and to all who loved her.

The Morse house in New Haven was sold to Mr. Arthur Tappan of New York, one of the first American abolitionists.

The miniature, to which I have already referred, painted by Mr. Morse, of my father, when they were in college, came into my possession on my mother's death.

On Mr. Morse's eightieth birthday a large reception was given him. He was then living with his second wife and family in Twenty-second Street, New York. I went with my husband and took the miniature with me. It is set in the form of a locket. When an opportunity offered I handed it to Mr. Morse without a word. In a moment he recognized it, and, turning to Mr. Bryant, the poet, he said in a gentle,

pathetic tone, "Bryant, I painted that sixty years ago."

Stephen Van Rensselaer, the eldest son of the Patroon of Albany, was a classmate and friend of my father. The Patroon encouraged this intimacy, but it waned somewhat after my father's decided religious turn in Senior year.

My grandfather had agreed that his son should go with Stephen Van Rensselaer to Montreal to study French, after their graduation, and that the following spring both young men should take a trip to Europe. They were both introduced into the best English society in Montreal; but the gay life became so irksome to my father, that after a few months he returned to New Haven and entered Dr. Dwight's family.

The Patroon sent his youngest son to Yale, and as long as he lived he was my father's friend. My parents visited at the Manor House in Albany, and the Patroon and his daughter visited our home. Courtland Van Rensselaer graduated at Yale and studied divinity there. I was a little girl at the time. He would often seat me on his knee and talk to me, and for three successive years he sent me a poem on the Fourth of July. He also gave me a little English Testament, which I still own. His daughter was

at Farmington with my daughter, and his son crossed the ocean with us in 1872.

While pursuing his theological studies with Dr. Dwight, there commenced between Dr. Lyman Beecher and my father that ardent and lasting friendship which proved such an important factor in the lives of both clergymen. And this was the beginning : Dr. Dwight's eyes were very weak, and going into the study one afternoon to write for him, my father found waiting there a rather small, plain-looking man ; he supposed that he was a farmer from one of the neighboring towns, and that he had come to arrange with the doctor for his winter supply of potatoes ; he offered him a chair and began his work. Presently Dr. Dwight appeared, greeted the man with great cordiality, and introduced him as Mr. Beecher of East Hampton, Long Island. The famous duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton had inspired a Mr. Beecher to write a most pronounced tract against duelling. It had attracted much attention, and my father concluded that this must be the author of it, and he became much interested in the conversation.

Many years after Dr. Taylor reminded Dr. Beecher of this interview. "Ah, yes," he replied, "we took hold of hands in Dr. Dwight's

study, and we never let go!" An acquaintance so auspiciously begun soon ripened into a warm friendship.

Mr. Beecher removed from East Hampton, Long Island, to Litchfield, Conn., in 1812, and my father becoming pastor of the Centre Church, New Haven, visits and pulpits were frequently exchanged, and long were the talks over the "New Theology" which a few years later shook New England to its centre; it was characterized as "Taylorism."

In 1863 Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe visited us; together we read over many letters relating to that early struggle, when it required great moral courage to present in the pulpit any modification of old Calvinism.

I do not remember Mr. Beecher's visits while he lived at Litchfield, but I have heard my mother describe one or two of them. Living away from the sea he had a great craving for sea food, so that when he appeared the town was searched for clams, lobsters, and other fish. This was all very well, but once her patience was exhausted. My father was out of town at the time; Father Stebbins and his daughter Harriet, who was afterwards Mrs. R. S. Storrs of Braintree, had driven over from West Haven to take tea. All three were seated in the front parlor,

when in walked Dr. Beecher holding on a string a large shad. He had driven over from Litchfield, seen the shad in Chapel Street market, and had bought it for his supper. When my mother saw the fish she inwardly resolved to have nothing to do with it until the next morning, then it should be cooked for the preacher's breakfast, for the tea was already arranged, and the one woman in the kitchen would be disconcerted by any rearrangement. The children were happily disposed of in the nursery with Mrs. Simons, our dear old faithful nurse, so that my mother had been anticipating an uninterrupted hour with her dear friends. So, as Mr. Beecher walked through the hall she said to him, "You shall have that fish for your breakfast."

He made no reply, but passed on and out to the woodshed. He cleaned the fish, washed the fish, cooked the fish, and ate the fish for supper, and probably with as great a relish as one might have who had not for a year seen a fresh Connecticut shad!

This I do not remember, but I do remember, when I was a little girl, how he would rush into the house, speak to no one, rush out and promenade back and forth over the wide garden walk, then in, and up the back stairs to my father's study.

My parents frequently passed their summer vacations at Saratoga. Once my mother went alone, leaving as housekeeper my sister Susan, then a girl of fifteen. One Saturday evening Dr. Beecher arrived. Before tea he went to the kitchen to see what he could find there to tempt his appetite. An iron pot of clams stood on the hearth, and the good man took a clam shell and drank of the savory liquor. The little housekeeper had prepared a dessert for that day and also one for the following Sabbath, for there was very little cooking in our home on the Sabbath day. These desserts were standing on the white ironing-table, covered by a napkin. As we sat at the table custards were brought on for the Saturday dessert; the Doctor pushed away his portion, remarking, "I thought you had some whortleberry pie." He had peeped under the napkin which had covered the two desserts. Father called for the pastry, the custards went begging, and poor Sue, our provident housekeeper, had to make other arrangements for the next day.

In 1826 Dr. Beecher removed to Boston, and there was a strong fight against unitarianism in that city after he arrived. My father went on occasionally to fire some of his telling shot.

In 1830 Dr. Beecher was called to Lane

Seminary, and left Boston, to the great sorrow of my father. During his first visit to the East he came to our house. We were at dinner. My father, hearing his voice at the door, rushed out. We followed, and there were the two D. D.'s hugging and kissing each other. Dr. Beecher was at this time a widower. He went to Boston and returned in a few weeks. Again his voice was heard at our front door. He rushed into the dining-room, exclaiming: "Brother Taylor! Brother Taylor! Come out and see my new wife!" My father proceeded to assist the bride to alight from the stage coach. A few moments of earnest, pleasant conversation followed, and the newly married pair continued on their way to New York. This lovely and beautiful woman was Mrs. Jackson, of Boston, a former parishioner of Dr. Beecher.

On another visit he came down in the noon train from Hartford, to deliver at Yale College his famous lecture on "Edwards." Mrs. Beecher followed later in the day. On going to her room she found the Doctor's best suit still tied up in a red pocket handkerchief. She returned to the parlor with a smile, saying: "As usual the Doctor has gone off with his old clothes on."

One vacation Mr. Beecher spent several days at our house, and he and my father read aloud

together. Once it was from Scott's novels, of which my father was very fond. Again it was from Burns. I well remember how eloquent they were over the pathos of Jeanie Deans, and the roars of laughter over the wit of Cuddy Hedrigg.

Mrs. Stowe once said to me: "My father was twelve years your father's senior, but through life he had an unbounded and romantic attachment for him. His visits were always hailed with delight by the Beecher family at Litchfield," and, she added, "his beauty and his eloquence were unsurpassed."

About three years before Dr. Beecher died, he and his wife visited my mother at New Haven. He asked my mother if she was willing that he should be buried at the side of my father, who died in 1858. Professor Goodrich, the lifelong friend of both, being present, fearing that the question should startle and worry my mother, replied: "Brother Beecher, there is room in *my* lot in the cemetery, if you wish to be laid in New Haven."

"I wish to lie beside Brother Taylor and in *his* lot," was Dr. Beecher's reply. My mother gave him every assurance and he was satisfied. The summer before he died another visit was made. Before the good-bye came at the front

door, he pointed toward the cemetery but did not speak. Mrs. Beecher said: "Mrs. Taylor, he wishes to know if you are still willing that he should lie beside your husband." My mother reassured him and he went down the steps

"'Twixt smiles and tears."

Dr. Beecher's last years were spent in Brooklyn with his wife at the home of Mrs. White, her daughter, in Willow Street. They often called at our home in Clark Street, and he would invariably talk of my father. Seating himself before his portrait, Dr. Beecher would exclaim: "Ah, why did Taylor die, and why do I live?" Again he would sit before it and weep, without a word. And when his mind was weakened by age, and other friends were forgotten, one would say: "Surely you remember Dr. Taylor," and he quickly replied: "Oh, yes, yes, Taylor, Taylor, a part of me, a part of me."

Once when looking at his photograph, he exclaimed: "Oh, Lord God, bring my soul to see the man with whom I walked in sweet counsel in this world." Again, his daughter, striving to cheer him, said: "You remember Dr. Taylor," he replied: "Don't tell me of him now. I cannot bear it."

These two great and good men lie side by

side in the cemetery at New Haven. They had fought together for the "New Divinity," and this had made them one. Their aims and purposes were also one, in indicating God's ways to man, and in winning souls to Christ. They were noble and lovely in their lives, and in death they were not long divided. Who can measure the happiness of such souls in eternity?

Miss Catherine Beecher was often a guest at our home when I was a child. I will not say that her visits, which lasted sometimes for weeks, wore out her welcome, but I will say that the children were not very fond of her. It may not have been that she never noticed us; but because she stole the hours from us which my father had devoted to us at the table; for during those intense controversial days he had very little time for his children.

Edward Beecher, then a student of theology, was often with us; also George, who was so genial, fervent, and sympathetic that he won all hearts.

Every member of the Beecher family of whom I had any knowledge were pronounced abolitionists. When Mrs. Stowe electrified all lands with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," my mother said that she had never wondered at the extremes to which the family went on the subject of slavery, on ac-

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New Haven, Conn.

BURBAGE OF BESSER, 1921

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Birthplace of Rebecca Taylor
New Haven, Conn.

count of the following circumstance : As a little girl my mother went to New Haven to school, and boarded in the family of Parson Hubbard, Rector of Trinity Church. A son of the Parson had married Mary Foote, sister of Dr. Beecher's first wife. She had gone as a bride to Havana, Cuba, where young Hubbard was engaged in trade. She soon discovered that her husband had another family there—mulattoes—and, as soon as she could, she left him and returned to New Haven.

Parson Hubbard treated her as a daughter, and while my mother was a member of the family, Mary Hubbard was also living under the same roof, lovely and beloved. The dénouement must have made a deep impression on the young sons and daughters of Dr. Beecher."

The old New Haven home, at the corner of Temple and Wall Streets, where Mrs. Hatch was born and married, was, after her mother's death, in 1868, sold to Centre Church for the parsonage. This was a pleasant circumstance to all the family.

In recalling this old home Mrs. Hatch quotes Hood's poem :

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born."

Then she continues, as follows, with the memories of her own childhood days and married life :

“The garden of the Temple Street house was highly cultivated. There never were such cherries, raspberries, pears and apples as grew in it. My father took great pains with everything in the way of fruit and vegetables. High box trees grew on either side of the garden walk, and then came the borders of flowers, bearing among others the sweetest roses and lilies. A small sliding gate had been arranged by the Morse family for the especial benefit of the children, and Sarah and Eliza Tappan afterwards enjoyed this privilege with me, through our doll and baby-house days.

I recall many old Connecticut clergymen, visitors at our house. One of these was Mr. Nettleton, a sort of traveling preacher. He afterwards, with others, denounced the Yale theology. I was afraid of Mr. Nettleton. He would sometimes catch me, seat me on his knee, and then go on talking, entirely forgetting me. I was thus robbed of my playtime.

I remember, as a very little girl, going with my governess to the Centre Church, and invariably going to sleep with my head in her lap.

My mother, seated in the corner of the pew, sometimes giving me the large red morocco hymn book of "Dwight's Psalms and Hymns." Her name was on the cover in red letters, and I would try to spell it—Rebecca M. Taylor.

I greatly admired my father, and I can remember stopping to kiss certain articles which exclusively belonged to him.

When, in 1824, Lafayette visited New Haven, the citizens assembled at the College to greet him. I was carried in my father's arms, and, as the procession moved by, the famous Frenchman leaned over and kissed me.

A happy little girl, I went to Miss Houghton's school on College Street, until I was ten years old. My companions were the children of my immediate neighbors, and with them I hopped and skipped and romped away the afternoon hours of each day, under the beautiful elms in Temple Street. We often took our dolls and played on the steps of the churches on the Green, which was not then the trim and public place it now is. Sometimes we would go to the Hill-house woods. The treasures of nuts and red apples which we gathered were hid away in a drawer, and afterward given to sister Sue and little Nat. This only little brother sometimes ran away from home. The only punishment that

produced any effect was dressing him in girl's clothes.

One day I was mounted on a low bar fence, under two cherry trees, when Professor Silliman came along. He took both my hands and gently jumped me down, saying, "That's not a pretty thing for such a little lady as you are to do."

His son Benjamin, always my dear friend, also went to Miss Houghton's school, he used to bring nuts to school, he would give Sue and me the kernels and put the shells in a hole in the floor.

Our week day occupations and play ended at sundown on Saturday afternoon, our playthings were then put away, and the Sabbath begun. Church and Sabbath school kept us busy until tea time on Sunday, and at sundown on that day we were allowed to quietly walk up and down the garden. My mother then usually took out her knitting work and neighbors would drop in. Perhaps Professor Goodrich, Dr. Webster or Judge Dagget. Later, when my sisters were older, there were calls from Theologs and sometimes even Academics.

When ten years of age I went with some of my Temple street friends to Grove Hall School. Here my friendship with Lizzie Atwater, after-

wards Mrs. Charnley, and Susan Forbes, who became Mrs. Benjamin Silliman, Jr., were friendships which lasted as long as they lived.

Fanny Bristol, afterwards Mrs. Murdock, and Lizzie Day, afterwards Mrs. Professor Thatcher, Fanny and Elizabeth Whitney, and the daughters of Mrs. Street, were also among my chosen friends in early youth, and though separated by time and distance, there have been many pleasant reunions in New Haven.

When about fifteen I went with Dr. Fitch, then Professor at Yale, and his wife, and Susan Forbes to Boston. We travelled in a stage-coach. We stopped one night at Hartford, another at Worcester, and on the third day arrived in Boston. This was a great treat to me, I enjoyed so much with my dear friend Susan. Then we crossed by stage from Boston to Albany, came down the Hudson by steamboat to New York, and after a visit there returned by boat to New Haven.

From this time on the friendship of Mrs. Fitch was most valuable, and her influence most salutary upon me. She gave new impulse to my reading and studies, inspired me with new aims in life and life's duties, deepening well laid convictions, and inspiring new ones.

At the age of fifteen I left Grove Hall School

with some regret, being much attached to Miss Peters and Miss Dutton; the latter was my Latin teacher, and she took me through Virgil's *Æneid*. I had studied Dugald Stewart, Reid and Brown, Geometry and Algebra. I now desired, with my friends Lizzie Atwater and Susan Forbes, to become a member of Miss Delia Bacon's class. I enjoyed much going on with my studies in Mental Philosophy, or rather, going back to John Locke, and forward to Cousin and Coleridge. Our studies in Art and Literature were delightful, for our teacher was unbounded. This lady was a sister of Dr. Leonard Bacon, my father's successor as pastor of Centre Church, where he remained for fifty years. She was a gifted, refined and highly cultivated woman. For about ten years she taught classes in New Haven in Philosophy, Art, and Literature. She was a deep and earnest student in the plays of Shakespeare. Becoming convinced that they were not written by Shakespeare, but by Lord Bacon, she went to London to make researches on that subject. After this, one or two plausible articles appeared from her pen in Putnam's Magazine. Hawthorne and other literary celebrities were kind and attentive to her in England. Miss Bacon went to Stratford-on-Avon, and here her infatuation increased. She would there spend

hours alone in the church before Shakespeare's tomb. Illness at last overtaking her, one of Dr. Bacon's sons brought her back to New Haven, where in the cemetery her remains rest. Since her day her "Shakespeare-Bacon Theory" has been from time to time discussed. Her pupils erected a monument to her memory. It bears the following inscription:

"So he bringeth them unto their desired Haven."

"Tales of the Puritans," and "The Bride of Fort Edward," are among her early publications; the former written when she was sixteen years old.

About this time I joined the Chapel church; we were always privileged to hear the best preaching of the day. Dr. Fitch at the College, and during revivals, which often took place in those days, Dr. Joel Parker and Dr. Thomas H. Skinner were all prominent, as were also Dr. Edward N. Kirk of Boston, and Professor Park of Andover.

In 1836, my eldest sister, Mary Taylor, was married to Rev. Noah Porter, of Farmington, Conn. Mr. Porter later became Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Yale College. This position he held for twenty years, and in 1870 was elected President of the College. In

the year 1886 he resigned the Presidency, retaining the old Professorship.

My sisters Harriet and Susan were very beautiful. Harriet was my ideal, and as beautiful as ever Polly Northrup, my father's cousin, could have been. Susan, brilliant, vivacious, sparkling, won all hearts of both sexes; she was the envy of many of her companions, whose admirers among the Yale boys were fewer than her own.

My sister Harriet married, on May 10th, 1837, Rev. S. G. Buckingham of Lebanon, Conn. He later succeeded Rev. Noah Porter in the South Church in Springfield. This was a great loss to me, as her sympathy and affection, as an elder sister, had always been constant. It is not in my power to eulogize one so lovely.

In 1836 my friend Lizzie Atwater was married and went to Philadelphia. Susan Forbes and I officiated as bridesmaids. The bride was in white satin, we in pink satin and blond lace. My groomsman was one Walter T. Hatch, who had made his appearance about a year previous at the Temple street home,—and with whom there had gradually been made an arrangement—which arrangement, on account of the youth of both parties, was not fully endorsed by my parents. This was much wondered at, to be sure, by Walter and Rebecca, when they con-



Miss Rebecca Taylor, 1836
From a miniature by Miss Strobel

to be reduced to a mere professorship.

My mother and sister Susan were very fond of Mr. W. He was an ideal, and so beautiful a character, that my father's cousin, could have been a more excellent choice, sparkling, witty, and full of life. He was the envy of all the admirers of his own.

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1911

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sidered the example of Nathaniel and Rebecca of thirty or forty years before.

Rebecca was told that she must not walk with Walter, or allow him at the house, except on Wednesday or Saturday afternoons, the College half-holidays. His father had sent him to New Haven for his education. The two were grieved and obeyed for a time, but somehow or other, the arrangement previously made by these sixteen-year-old youngsters seemed to progress, and, engaged or not engaged, there was no further opposition, and in 1837 another dark-haired handsome Senior was praised for his commencement oration, and another Rebecca was happy at his side; I have the diploma which he then received.

Some of his classmates, graduating with him in the famous class of 1837, were Dr. A. B. Robeson, William M. Evarts, since Secretary of State, Dr. Andrew Stone, of Boston and California; President Chapin, of Beloit College; Benjamin Silliman, Jr., Morrison R. Waite, Chief Justice of the United States, and Edwards Pierrepont.

The college vacations had always seemed very long. During the autumn vacation of 1837, I had visited my friend Mrs. Charnley in Philadelphia; stopping for a short visit at the

home of Walter's father in New York. This was then at 516 Broadway, opposite Astor Place, where Scribner's warehouse now stands. There were three handsome houses in a row, Mr. Hatch lived in one, his uncle, Mr. Spofford, in another, and old John Jacob Astor in the third. It was "far up town" at that time.

The year 1838 was spent by Walter at New Haven studying Hebrew and German preparatory to the study of Theology, but it was deemed best on account of his health, that he should go to Charleston, South Carolina, where his elder brother lived, and where the mercantile firm of his father had established a branch. Walter's father was Arouét Melvin Hatch, and his mother Susan Prescott Spofford.

My son, Arthur Melvin Hatch, is named for his grandfather, for Mr. Hatch, as a child, was called Arthur, but he was an orphan, and the aunt with whom he lived changed his name to Arouét, a historical character who figured in the French Revolution.

My son, Henry Prescott Hatch, is named for his grandmother and her youngest son, Henry Prescott. Whittier, the Quaker poet was a friend of Mrs. Susan P. Hatch, and he wrote in her album some original verses, which Arthur, her grandson has preserved.

Walter T. Hatch resolved to go into mercantile life in Charleston, and for nearly two years he was absent from New Haven.

November 10th, 1840, was our wedding evening. It was decided that we must have a very quiet wedding, for if any were invited, the whole town and college must be. So we compromised—urging that all married people should seat themselves at their own firesides on that evening, and that only the young people should come. We had a very pretty company and a very pretty wedding, and I think that my father tied the knot with great care.

My sister Sue was my bridesmaid, and her fiancé, Abel Bellows Robeson, her groomsman; she looked very pretty in her white silk dress.

We spent our honeymoon at Uncle Spofford's in New York. His wife was Susan Spring, daughter of Dr. Samuel Spring of Old Brick Church memory.

Next came the home in Brooklyn, first four years in Washington Street, where my eldest child was born; then we removed to Clark Street, where we lived for twenty-six years, and in 1870 to Remsen Street, where we have already lived for over fifteen years.

Our silver wedding took place November 10th, 1865. It was a pleasant gathering of

about two hundred relatives and friends. Our four children stood beside us while Dr. Storrs offered a short prayer. I wore a silver-colored moire antique dress, a wreath of fine white flowers, from which descended a short veil of tulle. Congratulations were sincere and numerous; we received letters from some aged friends who could not be present. An account of guests, presents, etc., may be found in my scrap-book.

My friend Augusta Street had married Admiral Andrew H. Foote, and they lived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Admiral Foote was a Christian and devoted to the cause of temperance in the American Navy. While stationed here he often came on Sunday evenings to hear Dr. Storrs preach. We once gave them a pleasant dinner; we invited to meet them Dr. and Mrs. Henry Field; Mrs. Field was a French lady of some note; also Dr. and Mrs. Storrs and Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden. We also dined with the Footes at the Navy Yard, meeting there Admiral and Mrs. Rowan. Admiral Foote once invited me to a ball on board the 'North Carolina, then the receiving ship at the Navy Yard. I replied that I had never been to a ball and declined. A note came from him that he would not accept my declination, and, he added, "Do

come and wear the black velvet gown and the white plumes which you wore at the party at Mrs. —, altho' it would not do for a gentleman to 'show the white feather'!" Of course I accepted; the dancing was on the deck, the lights from chandeliers arranged with guns and arms, each gun and sword holding a candle—a very unique and fine affair.

When later Admiral Rowan was commander at the Yard I went to a beautiful luncheon given by Mrs. Rowan. The dishes were all Japanese; there were at least a dozen courses, and each set of dishes Admiral Rowan had brought from Japan.

My nephew, now Admiral Henry Bellows Robeson, was at that time on Admiral Rowan's staff. When Captain Robeson was a young boy Admiral Foote had persuaded my father to allow him to go into the Navy. My sister had, in her last illness, asked my husband to take him, a boy of fourteen, to the Annapolis Naval Academy. I went with him, too, and it was with many pangs and misgivings that, in 1856, I left the boy in that strange place. He has since seen much service. He was at New Orleans and Fort Fisher. He also commanded a monitor at Charleston during the war of the Rebellion, 1861–1865. He has since commanded the Van-

dalia, the ship which took General Grant around the world.

My acquaintance with the Lady Juliana Walker commenced in London in 1873, through a mutual acquaintance, Mr. Berkley. He found that I was interested in her Bible Album work, and she sent me an album which she had made. It was a very taking thing, and many of these albums were distributed in various hospitals in New York. One was sent to India, and many invalids found pleasant occupation in making them there. The treasures of the Bible seem to come forth tenfold when this use is made of pictures. I received a second album from the same source in which pictures illustrated subjects, quite a remarkable book.

In 1877, being in London with my son Arthur, I saw Lady Juliana. Her husband, Lieutenant-General Sir Walter Walker, called upon me at Fenton's Hotel. I was invited to dine at their house. Lady Elizabeth Knox, her sister, also called. At her home I saw their invalid sister, Lady Flora Knox. These three ladies, daughters of the Earl of Ranfurly, are very religious and devoted to every good work. Their grandmother, Lady Juliana Penn, was the granddaughter of Sir William Penn, the Quaker. I have corresponded with Lady Juliana for twelve years.

When we first came to Brooklyn Dr. Cox, a friend of my father's, was our first pastor. The first time that he called upon me he said, "My dear, I know exactly how old you are; you were twenty-two years old last September. You wonder how I know. Well, just twenty-two years ago, having heard much of the 'New Theology' or 'Taylorism' at Yale, I resolved to go and see for myself. So I went to New Haven, and your father invited me to visit him. You were a little baby, not a week old. Your mother and you were in a bedroom on the first floor, and your father and I occupied the two front chambers above. We left the door open between the rooms and talked theology all night. I loved your father, and I am ready to love you."

Dr. Cox was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. When, in 1845, it was considered best to establish a Congregational Church in Brooklyn, we left Dr. Cox's church with about sixty others and established the Church of the Pilgrims. Before Dr. Storrs was called my father often occupied the pulpit, and once when he did my baby Rebecca and the baby Anna Battell Humphrey were baptized by him.

It would not be possible for me to relate the events of our lives in Brooklyn, nor to delineate

the pleasant social position we have ever occupied, nor the valuable friendships formed here. But the exceeding profit, mental and spiritual, to ourselves and our children from the friendship and teaching of our beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, deserves to be mentioned, and will, I trust, be lasting as eternity. May a sweet sense of this friendship, these teachings and these influences, ever hover over our remaining years and be ripened with those of our earlier lives in a better world! The lines have indeed fallen to us in pleasant places.

Many changes, many bereavements, many trials have come to us; to whom do they not come? May our few future years, if any remain, be blessed to us by our Heavenly Father, by new obedience, new fortitude and a stronger faith in his sure promises of love and forgiveness. And may we all be filled with the fullness of God forever!

I once asked my father to give me his idea of heaven. "If," he replied, "you will tell me what the text means, 'Ye shall be filled with the fullness of God,' I will tell you what heaven is."

HERE the "Reminiscences" end, and we take up the broken chain and reverently add a

few links of personal estimate of her rare womanhood and worth.

Her memories, as we have read them, treat largely of life and friendship in the early days of the old college town, of the Temple Street home, and of the Centre Church.

Ours must cluster about her later Brooklyn home, and the Church of the Pilgrims. Both are on Remsen Street, one of the few streets that in all the changes in our city has best preserved its individuality. Here for many years she has lived, presiding with grace and dignity over her home, and making her personality strongly felt in Dr. Storrs' church. In this church Mr. Hatch was for thirty-eight years the honored Treasurer, and he was also many times a Trustee. And Mrs. Hatch has given to it, from its very beginning, her constant and affectionate interest. And besides, with her winning charm, her social tact and executive skill, she has closely identified herself with many of the noblest interests of our city. Truly "the best memories of those that are gone are those which they in their lifetime erect to themselves."

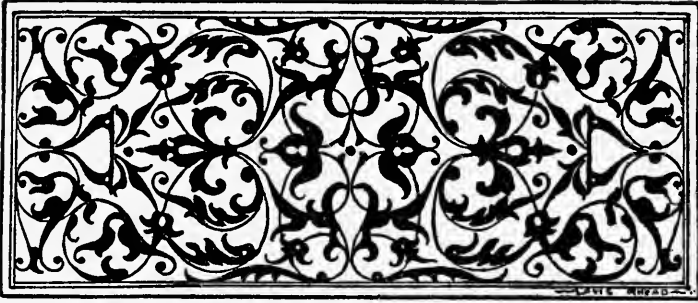
Even in her declining years she was a diligent reader and always a ready conversationalist. She never grew old in spirit. The intense reality of her faith sustained her in her last illness.

REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

Waking one day, after a long sleep, and looking about her, she exclaimed in surprise, "Why, this is not heaven." But she is in the open vision now, in His presence, where "is fullness of joy."

PRESS NOTICES—LETTERS—
MINUTES





[FROM THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE, DECEMBER 10, 1904.]

REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

REBECA TAYLOR HATCH, widow of Walter T. Hatch, died at her home, 124 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Hatch was born in New Haven, Conn., September 26, 1818. She was the daughter of the Reverend Nathaniel William Taylor, D.D., LL. D., and Rebecca Maria Hine. Mrs. Hatch was the youngest of four daughters, all of whom married men eminent in professional life, the eldest daughter being the wife of Noah Porter, president of Yale College from 1871 to 1886. Another married the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Buckingham, for fifty years pastor of the South Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., while another became the wife of Abel Bellows Robeson, M. D., of New York City. Doctor Taylor,

a graduate of Yale of the class of 1807, was an eminent theologian, distinguished in the great discussions that agitated the minds of Christian men fifty years ago, and was also the pastor of Centre Church from 1812 to 1822, when he was called by the Corporation of Yale College to become the head of the Theological Seminary where he remained till 1858, the time of his death. He was a man of commanding personality, and much of his charm, beauty of person and brilliancy of mind were inherited by his daughter. While yet a school girl she met her future husband, Walter T. Hatch, then a student in the famous class of '37, of which William M. Evarts, Chief Justice Waite, and Edwards Pierpont were conspicuous members. Married in 1840, she with her husband moved to Brooklyn. For twenty-five years she resided in Clark Street, where her seven children, excepting one, were born. In 1870 she removed to her present home in Remsen Street in which she died. Mrs. Hatch came of distinguished New England and Puritan ancestry. Her paternal ancestor, John Taylor, settled in Windsor, Conn., in 1639. Her great-great-grandfather, Daniel Taylor, was a graduate of Yale College of the class of 1707. His son, the Reverend Nathanael Taylor, of New Milford, born in 1720, was a member of Yale

College, class of 1745, and is spoken of in Sprague's "Annals of the Pulpit," as a "zealous advocate of the American Revolution." "One of the ways in which he evinced this was by remitting to his people during the contest an entire year's salary. This the parish records show, under his hand, bearing date April, 1779." For twenty-six years he was a fellow of Yale College. The Reverend Nathanael Taylor also took part in the colonial wars, and was chaplain of Colonel Nathan Whiting's regiment at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, 1759. The powder horn which he carried she greatly prized as an heirloom. Mrs. Hatch was identified with all that was best in the social life of Brooklyn and in its benevolent interests. She and her husband were among the seventy-one founders of the Church of the Pilgrims, and was present at the laying of the cornerstone of this historic landmark in 1844. She was especially interested in extending Christ's kingdom in the world, and by means of translations of simple, religious Sunday-School books into foreign languages, she was the means of circulating over 80,000 volumes which have been distributed in foreign countries. One touching story, "Christie's Old Organ," has been translated into eighteen languages and dialects, and by this means the message of Christ has

REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

been carried to thousands of children. Three children, Mrs. Rebecca M. Stuart, Henry P. Hatch and Arthur M. Hatch, also six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren, survive her. The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon in the Church of the Pilgrims, of which she was a constituent member. Her death leaves only two survivors.

[FROM BROOKLYN LIFE, DECEMBER 17, 1904.]

THOUGH tempered by the fact that she had reached an advanced age and the knowledge that she had long been an invalid, the death of Mrs. Walter T. Hatch, on Friday of last week, was another sad blow to the Heights community, of which she had been an influential member for more than fifty years. During all her life Mrs. Hatch had been especially active in the interests of the Church of the Pilgrims, of which she and her late husband were two of the seventy-one original founders. The Hatches were among the New England families who, by their predominance on the Heights in the early part of the last century, overcame the earlier Dutch influence and gave to the social life of Brooklyn the New England stamp that has since characterized it. Of the prominence of the family it is scarcely necessary to speak. Mrs. Hatch, who

before her marriage was Miss Rebecca Taylor, was of exceptionally distinguished New England ancestry, having been the youngest of the four daughters of the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel William Taylor, who at the time of his death was head of the Theological Seminary of Yale University, from which he had himself been graduated in 1807. Her great-grandfather, the Rev. Nathanael Taylor, and his father before him were also graduates of Yale, and the former was conspicuous as a Revolutionary patriot, having taken up arms in the cause, as well as contributed a year's income to it. Mrs. Hatch came to Brooklyn at the time of her marriage in 1840, and until 1870, when they removed to their present residence, 124 Remsen Street, the family lived on Clark Street. Mr. Hatch was a member of the famous class of '37 Yale, his classmates including Chief Justice Waite, William M. Evarts and Edwards Pierrepont. Mrs. Hatch's three sisters all married men of distinction, particularly the eldest, who was the wife of Noah Porter, for fifteen years president of Yale University. Mrs. Hatch is survived by three children—Mrs. Rebecca M. Stuart, Mr. Henry Prescott Hatch and Mr. Arthur M. Hatch, and by six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

[FROM THE BROOKLYN STANDARD-UNION, DECEMBER 13,
1904.]

FUNERAL SERVICES OF MRS.
REBECCA T. HATCH

THE funeral of Mrs. Rebecca Taylor Hatch, widow of Walter Tilden Hatch, and long identified with the social and benevolent interests of Brooklyn, who died on Friday last, took place at 2 o'clock this afternoon from her late residence, 124 Remsen Street.

The list of honorary pall-bearers include the Rev. Frank K. Sanders, dean of the Yale Theological Seminary; Thomas E. Stillman, Joseph E. Brown, George P. Stockwell, A. A. Low, William A. Read, James M. Montgomery, and Cyrus B. Davenport.

A large number of relatives and friends of the deceased attended the funeral services in the Church of the Pilgrims, Henry and Remsen Streets, at which the Rev. Dr. H. P. Dewey officiated. The interment was in the Greenwood Cemetery.

YALE UNIVERSITY, New Haven, Conn.

December 12, 1904.

MY DEAR MRS. STUART :

Mrs. Hadley and I were both greatly pained to hear that your mother was not to be with us

LETTERS

any more. Little as we had seen of her, we felt very strongly the force and charm of her personality. It is not simply or chiefly on account of what she did for Yale that I am writing this—although she did so much that her name will be gratefully remembered by many who did not know her personally—but still more now on account of what she was. And to me in particular the remembrance of my own mother's early affection for Dr. Taylor's family—an affection to which she was constantly recurring in the last years of her life—makes your mother's departure mean another break in the constantly narrowing circle of those who connect us more closely with the family life of the past. Pray accept our most sincere sympathy, and believe me ever

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY.

Mrs. R. M. Stuart.

YALE DIVINITY QUARTERLY.

New Haven, Conn., February 4, 1905.

MR. HENRY P. HATCH,

96 Broadway, N. Y. City.

MY DEAR MR. HATCH:

I am sending you under separate cover, a copy of our December Quarterly which contains

an editorial notice of the death of your lamented mother, Mrs. R. T. Hatch. Delay in securing your address prevented me from doing this at the time of issue. It is my personal hope, as also that of the Board, that in these words of commemoration the family and friends of Mrs. Hatch may see an expression of our true sympathy and regard for those who mourn the passing beyond of one whose interest and benefaction has meant so much to Yale divinity school. May I ask that other members of the family receive our communication through your kindness.

Very sincerely and for the Board,
(Signed) GEORGE H. DRIVER.

[FROM YALE DIVINITY QUARTERLY, DECEMBER, 1904]

IN the death of Mrs. Rebecca Taylor Hatch, of Brooklyn, the Divinity School loses one more from that group of friends and benefactors which links the new Yale to the old. A daughter of Nathaniel W. Taylor, one of Yale's most famous theological professors, Mrs. Hatch was interested in 1902 to create by a gift of \$5,000 the *Nathaniel William Taylor Lectureship* in Theology. The incumbents of this lectureship have been Professor Knox of Union in 1903, and President Mackenzie of Hartford in 1904; this year the

series is to be given by Professor Clarke of Colgate. Our sympathy as a seminary is extended to those with whom Yale shares bereavement in the passing home of one beloved and "full of good works."

"THE following minute was adopted by the Foreign Sunday School Association at its meeting, January 5th, 1905:—

'THE Foreign Sunday School Association has learned with profound sorrow of the decease of Mrs. Walter T. Hatch. Mrs. Hatch has been actively associated with us in the work of the Society almost from its very beginning. She began her work in 1876 with the publication of one thousand copies of "Christie's Old Organ" for the Sunday Schools of Germany, and not a year has elapsed since without the publication in some language of one to five works, until the publications with which she has been identified have reached an aggregate of more than ninety-four thousand volumes, including thirteen different works, and extending in some cases to from thirteen to nineteen languages. These books have been so widely welcomed and richly blessed, that they may be said in some cases to have been almost the inauguration of this department of the national literature. Indeed just

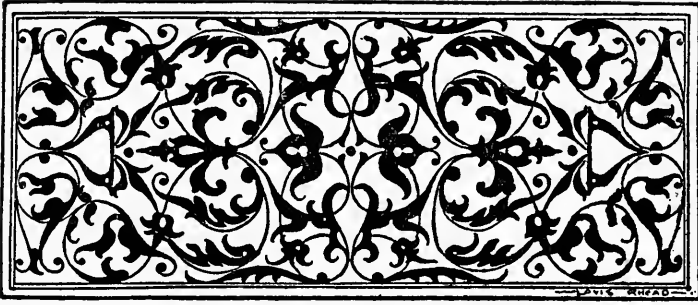
before the decease of Mrs. Hatch, she had authorized the publication of another work in the Burmese, whose issue was awaited by those who had the work in charge with high anticipation and hearty acclaim.

‘We wish to convey to the bereaved family the assurance of our sincere sympathy with them in their deep sense of loss, in which it may be a sense of comfort to them to realize that it is borne with them by so large a company in so many and so distant lands.’

A copy of this minute shall be spread upon the records of the Society, and a copy sent to the family.”

TESTIMONIALS





TESTIMONIALS

“**I** FEEL most deeply for you all. I was much attached to your mother, and I can never forget her uniform sweetness and kindness to me and mine. I always looked up to her as a noble gentlewoman of the old school, whose exquisite breeding, clever mind and generous heart elevated all who came in contact with her. To me she seemed the last of a generation of gentlemen and ladies whom we revered, and whom to emulate was our best ambition, though we fell far short. She seemed the last of a circle whom I loved so dearly.”

“I WAS so grieved to hear the sad news of the death of your dear mother. How you will miss her. I can indeed sympathize with you,

for it is only eighteen months since my own dear mother passed away. It is a loss that nothing can replace, yet we can rejoice in their joy and look forward to the day when we shall see them again. What a wonderful work for the dear Master Mrs. Hatch has done—a work which goes on still, and will go on for years to come. ‘Her works do follow her,’ and oh how she will welcome one after another of those who are safely gathered in through her efforts; surely a great multitude from North, South, East and West, wherever her influence has spread.”

“ I FELT much grieved for you, to whom the loss of such a mother is irreparable; and you must have enjoyed many years of close and heart-felt intercourse with her. I felt that personally I had lost a friend, though unknown to me. But for her there can be no ground for sorrow. A life so long, spent enthusiastically in the service of our Lord, must have ended in an abundant entrance into His joy. Of that future life we can know nothing, but as our hymn writer Baxter says,

“ ‘Tis enough that Christ knows all
And we shall be with Him.’

TESTIMONIALS

“ To His infinite love and wisdom we may safely commit ourselves and our dear ones. Your mother’s letters showed so much life and vivacity that I did not suppose her older than myself.”

“ DEAR Mrs. Hatch, what a noble, beautiful and useful life was hers! I count it a great privilege to have known her, and that my children should have seen the dignity and sweetness of old age, as exemplified in your dear mother’s life.”

“ I MUST just say a word about how beautiful the services for your blessed mother were. It was all so uplifting; and one felt her own sweet and gracious presence to be very near, and that every word spoken was what she would have loved. I am thankful to have had the privilege of being there.”

“ How strange it is to think that now all troubles have dropped away from her, all anxiety for the future, all grief for the past, and only the soul, purified and sanctified by this earthly

life, is ready to 'enter into the joy' of the Lord. Last winter we had some little talks about the higher criticism, and agreed that we both wished to hold to our early belief in the gospel of John especially, and that we could not do without the Psalms. Whether they are David's or other people's they are ours, since they express our feelings. If there are blessed reunions in that other life that we hope for, how happy they all are together—she, with her husband and her father and her children and her sisters, and how glad they all are to see her again. Surely it can do no harm to hope for what we so long for, and I think she expected to see them all again."

"MY own mother had a very great and sincere admiration for yours, and I have always remembered her enthusiastic way of saying once, oh, so many years ago—'When I am near Mrs. Hatch I always feel as if I were near an angel.' Grief is lonely and always grief. One must have felt it in its real anguish to understand."

"I AM thankful to have known her, and to have felt her beautiful influence, to have appre-

TESTIMONIALS

ciated her nobility and loveliness, although I never saw her as often as I should have loved to have seen her. She will always be a beautiful and abiding memory.”

“WE have been for so many years accustomed to see your mother’s beautiful and gracious presence every Sunday that her death seems a personal loss.”

“WHAT a heritage, to have had such a Mother. She will live in her children who can never forget her kind and loving acts and her beautiful devotion to her family.”

“ABOVE her interest in our history will always stand her Christian works.”

“EARLY in my girlhood she gladdened my life with her beauty, brightness, and kindness, so I loved her dearly, and now sympathize with you most deeply as you mourn her departure. May we all meet again in the better land to be with our Saviour.”

“INDEED we all sorrow, for each feels he has lost a friend. West Mt. Mission was ever helped by her always ready purse, and I shall ever cherish her gracious friendship toward myself.”

“YOU have been signally blessed in your parentage, for a more pure and upright father and mother does not fall to the lot of the generality of men and women in these times. May the memory of this dear lady be ever precious to you, and her example guide you all in the journey of life. To have a mother in Heaven is something to be happy over, even though your earthly loss seems very severe and hard to be reconciled to.”

“YOUR father and mother will always stand in my memory as figures shedding good influence, for I never looked at them in church as a young girl without the feeling that they stood in our community for all that was best. I am sure their memory will become unceasingly precious to their children.”

“BUT the comforting thought, that she has found relief from all her pain, and has joined

TESTIMONIALS

the blessed throng above, will lead you to forget your grief in her joy. Heaven will be a reality to you now, as never before. I know that she was the Queen of your household, and the tie that has bound you all together.”

“I NEVER had the honor of her acquaintance, though from what I have heard and from what I know, I am sure that she was all that a saintly and devoted mother and companion could be to her family and friends. Death has touched with his hand and taken away a loved one whom it was hard to give up. ‘But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still.’ Let me assure you of my profound sorrow in your great bereavement. I have passed through the same great sorrow and grief. We must be strong and brave, for in a little while we shall surely go to meet our loved ones who have gone before.”

“To no one outside of your family will the death of Mrs. Hatch bring deeper sorrow than to me. One thought is ever present with me—the many who will greet your Mother at the Golden Gates, as the means, under God, of bring-

ing them to the knowledge of that Saviour whose blood cleanseth from all sin. The news of her death will bring sorrow to many in distant lands. 'Her works will follow her.' To your family I tend the assurance of my deepest sympathy in your great sorrow."

"How entirely worthy of the past was your mother's long and noble life, and what a heritage, in the wealth of her character she leaves to you. I feel that it is an honor to have known your mother."

"I AM sending these few flowers to your beloved Mother, to carry to her my sincere sympathy for her in her illness, and many earnest wishes for her recovery. It has always been an unusual pleasure to see and talk with Mrs. Hatch, and I have often had a feeling of true satisfaction, that so very near me, even on the other side of the wall, lived one so beautiful in life and character. May I also send you my true sympathy, for I know what a discipline it is to have to watch the suffering illness of a beloved Mother."

"DOCTOR and Mrs. S—— wish very much to express their sadness in the loss of a familiar

TESTIMONIALS

and gracious presence, and their sympathy with a household that has to learn to go on without its central care and blessing.”

“You may be counted very fortunate to have had such opportunities to do so much for your mother, and I am sure that her greatest legacy to you will be the memory of her sweet face and her beautiful life.”

“I AM glad that your dear mother has slipped out and no longer is restless and suffering; but to you who have watched the ebbing and the pain, and now feel the loss of the mother, I can only say that I am thinking of you with love.”

“YOUR mother was such a superior and lovable woman that all with whom she came in contact were won to her—first in admiration and later in affection, and for myself I feel that I have lost a most dear and valued friend, and mourn that we shall mingle together no more in our accustomed places. To those who knew her best and loved her most, her loss is indeed beyond expression, and my heart goes out to you

and all her family in deepest sympathy. The courage and cheerfulness with which she bore her failing health were evidence of her great faith and strong character, and my own experience has been, that it is easier to part with those loved ones who have struggled long, when we know they are now evermore at rest.”

“ No one could know Mrs. Hatch, ever so slightly, without feeling the charm of her pleasantness and goodness, and feeling the better for having known her.”

“ DEEPLY sympathizing with you, I am fully persuaded you would not call your dear mother back. She has preceded us but a little while. May we, when we are summoned, be as well prepared as she was.”

“ THE dear mother is *gone*. ‘ Many make the household, only *the mother* makes the *home*.’ I can easily imagine the darkness and chilliness of the shadow that has come over your household, the sadness enters mine. *I*, too, feel bereaved and all *alone* in one sense in the Church

TESTIMONIALS

so dear to us all, having outlived all the *seventy-one* enterprising, clever young men and women who formed that goodly band, now we believe beyond all earthly care in the Father's house, no more to sin and sorrow."

"YOUR mother's lovely nature and beautiful life will in time be a great consolation, and the fact that she had so long been spared to you. May God have you in his care and keeping, and temper this great affliction with the sense of his overshadowing love."

' Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?'

"I AM one among many who are to-day thinking of your *lovely, honored* mother who has taken her last look upon those whom in her life she loved, and whose devoted affection was manifested to the end. The memories that crowd upon me are sweet as I bring the events of our mutual lives in the Church of the Pilgrims, and in society, when she and your dear father were in the foreground of everything good and beautiful. Be assured, my dear friend, of my sincere sympathy in this your second great sorrow. My

own heart grieves with yours, but we may both be comforted by the reflection that God has called her when the duties on earth were finished, and she was ready for her final rest in Heaven. And we are also comforted in the thought that the 'Gates are ajar,' and those of her friends and dear ones in her own family, will, in the Father's own time and way, find the door and enter in to be 'forever with the Lord.' "

' " My heart is so sorrowful and filled with deepest sympathy for you all, it is difficult to put it into words, and what do they avail ; but I must stretch out my hand and try to tell you how sincerely we mourn the loss of your dear and saintly mother, and oh, how sadly we realize what it is to her family. If to us she was a most admirable Christian character, with an unusually lovable personality, what must she have been to those, whose hearts were knitted to hers by the tenderest ties of our nature, and strengthened by years of innumerable acts of devoted love. May He who has called her pure spirit from Earth, yet 'does not afflict willingly,' give you all abundantly of His priceless comfort, and help you to think of her at rest with her Saviour, in whom she so devotedly trusted, and the loved ones 'gone before.' "

TESTIMONIALS

“YOUR Mother has left to her children the memory of an unselfish life, beautiful in its absolute devotion to those she loved. She is now at rest and at peace. Do not wish her back to this world of care and sorrow. I too have passed through the deep waters, but I know that God helps and comforts those who trust him. My Mother is in heaven and Christ leads her by the hand. I am here and Christ leads me by the hand, so there’s only Christ between us.”





GENERAL SERVICES

THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BOSTON
HALL, 100 STATE STREET, BOSTON
TELEPHONE, DECEMBER 13, 1901
CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BOSTON

Mrs. Walter T. Hatch, 1879
From a photograph



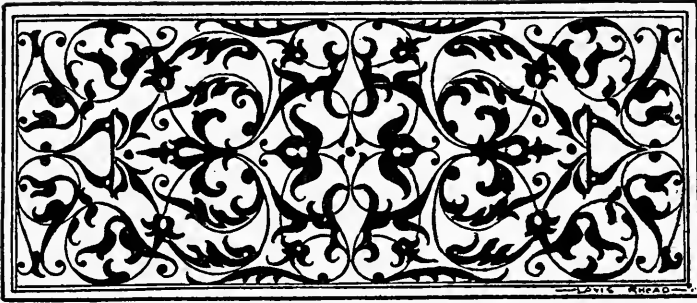
Mrs. Walter T. Hatch, 1879
From a photograph

FUNERAL SERVICES

THE FUNERAL OF MRS. WALTER TILDEN
HATCH TOOK PLACE ON TUESDAY AF-
TERNOON, DECEMBER 13, 1904, AT THE
CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

THE half light that entered through the stained glass windows of the church, and the solemn notes of the chanting of the choir were fitting accompaniments for the funeral procession. This was preceded by the pastor of the church; behind him walked the pall-bearers:

REV. FRANK K. SANDERS, D.D.,
Dean of the Yale Theological Seminary,
THOMAS E. STILLMAN,
JOSEPH E. BROWN,
GEORGE P. STOCKWELL,
A. A. LOW,
WILLIAM A. READ,
JAMES M. MONTGOMERY, and
CYRUS B. DAVENPORT.



ORDER OF SERVICE

THE funeral services were conducted by the Rev. H. P. Dewey, D.D., pastor of the church, and were as follows :

OPENING SENTENCE

By the Pastor

“ I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.”

CHANT

By the Choir

BLESSED are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth ;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

OUR days on earth are as a shadow, and there
is none abiding ;

We are but of yesterday ; there is but a step
between us and death.

MAN's days are as grass ; as a flower of the field
so he flourisheth ;

He appeareth for a little time, then vanisheth
away.

WATCH : for ye know not what hour your Lord
doth come ;

Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye
think not, the Son of Man cometh.

IT is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him
good ;

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken
away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.

BLESSED are the dead, who die in the Lord from
henceforth ;

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from
their labors, and their works do follow
them.

INVOCATION

FATHER of light, with whom is no varia-
bleness neither shadow of turning ; illuminate
our minds, that we may know Thy truth ; touch

FUNERAL SERVICE

our hearts, that we may feel Thy love ; bring our wills into subjection to Thy leading, that we may have the peace which passeth understanding : through Jesus Christ. Amen.

RESPONSE
By the Choir

BLEST are the departed who in the Lord are sleeping, from henceforth evermore.

HYMN

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,

When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is ; let me know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as hand-breadths ; and mine age is as nothing before Thee.

We bring our years to an end, as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten : or even by reason of strength fourscore years ; yet is their pride but labor and sorrow ; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

But thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace ; thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

Cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth. O God ! be not far from me : O my God, make haste to help me.

Yea, even when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have declared Thy strength unto the next generation.

And even to old age I am He, and even to

FUNERAL SERVICE

hoar hairs will I carry you ; I have made, and I will bear ; yea, I will carry, and will deliver.

SHE girdeth her loins with strength, and maketh strong her arms.

She spreadeth out her hands to the poor ; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

Her clothing is fine linen and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

Strength and dignity are her clothing ; and she laugheth at the time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and the law of kindness is on her tongue.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, her children rise up and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress ; my God, in whom I trust.

He shall cover Thee with His pinions, and

under His wings shalt thou take refuge ; His truth is a shield and a buckler.

In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the Angel of His presence saved them ; in His love and His pity He redeemed them ; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old.

LET not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you ; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you forever, even the Spirit of truth.

LET your loins be girded about, and your lamps burning ; and be yourselves like unto men looking for their Lord, when he shall return from the marriage feast ; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may straightway open unto him.

FUNERAL SERVICE

AFTER these things I saw, and behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes, and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands. And they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they? And I say unto him, My Lord, Thou knowest. And He said to me, These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life: and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.

And death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

And His servants shall do Him service; and they shall see His face; and His name shall be

on their foreheads. And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun, for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign forever and forever.

And He said unto me, These words are faithful and true.

SOLO (*Baritone*).

“CALVARY.”

THE pilgrims throng thro' the city gates
While the night is falling fast;
They go to watch on Calv'ry's hill
Ere the twilight hours are past;

Though dark be the way, with eyes of faith
They gaze on His Cross above;
And, lo! from each heart the shadows depart,
As they list to His words of love,
As they list to His words of love.

Rest, rest to the weary,
Peace, peace to the soul;
Though life may be dreary,
Earth is not thy goal—

O lay down thy burden,
O come unto Me,—
I will not forsake thee,
I will not forsake thee,

FUNERAL SERVICE

I will not forsake thee,
Though all else should flee.

Far, far away, o'er the dream of years
They hear the voice of the King.
Where, O Grave, where is thy victory,
And where, O Death, is thy sting?

Captive He leads them for evermore,
While weary pilgrims rejoice;
For looking on high to the Cross He bore,
The faithful shall hear His Voice.

Rest, rest to the weary,
Peace, peace to the soul;
Though life may be dreary,
Earth is not thy goal—

O lay down thy burden,
O come unto Me,
I will not forsake thee,
Though all else should flee.

ADDRESS

By the Pastor

WHEN we have resided a long time in a community such as this, and especially if the

stay has been broken by occasional and protracted absences, we are often constrained, while in a reflective mood, to remark upon the indications of change. We see those signs in the architectural transformations. We see them in altered habits and customs and standards. We see them most strikingly in the presence of strangers, who have come to live in the houses where once we knew and claimed friends and companions. These observations are very likely to provoke a mood of depression; to make us feel that all the dear objects of human interest are slowly but surely slipping from the grasp "with thoughtless drift of the deciduous years," and that the ties which bind the present to the cherished past are being hopelessly severed.

But again we are lifted from our depression; for, amid the indications of change, we detect also the marks of permanence. By the side of the more modern, pretentious structure is the old building, wearing the same look it has always assumed. Along with the customs and habits and standards more recently established are some of the old customs, the old habits, the old standards, honored by us and by our fathers before us, still in vogue. And while there are faces that are strange, there are faces, also, that are familiar—faces of those who share with us

in memories and associations which stretch far back into the years that are gone. Yes, and now and then, among that blessed number, is a friend who seems to be a link with the past, by being in himself or herself the embodiment of what was best and most treasured in the former time, and expressing it now in the newer conditions; like a scribe instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven, who takes out of his treasures things new and old; like a tree, which carries up all that is most essential in its roots into other forms—into the trunk, into the branches, into the furthestmost trembling leaf.

Such a one, I think, is she who is the object of our affection and esteem in this funeral hour. She had length of days. Sixteen times over and above the Scriptural allotment a twelfthmonth had been given her. She recalled a time that had become history when many of us who are here to-day first saw the light; and she was very fond of recurring to that earlier period—to the rich, effulgent experience of childhood and youth. With enthusiasm and zest she would relate the incidents of that far-off time, until it became exceedingly vivid and real, and we could almost fancy that we were borne back to it in person, and were living the scenes over again with her. Yet now and then, as we

listened, we were lifted out of the story and were constrained to think of the narrator, and then it seemed that she was not so much conveying us back to the past as bringing the past forward to us; for, in her unique and charming personality, in her ideals of faith and duty and life, she was the personification of what was best in the olden time, preserving and expressing it under the present-day conditions. I think we may say that there have been few finer examples of the true Puritan womanhood. She came of a rare ancestry, of a parentage that stood for high thinking upon the highest themes, and, at the same time, for simple refinement of living. She was reared in a home and amid social surroundings wherein the chief aim was the quest for truth and it was never forgotten that education means that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord. She took the spirit, nourished and cultivated within the academic and theologic environment, and brought it to the more complex life of the metropolis. There it never lost its original quality, and dominant in it, always, was the accent of the New England conscience.

She had in full measure the pride of blood. If ever child revered a father, she revered her father. He was a distinguished man at a time when theological controversies were sharp and

intense, and she seemed to be imbued with his spirit and purpose. He once said to her (a statement which she was fond of recalling), "If you had been a son, you not only would have appreciated my theology, but would have defended it." Her great-grandfather was both theologian and soldier. When the call came to arms against the French and Indians, he donned the uniform of a chaplain, and she greatly cherished a powder-horn which this valorous sire had carried at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Perhaps the militant ancestry accounts a little for the independence of thought which she exhibited at times, and for her readiness and courage in accepting the path of appointed duty when it was made plain to her. But blended with this pride of blood was a singular humility and self-depreciation; and along with this spirit of independence was the spirit of sweet dependence upon those nearest to her, upon whom she ever wished to lean.

She had an alert, well-furnished mind; and the glow of the mental was intensified by the fires of generosity and love. By grace of person, by beauty and strength of character, she was in truth, as one has said of her, the gentlewoman; and not only of the old school, but also of the new school. By the heritage of birth, by her

social connections, she took enviable position in the selected circles; but those who came to know her understood that her best credential was in herself.

One place she loved above all others—the home. She was a faithful wife to a devoted and honored husband; she was a faithful mother to children and grandchildren, over whom she spread the wings of her tender care, and they rise up to-day and call her blessed.

Next to the home in her affection was this place. She loved the house of the Lord's abode; its very building, its memorials and emblems, its ceremonies, all its ordinances and works, were to her the dearly cherished expression of the faith to which she was born.

She had the missionary spirit; and we shall always remember the munificence with which she stretched out her hands to the Foreign Sunday-School Association, and so dispensed her gifts in literature that went far and wide telling the simple story of the cross. It seems strange that just as we are about to celebrate the Sixtieth Anniversary of the founding of this Church she should slip away from us—she who in these later days was one of the three survivors of the original group of members. But we remember that the pillar in the House of God goeth no more

out; and therefore, when we celebrate, we shall believe that she is still in our communion, a ministering spirit sent to minister to us who also would be heirs of salvation.

She believed in the goodness of God. Perhaps she inherited her conception of the Divine One in some measure from her father; for we remember that when there was a certain school of thought which declared that a man ought to be willing to be damned for the glory of God, Nathaniel Taylor stood up in earnest protest, and argued that one never could be resigned to the glory of God if the resignation involved one's own destruction.

She believed in the goodness of God, and that the goodness of God is our salvation. Frequently during her illness she repeated the verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin"; and when one of the family said to her, "You always knew that, did you not?" she replied, "Yes, but I know it now as I never knew it before."

She lived a long time, but the taint of age was not upon her spirit. She kept the dews of her youth until the last. When eventide came, the sky was radiant with hues of the dawn presaging the perfect day. The beauty of the autumn leaf, turning not to russet, but

to red and gold, was the harbinger of the eternal spring.

In a little book which she treasured there was found between the leaves the following poem. The gracious spirit which it portrays she beautifully exhibited as the years of her pilgrimage unfolded :

SOFTLY, oh softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care ;
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh
thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear—
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home life ;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight—
Growing old gracefully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that lured thee, unwilling,
Far from thy course to the land of the blest—
Growing old gracefully,
Peaceful and blest.

FUNERAL SERVICE

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow,
When the bright faces of children are seen ;
Never a year from the young wouldst thou bor-
row—

Thou dost remember what lieth between—
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that hath grown with the
years ;
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears—
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve ;
Many a face at thy kind word hath brightened,
“ It is more blessed to give than receive—”
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to earth and its glory
Have a sweet radiance youth cannot know ;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story,
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow—
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

HYMN

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ! I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

PRAYER

O God, Who dwellest in the light, with Whom
there is no darkness at all, Who peerest into the
deep and secret things and seest the end from the
beginning, we thank Thee that whatsoever con-

fuses and perplexes us is entirely plain to Thee. We came into this world and Thou didst appoint our coming: all along the winding way we have been attended by Thy providence; when the summons 'comes for us to go hence, it is by Thy will that we depart; and leaving this world we go unto Thee. In this hour, as we realize that though our life be long upon the earth, it is yet swifter than the post or the weaver's shuttle; as we feel the instability and transitoriness of all things human, help us, O God, to lay hold upon Thee. Help us to grasp those eternal things which abide in this world and in the next. Grant unto us the faith which is the evidence of things not seen and the substance of things hoped for; the faith which shall enable us, whether we walk on rocky steeps or in shaded valleys, whether we be in the sunshine or in the darkness, to rest implicitly in Thee. Grant unto us the love which is the bond of perfectness, which makes our lives sweet and sanctifies every experience, be it of pain or of pleasure, when shining through it is the love of our God, and without which life is bitterness. Grant us hope, that we may never be discouraged; that we may turn to the future with an undaunted heart; that we may believe that there is more good in the days to come, if we will only

seek for it, than we have ever received ; a hope which shall be an anchor of the soul to us, and which shall penetrate into that which is beyond the veil. We thank Thee, our God, for the life of Thy servant—for its sweetness, for its strength. We thank thee that she lived so long and lived so well. But Thou knowest, O God, that, though we recognize the naturalness of death when the shock of corn is ripened in its season, we cannot part from our beloved one and not be left sad and desolate. Therefore, we implore Thee, give Thy rich consolations to these mourning ones ; enter thou into the circle of this family bereaved, and bind up the broken hearts and comfort those that mourn. Draw nigh to them through the sweet and sacred memory ; draw nigh to them through human sympathy extended by friends and neighbors and make it seem to them as a witness of the compassion of God. Draw nigh to them by Thy more immediate presence ; enter into the secret place of grief, where no friend, however near and dear, may come, and fill up the loneliness with Thy presence. Help the members of this family to interpret, one unto another, the sorrow which they share.

Bestow Thy blessing upon this church which Thy servant loved, and may the influence of her

life bring forth fruit in this vineyard of God for many days to come.

Let Thy blessing be upon these friends and neighbors. Sanctify unto them the memories and associations of the years ; and, looking into others' sorrows, as we see reflected our own troubles, may we retreat into Thy secret place and rest more completely in Thy love and power. By all the discipline of life show us, O God, how the unseen things are the real things, and help us to lay up our treasures in heaven ; help us to bear one another's burdens and to rejoice in one another's joys, and so to fulfil the law of Christ.

Transfigure our crosses ; shed light upon sorrow ; convert loss into gain ; make Thy power perfect in our weakness ; and may we live so in Thy company that when, at last, the word comes to us to leave our joys and labors here the transition may be nothing strange to us, but simply the fulfilment and completion of the life we have been living. Serenely and calmly and trustfully may we be able to say, with the Master, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit."

And may the Grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit be and remain with us evermore.

REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

RESPONSE

BY THE CHOIR

AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.

As the procession passed out of the church,
the following hymn was sung :

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest ;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old ;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold ?
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more ;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;

FUNERAL SERVICE

Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long ;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song ;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

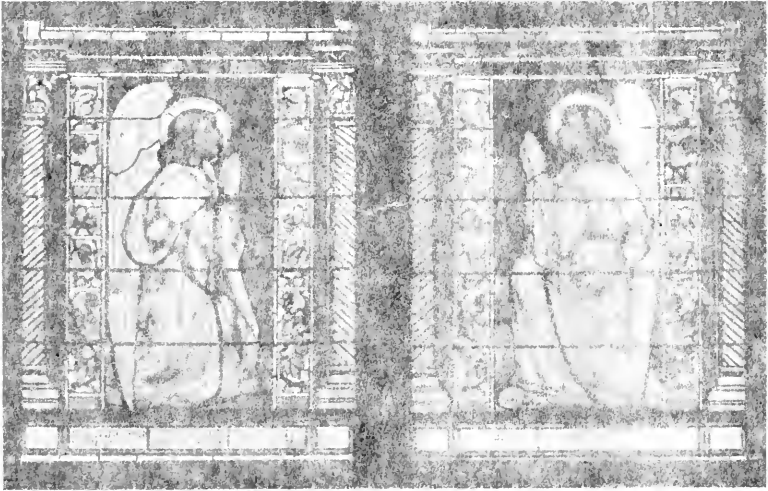
Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above ;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

All that was mortal of the beloved Mother
was taken to the beautiful slope at Greenwood,
and by the hand of affection laid tenderly in its
final home.

The snow had fallen steadily during the

REBECCA TAYLOR HATCH

previous night, and the heavens were overcast, but at noon the sky cleared. When the cemetery was reached, the sun was casting a golden glow over the snow-mantled earth. It was a fitting symbol of the brightness and glory already revealed to her.



Adoring Angels

From the Walter Tilden and Rebecca Taylor Hatch
Memorial Window (lower half),
Church of the Pilgrims

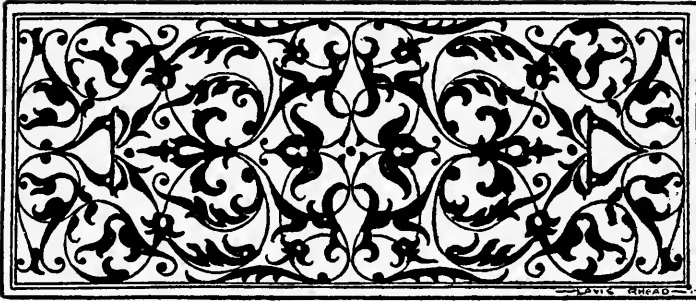
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1911
ATTORNEY GENERAL
TILDEN FOUNDATION

MEMORIAL ADDRESS



MEMORIAL ADDRESS

THE following remarks were made by Joseph E. Brown at the mid-week service held in the Church of the Pilgrims on March 8, 1905, three months after the death of Mrs. Hatch :

“ As I sit at my library window, I look out upon the ‘ House opposite,’ from which the centre and light of its home has been taken.

“ Never more shall our mortal eyes look upon that queenly and gracious presence! Never more in the home, the social circle, the church, shall we receive that greeting from her which was always welcome because it was genuine, cordial, kindly, and to many of us affectionate. Lift up the heart, for we shall meet again !

“ Mrs. Hatch was the last, save one, of that valiant band who in 1844 laid the foundation of this Church of the Pilgrims. Her labors of love

in the Lord should ever be borne in grateful remembrance by this people. For more than sixty years she has been a power that worked for righteousness in our midst. How faithfully she served her God, her day and her generation, we can all testify. As a disciple of the Master, as a mother and as friend she witnessed a good confession.

“All that the ministrations of love and material resource could supply were laid at her feet. Yet again and again was she called upon to drink of the cup of sorrow—of the waters of Marah—and full well she knew the bitterness thereof.

“These trials did not weaken her faith in God, nor did they embitter her life; her faith had more of humility—her life a more chastened sweetness. Restricted from many forms of Christian activity by the limitations of her health, she was enabled by her translations into many tongues of simple stories of the power of God’s love to men, to carry on that singularly beautiful undertaking of scattering among the peoples who sit in darkness the light of the gospel.

“And so we bring the offering of flowers to lay upon her casket—roses, to tell of a life fragrant with good works, and of a memory which

shall outlive their transient bloom ; the palm, of her victory ; violets, emblem expressing our grief at our loss, which is her gain.

“To those in this church militant who are advanced in years these losses which the arch enemy has made in our ranks come with startling significance. We stand, as it were, in the van of the army—upon the firing line ; and with tearful eyes and with anxious hearts we look about for those who will fill these vacant places.

“In the day of battle, when in close order the battalions move upon the enemy, as one and another falls in the line, the command comes from the Leader, in tones strong but grave, ‘Close up! Close up! Close up, ye people,’ till shoulder touches shoulder, hands touch hands, till hearts beat in the unison of a common determination as we move forward, to the end that the standard which these departed ones upheld so long and so well may not be lowered before our enemies.”



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